Initium - You're in Supernatural - Season One [Dean x Reader]
by whitehopper

Summary

Dean Winchester x Reader

What if supernatural had another main character? What if that main character was you?

Y/n Y/l/n has never been one for conflict, preferring to work behind the scenes and offering her knowledge when needed. But when her best friend, Dean Winchester, shows up on her door step, Y/n is thrown into the supernatural battlefield in search for Dean's father, John Winchester. Y/n and Dean then pick up Sammy, the young college student applying for law school. The three travel the country, facing ups and many downs, trying to find the boys' father and learning more about each other than they ever did before.

[Season One of the Supernatural Series]

-DISCLAIMER-
This series was written purely for enjoyment and I do not claim any of this story as my own except for the background of Y/n and her character.
"John, you need to calm down before you scare the kids," your father's voice scolded John Winchester, the man who lived across the street. You and Dean had your ears pressed against the door, trying to listen to the conversation the grown-ups were having in your dad's room. Neither of you understood what your fathers were talking about, but Dean thought he'd find something out about his mom.

"They're in the living room," John snapped back. You and Dean exchanged nervous looks. "They can't hear us."

"Still," your father argued, "you're getting extremely worked up."

"Are you kidding me right now? My wife blew up into flames on the ceiling! The ceiling! And you want me to calm down?" John shouted at your father. No one said anything for a moment, the atmosphere tense. You reach out and grab Dean's hand. "I need to find what killed her," John said quietly, "and I can't do it without your help."

"No," your father stated. "It's too dangerous--and, and the kids! What are you going to do about the kids? Sam is only six months old, for god's sake!" You look over your shoulder to check on the baby that sleeps in your old rocker. You let out a breath you didn't realize you were holding as you reassure yourself that Sammy is fine.

"We can find someone to watch the kids!" John retorted. "Please, Matthew. You're the only one I know who can help."

Matthew sighed. Again, there's a long pause before anyone speaks up. "I can't believe I'm agreeing to this. But, John, you have to realize that once you join this lifestyle it's hard to escape." Your father hesitated before adding on softly, "Take our wives, for instance."

"Thank you," John says. "Thank you, Matthew."

[Eight Years Later - Lawrence, Kansas]

"Oh my god! Oh my god!" you sobbed over and over again as you punched in the number you memorized in case something like this happened. You stumbled a few times as you ran away from your house, terrified of the event you watched unfold. The memory kept replay itself over and over again. "Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god. SHIT!"

The line rings two times before a gruff voice answers, "Y/n? What happened? Where are you?"

You tried to catch your breath to calm yourself but the words spewed out of your mouth like throw up, "He's dead! He's dead, John! Oh my god, he's dead!"

"Where are you? Are you still at home?" John asked in a calm tone.

You shook your head even though he couldn't see you and took more deep breaths. "No, no I ran away. I'm still running. John, I think it's still there--you need to come and get me!" you cried into the phone.
"We're just a few hours out of town. Go to Missouri, she'll keep you safe until I'm there to pick you up, got it?" John ordered, shifting gears into military mode.

You nodded your head and ran down the road to take you to Missouri's. "Please hurry," you pleaded before hanging up to focus on getting yourself from point A to point B.

**[PRESENT DAY - HAILEY, IDAHO]**

You pour yourself a cup of coffee from your keurig and let out a yawn.

*Another night, another nightmare,* you think bitterly to yourself and stupidly take a sip of your burning coffee. "Shit!" You cover your burnt tongue and lip with your finger, and frown at how horrible your morning has started.

After standing around with your finger in your mouth like an idiot, you decide to grab the morning paper you forgot to pick up a few days ago. Walk over to the front door as another yawn escapes your lips and open the door. You're glad you weren't carrying your coffee mug because you were, you would've dropped it from the person who stands on your front porch.

Dean Winchester.

The Impala is parked in your driveway, looking just as good as you saw it last time. Dean holds the newspaper in his hands, and gives you a boyish grin. "You forgot this," he jokes and holds out the paper for you to take. You snatch the paper from his hands and pull him inside. "Woah," Dean mutters, as you push him into the house and close the door behind you.

"Dean," you breathe out and furrow your brow, "what are you doing here?" Dean already made his way to the kitchen and looks in your cabinets for something.

"What?" Dean looks over his shoulder to glance at you, "Are you not happy to see me?" You let out a frustrated sigh and walk into the kitchen to watch him tear up your home... again. "I swear, you put the cups in a new place every time I come over," he mutters as he opens another cabinet in search of a coffee mug.

You roll your eyes and open up the cabinet Dean managed to skip over. "Actually, you just forget what cabinet they're in every single time," you correct the man and hand him a mug. He takes the mug from you with a smirk and pours himself a cup of coffee. "As much as I love your surprise visits," you lean against the kitchen island and cross your arms over your chest, "is there a reason you're here?"

Dean takes a sip of the hot coffee but doesn't seem to be fazed by its temperature. "Yes, there is," Dean answers you, looking you dead in the eyes. "I think Dad's in trouble."

You frown, having already gone over this conversation with Dean a few days ago. "Dean, John's been 'missing' before without saying a word. What makes this time any different?"

"He's never been gone for this long, Y/n. You know what I'm talking about," Dean says seriously.

You bring your palm to your forehead and sigh, rubbing your brow. "So what do you want me to do? Call him--cause I've already tried that," You lift up your arms and let them fall in defeat.

"No, I want you to help me find him," Dean says taking a step toward you. "I want you to come with me."

You scoff and shake your head, "No, Dean. I'm just going to slow you down. The only training I
have is self defense--and that's not even hunting related!"

Dean shrugs, trying to make you feel better, "It kinda is."

"Bullshit!" You yell at him. "Dean, I'd love to come with, but I'm not prepared. I'm just going to get in the way."

"Y/n you know how to classify, find, and kill every monster I know," Dean defends your own pride. You don't say anything and bite your lip, looking at anything but Dean. "Listen, something isn't right and I'd feel a lot better if you were within arms' reach for me to protect you," Dean confesses. He drags one of his hands down his face before he continues, "I don't want you to be alone in case something comes and get you."

You blush and turn away from Dean. "Let me go pack," you whisper loud enough for him to hear and head up to your room.

[12 HOURS LATER - STANFORD UNIVERSITY]

"Dean," You hiss at the man who climbs up the fire escape, "are you sure about this? You might not scare Sam but you're definitely going to scare his girlfriend!"

"Sam has a girlfriend?" Dean looks down at you. You roll your eyes and glare at him. "Relax, okay? This is just a test to see if Sammy's still got it."

"This is just a test to see if Sammy's still got it," You mock Dean in a low voice and start climbing up the fire escape.

You reach the top of the escape and wait for Dean to break into Sam's dorm. You cross your arms and give Dean a look when he opens the door and gives you a smirk. Distancing yourself from the boy, you walk in a few feet behind Dean, just for precaution. You don't want Sammy to attack you instead of Dean.

The dorm is quiet for a moment while Dean walks around the place. Suddenly, another dark figure comes into the room and attacks Dean. The brothers brawl for a while before Dean eventually pins Sam to the ground.

"Woah, easy, tiger," Dean says with a shit-eating grin.

"Dean?" Sam asks, clearly confused as to why his older brother is in his dorm. Dean chuckles as Sam takes a few quick breaths, "You scared the crap out of me!"

"That's because you're out of practice," Dean remarks. Sam quickly proves him wrong as he swiftly takes control of the situation and flips Dean onto his back. "Or not," Dean chuckles.

You can't help but laugh yourself and step into the room. "You deserved that, Dean," you say.

"Y/n?" Sam asks, his voice full of disbelief.

"Hiya, Sammy," You grin at him.

"Get off me," Dean grumbles; Sam stands up and gives Dean a hand to pull him up.

"What the hell are you guys doing here?" Sam asks, his eyes shifting between you and Dean.

"Well, I was looking for a beer," Dean replies and pats Sammy's shoulders.
"Sam?" a new voice enters the room and turns on the light.

"Jess, hey," Sam says. He turns to his brother, "Dean, Y/n, this is my girlfriend, Jessica." Dean nods his head in approvement, and you smile at the girl, glad that you're finally able to meet the woman Sam talks about so much.

"Wait. Your brother Dean? And your friend Y/n?" Jess asks, walking into the room with a smile growing on her face.

"I love the smurfs," Dean comments, gesturing towards her shirt. "You know-"

You cut Dean off before he says anything rude or embarrassing, "Ignore him. He's been up for almost 22 hours."

"Hey, you don't know that," Dean argues, pointing a figure at you.

"Yes, I do," You reply, not even glancing at him. You open your arms to hug Jessica, which she accepts, "I've heard so much about you! I'm so glad I finally got to meet you, though I was it was on different circumstances."

Jess pulls away from the hug and rubs your arms, "Aww, well the pleasure's all mine. Sam talks about you all the time you know."


Sam clears his throat, "So is there a reason why you guys are here so late?"

"Yeah, we have to talk about some private family business," Dean says, then turns to Jess, "so if you could excuse us..

"No," Sam states and walks over to Jessica, "No. Whatever you want to say, you can say it in front of her."

You bite your lip. You'd think Sam would've figured out something was wrong by now, but, of course, these boys never fail to surprise you. You and Dean share a look.

"Okay," Dean says and turns to face the two lovebirds. "Um, Dad hasn't been home in a few days."

"So he's working overtime on a 'Miller time' shift," Sam speculated. "He'll stumble back in sooner or later."

You glance at Dean again and shift your weight to one foot. Dean looks at the ground before clarifying, "Dad's on a hunting trip, and he hasn't been home in a few days."

This seems to click in Sam's brain because he becomes quiet and stares at Dean for a moment. "Jess, excuse us," Sam says, his eyes never leaving his brother.

"I mean come on, you can't just break in in the middle of the night and except me to come with the two of you," Sam argues a fair point.

"You're not hearing me, Sammy. Dad's missing. I need you to help me find him," Dean replies.

Sam brings up past hunts that took days for John to complete and went MIA. You shake your head as you all reach the bottom of the stairs. "Not for this long, Sam. I think Dean is right; your father is
"Exactly," Dean states. "So are you gonna come with us or not?"

"I'm not."

"Why not?" Dean asks his brother with a shrug.

"I swore I was done with hunting for good," Sam recalls.

"Come on, it wasn't easy, but it wasn't that bad," Dean replies, trying to win Sammy back over. You glance between the two brothers, completely oblivious to the hunting life. Your father did a pretty good job distancing you from the lifestyle. He taught you self defense, but kept all the evil bastards hidden under a wool blanket. You were naive to the hunter world until John removed that wool blanket the same day your dad...

"Speaking of hunting, why is Y/n here? Did you drag her into this mess?" Sam scolds his brother who walks over to the gate.

"Actually," You speak up, Sam turns his head to face you, "I decided to tag along, so stop giving your brother shit."

"Really? You wanted to join?" Sam challenges you, crossing his arms.

You nod, "Yep."

"Still," Sam carries on, "when I told Dad I was scared of the thing in my closet, he gave me a .45."

"What was he supposed to do?" Dean inquires.

"I was nine years old!" Sam states full of disbelief. "He was supposed to say, 'Don't be afraid of the dark.'"

"'Don't be afraid of the dark?' Are you kidding me? Of course you should be afraid of the dark! You know what's out there," Dean argues. Suddenly, you're extremely thankful that your dad hid all of this monster crap from you.

"Yeah, I know, but still--the way we grew up after mom was killed and Dad's obsession to find the thing that killed her, and we still haven't found the damn thing," Sam continues to argue his point, that they have pretty messed up lives. "So we kill everything we can kind.

"Save a lot of people doing it, too," Dean states.

Sam scoffs and stares at Dean. He glances at you to see if you share the same dumbfoundedness as him, but you remain neutral. "You think Mom would've wanted this for us?" Sam asks, striking one of Dean's nerves. Dean walks out of the dorm and heads to the Impala. You shoot Sam a look for the low blow and quickly walk after Dean. But Sam isn't done yet. "The weapon training and melting silver into bullets? Man, Dean, we were raised like warriors."

"So, what are you gonna do?" Dean asks dryly. "Are you just gonna live some normal, apple-pie life? Is that it?"

"No, not normal. Safe," Sam says the word firmly, like he believes in it.

"And that's why you ran away?" Dean scoffs.
"I was just going to college," Sam retorts. "It was Dad who said if I was gonna go, I should stay gone." You flinch at the memory of huge fight Sam and John had before Sam left. You also remember how distressed Sam was even weeks after the fight. "And that's what I'm doing."

"Yeah, well, Dad's in real trouble right now if he's not already dead," Dean replies. "I can feel it." Sam doesn't say anything and just looks at Dean, waiting for another reason for him to tag along. "I can't do this alone," Dean adds on like a confession.

"Yes, you can," Sam says. "Besides, you have Y/n."

"Sammy?" You say his name in a chipper voice.

"Yeah?"

"Shut up," you snarl at the young boy. "Can't you see that Dean just wants his brother to help him find his dad?" Dean nudges you with his elbow and gives you an annoyed look. You shrug and look back at Sam who sighs.

"What was he hunting?"

Dean pops open the trunk of the Impala and digs around for something he misplaced.

"So when Dad left, why didn't you go with him?" Sam asks leaning over the side of the trunk, watching his brother rummage through his stash of weapons.

"I was working my own gig--this voodoo thing down in New Orleans," Dean explains.

"Dad let you go on a hunting trip by yourself?" Sam chuckles silently to himself, "Dad let you go on a hunting trip by yourself?"

Dean looks at his brother with furrowed brows, "I'm 26, dude."

"Yeah, Sam. Show the old guy some respect," You jest, playfully nudging Sam's arm.

"Hey! You're 26, too, Y/n," Dean points out.

"Umm yeah, but I've only been 26 for three months. You my friend, turn 27 in a few months," You reply with a grin.

"Shut up," Dean mutters, but returns your grin with a crooked smile. "All right, here we go," Dean pulls out a stack of papers and sifts through them, explaining the case John was on and all the possible leads. Sam tries to argue a more logical, normal reason like a kidnapping but Dean points out another disappearance. "It started happening more and more, so Dad went to go check it out. That was three weeks ago," Dean concludes, looking at you and his brother. "I haven't heard from him since, which is bad enough, and then, yesterday, I get this voicemail."

"Dean," you can tell it's John just from his voice even through the distorted audio, "something is starting to happen. I think it's serious. I need to try to figure out what's going on." The audio becomes incoherent, then ends with "Be very careful, Dean. We're all in danger."

Dean looks at the two of you for a reaction. "Did you check the EVP?" You suggest which earns a smile from Dean.

"Not bad, Y/n. And you said you weren't prepared," Dean chuckles quietly. "All right, I slowed the message down and ran it through a GoldWave, took out the hiss, but this is what I got." Dean presses
down the play button.

"I can never go home," a female voice whispers eerily. You shutter from the creepiness.

"Never go home," Sam repeats.

Dean nods and closes the trunk, "You know, in over two years, I've never bothered you, never asked you for a thing." Dean leans against the truck and waits for his brother to agree to come along.

Sam sighs and looks back towards the dorm. "All right, I'll go. I'll help you find him, but I have to get back first thing Monday." Dean looks at his brother with raised eyebrows. "Just wait here."

"What's first thing Monday?" Dean asks as his brother heads back towards the dorm to grab his things.

"He has an interview," You explain and look at Dean, "a law-school interview. Not exactly a skip-able thing, I mean, this interview kinda determines his whole future."

Dean sighs, "Man, why doesn't Sam tell me any of these things?"

"Have you even tried talking to him over the two years he's been at school?" You reply with a cocked eyebrow. Dean shakes his head silently. "That would be why," You comment quietly and wait for the youngest Winchester to come back outside.

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Unfortunately, you were assigned to the backseat because Sam claimed that 'there's no room for his legs.' At least you're able to lay down and take up the whole back seat during long car rides.

"Hey, any of you want some breakfast?" Dean offers a bag of chips, a bottle of soda, and a protein bar.

"Dean, that is not a breakfast," You state, looking at the bag of chips with disgust.

"Sure it is," he replies and places his breakfast on the trunk of the Impala.

"So how'd you pay for that stuff? You and Dad still running credit card scams?" Sam shakes his head as he looks through Dean's cassette tape collection.

"Hey, I got those for you. Don't trash my art," You grin and punch Sammy's shoulder playfully.

"Yeah, well, hunting isn't exactly a pro-ball career," Dean defends his morals. "Besides, all we do is apply. It's not our fault they send us the cards."

"Yeah, and what names did you write on the application this time?" Sam asks.

"Uh..." Dean hesitates for a moment while he thinks of the names.

"Bert Aframian and his son, Hector and daughter, Charlotte," You answer.

"Yep, we scored three cards out of the deal," Dean grins.

Sam laughed silently and shook his head, "Sounds about right." Sam drops a cassette tape in frustration, "I swear man, you have to update your cassette-tape collection."

"Why?" Dean asks, becoming all defensive.
"Dean, there cassette tapes," You say and point to his collection. "I don't think people even sell those anymore."

"Yeah and I mean--Black Sabbath, Motorhead, Metallica? It's the greatest hits of mullet rock," Sam expands.

"Hey, they're good songs just very outdated," You say before Dean gets too offended.

"House rules, Y/n and Sammy: Driver picks the music, shotgun shuts his cakehole," Dean says and cranks up the radio.

"Sammy is a chubby, twelve-year-old. It's Sam, okay?" Sam tells his brother.

Dean arrogantly replies, "Sorry, I can't hear you. The music's too loud."

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Sam hangs up his phone and looks over at Dean, "All right, so there's no one matching Dad at the hospital or morgue. So that's something, I guess."

Dean pulls up to the crime scene, "Check it out." Officers litter the scene, and yellow-caution tape ropes off the entrance to the bridge. Dean opens the glove compartment and pulls out a smoke box full of fake ID's. Sam looks at him with surprise, his mouth slightly agape as Dean pulls out three marshal badges.

"Let's go," Dean says with a grin and hops out of the car. You follow in suit and stick out a waiting hand for your badge. He hands you one and starts to head over to the crime scene. The officers let you through without a second glance when you show them your badges. You could get used to this type of thing.

"You fellas had another one like this last month, didn't you?" Dean interrupts a conversation between two officers.

The one closest to you and the boys straightens his posture so he stands at this full height. "And who are you?" he asks the three of you.

Dean shows him his badge while you look over the side of the bridge. "Federal marshals," Dean says and puts his badge back into his pocket.

The man stops and sizes you all up before asking, "You three are a little young for marshals, aren't you?"

Dean chuckles, "Thanks, that's awfully kind of you. You did have another one just like this, correct?" Dean walks over to the car and peers inside.

"Yeah, that's right. About a mile up the road," the officer answers. "There have been others before that."

"So this victim--you knew him?" Sam asks, referring to the conversation the man was having before Dean interrupted him.

The man nods, "A town like this everybody knows everybody."

"Any connection between the victims besides that they're all men?" You question and peer into the car yourself. You notice the blood on the front seat and windows. Dean looks at you through the
window, points at the driver's seat that's covered in a pool of blood and makes a face. You roll your eyes and snicker at his childish behavior.

"No," the officer replies truthfully, "not so far as we can tell."

"So what's the theory?" Sam inquires.

"Honestly, we don't know. Serial murder, kidnapping ring," the officer lists off a few ideas, but you know they're all just that: theories.

"Well, that is exactly the kind of crack police work I'd expect out of you guys," Dean declared. You stiffen and shoot Dean a glare. Sam steps on his brother's foot and keeps up a forced smile.

"Thank you for your time, gentlemen," You say to the men who work at the crime scene and start to walk away. When you all are at a good enough distance, Dean backhands the back of Sam's head.

"Ow! What was that for?" Sam hisses at Dean.

"Why'd you have to step on my foot?" Dean replies.

"Why do you have to talk to the police like that?" Sam says, now in Dean's face.

"Come on!" Dean says and steps in front of you and Sam to stop you from advancing to the car. "They don't really know what's going on. We're all alone on this and if we're going to find Dad, we've got to get to the bottom of this thing ourselves."

"Sure, but we can do that without getting into trouble with the cops, Dean!" You scold him. Suddenly, three men walk up behind Dean; the real federal marshals. Sam clears his throat and Dean turns around.

"Can I help you kids?" the oldest man asks the three of you.

"No, sir. We were just leaving," You say with a forced smile and grab Dean and Sam by the sleeves of their jackets and drag them back to the Impala.

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You and the boys start walking around town in hopes of finding Amy, the vic's girlfriend. You spot a girl hanging up posters and point it out to the boys.

"You think that's her?" Dean asks.

"Yeah," Sam agrees with you.

The three of you approach the girl. You smile at her as Dean comes up with a lie. "You must be Amy. Troy told us about you. We're his uncles, and, uh," Dean points a thumb at you, "aunt. I'm Dean, this is Sam and that's Y/n."

"He never mentioned you to me," Amy says.

Dean chuckles, "Yeah, well that's Troy, I guess. We're not around much--we're up in Modesto."

"So we're looking for him too," Sam cuts in, getting straight to the point, "and we're kind of asking around."

"Hey are you okay?" a girl comes up to Amy, giving the boys a questioning look. You smile warmly
"At the library, you and the boys hunch over a computer and try to find any information on the hitchhiking girl. Dean types in two attempts before Sam becomes impatient and pushes Dean aside, taking control of the computer.

"You're such a control freak," Dean mumbles after hitting Sam's arm. You roll your eyes at their childish exchange and wait for Sam to explain what he's doing.

"So angry spirits are born out of a violent death, right?" Sam suggests.

"Yeah," You answer, not really seeing where he's going with this.

"Maybe it's not murder," Sam thinks out loud. He changes Dean's search for murder to suicide; one result comes up. Sam nods to himself and starts skimming through the article, "This was 1981. Constance Welch, 24 years old, jumps off Sylvania Bridge, drowns in the river."

"Does it say why she did it?" Dean asks.

"Yeah."

"What?" Dean leans closer to the computer screen to look at the article himself.

"An hour before they found her, she calls 911. Her two little kids are in the bathtub. She leaves alone for a minute, and when she comes back, they aren't breathing. Both die," Sam explains. Dean hums,
taking in the information. "'Our babies were gone, and Constance just couldn't bear it,' said husband, Joseph Welch."

"That bridge look familiar to you?" Dean asks the two of you. You observe the black and white picture in the article, when it clicks. It's the same bridge the police found Troy's car.

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"So this is where Constance took the swan dive," Dean notes as you all look over the bridge's railing.

"So you think Dad would've been here?" Sam asks his brother.

Dean tilts his head from side to side. "Well, he's chasing the same story, and we're chasing him," Dean says and starts walking down the bridge.

"Okay, so now what?" Sam questions, following his brother. You cross your arms over your chest and lean against the railing and watch the boys with suspicious eyes.

"We keep digging until we find him." Dean gestures with his hands. "It might take a while."

"Dean, I told you I've got to be back by--" Dean finishes his younger brother's sentence before he can.

"Monday," Dean nods and turns around to face Sam. "Right. The interview."

"Yeah," Sam confirms quietly.

"Yeah, I forgot," Dean confessed. "You're really serious about this, aren't you? You think you're just gonna become some lawyer, marry your girl?"

You shoot Dean a warning look, you can tell a fight is going to break loose.

"Maybe. Why not?" Sam replies with a shrug. You know that he's been searching for rings, he's called you once or twice for your opinion on a few.

"Does Jessica know the truth about you? I mean, does she know about the things you've done?" Dean asks, pushing more of Sam's buttons.

"No, and she's not ever going to know," Sam admits, taking a step towards Dean.

"Well, that's healthy," Dean replies sarcastically. "You can pretend all you want, Sammy, but sooner or later you're gonna have to face up to who you really are."

"Dean," you warn him under your breath, not wanting to deal with a Winchester argument. You know how heated they can get, how they always get, from past experiences.

He ignores you and starts walking down the bridge again, but Sam follows after him. "And who's that?"

"One of us," Dean states as if it's obvious, even raising his arms for effect.

"No, I'm not like you," Sam protests and walks in front of Dean, stopping his brother in his tracks. "This is not going to be my life."

"Sam," You groan and start walking towards the brothers.
"Well, you have a responsibility," Dean says.

"To Dad and his crusade?" Sam suggests mockingly. "If it weren't for pictures, I wouldn't even know what Mom looks like. And what difference would it make?" You tell Sam to stop, but he's lost in the argument to even pay attention to you. "Even if we do find the thing that killed her, Mom's gone, and she isn't coming back."

Dean grabs Sam by the collar of his jacket and pins him against one of the pillars that supports the bridge. You rush over to the boys and pull at Dean's shoulders, but he stands his place, not even affected by your hits. "Come on, Dean, drop him," you beg him.

"Get off me, Y/n," Dean growls still staring at his brother. You give up and rake a hand through your hair; you didn't want to, but you know that the boys had to get over this together. "Don't talk about her like that," Dean orders Sammy. He keeps Sam pinned against the pillar for a moment longer before finally letting go.

Dean walks away, clearly upset about what just happened and what he heard. You want to say something, but there's nothing to say that can amend the argument that just unraveled. Thank the supernatural for providing as useful distractions.

"Boys," You call out to the brothers, you gaze never leaving the woman that stands on the bridge's railing, her hair and dress billowing in the wind. The boys look at the sight with blank expressions, wondering what's going to happen next.

The girl looks at you before letting go of the pillar and falling into the river down below. You and the boys race over to the railing and search for any signs of Constance.

"Where'd she go?" Dean asks.

"I don't know," Sam replies, looking up and down the river.

You hear the engine of the Impala turn over and start up causing your head to immediately turn towards the car.

"Um, Dean, do you have the keys?" You nudge him, drawing his attention to his beloved car. He pulls his keys out of his pocket, with a vacant look on his face. Sam looks at the car just as it speeds in your direction.

"Come on, let's go!" Sam tugs at Dean's sleeve, his brother seeming to be like a deer in headlights.

You run for two seconds before realizing that there is no way you can outrun a car. Adrenaline coursing through your body, you head towards the ledge and fling yourself over the ledge. It feels like tiny knives are stabbing your body as you jump into the freezing water. You hear another splash next to you and break the surface to come up for air. Your clothes are soaked with cold water and covered with muck.

"Dean? Sam?" You shout after taking a gasp of air. You look around frantically before you hear laughing above your head. You look to see Sam sitting on the ledge, laughing his ass of at you at Dean. Dean comes to the surface and gasps for a breath. He hears his brothers laughs and nods towards shore. You crawl out on land and instantly feel how much heavier your clothes are on your body.

"Are you guys okay?" Sam calls out while you spit out some mud that got in your mouth.

"I'm super," Dean replies. You walk up the bridge with Dean who won't shut up about his car. "I
swear, if that bitch did anything to my car," Dean fumes.

"Dean, we squish when we walk," You point out the biggest problem.

"That is the least of my worries right now, Y/n," Dean replies and runs over to his precious Baby.

After Dean checks under the hood, you all lean against the car.

"So where does the trail go from here, geniuses?" Sam jokes. You glare at him, already mad that you ruined a perfectly good pair of shoes. Dean shrugs, dramatically, and remains silent. Sam sniffs the air and coughs, "Man, you guys smell like a toilet."

"Well, shucks, Sammy. Wanna hug it out?" You sneer and outstretch your arms for a hug.

"I'm good," Sam replies and you glare daggers into the boy.

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Once you and the boys got to the motel and tried to rent out a room, the manager asks if there was a reunion going on. He explains that 'Bert Aframian' rented out a room for a month.

The door to John's motel room pops open after Sam picks the lock. The interior looks like a tornado or something went through it. An open suitcase with articles of clothing sticking out of it sits on the bed with unkempt sheets. The walls are littered with articles, pictures, lore, and newspaper clippings. Food wrappers are scattered around the floor and a ring of salt is on the floor.

"I don't think he's been here for a couple of days at least," Dean says after smelling a half-eaten cheeseburger.

Sam picks up a handful of salt and lets the grains fall through his fingers, "Salt, cat-eye shells. He was worried, trying to keep something from coming in. What do you have over here?" Sam walks over to his brother and examines the wall covered with missing persons from the centennial highway.

"I don't get it," Dean starts to ramble while you look at the pictures on the other side of the room. Rituals, demons, and monster lore cover the wall, some with notes attached to them. "I mean, different men, different jobs, age, ethnicities. There's always a connection, right?"

Your eyes follow the trail of monsters to the last one: the woman in white. "Looks like your dad figured it out," You say, looking over at the boys.

"What do you mean?" Dean asks.

"Take a look." You point to the wall and articles, and explain what you discovered, "He found the same article we did, dug around a bit more and found that Constance Welch is a woman in white."

Dean looked at the wall of victims and mumbled, "You sly dogs. All right, so if we're dealing with a woman in white, Dad would've found the corpse and destroyed it."

"She might have another weakness," Sam suggests while looking at the research his dad completed.

"No, Dad would want to make sure," Dean says as he walks over to join you and Sam. "He'd dig her up. Does it say where she was buried?"

"No, not that I can tell," Sam replies. "If I were dad, though, I'd go ask her husband--if he's still alive."
"Okay, Sam you try to find an address and Dean and I will go get cleaned up," You state. "I mean, I'm a walking, talking dirt ball," you pat your jacket and dirt falls to the ground.

Sam chuckles and nods his head. As you and Dean head out of the room, Sam calls out to his brother, "Hey, Dean, what I said earlier about Mom and Dad--I'm sorry."

Dean holds up a hand to stop his brother from continuing, "No chick-flick moments."

Sam chuckles, "All right, jerk."

"Bitch," Dean replies with a grin.

"Morons," You mutter and walk out the door.

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After you got into a change of clean clothes, you instantly felt ten times better. You no longer feel like there's dirt in places where the sun don't shine, and it's quite a relief.

"Hey, Sam, I'm gonna grab a little something to eat at that diner down the street. Y/n, you wanna come?" Dean offers as he puts on his leather jacket.

As if on cue, your stomach growls. You smile, "Yeah, I could go for a burger right about now."

"You want anything, Sammy?" Dean asks his brother before the two of you head out the door.

"No," Sam replies.

"Aframians' buyin'," Dean adds with a grin. Sam just shakes his head. Dean looks at you with a confused look, to which you reply with a shrug. You follow Dean out of the motel and across the parking lot before he stops. He reaches out an arm for you to stop as well, and nods at the cop car that sits in the parking lot with two officers talking to the motel manager. The manager points at you and Dean, and the two officers start walk over to you.

"Dean, what do we do?" You whisper in his ear.

"Just remain calm. Let me handle this," Dean reassures you with a soothing tone as he pulls out his phone from his pocket. You glance back at the officers before turning your back to them and scratching the back of your neck. "Dude, five-o. Take off," Dean tells Sam. You hear Sam ask about you two, "Uh, they kinda spotted us. Go find Dad." You tug on Dean's sleeve and turn around to face the officers. Dean quickly hangs up his phone and stuffs it back into his pocket, and plasters a fake smile on his face as he looks at the cops.

"Problem, officers?" Dean asks, playing innocent. You look at the officers with a confused expression and hope this doesn't go your record.

"Where's your other partner?" The officer from the bridge asks, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Partner?" Dean looks at you like this guy is crazy, "what other partner?"

"It's just us two," You add on with a fake smile.

The officer points for his partner to go check out the motel room. You bite the bottom of you lip nervously as he approaches the door.

"So fake U.S marshals, fake credit cards. You got anything that's real?" The officer asks Dean.
Dean nods and replies seriously, "My boobs," then cracks a stupid smile you want to punch off his face.

You raise your arms in front of the officer and sigh, "Just cuff me."

You tap your foot restlessly as you sit in a chair, cuffed to a table. You've been cuffed in place for 25 minutes by yourself and your thoughts, not even an officer has stopped in to say hello or to make fun of the stupid situation your in.

"I'm gonna murder him," You mutter to yourself. "I'm going to bloody murder him."

Finally, an older cop enters the room and closes the door behind him.

"Your boyfriend sure does have a mouth on 'im," the man says as he sits on the table across from you.

"He's not my boyfriend," you mutter, rolling your eyes.

The cop chuckles and crosses his arms before asking your seriously, "You mind telling me why a young woman like yourself is hanging out with these men?"

"Excuse me?" You narrow your eyes, brows furrowed, and glare at the man.

"Listen to me," the cop says, "I don't know how you got yourself into this mess, but you can walk away before things get to dangerous. I'll let you off the hook. All you have to do is tell me what these boys are doing and you're free to go."

"Hmm," You sigh, pretending to think about the cop's offer. "Oh! They're great company; that's why I joined them, and that's why I stick around," You state with a smile and lean back in your chair. The cop frowns at you and mumbles something about you being brainwashed, and walks out of the room.

You groan, knowing that you are going to be in this room for a while.

Time moved slowly until the station got a 911 call that required all units at the scene. You managed to pick out from the shouting of orders that there was a shooting. The lights turn off as the last officer rushes out of the building to save the day. The thought of you staying chained up to a chair for the entire night crosses your mind, your lips pull into a straight line.

You try to entertain yourself by tapping a rhythm on the table, but boredom is quick to sweep you off your feet. Your about to let out a blood-curdling scream, when the door creaks open and Dean's head peers around the door. He grins at you and saunters over to your side, "Miss me, sweetheart?"

"Any day now, Winchester," You spit at the man as he takes his time walking over to you.

He chuckles and crouches so he's eye level with your cuffs, then he pulls out a paperclip and starts to pick away.

"I can't believe you, Dean," You sigh as you shake your head. He asks you what you mean before you continue. "Are you kidding me? You told the officer that your 'boobs' are real! As if we weren't already in enough trouble," You hiss and kick Dean's shin.
"Hey!" Dean snaps at you with an angry eyes as he rubs his shin. You roll your eyes--you didn't kick Dean hard enough to leave a bruise, therefore, he was just being a drama queen. Dean chuckles to himself before admitting, "You gotta admit though, that was pretty funny." Your cuffs fall off your wrist and land on the floor with a clink.

You snort, rubbing your free wrists before looking at Dean and standing from the chair. "Yeah, okay, it was funny," You confess and start walking out of the room. Dean grins, victorious with your answer. You spot a pistol left on a desk and shove it in your back pocket, just for safe measures.

"Look at you, stealing from the cops," Dean taunts as he easily catches up to you with his long strides compared to your shorter ones. You shrug your shoulders with a grin. "Check this out," Dean says and hands you a journal. You take it from him and look at it, your brows furrowing.

"Isn't this--" You begin to ask but Dean answers you, already knowing what you were going to ask.

"Dad's? Yup. He's not here anymore," Dean replies. "Flip to the last page."

You do and see Dean's name with a pair of numbers under it circled. "These are coordinates," You remark and look up at Dean to see if he caught on before you did.

"Exactly," Dean says with a smile. "Where to? I don't know yet."

You sigh, relieved that you and the boys finally found a lead on their dad's whereabouts.

"Come on, let's go find a phone and call Sammy," Dean says, grabbing your hand and leading you out of the police station.

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"A fake 911 call, Sammy--that's pretty illegal," Dean jokingly scolds his brother over the payphone. "Listen we gotta talk."

You listen to the faint sound of Sam explaining what he found from Mr. Welch. "So the husband was unfaithful. We are dealing with a woman in white," Sammy confirms. "She's buried behind her old house, so that should've been Dad's next stop."

You and Dean exchange a look before Dean interrupts his brother. "Sammy, would you shut up for a second?" You punch Dean's arm and gesture for the phone. Dean scrunches his face and shakes his head. You exhale sharply and cross your arms.

But Sam continues, "I just can't figure out why he hasn't destroyed the corpse yet."

Impatiently, you snatch the phone from Dean and snap into the phone, "That's what we're trying to tell you. Your dad left town--Dean has his journal."

"He never leaves without that thing," Sam replies, his voice now crystal clear since you have the phone put to your ear.

"Well, he did this time," You remark looking at the journal Dean holds.

"How do you know," Sam asks, still unsure about the situation.

Dean hits your arm, grabs onto the phone and tries to take it from you. You snarl at him to let go and tug on the phone. While you and Dean play a game of tug-o-war, Sam calls out your names, wondering why he hears the sounds of a fight.
"Fine! Just take it," You yell and drop the phone. Dean swiftly grabs it the phone and sticks out his tongue tauntingly. You roll your eyes in defeat and lean against the booth as you out a breath.

Dean clears his throat before answering his brother. "Same old ex-Marine crap when he wants us to know where he's going."

"Coordinates," Sam replies. "Where'd you guys go for a second there?"

You and Dean share an annoyed look with one another. "Just talkin' with Y/n," Dean lies.

"Okay, well do you know where the coordinates lead to?" Sam asks, ignoring Dean's answer.

"I'm not sure yet," Dean admits with a sigh.

"Dean, what the hell is going on?" Sam questions. Suddenly, Sam's line goes static.

"Sammy? Sammy!" Dean shouts into the the phone. You push yourself off of the booth and stand your posture. Dean looks at your with worried eyes, his voice frantic, "Sam's in trouble, let's go!"

The two of your run out of the booth and sprint down the road. You remember seeing the address of her old house on the article and picture the route in your mind.

"This was!" You yell at Dean as you turn down a road.

After minutes of running, you and Dean finally make it to the abandoned family home. You spot Sam struggling in the Impala with the ghost of Constance straddling him. Instinctively, you pull out the pistol you stole and shoot at the ghost. She disappears for a moment before reappearing and glaring at you. You shoot again, this time she leaves for good.

"I'm taking you home," Sam states and gases the engine. You and Dean watch in confusion as Sam drives the Impala through the rotting house.

"Sam!" Dean shouts at his brother. You and Dean run through the Impala sized hole to find the inside of the house in shambles. Sam stops the car once it's fully inside the house.

"Sam?" Dean approaches the car and removes debris that blocks the passenger door. "You okay?"

"I think," Sam replies weakly.

"Can you move?" You ask taking note of the wounds on Sam's chest.

"Yeah, help me," Sam extends a hand for Dean to take while you look around the house.

Constance appears then and picks up a framed picture from the ground. Her face contorts to sadness as she studies the photo. You can't help but feel sorry for Constance; the love of her life cheats on her and she goes insane because of it. Dean helps Sam out of the car and turns around. Constance looks from the picture and stares at you and the boys. She tosses the photo aside and backs away. The dress that was once behind her, slides against the floor and slams into your bodies, pinning you against the Impala. The boys try to move the dresser but an invisible force keeps it in place.

The lights start to flicker, their circuits frying. Water runs down the staircase, catching everyone's attention. Constance slowly turns around and gazes up the steps. Two children masked by shadows stand at the top of the staircase. Their mother walks to the bottom of the staircase and looks at them with sorry eyes. They hold hands and whisper, "You've come home to us, mommy."

A high pitched scream echos through the house as the kids appear behind their mother. Constance
faces them, fear etched on her features. Her children hug her and she lets out the most horrendous scream you've ever heard.

Her spirit contorts and deforms, sinking lower and lower into the ground. Bold, blue lights emit from the spirits as they cancel out each other's energies. The light show ends as the mother and children disappear into puddle on the floor, making a gurgling sound as they go.

You and the boys exchange looks before pushing the dresser off of you. You all walk over to the puddle and examine it at a far distance.

"So this is where she drowned her kids?" Dean remarks, taking a quick glance around the house.

You nod your head, eyes never leaving the puddle. "That's why she should never go home," You say and pat Sammy's back. "Good job, Sam."

"You found her weak spot," Dean agrees, and pats his brother's wounded chest. Sam laughs, clearly in pain as Dean walks over to his car.

"By the way, Y/n, what were you thinking shooting Caspar in the face, you freak?" Sam jokes.

You shrug, a grin spreading across your face. "I saved you, didn't I?"

"I'll tell you another thing," Dean says as he inspects his precious car.

"Uh oh," You mumble to Sam, nudging his arm with yours.

"If you screwed up my car, I'll kill you," Dean threatens, looking over his shoulder to look his brother in the eye.

Sam scoffs and shakes his head. You stifle a laugh, covering up your mouth with your hand. You walk over to the car and start removing the pieces of furniture and architecture off the car. "Well, let's get a move on. My feet are killing me," You complain as you cast a chair to the side.

"Maybe you shouldn't have ran a mile in those cheap boots," Dean replies with a smirk.

"Shut up, Winchester. These were the only pair that thrift shop had," You protest. "There was no way in hell I was going to wear those clunky-ass sneakers you picked out."

"Come on, they would've looked cute on you," Dean states with a kissy face.

You scoff, "I would've looked like a clown!"

Sam snorts at you and Dean's banter and begins to clear the way out.

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You fell asleep in the backseat of the Impala since all of your energy went to sprinting that mile to save Sam. You were having your routine nightmare again, and tossed and turned in your sleep. You turn over again, catching Dean's attention.

"You think she's okay?" Dean asks, glancing at you through the rear-view mirror.

Sam turns his head to look at you. He nods, "She's probably just having a nightmare."

"She still has nightmares?" Dean looks at his brother with shocked eyes.
"Yeah, she called me a weak ago when she woke up in the middle of the night," Sam recalls, thinking back on the memory.

Dean sighs and hits the steering wheel. "Dammit," Dean curses under his breath. "She told me she stopped having them a month ago."

Sam shrugs, and continues to look at the map he holds in his hands. The brothers share a moment of silence before Sam speaks up again. "Dean, why did you really ask Y/n to help you find Dad?" Sam questions his brother. "You know Dad is going to be pissed when he finds out that Y/n is out of the house and hunting with us."

Dean tilts his head from side to side. "Yeah, well, he'll get it over it. Plus, you heard Dad in the voicemail--something big is coming and we're all in danger. So I thought that I better pick up Y/n to keep her safe," Dean explains, glancing at your sleeping figure again.

Sam snorts, "So you're going to keep her safe by taking her to the fight? Yeah right." Sam is quiet for a moment. He turns to look at his brother and cocks an eyebrow. "Is this about that crush you have on her?" Sam asks his brother quizzically. Dean shifts around in his seat uncomfortably, and checks on you to make sure you haven't waken up. Sam chuckles to himself, "Oh my gosh, it is, isn't it?"

"Will you shut up, Sammy?" Dean orders his brother, his face growing red. "You're going to wake up Y/n!"

Sam snickers and shakes his head. "When are you going to tell her your feelings?" Sam asks, searching for the coordinates on the map.

"I'm not," Dean replies bluntly and focuses on the road. "No chick-flick moments, remember?"

Sam scoffs, "That's stupid, Dean."

"Just shut up and find the coordinates," Dean snaps.

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"Hey, Y/n," someone shakes your shoulders and you jolt up. "Woah, take it easy. It's just me," Sam says with a calm voice. "I thought you might want to say goodbye before you and Dean take off."

You nod your head and smile. "Yeah, yeah." You climb out of the backseat and pull Sam into a hug. "Good luck on your interview, not that you need it. You're going to blow them out of the park, Sam," You say patting his back.

Sam pulls away and smiles at you, "Thanks. Maybe we can all meet up sometime?"

"Yeah, that would be nice, right Dean?" You ask the oldest brother. He simply nods his head. You push Sam's arm playfully, "All right, go get some sleep. You don't want to be tired when you have you interview."

Sam nods as you hop into the front seat.

"Sam," Dean calls out to his brother as he begins to walk away. Sammy turns around and Dean continues, "You know, we all made a helluva team back there."

"Yeah," Sam agrees with a smile and a small nod. "Take care of yourselves," he reminds the two of you.
"You, too," You reply and wave at Sammy as Dean shifts gears and drives away. "So," You say, striking up a conversation with Dean, "where are we headed to next?" Dean doesn't say anything as he parks his car across the dorm. "Dean, what are you doing?" You ask him, narrowing your eyes.

"Hold on," He says and nods towards Sam's room. "Something just feels off."

So you sit in the parking lot and wait for...something. But nothing happens. You pull your lips into a thin line and sigh, "Dean, come on. I don't know if you're waiting for Sam to walk back out here but-"

Dean hits your shoulder and points to Sam's room. A bright orange light shines through one of the windows. You gasp and reach for the door handle but Dean stops you. "Stay here!" He orders, hoping out of the car and running into the dorm.

You watch as the light grows more and more intense, just like the fear in your stomach. Suddenly, the whole room erupts in flames and you exhale sharply. Seconds later, Dean drags Sammy out of the dorm room and back to the Impala. You exit the car and rush over to the boys.

"Jess!" Sam cries out and fights against Dean's hold on him, you and Dean exchange worried looks. You rest a hand on Sam's shoulder as he slumps to the ground, silently crying.

You sigh and pull out your phone to call 911.

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"I was hoping that Sam would join us," Dean confessed with a frown, "but not like this."

You nod your head in agreement. The two of your stood at the edge of the crowd of students and neighbors who had gathered to see what was happening.

Both of you turn around and head back over to the Impala to meet up with Sam. He stands behind the trunk, loading guns and distracting himself from everything going on around him.

Dean looks at his brother, obviously worried about Sam's sudden change of heart. Sam glances between you and Dean with hard eyes and sighs. He tosses the gun he loaded into the trunk. "We've got work to do," he states before slamming the trunk close.

[END OF EPISODE 1 - PILOT]
Wendigo

Chapter Summary

You and the boys follow the coordinates John left you to Black Water Ridge. While you're there, you learn that Hailey Collins' brother is missing and has actually been attacked by a wendigo!

[14 YEARS AGO - LAWRENCE, KANSAS]

You stumbled across the psychic's abode and rushed inside. The door swung open as you tripped through the entryway, still uneasy about what happened 15 minutes ago. You're chest heaved up and down as you tried to catch your breath. You leaned against the wall and slumped to the floor into a ball.

"Hold on," a kind female voice said for the other room. A short woman entered the room with a frown on her face. "Oh dear," she whispered as she rushed over to your side. You tried to muffle your sobs, not wanting to be rude. "You must be Y/n. Come on, dear. Let's go sit in my spare office. I don't want my customers to see a crying girl as soon as they walk in," Missouri joked with a sad smile. You when didn't reply or show any signs of acknowledgement, Missouri's brow creased with worry.

"Ooh," she breathed to herself and collected her composure. She offered you a hand to help you up, which you took, and lead to you a cozy room in the back. "Just make yourself comfortable," She said from the doorway. "I'll be right back when I'm done with this client."

You looked at her blankly as she walked away. You were shaken to the core. Your father...he, he was murdered right in front of you. You looked around the room. Beautiful drapes covered the windows, and a cute furniture set was placed in the middle of the room.

You sat on the loveseat and wrapped your arms around your stomach, trying to calm your shaking body. A sob racked your body, so you brought your knees up to your chest and hugged them. The feeling of emptiness burrowed in your stomach, you lowered your head into your knees and cried.

You couldn't help but think 'what now?' Both of your parents were now dead, and John was constantly out hunting so he can't possibly raise you. What were you going to tell your friends? 'Hey guys, my dad was murdered by some...something weird so now I'm moving! You're probably never going to see me again, bye!' It's not something you can just blow over. Maybe John would bring you somewhere safe, like Canada, and you could continue to live a normal life.

No. Nothing can go back to normal after what you just witnessed; what you saw was not normal. Suddenly, the overwhelming need for answers consumed you. You wanted to scream, to punch something. Why did this happen? How did this happen? What was that thing you saw--was it even real or just your mind playing tricks on you?

Missouri entered the room with a box of tissues in her hands. "Here you go, child," she said softly and placed the tissues on a nearby coffee table. She took a seat next to you on the loveseat and sighed. "Oh, you poor thing," she whispered. "I'm terribly sorry about your daddy."
You looked up at her with disbelief. Was she truly a psychic and not some lowlife pulling a scam? You opened your mouth to say something, but nothing came out.

"Yes, I'm the real deal, Y/n. It's okay, it wasn't rude," Missouri chuckled to herself. She placed a hand on your knee and said, "I know you are confused, Y/n, and I know you want answers. John is on his way to pick you up right now, and I know he will answer most of your questions. But there's more than what he is going to tell you." Missouri sighed before continuing, "When you're ready, I will tell you everything—the whole story. But right now, you need to focus on healing. It may sound hard, but you're a strong girl, I can feel it."

Your sobs managed to die down into silent whimpers and sniffles by the time Missouri was done talking to you. Something about this woman was just so comforting to you. She had this badass-grandma vibe to her that you found peace in.

You nodded your head at the woman, she smiled. "I think you're going to do just fine, Y/n," she stated before pulling you into a hug.

[PRESENT DAY - BACKSEAT OF THE IMPALA]

Sammy was sleeping in the passenger seat, fidgeting every so often, while you and Dean embraced the comfortable silence between the two of you. Poor Sam hasn't been sleeping very well since the night Jessica died. You gaze at the boy, whom you'd consider your younger brother and best friend, with worry. Your heart went out to the kid; nightmares are horrendous, and if anyone would know, it would be you.

"I think he's having another nightmare," You claim, leaning over the front seat to nod at Sam.

"Speaking of nightmares," Dean glances at you before looking back at the road. "How are yours?"

Busted. You furrow your brow and pretend to act oblivious, "I don't know what you're talking. I told you they stopped over a month ago."

"Bullcrap," Dean replies and shoots you a stern look. "Why would you lie to me about that?"

"Cause you treat me like I'm twelve years old, Dean!" You argue.

Dean scoffs, "I do not."

"You do, Dean, you do," You reply. "You drop what you're doing and rush over to my house like I was robbed or something. Look, I appreciate that you care and all, but you can't just stop mid-hunt to come check on me because of some nightmare."

"That was one time," Dean mumbles under his breath. You roll your eyes, shaking your head as you think back on the memory. You called Dean sometime early in the morning, bawling your eyes out and unable to breathe from your panic attack. He was only a state over and managed to get to your house in two hours. By then, you had calmed yourself down and were about to go back to bed when there was a knocking at your door.

"Yeah, one time to many." Suddenly, Sam jolts awake with a jump. He blinks a few times to get his bearings and looks out the window. You look at him with concerned eyes. "Saved by the bell—you okay, Sam?" You ask the youngest Winchester.

Sam pinches the bridge of his nose. "Yeah, I'm fine," he replies with a strained voice.

Dean nods his head slightly and asks, "Another nightmare?" Sam clears his throat, avoiding the
question. You frown and lean back in your seat. "Want to drive for a while?" Dean asks Sam, catching the two of you off guard.

Sam chuckles in shock, glancing at his brother and then back out to the road. "In your whole life," Sam says looking at Dean, "you never once asked me that."

Dean shrugs, "Just thought you might want to. Nevermind."

"I'll drive," You chip in, leaning back over the front seat with a grin.

"Uh-nuh," Dean states shaking his head. "I'm mad at you."

You roll your eyes and stick out your tongue, letting your body fall against the backseat with a thud.

"Look, man, you're worried about me," Sam says, the attention now back on him. "I get it, and thank you, but I'm perfectly okay."

"Mm-mmm," Dean hums as a reply, not believing a word his brother said. You don't blame him; Sammy woke up in a cold sweat, for f*cks sake.

"All right, where are we?" Sam inquires, picking up the map and effectively changing the subject.

"We are just outside of grand junction," Dean answers. You watch the passing scenery; if there was one thing you enjoyed about the hunting life, it was the traveling. Even though you've only been on one hunt, you were already knew that you enjoyed driving through states and seeing all the sights, even if it was just from the backseat of the Impala.

"Maybe we shouldn't have left Stanford so soon," Sam says after a moment of silence.

"Sam, we looked around for a week and found nothing," You sigh. You and the boys looked for anything that could have been connected to Jessica's death, but found zilch.

"If you want to find the thing that killed Jessica--," Dean adds on.

"We have to find Dad first," Sam finishes his brother's thought.

"Dad disappearing, and this thing showing up again after 20 years? It's no coincidence," Dean remarks looking at you and Sam. You stare at the red X on the map Sam is holding with confused eyes. "Dad will have answers. He'll know what to do."

You point at the X on the map and narrow your eyes. "It's weird that your dad is sending us out to the middle of nowhere. I mean, Black Water Ridge is just woods."

"Yeah, I was just thinking the same thing," Sam agrees. "Why is dad sending us to the middle of nowhere?" None of you say a thing, the question bubbling in each of your heads.

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You gaze around the ranger station with awe. Newspaper articles about people catching a bear or a big buck hung framed on the walls. A sick thought crossed your mind: what if you took a picture with every monster you kill on a hunt and kept it as a momento? You shutter--no thank you.

"So, Black Water Ridge is pretty remote," Sam says, walking around a 3D map of the area. "It's cut off by these canyons here--rough terrain, dense forest, abandoned silver and gold mines all over the place." You look at the map yourself, making a mental note of the trails.
"Dudes, check out the size of this friggin’ bear," Dean says looking at a framed picture. You walk over and peer at the picture yourself.

"That is one big teddy," You mutter. Hopefully, you and the boys don't run into any bears while you're out in the woods.

"And a dozen or more grizzlies in the area," Sam remarks, walking over to you and Dean. "It's not nature walk, that's for sure."

"Great, I'm going to have to buy a new pair of shoes," You mutter and cross your arms.

"You said you need a new pair of shoes?" The ranger asks walking out of his office. You nod and he smiles, "Lucky for you, the station just started selling hiking boots." He gestures to a rack of shoes, "Pick a pair you like and I'll happily ring you up." You walk over to the boots and look for a style you like. "You kids aren't planning to go out near Black Water Ridge, by any chance?" the ranger asks standing near his office.

"Oh, no, sir," You lie with a smile, looking at the ranger over your shoulder. "My friends and I--"

"We're environmental-study majors from U.C Boulder," Sam cuts in. "Just working on a paper."

Dean nods and smiles at the ranger. "Recycle man," Dean chuckles and pumps his fist in the air.

Ranger smiles, "Bull." You frown, thinking you were caught. "You guys are friends with that Hailey girl, right?" The man starts walking over to the boys.

Dean tilts his head before lying, "Yes. Yes, we are, Ranger...Wilkinson."

The man laughs silently, "Well, I will tell you exactly what I told her. Her brother filled out a backcountry permit saying he wouldn't be back from Black Water until the twenty-fourth. So, it's not exactly a missing persons now, is it?" You shake your head, still taking in the new information. "Tell that girl to quit worrying. I'm sure her brother's just fine," the ranger says and starts walking back towards his office.

"We will," Dean replies. Sam looks back at the 3D map waiting for his brother to leave. "Well, that Hailey girl's quite a pistol, huh?"

"Dean, what are you doing?" Sam mutters, and you give Dean a look.

"That's putting it mildly," the ranger replies.

"Actually, you know what would help is if I could show her a copy of that backcountry permit." You and Sam exchange annoyed looks. "You know, so she could see her brother's return date," Dean explains. You grab a pair of boots you like that are in your size and walk over to the counter.

The ranger looks away for a moment, thinking about the offer. "Sure, I'll print it off while I ring those up for you," he complies, nodding at your boots.

You walk out of the ranger station with your brand new pair of boots already on your feet. They're far more comfortable than the pair you bought at the thrift store. Dean chuckles as he looks at the paper he holds in his hands.

"What, are you cruising for a hookup or something?" Sam asks his brother annoyed as the three of
you walk to the Impala.

"What do you mean?" Dean looks at Sam with a confused expression.

"The coordinates point to Black Water Ridge. So what are we waiting for? Let's just go find Dad," Sam states, gesturing with his arms. Sam shakes his head, "I mean why even talk to this girl?"

You raise your eyebrows, considering Sam's point.

"I don't know, maybe we should know what we're walking into before we actually walk into it," Dean argues. He shakes his head like Sam has gone insane.

"What?" Sam questions, not liking how Dean looked at him.

"Since when are you all 'shoot first ask questions later' anyway?" Dean asks, leaning over the Impala.

"Since now," Sam replies in a low voice and gets into the car. You look at Dean and shrug, then climb into the Impala. You kind of agreed with Sam--what was this girl going to know that you don't already know? She doesn't know about the things that go bump in the night and, if anything, would end up getting herself in danger.

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"This is so stupid," you hear Sam murmur under his breath as Dean knocks Hailey's door. You cross your arms and mumble an 'I know.'

A pretty brunette opens the door, clearly not expecting someone to be knocking on her door.

"You must be Hailey Collins. I'm Dean, this is Sam and that's Y/n," Dean introduces the three of you. "We're rangers with the park service. Ranger Wilkinson sent us over," Dean adds with a nod. "We wanted to ask you a few questions about your brother Tommy."

Hailey eyes you and the boys before asking, "Let me see some I.D."

Dean pulls out his fake I.D. you made before you came here. "There you go," Dean says holding it up to the screen door. Hailey examines the I.D. carefully then looks back at Dean.

After a moment, she opens the door. "Come on in." As the boys shift around to walk inside, Hailey catches a glimpse at the Impala. "Is that yours?"

"Yeah," Dean replies, his face glowing with pride.

"Nice car," Hailey compliments and walks into the house, waiting for you all to follow her.

Dean starts walking first. When he's in the doorway, he turns around and whispers 'oh my god' to you and Sam. You roll your eyes and shove him to keep him moving.

"So, if Tommy's not due back for a while," Sam asks as he enters the house, "how do you know something's wrong?"

You cross your arms over your chest and look at the young boy who sits at the dining room table eating his dinner.

Hailey walks into the room carrying more dishes. "He checks in everyday by cell," she explains, setting the bowls on the table. "He emails photos, stupid little videos. But we haven't heard anything
in over three days now."

"Well, maybe he can't get cell reception," Sam sassily retorts.

Hailey shakes her head. "He's got a satellite phone, too."

"Could it be he's just having fun and forgot to check in?" Dean suggests ask Hailey walks back into the kitchen.

"He wouldn't do that," the boy sitting at the table speaks up for the first time, dropping his silverware. You glance at the boy who looks at Dean with an annoyed look.

"Our parents are gone," Hailey states, setting more dishes onto the table. "It's just my two brothers and me. We all keep pretty close tabs on each other."

"Can I see the pictures he sent you?" You inquire politely. Hailey nods and leads you over to her computer.

"That's Tommy," she says, bringing up the photos. A man smiles from ear to ear sitting in the tent. "This is his last message," Hailey explains, clicking on a video.

The tent is dark, Tommy's face covered by shadows. "Hey, Hailey," Tommy smiles into the camera. "Day six. We're still out near Black Water Ridge." You catch a shadow zip by the tent in the background. You squint your eyes, thinking your mind is playing tricks on you. Tommy continues, "We're fine, keeping safe, so don't worry, okay? Talk to you tomorrow."

You glance at Sam who seems to have noticed something in the video, too.

"Well, we'll find your brother," Dean remarks. "We're heading out to Black Water Ridge first thing."

"Then maybe I'll see you there," Hailey says and heads out of the bedroom.

"What?" You ask.

"Look, I can't sit around here anymore, so I hired a guide," Hailey says. "I'm heading out in the morning, and I'm going to find Tommy myself."

"Hailey, I don't think you understand how dangerous it is out there. You're brother is already in trouble and we can't have more people going missing out in those woods," You say and cross your arms over your chest.

"That's why I hired the guide," Hailey retorts. You exhale sharply, hating the attitude she's giving you. If only she knew the truth...

"Do you mind forwarding these to me?" Sam asks, gesturing towards the computer.

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Before finding a motel, Dean suggests stopping at a bar to have a few drinks. At first you were against the idea, wanting to find a motel and sleep, but now you were enjoying yourself.

You leaned over the bar and took your drink from the cute bartender. "Thank you," you say flirtatiously. As you walk back over to the boys' tables, you wake sure to sway your hips as you walk. Dean watches you approach with a frown on his face.

"Nice, Y/n," he comments in a bitter tone.
"What?" You ask innocently, and look back at the bartender who continues to eye you up. "I'm just having a little fun, Dean."

Dean scoffs as you take a seat between the two brothers.

"Will you two focus for a minute?" Sam snaps. You and Dean give him your full attention and he sighs. "So," Sam explains, "Black Water Ridge doesn't get a lot of traffic--local campers mostly--but, still, this past April, two hikers went missing out there. They were never found."

"Any before that?" You ask and take a sip of your drink.

"Yeah," Sam flips to an article he found. "In 1982, eight different people vanished all in the same year. Authorities say it was a grizzly attack. And again in 1959, and again, before that, in 1936."

"Every 23 years," You mumble doing the math in your head.

"Yep, just like clockwork," Sam says pulling out his laptop. Dean looks through the articles while Sam brings up the videos Hailey sent him. "Okay, watch this. Here's the clincher. I downloaded that guy Tommy's video to the laptop. Check this out."

Sam slows down the video and plays the video frame-by-frame. A shadowy figure moves across the tent in three frames. You pound the table and exclaim, "I knew I saw something!"

"Do it again," Dean says and leans in closer to the laptop.

"That's thee frames--it's a fraction of a second," Sam explains. "Whatever that thing is, it can move."

Dean punches you and Sammy in the arm. "I told you something weird was going on!" he boasts.

"Yeah. I got one more thing," Sam says, closing his laptop and hands you another article. "In '59, one camper survived the supposed grizzly attack, just a kid--barely crawled out of the woods alive."

"Poor thing," You mutter skimming through the newspaper.

"Is there a name?" Dean asks. Sam gives the two of you a smile.

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"Look, rangers, I don't know why you're asking me this," the old man says as he walks into the living room. "It's public record. I was a kid. My parents got mauled by a--"

"Grizzly?" Sam finishes the man's sentence. "That's what attacked them?"

The old man turns around and takes his cigarette out of his mouth. He nods, hesitantly. You frown, knowing how hard it must be for the man. He probably grew up being told he was just a kid with a wild imagination, and forced to believe a lie.

"The other people that went missing that year--those bea attacks, too?" Dean asks walking over to Shaw. "What about all the people that went missing this year? Same thing?" Dean opens his arms, waiting to be corrected.

You sigh and approach the old man with a sad smile. "Mr. Shaw, if we knew what we are dealing with, we might be able to stop it."

"I seriously doubt that," he replies. "Anyways, I don't see the difference it would make." He sits down in his rocking chair and sighs, "You wouldn't believe me. Nobody ever did." He looks away
sadly, reflecting on his childhood.

"We might surprise you," You say gently and take a seat in the chair across from him. "What did you see?"

The old man sighs, a scared expression setting on his features. He's silent for a moment, figuring out how to explain what happened. "Nothing," he shakes his head. "It moved too fast to see. It hid too well. I heard it though. A roar..." his voice trails off as he finds the words to describe it. "...Like no man or animal I ever heard."

"It came at night?" Sam asked softly. Mr. Shaw nods sadly. "It got inside your tent?"

"It got inside our cabin," Mr. Shaw replies, his eyes narrowing. "I was sleeping in front of the fireplace when it came in. It didn't smash a window or break the door--it unlocked it." You look away and glance at the boys who seem to be just as unsettled from the information as you are. "Do you know of a bear that could do something like that?" The man continues sadly, his eyes glossy, "I didn't even wake up until I heard my parents screaming."

"It killed them?" Sam questions.

"Dragged them off into the night," Shaw replies. He shakes his head, "Why it left me alive--I've been asking myself that ever since."

Your frown deepens and your brow creases at his last statement. For his entire life, Mr. Shaw has lived with the guilt of being left alive.

The old man shifts in his seat. "It did leave me this though," he says and pulls back his shirt's collar to reveal a horrible scar that was obviously made by huge claws. You sit back in your seat and swallow. "Yes," Mr. Shaw says to your reactions, "there's something evil in those woods. It was some sort of demon."

"Thank you for your time, Mr. Shaw," you say gently to the man. "This helps much more than you think."

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"Spirits and demons don't have to unlock doors," Dean states as you all walk out of Mr. Shaw's home. "If they want to go inside, they just go through walls."

"So it's probably something else," Sam agrees. "Something corporeal."

"'Corporeal?' Hello, professor," You nudge Sam's arm playfully.

"Shut up," Sam says holding back a smile. "So what do you guys think?"

"The claws, the speed that it moves--it could be a skinwalker, maybe a black dog," Dean suggests.

"This might be a little bit outlandish, but maybe it's a wendigo?" You think.

"Yeah, you're right. That is outlandish. I've never heard of a wendigo out this far," Dean remarks. "Well, whatever we're talking about, we know we're talking about a creature and it's corporeal, which means we can kill it."

"Hello, substitute professor," You mutter and follow the boys to the Impala. Dean opens the back and props the chest of weapons up with a shotgun. "Whatever that thing is, we cannot let that Hailey
"Well, what are we gonna tell her? She can't go into the woods because of some big, scary monster?" Dean mocks as he stuffs a duffel bag full of guns and ammo.

"Yeah," Sam says, joining the conversation.

Dean looks at his brother, his eyes widening slightly. "Her brother is missing, Sam. She's not going to sit this one out." Dean shakes his head and continues, "No, we go with her, we protect her, and we keep our eyes peeled for our fuzzy predator friend."

Sam narrows his eyes at his brother. "So finding Dad's not enough?" Sam challenges and slams the chest and trunk close. "Now we gotta babysit, too?"

"All right, all right, let's all just take a breather, okay?" You suggest, stepping in between the brothers. "We're going to Black Water Ridge tomorrow and yes, Sam, we're going to babysit 'cause if we don't, those people are going to die. Look, I know you want to find your dad--we all do--but now we have to do this hunt John sent us on. Okay? So let's just go back to the motel and get some sleep before the big day."

You walk away from the boys who are still having a staring contest. You hear Dean toss the duffel bag at Sam and catch up to you. You sigh and roll your eyes; Winchesters.

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"Great," You utter under your breath as the Impala pulls up behind a truck. Hailey stands in front of the Impala, her hands on her hips. An older man tickers with a gun at the back of his truck while Hailey's younger brother stands off to the side. You get out of the car, and slam the door.

"You guys have room for three more?" Dean asks, walking over to Hailey.

"You guys want to come with us?" she asks confused.

"Who are these guys?" the old man asks from behind Hailey.

"Apparently, this is all the park service could muster up," Hailey replies.

"You're rangers?" the man asked, still not convinced.

"That's right," Dean says.

"And you're hiking out in biker boots and jeans?" Hailey pesters.

You roll your eyes. "Yes, the jeans protect us from poison ivy and the boots happen to be extremely comfortable," you remark snipply. Hailey looks at you with a dumbfounded expression as you walk past her to catch up with Sam.

"Do you guys think this is a joke?" the guide questions. "It's dangerous backcountry out there. Her brother might be hurt."

You turn to look at the guy, you and the boys exchange looks.

"Believe me, I know how dangerous it can be," Dean replies and points at Hailey. "We just want to help them find their brother. That's all."
After a little bit of hiking, you learn that the guide's name is Roy. With each minute that passes, you find yourself growing to hate the man more and more. From his ignorant attitude and boastfulness, every fiber of your body wanted to desperately to punch the guy. And being on your periods is not helping.

"So, Roy, you said you did a little hunting," Dean says, starting a conversation with the asshole.

"Yeah, more than a little," Roy replies and you roll your eyes.

"Uh-huh," Dean hums. "What kind of furry critters do you hunt?"

"Mostly buck, sometimes bear," Roy responds, looking around the area for any signs of Tommy or animals.

"So has Bambi or Yogi ever hunted you back?" Dean asks. You notice that he's about to step into a bear trap and exhale sharply. Roy grabs the back of Dean's shirt stopping him from stepping into the painful trap. "Whatcha doing, Roy?" Dean asks.

Roy picks up a stick and tiggers the bear crap with a loud slice. "You should watch where you're stepping...ranger," Roy snickers. Busted.

"It's a bear trap," Dean says over his shoulder. You walk over to him and whack the backside of his head. "Ow!"

"Good job, moron, now Roy is even more suspicious of us," You hiss in Dean's ear.

"Thank you, Captain Obvious," Dean grumbles and starts to walk away.

As you journey forward, Hailey starts pouring her suspicions into your ear.

"You guys didn't pack any provisions," She says. You look over your shoulder and roll your eyes. "You guys are carrying a duffel bag. You're not rangers, so who the hell are you?" Hailey grabs your arm and spins you around.

You stop in your tracks and look up at the girl, only being one or two inches shorter than her. The boys look at you with tense expressions. You wave for them to go on and sigh.

"Dean and Sam are brothers and I'm a close family friend. We're looking for their father," You explain with a dry tone. "He might be here, but we don't know. So, we tagged along 'cause we're kinda in the same boat."

"Why didn't you just tell me that before?" Hailey asks, still uncertainn.

You shrug. "Call it trust issues," you reply as you place your hands on your hips. "So, we good?" Hailey nods. You narrow your eyes and try to end on a high note. "And what do you mean we didn't pack provisions? Dean brought M&Ms," you add with a grin.

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"Well, this is Black Water Ridge," Roy says as the group ventures into dense forest.

"What are the coordinates?" Sam asks, you stop next to him and look out into the silent woods.

"35 and minus 111," Roy replies, saying something helpful for once.

Dean walks over by you and Sam and asks, "You guys hear that?"
"Yeah, nothing," You mutter.

"Not even crickets," Sam points out.

"I'm gonna go take a look around," Roy states stuffing his things back in this pocket.

"You shouldn't go off by yourself," You tell him and look back out at the forest.

Roy chuckles, "That's sweet." You head snaps back in his direction. "Don't worry about me." He walks between you and the boys and goes off into the woods.

You growl and start to walk after him.

"All right, everybody stays together," Dean tells the rest of the group. "Let's go."

"Hailey, over here!" Roy shouts, somehow wandering away from the group.

Everyone follows the sound of Roy's voice and stumbles into a trashed campsite. Blood splatters cover the shredded tents. Coolers and sleeping bags lay tossed up and torn to pieces. Clothes scatter the ground along with forgotten food.

"Looks like a grizzly," Roy comments as everyone looks around the campsite.

You notice tracks that appear to be created by something being dragged. You mindlessly start to follow the tracks when you feel someone grab your arm. You turn your head and see that it's Dean. His brows are furrowed as he looks at you; you point to the tracks. He releases your arm and follows the tracks with you.

"Tommy?" Hailey calls out for her brother and drops her backpack. "Tommy? Tommy!" Sam hushes her and runs over to her side. "Why?" she asks.

"Something might still be out there," Sam says quietly.

"Sammy!" Dean shouts for his brother as the trail randomly ends. Sam rushes over to you guys crouches down.

"These tracks--the bodies were dragged from the campsite," You note.

"But here," Dean points at the sudden dead end, "the tracks just vanish."

"It's weird," You says as you stand up.

"I'll tell you what, it's not skinwalker or black dog," Dean comments, and heads back to camp. You and Sam look at the tracks once more then walk back to the camp.

Hailey sat on the ground holding a broken phone, weeping to herself. Dean kneels next to her and says, "Hey, he could still be alive."

Suddenly, a man screams in the distance. "Help! Please somebody help me!" Roy cocks his gun and sprints off in the direction of the voice. You glance at the Winchesters before chasing Roy.

"Heeeeeeellp!" the cries grow louder as you run away from the camp. Everyone manages to end up in the same clearing by chance; you look around frantically, wondering where the voice went.
"It seemed like it was coming from around here, didn't it?" Hailey asks between breaths.

No one says anything for a moment, you and the boys still looking around for some monster.

"Everybody back to camp," Sam orders and starts back tracking back to the campsite. As you enter the camp, you're quick to notice that your things are missing.

"Our packs!" Hailey cries.

"So much for my GPS and satellite phone," Roy mumbles.

You sigh and drag a hand down your face. "What the hell is going on?" Hailey asks, looking to you and the boys for an answer.

"It's smart," Sam explains, his hands on his hips. "It wants to cut us off so we can't call for help."

"You mean someone--some nut job out there just stole all our gear," Roy retorts. You roll your eyes and walk over to the boys.

"I need to speak to you guys--in private," You whisper to them and walk out of the camp. You stop once you're a good distance away from the others and ask Dean for John's journal.

"I think I'm right, I think we are hunting a wendigo," You say as Dean hands you the journal. "You're dad hunted one before," You state flipping through the journal. "Yeah, right here," You point to the page full of wendigo lore.

"Wendigos are supposed to be in the Minnesota woods or Northern Michigan," Dean replies, unsure about the whole thing. "I've never even heard of one this far west."

"It makes sense, Dean," Sam defends your idea. "The claws, the way it can mimic a human voice."

Dean looks away before looking at you again. "Great. Well, then this is useless," Dean remarks, holding up his gun.

You hand Dean back John's journal and sigh, "We need fire, flare guns, anything to burn the bastard."

Sam starts to walk away but then turns around and looks at you and Dean seriously. "We need to get these people to safety." Then heads back towards the camp.

"Roy is not going to like being bossed around," You mumble. Dean hums in agreement as the two of you walk back to the torn-up campsite.

"All right, listen up. Time to go," Sam states as he enters the clearing. "Things have gotten more complicated."

"What?" Hailey snipp. You shoot her a look and cross your arms.

"Kid, look, whatever's out there, I think I can handle it," Roy remarks, his voice lacking respect.

"If you shoot this thing, you're just going to make it mad," Sam says. "We have to leave now," he turns to Hailey and her brother.

"One, you're talking nonsense," Roy scolds, your hands clench into fists as he talks to Sam with such superiority, "two, you're in no position to give anybody orders."
"Watch it, Roy," You threaten through gritted teeth.

"We never should have let you come out in the first place," Sam says, trying to remain calm. "I'm trying to protect you."

"You protect me?" Roy mocks angrily. "I was hunting these woods when your mommy was still kissing you good-night," Roy approaches Sam until they're a few inches apart.

"Yeah? It's a damn-near-perfect hunter," You walk over to the man, Roy looks at Hailey to see if she's believing anything you're saying. "It's smarter than you. And if we don't get you out of here, it's going to hunt you down and eat your stupid-sorry ass," You spat, jabbing a finger at Roy's chest.

Roy pushes your hand off of him and laughs in your face, "You know you're crazy right?"

"Crazy? You haven't even seen the half of it," You threaten and take a step towards Roy, ready to pounce on him.

You glance over your shoulder to look at Sam to see if he's going to try to stop you. He nods his head, giving you the okay to attack the guide. You grin and ball your hands into fist. Just as you're about to pounce, Dean rushes over, placing his hands on your shoulders to stop you.

"Woah, okay, let's not do that," Dean says, taking you away from Roy. You exhale through your nose sharply and shrugged Dean's hands off of your shoulders. You rake a hand through your hair and look out into the woods to distract yourself.

"Stop it. Everybody stop it," Hailey demands, stepping in the middle of the argument.

You refuse to turn around to look at the girl and cross your arms. I've been hunting these woods when your mommy was still kissing you good-night, Roy's words swarm in your mind, causing your blood to boil. You never have the luxury of meeting your mom. After long hours of labor, she had to go into surgery to give birth to you the cesarean way. Unfortunately, she died soon after the surgery.

"Look, Tommy might be alive. And I'm not leaving here without him," Hailey states. No one says anything for a moment.

"It's getting late," Dean says, breaking the silence. You finally turn around and look at the boys. "This thing is a good hunter in the day, but an unbelievable one at night. We'll never beat it not in the dark." Dean sighs, "We need to settle in and protect ourselves."

"How?" Hailey asked.

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You sat by yourself, resting your arms on your knees, waiting for the boys to finish with the protection symbols.

"One more time, that's--" Hailey asks Dean who drew the last symbol into the dirt with a stick. She and her brother huddle by the fire for warmth.

So much for shorts, you think bitterly.

"Anasazi symbols. It's for protection," Dean explains for the seventh time. "The wendigo can't cross them." Roy laughs with his gun placed over his shoulder. "Nobody likes a skeptic, Roy."

Dean walks over to you and sits on the tree stump you lean your back against. "Are you okay? You
haven't said anything since your outburst at Roy," Dean asks. Dean jokes trying to bring up your spirits, "I thought you were the one that's all about respecting authorities."

"He's not an officer; he's just an asshole with a title," You sneer, your hands balling into fists.

Dean chuckles, glad to see that you're talking again. He's quiet for a moment before he asks you in a serious tone, "Is this about that comment he made about your mom?"

You let out a shaky breath and nod your head. "I know it's stupid. Hell, he doesn't even know about my past, so I shouldn't let it get to me," You state, growing upset with yourself.

"Y/n," Dean says, placing a hand on your shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Dean," You stop him before he can say anything else. "It's just, I'm kinda on my period," You mumble awkwardly, "and I'm extremely irritable right now."

"Yeah, I noticed," Dean jokes, stretching the back of his neck. Dean shifted in his seat, probably embarrassed about what you confessed. Even after all the years you've known him, Dean was still touchy about the menstrual cycle.

You punch him in the arm playfully and nod towards Sam. "We should probably go check on Sammy. I'd say his behavior is because it's his time of the month but..." Dean chuckles and pats your shoulder as he stands up. He makes his way over to his brother, you following closely behind. You each take a seat beside Sam, you and Dean on either side of him.

"You want to tell me what's going on in that freaky head of yours?" Dean asks, resting his arms on his knees.

"Dean..." Sam looks away from the both of you to avoid your worried eyes.

"No, you're not fine," Dean says with a small shake of his head. "You're like a powder keg, man. It's not like you."

"Dean's supposed to be the belligerent one, remember?" You joke, nudging Sam's knee with your own.

Sam clenches his jaw, not saying anything. You glance at Dean with troubled eyes. You hate seeing little Sammy this upset.

"Dad's not here," Sam states quietly. He pauses and then continues, "I mean, that much we know for sure, right? He would have left us a message, a sign, right?"

"Yeah, you're probably right," Dean replies truthfully. "To tell you the truth, I don't think Dad's ever been to Lost Creek," Dean says and looks at his brother.

Sam turns his head to face Dean. "Then let's get these people back to town, and let's hit the road..." Dean looks at Hailey and her brother who sit by the fire. "Go find Dad," Sam adds on. "I mean, why are we still here?" he throws a stick at the ground in frustration and sighs.

You bite your lip, unable to reply. How could you? You are just as lost as Sammy, blindly following Dean on his search for his dad.

Dean stands up and kneels in front of you and Sammy. He pulls out his father's leather journal and pats its cover. "This is why," Dean says looking Sam in the eyes. "This book. This is Dad's single most valuable possession. Everything he knows about every evil thing is in here," Dean states, his
eyebrows raised as he glances at you and then back at Sammy. "And he's passed it onto us."

Sam looks up from the book to look at Dean. "I think he wants us to pick up where he left off—you
know, saving people, hunting things... the family business." You can't help but smile at Dean's
enthusiasm and his cute little catch phrase for his job he seemed to have made up on the spot.

Sam sighs and rubs his hands over his mouth. "That makes no sense," he says. "Why—why doesn't
he just call us? Why doesn't he just us what he wants, tell us where he is?" Sam asks, looking at you
and Dean for some sort of answer.

"I don't know," You mumble in reply. "But I think Dean is right. I think your dad gave us a case,
and that we should do it, we should finish it."

"Y/n, Dean." Sam shakes his head. "No," he states, "I gotta find Dad. I gotta find Jessica's killer." You
all are quiet for a few moments. "It's the only thing I can think about," Sam admits, trying to keep
a neutral expression.

"Okay. All right. Sam, we'll find them, I promise," Dean reassures his brother. You look at Sam and
nod your head. "Listen to me, both of you," Dean continues. "You've gotta prepare yourselves. I
mean, this search could take awhile. And all that anger," Dean shoves Sam's arm, "you can't keep it
burning over the long haul. It's gonna kill you." You bite your lip as Dean goes on, "You gotta have
patience, man."

Sam looks down, shaking his head. "How do you do it?" He asks his brother with a broken chuckle.
"How does Dad do it?" You look at Dean, interested in his reply.

Dean looks over at the Collins, "Well, for one, them." You and Sam look over at the family ,
confused expressions on your faces. "I mean, I figure our family's so screwed to Hell, maybe we can
help some others," Dean says as you turn your head. "It makes things a little more bearable." Sam
continues to look at the Collins, everyone is silent. "And I'll tell you what else helps," Dean builds
more on his answer. Sam looks back at Dean, anticipating what his big brother will say. "Killing as
many evil sons of bitches as I possibly can," Dean says while shaking his head and smiles.

Sam finally smiles, a real genuine smile, when a cry for help ruins the moment. You all turn in the
direction the cry came from and get up to join the rest of the group. You whip out a flashlight and
look around the outskirts of the camp. The flashlight doesn't help that much, only highlighting a few
leaves and bushes that are nearby.

"It's trying to draw us out," Dean says. "Just stay cool. Stay put."

"Inside the magic circle," Roy mocks Dean's orders and suddenly, the wrath of your period takes
over your emotions again.

"Just shut the f*ck up," You snap and bite the inside of your cheek. Roy glares at you as another cry
comes from deep inside the forest.

"Help!" a man's voice pleads in agony. Everyone looks around the circle waiting for something to
happen. Bushes rustle and a horrible roar, like no man or animal you've ever heard, cuts through the
night, silencing the 'man's' cries.

"Okay, that's no grizzly," Roy admits, finally coming to the conclusion that you and the boys are
right.

The woods go dead silent again. You hear Hailey calm and console her brother as more of the
haunting roars come from the brush.
"It's here," Roy points out. The roars seem to come from all around the circle as the wendigo runs around the barrier. Roy shoots at it, missing and looks again for the beast. The growl comes from the other side of the circle; Roy quickly turns around and shoots at it again. The wendigo yowls in pain causing Roy to grin with joy. "I hit it!" he exclaims and heads out to find his game.

"Roy, no!" Dean shouts after him. You roll your eyes knowing someone has to go find him. "Don't move! Y/n, stay with them," Dean orders the Collins before running after Roy.

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Despite your hatred for Roy, you never wished for him to die. All you wanted was to give him a good sock in the face and teach him a lesson on etiquette.

It was now morning after a long, sleepless night. Dean was telling Hailey and her brother the truth about the things that go bump in the night while you and Sam sat against a large tree stump. Sam held John's journal and played with the rosemary that stuck out one for the ends. He's been quiet since he and Dean came back without Roy. You've been waiting all night for a chance to talk to your best friend one-on-one.

"Sam," You speak up after enjoying a few moments of silence together, "none of this is your fault, you know." Sam looks at you and waits for you to explain yourself. You sigh, "Roy's death..." you scoff, "he did that to himself." You pause. "...and I know you secretly blame yourself for Jessica's death," You add on while looking at Sammy for his reaction.

He shakes his head and opens his mouth to say something but he stops himself. "I could've stopped it," he counters. "If we just got faster, if I had never left-"

"No, Sam, stop it," You scold him before he can but more guilt on himself. "I think that Jessica would have died even if you were home," You admit. "This thing that is killed your mom and Jessica, it would've found another way to kill her."

Sam frowns and sighs, "You're probably right."

You lean against Sam and pat his knee. Both of you are quiet for a moment, both lost in your own thoughts. "We're going to find you dad, Sam," You say, looking out into the forest. You stand up and look down at Sam, "And we're going to find the thing that killed Jessica. And when we do, we're going to send that thing back to...well, wherever the hell it came from."

Sam nods, smiling at your sincerity. "Thanks, Y/n," he says as he stands up.

"Only doin' my job, Sam," You reply with a bow.

Sam chuckles, "Let's head back to camp, you nutcase."

You cross your eyes and slack your jaw, "Nutcase? I think you have me confused my cousin."

Sam scoffs and punches your arm playfully. The two of you share a laugh as you head back to the camp. Upon entering the campsite, Sam goes back into survival mode.

"Okay, so, we've got half a chance in the daylight. And I, for one," Sam swallows, "want to kill this evil son of a bitch."

"Amen," you mumble, crossing your arms over your chest.

Dean turns around to face his brother. "Well, hell, you know I'm in," he says with a confident smile.
Sam walks over to the Collins as he pulls out his dad's journal. He flips to the wendigo page and starts to explain to them the lore of the creature, "Wendigo is a Cree Indian word. It means, 'evil that devours.'"

"They're hundreds of years old," You cut in. "Each was a man, someone of any profession pretty much."

"So how does a man turn into one of those things?" Hailey asks.

"They go Hannibal," You reply as the boys collect supplies for the hunt. "A guy will find themselves starving, and out of desperation, takes a bite of his buddies to survive."

"Cultures all over the world believe that eating human flesh gives a person certain abilities--speed, strength, immortality," Sam explains.

"If you eat enough of it," Dean adds, "over years, you come this less-than-human thing. You're always hungry."

"So if that is true," Hailey counters, "how is Tommy still alive?"

You and the brother exchange looks before you answer her question. "Well...the wendigo knows how to last long winters without food. It hibernates for years at a time, and while it's awake, it keeps its victims alive. It's kinda like buying in bulk: you stock up on food so you can eat whenever you want without going to the store, but in this case, going to the store is hunting people." You pull your lips into a straight line and walk over to Sam who gives you a bottle of lighter fluid.

"If your brother is alive, it's keeping him somewhere dark, hidden and safe," Dean states. "And we got to track it back there."

"And then how do we stop it?" Hailey asks with urgency.

"Well, guns are useless--so are knives," Dean says.

"Basically," You say holding up the bottle of lighter fluid, "we gotta burn the sucker to a crisp."

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The five of you followed a trail of bloody claw marks engraved in trees until Sam called out for you and Dean.

"Dean, Y/n," Sam says, looking up a tree.

"What is it?" Dean asks as the two of you come to his brother's side.

Sam's eyes dart from tree to tree. You look up and notice what he's hinting at. You all are surrounded by prints.

"You know," Sam whispers to the two of you, "I was thinking, those claw prints were so clear and distinct." He chuckles, "They were almost to easy to follow."

"You're not suggesting it lead us here?" You complain, knowing fully well that's what Sam was getting at.

A growl answers for Sam, making everyone jump in surprise. Bushes shake from around you; you look at one but then another bush in a completely different spot shakes.
Hailey suddenly screams. You turn around and see that she's looking up. You look up and watch Roy's body fall from the sky. Hailey falls out of the way. Sam checks on her to see if she's okay while Dean checks Roy's body to see if he's still breathing.

"Are you okay?" Sam asks Hailey as he helps her up.

You lean over Dean to look at Roy's body. Roy's neck is twisted in an unnatural way, dry blood stains the side of his head.

"His neck's broken," Dean says over another growl that comes from nearby. He stands up quickly and gestures for everyone to get going. "Run, run! Go, go, go!"

You all sprint off in similar directions, Dean taking the lead. You're about to keep going when you hear someone fall to the ground. You look back to see that Hailey's brother has tripped over a root of a tree. You and Sam run over to help him up.

"Come on. I got you, I got you," Sam says, while you cover them incase the wendigo decides to drop in. You all start to run off again but what catches you off guard is that the growl comes from in front of you. You hear Hailey's scream and adrenaline kicks in as you start running faster.

"Dean! Hailey!" You shout out but hear nothing in reply. You stop once you reach a clearing and look around frantically, your chest heaving up and down. The boys stumble to a stop shortly after you.

"Hailey!" her brother cries out.

"Dean!" Sam shouts into the woods.

"Shit, shit, shit!" You mumble to yourself, your words spilling out of your mouth and you grab the sides of your head. You walk over to Sam, dropping your hands to your side. "We gotta go," You say, "We need to find them before nightfall."

Sam nods in agreement and the three of you resume your search for the wendigo's cellar. Minutes of walking around the woods aimlessly resulted in Hailey's younger brother, Ben, to do some thinking.

"If it keeps its victims alive, why would it kill Roy?" he asks in a shaky voice.

"Honestly?" Sam says, following you as you continued to push forward. "I think because Roy shot at it, he pissed it off."

You look up in the trees for any signs of Dean and Hailey, but find nothing. You sigh and look back at Sam. Ben walks past you and picks up something from the ground. "They went this way!" He claims over his shoulder. You furrow your brow and walk over to him to see what he found. He hands you a blue M&M as he stands up.

You grin, "Well, I'll be damned." You hand Sam the M&M, shaking your head.

"It's better than bread crumbs," Sam chuckles and throws the candy away. The three of you share smiles, glad something finally turned in your favour.

You follow the M&Ms to an abandoned entrance to a forgotten mine. You sigh, placing your hands on your hips, "Dark, damp, and spooky. I'd say it's fitting for a wendigo's fridge."

Sam enters the mine first, then Ben, with you taking up the end. Sam pulls out his flashlight to illuminate the way as you all walk down cart tracks. The sound of dripping water seems to be
amplified against the quiet. The quiet doesn't stick around for long, when the same growling noise you've come to resent echos down one of the halls.

Sam quickly moves everyone behind a wall out of the wendigo's sight. Ben leans over trying to see the monster as if walks down the way you all came from. You notice he's about to scream in fear and quickly place your hand over his mouth. With your free hand, you bring a finger up to your lips. Sam looks at the two of you and nods for you both to follow him down the track the wendigo came from.

You continue to walk around endless tunnels in search for Dean and Hailey. You start to become anxious, thinking that you should've found them by now. You shake your head and channel your fear into anger at the wendigo.

Suddenly, the ground groans beneath the weight of the three of you and before you can figure out what's happening, the ground falls from underneath you and you plummet into a lower level of the mine.

You land on your side, luck enough not to break anything since the fall wasn't to big. You collect your breath and sit up and catch your bearings. Ben jolts up in terror when he sees that he fell right next to a pile of bones.

"Hey it's okay, you're all right," Sam soothes him, placing a hand on his shoulder as you stand up and point to Dean and Hailey.

"Sam, look," You say and rush over to Dean and Hailey. They're hanging by their wrists to the ceiling of the mine. "Dean," You whisper sharply as you approach the brother. Ben runs over to his sister and tires to wake her up. You grip his leather jacket's collar and shake him, "Dean, get up."

He wakes up with a grunt and blinks.

"Hey, are you okay?" Sam asks, peering at his brother over your shoulder.

"Yeah," Dean replies, blinking a few times.

You step back and tell Sam, "Cut him down." Sam nods and pulls out a knife and cuts the rope. Dean drops the ground, but you're quick to sweep under him and offer some sort of support. Ben manages to get his sister down and tends to her bruises. You stagger a bit, your small body no match for Dean's. Sam goes under Dean's other arm and helps you move him over to the wall. Dean grunts in pain as you lean him down against the wall.

"Are you sure you're alright?" You ask him, examining the blood and the visible wounds on his face.

"Yeah, yeah, where is it?" Dean replies, shifting the subject to the wendigo.

"It's gone for now," Sam says, looking down the dark hall. You notice Hailey stand up and start to walk to the other side of the small space. You eyes trail to where she's going and spot Tommy hanging from the ceiling looking like hell. You nudge Sam and nod towards the Collins. He walks over to help them and you turn back to look at Dean.

"You're one stupid son of a bitch, you know that?" You chide him and shake your head. "Those M&Ms you brought with saved your ass."

Dean chuckles, "I told you they would come in handy." You grin, even in pain, Dean's still a sarcastic asshole. He eyes trail away from your face to something next to you. "Hey, what's in there?"
You turn around and look at the bags Dean found. You dig through one of them and pull out two flare guns. Dean smirks and stands up, taking the guns from you. "Check it out," Dean says, turning to face the group.

"Flare guns," Sam says, recognizing what Dean holds. "Those will work," Sam chuckles. Dean spins the guns on his finger and nods his head.

The six of you walk down the tracks looking for the way out. You and Dean took the lead while Sam helped Ben support his brother and sister. You reach a crossway in the mine, and growl echoes down one of the roads. Sam steps by your side, pointing his flare gun down the possible trails.

"Looks like someone's come home for supper," Dean remarks.

"We'll never out run it," Hailey points out, causing Dean to turn around and look at her.

Dean turns around, his gaze staring down the trails. "You thinking what I'm thinking?" he asks, pulling out his flare gun.

"Yeah, I think so," Sam agrees.

"All right, listen to me," Dean says. "Stay with Sam and Y/n. They're going to get you out of here."

Your eyes widen, realizing what they plan to do. You snatch Dean's flare gun and snap at the boy, "Like you're running around out in the condition you're in."

"Y/n, no!" Dean reaches out a hand to stop you, but you dodge it and run down the tracks.

"I'll be fine! Stay with Sam, Dean, or I swear to god!" You shout over your shoulder as you skid to a stop. You turn around to make sure that Dean is staying his brother and the Collins. You smile when you see his angry face, but he stays where he is, and give him a thumbs up before turning on your heels.

"Come on out, you hungry bitch!" You shout into the mine as you walk down the tracks. "My ass might not be served on a silver platter, but I taste like a five-star meal!" You wave your arm, gesturing for the rest of the group to make their escape.

The growling seems to be getting louder as you turn down the tracks. "I'm over here, you stupid bastard!" You yell into the darkness. The growling disappears and you furrow your brow. "Shit," You mutter. Hopefully the boys find the exit soon.

You turn down another corridor and sigh. "Come on, baby! Free food!" You holler as you continue to look for the wendigo. You hear a loud-ass screech in the distance and run towards it. More screams come the distance and you pick up your pace. "Shit!" You repeat over and over to yourself.

You turn down another trail and spot the wendigo. The monster doesn't seem to notice you as you sprint at it, it's focus is on everyone else in front of him. You plant your feet and stop yourself a few feet away from the monster as it roars out a blood-chilling cry.

"Hey!" You shout. It turns around and as it looks at you, its ugly face sure to haunt your dreams for weeks. You clench your jaw and fire a flare right into its abdomen. It screams and screeches and the fire eat away at its body. You lower the flare gun and watch the wendigo fall to the floor, the fire growing more intense as it consumes its body.
The wendigo now a crisp, you look at the Winchesters and Collins with a grin. You lift the flare gun to your face and pretend to blow away the smoke that comes from the nozzle.

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"And you're sure she isn't suffering from any concussions?" Dean asks one of the paramedics as she wipes her hands on a cloth. You hop off the back of an ambulance and roll your eyes at Dean's remark as you stand next to him.

The paramedic chuckles, shaking her head, "I'm sure."

"Okay, then can you tell me why she made such an impulsive decision?" Dean questions, causing the paramedic to laugh some more.

You hit his arm. "Oh shut up. I walked out of there with not even a scratch on my face. Thank you, again," You say to the paramedic and walk over to the impala with Dean.

"Okay, I'll admit you did good," Dean confesses as he leans against Baby's hood, "but you are never doing that again."

You scoff, "What? Saving your ass? Sorry, Winchester, but it's kinda my job." Hailey walks over to the two of you with a smile on her face. "Hey, how's your brother?"

"He'll live," Hailey replies with a nod. "I can't thank you guys enough for saving us back there." Sam and Ben join the three of you. Ben still looks shaken up after the entire incident, your heart goes out for the boy; his life will never be the same after today. "Let's go," Hailey tells her brother. She gives you and Dean a smile, "I hope you find your father."

Dean nods as she and her brother go over to the ambulance Tommy is in. Sam leans against the hood and you rest your head on Dean's shoulder as the three of you watch the ambulance close their doors and drive to the hospital.

"Man, I hate camping," Dean says, putting his hands in his pockets.

"Me too," Sam replies quietly.

"You boys know we're going to find your dad, right?" You ask them, your eyes watching the taillights of the ambulance vanish into nothing.

Dean nods and Sam sighs, "Yeah, I know... but in the meantime," Sam pauses for a moment then looks at Dean with a grin, "...I'm driving."

Dean looks down and pulls out his keys from his jacket pocket. He looks at them for a moment, eyes full of regret and sighs, then tosses them up in the air for Sam to catch. Sam grabs them out of the air with delight and walks over to the driver's side.

You tilt your head back and laugh at Dean's remorse. You cover your mouth and climb into the backseat and watch Dean hop into the passenger seat. The sight is even bizzare to you. Sam revs the engine and looks at Dean with such a boyish wonder on his face. Dean smiles, shaking his head. Sam revs the engine one more time before stepping on the gas and driving into the night.

[END OF EPISODE 2 - WENDIGO]
[12 YEARS AGO - LAWRENCE, KANSAS]

There was faint mumbling outside of Missouri's office. After two hours of Missouri comforting you and trying to calm you down, John Winchester finally made it to the psychic's home. The whispering stopped, the door open and John walked inside. He sighed and sat next to your shaking body.

"Let's go," he whispered, rubbing your back comfortably. You stood up and followed him out of the room.

Missouri embraced you and muttered in your ear, "You call me if you need anything, you hear?"

You nodded slightly and pulled away. You offered Missouri a broken smile, thankful for her generosity. She returned your smile with her own as you walked out of the building with John.

"I'm taking you to an old friend of mine. He'll be able to keep you safe," John explained as the you of you got into the impala. John sighed, "I know this is hard for you, Y/n, but I need to you tell me what you saw. Can you do that for me?"

Your lips pouted as you shook your head, a sob slipping through your lips. All of your energy was put into that phone call you made just moments after the death of your father. Your mind still couldn't process what happened. The world around you shattered in an instant and now you didn't know what to do. You just wanted to see Dean, the boy you grew up with and now had a crush on, and for him to tell you that everything was going to be alright. You craved for him to hug you and for him to sing *Hey Jude* softly in your ear just like his mother did for him.

John nodded to himself. He went through the same state of shock as you when Mary died. Though he was able to put on a mask and prove himself strong, you couldn't. It was just to much. John started the impala and drove onto the road.

"The boys are at the motel," he said, explaining why the boys weren't in the car. "I didn't have time to pick them up. I promise they'll come to visit you once I'm done with this hunt."

You watched the passing scenery, your eyelids becoming heavier by the minute. Your sobs finally subsided, you gave up. You stopped fighting and succumbed to sleep, darkness clouding your vision.

[PRESENT DAY - SOME RANDOM DINER]

Sitting next to Dean at the diner's bar was a huge mistake. The waitress constantly positioned herself in raunchy poses, showing off her "assets" to get Dean's attention. You ignored it for a while, but now it was just annoying. You and Dean were supposed to be looking for any strange deaths in newspapers, but he wasn't studying the newspaper--he was eyeing the waitress.
You slap his arm and scowl. "Can you focus, please? Damn."

Dean cocks an eyebrow at your exasperated behavior. You glare at him and with a flick of your wrist, the newspaper pops up and blocks your face from Dean's sight. He scoffs and shakes his head, finally looking at the paper you gave him. Mumbling incoherently to yourself, you try to concentrate on the paper literally right in front of your face, but the waitress is back, leaning over the counter.

"Can I get you anything else?" she asks Dean, suggestively puffing out her chest.

You bit the inside of your cheek to keep yourself from groaning in annoyance. Luckily, Sam swoops in to save the day. "Just the check, please," Sam politely replies as he takes a seat next to you.

"Okay," she says, her voice breathy, and heads back into the kitchen.

Dean hangs his head as his potential fling walks away and sighs. "You know, we are allowed to have fun once in a while," Dean addresses Sam, turning towards the both of you. "That," Dean points at the waitress, "is fun." You roll your eyes, dropping the newspaper you were holding on the table and glare at Dean. "Don't look at me like that. You were literally 'having fun' with the bartender back in Black Water."

You scoff, "Dean, my type of fun is nothing compared to what you consider fun."

"Whatever," Dean mutters and looks back down at the newspaper. Sam clears his throat, waiting for the two of you to get back on track. "Here," Dean passes Sam his newspaper, pointing at a dead girl's portrait, "take a look at this." Dean looks at you with a smug expression on his face, "I found it while I was studying."

A sigh escapes your parted lips as you lean closer to Sam to look at what Dean found. "Lake Manitoc, Wisconsin -- last week, Sophie Carlton, 18, walks into the lake, doesn't walk out. Authorities dragged the water -- nothing. Sophie Carlton is the third Lake Manitoc drowning this year. None of the other bodies were found either," Dean explains. You take a sip of your coffee that's now room temperature. The cool liquid runs down your throat into your stomach. Trying to keep down the bile in your throat, you purse your lips together and wipe your lips. The taste of cool coffee never sat well with you. "They had a funeral a few days ago."

"A funeral?" Sam asks as if his brother just said the most outrageous thing.

"Yeah, uh, they buried an empty coffin for closure or whatever," Dean replies.

"Closure?" Sam shakes his head in disbelief. "What closure? People don't just disappear, Dean. Other people just stop looking for them."

You clear your throat, the boys heads turn to you. "You'd be surprised to know how many people have to bury empty coffins for closure, Sam. Look, I know you're upset about your dad, but until we get a lead, we're going to continue saving people," You say, giving Sam a stern look.

"Y/n, the trail is getting colder and colder everyday," Sam argues.

"So what are we supposed to do?" Dean asks, challenging his brother's point.

"I don't know. Something, anything!" Sam spits back. He shakes his head becoming more and more on edge. You frown and look at Dean who's expression continues to harden.

"I'm sick of this attitude," Dean says almost like a father scolding his child. "You don't think I want to find Dad as much as you do?" Sam tries to cut in, but Dean doesn't stop. "I'm the one that's been
with him every single day for the past two years while you've been off to college going to pep rallies. We will find Dad, but until then, like Y/n said, we're going to kill everything bad between here and there, okay?"

The waitress walks past you all, and again, Dean's eyes follow her until she's out of sight. In attempt to lighten the mood, Dean asks you, "Hey, Y/n, why don't you ever dress like that?"

Your face reddens and you choke a bit on your coffee. You've always been conservative when it came to what you wear. Heck, the only clothes you brought with you was two sweatshirts, the flannel John got you for your birthday, a few t-shirts, jeans and one cami incase it was too hot to wear a shirt under your sweatshirt, but to cold not to have anything underneath it. (Of course, you also packed bras, underwear and socks.) The most scandalous thing you've ever worn was probably a dress one of your friends loaned to you for a date. (During that date your then-boyfriend ended up dumping you, but that's besides the point.) It's not like you don't have anyone to dress up for, so why go through the hassle?

Dean smirks at your flusteredness, and you swallow to compose yourself. "Shut up, Winchester," You hiss and wipe your mouth.

"Hey," Sam says pulling your attention to him. Dan mumbles something as he looks at his brother. "How far?"

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The three of you knock on the Carlton's door and wait for someone to answer. You nibble on your bottom lip, your brows creasing. Sophie Carlton had a brother, Will Carlton, and sadly left him with his father. Your heart went out to the family--losing a child is never easy. Your father told you about your mother's miscarriage before they had you. Your mother cried for months and closed herself out from everyone. Your mother never got to meet her child, but Bill Carlton...he raised his daughter. He got to see her grow into a successful young woman. But now she's dead and can never reach her full potential.

Will opens the door, an apparent confused look on his face.

"Will Carlton?" Dean asks as the boy glances at the three of you. He mumbles a yeah, still confused why anyone would be visiting his house. "I'm agent Ford. This is agent Hamill and that's agent Gavin. We're with the U.S. Wildlife service." Dean holds up his badge for Will to look at.

Will brought you and the boys to his backyard where the lake is. You took note of his father who sits on the dock looking out at the lake.

Will sighs and gazes at the water, "She was about 100 yards out. That's where she got dragged down." He looks at the three of you, his eyes sad.

You brows crease and your lips pull into a thin line. You'd hate to be in the kid's shoes right now. "I hate to question you, but you're sure it wasn't an accidental drowning?" You ask him.

He shakes his head and looks back at the lake. "She was a varsity swimmer," he smiles full of pride from his sister's achievements. His smile disappears as quickly as he continues. "She practically grew up in that lake. She's as safe out there as in her own bathroom."

You swallow and shift your weight. Of course she had to be the most unlikely person to drown. That just made it ten times more harder for the family to come to terms with what happened.
"So no splashing, no signs of distress?" Sam asks.

"No, that's what I'm telling you."

"Did you see any shadows in the water? Maybe something dark under the surface?" Sam persistently tries to look for the answer you need, anything to tip of that there is something supernatural going on here.

"No, again, she was really far out there," Will clarifies.

"You ever see any strange tracks by the shore line?" Dean questions.

"No, never. Why? What do you think's out there?" Will asks, his brow creasing with concern and wonder.

"We'll let you know as soon as we do," You reply, giving the boy a curt nod. Your eyes trail over to the old man that sits at the dock "Do you think we could talk to your father?"

Will looks back at his dad and sighs. "Look, if you don't mind, I mean, he didn't see anything, and he's kinda been through a lot."

"We understand," Sam says. You and the youngest Winchester turn around and meet Dean at the car. The three of your exchange glances, the suspicion that something is actually wrong here solidifying itself.

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"Now, I'm sorry, but why does the wildlife service care about an accidental drowning?" the officer asks you as you walk into his office.

"Are you sure it's accidental?" You challenge. "Will Carlton saw something grab his sister."

"Like what? Please sit," he gestures at the two chairs by his desk. You let the boys sit down while you stand between the two of them. "There are no indigenous carnivores in that lake. There's nothing even big enough to pull down a person, unless it was the loch ness monster," the man counters, his voice annoyed.

"Yeah, right," Dean chuckles but gives you and Sam a look that says otherwise. Sam leans back in his chair and attentively listens to what the officer has to say.

"Will Carlton was traumatized," the officer argues, "and sometimes the mind plays tricks. Still, we dragged that entire lake." He sits in his chair and folds his hands. "We even ran a sonar sweep just to be sure, and there was nothing down there."

"It's weird though," Dean says, leaning forward in his seat and resting his arms on his knees. "Isn't that the third missing body this year?"

"Yes, I know," the man agrees. "These are people from my town--these are people I care about." Dean mumbles an understand as the officer sighs and falls back in his chair. "All this--it won't be much of a problem much longer." He shakes his head.

"What do you mean?" Dean asks.

"Well, the dam of course," the officer remarks as if what he was getting at was obvious. Sam nods.

"Oh right, the dam. It's falling apart, ain't it?" You inquire. You silently thank yourself for doing a
little research on the town before stopping here.

"That's right," the officer sighs. "The feds won't give us the grant to repair it, so they've opened the spillway."

"So there won't be much of a lake in six months," You add.

The officer nods. "There won't be much of a town either."

"It's a shame, truly." You feign a smile.

There's a knock at the door and the woman about your age enters the room. "Sorry, am I interrupting something? I can come back later," she says before excusing herself. The boys stand up and look at the unexpected guest. Dean in particular looks the woman over with a grin. You roll your his at his unprofessional behavior.

"Gentlemen, lady, this is my daughter," the officer introduces you to the lady.

"Pleasure to meet you," Dean says stepping in front of you to shake the girls hand, "I'm Dean."

"Andrea Bar. Hi," she replies and exchanges hi's with Dean.

"They're from the wildlife service about the lake," her father explains, propping his hands on his hips.

"Oh," Andrea says quietly, clearly caught off guard. She glances at you and Sam who stand silently and observe her reaction. Then, a child peers out from behind her.

"Oh, hello," You say cheerfully and crouch down to be eye level with the boy. "What's your name?"

He looks at the ground then turns away and walks out of the room. You look up at Andrea with concerned eyes. She turns around and follows her son.

"His name is Lucas," Officer Devins says. You watch Andrea hand her son a crayon and he begins to draw.

"Is he okay?" Sam asks, turning around to face Devins.

"My grandson's been through a lot," Devins explains in a soft tone. You stand up and step between the Winchesters to look at the officer. "We all have." He walks out from behind his desk and sighs, "Well, if there's anything else I can do for you, please let me know."

"Thanks," Dean says and exits the office. You and Sam follow behind but stop as Dean turns around. "You know, now that you mention it, could you point us in the direction of a reasonably priced motel?" Andrea turns around and smiles.

You and Sam share the same exasperated looks, Dean is yet again, cruising for a hook-up.

"Lakefront Motel--go around the corner, it's two blocks up," she replies.

"Two--would you mind showing us?" Dean asks with a grin. You roll your eyes and bite your lip, baffled that Dean is flirting with the officer's daughter right in front of him.

Andrea laughs, "You want me to walk you to blocks?"
"Not if it's any trouble," Dean replies with a shake of his head.

"I'm headed that way anyway," Andrea remarks. "I'll be back to pick up Lucas at three. We'll go to the park okay, sweetie?" She leans over and kisses Lucas's head.

Dean waves to Officer Luke Devins as you all follow Andrea out of the station.

"So, cute kid," Dean states trying to make conversation with Andrea as she leads you down the road.

"Thanks."

"Kids are the best, huh?" Dean says as you all cross the street. Andrea just glances over her shoulder and smiles at Dean. You watch your feet, becoming extremely uncomfortable with Dean's stupid attempts with pick-up lines.

"There it is," Andrea says stopped in front of a huge sign that says Lakefront Motel. "Like I said, two blocks."

"Thanks," Sam says, putting his hands in his pockets.

Andrea turns to Dean. "It must be hard with your sense of direction, never being able to find your way to a decent pick-up line." Dean's face drops as Andrea walks away. "Enjoy your stay."

"She's not wrong," You mumble.

Sam snickers. "'Kids are the best?' You don't even like kids."

"I love kids!" Dean blatantly lies.

You scoff, "Name three children you even know."

Dean shifts his weight and holds out his fingers to start counting. He opens his mouth to rattle off some kid's name, but nothing comes out. You shake your head and walk towards the motel's entrance with Sam. "I'm thinking!" Dean calls out at the two of you, only getting a shake of the head from you and a laugh from Sam.

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Since the motel rooms didn't come with a couch and none of the rooms are big enough to hold three beds, you had to get your own room. You honestly didn't mind, it was kinda you were back in Hailey, Idaho, expect in a cheap motel room. Still, you enjoyed your time alone from the boys and took a brisk shower before heading over to the boy's rooms. You threw your wet hair up into a messy bun and slipped into your favorite sweatshirt and a pair of jeans.

You walk into the boys' room to find Dean going through his bag of clothes, finding which ones were clean and which weren't, and Sam researching as usual. Sam greets you, his eyes nevering leaving his laptop screen as he clicks through articles.

"Find anything?" You ask him, leaning over his shoulder, getting a glance at the computer screen yourself.

"There were six more drowning victims in the past 35 years, not including the 3 from this year," Sam explains. You notice the headlines: 12-YEAR-OLD GIRL DROWNS IN LAKE. Your heart
shakes, another young death. "None of those bodies were recovered either," Sam adds. "If there is something out there, it's picking up its pace."

"So what? We got a lake monster on a binge?" Dean suggests tossing a shirt onto his bed.

"I doubt it. I mean, a lake monster? Come on," You reply shaking your head.

"I agree. This whole lake-monster theory--it bugs me," Sam agrees.

"Why?" Dean asks, walking over to you and Sam and looking at the laptop screen.

"Loch Ness, Lake Champlain--there are literally hundreds of eyewitness accounts, but here almost nothing," Sam explains his hesitance. "Whatever it is out there, no one's living to talk about it."

"Wait," Dean points at the screen, "Bar. Christopher Bar--where have I heard that name before?"

Sam heads the headline, "Christopher Bar, victim in May." He clicks on the article and a picture of a soaked, frightened Lucas wrapped in a towel pops up. "Oh. Christopher Bar was Andrea's husband, Lucas's father. Apparently, he took Lucas out swimming. Lucas was out on a floating wooden platform when Chris drowned two hours before the kid got rescued."

You straighten your posture and wrap your arms around your body. Looks like you and Lucas have more in common than you thought. Look glanced at Dean who shared the same pained expression as you. Both of you witnessed your parents die, and both of you didn't talk for weeks after the incidents. You gulp as the memories of the past flood your mind.

[22 YEARS AGO - LAWRENCE, KANSAS]

Dean peered into his baby brother's crib. Little Sammy slept peacefully, oblivious to his brother watching over him. You hid behind the door frame, poking your head out ever so slightly to catch a glimpse of your best friend. Your father and John were in the kitchen talking about whatever it was they talked about--you were too young to understand what they conspiring about.

You nibbled your bottom lip. After multiple failed attempts of trying to get Dean to talk, you were hesitant to confront him again in fear of rejection. Your father told you that Dean wasn't mad at you, that he was just coping with what he saw. What Dean saw exactly, you didn't know, but it must've been bad if he wasn't talking.

You took a deep breath and puffed out your chest, acting like one of the brave heroines your father told you stories about. You strided over to Dean's side and smiled at him. He didn't look up at you, but continued to stare at his resting brother.

"Hi, Dean," You said. "Hiya, Sam," you added in a whisper, looking into the crib. You glanced back up at Dean who stared at you blankly. You frown. "My daddy always told me that the best medicine is affection. I don't know what affection is but I do know that my daddy hugged me right after, so I think affection means hugs." You pause and think to yourself thoughtfully. "Do you want an affection, Dean?"

The boy nodded and your face beamed with a bright smile. You hugged him tightly, making sure he got enough of the best medicine. "You're my best friend, Dean," You mumbled as you continued to hug him.

"You're my best friend, too, Y/n," he whispered quietly, that being the first thing he said in over three weeks.
PRESENT DAY - LAKEFRONT MOTEL, WISCONSIN

Sam zooms in on the picture of Lucas and scratches the back of his head. "Maybe we do have an eye witness after all," Sam says softly.

"No wonder that kid was so freaked out," Dean remarked. "Watching one of your parents die isn't something you just get over."

It was a little after three o'clock. You remembered that Andrea mentioned taking Lucas to the park after she picked him up, and that's how you and the boys ended up here, at the park. Children ran around and occupied the playground while their parents stood on the sidelines supervising their kids. You notice Andrea sitting at a bench by herself watching Lucas draw alone.

You nod in her direction, prompting the boys to look over there. Together, you walk over to Andrea. "Mind if we join you?" Sam asks, making your presence known.

Andrea looks up at the three of you before nodding at Lucas with a smile. "I'm here with my son." She explains.

Dean gazes at the boy. You turn to the mother and ask, "Mind if we say hi?"

She nods and you and Dean walk over to the lonesome kid. He scribbles with his crayon on the paper his mom supplied for him. He doesn't even glance your way as you kneel down across the bench from him.

"Hey, Lucas," You greet him and look at the things on the bench. There's a handful of green army men and a box of crayons along with a stack of colored paper.

"How's it going, Lucas?" Dean asks the boy. The two of your exchange worried looks with the kid doesn't respond. Dean smiles and reaches for an army guy. "Oh, I used to love these things," Dean declares as he picks up one of the men and imitates gun noises and battles sounds. You smile warmly and can't help but think that Dean actually has a soft spot for children. Seeing that Lucas has no reaction to Dean's attempts to appeal to the boy, Dean tosses the toy aside.

"Drawing is more of your thing, isn't it, Lucas?" You ask him with a gentle smile. You look through the previous drawings he drew of a bike, a black...spiral, and a house seems to be the common theme. "I used to draw all the time when I was younger," You confessed, placing his drawings down. "Do you mind if I draw with you?"

When Lucas doesn't reply, you shrug at Dean and the two of you each grab a crayon and a piece of paper. Dean sits on the bench and begins to doodle. "You know, chicks love artist," Dean says. You chuckle and shake your head. "I'm thinking that you can hear me. You just don't want to talk. I don't know exactly what happened to your dad, but I know it was something real bad." Dean pauses. You bite your bottom lip as he averts his gaze from you. "Anyway...well, maybe you don't think anyone will listen to you or, uh, or believe you. But I want you to know I will. You don't even have to say anything. You could draw me a picture about what you saw that day with your dad on the lake." You eyes shift to Lucas, wondering if he's going to react at the mention of his father. He doesn't, shocking you.

You glance up at Dean with a worried look, he sighs. "Okay, no problem," he says and shows Lucas the picture he drew. "This is for you. This is my family." Dean points at the stick figures in the
drawing and explains who they are, "That's my dad, and that's--that's my mom. That's my geek brother, and that's me. And standing next to me, well, that's Y/n." You blush at the mention of you, a part of you surprised that Dean included you in his drawing. "Alright, so I'm a sucky artist," Dean admits. "I'll see you around, Lucas." Dean stands up and leaves his drawing, but you're not ready to leave the kid yet.

You nod at Dean when he looks back at you, prompting for him to walk away which he does. You clear your throat and look at Lucas. "Dean's right, you know. We will believe whatever you have to say, Lucas." You pause and look at the Winchesters who wait for you to come back and join them. "You might not think it right now, but your mom, your grandpa, they're here for you, Lucas." You chuckle, "If it wasn't for the boys...I don't think I would ever recover from what I experienced. Well, I wouldn't have recovered as fast. Just, just try not to push away the people who love you, okay? 'Cause it'll bite you in the butt if you do."

[12 YEARS AGO - SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA]

Bobby Singer had tried relentlessly to get you to open up to him. He told you everything about the supernatural, he told you multiple times that you could trust him and that he would help you find the thing that killed your dad, but you would just sit and listen. Well, he actually didn't know if you were listening; you barely reacted to the new information he gave you, you would just stare out the window, lost in your thoughts.

You were listening and you took in all the information and tried to make sense of it all. Your main focus though, was seeing the boys like John promised. They still hadn't come to visit over the past three weeks and your patience was growing thin. Bobby must have picked up on this because one night, he called John and demanded that he brought the boys over as soon as possible.

You cooped yourself up in your room, laying on your bed and staring at the ceiling. This incorporated itself into your daily routine. You would lay on your bed alone with your thoughts until Bobby called you down for breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

Today, though, was different.

You could faintly make out the sound of the door opening and closing and the footsteps that followed after. Bobby exchanged a few words with his visitors before someone rushed up the stairs. Their steps got louder as they approached your room.

"Y/n!" a voice you hadn't heard in years called out your name. You sat up and looked at the boy who stood in your doorway. It was Dean Winchester, your childhood best friend. You immediately stood up when you realized who it was. He ran over to you and embraced you in an overdue hug. Your arms wrapped around his neck, taking in the familiarity of your friend. "I'm so sorry about your dad," Dean whispered in your ear. You nodded, tears threatening to spill from your eyes. You didn't let them, not wanting to ruin this beautiful moment.

You were so caught up in the hug that you didn't notice the smaller figure standing in your doorway. "Y/n/n!" the lively Sammy shouted your name with glee. You pulled away from Dean and opened your arms as Sam jumped into them. A smile grew on your face, you were finally reunited with your boys. "We've missed you so much! We would have came sooner, but Dad got caught up in another hunt," the young boy explained.

As you and Sam broke away from your hug, Dean eyed you with concern. "Sammy, go grab our bags from downstairs, please," Dean ordered his brother. Sam looked between you and his brother then sighed and exited the room.
"Y/n." Dean took a step closer to you and grabbed your hand, his eyes locked with yours. "I'm here for you, just like you were for me. When you're ready to talk, I'll listen. Dad is leaving Sam and I here for a week while he goes on a hunt a state over. You aren't going to go through this alone," Dean said gently, his expression sincere.

You bit your bottom lip and nodded. You wouldn't tell him today, you weren't prepared yet. But in the next few days, after chipping away at the walls you built, Dean finally got you to crack.

[TWO DAYS LATER]

Your mind was determined, but the rest of your body shook with hesitance. It was late at night, everyone had already gone to bed. You couldn't fall asleep from all the thoughts that stirred in your mind telling you that you had to open up to someone before you went insane. You stood outside of the room the boys were staying in and clenched your fists.

It's now or never, you told yourself and slowly opened the bedroom door. Sam was sleeping soundly on the floor. He was always a heavy sleeper so you didn't worry about waking him up as you walked over to the bed Dean slept on.

You gently shook his shoulders, and Dean stirred awake. He blinked a few times and squinted at you in the dark. "Y/n? What's wrong?" he asked as he sat up in his bed, you took a deep breath as he asked you the questions.

"I'm ready," you replied simply, though it was much harder to say the statement than you though.

Dean's eyes widened for a moment before he collected himself and nodded. He patted next to him, prompting for you to take a seat on the bed. Dean gave you his full attention, watching you with kind eyes as you took a few deep breaths.

"...I watched him die, Dean," You said, your voice just under a whisper, "and I... I didn't do anything to stop it. I was so scared I was frozen in my tracks. And the thing that killed him...it was human. Except it had these...red eyes." You bottom lip trembled as you thought back on the memory. "We were arguing because he wouldn't let me go to some stupid party. I ran out of the house, and when I came back that's when I saw my dad fighting with that stranger. They were talking to each other, Dean, like they knew each other," You said, trying to contain yourself. You broke down at what you confessed next. "...do you know what was the last thing I said to him? I told him that I hated him." You gulped down a sob and continued. "When I came back, he told me to run, to save myself. I didn't until he died and the thing that killed him looked at me with his blood red eyes. They were so cold, Dean. They're all I can think about—that and the fact that I never got to tell my dad that I was sorry and that I love him."

A tear rolled down your cheek as you sniffled. Dean frowned and wrapped his arm around your shoulder, pulling you into his side. "He knows you love him, Y/n. He knows that you're sorry, and I know for a fact that he wouldn't want you beating yourself over it," Dean said in a soft voice. "I promise that we will find the son of a bitch that killed your dad. And when we do, we're going to send him back we he came from."

[PRESENT DAY - A PARK IN WISCONSIN]

You look down at the paper you hold in your hands, "Oh, and here's that picture I drew." The drawing is a cartoony-hero version of Lucas holding his mighty crayon. You shrugged, "This is what I think you'd look like in your superhero gear. Almost like Superman but one thousand times cooler."

You stand up, leaving the picture behind for Lucas to look at later. As you turn around to leave, a
tiny hand grabs your wrist. You turn around and find Lucas holding a piece of paper out for you to take. "Oh. Why don't we give that to Dean?" You say with a smile and head back towards the boys and Andrea with Lucas at your side.

"Hey, sweetie," Andrea greets her son. He hands Dean the drawing then looks up at you.

"Thanks, Lucas," Dean says, examining the drawing. Lucas walks back to his bench to pick up on his drawing session.

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Later that night, back at the motel, you find yourself having another nightmare--well, more like another retelling of your father's death. It loops in your dream until you finally wake up in a panic, panting heavily like you just ran a marathon.

The room is dark, the only light comes from one of the lamp posts outside. Your eyes shift around the room in panic looking for the hidden intruder with the red eyes. You let out a muffled whimper as you cover your mouth with the blanket. You know that it was just a nightmare but everything feels too real to you. From the hunt hitting close to home, to your nightmares or memories that are increasingly getting worse, everything adds up and your brain hits its breaking point.

Your on the verge of a meltdown as you stumble out of the motel bed and rush out of the room. You instinctively head for the boys' room and knock on the door. You wish you didn't have to wake them up, but if you didn't confide in one of them, you're sure you would break down and stay up for the rest of the night and be a mess until the end of the hunt.

A tired Dean opens the door and looks confused until he notices it's you who knocked on the door. His entire demeanor changes from aggravated and sleepy to alert and concerned. "Y/n, what's wrong?" he asks, urgency evident in his voice. His expression hardens as he looks out behind you, making sure nothing was following you.

"I had a nightmare," You confess in a small voice, your arms wrapped around your body.

Dean's features softens. He opens the door wider for you to come in and gently closes the door behind you. "Do you want to talk about it?" he asks you as you glance at the sleeping Sam. You shake your head, Dean sighs. "Okay, well, come on. Let's go to bed," he says quietly and gestures towards the bed.

You nod and crawl underneath the covers that are still warm from when Dean was previously sleeping there. The two of you adjust yourselves in the small bed until you are both comfortable. You try not to invade Dean's space, seeing that you've already invaded quite enough of his privacy.

"Thank you," You mutter under your breath. Dean hums in reply. You find it much easier to fall asleep knowing that Dean and Sam were in the same room as you, and no harm would come your way so long as you were with the boys. Dean's breathing eventually lulls you to sleep and you have no more nightmares that night.

~~~

To say the least, Sam wasn't expecting what he saw when he woke up. He lifts his head and looks over at Dean's bed to see if his brother is still sleeping. Shockingly, he sees you wrapped up in Dean's arms, the two of you sleeping peacefully. Sam grins to himself as he grabs his phone and takes a sneaky picture of his best friend and brother snuggling together.

He yawns and gets out of bed, heading over to Dean to wake him up and tease him. Sam clicks
Dean's cheek until Dean's eyes pop open. Sam laughs as Dean realizes that there's a person in his arms, you. Dean glares at his brother as he tries to move his arms from under you without waking you up.

"Nice cuddle buddy," Sam teases his brother, a grin growing on his face. You groan quietly as your source of heat disappears.

"Shut up," Dean hisses and stands up from the bed. He grumbles to himself and heads to the bathroom to take a shower, but mostly to avoid Sam's childlike behavior. Sam chuckles to himself and thinks how long it's going to take Dean to admit his feelings he's been trying to hide.

~~~

When you woke up in an empty bed, a part of you was relieved that you didn't have to be awkward and talk to Dean about what happened last night. Even though nothing happened, you were still embarrassed that you were still getting worked up over your nightmares. You want to show the boys that you're strong and not some damsel in distress that needs constant saving. But how can that be true if you frequently needed help grounding yourself after a nightmare?

You shake the pessimistic thoughts from your head and decide to make yourself useful by doing some research on the Loch Ness monster. Though the chances of the thing killing all these people is slim, it's still wise to prepare yourself for the unexpected. You grab Sam's laptop and start to rat through the useful lore from the horseshit ones. Sadly, there's a lot of horseshit firsthand accounts on the internet.

Dean walks out of the bathroom with damp hair from his shower. He scratches the back of his head as he tries to think of something for him to do.

"Hey. Where's Sam?" You ask him, briefly glancing up at Dean before going back to skimming the websites you found.

"He went out to talk to locals," Dean replies. He takes a seat next to you on the bed and nods at the laptop. "Whatcha looking at?"

You sigh. "I'm trying to find some useful information on the loch ness monster. I know that what we're up against probably isn't some glorified lizard, but you know, just incase."

Den chuckles, nodding his head. Just as the conversation between you and Dean dies, Sam enters the motel room, swiftly shutting the door behind him. "So, I think it's safe to say we can rule out Nessie," Sam states walking over to you and Dean

"Thank god," You mumbled under your breath and close the laptop.

"What do you mean?" Dean asks his brother as he sits next to you.

"I just drove past the Carlton house. There was an ambulance there. Will Carlton is dead," Sam explains, his sentences full of frustration.

"He's drowned?"

"Yep, in the sink," Sam replies, irritated.

"What the heck. How does that--" You shake your head, not really wanting to know how Will drowned in a sink. "So you're right, this isn't a creature. We're dealing with something else."
"Yeah, but what?" Sam agrees. You sigh, searching your mind for an answer.

"I don't know," Dean admits. "A water wraith maybe? Some kind of demon? I mean, something that controls water."

The three of you sit in silence putting together the little pieces you have. "...water from the same source," You say, your eyebrows raising from the realization.

"The lake--which would explain why it's upping its body count," Sam says and looks at you and Dean. "The lake is draining. It'll be dry in a few months. Whatever this thing is, whatever it wants, it's running out of time."

Dean nods his head as everything falls into place. "And if it can get through the pipes," Dean adds, "it can get to anyone almost anywhere. This is going to happen again soon." Dean stands up and walks over to his boots.

"And we know that this is all somehow related to Bill Carlton," You say.

Dean sits down at starts putting on his shoes. "Yeah, it took both of his kids," Dean agrees.

"And I've been asking around," Sam says. "Lucas's dad--Bill Carlton's godson."

"Why don't we go pay Mr. Carlton a visit, hmm?" You suggest standing from the bed.

~~~

You've heard it multiple times: losing a child is worse than dying. And you believe it. You have seen it before on T.V. and in real life. The parents are always such wrecks that it's hard to watch. The amount of pain that they must go through...you wouldn't wish it upon your worst enemy. That's why you felt guilty as you and the boys walk over to Bill Carlton who sat on his dock alone.

"Mr. Carlton?" Sam calls out to the man as you approach him. Bill looks will at you with a vacant expression, his mind somewhere else. "We'd like to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind."

"We're from the department--" Dean starts but is quickly shut up by Carlton.

"I don't care who you're with," he looks back out at the lake. "I've answered enough questions today." Dean glances at you, not sure what to do. Luckily, Sam is persistent for getting answers.

"Your son said he saw something in that lake," Sam says with a gentle tone. "What about you? You ever see anything out there?"

"Mr. Carlton, Sophie's drowning and Will's death--we think there might be a connection to you or your family," You tell the man honestly.

"My children are gone," he speaks up before you can continue. He pauses for a moment, struggling to find the right words to describe is agony. "It's...it's worse than dying," he says with a strained voice and looks at you with teary eyes. He shakes his head and looks back out at the water. "Go away...please," he adds on when none of you make a move.

You nod your head, turning on your heels, and walk back to the impala with the Winchesters. "What do you think?" Sam asks you and Dean once your at the car, far away enough so Bill Carlton can't hear you.

"I think the poor guy's been through hell," Dean replies. "I also think he's not telling us something."
Sam leans over the roof of the impala. "So now what?" he asks, folding his hands together.

Dean tilts his head, looking at your surroundings. His eyes catch something that looks familiar, his brows furrowing.

"What is it?" You ask him looking in the direction he's staring. All you see is the Carlton's house, nothing out of the ordinary.

"Huh," Dean says, his voice full of shock. "Maybe Bill isn't the only one who knows something." He pulls out the folded drawing Lucas gave him from his inside pocket and compares it to the Carlton House.

You observe at the drawing yourself, peering over Dean's shoulder and look at the house. Besides a few off color choices, the drawing is a spitting image of the house.

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"I'm sorry, but I don't think it's a good idea," Andrea denies the idea of letting Dean talk to Lucas.

"I just need to talk to him, just for a few minutes," Dean tries again.

Andrea places her hands on her hips. "He won't say anything, so what's the point?" she argues.

"Andrea, we think more people might get hurt. We think something is happening out there," You explain. "Please, just let Dean talk to him then we'll be out of your hair."

"My husband, the others—they just drowned. That's all," she retorts, still standing her ground.

"If that's what you really believe, then we'll go," Dean replies. "But if you think there's even a possibility that something else could be going on here, please let me talk to your son."

You cross your arms over your chest, hoping that what Dean said is enough to change the lady's mind.

She hesitates before nodding. She leads the three of you up stairs to Lucas's room. The four of you stand in the hallway watching the kid draw for a moment. Dean shares a look with you then enters the room.

"Hey, Lucas." Dean crouches down to be at the same level as the kid who sits on the color coloring. "You remember me?" As you expect, Lucas doesn't reply and continues to draw. Dean picks up some of the pictures Lucas made beforehand, looking through the drawings that seem to repeat themselves. "You know, I, uh," Dean takes a seat on the ground and continues, "I wanted to thank you for that last drawing...but the thing is I need your help again."

Dean pulls out the drawing Lucas gave him and places it in front of the kid. "How did you know to draw this?" Dean asks Lucas, pointing at the drawing. "Did you know something bad was going to happen? Maybe you could nod yes or no for me?" Andrea shifts around uncomfortably, clearing thinking that this was crazy. You give her a reassuring look and cross your arms.

"You're scared," Dean states gently after Lucas doesn't reply. "It's okay. I understand. See, when I was your age, I saw something real bad happen to my mom, and I was scared, too," Dean confesses. Sam is suddenly invested in the conversation his brother is having with Lucas; Dean never told Sam about the nightmares he had as a child or how terrifying that fateful night was. Sam glances back at you, wondering if what his brother was saying was really true. You nod your head, biting your bottom lip.
"I didn't feel like talking, just like you, but see my mom--I know she wanted me to be brave. I think about that everyday." Dean pauses to see if anything he says is getting through to Lucas. "And I do my best to be brave. And maybe your dad wants you to be brave, too."

Lucas stops coloring and looks at his drawings. He gazes up at Dean and hands him another drawing. Andrea looks at you with surprise, and you smile, proud of Dean and of Lucas for slowly coming out of his shell.

Dean takes the drawing and quietly thanks Lucas. Time to decode another lead.

~~~

"Andrea said the kid never drew like that 'till his dad died," Dean says. You're leaning over the front seat of the impala to look at the drawing with Sam as the three of you go an a scavenger hunt for a two-story yellow house.

"There have been cases going through a traumatic experience makes certain people more sensitive to premonitions, psychic tendencies," You point out. "So, Lucas's new drawing ability doesn't fall far from the tree."

"What if Lucas is tapping into it somehow?" Dean thinks out loud. Sam shakes his head at the idea, thinking it's too much of a stretch. "It's only a matter of time before somebody else drowns, so if you got a better lead, please."

Sam drops his hand on his lap in defeat. "All right. We got another house to find."

"The only problem is there's about a thousand yellow two-stories in this country alone," Dean sighs, pointing out the overlying problem at hand.

"See this church?" You point at the drawing. "I bet there's not as many yellow two-stories around there."

"Good-eye, Sherlock," Dean teases you.

You lift your head in a snotty manner. "Elementary, my dear Watson," You quote the famous line with a grin.

The conversation dies off and the three of you fall into a comfortable silence. But of course, all good things must come to an end, for Sammy decides to say what's been on his mind since you left Andrea's. The boy struggles to spit out what he's been thinking, but he finds his courage and speaks his mind. "You know, um... what you said about mom--" he pauses and looks at his brother for a reaction. Your eyes dart to Dean, knowing his mom is a sensitive subject for the man. "--you've never told me that before," Sammy says.

"It's no big deal," Dean blows off the comment and stares at the road in front of him.

Sam looks at his brother with doubtfully. He glances back at you to see if you share the same expression, but you don't. There's a slight frown on your face, but that's about it. His lips pull into a tight smile as he looks at his brother, almost as if he's looking at a child who's trying to be tough.

Dean glances at Sam, then does a double take when he notices Sam's worried face. "Oh god, we're not gonna have to hug or anything, are we?" Dean asks using his sarcasm as a wall. Sam looks away with a smile.

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As a child, you were taught to always be sensitive of people's feelings. Your father was a kind-hearted man who hated yelling and conflict—not your stereotypical hunter, to say the least. One time after John came over to talk to Matthew, your father told you that you should always think about what the other person is going through before you say what's on your mind. "Bite your tongue and look at things from their perspective, then choose your words wisely so you don't hurt them anymore than they already are," he would say.

The first time you ever heard him raise his voice was when he got into an argument with his best friend, John Winchester. The last time he ever rose his voice was during your argument that preceded his death.

Because of your father, you don't like arguments. They're emotionally draining and make you feel horrible after the fight. When you got into an argument with Roy when you and the boys were hunting the wendigo, you completely disregarded your father's advice. Letting your anger take control left you feeling like garbage. Of course, Roy was an asshole who needed to be put in his place, but you would have never even thought about throwing punches when you were younger.

Maybe it was hunting that was taking a toll on you; granted, you went from having a steady job, going to the gym, reading a new book every week, to killing monsters majority of the population didn't know existed. Either way, you made yourself promise to remember your father's advice and be level headed. No more heated arguments—the bickerings you have with the Winchesters are enough for you.

"We're sorry to bother you ma'am, but does a little boy live here by chance?" Dean asks Mrs. Sweeny. You blink a few times, focusing your mind on the task at hand which is figuring out how this house and this woman is tied to the strange drownings. "He might wear a blue ball cap, has a red bicycle."

Mrs. Sweeny looks down with grief stricken eyes. "No, sir." She shakes her head. "Not for a very long time," she replies. "Peter's been gone for 35 years now." She gestures for you and the boys to follow her into the living room. She gazes at a picture of a young boy your assume is Peter with such sadness. She sighs, "The police never--I never had any idea what happened." She turns around to face you. "He just disappeared. Losing him--you know," Sam nudges Dean and nods at the shelf that's covered with green army men. He tries to get your attention but you refuse to shift your focus from the grieving mother. "It's...it's worse than dying," she says with a breaking voice.

She manages to choke down a sob, her body shakes from the effort. The corners of your lips hang loosely in a frown. You think back to your father's advice and try to formulate the best response you can, but again, nothing comes to mind. People who lost a child, extremely broken and fragile, must be handled with caution; one wrong nudge and they could be pushed of the edge and breakdown.

"Did he disappear from here--I mean, from this house?" Dean asks, being the brave soul to continue to interview the woman.

"He was supposed to ride his bike straight home after school," Mrs. Sweeny explains, "and he never showed up." Her voice cracks, and she quickly covers her mouth with her hand to keep herself from crying.

Thinking that it was enough with playing 20 questions, you speak up and decide to end the interrogation before the poor lady breaks down. "Mrs. Sweeny, why don't you sit down? I can make you a cup of tea if you'd like." You place a comforting hand on the old woman's shoulder and lead her out of the room to give the boys some time to look around for anymore clues.
"Okay, so this little boy, Peter Sweeney, vanishes, and this is all connected to Bill Carlton somehow," Sam states the facts you know on his fingers.

"Yeah, and I'm pretty sure that Bill Carlton is hiding something from us," You voice your opinion from the backseat.

"And Bill--the people he loves--they're all getting punished," Sam adds, pointing out yet another clue to this mystery.

"What if Bill did something to Peter?" Dean suggests.

"What if Bill killed him," Sam throws his idea into the ballpark.

Dean's eyebrows raise in consideration. You nod, not hating the theory yourself. "Peter would be furious. I'd want revenge. It's possible," Dean agrees.

You shake your head. If Bill Carlton really did kill his best friend it proves just how brutal kids really are.

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The impala pulls into the gravel driveway of the Carlton household and parks next to the house. As you exit the car, you look around for any signs of Bill. The sound of a motor running catches your attention, your head snaps that way to see Bill out on a motorboat.

"Mr. Carlton!" Sam shouts at the house, paying no mind to the sounds coming from the lake.

"Boys, look," You say and nod in the direction of Bill. The three of you exchange quick glances then run over to the dock to try to stop the man from committing suicide.

"Mr. Carlton! You need to come back!" Dean screams at the man. "Come out of the water! Turn the boat around!"

Bill turns around to see it's the annoying officers that came by earlier. He looks away, ignoring your demands and stares out at the water. You had a gut feeling that told you that Bill Carlton knows what he is doing. You bite your bottom lip nervously as you watch the man boat on to his demise. Suddenly, a powerful force shoots the boat into the air, flipping it and Mr. Carlton into the water.

Dean jumps back in surprise, lifting an arm to shield himself. You stumble back as well, the loud splash startling you. And just like that, the boat and Bill Carlton disappear.

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You and the boys follow Officer Jake Devins into his office. The three of you are greeted with a familiar voice. "Sam, Dean, Y/n. I didn't expect to see you here." Andrea stands up from the chair she was sitting on with Lucas and steps closer to the office entry.

"So now you're on a first-name basis," her father states, pointing a thumb in your direction. "What are you doing here?" he asks his daughter.

"I brought you dinner," Andrea replies gently.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. I really don't have the time," Jake apologizes while taking off his jacket. You eyes land on Lucas who rocks nervously in his chair. You brows furrow with concern.

Andrea glances at the boys knowingly. "I heard about Bill Carlton," she tells Jake. "Is it true? Is
something going on with the lake?"

Your attention shifts back to the conversation as Jake glances back at you and the brothers. "Right now, we don't know what the truth is, but I think it might be better if you and Lucas went on home," Devins says. At the mention of going back home, Lucas rushes out of his seat to Dean's side and tugs on his arm.

"Lucas, hey, what is it?" Dean asks, worry evident in his voice as he crouches down to the boy's level. Andrea is quick to swoop to her son's side and try to calm him down. You force down a gulp wondering what could be causing Lucas to be this distressed. "Lucas, it's okay, it's okay," Dean tries to reassure the boy, but Lucas continues to whimper and cling to Dean's arm.

Andrea manages to get Lucas to release Dean's arm and envelopes him into a hug. She ushers him out of the office, Lucas gazes at you and Dean as he leaves. Dean stands where is, watching Lucas and Andrea walk to her car. Devins walks into his office, but Dean remains where he is. You place a hand on Dean's shoulder, your eyebrows up with concern. He seems to understand what you mean from your expression, and follows his brother into the office. You sigh and trail behind him as Jake starts to question your eye-witness accounts.

"Okay, just so I'm clear, you see...something attack Bill's boat, sending Bill, who is a very good swimmer, by the way, into the drink, and you see him again?" Jake asks while sitting on his desk, taking multiple pauses between words.

"That's what we said, yes," You reply, resting your cheek on your propped up arm.

"And I'm supposed to believe this, even though I already sonar-swept that entire lake and what you're describing to me is impossible and you're not really wildlife service?" the officer counters. Your brows furrow as your eyes narrow on the officer. You open your mouth to protest, but nothing comes out. How did he know?... "That's right, I checked. The department's never heard of you three."

"See?" Dean points a finger at you and Sam, "Now, we can explain that."

"Enough," Officer Devins demands in a low tone. Dean face looks shocked that he was shot down so quickly. "The only reason you're breathing free air is one of Bill's neighbors saw him steering out that boat just before you did. So, we have a couple of options here. The man glances between the three of you to make sure he has your full attention. "I can arrest you for impersonating government officials and hold you as material witnesses to Bill Carlton's disappearance, or we can chalk this all up to a bad day, and you get into your car, you put this town in your rearview mirror, and you don't ever darken my doorstep again," Officer Devins jabs a finger at you and the boys, his voice threatening.

Sam looks at the man for a moment before responding, "Door number two sounds good." You nod, not really feeling up stand up for yourselves. Looks like this case is closed early.

"That's the one I'd pick."

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The hum of the Impala fills the silence between you and the boys. The headlights cut through the night as Dean lulled the car to a stop at the stoplight. You sigh and slump into the backseat, trying to find a new comfortable position. Two thoughts battled in your mind. A part of you was glad that the hunt was over that you'd finally have a small break until the next lead or case presented itself; but the other part of you longed to stay back and watch everything play out, just to be sure. It turns out,
"You're not the only with suspicions.

"Green," Sam simply states after his brother stays in park even after the light switched for him to go.

"What?" Dean says, his voice distant almost like he's in a different world, lost in thought.

"Light's green," Sam replies, annoyed, his eyes glancing at the stoplight again before turning his head to look at Dean. Dean steps on the gas and turns down the wrong road, getting a weird look from Sam. "Uh, the interstate's the other way."

"I know," Dean replies bluntly.

You yawn and lay across the entire backseat; looks like you won't be able to get any shut eye after all.

"But, Dean, this job--I think it's over," Sam states. The boys have been disagreeing whether or not you guys should risk going back to town just to make sure everything plays out alright. Sitting up, you sigh and lean over the front seat.

"I'm not so sure," Dean replies, his eyes looking out his side window.

"If Bill murdered Peter Sweeny and Peter's spirit got it's revenge, case closed. The spirit should be at rest," Sam points out. You nibble the bottom of your lip, seeing where Sam was coming from. The spirit got what it wanted: its killer. But still, the pit in your stomach told you that you missed something.

"So what if we take off and this thing isn't done?" Dean counters. "What if we missed something? What if more people get hurt?"

"But why would you think that?" Sam asks, shaking his head in disbelief.

Dean purses his lips before answering, "Because Lucas was really scared."

"That's what this is about?" Sam asks, thinking that his brother wasn't done cruising for a hookup.

"I just don't want to leave town until I know the kid's okay," Dean replies calmly.

"Who are you? And what have you done with my brother?" Sam teases the man, shocked that Dean wanting to stay wasn't even back Andrea, but because of the kid.

Dean looks at Sam with a stoic face then looks back at the road. "Shut up."

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"Are you sure about this?" Sam asks Dean with a breathy sigh. You wrap your arms around your chest and rub your biceps trying to warm up in the frigged night. "I mean, it's pretty late man."

Biting the inside of your cheek, you nod, agreeing with Sam on this one. Standing outside Andrea's house in the middle of the night was not how you were planning this night to go. Dean rolls his eyes and rings the doorbell. To your surprise, the door is swung open immediately by a panicking Lucas.

"Lucas? Lucas!" Dean tries to calm the boy down, but the kid dashes up the stairs panting like a dog. Water flows down the stairs as you run up the steps after Lucas, a sign that the spirit hasn't gotten it's revenge yet like you hoped. Lucas stops in front of a door where the water rushes under from. Dean
picks up Lucas and hands him to Sam, making sure Lucas isn't in the way. Dean kicks down the door in one swift movement, Sam hands Lucas back to Dean and runs inside to save Andrea who struggles in the overflowing bathtub.

Lucas struggles in Dean’s embrace, reaching out towards his mother. You frantically step into the bathroom and try to help Sam save Andrea. You stick your hands into the murky water and wrap them around Andrea's body. Sam grunts from the amount of effort it takes to lift her but with your help Andrea pops out of the bath gasping for air. Suddenly, the same force from before shoves Andrea's head under the water. You gasp and muster up as much strength as you can to lift the poor girl's body. With a final grunt, you and Sam free Andrea from her watery tomb. You drop your arms and grab a nearby towel as Sam lifts Andrea's body out of the tub and onto the floor.

You drape the towel over Andrea's shaking body and take a deep breath then exhale sharply. Looks like Peter wasn't done after all.

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"There has to be something in here starring Peter Sweeny," You huff as you and Dean look through the old albums of pictures Jake kept over the years. For an asshole, he sure did value all the memories he made with his family over the years.

"Hey, I think I got something," Dean says over his shoulder. "'Jake-12 years old,'" Dean reads the cover of the photo album as you walk over to him to see what he found. You cross your arms as you peer over the top of the album as Dean flips through the pictures. Most of them are just of Jake playing outside, until Dean stops at a page with a large group picture of Cub scouts.

You look up at Dean with gleaming eyes, "Yahtzee."

Dean grins, tapping the picture with his finger. The two of you dash into the living room with the new clue Dean discovered. He places it on the table in front of Andrea and Sam and asks Andrea, "Do you recognize the kids in these pictures?"

"What?" She shakes her head confused. "Um, no, I mean, except that's my dad right there," she points at the young Jake Devins, "he must have been about 12 in these pictures."

"Chris Bar's drowning-," Andrea's head shoots up at the mention of her dead husband, "-the connection wasn't to Bill," Dean pieces together. "It must have been the sheriff."

"Bill and the sheriff," Sam adds, "they were both involved with Peter."

"What about Chris?" Andrea asks, confused as to why her husband was brought up. You eyes linger behind Andrea on Lucas who stares outside. "My dad--what are you talking about?"

"Lucas, what's wrong?" You ask him.

The boy says nothing and walks out the front door. The four of you exchange worried and confused looks before quickly chasing after the boy.

"Lucas? Honey?" Andrea calls out to her son.

Lucas stops at a patch of grass that is subtly different than the grass that encompasses it. Crossing your arms over your chest, you look down at the ground and try to piece together why Lucas would be drawn here in the first place.

"You and Lucas should head back to the house," You tell Andrea with a tight smile. She nods, her
eyes frightened and wide. You poke at the ground with your toe and frown. "We're going to need a shovel."

You stand on the sidelines as the Winchesters dig up the mossy ground. It doesn't take long for them to hit something, a clang sounding in the air. Sam and Dean glance at one another, shocked that they found gold so soon, and toss their shovels aside. They bend over and start digging at the dirt with their hands.

You take a step closer to them and watch with curiosity as they unravel a bar; Sam tugs at it, and with the help of his brother, uncovers an old bike. It's covered in dirt, but you can easily tell that it's the same bike from Lucas's drawings.

"Peter's bike," Sam remarks with a breath. The three of you are so caught up with the bike that you all fail to notice Officer Devins approach you. The sound of his gun cocking is what catches your attention, causing you to immediately stand up straight.

"Who are you?" He asks, his gun pointed right at Sam.

"Put the gun down, Jake," Sam calmly tells him. You bite the inside of your cheek; your third case and you're already looking down a barrel of a gun.

Jake looks at the bike you dug up with cold eyes, the gun unwavering. "How did you know that was there?"

"What happened--you and Bill killed Peter, drowned him in a lake, and then buried the bike?" Dean questions the furious man. Jake points the gun at Dean as he accuses him of such a horrible crime.

"You can't bury the truth, Jake!" Jake clenches his jaw in anger and exhales through his nose, his eyes shifting onto the bike. "Nothing stays buried," Dean says, the truth of the statement couldn't be more real.

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about," Jake replies coolly.

"You and Bill killed Peter Sweeny 35 years ago," You speak up from behind the boys, the gun now aimed at you. "That's what we're talking about." Andrea runs over to her father, calling out to him. Her breathing is fast, and her eyes are wet. "Now, you've got a pissed off ghost haunting your town," You continue, glancing at Andrea briefly.

"It's gonna take Andrea, Lucas, everyone you love. It's gonna drown them, and it's gonna drag their bodies God knows where so you can feel the same pain Peter's mom felt," Sam explains. Jake stares at the man like he's gone completely off the rails; he looks almost confused, like Sam is speaking in another language. "And then, after that, it's gonna take you, and it's not gonna stop until it does," Sam states, shaking his head.

"Oh yeah? And how do you know that?" Devins challenges, cocking his head to the side.

"Because that's exactly what it did to Bill Carlton," Sam says.

"Listen to yourselves, all of you. You're insane," Jake stresses the word.

"I don't really give a rat's ass what you think of us," Dean replies, "but if we're going to bring down this spirit, we need to find the remains, salt them, and burn them into dust."

Andrea stares at her father, wondering if her father really did kill his friend.
"Please tell me you buried Peter somewhere," You say, hoping this spirit problem would be an easy fix. "Don't tell me you just let him go in the lake." Jake blinks a few times as the memory comes back to him. He says nothing. "Oh my god," You sigh and raise a hand up to your head in disbelief.

"Dad," Andrea pleads with her father, "please tell me none of this is actually true."

"No, don't listen to them," her dad demands. "They're lairs, and they're dangerous."

"Something tried to drown me. Chris died in that lake," Andrea states. "Dad, look at me!" Jake sheepishly listens to his daughter, fearful eyes landing on her face. "Tell me you-you didn't kill anyone," Andrea asks, her head shaking slightly.

Jake looks away, and Andrea straightens her posture with the new secret. Jake's breathing becomes heavy before he can compose himself and answer his daughter. Andrea mutters to herself, appalled by the news.

Jake swallows, licks his lips, and sighs. "Billy and I were at the lake," he explains. "Peter was the smallest one. We always bullied him, but this time...it got rough." Jake gazes at his daughter momentarily as he mentally prepares himself for the next part of the story. "We were holding his head under the water. We didn't mean to, but we held him under for too long, and he drowned." Jake shifts uncomfortably, his voice shaking from the confession. His head slowly turns to you, and answers the question you already answered yourself. "We let the body go, and it sank."

Your lips curl in between your teeth as you nod your head. Of course. Of course, they let the body go.

Jake turns to his daughter, his breathing heavy once again. "Oh, Andrea. We were kids. We were so scared. It was a mistake, but, Andrea, to say that I have anything to do with these drownings, with Chris because of some ghost--it's not rational!"

"All right, listen to me, all of you," Dean says. "We need to get you away from this lake as far as we can right now."

You nod and glance back at the lake. Lucas kneels next to the edge, reaching out to the water. You gasp, alerting Andrea and everyone else about the boy who was inches away from danger.

"Lucas!" You hear Andrea cry through your water clogged ears. You turn your head and see that Jake got into the lake and started swimming out to the middle.

"Daddy, NO!" You hear Andrea cry through your water clogged ears. You turn your head and see that Jake got into the lake and started swimming out to the middle.

"Jake, stop!" You shout at him, but your warning goes unnoticed as he suddenly goes under the
water. You bite your bottom lip and take a deep breath, filling your lungs. This would be the last time you go under the water.

You kick with your feet and push yourself forward into your descend. You think back to the mandatory swimming lessons you were given back at school; an awkward class, but one that would eventually come in handy, but you didn't think you'd be using those swimming techniques on a hunt.

Lucas had to be near the bottom of the lake, that much you knew for sure. The only problem was where he was at the bottom of the lake. Painfully, you open your eyes against the water that rushes against you as you moved your head in search for the boy. You spot a little boy, no older than Lucas but covered in weeds and torn clothes, dragging Officer Devins to his watery grave. You blink furiously, ignoring the stinging in your eyes, and look away from the haunting image. As if by chance, Lucas's unconscious body comes into view.

Your lungs scream for oxygen as you swim over to the boy. You quickly wrap an arm around him and kick your way up to the surface. You pray that Lucas is fine, but his chances are slim considering how long he was under the water. The two of you break the surface, your legs kicking at a steady pace to keep you afloat. You gasp for air, your lungs inflating like a balloon.

Dean swims to your side, and you hand Lucas to him, needing a moment to catch your breath.

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In fresh, dry clothes, you and the boys walk over to the impala with your duffel bags in hands. Sam opens the backdoor and tosses his bag inside. You sigh, tossing your bag onto the floor, Dean doing the same. Dean had been upset since you guys got back to the motel. He never failed to save someone on a hunt before and he was taking it a bit rough.

Sam sighs while Dean closes the door. "Look, we're not gonna save everybody."

Dean looks up at his brother and nods slightly. "I know."

You cross your arms over your chest as you lean against the impala. This entire hunt was distressing; from the rough start to the unwanted memories it brought up, you just wanted to crawl into the backseat and drive away from this town.

"Y/n, Sam, Dean," a familiar, cheery voice calls out to you. Andrea and Lucas walk over to the car, Lucas carrying something in his hands.

"Hey," You greet them as you push yourself off of the impala. You and the boys meet them halfway, stopping at the sidewalk.

"We just, um, we made you lunch for the road," Andrea says, placing a hand on Lucas's back. "Lucas insisted on making the sandwiches himself."

"Can I give it to them now?" Lucas asks impatiently. You smile, glad to see that the boy finally came out of his shell. Andrea gives him the okay, placing a kiss on the top of his head.

"Come on, Lucas," You jest, taking the tray from the boy, "let's go put these in the car." Lucas follows you to the car where you open up the backseat and safely set down the sandwiches. "Alright," you turn around, dusting your hands off on your thighs, "I hope you don't mind, but I'm going to eat all of those sandwiches by myself."

Lucas shrugs, a grin spreading across his lips. A scoff comes from behind the kid as Dean
approaches the two of you. "Not on my watch, Y/n," Dean states, faking a serious expression that conflicts with his joking tone. You roll your eyes and shake your head with a smile, leaning against the impala once again. "Okay, Lucas. Now what I'm about to tell you is some serious stuff, alright?" Dean asks the kid, crouching down to be eye level with him. Lucas nods his head, prompting Dean to continue. "This is the most import thing you will ever say in your life. Now, repeat after me: Zeppelin rules!" Dean exclaims enthusiastically, pumping his fist into the air.

"Zeppelin rules!" Lucas repeats, mirror Dean's gesture and tone. You chuckle as the two boys chant over and over, 'Zeppelin rules!'

"That's right, up top." Dean and Lucas high five one another, a permanent grin on Lucas's face.

"Hey," You pat Lucas's shoulder, "take care of your mom, alright?" The kid nods as Sam and Andrea walk over to the rest of you. Dean stands up to greet them, but is caught off guard as Andrea pecks him on the lips.

"Thank you," she says quietly. You exchange a look with Sam who smirks victoriously; looks like Dean got his "hookup" after all. There goes five dollars out of your pocket.

Dean nods to himself. No one says anything, the atmosphere quickly becoming awkward between the five of you. "Sam, Y/n, move you ass," Dean orders as he walks over to the driver's side. "We're going to run out of daylight before we hit the road." You roll your eyes and wave your last goodbye at the two Bars, and climb into the backseat.

The radio starts up as Dean backs out of the gas station. You dig around your duffel bag for the five dollar bill you knew was in there somewhere. Dean looks at you quizzically as you sigh in frustration. Finally, you find the bill between some dirty jeans, and hand it over to Sam.

"What's that for?" Dean asks over the music that flows through the impala.

"A bet that Y/n lost," Sam boast, gazing at the five dollar bill like he was holding a winning lottery ticket.

You roll your eyes and lean over the front seat. "Oh can it, Sammy. Technically, Dean didn't even hookup with Andrea--all she did was kiss him on the lips. I mean, there wasn't even tongue!" You argue, petty that you lost the bet.

"Rules are rules, Y/n."

Dean glances between the two of you with a flabbergasted expression. "You guys made a bet on my sex life?" Dean asks, kind of offended.

"Easy money," Sam shrugs, his smug smile still plastered on his face.

"Hey, I gave you the benefit of the doubt, Dean-o," You state, weakly defending your actions.

Dean scoffs, "Yeah, thanks."

"Anything for you, Dean-o," You reply in a sing-song voice and lean back in your seat. This was what you enjoyed about these past couple of weeks with the boys; the playful banter, and the company. You smile, read for whatever the world would throw at you next.

[END OF EPISODE 3 - DEAD IN THE WATER]
Phantom Traveler

You sat in your living room, nursing a cup of coffee as you flipped through a magazine you bought while grocery shopping. Normally, you would just skim through the stories that interested you most while you waited in line, but you thought what the hell and actually bought the magazine this time.

There was an article about a man who rediscovered his faith in God after he saw an angel outside his garage. He claimed that the thing he saw had marvelous white wings and appeared to be glowing despite the darkness of night. "It waved at me," the man told the journalist. "I just knew it was a sign from God, telling me that I needed to come back to his path." The article then went on to explain the guy's sob-story, and how he's changed his life for the better.

You rolled your eyes and tossed the magazine to the side. "Angels, yeah right," You mutter to yourself and stand up from the couch. You shut off the T.V. that was quietly playing in the background and turn around.

The wendigo you killed a hunt ago stands behind the couch, staring at you like you were a slab of meat; in his case, you are a lambchop so the stare was fitting. Still, it froze you in place.

You have nothing to protect yourself, no flare guns or nearby matches. Just a T.V. remote and a cup of coffee. You gulp, and turn around, tail between your legs, and sprint out of the living room to your small library.

You slam the door behind you and lock it. You remember what the old man told you about the wendigo before: that it could unlock doors. You shutter and move a bookshelf over the door. Painstakingly, you manage to block the door with the heavy bookshelf. You sigh and take a deep breath, ignoring the scratching coming from the other side of the door.

You take a seat in the comfy chair in the corner and catch your breath. The scratching grows louder and louder, almost as if the wendigo clawed through the door. It releases a blood curdling scream when, suddenly, books fly off the shelf. The wendigo's sickly arm punches through the books and claws reaches for you.

You whimper coming to terms that you hand nowhere to hide.

The wendigo shoves the bookshelf out of the way and screeches again as it looks at you. You clutch your knees and scream.

In the motel room next to your's, Dean slept peacefully, well, as peaceful as his life could be. He's a light sleeper, so when the motel door creaked, his eyes opened. His hands grabbed the knife that he keeps under his pillow for 'precaution.' Dean remains motionless in bed, waiting for the intruder to make their move first.

The door slams and Dean looks over his head expecting to see a stranger but only to see that his brother came back from some trip.

"Morning, sunshine," Sam greets with a cup of coffee in his hand.

Dean rolls his eyes, and plants his face into the pillow. "What time is it?" He asks, blinking his sleep from his eyes.
"5:45."

"In the morning?" Dean whines.

"Yep," Sam simply replies.

"Where does the day go?" Dean mumbles to himself as he positions himself on his side to look at his brother. "Did you get any sleep last night?"

"Yeah, I grabbed a couple hours," Sam says, his eyes shifting to the ground.

"Liar--'cause I was up at 3:00, and you were watching a George Foreman infomercial," Dean replies, sitting on the side of the bed.

"Hey, what can I say? It's riveting TV." Sam smiles and raises his arms in defence. Dean asks him when was the last time he got a good night's sleep, obviously worried about his brother's well-being. "A little while, I guess. It's not a big deal," Sam says, blowing off his brother's concern.

"Yeah, it is," Dean states.

"Look, I appreciate your concern," Sammy chuckles, trying to minimize the problem.

"I'm not concerned about you," Dean says. "It's your job to keep my ass alive, so I need you sharp." Sam nods his head, accepting that his brother was right. "Seriously, are you still having nightmares about Jess?"

Sam sighs and takes a seat on the bed across from Dean. "Yeah," Sam shakes his head and hands Dean his coffee, "but it's not just her. It's everything. I just forgot--you know? This job--man, it gets to you. I can't imagine how Y/n is handling it, right now," Sam mumbles under his breath. You already had nightmares about your father's death at home and now you were experiencing even more monsters. It must be physically and emotionally draining.

"You can't let it. You can't bring it home with you like that," Dean says as if it's one of the easiest things to do.

"So what? All this--it never keeps you up at night?" Sam questions. Dean shakes his head. "Never? You're never afraid?"

"No, not really." Sam scoffs. He leans over and grabs the knife Dean hid under his pillow. Sam holds like a mother who just found her son's PlayBoy magazine in his underwear drawer. Dena licks his teeth having been caught red handed. "That's not fear," Dean explains, taking the knife from Sam, "that is precaution."

"All right, whatever," Sam says defeatedly as Dean puts the knife back in its rightful place, "I'm too tired to argue."

Just as the conversation dies, the phone rings. Dean picks up his phone, eyebrows furrowing as he looks at the unknown number. He glances at Sam, sharing a confused and kind of annoyed expression, then answers the phone.

"Hello?"

"Dean, it's Jerry Panowski." Dean shakes shakes his head, not recalling the name. "You and your dad helped me out a couple years back."
"Oh, right," Dean says with a nod, remember the hunt, "yeah, up in Kittanning, Pennsylvania, the poltergeist thing." Dean furrows his brows again, "It's not back is it?"

"No, no." Jerry chuckles. "Thank god, no. But it's something else, and, well, I think it could be a lot worse." Dean asks what it is, but the thing scares Jerry too much, that he's scared to talk about it over the phone. "Can we talk in person?"

Dean looks at Sam, already knowing that this was a bad sign. "Yeah, sure, Jerry...okay, we'll head out now." Dean hangs up the phone and sighs.

"Another hunt?" Sam asks.

"You know it. I'll go get--," Dean is cut off by a pounding at the door. Not even a second later, the door opens revealing a dishevelled Y/n.

Your eyes are wide, your hair a mess. Your face is damp from wiping the sleep away from your face but sadly not the recollection of the nightmare, and your in a fresh change of clothes. "You guys should really start locking your doors," You state as you walk into the room. "It's unsafe you know."

"Are you alright?" Sam asks, ignoring your comment as you take a seat next to him.

"Yep, just a rude awakening," You say. The boys look, not believing your reply at all. You shrug and avert your eyes from them. "I feel off the bed, okay?" You lie, wrapping your arms around your body.

"Yeah, okay," Dean smirks.

You roll your eyes and rub your eyes. "So where are we headed next boys?"

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"Thanks for making the trip so quick," Jerry Panowski says as he leads you and the boys back to his office. "I ought to be doing you guys a favor, not the other way around. Y/n, Dean and your dad really helped me out," Jerry tells Sam. You smile, recalling the memory.

"Yeah, Dean told me. It was a poltergeist?" Sam asks.

"Poltergeist? Man, I love that movie!" a worker says as the four of you walk past him.

"Hey, nobody's talking to you. Keep walking," Jerry snaps at the guy. You grin, finding the way Jerry interacts with his employees amusing. "Damn right it was a poltergeist--practically tore our house apart. Tell you something," Jerry looks back you, "if it wasn't for the three of you, I probably wouldn't be alive."

Dean nudges you with his elbow; you look up at him and see that he's proudly smiling. You return his smile with a grin as Jerry keeps talking. "Your dad said you were off at college. Is that right?" Jerry asks Sam.

"Yeah, I was. I'm...taking some time off," Sam replies.

"Well, he was real proud of you. I could tell. He talked about you all the time," Jerry states.

"He did?" Sam questions, shocked with this information that was news to him.

"Yeah, you bet he did," Jerry replies. He glances over his shoulder at Dean. "Oh, hey, I tried to get
ahold of him, but I couldn't. How's he doing, anyway?"

Dean exchanges a look between you and his brother before answering. "He's, um, wrapped up in a job right now."

"Well, we're missing the old man," Jerry turns around and walks backwards to face the three of you as he talks, "we get Sam and Y/n comes out from behind the scenes. Even trade, huh?" Jerry smiles, turning back around. The four of you chuckle.

"No," Sam says, degrading himself, "not by a long shot."

Jerry smiles and looks over his shoulder. "I got something I want you guys to hear." Jerry ushers you and the boys into this office and shuts the door, making sure that no one can hear what you guys are talking about. The boys take a seat in the two chairs across from Jerry's desk as you stand behind them. "I listened to this," Jerry says, placing a CD in the audioplayer. "Well, it sounded like it was up your alley. Normally I wouldn't have access to this. It's the cockpit voice recorder for United Britannia flight 2485. It was one of ours," Jerry explains.

The audio plays. It's mostly static covering the worried voice of the co-pilot. A high pitch alarm joins the noise and grows louder until everything seems to stop except for the quiet static. A loud growl, almost like a jaguar, roars from the recorder followed by a series of moans. You glance between the boys; the growl peaking your interest. The audio goes static again before completely stopping.

"Took off from here, crashed about 200 miles south," Jerry adds. "Now, they're saying mechanical failure. The cabin depressurized somehow. Nobody knows why. Over a hundred people on board; only seven got out alive." You sigh and shake your head, distraught at the body count. "The pilot was one. His name is Chuck Lambert. He's a good friend of mine. Chuck is uh..." Jerry pauses, the state of his friend worrying him. "Well, he's pretty broken up about it, like it was his fault."

"You don't think it was?" Sam asks, seeing right through Jerry.

"No, I don't," Jerry admits.

"Jerry, we're going to need passenger manifest, a list of survivors," You start listing off all of the things you'd need to help you narrow down what you're dealing with.

"Right, and is there any way we can take a look at the wreckage?" Dean cuts in.

"The other stuff is no problem," Jerry nods at you, "but the wreckage--fellas, the NTSB has it locked down in an evidence warehouse. No way I've got that kind of clearance."

Dean nods his head his lips frowning slightly. Knowing Dean, he probably already came up with a plan to sneak the three of you into the warehouse. "No problem," Dean reassures Jerry.

~~~

"Took you long enough," You shout at Dean as he walks out of the picture store and over to the impala where you and Sam lean against the car.

"What took you so long?" Sam asks as Dean shifts through the three IDs he made.

Dean holds them up for the two of you to look at them. "You can't rush perfection," Dean says.

You scoff, snatching the card with your face on it to get a closer look. "I could've made these in half the time that you did and get better results," You remark.
"Yeah, right," Dean replies, rolling his eyes and hands Sam his ID. You smirk.

"Homeland security? That's pretty illegal, even for us," Sam says.

"Yeah, well, it's something new, you know? People haven't seen it a thousand times," Dean says walking over to the driver's side. You hop into the backseat and lean over the front. "All right, so what do you got?"

"Well, there's definitely E.V.P. on the cockpit recorder. Listen." Sam hits play on his laptop and plays the audio he tickered with while waiting for his brother. Through the low static, "no survivors" is whispered in a haunting voice.

"'No survivors?'" Dean repeats. "What's that supposed to mean? There were seven survivors."

"Got me," Sam agrees.

"So what are you guys thinking? A haunted flight?" You suggest.

Sam shakes his head. "There's a long history of spirits and death omens on planes and ships, like phantom travelers. Or remember flight 401?"

"Right--the one that crashed, and the airline salvaged its parts, put them in other planes, then the spirit of the pilot and copilot haunted those flights," Dean says.

"Right," Sam agrees, "so maybe we have a similar deal."

"Okay, so survivors-" Dean grabs the list of names Jerry gave you, "-which one do you boys want to talk to first?"

"Third on the list--Max Jaffey," You say, pointing at the name over Dean's shoulder. Dean asks why, so you elaborate. "Well, for one, he's from around here. And two, if anyone saw something weird, he did."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, I spoke to his mother while Sam was messing with the audio, and she told me where to find him," You explain.

~~~

"I don't understand, I've already spoke with homeland security," Max questions the three of you, unsure why he has to go the same routine questions again.

"Of course, but some new information has come up and we just need to ask you a few more questions," You say with a smile.

"Just before the plane went down," Sam asks, "did you notice anything unusual?"

"Like what?" Jaffey asks, supporting his weight with his cane.

"Strange lights, weird noises, maybe...voices," Dean lists a few signs of a spirit hoping that at least one of them would get Max's attention.

"No," Max looks down at the ground as the three of you walk over to a group of chairs, "nothing."

"Hmm, Mr. Joffey--" Dean starts but mispronounces Jaffey's last name. You shoot Dean a glare.
"Jaffey," Max corrects the man.

"Jaffey. You checked yourself in here, right? Can I ask why?" Dean asks. You turn your head to face Max, curious to hear his reasoning.

"I was a little stressed. I survived a plane crash," Max replies in a hard tone.

"Uh-huh. And that's what terrified you?" Dean questions. "That's what you're afraid of?"

"I-I don't want to talk about this anymore," Max states, hoping that Dean will get off his case.

"I think maybe you did see something up there," Dean challenges, refusing to give up. "We need to know what," Dean glances at you and Sam.

"No. No, I was delusional--seeing things," Max says, but something tells you that he's saying it to himself, like he needs to know that what he saw wasn't real.

"He was seeing things," Dean faces you, with an annoyed expression.

You pull your lips into a thin line as Dean looks away to recollect himself. "It's okay," You reassure Jaffey. "Just tell us what you thought you saw, please."

Max gulps, and hesitates for a moment. He licks his teeth and sighs. "There was...this...man," Max says like he's struggling to believe the words that are coming out of his mouth. "And, uh, he had these eyes," Max gestures to his own eyes to make a point. "These, uh...black eyes. And I saw him--I thought I saw him," Max corrects himself and stops, afraid to admit the last part of his story.

"What?" Sam asks gently.

"He opened the emergency exit," Max states. You eyes raise in shock. "But that's impossible, right? I mean, I looked it up. There's something like two tons of pressure on that door."

"This man--did he seem to appear and disappear rapidly?" Sam asks. Max turns his head to look at the man. "It would look something like a mirage."

"What are you, nuts?" Max asks with a smile, dumbfounded that someone with such authority would believe in a disappearing man. Sam blinks in confusing, his head tilting slightly. "He was a passenger," Max explains. "He was sitting right in front of me."

"Well, thank you for your time, Mr. Jaffey," You sigh, standing up from the wooden porch chair. Time to figure out who this Hulk is.

~~~

The impala pulled up to the innocent looking family home. You and the boys stare at the house from the car, sizing the home up. The house reminded you of your own back in Hailey, Idaho. If you were being honest with yourself, you missed waking up in your own bed and comfortable routine you left back at home.

"Here we are--George Phelps, seat 20C," Sam says as Dean parks the impala.

"Man, I don't care how strong you are," Dean says as he exits the car. You and Sam follow in suit. "Even yoked up on PCP or something, no way you can open up an emergency door during a flight." Dean folds his arms on the roof of the impala, and examines the house.

"Not if you human," Sam states, turning around to face his brother. "Maybe this guy George was
something else, like some creature in human form."

"Look at that house and tell me some monster lives there," You gesture at the house with an arm. "Trimmed bushes, flowers--pretty landscaping in general," You mutter.

"So this is your late husband?" Sam asks as he picks up a picture of George.

Mrs. Phelps nods. "Yes, that was my George."

"And you said he was a...dentist?" Dean asks.

"Mmm," She hums a yes. "He was headed to a convention in Denver." Your lips pull into a line. Listening to the vic's family was never easy. "Did you know that he was petrified to fly?" Mrs. Phelps' lips tremble as she continues, "For him to go like that..."

She looks as if she's on the verge of tears, so you try to distract her with something happy to think about. "How long were to two of you married?" You ask her in a soft voice.

"13 years," she smiles, proud of how long she and her husband had been together.

"In all that time, did you ever notice anything...strange about him, anything out of the ordinary?" Sam asks.

Her gaze falls on you, and you smile at her reassuringly. "Well," she hesitates, not knowing what to say. You could tell that the two of them probably had an apple-pie life, which made you happy. You always enjoyed seeing others in love and enjoying life. "Uh, he had acid reflux, if that's what you mean," Phelps says.

You and the boys glance at one another; no that was not what you meant.

"It goes without saying," Sam says as the three of you walk back to the impala. "It just doesn't make any sense."

"A middle-aged dentist with an ulcer is not exactly evil personified," Dean agrees.

"I don't know, I think dentists are terrifying," You say, voicing your opinion.

Sam scoffs, "You're scared of dentists?"

You nod and shutter. "Yeah, with all of there pointy, stabby tools and disgusting fluoride; not to mention the constant nagging of needing to floss," You complain and roll your eyes.

"Huh, no wonder you have such jacked teeth," Dean states as if everything makes sense to him now.

You cover your mouth with a hand, your eyes widening, and punch Dean with your free hand. "My teeth are not jacked!" You retort, suddenly self conscious of your chompers. Dean and Sam laugh as you lick your teeth to see if any of them jut out or are crooked, but they're all perfectly fine and straighter than most. "What we need to do is get inside that NTSB warehouse," You say, "and check out the wreckage."

"Okay," Sam says, the boys chuckles subsiding. "Well, if we're going to go that route, we'd better
"Stupid Sam wanting to play dress up," You hiss under your breath as you adjust the white blouse that you tucked into the pencil skirt. The boys dropped you off at some boutique to get an outfit while they went to get theirs. Thanks to the helpful lady behind the counter, you were able to find a decent enough outfit that made you feel like some CEO's assistant. She gave you a black pencil skirt, a white blouse and a black blazer to pull everything together. The lady was now in the back fetching you the pair of black heels that she insisted made you look like a 'bomb as bitch.'

You gulped as you looked yourself over in the mirror. The last time you dressed up for something was the same night your boyfriend dumped you, but that story's for another day. You felt as if the outfit accentuated all of your flaws--one of the many reasons why you never dressed up.

"Damn, girl! Your butt looks great!" the clerk cheers as she looks you over like her award winning masterpiece. You blush, taking the heels and slipping them on. You look at yourself once more in the mirror, glancing at your butt. You had to agree, you butt looks amazing.

"Thank you," You tell the clerk as she leads you out of the dressing room and over to her cash register to ring up your items.

"No problem, hun," she replies with a smile. She's cut off by your ringing phone, you whisper a sorry and hand her 'your' credit card and answer the call.

"Yes?" You ask annoyed, still not happy about the fact that you're completely out of your comfort zone.

"Hey, where are you?" Sam asks.

"At the cash register," You reply. The clerk hands you your card and a bag of the clothes you changed out of.

"Alright, well, so are we. The line is kinda long though, so it might take us a few minutes until we get there to pick you up," Sammy explains.

You sigh, waving to the clerk and mouthing her a thank you. "That's fine, I can walk over there."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, why not? It's only down the street. Besides, I have to get use to walking around in heels," You say with a shrug even though Sam can't see you.

"Okay, see you then," Sam says then hangs up the phone.

You roll your eyes and walk down the sidewalk to the suit rental store a few shops away. You stumble when you reach an uneven part in the sidewalk, but after that everything is smooth sailing. You're surprised to see that you caught on to walking in heels so fast. And you can't help yourself but check yourself out in the reflection of the windows as you walk by stores.

Five minutes later, you walk up to the suit rental store just as the Winchesters walk out in their cheap suits, both adjusting their ties.

"Man, I look like one of the Blue's Brother's in this," Dean complains, looking down at himself. Neither of them notice you approach them until you laugh, causing both of the boys to snap their
heads in your direction.

"Actually, Dean, you look more like a middle schooler at his first dance," You remark, giving him the once-over in his tacky suit. You can't help yourself but grin at the two boys and how dorky they look.

Dean's eyes widen as he looks at you, at loss for words.

"Don't you clean up nicely, Y/n," Sam says with a smile.

"Oh, no," You reply with a shake of your head and point over your shoulder, "the clerk picked out everything. I just put it."

"Well, that clerk knows what she's doing," Dean comments, looking you over.

You blush and self consciously cross your arms around your body. "Let's just get this over with," You sigh.

As the three of you climb into the car, you can't help but look at your teeth in the rearview mirror.

"What are you doing?" Dean asks you, noticing the weird faces you make as you repeatedly open your mouth and clench your teeth together.

"I'm looking at my jacked teeth," You say through gritted teeth. Dean and Sam chuckle at your behavior, Sam shaking his head.

"I was kidding, Y/n. Your teeth are fine," Dean reassures you.

"Fine as in just okay or fine as in fine," You ask, stressing the last fine. Sam laughs as Dean rolls his eyes and you sigh, closing your mouth.

~~~

Your heels click against the concrete floor of the warehouse, echoing through the room. You attempt to quiet your steps by walking slower, but end up straining your feet in the end. You face twists in discomfort as you continue to strategically quiet your steps.

Sam notices your facial expression and chuckles. "Doing okay there, Y/n?" Sam asks, finding amusement in your struggle.

"I hate everything about this," You hiss, lifting your your foot to adjust the heel that keeps rubbing against your ankle. "These heels suck," You whine and stomp your foot back to the ground, causing Sam to laugh even more.

"Quit complaining, I'm trying to listen," Dean scolds the two of you, flashing a busted up walkman for you to see.

"What is that?" Sam questions the piece of garbage Dean holds.

"It's an E.M.F. meter," Dean explains. "It reads electromagnetic frequencies."

"Yeah, I know what an E.M.F. reader is, but why does that one look like a busted-up walkman?"

Dean stops in his tracks to turn around and face his brother. He looks down at the reader for a moment before looking at his brother with a grin. "'Cause that's what I made it out of," Dean says,
his voice and face full of pride. "It's homemade."

Sam arches his brows in repulsion, "Yeah, I can see that."

Dean's smile falters a little before it completely falls from his face. You hit Sam's arm like a mother scolding her child. "Hey, be nice."

Sam smirks and shakes his head as Dean goes back to listening to his reader. The three of you walk around for a while, not really noticing anything out of the ordinary in the mists of plane debris. Dean stops, his reader screaming murder.

"Check out the emergency door handle," he says and reaches out to touch the substance that coats the handle bar. "What is this stuff?" he asks as he rubs the power between his fingers.

"Only one way to find out," You sigh, pulling out a knife from your waist band and a plastic bag from the blazer's pocket. You use the knife to scratch a bit of the substance off into the bag. Zipping up the bag you turn to the boys and smile. "Mission accomplished."

"Great," Sam states while taking the bag from you, "now let's get out of here."

The three of you casually walk out of the back of the warehouse, oblivious of the real agents that decided to drop by. Once outside, Dean pears around the corner of the building to make sure the path is clear. He nods and makes his way to the back gate just as an alarm blares through the air.

The boys break out in a jog while you struggle to keep up in your heels. While walking in the shoes came easy, running in them turns out to be in a completely different ball park for you. You notice the gate up ahead. How did they expect you to jump that in a skirt?

"Shit, shit, shit," You curse under your breath as the alarm rings in your ears while you take of your heels and chuck them over the fence. Dean throws his coat over the wires of the fence.

Sam quickly jumps over and grabs your heels. "Come on let's go!"

You stare at the fence with a worried eyes, your mind swimming with possible ways you can scale the obstacle. Without much warning, Dean grabs your waist and lifts you up so you can reach the top of the fence. You swing your legs over the fence and drop down to the other side. Dean quickly scales the fence, jumping over without even breaking a sweat. He grabs his coat and shrugs, a grin growing on his face. "Well, I guess these monkey suits to come in handy," he remarks then turns around in a sprint.

You sigh and run after him, your bare feet pounding against the pavement. Your skirt rides up a little bit as your legs pump back and forth, but you don't mind since it's making it easier for you to run. You ignore the tiny pebbles that pierce the bottoms of your feet as the brush where the impala is parked comes into view. The three of you slip into the impala, your chests heaving as you all catch your breath.

"Next time," you say breathlessly, "I'll be the getaway driver."

~~~

"Huh. This stuff is covered in sulfur," Jerry states as he looks up from his microscope. You and the boys managed to get to stop at the motel and Jerry's office with no trouble; luckily the real homeland security agents didn't come out to search for you. Now that you were back in your casual clothes, you couldn't have been happier.
"You're sure?" Sam asks.

"Take a look for yourself," Jerry says, gesturing towards the microscope. Loud banging and shouts come from outside Jerry’s office. "If you guys would excuse me, I have an idiot to fire," Jerry says in a monotone voice. You chuckle as the man exits his office and yells at the soon-to-be-ex worker.

Dean moves behinds Jerry's desk and looks into the microscope himself. "Hmm. You know there's not to many things that leave behind a sulfuric residue."

"Demonic possession?"

"It would explain how a mortal man would have the strength to open up an emergency hatch," Dean remarks.

"If the guy was possessed, it's possible," You agree, crossing your arms over your chest.

"This goes way beyonding floating over a bed or barfing pea soup," Dean says as he straightens his posture and puts his hands on his hips. "I mean it's one thing to possess a person, but to use them to take down an airplane?"

Sam shakes his head, unable to wrap his head around how much doo-doo the three of you are in. "You ever heard of something like this before?"

"Never."

"Actually..." you pause as you wrack your brain for information you know is there, "I think I might know what's going on."

~~~

Back at the motel, you typed vigorously on Sammy's laptop that he thankfully let you use. Sam sits next to you watching the laptop screen as you type away, searching for the information you once wrote down in your notebook back at your house in Idaho. You didn't think you'd need it at the time since you thought this little hunt for John would only last a week, but that week is close to turning to a month. Dean was skimming through some lore books from the library the three of you stopped at before heading over to the motel trying to find anything about mass murder demons.

"Ahah! I found it!" You exclaim victoriously. Sam pats your back, as he skims over the information you found.

"Alright, Sherlock, what'd you find?"

"Okay," you prop your elbows on the table and lean over, "every religion in every world culture has the concept of demons and demonic possession. Christian, Native American, Hindu--you name it."

"Yeah, but none of them describe anything like this," Dean counters.

"That's where you'd be wrong, Watson," You say as you point a finger at Dean. "A few years ago while I was doing some research during my freetime, I came across these Japanese beliefs that basically say certain demons control certain disasters, both natural and man-made. Earthquakes, diseases, just to name a few."

"And this one causes plane crashes?"

You shrug. "Technically it's a man-made disaster."
"Alright, so what? We have a demon that's evolved with the times and found a way to ratchet up the body count?"

"Yeah," Sam mutters, then sighs. "You know, who knows how many planes it brought down before this one?"

"Well, there's a comforting thought," you mumble. "I'd prefer not to think about that."

Dean scratches the back of his head as he paces around the room and scoffs.

"What?" his brother asks.

"I don't know, man. This isn't our normal gig," Dean states as he turns around to face you and his brother. "I mean, demons, they don't want anything--just death and destruction for its own sake. This is big." Dean pauses and scratches the back of his head once more. "I wish Dad was here," he admits.

"Yeah, me too," Sam agrees, his voice barely above a whisper. You cast your eyes down to the ground, silently hoping that John would just miraculously show up and save the day. Your thoughts are distracted from the Dean's cell phone ringing.

"Hello?...Oh, hey, Jerry," Dean greets over the phone, before going quiet to listen to what Jerry has to say. Dean's brows furrow from the unsettling news Jerry delivered. "Wha--Jerry, I'm so sorry what happened?" You exchange a glance with Sam before returning your attention to Dean; something was wrong. Dean listens to Jerry's explanation with a slack jaw, "Where'd this happen?... I'll try to ignore the irony in that... Nothing. Jerry hang in there, alright? We'll catch up with you soon." And with that, Dean hangs up the phone.

"Another crash?"

"Yeah. Let's go."

"Where?"

"Nazareth."

~~~

After you, the boys, and Jerry looked around the site of the plane crash, you all went back to Jerry's office to look at a familiar substance you found at the sight.

"Sulfur?" Dean asks Jerry. Jerry stands up from his position over the microscope and nods. "Well, that's great. All right, that's two plane crashes involving Chuck Lambert. This demon sounds like it was after him," Dean theorizes.

"With all due respect to Chuck," Sam says, sitting at Jerry's desk, "if that's the case, that would be the good news."

"What's the bad news?" You ask, already dreading what Sam was about to say.

"Chuck's plane went down exactly 40 minutes into flight. And get this--so did flight 2485," Sam replies. You nod your head, seeing where Sam was going with this.

"40 minutes? What does that mean?" Jerry asks.

"It's biblical numerology. You know, Noah's ark, it rained for 40 days. It means death," You
explain.

"I went back and there have been six plane crashes over the last decade that all went down exactly 40 minutes in," Sam adds. Dean asks if there were any survivors. "No, or not until now, at least--not until flight 2485, for some reason. And the cockpit voice recorder--remember what the E.V.P. said?"

"No survivors," You recite with a sigh. You bite your bottom lip as you piece together all the information in your head. "It's going after all the survivors."

Dean agrees with your theory. "It's trying to finish the job."

~~~

"Really? Well, thank you for taking our survey, and if you do plan to fly, please don't forget your friends at United Britannia Airlines. Thanks," Sam hangs up the phone, and crosses off another survivor's name from the list Jerry gave you. You lay in the backseat, propping your feet up against the door. "That takes care of Blaine Sanderson and Dennis Holloway. They're not flying anytime soon," Sam says.

"So, our only wildcard is the flight attendant, Amanda Walker," Dean states.

"Right, her sister, Karen, said that her flight leaves Indianapolis at eight p.m. It's her first night back on the job."

"Well, that sounds like just our luck," Dean remarks, confident in his driving skills.

"Dean, this is a five hour drive, even with you behind the wheel. I mean, take into consideration bad traffic, possible detours, stoplights that won't work in our favor," You start listing off a few obstacles.

"Call Amanda's cellphone, again, see if we can't head her off at the pass," Dean demands agitatedly, cutting off your list of problems.

"I already left her three voice messages," Sam replies. "She must have turned her phone off. God, we're never gonna make it."

"Oh, we'll make it," Dean replies, giving Baby more gas.

~~~

You jog behind the boys as you enter the airport. The three of you stop at the monitors that tell when a flight is boarding.

"Right there," Sam points to a screen. "They're boarding in 30 minutes."

"Okay. We still have some cards to play," Dean states, looking around frantically. "We need to find a phone." Dean quickly finds a courtesy phone and picks it up. "Hi. Gate 13...I'm looking for Amanda Walker. She's a flight attendant on flight, uh.. flight 424."

There's silence for a minute. You tap your foot nervously as your anxiety starts to grow.

"Miss Walker," Dean finally says. You sigh in relief, but the fight is only half over. "Hi, this is Dr. James Headfield from St. Francis Memorial Hospital. We have a Karen Walker here...Nothing serious--just a minor car accident, but she was injured so--" You glance at a confused Sam worriedly, wondering if Dean's plan is going to work. Again, Dean is quiet for an amount of time.

"You what?" Dean asks, his once confident voice now turning into a disappointed one. "...Uh, well,
there must be some mistake." Sam rushes over to the other side of Dean, trying to hear Amanda's side of the conversation. "...Guilty as charged... He's really sorry... Yes, but he really needs to see you tonight so---. Don't be like that. Come on, the guy's a mess. Really, it's pathetic... Oh, yeah... No, no. Wait, Amanda. Amanda!" He hangs the phone on the wall in frustration.

"What the hell was that? Were you playing matchmaker over the phone?" You ask Dean, your brows furrowing.

"Shut up, it was working, wasn't it?" Dean sighs, and clenches his fist. "Dammit! So close."

Sam shakes his head. "Alright, it's time for plan B. We're getting on that plane," Sam states, lifting his shoulders slightly.

"Wha-wh-now, hold on just a second," Dean lifts his hand as if he's trying to stop Sam from doing something stupid. His face is petrified as if he's scared of dealing with the demon.

"Dean, that plane is leaving with over 100 passengers on board, and if we're right," Sam lowers his frantic voice, "that plane is going to crash."

"I know!"

"We're getting on that plane. We need to find the demon and exorcise it," Sam says, jabbing his finger towards the ground to prove his point. "Look, I'll get the tickets, and you and Y/n just go and get whatever you can out of the trunk. Meet me back here in five minutes."

"Are you okay?" You ask Dean, the horrified look still on his face.

He drops his arms at his side in defeat. "No, not really."

"What? What's wrong?" Sam asks, not really seeing the problem here.

Dean hesitates for a minute, his eyes avoiding your's and Sam's gazes. "Well, I kind of have this problem with... uh," Dean whisper-yells. He makes a shooing gesture with his hand, rolling his eyes and looking away. He sighs.

"Flying?" You guess, shocked that Dean Winchester is afraid of planes.

"It's never really been an issue until now," Dean whines, raising his arms in defense.

"You're joking, right?" Sam questions, just as shocked as you.

"Do I look like I'm joking?!" Dean counters. You cover your mouth with your mouth to muffle a laugh. "Why do you think I drive everywhere, Sam?!"

"All right. Uh, Y/n and I'll go," Sam suggests, seeing as there is no other option.

"What?"

"We'll do this on our own," Sam says.

"What are you nuts? That plane's gonna crash!" Dean replies.

"Look, Dean, we either do this with or without you," You say. "I'm not really seeing another option here."

"Come on!" Dean whines, throwing down his arms like a child. "Really?" Dean looks around the
airport nervously, shifting his weight from foot to foot. "Man," He mumbles defeatedly.

~~~

The only time you ever traveled by plane, was when your dad took you to Alaska. Alaska was where he and your mother spent your honeymoon. You were only ten at the time, but even then, as your father showed you all the places he and your mother had gone, you could see just how special Alaska was to him.

The plane ride to Alaska was nice; there was little turbulence and you and your dad had a row all to yourselves--that was probably the best part. You didn’t have to sit in the middle between your father and a stranger.

Unlike your plane ride you Alaska, you have to sit in the middle of two broad-shouldered men: the Winchesters.

"Just try to relax," Sam leans forward slightly to get a better view of his brother who read through every safety pamphlet the plane had to offer.

"Just try to shut up," Dean snaps. You and Sam exchange smiles, amused with Dean's behavior.

Plane accelerates to pick up speed for take of. Dean frantically adjusts his seatbelt and holds onto the arm rests with a death grip. You casually lean back in your chair, glancing out the window as the world gradually passes by faster. Dean tries to keep a blank expression, but you can see right through his facade and know that he's screaming inside his head. You take ahold of his hand, that's pretty large compared to yours, and give it a reassuring squeeze.

Once in the air, everything seems to be just fine. Dean had been humming a song for the past few minutes that you couldn't quite recognize. You went through multiple bands Dean likes in your head, trying to figure out what he was humming but Sam beats you to it.

"Are you humming Metallica?"

"It calms me down," Dean replies bluntly, then goes right back to humming.

Sam scoffs. "Look, man, I get you're nervous, alright? But you gotta stay focused."

Dean nods, "Okay."

"I mean, we got 32 minutes and counting to track this thing down--or whoever it's possessing, anyway--and perform a full-on exorcism," Sam reminds Dean of the severity of the situation the three of you are in.

"Yeah, on a crowded plane. That's gonna be easy," Dean thinks out loud.

"Hey, we'll just take it one step at a time, alright?" You say, trying to reassure your anxious friend. Dean sighs, but nods his head.

"Now, who is it possessing?" Sam asks the question of the hour.

"Well, it's usually going to target someone who has some sort of weakness, you know, so it can snake right into its vessel," You say.

"Someone with an addiction or emotional distress," Dean adds.
"Which is exactly why we need you to calm down. We can't have the demon possessing you while your distressed," You point out.

Dean rolls his eyes, but understands your concerns and nods.

"Well, this is Amanda's first flight after the crash. If I were her, I'd be pretty messed up," Sam suggests. Dean hums in agreement.

A flight attendant passes your row, but you call out to her. "Excuse me? You wouldn't happen to be Amanda, would you?"

"No, I'm not," she replies with a smile.

"Oh, my mistake," You apologize and glance between the two brothers.

Dean looks down the aisle of the plane and spots the other flight attendant in the back. "Alright, well, that's got to be Amanda back there. So I'll go talk to her, and, uh, give you a read on her mental state," Dean says.

"Are you sure? I can walk back there if you want," You offer, but Dean shoots down your suggestion.

"Don't baby me, Y/n," Dean replies. You raise up your eyebrows, and look away slowly showing that you meant no harm.

"Okay, what if she's already possessed?" Sam asks, bringing up a fair point.

"There's ways to test that," Dean says. He reaches down and pulls out a flattened bottle of water. "I brought holy water."

"Dean, you are not splashing that poor girl with water," You hiss.

Sam snatches the water bottle from his brother and stuffs it into his jacket. "I think we can go more subtle. If she's possessed, she'll flinch at the name of God."

"Oh, nice," Dean says.

"Wait, say it in latin," You tell him before he walks away.

"I know," Dean says, and turns away to walk down the aisle but you stop him again. "What?!"

"It's cristo in latin," You remind him with a smile.

"Y/n, I know! I'm not an idiot!" Dean hisses before walking over to talk to Amanda.

You scoff as you look over your seat and watch him slap the back of someone's seat as the plane experiences a little bit of turbulence as Sam laughs.

"It's like watching an old married couple bicker," Sam comments with a grin.

"What did you say?" You turn around and look at him with furrowed brows.

Sam shakes his head with a smile. "Nothing. How are you holding up?"

"What do you mean?" you ask him, choosing to ignore how he avoided your question.
"With hunting. I know you research for Dean and Dad all the time, but you've never gotten the full experience of the hunting life."

"Oh, yeah. Honestly..." you hesitate, wondering if you should tell Sam about how you miss your house and simple routines, or about the nightmares. "...it's been tough, but it's nothing I can't handle."

"You miss home, don't you?" Sam asks.

You nod. "Don't get me wrong, I love spending time with you and Dean, but it's nice waking up in your own bed. And I miss working at the library," you sigh. "I miss my whole town."

"You can still go back home, Y/n, before you fall to far down this rabbit hole," Sam tells you, trying to offer you a way out.

You shake your head. "No, I promised Dean that I would help him find John. I'm not going back home until I fulfill that promise."

"Y/n, once you join this life, it's hard to leave. I mean, I'm a perfect example of someone who tries to run away from hunting," Sam says with a hard voice.

"Sam, I'll be fine. Besides, I kinda like this sense of adventure. Sure, I might miss normalcy, but I get to live a life people only find in books. How awesome is that?" You counter with a grin, trying to make light of the situation.

Sam shrugs his shoulders, not really seeing how living a life that most would consider fiction is fun. "Okay, well, since you plan on sticking around, you should tell Dean about the little crush you have on him," Sam remarks.

You choke on your words as Sam grins. "What are we? 12? Crushes are for middle schoolers," you say, crossing your hands over your chest.

"You can have a crush at any age, Y/n," Sam argues playfully.

"Okay, that's true, but that doesn't mean I have a crush on your brother," you reply and face forward, closing your eyes so you don't have to look at the annoying young Winchester.

"When I woke up the other day, I found you and Dean sleeping in the same bed together wrapped in each other's arms."

"Um, first of all, watching people sleep is creepy, Sammy. Second of all, I have no idea what you're talking about."

"I have a picture."

"What?" You sit straight up, your head snapping in Sam's direction. He holds up his phone; on its tiny screen is a picture of you and Dean cuddling. You blush, having no memory of ever being in Dean's arms. You clear your throat, "That's creepier, Sam."

"What? It's cute. I know you're going to ask for it one day," Sam says in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Put that away," you hiss. Sam puts his phone in his pocket and looks at you, waiting for you to spill out your true feelings. "Of course, I like Dean--I've known him all my life. But that doesn't mean I have a crush on him. He's my best friend, dammit."
"Yeah, you keep telling yourself that," Sam replies.

"He's interested in other women, and I'm interested in other guys. It's always been that way," You point out.

"Dean's only 'interested' in other girls because he thinks you don't like him," Sam explains.

You scoff, "First Dean plays matchmaker, and now you? That's supposed to be my job."

"Sure, 'cause you're so good at noticing when people have chemistry," Sam sarcastically 'agrees.

"I'm going to ignore you said that, and forget we even had this conversation," you state, facing forward again. You growl in annoyance, "What is taking Dean so long anyways?"

"Miss him already?"

"Oh my god, you're like the annoying little brother I never asked for," you complain and punch Sam in the arm.

"Hey," Sam laughs as he rubs his arm. You stick out your tongue, before cracking a grin. You can never stay mad at Sammy, no matter how hard you try.

You look back over and see that Dean is walking back over to his seat. "Here he comes," you say.

Dean sits in his seat and sighs. "Alright, well, she's got to be the most well-adjusted person on the planet."

"You said 'cristo?' And?" Sam presses for more of an explanation as to what happened.

"There's no demon in her. There's no demon gettin' in her," Dean says as he buckles his seat belt.

"So if it's on the plane, it could be anyone...anywhere," Sam thinks out loud.

Suddenly, the plane rumbles with turbulence, causing Dean to grip to the seat like his life depends on it. "Come on! That can't be normal!" Dean complains, worry evident in his voice.

"Hey, it's okay. Just a little turbulence," Sam tries to calm his brother, but his plan blows up in his face.

"Sam, this plane is going to crash. So quit treating me like I'm friggin' four!" Dean snaps.

"I can't!"

"Yes, you can!"

"Dude, stow the touchy-feely, self-help yoga crap. It's not helping!" Dean whisper-yells. Sam looks at you with an expression that screams for help. You sigh and shake your head.

"Dean, you really need to calm down. Remember, emotional distress? You're wide open to demonic possession right now. So, yes, take some deep breaths, find your inner atman and calm down," you order the man with a hard stare. Dean gulps, and pathetically exhales slowly through his mouth. You watch him, an eyebrow cocked, with disbelief as he avoids your gaze. "Good," you tell him with a smile.

"Now," Sam pulls out his dad's journal and flips to a page covered in demon omens, "I found an exorcism in here I think is gonna work--the Ritual Romano."
"What do we have to do?" Dean asks, as Sam positions the book in away so the three of you can see it.

Sam sighs, "It's two parts. The first part expels the demon from the victim's body. It makes it manifest, which actually makes it more powerful."

"How does it make it more powerful?" you ask Sam.

"Well, it doesn't need to possess someone anymore. It can just wreak havoc on its own," Sam explains.

"Oh. And why is that good?" Dean questions, asking the same thing on your mind.

"Well, because the second part sends the bastard back to hell once and for all," Sam answers.

"Baby steps, boys. We gotta find the thing first," you point out.

The three of you decided that since Dean had the aisle seat, he would be the one to walk around with his homemade E.M.F. reader. Dean was hesitant at first but when Sam reminded him how little time there was left, Dean walked down the aisle without a blink of the eye. He now stood at the front of the aisle, having nowhere else to go.

"I'll go talk to him," you mutter to Sam and stand up from your seat and make your way over to Dean. You place your hand gently on his shoulder, "Hey."

Dean jumps in the air, turning around like he's ready to throw a punch. "Jesus, Y/n. Don't do that."

"Sorry," you mumble. "Did you find anything?"

"No, nothing. How much time we got?"

"15 minutes," you say, checking your phone's clock just to be sure. "Maybe we missed somebody."

"Maybe the thing's just not the plane," Dean suggests.

"Don't kid yourself, Dean," you reply, shaking your head. "We have to be missing something."

Just then, Dean's E.M.F. reader goes off while it points towards the cockpit. The copilot walks out of the bathroom, giving the two of you a friendly nod.

"Cristo," Dean states. The copilot turns around slowly, glaring at the both of you with soulless, raven eyes, then walks back into the cockpit.

"Hoop, there it is," you mutter under your breath.

"She's not gonna believe this," Sam voices his unwanted opinion as he leaves his seat to follow you and Dean to the back where Amanda is.

"With only twelve minutes on the clock, she's the only thing we got at the moment, Sam," you stress as you enter the back room.

Amanda turns around upon you entering, and smiles. "Oh, hi. The flight's not to bumpy for you. I
hope," she acknowledges Dean from their previous conversation. He must have mentioned something about being a nervous flyer.

Dean glances back at you and Sam. "Actually, that's kind of what we need to talk to you about," Dean whispers.

"Um, okay. What can I do for you?" she asks, not nearly as prepared for what you were about to tell her as she thought she was.

"This is gonna sound nuts, but we just don't have time for the whole 'the truth is out there' speech right now," Dean starts.

"All right," Sam cuts him off, getting straight to the point. "Look, we know you were on flight 2485."

"...who are you guys?" Amanda questions the three of you.

"We've spoken to some other survivors," you explain, keeping your tone calm. "We know whatever brought down that plane wasn't a mechanical failure."

"We need your help to stop it from happening again," Dean adds. "Right here, now."

"I'm sorry. I-I'm very busy," Amanda stutters and tries to walk past you. Dean grabs her shoulders and tries to calm her down, but she continues to protest.

"We're not going to hurt you, Amanda," you tell her. You bite your bottom lip, quickly thinking of a way to change her mind. "Listen--the pilot from flight 2485, Chuck Lambert--he's dead."

"What? Chuck is dead?" the shocked Amanda asks.

"He died in a plane crash. Now, that's two plane crashes this month. That doesn't strike you as strange?" you ask her, your brows furrowing. Amanda stutters, not knowing what to believe anymore.

"Look, there was something wrong with flight 2485," Sam says, stating the obvious. "There's something wrong with this flight, too."

"Amanda, you have to believe us," Dean remarks.

Amanda opens her mouth then closes it again, struggling to find the right words. "I--on...on 2485, there was this man," she says, rubbing one of her temples. "He...had these eyes."

"Yes, that's exactly what we're talking about!" Sam exclaims, encouraging her.

"I don't understand. What are you asking me to do?" Amanda asks, pointing a finger at her chest.

"Get the copilot. We need you to get him back here," Dean explains.

"Why? What does he have to do with anything?" Amanda asks, refusing to do anything until she has all the answers to her questions.

"We don't have time to explain. Please, we just need to talk to him, okay?" you reassure her.

Amanda doubts her abilities to get the copilot back her and protests, "How am I supposed to go into the cockpit and get the copilot--"
"Do whatever it takes. Tell him there's something broken back here, whatever will get him out of that cockpit," Sam replies, even suggesting an excuse.

"Do you know I could lose my job if you--"

"You're gonna lose a lot more if you don't help us out," you state the unfortunate truth that she needs to hear. "Please, Amanda."

She pauses for a moment, her mouth agape. She takes a few deep breaths to calm herself down. "Okay," she says, and exits the tiny room.

You peer through the curtains and watch her approach the door of the cockpit. She knocks on it and glances back at you nervously. The copilot answers not a second later, a cheery expression on his face. Amanda tells the copilot the excuse she came up with to get him to the back. You step back from the curtain and sigh.

"Are they coming?" you ask.

"Yeah," Dean says, taking a step back. He pulls out his bottle of holy water and his dad's journal. "Y/n, you do the exorcism while Sam and I hold him down, okay?"

You nod, taking the journal from Dean's outstretched arm. You step over to the corner while flipping to the page of the exorcism. Dean and Sam ready themselves for the demon that's about to enter the back room. Sam holds the bottle of holy water as the copilot pokes his head through the curtain.

Before he can say anything, Dean punches the man, sending him tumbling to the wall. Dean then grabs the demon by his shirt and slams him into the ground.

Amanda walks through the curtain and gasps at the fight she stumbled upon. "What are you doing? You said you were just gonna to talk to him!" Amanda shouts as Dean covers the copilot's mouth with duct tape.

"We are going to talk to him," you reply as you look over Dean's shoulders down at the struggling demon. Dean holds the demon's wrists as Sam sprays the demon with holy water. His skin burns through his shirt, creating like holes in the fabric.

"Oh my god, what's wrong with him?" Amanda asks, keeping her voice low.

"Look, we need you calm. We need you outside the curtain," Sam tells her, words jumbling out of her mouth. "Don't let anybody in, okay? Can you do that?" Sam asks the anxious woman. "Amanda?"

"Okay," she finally agrees and steps outside of the curtain.

Dean punches the squirming demon once Amanda leaves. "Hurry up, Y/n. I don't know how much longer I can hold him," Dean grunts.

You nod and start to recite the exorcism. Sam sprays the demon with more holy water, the copilot's skin sizzling and burning. The demon squirms for a moment more before swatting the bottle of holy water out of Sam's hands, and kicking Dean off of him. He pushes Sam into the wall as he stands up and glares at you. Your first instinct, of course, is to kick the demon where the sun don't shine, which is exactly what you do, causing him to bend over in pain.

You resume the exorcism, Dean recovering from his fall and tackling the demon to the ground once more. But the demon tosses Dean to the side like he's nothing. He sweeps his legs across your ankles, sending you to the ground and dropping the journal. He grabs Sam's shirt collar and flashes
his black eyes.

"I know what happened to your girlfriend!" the demon growls in a horrifying voice. The statement alone is enough to cause Sam to freeze in place. You scramble across the floor to the journal and try to find the page of the exorcism. A dark expression settles on the youngest Winchester's face as the demon continues."She must have died screaming! Even now, she's burning!"

Dean pounces on the demon and punches him in the face. "Hurry, Y/n!" Dean turns to his brother who still glares at the demon, "Sam, a little help, please?"

You finally find the page, and pick up the exorcism where you left off. You quickly finish the first part of the exorcism and warn the boys. "Brace yourselves' boys!" You discard of the journal as you crouch down to help pin the demon down. The demon trashes against your holds, but fails to escape but manages to kick the journal out into the aisle of the airplane. A black cloud of smoke exits his mouth and flies through the air and into the vents of the airplane.

"Where did it go?" Sam asks as he stands up and away from the unconscious copilot.

"Into the plane," Dean replies. "Hurry up, we gotta finish it."

You step out into the body of the plane just as the plane suddenly drops tens of feet. You grab the door frame, catching yourself before you fall to the ground. The plane jerks again and successfully pushes you to the ground. You grunt on impact with the ground, but notice the journal lying on the floor a few feet in front of you. You army crawl across the aisle, avoiding kicking feet and tumbling bags, as the journal slides under a seat a couple rows in front of you. You scramble over and extend an arm to reach the book, coming short a few centimeters. The plane tilts, the book falling into your hands.

"I got it!" you cry excitedly to no one in particular and flip to the exorcism page as you position yourself on your knees. You shout the latin at the top of your lungs, hoping that the demon can hear you as the plane rumbles and jerks. You recite the words even louder as a woman sitting in a seat near you screams. You finish the exorcism and lighting strikes the plane. The plane stabilizes in seconds, but the lady sitting near you continues to scream like a maniac. "Hey!" you snap at her with wide eyes. "You're okay. Everything's okay."

She nods, eyes bulging from her head as she clings to her purse. The passengers collectively sigh. You exhale sharply and look over to the back of the plane. The boys poke their heads out of the curtain, Dean looking as terrified as ever while Sam grins from ear to ear from what he just witnessed. Dean shakes his head; this was the first and last time he would ever ride a plane again.

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You and the boys stand a distance away from Amanda as she answers some FBI's questions. She mouths you a thank-you when the agent isn't looking. You reply with a smile and turn on your heels, ready to hit the hay.

"Let's get out of here," Dean says gruffly. Two brothers walk in sync while you have to widen your strides to keep up with them. "You okay?" he asks his brother, noticing how quiet Sam was.

"Dean, it--," Sam licks his lips and calms himself down. "It knew about Jessica."

Dean shifts his weight. "Sam these things, t-they read minds. They lie," Dean replies, trying to reassure his brother. "All right? That's all it was."

"Yeah," Sam says defeatly, still on edge about the whole thing.
You hate the sullen mood that's been created, so you decide to switch the subject. "So, Sammy, mind telling me what you were grinning about back on the plane?" you ask the man. A boyish grin slowly grows on his face as he recalls his brother's ridiculous facial expressions he made while the plane was going insane.

"Oh, man, you should've seen Dean's face! It was like--" Sam mocks a somewhat constipated looking expression. You glance at Dean with amused eyes, imagining Dean making the same faces Sam makes. "--and--" he then opens his mouth as wide as it can go, his eyes bulging from their sockets, "--and--" but before Sam can make another hilarious face, Dean slaps his brother's shoulder.

"Okay, thank you, but I think that's enough," Dean snaps, his face flushing from embarrassment.

You giggle and roll your eyes. "Don't be so sour, Dean."

"In my defense, that plane was literally falling from the sky!" Dean defends himself, only causing you to laugh even more.

"Oh, I know, but that doesn't make this--" you mimic one of the faces Sam made before, "--any less funny."

Dean exhales through his nose, and growls, "Shut up."

Back at Jerry's airport, you and the boys meet up with the man who called you in the first place.

"Nobody knows what you guys did, but I do," Jerry states, his hands on his hips. "A lot of people could've been killed. Your dad's gonna be real proud," Jerry says as he shakes hands with Sam.

"We'll see you around, Jerry," Sam says. Jerry shakes hands with you, then with Dean. You're about to get into the backseat when Dean calls out to Jerry.

"You know, Jerry, I meant to ask you--how did you get my cellphone number, anyway?" Dean asks. "I've only had it for like six months."

Your eyes dart to Jerry as he responds, "Your dad gave it to me."

"What?" you asks, your face scrunching in confusion.

"When did you talk to him?" Dean questions, the two of you sharing a quizzical look.

"I didn't exactly talk to him, but I called his number," Jerry explains. "His voice message said to give you a call." Dean nods slowly, masking his shock. "Thanks again, guys." Jerry waves his last goodbye and heads back to his office.

Sam turns around, a stone look on his face. The three of you think quietly to yourselves, wondering what the hell John Winchester was doing.

An airplane flies above you as you and the Winchesters lean against the trunk of the impala. You sigh and run a hand through your hair as Dean punches his father's number into his phone's keypad.

"It just doesn't make any sense, man," Sam says. "I've called Dad's number like 50 times." Dean puts the phone on speaker for the three of you to hear as it rings. "It's been out of service."
You expected the line to ring for a while, but it goes straight to voicemail.

"This is John Winchester. I can't be reached. If this is an emergency, call my son, Dean--785-555-0179. Or call, Y/n Y/l/n--785-464-2462. They can help."

The message ends, and Dean flips his phone shut. Sam's eyes glissen from tears that well in his tear ducts. He swallows and looks away, trying to hide the obvious hurt he's feeling. Before you can say anything to calm him down, Sam stands up and stomps over to the passenger seat. He climbs in and slams the door, leaving you and Dean in silence.

"We're gonna find him," You reassure the oldest brother as your foot taps against the gravel.

"I know," Dean agrees. "I know."

The two of you stand up from the trunk. Dean steps towards the driver's side but turns around when you grab your head in pain. An awful, incessant ringing screams in your head. You pant and grip the sides of your head trying to muffle the piercing bell.

"Y/n?!" Dean shouts your name as he kneels at your side, gripping your shoulders. You scream in pain as the ringing grows louder. Then, suddenly, the ringing stops, leaving your brain in silence.

You blink your eyes furiously, and look around, your mouth hanging open slightly. Sam stands to your right, watching you with worried eyes. Dean kneels in front of you, his hands still on your shoulders. "Y/n, are you okay? What happened?"

"I-I don't know," you reply truthfully. Dean's stare hardens, still worried about how you're feeling. "I'm fine," you reassure him. "I'm fine," you repeat in a whisper.

Dean helps you up, and you walk over to the backdoor. You climb inside the impala in a dazed state, in awe with what happened. The Winchester's exchange concerned looks; both of them oblivious of the true meaning behind what just happened.

[END OF EPISODE 4 - PHANTOM TRAVELER]
[WARNINGS:] There is talk of suicide, just like in the episode, but still I want to include a disclaimer because I know the topic can be touchy for some.

QUICK QUESTION! Should I create a side story of the reader's past and memories OR should I continue to add flashbacks where I deem necessary? Leave a comment letting me know your opinion :)

--Finally I got this episode done :D It took far to long lol

[TOLEDO, OHIO]

Sleep. You have a love hate relationship with sleep. It's great for replenishing your energy, taking a break, and overall just relaxing. But while you're sleeping, you're at the mercy of your imagination. Dreams, you've found over the years, can be beautiful or haunting. Some are memories that came back to give you a trip down memory lane. Unfortunately, most of your dreams focus on the bad times rather than the good. So, as Sam jolted around in his sleep, you could only imagine what he was dreaming about. He whispers Jessica's name frantically, and turns about again.

"Dean, wake him up," you say while exhaling through your mouth, tiredness evident in your voice. Honestly, you've been avoiding sleep yourself. You are scared of what your mind might conjure up this time; maybe another nightmare, or a vacation to that dreadful day, or maybe it would be something different. Hopefully, something pleasant, a memory of your childhood before everything went to shit. "He's had enough self torture, don't you think?"

Before Dean can voice his agreement, Sam cries Jessica's name. Dean places a protective hand on Sam's shoulder and shakes it roughly, "Sam, wake up!"

Sam gasps, eyes popping open. He sighs and sits up right, looking out the window at your surroundings. Dean glances back at you, the two of you sharing the same knowing look. Sam looks at his brother and collects his breath.

"I take it I was having another nightmare?" Sam asks.

"Yeah," Dean nods, "another one."

Sam exhales, and tries to make light of the situation. "Hey, at least I got some sleep."

"Yeah, well, sooner or later we're going to talk about this," you point out from the backseat.

Sam scoffs at your hypocrisy. "Cause we talk about your nightmares all the time," he snarkily retorts.

"Oi, I'm not the one screaming out my girlfriend's name," you counter. Sam glares at your remark, you wave it off.

"Are we here?" Sam asks, swiftly changing the subject. He looks past you, out the rear window and
at the building Dean parked in front of.

"Yep. Welcome to Toledo, Ohio," Dean says as his gaze drifts outside.

Sam grabs the newspaper you were searching through, and looks at the picture your circled in black marker. "So, what do you think really happened to this guy?" Sam inquires.

"That's what we're going to find out," Dean replies. He puts his father's journal in the backseat next to you along with his wallet. "Let's go."

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As you and the boys walk down the hall to the morgue, you can't help but daydream about the small amount of time you spent at college when you wanted to be a pediatrician. The class trips to local hospitals, visiting morgues to test your knowledge, the whole get up. You enjoyed taking extra classes that were a bit more hands on. You feel a stupid grin grow on your face as you enter the morgue.

The first thing you notice as you enter the office, is the lack of lighting. "Man, this place could really use a lamp or two," you mumble as you and the boys walk past an empty desk. Dean makes a face at the exotic name plate titled, "Dr. D. Fieklowicz."

"Hey," the assistant greets, leaning against an arm.

"Hey," Dean replies.

"Can I help you?" the man asks as he sits back in his chair.

"Yeah, we're the, ah, med students," Dean says, going out on a limb. Unfortunately, this particular morgue was not expecting any visitors.

"Oh, Dr... Fligavitch didn't tell you?" Dean asks, struggling to pronounce the doctor's name. "We talked to him on the phone. We're from Ohio State. He's supposed to show us the Shoemaker corpse. It's for our paper."

"Well, I'm sorry, he's at lunch," the assistant replies.

"Oh, well, he said--you know what, it doesn't really matter. You don't mind showing us the body, do you?" Dean asks.

"Sorry, I can't," the assistant says in a almost taunting tone. "The doc will be back in an hour. You can wait for him if you want."

"An hour? Oh," Dean breathes in through his teeth and glances at you and Sam. "We got to be heading back to Columbus by then."

You nod, feigning a troubled look. Sam whispers a yeah as Dean thinks of another lie on the spot.

"Look man, this paper's like half our grade, so if you don't mind helping us out?" Dean asks.

"Well, look man," the assistant snaps. Dean smiles tightly. "No."

Dean chuckles quietly, turning around to whisper in your ear and to stop himself from doing something that could land him a spot in jail. "I'm gonna hit him in his face, I swear," Dean mumbles with a clearly annoyed smile. You pat his shoulder and step in front of him, giving Dean some time to calm himself down.
Sam steps up to the desk and pulls out his wallet, a defeated smile on his face as he pulls out five 20 dollar bills. Dean looks over Sam's shoulder at the money. Dean hangs his head back at the loss of one hundred dollars.

"Follow me," the man says as he grabs the money greedily after looking at it for a second.

Before you and Sam can follow the assistant, Dean grabs Sam's arm, turning him around. "Dude, I earned that money," Dean complains, upset with the new hole in your pockets.

"You won it in a poker game," Sam retorts.

"Yeah," Dean agrees, feeling as though that only proves his point.

You snicker, shaking your head, and walk away from the boys.

"Now, the newspaper said his daughter found him," Sam says. "She said his eyes were bleeding."

"More than that," the assistant replies as he uncovers Mr. Shoemaker's dead face. "They practically liquified."

You take note of the deep eye sockets covered in dried blood. Yeah, that definitely wasn't normal.

"Any signs of struggle, maybe somebody did this to him?" Dean suggests. You cross your arms over your chest as your eyes cast down at the strange corpse. You want to whip out keratome and inspect the corpse yourself, just like your college days.

"Nope. Besides his daughter, he was all alone."

"What's the official cause of death?" you inquire, wondering what doctors would medically label this cause of death as.

"Doc's not sure. He's thinking massive stroke, maybe an aneurysm," the assistant admits. "Something burst up in there, that's for sure."

"What do you mean?" you ask.

"Intense cerebral bleeding. This guy had more blood in his skull than anyone I've ever seen."

"The eyes--what could've caused something like that?" Sam asks.

"Capillaries can burst," the assistant replies. "See a lot of bloodshot eyes with stroke victims."

"Yeah, you ever see exploding eyeballs?" Dean questions.

"That's a first for me," the assistant confesses. "But, hey, I'm not the doctor."

"Do you think we could take a look at the police report?" you ask, not satisfied with the little amount of information you've collected.

"You know, for our paper," Dean quickly adds, though you honestly think his comment was unnecessary.

"I'm not really supposed to show you that," the assistant says, his gaze landing on Sam expectantly.
You and the boys collectively roll your eyes as Sam grabs his wallet from his pocket once again.

"It might not be one of ours," Sam says as the three of you descend down the stairs. "Might just be some freak medical thing."

"Sam, I've been around freak medical things before. That was a whole nother level of freaky," you counter, using your history as backup.

"How many times in Dad's long and varied career has it actually been a freak medical thing and not some sign of an awful supernatural death?" Dean points out.

"Uh, almost never," Sam replies.

"Exactly."

Sam sighs in defeat. "All right, let's go talk to the daughter."

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As you and the boys enter the open front door of the house, you notice the formal wear everyone seems to be wearing. "Looks like we're a bit underdressed, boys," you observe in a whisper. You glance down at the pair of faded jeans and sweatshirt you wear.

"Yeah, well, let's get going before people start to become suspicious," Sam says.

You ask a nearby attendee as ask where you can find the Shoemaker daughter; he directs you to the backyard. You thank him and walk over to the group of girls.

"You must be Donna, right?" Dean asks the girl with dark brown, short hair.

"Yeah," she replies. She looks between you and the boys, trying to figure out who you are.

"Hi, uh--we're really sorry," Sam speaks up.

"Thank you," Donna says with a slight nod, hearing the phrase for the thousandth time in the last hour.

"I'm Sam, this is Dean and that's Y/n. We worked with your dad," Sam lies.

Donna and her friend that sits on the bench next to her exchange glances. "You did?" Donna asks, kind of shocked.

"Yeah, this whole thing--" Dean shakes his head, "I mean, a stroke."

Donna looks at her hands in her lap. "I don't think she wants to talk about this right now," her friend says, quick to pick up Donna's uncomfortable body language.

"It's okay," Donna reassures her friend, "I'm okay."

You briefly glance at her friend before returning your gaze back to Donna. "Were there ever any symptoms? Dizziness, migraines?"

"No," Donna answers with a shake of her head.
Her little sister who sits on the edge of the bench turns around to face her sister. "That's because it wasn't a stroke."

"Lily, don't say that," Donna tells her sister.

"What?" Sam asks, the conversation suddenly becoming a bit more interesting.

"I'm sorry, she's just upset," Donna replies.

"No, it happened because of me," Lily argues.

"Sweetie, it didn't," Donna tries to reassure her, but her little sister is having none of it. Lily furrows her brow.

"Lily," you walk over to the young girl and kneel next to her, "why would you say something like that?"


"That's not why Dad died. This isn't your fault," Donna says.

"I think your sister's right, Lily," Dean agrees. "There's no way it could have been Bloody Mary. Your dad didn't say it, did he?"

You look back at Lily as she comes to terms with the 'truth.' "No, I don't think so," Lily admits.

"I love snooping around in people's homes," you say in a cheery, sarcastic voice as you and the boys walk down the upstairs' hallway. "It's a great source for interior inspiration."

"Be quiet," Dean whispers in a harsh tone, "I don't want to get caught because of your big mouth."

You scoff and roll your eyes. You're about to make a sassy remark, when Sam cuts you off. "Shut up, both of you. Come on, I think that's the bathroom." The white door creaks open as Sam gently opens it. The white marble tiling is stained with blood, mostly likely leftover from Mr. Shoemaker's demise. "The Bloody Mary legend," Sam says in awe as his eyes scan the bathroom. "Dad ever find any evidence that it was a real thing?"

"Not that I know of," Dean replies. He turns off the bathroom lights and enters the small room.

"I mean, everywhere else, all over the country, kids will play Bloody Mary. And as far as we know, nobody dies from it," Sam points out as he walks into the bathroom.

"Maybe everywhere else it's just a story," you wonder out loud, leaning against the doorframe, "but here it's the real deal."

"The place where the legend began?" Sam asks. You shrug and watch Dean open up the mirror cabinet and look at the medications on the inside. "But according to the legend, the person who says-" Sam gets distracted by the mirror that's in his face, and shuts it with a tense expression, "the person who says you know what gets it. But here--"

"Shoemaker gets it instead, yeah," Dean says, finishing Sam's thought.
"Never heard of anything like that before," you sigh.

Dean points out, "Still, Shoemaker did die right in front of the mirror. And Lily's right, the way the legend goes, you know who scratches your eyes out."

"It's worth checking into," Sam agrees.

You look down the hallway when you hear the sound of heels hit the floor. You glance nervously at the boys, the two of them sharing the same uneasy look.

"What are you doing up here?" Donna's friend from before asks.

Dean and Sam share a quick look as Dean comes up with a lie. "We--we had to go to the bathroom."

"Who are you?" she questions the three of you.

"Like we said downstairs, we worked with Donna's dad," Dean replies.

"He was a day trader or something, he worked by himself," the girl counters, blowing Dean's lie into bits.

"Oh, we know, he meant--" you try to save your asses, but Donna's friend is persistent.

"And those weird questions downstairs," she shrugs, "what was that?" You bite your tongue, torn between telling her the truth or another lie that could potentially land you in even more trouble. "So you tell me what's going on or I start screaming."

"Woah, yeah, okay. Let's just calm down," you say, raising up your hands in defense. "No need to scream, sis. We're not going to hurt you."

"Look, we think something happened to Donna's dad," Sam explains.

"Yeah, a stroke," her friend says.

"That's not the sign of a typical stroke," Sam replies. The girl doesn't say anything and looks at the ground. "We think it might be something else."

"Like what?"

"Honestly," you glance between the two brothers, "we don't know yet. But we don't want it to happen to anyone else. That's the truth."

"So, if you're gonna scream, go right ahead," Dean says.

"Who are you guys? Cops?" the girl asks, hoping for at least one straight answer.

You grin, "Something like that."

"I'll tell you what. Here," Sam pulls out a scrap piece of paper and jots his number on it. "If you think of anything, you or your friends notice anything strange, out of the ordinary, just give us a call." Sam hands her the piece of paper as the three of you walk by here and leave the funeral you all crashed.

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"All right, say Bloody Mary really is haunting this town. There's gonna be some sort of proof--a
"Yeah, but a legend this widespread, it's hard," Sam says. "I mean, there's like 50 versions of who she actually is. One story says she's a witch, another says she's a mutilated bride. There's a lot more."

"All right, so what are we supposed looking for?" Dean asks as the three of you saunter into the computer room.

"Well," you drag out the word as you think. "Every version's got things in common. It's always a woman named Mary, and she always dies right in front of a mirror."

"So we gotta search local newspapers, public records--as far back as they go to see if we can find a Mary who fits the bill," Sam adds.

"Well, that sounds annoying," Dean remarks.

"No, it won't be so bad as long as we--" Sam begins but cuts himself short when he notices that all the computers are out of order. "I take it back. This will be very annoying."

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You sit across from Dean at the tiny table in the motel room skimming through the hard copies of newspapers and public records. Sam has been passed out on the bed since he claimed that he was going to rest his eyes. That was four hours ago.

"How's your head?" Dean asks as you take a sip of the coffee you got a half an hour ago on a coffee run. You raise your eyebrows at him, and he rolls his eyes. "You know, the headaches? Have they been bothering you?"

You lower your coffee from your mouth and smile. "Believe me, you would know if they were. I'd probably be back on the floor crying again," you admit quietly as you bring the cup of joe back up to your lips and take another sip.

Dean nods wordlessly, his eyes glancing over the public record in his lap. Just as you set down your coffee, you hear Sam gasp for air. You assume that he woke up, gasping for a breath seeming to be the first thing he does when he wakes up. Dean raises his eyes, waiting for his brother to do something, move or talk. You realize you assumed correctly because you hear Sam's strained voice.

"Why'd you let me fall asleep?"

"Because I'm an awesome brother," Dean replies. "What did you dream about?" Dean asks, leaning back in his seat.

"Lollipops and candy canes," Sam dryly replies.

"Yeah, sure." Dean sighs.

"Did you guys find anything?"

"Nope. While you were off in Candyland, Dean and I discovered a whole new level of frustration," you say exasperatedly. "We looked at everything--nothing."

"A few local women, a Laura and a Catherine, committed suicide in front of a mirror, and a giant mirror fell on a guy named Dave," Dean explains in a frustrated tone. "But, uh, no Mary."
Sam sighs and flops back down into the bed. "Maybe we just haven't found it yet."

You run a hand through your hair knowing that if you didn't find it yet, there was nothing to find. "We've also been searching for strange deaths in the area, you know, the eyeball bleeding, that sort of thing. There's nothing, Sam. Dean and I have been looking all day, so we would've found it by now. Maybe it just isn't Mary."

Sam's phone rings as you take another sip of your coffee and review the even slightly strange deaths that you found.

"Hello?" Sam's silent for a moment before sitting straight up with a concerned expression on his face.

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Charlie sobs into her hands sitting between you and Dean on the bench. Dean sat on the back of the bench, his feat resting on the seat, while Sam stood in front of you. Together, the four of you looked like a group of friends mourning over the loss of another.

Charlie sniffs as she concludes her explanation as to why she called Sam--her friend Jill's death. "And they found her on the bathroom floor," she blubbers. "And her--her eyes...they were gone."

"I'm sorry," Sam said softly.

"And she said it," Charlie cries. "I heard her say it. But it couldn't be because of that." Her eyes cast down before looking over at you for reassurance. "Am insane, right?"

"No, you're not insane," you console her, but sometimes the truth was far more damaging than a lie.

"God, that makes me feel so much worse," she says in a tiny voice.

"Look..." Sam begins, glancing between you and his brother. "We think something's happening here, something that can't be explained."

"And we're going to stop it," Dean says, joining the conversation, "but we could use your help."

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"Boys, look!" you exclaim as you and the Winchester brothers sat on the roof of Jill's house, pointing at the horizon. The boys look at you with quizzical expression before following your gaze.

"Everything the light touches is our kingdom," you quote Mufasa in a grave voice.

"What are you? Five?" Dean asks, shaking his head at your reference.

You scoff. "Oh, please. Don't act like you're not a fan of Disney movies. We used to watch them all the time," you say, gesturing towards the three of you. "I mean, I had to force you at first, but after the first 30 minutes of Lady and the Tramp, you were hooked."

Dean rolls his eyes, a slight blush covering his face. You grin, much like the Cheshire Cat.

Sam sighs fondly. "Those are probably some of the best memories I have from my childhood," he admits and crooked smile on his face.

"Yeah," you agree, leaving your vague statement at that as the window opens.

Charlie takes a step back, giving you and the boys room to climb through the window. You crawl in
first and look around the room, adjusting your t-shirt that rode up a bit.

"What did you tell Jill's mom?" you ask Charlie as Sam pulls out the video camera from Dean's duffel bag. Dean shuts the window and closes the curtains.

"I just said I needed some alone time with Jill's pictures and things," Charlie replies, you nod in approval of the lie. "I hate lying to her."

"Trust us, it's for the greater good," Dean says, placing a hand on the girl's shoulder in comfort. "Hit the lights."

Charlie rushes to the otherside of the room and switches off the lights. The room isn't too dark, just covered with shadows that weren't there before. "What are you guys even looking for?" Charlie asks as she joins you and the boys by the bed.

"We'll let you know as soon as we find it," Dean says. Charlie's face twists in uneasiness, watching Sam tinker with the video camera.

"Hey, night vision," Sam states, gesturing the camera in your direction. You click a button, turning on the desired mode, and give Sammy a grin; you love it when you knew more than him, even if it was just how to work a camera. "Thanks."

Sam points the camera at Dean, testing out the mode for himself. Dean notices the camera pointing in his direction, and poses, bending his knees and sticking out his butt slightly. "Do I look like Paris Hilton?" he asks, cheekily, raising his eyebrows suggestively.

"Yeah, just like her understudy actually," you reply with a sarcastic smile. Dean frowns, your smile turning into a smirk.

Sam snorts and starts to walk around the room, looking around through the camera screen. Dean pulls out an EMF reader, not his homemade one, and scans the room. You stand your ground next to Charlie and watch the brothers do all the physical work while you did the mental work.

"I don't get it. The first victim didn't summon Mary, then the second victim did. So, how the hell is she choosing them?" you speak the suspicions that swarm in your mind.

"Beats me," Dean says, his voice coming from behind you. You bite your bottom lip in thought, wondering how these two victims seemingly living two separate lives could be tied together. "I want to know why Jill said it in the first place," Dean states, stepping in front of you and Charlie.

You glance at the girl from the corner of your eye, curious to hear her answer. "It's just a joke," she replies defensively with a shrug.

"Well, somebody's going to say it again. It's just a matter of time," Dean replies. Sam walks from the closet to Jill's bathroom, listening to the conversation in the other room with one ear.

"Hey," Sam speaks up suddenly. You and Dean look in Sam's direction, waiting to hear what he had to say. The young Winchester stood in the bathroom doorway. "There's a blacklight in the trunk, right?" he asks.

Of course, there's a blacklight in the trunk of the Impala; the better question to ask was what wasn't in the trunk?
You stand behind Sam as he places the bathroom mirror on Jill's bed as Dean closes the window and shuts the curtains behind him. He tosses his brother the blacklight and crosses his arms over his chest, Sam tearing away the back of the mirror. When the paper covering the back is gone, Sam turns on the light and shines it over the mirror.

A handprint glows under the rays, and as Sam moves the light over the mirror, a name that looks like it was written in paint (or blood) appears too.

"Gary Bryman?" Charlie reads the name, obviously confused.

Sam turns of the light, his head snapping in Charlie's direction. "Do you know who that is?"

"No," she replies, shaking her head.

Sam and Dean share a look before glancing at you; the three of you all knowing what you had to do next.

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You found yourself in a similar position like before; you, Charlie and Dean sat on the bench, Charlie sitting in the middle, except this Dean sat on the bench correctly, and Sam was looking at the public records for a Gary Bryman.

"So, Gary Bryman was an eight year old boy," Sammy explains as he walks over from behind you. "Two years ago, he was killed in a hit and run. The car was described as a black Toyota Camry, but nobody got the plates or saw the driver."

"Oh, my god," Charlie whispers, "Jill drove that car!"

You sigh and run a hand through your hair. "And the plot thickens," you mutter. "We need to get back to your friend Donna's house."

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Sam teared off the back of Donna's bathroom mirror like he did to Jill's. Following the same routine, he shines the blacklight over the seemingly blank surface, only to discover the same handprint but a different name.

"Linda Shoemaker," you read, your voice small in thought.

"Why are you asking me this?" Donna asks, her mother's death clearly a sensitive topic for the girl; you couldn't blame her. You'd feel just as uncomfortable and mad if strangers came into your home asking about your parents' deaths.

"Look, we're sorry, really, but it's important," you say in an attempt to calm the girl.

"Yeah. Linda's my mom, okay? She overdosed on sleeping pills," Donna replies, her voice still hard. "It was an accident and that's it." She shakes her head as the four of your shift uncomfortably. "I think you should leave."

"Donna, just listen--" Dean tries to soothe the girl, but his gesture causes her to blow up.

"Get out of my house!"
Donna storms out of the room before anyone can say another word.

"Oh, my god," Charlie whispers, crossing her arms over her chest. "Do you really think her dad could've killed her mom?"

"Maybe," Sam answers, tensely.

"I think I should stick around," Charlie says, her eyes glancing to where her friend ran off to.

You nod, guilt eating away at your insides for putting such an awful thought into Donna's head. "All right, but whatever you do, don't--" Dean warns her, but Charlie is quickly to finish his thought.

"Believe me, I won't," Charlie replies, tone serious.

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You sit at the desk with Dean at your side, Sam's laptop hooked up to your portable printer. Dean looks over your shoulder as you work; he would call you for help on cases, looking for help to find more clues, but he never saw you at work. And if he was being honest, it was quite impressive.

"Wait, wait, wait," Sam turns around from the makeshift wall of information you and Dean put together. You liked to see what you found, it made it easier for you to find and piece together similarities. "You're doing a nationwide search?"

"Yep," you reply, popping the 'p.' "The NCIC, the FBI database--at this point, and Mary who died in front of a mirror in the U.S. is good enough for me."

"But if she's haunting the town, she should have died in the town," Sam counters.

"There's nothing local, Sammy," Dean defends. "Believe us, we triple checked those records, so unless you got a better idea..."

"The way Bloody Mary is choosing her victims, it seems like there's a pattern," Sam says, scratching the back of his neck.

"Yeah, I was thinking the same thing," Dean agrees. Humming in agreement, your brows furrow as you look at the laptop screen. Who knew so many Marys died in front of a mirror.

"With Mr. Shoemaker and Jill's hit and run--" Sam starts his thought which you are quick to finish.

"--both had secrets where people died," you conclude, eyes never leaving the laptop screen.

"Right. There's a lot of folklore about mirrors--that they reveal your lies, your secrets, that they're a true reflection of your soul, which is why it's bad luck to break them," Sam furthers his point.

"Yeah, so maybe if you've got a secret, like a really nasty one where someone died, then Mary sees it and punishes you for it," Dean pitches.

"Whether you're the one who summoned her or not."

"Hey boys, check this out," you say as you print off the pictures you found. Sam grabs the warm pages right away, ignoring heat that comes from them. "Looks like the same handprint," Sam observes, flipping through the pages.

"Yeah, and same handwriting," you add. "Her name was Mary Worthington--an unsolved murder in Fort Wayne, Indiana."
"You know what this means?" Dean asks, taking note of the detective on the case.

"Roadtrip."

[A FEW HOURS LATER - FORT WAYNE, INDIANA]

"I was on the job for 35 years, detective for most of that," the detective confirms. "Now, everybody packs it in with a few loose ends, but the Mary Worthington murder--" he pauses, "that one still gets me."

"What exactly happened?" Dean asks; a seemingly innocent enough question, but being the detective William Taylor is, he found the question a bit odd. 

"You kids said you were reporters," Taylor states, second guessing your credibility.

"We know Mary was 19 and lived by herself," you say, swiftly saving your asses. "She won a few beauty contests, dreamt of getting out of Indiana, being an actress."

"And we know, the night of March 29th, someone broke into her apartment and murdered her, cut out her eyes with a knife," Sam concludes.

The detective nods, his eyebrows raising slightly. "That's right."

"See, sir, when we ask you what happened, we want to know what you think happened," Dean clarifies his previous question.

Taylor's eyes land on Dean, then he sighs. He motions for you and the boys to follow him into his office. He grabs a cardboard box from a high shelf and places it on the desk in the middle of the room.

"Technically, I'm not supposed to have a copy of this," he says, pulling out a few documents from the box. You and Sam share a smirk; this man was something else, that was for sure. He points at the same picture you printed off at the motel, "Now, see that there, that 'T-R-E'?"

"Yeah," Dean acknowledges.

"I think Mary was trying to spell out the name of her killer," Taylor explains, looking at the three of you. 

"You know who it was?" Sam asks.

"Not for sure," the detective admits quietly. "But there was a local man, a surgeon, Trevor Sampson," he shows you a picture of Trevor. The guy looks like a grade-a creep, you shutter when you think imagine him cutting out Mary's eyes. "And I think he cut her up pretty good."

"Why would he do something like that?" you inquire. Motive meant a lot to you, and you were genuinely curious to see if the detective had any other reason for Sampson to be the killer.

"Her diary mentioned a man that she was seeing. She called him by his initial, 'T.' Well, her last entry, she was gonna tell T's wife about their affair," the detective explains.

"But how do you know it was Sampson that killed her?" Dean asks.

"It's hard to say," Taylor replies. He pauses, eyes narrowing. "But the way her eyes were cut out, it was almost professional."
"But you could never prove it?"

"No. No prints, no witnesses. He was meticulous."

"Is Trevor still alive?" you ask.

"Nope," Taylor says as he sits down in his chair and sighs. "If you ask me, Mary spent her last living moments trying to expose this guy's secret. But she never could." The detective's gaze falls on the file he spent years on building, a sullen look on his face.

"Where's she buried?" Sam inquires, leaning over the desk.

"She wasn't. She was cremated," Taylor replies. Great, this job just got a whole lot more difficult.

"What about that mirror?" Dean asks, nodding at the picture in front of the detective. "It's not in evidence lockup somewhere, is it?"

"Uh, no." Taylor leans back in his seat and sighs. "It was returned to Mary's family a long time ago."

Dean looks away, agitated. Stealing from an evidence lockup was easy, but taking a precious mirror from a family was a whole new level of difficulty.

"You wouldn't happen to have the names of her family by any chance?" you ask innocently enough.

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"Oh, really?" you sigh. "That's to bad, Mr. Worthington. I would have paid a lot for that mirror... Yep, maybe next time. Thank you," you hang up your phone and drop your hands at your side.

"So?" Dean asks, his eyes looking at you from the rearview mirror.

"That was Mary's brother. The mirror was in the family for years, until he sold it one week ago to a store called Estate Antiques," you explain. "Guess where it's located."

"Toledo, Ohio?" Sam implores, but it was more of a statement.

"Bingo."

"So wherever the mirror goes, that's where Mary goes?" Dean infers.

"Her spirit is definitely tied up with it somehow," Sam says.

"Isn't there an old superstition that says mirrors can capture spirits?" Dean asks.

"Yeah, there is. When someone would die in a house, people would cover up the mirrors so the ghosts wouldn't get trapped," you explain.

"So Mary dies in front of a mirror and it draws in her spirit," Dean says, piecing together all of the information.

"Yeah, but how could she move through 100 different mirrors?" Sam counters.

You shrug. "I don't know, but if the mirror is the source, we gotta find it and smash it before anyone else gets hurt."

"Yeah, I don't know. Maybe," Sam mumbles, still on the fence about the theory. Before the silence
can fill up the impala, Sammy's cell phone rings. "Hello?" he says upon answering. He shifts in his seat, his brows furrowing. "Charlie?"

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You sat next to a terrified Charlie who rocked back and forth on the edge of the bed while the Winchester boys covered everything and anything that had a reflection. You wrap your arm around the shaking girl comfortingly, letting her sob into your side. She kept her head in her lap, petrified that if she were to look up, she'd see Bloody Mary.

The room was dark now, the windows covered by the curtains and the lights turned off. You notice your reflection in the small TV that sits in front of the bed and point at it, alerting Dean that he missed something. He grabs the extra sheet you got from the lobby earlier. The manager gave you a weird look, wondering what you and the boys were doing that needed that much sheets; she probably thought rated-R things.

Once Dean covers the TV, you pat Charlie and tell her it's okay to look. Very slowly, Charlie looks up as if peering out of a shell. "Okay, Charlie, now listen: you're going to stay right here on this bed, and you're not going to look at glass or anything else that has a reflection, okay?" you tell the high school in a whisper. "As long as you do that, she can't get you."

Charlie grips the cuffs of her sweater. "But I can't keep that up forever," she replies, her voice shaky. She glances at you for your reaction, but you keep a neutral expression on her face, not wanting to worry her even more. "I'm going to die, aren't I?"

"No," you respond, furrowing your eyebrows sincerely. "No, not anytime soon. The boys and I, we'll stop her."

"All right, Charlie, we need to know what happened," Dean says, taking a seat next to her on the bed. Your eyes dart over to him, wishing the three of you didn't have to do this but also knowing that it had to be done to confirm the theory.

"We were in the bathroom. Donna said it," Charlie answers quietly.

"That's not what we're talking about," Dean clarifies. Charlie looks at him with watery eyes. "Something happened, didn't it, in your life. A secret...where someone got hurt?"

Charlie gulps, tears spill from her eyes. You give Dean a warning glance, telling him not to push it with a simple look. Dean's tongue slides over his top lip as he chooses his next words wisely. "Can you tell us about it?" Dean asks gently.

"I had this boyfriend," Charlie starts. She gulps again before continuing. "I loved him. But he kind of scared me, too, you know? And one night at his house, we got in this fight. Then I broke up with him, and he got upset. He said he needed me and loved me. And he said...Charlie, if you walk out that door right now, I'm gonna kill myself.' And you know what I said?" Her voice cracks. "I said, 'Go ahead.' And I left. How could I say that?" She shakes her head, her lip quivering. "How could I leave him like that? I just...I didn't believe him, you know?"

She turns her head to look at you, tears still dripping down her cheeks. "I should have," she blames herself, shaking her head and lowering it back into her knees.

You glance at the boys who remain indifferent to the situation. You frown, disappointed in their actions, and pull Charlie into a side hug. "It wasn't your fault, Charlie," you murmur.

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"Her boyfriend killing himself, that's not really Charlie's fault," Dean says, breaking the silence that has been in the impala since the three of you got in.

"You know as well as I do, spirits don't exactly see shades of grey, Dean," Sam counters. "Charlie had a secret, someone died. That's good enough for Mary."

"I guess."

"You know, I've been thinking, it might not be enough just to smash that mirror," Sam says, eyes on the road.

Dean looks at Sammy, taking note the long stretch of road in front of you. You hate when he looks away from the road, ignoring the possibility that something could jump in front of the car at any given moment. "Why, what do you mean?" Dean asks.

"Mary's hard to pin down, right? I mean, she moves around from mirror to mirror. So who's to say that she's not gonna keep hiding in them forever? So maybe we should try to pin her down, you know, summon her to her mirror and then smash it," Sam suggests.

"How do you know that's going to work?" you challenge, propping your arms on the top of the front seat and leaning against them. "You just said that Mary can jump from mirror to mirror."

"I know, that's why I don't know that it will work for sure," Sam admits.

"Well, who's gonna summon her?" Dean asks, point out another flaw in Sam's plan.

"I will," Sam states in a deadpan voice. You open your mouth to say something, but nothing comes out. You're just dumbfounded that Sammy would think such a thing. Dean shakes his head, lips pulling into a straight line. "She'll come after me."

"All right, you know what? That's it," Dean says through gritted teeth. He pulls over at the side of the road, rain pelting the roof and windows. A car zips by as Dean turns of the engine and stares at Sam. "This is about Jessica, isn't it?"

You look at Sam, but the boy stays quiet, gazing blankly at the dashboard.

"You think that's your dirty little secret, that you killed her somehow?" Dean asks, an edge to his voice. His brother refuses to say anything. Dean shakes his head. "Sam, this has got to stop, man. I mean, the nightmares and calling her name out in the middle of the night, it's gonna kill you! Now, listen to me. It wasn't your fault. If you want to blame something, then blame the thing that killed her! Or, hell, why don't you take a swing at me? I mean, I'm the one that dragged you away from her!"

Sammy looks at Dean, his head snapping in his brother's direction. "I don't blame you."

"Well, you shouldn't blame yourself, because there's nothing you could've done," Dean replies.

"I could've warned her," Sam retorts.

"About what?!" Dean snaps. "You didn't know what was gonna happen!" You gaze out the back window and wish that you could be out in the rain, letting the water soak your clothes. You nibble your bottom lip as Dean continues, "And, besides, all of this isn't a secret. I mean, Y/n and I know all about it. It's not going to work with Mary anyway."

"No, you don't," Sammy says gravely.
"I don't what?"

"Neither of you know all about it," Sam states, his eyes meeting your for a split second. "I haven't told you everything," Sammy says with a shrug.

"What are you talking about?" Dean asks, suspicious lacing his voice.

"It wouldn't really be a secret if I told you, would it?" Sam replies, snarkily.

"What the hell, Sam? No, you're not doing this. It's too dangerous," you say, finally joining the conversation. "Tell him, Dean."

"I don't like it," Dean tells his brother. "It's not gonna happen. Forget it."

"Guys, that girl back there is going to die unless we do something about it. And you know what? Who knows how many more people are going to die after that? Now, we're doing this," Sam orders, finality in his tone. Dean glares at his younger brother. "You've got to let me do this."

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"God, this place is creepy," you mutter under your breath, turning on your flashlight before you start walking around the closed store. "Look at all the mirrors."

"Well, that's just great," Dean grumbles. He pulls out the picture of Mary laying next to the mirror and holds it out in front of you and Sam, so the three of you can get a look at it. "All right, let's start looking."

The three of you take off in different directions, hoping to cover more ground. As you shuffle around, you stumble across some nightmare-inducing mannequins. You jump and let out a welp, your hands fumbling to catch the flashlight. You take deep breaths as you pick up the flashlight, a chuckle coming from behind you. You whip around and spot Dean pointing his flashlight at you and giggling like a schoolboy.

"Shut up and stop shining that in my face," you hiss, shining your own flashlight in Dean's face. He lowers his flashlight before flashing your eyes again, a smirk appearing on his face. You growl and do the same to him. Dean then does the same to you, biting his cheek to cover a laugh. The two of you keep up your routine, seeing who can lower their flashlight faster to blind the other person. And before you know it, the both of you are in a fit of giggles.

It was like you were four years old again without a care in the world. Oh, how simple times were.

"Guys, I found it," Sam calls out.

Your giggles subside, and you wave for Dean to follow you. "Come on, Watson, we've got work to do."

"Right behind you, Sherlock," Dean quips.

You easily spot Sam (from his height), and notice right away the mirror he stands a distance from. Dean pulls out the picture of the mirror as the two of you take your spots on either side of Sammy. He holds out the picture to compare it, just to double check.

"That's it," Dean says, stuffing the picture back into his pocket. He drags out his sigh, before asking his brother for the last time. "You sure about this?"
Sam answers his brother by handing Dean his flashlight and stepping up to the mirror. You gulp as you examine the sight the mirror reflects. The tall brothers make you appear even shorter than you really are (is 5'4 really that short?) but it's your appearance in general that catches you off guard.

You look...like a mother of eight that's been working overtime for the past week. Yes, that's exactly how you look. Face hazy-like from the lack of sleep, hair tousled in the messy bun you threw it in while you waited for Sam to pick the store's lock, clothes wrinkled from sitting in a duffel bag all the time—to put it simply, your appearance is disheveled. You didn't realize how tolling these past few months had been on you.

*It's just easy fixes, you tell yourself. I just have to start laying and hanging out my clothes when we're at a motel so the wrinkles go away, and I just need to get more sleep.*

You gulp. Okay, so maybe these fixes aren't as easy as you thought. Sleep means nightmares, and nightmares mean waking up in panic. How can you fix your nightmare problems when you have no control over what you dream about? Listen to happy music while you go to bed? Start eating an apple everyday? No. Even living on your own in Idaho you experienced nightmares, some of which were worse than the ones you have currently. You'd get through this, you just have to tough it out.

You straighten your posture and look yourself over in the mirror again. You gaze at the two handsome men beside you and sigh. *We'll get through this together, just like we always have.*

Sam sighs, bringing you back from your trail of thought, and rolls his shoulders as he stares at the mirror.

"Blood Mary."

All of your eyes are hooded with shadows.

"Bloody Mary."

The air is thick with tension. The bitch herself waiting for the end of the chant. Sam glances at you and Dean once more, the three of you each uneasy. Sam lifts the crowbar over his shoulder and adjusts his grip.

"Bloody Mary."

Honestly, you didn't know what to expect. Instant screaming and Mary popping up in the mirror right away, sure, but not car lights illuminating in the dark store. Dean spins around, and raises an arm up to keep you in your spot.

"Stay with Sammy. I'll handle it. Be careful," Dean orders, raising his eyebrows for effect and turns on his heels before you can object. "Smash anything that moves!" Dean reminds the two of you over his shoulder.

You exhale sharply, and lock eyes with Sammy, then simultaneously look at the original mirror. The fact that Mary can show up in any mirror jogs your memory, so you take a step back, positioning yourself in a spot where you can hit swiftly at least three other mirrors that surround you and Sam.

A gasp comes from beside you causing both you and Sam to look in that direction, only to realize that it was nothing. You release a shaky breath and focus on the mirror in front of you, your back to Sammy.

Suddenly, Sam smashes the mirror to your left. You look over your should in surprise, then fixate your gaze on the mirror in front of you, spotting Mary standing there creepily. Instincts take over and
you use the thing in you hand, which happened to be your flashlight, to shatter the mirror to pieces. Glass scatters on the floor, echoing quietly against the pavement. Only four other mirrors surround you and Sam.

The two of you resume your fighting stance, back-to-back, eyes darting from mirror to mirror for anything that moves.

"Come on," Sam taunts quietly. "Come into this one."

You lick your bottom lip in anticipation, keen on watching the mirror in front of you. Your eyes catch something that moves--something that shouldn't be moving...

Your reflection.

It was moving on its own, tilting her head from side to side. You shake your head, trying to shake the image from your mind, but your reflection grins mischievously at you. You hear Sam gasp in pain and the clatter of his crowbar hitting the floor. You're about to kneel down to check on him, but a heat, like you've never felt before, scorches in your heart. You feel it more in your eyes, a warm liquid runs down your cheek which you know isn't tears.

Your reflection smirks upon your suffering. "You're one selfish bitch," she says as you claw at your heart. "Choosing your life over his own." Your reflection snarls, "You could have saved him. He would be alive right now if you'd made the right choice. But no, your life is more important, isn't it, Y/n? Is that why you ran away? To save yourself? Selfish, stupid, whore."

Her words are literally daggers to your heart. You grit your teeth as more blood flows from your eyes.

"No," you whimper. "Be quiet."

"He's dead because of you, Y/n. It's your fault," your reflection ignores your pleads.

"No," you cry, and using your agony as fuel, throw your flashlight at the mirror, breaking the glass and your reflection. You gasp as the pain slowly beings to subside, and look over to find Sam on his knees and his reflection taunting him just as yours did to you.

You scramble over to the mirror, grabbing the crowbar as you go. You push yourself up to your knees and swing the bar into the mirror, glass ricocheting into the air. You lean against the mirror, heaving in heavy breaths, and look over to Sam, Dean running into the scene.

"Sammy? Y/n?" he shouts, kneeling next to his baby brother. He grabs his face to inspect his injuries.

They must not have been that bad 'cause Sam still had enough to be snarky. "It's Sam," he replies, clearly drained from the previous events.

You laugh, but pain courses through your body, cutting your laughter short. You wince and place on your chest.

"God, Y/n, get over here," Dean sighs, noticing your bent over figure. He pulls your body close to his, observing the streaks of blood on your face. "Are you guys okay?" he asks, concerned.

"Yeah," Sam reassures. "Let's go."

Dean helps his brother up to his feet, slinging Sam's arm over his shoulder, then offers you his hand.
You take it and Dean pulls you up and into his side. He wraps an arm around your waist to help you stand.

"Come on," Dean says, taking a steady step forward bracing your's and Sammy's weight like it was nothing. You sigh with a smile. Dean always loved looking after you and Sam.

The three of you don't make it very far when you hear the glass crunching from behind you. You all stop and look over your shoulders. Dean's arm falls from your waist and Mary stands up and lurches slowly towards you and the boys.

The pain you felt before returns like it never even left. The pain becomes unbearable, and you're the first to crumple to the ground. Sam and Dean fall down a second later, Mary still staggering towards you. You inhale sharply and cower into a ball, hoping that it will somehow make the stabs in your chest go away.

Dean looks around the room, and thinking fast, reaches over you and grabs a mirror. He grunts in pain as he lifts the mirror over your body and balances it on his chest, forcing Mary to take a good look at herself.

Mary halts, tilting her head to examine her reflection.

"You killed them," a haunting voice hisses. "All those people! You killed them!" The voice echos through the store, sending chills down your spine. Mary starts to choke, blood now flowing from her eyes. Her body starts to morph into a blob, but you turn away before you can see the awful sight. Mary turns into shards of glass that scatter across the ground, jingling along the way.

To put an end to things, Dean throws the mirror into the pile of glass, sitting up. You wheeze as you prop yourself up on your arms; using your free hand, you wipe away the blood on your cheeks.

"Hey, guys," Dean says, his voice gruff and worn.

"Yeah?" Sam replies monotonously. You hum in acknowledgement.

"That's gotta be like what, 600 years of bad luck?" Dean asks, trying to make light of the situation.

You try to laugh, but wince at the pain that still hasn't subsided. "What's a few hundred years to my already generous supply?"

Dean shrugs, "Got me there, Sherlock."

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Charlie sighs as Dean parks in front of her house. "So this is really over?"

Dean looks over the front seat and nods. "Yeah, it's over."

"Thank you."

Charlie gives you a quick hug before climbing out of the backseat. As she walks down her driveway, you scoot over to the car door, and call out the window, "Hey, Charlie!" She turns around, a blank expression on her face. "Your boyfriend's death, you really should try to forgive yourself. No matter what you did, you probably couldn't have stopped it...Sometimes bad things just happen."

Charlie nods and attempts to give you a smile before walking away. As Dean pulls away, you look over at the youngest Winchester. "And you should, too, Sammy."
"I know," Sam agrees quietly, a gentle smile on his face. You had a feeling you and the young hunter were thinking the same thing, you just beat him to it.

Minutes of silence go by and you and the boys are back on the road. The peaceful silence doesn't last for long though because Dean's curiosity gets the best of him.

"Hey, Sam?"

"Yeah?"

"Now that this is all over, I want you to tell me what that secret is," Dean states. You lay on the seat in the back so the boys aren't able to see your face. You bite your bottom lip and worry if Dean knows that Mary went for you, too.

"Look...you're my brother," Sam says. "And I'd die for you. But there are some things I need to keep to myself." Sam's eyes look into the backseat from the rear-view mirror, expecting to see you sitting there to share a knowing look. Dean might not know what happened, but Sam was there when your reflection started attacking you.

You close your eyes and pretend to sleep, wistfully hoping that you'd actually be blessed with sleep. Dean's eyes drift to the backseat, pondering why your eyes were bleeding when he found you, too. He shakes his head; no, that question would have to be asked on another day. For now, he'd let you try to catch some Z's.

[END OF EPISODE 5 - BLOODY MARY]
"All right, I figure we'd hit Tucumcari by lunch, then head south, hit Bisbee by midnight," Dean says after he parks the impala by a gas pump. He notices that his brother is far more focused on his phone rather than what he is saying and sighs. "Sam wears women's underwear."

"I'm listening. I'm just busy," Sam replies over your scoff.

"Busy doing what?" you ask, peering over his shoulder at his phone.

"Reading e-mails."

Dean exits the impala, a confused expression on his face. "E-mails from who?"

"From my friends at Stanford," Sammy shouts out the window.

"You're kidding? You still keep in touch with your college buddies?" Dean jests.

"Why not?" Sam asks, disliking the tone of Dean's voice.

"Well..." Dean's quiet for a moment as he fills the car up with gas. "What exactly do you tell them, you know, about where you've been, what you've been doing?" Dean asks, leaning against the impala.

"I tell them I'm on a road trip with my big brother and best friend. I tell them I needed time off after Jess," Sam explains.

"So, you lie to them," Dean sums up with a smirk.

"No. I just don't tell them everything," Sam defends.

You sigh and shake your head. "Yeah that's still lying, Sammy."

"I mean, I get it. Telling them the truth is far worse," Dean agrees.

"So what am I supposed to do, Dean? Just cut everybody out of my life?" Sam challenges, expecting a certain answer. Dean shrugs, aka, not the response Sam was hoping for. "You're serious?"

"Look, it sucks," Dean agrees. "But in a job like this, you can't get close to people. Period."

"You're kind of antisocial. You know that?" Sam replies. Dean mumbles a whatever, then Sam looks over his shoulder at you. "Come on, Y/n. Back me up on this one."

You rub the back of your neck sheepishly. "I canceled my gym membership a month ago."
"So?"

"So no one gets suspicious when I don't show up like I normally do," you reply. "Look, I didn't have many friends to begin with. Well, none of which that were close enough to care about where I go. Well, except my neighbor, but that's besides the point. What I'm trying to say is your friends are going to start asking more and more questions, so you might as well kill the serpent before it hatches."

Sam shakes his head, mumbles something under this breath and resumes his attention back on his emails.

"God," he says after a moment.

"What?" Dean asks, leaning into the car window.

"This e-mail from this girl Rebecca Warren, one of those friends of mine," Sam replies, deleting the e-mails as he goes.

"Is she hot?" Dean cheekily asks. You roll your eyes and lean back in the seat.

Sam shoots his brother an annoyed look before explaining. "I went to school with her and her brother, Zach. She says Zach's been charged with murder. He's been arrested for killing his girlfriend. Rebecca says he didn't do it, but it sounds like the cops have a pretty good case."

"Dude, what kind of people are you hanging out with?" Dean asks.

"No, man. I know Zach. He's no killer," Sam retorts.

"Well, maybe you know Zach as well as he knows you," Dean counters.

"They're in St. Louis. We're going," Sam states.

Dean chuckles. "Look, I'm sorry about your buddy, okay? But this does not sound like our kind of problem," Dean says in a serious tone.

"It is our problem. They're my friends," Sam argues.

"St. Louis is 400 miles behind us, Sam," Dean replies, pointing with his finger to prove the point.

Then, Sam pulls his winning stunt: the puppy eyes, and suddenly, you're headed 400 miles back to St. Louis.

[REBECCA'S HOUSE - ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI]

The front door to Rebecca's house is opened by a blonde woman. She chuckles, "Oh, my god. Sam!"

"Well, if it isn't little Becky," Sam grins. You furrow your brow. Becky was about two to three inches taller than you; if she was little, what did that make you?

Dean notices your scrunched up face and leans over to whisper in your ear, "Midget."

You scoff and punch him in the arm.

"You know what you can do with that 'little Becky' crap," she replies, then pulls Sam into a hug.
"I got your e-mail," Sam says, as he and his friend break their embrace.

"I didn't think that you would come here," Becky admits.

"Dean—older brother," Dean introduces himself, taking a step in front of Sam. He shakes hands with Becky with a boyish grin.

"Hi."

You tap Sam's shoulder, prompting him to introduce you.

"Oh! Becky, this is Y/n," Sam says, stepping to the side for you to wave at her.

"Hello," you greet with a smile.

"Y/n, I've heard so much about you!" Becky unexpectedly wraps you in a hug. "It's so good to finally meet you."

"Uh, likewise," you say sheepishly. "All good things, I hope?"

"Of course! Though, Sam made it sound like you'd be even shorter," Becky mumbles.

You sigh and glare at the younger Winchester, a grin playing on his face.

Sam clears his throat. "We're here to help. Whatever we can do."

"Come in," Becky says, gesturing inside with her arms.

You follow the blonde inside, Becky leading you through the home. Dean's the last to enter and closes the door behind him.

"Nice place," he comments.

"It's my parents'. I was crashing here for the long weekend when everything happened," Becky explains. "I decided to take the semester off," she tells Sam. "I'm gonna stay until Zach's free."

"Where are your folks?" Sam asks.

"They live in Paris for half the year, so they're on their way home now for the trail. Do you guys want a beer or something?" Becky offers upon entering the kitchen.

Before Dean can say yes, Sam declines and cuts right to the chase. "So...tell us what happened."

"Well, um, Zach had came home, and he found Emily tied to a chair. And she was beaten up and bloody, and she wasn't breathing. And so he...called 911. And the police showed up and..." her voice breaks, "and they arrested him. But the thing is, the only way Zach could have killed Emily is if he was in two places at the same time.

"The police, they have a video. It's from the security tape across the street. And it shows Zach coming home at 10:30. Now, Emily was killed just after that, but I swear he was here with me, having a few beers until at least after midnight."

"You know, maybe we could see the crime scene--Zach's house," Sam prompts.

"We could," Dean agrees.
"Why? What could you do?" Becky asks, confused.

"Well, me, not much. But Dean's a cop," Sam says, coming up with a lie on the spot.

Dean chuckles as all eyes fall on him. "A detective, actually."

"Really? Where?" Becky inquires.

"Bisbee, Arizona," Dean says, the destination the three of you were originally headed for. "But I'm off duty now."

Becky tightly smiles, then turns away as doubts fill her mind. "I don't know. You guys, it's so nice to offer, but I just--I don't know."

"Beck, look. I know Zach didn't do this. Now, we have to find a way to prove he's innocent," Sam pushes.

"Okay. I'm gonna go get the keys," Becky says then walks out of the kitchen, leaving you and the boys to conspire.

Dean whistles as he walks around Sam. "Oh, yeah, man. You're a real straight shooter with your friends."

"Look. Zach and Becky need our help," Sam defends his lying.

"I just don't think this is our kind of problem," Dean says, his voice hushed.

"Two places at once? We've looked into less," Sam counters. You bite your bottom lip and lean on the kitchen island.

"Sam, you would've been a great lawyer," you mutter.

"Why's that?"

"Cause you always seem to win every argument."

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"You're sure this is okay?" Becky asks Dean as the four of you step out of the impala.

"Yeah," Dean reassures and places his hands on his hips. "I am an officer of the law."

You roll your eyes and follow the two across the street, Sam walking next to you. Becky unlocks the front door, her hands a bit hesitant. When the door opens, you're faced with a gory sight.

You duck under the yellow tape and enter the house. Blood stains the walls and furniture. Discarded papers on the coffee table, coated with blood. Whatever happened in here, wasn't pretty.

"Well, it sure wasn't the Masquerade," you mutter loud enough for Dean to hear you as the two of you walk around the scene.

"You're telling me," he agrees.

"Beck, do you want to wait outside?" Sam asks his friend.

Becky hesitates for a moment before shaking her head. "No, I want to help."
"Tell us what else the police said," Sam says, standing in the middle of the living room with Becky. You continue to look around the room for any signs that would indicate something paranormal, but fail to find anything. Except for the constant barking from the dog next door.

"Well...there was no sigh of a break in," Becky says. "They say that Emily let her attacker in. And the lawyers are already talking about a plea bargain." Becky sobs, the heaviness of the situation causing her to crumble.

"Look, Beck. If Zach didn't do this, it means someone else did. Any idea who?" Sam questions. You stare out the window at the dog, watching it growl and howl at the house.

Becky shakes her head, but then taps her chest. "Um, there was something. About a week before, somebody broke in here and stole some clothes--Zach's clothes. And the police, they don't think it's anything. I mean, we're not that far from downtown. I mean, sometimes people get robbed."

Becky walks over to you and sighs. "You know, that used to be the sweetest dog."

"What happened?" you ask her, glancing at her briefly.

"He just changed," Becky replies.

"Do you remember when?"

"I guess around the time of the murder," Becky says, watching the dog. You nod and excuse yourself, going to the kitchen to meet up with the boys. Sam examines a picture of him, Becky, and, who you assume, Zach, pinned on the fridge.

"Boys, get this. The neighbor's dog went psycho right around the time Zach's girlfriend was killed," you explain in a whisper. "Animals are believed to have a keen sense for the supernatural."

"Maybe Fido saw something," Dean agrees, raising his eyebrows.

"So you think maybe this is our kind of problem?" Sam asks his brother with a grin, proud that he was right.

"No. Probably not," Dean replies, unable to admit defeat. "But we should look at the security tape just to be sure."

"Yeah," Sam agrees with a grin.

"Yeah."

"Yeah," you add. The boys look at you funny, which you return with a shrug. "What? I like to feel included."

Becky walks over to the three of you, arms crossed over her chest.

"So the tape--the security footage? Think maybe your lawyers could get their hands on it?" Dean asks. "I just don't have that kind of jurisdiction."

"I've already got it. I didn't want to say something in front of the cop," Becky admits. Dean chuckles. "I, um, I stole it off the lawyer's desk. I just had to see it for myself."

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You sat in the corner of the couch next to Dean who sat on the armrest. Becky sat next to you while
Sam stood besides the couch, watching the TV intently.

"Here he comes," Becky says.

"22:04--that's just after 10:00," Dean observes. "You said time of death was about 10:30." You catch the camera flare as Zach looks into the camera and tense in your spot. You look over to Sam to see if he saw it too, but his neutral expression leaves you clueless.

"Our lawyers hired some kind of video expert," Becky replies. "He says the tape's authentic. It wasn't tampered with."

"Hey, Beck, can we take those beers now?" Sam asks.

"Oh, sure," Becky says, standing from the couch.

"Hey, uh...maybe sandwiches, too?" Sam suggests with a laugh.

Becky laughs. "What do you think this is, Hooters?" she jokes, and leaves the room.

"I wish," Dean mumbles, to which you slap his knee. "Owe," he groans, rubbing his leg. You shot him a knowing look and shake your head. "What is it?" Dean asks Sam as he walks over to his brother's side.

"Check this out," Sam says, rewinding the tape. He slows the recording down so Dean can't miss the flare coming from Zach's eyes.

"Maybe it's just a camera flare," Dean counters.

You scoff. "Really, Dean? You ever seen a camera flare like that?"

"You know, a lot of cultures believe that a photograph can catch the glimpse of a soul," Sam states.

"Right."

"Remember that dog that was freaking out? Maybe he saw this thing," Sam suggests. "Maybe this is some kind of dark double of Zach's--something that looks like him but isn't."

"Like a doppelganger," Dean says.

"That would sure explain how he was at two places at once," Sam agrees.

You search through all the lore you read during your childhood years, and even more so these past three years, trying to figure out what this thing was. Because you knew that it definitely was not some freak doppelganger coincidence.

[THE NEXT MORNING]

"All right, what are we doing here at 5:30 in the morning?" Dean barks, his grumpiness clear.

"I realized something," Sam says as you yawn, a bit drowsy yourself. "The videotape shows the killer going in but not coming out."

"So he came out the backdoor," Dean says, taking a sip of his coffee.

"Right, so there should be a trail to follow--a trail the police would never pursue," Sam explains.
"Cause they think the killer never left. They caught your friend Zach inside," you piece together. 
"Smart thinking, Sammy."

"I still don't know what we're doing here at 5:30 in the morning," Dean mumbles into his coffee cup.

"You know, I was doing some late night thinking myself," you say, standing next to a sewer drain, absently. "I was trying to figure out what this look-alike could be. The only things I came up with was a shapeshifter or a--" Before you finish your thought, you notice red on the pole next to you. "Guys, it's blood."

"Somebody had to have come this way."

"Maybe the trail ends. I don't see anything over here," Dean replies.

Before anyone can add anything more to the conversation, an ambulance drives past the three of you. You all share concerned looks, and follow the truck.

You emerge from the alley and notice a woman standing off to the side. "What happened?" you ask her, watching the police tape off the scene.

"He tried to kill his wife," the woman explains. "Tied her up and beat her."

"Really?" Sam asks.

"Yeah," the lady nods. "I used to see him going to work in the morning. He'd wave, say hello. He seemed like such a nice guy."

Your eyes follow the man being pushed into the police car. His hair was tousled, and his tie was uneven. It looked like he had a rough night.

You and the boys decide to split up, you and Sam looking for possible trails and Dean talking to more witnesses.

"Call me crazy, Sam, but maybe we're not looking in the right spots," you say after Sam opens the lid of a garbage can.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for one, I don't think the guy is Oscar the Grouch. And two, we have to think more...sneakily, right? I mean, this guy doesn't want to be seen so how would he get around?" you ask. 

Sam immediately looks to the sky, thinking that maybe the killer jumped from roof to roof, though, your eyes went to the ground.

"Hey!" Dean calls out. You and Sam turn around as Dean meets up with the two of you. 
"Remember when I said this wasn't our kind of problem?" You nod. "Definitely our kind of problem. I just talked to the patrolman who was first on the scene. He heard this guy Alex's story. Apparently the dude was driving home from a business trip when his wife was attacked."

"He was two places at once," Sam says.

"Exactly. Then he sees himself in the house. Police think he's a nutjob," Dean concludes.
"Two dark doubles attacking loved ones in exactly the same way," Sam murmurs.

"It could be the same thing doing it, too," you say. "Like a shapeshifter, which was what I was thinking about last night. It can change into anything it wants."

"Every culture in the world has shapeshifter lore," Dean agrees. "Legends of creatures who can transform themselves into other animals or men."

"Skinwalkers, werewolves," Sam adds.

"Right, and we've got two attacks within blocks from each other. I'm guessing we got a shifter problem in the neighborhood," you say. "Now, let me ask you this, in all the shapeshifter lore, can any of them fly?"

"No, not that I know of," Dean answers.

"Sam and I picked up a trail here. Someone ran out of the back of this building, headed off this way. Just like at Zach's house. So, I was thinking how could the killer get away without being noticed?" you say, taking slow steps into the alley.

"I thought he climbed up to the roofs at first," Sam says, the boys' heads following your every move.

"But why do that when you can take the easier, less physical way?" you ask, tapping your foot on the sewage drain lid.

Dean grins, "Well done, Sherlock."

You bow. "Only doing what I do best. Now help me move this lid."

The brothers come over to your side and remove the lid. You crawl down the pipe first and look around the dank insides.

"Man, am I glad these sewers are spacious," you mutter, lifting up your foot from the muck. Dean plops down next to you, adjusting his jacket. Sam climbs down the latter last, putting the cover back in it's spot. Dean walks down the expanse of the walkway and looks around the corner.

"I bet this runs right by Zach's house, too," Sam notes. "The shapeshifter could be using the sewer system to get around."

"I think your right," Dean says. "Look at this." You and Sam walk over to Dean and look at what he's talking about. Dean pulls out his switchblade and pokes at the skin colored glob on the floor.

"Ugggh," you groan in disgust.

"Is this from his victims?" Sam asks.

"You know, I just had a sick thought. When the shapeshifter changes shape, maybe it sheds," Dean says. He flings the skin off of his knife with a flick of his wrist, an appalled expression on his face.

"That is sick," Sam agrees.

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"Well, one thing I learned from Dad--" Dean says, popping the Impala's trunk, "no matter what kind of shapeshifter it is, there's one sure way to kill it."
"Silver bullet to the heart," Sam finishes.

"That's right."

Sam's phone rings and he excuses himself to answer it. You lean against the side of the impala and look over at Dean with a grin. "You know, I bet there's another way you can kill a shifter."

"Oh, yeah? By using what?" Dean challenges.

You pull out a silver knife from the backseat you kept with you at all times. "I bet just silver will cause a reaction."

"Well, obviously," Dean agrees, "but you want to get all close and personal to stab the thing with that?" Dean gestures at the knife you hold in your hands.

"Call it precaution," you reply.

Dean shakes his head, a smile playing on his lips, and closes the trunk. "Tell you what, if you kill the shifter with that thing, I'll let you drive Baby for a week."

"Really?" you face lights up, excited that you would actually be aloud to drive for once.

"No."

You cross your arms over your chest and pout, Dean grinning like a fat cat. You look over to the side and notice Sam pleading into the phone. He hangs up and leans on the hood of the impala, sighing.

Dean walks over to Sammy, and you push yourself off of the car.

"I hate to say it, but that's exactly what I'm talking about," Dean says, Sam keeps his head turned, avoiding his brother's eyes. "You lie to your friends because if they knew the real you they'd be freaked. It's just--it'd be easier if--"

"I was like you," Sam finishes his brother's thought.

"Hey, man, like it or not, we are not like other people," Dean replies with a smile. "But I'll tell you one thing--this whole gig..." Dean hands Sam a load pistol, "...it ain't without perks."

"Amen to that," you agree with a grin, hiding your knife in your jacket pocket.

Sam sighs and takes the gun from Dean, putting the weapon in his back of his pants then covering it with his jacket.

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"Shit," you growl, slapping your flashlight against your palm as you and the boys walk through the sewers.

Dean glances over his shoulder, his eyebrows furrowed. "What?"

"I think I broke my flashlight," you sigh, defeated. "During our last hunt, I threw it at a mirror. Turns out glass wasn't the only thing that came out of that fight broken."

"Okay, well, just stay close, all right?" Dean tells you. You nod and continue to follow him, Sam tailing close behind you.
And so the three of you trudge along, boots thumping gently on the damp floor. Every now and then, a rat would scurry off into the shadows, hiding from the flashlights' gleam. You travel the pipes for what seems like hours--your nose finally accommodated to the horrid smell of the sewage, so that's a plus.

You jump across a puddle, placing a hand on the wall to keep you from stumbling. You grimace at the grime on your hand and wipe it off on your thigh.

"You good?" Dean asks, letting Sam walk in front of him so he can check on you.

"Yeah, just grossed out," you reply, forcing a smile. Dean nods and you follow Sam. The youngest Winchester stops and looks down the expanse of the trail.

"I think we're close to its lair," Dean states, his flashlight catching a glob of skin on top of a pipe.

"Why do you say that?" Sam asks, oblivious to the disgusting sight around him.

"'Cause there's another puke-inducing pile next to your face."

Sam turns his head instantly and jumps back. He groans in distaste, "Oh, god."

"It looks like it lived here for a while," Dean observes, noticing the pile of clothes and shedded skin in a corner.

"Who knows how many murders he's gotten away with?" you mutter.

Sam turns around to face you and his brother, his flashlight illuminating the face of an unwanted visitor. "DEAN!" Sam cries as a warning.

Dean looks over his shoulder, but the shifter is quick to react and slams Dean against the wall. The imposter then runs away, knowing the paths of the sewer system like the back of... his not his hand.

You plop onto the floor next to Dean as Sam shoots a few rounds at the shifter. The bullets ricochet off the pipes making a clang noise for ever shot Sam misses.

Dean groans, gripping at his injured shoulder. You try to help him up, and ask him if he's okay. He nods, his teeth clench and barks orders as he stands to his feet. "Go get the son of a bitch!"

Sam takes off with you running close in tail, glimpsing over your shoulder to make sure that Dean is keeping up with the two of you. You all reach the ladder and find that the lid is already open.

Dean's the last one to climb out, struggling with his wounded shoulder, but shakes it off as he conceals his gun in his jacket pocket. You all look around wondering where the shifter could've gone. Multiple roads connect to the small central park the three of you ended up in, which meant the shapeshifter could be anywhere.

"All right. Let's split up," Sam states.

"All right, I'll meet you on the other side," Dean agrees, point to a building to meet up at.

The three of you exchange nods and run off in different directions. As you run, the silver dagger jabs into your side, comfortingly reminding you that you have a form of self-defense if needed. You come across a series of little shops and are shocked to see how many back alleys a little town can have.

You release a shaky breath you didn't realize you were holding and jog down one of the alleys. You don't know if it's in your favor or not, but there's no one in the alley. It's just you. You slow to stop,
the alley coming to an abrupt end, closed off with another apartment building.

Your eyes dart around the dead end consumed in darkness. Your gaze falls on the pavement, a sewer lid basking in the shadows. You gulp and look over your shoulder at the world that seems to be in a completely different reality.

You look back around and come face to face with the same paled-eye man from before. Your eyes widen in fear, your hands instinctively grabbing for the knife in your jacket pocket. The shifter grabs your wrist and throws you to the ground with such ease you feel like a rag doll. He looms over you, a twist smile on his face, and then knocks you out with a blow to the head.

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A dampness coats the backside of your legs and rear. Your breathing is shallow. Eyelids heavy. You cough and blink furiously, a pounding beating thunderously in your head. Your eyes adjust to the dark lighting and gaze around tiredly. Your arms hang uncomfortably at your side, wrists bound together with a thick rope around a rusting pipe.

You're in the sewers. The wonderful, marvelous sewer system the shifter used to attack you. You would've stayed in your daze even longer, but another odd revelation occurs to you as you try to regulate your breathing.

You're not wearing your shirt; no, you're wearing someone else's shirt. It's big on you, probably a man's t-shirt. But who's? And why... Why weren't you wearing your bra? You were wearing a rather uncomfortable one before (rogue underwire), so uncomfortable, in fact, that you're shocked you didn't notice its absence right away.

A sudden jerk at your foot temporarily distracts your mind from drift down old memory lane. You foot falls to the floor, now bare except for the thin sock that covers it, the boot now removed. Your once shallow breathing, quickens and turns into huffs as you stare at the person who took off your boot. The familiar face rips off your other boot and sets it off to the side as she removes your socks with easy.

"You are very small," she muses. "I hope I'll be able to drag your friends' bodies."

It was you. You were the one striping yourself of your clothing and redressing you with different ones. You wearing nothing but your t-shirt and jacket from earlier and a pair of boxer briefs. Only it couldn't be unless it was... the shapeshifter.

"Let go of me," you demand, your lip starting to quiver as you pull at your restraints.

"Where's all the fun in that?" she replies. "I've never been a woman before," she says as she crawls closer to you. "It's... different, but so much fun."

"Get off of me," you blubber, tears threatening to spill from your eyes. Memories of high school breaking the wall you spent so long building.

"I will, I just need to borrow your pants real quick," she says in a mocking, soothing tone.

<> Her fingers hook the belt loops of your pants and with a rough jerk yanks them of your bottom. Your underwear-clad rear hits the damp floor with a painful thud, pain erupting in your body. She continues to snake of your pants as you cry for her to stop.

"Please stop!" you plead, hot tears rolling down your cheeks. "Enough, Thomas, enough!" <>
She stares at your quizzically at the mention of the unknown name, your jeans clutched in her hands. She shrugs and slips into the jeans that fit her like a glove. She smiles to herself, ignoring the sobs coming from you as you scoot away from her and cower into the pipe. She puts on the socks and boots you had for only about a month and does a quick spin.

"How do I look?" she cheekily asks. She laughs at her own joke, and walks away. Leaving you sobbing as your haunting memories cloud your mind.

[NO ONE'S POV - BY THE IMPALA]

"Hey, guys!" Y/n calls out to Sam and Dean, slowing her jog to a walk. "You guys find anything?"

"No. He's gone," Sam replies, dropping his arms in defeat.

"Yeah, same here. Nothing but possible sewage drains he could've went down," Dean adds.

"Okay, let's get back to the car," Y/n says. Sam nods and jogs across the street with Y/n. Dean looks around once more before sighing and following his brother and best friend.

~~~

"You think he found another way underground?" Sam asks as the group approaches Baby.

"Probably," Y/n says with tilt of her head.

"Hey, Sam, you got the keys?" Dean asks his brother. He nods and pulls them out of his pocket but before he passes them to Dean, he pauses in thought.

"Hey, didn't dad once face a shifter in San Antonio?"

"Nah, that was Austin," Dean replies as Sam tosses him the keys, which Dean catches with his right arm. "And it wasn't a shifter, it was a thought form."

"Oh, yeah," Sam says, remembering.

Sam walks to the front of the car, Y/n hanging behind the trunk with Dean.

"You need something?" he asks her, glancing over his shoulder.

"No," she replies with a smile. Dean shrugs and goes back to unlocking the trunk. As it pops open, a blunt object hits the back of his head, knocking him out cold.

Sam turns around as the sound of Dean falling to the ground echos through the empty street. His eyes meet a raging Y/n, who quickly pounces on him and bashes his head into the side of the impala. Sam's world goes black.

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When Sam finally comes to, he finds himself tied up in the sewers. He assumes he's alone until, little ol' Y/n waltz right into his field of vision. She holds a hefty amount of rope with one arm, and shifts her weight on one leg, jutting her hip out. The two stare at each other for a moment before Y/n punches Sam in the face.

Sammy grunts in pain; quite shocked at the amount of force a tiny body like Y/n could pack. But then, he remembers all of the self-defense classes you took in your spare time, all the hunting training with his father, Bobby, and Dean, and your regular visits to the gym. The fact that you could throw a
good punch wasn't so shocking anymore. With the right technique, you didn't to be ripped to inflict pain.

Y/n saunters behind Sam, letting his mind think of what she's doing.

"Where are they?" Sam croaks, his voice hoarse and scratchy. "Where's Dean and Y/n?"

"I wouldn't worry about them," your imposter replies. "I'd worry about you." She carries a large duffel bag stuffed with weapons she stole from the back of the impala.

"Where are they?" Sam asks again, his voice sounding much better than the first time.

Y/n stops and looks down at Sam with dark eyes. "You don't really want to know." Sam glares at her, a hard look on his face. She chuckles. "I swear, the more I learn about you and this family of yours... I thought I came from a bad background." She walks over to a table and drops the duffel bag.

"What do you mean, learn?" Sam asks.

She picks up a long blade from the table, gazing at it with an unhealthy desire. She looks back at Sam, dropping the blade into the duffel bag. She suddenly grabs her head, almost like she experiencing one of her headaches, but she doesn't cry out in agony like she normally would.

She taps her temple and grunts. She covers her mouth, eyes glazed with pity, then turns to Sam. "Man, Y/n is one messed up kitty," she says, picking up the duffel bag and walking over to Sam. "Well, I'm one messed up kitty," she corrects herself, dropping the bag at Sam's feet.

"Do you know how many problems she has with you and your brother? Oh, boy. The constant complaining from Dean, wondering why you can go to college but he can't. The pestering from you, asking me to cover up for you before you left. The never ending request for me to edit one of your stupid essays even when I had my own to worry about! Do you know how selfish she thinks you are?"

"Where are they?" Sam demands once more.

"I'm right here," Y/n replies, leaning over Sammy. "As for your brother, forget him. You did before."

Y/n chuckles, narrowing her eyes on Sam's. "You see, deep down, I hate you and your family. All you Winchester's ever did was tear apart my home for your own benefit. And now, I have to face the consequences. I'm going insane; the nightmares, the headaches and ringing in my ears, my dead family!

"And now, Dean's gone and dragged me into this life. Do you know how painful it is for me to watch him flirt with every single girl we seem to run into? Do you?! And that's not all, I have to clean up even more of your messes. Like Becky. We can't leave her all upset can we Sam? I think Dean's going to pay her a little visit. Enjoy your stay!" Y/n runs off behind Sam.

Sam hears her footsteps come to a stop, followed by the sound of clothes falling to the floor. Cracking bones echo through the sewers along with thumps and popping noises. Sam hears a deep breathing, one that sounds more like his brother rather than Y/n, paired with more thuds and thumps.

"Bye, Sammy!" his "brother" calls out, running out the sewers.
Sam pulls against the his restraints, twisting and turning every which way. He grunts as the rope rubs into his skin, leaving a burn for sure. Distant thudding comes from behind him followed by a cough.

"That better be you Sammy and not that freak of nature," Dean calls out.

Sam chuckles, "Yeah, it's me. He went to Rebecca's. Looking like you." Sam kicks the cover off of him and sighs.

"Well, he's not stupid," Dean says. "He picked the handsome one."

Sam glares back at his brother, then shrugs off his comment. "Yeah, that's the thing. When he was Y/n, he didn't just look like her. He was her," Sam explains as he pulls the rope against the pipe to break free. Dean snaps the rope with a quick rub and tear. "Or he was becoming her."

"What do you mean?" Dean asks, untying the ropes around his waist and legs.

"I don't know. It was like he was downloading her thoughts and memories," Sam replies.

"You mean like the Vulcan Mind-meld?"

"Yeah, something like that," Sam replies. "I mean, maybe that's why he didn't just kill us."

Dean sighs as he stands up from his uncomfortable position, dusting his hands off on his bare legs. "Maybe he needs to keep us alive--a psychic connection," Dean ponders as he walks over to his brother.

"Hands."

"Yeah." Dean starts untying Sam's restraints and looks around the dank chamber. He notices a pile of familiar clothes, your clothes, his heart dropping. "Sam where's Y/n?" Dean asks, his movements becoming more urgent.

"I don't know, he or she wouldn't tell me," Sam replies.

"Well, come on," Dean says, breaking the last of the ropes, and walking over to your clothes and shoes and picking them up. "Let's go find her."

"Hold on. Dean the only thing you're wearing are pants and a pair of shoes," Sam points out.

"Yeah, I'm not having a great night, Sammy!" Dean grumbles, rushing out the chamber and calling out your name.

Your nose sniffs as you hear distant shouts echo through the sewers. You're afraid it's the shifter, but you don't let your doubts get the best of you as you cry out for the boys.

"DEAN! SAM!" you cry, your body shaking from the cold you must've picked up from sitting in the filthy sewage.

Booming footsteps enter the room. You sigh gratefully recognizing the familiar faces. "Oh, thank god. Dean, what the hell happened to you?" you ask, noting his rather scarce apparel.

"I could ask you the same thing," Dean replies. He lifts his hand that hold your clothes in them. "Wanna make a trade?"
You nod and shake your arm. "A little help first?" Sam rushes over to your side and unties the ropes. You self-consciously stand up, making sure the t-shirt covers the good bits and doesn't stick anywhere. Dean hands you your clothes. You quietly thank him and wait for the boys to turn around. When they don't do anything, you clear your throat and make a circular motion with your finger.

Sam mouths a sorry and turns around immediately, while Dean, on the other hand, gives you a playful pout and reluctantly faces the other direction.

"So tell me what happened," you prompt, trying to fill the silence with conversation as you get dressed.

"Well, the shifter was you. And then he...she...managed to knock both of us out and drag us down here only to tie us up," Sam explains. "I'm pretty sure the fake you stole some of the weapons from the trunk. By the way, Y/n, you can sure throw a punch."

You adjust your shirt and sigh contentedly, glad you're back in your own clothes again. "Well, thank you, Sammy. I'm flattered," you reply, placing a hand on his shoulder to let him know it's okay to turn around. You hand Dean the shirt you were wearing and cross your arms over your chest.

You try to avert your eyes from Dean's toned body as he slips into the shirt, but it's so damn hard when he's standing just feet away from you. You blink, snapping yourself back to focus on the issue at hand. "Do you guys know where the shifter went?"

"Yeah. He went to Rebecca's house looking like me," Dean replies, waving for you and Sam to follow behind him.

"We better hurry before he kills her," Sam notes.

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"Come on!" Sam grunts as he squeezes through the pipe. "We got to find a phone, call the police."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. You're gonna put an APB out on me" Dean says, pointing out the biggest flaw in the plan as he also struggles to climb out of the pipe.

You pop right out of the pipe, blessed with your shorter and smaller stature.

"Sorry," Sam replies, shrugging his shoulders. A police siren goes off to your right earning the three of our's attention.

"This way," Dean nods to the left and the three of you jog down the alley.

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You and the boys stand outside the window of a store that displays tens of tiny TVs broadcasting the local news station.

"An anonymous tip led police to a home in the central west end, where a SWAT team discovered a local woman bound and gagged. Her attacker, a white male, approximately 24 to 30 years of age, was discovered hiding in the home," the news anchor reports. "Shots were fired."

The rough sketch of Dean sends shivers down your spine. It looks almost exactly like him, and standing out in the open like this was definitely not a good idea. Sam looks around the three of you worriedly, hoping no one notices the obvious resemblance.
“Man,” Dean says exasperatedly, "it's not even a good picture."

You place a hand on Dean's forearm, "But it's good enough. We need to get you out of here before anyone makes the connection."

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As you and the boys turn a corner to go down an alley, Dean steps into a large puddle you and Sam swiftly avoided.

"Aw, come on!" Dean grumbles, clearly having a rough night.

"They said attempted murder," You recall, trying to find the silver lining in this situation.

"I didn't kill her," Dean snaps as he stomps down the alley.

"I'll check on Rebecca in the morning to see if she's all right," Sam says.

"All right, but first I want to find the handsome devil and kick the holy crap out of him," Dean states.

"We have no weapons. No silver bullets," Sam counters.

"Actually," you say, patting your coat pocket only to find it empty, "never mind..."

"Sam, the guy's walking around with my face, okay? It's a little personal. I want to find him," Dean replies, stopping even to prove his point.

Sam nods slowly. "Okay. Where do we look?"

"We could start with the sewers."

"We have no weapons," Sam repeats. "He stole our guns. We need more."

You pause in thought. "The car?"

"I'm betting he drove over to Rebecca's," Dean pitches.

"The news said he fled on foot. I bet the car is still there," you add with a nod.

Dean clenches his fist. "Oh, the thought of him driving my car."

"Aw, come on," Sam replies, rolling his eyes at his brother's behavior.

"It's killing me!" Dean adds, to which you smirk.

"Let it go," Sam orders, and the three of you continue your way down the alley.

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You jog down the dark street and turn the corner, slowing your pace to a stop.

Dean sighs at the sight of the impala. "Finally, something went right tonight."

Before you and the boys can get close to the car, police sirens scream at you, a car skidding to a stop next to Baby.
"Ah, crap," Dean mutters as the three of you retreat back into the alley way, only to find a cop car blocking the exit. "This way! This way!"

Dean and Sam run across the street to a huge fence you know they can easily jump over. You glance at the cops, biting your bottom lip. "You guys go, I'll hold them off," you tell the boys.

"What?! No way!" Dean shouts at you. "They'll arrest you!"

"They can't hold me," you reply. "Just go. Sam, keep Dean out of sight! I'll meet you guys at Rebecca's."

The boys pull their lips into a thin line, clearly not liking the fact that they're leaving you alone with cops, but turn tail and hurdle the fence. As they're about to jump down to the other side, you call out to them. "And boys, be safe!"

They wave off your worry, and you don't even bother telling them to stay out of the sewers. Guns cock as two officers approach you.

"Don't move!" they warn you, their pistols aimed at your head. "Keep your hands where I can see 'em!"

You raise your hands and sigh. This was not how you wanted your night to end.

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The officers held you for questioning only for only two hours, asking if you saw anything, what you were doing, and if you had any relation to this Dean Winchester. Of course you said no, and answered their questions as best you could while coming off as a scared innocent passerby.

Once they released you, you walked back over to Rebecca's where the boys would hopefully be. Unfortunately you weren't, but that gave you time to clear up the huge misunderstanding the shifter created and explain to her what was really going on. She reacted...well, she didn't really react at all. She just took what you had to say with sarcasm, nothing like the shaken Becky you meet before.

"So say this shapeshifter is real. By the way, you know you're crazy. But, um, say it is real," Becky says as she walks behind you, you sitting on the couch. "How do you stop it?"

She hands you a beer, which you take and thank her. "Uh, silver bullet to the heart. Why?"

She ignores you and mutters under her breath, "You are crazy." She slams a beer bottle against you head, sending you unconscious.

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You wake up with a grunt as your body is tossed to the floor. You rest your back against the side of the couch and avoid looking at the shifter that now looks like Dean.

"What are you going to do to me?" you ask him, wiggling your wrists in the roped knot.

"I'm not gonna do anything," he replies, his voice Dean's. "Dean will, though."

"They'll never catch him," you threaten.

"Oh, doesn't matter," he says as he rummages through Rebecca's kitchen drawers. "Murder in the first of his own girlfriend. He'll be hunted for the rest of his life." You wince, choosing to ignore his choice of words, and knowing that he's right. Dean would have the cops on his ass until the end of
"It's going to be mighty hard killing you," he comments as his eyes bore into your's. "Killing the love of his life." You squeeze your eyes shut. He's just saying that because that's his theme, his quota, you tell yourself, ignoring the aching in your heart. The shapeshifter chuckles, "But it's nothing I haven't already done before. If only I didn't have such a connection with you," the shifter mumbles, dragging a thumb down your cheek.

"What do you mean?" you ask him, finally looking at his eyes which flicker to the pale white.

"I think you already know what I mean. I knew your thoughts and past while I was you," he replies. You bite your bottom lip, having forgotten that little fact in the chaos of the night. "And damn, you are one pathetic chick."

You growl, and spit in the shifter's face. He sits back, wiping the spit from his eyes and glares at you. He grabs your shoulders and throws you to the ground next to the pool table. You grunt as your body thuds against the floor painfully.

"I'd behave yourself if I was you, you stupid bitch," he threatens and walks over to the bar. You swallow to keep yourself from saying something witty, and turn so that you lay on your back.

"I must say," the shifter says, pouring himself a glass of whiskey, "I will be sorry to lose his skin. Your boyfriend's got a lot of good qualities. You and his brother should appreciate him more than you do."

He stabs a large kitchen knife into the pool table, trying to scare you in someway. You stare at the ceiling and wait for him to look away. You muster up all your strength and kick your legs into his shins causing him to fall to the ground and giving you enough time to cut yourself loose form the ropes.

You rub the ropes against the blade, snapping the rope off of your wrists. You yank the knife from the table just as the shifter gets back to his feet. You cry out like a viking going into battle and pounce on the shifter. He catches you in the air and throws you into the wall.

"Oh, you son of a bitch," he mutters Dean's catch phrase, stomping over to you as you adjust your grip on the knife.

You swing your leg at his ankles, sending him to the ground once more. You crawl on top of him and raise the knife above your head, ready to stab his chest. As you bring down the knife, he grabs your wrist and twists it painfully, making your drop the knife at the side of his head. He punches you, his fist splitting the skin above your right eyebrow, and then pushes you off of him and into the leg of the pool table, hitting your head against the wood.

You shake your head and try to get to your feet. Dean lunges at you, but you dodge out of the way, readying yourself for his next attack. He faces at you with a scowl and you kick him in the stomach.

He stumbles back, clutching at his bruised stomach. You dart behind him and pick up the knife that was discarded on the floor. You jump onto the shifter's back and stab his left shoulder with no hesitation. He screams in pain falling towards the couch to recover.

"You might look like Dean but you sure don't fight like him!" you shout at him.
"Are you sure about that, babe?" he snarls, pulling the knife out of his shoulder. He turns around and falls onto the back of the couch, your back taking in force. You cry out in pain as you release your grip on him and try to claw at your lower back. He lifts you up and jumps over the couch onto the glass coffee table, your body, again, taking the hit.

He grabs your neck and stares at you with a wicked smile. "Is this Dean enough for you!??"

You grit your teeth as your eyesight starts to spot with dark dots. You claw at his arms, but they stay locked on your neck.

Just as your vision gives way, you hear, "Hey!"

The shifter's once iron grip loosens and then he stands up, staring at the man he impersonates. Then you hear two guns shots, followed by a loud thud as the shifter's body hits the wall. A picture falls from the wall and shatters next to him.

You prop yourself on one arm and look at the dead body, wincing in pain as you do. A line a blood trails from the corner of his mouth, and blood stains the gun shot wounds and stab wound.

Sam rushes over to your side, cradling your head in his lap as he kneels next to you. Dean approaches his doppelganger slowly, crouching beside him to get a closer look. He looks at you and Sam, the three of you sharing the same blank expressions. It's creepy to say the least, to see double Dean's.

Dean yanks his precious necklace off the shifter's neck and puts into his jacket pocket, taking back what is rightfully his.

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"Here, lemme help," you say, noticing Dean's struggle to put on his necklace.

"No, I've got it, I just--"

"Just shut up and give me the necklace, Dean," you cut him off from further protests and stick out your awaiting hand.

He sighs and drops the necklace in your hand and turns around. You carefully bring the necklace around his neck and start to tie a secure knot. The words the shifter said to you the other night swarms in your mind, but you're afraid to bring it up. What if he really was just saying that because it's his theme or to get under your skin? Like he said, he knew your thoughts, so he obviously knew of the wee crush you have on the green eyed Winchester.

You finish tying the knot, and clear your throat (and mind). Dean turns back around and mumbles a thank you. You give him a smile and lean against the Impala as the two of you wait for Sam to come back outside. Dean pulls out a map and starts figuring out where the three of you will go next. You watch Sam and Becky stand on the patio, deep in conversation.

"Dean," you say. Dean hums in acknowledgement. "When the shifter turned into me and taking my clothes...it, ah... it brought back a few memories," you confess, wiping away a tear before it can fall down your cheek.

Dean's head snaps in your direction, his eyes clouded with hatred and worry. "The night of the party?"

You nod, taking a deep breath. "He, she...it acted just like T-Thomas," you sputter, not wanting to
go into detail.

Dean wraps you in a hug with his strong arms, pulling you into his chest. "You're safe now. I've got you." Dean says comfortingly. "I should've killed that f*cker when I had the chance," he whispers. "God, I wish I was there to protect you. I should've been there."

"No, it's okay," you reassure him, patting his back. "It just shook me up a little. Don't beat yourself up over it."

Dean gazes down at you with a sad smile. "I can't make any promises, but I'll try."

"Thank you," you reply quietly, breaking the embrace. You lean back on the impala as Becky and Sam say their goodbyes.

Rebecca smiles tightly, then waves bye to you and Dean. Return her wave, lifting your hand. Sam sighs and walks over to you and Dean as Becky closes the door.

"So what about your friend Zach?" Dean asks.

"The cops are blaming this Dean Winchester guy for Emily's murder," Sam explains as Dean opens the driver seat's door. "Found the murder weapon in the guy's lair, Zach's clothes stained with her blood. Now they're thinking maybe the surveillance tape was tampered with. Yeah, Becca says Zach will be released soon."

~~~

After driving around in the car for a while, Dean chooses to break the silence.

"Sorry, man," he says to Sammy.

"About what?"

"I really wish things could be different, you know? I wish you could just be Joe college," Dean adds.

"Ah, it's okay," Sam replies, brushing off the apology. "You know, truth is, even at Stanford, deep down, I never really fit in," Sam admits.

"Well, that's 'cause you're a freak," Dean replies.

"Yeah, thanks," Sam says with a smile.

"Don't worry, Sammy. I'm a freak, too," you jump in, leaning over the front seat.

"We all are," Dean agrees. "And I'm right there with you all the way."

Sam chuckles. "Yeah, I know you are."

Dean pauses, thinking to himself. "You know, I gotta say, I'm sorry I'm gonna miss it."

"Miss what?" Sam asks.

Dean looks at his brother with a grin. "How many chances am I gonna have to see my own funeral?"

You sigh, "And how many chances am I going to have to get away with kicking your ass? Oh, wait. I already do."
"Oh, shut up," Dean snaps, shaking his head and trying to stop himself from grinning. The three of you exchange glances then erupt in laughter.

It moments like these that makes hunting all worth while. Spending time with your boys. No two days ever the same. Just the way you like it.

[END OF EPISODE 6 - SKIN]
"Your, ah, half-calf venti vanilla latte is getting cold over here, Francis," Dean pokes at Sammy as Sam walks back over to the small metal table the three of you claimed outside the coffee shop. You take a sip of your own latte with a smile, glad that Dean offered to browse the web for a while. You didn't sleep much on the during the ride (trouble getting comfy in the backseat) and could barely keep your eyes open.

"Bite me," Sam quips, taking a seat in the chair to your right.

"Anything?" you ask the youngest Winchester from behind your cup of coffee. There's a buzzing in your head, thoughts and doubts stirring in your mind from what you heard on the last hunt. You squeeze your eyes shut as you take a sip of the warm coffee.

"I had them check the FBI's missing-persons databank. No 'John Does' fitting Dad's description," Sam replies. "I even ran his plates for traffic violations."

"Sam, I'm telling you, I don't think Dad wants to be found," Dean says, voice neutral. "Check this out." Dean turns the laptop for you and Sam to look at the screen. Leaning forward, you immediately start skimming through the article, picking out bits of information. "News item out of Plains Courier, Ankeny, Iowa. It's about 100 miles from here."

"Mutilated body was found near the victim's car parked on a 9 Mile Road," you read.

"Keep reading," Dean tells you, taking a drink from his coffee.

"Authorities are unable to provide a realistic description of the killer. The sole eyewitness, whose name has been withheld, is quoted as saying the attacker was invisible," you finish and lean back in your chair.

"Could be something interesting," Dean prompts.

"It could be nothing at all," Sam retorts. "One witness who didn't see anything," Sammy says, gesturing at the laptop, "doesn't mean it's the invisible man."

"But what if it is? Dad would check it out," Dean says, pulling the Dad card. And with that said, you and the boys found yourselves driving to Ankeny, Iowa.~~~

After hours of driving, Dean decides to finally take a pit stop. You were starving, so you and Sam
entered the small gas station while Dean waited outside filling up the tank. You and the giant Winchester ample through the aisles, looking for anything that looks appealing. You grab a bag of cookies that would probably be stale with a shrug.

"Grab those pretzels," you say, nodding towards the shelf. Sam grabs the blue bag and takes a step towards the front of the station. You grab his arm, stopping him in his tracks. He turns to you, a confused expression on his face. Your eyes dart outside, making sure that Dean is still by the pump.

You sigh and let go of Sam's arm, and take a step closer to him. "When I was alone with the shifter, I--uh--I heard some things," you whisper. "But you gotta promise me that this stays between you and me."

"Of course," Sam replies with a nod.

You exhale through your nose and look up at Sam. "The shifter called me Dean's love of his life."

Sam covers his mouth his his hand, muffling a laugh. "That's what you're all worked up about?"

"Uh, yeah!" you hiss, slapping his arm. "It's not funny," you pout, crossing your arms and sticking out your bottom lip. "I feel like a teenager again, over analyzing tiny gestures 'n shit."

"You're not over analyzing, Y/n," Sam reassures you. "I already told you Dean likes you."

You roll your eyes. "That's just because you want us to be together."

"No, that's not."

You raise a hand, stopping Sam. "I don't want to hear it. If it was going to happen, it would have happened already," you say pessimistically.

"Y/n."

"No, Sam. Just stop, okay?" You sigh and calm yourself before you take out your frustration on Sammy. He just wants you and his brother to be happy, and in his mind, that means the two of you need to be a couple. You suddenly feel very guilty for being rude to Sam.

You give him a smile, one that he reads as sad. "When John comes back, he's going to send me back home, and my life will go back to the way it was. I'll go back to volunteering at the library and subbing for teachers; researching here and there whenever you guys need help. And you know what? I'm okay with that."

Sam frowns, knowing there is no way he could possibly sway your mind at the moment. You walk down the aisle, Sam in tow, and grab a piece of pie.

[ANKENY, IOWA - SOME FRAT HOUSE]

You groan from the backseat. "Guys, I can't go in there. Isn't there like some 'law' that states no girls allowed?"

Dean shrugs. "Sammy and I can handle it. Why don't you talk to them?" Dean nods towards the group of college students working under the hood of a car.

"Fine," you sigh as the three of you exit the impala.

"One more time, why are we here?" Sam whispers to Dean, seemingly uncomfortable with his surroundings.
"'Cause the victim lived here," Dean replies. A boy rolls out from under the car to look at you and the Winchesters. "Nice wheels," Dean comments. The boys working on the car merely stares at him, waiting for him to leave them alone. "We're your fraternity brothers from Ohio," Dean lies. One of the boys stands up straight, his eyes falling on you. "We're new in town--transfers. Looking for a place to stay."

"Who's the girl?" the boy asks, nodding in your direction.

"Just a friend," you reply, leaning on the hood of the impala. "I've got plans, so if one of you could tell these boys where the room is, that would be great," you add with a tight smile. Like Sam, the college scenery felt...weird to say the least. It was something from your past, and not a good something. You shift your weight and look down the street, sucking on your bottom lip.

"Yeah, sure. Follow me," one of the boys says, waving for the Winchesters to follow him. The brothers shoot you one last look before entering the frat house, leaving you and the two other boys alone.

"So," the boy leaning over the hood starts, taking a bite of the banana he holds, "know anything about cars?"

By the time Sam and Dean walk back out of the fraternity house, you and the students they left you with are sharing a laugh. You point to something under the hood, the fraternity brother face palms and thanks you. You look up and smile at the Winchesters, waving at them as they join you and your new friends.

"Ready to go?" Dean asks with a tight, annoyed smile.

"Yeah," you say, breathy. "Call me if you guys have anymore car trouble. Bye, Jason, Todd," you wave over your shoulder and walk back over to the impala, hoping into the back seat.

"Uh, Y/n, what was that?" Sam asks as he ducks into the passenger seat.

"What was what?" you reply innocently.

"You gave them your number," Dean expands, his voice gruff.

"Well, yeah. In case they hear anything, ya know?" you explain, seeing no wrong in your actions. "I have a feeling we're going to be talking to them again. See," you tap your temple, "I'm always working boys." You stretch your arms, "Anyways, where to next?"

[ST. BARNABA'S CHURCH]

"Please be quit going in. We don't want to disrupt the peaceful service," you remind the boys, particularly Dean, before opening in the door.

"Sweetheart, Stealthy is my middle name," Dean says cooly with a confident smile.

"No," you quip, "it's Moron."

Dean raises a hand to his heart, a faux pained expression on his face. "Y/n, you hurt me."

You roll your eyes and push open the church doors with care.

"...We should reflect on what this tragedy means to us as a church," the reverend says. Sam enters
the church last, the door slamming behind him. You wince and shoot him a glare as the reverend pauses his sermon. You gesture angrily at Sam, then lead the boys to the open row in the back. Most of the church goers turn to glare at you and the boys, your cheeks burning from embarrassment.

Sam catches the eye of a girl sitting in the front row and offers her a smile. The reverend continues, "...as a community, and as a family. The loss of a young person is particularly tragic. A life unlived is the saddest of passings. So, please, let us pray for peace, for guidance, and for the power to protect our children."

You bow your head and clasp your hands, mind blank as the church falls silent in prayer. Dean continues to stare straight ahead, paying no mind to the lowered heads. Sam elbows his brother, jolting Dean to attention and causing him to follow in suit with everybody else.

[AFTER MASS]

"Are you Lori?" Sam asks the brunette in a green vest.

She turns around, startled but quickly composes herself. Normally after mass, the regular attendees would approach her and make small talk, but ever since the incident, Lori has been rather jumpy. "Yeah."

"My name is Sam. This is my brother, Dean, and our friend, Y/n," Sam introduces the three of you. You give her a small wave paired with a smile. "We just transferred here to the university."

"I saw you inside," Lori says, smiling and nodding in recognition.

"We don't want to bother you. We heard about what happened," Sam says gently, causing Lori's smile to falter.

"I kind of know what you're going through," Sam adds. "I--I saw someone get hurt once. It's something you don't forget."

You suck in a quiet breath, You couldn't be more right, Sammy.

The reverend then walks up from behind Lori, placing a comforting hand on the small of her back. "Dad, this is Sam, Dean and Y/n. They're new students," Lori says.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, sir," Dean says, sticking out a hand to shake the reverend's. The man takes Dean's hand with a smile as Dean continues to flatter him. "I must say that was an inspiring sermon."

"Thank you very much," he says. "It's so nice to find young people who are open to the Lord's message."

You chuckle and quickly come up with a plan to give Sam some alone time with Lori. "Actually, we're new in town and we're looking for a new church group," you say, waving for the reverend to follow you. You grab Dean's hand to further your act. "Hopefully something for young couples?" you add sheepishly. Dean raises his eyebrows momentarily, before going along with the act, plastering a huge grin on his face.

"Oh, of course! We actually hold a young couples ministry on Thursday nights," the reverend says.

"Really? That's great, really great. Uh, what do you go over in group?" Dean asks, stalling for time.
He lets go of your hand, slinging his arm over your shoulder and pulling you into his side comfortably.

"We talk about communication, love, trust, readying the couple for marriage, how to include God in relationship--essentially, it's all about ready the couple for their life together in Christ," the reverend explains. A person calls out to the reverend, waving him over. "If you two would excuse me. I hope to see you at the meeting on Thursday!"

"Oh, we'll be there!" you call out as he leaves you and Dean. You sigh and drape your arm around Dean's waist.

Dean gazes down at you, a smirk beaming on his face. "So, now we're a couple, huh?"

"You wish, Winchester," you reply smugly, briefly looking up at him to give him a smile. The shifter's words reply over and over in the back of your mind. People go on with their day all around you, bidding their friends goodbye before they head to their next destination. To you, they work. They work as a pleasant distraction from your own internal problems.

But you can only avoid your feelings for long.

[AT THE LOCAL LIBRARY]

"And you believe her?" Dean asks his brother as the three of you walk to the back of the library.

"I do," Sammy replies.

"Yeah? I think she's hot, too," Dean prods, thinking that's the only reason why Sam believes her.

"No, man, there's something in her eyes," Sam adds as he turns down an aisle. "And listen to this. She heard scratching on the roof and found the bloody body suspended upside down over the car."

"Bloody body suspend? That sounds like--" Dean starts.

You finish his thought, "the Hookman legend."

"That's one of the most famous urban legends ever," Dean points out. "You don't think that we're dealing with the Hookman."

"Every urban legend has a source, a place where it all began," Sam replies.

"What about the scratches and the tire punctures and the invisible killer?"

"Maybe the Hookman isn't a man at all," you muse. "What if it's some kind of spirit?"

The librarian places a large cardboard box on the table in front of you and the boys. You sit on one side of the table, while the brothers sit on the other side. "Here you go," the librarian says, sliding the box to the middle of the table. "Arrest records going back to 1851," she rattles off, dropping another box on the table.

You give her a smile as Dean coughs from the new layer of dust in the air. "Thank you."

Sam runs a hand over the lid of one of the boxes, sending dust into the air. "So, this is how you spent four good years of your life, huh?" Dean asks.
"Welcome to higher education," Sam replies.

Pull out a thick stack of records from the box, a frown on your face. "I remember the medical records I studied being in much better condition than this," you mumble, flipping open a file.

"You're lucky then," Sam comments with a nostalgic smile.

"Hey, check this out," Sam calls to you and Dean. He stands behind a mid-shelf filled with encyclopedias. You look up from the record you're reading, giving him your full attention. Dean gets up from his seat and looks over his brother's shoulder. "1862--a preacher named Jacob Karns was arrested for murder. He was so angry over the red-light district in town that one night he killed 13 prostitutes. Some of the deceased were found in their beds, sheets soaked with blood, others suspended upside down from the limbs of trees as a warning against sins of the flesh."

"Get this--the murder weapon?" Dean looks at a illustrated picture of the killer and his weapon of choice, "Looks like the preacher lost his hand in an accident, and replaced it with a silver hook." Dean's eyes dart to you as you raise your eyebrows, everything falling into place.

"Look where all this happened," Sam says.

"9 Mile Road," Dean reads.

"Same place where the frat boy was killed," you connect. You lean back in your seat, dragging your hand down your face. You exhale, the corners of your mouth turning up. Looks like this case was coming to a close.

"Nice job, Dr. Venkman," Dean compliments his brother. "Let's check it out."

~~~

You and the boys wait till dark to head out. The tires rumble against the dirt road as Dean eases the car to a stop. Sam shines the flashlight he attached to the widow, its beam cutting through the darkness. Sam turns it off as Dean turns off the engine and exits the car.

You get out of the car last, walking to the front of the car instead of the back as Dean opens the trunk. Trees surround the car, casting ghastly shadows over the clearing.

"If it is a spirit, buckshot won't do much good," Sam points out, grabbing the shotgun from Dean.

Dean rummages through the trunk, then pulls out some bullets. "Yeah, rock salt," Dean replies, handing Sam the rounds.

"Hmm. Salt being a spirit deterrent," Sam says.

"Yeah," Dean grunts as he grabs some rope and flashlights. "It won't kill 'em, but it'll slow 'em down."

"That's pretty good. You and Dad think of this?" Sam asks as he and Dean walk over to the front of the car.

"I told you you don't have to graduate from college to be a genius," Dean replies, a proud grin on his face.

Wood snaps from inside the dense forest. Sam raises the gun, looking into the trees.
"Over there, over there," he whispers to himself. You shake your arms and ready yourself for the approaching monster.

"Put the gun down now! Now!" an officer jumps into the clearing, aiming a pistol at the three of you. "Hands behind your head!"

"Goddammit," you curse under your breath.

"Wait, wait, wait! Okay, okay," Dean tries to calm the angry officer, dropping his supplies to the ground.

"Get down on your knees! Come on, do it!" the officer barks. You slowly go down to the ground, grumbling as you do. "On your knees! Get down on your bellies! Come on, do it!"

"He had the gun," Dean grumbles, as he lays on the ground, hands behind his head, Sam doing the same.

"I didn't even do anything!" you whine, a stray rock jutting into your knee.

"Quit complaining and get on the ground!"

~~~

"Saved your ass!" Dean boasts, stressing each word, as the three of you leave the police station. "Talked the sheriff down to a fine, dude. I'm Matlock."

"But how?"

"I told him you were a dumb-ass pledge and that we were hazing you," Dean chuckles to himself. You cross your arms, not finding the situation the least bit amusing.

"What about the shotgun? And Y/n?" Sam asks.

"I said that you were hunting ghosts and that spirits are repelled by rock salt. It was going to be recorded by our lovely cameraman, Y/n, for our website," Dean explains. "You know, typical hell-week prank."

"And he believed you?" Sam asks, doubtfully.

"Well, you look like a dumb-ass pledge," Dean comments.

You scoff and shake your head. "You guys realize that's the second cop scare we had in what--a week?" you point out in a concerned tone. "We're going to have to start acting more careful."

"Nah, it's just bad luck," Dean replies, brushing off your concern.

Just then, officers sprint out of the station and jump into their cars. The tires screech against the pavement as they bolt off, sirens wailing. Your eyes narrow as they cars zip down the road. You and the boys exchange curious looks, something about the situation screaming Hookman.

~~~

The scene was heart wrenching. Cop cars littered the street, female college students stood grouped together outside their home in their pajamas. Lori sat in the back of an ambulance with a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. You notice the reverend talking to the officer that arrested you last night. Dean drives past the house and parks on a different road to cause less attention.
The three of you exit the impala quietly, closing the doors gently. Sam looks around, making sure that no one is around to bust you all. Dean jumps through the bushes into the backyard of the girls' house.

"I can't believe we're doing this. We're not even waiting for the cops to leave!" you hiss at the brothers as you follow closely behind them.

"Be quiet. I don't want to get caught from your loud mouth," Dean replies.

"Well sorry for being the voice of reason!" you snarl between gritted teeth.

"Y/n, everything is going to be fine, just chill," Sam says, trying to calm you down.

"Just chill," you repeat in a high-pitched mocking tone as you and the boys sneak up to the house.

"Why would the Hookman come here? This is a long way from 9 Mile Road," Sam questions, creeping along the side of the house.

"Maybe he's not haunting the scene of the crime," Dean suggests. Maybe it's about something else."

Two girls walk out from the side door of the house, causing Dean to push the three of you up against the wall into a pile of plants.

"Dude, sorority girls," Dean says, watching the students walk over to the main scene. "Think we'll see any naked pillow fights?"

It was times like these that made you question what Sam had told you about his brother's feelings, and also the shifter's knowledge on the matter.


Dean rolls his eyes at your sour attitude, and clasps his hands together. You step into his hands and he tosses you up. You grab Sam's outreached hand and he pulls you up. Grasping the edge of the platform, you climb up when Sam let's you go.

Dean climbs up the side of the build with ease, needing no assistance from you or his brother. The man might deny it, but he was pretty athletic.

Sam opens the bedroom window and slips inside, grunting when he falls to the floor. You slide in next to him with grace, blessed with your tiny stature. Dean barrels through the window, knocking into your legs, sending you to the ground with him on top of you.

"Oh, sorry," he apologizes sheepishly. You frown, brow furrowed, and crawl out from underneath him.

"Hey, try and be quiet, will you?" Sam warns, eyes wide. You roll your eyes but nod, standing at the young man's side.

"Me be quiet? You be quiet," Dean replies just like a child. You and Sammy give him a look that shuts him up. Dean frowns and quietly closes the window.

You peer through the slight crack in the door, holding your breath so you don't make a sound. An officer in tight pants saunters past the door, hands on his hips as he observes the traumatic scene. You shamelessly check out his butt as he walks out the door, a grin growing on your face.

"Why wasn't he the one who arrested us last night?" you murmur to yourself, cracking the door open
a little more. Sam must've heard you because he scoffs and hits your arm teasingly. Your grin grows, the tension that was once clouding your mind fading away.

Your smile doesn't stay for long when the door creaks. Eyes wide, you watch the officer go down the stairs, no where close enough to hear the door's tiny creak. You sigh and step out of the large closet.

The victim's bed is soaked in her blood, the red substance pooling in the middle. Slashed into the wall in a haunting message.

"'Aren't you glad you didn't turn on the light?'" Sam reads the bloody words. "That's right out of the legend."

"Yeah, that's classic Hookman, alright," Dean agrees. "It's definitely a spirit," Dean says, tapping his nose.

"Yeah. I've never smelled ozone this strong before," Sam comments.

You peer outside the blinds, a cop walking towards the house. "Me neither."

"Hey, come 'ere," Sam calls out to you. "Does that look familiar to you guys?" Sammy points at the symbol sliced into the wall. The paint around the symbol is chipped and peeling from the force of which the killer used to carve into the wall.

"It's the same symbol," Sam says, holding the picture of Karns' hook. You stand in front of the brothers who sit on the hood of the impala. You blow a stray strand of hair out of your face, hands locked on your hips. "Seems like it is the spirit of Jacob Karns."

"All right, let's find the dude's grave, salt and burn the bones, and put him down," Dean states simplistically. You nod, eager to get back on the road and searching for John.

"'After execution, Jacob Karns was laid to rest in Old North Cemetery,'" Sam hits the paper with his finger, "'in an unmarked grave.'"

"Wonderful, let's get crackin' then," you say with the sigh.

"Okay, so we know it's Jacob Karns but we don't know where he'll manifest next or why," Sam points out. Dean snatches a ticket pinned under his windshield wiper and skims over it.

"I'll take a wild guess about why," Dean says. "I think your friend Lori has something to do with this." Dean opens the car door as Sam's face twists in confusion. He looks at you expecting you to share the same appalled expression. You give him a shrug, kinda agreeing with Dean.

As you step into the back seat, your phone rings. You look at the caller ID--it's an unknown number. Furrowing your brow, you answer the call.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Y/n? It's Jason."

"Oh, Jason! Car's working fine I hope?" you joke into the phone. Sam looks over his shoulder as a smile appears on your face. Dean watches you through the rear-view mirror.

"Like a charm," Jason replies. "I was calling, actually, to invite you to this party going on tonight."
"Really? Well, I'd love to come."

"Sweet! I'll text you the address," Jason says.

"Oh, I was just wondering, who's all invited?" you ask, your eyes darting between the boys.

"Everybody. It's gonna be huge."

You grin. "Perfect."

~~~

Horrible music blares through the speakers. Neon lights gleam through the sweaty atmosphere created by people dancing and grinding on one another. You make your way into the kitchen to thank Jason for the invite. When you step into the crowded room, you spot Jason leaning against the counter near the counter talking to one of his friends.

You sigh, a small smile pulling at your lips, and push through the sea of people. As you make your way over to Jason and his friend, the kitchen clears, a new, upbeat song playing and summoning people to the living room to dance.

"Y/n, glad you could make it!" Jason calls out to you as you approach him. His eyes give you a look over, landing on your chest and bare arms for a moment longer than you'd appreciate. "Wanna drink?" Jason asks, his voice loud.

You shake your head no. "I don't drink!" you shout over the music. Especially not at some frat party. "I just wanted to thank you for inviting me."

"Don't mention it!" Jason replies, shrugging one shoulder as he pours himself another drink. "You look hot, by the way!"

You laugh and run a hand through your hair, taken aback from his forwardness. "Thank you!" So your choice of just a cami tank top and jeans didn't go unnoticed. "I'll catch you later, I gotta go find my friends!"

Jason nods, taking a sip from his drink, and you venture back into the sea of dancing people. Luckily, Sam didn't leave from the part of the house you left him. It was the quietest part of the house besides a bathroom or bedroom, so that was also a bonus.

"Where'd Dean go?" you ask him, glancing at the group of people who dance behind Sammy.

Sam shrugs.

You sigh and cross your arms and look around the room. Before you can start complaining about Dean's absence, the hunter pops out of a crowd of dancing people, a huge grin on his face.

"You guys have been holding out on me," Dean says, looking around the lively room. "This college thing is awesome!"

"This wasn't really my experience," Sam replies. You nod silently in agreement.

Dean understood why you didn't go to parties, but his brother on the other hand had no real excuse in his opinion. "Yeah? Let me guess--library, studying, straight As." Sam nods, bobbing his head to the side. "What a geek. All right, did you do your homework?" Dean asks, swiftly keeping the conversation moving.
"Yeah, it was bugging me. How is the Hookman tied to Lori?" Sam leads up. Yes, he was definitely a college boy, treating every big revel like a presentation. "I think I came up with something." Sam starts leading you and Dean towards the exit as he unrolls the papers he collected. He hands the papers to Dean, giving him an expectant look.

"1932--'Clergyman arrested for murder,'" Sam nods for him to keep going. Dean flips to the next page. "1967--'Seminarian held in hippie rampage."

"There's a pattern here," Sam says stopping in the doorway. "In both cases, the suspect was a man of religion who openly preached against immorality and then found himself wanted for killings he claimed were the work of an invisible force, killings carried out--get this--with a sharp instrument."

"So, what's the connection to Lori?" Dean asks.

"A man of religion who openly preaches against immorality. Except this time instead of saving the whole town, he's trying to save his only daughter," Sam replies. You nod, seeing how everything's pieced together.

"Reverend Sorenson," you mutter. "Do you think he's summoning the spirit?"

"Maybe." Sam pauses. "Or you know how a poltergeist can haunt a person instead of a place?"

"The spirit latches onto the reverend's repressed emotions, feeds off them," Dean says, contemplating the idea.

"The reverend would never even know," you add.

"Either way, you should keep an eye on Lori tonight," Dean tells Sammy.

"What about you?" Sam asks.

Dean looks longingly into the frat house as a blonde bends over a pool table. He sighs, shaking his head. "I'm gonna go see if I can find that unmarked grave."

"I'll come with you," you say, crossing your arms. You shrug when Sam looks at you with a playful expression. "What? There's no cute guys in there, and the music sucks."

"Amen to that," Dean mumbles as he starts walking to the impala.

"Try to have some fun tonight, Sammy," you tell the youngest Winchester and give him a wink, then jog over to Dean to catch up with him.

~~~

"How many unmarked graves do you think we're going to have to dig up?" Dean asks you, keeping his voice hushed as the two of you journey through the quiet graveyard.

"Hopefully, just one," you reply in a whisper, shining your flashlight at a tall, blank headstone. You frown. "But that seems unlikely."

Dean chuckles, adjusting the duffel bag slung over his shoulder. A tense silence thickens between the two of you. You're partially glad for the lack of conversation, but at the same time, you hate the unsaid words you can feel between the two of you.

"Sorry for being a bitch this morning," you mumble, a weight lifting off your shoulders.
"What?"

"Back at the crime scene, I was so bitter," you say.

Dean shrugs, "Eh, I can't really blame you. I guess that's what happens when you spend a sleepless night at a police station."

You snicker. "Yeah, true."

And just like that, the once tense atmosphere melts away like it was all just fabricated in your mind. A twig snapping causes the two of you to stop. You look at one another, expecting one of you to admit to the misstep.

"That wasn't you?"

"No, I thought it was you."

"Nope."

You shiver, maybe it's because of the lack of layers you were or maybe it was because of fear. You couldn't really tell either way. You shine your flashlight around, catching a small headstone in its beam.

"Hey, Dean." You nudge his elbow and walk towards the short headstone with the familiar symbol carved into it.

"Well, hello preacher," Dean comments, dropping the duffel bag to the side. You stand next to the duffel bag and wait for Dean to start digging. "What?"

"I'm waiting for you to start digging," you tell him, crossing your arms over your chest.

"You're not gonna help?" Dean asks, offended.

"There's only one shovel, Dean, and you're holding it," you point out with a smug smile.

"Fine," Dean says defeated.

You sit on the ground, pulling your knees to your chest so you can rest your head, watching Dean as he digs. You find the processing fascinating. His muscles rippling as he pierces the ground with the shovel and stretching as he tosses the dirt to the side. Fascinating, indeed.

Minutes have passed, and Dean already dug up a foot of dirt. A gust of wind blows by, earning a shiver from you.

"You cold?" Dean asks, pausing momentarily after tossing more dirt aside.

"Kinda stupid of me to wear just a tank, huh?" you reply, tilting your head to the side.

Dean shrugs off his first layer and hands it to you with a smile. "No, it was just stupid not to bring a coat."

"Thank you," you say, taking Dean's navy jacket, slipping your arms into the sleeves with ease. The shirt engulfs you with warmth as you wrap it around your body. You let out a content sigh.

Dean hums in acknowledgement, eyes sparkling as he looks at you, then resumes digging. "Is there a reason why you only wore just a tank top to the party?" Dean asks.
You sigh, lean back on your arms propped up behind you. "To blend in, I guess, and to be a little
daring. Honestly, a tank top is probably the most revealing thing I packed," you say truthfully.

"I know," you hear Dean mumble under his breath. A heat rushes to your cheeks, shocked that Dean
would notice such a thing. "Y/n, can I ask you something?" You hum, encouraging for him to
continue. "Why did you drop college? You never really told me."

You fall back to the ground and gaze up at the star-speckled sky. "It just...wasn't the right fit, I guess.
Plus, everything was just crumbling apart. I lost the few friends I had on campus, and med school
was right around the corner, lurking like a scary monster. And then you and John needed help on a
hunt--I think that was my final straw."

Dean's breath hitches, but continues to dig. He scolded himself for every hunt he called you when he
needed some extra research. He's the one who dragged you away from your dream life, he told
himself. "Do you miss it?" Dean asks, trying to keep his voice level.

"Sometimes," you admit, your voice nostalgic, somewhere in the past. "But I'm glad I dropped. It
gave me time to just...figure things out."

Silence forms between you and Dean once again, both of you lost in thought. "Y/n," Dean states,
breaking the quiet, "I think you should go back to college."

"What, why?" You sit up straight, Dean still digging away at the grave.

"Because you deserve to have a normal life. And if you don't want to go back to med school, at least
go back home before you get sucked up in this life," Dean says solemnly.

"I appreciate your concern Dean, but there's nothing to worry abI'll go back to my quiet life when we
get John back," you tell Dean, sincerely. "Until then," you flop back down into the cold grass, "you
and Sammy are stuck with me."

Your eyes flutter open, focusing at the starry night sky. A strong, warm hand shakes your knee, to
which you groan at and rub your eyes.

"Y/n, wanna help me burn this sucker?" Dean asks you, grounding you back to reality.

"Yeah, yeah," you reply, squeezing your eyes shut then sitting up straight. "I feel asleep?"

"Yep," Dean replies as he hops out of the freshly-dug-up grave.

"Gosh, I'm sorry, Dean," you apologize, wanting to help dig up the grave half way through.

"Don't sweat it. It's been a long two days," Dean reassures you with a knee-weakening smile.

You return his smile with your own, push the long sleeves up to your elbows, and grab the matches
from the duffel bag. You stand up next to Dean, Dean drenching the skeleton in lighter fluid. When
he's satisfied, gestures towards the grave. "He's all yours, Y/n."

You grin to yourself, lighting the match. "Goodbye, preacher," you say and drop the match into the
grave, the bones erupting in flames.

The fire crackles and pops, its heat warming your skin. You lean into Dean's side, putting aside the
"rumors" and doubts, and just enjoying what you and Dean already have: strong bond, an incredible
friendship.

"This makes no sense," you sigh, exasperated, as Dean parks in the hospital's parking lot. You returned Dean his jacket, now wearing one of your sweatshirts. Though you wouldn't admit it out loud, you enjoyed wearing his jacket and hoped to wear it again soon. "We burned Karns' bones."

"Yeah, I know. Hopefully, Sammy has a lead," Dean says, stepping out of his car.

The two of you walk down the hospital's long hallway, the nurses allowing you to go through. Officers block off the hallway and stop you and Dean before you can reach the reverend's room.

"Oh, no. We're with him. That's my brother," Dean explains. He waves at Sam like a dork, "Hey, brother!"

Sam and the officer that arrested you all (gosh this guy was everywhere) turn to look at you and Dean. Sam smiles tightly as the officer gives his comrades the okay to let you through. You whisper a thanks as you walk past them. Sam walks away from the chief and meets you and Dean halfway.

"You okay?" is the first thing Dean asks his little brother.

"Yeah," Sam replies as the three of you walk down the hallway.

"What the hell happened?" Dean asks.

"Hookman."

"You saw him?" you ask, shocked to say the least.

"Damn right," Sam replies, stopping in front of you and Dean. He cranes he neck lower and whispers, "Why didn't you torch the bones?"

"I did. Are you sure it's the spirit of Jacob Karns?" Dean retorts.

"It sure as hell looked like him. And that's not all. I don't think the spirit is latching on to the reverend," Sam admits.

"Obviously. He wouldn't send the thing after himself," you reply, crossing your arms over your chest.

"I think it's latching onto Lori," Sam explains. "Last night she found out that her father is having an affair with a married woman."

"So what?" Dean asks. You roll your eyes, disappointed in how oblivious he was.

"So she's upset about it! She's upset about the immorality of it," Sam adds. "She told me she was raised to believe that if you do something wrong, you get punished."

"Okay, so she's conflicted, and the spirit of Preacher Karns is latching onto her emotions and doing the punishing for her," Dean says.

"Rich comes on too strong, Taylor tries to make her into a party girl, dad has an affair--it makes sense," you agree.

"Remind me not to piss this girl off," Dean jokes dryly.
You shake your head, pinching the bridge of your nose, "But we burned those bones, Sam. With salt, the whole get-up. It should've stopped him."

"You must've missed something," Sam replies, that being the only logical answer.

Dean purses his lips, thinking. He shakes his head, "No, we burned everything in that coffin."

"Oh my god," you breath. "The hook. It wasn't in the coffin."

"So?"

"So, it was apart of Karns and it was the murder weapon," you explain. "That has got to be what's keeping him here."

"So, like the bones, the hook is the source of his power," Dean ties together.

"If we find the hook.." Sam starts.

The three of you conclude your theory together, "...we stop the Hookman."

[AT THE LIBRARY]

"Here's something, I think," Dean says, pen cap between his teeth. He removes the pen cap from his mouth, smacks his lips and reads what he found. "Logbook, Iowa State Penitentiary. 'Karns, Jacob--personal affects, disposition thereof.'"

"Does is mention the hook?" Sammy asks, his voice gruff with tiredness.

Dean continues, "'Upon execution, all earthly items shall be remanded to the prisoner's house of worship, St. Barnabas Church.'"

"Hold up, isn't that where Lori's father preaches?" you quiz.

"Yeah," Dean agrees.

"Where Lori lives?" Sam adds.

"That would explain why the Hookman has been haunting reverends and their daughters for the past 200 years," you say with a sigh.

"Yeah, but if the hook were at the church or Lori's house, don't you think someone might've seen it?" Sam counters, bringing up a fair suspicion. "I mean, a blood-stained, silver-handled hook?"

"Check the church records," Dean states, capping his pen.

"St. Barnaba's donations, 1862. Received--Silver-handled hook from state penitentiary. Reforged," Sam rattles off, ending with a disappointed sigh. "They melted it down, made it into something else."

You close your record book with a soft thud. "Well, boys. Let's go raid a church."

[ST. BARNABA'S CHURCH - AFTER DARK]

Dean parks in front of the church, the parking lot deserted. The three of you exit the car, the closing doors bombarding the crickets' songs.
"All right, we can't take any chances," Dean says as you all walk towards the church. "Anything silver goes in the fire."

"I agree," Sam replies. "Lori's still at the hospital. We'll have to break in."

"All right, take your pick," Dean offers, not caring which location he's at.

"I'll take the house," Sam says immediately.

"Do you want me to come with you?" you ask the younger hunter.

Sam shakes his head, "Nah. There's probably more things to burn in the church than in their home."

Your brow creases, not really seeing the logic in Sam's excuse, but shrug it off. "Alrighty then."

As Sam starts off towards the family home, Dean calls out to him. "Hey." Sammy turns around. "Stay out of her underwear drawer."

Sam looks at his brother, appalled and disgusted. You give Sammy a look, one that says ignore your moron brother.

"Be careful," you tell Sammy.

"You too," he replies, then you go your separate ways.

You raid the church, grabbing anything with grey color and luster. You run back into the small room where Dean start the fire and toss the random objects into the flames. Dean tosses a glass platter into the fire, paying no mind to it.

"Uh, Dean, that was glass," you point out with furrowed brows. "You're supposed to burn silver things."

"I know, but that plate was ugly," Dean replies nonchalantly.

You sigh, shaking your head as you try to keep a smile from growing on your face. You toss more silverware and candle holders into the fireplace, hoping that one of these objects were made out of the hook.

The door creaks as Sam enters the tiny basement, causing you and Dean to turn around, alerted. "I got everything that even looks silver," he says as he descends down the stairs.

"Better safe than sorry," Dean says, Sam dropping the cloth bag on the ground creating a clang noise. Dean starts to empty its contents into the fire, but the ceiling creaking stops him. Your blood runs cold as dust falls from the floorboards.

"Move, move," Dean commands, placing a hand on your shoulder. Dean grabs his loaded gun and runs up the stairs, you and Sam following closely behind. When he opens the door, he spots Lori sitting in the front row of pews. He lowers his gun as Sam walks out from behind him. You nod for Sam to go talk to her, and go back into the furnace room.

You throw the rest of the silver, or non-silver, things into the fire. You turn to look at Dean as you wait for the objects to melt.

"God, I can't wait for this hunt to be over," you mumble, running a hand through your hair. Dean
hums in agreement, sticking his hands in his jean pockets.

A loud crash comes from upstairs. You exchange a worried glace with Dean, and run up the stairs, skipping a few as you do. Glass lays shattered on the floor, a large gash in one of the doors.

"Dean, let's go!" you scream, running down the aisle of pews and following the debris. You run up more stairs, stopping at the top when you see Sam and Lori down the hall. Dean rushes past you as a dark figure manifests in front of Sam and Lori.

"Sam, duck!" Dean shouts. Sam drops to the ground and Dean shoots the Hookman, the spirit dissolving in the air.

"I thought we got all the silver," Sam says, catching his breath. His arm is bent in pain, he draws no attention to it, but you notice it right away.

"So did I," Dean replies.

"Then why is he still here?" Sam yells, his frustration getting the better of him.

"Maybe we missed something," you say, trying to remain calm, eyes darting around the room in search of something silver.

Sam looks at Lori, her necklace awarded with his attention. "Lori, where did you get that chain?"

"My father gave it to me," Lori says shakily.

"Where'd your dad get it?" Dean asks, his voice demanding.

"He said it was a church heirloom. He gave it to me when I started school," Lori explains frantically.

Sam takes in heaving breaths, breaths that make his body psychically move. "Is it silver?" Sam shouts.

"Yes!" Lori cries. You gaze at her sympathetically as Sam yanks the necklace from her neck. All chaos and shouting made everyone on edge. You take in a deep breath, telling yourself that you'd have to apologize to Lori about the boys' brashness later.

A ear-bleeding whine comes from behind you and Dean, a sound you imagine must come from a silver hook being scratched into the wall. A line craves into the wall, the spirit invisible but still there nonetheless.

"Sam," you shout, hands outreached for the necklace. Sam tosses the chain to you then you dart off to the furnace room. Your feet pound against the stairs, mind in autopilot. Running into the furnace room, you throw the necklace into the fire and pray that it melts quickly.

The cross melts away in a matter of seconds. You sit on the floor, take in a deep breath, and hold your head in your hands. Everything hits you like a barrel of bricks. The exhaustion, the shouting and adrenaline, the few hours of sleep. You rest your elbows on your bent knees, leaning over to ease the heaviness in your head, and wait for the boys to come get you.

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You lay in the backseat of the impala, curled up comfortably in your hoodie and Dean's jacket. Dean stands a few feet away outside being interrogated by the sheriff.

Dean hops into the driver's seat, closing the door behind him. "What a douche bag," Dean mumbles.
"You all right back there?"

"Yeah," you reply, sitting up to have a proper conversation with Dean. "Just tired."

Dean nods, then points back towards Sammy and Lori. "Think he's gonna kiss her?"

You turn around, looking out the back window and shake your head. "No."

"Wanna bet?"

"Only if you're okay with losing," you reply, facing Dean with a grin.

Dean scoffs and shakes his head, hiding a smile. He watches Sammy walk over to the impala, defeated and drained.

"Told you," you remark before Sammy climbs into the car.

Dean waits for Sammy to say something as he closes the door. When Sam doesn't say anything, Dean speaks up, "We could stay."

Sam shakes his head, a purple bruise on his cheek. And then you knew; you knew that Sam still longs for Jessica, still feels guilty about the whole thing. Your heart pangs in your chest, sorrowful that your best friend carries such a burden by himself.

The engine turns over, the impala roaring to life. Dean guides her out of the busy street and down the empty highway, your next destination a mystery to you all.

[END OF EPISODE 7 - HOOKMAN]
Because I don't really like the Bugs episode, I decided to make my own little installment. I know it's much shorter than the other chapters, forgive me :P Hope you enjoy!

You, Sam, and Dean lean against the side of the impala watching the Pike family load all of their belongings into a moving truck. After experiencing the bug apocalypse, the family wanted to move as far away from Oasis Plains as possible. You couldn't really blame them; you also shared their hatred for bugs.

The son, Matt, dropped the last of his bug collection in the garbage bin. Something that once fascinated him sent tickles down his spine like a bug crawling on your back on a hot summer day.

"I wanna find Dad," Sam says quietly, bringing you back from your thoughts.

"Yeah, me too," Dean agrees.

"Yeah, but I just..." Sam trails off, recollecting his thoughts and experiences from this hunt. "...I wanna apologize to him."

You and Dean look at Sam. "For what?" Dean asks his brother.

"All the things I said to him," Sam responds. Dean nods in understanding, recalling the sour note Sam and his father left on. You weren't there for the fight, but you remember Sam calling you, his voice breaking and angry, and Dean coming over to tell his side of the story too. "He was just doing the best he could."

"Well, don't worry, we'll find him," Dean says, his voice sound and reassuring. "And you'll apologize, and then within five minutes you guys will be at each other's throats."

Sam laughs, and you can't help but feel a smile stretch on your lips. "Yeah, probably," Sammy agrees. "Let's hit the road," Sam says, pushing himself from the car.

"Let's."

The Pike family waves to you as you all get in the car. You return their waves with a smile, knowing they'll do all right. The mood was light for once, classic rock softly humming through the radio, and you couldn't be happier.

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The impala lulls to a stop in a motel parking lot. You stretch your cramped limbs, a yawn escaping your lips as you blink away the haziness. The motel appears to be in moderate condition, a relief in your opinion.

You, Sammy, and Dean exit the car without saying a word to one another. There's no need; you've done this routine multiple times before. You head to the front desk as Dean pops the trunk of the
impala to grab your bags with Sam. Normally, Sam would come get the rooms with you, but the boys probably wanted to discuss, well, brother things.

The lady behind the counter picks at her nails, clearly bored with the stale hour. You smile tightly at her, her blank eyes watching you approach the counter.

"Hi, two queens please," you say, keeping the conversation brisk and to the point. You don't bother asking whether or not the room came with a couch. You don't mind sleeping on the floor so long as you were sleeping.

The lady sighs and pulls out a key from behind the counter. "I'll charge you for your stay when you check out." You blink, flabbergasted with her leniency, but take the key, nonetheless. "Room four," she adds, pointing outside aimlessly with her finger.

"Thank you," you reply, leaving the lobby to meet up with the boys. Dean closes the trunk, your timing perfect as usual, and Sam walks to the front of the car to meet up with you.

"Well?" he asks as you look down the expanse of the motel to find a door labeled with 4.

"Room four." You nod at the room, then walk over to the room, key in hand. As you unlock the door, Dean and Sam tail behind you. The door creaks open revealing a humble space. There's two queen beds, as requested, a small coffee table with two chairs, a TV set up, and an armchair. The color scheme isn't puke inducing: cozy shades of brown and orange. In fact, the entire room resembles a cheap furniture catalog from the 80s.

"You guys can take the beds. That chair is calling my name," you joke, sauntering over to the armchair.

"You haven't had a bed since the hunt in Wisconsin, Y/n. You can take my bed," Sammy offers, but you shake your head.

"Sam, if you sleep in this chair, you'll turn into a pretzel. I really don't mind sleeping on it," you reassure him, sitting in the chair to further your point. You kick your legs over the armrest, leaning your back against the opposite one. "It's actually kind of comfy when you sit in it right," you comment with a grin, swinging your feet in the air.

"Really, Y/n-" Dean decides to join the conversation, but you cut him off before he can try to offer you his bed.

"If I get uncomfortable, I'll climb into bed with one of you guys," you say with the roll of your eyes. "Happy?"

"Better," Sam replies with a smile, eyes sparkling.

"Well," Dean pats his stomach, "I'm starving. I think I saw a Chinese place next to a movie rental. You guys game?"

Sam shrugs, and you grin, Dean's plan appealing to your ears. "Let's play ball, boys."

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"Y/n, you are the most indecisive person I know. Now hurry up and pick something before the Chinese gets cold."

You sigh, biting your bottom lip. "I just--there's so many good movies and genres to choose from!
Do I want a classic, a rom-com--"

"Woah, no rom-com. I'm not in the mood for chick-flick moments," Dean buts in.

"Please, we all know you're a sucker for some drama," you reply, eyes scanning the shelf of movies in front of you. Dean scoffs, and Sam chuckles silently. You eyes land on a Disney classic, 101 Dalmatians. You show the brothers what you found, a victorious grin on your face. "We're watching this tonight, no questions asked."

"Really? You want to watch talking dogs? You're not in the mood for some cowboys?" Dean questions, a frown on his face.

"We always watch westerners, Dean. Besides, when was the last time you watched a Disney film?"

"When I was a kid," Dean replies. "Because Disney movies are for kids."

You gasp, pretending to be offended, and turn on your heels to check out the movie.

"I kinda like the idea of watching a Disney movie," Sam says from behind you.

"But-but--John Wayne!"

"Suck it up, Dean."

You giggle at Dean's childish behavior. "It's funny; you refuse to watch a Disney movie 'cause they're for kids, yet here you are pouting like one," you jest, your laughs shaking your shoulders.

"Oh, shut up," Dean replies, but you can hear the smile in his voice. You grin; tonight was going to be fun.

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"Are you kidding me?" Dean exclaims, throwing his hand in the air.

"Dean, be quiet," you reply through a mouthful of noodles.

"Those dogs get to watch a western movie, but I don't? Ridiculous," Dean complains, dropping his hand on his thigh.

"No, you get to watch them watch a westerner," Sam quips. You slurp up a noodle with a smile, side-glancing at Dean. "So shut up and enjoy the movie."

You settle into the headboard of pillows you created, placing the empty box of noodles on the night stand, and pull the blankets up to your face. Sam shoots you a wink from his bed, glancing at Dean who lays beside you.

You smile at him, then return your focus to the movie.

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The boy's soft snores fill the what-would-be-quiet room. Dean subconsciously snuggled closer to your side of the bed, pulling the covers up to his face. You smile down at your life-long friend, telling yourself that you're happy with the somewhat flirty, but extremely close relationship between the two of you.

You yawn and climb out from under the covers and pick up the empty noodle cartons. "What would
you guys do without me?” whisper to the sleeping Sammy and you grab the carton off the nightstand. You toss the boxes away, then make your way over to the TV set.

You press the eject button on the DVD player, the movie popping out. You put the warm disk in its case, another yawn escaping your lips. Putting the movie on the TV stand, you gaze at the Winchester brothers sleeping soundly in their beds.

Not wanting to be a burden, you grab your over-sized sweater that used to belong to your dad, deciding that the sweater would be enough to keep you warm for the night. You adjust yourself on the armchair, kicking your legs over the armrest like before. The hood of the sweater provides as a small cushion between your head and the beam of the armrest, serving as a pathetic pillow.

You glance over at your boys once more and exhale contently. For them, you'd sleep on pointy rocks if it meant they could sleep with the fluffiest pillows and the best of beds. For them, you'd give up your chance at normal and live your life with them, helping out when you could and keeping them together.

**[DEAN'S POV - A FEW MINUTES LATER]**

It takes me a moment to realize that I'm awake since the room is cloaked in darkness. I was no stranger to nightmares; they'd visit me after hunts, or just for the hell of it like tonight. In those nightmares, my worst fears would come to life: Sammy leaving again, Y/n not achieving her goals, Dad dying—hell, any of them dying. Tonight, Y/n burned on the ceiling like Mom and Jessica.

I reach out expecting to feel Y/n laying next to me, but all my fingers feel are cold sheets. I sit up, staring at the ceiling in a panicked haze, fearing that my nightmares came true. But the ceiling is bare, as it should be, and my beating heart calms down.

I look around the dark room, my eyes now adjusted to the shadows. I notice that the TV is off, the empty Chinese cartons don't litter the room, and Y/n sleeping in the armchair in her big sweater.

I frown. She took care of everything and didn't even reward herself with a blanket. I sigh and climb out of the bed, striding over to Y/n. I look down at her for a moment, enjoying her peaceful state. A smile forms on my lips, and I carefully scoop her into my arms, careful not to wake her up.

Y/n cuddles into my chest, moaning tiredly as I carry her to the bed. I place her gently on her side of the bed and adjust the covers to her shoulders. She burrows herself into the blankets, embracing the warmth happily. A lazy smile appears on her lips, her smile contagious.

I crawl into bed next to her, crawling underneath the covers. I look at her face highlighted in the moonlight, butterflies stirring in my stomach. I fall asleep easily with her by my side, her face the last thing I see as my eyelids close.

**[NO ONE'S POV - 13 YEARS AGO]**

The warm, summer-night air filled Dean's lungs as he took a deep breath. He, Y/n, and Sammy laid in a row in Y/n's backyard, gazing up at the stars. The grass tickled the kids' bare calves, and fireflies danced through the meadow in the distance.

John had dropped the boys off at Matt's house earlier that day, stating that he would be back in a week or so. Dean and Sam didn't mind one bit. They enjoyed spending time with Y/n and Matt was like an uncle to them. They got fed real meals and, even if for a short period of time, finally got to live like kids.
"Y/n," Sammy spoke up, "what do you want to do when you're older?"

The 13 year old sighed dreamily. "Oh, Sammy, I've got my whole future planned out."

"Really?" Dean asked, doubtfully.

Y/n nodded. "Yeah, my grandparents helped me. I'm gonna graduate high school at the top of my class, then I'm going to go to a medical school in Idaho near my grandparents and get my doctorate in pediatrics, become the best pediatrician ever, have a beautiful family by the time I'm 30, and live in bliss!" Y/n concluded gleefully. The boys didn't know, but she actually made a dream board one night with some friends from school. It was a night full of giggles and secrets, fun and exhilarating.

Dean's mouth hung open, shocked from the amount of certainty in Y/n's voice. "You're really going to do all that?"

Y/n shrugged, her eyes never leaving the heavens. "My grandparents said that if I continue to work hard in school, everything will fall into place and be perfect."

"Wow," Dean replied, then returned his gaze to the stars, knowing that he could never give Y/n that type of life. He didn't realize it then, but he secretly desired to start a family with Y/n and to grow old together. As he got older, he found that these feelings didn't go away, that they only got stronger. He tried to ignore them, and still tries, because he knows that he will never be able to give the life Y/n deserves.

"What's a pediatrician?" young Sam asked, looking to Y/n for an answer.

"A doctor that helps little kids."

"What makes you want to be a pediatrician?" Sam questioned, his brow creasing.

Y/n paused, thinking for a moment before answering, "I want to help the sick kids. My grandparents took me to a hospital when I was 10 and told me that I have the power save them. What about you, Sammy? What do you want to do when you're older?"

"I want to bring justice to the world," Sam said, determination thick in his voice. "I don't know how yet, but I can promise you that I'll do it."

"Ooooh, I like it, Sammy!" Y/n supported her young friend. "And you, Dean?"

"I want to save people," Dean said sincerely. "And I'm going to keep you guys safe, too."

"I believe in you guys," Y/n replied. She sighed contently, breathing in the fresh air. "The stars are so bright tonight," she mused, changing the subject before the conversation went stale.

The boys hummed in agreement, searching for constellations in the speckled sky.

"Kids!" Matt shouted from the back porch of the small family home. "It's time for bed!"

The children raced to the house, giggling as they ran past Matt. Matt chuckled to himself, and looked up to the night sky. "Goodnight, my love," he whispered, then closed the door to tuck the kids to bed.

[END OF 'EPISODE' 8 - BUGS/LIMBO]
A semi truck blares its horn as it passes the motel, jolting Sam awake. He pants desperately for air, his heart pounding from the nightmare he just woke up from. His face scrunches in confusion. What the hell was that? That woman he saw in his dreams... she was a complete stranger, the young man had never seen her before. So why was he having these reoccurring dreams with her right in the middle of it? And the tree--why was it so familiar?

He looks over to his brother's bed, hoping that he didn't wake him up, and finds Y/n and Dean curled up under the covers once again. Sam sighs, the sight of his best friend and brother enough to calm his nerves. He contemplates on trying to fall asleep again, but there's no way he'd fall asleep after being this riled up.

Apparently, Sam's rushed, heavy breathing woke you up, you shifting under the covers. You squint and look around the room. You're clearly not in the armchair anymore, the comfy mattress underneath you and warm back against your own providing as a dead giveaway. You sit up, rubbing the sleep from your eyes, careful not to wake up the sleeping Dean next to you.

"You, stupid idiot," you murmur to your sleeping companion. You'd have to scold him in the morning, you take note to yourself as you notice the figure sitting up in Sammy's bed. "Sammy?" you ask, your voice groggy from sleep.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Y/n," Sam whispers apologetically. "I didn't mean to wake you."

"No, it's fine," you reassure him, waving your hand lazily as you yawn. You pause, observing Sam with hard eyes: the sheen coat of sweat on his brow, his alert demeanor, messy hair. Your features soften when you realize what probably woke him. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Sam swallows, casting his eyes somewhere else, reflecting on what he saw. Sam shakes his head no, hesitantly as if he wants to tell you but doesn't know how. "No, not now. I just--it's just a nightmare."

You nod, not wanting to push Sam to his limit. "Well," you yawn and pat Sam's knee, "I'll be here when you're ready to talk."

Sam smiles, grateful for your understanding. "Thanks, Y/n."

You hum in reply, shuffling over to Dean's bed to climb into your side. Once you get situated under the blankets, Sam chuckles quietly to himself. "What?" you ask, keeping your head planted on the pillow.

"Don't move so I can take another picture," Sam teases. The image Sam snapped of you and Dean clouds your mind, make you blush a deep red. You growl and throw a spare pillow at Sam. Sammy laughs then, the pillow hitting his chest.

"Shut up," you hiss, having no control over the growing smile on your lips.

[A FEW HOURS LATER]

"Alright. I've been cruising some websites. Think I found a few candidates for our next gig," Dean says from behind Sam's laptop. He sits alone at the small, circular coffee table near the window, while Sam sat on his bed, leaning against the wall and sketching, and you made yourself a sandwich from the groceries you bought earlier.
Dean takes a sip of the coffee you picked up when you went shopping. "A fishing trawler found off the coast of Cali. Its crew vanished. And we got some cattle mutilations in west Texas. Hey!" Dean shouts at Sam. Sammy looks up from the notepad, a blank expression on his face. "Am I boring you with this hunting-evil stuff?"

"No, I'm listening," Sam reassures him, resuming his doodle. You look at the boy, worried about your short conversation before; his nightmare must be bothering him. "Keep going."

"And here a Sacramento man shot himself in the head...3 times," Dean says, holding up three fingers. He shakes his hand at Sam, trying to get his attention. "Any of these blowing up your skirt, pal?"

Sam flips through his notepad, staring at the pages intently. "Wait, I've seen this."

"Seen what?" you ask, taking a bite of your sandwich.

Sam jumps off the bed and starts rummaging through Dean's bag. You and Dean share a look as Dean takes another sip of his coffee. "What are you doing?" he asks his brother.

Sam pulls out John's journal, dropping everything on the bed. He opens the journal and pulls out a picture of the young Winchester family in front of their old house. "Guys, I know where we have to go next," Sam remarks, comparing his notepad to the photograph.

"Where?"

"Back home. Back to Kansas," Sam expands, his voice airy.

Dean scoffs. "Okay, random. Where'd that come from?"

"All right, um, this photo was taken in front of our old house, right?" Sam walks over to the coffee table to show Dean the picture. "The house where Mom died?"

Dean picks up the photograph, and replies flatly, "Yeah."

"It didn't burn down completely. They rebuilt it, right?"

"I guess so, yeah. What the hell are you talking about?" Dean asks. You chew your sandwich slowly, also wondering what any of this has to do with well... anything.

"Okay, look, this is gonna sound crazy," Sam warns, glancing at you momentarily, "but the people who live in our old house, I think they might be in danger."

"Why would you think that?" you ask Sammy, beating Dean to the punch.

"Uh...just, um... Look, just--you gotta trust me on this, okay?" Sam replies, standing from the table and rushing across the room to pack his things.

"Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa. Trust you?" Dean repeats quizzically, rising from his seat. Sam nods in reply as he throws his clothes in his duffel bag. "Come on, man, that's weak. You gotta give us a little bit more than that," Dean says, gesturing in your direction.

"I can't really explain it is all," Sam replies.

"Well, tough! I'm not going anywhere until you do," Dean states.

Sam sighs, turning to face you and Dean. You give him an encouraging nod, taking another bite of
your sandwich. "I have these nightmares."

"Yeah, we've noticed," you remark through a mouthful of bread and turkey.

"...And sometimes they come true," Sam adds sheepishly.

Dean tilts his head slowly, unable to wrap his head around what he just heard. "Come again?"

"Look, Dean... I dreamt about Jessica's death for days before it happened," Sam confesses.

"Sane people have weird dreams, man," Dean replies, taking a seat on the bed. "I'm sure it's just a coincidence."

"No, I dreamt about the blood dripping, her on the ceiling, the fire, everything, and I didn't do anything 'cause I didn't believe it. And now I'm dreaming about that tree, our house, and about some woman inside screaming for help," Sam exclaims. "I mean, that's where it all started. This has to mean something, right?"

Dean glances between his brother and the photograph, at loss for words. "I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know, Dean?" Sam takes a seat on the opposite bed. "This woman might be in danger. I mean, this might be the thing that killed Mom and Jessica."

"All right, just slow down, would you?" Dean outbursts, stepping away. You place a comforting hand and Sam's shoulder as he gives you a look, wondering if he said anything wrong. Dean chuckles, a pained expression on his face. "I mean, first you're telling me you've got the Shining... and then you tell me that I've got to go back home," Dean pauses, "especially when..." He shakes his head.

"When what?" Sam asks eagerly.

"When I swore to myself that I would never go back there," Dean replies, glancing at you with knowing eyes. You bite your bottom lip, remembering the night Dean made that promise.

It was a day or so after you started talking again. Dean had stayed up all night with you as you told him about what you saw. After you finished your explanation, Dean swore that he would never go back to Kansas, saying there was too many bad memories there for him to want to go back. You nodded, understanding where he was coming from, but you knew you were going to go back. You had to. To see Missouri again, and to get answers.

Dean looks down at the picture in his hand, then turns away, facing the wall so he can recollect himself.

"Look, Dean, we have to check this out," you say, taking a step closer to him. "Just to make sure."

Dean looks over his shoulder to look at you and his brother. He nods slightly, "I know we do."

[LAURENCE, KANSAS]

Dean parks the impala on the side of the road in front of their old childhood home. The three of you look at the house, some experiencing more emotions than others.

"You gonna be all right, man?" Sam asks Dean.

"Let me get back to you on that," Dean replies, staring at the house from the comfort of his car.
Sam gets out of Baby quickly, leaving no room for you or Dean to prepare yourselves. Well, you did have all car ride to do so, but now facing the house... it was different. Dean got out of the car next, an uneasy look on his face. You climb out of the back and place a hand on Dean's arm.

"Hey, we're going to get through this, together," you tell him reassuringly. Dean nods, still tense, but calming just enough to muster up the courage to walk up to the house.

Once on the front porch, Dean knocks on the front door. You gaze down the street, aware of what waited for you at the end of the road. You had visited your old house before when you were 18, but you're just as unsettled as you were the first time. Still, you found yourself wanting to go there, to search for anything: answers, clues, forgotten memories.

"Sorry to bother you, ma'am, but we're here with the federal-" Dean's lie is cut short by Sammy.

"I'm Sam Winchester and this is my brother Dean, and our friend Y/n Y/l/n." Your head snaps in their direction at the mention of your name. You give the blonde woman a smile as Sam continues. "Um...we used to live here. You know, we were just driving by, and we were wondering if we could see the old place."

"Winchester," the lady mumbles to herself. "That is so funny. I-I think I found some of your photos the other night."

"You did?" Dean asks, voice gruff.

The woman looks behind her, then steps aside making room for you and the boys to enter. "Okay. Come on in." She leads you through the house to the kitchen and dinning area. Dean's eyes scan the building, reliving his childhood moments in his head.

As you enter the kitchen, a little boy jumps up and down in his crib, chanting juice over and over. A young girl sits at the table doing her homework. "That's Richie. He's kind of a juice junkie," his mother comments, opening the fridge that's been closed with a baby lock and grabbing a juice bottle. "But, hey, at least he won't get scurvy."

"Sari, this is Sam, Dean, and Y/n," Jenny introduces the three of you to her daughter. "They used to live here."

"Hi," Sari says with a bashful smile.

"Hi, Sari," you greet her, returning her smile.

"So, you just moved in?" Dean asks, making conversation.

"Uh, yeah, from Wichita," Jenny replies.

"You got family here?" Dean asks.

"No, I just, uh... um, needed a fresh start. That's all," Jenny explains vaguely, which you can respect. "So, new town, new job--I mean, as soon as I find one--new house."

"So how you liking it so far?" Sam inquires.

"Well, uh, all due respect to your childhood home--I mean, I'm sure you have lots of happy memories here--but this place has its issues," Jenny says, the three of you forcing smiles.

"What do you mean?" Sam asks.
"Well, it's just getting old, like, the wiring, you know? We've got flickering lights almost hourly," Jenny expands.

"Oh, that's too bad. What else?" Dean asks, ticking off one of flickering lights on the list of indications of the supernatural.

"Um... sink's backed up. There's rats in the basement." Jenny stops, realizing what she's doing. "I'm sorry. I don't mean to complain."

"No," Dean reassures her. "Have you seen the rats or just heard scratching?"

"Just the scratching, actually," Jenny admits.

"Mom?" Sari asks. Jenny kneels at her daughter's side. "Ask them if it was here when they lived here," the child whispers.

"What, Sari?" you ask with genuine concern.

"The thing in my closet," she replies.

"Oh, no, baby, there was nothing in their closets," Jenny tells her. "Right?"

"Right, no. Of course not," Sam agrees.

"She had a nightmare the other night," Jenny says, rubbing Sari's shoulder.

"I wasn't dreaming," Sari retorts. "It came into my bedroom, and it was on fire."

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"You hear that? A figure on fire," Sam repeats to Dean.

"And Jenny was the woman in your dreams?" Dean asks.

"Yeah, and you hear what she was talking about? Scratching, flickering lights?" Sam quizzes. "Both signs of a malevolent spirit."

"Yeah, well, I'm just freaked out your weirdo visions are coming true," Dean replies.

"Forget about that for a minute--the thing in the house, do you think it's the thing that killed Mom and Jessica?" Sam asks, both brothers using hard tones.

"I don't know!"

"Well, has it come back or has it been there the entire time?" Sam questions.

You grab your head, all of the questions giving you a headache. You squeeze your eyes shut, pinching the bridge of your nose. The boys are so caught up in their argument, that they don't notice you grabbing the impala for balance.

"Maybe it's something else entirely, Sam! We don't know!"

"Those people are in danger. We have to get them out of that house," Sam exclaims.

"And we will," Dean replies.

"No, I mean now!" Sam shouts.
"And how are you gonna do that? You got a story she's gonna believe?" Dean challenges, gesturing towards the house.

"Then what are we supposed to do?" Sam asks, his frustration bubbling over.

"Both of you shut the hell up!" you cry, waving your arms to silence them. The boys stare at you, shocked at your outburst. "Jesus Christ," you mutter, running your hand through your hair. "Everybody needs to just take a breather and get the in the damn car. Let's just get gas or something and regroup."

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"Y/n's right, we just gotta chill out, that's all," Dean says, leaning on the back of the impala as he fills her up with gas. "If this was any other kind of job, what would we do?"

Sam exhales sharply, drumming his fingers on the roof of Baby. "We'd try to figure out what we were dealing with. We'd dig into the history of the house."

"Exactly," you agree, "except this time, we already know what happened."

"Yeah, but, how much do we know? How much do you two remember?" Sam asks, resting against the side of the trunk.

"About that night, you mean?" Dean asks.

"Yeah."

Dean cocks his head, tongue darting across his lips. "Not much," Dean admits. "I remember the fire...the heat." Dean stops, remembering. "Then I carried you out the front door."

"You did?" Sam asks, his voice resembling one of a child.

"Yeah, well, you never knew that?" Dean replies, looking at his younger brother.

"No," Sam replies, staring at Dean with such profound respect and admiration.

"And, uh..." Dean continues, ignoring Sam's awe, "well, you know Dad's story as well as I do--Mom was...was on the ceiling, and whatever put her there was long gone by the time Dad found her."

"And he never had a theory about what did it?" Sam asks.

"If he did, he kept it to himself," Dean replies. "God knows we asked him enough times."

"Did your father ever tell you anything, Y/n?" Sammy asks, looking at you from across the car.

"I..." you bite your bottom lip. "Whenever I asked him about what happened to Mary, he'd just say that she was with my mom."

"Okay," Sam says. "So if we're gonna figure this out what's going on now, we have to figure out what happened back then, see if it's the same thing."

"Yeah," Dean agrees. "Talk to Dad's friends, neighbors, people who were there at the time."

Sam chuckles quietly. "Does this feel like just another job to you?" Sam looks at his brother, waiting for his response.
Dean hesitates, thoughts swarming in his mind at a 100 MPH. "I'll be right back. I got to go to the bathroom," Dean excuses himself.

Sam glances at you over his shoulder as you take Dean's spot on the trunk. "How are you holding up?" he asks you as you rest your head on his shoulder.

"I can manage, but I know it's hard for Dean," you answer. "What about you?"

"I just wish we didn't have to come here on such bad conditions," Sam says. You hum in agreement.

You sigh and stand up straight, stretching your arms. "I'm gonna go to the bathroom before we head out, too." Sam nods, and you head to the back of the gas station. You find Dean tucking his phone in his pocket as he wipes his eyes with a hand. "Dean," you say gently.

He turns around, his eyes wet and red. You take large steps and close the distance between the two of you, wrapping your arms around his neck in an embrace. His arms wrap around you then, hands holding your back, his hot tears staining your cheeks. The two of you stand there, the unspoken words voiced through the hug.

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"So, you ad John Winchester, you used to own this garage together?" Dean asks Mr. Guenther, owner of Guenther's Auto Repair.

"Yeah, we used to. A long time ago," the man replies. "Matter of fact, must be 20 years since John disappeared. So, why are the cops interested all of a sudden?"

"Oh, we're reopening some of our unsolved cases, and the Winchester disappearance is one of them," Dean explains, glancing between you and Sam.

"Uh-huh. Well, what do you want to know about John?"

"Whatever you remember. Whatever sticks out in your mind," you reply.

"Well..." Guenther says, placing his hands on his hips. "He was a stubborn bastard. I remember that. And, uh... oh, whatever the game, he hated to lose, you know? It was that whole marine thing. But, uh... Well, he sure loved Mary, and he doted on those kids."

"But that was before the fire," Sam says.

Guenther nods. "That's right."

"He ever talk about that night?" Sam asks.

"No, not at first. I think he was in shock," Guenther recalls.

"Right, but eventually--what did he say about it?" Sam prompts for the man to continue.

"Oh, he wasn't thinking straight," Guenther says, shaking his head. "He said, uh--he said something caused that fire and killed Mary."

"He ever say what did it?" Dean asks.

"Nothing did it. It was an accident. An electrical short in the ceiling or walls or something," Guenther replies. "I begged him to get some help, but..."
"But what?" Dean asks, growing impatient.

"Oh, it just got worse and worse."

"How?"

"Oh, he started reading these strange old books. He started going to see this palm reader in town," the man explains.

Your eyebrows shoot up. "A palm reader? Thank you Mr. Guenther, we'll be in touch," you say, ending the conversation and dragging the boys behind you as you leave the garage.

"Y/n, what the hell?" Dean hisses once the three of you are back at the car.

"I know who we have to go see," you state, eyes wide and a smile playing on your lips.

"Who?" Sam asks, brows furrowed together.

"Missouri Moseley," you replied.

"Wait, wait--Missouri Moseley is a psychic?" Dean asks, bewildered.

"Yeah," you reply.

Dean grabs John's journal from the back. "In Dad's journal... come look at this. Here, first page, first sentence. Read that."

"I went to Missouri... and I learned the truth," Sam reads.

Dean shrugs, "I always thought he meant the state. Y/n, how do you know Missouri?"

"Well, I crashed at her place while I waited for your dad to pick me up, after you know..." you trail off. "She's great woman. Y'all are gonna love her," you say with a smile.

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Dean tosses a magazine on the coffee table as he and Sam wait impatiently on the love seat in Missouri's waiting area. You walk around the small room, finger tips grazing everything affectionately.

"All right, then. Don't you worry about a thing," Missouri's voice fills the room. She chuckles, "Your wife is crazy about you," she tells her customer as he leaves the clinic. She leans against the closed door and sighs. "Whew! Poor bastard--his woman is cold-bangin' the gardener." She turns to you, a smile lighting up her face. "Y/n! It's about time you showed up," your old friend says as you hug her.

"Why didn't you tell him?" Dean asks, referring to her previous customer.

"People don't come here for the truth," Missouri replies. "They come for good news." The boys exchange glances from the couch. "Well, Sam and Dean, come on already. I ain't got all day!"

You shoot the boys a mischievous grin before following Missouri to her office.

"It's so good to see you, Missouri," you gush.

She hums in agreement. "You and I have a lot of catching up to do, young lady," she waves a finger
at you. "Why didn't you call?"

You shrug. "I guess I just disconnected from the world for a while. And now I'm working with these chuckleheads."

The boys file in after you, stepping off to your side. "Well, let me look at you brought in, Y/n." She laughs, "Oh, you boys grew up handsome. And you were one goofy looking kid, too," she remarks pointing a finger at Dean.

"Sam," Missouri says, grabbing his hand. "Oh, honey. I'm sorry about your girlfriend. And your father...he's missing?"

The boys glance at you, then each other. "How'd you know all that?" Sam asks.

"Well, you were just thinking it, just now," Missouri replies.

"Well, where is he? Is he okay?" Dean asks urgently.

"I don't know," Missouri replies.

"You don't know? You're supposed to be a psychic, right?" Dean questions.

Missouri's brow knots. "Boy, you see me sawing some bony tramp in half? You think I'm a magician?" Dean's mouth open and closes as Missouri snaps at him, a grin growing on your face. "I may be able to read thoughts and sense energies in a room, but I can't just pull facts out of thin air. Sit! Please."

You sit next to Missouri and the boys sit across from the two of you on her love-seat. As Dean leans back in the sofa, Missouri raises her finger threateningly. "Boy, you put your foot on my coffee table, I'm gonna whack you with a spoon."

"I didn't do anything," Dean defends himself.

"Well, you were thinking about it," Missouri replies. She adjusts herself in her chair as Sam looks at her like he's just must a superhero, a boyish grin on his face.

"Okay, so," Sam says after he collected himself, "our dad. When did you first meet him?"

"He came for a reading a few days after the fire," Missouri says. "I just told him what was really out there in the dark. I guess you could say I drew back the curtains for him."

"What about the fire?" Dean asks. "Do you know about what killed our mom?"

"A little. Your daddy took me to your house. He was hoping I could sense the echoes, the fingerprints of this thing," Missouri explains.

"And could you?" Sam asks. You lean back in the chair, already knowing this story.

"I don't," Missouri whispers, shaking her head.

"What was it?"

"I don't know," Missouri admits. She exhales sharply. "But it was evil. So, you think something's back in that house?"

Sam nods. "Definitely."
"I don't understand," Missouri says, mostly to herself. You ask her what. "I haven't been back inside, but I've been keeping an eye on the place, and it's been quiet. No sudden deaths, no freak accidents. Why is it acting up now?"

"I don't know. But Dad going missing and Jessica dying and now this house--all happening at once--it just feels like something's starting," Sam says.

"That's a comforting thought," Dean comments.

"Well, whatever's going down, we need to get Missouri inside the house," you say. Missouri hums in agreement.

"Let's go," Dean agrees, rising from his seat.

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"Sam, Dean, Y/n, what are you guys doing here?" Jenny asks as she opens the door. She bounces with Richie on her hip and seems startled.

"Hey, Jenny, this is our friend Missouri," Sam says.

"If it's not too much trouble, we were hoping to show her the house, for old time's sake," Dean adds with a smile.

"No, you know, this isn't a good time," Jenny replies, shaking her head. "I'm kind of busy."

"Listen, Jenny, this is important--ow!" Dean says but is cut off by Missouri slapping the back of his head.

"Give the poor girl a break," Missouri scolds him, stepping between the brothers to face Jenny. "Can't you see she's upset? Forgive this boy. He means well. He's just not the sharpest tool in the shed." Dean's eyebrows shoot up as Missouri mocks him, and you keep down a laugh. "But hear me out."

"About what?" Jenny asks, her voice shaking.

"About this house," Missouri replies.

"What are you talking about?" Jenny questions, trying to steady her voice.

"I think you know what I'm talking about. You think there's something in this house, something that wants to hurt your family," Missouri states. "Am I mistaken?"

"Who are you?" Jenny asks, Richie playing with his juice cup.

"We're people who can help, who can stop this thing," Missouri answers, "but you're going to have to trust us just a little."

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"If there's a dark energy around here, this room should be the center of it," Missouri claims as the four of you walk into Sari's bedroom.

"Why?" Sam asks in a small voice.

"This used to be your nursery, Sam," Missouri explains. "This is where it all happened."
It could've fooled you. The ceiling was redone and the room looked completely different decorated with flowers and toys. You nibble your bottom lip as Missouri walks around the room, sensing the energies. Dean pulls out his EMF reader to get the feel of the room himself.

"That an EMF?" Missouri asks from across the room. Dean nods and Missouri snickers. "Amateur." Dean glares at the woman that seems to pick on his every chance she gets. His EMF whizzes, the lights on the top blinking red.

"I don't know if you should be disappointed or relieved, but this ain't the thing that took your mom," Missouri states, her brow furrowed in concentration.

"Are you sure?" Sam asks. Missouri nods. "How do you know?"

"It isn't the same energy I felt the last time I was here," Missouri explains. "It's something different."

"What is it?" you ask as Missouri walks to the closet.

She opens the doors. "Not it. . . them," she corrects you, stepping into the closet. "There's more than one spirit in this place."

"What are they doing here?" Dean questions.

"They're here because of what happened to your family." Missouri walks over to Dean. "You see, all those years ago, real evil came to you. It walked this house. That kind of evil leaves wounds, and sometimes wounds get infected."

"I don't understand," Sam says.

"This place is a magnet for paranormal energy," Missouri expands. She looks over her shoulder at Sari's room, Sam's old nursery. "It's attracted a poltergeist--a nasty one--and it won't rest until Jenny and her babies are dead."

"You said there was more than one spirit," Sam recalls. Missouri confirms Sam's statement, then walks back into the closet.

"I just can't quite make out the second one," Missouri says. The four of you stand in a tense silence, the unknown unsettling and causing your head to spin.

"Well, one thing's for damn sure--" Dean speaks up, breaking the silence, "nobody's dying in this house ever again," Dean says with such finality in his voice. "So whatever is here, how do we stop it?"

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You instruct Dean on what to put in the hex bags over his shoulder, pointing at what ingredient to use.

"So, what is all this stuff, anyway?" he asks as he drizzles some root on the cloth.

"Angelica root, van van oil, crossroad dirt," you list off while gesturing at the ingredients, "a few other odds and ends."

"How do you know all that?" Sam asks you.

You smile, you and Missouri sharing a look. "I spent a summer with Missouri before I went off to college." Sam nods, taking in the new information.
"What are we supposed to do with these?" Dean asks.

"We're gonna put them inside the walls in the north, south, east, and west corners on each floor of the house," Missouri explains.

"Punching holes in the dry wall--Jenny's gonna love that," Dean mumbles as he folds the cloth.

"She'll live," Missouri replies, somewhat darkly.

"And this will destroy the spirits?" Sam asks, getting the conversation back on track.

"It should," Missouri replies. "It should purify the house completely. We'll each take a floor, Y/n can come with me, but we gotta work fast." Dean licks some of the Angelica root, his curiosity getting the better of him. "Once the spirits realize what we're up to, things are gonna get bad."

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Missouri meets you by the basement stairs, taking deep breaths. "You ready?" you ask her as she approaches you, a hammer resting on your shoulder. She nods and the two of you descend down the stairs into the dank basement.

"Dean really is oblivious when it comes to female emotions," Missouri says out of no where.

You furrow your brow. "What do you mean?"

Missouri examines you with hard eyes for a moment at the bottom of the stairs. You look at her quizzically, waiting for her to respond. She shakes her head and sighs. "Never mind."

You shrug and split up, each take different sides of the basement. You quickly find a weak spot in the wall, create a hole a toss the warding bag into the hallow space. You finish you with the other wall just as quickly and turn to see if Missouri completed her walls as well. Just as you turn to face her, a dresser slides across the room in astonishing speed and slams her into the wall, pinning her there.

She grunts in pain as you shout her name and rush to her side. You pull at the dresser, but the invisible force that moved it there keeps it in place. "The wall," Missouri says, handing you the last bag. You nod briskly, taking the bag and throwing it into the hole Missouri made before she was rudely interrupted.

The force dissipates, and Missouri shoves the dresser out of her way with some assistance from you. The two of you pause to catch your breath, Missouri bracing herself, her hands on her knees.

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The kitchen is a wreck--Jenny was not going to be happy. You sigh, placing your hands on you hips as you look around the trashed kitchen. The fridge was open and some of its contents splattered on the floor, the dining table was flipped over, stabbed with multiple kitchen knives, and the cabinets were carelessly thrashed open.

"Are you sure this is over?" Sam asks Missouri who leans against the sideways table.

Missouri purses her lips. "I'm sure. Why?" she asks Sammy over her shoulder. "Why do you ask?"

Sam hesitates for a moment before shaking his head. "No, never mind." He sighs, "It's nothing, I guess."
You eye Sam suspiciously, wondering why he wouldn't share his opinion with Missouri. She'd take his comments without spurn, in fact, happy that he would converse with her on the subject. Your thoughts are cut short by Jenny's voice as she enters the house.

"Hello?" she calls out. "We're home," she announces as she enters the kitchen. Her mouth drops open at the sight of her kitchen that's now in shambles. "What happened?" her tone more shocked than angry.

"Hi, sorry. Um, we'll pay for all of this," you apologize. Dean's face scrunches up, knowing that three of you don't have that kind of money on hand. Maybe the Winchester don't, but you definitely do.

"Don't you worry," Missouri says, Jenny turning in her direction. "Dean's gonna clean up this mess." Dean furrows his brows; first his wallet takes a blow and now him? "Well, what are you waiting for, boy? Get the mop," Missouri scolds him as he turns away to mumble under his breath. "And don't cuss at me!"

Dean faces Missouri, dumbfounded, ego bruised for the better or for worse. You grin as Dean walks away to find the mop.

Dean helps Missouri down the porch stairs, you and Sam following closely behind. The four of you look back at Jenny who stands in the doorway, saying your wordless goodbyes. You give Jenny a reassuring nod then continue on your way to the impala.

"So, tell me again--what are we still doing here?" You ask Sammy. You yawn from the backseat of the Impala, exhausted and wishing to be in a bed.

"I don't know, I-I just--I still have a bed feeling," the young Winchester replies.

"Why? Missouri did her whole Zelda Rubenstein thing," Dean points out, growing annoyed. "The house should be clean. This should be over."

"Yeah, well, probably, but I just want to make sure. That's all," Sam says.

Dean rolls his eyes and leans back in his seat, head resting on the top of the back. "The problem is I could be sleeping in a bed right now," Dean whispers. You hum in agreement, stretching out in the backseat.

Sam ignores the two of you, peering at Jenny's window. "Dean!" Sam hits Dean's chest, eyes glued to Jenny's window. Sam scrambles out of the car, sprinting across the street. You and Dean jump out of the car, your tiredness leaving your body and adrenaline coursing through your veins.

"You grab that kids, I'll get Jenny," Dean orders you and Sam as the three of you run across her yard. You nod curtly, jumping to the top of the porch and skipping the steps. Dean quickly picks the door's lock, and swings opens the door.

Before the three of you split up, you shout to Sam, "I'll get Richie, you get Sari!" He nods in confirmation, then darts upstairs. You follow behind, running into Richie's room. You grab the confused toddler, and soothe him before he starts crying. "Sam, let's go!" you shout. Sam rushes out of Sari's room, the young girl in his arms.

"Come on!" he yells over the howling of the fire. You run down the stairs, careful not to trip or drop
Richie. When the two of you reach the bottom of the steps, Sam places Sari on the floor. "Y/n, get them out of here!"

"What?" you scream over the growing noise, hoping you heard him wrong. Before Sam can repeat himself, the spirit grabs his foot and drags him away, Sari screams in fear. Your face pales, the cries of the kids ringing in your ears. You grab Sari's hand and pull her along, "Come on!"

You and the kids run outside where Dean and Jenny wait on the lawn. Sari runs into her mother's arms and you set down Richie, he, too, clinging to his mom.

"Y/n, where's Sam?" Dean asks, grabbing your shoulders.

"He's still in the house. Something grabbed him," you explain, then grab Dean's arm. "We gotta hurry!"

Just as the two of you turn to face the door, it slams shut. The two of you exchange glances then sprint to the impala. Dean opens the trunk, his body in auto-pilot mode, and hands you a shotgun as he grabs an ax. You run past the crowd of people that manifested in the street, ignoring their stares and focusing on the task at hand.

Dean kicks at the door, but to his surprise, nothing happens. "Step back," Dean warns. He swings the ax over his head and into the door, repeating this action multiple times before there's a decent sized hole in the door. You slip through the hole easily, cocking the gun as you run through the house. "Sam!" Dean shouts after you, matching your pace.

You enter the kitchen and find Sam pinned to the wall, a figure on fire walking over to him slowly. You take your aim, but Sam calls out to you before you can shoot it. "No, don't! Don't!" he cries. You lower the gun slightly, giving Sam an incredulous look. "Why not?"

"Because I know who it is!" Sam replies, voice back to his normal volume. "I can see her now."

The fire extinguishes on its own, revealing the woman you haven't seen since you were four. Mary Winchester stands in front of you and her sons, hair and nightgown billowing gently as the wind calms. You lower the gun then, grabbing for Dean to steady yourself. This had to be a dream.

Mary looks at the three of you with loving eyes. "Mom," Dean says, voice barely a whisper.

Her smile broadens, then takes a few steps to stand right in front of Dean. "Dean," she says simply. She looks at you then, happy to see you with her babies. "Y/n." You gulp, your mouth gone dry as you and Dean follow her with your heads. She walks over to Sammy and smiles sadly at him. "Sam."

Sam laughs, tears stinging his eyes as he looks down at his mother. "I'm sorry," Mary tells her son, her features hardening.

"F-for what?" Sam asks, his voice shaking.

Mary looks at him for a moment longer, then turns away, walking into the middle of the kitchen. "You, get out of my house," she demands, "and let go of my son." Her body erupts in flames then, the light blinding you momentarily. You shield your eyes, cowering from the immense heat and light. When you look back, Mary Winchester is gone, the flames exploding into the ceiling.

Sam gasps as the force that pinned him down suddenly disappears, eyes stained with tears.
"Mom?" Dean asks quietly, looking around the room.

Sam takes a few small steps, taking deep breaths. "Now it's over," he says, avoiding your and Dean's glances.

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Dean sifts through the box of photographs Jenny gave him, a nostalgic smile on his face. "Hey, look at this one," Dean says, handing you a photo. You take it, a chuckle leaving your lips as you examine the picture of you, Dean, and baby Sammy sitting on the chair. "Thanks for these," Dean tells Jenny.

"Don't thank me, they're yours," Jenny replies. Dean nods, putting the stack of pictures back in the box and closes it. "Thank you, again, for saving my family," Jenny says.

You smile at her, glancing at the kids who play in the yard. "It's what we do."

Dean nods, then calls out to his brother, "Sam, you ready?"

Sam walks over to the impala, ending his conversation with Missouri. "Don't you kids be strangers," Missouri tells the three of you with a stern finger.

"We won't," Dean reassures her.

Missouri smiles, adjusting her cardigan. "See you around."

Jenny waves goodbye, rounding up her children into the house. You sigh and look across the street.

"Want some time?" Dean asks, noticing your lingering gaze.

Your head snaps in his direction, then nod sheepishly. "If you don't mind..."

"Go ahead," Dean replies with a smile.

"I'll just be a minute," you add, not wanting to keep the boys here any longer than they have to. You exhale sharply and walk across the street, hands tucked in your sweater pocket. You pull out the house's key from your back pocket, it's place right next the your current home's key and your car keys.

You never sold the house. You didn't see any reason not to keep it; sure, it's the spot where your father died, but it also held so much good memories that you weren't ready to let go. Your grandparents hefty bank account supported this decision to keep the house. Plus, the house was untouchable by the government; your dad paid off the mortgage while he was still alive, and since the house didn't use any electricity or pluming, you didn't have to pay those bills either.

You unlock the front door and step into the sparsely furnished house. Plastic tarps cover the leftover furniture, boxes filled with books, mementos, clothes, silverware--you name it--line the walls. The house looks just like you left it, except a bit dustier.

Tears roll down your cheeks as you walk the hallway, looking into your father's old bedroom, and even the bathroom. You enter his room, the bed long gone, boxes pilled orderly in one corner. You drag your fingers across the tops of one of the boxes, a line forming as the dust clings to your fingers.

You open the lid of the box, revealing your dad's old t-shirts and clothes. You grab two tees, his
You sob into the thick sweater, your fingers gripping to the fabric like your life depends on it. You didn't hear the brother's walk into the room, you were somewhere else--lost down memory lane. The brother's wrapped their arms around you, consuming you with their large frames in a great, big group hug.

Together, the three of you weep silently; you and Dean reliving the memories you created, and Sam dreaming of what could've been.

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"That boy..." Missouri thinks aloud, "he has such powerful abilities." She places her keys on the center table and sighs. "Why he couldn't sense his own father," she walks into her office, "I have no idea."

John Winchester sighs into his folded hands. He looks at his old friend, rubbing his hands together. "Mary's spirit... do you really think she saved the boys?"

He doesn't know Y/n is with them, Missouri pieces together. You owe me, Y/n. Missouri nods, "I do."

John nods, then looks longingly at his wedding ring as he twists it around his finger. Missouri frowns at him, her frustration fueling. "John Winchester, I could just slap you. Why don't you go talk to your children?"

John shakes his head. "God, I want to. You have no idea how much I want to see them." He pauses, closing his eyes. "But I can't. Not yet." He looks at Missouri with sad, yet determined, eyes. "Not until I know the truth."

[END OF EPISODE 9 - HOME]
"No, John was in California last we heard from him. We figured since he goes to you for religious things, you might've heard from him," you explain over the phone. "Maybe you've seen him in the last few weeks?"

"No, I'm sorry, kid. I haven't seen or heard from John in a while," Pastor Jim replies.

You sigh. "All right. Just call us if you hear anything."

"Will do," Jim says. "And, Y/n, be careful. John's gonna kill you and the boys when he finds out you're not home."


"Neither has Caleb," Sam says after hanging up him phone, "or Jefferson. What about the journal? Any leads in there?"

Dean shakes his head. "No. Same last time I looked. Nothing I can make out." Dean chuckles, "I love the guy, but I swear he writes like freaking Yoda."

"Maybe we should call the feds, file a missing person's," Sam suggests.

"No, we talked about this. Dad would be pissed if we put the feds on his tail," Dean counters.

"I don't care anymore," Sam replies, growing agitated. Dean's phone rings, distracting Dean from the conversation.

"Patience, you must have," you tell Sam, horribly impersonating Yoda. Sam frowns at you and throws a pillow at your head. You let it hit you, falling back into the bed with a thump.

"I mean, after what happened back in Kansas--you said it yourself, Dean, Dad should've been there. You tried to call him and nothing," Sam rants as Dean digs through his things looking for his phone.

"I know," Dean replies, tone hard. "Where the hell is my cell phone?"

"You know, he could be dead of all we know," Sam voices suddenly. You sit up straight then, glaring at Sam.

"Don't say that," Dean snaps. Sam should know better; it's like poking an angry bear with a stick, the bear being Dean and his 'dead' father being the stick. "He's not dead. He's--"

"He's what? He's hiding? He's busy?" Sam lists of all the excuses Dean has used before.

Dean finally finds his phone and the ringing stops. He scoffs. "I don't believe it."

"What?" you ask, crawling to the edge of the bed.

Dean takes a seat next to you on the bed. "It's a--a text message," Dean says, staring at his phone. "It's coordinates." You leave the bed then and grab Sammy's laptop.
"You think Dad was texting us?" Sam asks his brother, you punching the numbers into a map.

"He's given us coordinates before," Dean replies.

"The man can barely work a toaster, Dean," Sam retorts. You snicker, kinda shocked that Sam would talk so lowly of his father. "

"Sam, this is good news," Dean states. "It means he's okay--or alive."

"Was there a number or a caller ID?" Sam asks.

"It said 'Unknown,'" Dean answers with a sigh.

"Okay, where do the coordinates point?" Sam asks, Dean leaning over your shoulder to get a look at the laptop himself.

"That's the interesting part; Rockford, Illinois," you say, the screen displaying an article you found.

"And that's interesting how?" Sam questions.

"I checked the local Rockford paper," you explain. "Come look at this," you beckon for Sam. "This cop, Walter Kelly," you click on his picture, his profile filling up the screen, comes home from his shift, shoots his wife, then pulls the gun in his mouth, and kills himself. Earlier that night, Kelly and his partner responded to a call at the Roosevelt Asylum."

"Okay, I'm not following," Sam admits. "What does this have to do with us?"

"Dad earmarked the same asylum in his journal," Dean explains, opening up his father's journal. "Let's see... Here," he says, flipping to the right page. "Seven unconfirmed sightings, two deaths"-- till last week, at least. I think this is where he wants us to go."

Sam scoffs, rising from the bed and pacing the floor. "This is a job." Sam runs his hand over his mouth. "Dad wants us to work a job."

"Maybe we'll meet up with him. Maybe he's there," you voice your wishful thinking.

"Maybe he's not. He could be sending us there by ourselves to hunt this thing," Sam counters causing you to frown.

"Who cares? If he wants us there, that's good enough for me," Dean replies. You close the laptop as Dean leaves from his spot and puts away his father's journal.

"This doesn't strike you as weird--the texting, the coordinates?" Sam questions the two of you. You simply shrug. John was always a mysterious man, so it didn't really shock you when he did mysterious things.

"Sam. Dad's telling us to go somewhere. We're going," Dean states, grabbing his duffel bag.

Sam looks at you, exasperatedly. "Y/n?"

"What?" you ask him blankly.

"You're really okay with this?" Sam asks, rising his eyebrows.

"I mean, yeah. It's your dad, Sam," you say. Sam shakes his head, refusing to follow his father's orders blindly.
You came up with the plan. It was simple: Dean would approach Kelly's partner, be a dick, then Sam would step in and help the old man out, buy him a beer and get him to spill his feelings. With the boys covering the two main roles, you were left as a bystander just enjoying a drink at the bar.

Of course, you weren't going to just drink the poison of you choice...no, you were actually going to try to weasel out the town's lore from the bartender.

"Thank you," you say as the bartender slides you your drink, the two of you ignoring the little brawl between the patrons, aka the Winchesters. "So, you ever been to the Roosevelt Asylum?" you ask the man, trying to make conversation.

The bartender grins and nods enthusiastically. "I've been there once or twice," he says nonchalantly, but you can tell that he's subtly boasting.

You smirk, chuckling silently to yourself. "I've never been there before, but I heard it's an experience you'll never forget."

"That's right," the bartender agrees, "though, if you want the full experience, you have to go to the south wing."

"The south wing?" you inquire, cocking a brow. "What's so special about the south wing?"

"Well," the bartender leans over the bar, "legend says it's the most haunted part of the place. I've never been there myself cause the doors were locked, but... from what people say, I don't think I'd go in the south wing even if the doors were unlocked."

"Wow," you mutter, faking shock.

"I know," the man agrees, wiping down the counter. "You plan on visiting anytime soon?"

You shrug. "Maybe. I'd have to talk my friends into going with me first," you reply with a smile.

"Smart girl. I wouldn't want to go in there alone either," the bartender quips.

You take a swing of your drink and get a text message from Dean telling you they're ready to go. "Well, duty calls. It was nice talking to you," you say as you stand from the bar stool.

"Yeah, you, too!" the bartender agrees as you walk out of the pub. Sam says his goodbyes to Kelly's partner and follows you out of the pub.

Dean leans casually against the impala, legs crossed at the ankles. "You shoved me kind of hard in there, buddy boy," Dean remarks as you and Sammy approach him.

Sam shrugs. "I had to sell it, didn't I? Method acting," Sam defends his actions. You scoff, shaking your head at Sam's silly remark.

"Huh?" Dean asks, having no clue what 'method acting' means.

"Never mind," Sam dismisses his brother with the shake of his head as he walks around the car.

"What did you find out from Gunderson?" Dean asks.

"So, Walter Kelly was a good cop," Sam starts, propping his arms on the rood of the impala. "Head of his class, even-keeled. He had a bright future ahead of him."
"What about at home?" you interject.

"He and his wife had a few fights like everybody. But it was mostly smooth sailing," Sam replies. "They were even talking about having kids."

"All right, so either Kelly had some crazy waiting to bust out or something else did it to him," Dean states. "What did Gunderson tell you about the asylum?"

Sam smirks. "A lot."

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The boys scale the chain fence easily, their height and strength aiding them significantly. You, on the other hand, took your time climbing up the fence and down the other side. You run up the stairs after the boys, adjusting your sweatshirt as you do.

"Man, you really have to practice jumping fences," Dean comments as you catch up with them.

"I'm sorry I don't break into fenced places for a living," you scoff. Dean smirks at your comment as Sam opens the asylum's door. Graffiti covers the walls, broken furniture scatters the floor, and shredded curtains hang from the ceiling. Beer bottles and cans habitat the corners and open ledges; the asylum being a popular party spot, apparently.

"So, apparently, the cops chased the kids here..." Sam says, "and into the south wing."

"South wing, huh?" Dean asks.

"I talked to the bartender; he said the south wing is the most haunted part of the asylum," you comment, eyes observing the shady sign that reads SOUTH WING.

Dean flips through his father's journal. "'1972--three kids broke into the south wing. Only one survived.' The way he tells it, one of his friends went nuts and started lighting up the place," Dean says.

"So, whatever's going on, south wing seems like the heart of it," Sam remarks.

You nod, crossing your arms. "Sounds like the most haunted part to me."

"But if kids are spelunking the asylum, why aren't there a ton more deaths?" Dean inquires, flipping back to his dad's journal.

"'Cause the doors are normally chained," you reply, gesturing towards the broken chain hanging from the door handles. "The bartender said that when he came here, the doors were still chained up. They could've been chained up for years."

"Yeah, to keep people out. Or to keep something in," Dean says.

Sam pushes open the south wing door's, glancing at you and Dean as the hinges squeal. The three of you enter the dark corridor, maneuvering around the tossed over table in the middle of the hall.

"Let me know if you see any dead people, Haley Joel," Dean jests at his brother.

"Dude, enough," Sam snaps, finding Dean's psychic jokes more annoying than funny.

Dean chuckles, then tones it back a bit. "I'm serious, you've gotta be careful. Ghosts are attracted to that E.S.P. thing you got."
"I told you, it's not E.S.P. I just have strange vibes sometimes, weird dreams," Sam corrects his brother. You sigh dramatically, already fed up with the brotherly bickering.

"Yeah, whatever, don't ask, don't tell," Dean replies, looking down at his EMF reader.

"Are you getting any readings on that thing or not?" you ask Dean, changing the subject.

"Nope. Of course, it doesn't mean nobody's home," Dean says.

"Spirits can't appear during certain hours of the day," Sam comments, agreeing with Dean.

"The freaks come out at night," Dean agrees. "Who do you think is a hotter psychic--Patricia Arquette, Jennifer Love Hewitt, or you?" Sam hits Dean's shoulder playfully, Dean bursting into fits of laughter as you roll your eyes.

The three of you stumble upon a large room that looks like a makeshift lab of some sort. Sam coughs, the dusty air filling his lungs. Dean lets out a whistle at the messy room. He flicks his EMF reader that still picks up nothing before pocketing it.

"Jesus, I'd hate to know what went down in here," you mumble, eyes trailing over the multiple torture devices.

"Electroshock, lobotomies. They did some twisted stuff to these people, kind of like my man Jack in 'Cuckoo's Nest,'" Dean comments, giggling at his reference. When you and Sam don't share his appreciation for the joke, his face falls adorably. You hide your smile with your hand; What a dork.

"So, what do you think? Ghosts are possessing people?" Dean asks, returning to his serious manner.

"It's a possibility," you reply, tossing the theory around in your mind.

"Maybe it's more like Amityville or the Smurl haunting," Sam suggests.

"Ah, spirits driving them insane, kind of like my man Jack in 'The Shining,'" Dean references again. You shake your head, a smile growing on your face.

"Guys," Sam says tiredly, "when are we going to talk about it?"

"Talk about what?" Dean asks, oblivious.

"The fact the dad's not here," Sam states. You frown and cross your arms over your chest, shifting your weight to one foot.

"Oh, uh, let's see, never," Dean replies.

"I'm being serious, man."

"So am I, Sam. Look, he sent us here, he obviously wants us here," Dean argues. "We'll just have to pick up the search later."

"It doesn't matter what he wants," Sam objects, gesturing for emphasis.

"See, that attitude right there," Dean pauses, "that is why I always go the extra cookie."

"Dad could be in trouble. We should be looking for him," Sam adds. "We deserve some answers,
Dean. I mean, this is our family, for crying out loud."

"I understand that, Sam, but he's given us an order," Dean replies, his anger rising.

"So, what, we've got to always follow Dad's orders?" Sam questions.

"Of course we do," Dean replies, face stoic. Sam shakes his head in disbelief as Dean turns away to look at something else. Sam glances in your direction, gesturing like he's lost his mind. You shrug, not wanting to intrude in their family drama. Though you considered the Winchesters family, you always feel a bit out of place when they argue.

Dean picks up a dusty plaque, reading the name out loud, "Sanford Ellicott. You know what we gotta do, we've got to find out more about the south wing, see if something happened here."

As he walks past Sam, he places the name plaque to his brother's chest then walks out of the room. Sam reads it over and drops it on a nearby table, then walks out of the room. You sigh, raking a hand through your hair, and jog out of the room to catch up with the brothers.

~~~

What am I doing? You found yourself replaying the question over and over in your head. Your foot thumped with anxiety as you wait for the psychiatrist. Your twiddle your thumbs in your lap and pray that the brothers make their amends while you're in your meeting. 

"Y/n Y/l/n?" Dr. James Ellicott calls out your name, stepping into the waiting area.

You rise from the chair you sit in, wiping your hands off on your thighs. "That's me," you say quietly.

"Come on in," Ellicott waves for you to come into his office. Stupid Winchesters for not wanting to talk about their feelings.

You hesitantly walk into the room. "Thanks again for seeing me last minute," you tell the doctor, not forgetting your manners.

"It's no problem," Ellicott replies, closing the door behind you. "Please, make yourself comfortable," he says, gesturing towards the chair in the middle of the room.

You gulp and take a seat in the chair. You exhale slowly, reminding yourself that you're hear to talk about the asylum, not yourself. As he orders the files at his desk, you look for something to bring up his father.

"Dr. Ellicott?" you ask, noticing his plaque. "Ellicott, that name. Correct me if I'm wrong, but wasn't there a doctor Sanford Ellicott?" James Ellicott nods, spinning around in his chair with his clipboard in hand. "Yeah, he was chief psychiatrist somewhere."

"My father was the chief of staff at the old Roosevelt Asylum," James confirms. "How did you know?"

"Oh, I'm kind of a local-history buff," you lie with a smile. "Ah, wasn't there an incident or something in the--in the hospital, I guess--or the south wing?"

"We're on your dollar, Y/n," Ellicott reminds you. "We're here to talk about you."

Ellicott nods. "So, how's things?"

"Uh, things are good, doc," you say with a nod.

"Good. What have you been doing?"

"I've, uh, just been on a road trip with some friends," you reply honestly.

"Was that fun?"

"Oh, yeah, bundles. You know we met a lot of people, lot's of interesting people," you explain with a forced smile. "Did a lot of cool activities, yeah..." You pause, letting the silence hang in the air. "I'm sorry I just have to ask, what exactly happened in the south wing? I forget."

"Look, if you're a local-history buff, then you know all about the Roosevelt Riot," Mr. Ellicott says.

"The riot? Oh, no, I know, I just wanted to--"

"Y/n. Let's cut the bull, shall we?" Ellicott places his clipboard on his desk and leans forward in his chair. "You're avoiding the subject."

You tilt your head, thinking that you've been busted. "What subject?"

"You," Ellicott states. "Now, I'll make you a deal. I'll tell you all about the Roosevelt Riot if you tell me something honest about yourself... Like, uh, these friends you're road-tripping with. How do you feel about them?"

Well, I got a therapy session, might as well make the most of it. You sigh, and look at Dr. Ellicott. "They're like family, doc," you say honestly. "They mean the world to me."

"Good, good. I couldn't help but notice that you came in here a little shaken up. Was the meeting doing that to your or is there something else?..."

You exhale sharply, eyes widening slightly. Buckle up, doc.

"Dude, you were in there forever," Dean exclaims as you walk past the brothers who lean against the side of the building. You stuff your hands in your pocket, pressing your arms to your body for extra warmth against the mid-fall weather of Illinois. "What the hell were you walking about?"

"The asylum," you say, telling part of the truth as the boys walk at your side.

"And?" Sam asks, eagerly.

"The south wing is where they sent the really tough cases--you know, psychotics, criminally insane, cases like that," you explain.

"Sounds cozy," Dean remarks sarcastically.

"Mhmm, anyways, one night in '64, the patients rioted--they attacked the staff, each other," you add.

"So, the patients took over the asylum. Were there any deaths?" Sam asks.

"Yeah, some patients and some staff. Apparently, it was pretty gory. Some of the bodies were never even recovered, including our chief of staff, Ellicott," you continue, stopping at the trunk of the
"'Never recovered?'" Dean repeats in question.

"Cops searched every inch of the place, but I guess the patients must have... stuffed the bodies somewhere hidden," you reply.

"That's grim," Dean comments.

You hum in agreement. "So they transferred all the surviving patients and shut down the hospital for good," you conclude.

So, we've got a bunch of violent deaths and unrecovered bodies," Dean states.

"Which could mean a bunch of angry spirits," Sam pitches.

"Ah, good times. Let's check out the hospital tonight," Dean says, his word final.

~~~

Dean pushes the door open with his hand, then gestures for you and Sam to go in first. "Ladies first," Dean says.

You and Sam scoff, but walk into the south wing, nonetheless. Sam turns on his video camera, Dean his EMF reader, and you your flashlight. The light only reaches a few meters in front of you before dissipating into the dark. You walk in front next to Dean, aiming your flashlight down the hall before turning a corner.

"Getting any readings?" Sam asks his brother.

"Yeah, big time."

"This place is orbing like crazy," Sam notes as he looks through the camera's screen. You look over Sam's arm and see the green-colored screen is, in fact, lighting up with orbs.

You shrug. "There's probably tons of spirits out and about."

"And if these unrecovered spirits are causing the haunting?" Sam prompts.

"We got to find them and burn them," Dean states. "We gotta be careful, though. The only thing that makes me more nervous than a pissed-off spirit is a pissed-off spirit of a psycho killer."

You nibble your bottom lip, the three of you advancing slowly. A cool gust of wind sends chills down your side as something runs across the hall. You and the boys look over your shoulders, but find the hallway empty. You exhale, shaking your head and continue forward.

You reach the end of the hall ad walk into the large room the three of you found before with Sam. Nothing seems to be out of place, everything still in the same spot since this morning. You and Sam split up, each of you taking a side of the room. You look over the torture devices that look even creepier in the dark.

"Whoa, Dean! Shotgun!" Sam exclaims, causing you to turn on your heel. A mangled spirit with a large gash in the side of their head staggers towards Sam, hands out reached.

"Sam, get down," Dean warns as he rushes into the room, aiming the gun at the spirit. Sam drops to the floor, covering his head, and Dean fires at the ghost. The patient vanishes, the salt pelting the impala.
"That was weird," Sam remarks as he gets to his feet.

"Yeah, you're telling me," Dean replies, walking back to the room he was originally in.

You head over to Sam's side, asking him if he's okay. "Yeah, that's the weird part. It didn't try to attack me," Sam says, Dean turning around to look at his brother.

"It looked pretty aggro from where I was standing," Dean replies, waving for you and Sam to follow him out of the room.

"She didn't hurt me. She didn't even try," Sam insists as the two of you exit the room. "So, if she didn't want to hurt me, then what did she want?"

A whimpering comes from behind a flipped over bed frame, distracting all of you from Sam's question. You shine your flashlight into the room, stepping hesitantly towards the bed frame. You nod at Sam to flip it over when he looks at you. Sam clenches his jaw, grabbing the bed frame and pushing it aside.

The metal clatters on the ground, a teenager scrabbling around to look at you with a petrified face. She cowers into the corner, breathing heavily though her mouth.

You sigh, moving the flashlight from her squinting eyes. "Hey, it's okay. We aren't going to hurt you," you tell her, holding out your hand to help her up. She takes your hand and you help her up. "What's your name?"

"Kathrine," she answers. "Kat."

"Okay. I'm Y/n, this is Dean and that's Sam," you introduce the three of you.

"What are you doing here?" Sam cuts in, brow creased.

"Um... my boyfriend, Gavin--"

"Is he here?" Dean asks, interrupting her explanation.

"Somewhere," she says unsure. "He thought it would be fun, try and see some ghosts. I thought it was all just--you know, pretend." She wraps her sweater around her body and takes a deep breath. "I've seen things. I heard Gavin scream, and--"

"All right, Kat," you interrupt her before she can work herself up, taking her hand in yours, "come on. I'm gonna get you out of here, and the boys will find your boyfriend."

"No, no," she refuses, taking back her hand. "I'm not gonna leave without Gavin. I'm coming with you."

"It's no joke around here, okay? It's dangerous," Dean tells her.

"That's why I gotta find him," Kat replies, looking between you and Sam.

"All right, I guess we're gonna split up, then," Dean states.

"Okie dokie, Kat, let's go," you say, gesturing for Kat to follow you. Before you can take another step, Dean stops you.
"No, you're going with Sam," Dean states. "Come on, Kat." He ushers Kat out of the room before you can protest.

You scoff and turn to Sam. "Why the hell don't I ever get a say in things?"

"Hey, I didn't ask to be stuck with you either," Sam remarks, holding up his hands in defense.

You gasp and slap his arm playfully. "You know what I mean, Sammy. I'm perfectly capable of defending myself against the paranormal, don't you think?" you ask Sam as the two of you walk down the hall.

"I mean, you could use more experience and training," Sam admits with a shrug.

"Yeah, well, how am I going to get experience if Dean never lets me off on my own, huh?" you challenge with a cocked brow.

"You know it just out of love, Y/n," Sam tells you to which you scoff. "What? It's the truth. He's just trying to protect you."

"Mhmm, well, this little girl doesn't need protecting," you remark, placing your hands on your hips and lifting your chin.

"You got one part right," Sam agrees.

"What part?"

"That you're little."

A thud echoes down the corridor followed by a yelp from Sam. You laugh mischievously, shaking your head. "Gavin!" you shout, focusing on the biggest problem at hand. Your pettiness would have to wait till later.

"Whoa," you stumble back, noticing the boy passed out on the floor. "Gavin?" you hover over him as Sam shakes his chest. The teen wake, gasping when he sees you and Sam. "Hey, it's okay. We're here to help," you reassure him.

"Who are you?" Gavin asks, his eyes wide.

"My name is Sam, and that's Y/n," you raise a hand in greeting. "We found your girlfriend," Sam tells the boy as he helps him to his feet.

"Kat? Is she all right?" Gavin asks.

"She's worried about you. Are you okay?" you ask, examining him for any cuts or bruises.

Gavin grab his head and sighs. "I was running. I, uh, I think I fell."

"You were running from what?" Sam inquires.

"There was--there was this girl. Her-her face... it was all messed up," Gavin describes.

"Okay, okay, listen--did she try to hurt you?" Sam asks.

Gavin looks up at Sam with confused eyes. "What? No, she uh..."
"She what?" you prompt, studying Gavin's uncomfortable expression.

"She kissed me," Gavin confessed quietly. You blink, your face falling. Sam shifts his weight, thrown off-guard from the confession.

"Um, but she didn't hurt you physically?" Sam asks again.

"Dude, she kissed me!" Gavin whines. "I'm scarred for life."

You frown. "Hey, one: don't be rude, and two: it could have been a lot worse."

"Do you remember anything else?" Sam questions.

"She, uh... actually, she tried to whisper something in my ear," Gavin recalls. Sam asks what she said, but Gavin looks at him like he's insane. "I don't know. I ran like hell."

You exhale slowly. "It's fine. Let's just... let's just go find Dean and Kat," you say with a sigh. As you walk back out of the room, you run a hand through your hair. "Dammit," you mutter.

A blood curdling scream echoes through the asylum, triggering adrenaline to pump through your system. "This way!" you shout over your shoulder to Gavin and Sam ad dash down the hall. You jump over boxes and chairs blocking your way, thanking your legs for managing to get you over the piles of junk. You follow the incessant banging through the corridors, the pounding leading you to Dean.

He pounds at the door with a crowbar, shout for Kat to calm down. "What's going on?" Sam yells, passing you with his long strides.

"She's inside with one of them," Dean shouts back.

"Help me! Get me out of here!" Kats cries are dampened by the metal door.

"Kat, it's not going to hurt you!" Sam tells the terrified girl. "Listen to me, you have to face it. You have to calm down."

"She's gotta what?" Dean questions dubiously.

"I have to what?" Kat cries.

"These spirits--they're not trying to hurt you. They're trying to communicate," Sam explains. "You have to face it."

"You face it!"

"Kat, it's the only way you're going to get out of there!" you shout. "All you have to do is look at it. It won't hurt you, I promise."

The atmosphere grows tense as Kat quiets down to listen to the spirit. You find yourself holding your breath, hoping that Sam's theory proves itself correct.

"Kat?" Gavin calls out nervously.

"I hope you're right about this," Dean tells you and Sam, glancing between the two of you.

"Yeah, me, too," Sam agrees. You nibble your bottom lip in reply.
The door unlocks and swings itself open, revealing a very shaken up Kat. "Oh, Kat," Gavin mumbles as you move her out of the doorway so the boys can sweep the room.

"137," Kat says, looking at you with wet eyes.

"Sorry?" Dean asks, stepping out of the room.

"It whispered in my ear '137,'" Kat clarifies.

"Room number," the Winchesters say at the same time. You nod, and squeeze Kat's shoulder reassuringly. You and Sam crouch around Dean as he grabs supplies from his duffel bag.

"So if these spirits aren't trying to hurt anyone--then what are they trying to do?" Dean asks the question of the hour.

"Maybe that's what they've been trying to tell us," you theorize.

"I guess we'll find out," Dean replies. The three of you stand and face the teenagers. "So, now, you guys ready to leave this place?"

"That's a understatement," Kat sighs.

"Okay. You two get them out of here," Dean addresses you and Sammy.

"What about you?" you ask, giving Dean a questioning look as he hands Sam a shotgun.

"I'm gonna go find room 137," Dean replies.

You frown and sigh. "Be careful." Dean grins at you, turning on his flashlight with a click and walks down the hall. "Well, let's go," you wave for everyone to follow you, taking the lead. After a moment of walking, Kat decides to break the ice.

"So, how do you guys know about all this ghost stuff?" she asks.

You and Sam exchange glances. You nod for him to answer. "It's kind of our job."

"Why would anyone want a job like that?" Kat questions.

Sam chuckles. "I had a crappy guidance counselor."

"And Dean? He's your boss?"

You scoff and shake your head. "I'm sure he likes to think that," you reply with a smile. You and Sam share a silent laugh at your joke. "Hey, Gavin, Kat, next time you want to go on a date--if there is another one--why don't you stick to something more traditional? Like a picnic, or movie?" you suggest, glancing at the kids over your shoulder. "Believe me, sometimes simple is better."

Kat nods, agreeing with you 100 percent, and Gavin avoids your gaze. The four of you reach the exit in good time. Sam tries to open the door, but it doesn't budge. You try the other door next to it, only to get the same result: locked, or forced shut by the spirits.

"All right," Sam sighs when you turn around to give him a defeated look, "I think we have a small problem."

"Let's break it down," Gavin suggests.
You chuckle, hitting the door once more. "I don't think that's going to work."

"Then a window," Gavin replies, panic evident in his voice and crazed gestures.

"They're barred," Kat points out.

"Well, how are we supposed to get out?" Gavin cries, bouncing on his feet.

"That's the point," Sam says. "We're not. There's something in here. It doesn't want us to leave."

You sigh, running a hand through your hair. This just got five times more complicated.

"Those patients," Kat mumbles.

"No," you say, shaking your head. "Something else."

"Okay. I'll go find another exit--if there is one," Sam states, looking at everyone in the group.

"I'll come with," you turn to Kat and Gavin, cocking an eyebrow. "Are you two going to behave yourselves on your own?" Gavin rolls his eyes and Kat nods. "Good. Sammy, let's go."

You and the youngest Winchester run down the hall, mentally mapping the twists and turns of the asylum. You came across a few back exits, but, to your demise, they were all locked. You growl in frustration.

"This is going to be a long night," you mumble to Sam as you both jog back to where you left Gavin and Kat. Sam hums in agreement.

"We looked everywhere," Sam announces as you walk down the hall towards the kids. "There's no other way out."

"What the hell are we gonna do?" Gavin questions, pitch high and scared.

"For starters, we're not going to panic," you reply, looking pointedly at Gavin.

"Why the hell now?" the boy retorts.

Sam's phone rings saving you from lecturing the kid. "Hey," Sam answers.

"Sam, it's me. I see it. It's coming after me," Dean's voice crackles through the static. Sam hits your arm, alarming you.

"Where are you?" Sam asks, looking at you with wide eyes.

"I'm in the basement. Hurry up!"

"I'm on my way," Sam reassures his brother. He hands you the shotgun, which you take with creased brows. "Stay here and protect them," Sam orders, nodding at Kat and Gavin.

You bite the inside of your cheek and nod despite your distaste of being assigned the role of babysitter. Sam gives you a look then sprints down the hall to aid his brother. You pump the fore-end, clenching your jaw. If you were going to be the babysitter, you might as well be a good one.

A few minutes pass, nothing except Kat and Gavin talking about their relationship happens. You
shift your weight from foot to foot, waiting for the brothers to return. You're about to take a seat on the floor when a bang echoes down the hallway.

You raise the shotgun aiming at the noise. A head peeks out and you fire, not even bothering to see who it is.

"Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!" Dean curses, hiding behind the wall. "Don't shoot! It's me!"

"Oh shit, sorry!" you call out. "Did I hit you?"

"Son of a..." Dean mumbles as he walks around the corner shaking his head. You sigh, relieved. "What are you guys still doing here? Where's Sam"

"He went to the basement. You called him," Gavin replies.

"I didn't call him," Dean states. Your eyes met, your face falling.

"His cellphone rang; he said it was you," Kat adds.

"All right, kiddos: behave, don't... distract yourselves, and don't make the same mistake I made and shoot one of us," you say, pointing at you and Dean. "Any of you know how to use a gun."

"I do," Kat says, surprising Gavin. She shrugs as you hand her the gun; at least now they'll have something to talk about other than their failing relationship.

"We'll be right back," you reassure her, then run off with Dean, hoping Sammy is still okay.

"Sammy?" Dean calls out, leading the way through the dark basement level. "Sam you down here?"

"Sam!" you shout, peering into an empty room. You sigh, you and Dean turning around, coming face to face with Sammy. You and Dean jump, recoiling.

"Dammit, Sam! Answer me when I'm calling you," Dean scolds him.

"You all right?" you ask, your hand placed on your heaving chest.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Sam replies, looking at you and his brother like you're insane.

"You know that wasn't me who called your cell, right?" Dean asks.

"Yeah, I know. I think something lured me down here," Sam replies.

"I think I know who--Dr. Ellicott," Dean states. You look at him with raised eyebrows as he continues. "That's what the spirits have been trying to tell us. You haven't seen him have you?"

"No. How do you know it was him?" Sam questions, just as curious as you...but for different reasons.

"Because I found his logbook," Dean explains. "Apparently, he was experimenting on his patients. Awful stuff. Makes lobotomies look like a couple of aspirin."

"But it was the patients who rioted," Sam points out.

"Yeah, they rioted against Dr. Ellicott," Dean replies. "Dr. Feelgood was working on some sort of
extreme-rage therapy. He thought if he could get his patients to vent their anger, then they'd be cure of it. Instead it only made them worse and worse and angrier and angrier. So, I'm thinking, what if his spirit is doing the same thing?"

You nod, piecing together everything yourself. "That would explain the cop, and the kid from the '70s. He made them so angry they became homicidal."

"Yep. Come on," Dean says, brushing past Sammy, you in tail, "we gotta find his bones and torch them."

"How?" Sam asks, standing in his place. "The police never found his body."

"The logbook said he had some hidden procedure room down here where he'd work on his patients. So, if I was a patient, I'd drag his ass down here and do a little work myself," Dean replies, looking at his brother over his shoulder.

"I don't know, that sounds kind of--"

"Crazy? We are in an asylum, Sam," you refute with a Cheshire grin. "'We're all mad here,'" you famously quote and follow Dean into the room just down the hall. You look around the grimy room, nose twitching in disgust.

Sam saunters into the middle of room. "I told you I looked everywhere. I didn't find a hidden room."

"Well, that's why they call it hidden," Dean replies, shining his flashlight around the room. The sound of wing blowing comes from behind the wall. "You hear that?"

You nod and glance at Sam expecting his face to light up at the new clue. "What?" he asks dryly.

You frown, shocked he doesn't hear the obvious sound of wind.

Dean turns around to look at the wall. He crouches, hand hovering over the wooden panel in the wall. "There's a door here."

Suddenly, Sam carelessly aims his gun at Dean. "Dean," he states, his voice shaking in rage. Blood drips from his nose. He wipes away the blood with his sleeve. "Step away from the door."

"Sam, what are you doing?" you ask in a low voice, eyes fixated on the gun as Dean stands up.

"Sam, put the gun down," Dean says calmly.

"Is that an order?" Sam asks, cocking his head.

"It's more of a friendly request," Dean replies.

"'Cause I'm getting pretty tired of taking your orders," Sam states, raising the muzzle at Dean's head. You cautiously move behind Sam, planning out your attack.

"I knew it," Dean says, giving you time to get in your position. "Ellicott did something to you, didn't he?"

"For once in your life, shut your mouth," Sam snarls.

"What are you gonna go, Sam? The gun's filled with rock salt. It's not gonna kill me," Dean pesters.

"No," Sam agrees, his finger preparing itself to squeeze the trigger, "but it'll hurt like hell."
Then, you pounce. You wrap your arms around Sam's neck, putting him in a head lock. You claw for the gun, but Sam holds it out of your reach. Sam grunts, then charges back into the wall, your head hitting the concrete and blacking out from the blow. Sam shrugs you off his shoulders and quickly shoots Dean in the chest, the force sending Dean through the wooden door.

You squeeze your eyes shut, your head throbbing as you wake up. Your vision is blurry for a moment as your eyes readjust. Sam looms over Dean who lays on the floor.

"I mean, why are we even here?" you hear Sam ask, anger the only emotion in his voice. "'Cause you're following Dad's orders like a good, little soldier? 'Cause you always do what he says without question? Are you that desperate for his approval?"

"This isn't you talking, Sam," Dean says weakly.

"That's the difference between you and me," Sam continues. You try to remain quiet as you look around the room for some sort of weapon. Your back stings, you're sure to have a bruise for at least the next week; maybe month if doesn't heal fast. "I have a mind of my own. I'm not pathetic like you."

"So what are you gonna do? Are you gonna kill me?" Dean suggests tauntingly. You crawl on your hands and knees silently, your body screaming at you to stop from the pain, towards a discarded wooden panel. Hopefully it's thick enough to knock Sam out.

"I am sick of doing what you tell me to do," Sam says, voice dangerous. "We're no closer to finding Dad today than we were six months ago!"

"Well, then here," Dean says, pulling out his pistol from his inside-jacket pocket. "Let me make it easier for you." He holds out the gun for Sam to take. "Go on. Take it. Real bullets are gonna work a helluva lot better than rock salt. Take it!" Dean grunts as Sammy snatches the gun and tosses the shotgun to the side.

Sam points the gun at Dean's head threateningly and ready, his stance deadly and low. You struggle to stand up without crying in pain, but manage, bracing yourself against the wall.

"You hate me that much?" you hear Dean ask quietly as you creep up behind Sam. "You think you can kill your own brother?" Dean pauses, nodding to himself and Sam. "Then go ahead. Pull the trigger."

You wait tensely, knowing--hoping--that Sam would never do such a thing. "Do it!" Dean grunts, and the gun clicks, the magazine empty. You spring into action, slamming the wooden panel over Sam's head before he has time to react. Sam falls to the ground, passed out.

You raise a hand to cover your mouth as you look at the knocked out Sammy. "Sorry," you apologize quietly.

"That was quite the entrance, Y/n," Dean remarks still on the ground. You offer him a hand to help him up which he takes.

You pull him up, eyes darting to Sam. "I was worried you actually gave him a loaded gun, Watson," you admit, glancing at Dean who smiles.

"You think so lowly of me, Sherlock? That would've been a rookie mistake," Dean replies. You nod, exhaling sharply, but quickly regretting it as pain stabs your body. "You good?"
"Yeah. Just extremely sore," you reply with a smile. You look straight ahead, eyes meeting Dean's chest, his shirt pricked with tiny holes from the salt. "What about you?"

"I'll live," Dean replies. He bends over and grabs his flashlight from the ground. "Come on, it's time for our appointment with the doc."

The two of you walk around the room that's much larger than you expected. Dean bats a curtain out of the way, revealing a whole new part to the room. A stretcher is pushed to the side of the room next to a hutch. There's more curtains, dividing the room into small sections furniture in the same way.

"This must be where he stored his patients," you murmur to Dean. You choose to ignore the chill that trickles down your spine, telling yourself it's just your sore muscles. You walk out of the curtained area and spot a white cupboard on the floor. "Dean," you call out and nod at the cabinet. Dean's flashlight catches some hair sticking out of the door, a dead giveaway that this is where the patients hid Dr. Ellicott's body.

"You can open it," you say, stepping back from the cabinet.

"Thanks," Dean grumbles. Dean slowly opens the cabinet doors, it's hinges squealing. He jumps back in disgust covering his face and eyes, a horrible smell contaminating the air. You cough, shielding your eyes. "Oh, that's just gross," Dean groans.

"Here," you say, handing Dean the container of salt from the duffel bag.

He pours a generous amount of salt all over the rotted corpse. "That's right. Soak it up."

You smirk as the two of your trade the salt for the light fuel. The smell of the fuel and dead body mix together creating an even worse smell. You gag, waving the smell away from your nose. Suddenly, an invisible force throws you across the room. You collide with a stretcher as another stretcher rams Dean, pushing him over a few feet.

Dr. Ellicott grabs Dean's head in his hands, electricity sparking from his fingertips. "Don't be afraid. I'm going to help you. I'm going to make you all better."

"Y/n!" Dean manages to say, groaning from the pain.

You wince, shaking your head and dive for the lighter. With two tries, the lighter ignites and you toss it on the corpse, the body erupting in flames. Ellicott drops Dean's head, releasing the man so he can cower away from him and the fire, and stares down at his hands. You plop down by Dean, watching Dr. Ellicott harden into stone then fall apart through your hands. The statue falls to the ground, shattering into pieces.

You cough as the dust settles to the floor and look at Dean, the two of you sharing the same startled looks. You shake Sam's leg waking the boy up. He gazes at you and Dean with a wide eyes.

"You're not going to try and kill me, are you?" Dean asks.

"No," Sam replies, looking at the broken body.

"Good. 'Cause that would be awkward," Dean says, back to his joking manner.

"Thanks, guys," Kat says sheepishly, the sun just rising.
"Yeah, thanks," Gavin repeats, sticking his hands in his pockets.

"No more haunted asylums, okay? Remember what I said: sometimes simple is better," you remind the kids, pointing a finger at each other them. The kids lips form in a thin line, then they turn and go back to their car.

"Hey, Dean," Sam says over Gavin's car engine. "I'm sorry, man. I said some awful things back there."

"You remember all that?" Dean questions, a bit surprised.

"Yeah," Sam replies. "It's like I couldn't control it, but I didn't mean it--any of it."

"You didn't, huh?" Dean asks. You glance between the brothers awkwardly, hearing the doubt in Dean's voice.

"No. Of course not," Sam reaffirms. Dean nods, still not really believing. "Do we need to talk about this?" Sam asks, not wanting any tension between he and his brother.

"No, no. I'm not really in a sharing and caring kind of mood," Dean replies, turning his back on Sam and you. "I just want to get some sleep," Dean adds, glancing back at you and Sam as he climbs into the front seat.

You and Sam share a glance. You look away, signaling that you two can talk later, and get into the back seat.

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After Dean stripped of his shirt and pants, he passed out in the motel bed. You sigh and adjust your feet on the couch armrest. You look over at Sam who lays in the other motel bed, staring at the ceiling.

"Wanna talk about it?" you ask quietly so you don't wake Dean.

"You know I didn't mean it, right? What I said back there," Sam asks, his voice soft and sad.

"Sammy, I know that you want to find your dad, and I know that it frustrates you that we're not solely focusing on finding him. I think what you said back there was the harshest way you could've voiced your opinion," you reply honestly.

"But what I said about Dean...you don't believe that do you?"

"No. No, I don't."

Sam sighs. "Do you think Dean believes everything I said back there?"

You pause, trying to figure out how to handle the question. "You know what I think?" Sam hums, prompting for you to continue. "I think that when the time comes, you and Dean will address it and talk, but I don't think that time is now. And when you guys do talk it out, you'll get over it and hug it out."

Sam exhales slowly. "Yeah, I think so, too. Thanks, Y/n." Dean's phone goes off, ringing and waiting to be answered. "Dean," Sam calls out to his brother, but Dean is passed out.

"Answer it," you encourage Sam.
Sammy sighs, picking up Dean's phone from the nightstand. He looks at the unknown number for a second, then flips open the phone and presses it to his ear. "Hello," he says tiredly. Sam sits straight up in the bed, earning a confused look from you.

"Dad?"

[END OF EPISODE 10 - ASYLUM]

Chapter End Notes

Okie dokie, guys! The next episode is going to be a little different again, but I think y'all are going to like it. I don't want to give anything away, so you'll just have to wait for the next chapter *evil laughter* It should be out next week :)
Dean's phone goes off, ringing and waiting to be answered. "Dean," Sam calls out to his brother, but Dean is passed out.

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"Dad?"

[THIRD PERSON POV]

Y/n almost falls off the couch; Sam said dad. Was John truly on the phone? Had he finally grown the balls to call his sons?

"Are you hurt?" Sam asks, ignoring Y/n's antics and wide eyes.

"I'm fine," John replies.

"Put it on speaker," she whispers, crawling over the couch and kneeling in between Sam and Dean's beds.

Sam ignores her again. "We've been looking for you everywhere. We didn't know if you were okay," Sammy whispers.

"Sammy, I'm all right. What about you and Dean?"

Y/n shakes Dean's bare shoulder, waking him. He looks around with a scrunched up face, Sammy glancing back at the two of them realizing that his father doesn't know about Y/n.

"Well, we're fine. Dad, where are you?" Sam asks. Dean's eyes shift from Y/n and Sam with disbelief.

"Sorry, kiddo, I can't tell you that."

"What? Why not?"

"Is that Dad?" Dean asks, leaning on his arm.

"Yeah, I think so," Y/n replies, looking at Sam. "Sam," she hisses, wanting to be apart of the conversation as well.

"Look, I know this is hard for you to understand. You're just gonna have to trust me on this," John says.

Sam's silent for a moment, choosing to ignore you once again. "...You're after it aren't you? The thing that killed mom."
"Yeah. It's a demon, Sam."

Dean's sitting straight up now, staring at his phone. "A demon?" Sam asks, Y/n's blood runs cold. Dean looks around for his shirt, not remembering where he threw it. Y/n grabs it from the top of the couch and hands it to him.

"A demon? What's he saying?" Dean asks.

"I do," John confirms, nodding though his son can't see him. "Listen, Sammy, I, uh...I know what happened to your girlfriend."

"Sam, put it on speaker or something," their friend remarks, gesturing with her arms. Y/n's face falls then as she realized. John doesn't know that she's away from the house, that she's hunting with his sons. If he found out, well, they'd all be as good as dead.

"I'm so sorry. I would've done anything to protect you from that."

Sam merely glances at you and Dean, tears rimming his eyes as he sits silently, listening. "You know where it is?" Sam asks, then pauses again.

"Yeah, I think I'm finally closing in on it."

"Let us help."

"You can't. You can't be any part of it."

You glance at Dean, agitated about the one-sided conversation. "Give me the phone," Dean says, reaching out his hand to Sam.

"Why not?" Sam asks his father.

"Listen, Sammy, that's why I'm calling. You and your brother, you've got to stop looking for me. All right, now, I need you to write down these names."

"Names? What names, Dad?" Sam questions. "Talk to me. Tell me what's going on."

"Look," John says sternly, "we don't have time for this. This is bigger than you think. They're everywhere. Even us talking right now, it's not safe."

"No, all right," Sam snaps. "No way."

"Give me the phone," Dean states again, this time more urgently.

"I've given you an order. Now, you stop following me, and do your job," John argues. "You understand me? Now take down these names."

Dean snatches the phone from Sam, Sam's face twisting with anger. "Dad, it's me. Where are you?" Dean asks frantically.

As John gives Dean the shorthand version of what he told Sam, Y/n squeezes Sam's knee. Sam shakes his head, his anger and frustration muting him. Y/n frowns, wishing there was more that she can do.

"Yes, sir," Dean says, then grabs a notepad and pen from the nightstand. "Uh, yeah, I got a pen. What are the names?" Dean jots down the names as his father lists them off by memory.
"Put it on speaker," Y/n pleads. Her voice is a little too loud because John hears her.

"Who was that? Was that...was that Y/n?" John asks, his voice rising in anger.

"Uh...yes, sir," Dean answers, defeated, his eyes on Y/n. His eyes could with anger but also with guilt and shame as his father scolds him, calling him an idiot for dragging Y/n into this mess and putting her life at risk.

"Get her back home now. Put her on a plane because you won't get to Indiana in time if you drive. Keep her out of this, Dean. Don't even call her anymore--it's too dangerous now."

"Yes, sir," Dean replies, doing his best to keep his voice even. John hangs up then, too angry to say goodbye. Dean drops the phone on the bed, running his hand down his face.

"What?" Sam asks as Dean composes himself.

Dean sighs, his expression vacant. "We need to send Y/n home."

A tear slides down Y/n's cheek, the first of many to come.

[AIRPORT - SECOND PERSON POV]

"Now boarding Flight 2365: Chicago to Hailey."

You sniffle, slinging your backpack over your shoulders. "This isn't goodbye," you state firmly, facing the brothers straight on. You gaze up at their eyes, searching them for anything. Sam looks at you sadly, but Dean averts his gaze, sucking on his bottom lip. "So would you two stop treating it like it is?"

Sam smiles at you sadly, then pulls you into a hug. "Sorry, Y/n."

"Take care of Dean for me. And take care of yourself," you tell Sammy, ruffling his hair.

Sam nods, pulling away from the embrace. You step in front of Dean, looking at him hard for a moment and waiting for him to look at you. You roll your eyes and frown. "Look at me, Watson." Dean reluctantly looks down at you. You wrap your arms around his neck, burrowing your face into its crook. "Stop blaming yourself, Dean. Do you need me to manually pull your head out of your ass?"

Dean forces out a chuckle, returning the hug. "You know, Sherlock, that would be nice," Dean teases.

You hum and peck him on the cheek, dropping back down to your flat feet. "Seriously, boys, call me if you need anything. I don't care if John thinks it's dangerous or a risk. It's a risk I'm willing to take if it means helping you guys," you state, placing your hands on your hips.

You look over your shoulder at the decreasing line boarding the plane. "I better go," you whisper, voice shaking. "I'll see you guys later, okay?"

Sam nods, a tight smile on his lips. Dean can't seem to mask his guilt as he looks at you sadly, nodding once. You smile both at them, hiding how sad you really feel. You join the line, the boys stuffing their hands in their pockets and kicking at the floor, the hunting life now behind you but still looming over your shoulder.

[HAILEY, IDAHO - YOUR HOUSE]
You exhale slowly, gazing upon your grandparents’—that now belongs to you—plantation mansion. You remember reading their will with your father and being shocked when you saw that they left everything to you, including their plantation-style mansion. When you moved in at 18 years old, you were exhilarated to own such a magnificent piece of property, but as you got older, the giddiness faded, replaced with the sense of loneliness.

Still, the mansion was your home. You wouldn’t dream of living anywhere else. The small part of you that still longs to fulfill your childhood dreams imagines raising a family in the mansion and how spectacular it would be. For now, you are content with living alone humbly, even during your moments of loneliness.

You wave goodbye at the taxi as he drives away, adjusting your backpack on your shoulder with your free hand. You sigh, and walk up the grand porch stairs. You unlock the door with shaking hands, your breathing hitching as your emotions creep up on you. You step into the house, closing the door and pressing your back against it.

Your eyes shift around the open entrance leading right into the living room. You let your feet glide against the floor, your back sliding down the door as you fall to the ground to cry. You make no effort to control the tears that roll down your face, hitting the smooth, wood floor.

You cry for at least an hour before you pass out on the ground, exhausting yourself. You wake a few hours later feeling numb. Your skin, cold from the ground and air seeping through from under the door, prickles as you get to your feet like a new born giraffe and walk to the kitchen to prepare yourself a cup of hot chocolate.

Hot chocolate. Another comforting thing that reminded you of home no matter where you went. As a child, in the mornings when your dad was having is coffee, you’d ask for a cup. He’d laugh and say that the caffeine would stunt your growth (jokes on him seeing that you’re barely average height) and
give you hot chocolate instead. It became a tradition; every morning, your father would have his coffee and there'd be a mug of hot chocolate waiting for you on the table. Though, after your father passed, you picked up coffee, reliving his memory and accepting the bitterness of the flavor. Now you treated hot chocolate as a special treat, only having a cup on the bad days.

You sigh as you rummage through the cabinets in search of marshmallows and the hot cocoa mix. After burrowing the depths of the cabinet, you find the bag of marshmallows only to discover that they're expired.

You groan and toss the bag of marshmallows into the garbage under the island counter. You weren't going to let this stop you; no, you, determined to enjoy a mug of hot cocoa, were going to adventure into town and shop at the small grocery store.

You adjust the neck of your sweatshirt and walk down the hall to the garage door. You step into the garage, flipping on the lights, the three cars gleaming under the lights.

Two of the cars belonged to your grandparents (the cars were also left to you in the will), and were beautiful models, classics. Your grandmother's mint green 1955 Chevrolet Bel Air and your grandfather's red 1969 Ford Mustang. A fool, such as yourself, could point out that the cars were beautiful classics that made your 2000 model Ford truck look like a child's toy. You were completely aware, and that's why you chose to drive it into town.

The village, to say the least, wasn't fond of an 18-year-old girl moving into the famous Y/l/n mansion. Most of the citizens resent you, called you a spoiled, undeserving brat. Yes, your grandparents spoiled you, but you never acted anything more than humble. You wore generic clothes, never designer, hardly ate out, and never flaunted or boasted about your wealth. The town's resentment of you turned you into a hermit for the most part, only leaving the house to work at the library, train at the gym, or to buy groceries.

You had tried multiple times to win the hearts of the townspeople, but your acts of kindness turned on you and slapped you in the face. Donating to the school? Oh, she's just flaunting her money. Funding the town's fire department? She just wants attention. There were other events you helped fund, but you preferred not to dwell on them. And the people perceived you as snobby.

You fumbled with the car keys as you sat in the safety of your truck outside the small grocery store, admittedly nervous to enter. Would people stare? Yes, they always did, but did they notice your absence that lasted for a few months? What did they think of you now? Had their opinions changed or grew stronger? Only one way to find out.

You jump down from the front seat, locking the truck doors. The soft thud from the closed door echoes through the parking lot, two cars littered around the front.

The automatic doors slide open as you approach the store and step inside, the heat warming your cheeks. Your eyes dart around the store, not a patron in sight, and release a breath you didn't realize you were holding. You wander the aisles, spotting the marshmallows and stuffing them under your arm. The frozen aisle catches your attention--a little pint of ice cream never hurt anyone, did it? On your way to the frozen aisle, you pick up a package of chicken breasts, ground beef and a loaf of bread.

As you scan through the types of ice cream, you notice out of the corner of your eye a middle aged woman eyeing you suspiciously. You glance at her and smile sheepishly. She turns up her nose and walks away, her problem with you forever a mystery. You huff and grab your favorite ice cream flavor, then head towards the checkout.
But of course, you get distracted yet again, by the updated display of movies. *The Chronicles of Narnia, The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants, and Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* capture your attention in particular since you read and enjoyed the books. Then you start looking through more of the titles and *Rent* and *Wedding Crashers* peak your interest. You look at the five movies in your hand.

"What the hell is five more movies to the collection?" you mumble yourself.

You finally make it to the thankfully line-free check out and place your things on the table. Also in your favor, Logan, one of the few people who actually enjoyed your company, was working the check out tonight.

"Oh thank god," you sigh, placing your things on the belt.

Logan chuckles, a smile on his lips. "Hey, Y/n, you're back." He frowns at your exasperated look, "Rough day?"

"Yeah," you reply, the day's events weighing down on you once again.

"Movies, ice cream... is there a welcome back party I should know about?" Logan asks as he scans your items.

"Oh, no, just spoiling myself," you confess, keeping the details to yourself. "Um, did people really notice I was missing?"

Logan nods. "Yeah, it's hard not to living in a town like ours. You're famous here, ya know."

"Famous for the wrong reason," you mutter, a frown on your face.

"Mrs. Hartmann said you were on a road trip with your boyfriend," Logan adds, nonchalantly.

You blush uncontrollably. "Curse you, Greta," you mumble then clear your throat. "Yes, I was on a road trip, but with my friends. They're like family," you say, correcting your friends rumors.

"Oh, well, I hope you had fun, kid," Logan replies with a smile as you hand him your card.

"You can't call someone kid when you're only two years older than them," you state, furrowing your brows as he hands you back your card.

"You can't stop me," Logan wittily remarks, giving you your bags.

"I guess you're right, pops," you reply with a sigh, taking the bags full of your goods. You can hear Logan's laugh boom through the store as you walk out and into the parking lot, your spirits a bit brighter than when you entered the store. As you drop your things in the passenger seat, it dawn on your that you haven't spoken to your coworker since...well since you told her that you'd be on hiatus for a while. It wouldn't hurt to stop by the library and say hello, your night of adapting and relaxation could wait.

So, you drive down the road to the local library, your second home. There's still a half hour till closing, giving you more than enough time to catch up with your friend.

The tiny bell jingles as you open and walk through the door, a nice little heads up for the librarians. You smile as the familiar smells of old and new books fill your lungs, and sigh contently.

"Y/n? Oh my gosh, hi!" Cleo, your fellow librarian greets you, a stack of books in her arms.
"Hey, Cleo," you whisper as she sets the stack of books down on a nearby table.

"How are you? Where have you been? Oh my gosh, and your boyfriend? Why didn't you tell me you were dating?" Cleo rambles, overwhelming you with all of her questions.

"Whoa, easy, C. One at a time please," you say, raising your arms like a shield.

"Sorry, I just--I'm so happy to see you!" Cleo exclaims, pulling you into a hug.

"Hey, keep your voice down. We don't want to disrupt the visitors," you whisper in her ear, returning the hug.

Cleo laughs, "Don't worry about it. No one else is in here, it's just me."

You huff, pulling back from the hug. "Good. Lemme help you with these," you say, grabbing the stack of books.

"You really don't have to, Y/n," Cleo replies, following you as you walk down the rows of books.

"Sure I do. I left you alone here for months," you insist. "Now ask me your questions but actually give me time to answer them this time."

"Fine," Cleo says, rolling her eyes. "So, this boyfriend Mrs. Hartmann told me about--"

"Doesn't exist. We're just friends," you answer instantly, putting the books back on the shelf in order.

"Well, okay then," Cleo whistles. "How are you?"

"Tired."

"Y/n," Cleo states your name sternly.

"What? I'm drained and can't wait to sleep in my bed tonight," you reply. "The road trip was... interesting to say the least. I enjoyed spending time with the boys, though."

Cleo hums, eyeing you suspiciously, trying to see through your mask.

"Next question?"

"Ugh, fine," Cleo groans. "Tell me about the places you went to."

"Well, we went all over the place, wherever the road took us. Wisconsin, Illinois, Colorado, Ohio, Kansas..." you trial off, the hunts flooding your mind. You shake your head, sending the memories to the back of your mind. "Our nights were spent sleeping in cheap motels, and our days were spent driving around meeting all sorts of people."

"That's sounds fun. We should go on a road trip sometime, except have, I don't know, an actual destination," Cleo comments.

You chuckle, "Yeah, maybe. Where would you want to go?"

"New York seems cool. Or maybe Maine? Oooooo, what about Florida? Catch some sun on the beach, eh?" Cleo rambles as you laugh at her enthusiastic behavior.

"Well, you've got time to think about it because it's probably going to be a while until my next road
"trip," you state, standing up and dusting your hands on your thighs.

"Is it really that tiring?"

You shrug. "More or less. Like I said, it's a lot of driving and spending nights in motels or the back of the car."

"Ah, but we can make it interesting," Cleo remarks. "Like... hooking up with someone new in every state! Or--even more--every city!"

"Cleo, have I ever told you that you're insane?"

"Yes, multiple times."

"Well, I'll say it again because it seems you need to be reminded every day," you reply. "You're insane, C."

"Aww, Y/n, you flatter me too much," Cleo gushes, batting her eyes. The two of you burst out in laughter. Though you were still mad that you couldn't help the boys and that John was most definitely going to try to keep you out of the whole ordeal, you start to be content with the fact that you are back in Hailey, Idaho. Back home.

~~~

The hot chocolate warmed your fingers through the mug as you curled up in your bed, wrapped in your blankets. Your blankets. You had forgotten how soft they are, how you took it for granted. It was like you are in a palace for the first time discovering all of its treasures, except you know this castle like the back of your hand. Now, you just look at your castle with new eyes--eyes that saw a lot of shit.

You sigh and sink into your mountain of pillows, focusing on Lucy and Mr. Tumnus who eye each other on screen. The ice cream sits on the nightstand slowly melting as you nurse your hot cocoa. The cold treat could wait a moment longer, for you had memories to relish in.

~~~

Your castle is perfect in your eyes. You have a beautiful view of the mountains just from your sun room as you like to call it. Birds enjoy sitting on the window sills, pecking at the seeds you leave for them and singing their songs. Leaning back in your rocking chair, you sip on your coffee, mind blank as you stare past the birds and at the mountains. You truly felt like you were rediscovering all of the perks of your grandparents' mansion, as if it was trying to draw you back in and make you stay.

Nonetheless, you have things to do, like visit with your sweet, old neighbors.

You pull down at your sweater's hem, fixing it over your jean button. Your neighbors, the Hartmanns, owned a grand piece of property like you. It was a bit smaller, but just as magnificent. The Hartmanns were friends with your grandparents, so you have this little voice that tells you that you have to make a good impression. That's why you slipped into one of your cable-knit sweaters and nice pair of jeans.

"Y/n! What a pleasant surprise!" Charlie Hartmann exclaims upon opening the door, a large cigar between his teeth. "Honey, come 'ere! Please come in."
"Hello, Mr. Hartmann," you reply sheepishly as you step into the home. "Hi, Greta."

"My dear! And here I thought you actually ran away with that boyfriend with yours," Mrs. Hartmann remarks, shaking a finger at you.

You chuckle and shake you head. "He's just a friend. It's good to see both of you."

"The same to you, kid," Charlie replies with a smile, taking a drag from his cigar.

Greta coughs exaggeratedly. "Oh, Charles, please go put that out. Don't smoke when we have guests over," Greta scolds her husband.

"Sorry, dear," he mumbles before shuffling off to get rid of his cigar.

"So, what's new?" you ask Greta.

"Oh, there's so much to tell, dear. Come, sit," Greta waves for you to follow her into the living room. You figured this was going to be a long visit.

~~~

After having lunch with the Hartmanns, you decided to go back home, your stomach stuffed with food and mind full of Greta's gossip. You were about to start another one of your movies, when the thought of checking on the boys crossed your mind.

You pull out your phone, dialing Dean's number by heart and wait for him to answer... but he doesn't. You're sent straight to voice mail. You furrow your brow and try his cell one more time only to get the same result. You sigh exasperatedly and dial Sam's number instead. If neither one of them answer, you'd have to go back on the road and look for them.

Sam, though, answers. "Hello?"

"Sammy! I'm glad you answered. Dean's not answering his phone, so, uh, can you give him the phone so I can yell at him?"

Sam laughs. "Yeah, I would but uh... Dean's not with me at the moment."

"What?" you ask, your voice dropping to a low tone as you ball your fists.

"We, ah, got into an argument about Dad and well, I left to go to California," Sam explains.

"Oh my god, Sam! I leave you two alone for one day and you're already at each other's throats," you groan. "Don't you realize how irrational you two are being?"

Sam is silent for a moment, hopefully considering what you asked. "Dean was being a jerk," Sam complains like a child.

"Oh my god," you sigh, rolling your eyes. "It's like babysitting children. Tell me what happened."

So he does. He tells you about how they got into an argument about not finding John and doing all these hunts, and how Dean follows his orders blindly. It was bad.

You sigh again, trying to figure out what to do. "Well, I can't stop you from going to California, but I can tell you to be safe. Sam, stay out of trouble and away from strangers, okay?"

"I know, Y/n, I'm not five," Sam sneers.
"Then stop acting like it," you snap. You exhale slowly. "Just take care of yourself and call me when you get to the bus station."

"All right. Bye, Y/n."

"Later." You hang up and drag a hand down your face. Of course they got into a fight once you left. If Dean doesn't want to call you, maybe he'd want to text. With wishful thinking, you shoot Dean a text.

**Will you stop being a doof and call me?**

You sigh and toss your phone to the other side of the couch. Dean is fine, you tell yourself. He can handle a hunt by himself, he's done it multiple times before. Then why, oh why, did you have this pit in your stomach?

~~~

That next morning, you get a call from Dean. You scrabble to answer your phone, abandoning your pancakes on the kitchen island.

"Dean. It's about damn time you called," you state over Louis Armstrong singing in the background. "You freaking idiot, I can't believe you--"

"I didn't want to do this, Y/n, but I need your help," Dean says, cutting off before you can lecture him.

"What is it?" you huff, crossing your arms over your chest.

"Well, I need you to do some research on pagan gods. I think I'm hunting one," Dean explains.

You exhale sharply. "You're going to take on a god by yourself?"

"It's nothing I can't handle. Just look for something that relates to harvest and a scarecrow," Dean replies.

"A scarecrow?" you question, face scrunching up.

"No time to explain. I'm meeting with a college professor right now--you know, just to be sure," Dean replies. You can hear the impala door closing.

You scoff, "Do you doubt my abilities, Watson?"

"Never, Sherlock," Dean replies before hanging up.

~~~

The sun sets behind the mountains, the sun room cloaked in a gold hue with purple shadows. Frank Sinatra plays in the background, singing his romantic tunes. Leg bouncing anxiously, you stare at your phone waiting for Dean to call you back. You had tried nine times already and didn't want to flood his voicemail with your worried rants. Sam was probably on a bus to California by now, the chances of him actually answering were slim.

"F*ck it," you mumble to yourself, the silence pushing you to your breaking point and dialing Sam's number. He answers almost immediately, relief washing over you like a tsunami.

"Sammy. I think Dean is in trouble. He called me a while ago looking for research help and he hasn't
responded since. I'm really worried, Sam. We gotta--"

"Y/n, calm down. I'll... I'm going to go find him, okay? Just calm down. I'll call you when I find him."

"Okay," you say between deep breaths. "Be careful, Sam."

You hang up the phone and pull your knees to your chest, hugging yourself and chewing your bottom lip. You stay in the sun room, watching the day transition to night through blurry eyes.

Your cellphone ringing wakes you up. You jump in your skin, looking around the room with wide eyes. Sun pours through the large windows, the golden haze illuminating even the dullest of colors in the room. You fumble with your hone before you flip it open and press it to your ear.

"Hello?" you ask, voice groggy with sleep.

"Y/n. It's Sam. I found Dean. We're okay," Sam says. The sound of his voice rids of any sleep that was left in your system.

You laugh, the build up of fear and anxiousness leaving your system. "Thank god. Good," you say breathlessly. "So you guys killed the pagan?"

"Yeah, we killed it. The whole town will die, but..."

"They'll get what they deserve," you say, crossing your arms over your knees. "Hey, Sam?"

"Yeah?"

"For now on, you and Dean stick together, all right? You're not going to find your dad alone; you need each other's help," you state.

"Yeah, I know. I get it," Sam reassures you.

"And tell Dean he's a moron for me, kay?"

Sam laughs. "Sure thing, Y/n. We'll call you soon."

"You better, Winchester."

"We miss you too, Y/n."

[END OF EPISODE 11 - SCARECROW/DOROTHY]

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoy this chapter. It was really fun to write :) What do you think of Y/n's life back home? Nice mansion, eh? The next chapter might come out a little late! I have a lot of projects to keep up with this semester but I'm still managing to get in some time to write. Thank you for your support
and patience!
Faith

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Your week of adjusting to your life before hunting went by pretty slow. Though, you weren't surprised when the days started to drag on; you can't expect time to go by faster when you're doing much milder things, like watching movies and reruns of Friends and listening to music for hours, instead of running around and chasing monsters.

The week wasn't just spent in your pajamas watching TV and eating popcorn (though, that was the majority). You had gone out a few nights to spend time with Cleo, catching up and making new memories. You even helped out at the library for a day. Aside from the library and Cleo, you visited the gym to meet up with your old trainer. Why you got a membership in the first place, you didn't know— you had an exercise room back at the house, for hell's sake. But you stayed because you enjoyed sparing with your trainer and having an excuse to leave the house.

But all that has changed. Hunting... it really did change your outlook on life. You tell yourself it's stupid, you knew of all the baddies before you actually hunted, so why was it affecting you now? Why did it make you question those around you, turn your head at even the slightest sound? You blame your behavior on your loneliness, the boys no longer right over your shoulder. Now, being only person who knows about the paranormal, you're surrounded by normies. So, you hide. You lock yourself in your mansion, sometimes going outside to listen to the birds and watch the setting sun.

But even inside your mansion, the terrors find you. The nightmares, more violent than ever, control your sleep, waking you up in a cold sweat, crying, or screaming. You drink more hot chocolate, observe the birds more, distract yourself with TV and movies, and drift into a stale routine. But this wasn't going to stop you. Today you were going to fight back, actually make something of the day.

You walk through the shelves of books, running your fingertips along the spines of the books. A young girl follows behind you, curiosity on her face as she watches you treat the books with such familiarity. You stop and grab a book from the middle shelf, smiling to yourself as you open the cover and flip through the pages.

"I used to read this book with my father all the time," you say, nostalgia seeping through your words. "You hand her the copy of The Hobbit with a smile. "I think you'll like it."

The girl takes it, studying the cover for a moment in silence as you wait for her reaction. She looks up at you with gleaming eyes, "I can read this in two days. Can I have another one?"

You laugh and wave for her to follow you. "All right, here." You stop in a different aisle of books and give her The Giving Tree. "There's a good message in this one," you comment as she tucks the book under her arm.

"One more, please?" she asks with a toothy grin.

"Follow me," you reply with a grin. You lead her towards the back of the library where books waiting to be put back on the shelf sit. "Last one," you sigh handing her The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe. "You're lucky I returned it today."

The girl beams at you as she adds the book to her stack. "Thank you! Check them out for me?"
"Yeah, come on," you smile.

Cleo walks out of the back and yawns. "Well, that was a long day, eh? I think we deserve a drink."

You stretch your arms and sigh. "C, you know I don't..."

"I know, I know. You don't drink. But at least come keep me company. Please?" Cleo asks, pouting her bottom lip.

"Since you asked so nicely, sure," you comply with a smile.

Cleo grins, wiggling her eyebrows. "Lemme just close up and I'll meet you outside."

"All right," you say, then head outside to wait in your truck. Once in the shelter of your vehicle, you pull out your phone to see if you missed any calls or texts. The inbox is empty. You bite your bottom lip. You hadn't talked to the boys since their hunt in Indiana with the scarecrow thing. You worried about them, a lot, but you never tried calling them, not wanting to be a bother. Besides, Sam promised that he would call, but he hasn't. Maybe they found John. Maybe they just forgot. Maybe they were in trouble...

Before you could think terrible thoughts, your ringing phone snapped you back to attention, its screen light with Sam's caller ID. Your heartbeat slowed, relief washing over you. The boys were fine.

"Hey, Sammy," you answer the phone with a cheery tone.

"Y/n. It's Dean," Sam says simply, his broken voice shattering your happiness. Your blood runs cold, you hold your breath, fearing the worst. "It's bad, Y/n. We're on our way to a hospital right now. I--"

"Where are you?"

~~~

The steering wheel glimmers with sweat from your palms, partially from the long drive, partially from your anxiousness. Guilt ate away at you when you called Cleo to cancel and explain why you left. Guilt pitted itself in your stomach. If only you were there. If only you were there.

You jerk your truck into a parking spot, the abrupt stop throwing you in your seat a bit. You jumped out of the truck, running into the hospital and searching for the shaggy-haired Winchester.

Sam paced back and forth around the lobby, waiting for you to arrive. You had sent him a text letting him know that you were only minutes away. He has probably been standing out there since.

"Sam," you say, voice airy from tiredness and emotions. The moon now hung in the sky paired with its stars. He notices you and exhales slowly, his eyes puffy and red. You run into his chest, wrapping your arms around him in a hug. The two of you stand there for a moment, letting each other's comforting presence calm your nerves, even if it's just for a moment. "How is he?" you ask, looking up at Sam with glossy eyes and biting your bottom lip.

Sam shakes his head. "Not good. He only--he only has a few weeks, months, left."

You breath hitches. You nod, closing your eyes and exhaling slowly. "Take me to him."
Sam leads you to Dean's room which is just down the hall after clearing you with the nurse. You try to prepare yourself for the sight your about to see, but of course, all the time in the world couldn't have prepared you for what you saw next.

Before you enter Dean's room, Sam grabs your arm. You look at him with confusion as he sighs. "I'm staying at a motel just a few blocks away. You can find me there," Sam says.

"You're not staying?" you ask, brows furrowed as you look up at the tall man.

"I can't research for remedies here," Sam replies. Your features soften and you nod. "Besides, I think Dean wants sometime with you before he..." Sam shakes his head, unable to finish his sentence.

"Hey," you cup Sam's cheek, "we're going to save him. Now, go get some sleep. Dean and I will be fine."

Sam nods, forcing a smile, then walks away. You sigh and turn on your heels, facing Dean's hospital room. You close your eyes and push open the door. The smell of sterile chemicals is overbearing, hitting you like a wall of bricks. Moonlight cuts through the windows, curtains pushed off to side, making the the room glow in a blue shimmer. As you step into the room and spot Dean, you breath stops, his appearance heart shattering.

He's noticeably paler, the freckles dusting his cheeks dark against his skin. Wires poke out from under his hospital uniform hoking him up to his monitor. Seeing him so weak and vulnerable, it breaks your heart. His breathing is shallow, his chest rising and falling gently. You kneel next to the bed, chewing on your bottom lip as tears sting your eyes. Dean stirs in his sleep, and weakly turns his head to face you.

"Y/n. You shouldn't be here," Dean remarks, a frown on his face.

You shake your head, bottom lip quivering before you can pull it between your teeth. "Don't say that to me, not in the state you're in," you say through gritted teeth, fighting back a sob.

Dean's features soften and he grabs your hand, squeezing it gently. "Fine, but, don't be like that. I don't want to remember you as sad during my final days, I want to see your smile."

You choke out a laugh and wipe away the tears before they can spill from your eyes. "You're going to see an extremely pissed off Y/n if you keep talking like you're going to die," you sputter, your smile crumpling as you try not to sob.

Dean frowns as you wipe away your tears. "Come lay down," Dean says, opening up his arm for you to lay next to him.

You eye the narrow bed suspiciously. "In the bed? Dean-" you try to protest but Dean cuts you off.

"Come on, for me, please?" Dean adds, looking up at you with those eyes you could never say no to.

You sniffle and your stuff down on the nearby chair. Lowering one of the bed rails, you crawl into the bed, careful not to touch the equipment he's not hooked up to. Dean smiles as you rest your head on his shoulder, your body pressed against his. The two of you say there for a few moments, each lost in your own thoughts, thinking about the words that hang in the air between you.

Dean clears his throat and looks down at you. "What are you thinking about?"

"About how you wouldn't have been in this situation if I had been there," you reply, eyes trained on
your legs that almost tangle with Dean's from the lack of space.

"There's nothing you could've done, Y/n, so don't beat yourself up" Dean says, trying to reassure you.

You sniffle and wipe at your nose. "Right."

The two of you fall back into silence, again your thoughts consuming you. Dean couldn't die. No, not yet. Not this young, not with all the unspoken words between the two of you.

"I don't want you to die," you whisper in a shaky voice, a hot tear rolling down your cheek.

Dean sighs. "I know."

You fall asleep then, Dean's arm around your waist keeping you in place, emotionally drained.

~~~

You wake up the next morning, Dean's monitor beeping steadily. You yawn and carefully remove yourself from the bed to grab something to eat from the cafeteria. Your past experiences with hospital food left a bad impression in your brain, yet you enter this cafeteria with hopeful spirits, head high despite your dreariness.

You got a hot chocolate and some pudding for Dean when he wakes up. After last night, you were determined on saving your best friend. You send Sam a text telling him that you're on your way to help him research and let out a long exhale. Dean sleeps soundly, his breathing shallow. The color in his lips has paled, and your stomach tightens in sadness. You lean over the bed and peck Dean's cheek, and write a quick letter explaining where you're going and to call if he needs anything.

You turn away from Dean before tears can well up in your eyes, having no desire to cry again, and leave the hospital to the motel.

~~~

"This is John Winchester. I can't be reached. If this is an emergency, call my son Dean--"

You throw your phone across the room before John's recorded message can finish, your cry masking the sound of your phone smacking into the wall. "He should be here! Why isn't he here?!" you shout, pulling the hair at the side of your head. Sam buries his head in his hands, exhaling sharply.

"No, and that's what makes it so infuriating," you reply. You huff and rest your hands on your hips, glancing at your phone that lays on the wall unscathed.

"I'll try calling him," Sam says, pulling out his phone and dialing his father's number. You bite the inside of your cheek knowing that Sam's call would go unanswered. Copies of articles, magazines, and medical records scatter the room--the result from your's and Sam's research.

"Hey, Dad, it's Sam," Sammy says, voice shaking and ready to break. "Uh... you probably won't even get this, but, uh, it's Dean." Sammy sighs. "He's sick and, uh... the doctor says there's nothing they can do. Um... But, uh, they don't know the things we know, right? So, don't worry, 'cause I'm gonna do whatever it takes to get him better." Sam nods to himself before concluding, "All right, just wanted you to know." He hangs up and drops the phone on the bed, biting at the cuticle of his thumb. Before you can say anything reassuring, there's a knock on the door.
Sam stands from the bed and walks over to the door slowly. He shares a hesitant glance with you, then opens the door, a ghostly version of Dean leaning against the door frame. "What the hell are you doing here?" Sam asks, not even trying to mask the shock in his voice.

"I checked myself out," Dean replies, staggering into the room.

"Are you crazy?" You question Dean as Sam closes the door.

"I'm not going to die in a hospital where the nurses aren't even hot," Dean remarks with a grin to which the frown on your face deepens.

"You know, this whole 'I laugh in the face of death' thing--it's crap. I can see right through it," Sam says, Dean turning his head slowly to face his brother.

Dean nods, "Yeah, whatever, dude. Have you even slept? You guys look worse than me," Dean comments walking over to the bed with Sam's aid.

"I've been scouring the internet for the past three days. Been calling every contact in Dad's journal," Sam replies, sitting on the bed opposite of Dean. You sit next to Dean, the smell of hospital stuck to his hoodie.

"For what?" Dean asks, voice still gruff.

"For a way to help you," you answer, searching his eyes for any sign of hope, even if it's just a sliver.

"One of Dad's friends, Joshua, called me back, told me about a guy in Nebraska--a specialist," Sam says.

"You two aren't going to let me die in peace, are you?" Dean questions.

"We're not going to let you die period," Sam replies.

"We're going," you state, finality in your tone.

[NEBRASKA - ROY LE GRANGE'S CHURCH]

The rain grows louder as the impala comes to a stop in the muddy parking lot. Sam rushes out of the car to help Dean out as you and Dean take your time exiting the car. Dean squints at the sign in front of the large, white tent and scowls.

"I got you," Sam says as he lifts Dean from under his arms.

Dean grunts and pushes away his brother's helping hands. "I got it. Man, you're a lying bastard. I thought you said we were going to see a doctor."

"Sam said 'specialist', not doctor," you correct Dean, wittily. "This guy is supposed to be the real deal."

"I can't believe you brought me to see some guy who heals people out of a tent," Dean huffs, his fists buried deep in his hoodie pockets.

"Reverend La Grange is a great man," a lady remarks as she walks past the three of you.

"Yeah, that's nice," Dean snappily replies. The three of you walk past a protester arguing with an officer, pointing at the tent angrily. "I take it he's not part of the flock," Dean comments.
"Well, when people see something they can't explain, there's controversy," Sam replies.

"Yeah, but come on, Sam--a faith healer?" Dean says.

"Maybe it's time to have a little faith, Dean," you remark, shrugging your shoulders.

Dean glares at you and Sam. "You know what I got faith in? Reality--knowing what's really going on."

"How can you be a skeptic with the things we see everyday?" Sam challenges. The wind whips at your hair, strands covering your face messily.

"Exactly, we see them. We know they're real," Dean replies.

"If you know evil's out there, why don't you believe there's good to balance it out?" you retort, furrowing your brow in thought.

"Because I've seen what evil's done to good people," Dean argues. You're about to say that you're a generally good person who has had there fair share of evil, yet still tries to be humble and good, when a blonde woman jumps into the conversation.

"Maybe God works in mysterious ways," the woman says, her umbrella resting on her shoulder.

"Maybe he does," he grins, looking her up in down shamelessly. You smile at the lady, seemingly fine with Dean's actions. Sam glances at you briefly then glares at his brother, annoyed and disappointed with the two of you. "I think you just turned me around on the subject," Dean says.

She chuckles. "Yeah, I'm sure."

"I'm Dean. This is Sam and Y/n," Dean introduces you all and reaches out to shake hands.

"Layla," the blonde replies, taking his hand. "So, if you're not a believer, then why are you here?"

"Apparently my friends here believe enough for the three of us," Dean says.

An older woman approaches Layla from the behind, a cheerful smile on her face. "Come on, Layla, it's about to start," she says, dragging her daughter away.

"Well, I bet you she can work in some mysterious ways," Dean comments as Layla walks away.

You scoff, rolling your eyes, and enter the tent. The inside is crowed, plenty of people already seated in the metal chairs waiting for the ceremony to start. Dean nods at the security the cameras in the corners of the tent. "Yeah, peace, love, and trust all over," he remarks.

He walks a little ways, then stops at three open seats in the back. You grab his arm before he can take a seat. Dean protests, but you shake your head. "We're sitting up front," you state.

"What? Why?"

You tug Dean's arm then, dragging him to the front row. You and Sam file into the second row, leaving the aisle seat for Dean. Dean groans in annoyance, but this was for his own good. You gaze around the crowd of people, a pit forming in your stomach. People plagued with different illnesses and disabilities fill the seats, coughs echoing from all sides of the tent. You frown. Everyone of these people deserved to be saved, but you could only help so many. And right now, Dean's your main focus.
"Each morning, my wife, Sue Ann, reads me the news," Le Grange starts, speaking over the piano playing softly in the background. "Never seems good, does it?" The crowd responds in agreement. "Seems like there's always someone committing some immoral, unspeakable act. But I say to you, God is watching. And God rewards the good, and he punishes the corrupt."

The crowd murmurs, nodding their heads. Le Grange continues, "It is the Lord that does the healing here, friends, the Lord who guides me in choosing who to heal by helping me seeing into people's hearts."

"Amen!" the crowd shouts.

"Yeah, or into their wallets," Dean whispers to you and Sam. You shoot him a glare from the corner of your eye.

"You think so, young man?" Le Grange asks, the piano player stopping mid chord.

"Sorry," Dean says. You nibble on your bottom lip as everyone in the room looks at Dean.

"No, no. Don't be," Le Grange reassures Dean. "Just watch what you say around a blind man. We got real sharp ears." The crowd chuckles and the piano music picks up again, the tension melting away swiftly. "What's your name, son?"

Dean clears his throat. "Dean."

"Dean," Le Grange repeats. He pulls his bottom lip between his teeth and nods. "I want you to come up here with me," he says, waving for Dean to join him on stage. The crowd collectively claps and shouts words of encouragement. You stare at Dean with excited eyes and find yourself clapping along with the crowd.

Dean dismisses the offer. "Nah, it's okay."

"What are you doing?" Sam whispers.

"Y-you've come here to be healed, haven't you?" Le Grange questions.

"Dean, this is your chance," you add, eyes pleading.

"Well, yeah, but, uh..." Dean trails off as the crowd cheers again, encouraging him once again. "Maybe you should just pick somebody else!"

"Oh-ho, no," Le Grange shakes his head. "I--I didn't pick you, Dean. The Lord did."

"Amen! Amen!"

"Get up there," you order Dean, your voice high with relief. Dean rolls his eyes and rises from his seat, the people cheering as he walks on stage. You and Sam exchange glances, each hoping that Dean will be healed though it's a long shot. Dean looks at the two of you with unbelieving eyes, Sam shrugs in response. Dean and Roy exchange a few words, then Le Grange turns to his audience.

"Pray with me, friends," he says and everyone lifts their hands towards the sky, eyes closed in pray and concentration. Roy raises his hands slowly, then places his hand on the side of Dean's head. Nothing happens for a few moments, suspense wracks your body.

Dean suddenly falls to his knees, his eyelids drooping. He collapses to the ground and the crowd erupts in cheers. Your throat tightens as Sam rushes to Dean's side. Did you and Sam bring Dean to
some cult, and now he was their sacrifice?

Dean jolts up, collecting his breath. You sigh, a smile growing on your face. Your worry was for nothing.

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"So you really feel okay?" Sam asks once more as he paces the tiny hospital room. You lean against the examination table Dean sits on, with your arms crossed.

"I feel fine, Sam," Dean replies flatly. You glance at him from the corner of your eye, furrowing your brow.

"Well, according to all your tests, there's nothing wrong with your heart," the doctor announces as she walks into the room, clipboard in hand. "No sign there ever was. Not that a man your age should be having heart trouble, but uh... Still its strange--it does happen."

"What do you mean 'strange?'" Dean questions.

"Just yesterday, a young guy like you--27, athletic--out of nowhere, heart attack," the doctor explains.

Dean nods. "Thanks, doc."

"No problem," she says, then leaves the room.

"That's odd," Dean states.

"Maybe it's a coincidence," Sam counters. "People's hearts give out all the time, man." You nod, trying to play it off as no big deal.

"No they don't," Dean says.

"Dean, do we really have to look into this?" you ask. "Can't we just be thankful that that man saved your life and move on?"

"Cause I can't shake this feeling, Y/n, that's why," Dean replies, standing from the table suddenly.

"What feeling?" you ask gently.

Dean turns around, putting on his jacket. "When I was healed, I just--I felt... wrong. I felt cold, and for a second, I saw someone--this old man. I'm telling you, guys, it was a spirit," Dean concludes, adjusting his jacket collar.

"But if there was something there, Dean, I think I would've seen it, too," Sam replies. "I mean, I've been seeing an awful lot of things lately."

"Oh, excuse me, psychic wonder," Dean snaps, stepping into Sam's personable bubble. "You're just going to need a little faith on this one." You adjust your weight on your left foot, ready to break up a fight if one starts. "Sam, I've been hunting long enough to trust a feeling like this."

Sam sighs and shakes his head. "Yeah, all right."

You sigh, and turn to Dean. "So, what do you want to do?"

"Why don't you two go check out the heart attack guy," Dean says. "I'm gonna visit the reverend."
"I'm telling you, he seemed healthy—swam everyday, didn't smoke—so a heart attack just kind of seemed bizarre," the trainer explains as he leads you and Sam to the pool.

"And you said he was running right before he collapsed?" you question.

"Yeah, yeah, he was freaking out—said that something was, uh, after him," the man replies.

"Did he say what?" Sam asks.

"Thin air is what. There wasn't anything."

"All right, thanks."

As you walk up the steps to leave, you notice the clock, frozen in time. "Hey, buddy, your—your clock is busted," you tell the man over your shoulder.

"Oh, yeah. We, uh, we can't get it working. Just froze at 4:17," the man replies.

"Is that the same time Marshall died?" you inquire.

"How'd you know?" the man asks.

You shrug, a chill running down your spine. "Just a hunch."

You sit next to Sam who works behind his laptop, the two of you waiting for Dean to return from his meeting with the reverend. The air is tense between the two of you after finding out that Dean was right, that there is something going on with Le Grange. The other cases that Sam found only solidified that.

Dean walks into the motel room, setting his jacket on the foot of his bed. He looks at you and Sam's guilty expressions suspiciously. "What'd you find out?" he asks as he walks over to the small coffee table.

"We're sorry," Sam says quietly.

"Sorry about what?" Dean asks, eyes darting between you and Sam.

You sigh and look at the table top, "Marshall Hall... died at 4:17."

Dean's silent as he pieces the information together. "The exact time I was healed."

"Yeah," Sam confirms. "So we put together a list of everyone Roy healed—six people over the past year—and crossed checked them with the local orbits."

"Every time someone was healed, someone else died," you say as Sam hands Dean the stack of papers you two compiled, "and each time, the victim died of the same symptom Le Grange was healing at the time."

"Someone's healed of cancer, someone dies of cancer?" Dean prompts.

Sam nods. "Somehow, Le Grange is trading a life for another."
"Wait, wait, wait, so... Marshall Hall died to save me?" Dean asks, tone angry and harsh.

"Dean, Marshall probably would have died anyway and someone else would've been healed," you say.

Dean looks away in disgust, shaking his head. "You never should've brought me here," he states, walking over to the beds.

"Dean, we were just trying to save your life," Sam defends you and himself.

"Sam, some guy is dead no because of me," Dean argues.

"We didn't know," you whisper, shame eating away from you. Dean's features soften, casting his gaze towards the ground.

"The thing I don't understand is, how is Roy doing it?" Sam says after a moment of silence. "How is he trading a life for a life?"

"Oh, he's not doing it," Dean says, walking back over to you and Sam. "Something else is doing it for him."

"What do you mean?" you ask.

"The old man I saw onstage. I didn't want to believe it, but deep down I knew," Dean says.

"Knew what? Dean, what are you talking about?" Sam asks.

"There's only one thing that can give and take life like that," Dean remarks, leaning over the table. "We're dealing with a reaper."

"You really think it's the Grim Reaper? Like angel of death, collect your soul, the whole deal?" Sam questions.

"No, no. Not the reaper--a reaper," Dean clarifies as he rifles through the stack of lore documents on the table. "There's reaper lore in pretty much every culture on Earth. They go by a hundred different names. It's possible that there's more than one."

"But you said you saw a dude in a suit," Sam says.

"What, you think he should've been working the whole black-robe thing?" Dean jests. Sam shrugs and you smirk. "You said it yourself that the clock stopped, right?" Dean holds up a drawing depicting a skeleton--or a reaper--holding an hourglass. "Reapers stop time. You can only see them when they're coming at you, which is why I could see it and you couldn't."

"Maybe," Sam says.

"There's nothing else it could be, Sam. The question now, is how is Roy controlling it?" you say, leaning back in your chair.

"The cross," Sam says.

"What?"

"There was this cross. I noticed it in the church tent. I knew I had seen it before," Sam explains,
sifting through his tarot card deck. He chuckles then hands Dean a card. "Here."

"A tarot?" Dean asks, examining the card.

"It makes sense. I mean, tarot dates back to the early Christian era, right, when some priest were still using magic and few of them veered into the dark stuff--necromancy and how to push death away, how to cause it," Sam explains. You nod, recalling the brief research you did on tarot years ago.

"So Roy is using black magic to bind the reaper?" Dean suggests.

"If he is, he's in for one heck of a ride. It's like putting a dog leash on a great white," you comment as Sam takes back the card and puts it back into the deck.

Dean stands from his chair, placing his empty coffee cup in the sink. He leans against the counter. "Okay, then we stop Roy."

"How?" Sam asks.

"You know how," Dean simply replies.

Your eyes widen, eyebrows raised as you shake your head. "Dean, are you nuts? We're not killing Roy."

"Y/n, the guy is playing God--deciding who lives and who dies. That's a monster in my book," Dean argues.

"No! We're not going to kill a human being, Dean!" you protest, standing from your seat. You look to Sam for backup.

Sammy nods. "Y/n is right. If we kill Roy, we're no better than he is."

"Okay, so we can't kill Roy, we can't kill death. Any bright ideas, college kids?" Dean taunts. You frown at the nickname and exhale sharply.

"Okay, uh, if Roy is using some kind of black spell on the reaper, we gotta figure out what it is and how to break it," Sam says.

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You close the car door, a thud echoes through the lot. Rain patters against the roof of the impala and the grey skies rumble. A smile plays on your lips; rain, despite its deary stereotype, brightened your mood on any well... rainy day. The rain dampens your hair, stray stands sticking to your face, and darkens your jacket.

The boys exit the impala and turn towards the tent. "If Roy is using a spell, there might be a spell book," Sam says.

"See if you can find it," Dean replies. "And hurry up, too. Service starts in 15 minutes," he adds, checking his watch. "I'll try to stall Roy."

"Le Grange is a fraud. He's no healer," the same protester from yesterday bellows.

"Amen, brother," Dean replies, patting his shoulder encouragingly before dashing into the tent.

"Keep up the good work," Sam adds, giving the guy a thumbs up. You turn on your heel and casually make your way towards the Le Grange home with Sam. The two of you hide behind the
porch's railing, watching Roy and Sue Ann walk to the tent.

You hop over the railing and slide open the side window. You wave for Sam to hurry up as your slip in through the window, landing quietly on the inside.

"All right," you sigh while rubbing your hands together, "if I was a creepy, old book, where would I be?"

Sam laughs and pushes you along. "Come on, dork. We gotta book to find."

Sam walks around the room, opening cabinets and doors, while you moved copies of news papers around. "Y/n," Sam calls out. You turn around and find Sam unlocking a door. He beckons for you to follow him inside with a nod of his head, and creeps into the room.

The room appears to be an office, a desk in the center of the room, bookshelves and metal filing cabinets pushed against the wall. You step over to the bookshelf, your fingers lingering above the book spines, and skim over the ominous titles. "I was thinking," you say, your brow creasing in thought, "How would Roy read a book or a spell if he's blind? Think maybe Sue Ann is on it?"

"Maybe. Or Roy has been doing this even before he was blind," Sam theorizes. He points at the dust collected on the edge of the shelf which stops in front of one thick, black book.

"Encyclopedia of Christian History," you read before Sam grabs the book and flips through it. As he flips through the pages, you notice a small book pushed back to the wall. "Hey, check it out," you nudge Sam as you snatch the small book. Inside is newspaper clippings, rituals and spell recipes. The newspaper articles read of people who would be considered immoral by stubborn traditionalist. One of the articles highlight the protester from outside the tent. Your face drops in fear.

"That man is going to die," you state. "We gotta warn Dean."

"Already on it," Sam replies, whipping out his phone and pushing Dean's caller I.D.

"What do you got?" Dean's voice echoes from the phone.

"Roy's choosing victims he sees as immoral," Sam explains as the two of you rush out of the house. You swiftly close the window and jog after Sam who's long strides carried him to the front yard. "And I think I know who's next on his list. Remember that protester?"

"The guy in the parking lot?"

"Yeah. Yeah, we'll find him, but you can't let Roy heal anyone, all right?" Sam warns, then hangs up. You and Sammy split up to cover more ground, going off in different ways through the parking lot. You move around the maze of cars, pushing up on your tip toes every so often to see over the roofs of trucks and tall vehicles.

You jog towards the tent, the possibility that the protester likes to hang out by the entrance backing your decision. Though, the man is no where in sight. You spot Sam on the other side of the lot, and raise your arms exasperatedly. Yet, determination fuels you and just as you willed for a sign, a scream comes from deep inside the maze of cars.

"OH! HELP ME PLEASE!"

Sam quickly finds the man and ushers him away from the invisible reaper. Suddenly, people crowd outside of the tent. Not even a moment later, Sam gets a call from Dean.
"I did it. I stopped the healing," Dean says.

"All right. David, I think it's okay now," Sam tells the protester. He nods and looks over his shoulder. He shudders and drops to his knees, the life draining from his eyes. "Dean, it didn't work! The reaper is still coming! Well, I'm telling you--I'm telling you! It must not have worked! Roy must not be controlling this thing!"

"It's Sue Ann!" you shout, hoping Dean can hear you through the phone. You crouch over David helplessly. His struggling stops and he takes heaving breaths as the color returns to his face. You sigh and offer him a hand to stand up. "I got you," you reassure him as he takes you hand.

"Thank God," he mumbles, the man in the suit long gone.

"I, ah, suggest you steer clear of this place for a while," you comment.

"Uh, yeah," David agrees. He walks off to his car, shaken to the core.

You and Sam walk over to the impala to wait for Dean. You watch the small exchange between him and Layla, the two of them looking defeated and upset. Your eyes then drift to Roy, Sue Ann, and Layla's mother who converse in a tight circle. You sigh and kick at a rock, stuffing your hands into your jacket pockets.

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"So, Roy really believes," Sam comments. He sits on the foot of his bed, Dean paces around the room, and you lay on the other bed, starting at the ceiling.

"I don't think he has any idea what his wife is doing," Dean agrees.

"Oh, I found this hidden in their library-office room," you say, pulling out the small, leather-bound book. "It's ancient, written by a priest who went Anakin Skywalker. There's a binding spell in here for trapping a reaper." You hand the tiny spell book to Dean as he sits on the edge of his bed you lay on.

"Must be a hell of a spell," Dean remarks.

"Yeah. You gotta build a black alter with some seriously dark stuff--bones, human blood," you explain.

Sam sighs. "To cross a line like that, the preacher's wife--black magic, murder... evil," Sam remarks. You shake your head, understanding Sue Ann completely.

"Desperate," Dean corrects his brother. "Her husband was dying. She'd have done anything to save him."

"She was using the spell to keep the reaper away from Roy," you murmur, eyes trained on the ceiling.

"Cheating death," Sam says. He chuckles, "Literally."

"But Roy is alive, so why is she still using the spell?" Dean questions.

"Right. To force the reaper to kill people she thinks are immoral," Sam replies.

Dean scoffs. "God save us from half the people who think they're doing God's work."
"We gotta break the binding spell, boys," you state, propping yourself up on your elbows.

Dean flips through the book, and stops at a page, taping the corner. "You know, Sue Ann had a Coptic cross like this. When she dropped it, the reaper backed off," Dean says.

"So you think we got to find the cross or destroy the alter?" Sam asks.

"Maybe both," you chip in.

"Whatever we do, we'd better do it soon," Dean says. "Roy's healing Layla tonight."

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Dean slows the impala to the stop in the rather empty parking lot. A sheriff's car sits at the tent's entrance, and two other cars are parked near the house.

"That's Layla's car," Sam observes. "She's already here."

"Yeah," Dean says flatly. You stare at Dean from the backseat.

"Dean--" Sam tries to reassure his brother, but Dean cuts him off.

"You know if Roy would've picked Layla instead of me, she'd be healed right now," Dean states. Your blood boils at Dean's self-loathing. Why couldn't he see himself the way you see him?

"Dean, don't," Sam tells his brother, but is ignored.

"And if she's not healed tonight, she's going die in a couple of months," Dean says.

"What's happening to her is horrible, yes. But it doesn't justify killing someone else to save her," you counter firmly. "You said it yourself, Dean--you can't play God."

Dean avoids your gaze and exits the car. You exchange a glance with Sam, then follow Dean to the back of the tent. A small gathering of people crowd around Roy and Layla, who stand on the stage, Sue Ann no where in sight.

"Where's Sue Ann?" Dean asks.

You look over your shoulder at the house. "The house."

You and the boys briskly walk over to the house. As you approach the porch, Dean breaks away from the group. "You guys find Sue Ann. I'll catch up," Dean says as he walks away.

"What are you doing?" you whisper harshly as Dean silences you with his hand.

"Hey! Are you gonna put that fear of God in me?" Dean taunts. He breaks out in the run as two officers chase after him.

You and Sam peer around the corner of the house and watch the wild goose chase unfold. "That smart ass," you mumble.

"Yeah, let's go," Sam says, nudging your arm. The two of you run up the porch and look around the back, the inside of the house dark. You look towards the ground and spot cellar doors, a beam of light shining through the door cracks.

"Sammy, check it out," you say, pointing at the cellar. You run over to the doors. Sam opens the
doors carefully, making sure not to make a sound. You descend down the stairs, the hall lit with candles. "Man, she's really playing the psycho wife part," you mumble to Sam.

He snickers and the two of you walk deeper into the cellar. Chicken fence divides the room into two, one part seemingly for storage and the other for Sue Ann's altar. You rush over to the alter, the desk littered with skulls and bones, blood and candles, necklaces and crosses. Right in the center is a Polaroid picture of Dean, an 'x' drawn with blood on his face. Sam picks up the picture to examine it, your fists clenching knowing that Dean is Sue Ann's next target.

"I gave your brother life, and I can take it away," Sue Ann says simply. You and Sam look at her over your shoulders. You bar your teeth and with Sam's help, flip over Sue Ann's alter. Glass shatters on the floor as she escapes, you and Sam scrabbling after her. She slams the cellar doors shut, and barricades it close with a wood panel. Sam pushes at the door, but the wood and Sue Ann holds it down in place.

"Kids, can't you see? The Lord choose me to reward the just and punish the wicked, and Dean is wicked," Sue Ann says. "And he deserves to die, just as Layla deserves to live. It's God's will." Sam breaks away from the door to find another way to escape, your anger only growing.

No one disrespects or hurts your boys. No one.

"Oh shut up, you stupid bitch! You can't murder someone and justify it in the name of God. You're lucky there's a door between us, otherwise I'd be giving you a harsh theology lesson," you snarl, pounding at the door.

"Goodbye, Y/n and Sam," Sue Ann replies, ignoring your threats.

"Y/n," Sam calls to you. He pounds out a window with a wooden beam as you walk over to his side. "I'm too large to climb through there. You're going to have to climb through and--"

"Yeah, yeah, I get it," you snap, jumping up to the window and sliding through with ease. You sprint over to the cellar doors and open it. You take off, not even waiting for Sam to catch up with you; he'd be able to keep up with his long strides.

You dash to the tent, having a good feeling that the coward would be there. Sue Ann comes into your view and your anger builds, your vision clouding with a red hue. You snarl and kick her in the back of her knee, causing her to yelp and fall to the ground. Your chest heaves up and down as you glare down at the woman, fists clenching and un-clenching at your side.

"What the hell, Y/n?" Sam shouts as he runs up behind you and grabs the cross from Sue Ann. He chucks the cross at the ground and it shatters into pieces. Sue Ann cries and scurries away from you and Sam. Sam looks at you, eyes wide and waiting for an answer.

You glance at him then back at Sue Ann, blinking a few times as you remember what you did. "I-I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me," you reply sheepishly. "She just, she was hurting my boys."

Sam's face softens and the corners of his lips turn up in a smile. "Y/n, you're a bad ass."

"Yeah," you mumble, rubbing your arm self-consciously.

But what had happened? The thought of someone hurting Dean affected you so much at you were willing to harm, to kill, the attacker? A chill runs down your spine and courses through your body. You, the girl who would never harm a fly, just attacked a human being--granted a horrible human being--because they inflicted pain on her family, on her man. Never had you expected such an outburst from you. It had to manifested over the week from the fear of Dean dying and all the
emotions that came with it, and the stress and brashness paired with hunting.

"What have you done?" Sue Ann cries, kneeling over her broken cross.

"He's not your God," Sam replies.

Sue Ann stands then, her breathing heavy and scared. "Oh no," she whispers. As she tries to turn away, the color leaves her face and she falls to her knees. Her last breath clouds from her mouth as she drops to the ground, lifeless. Her body jerks one last time as thunder rumbles from the sky.

You grab Sam's shoulder. "We should go," you say. Sam nods and the two of you walk to the impala where Dean rests against the car. "Are you okay?" you ask him as he sighs.

"Hell of a week," Dean replies.

"Yeah," Sam agrees. "Come on. We should get going."

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The next day, after you finish making arrangements with Greta to pick up your truck, you check your bag to make sure you have all of your clothes. Dean sits on the edge of his bed, lost in thought, a frown on his face as he toys with his . Sammy stuffs his things into his duffel bag, sorting his clean clothes from dirty.

"What's wrong?" you ask Dean.

He glances at you and shakes his head in denial. "Nothing," he replies, and returns his gaze to the ground.

You share a look with Sam and place your hands on your hips. "What is it?"

"We did the right thing here, didn't we?" Dean asks.

"Of course we did," Sam jumps in.

"Didn't feel like it," Dean says quietly. You frown and bite the inside of your cheek. The knock at the door sends relief through your body; your plan was falling into place. The boys look at the door confused, not expecting a visitor.

"I'll get it," you say, walking over to the door. You open it, Layla standing outside. She smiles at you as you greet her. "Hey, Layla. Come in."

"Hey," Dean greets her as he stands from the bed.

"Hi," Layla replies.

"How'd you know we were here?" Dean asks.

"Ah, Y/n called me," Layla explains, glancing at you over her shoulder. "She said you wanted to say goodbye."

You smile tightly at Dean, and nudge Sam with your elbow. "Sammy and I are gonna grab some sodas. Come on, Sammy," you say, dragging the young Winchester out of the room.

"Wow," Sam says after he closed the door behind the two of you.
"What?" you ask, looking at him with a cocked eyebrow as the two of you walk down the hall to the vending machine.

"I can't believe you called Layla," Sam remarks.

You shrug. "Why wouldn't I? Dean was obviously beating himself up, so I'm giving him the opportunity to clear the air with her," you explain nonchalantly.

"What if they kiss?" Sam asks.

"If they want to kiss-up," you shrug, "they kiss-up."

"And you're okay with that?"

You sigh. "If it makes Dean happy, then yeah, of course," you reply, crossing your arms over your chest. "Dean deserves to be happy, and if he's happy kissing some girl who isn't me, then so be it."

Sam sighs, a smile on his face like he just cracked an impossible code. "You care about him so much that you're willing to risk your own happiness for his own?"

"Hey, who says I'm not happy?" you challenge. "I get to hang out with you boys everyday. Besides, seeing you two happy, makes me happy."

"Aww, Y/n," Sam coos, pulling you into a side hug, "you're too kind."

"Thanks, Sammy," you reply, a grin on your face. You stand in front of the soda machine and push some quarters into the slot. You punch in the letter followed by a number to get your soda and tap your foot as the machine grabs your soda.

"You know what? If Dean doesn't come to terms with his feelings anytime soon, I'm gonna force him to," Sam states firmly as the machine drops your soda.

"Sam, please don't. If something does happen between me and your brother... I want it to be natural and on our own terms," you say, crouching down to grab the soda.

"I just don't get it. You two act like a couple all the time, and yet here we are," Sam says, gesturing to the hallway. "It's like as soon as you two do something only couples would do, you both back off immediately. Like what happened in the hospital--"

"And now I regret telling you about that," you sigh. "Sam, we already had this conversation before."

"Look, all I'm saying is, don't miss your chance to tell him how you really feel," Sam says. "You'd think Dean almost dying would make you understand that but... obviously not."

You gulp, and shake your head. "It's complicated, Sam."

"No, it's not! You just keep telling yourself that because you're afraid of rejection," Sam counters. "It's not like he would reject you, though, 'cause he's in love with you."

And just like that, the first time Sam told you about Dean's feelings and your exchange between that shifter (gosh, it felt like years ago) comes rushing into your head. You glare at Sam as he continues. "You keep ignoring all of the obvious signs--"

"You mean like flirting with other girls in front of me?" you snap. "Just stop talking, Sam, because all you're doing is making my brain overthink and my heart to ache." You turn on your heels and run out of the motel before Sam can see the tears that threaten to spill from your eyes.
“Y/n!” Sam calls out, but you’re already down the street. Sam knew better than to follow you, he knew he needed to give you your space. Guilt manifests in his gut as he scratches the back of his neck.

You wouldn’t learn that Layla and Dean never kissed, rather shared a heartfelt goodbye. Or how Dean is conflicted with his feelings for you everyday, how it was an inner battle between pleasure or protection. Pleasure: wanting to kiss your lips, to call you 'mine.' Protection: to keep you at an arm's length away and make sure that no one would use you as leverage against him, or put you in danger.

And then there was your fight between desire and doubt. Desire: wishing to hold his face in your hands and feel his hands on your hips, to confess the feelings that have been building since your childhood that you only recognized after college. Doubt: watching Dean eye and flirt with other girls in front of you, challenging Sam's claims.

Each of you had an inner turmoil regarding your relationship, and it kept the two of you in an incessant battle against your emotions, denying again and again.

[END OF EPISODE 12 - FAITH]

Chapter End Notes

HEADS UP! These next two weeks are scheduled to be a really busy, so I might not have much time to write, therefore, the chapters may be coming out a bit slower... I'm really sorry about this, but I do need to tend my academics before I can focus on writing 100%. I do not want to post rushed garbage for you guys; that wouldn't be fair to you or the characters.

Thank you for understanding <3

On a side note, the next chapter/episode (Route 666) is being such a pain in my ass! I have to change so many things just to fit the background of Dean and Y/n! It's completely worth it though... you'll see why in the next chapter ;)
[FIVE YEARS AGO - HAILEY, IDAHO]

Your hands pulled at the loose string of your clutch purse. You adjusted your legs for what felt like the fiftieth time that night, your thighs exposed in the dress your best friend had lent you for your date. The tight fabric clung to your body, hugging you in all the right places, and you were grateful that she'd loan you her favorite dress. But it wasn't you.

Stilettos arched your feet uncomfortably, and your toes were pinched in the pointy ends of the shoe. You wobbled when you walked on the thin heel, and your cheeks blazed with every step. Now, sitting in a chair in front of your boyfriend of six months, a spotlight seemed to beam down on you. Your bottom lip was turning red and raw from chewing on it.

You're then-boyfriend, Noah, ignored your obvious unease and gazed at your body hungrily, despite the plate of steak in front of him. You shifted uncomfortably again, eyes darting to the door.

"Y/n, will you chillax? You've been looking at the door ever since we got here," Noah grumbled, leaning back in his seat.

Your cheeks reddened. "I'm sorry. I'm just not--" you stopped when you noticed his uninterested expression, annoyed with your behavior. "Sorry. Let's just eat."

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The rest of the dinner went without a hitch. You and Noah chatted casually, the conversations mostly centered around him and his football team. Your smile never left your lips, happy to listen to your boyfriend talk about the things (or thing) he was most passionate about. He asked once about your classes, but the subject found its way back to him some how. Though, it always did.

The two of you walked down the sidewalk, arms linked together, the way lit with street lamps. Noah had insisted on going back to his dorm, claiming that he didn't want the night to end just yet. Sore and wanting to kick off your heels, you agreed, expecting a quiet night cuddled up in the bed.

Your expectations couldn't have been more off.

[PRESENT DAY - RANDOM GAS STATION]

"Okay, I think I found a way we can bypass that construction just east of here," Sammy says, leaning against the impala. Dean stands next to the gas pump, phone pressed to his ear, and you peeked your head out of the backseat window to look at Sam. "We might even make Pennsylvania faster than we thought."

Your eyebrows shot up, pleased with the thought. "Yeah, the only thing is we're not going to Pennsylvania," Dean says, walking around the car to the driver's seat.

"Wait--what?" you question, eyes following the Winchester.

"I just got a call from an old friend. Her father was killed last night. She thinks it might be our kind of thing," Dean replies.
"What?" Sam asks, a bit shocked.

"Yeah, believe me, she never would've called, never, if she didn't need us," Dean adds, hopping into the driver's seat. You eye him suspiciously from the back, glancing at Sam who still hasn't moved.
"Come on, you coming or not?"

Dean starts the engine as Sam climbs into the passenger seat, a confused look on his face. The impala backs out of the gas station and onto the road; Pennsylvania would just have to wait.

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"by 'old friend' you mean..." Sam trails off, waiting for Dean to finish his statement.

"A friend that's not new," Dean says vaguely.

"Yeah, thanks," Sam replies, rolling his eyes playfully.

"So, her name's Cassie, huh?" you ask, leaning the back of the front seat, holding your head in your hands. "You never mentioned her."

"Didn't I?" Dean questions.

"No," you confirm. "I would've remembered you talking about an 'old friend.'"

"Yeah, we went out," Dean says.

"You mean you dated someone?" Sam asks, Dean glancing at him briefly. "For more than one night?"

"Am I speaking a language you're not getting here?" Dean shoots back. "Yeah, Dad and I were working a job in Athens, Ohio. She was finishing up college and we went out for a couple of weeks," Dean explains, leaving out the details.

"And?" you prompt, your curiosity peaking. Dean shrugs.

"Look, it's terrible about her dad, but it kinda sounds like a standard car accident," Sam says. "I'm not seeing how this fits with what we do. Which, by the way, how does she know what we do?"

Dean licks his lips, glancing at you once before adverting his gaze back to the road. "You told her didn't you?" Sam accuses his brother, outraged. "You told her the secret. Our big family rule number one—we do what we do and we shut up about it. For a year and a half, I do nothing but lie to Jessica, and you go out with this chick in Ohio for a couple of times and you tell her everything?" Dean silently takes all of the accusations, keeping his eyes on the road. "Dean!"

"Yeah, looks like," Dean answers, shocking both you and Sam. Sam shakes his head, outraged and disappointed. You slowly sit back against the seat, distracting yourself with the passing scenery.

[Cape Girardeau, Missouri - Press Station]

Dean leads you and Sam into the newspaper office, his eyes searching the room for a particular someone. You look around lazily, journalists typing away furiously, printers humming and spitting out warm papers. Three people stand in the middle of the office having a heated conversation. One of the men ends it, turning and walking away briskly. The other man disappears in another direction, leaving the young woman to herself.

She turns around, eyes falling on Dean instantly. Nostalgia masks her face as she says his name,
"Dean."

"Hey, Cassie," Dean replies as she takes two steps closer to the Winchester. Memories distract her so much that she hardly notices you and Sam.

Dean clears his throat, remembering the other important people behind him. "Cassie, this is my brother Sam," Cassie smiles at Sammy as Dean pauses before introducing you, "and our friend Y/n."

You smile at the woman warmly, thinking that any friend of Dean's is a friend of your's. Her whole demeanor changes instantly; her lips forming a tight line as she looks at you almost... disdainfully. Your smile falters as she sizes you up, her two inches of height towering over you.

"I'm sorry about your dad," Dean says, diverting Cassie's attention away from you and back to him.

"Yeah, me, too," Cassie replies gently.

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Why the hell did she look at me like that? You can't help but over-evaluate your encounter with Cassie and how she glared at you. Did my smile come off as too friendly? Maybe it was too much...

"My mother's in pretty bad shape," Cassie says, carrying a tray of drinks into the living room. "I've been staying with her. I wish she wouldn't go off by herself; she's been so nervous and frightened. She was worried about Dad."

"Why?" Dean asks.

"He was scared," Cassie replies, pouring a cup of tea. "He was seeing things."

"Like what?"

"He swore he saw an awful-looking black truck following him," Cassie explains.

"A truck? Who was the driver?" Sam inquires. You desperately want to ask your own questions, but don't want to offend Cassie anymore than you already did.

"He didn't talk about a driver, just the truck. He said it would appear and disappear," Cassie says, setting down the boy's cups of tea on the coffee table. She hands you one, and you thank her quietly. "And in the accident, Dad's truck was dented like it had been slammed into by something big."

"Now, you're sure this dent wasn't there before?" Sam questions.

"He sold cars, always drove a new one," Cassie replies. You manage to take a sip of tea without gagging, the leafy flavor not your particular taste. "There wasn't a scratch on that thing. It had rained hard that night. There was mud everywhere. There was a distinct set of muddy tracks from Dad's car leading right..." Cassie struggles to get the last part out, her voice breaking, "to the edge where he went over."

She shakes her head, recollecting herself. You frown, sympathizing for the girl. "One set of tracks--his."

"And the first person killed was a friend of your father's?" you ask softly.

"Best friend," Cassie confirms, "Clayton Solmes. They owned a car dealership together. Same thing--dent, no tracks. And the cops said exactly what they said about Dad--'he lost control of his car.'"
"Can you think of any reason why your father and partner might be targets?" Dean asks.

Cassie shakes her head. "No."

"And you think this vanishing truck ran him off the road?" Sam questions bluntly.

"When you say it aloud like that..." Cassie sighs and looks at the brothers. "Listen, I'm a little skeptical about this ghost stuff or whatever it is you guys are into."

Dean chuckles. "Skeptical. If I remember, I think you said I was nuts."

"That was then," Cassie replies flatly. Dean hums. "I just know that I can't explain what happened up there, so I called you." The front door opens and a short woman rushes into the house. "Mom," Cassie calls out, darting to the woman's side. "Where have you been?"

Cassie's mother jumps, your's and the boy's presence surprising her. "Oh, I had no idea you'd invited friends over."

"Mom, this is Dean, a friend of mine from...college, and his brother, Sam, and friend, Y/n," Cassie introduces you to her mother.

"Well, I-I-I-I won't interrupt you," she says, trying to run out of the room.

"Mrs. Robinson?" Dean asks, stopping the woman in her tracks. "We're sorry for your loss. We'd like to talk to you for a minute, if you don't mind."

Mrs. Robinson furrows her brows, appalled. "I'm really not up to that just now."

~~~

You burrow into your jacket, hiding from the cold wind nipping at your ears. You and the boys saunter through the car-crash scene to Cassie and the mayor, who are, again, in a heated conversation.

"Accidents do happen, Cassie. That's what they are--accidents," the mayor says firmly.

"Did the cops check for additional denting on Jimmy's car to see if it was pushed?" you ask, looking around the scene.

"Who's this?" the mayor asks Cassie.

"Dean and Sam Winchester, and Y/n, family friends. This is Mayor Harold Todd," Cassie introduces the four of you.

"There's one set of tracks--one. Doesn't point to foul play," Todd counters. The condition of the car begs otherwise.

"Mayor, the police and town officials take their cues from you--if you're indifferent about--" the mayor interrupts Cassie.

"Indifferent?"

"Would you close the road if the victims were white?" Cassie challenges. Your eyes dart to the mayor, eyebrow quirked.

"You're suggesting I'm racist, Cassie. I'm the last person you should talk to like that," the mayor
responds.

"And why's that?"

"Why don't you ask your mother?" the mayor replies. He glances at you and the boys before walking away to talk to a nearby police officer.

~~~

As you get ready in your own motel room, Sam decided that his next course of action is to dig up more dirt on Dean and Cassie's past and, more importantly, why she has a problem with you.

"I'll say this for her—she's fearless," Sam says, referring to Cassie, as he slips into his suit jacket. Dean hums in agreement. "I bet she kicked your ass a couple of times. What's interesting is that she looks at Y/n like a dead rat on her porch. You have any idea why?"

Dean shrugs, adjusting his tie in the mirror. "Female tension?"

Sam chuckles. "Yeah, no, I don't think so. I was thinking more along the lines of you did something."

"Whoa, hold on. Why does everything have to be my fault?" Dean questions, suddenly defensive.

Sam raises his hands in defense. "I'm just saying, man--"

"Shut up. Let's go," Dean cuts him off, exiting the room in a rush and bumping into you.

"Sorry," you squeak as you smooth down your pencil skirt. "I was just coming to get you guys."

Dean clears his throat, flustered, and pats your shoulder. "Yeah, we're coming. Let's go, Sammy," he says before waling past you.

You look at Sam, confusion blatant on your face. "Did I do something wrong?"

Sam laughs, shaking his head. "No, Y/n, I don't think you did."

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"Excuse me. Are you Ron Stubbins?" you ask the man wearing an old baseball cap sitting near the docks with is buddy. "Friends with Jimmy Anderson?"

"Who are you?" he retorts, in no mood for being friendly. His friend happily munches on shrimp from the large pail in the middle of the table.

"We're with Mr. Anderson's insurance company," you reply and catch the men eyeing you and the boys doubtfully.

"We're with Mr. Anderson's insurance company," you reply and catch the men eyeing you and the boys doubtfully.

"They had to send three of you?" Ron challenges.

You smile easily. "They're new."

"Just here to dot some I's and cross some T's," Dean adds.

"We were just wondering, had the deceased mentioned any unusual recent experiences?" Sam asks.

"What do you mean, 'unusual'?" Ron repeats.
You nod at Sam to go over the symptoms. "Well, visions, hallucinations," Sam expands.

"It's all part of our medical examination," you add before Ron can question your authenticity. "It's all very standard."

"What company you say you were with?" Ron asks.

"All National Mutual," you reply, Dean flashing the fake identification documents.

"Tell me, did he ever mention seeing a truck, a big black truck?" Dean asks.

"What the hell you talking about? You even speaking English?" Ron replies snappily.

You even answer without a question? you think to yourself, biting your tongue.

"Son, this truck, a big, scary, monster-looking thing?" Ron's pal inquires.

"Yeah, actually, I think so," Dean confirms.

"Hmm," the man responds as Ron eats a shrimp from their shared pail.

"What?" Dean asks.

"I have heard of a truck like that," the man replies, glancing at his grumpy friend.

"You have? Where?" Sam asks.

"Not where--when," the man corrects him. "Back in the 60s, there was a string of deaths. Black men. Story goes they disappeared in a big, nasty black truck"

"They ever catch the guy who did it?" Dean asks.

"Never found him. Hell, not sure they even really looked. See, there was a time this town wasn't too friendly to all its citizens," the man says. He and Ron exchange a knowing look.

You nod to yourself. "Thank you, gentlemen." You and the boys walk back to the impala, the boys walking in sync, while you have to quicken your pace just to keep up.

"Truck," Dean simply states.

"Keeps coming up, doesn't it?" Sam inquires.

"You know, I was thinking. You heard of the Flying Dutchman?" Dean asks.

"Mhm, a ghost ship infused with the captain's evil spirit," you comment. "The ship was basically a part of him."

"So, what if we're dealing with the same thing?" Dean suggests. "You know, a phantom truck who's the extension of some bastard ghost, re-enacting past crimes."

"The victims have all been black men," Sam agrees.

"I think it's more than that," Dean says.

"Okay, well, you boys keep theorizing. I'm gonna go buy some shrimp before we leave," you state determinedly.
"Really, Y/n?" Sam questions you, a grin on his face.

"What?" you ask innocently. "Those guys were eating it like popcorn so it must be good." Dean smirks and Sam tries his best not to laugh at your giddy behavior. "I'll be quick, I promise," you reassure them, then walk to the small shop outside the boat yard.

The boys share a chuckle as you prance away, both glad to see you in a chipper mood. Dean clears his throat as he composes himself. "Anyways, I was thinking that all these deaths seem to be connected to Cassie and her family," Dean says.

"All right, well, you work that angle," Sam replies. "Go talk to her."

"Yeah, I will," Dean agrees.

"Oh, and you might also want to mention that other thing," Sam says, fighting down his devilish grin.

"What other thing?" Dean asks as they approach the impala.

"The serious one-sided rivalry between her and Y/n," Sam clarifies. "Dean, seriously. What happened all those years ago that caused Cassie to hate Y/n?"

[FIVE YEARS AGO]

"Y/n, just hold tight, okay? I'm on my way," Dean said into the phone over your sobs that made his heart ache. You could barely get out a coherent sentence. Dean being Dean, thought of the worst thing that could have happened and panic quickly settled itself in his stomach.

"You're leaving?" Cassie asked, trying to keep her anger down as Dean left the bed to pack his things.

"Yeah," Dean replied, tossing his clothes into his duffel bag. "It's Y/n. She--"

"It's always about Y/n," Cassie scoffed, crossing her arms over her chest.

Dean furrowed his brow, but continued to pack his things. "What do you mean?"

"Whenever you're on your phone, you're texting Y/n," Cassie stated. "And when you're mad, it's because Y/n's shit boyfriend did something."

"You don't understand, Cassie, I think something is wrong," Dean replied, slinging his duffel bag on his shoulder.

"So let her boyfriend take care of it!" Cassie took a deep breath, calming herself down. "First you tell me ghosts are real, tell me that you want to move onto the next part of our relationship, and now you want to leave me for some other girl?"

"Cassie, it's not like that, I swear," Dean objected, voice hardening.

"Look me in the eyes and tell me you have no romantic feelings for this girl," Cassie challenged, getting up in Dean's face. "Go on."

Dean exhaled sharply and averted his eyes, looking up at the ceiling. Cassie's arms dropped at her side and she sighed. "If you leave, I don't want you to ever come back," she said simply.

"I'm sorry," Dean replied. He pecked her forehead and walked towards the door, towards Y/n.
"You're not her boyfriend, Dean," Cassie shouted after him.

Dean stopped in the doorway and looked over his shoulder, a sad smile on his face. "I know."

[PRESENT DAY]

"Okay, so maybe I started dating Cassie to distract myself from Y/n's relationship. On their six month anniversary or something stupid, they were going to go out to celebrate and Y/n mentioned about them becoming really serious... I was mad, okay? So I told Cassie the family secret in hopes that we'd get really close but it just freaked her out. I managed to calm Cassie down but then, later that night, Y/n calls me sobbing, so..." Dean trails off.

"You ditched Cassie for Y/n," Sam concludes. "And you left Dad?"

"I told him where I was going and why; he was perfectly fine with it," Dean defends himself.

"Well, you better go clear up Y/n's name because Cassie hating her is killing her," Sam states matter-of-factly.

"Yeah, I know," Dean replies. He clears his throat, alerting Sammy as you walk over with a huge grin on your face and a bucket of shrimp under your arm, your other arm busy stuffing your face with shrimp.

"Dudes, this shrimp--totally worth it. Try some, they're delicious," you offer, gesturing the pail towards the boys. They each take a shrimp and eat the meaty bodies, spitting out the tail and feet. The hum in agreement, the flavor of butter and season on their tongues. "I know!" you exclaim giddily, eating another shrimp.

Dean had left an hour ago to go check on Cassie, leaving you and Sam to your motel rooms, the thin walls dividing you. You and Sam had kept your distance since your wee argument, neither of you mentioning it and keeping your interactions short and brief. It killed you, not being able to indulge in your best friend. Dean's absence gave you the perfect opportunity to clear things up with Sammy, and that's just what you intended to do.

You knock on the brothers' motel door, nerves a bit tense, though you told yourself they shouldn't be. You were just going to confront your best friend, after all. There's no need to be nervous.

Sam opens the door, hair tousled in a mess and puppy-dog eyes staring down at you. "Hi," you greet quietly. "I, uh--we should probably talk."

"Yeah," Sam agrees, nodding, "we probably should." He steps aside for you to walk in and closes the door behind you.

You sigh and stand awkwardly in the middle of the room, glancing around at the boys' belongings that scatter the floor.

"Sammy, I'm really sorry--"

"I'm so sorry--"

The two of you stop talking over each other and look at one another for a moment before bursting into a fit of giggles. "You first," Sam says, crossing his arms over his chest, a goofy smile on his face.
"Sam, I'm sorry about how I acted... you were only trying to help me and I--"

"No, Y/n. I was totally out of line. You had every right to be upset," Sam reassures you. You frown, not wanting him to take the blame for everything.

"Still, I could have handled the situation better, rather than running away," you counter, disappointed with yourself. Sam's emotions and intentions had slipped your mind when you yelled at him, acting on your own selfish emotions. Your father raised you to be selfless, yet here you are acting selfishly.

Sam rolls his eyes. "Y/n, seriously. I can see you beating yourself up for something that was totally reasonable. Everyone has there breaking point," Sam shrugs. "And I just happened to push you to your's."

"No, you didn't. You might have pushed me to the edge, but I'm the one who walked off the cliff," you retort, recalling the memories that drove you insane.

Sam scoffs. "Maybe, but I'm the one who instigated it," Sam points out. You nibble your bottom lip, unable to argue against that. "I'm sorry, Y/n."

"Me too," you reply. You rub your arms and glance around the room before you meet Sam's eyes. "Can we hug?"

Sam laughs, "Sure." Sam opens his arms and envelopes you in his large arm span. You sigh happily, finally at peace with your friend.

You break away from the hug after a moment and yawn. "Hey, do you think that Cassie hates me?" you ask, voice tiny and embarrassed.

Sam's eyebrows shoots up, as he tries to act surprised and come up with a lie to save Dean's hide. "No. Why do you ask?"

"Well," you rub the back of your neck. "She just looks at me differently, like I shamed her family or something."

"Huh, I didn't notice," Sam lies, looking for the T.V. remote to hide his face.

"Really? Maybe I'm just making it all up..." you mutter, rubbing your eyes tiredly. You smack your lips together and watch Sam clumsily look for the remote. "Dean's been out for a while, huh?"

"Yeah," Sam agrees. He pulls out the remote from behind Dean's bed with a grin on his face.

"Think he's coming back tonight?" you ask, sitting down on the edge of Dean's bed as Sam takes a seat on his bed and turns on the T.V.

Sam shrugs. "Probably not. He and Cassie have a lot to talk about, don't you think?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right," you agree. You crawl onto the bed, laying down against the headboard. "What are you in the mood for tonight?"

"I don't know. An interesting documentary, maybe?" Sam suggests, making that face.

"Whatever floats your boat, Sammy," you reply, relaxing your muscles, your shoulders dropping comfortably. Sam manages to find a documentary about the Trojan War, a time period you found interesting enough to stay up for most of the show. Sleep creeps up on you rather quickly, your mind full of Greeks and wooden horses.
Snow falls to the ground, whipping past your face and nipping your ears and nose. You can see your breath when you exhale, and even though it is an expected result, you watch your breath disappear in the frigid air. Grey clouds loom in the air, prefect for the dreariness of the atmosphere. You never confessed it to anyone besides the boys, but you secretly loved the dark weather, finding beauty in the clouds and rain, or even snow.

But that didn't explain why police buzz around, tapping off the wreck, and why you were outside in the middle of the road instead of the warm motel room.

There was another accident that morning; the mayor found thrown from his car like the previous suspects. You called Dean a while ago, informing him of the death and the location. He said he was on his way, and Sam made a remark about Dean spending time with Cassie. You paid no mind to it.

Dean's boots thump against the pavement coated in a thin layer of snow. You look over your shoulder and smile at the hunter as he stops at your side.

"Where were you last night?" Sam asks cheekily. "You didn't make it back to the motel."

"Did you enjoy your slumber party?" you add, wiggling your eyebrows and grinning.

Dean scoffs and shakes his head as you giggle at your joke. Sam smirks. "I'm guessing you and Cassie worked things out?" his question encrypted with a meaning unbeknownst to you.

Dean shrugs, and switches the subject. "So, what happened?"

"Every bone crushed, internal organs turned to pudding. The cops are all stumped, but it's almost like something ran him over," Sam explains.

"Something like a truck?" Dean questions.

You sigh, "The truth is in the pudding...literally as Sam put it."

"Tracks?"

"Nope."

Dean inhales slowly, looking over his shoulder at the sight of the accident. "What was the mayor doing here anyway?"

"He owned the property. Bought it a few weeks ago," you elaborate.

"Yeah, but he's white. Doesn't fit the pattern," Dean points out.

"Killings didn't happen up on the road. That doesn't fit either," Sam adds.

You exhale sharply and run a hand through your hair. "Time to do some diggin', boys."

You insisted on going to the courthouse by yourself, just to clear your head and approach the case with an open mind. The records were fairly easy to obtain, and you called up the boys to fill them in on what you found.

"Yeah?" Dean says, answering his phone.
"So, the courthouse records show that the mayor and his wife bought an abandoned property. The property previously belonged to the Dorian family, for like 150 years," you rattle off.

"Dorian?" Dean repeats. You hum in confirmation. Dean asks something to the side, his voice muffled through the phone speaker. "That's interesting."

"Do tell, Watson," you prompt, walking along the side of the lake.

"This Cyrus Dorian, he vanished in April of ’63. The case was investigated but never solved. It was right around the time the string of murders was going on back then."

"Well, I dug up a lot of dirt on this Dorian place. It must have been in bad shape when the mayor bought it," you reply.

"Why's that?"

"First thing he did after he bought the house? He bulldozed it."

Dean says something off to the side again before asking, "You got a date?"

"Yep, the 3rd of last month," you answer.

"Mayor Todd bulldozed the Dorian family home on the 3rd. The first killing was the very next day," Dean says.

"Yeah, that can't be a coincidence," you mutter, then flip shut your phone with a sigh.

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Tea. A drink you're not particularly fond of, but mastered its creation, nonetheless. You prepared Cassie a cup of the lead water as the brothers consoled her. She had called Dean screaming, yelling about a truck blaring its lights through the windows.

"Maybe you could add a few shots to that," Cassie remarks as you hand her the cup of tea. You reply with a wink before sitting in the chair next to her mother. Mrs. Robinson holds her cup of tea close to her face, knuckles paling from her tight grip on the cup.

"You didn't see who was driving the truck?" Dean asks as Cassie takes a sip of the tea.

She sets the cup in her lap and shakes her head as if in shock. "It seemed to be no one. Everything was moving so fast. And then it was just gone. Why didn't it kill us?"

"Whatever is controlling the truck wants you afraid first," Dean replies grimly.

"Mrs. Robinson," you say gently, the woman's eyes darting in your direction, "Cassie said that your husband saw the truck before he died." She stares at you like a deer in headlights, eyes vacant and shiny.

"Mom?" Cassie asks, Mrs. Robinson's head snapping in Cassie's direction.

"Martin was under a lot of stress," Mrs. Robinson states, hiding behind her tea cup and taking a sip. "You can't be sure about what he was seeing."

"Well, after tonight I think we can be reasonably sure that he was seeing a truck," Dean retorts. "What happened tonight, you and Cassie are marked, okay? Your daughter could die, so if you know something, now would be a really good time to tell us about it."
"Dean--" you try to intervene, not wanting to pressure the already nervous woman.

"Yes," Mrs. Robinson says, surprising you. "Yes, he said he saw a truck."

"Did he know who it belonged to?" Sam asks, elbows resting on his knees as he leans forward.

"He thought he did," Mrs. Robinson replies.

"Who was that?" Dean asks, pushing for a clearer answer.

Mrs. Robinson hesitates, her hand covering her heart as if to slow her rapid heartbeat. "Cyrus... a man named Cyrus," she says. You and the boys exchange looks. Cyrus Dorian? The man who was never found.

Dean grabs the article he printed off out of his bag and shows it to Mrs. Robinson. "Is this Cyrus?" Dean asks as her eyes skim over the bold headline. DORIAN STILL MISSING she reads, her skin prickling with goosebumps.

"Cyrus Dorian died more than 40 years ago," the widow says, her eyes glancing away the from front page and Dorian's picture.

"How did you know he died, Mrs. Robinson?" you ask softly, searching her worried face. "The paper said he went missing."

Dean glances between you and his brother before asking more sternly, "How did you know he died?"

"We were all very young," Mrs. Robinson starts. She gulps before continuing. "I dated Cyrus a while. I was also seeing Martin, in secret of course 'cause interracial couples didn't go over too well then. When I broke it off with Cyrus, and when he found out about Martin--I don't know--he changed. His hatred--his hatred was frightening."

"The string of murders," Sam murmurs.

"There were rumors, people of color disappearing into some kind of a truck. Nothing was ever done," Mrs. Robinson explains, shaking her head. She sighs, bottom lip quivering. "Martin and... Martin and I, we were gonna be married in that little church near here, but last minute, we decided to elope 'cause we didn't want all of the attention."

"And Cyrus?" Dean prompts.

Mrs. Robinson shifts uncomfortably, sobbing softly. She sniffs and places a hand on her chest. "The day we set for the wedding was the day someone set fire to the church," she replies with a shaky voice. She cries then adds, "There was a children's choir practicing in there. They all died."

You look away from Mrs. Robinson as she muffles her sobs with her hands. Your foot bounces anxiously and your gut weighs down with grief.

"Did the attacks stop after that?" Sam asks softly.

"No, there was one more," the widow replies. "One night that truck came for Martin. Cyrus beat him something terrible, but Martin--you see, Martin got loose and he started hitting Cyrus and he just kept hitting him and hitting him." She cries into her hands, trying to compose herself.

"Why didn't you call the cops?" Dean asks, probably forgetting what time period this all went down
Mrs. Robinson looks at Dean with disbelief, and shakes her head. "This was 40 years ago." Dean nods, understanding. "He called on his friends--Clayton, Solmes, and Jimmy Anderson--and they put Cyrus' body into the truck and then rolled it into the swamp at the edge of his land, and all three of them kept that secret all these years."

"And now all three are gone," you point out.

"And so is Mayor Todd," Dean adds. Mrs. Robinson sighs. "Now, he said that you of all people would know that he is not racist. Why would he say that?"

Mrs. Robinson nods. "He was a good man. He was a young deputy back then, investigating Cyrus' disappearance. Once he figured out what Martin and the others had done, he," the woman sighs, "he did nothing." She pauses, her words heavy. "Because he also knew what Cyrus had done."

Mrs. Robinson's words hang in the air as the Winchester brothers glance at one another, speaking almost telepathically. You on the other hand, fiddled with your fingers, mind racing for a way to protect what's left of the Robinson Family.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Cassie asks her mother, her voice cracking.

"I thought I was protecting them," her mother responds with a shrug. "And now there's no one left to protect."

"Yes, there is," you said quietly, though everyone could hear you. You eyes left your hands and bored into Cassie. The brothers and Mrs. Robinson looked at Cassie wordlessly as she met everyone's eyes sadly. She grabbed her mother's shaking hand, and plastered on a fearless mask.

"Oh, my life was so simple," Sammy states outside Cassie's house, leaning against the Impala. "Just school, exams, papers on polycentric cultural norms."

"Reading lore for Dean, working at the library," you hum in agreement. Sam snickers, the normal life he once held securely in his hands is now a mere memory, almost a dream.

"So I guess I saved you two from a boring existence," Dean quips, resting on the Impala next to Sammy. You stand off to the side, kicking at your boots.

"Yeah, occasionally I miss boring," Sam replies with a sigh.

"So, this killer truck," Dean says, switching the subject before you or Sam could dwell on the past for too long and regret joining him on this journey.

"I miss conversations that didn't start with 'this killer truck'," Sam comments to you. You shrug halfheartedly, glancing at Dean briefly who looks lost, and forces a smile to his face.

"All right, well, this Cyrus guy, evil on a level that even infected his truck," Dean says.

"I wouldn't mind giving him a few lessons on basic-human courtesy," your mumble, crossing your arms over your chest.

"Agreed, but your teacher skills are going to have to wait for another day, Y/n," Dean replies, giving you a smile which you return. "When Cyrus died, the swamp became his tomb and his spirit was
dormant for 40 years."

"So, what woke it up?" Sam questions.

"Either the construction on his house or the destruction," you answer.

"Right," Sam agrees. "Demolition or remodeling can awaken spirits, make them restless." Dean hums in agreement. "Like that theater in Illinois."

"Yeah, which is why I am never remodeling an old house," you remark. "Or bulldozing one for that matter..."

The brothers chuckle, heads shaking at your manner. You clear your throat and go back to theorizing. "Anyways, the guy who tears down the family home, Harold Todd, is the same guy that kept Cyrus' murder quiet and unsolved."

"So, now his spirit is awakened and out for blood," Sam concludes.

"I guess. Who knows what ghosts are thinking anyway," Dean replies.

"You know we're gonna have to dredge that body from the swamp?" Sam points out. You fake a gag, pretending to throw up in your mouth. "Right."

"You said it," Dean agrees. Dean looks over his shoulder as Cassie walks over to the Impala. "Hey."


"You stay put and look after her," Dean replies. "And we'll be back. Don't leave the house."

"Don't getting all authoritative on me. I hate it," Cassie wittily remarks.

"If it makes you feel any better, I'd much rather stay here with you," you say. You shield your mouth from the boys and whisper loudly, "Sam's farts stink. Imagine being trapped in the car with 'em."

Cassie laughs as Sam's face drops. "Hey!" he playfully hits your arm as you throw your head back and laugh manically.

"On second thought, I think I'm okay with looking after my mom," Cassie replies. "I'll see you guys later."

"Bye, Cassie," Dean says as you wave her goodbye, writing off your tiny exchange as progress.

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"All right, let's get her up!"

The tractor the boys manage to snag growls, working twice as hard to uncover Cyrus and his truck. Sam instructs Dean to use more gas, a little more further, almost there, Dean controlling the tractor. You stand next to the Impala, avoiding the large, smelly truck covered in gunk from the swamp. The keys to the Impala were tucked into your jacket pocket, your hand holding them protectively with the order from Dean to keep them safe while he used the tractor.

The cool metal of the keys oddly calmed you. It's been so long since you had car keys in your pocket for no other reason than just to hold them. Oh, to feel normal again, even for a fraction of a second, through an act so pointless and casual, it could calm your thunderous mind.
Water pools under the truck and floods back to the swamp as it rolls on land. Sam waves to Dean, signaling for him to stop. Dean powers off the tractor and jumps down to the ground.

"Nice," Sam comments, nodding at the truck.

"Yeah," Dean agrees, and you walk over to the filthy thing, eyeing the truck. Sam nods at you, his voice barely above a whisper when he addresses Dean as the two brothers approach the trunk of the Impala. "Now I can see why she's in to you," Sam says, smirk on his face.

"What?" Dean snaps, voice hushed, and his head facing but eyes darting towards you to see if you to see if you could hear the conversation. You're to caught up in examining the truck to notice the brothers' bickering. By now, you've mastered tuning out their brotherly banter when necessary.

"Come on. You can admit it. You've been in love with her all these years," Sam states, his smile growing to the tips of his ears.

"I don't even know who you're talking about, Sam," Dean grumbles.

Sam chuckles, "I'm pretty sure we both know who I'm referring to."

"Aw, can we focus, please?" Dean replies, defusing the topic and popping open the trunk.

"I'm just saying, Dean," Sam says, lifting his arms showing he means no harm. Dean rolls his eyes. You step closer to the truck, peering into the windows. Cyrus' decayed corpse drapes over the steering wheel, his body a pile of bones held together by the tiny amount of remaining skin. You cover your mouth and turn on your heels just as the boys saunter over with salt and lighter fluid.

"Yeah, you boys have fun with that," you say, pointing over your shoulder at the corpse with your thumb. You rush behind the brothers, and watch them remove the corpse from the truck and place it on the makeshift fire pit. The douse the body in salt and gas, strike a match, and then set the corpse aflame. You lean against the Impala, ready to leave and Sammy sighs. "Think that'll do it?"

Before Dean can reply, the ghost truck appears from the shadows, its headlights blinding. It revs its engine, exhaust coming from the top of the pipes. You blink, dumbfound, as Dean answers Sam's question, "I guess not."

"So burning the body had no effect on that thing?" Sam questions, raising his voice over the loud engine of the truck.

"Sure it did. Now it's really pissed," Dean wittily remarks.

"But, Cyrus's ghost is gone, right, Dean?" Sam asks.

"Not the part that's connect to the truck," you speak up, your hands finding the keys of the Impala in pocket. Its cool touch calms your nerves as you steadily open the front door of the Impala.

"Where are you going?" Sam questions, the brothers looking at you over their shoulders.

You step into the driver's seat, eyes trained on the truck. "Just for a ride."

"What?!" the boys shout incredulously.
"To lead it away from you two! You guys have to figure out how to burn that piece of junk!" you reply.

"How the hell are we supposed to burn a truck, Y/n?" Sam retorts.

"I don't know! Dean's good with cars—he can figure it out!" you yell back in reply before closing the door. You put the keys in ignition and bring Baby to life. She purrs as you adjust your hands on the steering wheel. The seat is formed to fit Dean's body and you find it oddly reassuring. Knowing that Baby has taken care of Dean for all those years meant that she could do the same for you for just a few minutes.

Before the boys--but mostly Dean--can stop you, you pull out of the park and onto the main road. You race down the winding back road, the pavement shining in the headlights' beams. The truck tails you, its presence nerve rattling. You exhale sharply and keep on the same road leading you into a relatively open area.

Carefully, you dial Sam's number while holding the steering wheel firmly with your other hand. He picks up after two rings. "Sammy, I need you to direct me to the church Mrs. Robinson was talking about."

"Already ahead of you, but you got to give me a minute," Sam replies, the sound of paper flipping cutting through the speaker.

"Times not really on my side right now, Sam!" you retort, eyes glancing at the rear-view mirror to the truck briefly.

"Hold on," Sam says before hanging up. You glance back at the truck, losing control of your nerves for a moment to fear. Your breath hitches, eye lost in the headlights' trance.

You blink and shake your head, exhaling slowly and inhaling steadily, and think of your father.

_Breathe in, and out. In and out. Nice and slow, Y/n,_ his voice echoes in your head from a past memory. You repeat this process, thankful for the peaceful memory.

You exhale and narrow your eyes on the road in front of you, giving the engine a bit more gas with ease.

Your phone rings and you're quick to answer. "Talk to me, Sammy."

"All right, where are you?" You glance around, the sides of the road bare and the truck's headlights blaring in the mirrors. "It's important, I have to know exactly where you are."

"I know," you reply, eyes straining to find a sign in the dark. The headlights illuminate a road sign, and you sigh in relief. "Decatur Road, roughly two miles off the highway," you answer, eyes sliding back to the road.

"Okay, headed east?" Sam questions for clarification.

"Yes," you reassure him. Just then, the truck bumps the back of the Impala with a loud bang, her tail swaying close to the ditch. You grip the steering wheel and turn accordingly, straightening out the Impala, the tires screeching at the unexpected adjustment.

"What the hell was that?!" you hear Dean shout in the background.

"Y/n, you okay?" Sam asks.
"Yes, now where am I headed?" you reassure him.

"Okay, uh, turn right. Up ahead, turn right."

You press the breaks, rubber burning against the pavement, and make the turn. The truck follows closely behind.

"You make the turn?" Sam asks when you don't say anything.

"Yeah," you reply. "Next step, let's go."

"All right, you see a road up ahead?"

"Yeah, I see it," you answer. You lose your breath for a second, the truck pulling up along side you.

"Turn left!"

You blink, and press on the gas, the truck racing pass you. You turn, chuckling to yourself as the truck disappears in your side mirror. "Now what?"

"You need to go exactly 7/10ths of a mile and stop," Sam explains.

"Okay, I can do that," you murmur, watching the odometer tick up. You reach 7/10ths and slam on the brakes while turning the steering wheel, doing a tiny circle. You ease in between the two brick pillars that must have belonged to the church's entrance and wait for the truck to show itself.

In the distance, the truck suddenly appears, headlights bright in the darkness.

"Y/n, you still there?" Sam asks.

"Yeah," you reply breathlessly as you watch the truck.

"What's happening?"

"It's just...staring at me. Do you think I just sit here?" you question.

"Yeah, you're bringing it to you," Sam agrees. You sigh and adjust your grip on the wheel. The truck revs its engine, then takes off towards you at full speed. You set down the phone, knuckles paling as your hold tightens on the wheel and you brace for impact. You squeeze your eyes shut as the engine roars louder and louder as it draws nearer. Your uneasiness gets the best of you.

And you scream.

Your cries are short lived as you realize you're still alive. You clamp your mouth shut and look around you, the truck no where in sight. You clear your throat and bring the phone to your ear where you met with the worried shouts from the Winchesters.

"Y/n? Y/n, can you hear me?"

"Yeah, I, uh, I can hear you just fine," you answer sheepishly.

"We thought something happened to you. You screamed," Sam comments. You can practically hear the smirk in his voice.

"Yeah, I freaking screamed. A monster truck was coming at me full speed!" you defend yourself. You hear the boys bicker for a moment then a slap. You furrow your brow, imagining the childish
"Y/n, where the hell are you? Is Baby okay?" Dean angrily asks, words rushed.

"I'm fine, thanks for asking," you reply, rolling your eyes with a huff. "I'm where that church was. You know, the one Cyrus burned down."

"The church ground is hallowed ground whether the church is still there or not," you hear Sam explain to Dean. You sigh and ease your way back onto the main road. "Evil spirits cross over hallowed ground, sometimes they're destroyed. So I figured maybe that would get rid of it."

"And, Y/n, you were in on this?" Dean questions.

"Yeah," you reply casually.

"What if you two were wrong?!

Your tongue glides across your bottom lip. "I guess I didn't think about that. Besides, you guys managed to burn the truck, right?"

Dean mumbles incoherently under his breath. "Just get back here in one piece. And, Y/n, if you did something to my car, I swear to--"

"Breathe, Watson," you say, then hang up the phone.

~~~

Cassie and Dean had kept their goodbyes short, but sweet, leaving on a much better note than last time. The two of them hug before Cassie walks away, giving you and Sam a quick wave over her shoulder. You smile cheekily from the driver's seat, fingers drumming on the steering wheel.

Dean rolls his eyes as he walks over to the driver's seat. "Get out," he says bluntly.

You pout and look out in front of you. "Come on, Dean. I'm a good driver! In fact, I could probably be casted in the next Fast and Furious."

"No, you're a reckless driver." You scoff at Dean's remark. "Now get out of the driver's seat before I have a stroke," Dean states gruffly.

You sigh and reluctantly exit the car with a yawn, staring at Dean hardily. "I'm only agreeing because it's not safe to drive when you're tired," you say, shuffling over to the backseat.

Dean hums in reply, climbing into the front seat victoriously as Sam snickers at the exchange between the two of you. You stretch out in the backseat and fall asleep quickly, the previous night's events literally racing in your mind.

[FIVE YEARS AGO]

For how long?

That was the question you asked yourself again and again when Dean opened the door to your house. He didn't question you when you told him that that's where you were, sobbing uncontrollably and alone, and for that you were grateful. If he had asked why, you didn't think you'd be able to tell him or that he'd be able to understand you for that matter. You were a mess, a loud, crying mess. Hours later, you were still a mess, but a quieter one, lost in your mind calculating and analyzing.
"Y/n?" Dean's voice echoed through the tall halls of the mansion. You looked up from your spot on the couch in the sun room. Moonlight cloaked the room in a blue glare, shadows as deep as the sea and dark as the sky cast over the earth. Your knees were stained with tears and a bit of snot, the sweatpants you changed into displaying this mockingly.

You stood up from you fetus position and met Dean at the entrance of the room, nose stuffy and eyes red. Dean's body deflated at the sight of you, miserable and shaking. His arms wrapped around you, pulling you into his chest. "Y/n," he breathed your name into your hair, fingers untangling the knots formed from the messy hairstyle your friend had prepared.

"I'm sorry you left your hunt. John must be furious," you apologized into Dean's chest. You adjusted your head, placing your ear against his heart and listening to its steady beats.

"No, no. He understands. Wanted me to check on you, anyway," Dean reassured you, but you still had your doubts.

"Are you sure? I don't want to be a burden. I--"

"Y/n," Dean stopped you, hands pushing back your shoulders so he could look you in the eyes, "everything will be fine." Dean gave you a smile before his brows creased and he got serious. "What happened? Why were you crying?"

Tears stung your eyes; just the mention of what you had witnessed was enough for you to break down again. Dean lead you back to the couch, sitting you down as you recollected yourself. He crouched in front of you, a hand resting on your knee reassuringly.

You exhaled shakily, looking up at the ceiling. "I caught my best friend naked waiting for my boyfriend to come back to his apartment," you said.

"What?" Dean asks, the shock evident in his voice.

So you told him everything from the beginning. How you and Noah had went out to celebrate your anniversary, how you agreed to go back to his place to curl up in bed to wrap up the night, how you were anxious to get out of the dress and heels your best friend had lent you. How she was splayed out on Noah's dinner table, naked and a cherry in her lips. How both of their faces paled, the cherry falling from her mouth. How you ran back to your shared dorm room and collected your stuff, how you drove back to Hailey, to your grandparents' mansion.

You gestured towards the dress and heels that you threw across the room. "He's going to love it,' she said. Yeah, she would know," you mumbled. "It just hurts, you know? You think you know someone and they just..." you gesture with your hands, at loss for words, "...stab you in the back."

Dean listened intently, ears reddening with anger as the story got worse and worse. From Noah who treated you like shit, to the best friend who was really the opposite.

"Listen to me, Y/n. You..." Dean paused, his eyes narrowed, "are amazing. And if those asshats couldn't see that, then that's their fault, not your's. You deserve to be treated so much better," Dean squeezed your knee and you smiled brokenly.

"Thanks, Dean," you replied as you wipe a stray tear from your cheek.

Dean smiled, studying your face for a moment before patting your knee. "Scoot over."

You made room for him on the couch and he crawled up next to you. The two of you snuggled closer together, the contact between the two of you comforting. You melted into his arms and sighed.
"Can I be honest?" you asked, voice neutral as you decided to tell Dean about the plan you had been considering for quite some time.

"Sure," Dean replied, gazing down at you. His heart sped up as he wondered if you shared the same feelings as him.

Your eyes fixated on the old record player near the center of the room. "I think I'm going to drop out of college."

"What?" Dean's brow furrowed and he shook his head. "This isn't because of what happened tonight, is it? If it is, don't let those jerks control your life, Y/n."

"No, no... I mean, they are apart of my decision but only part of it. Like the final straw, you know?" You exhale slowly and glance up at Dean. "I feel so out of place, Dean. Sure, I have friends and I do good on exams, but... it's like I'm not supposed to be there. Like-like I should be doing something else--something more. I don't know what I should be doing, but I know that I won't be able to find it nose deep in large textbooks studying night and day."

Dean hummed, understanding. "And look on the bright side. After this semester and I drop out, I'll have more time to research for you and your pops," you added with a smile.

Dean sighed. "Are you sure about this, Y/n?"

You shrugged. "Yeah. Besides, if I want to pick med school back up, I can just reapply and stuff. It's not like college is disappearing."

"True," Dean agreed. He kissed your forehead. "Well, you have my back no matter what you do."

"Thanks, Dean," you smiled.

"Always, Y/n."

[PRESENT DAY]

Sam glanced at your sleeping form in the backseat. "You ever wonder if it's worth it--putting everything else on hold, doing what we do?" Sammy asked his brother.

The two boys exchange side glances, then Dean looks at you. He shrugs, eyes returning to the road.

All the time. He wonders all the time.

[END OF EPISODE 13 - ROUTE 666]

Chapter End Notes

Finally I got this chapter out! It was so much fun to write. I hope you all enjoyed :) Thank you for being patient with me while I focused on school and other responsibilities. School is almost over, which means I'll have more time to write. Bless
summer vacation!

All votes and comments are GREATLY appreciated <3 they let me know what you think and how good I'm doing!
Nightmare

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait again! I’m almost done with school, but I can’t confirm that I’ll have more time to write. You can bet that I’ll try to write everyday though!

Couches. Simple and, though sparse among motels, comfy. You’ve come to accept couches, loveseats, daybeds—call it what you will—as your bed, saving the boys a few stolen pennies and sparing them the backaches they’d get the next morning if they slept on the couch.

Motel beds come in a multitude of conditions. Crusty, plush, scratchy sheets, loud springs, old, smelly, soft—but still, it was a bed, and most of the time, the couches were in similar or often worse shape than the beds. The boys agree that sleeping in a bed, even if it’s not your own, beats sleeping on a small couch.

“I actually have room to move around and get comfortable in a bed,” they say. “I’ll sleep more soundly if I’m in a bed,” they reply when you offer them the couch (jokingly, of course).

So, then why, you found yourself wondering, had Sam woken up at midnight in a cold sweat, eyes darting around the room frantically and panting like a dog? He ushered you and Dean out of the motel carrying the duffel bags. You walked out of the motel half-awake, a sleeping zombie, and collapsed in the backseat of the Impala.

Now, fully awake, you and Dean listen to Sam call up a police station.


“Sammy, relax. I’m sure it’s just a nightmare,” Dean tells his bristling brother. Sam’s outburst at the operator was out of character for the friendly college boy. Whatever happened in his nightmare clearly upset him.

“Yeah, tell me about it,” Sam replies dryly.

“I mean it. You know, a normal, everyday, naked-in-class nightmare.” Dean adds, “This license plate won’t check out, you’ll see…”

“It felt different, Dean—real… Like when I dreamt about our old house and Jessica,” Sam counters, the other end on the line still silent.

“Well, yeah, that makes sense. You’re dreaming about our house, your girlfriend,” Dean says. “This guy in your dream, you ever see him before?”

You eyes fall on Sam when he answers defeatedly, “No.”

“No,” Dean confirms. “Exactly. Why would you have premonitions about some dude in Michigan?”

“I don’t know,” Sam snaps.
“Me either,” Dean replies calmly.

“Yes, I’m here,” Sam says into his phone. You and Dean exchange glances as Sammy recites what the operator told him. “Jim Miller--Saginaw, Michigan. Do you have a street address? . . . Got it. Thanks.”

“I’m guessing that means the license plate checked out,” you quip, cocking a brow.

“Yeah,” Sam sighs. “How far are we?”

Dean glances at his brother. “From Saginaw? A couple hours.”

Sam looks back out to the road, past the windshield wipers beating away at the rain. “Drive faster.”

~~~

The police worked fast, you gave ‘em that. Outside the Miller home, a crowd of neighbors gathered at the yellow police tape and watched the emergency team roll out Jim’s dead body out on a stretcher. Officers spoke into their radios, others removed their hats at drag a hand down their face. Dean parks the Impala across the street, the engine quieting down to a purr then to nothing.

Sam is silent.

You and the boys quietly join the crowd. “What happened?” you whisper to a nearby neighbor, an older woman who is kind enough to tell you what she knows.

“Suicide.” She shakes her head, saying, “I can’t believe it.”

“Did you know him?” Sam asks.

“Saw him every Sunday at St. Augustine’s. He always seems-- seemed ,” the woman grimly corrects herself, “so normal. Guess you never know what’s going on behind closed doors.”

“Guess not,” Dean agrees.

“How did, uh… how are they saying it happened?” Sam asks, easily looking over the heads of the neighbors in front of him. You balance on your toes and peer over the shoulders of a taller woman in front of you. A young man about Sam’s age and who you assume is his mother stand on the front porch with a man. The young man’s eyes are dry, face stoic and stone. Your eyes narrow, but who are you to question him? Everyone grieves in their own way.

“I heard they found him in the garage, locked inside his car with the engine running,” the lady explains and sighs.

“Do you know about the time they found him?” Sam questions.

“Oh, it just happened an hour or two ago.” Sam’s face hardens, his suspicions coming true. She sighs again. “His poor family. I can’t even imagine what they’re going through.”

Sam breaks away from the crowd, having got all the answers he needs. You glance at Dean before following the young Winchester to the Impala. Dean leans against the Impala next to Sammy, while you stand on the other side of Sam.

“Sam, we got here as fast as we could,” Dean tells his brother as he puts his hands in his pockets.

“Not fast enough,” Sam replies. You pull your lips in a thin line. “This doesn’t make any sense,
guys. Why would I even have these premonitions unless there was a chance I could stop them from happening?"

“I don’t know,” you say honestly.

“So what do you think killed him?” Sam asks with a sigh.

“Maybe the guy just killed himself,” Dean suggests. “Maybe there’s nothing supernatural going on at all.”

Sam shakes his head. “I’m telling you, I watched it happen. He was murdered by something, Dean. It trapped him in the garage.”

“So like a spirit, poltergeist—what are you thinking?” you ask.

“I don’t know what it was,” Sam confessed, raising his shoulders. “I don’t know why I’m having these dreams. I don’t know what the hell is happening, you guys.” Dean stares at Sam, saying nothing. “What?”

“Nothing. Man, I’m just worried about you,” Dean replies.

“Well, don’t look at me like that,” Sam states.

“I’m not looking at you like anything,” Dean defends himself. You huff and give Dean a look. “Though I gotta say, you look like crap.”

“Nice. Thanks,” Sam replies as Dean tilts his head side to side.

“Boys, please,” you groan. “Let’s just pick this up in the morning. I hate working with you two while you’re both tired.”

“Fine. We’ll check out the house, talk to the family,” Dean lists off the to-dos.

“Talk to the family? Dean, you saw them—they’re devastated,” you counter.

“Yeah, they’re not going to want to talk to us,” Sam points out.

“Yeah, you two are right,” Dean admits defeat. “But I think I know who they will talk to.”

“Who?” you ask, blasé. Dean grins dumbly.

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“This has got to be a whole new low for us,” Sam sighs after Dean rings the Millers’ doorbell, and you couldn’t agree with Sam anymore.

Dean managed to somehow get his sly hands on two priest outfits. He tried finding a nun outfit, but, to your relief, the shop was all out.

“It’s a shame,” Dean said when he walked out of the store.

“What?” you asked him, leaning on the Impala next to Sam.

“They’re all out of nun costumes,” Dean replied. “The costume… let’s just say, I’d start attending church.”
You left it up to your imagination to picture a skimpy nun outfit. Instead, you dressed up in a simple button up and cardigan, and your most formal pair of pants you packed which ended up being a nice pair of jeans.

Dean grins at his brother’s comment. An older man opens the door and glances between you and the brothers.

“Good afternoon,” Dean says. “I’m Father Simmons. This is Father Freely, and Sister McCray. We’re new junior priests over at St. Augustine’s.”

“I brought them over here,” you explain, speaking up. “We heard about what happened on the news. May we come in?”

The man nods slowly, his smile tight.

“Thanks,” Dean tells the man as you pass him.

“We’re very sorry for your loss,” you har Sam say.

“It’s in difficult times like these when the Lord’s guidance is most needed,” Dean remarks as the man turns around.

He shakes his hand and raises his hands to stop Dean from continuing. “Look, you want to pitch your whole “Lord has a plan” thing, fine. Don’t pitch it to me. My brother’s dead.”

“Roger, please,” a woman scolds the man from behind you.

Roger rolls his eyes. “Excuse me,” he says, then walks away.

“I’m sorry about my brother-in-law. He’s just so upset about Jim’s death,” Jim’s wife apologizes.

You smile at her reassuringly. “Everyone grieves in different ways, Mrs. Miller. No need to apologize.”

“Oh, thank you, Sister,” she replies.”Would you like some coffee?”

“That would be great,” Dean answers for the group. She nods briskly then returns to the kitchen. Dean glances back at you and Sam, a taken aback expression as to what was up with Roger on his face. You shrug and walk into the kitchen after Mrs. Miller.

“It was wonderful for you to stop by,” Mrs. Miller says as she pours coffee into three mugs for you and the Winchesters. “The support of the church means so much right now.”

“Oh, of course. After all, we are all God’s children,” Dean replies, his obliviousness of church customs blatant in his choice of words. Mrs. Miller smiles and leaves the living room to attended to her other guests briefly. Once her back is turned to him, Dean pops one of the mini sausages into his mouth.

Sammy scoffs and shakes his head at Dean’s obnoxious behavior. “What?” Dean asks while chewing on the sausage.

“Just tone it down a little bit...father,” Sam states. Dean adjusts his posture on the couch and places his cup of coffee on the center table.

“Yeah, and why don’t you keep the church lingo down to a minimum, too,” you add, raising your
You take a sip of the coffee as Dean furrows his brow. “What’d I say?”

“You quip, setting down your coffee.

Mrs. Miller returns to the living room and sits down next to Dean.

“So, Mrs. Miller…” Dean starts, “did your husband have a history of depression?”

“Nothing like that,” Mrs. Miller replies, her voice soft like a mouse. “We had our ups and downs like everyone, but we were happy.” Her face crumples as she fights back a sob. “I just don’t understand… how Jim could do something like…” She loses her battle and covers her face in her hands, wiping at tears before they can spill from her eyes.

Sam frowns and leans forward in his chair. “I’m so sorry you had to find him like that.”

Mrs. Miller sniffles. She looks over her shoulder at a young man sitting on a chair in the corner in the next room. “Actually, our son, Max…” she points at him with her hand, “...he was the one who found him.”

“Do you mind if I go talk to him?” Sam asks.

“Oh. Oh, thank you, Father,” Mrs. Miller agrees, a sad but grateful smile on her face. Sam nods in response before leaving you and Dean with Mrs. Miller.

Dean plucks a tissue from the coffee table and hands it to the weeping woman. She takes it and dabs her eyes, sniffling. “Mrs. Miller, you have a lovely home,” Dean says as she collects herself. “How long have you lived here?”

“We moved in about five years ago,” she replies.

“Hmm. You know, the problem with these old houses--I bet you have all kinds of headaches,” Dean remarks, expecting Mrs. Miller to smile and agree, but she just looks at him blankly.

“Like what?”

Your eyes dart to Dean as he falls quiet, speechless. “Well...weird leaks, electrical shortages, odd settling noises at night--that kind of thing,” Dean clarifies.

“No,” Mrs. Miller shakes her head, “nothing like that. It’s been perfect.” She smiles.

“Hmm,” Dean simply replies. He looks at the floor, probably thinking of an escape. “May I use your restroom?” he asks, confirming your suspicions.

“Oh, sure. It’s just up the stairs,” Mrs. Miller informs him.

Dean takes another sausage then practically bolts out of the living room. You follow Dean up the stairs with your eyes and smile sympathetically at Mrs. Miller when he disappears.

[HOURS LATER - THE ESCANABA MOTEL]

After finding no trace of EMF or any other indications of the supernatural, you and the boys crashed at a motel. You helped Sam scrounge up any dirt on the Miller family and found a whole lot of normal. Resting your head on the wall, you exhale slowly, your frustration leaving your body.
“So, what do you have?” Dean asks as he cleans out the barrel of a gun. He sits on the edge of the bed towards the center by your legs as you type away on Sammy’s laptop.

“A lot of nothing,” Sam replies, hanging up a sheet of lore that could be relevant to the case.

“Nothing bad has happened in the Miller house since it’s been built,” you add.

“What about the land?” Dean asks, picking up a different gun to clean.

“No graveyard, battlefields, tribal lands, or any other kind of atrocity on or near the property,” Sam rattles off, debunking Dean’s theory. He plops down on the bed opposite of Dean, defeated.

“Hey, man, I told you. I searched that house up and down. There were no cold spots, no sulphur scents, nada,” Dean says.

“And the family said everything was normal?” Sam questions.

“Well, I’m pretty sure if there was a demon or poltergeist in there somebody would have noticed,” you reply, standing up from the bed and stretching your cramped arms.

“I used the infrared thermal scanner, man. There was nothing,” Dean points out.

“So, what, you think Jim Miller killed himself and my dream was just some sort of freakish coincidence?” Sam asks, looking at you and Dean over his shoulder.

“I don’t know,” Dean admits with a one-shoulder shrug. “But I’m pretty sure there’s nothing supernatural about that house.”

“Yeah,” Sam sighs.

“Well, maybe whatever is going on here has nothing to do with the house. Maybe--” you notice Sam rubbing at his temples in pain. “Sammy, are you okay?” He nods and you hesitantly continue, “Maybe it’s connected with Jim in some other way. Sam?”

The boy grabs at his head, Dean now stopped ticking with his guns and staring at his brother with concern.

Sam exhales sharply, dropping slowly to the floor. “Ah, yeah, my head,” Sam explains, voice rough with pain.

“Sam?” Dean says his brother’s name before hushing to his side. Sam pants and Dean grabs his shoulders. Sam grabs his shirt, a physical way for him to ground himself in reality, to know that everything will be okay in his brother’s presence. You circle around the bed and kneel next to the brothers as Sam’s eyes grow distant, the room fading from his sight. He breathes heavily as his vision continues.

“It’s happening again,” Sam shudders, gripping tighter onto Dean’s shirt, words running from his mouth between breaths. “Something’s gonna kill Roger Miller.”

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“Roger Miller,” you state into the phone. Sam shifts in the passenger seat anxiously, jaw tightening and untightening. “Oh, no. Just the address, please.” You insisted on taking the call, urging Sam to just focus on breathing and trying to relax. You wanted to do more, to rid him of his pain, but there was nothing you could do except relieve him of some of the minor tasks of this hunt. “Okay, thank
“You okay?” Dean asks Sam.

“Yeah.”

“If you’re gonna hurl, I’ll pull the car over, you know ‘cause the upholstery…” Dean remarks.

“I’m fine,” Sam replies. “Just drive.”

“All right.” Dean focuses back on the road, the night dark and black.

Sam sighs. “Dean, Y/n, I’m scared, guys. These nightmares weren’t bad enough, now I’m seeing things when I’m awake? And these visions or whatever, they’re getting more intense and painful,” Sam confesses shakily.

“Awe, come on, man. It will be all right,” Dean says, trying to reassure Sammy. “You’ll be fine.” You nod, offering Sam a smile.

“What is it about the Millers?” Sam asks, discouraged with the lack of answers. “Why am I connected to them? Why am I watching them die? Why the hell is this happening to me?”

“I don’t know, Sam, but we’ll figure it out, okay?” Dean replies, tone harder than before. “We face the unexplainable every single day. This is just another thing.”

“No,” Sam retorts. “It’s never been us. It’s never been in the family like this.” Tell me the truth, guys. You can’t tell me this doesn’t freak you out.”

You shrug, “It doesn’t freak me out.”

Sam turns to his brother, waiting for him to say something. Dean’s tongue flicks over the inside of his lips. “This doesn’t freak me out.”

Sam’s eyes stay trained on Dean, searching the side of his face for a sign of lying. You frown and lean forward in your seat.

“Hey, like Dean said, you’ll be fine,” you encourage Sammy. “We’ll all get through this together, alright?”

The boys say nothing, and you fall gently back into the seat.

~~~

Roger Miller glares at the ground below him, at the cruel world that took his brother, his life-long companion, away from him. The white grocery bag he carries holds a six pack of beer, the one thing that would get him through the night. But fate has other plans, and you and the boys intend on ruining those plans and to save Roger Miller.

“Hey, Roger!” Sam shouts out the car window as Dean pulls up to the curb.

“Hold up a second,” Dean says over the purring engine of the Impala.

“What are you guys, missionaries? Leave me alone,” Roger groans then speedily walks towards his apartment building.

“Please!” you call after him, but with his back turned to you, he pays no mind to your pleas.
Dean parks the Impala along the side of the road. Before the car can even stop, Sam’s out the door and across the street. “Hey, Roger, we’re trying to help. Please!”

Roger continues to ignore the boy and unlocks the door to the apartment. “Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!” Sam shouts as he skids to a stop before he can run into the closed door.

“I don’t want your help,” Roger states calmly, then walks away.

“We’re not priests! You’ve got to listen to us!” Sam shouts through the glass.

“Roger, you’re in danger!” Dean roars, pounding on the glass door.

You walk back to the sidewalk and examine the windows on the side of the building. “Hey, boys!” You wave for them to follow you to the back of the apartment building and run into the alley. The three of you run into a chain wire door, which Dean promptly kicks open. You chase after Sam down the dark hall and stall when he swiftly jumps up the fire escape platform.

You glance back at Dean who meets your eyes and gets your message. He lifts you by the waist and you scramble onto the platform. Dean jumps off the wall nearby and lands onto the platform next to you. The two of you race up the fire escape, tailing closely behind Sammy.

Your legs burn from the extra labor they’re put under, and you take note to yourself that you’d have to pick up your leg exercises you used to do at the gym with Logan. Before you can reach the next break in the stairs, a loud screeching noise followed by a thud reverberates down the fire escape. Dean continues up the stairs, the sound unable to shake Dean like it did to you and Sam.

You step up to Sammy and place a hand on his arm, hoping that your expression conveys to him that whatever happened wasn’t his fault. Dean stares at the gruesome sight at Mr. Roger Miller’s window, wide eyed and mouth agape. Sam hesitantly walks up the stairs, his upper lip twitching with disgust—disgust with himself and with the horrible scene before him.

You try to advert your eyes from the bald head bodilessly laying in the flower bed attached to the window sill. Blood drips from the window, the glass pane red. Pinching the side of your hand, you make confirm that what you’re seeing is really there. That Roger Miller is dead and Sam’s vision was true.

Dean pats his jean pockets for a bandana or rag because only a Winchester would carry around those things. “Here,” he says, handing you and Sam a rag. “Start wiping down your prints. We don’t want the cops to know we were here. Go, go. Come on,” he adds when Sam sluggishly takes the bandana. “I’m gonna take a look inside,” Dean remarks, already climbing through the window so neither you or Sam can protest.

With a sigh, you wipe down the metal stair railing, glad to have something to look at other than the decapitated head. “Sammy,” you say under your breath, “I know what you’re doing.” Sam glances at you from the corner of his eye so you continue. “You’re blaming yourself.”

“It’s just like with Jim Miller. If we had just gotten here sooner—” Sam starts but you cut him off.

“No,” You sigh. “None of this is your fault, Sammy. I’m starting to think that we could never stop this,” you gesture at the head but keeping your eyes fixed on the railing, “from happening.”

“Then why did I see it? Why would I see it happen if I couldn’t do anything to stop it?” Sam retorts.

“Why does anything supernatural happen?” you reply with a shrug. “Why do I get headaches randomly? Why is the sky blue?—Don’t answer that.” Sam smiles halfheartedly and you smile.
sympathetically. “Look, we couldn’t stop the Miller brothers from dying, but you know what we can do?” Sam hums in question. “We can protect the remaining Millers, ’cause something is telling me that this isn’t over.”

“I’m telling you, there was nothing in there,” Dean reaffirms after Sam questioned his judgement for the second time. “There’s no signs, either, just like the Millers’ house.”

“I saw something in the vision, like a dark shape,” Sam replies. A driver honks their horn before Sammy can walk into the middle of the street. Dean holds out his hand to stop his brother as the car passes by. “Something was stalking Roger.”

“Well, whatever it was, we can be sure it’s not connected to their home,” Dean says.

“Right, it’s connected to the family,” you agree.

“So, what do you think, like a vengeful spirit?” Sam asks.

Dean tosses the idea around in his head. “A few have been known to latch on to families, follow them for years.” The three of you climb into the car at the same time.

“Banshees?” Sam suggests.

“Basically like a curse. Maybe Roger and Jim Miller got involved in something heavy, something curse worthy,” Dean theorizes.

“And now something’s out for revenge and the men in the family are dying,” you add.

“Hey, you think Max is in danger?” Sam asks, recalling the boy.

“Let’s figure it out before he is,” you reply. Dean nods, starting the car.

“Well, I know one thing I have in common with these people,” Sam says dazily, waiting for you or Dean to prompt him to continue.

“What’s that?” Dean takes the bait, though, also wondering what Sam could possibly have in common with the Millers.

Sam chuckles airly. “Both our families are cursed,” Sam says darkly.

“Our family’s not cursed. We’ve just… had our dark spots,” Dean refutes.

Sam laughs this time. “Our dark spots are pretty dark,” Sam points out.

Unable to argue with that, Dean looks away coming up with a comeback on the fly. “You’re...dark,” he manages.

You snort and fall back in the seat as laughter wracks your body. Dean grins at you through the rear view mirror, then pushes his foot to the gas. The tires screech on the pavement, your laughter the light in the dark night.

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“My mom’s resting; she’s pretty wrecked,” Max explains as he leads you and the boys into the living room.
“Of course,” Dean replies, the boys back in their priest getup while you slipped into the white blouse you use for impostering officers and jeans.

“All these people kept coming with, like, casseroles,” Max says then sighs, you and Dean looking over your shoulders at the dinner table covered in tin foil wrapped dishes. “I finally had to tell them all to go away. You know, ‘cause nothing says ‘I’m sorry’ like a tuna casserole.”

You and the boys chuckle. “That’s American culture for you,” you joke. Max smiles. The four of you take a seat on the sofas in the living room, Max sitting in one chair, you and the boys fitting on the sofa. You take one of the end seats so you aren’t smooshed between the Winchesters. You sigh before asking Max, “How are you holding up?”

“I’m okay,” Max replies, rubbing his knees.

“Your dad and your uncle were--were close?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, I guess. I mean, they were brothers,” Max says. “They used to hang out all the time when I was little.”

“But not lately much?” Sam questions.

“No, it’s not that,” Max corrects the man. “It’s just,” Max seems to shift uncomfortably, which doesn’t go unnoticed by you, “we used to be neighbors when I was a kid. We lived across town in this house, and Uncle Roger lived next door, so he was over all the time.”

“Right. So, how was it in that house when you were a kid?” you ask gently.

“Fine,” Max replies. He glances between you and the boys. “Why?” he questions, trying to come across as curious but you read him as defensive.

“All good memories?” Dean asks, and Max’s face turns stone and aloof. “You remember anything unusual? Something involving your father and uncle maybe?”

Max tries to shake his head but he winces, his lips pulled into a tight smile. “Why do you--why do you ask?”

“Just a question,” Dean reassures the boy.

Max takes a deep breath. “No, there was nothing. We were totally normal.” He nods slightly to himself before adding, “Happy.”

“Good,” Dean says quickly. “That’s good.” Sam shakes his head as if clearing his head, and your face drops when you piece together Max’s dark past. “Well,” Dean starts, noticing the new tense atmosphere, “you must be exhausted. We should--uh--should take off.”

“Right,” Sam agrees with a nod. “Thanks,” he tells Max. Max whispers a “yeah” under his breath. You and the boys leave the Miller home.

“Nobody’s family is totally normal and happy,” Dean comments to you and Sam as the three of you approach the impala.

“Did you see how he acted when he talked about his old house?” you ask the boys, wondering if they also caught the boys behavior.

“He sounded scared,” Sam says.
“Max isn’t telling us everything,” Dean remarks as he removes his collar. “I say we go find the old neighborhood, find out what life was really like for the Millers.”

“Boys, I—” you hesitate, and the boys stop from getting in the car. “This just might be my inner pediatrician coming out in me, but… I think Max was abused, emotionally or physically. Most likely physical based on the twitching and his body language.” You shake your head before you go on a tangent. “It might have been supernatural, but, as much as I hate to say it, there’s also a chance that his father and uncle hurt him, too.”

The boys look to the ground and nod. You exhale sharply and climb into the backseat, praying that your gut is wrong.

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“Have you lived in the neighborhood very long?” Sam asks a kind man whose willing enough to talk to a group of strangers.

“Well, almost 20 years now. It’s nice and quiet. Why, you lookin’ to buy?” he wonders and you shake your head, glancing down.

“No, no, actually we were just wondering if you might recall a family who lived right across the street,” you reply.

“Yeah, the Millers. They had a little boy named Max,” Dean adds, raising his hand by his hip to measure Max’s old height.

“Yeah, I remember ‘em. The brother had a place next door,” the man says, pointing at the dark house next to the Millers’ old home. “So, what’s this about? That poor kid okay?”

“What do you mean?” Sam asks, brows creasing in confusion.

“Well, in my life, I’ve never seen a child treated like that,” the neighbor explains. “I mean, I’d hear Mr. Miller yelling an’ throwing things clear across the street. He was a mean drunk. He used to beat the tar out of Max—bruises. Broke his arm two times that I know of.”

You gut drops. Max’s behavior no longer confused you for now you have a reason to pair with his twitches. You clench your fist, Jim Miller’s death a little less devastating than before. How could anyone treat a kid like that?

You feel the boys glances and exhale quietly. “And this was on a regularly?” you ask, swallowing your anger.

“Practically everyday. In fact, that thug brother of his was just as likely to take a swing at the boy.” The man sighs. “But the worst part was the stepmother. She’d just stand there, checked out. Never lifted a finger to protect him. I must’ve called the police seven or eight times. Never did any good,” the man says glumly.

“You said ‘stepmother,’” Dean points out.

“I think his real mom died in some sort of accident—car accident, I think,” the neighbor explains. Sam distracts him, holding his head in his hands in pain. “Are you okay there?” the man asks.

Sam grunts. “Yeah.”

Dean places a hand on Sam’s arm, ready to leave. “Thanks for your time,” he thanks the man, then...
leads Sam to the impala.

“Yes, thank you,” you add to which the man nods. You open the car door for Dean and Sam. Sam looks towards the sky, eyes wide and scanning the clouds. You say his name in question, but he doesn’t hear you.


“Max is doing it,” Sam states and shakes his head. “Everything I’ve been seeing.

“You sure about this?” Dean asks his brother.

“Yeah, I saw him,” Sammy replies.

“Well, how is he doing it?” you ask from the backseat as usual.

“I don’t know. It looked like telekinesis,” Sam says, not to sure himself. You nod, remembering how as a child you always wanted the power to control things with your mind, to move things with the flick of you hand or simply thinking it.

“So he’s psychic? He’s a spoon bender?” Dean questions, glancing away from the road to look at Sam.

“I didn’t even realize it, but this whole time, he was there. He was outside of the garage when his dad died. He was in the apartment when his uncle died. These visions--this whole time--I wasn’t connecting to the Millers. I was connecting to Max,” Sam reveals. “The thing I don’t get is why. I guess because we’re so alike?”

“Don’t say that, Sammy,” you cut in.

“Yeah, the dude’s nothing like you,” Dean adds.

“We both have psychic abilities. We’re both--”

“Both what?” Dean injects Sam’s tangent. “Sam, Max is a monster. He’s already killed two people. Now he’s gunning for a third.”

“Well, with what he went through--the beatings--to want revenge on those people--I’m sorry, man. I hate to say it, but it’s not that insane,” Sam replies.

“Yeah, but it doesn’t justify murdering your entire family,” Dean retorts. You bite your lips, wishing for the argument to end but not knowing what to say to cool both the boys down.

Sam tries to reason with his brother but Dean continues. “He’s no different than anything else we’ve hunted. All right? We’ve got to end him,” Dean says as he parks the impala.

“Woah, no, stop. Listen to me, what happened to Max doesn’t justify his actions, but he’s still a person. We can’t kill him, Dean,” you say.

“Then what? I hand him over to the cops and say, ‘Lock him up, officer. He kills with the power of his mind,’” Dean ridicules your plan.

“Forget it. No way, man,” Sam says.

“Sam-”
“Dean,” Sam scoffs, “like Y/n said, he’s a person. We can talk to him.” Dean takes the keys out of the impala, rolling his eyes as he faces the side window. “Hey, promise me you’ll follow my lead on this one.”

Dean faces you and Sammy, expressionless as he searches your faces. “All right, fine,” Dean finally agrees. “But I’m not letting him hurt anybody else,” he further states, grabbing a pistol from the glove department. You and Sammy watch him with wide eyes as he exits the car and stuffs the gun in his jeans.

The three of you jog up to the door, and with no hesitation, Dean barrels through the door, slamming it open with his shoulder.

“Fathers? Sister?” Mrs. Miller steps towards the entrance from the kitchen, Max not standing too far away from her.

“What are you doing here?” Max asks. He and his stepmother both have wet eyes. Max’s eyes are particularly red.

“Uh, sorry to interrupt,” Dean says as Max places his hand on the counter near the cutting knife.

“Max, could we, uh.. Could we talk to you outside for just a second?” Sam asks as inviting as possible.

“What about?” Max asks.

Sam smiles. “It’s private,” he answers, glancing at Mrs. Miller. “I wouldn’t want to bother your mother with it. We won’t be long at all, though. I promise.”

You smile at Max who looks at his mother before glancing back at you and the boys. “Okay,” he agrees.

“Great,” Sam smiles.

With dragging feet, Max walks into the entrance way between you and Sam. Dean barely opens the door when it suddenly slams and locks itself. The windows and shutters in the house close, banging against the hinges. You glance at Dean and notice how the gun gleams from his belt.

“You’re not priests!” he cries.

Dean whips out his gun, ready to do what he planned from the beginning. The pistol flies from his hands, sliding against the wood floor to Max’s feet. Max picks up the gun from the ground and aims at Dean with an unsteady arm.

“Max, what’s going on?” Mrs. Miller trembles.

“Shut up!” he shouts.

“What are you doing?” Mrs. Miller steps towards her son, alarming Max. She flies across the room and into the kitchen, head colliding with the marble countertop. Her unconscious body falls to the ground. You want to run to her aid, but something tells you that if you were to move, you wouldn’t be survive for long.

“I said shut up!” Max exclaims, grabbing the side of his head.

“Max, calm down,” Sam says authoritatively.
“Who are you guys?” Max cries, voice shaking.

“We just want to talk to you,” you say gently with your arms raised up defensively.

“Yeah, right! That’s why you brought this!” Max counters. His voice rises, hand never leaving the side of his head.

“That was a mistake, all right?” Sam replies. You glance at Dean who returns your look with a worried and apologetic gaze. “So was lying about who we were, but no more lying, Max, okay? Just, please, just hear me out.”

“About what?” Max questions. His weight shifts from side to side as he adjusts his footing repeatedly, Dean’s pistol still pointing at its rightful owner.

“I saw you do it,” Sam replies, arms raised towards the ceiling. “I saw you kill your dad and your uncle before it happened.”

“What?” Max’s voice reminds you of a scared little boy. Dean eyes the pistol, waiting for the prime moment to counterattack.

“I’m having visions, Max, about you,” Sam explains.

“You’re crazy,” Max replies and Dean looks at him with the hardest bitchface you’ve probably ever seen. It is kind of ironic though, a man with telepathic powers holding a gun to your head calling you crazy.

“So you weren’t gonna launch a knife at your stepmom,” Sam taps eye brow bone, “right here? Is it that hard to believe, Max? Look what you can do,” Sam points out. “Max, I was drawn here, all right? I think I’m here to help you.”

Max breathes through his mouth, slightly panting, as he glances at his stepmom. “No one can help me,” he says through sobs.

“Let me try,” Sam replies gently. “We’ll just talk...me and you. We’ll get Dean and Y/n and Alice out of here.”

“Unh-uh, no way,” Dean jumps in.

The hanging lights above your heads start to jingle and shake. “Nobody leaves this house!” Max shouts, spit flying from his mouth.

“And nobody has to, all right? They’ll just go upstairs,” Sam ressures the unstable boy.

“Sam, I’m not leaving you alone with him,” Dean states firmly, eyes trained on Max.

“Yes, you are,” Sam whispers lowly. The lights shaking grows louder and you can’t help but look up. “Look, Max, you’re in charge here, all right? We all know that. No one’s gonna do anything that you don’t want to do, but I’m talking five minutes here, man.”

“Sam,” Dean whispers harshly. Sam silences his with his finger, motioning for one second.

Max glances back at the kitchen then returns his eyes to Sam. “Five minutes,” he agrees, and the house stills. The gun’s nozzles stares at your forehead and Max orders you and Dean, “Go.”

Calmly, you walk over to Alice’s side, Dean tailing closely behind and keeping on eye on the pistol. You crouch down and touch her shoulders. She moves under your hands, groaning in pain. A large
gash runs down her forehead to the end of her left eyebrow and her eyes are half-opened. You carefully lift her up with Dean’s help and together the two of you bring her up stairs.

“Sit her up on the bed,” you tell Dean as you reach Mrs. Miller’s room. “I’ll find...something to clean that wound.”

Dean nods, fixing his hold on Alice as you leave her side and walk into the bathroom. The towels are easy to find and you run the rag under hot water. Ringing out the rag, you enter the bedroom with the damp rag. You kneel in front of Alice next to Dean and explain to her what you’re doing, just like a professional doctor.

She gasps when you first touch the rag to her forehead and you apologize quietly. “Where’s Max?” she asks.

“Downstairs with Sam,” you reply. “They’re talking.”

“Oh.”

The room falls into a comfortable silence and you continue to tenderly clean Alice’s cut. Seconds later, the door creaks open and Max walks in, face as puffy and wet as before. Your hand slowly retracts itself from Alice’s forehead as Dean stands to confront Max. Dean moves to approach the kid, but he’s flung across the room by an invisible force controlled by Max. Dean slams into the wall, breaking the drywall and falling to the ground.

You stand from behind the bed. “Max,” Mrs. Miller says her stepson’s name with shock, but there’s a hint of motherly disapproval in her tone. Max grabs the pistol from his sweater pocket and points it at you. You sigh heavily.

Dean grunts behind you as he stands up, mumbling his infamous line “son of a bitch” and dusting off his hands on his thighs. The pistol floats in the air by itself now and Dean stops just behind you, close enough for you to feel his breath on your neck.

The gun cocks itself and aims at Alice. She stands quickly, shaking her head and mumbling, “No, no, no, Max.”

Dean beats you to stepping in front of Mrs. Miller protectively, and the gun is even quicker to point itself at Dean’s head.

“Stay back,” Max warns him. “It’s not about you.”

“You want to kill her, you got to go through me first,” Dean retorts like a true hero.

Max looks at the gun. “Okay,” he replies and the gun goes off, the bullet buried deep in Dean’s brains. Blood splatters on the wall and Dean’s body flumps to the ground.

Sam can’t hear your scream as the vision ends painfully, leaving him in a fit of rage.

“No. No!” Sam shouts, the force of his emotions strong enough to fuel his abilities and move the large hutch barricading the closet doors. He screams, the scraping of the wood startling him. Heart beating rapidly, Sam hesitantly pushes open the closet door with ease. He stares at the hutch across the room, but not for long. He has a brother to save.

Sam barges into the room just after Max replies with an okay to Dean’s remark.

“No, don’t! Don’t!” you hear Sam plead over the echoing gunshot. It misses Dean by a long shot,
the bullet landing in the ceiling somewhere. The pistol aims at Dean again and you heart picks up even more speed. “Please. Please, Max,” Sam begs.

Max looks at the young Winchester over his shoulder, shaking like a leaf blowing in an autumn wind. “Max, we can help you, all right?” Sam tells the boy again. “But this, what you’re doing...it’s not the solution. It’s not gonna fix anything.”

The Miller boy’s shaking worsens as he thinks over what Sam said. After moments of tense silence, Max speaks. “You’re right.”

You can see a smile form on Sam’s lips in relief a moment too soon, for Max turns around meeting the gun nozzle at his forehead. The gun fires. Max lays dead on the ground.

“No!” Sam cries, and now he’s the one shaking.

Dean’s the one who calls the cops. Sam was to beaten up to do so, and you busied yourself by comforting Alice Miller. When the officer came over for an explanation, you stepped aside and stood by the boys.

“Max attacked me. He threatened me with a gun,” Mrs. Miller tells the cop. Her words are emotionless, tired.

“And these three?” the officer asks about your’s and the boys’ involvement.

“They’re...family friends,” Mrs. Miller replies, tears brimming her eyes. The officer glances at the three of you. “I called them as soon as Max arrived. I was scared,” she adds quietly. “They tried to stop him,” she explains with a breaking voice. “They fought for the gun.”

“Where did Max get the gun?” the officer questions.

Mrs. Miller sobs, looking up helplessly. “I don’t know. He...showed up with it, and he…” She’s unable to finish her sentence as her sobs consume her.

The officer closes his notepad he jotted down in and looks at the woman with sympathy. “It’s all right, Mrs. Miller,” he tells her, trying to be comforting.

“I lost everyone,” she cries.

“We’ll give you a call if we have further questions,” the officer says to you and the Winchesters.

“Thank you, officer,” you reply, knowing full well that you nor the boys have no intention on answering any “further questions.”

“Come on.” Dean ushers you and Sam out of the Miller home; the image of crying Mrs. Miller burned into your memory.

“If I just said something else,” Sam shakes his head as the three of you walk back to the impala, “gotten through to him somehow.”

“Don’t do that,” Dean mumbles.

“What?” Sam asks.

“Torture yourself,” Dean replies. “It wouldn’t have mattered what you said. Max was too far gone.”
“When I think about how he looked at me, right before…” Sam shakes his head again, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth. “I should have done something.”

“Come on, man. You risked your life,” Dean says. “I mean, yeah, maybe if we’d have gotten there 20 years earlier.”

Sam sighs. “Well, I’ll tell you one thing. We’re lucky we had Dad.”

Dean scoffs to himself, shocked. “I never thought I’d hear you say that,” Dean remarks.

“Well, it could have gone a whole nother way after Mom,” Sam replies. “A little more tequila, a little less demon hunting, then we would have Max’s childhood. All things considered, we turned out okay...thanks to him.”

You stiffen and cast your eyes to the ground. Dean looks back at the Miller house and smiles back at Sammy. “All things considered,” he agrees and hops into the driver’s seat. Sam ducks into the passenger seat, and you glance back at the Miller home one last time, stomach sinking to the ground.

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Back at the motel, you sit in the corner of the room thumbing the loose stitching on the chair. Mrs. Miller’s wet eyes appear when you close your eyes and you wince every time you see them. Your glazed-over eyes stare unblinking.

After you packed your belongings into your backpack, Sam loaded his and your luggage into the trunk of th impala. “Dean, I’ve been thinking,” Sam announces as he walks back into the motel room after just loading up the car.

“Well, that’s never a good thing,” Dean jokes.

“I’m serious,” Sam says, clearly meaning what he said. “I’ve been thinking why would this demon or whatever it is, why would it kill Mom and Jessica and Max’s mother, you know? What does it want?”

“No idea,” Dean replies as he folds his clothes into his duffel bag.

“You think maybe it was after us, after Max and me?” Sam asks.

“Why would you think that?” Dean questions his brother.

“I mean, either telekinesis or premonitions--we both had abilities, you know?” Sam replies, and Dean shakes his head at the ridiculous connection. “Maybe it was after us for some reason.”

“Sam, if it wanted you, it would have just taken you, okay?” Dean states. “This is not your fault. It’s not about you.”

“Then what is it about?” Sam questions.

“It’s about that damn thing that did this to our family--the thing that we’re gonna find, the thing that we’re gonna kill--and that’s all.”

“Actually, there’s, uh…” Sam hesitates to reveal what he managed to do back at the Miller home. “There’s something else, too.”

“Oh, jeez, what?” Dean asks.
“When Max locked me in that closet, with that big cabinet against the door,” Sam pauses, “I moved it.” He clears his throat and distracts himself by adjusting the blankets on one of the motel beds.

Dean chuckles and praises his brother, “You got more upper-body strength than I give you credit for.”

“No, man, I moved it like… Max,” Sam clarifies.

Dean stops messing with his clothes and looks at Sam. “Oh.” He stares at his brother for a long moment before saying, “Right.”

“Yeah,” Sam says quietly.

Dean looks around the dresser and finds a spoon of all things and holds it out to Sam. “Bend this,” he says. You would’ve laughed or at least scoffed, but you weren’t up for it.

“I can’t turn it on and off, Dean,” Sam says dryly.

“Well, how’d you do it?” Dean asks.

“I don’t know. I can’t control it. I just…” Sam hesitates again. “I saw you die, and it just came out of me like a punch, you know, like a freak adrenaline thing.”

“You saw Dean die?” you ask quietly, eyes shifting to the young Winchester.

“Yes,” Sam confirms softly.

Your eyes stay on him for a second longer then slide right back to the same spot on the wall you stared at before.

“Well, I’m sure it won’t happen again,” Dean remarks, resuming where he left off with his clothes.

“Yeah, maybe,” Sam says. “Aren’t you worried, man? Aren’t you worried that I could turn into Max or something?”

“No, why?” Dean replies. “You know why?”

“No, why?” Sam asks.

“Because you got one advantage that Max didn’t have,” Dean says.

“Dad? Because Dad’s not here, Dean.”

“No. I guess I should have said two advantages,” Dean mumbles to himself. “Us—me and Y/n,” Dean says with a smile, gesturing with a thumb between you and him. “As long as I’m around, nothing bad’s gonna happen to you. And Y/n? If anyone can keep us on the right track, it’s her.”

Dean slings his now full duffel bag over his shoulder. “Now, then, I know what we need to do about your premonitions. I know where we have to go,” Dean says seriously.

“Where?” Sam asks.

“Vegas,” Dean replies dead-pan before cracking the stupidest smile you’ve ever seen. Sam shakes his head, ready to punch his brother, but restrains himself with a scoff and walks out of the room.

“What? Come on, man. Craps table. We’d clean up.” Dean calls after his brother. After he hears the
car door shut, Dean turns around to face you who now stands in the middle of the room. You wipe your eyes and sigh, giving Dean a tight, tired smile. “You’ve been offly quiet tonight,” Dean comments.

You nod and shrug off his concern. “Long day.”

“What wanna talk about it?” Dean asks, genuinely concerned.

You pulled your bottom lip between your teeth and glance outside at the impala. “Leaving Mrs. Miller like that…” you shake your head, “…it didn’t feel right. She’s all alone now, and I--it’s just really sad to think about, you know?” you say, voice starting to shake. “And when I close my eyes, I see her sitting in the living room crying.”

“Y/n,” Dean sighs, dropping the duffel bag to the floor. He embraces you, and your nerves calm almost instantly. “I know it’s hard, and I know there isn’t always a happy ending after every hunt, but you have to look on the brightside: Mrs. Miller is alive because of what we did today. You saved her life, understand?”

You nod against his chest and exhale slowly. “Thank you, Dean.”

Dean squeezes his arms around you reassuringly. “Anytime, Y/n. Come on. We don’t want Sam coming up with any ideas,” Dean jokes.

“We certainly do not,” you agree with a grin and leave the motel with your spirits higher than when you arrived.

[END OF EPISODE 14 - NIGHTMARE]
[HIBBING, MINNESOTA]

“I know you’re just doing your job, but the police have been here all week already. I don’t see why we have to go through this again,” the mother of the witness says. “The more he tells the story, the more he believes it’s true.”

“Mrs. McKay…” Sam pauses as you, Dean, and himself take off your hats. “We know you spoke with the local authorities.”

“But this seems like a matter for the state police,” Dean jumps in. “So…”

You glance at Dean from the corner of your eye, mentally slapping the man for acting so childish. You clear your throat and look down at the young boy in front of you. “Don’t worry about how crazy it sounds, Evan,” you assure the kid. “Just tell us what you saw.”

“I was up late…watching T.V… when I heard this…weird noise,” the kid explains, pausing many times.

“What did it sound like?” you ask.

“It sounded like…a monster.” You straighten your posture and share seemingly apathetic looks with the boys. Just another imaginative kid, your expression says, but on the inside you know the kid isn’t to far from reality.

“Tell the officers what you were watching on T.V.,” Mrs. McKay tells her son.

“Um, ‘Godzilla VS. Mothra,’” the boy confesses.

Dean chuckles in approval. “That’s my favorite Godzilla movie. It’s so much better than the original, huh?” Dean starts fanboying like the child he is deep down inside.

Evan’s face lights up as he nods enthusiastically. “Totally,” he agrees.

“Yeah.” Dean nods at Sam, “He likes the remake,” he says to the side scandalously, but Sam still hears him.

“Yuck,” Evan grimaces.

Sam clears his throat, glaring daggers into the side of Dean’s head. Dean faces his brother and stops instantly, his parade rained out.

“Evan, did you see what this thing was?” Sam asks after he and Dean collect themselves.

“No,” the boy shakes his head, “but I saw it grab Mr. Jenkins. It pulled him underneath the car.”
“Then what?”

The boy sighs and looks out the window, remembering. “It took him away.” Dean taps his notepad with his pen, the pages blank as you expected. Next time, you’d have to “take notes.”

“I heard the monster leaving,” Evan says. “It made this really scary sound.”

“What did it sound like?” you ask, searching the boy’s eyes.

“This...whining growl,” the boy replies.

You nod and return to your full height. “Thank you for your time,” you say to the mother and child. Your mind swims with possibilities of what you could be dealing with, but there’s only one way to know what it is for sure.

[KUGEL’S KEG - NIGHT]

“So the local police have now ruled out foul play,” Sam reports, sitting on stool at the table he managed to snag before the other bar goers. “Apparently there were signs of a struggle.”

“They could be right--could just be a kidnapping,” Dean says, watching you throw a dart at the board. “Maybe this isn’t our kind of gig. Your aim is horrible, by the way,” Dean comments on your shot, which was pretty crummy.

You huff, pouting your bottom lip, and Sam chuckles at your exchange with Dean. “Yeah, maybe not. Except for this. Dad marked the area, Dean. ‘Possible hunting ground of a phantom attacker,’” Sammy recites, Dean now looking at the journal over his brother’s shoulder.

“Why would he even do that?” Dean questions and takes a drink from his beer.

“Well, he found a lot of local folklore about a dark figure that comes out at night, grabs people, then vanishes,” Sam says. “He found this, too. This county has more missing persons per capita than anywhere else in the state.”

“Yeah, that’s definitely strange,” you remark, throwing another dart, this time scoring better than your previous throw.

“Yeah,” Sam agrees as Dean walks back over to your side.

“Don’t phantom attackers usually snatch people from their beds?” Dean questions. “Jenkins was taken from a parking lot.”

“There’s all kinds of phantom attackers: springheeled jacks, phantom gassers. They take people anywhere, anytime,” you point out, Dean getting a bullseye as you rattle off your brain’s plethora of lore.

“Look, I don’t know if this is our kind of gig, either,” Sam says as Dean collects the darts from the board.

“Yeah, you’re right. We should ask around more tomorrow,” Dean says.

“Right. I saw a motel five miles back,” Sam remarks, checking his watch for the time.

“Whoa, whoa. Easy. Let’s have another round,” Dean says.

“We should get an early start,” Sam replies, standing from his seat.
Dean looks to you for help but you just shrug. “Sammy’s got a point.”

“Man. You really know how to have fun, don’t you, grandmas?” Dean jests to which you and Sam just smile cheekily. “All right, fine. I’ll meet you guys outside. I got to take a leak.”

Dean grabs his jacket then walks off to the bathroom. You help Sam carry the books and lore he brought in from the car as the two of you exit the bar. Motorcycles rumble in the distance, parked at the front of the parking lot as their riders chat and head inside the bar. You offer the bikers a smile as you pass them, and they return your gesture with a nod of acknowledgement.

As you and Sam approach the impala, you faintly hear chains rattling. You stop in your tracks, blood chilling. “You heard that, too, right?” you ask Sam in a whisper, eyes scanning the parking lot.

“Yeah, I did,” Sam confirms as he pulls out his pocket flashlight. He crouches down to look underneath the car you stand next to. You hear an angry cat hiss and snap at Sammy causing the grown man to yelp. Sam chuckles to himself, shaking his head, as he stands up.

“Did the kitty get ya, Sammy?” you tease, grinning.

Sam laughs. “Yes, actually.”

“Gosh, you’re glad Dean wasn’t here to see that. He would never let you live that down,” you say with a smile.

Sam nods in agreement and the two of you start walking back to the impala. You lean against the impala as Sam unlocks the doors. “One day I’m going to beat Dean in a game of darts,” you state confidently.

“Really?” Sam asks. You can hear the smile in his voice.

“Yea--” A loud thud stops you from continuing. You turn around quickly and find that Sam is gone. You run around the impala and watch his hands disappear underneath the nearby car. “Sam!” you shout, getting down on all fours and grabbing one of his limp hands from under the truck.

You don’t hear the sound of boots crunching the gravel behind you over the sound of your beating heart. You don’t turn around in time to block the metal pipe from colliding with your head.

You do, however, fall unconscious.

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“Y/n?” your father’s voice echoed down the hall.

You giggled from underneath the laundry basket and quickly covered your mouth. You peered through the holes of the basket, waiting for your father’s figure to appear in the doorway.

“Y/n,” you father called out your name in a singsong voice. “I know you’re hiding,” he said, stepping into the doorway.

You squealed and curled up in a ball to make yourself even smaller. Matt chuckled and lumbered over to the flipped over basket, a blanket tossed over it to hide its prisoner.

“Oh, where, oh, where could my little girl be?” Matt wondered out loud, walking around the basket.

You giggled again, finding your father’s obliviousness hysterical (even if he was just pretending).
Suddenly, your father grabbed the laundry basket and lifted it to reveal you laughing into your hands. “I found you!” he exclaimed triumphantly.

“I thought you would never find me,” you said, gazing up at your father through messy strands of hair covering your face, still giggling.

Your father knelt down and scooped you up in his arms then placed you on his knee. He looked into your eyes lovingly. The resemblance between you and your mother haunting, but comforting all the same. He said tenderly, “No matter where you are, I will always find you.”

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“Y/n.”

The cement ground below you chills your skin. Your limbs ache from laying in an awkward position for so long and being tossed around prior.

“Y/n.”

You groan and sit up slowly, arms shaking under your weight. You blink away the haze from your eyes and the throbbing in your head diminishes enough for you to make sense of your surroundings.

Sam sits in a cage in the center of the cellar you seem to be trapped in. He presses his face against the rusting bars, hands clamped around the metal tightly, to view you better. Another man you’ve never seen before, lays unconscious in a cage across from Sammy’s. Aside from the quarter-size cut on his head, he appears unharmed.

“Y/n, can you hear me?” Sam asks.

You nod, eyes squinting in the rather dark room with the exception of a few cracks of light seeping through the door and ceiling. You second guess yourself; A basement? Maybe a barn?

“Y/n?”

“Yeah, I can hear you, Sammy,” you finally say. “Loud and clear.” You pause, looking at the metal bars that entraps you. “You have any idea where we are?”

“Nope,” Sammy replies.

“Well,” you exhale, “we’re not gonna find out just sitting here.” You grab the bars and shake violently, but all you end up doing is cutting your hands. You wince, palming the shallow cuts, and glance back at Sam who silently chuckles.

“Already tried that,” he says with a sympathetic smile.

You pull your lips into a thin line. Sam’s face lights up with a new idea. He grips the top bars above his head and swings his feet into the side of the cage. The bang vibrates throughout the room as he kicks again and again. He accepts defeat and falls to the ground with a grunt and pants heavily.

You sigh just as the stranger wakes, groaning in pain as he sits up.

Sam scrambles to the side of the cage nearest to the man, shocked. “You’re alive?” he asks dumbfoundedly. The man groans in reply, eyes squinty as they adjust to the awake world. “Hey, are you okay?” Sam asks hurriedly.

“Does it look like I’m doing okay?” the man retorts bitterly. You glance at him momentarily, then go
back to examining your cage for any sort of way to escape.

“Where are we?” Sam asks the man.

“I don’t know,” the man replies. “Country, I think. Smells like the country.”

“You’re Alvin Jenkins, aren’t you?” you inquire, watching the man attentively for a split second.

“Yeah,” Alvin confirms.

Sam chuckles, shaking his head. “Wow. We were looking for you,” he explains.

“Oh, yeah?” Mr. Jenkins questions.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“Well, no offense, but this is a piss-poor rescue,” Alvin snaps, irritation on his face.

“Well, my brother’s out right now, too. He’s looking for us, so…” Sam adds, trying to make the situation just a little bit brighter.

“So, he’s not gonna find us,” Alvin finishes for Sam, though it’s not the ending Sam was thinking of. “We’re in the middle of nowhere, waiting for them to come back and do God knows what to us.”

“You’ve seen them? What are they?” you ask, picking at the bottom corner of your cage.

“What are you talking about?” Jenkins questions you.

“What ever grabbed us, what do they look like?” Sam clarifies.

“See for yourself,” Jenkins replies as a loud clang comes from the room’s door.

Two hooded figures enter the room, each carrying a weapon of some sort in their hands. You can tell from their lumbering size that they’re male. Jenkins crawls to the side of the cage, expecting something from the figures. They walk slowly, paces unrushed. Your gaze hardens and eyes narrow on the men, following their every move.

One of the men slams a bat against the cage wall and Jenkins immediately retracts his hands from the bars. The man pushes a button which buzzes when hit. The lock to Jenkin’s cage door slides into place, unlocking the door. The door swings open.

“Leave me alone! Don’t you touch me!” Jenkins shouts at the man. “You leave me alone!”

The man seems unfazed and places down a dirty plate with a sausage and cup of water for Jenkins to enjoy. He then closes the door, the lock sliding back into position, and moves onto Sam’s cage.

The other man, meanwhile, stares at you from a distance. You stare right back, sitting in the middle of the cage pretzel legged. The man then hits the button from before, making that same buzzing sound, and together, the two men leave the room.

“Well, I’ll be damned,” Sam says after the two have gone. “They’re just people.”

“Yeah,” Jenkins replies with a mouth full of food. “What did you except?”

“How often do they feed you?” you ask Jenkins who slides closer to the wall to engage with you and Sam more.
“Once a day,” Jenkins replies. “They use that thing over there to open the cage,” Jenkins explains, pointing at the button panel.

“And that’s the only time you see them?” Sam asks, watching the door the men left from.

“So far, but I’m waiting,” Jenkins responds.

“Waiting for what?” Sam questions the man.

“Ned Beatty time, man,” Jenkins replies.

“I think that’s the least of your worries right now,” Sam states after scoffing at Jenkins’ reference.

“Oh, yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“What do you think they want?” Jenkins challenges.

“Depends on who they are,” Sam replies as he reaches for the piping above his cage. He pulls on the thick pipe like wire, face twisting from the effort.

“They’re a bunch of psycho hillbilly rednecks, if you ask me, looking for love in all the wrong places,” Jenkins says.

Sam grunts as he continues to pull against the wire. The bolts holding it in place snap away, slowly and one-by-one.

“What the hell,” Jenkins mumbles. “Who are you guys anyways?”

You look up from the small wedge you created in the corner of the cage. With enough patience and effort, you’d hopefully make a big enough gap for you to slip out of. “I’m Y/n and that’s Sam.”

Jenkins hums, resting against the side of the cage to watch you and Sam struggle at trying to make your escapes. You pry at the bars again, but they remain in place, cutting your hands again. You growl under your breath and plop back on your rear. Sammy’s plan now you’re only way out.

“What did you say your name is?” Jenkins asks after a solid hour of Sam pulling at the wire.

“It’s Sam,” the young Winchester replies.

“Why don’t you give it up, Sammy? There’s no way out,” Jenkins says.

Sam pants and says between breaths, “Don’t… call me… Sammy!” With a final pull, the final bolt breaks free and the wire falls on top of his cage. Sam coughs, dust from the rust also paired with metal and bolts.

You smile smugly at Jenkins. “What is it?” Jenkins asks Sam, ignoring your look.

Sam lifts up the bracket that fell into his cage. “It’s a bracket,” he says.

“Oh, thank God--a bracket. Now we got ‘em, huh?” Jenkins remarks sourly.

Before you can scold him about his rude behavior, his door pops open with a buzz. “Must’ve been
short,” Jenkins says as he leaps to the door. “Maybe you knocked something loose.” He creeps out of his cage, eyes darting around the room for his captors.

“I think you should get back in there, Jenkins,” Sam tells the man.

“What?” Jenkins questions Sam.

“This isn’t right,” Sam says.

“Don’t you want to get out of here?” Jenkins asks.

“Sure we do,” you speak up. “But that right there was too easy.”

“I’m gonna get out of here,” Jenkins says, walking towards the door. “I’m gonna send help, okay? Don’t worry.”

“No,” Sam shouts. “I’m serious, Jenkins. This might be a trap.”

“Bye, Sammy,” the man replies before slipping out the door.

“Jenkins!” Sam calls after him, but Jenkins shuts the door behind him.

You sigh and nibble on your bottom lip. “How rude,” you comment, referring to his pessimistic comments and how he called Sam “Sammy” even after the boy told him not to. “Do you think he’s gonna die?”

“I hope not,” Sam replies.

“Me too, but realistically speaking…” you trail off and look at Sam to see if he thinks the same thing.

“Yeah,” he says. “Yeah…”

Minutes later, a man’s screams fill the night. Even through the walls of the room you’re in, you can hear his cries of agony. Jenkins doesn’t come back, and no help arrives. You don’t sleep that night.

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Much later, the two men appear carrying a woman’s body. The same man from before stares at you as his comrade did all the work. When they leave, you and Sam converse quietly about who this woman is.

When she finally awakes, she rubs at her head. Her labored breathing indicates that she’s in pain and you’re quick to notice. “Are you alright?” you ask her.

She adjusts her sitting position and peers at your face. “Are you Y/n Y/l/n?” she asks you. She then faces Sam. “And you’re Sam Winchester? Aren’t you?”

“Yeah. Yeah we are,” Sam confirms.

“Your, uh… your cousin’s looking for you,” the woman says and you instantly feel a wave of relief wash over you.
"Thank God," Sam says for the both of you. "Where is he?"

"Oh, he, uh," the officer trails off, holding the back of her head. "I cuffed him to my car."

You sigh, the wave of relief receding back into the ocean of worry.

The door creaks open and a man enters the room. You hear the faint humming of Metallica and your brows furrow in confusion. Your face softens when you piece together that the only person who’d hum Metallica in a place like this is...

"Sam?" Dean’s gruff voice is like music to your ears. He approaches his brother’s cage, grabbing the metal fencing. "Are you hurt?" he asks, voice worried and angry.

"No," Sam replies, unable to keep the smile off his face.

"Damn, it’s good to see you," Dean says, slamming his hand against the cage with a joyous grin.

"Where’s Y/n?" you teasingly ask, and Dean’s eyes slide over to your cage.

"There she is," Dean says with a grin. You return his grin with your own and the wave of relief is back. "Aren’t you a sight for sore eyes," Dean remarks as he steps over to your cage.

You shrug, looking down at yourself. "Yes, a sight covered in dirt and sweat," you say and Dean chuckles, his eyes twinkling.

"Wait, how did you get out of the cuffs?" the woman asks.

Dean looks back at her. "Oh, I know a trick or two," he says with a raspy voice, caught in the act. "All right," he announces, turning around to examine the locks of the cages, "Oh. These locks look like they’re gonna be a bitch."

"There’s some kind of automatic control right of there," Sam says, pointing at the control panel.

"Have you seen them?" Dean asks, glancing at you and Sam.

You nod. "Yeah."

"And, dude," Sam adds, "they’re just people."

Dean glances at Sam, his face the expression of someone who licked a sticky sour paste. "And they jumped you?" Dean questions his brother’s credibility as a hunter.

Sam shakes his head, unable to defend himself.

"Must be getting a little rusty there, kiddo," Dean remarks with a grin. You scoff and shake your head then go back to pushing at the crack in your cage. "What did they want?" Dean asks as he approaches the control panel.

"I don’t know," Sam replies truthfully. "They let Jenkins go, but I think that was just some sort of trap." Dean pushes at the buttons, expecting something to happen, but they just click as they hit the panel. He makes a face as he tries pushing all the buttons and nothing happens. "It doesn’t make any sense to me," Sam says.

"Well, that’s the point," Dean replies. "You know, with our--" Dean glances at the sheriff, "our usual playmates, there’s rules, there’s patterns. But with people… they’re just crazy." Dean closes the control panel and moves over to the sheriff’s cage to try her lock.
“Did you see anything else out there?” you ask him.

“Uh, he has about a dozen junked cars hidden out back. Plates from all over,” Dean replies. “So, I’m thinking when they take someone, they take their car.”

“Did you see a black mustang out there, about ten years old?” the woman asks, eyes desperate.

“Yeah, actually, I did,” Dean says. His face softens, “Your brother’s?” The woman nods and looks away as her hope dies. “I’m sorry,” Dean says. “Let’s get you guys out of here, then we’ll take care of those bastards.” Dean looks at the control panel for a second before realizing, “This thing takes a key. Key?”

“I don’t know,” Sam replies. You don’t recall there ever being a key involved, but you only remember how that man stared at you like prey from behind his hood.

“All right. I better go find it,” Dean says, then quickly turns towards the door.

“Hey,” you call after the Winchester. He stops and looks over his shoulder, a confused look on his face. “Be careful,” you tell him seriously.

Normally, Dean would’ve made a witty comment or cracked a joke, but the look on your face stopped him. The genuine fear and concern twisting your dirty face told him that you really were worried. “Yeah,” Dean replies, giving you a reassuring half-smile.

After Dean leaves the barn--room, building, you still don’t know for sure--you set your determined gaze on the space between the cage walls, the corner you pushed and kicked at. You push at the metal fence, grunting against its weight and resistance.

After a good half hour, you fall back on the floor, chest heaving up and down. You had pushed and kicked at the cage wall for what felt like ages and made little progress. By now, you could fit your arm between the corner of the two walls. Your motivation was fueled by the mere presence of Dean, but 30 minutes later, you realize that you need more than just knowing Dean is here dealing with those lunatics on his own to motivate you.

“Sammy,” you say breathlessly, “I need you to make me mad.”

“What?” Sam asks, obviously thrown off by your request.

You prop up on your arm and look at the boy. “I need motivation or something that will make Hulk out,” you explain. “You know, like when Jenkins called you ‘Sammy’ and you broke a fuse--literally.”

“Y/n, I am not going to make you mad. There’s no way--”

“Dammit, Sam Winchester! Don’t worry about my feelings,” you snap and blow a loose strand of hair away from your eyes. “Please,” you add pleadingly.

Sam exhales sharply, shaking his head and looking away from you. He finally returns your gaze. “Fine.”

Sam smile and scoot back over to the wall and place your feet on the cage’s wall next to the corner. “Whenever you’re ready, Sam,” you tell him, bracing yourself to kick.
“Your teeth are so messed up, Y/n, all I can do is stare at them when you talk,” Sam taunts and you kick at the wall.

You recoil from the impact with a grunt. “Come on, Sammy. That’s just low,” you remark as you fix your position.

“John was right to put you on house arrest. You’re just slowing Dean and I down and putting yourself in danger.”

You growl and kick at the cage again. This time, the results are better, but not enough to let you squeeze through.

“Bringing you along was a mistake. You’re nothing but a burden, Y/n.”

You cry out like a warrior in battle, channeling all of your anger into strength and kicking the fence. A bolt and screw fly across the room and the hole in the corner you made grows. You catch your breath, relief returning to your sore body. You squeeze through the two walls, sucking in and holding your breath. You fall to the ground with a thud, your gracefulness leaving you to laugh in your face.

Sam cheers from his cage as you escape. You smile at him and the cop. “I didn’t mean anything I said,” Sam reassures you. “Even the thing about your teeth.”

You roll your eyes before grinning. “I know, Sammy. Thank you.”

The celebration is short, though, ended by the sound of the barn door unlatching. You crawl into the shadows, pressing your body flesh against the wall. One of the men saunters into the barn with a gun in his hand. He unlocks the control panel with a key.

“What are you doing?” Sam asks the man, making a point not to look in your direction. You slowly creep towards the door, eyes trained on the man and his gun. Sam’s cage door opens and you stop. The man makes over to Sam’s cage and you stand. You break off in a spirit and charge at the man from the behind.

You pounce onto his back, arms swiftly capturing his head in a lock. He shoots the gun, alarmed, but the bullet lodges into the ceiling. Without losing your grip on his neck, you kick the man in the back of his knee. He falls to the ground, firing the gun once more before it slips from his grasp.

Sam scrambles for the gun and quickly snags it with his long arms. He aims it at the man’s head, threatening to pull the trigger.

“You won’t do it,” the man says sickly.

“You’re right. I won’t,” Sam agrees. He slams the butt of the gun on the man’s head, knocking him out cold. You stand up, dusting off the dirt from your pants and nod at Sam when he looks at you questioningly. Sam tries to pump the gun, but the pump is jammed from the man’s fall. “Damn,” the Winchester curses, tossing the gun aside.

You look down at the man’s body. “Let’s move it,” you say, nudging Sam. He nods and grabs one lag while you grab the other. Together, you drag the man into Sam’s cage. His head hits the elevated floor of the cage and you mumble under your breath. If anything, the hit would extend his nap time.

“Okay,” Sam says, “you cut the lights and I’ll help the cop over there.”

“All right,” you reply and move over to the control panel. You tinker around with the wires and, in no
You smirk and pull all the wires from the panel. Sam cocks an eyebrow and you shrug. “Didn’t feel like figuring out which wire connected to what,” you explain your actions. “I didn’t want to risk cutting the power to the locks and keeping her stuck in their forever.”

The three of you meet in the center of the room. You run a hand through your hair and sigh. “How long until his friends come on over looking for him?” you ask, placing your hands on your hips.

Sam shrugs. “I don’t wanna stay long to find out,” Sam says which you agree with.

“In that case, let’s go,” you state and wave for Sam and the officer to follow you. You walk out of the room which you discover is a barn and creep in, keeping a keenful eye out for the other men. The back door to the barn opens, slamming against the wall. The men mumble to one another of you feel the hairs on the back of your neck stand up.

You look over your shoulder and notice that they left the door wide open. “Sammy,” you whisper, thinking quickly, “I’m going to go find,” you glance at the officer, “your cousin. Be safe, make smart decisions.”

“Why don’t you?” Sam questions you, grabbing your wrist before you can sneak away. “You really wanna head out there all alone, unprotected?”

“Hey, I’m not alone,” you retort. “I’ve got those bozos out there and their friends to keep me company,” you remark with a wink. Before Sam can stop you, you snake out of his grasp and sneak out the door the two men left wide open. Morons, you can’t help but think to yourself.

Lights from the ramshackle farmhouse illuminate the dark night just enough for you to see where you are; an unkempt yard with plenty of garbage to fill a landfill. Well, maybe not that much but still a lot of trash. The ground, slick with mud, shines wildly in the gold glow coming from the house’s windows. You tread over the dirt driveway carefully and onto the rotting front porch.

With a slow hand, you open the surprisingly unlocked door, its old hinges whining as it swings open. Old music softly flows through the house, and if it weren’t for the weapons and creepy objects that covered the floor of the house, you would have enjoyed the simple tune. Instead, the music coming from a scratchy record player added a sense of eeriness to the place.

“Let’s make a deal, okay? If you free me, I’ll show you some cool tricks for your knife to really wow the kids during recess,” Dean says from another room.

Your eyes widen at the sound of his voice and you follow it through the messy house.

“Look, I don’t want to hurt you and I don’t think you want to hurt me—” Dean yelps before he can finish his sentence. “Okay, maybe you do.” Dean falls silent, probably out of frustration.

You peer doorway and find Dean strapped to a chair with a little girl holding a knife in front of his face threateningly. You gulp and mentally map out the pressure points in your head. Carefully, you tip toe into the room. You hold your pointer finger up to your lips, silencing Dean as you stalk the young girl.

Closing your eyes, you pray that you hit her pressure point right on and knock her out. Please pass
You release the breath you didn’t realize you were holding and look up at Dean you stares at the little girl with shock, mouth agape and all. He meets your eyes, the same surprised expression on his face. You shrug innocently. “Pressure points?” you say but it comes out more as a question.

Dean scoffs to himself, shaking his head with a smile on his face. He yanks his arms free from the plastic zip tie with such ease it makes you think it’s the most normal thing for someone to do. It’s ridiculous how skilled this man is.

“You have amazing timing, Sherlock,” Dean comments with a smile as he walks over to you, arms wide for a hug.

You stop him by placing your hands on his chest and holding his unharmed arm, the burn on his shoulder, bleeding gash on his forehead, and cut on his forearm screaming for your attention even though he plays off his injuries. “Dean, oh my god, are you okay? These look painful. They could be infected--” you start to ramble, subconsciously getting closer to the wounds to inspect them.

Dean rolls his eyes, and lucky for him, you don’t notice, and pulls you into his chest, strong arms wrapping around your shoulders and back. “Then you’ll just have to check them later,” Dean says.

You sigh and return the hug, snaking your arms around his lower back. “Fine,” you reply tiredly.

Dean hums, a content smile on his face before he realizes, “Where’s Sammy?”

“Back at the barn with the cop taking care of those two lunatics,” you explain.

Just as you finish, the front door opens and loud, thumping footsteps enter the house. A huffing Sam leans against the doorframe, a grin playing on his face.

You pull away from the embrace you were enjoying, and turn on your heels, crossing your arms over your chest. “Speak of the devil,” you remark, cocking a brow at Sam whose eyes twinkle.

“Hey, Y/n, Dean,” he says cheekily.

“Sammy, glad you could join us,” Dean replies, returning his brother’s smile with his own.

“All right, let’s take care of this girl before she wakes up,” you say. “Sammy, if you could do the honors.” You open a nearby closet suggestively. Sam huffs and picks up the sleeping child and gently leans her up against the wall in the small closet. You shut the door and Dean props a chair against the handle, locking the dangerous child inside. “Good job, team,” you say cheerfully, though you hate that you have to lock a child in a closet.

Before anyone can say anything more, a gunshot comes from outside. The three of you rush out of the house to see what happens and meet the officer in the middle of the muddy driveway.

“Where’s the girl?” the officer asks you right away.

“Locked in the closet,” Dean replies. “What about the dad?”

She takes a deep breath before answering. “Shot, trying to escape.”

Dean nods but glances at you and Sam to see if you also share his suspicions. You don’t care if she
shot the man laying down or in self defense, you’re just glad he won’t be able to hurt people anymore.

“I think the car’s at the police station,” Dean says to you and Sam as you walk away from the house, the officer trailing behind. A small drizzle falls from above, and you welcome the tiny droplets gratefully, always appreciating a good rain.

“So… State police and the FBI are gonna be here within the hour. They’re gonna want to talk with you,” the officer says. “I suggest that you’re all long gone by then.”

You nod. “Thanks,” Dean says for the three of you. He looks around the property with his head, lips pulled into a straight line. “Hey, listen, I don’t mean to press our luck, but we’re kind of in the middle of nowhere. Think we could catch a ride?”

The cop nods. “Start walking. Duck if you see a squad car.”

“Sounds great to me. Thanks,” Sammy says with a smile. You smile at the woman who nods, still coping with everything that happened that day.

You and Sam walk past Dean when the man speaks up. “Listen, uh...sorry about your brother,” Dean says gently.

The officer nods, but smiles strongly. “Thank you,” she replies. She looks away for a second as if to collect herself. “It was really hard not knowing what happened to him. I thought it would be easier once I knew the truth. But…” she swallows, “it isn’t really.”

Her eyes are wet and she bites on her quivering lip, glancing away again. Your features soften in sympathy, longing to hug her but not wanting to overstep your boundaries. “Anyways, you should go,” the officer says, looking back at you and the brothers. She smiles reassuringly and you nod once then walk off with the brothers in tow.

Rain puddles on the dirt road, your boots sinking slightly in the mud. When a puddle crosses your path, you don’t walk around it and slosh right through. The droplets feel good on your face and they wash the dirt from your skin.

“Don’t ever do that again,” Dean states once the three of you are a good distance away from the officer. He still holds is wounded arm and the cut on his head continues to blare at you.

“Do what?” Sam asks.

“Go missing like that,” Dean replies bluntly, his voice gruff.

“Aww, Deano, were you worried about us?” you ask teasingly in a sweet voice. You link onto his good arm and look up at him, batting your eyes playfully.

Dean scoffs. “All I’m saying is you vanish like that again, I’m not looking for you,” Dean says in his a-matter-of-factly voice.

Sam laughs as you unhook yourself from Dean’s arm and roll your eyes. “Sure you will,” Sam replies, knowing full well that Dean would never leave his family behind.

“I’m not,” Dean says again.
Sam snickers and changes the subject. “So you got sidelined by a 13-year-old girl, huh?” Sam taunts his brother.

“Aw, shut up,” Dean grumbles.

“I’m just saying, you’re getting rusty there, kiddo,” Sam replies, using Dean’s words to bite him in the butt.

You bite your tongue waiting for Dean’s reply. Dean chuckles, “Shut up.” You laugh then, unable to fight back the urge any longer. Sam laughs, too. The three of you laughing as you walk down a muddy road in the night in the middle of nowhere.

The events preceding were rough, difficult even, but it was all worth it for this moment--this wholesome moment full of laughs and tender teasing. It’s these moments you have to cherish in order to keep going. To remind you why you stand when the world is crumbling beneath you, why you continue the fight the losing battle.

It’s these moments I hope you remember while living in a nightmare.

[END OF EPISODE 15 - THE BENDERS]
[CHICAGO - ILLINOIS]

The impala is a staple in the Winchester family. Hell, if the impala didn’t exist, you’re pretty sure the boys wouldn’t exist either. The impala served as many things: a home and place to sleep, a form of transportation, comfort. Currently, it is protecting you from humiliation, but the boys can’t seem to understand that.

“Y/n, seriously, get out of the damn car!” Dean snaps, clearly agitated with your antics.

“I’m sorry, boys, but I think you’re going to have to go on without me. I’ll keep watch from in here,” you reply, voice muffled from the back seat.

“You’re literally laying face down,” Sam points out. “All you can see is leather.”

You prop up on your arms and glare at Sammy. “You know, I--” you struggle to defend yourself, “I’m just--you can’t.” You huff, unable to refute Sam’s observation.

“Dude, why won’t you get out of the car? It can’t be because of the case, right?” Dean asks and you look away to hide the blush creeping on your cheeks.

“No, it’s not that. It’s because of these stupid uniforms we have to wear!” you growl at Sammy and he rolls his eyes. “I look horrible,” you whine.

“Oh my god, Y/n, you look fine, now get out of the car,” Dean says, opening the car door for you.

You sigh dramatically and exit the car hesitantly. The boys watch you with blank expressions as you smooth out the wrinkles in the blue full-body uniform. “I hate this,” you mutter, then join the boys on their stroll down the sidewalk.

“Yeah, me too,” Dean agrees, glancing at Sammy. “You know, I’ve got to say, Dad and me did just fine without these stupid costumes. I feel like a high-school-drama dork.”

“Amen,” you mumble, crossing your arms around yourself self consciously.

Dean chuckles to himself. “What was the play you did? What was it--Our Town?’” he asks Sammy. “Yeah, you were good. It was cute.”

Your face brightens at the memory. “I remember that! Gosh, remember the dancing? So precious,” you gush, the memory of Sam and other children dancing on stage while dancing in funny costumes making you forget about your appearance.

“Look, do you guys want to pull this off or not?” Sam asks defensively.
“I’m just saying these outfits costed hard-earned money, okay?” Dean replies.

“Whose?” Sam challenges.

“Ours. You think credit-card fraud is easy?” Dean retorts and you chuckle, the lengths you had to go to get the cards extreme enough to give you back pain.

You smooth down your costume as you approach the apartment building. You smile at the deserted lobby.

“Thanks for letting us look around,” Sam says to the victim’s landlord as she unlocks the door.

“Well, the police said they were done with the place, so…” The lady shrugs and walks into the room, Sam next to her. You trail behind the two and Dean closes the door, taking note of the two sets of locks.

“You guys said you’re with the alarm company?” the landlord asks as she steps into the living room. Blood pools in the center of the room, splattered across the floor and white carpet.

*That’s gonna be a bitch to remove,* you think, looking down at the blood on the carpet.

“That’s right,” Dean answers the woman.

“Well, no offense, but your alarm is about as useful as boobs on a man,” she remarks, the sentence leaving her mouth naturally. You blink, wondering if all of her metaphors were crazy.

“Well, that’s why we’re here,” Dean replies, seemingly unphased by the woman’s remark, “to see what went wrong, to stop it from happening again.” Dean nods to conclude and amplies around the red mess on the ground.

“Ma’am, you said you found the body?” you question.

“Yeah,” she confirms.

“Right after it happened?” you ask, stepping over to the blood.

She shakes her head. “No, a few days later. Meredith’s work called. She hadn’t showed up. I knocked on her door. That’s when I noticed… the smell,” she explains, saying the last part quietly.

“Any windows open? Any sign of a break-in?” Dean asks, examining the windows.

“Nope, windows were locked. Front door was bolted. Chain was on the door. We had to cut it to get in,” the landlord replies, gesturing with her hands.

“And the alarm was still on?” Dean questions, pointing at the ceiling with the circling finger.

“Like I said, bang up job your company is doing.”

Dean hums. “Did you see any overturned furniture? Broken glass, signs of struggle?”

The lady shakes her head again. “Everything was in perfect condition,” she says, dragging out her words. “Except Meredith,” she adds, eyes cast down at the floor sadly.

“What condition was Meredith in?” you ask, turning away from the splotches of blood.
“Meredith was all over, in pieces,” she replies, her voice rising an octave. “The guy who killed her must’ve been some kind of a whack job. But I’ll tell you, if I didn’t know any better, I’d have said a wild animal did it.”

You and the boys exchange uneasy looks. “Ma’am, you mind if we take some time, give this place a once-over?” Sam asks politely.

“Oh, go right ahead. Knock yourself out,” she says before leaving the apartment. When the door closes behind her, Dean opens the metal toolbox he’s been carrying around.

“So the killer walks in and out of the apartment--no weapons, no prints, nothing,” Dean says, turning on his EMF reader. The reader’s whizzing turns on and fluctuates as it records the room.

“I’m telling you, the minute I found that article, I knew this was our kind of gig,” Sam states.

“I think I agree with you,” Dean replies, looking down at the reader which screams “dangerous.”

“So you talked to the cops?” you ask Dean.

“Uh, yeah, I spoke to Amy–a, uh, charming, perky officer of the law,” Dean says.

“Yeah? Well, what did you find out?” you question, staring down at the blood and the way it splattered on the ground. The formation oddly catches your attention.

“Well, she’s a Sagittarius. She loves tequila. I mean… whew,” Dean whistles. You shift awkwardly, not wanting to hear about Dean’s talk with the officer. You make a gagging motion at Sammy when he looks at you over his shoulder. “Oh and she’s got this little tattoo that’s right–”

“Dean,” Sam cuts his brother off, annoyed.

“Yeah, nothing we don’t already know,” Dean says, jumping back on track, “except for one thing they’re keeping out of the papers. Meredith’s heart was missing.”

“So what are you thinking? A werewolf? The landlady did say that it looked like an animal attack,” you theorize.

“No, not a werewolf. The lunar cycle’s not right,” Sam replies. You snap your fingers, disappointed you didn’t notice such a simple thing. “Plus, if it was creature, it would’ve left some kind of trace. It was probably a spirit.”

You turn your head as you look back down at the splotches of blood on the ground. “Wait. See any masking tape around?” you ask the boys. Dean hands you a black roll of masking tape from a nearby shelf. You kneel on the ground and connect the patches of blood together like a twisted game of connect-the-dots. The end result is a symbol that you can’t seem to recall, but it feels oddly familiar.

You stand up to view your creation from above. Sam asks, “Ever seen that symbol before?”

“Never,” Dean says.

“Me, either,” Sam replies. “Y/n?”

Your brow creases in thought, but nothing comes to mind as you stare down at the circle with two
waving appendages. “I don’t know,” you answer honestly.

Dean had gone to the bar, leaving you and Sam to do research without his help once again. It never bothered you, in fact, you enjoy researching and learning new information and lore.

You and Sam walk into the crowded bar and quickly find an empty table. Sam whips out his father’s journal and pages through the newspaper article he clipped earlier that week. You sat next to him on a bar stool and wait for Dean to join you.

Dean’s easy to spot since he stands above everyone else in the bar, and spots you and Sam right away. He walks over to your table with a bright smile on his face. “I talked to the bartender,” he reports happily.

“‘Oh, really? Did you get anything besides her number?’ you ask with a teasing smile.

“Hey, I’m a professional,” Dean remarks seriously as he leans over the table. “I’m offended you would think that.” You stare up at him with a cocked eyebrow, waiting for him to drop his act and fess up. “All right,” Dean smiles cheekily, revealing a napkin with a number scribbled on it with blue pen.

You nod, rolling your eyes at the boy’s behavior.

“You mind doing a little thinking with your upstairs brain, Dean?” Sam asks his brother, eyes lit with annoyance.

“Hmm? There’s nothing to find out,” Dean defends himself. “Meredith worked here. She waited tables. Everyone here is her friend. Everyone says she’s normal. She didn’t do or say anything weird before she died. So,” Dean says with a shrug. “What about that symbol? Did you find anything?”

You sigh exasperatedly. “No. Nothing. Couldn’t find it in your pop’s journal or any of the usual books.” You drag a hand over your eyes, rubbing them tiredly. “I can’t shake this feeling that I’ve seen it before though.”

“Yeah, well, you’re just going to have to dig a little deeper,” Dean says.

You force an agitated smile then slump over the table, resting your cheek on your propped up hand.

“Well, there was a first victim, right, before Meredith?” Dean questions.

“Yeah, right, right,” Sam replies, flipping through his newspaper clippings. “His name was, uh… His name was Ben Swardstrom. Last month he was found mutilated in his town house. Same deal. The door was locked. The alarm was on.”

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“Is there any connections between the two of them?” Dean asks, skimming over the newspaper article Sam handed him.

“Nothing that I can tell. I mean, not yet, at least. Ben was a banker. Meredith was a waitress. They never met, never knew anyone in common. They were practically from different worlds,” Sam lists off.

“So, to recap, the only successful intel we’ve scored so far is the bartender’s phone number,” Dean says with a cocky smile.
Sam’s face drops when he notices something from behind Dean. “What?” you ask him, looking behind Dean. Dean looks over his shoulder, just as confused.

Sam leaves the table, walking quickly to the other side of the bar.

“Sam,” Dean calls out after him, but his brother ignores him. Dean looks back at you and you shrug, clueless. The two of you follow Sam with your eyes to a table with a blonde chick. Her air is short, in a pixie cut, and she smiles brightly at Sam when he taps her shoulder.

“Maybe Sammy is finally making a move,” you mumble.

“In that case, now it’s your turn to make a move, Y/n,” Dean remarks, grinning.

You scrunch up your nose. “What?”

“Yeah. I’ve made my move,” Dean says, waving the napkin for a moment, “Sam’s making his and now you’ve got to make yours.” Dean glances around the bar before returning his mischievous look back on you. “I gotta say, this bar is lacking in male suitors. I don’t see anyone that’s your type.”

You stare at Dean, gaze hard and steady, for a long moment.

“What?” he asks dumbly.

You scoff and walk away towards Sam, shaking your head.

“... I thought you were going to California?” You hear Sam ask as you approach him and his friend.


“Who?” Sam asks. You feel Dean walk up behind you, looking at Sam’s friend from over your head.

“It doesn’t matter,” the chick says. “Anyway, the whole scene got old, so I’m living here for a while.”

Dean clears his throat, trying to get the two’s attention. You elbow him gently, waiting patiently for Sam to introduce you.

“Wait, you’re from Chicago?” Sam asks.

“No, Massachusetts--Andover,” the blonde clarifies. “Gosh, Sam, what are the odds we’d run into each other?”

“Yeah, I know,” Sam agrees with a shrug. “I never thought I’d see you again.”

“Well, I’m glad you were wrong,” Meg replies coyly.

Dean clears his throat, much more loudly than before, and really catches the blonde’s attention.

“Dude, cover your mouth,” she says disgustedly.

“Yeah, I’m sorry, Meg. This is Y/n and this is, um--this is my brother, Dean,” Sam introduces the two of you.

Meg’s mouth hangs open as she registers who you and Dean are. “This is Dean?” Meg asks,
eyebrows raised.

“Yeah,” Sam says quietly.

“So you’ve heard of me?” Dean asks confidently.

“Oh, yeah, I’ve heard of you,” Meg replies, and Dean’s smile grows. “Nice—the way you treat your brother like luggage,” Meg says nastily.

Dean’s eyes dart to Sam, his smile still on his face but it’s forced. “Sorry?” he asks.

“Why don’t you let him do what he wants to do? Stop dragging him over God’s green earth,” Meg continues and Dean’s face falls.

“Meg, Meg,” Sam says gently, “it’s all right.”

Dean whistles a falling tone. “Okay. Awkward,” Dean chuckles. “I’m going to get a drink now,” he remarks then turns away after shooting Sam a wide-eyed look.

“I’m a bit parched myself. You two have fun,” you say, then quickly catch up with Dean. You place a comforting hand on his back as you met him. “Hey,” you greet softly.

Dean glances at you as you park yourself at his side. “Make that a double,” he tells the bartender.

“I wouldn’t let what that bitch said get to your head,” you say to Dean. He nods, but you know he’s taking your advice halfheartedly, something you noticed he tends to do when upset. “Seriously, Dean. She probably doesn’t even know what she’s talking about.”

The bartender returns with Dean’s drinks, two shots, and Dean accepts them gratefully. “Want one?” he asks, offering you one of the small glasses. You shake your head. Dean shrugs and downs his shot before downing yours, too.

You sigh and look back at Sam who punches in Meg’s number into his phone. You nudge Dean playfully. “Chin up. You got the bartender’s number remember?”

Dean meets your eyes and smiles like a man recalling a tender memory from his past. Your eyes search his green ones you’ve come to read so well, but find yourself struggling to understand what he’s thinking. He thinks the same for you.

The unsaid words. The unsaid words.

“Who the hell was she?” Dean asks Sammy, voice neutral and curious as the three of you exit the bar.

“I don’t really know. I only met her once,” Sam replies. “Meeting up with her again? I don’t know, man. It’s weird.”

“What was she saying—I treat you like luggage?” Dean asks defensively. “Were you bitching about me to some chick?”

“Look, I’m sorry, Dean. It was when we had that huge fight when I was in the bus stop in Indiana. But that’s not important—”

“Is there any truth to what she’s saying? Am I keeping you against your will, Sam?” Dean asks,
growing hostile. You bristle, biting your bottom lip and ready to defuse the argument.

“No, of course not. Now, would you listen?” Sam asks, stopping in his tracks.

“What?” Dean asks sharply, turning on his heel to face his brother.

“I think there’s something strange going on here, Dean,” Sam says.

“Yeah, tell me about it. She wasn’t even that into me,” Dean remarks. You frown at him, though you also not shocked that he’d say such a thing.

“No, man, I mean our type of strange. Like maybe even a lead,” Sam clears up.

“Why do you say that?” Dean asks.

“I met Meg weeks ago literally on the side of the road, and now I run into her in some random Chicago bar--I mean, the same bar where a waitress was slaughtered by something supernatural. You don’t think that’s a little weird?” Sam questions.

“Maybe it’s just one of those random coincidences like in a book or something,” you pitch in. Dean nods in agreement. “It happens.”

“Well, yeah, it happens, but not to us,” Sam replies. “Look, I could be wrong. I’m just saying there’s something about this girl that I can’t quite put my finger on.”

“But I’d bet you’d like to,” Dean says slyly with a grin. “But maybe she’s not a suspect. Maybe you got a thing for her, huh? Maybe you’re thinking a little too much with your upstairs brain,” Dean points at his head, then at his… other… head, “huh?”

Your eyes widen and you quickly avert your gaze, flustered and kind of disgusted.

Sam shakes his head and smiles. “Do me a favor. Check and see if there’s a Meg Masters from Andover, Massachusetts and see if you can dig up anything on that symbol on Meredith’s floor.”

“What are you gonna do?” you ask Sammy.

“I’m gonna watch Meg,” Sam replies.

Dean laughs, “Yeah.”

“I just want to see what’s what,” Sam says. “Better safe than sorry.”

“All right, you little pervert,” Dean jests, grinning.

“Dude,” Sam says.

“We’re going, we’re going,” you reassure Sam, grabbing Dean’s arm and leading him across the road as he chuckles to himself. “You’re one sick puppy, Watson.”

“I’m not the one creeping on that girl, Sherlock,” Dean replies, draping his arm around your shoulder as the two of you walk to the nearest motel.

“We both know you’d prefer to be in Sam’s shoes right now,” you reply with a smile.

Dean shrugs. “Maybe, but I’m pretty content with where I am right now.”
“Oh my god,” you mutter to yourself. At the speed of lightning, you rush across the motel room to your bag, and startle Dean in the process. You laugh to yourself as you search your bag and grab your notebook full of lore and other information you’ve collected over the years.

“What?” Dean asks from behind Sam’s laptop.

“That symbol—I think I’ve written something down about it in here,” you say, shaking the notebook in your hand as you walk back over to the coffee table. “Just give me a minute to find it…”

Dean watches you curiously as you flip through the spiral bound notebook. Some worn pages stick out and many other pages are marked with a corner crease. Even from a distance, Dean can see the fading off the writing and paper.

“Here! Yes,” you exclaim to yourself then hand Dean the notebook to read. “Man, I’m surprised I even have this. This was research I did with Caleb a few years back. You remember Caleb, right? One of John’s ol’ pals?”

Dean nods as he skims over the information. “Yeah, yeah. This is some dark stuff. How did you guys find it?”

“Lots of reading,” you say with a shrug. Dean makes a sound of disgust and you smile. “Did you find anything on Meg Masters?”

“Yes. She checks out,” Dean replies, handing you back your notebook. “I’ll call Sammy and tell him what we found.”

You give Dean a thumbs up and Dean puts the phone on speaker. It rings a few times before Sammy answers.

“Hey,” the young Winchester says.

“Lemme guess, you’re lurking outside that poor girl’s apartment, aren’t you?” Dean asks right away.

“No,” Sam says, lying straight through his teeth, the guilt thick in his voice. You and Dean exchange a knowing look, grinning to one another as Sammy confesses, “Yes.”

“You’ve got a funny way of showing your affection,” Dean remarks.

“You find anything on her or what?” Sam asks, trying to defuse the topic.

“Sorry, man, she checks out. There’s a Meg Masters in the Andover phone book. I even pulled up her high school photo,” Dean replies. “Now, look, why don’t you go knock on her door and, uh, invite her to a poetry reading or whatever it is you do, huh?” Dean suggests slyly.

“What about the symbol? Any luck?” Sam asks, ignoring Dean’s comment.

“Yeah, that we did have some luck with,” Dean replies. “Take it away, Y/n.”

“Heya, Sammy. Okay, so the symbol is zoroastrian. Very old, I’m talking 2,000 years before Christ. It’s a sigil for a daeva,” you ramble off the now fresh information in your mind.

“What’s a daeva?” Sammy asks.

“It means ‘demon of darkness.’ They’re zoroastrian demons. Really nasty creatures. They’re
animalistic, savage, have the worst attitudes,” you explain.

“How’d you figure that out?” Sam inquires and you grin.

“Heavy duty research with Caleb,” you reply. “We both know Dean didn’t have any help in the matter,” you tease the boy, eyes sparkling with mischief.

“Hey, you two don’t have a corner of paper chasing around here,” Dean replies.

“Oh, yeah?” Sam questions, his voice fuzzy through the small phone speaker. “Name the last book you read.”

Dean falls silent, tilting his head back in forth in defeat. “Got me there.”

“Anyways, listen,” you say, “these daevas have to be summoned.”

“So someone’s controlling it?” Sam asks.

“Exactly. And it looks like it’s pretty risky stuff, too,” you explain. “These daevas seem to bite the hand that feeds them…”

“And the arms, and the torso,” Dean adds.

“Yeah, those, too,” you agree, shuddering.

“So what do they look like?” Sam asks.

“Can’t say. Nobody’s seen them since forever,” you reply.

“ Summoning a demon that ancient,” Dean shakes his head, “someone really knows their stuff. I think we’ve got a major player in town, guys.”

“Unfortunately,” you sigh, leaning back in your chair.

“Now, why don’t you go give that girl a private strip-o-gram?” Dean teases his brother, but his tone isn’t teasing in the slightest.

“Bite me,” Sam remarks deadpan.

“No, bite her,” Dean replies. “Don’t leave teeth marks, though. Just enough to--” You flip the phone shut before Dean can continue. “Hey! I was giving my brother some solid advice,” Dean complains.

“Unwanted advice,” you reply, standing from the coffee table and walking over to one of the motel beds.

“Oh, really?” Dean questions, rising slowly from the chair. You nod as you place your notebook back in your bag, Dean dawdling towards you. “What makes you think Sam didn’t want my advice?”

“You honestly think Sam wants advice about how to bite a girl from you? During a case?” you question the man as you turn to face him, crossing your arms over your chest.

Dean shrugs. “You never know. Maybe he’s finally grown a pair.”

“Dean!” you scold him, slapping his chest playfully. “Don’t be rude.” You can’t help the smile growing on your lips. “It was horrible advice, anyways,” you mutter under your breath with a smirk.
“What was that?” Dean asks, eyebrow cocked and knowing.

You glance at him and try to fight away the blush starting to burn on your cheeks. “Nothing. Come on, we’ve got a lot of research to do,” you say, dismissing your comment and walking around Dean.

“For what exactly?” Dean asks, following you across the room with his eyes.

“The case,” you say as if it was the most obvious thing ever. “There’s gotta be some sort of connection between the victims.”

Dean groans. “This is not how I want to spend my night.”

“This,” you gesture around yourself as you sit back down at the coffee table, “is not how I wanted spend these past few months, but here I am.”

Dean takes a seat next to you and pouts, pulling out his phone and scrolling through his contacts. His face suddenly lights up. He grabs his jacket and car keys from the table.

“Where are you going?” you ask Dean, looking up from Sam’s laptop.

“To research the fun way,” Dean replies, already at the door. Your expression goes blank as you connect the dots to his perky officer friend. “…If that’s okay with you?” Dean says, but it sounds like more of a question.

You smile and nod. “Of course. Knock yourself out. Not literally, though…” you add and return your focus back to the laptop screen.

Dean watches you for a moment, a part of him wishing for you to tell him to stay and another part telling him that it doesn’t really matter. He forces a grin and opens the door. “You’re the best, Y/n.”

Dean returns to the motel early that morning, sometime around 2 AM. The lights in the room are still on and the beds are empty. His eyes scan the room for the person he’s been thinking about all night as he shrugs of his jacket. He spots you in the same place where he left you, sitting at the coffee table, except you passed out and now your head rests on the keyboard, arms circled around the laptop.

A smile appears on Dean’s face as he thinks about how you must’ve worked yourself to exhaustion, refusing to give up until you found the link between victims. He touches your arm gently then gives it a shake.

Your eyes open instantly and your arms fly to your chest, hands in fists. You look wildly around the room before you gaze up at the person holding your arm. You relax when Dean’s green eyes stare down at you, full of concern.

“Whoa, take it easy,” Dean says in a soothing voice.

“I’m sorry. I just--” you look down at the table and bite your bottom lip. “Nightmare, I guess. I--uh-I found a connection. Between Meredith and Ben,” you say quickly before Dean can linger on the nightmare for long.

“Oh, hey, so did I,” Dean says as he sits down next to you. “I guess my form of research does work.”
You scoff, rubbing away the sleep from your eyes. “You don’t need to have sex to find clues or leads.”

“Sure, but it’s funner,” Dean remarks.

“More fun,” you correct the man with a tired smile. Dean rolls his eyes but smiles nonetheless. “So you know about the Kansas connection?”

“Yes. The cops were keeping it out of the papers,” Dean replies.

“You know,” you roll your eyes. “It took a lot of digging to find that piece of info. My eyes still hurt from staring at the laptop.”

“Come on, let’s get you in bed,” Dean says, patting your shoulder.

You yawn, stretching your arms above your head, and groggily walk over to one of the motel beds. You flop onto the covers and sigh, your body sinking into the plush mattress.

Dean chuckles from behind you and you peek at him through a half-open eyelid. “Don’t you want to get under the covers?”

“I’ll get there,” you reply, crawling up to the pillows. You slide underneath the covers and look at Dean. “And I got there,” you remark wittily. “Now be quiet so I can fall asleep.”

Dean scoffs as he hops onto his own bed. “G’night, Y/n.”

“Goodnight, Dean.”

As cliche as it is, you find yourself sleeping on the left side of the bed, trying to get closer to the other bed. And Dean sleeps on the right side of his bed, for the same reason.

You catch a few more hours of sleep that morning while waiting for Sam to return. By the time he arrives, you’re nursing a cup of warm coffee and messing with the motel’s tiny stove to make breakfast. Dean walks into the room as the door slams, Sam walking hurriedly into the motel.

“Dude, I’ve got to talk to you,” the brothers say at the same time.

You turn off the stove, turning around to look at the brothers, and smile at their confused expressions.

“So, hot little Meg is summoning the daeva?” Dean asks after Sam’s story of what he witnessed last night.

“It looks like she was using that black altar to control the thing,” Sam replies.

“So, Sammy’s got a thing for the bed girl,” Dean muses to himself and chuckles. Sam rolls his eyes.

“Remind me again the importance of that bowl,” you ask Sammy before Dean can make another comment.

“She was talking into it—the way witches used to scry into crystal balls or animal entrails. She was communicating with someone,” Sam explains.

“With who? With the daeva?” Dean asks.
“No, Y/n said those things are like savages,” Sam retorts. “No, this was something different. Someone who’s giving her orders, someone who’s coming to that warehouse.”

The room falls silent as you and Dean piece together the information you collected earlier that morning. Dean takes a seat at the coffee table and flips through the records he brought back with him from his late night visit. “Holy crap,” Dean remarks as the realization that something huge is going down in Chicago hits you.

“What?” Sam asks.

“What I was gonna tell you earlier. I, uh, pulled a favor with my… Amy over at the police department. The complete records of the two victims. We missed something the first time.”

“What?” Sam asks, leaning over the coffee table to look at the records.

“The first victim, Ben Swardstrom, lived in Chicago his entire life, but he wasn’t born here,” you say. “He was born in Lawrence, Kansas. And Meredith, the second victim, she was adopted. Guess where she was born, Sammy.”

Sam reads over the files. “Lawrence.” Sam sits across from Dean at the coffee table, the weight of the information pushing him down. “Holy crap.”

“Yeah,” Dean agrees as you walk over to the coffee table.

“I mean, that is where the demon killed Mom,” Sam says. “That’s where everything started. So you think Meg is tied up with the demon?” Sammy asks, words leaving his mouth at a quicker pace.

Dean shrugs. “I think it’s a definite possibility.”

“But I don’t understand,” Sam says. “What’s the significance of Lawrence? And how do these daeva things fit in?”

You shrug and shake your head, just as lost and confused as Sammy.

“Beats me, but I say we trash that black alter, grab Meg, and have ourselves a friendly little interrogation,” Dean remarks.

“No, we can’t. We shouldn’t tip her off,” Sam replies. Dean looks down at the table, wanting to go in guns blazin’. “We’ve got to stake out that warehouse. We’ve got to see who… or what is showing up to meet her.”

“I’ll tell you one thing,” Dean says. “I don’t think we should do this alone.”

You help Sammy haul in the duffel bags the two of you stuffed with all sorts of weapons from the impala trunk. You close the door to the motel behind the two of you and stay quiet as Dean talks on the phone.

“We think we’ve got a serious lead on the thing that killed Mom,” Dean explains into the phone, leaving a voicemail for his father. “So, uh, this warehouse--it’s 1435 West Erie.” He pauses. “Dad, if you get this, get to Chicago as soon as you can.” Dean hangs up the phone and a [pained, thoughtful look crosses his face.
“Voice mail?” Sam asks, but he already knows the answer.

“Yeah,” Dean confirms, deflated. The duffel bags clatter as you and Sam unload them of your arms and onto the floor. Dean turns around, startled. “Geez. What’d you get?”

You sign and rub your hands together. “We ransacked that trunk—holy water, every weapon our minds could think of, exorcism rituals from like a half-dozen religions,” you list off as Dean opens one of the bags and sorts through its contents.

“We’re not sure what to expect, so I guess we should expect everything, huh?” Sam says, explaining the logic you two used as you raided the trunk.

Dean loads a shotgun, and Sam tends to a pistol. You snag one of the exorcisms and start repeating it over and over in your mind, hoping that one of your college techniques for studying will aid you in combat.

“It’s a big night,” Dean states as he grabs for another gun.

“Yeah,” Sam agrees quietly. You pull your lips into a thin line as you flip to another exorcism, content with the progress you made with the other one. “You nervous?” Sam asks.

“No,” Dean says quickly, but you can easily hear the lie in his voice. “No, are you?”

“No. No way,” Sam replies.

You chuckle at the boys macho exterior and stand between the two of them as they eye one another. “Well, I’m shakin’ in my socks,” you remark confidently with your hands on your hips. “This is much worse than going to the dentist,” you mutter, shaking your head.

The boys smile, but the grimness of the night’s upcoming events dampen the mood. The brothers continue to load guns and you resume your memorization method for the exorcisms.

“God, could you imagine if we finally found that damn thing, that demon?” Sam asks, voice full of wonder and desire.

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves, all right?” Dean replies.

“I know. I’m just saying…” Sam trails off, eyes shining with a boyish excitement. “What if we did?” You stop mumbling the exorcism over to yourself and look at Sammy. “What if this whole thing was over tonight? Man, I’d sleep for a month. Go back to school, just be a person again.”

You sigh dreamily. “You know, after all that I faced with you boys, medical school doesn’t seem to scare anymore.” Sam nods in agreement, giving you a grin.

“You want to go back to school?” Dean asks, no longer tinkering with the pistol in his hand.

“Yeah, once we’re done hunting the thing,” Sam replies.

“Huh.”

“Why? Is there something wrong with that?” Sam questions his brother. The defensiveness in Sam’s voice pulls you away from your fantasies. Your eyes dart between the brothers.

“No, no, it’s great. Good for you,” Dean replies, not as joyous as the statement should be.

“What are you gonna do when it’s all over?” you ask Dean.
“It’s never gonna be over,” Dean replies stoically. “There’s gonna be others. There’s always gonna be something to hunt.”

“But there’s gotta be something that you want for yourself,” Sam says.

“Yeah, I don’t want you two to leave the second this is all over,” Dean snaps. You frown, taken aback by Dean’s sudden outburst. Dean turns away and looks at himself in the mirror hanging above the tall wooden dresser.

“Dude, what’s your problem?” Sam asks gently.

Dean sighs and grabs the sides of the dresser as if to steady himself. “Why do you think I drag you two everywhere, huh? Why do you think I dragged you into this?” Dean addresses you, then turns to his brother. “I mean, why do you think I came and got you at Stanford in the first place?”

“’Cause Dad was in trouble,” Sam replies. He tries to sound sure, but there’s a silver of uncertainty in his voice. “’Cause you wanted to find the thing that killed Mom and needed all the help you could get,” Sam adds, gesturing between you and himself.

“Yes, that, but it’s more than that, man,” Dean replies, voice loud and brash again. He rests his hand on the dresser and shakes his head. It takes a lot of willpower to stop yourself from touching Dean’s shoulder comfortingly.

“You and me and Dad—I want us to be together again,” Dean says, both nostalgic and sad as he explains this to his brother. I want us to be a family again.” Dean looks at you and smiles. “And I want you to be there too.”

“Dean, we are a family. I’d do anything for you,” Sam reassures him. “But things will never be the way they were before.”

You glare at Sam momentarily, but deep down, you know he’s right. What happened between Sam and John would call for a lot of talking if they ever wanted to make amends the right way. Getting over their intense fight would need for both Sam and John to understand one another. Still, forgiving one another isn’t impossible, it’s just something stubborn Winchesters didn’t do very often.

Dean frowns before saying optimistically with a smile, “They could be.”

Sam nods grimly. “I don’t want them to be,” he confesses brutally. Sam shakes his head. “I’m not gonna live this life forever.” Dean looks down at the floor and licks his lips, suppressing the emotions that brew in his chest. “Dean, when this is all over, you’re gonna have to let me go my own way. Y/n, too, if that’s what she wants.”

Dean looks up from the ground, glancing between you and Sam, jaw clenching and unclenching. His eyes are dark, clouded, unreadable. You start to question medical school and how much you’re willing to give up for a man who, you didn’t notice until Sam pointed it out, you’d do anything for.

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It isn’t the daevas, the possibility of finally meeting Mary Winchester’s killer, the blood bowl Sam mentioned, nor the shabbiness of the elevator shaft you were climbing up that currently gave you the heebie-jeebies. The boys climb up the shaft right above you which meant if either of them made one wrong move or slipped, they’d fall right onto your face and bring you down with them. You love the boys dearly, but as of right now, you curse them for letting each other take up the lead.

A female softly chants Latin from the floor above you. Meg, you think bitterly to yourself. You
impatiently wait as Sam crawls out of the elevator shaft and onto the top floor of the abandoned building. Dean hands Sam his gun and then swiftly climbs out next to him, the packed duffel bag on his back mysteriously quiet but in your favor. You scramble to the top of the elevator shaft and heave yourself over the ledge of the floor, the grimy concrete beneath your hands tickling your nerves unpleasantly. All the while, Sam keeps the pistol trained on the back of Meg’s head in case she would turn around and catch the three of you.

You follow Dean to the back of the room. Piles of wooden crates hide you well enough from Meg’s sight, even more so since her back is turned to you. Dean hands Sam a shotgun from the duffel bag, hands working quickly. Just as Sam aims at Meg’s head down the barrel of the gun, the woman stops chanting.

“Boys,” she whines, as if pouting about unfair rules in a game. You and the boys glance at one another, your plan soiled. “Hiding is a little bit childish, don’t you think?”

“Well, that didn’t work out like I planned,” Dean whispers. He returns his gaze to Meg.

She slowly turns around and smiles devilishly at the crates you hide behind. “Why don’t you come out?” she asks, tone surprisingly polite for a woman who deals with ancient demons.

Dean stands from his hiding spot making himself visible. You hesitantly follow in the boys’ footsteps, standing and peering over the crates. Your hand holding your pistol shakes uncontrollably, and you gulp. Foolishly, you grabbed a pistol from the duffel bag. Dean has an extra shotgun in the bag, but now it’s too late to trade in for a different weapon.

“So, I have to say,” Meg says, sauntering to the center of the room, unfazed by the two guns pointing at her face, “this puts a real crimp in our relationship.”

“Yeah, tell me about it,” Sam replies snippily. Meg smiles.

“So, where’s your little daeva friend?” Dean asks.

“Around,” Meg replies casually. Her eyes slides over the crates and notices your head peeking out over the tops of them. “Oh, Y/h, honey. I didn’t realize you were here,” she says, feigning an apologetic tone, but a sincere look of shock crossed her face when she spotted you.

Your brows furrow. She sensed the boys, but not me? Maybe she only heard two sets of footprints, but then again… I couldn’t even hear us entering. Dismissing your cluttered thoughts, you aim the pistol at Meg’s head. She laughs, pitying all three of you.

“Those guns aren’t gonna do much good,” Meg states, smiling at your stupidity.

“Oh, don’t worry, sweetheart,” Dean says. “The shotguns’ are not for the demon.”

“So, who is it, Meg?” Sam asks the girl. “Who’s coming? Who are you waiting for?”

That devilish smile reappears on her face. “You.”

A horrible shadow creeps on the wall next to you. The invisible being slashes Sam’s face, sending him to the ground. The daeva easily tosses Dean into the pile of wooden crates. You stand there, mouth open, unable to do anything. You’re afraid to shoot and risk hitting one of the boys, but you can’t just stand around and watch them get torn to shreds.

The daeva helps you make up your mind by clawing your face. Warm blood seeps from the large gash cutting through your left eyebrow. A yelp involuntarily escapes your lips as you fall down to
Your side. You feel a similar burning sensation as the daeva cuts your right calf. You scream, tears pricking your eyes. Your senses override your body, and forces you to pass out.

Your face is sticky with blood. Every time you try to emote with your face, the relatively flesh gash pulls against your skin. Blood trickled from your eyebrow to your eyelid. You look as though you were trying to be experimental with your makeup.

Your leg burns from within. Any small move triggers tons of tiny knives to stab your wound. The dirty floor welcomes the open gash in your calf, the infections it’d give you nothing but “perks.” You wince and open your eyes.

“Y/n. Hey, take it easy,” Dean soothes you as you bend your leg, bringing your foot closer to your body so your calf is above the ground. You look to your left and find a concerned Dean. His eyes dart to the cut on your head.

“It hurts,” you mumble, hanging your head. You jiggle your arms around and discover the rope binding you to the poll with Dean.

From across the room, Sam startles awake. The first thing he sees is Meg’s horrible face smiling down on him.

“Hey, Sam, don’t take this the wrong way, but your girlfriend…” Dean says sarcastically, “is a bitch.” He glares at the woman you watches the three of you with amusement.

“This, the whole thing, was a trap,” Sam says. He shakes his head, eyes dead of emotion as he glares at Meg. “Running into you at the bar, following you here, hearing what you had to say--it was all a set up, wasn’t it?” Meg chuckles.

Dean shakes his head, the whole situation pissing him off. You sigh and attempt to pat his hand.

“And that the victims were from Lawrence,” Sam says, tilting his head to the side.

“It doesn’t mean anything,” Meg says sickly with a taunting smile. “It was just to draw you in, that’s all.”

“You killed those two people for nothing?” you ask, anger swelling in your chest.

“Oh, honey, I’ve killed a lot more for a lot less,” Meg replies with a poisonous grin.

“You trapped us. Good for you,” Dean states with a fake smile. “It’s Miller time. Why don’t you kill us already?”

“Not very quick on the uptake, are we?” Meg leans forward, resting her arms on her knees. “This trap isn’t for you.”

Your mind races as you think of the possible people who’d come running to your rescue. “John,” you whisper, eyes wide.

“It’s a trap for Dad,” Sam echoes your theory. Meg smiles, proud of her genius plan, except for one thing:

“Oh, sweetheart, you’re dumber than you look,” Dean says. “Cause even if Dad is in town, which he is not, he wouldn’t walk into something like this. He’s too good,” Dean states confidently.
“He is pretty good, I’ll give you that,” Meg says. She stands from her stroll and strolls over to Dean. “But you see,” she crouches down in front of the hunter and toys with the collar of his leather jacket, “he has one weakness.”

“What’s that?” Dean questions.

“You,” Meg answers. “He lets his guard down around his boys, lets his emotions cloud his judgement. Gosh, he’s even worse when Y/n’s around.” Meg leans in even closer to Dean. You pull against her restraints, wanting to punch her in the neck. “I happen to know he is in town, and he’ll come and try to save you. And then the daevas will kill everybody--nice and slow… and messy,” she adds, look over at Sam.

“Well, I’ve got news for you,” Dean says. “It’s gonna take a lot more that some… shadow to kill him.”

“Oh, the daevas are in the room here. They’re invisible. Their shadows are just the only part you can see,” Meg explains as if she’s talking to a child.

“Why are you doing this, Meg?” Sam asks. Meg and Dean never break eye contact, trying to out last the other in a game of unyieldingness. “What kind of deal you got worked out here, huh? And with who?”

“I’m doing this for the same reasons you do what you do--loyalty, love,” Meg replies. Your brows furrow and for a moment, the gash on your head is the only thing in your world but the feeling quickly passes. “Like the love you had for your mommy… and Jess,” Meg adds with a gross smile.

“Go to hell,” Sam replies in a low whisper.

“Baby, I’m already there,” Meg replies, her smile growing. She crawls across the floor and mounts Sammy’s lap. She sighs seductively. “Come on, Sam. There’s no need to be nasty.” She hovers over his ear and Sam struggles underneath her and against his restraints. “I think we both know how you really feel about me.” Meg sighs again. “You know… I saw you… watching me. Changing in my apartment. It turned you on, didn’t it?”

“I don’t understand how she thinks this isn’t nasty,” you whisper to Dean, nodding at what she’s doing to Sam.

Dean nods in agreement. “Get a room, you two,” he tells the pair, but Meg ignores him.

“I didn’t mind. I liked that you were watching me. Come on, Sammy, you and I can still have a little dirty fun,” Meg says, nibbling on Sam’s ear and neck. You turn away as much as you can, disgusted.

“You wanna have fun?” Sam questions. “Go ahead, then. I’m a little tied up right now.”

You swallow a gag and fumble with the switchblade you always have stuffed in your boot (a tip you picked up from Dean years ago). As you press it against the rope, it jingles against the metal pole.

Meg looks up from her steamy makeout session with Sam’s neck. She stares at you as you avoid her gaze and continue to work the rope. She walks over and crouches down in front of you, smiling wickedly. Agitatedly, she snatches the blade from your hand and throws it across the room.

You smile at her, and shrug. “Oops.”

She huffs and practically pounces back to Sam’s lap. “Now, were you just trying to distract me while your friend cuts free?”
“No,” Sam replies. “No. It was because I have a knife of my own.” Sam quickly breaks through the rope cuffs, and headbutts Meg. He groans in pain, holding his head, and Meg falls back to the ground.

“Sam!” Dean calls out as he cuts the rope with his knife. “Get the altar.”

Sammy climbs to his feet and stomps to the dirty table covered in bones, books, and blood. He flips it, releasing an angry cry as he does so. Shadows fly across the wall and attack Meg’s shadow. The daevas drag her across the room and throw her out the window to plummet to her death.

The rope around your wrists drops to the ground. Dean pockets his knife as you scramble across the room to retrieve yours. You catch up with the brothers at the broken window Meg flew out of.

Sam sighs at the horrific sight of Meg laying in a pool of her blood, shattered glass surrounding her. “So I guess the daevas didn’t like being bossed around.”

“I guess not,” Dean agrees.

“Hey, Sam?” Dean asks innocently.

“Hmm?”

“Next time you wanna get laid, find a girl that’s not so buckets of crazy, huh?” Dean says before flashing his you-f*cking-idiot smile. Dean walks away and you pat Sammy’s shoulder.

“They can’t can’t all be winners, Sammy,” you remind the boy. You give him a sweet smile before trotting off to catch up with Dean.

Sam sighs at the corpse three stories below him.

[BACK AT THE MOTEL]

“Why don’t you just leave that stuff in the car?” Dean asks Sammy as the three of you approach your motel room.

“I’ve said it before, and I’ll say it again--better safe than sorry,” Sam replies.

You hum in agreement. “Amen, brother. This whole night,” you shudder, “is just giving me an odd feeling.”

Dean opens the door to the motel and walks in. You limp after him, careful of your wounded leg, and stop dead in your tracks when you spot the figure standing at the window.

“Hey!” Dean shouts at it.

You turn on the lights, heart pounding in your chest. Please, just give me a break, you pray in your head. The light meets the stranger’s face and you find that the figure isn’t a stranger at all. He smiles sadly, face worn and tired but still handsome.

You, Sam, and Dean stare at the man, bewildered.

“Dad,” Dean says.

“Hey, boys,” John Winchester greets his brother. His eyes fall on you and his smile changes into something of sadness and pride. “Hey, Y/n.”
“Hi,” you utter awkwardly. The last time John found out your were hunting, he put you on house arrest, shipped you right back to Hailey, Idaho. To find you working a case with the boys… it had to have shocked him.

Mad or not, Dean hugs his father in a full on bear hug. Hugging his father, Dean looks like a lost child, happy that his father returned from war. When they finally broke away from one another, Sam walks over to his father, looking at him hesitantly.

John nods at his son, proud of the man he’s become. “Hi, Sam,” John says.

“Hey, Dad,” Sam replies quietly. He drops the duffel bag to the ground by your feet and you instinctively move your injured leg away.

“Dad, it was a trap,” Dean reports to his father. “I didn’t know. I’m sorry.”

“It’s all right. I thought it might have been,” John replies.

“Were you there?” Dean asks.

“Yeah, I got there just in time to see the girl take the swan dive,” John explains. You smile, looking down at the ground. “She was the bad guy, right?”

“Yes, sir,” the boys reply at the same time.

You glance at them, speechless. Then quickly add, “Yes, sir.”

“Good,” John smiles. “Well, it doesn’t surprise me. It’s tried to stop me before.”

“The demon has?” Sam asks.

“It knows I’m close. It knows I’m gonna kill it,” John replies, not directly answering Sam’s question, but his response is enough to draw a conclusion. “Not just exorcise it or send it back to Hell, actually kill it.”


“I’m working on that,” John replies with a winning smile.

“Let us come with you. We’ll help,” Sam suggests.

John shakes his head. “No, Sam. Not yet. Listen, try to understand. This demon is a scary son of a bitch. I don’t want you caught in the crossfire. I don’t want you hurt.”

“Dad, you don’t have to worry about us,” Sam insists.

“Of course I do.” John looks at the two boys. “I’m your father,” he says firmly and tenderly.

You glance between the brothers. You understand John’s concern, or at least, you can sympathize with his concern. Your father explained to you how much parents value their child or children. He told you countless times how Sam and Dean are the only people John has left. Hell, you’d seen how John got when he talked about his sons, even if he whipped the boy out of Dean and turned him into a soldier. But despite that, yes, you understand his concern.

“Listen, Sammy, the last time we were together, we had one hell of a fight,” John says, looking at his son guiltily.
“Yes, sir,” Sam agrees.

John nods, looks down at the ground and sniffs, then returns his gaze to Sam. “It’s good to see you again,” John says and you can hear the heartache in his voice. “It’s been a long time.”

“Too long,” Sam says earnestly.

Tears threaten to spill from the men’s eyes and you’re ready to push them together into a hug. Luckily for them, they hug on their own, sniffling their runny noses.

You wrap your arm around Dean’s waist in a side hug and watch Sam and John with a happy heart. You rest your head on the side of Dean’s shoulder (since that’s as tall as you are) and squeeze him comfortingly as if to say, “You did this. You brought these two together.”

John pats Sam’s back and they break the hug. The four of you exchange mixed smiles, happy and sad, solemn and giddy. Before anyone can ask what to do next, a horrible screech rings through the air. John flies across the room and slams into the wall, falling to the ground with the wind blown out of him. Sam is pushed to the side, colliding with the wooden dresser.

“NO!” Dean yells, but then he’s tossed aside as well. You drop to the ground, in no mood to be thrown like a sack of potatoes, grumbling and cursing under your breath.

The daevas pin John up against the wall and start tearing into him. John’s agonizing screams ring in your ears as you tuck your head to the ground. Your head hits the duffel bag and an idea blares in your mind.

“SHUT YOUR EYES!” you scream, hoping that the boys heard your warning. You grab the flare Sam packed in the bag. “Shadows and light don’t mix!” And with that you ignite the flare and toss it in the middle of the room. The daevas screech and growl as the light disperses their shadow bodies into nothing. Smoke fills the room as the flare burns incessantly.

You cough, the smoke filling your lungs, and drag the duffel bag with you across the floor. You can make out the dark wood of the door and inch towards it, your leg slowing you down a great deal. A tall shadow you piece together as Sam, grabs the duffel bag and helps you to your feet.

“Dad!” Dean calls out.

“Over here!” John replies.

The smoke thickens and you open the door to try to make some of the smoke escape. Dean walks over to you and Sam, John slung over his shoulder and staggers out of the room. You limp after him, Sam’s supporting hand on your back that also encourages you to move faster.

You put too much weight on your bad leg and stumble to the ground. “Shit,” you cry and look disdainfully at your leg. The boys turn around to help you but you wave them off. “I’m fine, just get John to safety!”

Dean hesitantly complies and rushes to the impala with John. Sam offers you and hand which you take and climb back up to your feet. You look over your shoulder at the blinding light coming from the motel window. You limp behind Sam, moving as fast as you injured leg allows, and collapse on the impala’s trunk, looking to Baby for support once again.

“All right, come on. We don’t have much time. As soon as that flare’s out, they’ll be back,” Sam says, urgency thick in his voice as he tosses the duffel in the back seat.
“Wait, wait!” Dean cuts in, slowing his brother. “Sam, wait.” Dean and John share knowing looks. Dean resents what needs to be done, but if it ensures the safety of his father… “Dad, you can’t come with us.”

“What? What are you talking about?” Sam asks, not wanting to be separated from his father when he was only just reunited with him again.

“You kids—you’re beat to hell,” John points out another reason for him to stay.

But you know how much danger he’s in when he’s around his boys, which is why you speak up. “We’ll be fine. I can—” you exhale in pain as you stand on your own, no longer leaning on the impala, “—I can patch them up.”

“No, we should stick together!” Sam argues. “We’ll go after those demons—”

“Sam, listen to me,” Dean demands his brother. Dean takes a few deep breaths. “We almost got Dad killed in there. Don’t you understand? They’re not gonna stop. They’re gonna try again and they’re gonna use us to get to him. I mean, Meg was right.” Dean pauses. “Dad’s vulnerable when he’s with us. He...he’s stronger without us around.”

“Dad…” Sam turns to his father, hoping he’ll side with him instead of Dean. Sam grabs his father’s shoulder. “No,” he says sternly, almost pleadingly. “After everything. After all the time we spent looking for you, please.” John holds his son’s arm, a gesture that tries to comfort the boy. “I’ve got to be apart of this fight.”

“Sammy, this fight is just starting, and we are all gonna have a part to play,” John says gravely. “For now, you’ve got to trust me, son.” Sam tightens his grip on his father, unable to come to terms with saying goodbye. “Okay? You’ve got to let me go.”

Sam’s hand stays clamped on his father’s shoulder as Sammy contemplates what his father is asking from him. How can he be sure that he will see his dad again? He can’t, not with John Winchester, the most bullheaded man in the world. So Sam breathes in this moment, captures it because it might be a long (or the last) time until he sees his father again.

Sam nods and pats his dad’s shoulder before dropping his arm to his side. Dean’s eyes are hooded, and you don’t know if it’s from the pain or the emotions, or if it’s both. John walks past the boys to his truck. You limp over to his place and steady yourself with the impala.

John turns around and smiles at the three of you. “Be careful, kids,” he says, then hops into his truck. “Come on,” Dean whispers, opening the front door and climbing into the driver’s seat.

By the time you hobble into the backseat and prop up your injured leg comfortably, John’s truck turning out of the back alley. You and the boys share glances with one another.

Dean backs out of the alley and onto the vacant street lit scarcely by street lamps.

You slide your hand underneath the seat, feeling for the box you tucked under here when Dean wasn’t looking. With a grunt, you pull the cardboard box filled with your homemade medical kit out from under the seat, just enough for you to comfortably pick through it. Rubbing alcohol, thread, gauze, bandages, sutures and needles, medical tapes, a variety of medicines, scissors, tweezers, wipes, and creams—just to name a few of the things you tossed in here. You focused on your deepest wound, the one in your calf, and first removed the rubbing alcohol to clean the wound.

You take off your hoodie and bite the sleeve to muffle your cries so you don’t distract the boys.
You’d take care of them, you promised John, and that’s exactly what you intend to do when Dean pulls over for a stop. But you can’t help them if you yourself is wounded, what good would that be?

You apply the cloth damp with rubbing alcohol to your wound, wincing and biting down on the sleeve of your hoodie. To avoid making a mess in the impala, you clean your wound in small sections. Besides, the tedious work distracts you from the ghost that visited the three of you.

Like an apparition, John Winchester was here one second, then gone the next.

[END OF EPISODE 16 - SHADOW]
I plan on having a Q&A at the end of this season! If you have any questions about the characters, plot, why I wrote some things the way I wrote it... I'll pretty much answer any questions you have about the story! I'm collecting questions RIGHT NOW! Leave a comment :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[RICHARDSON, TEXAS]

Inside the impala, everything was pleasant.

As usual, you sat in the backseat and were currently reading The Great Gatsby, but had trouble getting into the book and continued to struggle to connect with the characters. Sam slept soundly in the front passenger seat, head tilt back and mouth open allowing for tiny snores. Dean drove.

Why Dean felt the urge to rustle Sam's feathers, you didn't know and thought about now.

"What are you doing?" you ask Dean in not a whisper but not loud enough to wake Sam.

Dean digs around in the glove compartment and pulls out a white plastic spoon. Dean shows you the spoon proudly, a wide grin on his face. Carefully, Dean puts the spoon in Sam's mouth.

Your face falls and you shake your head as Dean snaps a photo of how ridiculous Sam looks. Dean laughs and cranks up the volume. He screams along with the song and Sam sits up, eyes dazed and wide with the spoon still hanging from his mouth.

He slaps at his mouth, the spoon falling into his lap, and a sour burns on his face. You watch, astonished, as Dean drums on the steering wheel and Sam glares out the window, still wiping his lips.


Dean chuckles, his boyish grin unable to leave his face. "Sorry. Not a lot of scenery here in East Texas--you kind of got to make your own," Dean remarks, then laughs to himself once more.

"Man, we're not kids anymore, Dean," Sam replies agitatedly. "We're not gonna start that crap up again."

"Start what up?" Dean asks innocently.

"That prank stuff," Sam spats. Your eyes land on the boy, eyebrow cocked. "It's stupid, and it always escalates."

"Aw, what's the matter, Sammy? You afraid you're gonna get a little nair in your shampoo again, huh?" Dean asks his brother, impersonating concern.

Your eyebrows shoot up. You've heard of many of the boys' pranks but not this nair one. "Oh,
Dean, that's horrible!" you say, sympathetic for young Sammy, and run a hair through your hair.
Dean chuckles deeply. "I know."
"All right," Sam sighs, set for vengeance. "Just remember, you started it."
"Oh-ho, bring it on, Baldy," Dean replies, eyes flashing excitedly.
"Do me a favor and keep your pranks well away from me," you remark. "I don't think I can pull off
a bald head and I don't want to."
"Noted," Sam replies. He gazes out the window at the rolling corn fields. "Where are we, anyway?"
"A few hours outside of Richardson," Dean replies. "Give me the lowdown again, Y/n."
"Right," you sigh, grabbing the articles you printed off. "About two months ago, this group of kids
goes poking around in the local haunted house--"
"Haunted by what?" Dean asks.
"Apparently," you flip to the next page of the article, "a misogynistic ghost. Like, very misogynistic,
according to this article. Legend says it takes girls and strings them up in the rafters. Anywho, this
group of kids find a dead girl hanging in the cellar."
"Anyone I.D. the corpse?" Sam asks.
"Ah, you stole my punchline," you reply with a sigh. "No, they didn't I.D. the corpse because by the
time the cops got there, the body was gone. So now, the cops are saying these kids were just calling
wolf."
"Maybe the cops are right," Deans says suggestively.
"Maybe, but I read some firsthand accounts from the kids and they seem pretty sincere," you reply.
"Where'd you read these accounts?" Dean questions, glancing at you in the rear view mirror.
Your face goes blank for a second, but then you clear your throat and stare up at Dean through the
mirror. "Are you questioning my research, Watson?" you counter in a low voice.
"No, just the kids' accounts," Dean replies.
You blush and look out the window, laughing. After clearing your throat, you look a the back of the
boys' heads. "Well, last night, I surfed some local paranormal websites and found one with firsthand
accounts."
Dean rolls his eyes. "And what's it called?" he questions, knowing that it would be stupid and
extremely cheesy.
You hesitate for a moment, sucking on your bottom lip as you prepare for the wave of ridicule the
Dean scoffs. "Lemme guess, streaming live out of Mom's basement?"
"Most of those websites wouldn't know a ghost bit them in the persqueeter," Dean remarks.


You shrug again and raise your hands in defense.

"Look, we let Dad take off, which was a mistake, by the way, and now we don't know where the hell he is. So in the meantime, we got to find to find ourselves something to hunt. There's no harm checking this thing out," Sam replies. "Good job finding a case, Y/n," Sam compliments you and extends his fist for a fistbump.

You gleefully punch his large fist and glance at Dean victoriously.

"All right. So where do we find these kids?" Dean asks.

"Come on, Dean. You're old, but not that old. You know where kids in a town like this go to have fun," you reply wittily, grinning.

"Again with the old jokes?" Dean whines.

"Hey, you're 27 and I'm still 26. Gotta crack 'em while you can," you retort.

Dean scoffs and shakes his head, trying to hide a smile.

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The *Rodeo Drive In* was bustling with teens when you and the boys finally arrived late in the night. Many teenagers whispered about the night that occurred two months about, spreading rumors like a wildfire. The three of the four teens were at the diner and you and the Winchesters listened to what they claimed happen. Based off their descriptions, the walls were black, red, and blood (one of them didn't even have her eyes open, or so she said), and creepy symbols covered the color changing walls. And the girl whose hair was black, blonde, no red, just hanged from the ceiling without even moving, or was she kicking?

But, all of the witnesses agreed that everything was 100 percent real, if their conflicting stories proved nothing else.

"And kind of hot," the boy working the cashier says. "Well, you know, in a dead sort of way," he adds after reflecting on... hopefully his statement.

"Okay," Dean says, disturbed. It's safe to say that you and the boys are all unsettled by the teens comment.

"And how'd you find out about this place, anyway?" Sam asks.

"Craig," all three teenagers said.

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"Gentlemen, lady," a boy greets you as you walk into the record store. "Can I help you with anything?"

"Yeah, are you Craig Thurston?" Sam asks politely.

"I am," the boy confirms, placing down a box full of records.

You stare at the box lustfully, wanting to search for more albums to add to your collection of vinyl at home that your grandparents started when they were your age. "Great," you say, forcing your eyes on the boy. "We're reporters with the *Dallas Morning News. I'm Y/n and that's Sam and Dean."
"No way. I'm a writer, too," Craig replies with a smile. "I write for my school's lit magazine."

"Well, good for you Morrison," Dean congratulates the kid genuinely as he eyes up the records.

"Um, we're doing an article on local hauntings, and rumor has it you might know about one," Sam says.

"You mean the Hell House?" Craig asks.

"That's the one," Dean says with a smile.

"I didn't think there was anything to the story," Craig admits.

"Why don't you tell us the story?" you prompt as you grab a small notepad from your back pocket. Dean sifts through the records, searching for an album he's fond of.

Craig sighs. "Well, supposedly back in the '30s, this farmer, Mordechai Murdoch, used to live in the house with his six daughters," Craig rattles off, walking through the tables of records as he works. You jot down on your notepad as he continues. "It was during the depression, his crops were failing. Didn't have enough money to even feed his own children. So I guess that's when he went off the deep end."

"How?" you ask. Sam stands behind you, and you hear Dean's boots thump on the floor as he joins you at his brother's side.

"Well, he figured it was best if his girls died quick rather than starve to death... so he attacked them," Craig says. The lights coming from the table beneath him shades his face similar to when a child would hold a flashlight under their chin while telling a ghost story at the fire. "They screamed, begged for him to stop. But he just strung them up, one after another. And then when he was all finished, he turned around and hung himself."

"Now they say that his spirit is trapped in the house forever," Craig's eyes fall on you, "stringing up any other girl who goes inside."

"Where'd you hear all this?" Dean asks.

"My cousin Dana told me," Craig replies and shrugs. "I don't know where she heard it from. You got to realize I didn't believe this for a second."

"But now you do," Sam says, drawing a conclusion that drew itself.

Craig hesitates. "I don't know what the hell to think, man." Craig turns to you. "Can you reword that for the paper?"

You nod, taking a meaningless note.

"Guys, I'll tell you exactly what I told the police, okay? That girl was real. And she was dead," Craig says. "This was not a prank. I swear to god, I don't want to go anywhere near that house ever again, okay?"

You and the boys exchange looks, ready to leave. "Thanks," Dean says and the three of you exit the record store.

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The gravel road is slick with mud, a common factor that seems to plague the roads whenever you
and the boys are on a hunt. The mud sloshes under your boots, a wet slap pairs with every step you take.

"Can't say I blame the kid," Sam remarks, gazing at the dark house. The wood rots and some panels lay on the ground leaving gaps in the walls of the home. The roof is in shambles; a small gust of wind could tear the roof clean off.

"Yeah, so much for curb appeal," Dean says.

The three of you examine the outside of the house first, searching for anything that tips you off: a cellar, packed boxes, bones... Dean taps his EMF reader irritatedly.

"Getting anything?" you ask, eyebrow cocked as you look at the EMF reader that whirs in a quiet tone.

"Yeah. The EMF's no good," Dean replies.

"Why?" Sam asks, walking over to you and Dean.

"I think that things still got a little juice in it," Dean says, nodding towards an electricity pole. "It's screwing with all the readings." He pockets his little device.

"Yeah, that'll do it," Sam comments, eyeing the wires hung in the sky.

"Well, come on, boys," you announce, waving for the boys to follow you into the house. Before you can take a full step, a large hand grabs your shoulder, grounding you in your place.

"Are you sure you really want to go in there?" Dean asks as you discover that the brother who stopped you was Dean. "You heard what Craig said."

You wave of his concern. "I'll be fine. Besides, spirits are active at night, not during the day."

Dean's lips are pulled into a thin line. His eyes dart to the house and back to you, then to Sam. Sammy shrugs, agreeing with you. Reluctantly, Dean releases your shoulder. "Fine, but I'm going in first," Dean says firmly.

You gesture for him to lead the way. Dean brushes past you, and you follow him into the dark house.

The interior is no better than the exterior. In fact, it could quite possibly be worse. Cryptic symbols cover the walls, leaves and garbage litter the floor, parts of the wallpaper peeled away revealing the true brick wall. Your nose wrinkles in distaste.

Dean whistles as he walks into the next room, its condition no better than the entrance. Dean studies the symbols on the walls quizzically. "Looks like old man Murdoch was a bit of a tagger during his time."

"And after his time, too," Sam adds, pointing at the reverse cross. "The reverse cross has been used by Satanists for centuries, but this sigil of sulfur didn't show up in San Francisco until the '60s."

You and Dean exchange glances, then look at the young Winchester. You look at the boy with curiosity, wondering when and why he knew such a thing, but Dean looks at him like he's the strangest thing he's ever come across.

"And that's exactly why you never get laid," Dean comments, before walking over to the other side
of the room.

Sam shoots his brother a look then takes more pictures of all the markings on the wall. There's a rotting couch in the center of the room, leaves and mildew sprouting from the gaping tears in the sofa. You turn on your heels before you can inspect the couch further and find something you really didn't want to see.

"Hey, what about this one?" Dean asks, staring at a symbol. "You seen this one before?" Sam pauses, taking one more picture before he joins Dean at the other side of the room. Dean tilts his head, looking at it from another angle.

"No," Sam admits, then snaps a picture of the symbol.

"I have," Dean replies. "Somewhere..."

You furrow your brow, noticing the sort of fresh gleam the marking has. Before you can stop yourself, you're reaching out to touch the symbol. The boys don't stop you, so you gingerly touch your finger to the symbol.

"It's paint," you announce, rubbing the damp substance between your fingers. "And pretty fresh, at that."

Dean sighs, looking around the room. "I don't know, guys. I hate to agree with authority figures of any kind, but the cops might be right about this one."

"Yeah, maybe," Sam agrees.

You look around the room defeatedly. You really thought you caught whiff of something, but turns out you didn't. Before you can beat yourself up for finding a dud, a booming crash echoes through the house.

You and the boys quickly follow the sound, traveling into the next room over and finding a closed door. A door that hide whatever made the noise.

The boys hide against the wall, nodding to each other as you press yourself against the wall next to Sam. With a final nod, Dean pushes open the doors, only to be blinded by blaring lights. You shield your eyes with your hands, trying to look past the bright light.

"Whoa! Ugh," a voice says, then the lights drop to the floor. "Cut!" a man with curly red hair says. His buddy groans in annoyance and turns off his camera. "Just a couple humans," the redhead remarks, glaring at the three of you.

"What are you guys doing here?" the black haired guy asks.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Dean replies.

"Uh, we belong here," Red Hair retorts. "We're professionals," he adds, looking you up and down shamelessly.

You shift uncomfortably, crossing your arms over your torso.

"Professional what?" Dean asks.

"Paranormal investigators," Red Hair replies. He takes out a slip of paper from his jacket pocket. "Here you go. Take a look at that boys," he remarks, handing Dean the card. "...and lady"
"Oh, you gotta be kidding me," Dean mumbles to himself.

"Ed Zeddmore and Harry Spengler," Sam reads off the card.

"Hellhoundslair.com--you guys run that website," you say. You remember seeing their names somewhere on the website.

"Yep. You a fan?" Red Hair--no, Ed Zeddmore--asks you in a flirtatious way.

Your brows furrow, and you open your mouth to politely tell them no, but Dean beats you to it. "Yeah, yeah. We're huge fans," Dean replies as he walks past them to look around a bit more.

"And we know who you guys are, too," Ed states.

You and the boys go stiff. "Oh, yeah?" Sam asks.

Ed clears his throat, and looks up at the tall man. "Amateurs looking for ghosts and cheap thrills" Dean goes back to searching the room, realizing this guy was so full of bullshit that he'd fit right in in a stable.

"Yeah, so, if you guys don't mind, we're trying to conduct a serious scientific investigation here," Harry says, implying that it's your time to go.

"Oh, yeah?" Dean asks as he rummages through an old medicine cabinet. "What do you got so far?"

"Har, why don't you tell them about EMF?" Ed asks his friend.

"EMF?" You fake a confused face, scrunching up your nose and all.

"Electromagnetic field," Harry says. "Spectral entities can cause energy fluctuations that can be read with an EMF detector," Harry explains and grabs a phoney EMF reader from his bag. The kind you can find all over the internet and other stupid stores that like to be edgy. "Like this bad boy right here." He pulls out the antenna and the device whirs. "Whoa, whoa. It's a 2.8 mG. It's hot in here."

Dean smirks at you, and you cover your mouth to stifle a laugh, but play it off as astonishment. "Wow," you say, airly. "So, have you guys ever see a real ghost before?"

"Once," Ed replies, tone dark and serious, well as dark and tough as he can make it coming from a guy like him. Dean crosses his arms and leans in, pretending to be engrossed in the story. "We were investigating this old house, and we saw a vase fall right off the table."

"All by itself," Harry adds.

"Well, we didn't actually--we didn't actually see it, but we heard," Ed clarifies, and his partner nods. "And something like that, it--it changes you," he says, staring at you.

"I think I get the picture," Dean says. "We should go, let them get back to work."

"Yeah. You should," Harry agrees snarkily.

"Well, actually," Ed grabs your arms as you turn away, "if you wanted to stay around, we could show you how all of this works."

"I, uh, I think I'm good," you reply. Dean glares daggers into Ed's hand then at his face. You clear your throat. "I don't like being scared."
"Oh, oh. Okay," Ed replies and lets go of your arm.

You quickly leave the room after the boys.

"Dude, what the hell?" you hear Harry whisper shout at Ed.

"I'm sorry. That pot we smoked gave me confidence," Ed apologizes.

"What it did was cloud your judgement..." Harry's voice trails off as you leave the house, shaking your head in disbelief.

~~~

"Hey," Sam greets Dean as you two walk out of the public library and meet Dean on the sidewalk.

"Hey. What do you got?" Dean asks.

"Well," Sam sighs and opens up his journal, "I couldn't find a Mordechai, but I did turn up a Martin Murdoch who lived in that house in the '30s."

"He had children, but not six daughters like Craig said. He had two boys," you jump in. "Also, he has no record of killing anyone."

"Huh."

"What about you?" Sam asks his brother.

"Ah, well, those kids didn't really give us a clear description of the dead girl, but I did hit up the police station. No matching missing persons--it's like she never existed," Dean replies. He pauses outside the impala. "Guys, come on. We did our digging. This one's a bust. Alright, for all we know, those hellhound boys made up the whole thing."

You sigh, looking out towards the street. "Yeah, you're right."

"I say we find ourselves a bar and some beers and leave the legend to the locals," Dean states as he unlocks the impala and hops into the front seat.

You move to open the back door, but Sam stops you, giving you a knowing grin. He crouches down to peer into the windows and Dean starts the car. Mariachi music blasts through the speaks and Dean yells in shock. He hurriedly shuts off the radio, ignoring the windshield wipers that wave back and forth, and you and Sam climb into the car, laughing your asses off.

"What the," Dean says and turns off the wipers.

Sam licks his finger and points at himself. One me, he mouths.

"That's all you got?" Dean asks him. "That's weak. That is bush-league," he grumbles.

[THE NEXT DAY]

Police officers and emergency personnel surround the Murdoch house. A few civilians even stand around the edge of the bustling scene.

"What happened?" Dean asks one of the bystanders.

"Couple of cops say that poor girl hung herself in the house," the man replies.
"Suicide?" Sammy questions.

"Yeah," the man replies. "She was a straight-A student with a full ride to U.T., too. It just don't make sense." The man steps aside and joins the rest of the bystanders.

"What do you think?" you ask the brothers quietly, watching the ambulance team wheel out the stretcher with a body bag on it.

"I think maybe we missed something," Dean says.

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Later that night, you and the boys return to the rotting home. Police officers patrol the perimeter, flashlights scanning back and forth lazily. One of the officers shines their flashlight right into the bush you and the boys hide behind, but the thick shrubbery shields you from sight.

Your eyes follow the officer saunter away, amused.

"I guess the cops don't want anymore kids screwing around in there," Sam remarks.

"Yeah, but we still got to get in there," Dean replies, scanning the area for a way to sneak in. "Y/n, are you sure you want to go in there? You heard the kid, the ghost attacks girls."

"In that case, none of us should be going in there," you reply wittily. The boys scoff at your insult, and you roll your eyes. "Guys, I'll be fine. Swear on my life. Now, let's focus on the real problem--how are we gonna get in?"

The brothers sigh and look back at the house.

Twigs snap from the side of you, and you turn your head in alarm. You relax when you spot the noise makers. "Well, boys," you whisper, "I think we just found our scapegoat."

The boys look over in the same direction. Dean chuckles. "I don't believe it."

Ed and Harry bicker at each other as they tiptoe quite obnoxiously through the woods. Large miner flashlights gleam brightly from their foreheads. The two clunkily carry their filming equipment, a cling and jingle sounding as they bounce from one foot to the other.

You cover your mouth to muffle a laugh. You look back at the brothers with a grin. "I've got an idea."

Dean meets your eyes and they sparkle wildly with understanding and laughter. He circles his hands around his mouth in a makeshift megaphone and bellows, "Who you gonna call?"

"Hey! You!" an officer shouts, spotting Ed and Harry. The pair stops and looks around, pushing their flashlights above their heads. "Freeze!"

"RUN!" you hear Harry cry followed by the jingling of their equipment.

"Get back here!" the cops yell after them, leaving their stations. "Hey!"

You and the boys quickly run across the front yard and into the house, closing the door behind you quietly. Sam drops to the ground and hands a shotgun and flashlight from the duffel bag to Dean. He gives you a flashlight and a pistol. Then, he arms himself with a shotgun.

"Where have I seen this symbol before? It's killing me!" Dean says, shining his light on the symbol
"Come on. We don't have much time," Sam says, ignoring Dean's frustration for the moment being.

The three of you rush into the basement where both victims were found. Shelves of random jars line the farthest wall and curtains divide up the room. You approach one of the curtains ready to move on, but Dean is more fascinated with the jars filled with questionable contents.

"Hey, Sam, I dare you to take a swig of this," Dean says, holding a reddish-pink jar.

You and Sam look at Dean from over your shoulders, both of you equally disgusted. "Why the hell would I do that for?" Sam asks Dean from the middle of the room.

Dean looks back at his brother with a smile, then looks back at the jar. "I double dare you," Dean replies excitedly.

You laugh at his childishness, but are quickly cut off by scraping and a bang coming from the other side of the room. Dean rushes over to the noise, Sam close behind, and you taking tail and jogging after them. Dean's gun points at the old hutch, flashlight illuminating the handle of the hutch. Sam slowly reaches for the handle after Dean gives him the okay, and then swings the door open.

Rats squeal and scurry out of the hutch, darting in all directions. Dean groans in displeasure. "I hate rats," he groans.

"Are you saying you'd prefer it was a ghost that came out of that hutch?" you question the hunter.

Dean nods. "Yes," he says pathetically.

You laugh at his preference, oblivious to the growling behind you.

"Y/n!" Dean shouts, aiming his gun behind you.

You look over your shoulder and come face to face with a red eyed spirit holding an ax high above his head. You drop to the ground and watch, terrified, as the rock salt bullets the boys fire do nothing to the spirit. You fire a round of six bullets into the spirit and he finally disappears.

"What the hell kind of spirit is immune to rock salt?" Sam asks in a shout.

"I don't know," Dean replies, offering you a hand which you gratefully take. "Come on! Come on! Come on!" Dean orders, ushering you and Sam out of the basement. As you rush past the shelves of jars, Murdoch reappears and swings his ax at Dean, shattering the shelves and jars instead. Dean falls to the ground, glass falling around him.

You jump down in front of him and fire at the spirit, but he vanishes before you can hit him. "Are you okay?" you ask Dean frantically, and he nods.

Murdoch reappears and swings at Sam this time, but Sam deflects it, holding him back with his gun. "Go! Get out of here!" Sam yells, voice straining.

You and Dean scabble to your feet and rush up the stairs. Before you reach the top step, you look back over your shoulder, and quickly aim at Murdoch's head and noticing the scars on his wrists. You fire and he disintegrates again.

You and Dean scuffle up the stairs, skipping some in his long strides. You chase after him, always taking the end since the boys have much longer legs than you. They burst through the wooden front door, sending it
off its hinges. The brother tumble over each other and fall to the ground, ripping the yellow tape from
the porch beams.

You jump over the two Winchesters and the boys roll back up to their feet. Ed and Harry stand in the
front yard dumbfoundedly, recording everything. You purposely run into them and scream, "Get out
of the freaking way!"

The Winchesters run past you again, but Dean grabs your arm to help you keep up. You pump your
legs to keep yourself from tripping. I really need to start working out more, you note to yourself.

Ed and Harry stumble and look at the shadowy figure standing threateningly in the doorway, red
eyes flashing dangerously before disappearing once again.

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Back at the comfort of the motel and after a nice long nap, you join the brothers in their room. You
lay on Sam's bed, since Sammy works at the coffee table typing away on his laptop and jotting down
notes in the journal. Dean sits on his bed, back up against the headrest and feet crossed at the ankles.

"What the hell is this symbol?" Dean asks out loud, frustrated. He scribbles in the symbol on the
motel's customary notepad. "It's bugging the hell out of me."

You turn your head to look at the man as he continues his fit. "This whole damn job's bugging me. I
thought the legend said that Mordechai only goes after chicks," Dean says.

"I does," you confirm, blinking slowly.

"Right. Well, that explains why it went after you and Sam, but why me?" Dean asks, thoughtfully.
You snort at Dean's joke.

"Hilarious," Sam replies sourly. "The legend also says he hung himself, but did you see those slit
wrists?"

"Yeah," you reply.

"What's up with that?" Sam questions. "And the ax, too. I mean, ghosts are usually pretty strict, right,
following the same patterns over and over?"

"But his mood keeps changing," Dean says.

"Exactly," Sam agrees.

"I don't know," you mumble into the blankets. "Why don't you check that website again. Maybe
they updated the lore or something."

"Well, the way the story goes--" Sam pauses as he skims over the new post to Hellhoundslair.com.
"Wait a minute."

"What?" Dean asks.

"Someone added a new posting to the Hellhound site," Sam replies and you roll off the bed, standing
behind Sam and reading the post over his shoulder. "Listen to this--They say Mordechai Murdoch
was really a Satanist who chopped up his victims with an ax before slitting his own wrists. Now he's
imprisoned in the house for eternity. Where the hell is this going?" Sam asks, looking up at you for
some sort of feedback.
You shrug and shake your head, nibbling on your bottom lip.

"I don't know, but I think I might have just figured out where it all started," Dean replies.

You and Sam look at Dean from over your shoulders, and Dean makes a confident face at the two of you as he hops of the bed.

Rock music plays through the record store, but the door's bell is still heard by the boy who started it all. He tries to walk away from the cash register casually, but fails to escape the three of you.

"Hey, Craig. Remember us?" Dean asks in greeting.

The boy stops in his tracks, and hangs his head for moment before replying. "Guys, look, I'm really not in the mood to answer any more of your questions, okay?" Craig says, turning around to address the three of you.

"Oh, don't worry, don't worry," Dean reassures the kid. "We're just here to buy an album, that's all."

You nod and smile, going along with Deans lie. Craig turns back around and fixes the rows of albums and the signs labeling each row. Dean quickly flips through a box of albums and grabs the one he's been looking for--the one with the symbol that's been bothering him since day one of the case.

"You know, I couldn't figure out what that symbol was, and then I realized it doesn't mean anything," Dean says, leading the three of you over to Craig. "It's a logo for Blue Oyster Cult." Dean pauses as Craig turns around to face the three of you again. "Tell me, Craig, you into B.O.C. or just scaring the hell out of people?"

Dean hands Craig the album, pointing at the logo in the middle. "Why don't you tell us about that house?"

"Without lying through your fecking ass," you add, glaring daggers at the kid. The boys glance down at you, wide eyed. You blush and smile sheepishly. "Please."

Craig blinks at you, then sighs. "All right, um." He shakes his head. "My cousin Dana was on break from TCU. I guess we were just bored, looking for something to do, so I showed her this abandoned dump I found.

"We thought it'd be funny if we made it look like it was haunted. So we painted symbols on the walls, some from some albums, some from some of Dana's theology textbooks. Then we found out this guy Murdoch used to live there, so we--we made up some story to go along with that. So we told people who told other people. And then these two guys put it on their stupid website. Everything just took on a life of its own."

"I mean, I thought it was funny at first, but...now that girl's dead," Craig admits. "It was just a joke, you know? I mean, none of it was real. We made the whole thing up. I swear," he says in a shaky voice.

"All right," Dean says gently. He clears his throat and nods to you and Sam, and the three of you turn on your heels and make your way out of the store. "If none of it was real, how the hell do you explain Mordechai?"

You all collectively sigh.
The laundromat was occupied with one person other than yourself. The washing machines and
dryers hummed at a steady beat as you and the other patron kept to yourselves. You sat of in the
corner of the laundromat next to the dryer that spins the load of yours and brothers' clothes.

*The Great Gatsby* was coming close to an end, the remaining pages thinning with every page turn.
You had to take a break, the characters and their antics growing more and more out of hand.

You sigh and place the book on the chair next to you, and watch the clothes toss to and fro, mind
wandering.

The brothers agreed to meet up with you at the local diner for a late lunch. Sam was still at the motel,
probably researching. Dean had dropped you off at the laundromat then said that he needed to go on
a supply run. For what, you didn't know, but decided not to question the seasoned hunter and
shrugged off your suspicion. Now, sitting with your thoughts, your suspicion tugs at your mind.

Your eyes dart to the movement at the laundromat door, two men filing in with a basket of clothes
under their arms. Your brow creases in thought; they are familiar. Not the old-friend familiar but
someone you met once at--

"Well, if it isn't our number one fan," Ed says smuggly. "What are you doing here?"

"Washing clothes," you reply plainly.

Ed's face falls, only now realizing the stupidity of his question. "Yeah, us too," he says, trying to
recover smoothly but failing miserably.

You smile, cocking your eyebrow, wondering how you manage to fall into situations like this. You
clear your throat and think of a way to benefit the case. "I saw that new post on your website. Where
did you guys learn that?" you ask easily.

"Oh, we were given that information," Harry explains. "We know a guy."

You nod slowly. *In that case, it must be some guy wanting to be credited with the legend for 15
minutes of fame. *"Did you ever check his information?" you ask. You watch with interest as the
smiles on the boys faces fall and falter.

"Listen, lady," Harry starts in a defensive tone. You glance at Ed innocently. "We take our job very
seriously. Of course we checked his information. Triple checked, actually. We know our sources. I'm
offended you would even think so low of us."

"I'm sorry," you reply shamefully. "I was just looking out for my favorite ghostfacers," you lie too
easily, the fake occupation rolling off your tongue.

The dryer beeps and the cyclone slows to a stop. You stand from seat and sigh. "Sorry to cut our
meeting short, boys," you say as you fill your empty basket with the warm clothes. "I can't wait to
see where this Mordechai story goes."

"Maybe I can give you my number so we can discuss it later?" Ed asks boldly.

You close the dryer, body frigid. You grab the basket, holding the load with one arm and using your
hip for support, and force a smile when you look up at Ed. "I would, but I'm actually in a rush to
meet someone. Sorry!" you say and rush out of the laundromat.
"I think she likes me," Ed remarks to his friend as you hurry down the street. Harry nods.

The Winchesters walk over to your table where you munch on a side of fries, the laundry basket at your feet.

"Hey, Y/n," Dean greets you, setting down the coffee he and Sammy ordered. He sits across from you.

"Hi," you reply and look at Sammy who tugs at his clothing uncomfortably. "You okay there, Sam?"

"Huh?" He looks up, clearly distracted from his discomfort. "Yeah, I'm fine," he replies and sits between you and Dean at the tall, square table.

"Good," Dean replies. You don't fail to notice the all-too-knowing grin on his face that flashes on his lips. "All right, so keep going. What about these tulpas?"

Your eyebrows raise in interest as you look back at Sammy.

"Okay, so, there was this incident in Tibet in 1915. A group of monks visualize a golem in their heads. They meditate on it so hard, they bring the thing to life out of thin air," Sam says, his enthusiasm pulling you into the story.

It doesn't have the same effect on Dean. "So?" he asks and takes a sip of his coffee.

Sam scoffs. "That was 20 monks. Imagine what 10,000 web servers could do," Sam replies and pulls out his laptop from his bag. "I mean, Craig starts the story about Mordechai, then it spreads, goes online. Now there are countless people all believing in the bastard."

"Okay, wait a second," Dean says, "you're trying to tell me that just because people believe in Mordechai, he's real?"

"I don't know. Maybe," Sam replies as he types away on his laptop.

"Well, that can't be possible," you remark. "What about the tooth fairy? Or Santa Claus?"

"Yeah, how come I'm not getting hooked up every Christmas?" Dean questions.

"'Cause you're a bad person," you and Sam reply without missing a beat. The two of you exchange grins and high-five as Dean tilts his head, unable to deny his past (and sometimes current) behavior.

"And 'cause of this," Sam adds, turning the laptop for both you and Dean to look at the screen. "That's a Tibetan spirit sigil on the wall of the house," Sam explains as you take in the picture. A squiggle and an goofy looking F. "Craig said they were painting symbols from a theology textbook. I bet you they painted this, not even knowing what it was."

You sigh and plop a fry in your mouth, shaking your head at the carelessness of the college students.

"Now that sigil has been used for centuries, concentrating meditative thoughts like a magnifying glass. So people are on the Hellhound's website, staring at the symbol, thinking about Mordechai." Sam takes a deep breath as he joins you and Dean, examining the symbol. "I mean, I don't know, but it might be enough to bring a tulpa to life."

"It would explain why it keeps changing," Dean says.
"Right--as the legend changes, people think different things, so Mordechai himself changes," Sam says.

"Like a game of telephone," you mumble between munches. "Hey, that would also explain why the rock salt didn't work."

"'Cause he's not a traditional spirit per se," Dean agrees.

"Yeah," Sam says.

"Okay, so why don't we just get this spirit-sigil thingy off the wall and off the website?" Dean suggests, then not-so-sneakily takes one of your fries. You blink at him. You would act on your revenge later.

"Well, it's not that simple," Sam replies. "You see, once tulpas are created, they take on a life of their own." Sammy shifts in his seat, a twisted look of uncomfort on his face.

"Great." Dean drags his hand down his face. "All right, so if he really is a thought form, how the hell are we supposed to kill an idea?"

You look back at Sam, waiting to see if he has the answer.

"Well, it's not gonna be easy with these guys helping us. Check out their homepage," Sam says, clicking to the Hellhound website. A black and white video starts to play immediately over the obnoxious animated howl. "Since they posted the video, the number of hits have quadrupled in the last day alone."

You groan and chew on your fries, casting a look of annoyance at the video. You recalled the conversation you had with Ed and Harry earlier, and your face brightens as a light bulb turns on in your head.

"Guys, I have an idea," you announce proudly. "Before I got here, I ran into our friends at the laundromat. I asked them about where they found out all this stuff about Mordechai and, thought they didn't say it outwardly, they pretty much take any information they can get. Get me to a printer and a computer and I can whip up some Mordechai lore."

Dean grins. "All right, come on. I think I know where we can go." He walks away from the table as Sam scrambles with his things and you stuff your remaining fries into your mouth.

"Man, I think I'm allergic to our soap or something," Sam confesses as he stands from his chair.

Dean laughs deviously and furthers the distance between him and his brother.

"You did this?" Sam questions his brother, nostrils flaring. Dean looks back, laughter growing stronger. "You're a friggin' jerk!"

"Oh, yeah!" Dean boasts. You can hear the smirk in his voice.

"Hey," you pick up the laundry basket, returning it to its spot on your hip, and smile at Sam, "there's a change of clothes in here."

Sam smiles gratefully but his face turns sour again as the two of you walk out of the diner. "I'm gonna kill him," Sam states.

You grin. "And I will happily help."
You and the boys stand outside of Ed and Harry's trailer. Residents of the trailer park happily told you which trailer belongs to them when you asked around.

Dean bangs on the side of the trailer and yelps sound from inside the trailer. "Come on out here, guys. We hear you in there," Dean calls out.

The trailer door squeals open, Harry and Ed look out from the tiny doorway, annoyed.

"Look at that," Dean says. You glance at him from the corner of your eye. "Action figures in their original packaging--what a shocker."

"Guys, we need to talk," Sam says.

"Yeah, um, sorry, guys," Ed replies, stepping down from the doorway. "We're, ah... We're a little bit busy right now." He winks at you and you blink, fighting off a repulsed look.

"Okay, well, we'll make it quick," Dean replies. "We need you to shut down your website." He adds a quick, clipped smile.

Ed laughs. "You know, these guys get us busted last night," he tells his friend. "We spend the night in a holding cell."

Harry shakes his head. "I had to pee in that cell urinal front of people, and I get stage fright," he says, pointing a finger at the boys.

"Why should we trust you guys?" Ed asks.

"Look, boys," you say, joining the conversation. "we all know what we saw in the house last night. You post the footage on your website, and now thousands of people know about Mordechai."

"Which means people are gonna keep showing up at the Hell House and running into him in person. Someone could get hurt," Dean adds.

"Yeah." Ed rolls his eyes.

"Ed, maybe he's got a point," Harry says.

"No, no," Ed replies dismissively, shaking his head.

"Nope," Harry quickly agrees with his friend.

"Okay, we have an obligation to our fans, to the truth," Ed states firmly.

Dean chuckles. "Well, I have an obligation to kick both of your little asses right now."

"Dean, hey, hey." You place a hand on his arm and look up at him. "Just forget it, all right? These guys--" you sigh, gazing back at Ed and Harry shamefully, "-you could probably bitch-slap them both."

Ed scoffs.

"Yeah, and I could probably even tell them that thing about Mordechai," Sam jumps in. He pauses and looks at the two dweebs. "But, they're still not gonna help us."
"Uh, woah," the two boys start voicing their opposition, but Sam continues with the act.

"So let's just go," Sam says glumly.

"Yeah, you're right," Dean agrees, and you and the Winchesters walk away from your flabbergasted friends.

"Woah, woah, woah--wait. What did you say about--hold on a second here," Ed says, rushing to catch up to you and the boys.

"Yeah, what thing about Mordechai, you guys?" Harry asks.

"Tell them, Sam," Dean says. You glance at the two boys close in tail and smile to yourself.

"But if they agree to shut their website down--" Sam retorts.

"They're not gonna do it," Dean cuts his brother off. "You said so yourself."

"No, wait," Ed grabs your arm, forcing you to spin around, "wait. Don't listen to him, okay?" The brothers turn around a moment after you. Dean glares at Ed, noticing his hand wrapped around your arm. You look down at Ed's hand still on your arm and squint up at the guy. "We'll do it." He catches your stare and drops your arm.

You turn around to face the Winchesters. "It's a secret, Sam," you stage whisper.

"Look, it is a pretty big deal, all right?" Sam says, voice loud. "And it wasn't easy to dig up, so only if we have your word that you'll shut everything down."

"Totally," Ed replies, and smiles foxley.

Dean nods at you and you sigh exasperatedly. You pull out a crinkled paper you browned with coffee and unfold it carefully.

"It's a death certificate," Sam says, "from the 30s," he adds, stressing its importance. You reluctantly hand the fake certificate to Ed, and he quickly snatches it. "We got it at the library. Now, according to the coroner, the actual cause of death was a self-inflicted gunshot wound."

"That's right. He didn't hang or cut himself," Dean says.

"He shot himself?" Harry questions.

"Yep, with a .45 pistol," you reply. "To this day, they say he's terrified of them."

"Yeah, as a matter of fact, they say if you shoot him with a .45 loaded with these special wrought-iron rounds, you'd kill the son of a bitch," Dean adds.

Harry and Ed smile dumbly. A passerby would think that they just won the lottery from their expressions alone. Harry takes off in a goofy sprint to the trailer, and Ed tries to control his pace, skipping jittery like.

"Harry! Slow your role, buddy. They're gonna know we're excited," you hear Ed say to his friend.

You laugh and stuff your hands in your pockets, relishing in another success.

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Sam brought the drinks back to the booth while you and Dean waited for your food to arrive. You took a sip of your water after pushing Sam's laptop across the table, the Hellhounds website loaded on the screen. Sam took a seat and reloaded the page.

Your seat partner, Dean, eyed the happy fisherman on the wall. Curious, he pulled the string under the man's feet. A horrible laugh rattled from the fisherman's speaker. Dean continued to do this as the three of you ate your meals.

Bored, Dean pulls the string of the fisherman again, and the annoying laughter fills the air.

Sam yanks on the string, ending the laughter, and glares at his brother. "If you pull that string one more time, I'm gonna kill you," Sam says, eyes serious. He holds the string for a moment longer before finally letting go, thinking Dean got the message.

You turn and look at Dean's dogged, blank expression. He wordlessly pulls the string again, keeping eye contact with his brother, and the wretched laughter sounds again.

Sam quickly yanks the string, eyes lit with anger as he glares at Dean.

Dean chuckles, shoulders shaking with his laughter. You can't help but laugh yourself. "Come on, man," Dean says. "You need more laughter in your life, you know? You're way to tense," Dean remarks, hands moving as he talks.

Sam takes a long swig of his beer and slams it on the table. Dean drops his head and shakes it. "Did they post it yet?" you ask, changing the subject. Sam turns the laptop for you and Dean to see.

"We have learned from reputable sources that Mordechai Murdoch has a fatal fear of firearms," Dean reads off the screen. "All right. How long do we wait?"

Sam closes his laptop and drags it back over to him to put it in his bag. "Long enough for the new story to spread and for the legend to change. I figure by nightfall, iron rounds will work on the sucker." Sam holds his bottle up in a toast, and you hold up your glass of water.

Dean finally grabs his bottle to return the gesture. "Sweet," he says, and the three of you clink your glasses. Dean quickly takes a drink from his bottle, while you and Sam giggle. Dean pulls his bottle away from him and tries to set it down on the table, but it sticks to his hand.

Sam bursts out in laughter, loud and completely mischievous.

"You didn't," Dean says, holding his hand above the table with the palm facing down, the bottle stuck onto his skin.

"Oh," Sam reveals the tube of gorilla glue you keep in your emergency kit, "I did." He tosses you the tube of glue and grins. "Thank you, Y/n."

Dean looks at you, a look of pure betrayal on his face. "Sorry," you say sheepishly, "but you ate my fry."

Sam pulls the string and the fisherman's taunting laughter repeats. Sam laughs along as well as Dean shakes his hand, the bottle stuck like glue, literally. Sam finds that the fisherman's laugh doesn't seem to annoying anymore.

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The grin on your face was starting to hurt your cheeks, but you are just so proud of your genius.
Dean managed to swindle the fisherman from the diner and you rigged it up to a tree to distract the cops while you and the boys snuck inside the Hell House. You plan worked efficiently.

Sam closes the front door behind him and you stay close to Dean since he has the flashlight and gun. You turn off your pistol's safety and look around the room for any signs of Mordechai.

Dean groans. "I barely have any skin left on my palm," he complains as he creeps into the next room, with Sam watching his back and you in between them.

"I'm not touching that line with a 10-foot pole," Sam remarks.

Dean stops in his tracks and shines his flashlight into Sammy's eyes.

You scoff. "You both are being dramatic. I tried to dissolve as much of the glue as I could. It was better than ripping the bottle right off," you remind Dean.

"I know," he mumbles and steps into the next room.

The three of you go through the room in a tiny trio. Dean kicks open the door leading into the basement. You file in after Sam and line up in the middle of the two brothers, each of you pointing your guns at the basement door.

"Well, you think old Mordechai is home?" Dean asks.

"I don't know," Sam replies.

"Me neither," a voice says from behind the three of you. You all quickly turn on your heels, Dean lifting his gun above your head as he turns, and point your guns at the voice. "Whoa!" Ed cries, jumping back into Harry and holding up his hands. "Woah, hey. Woah"

"What the hell are you trying to do, get yourselves killed?" Sam asks, holding back his gun, nozzle pointed at the ceiling.

With a sigh, you point your gun away.

"We're just trying to get a book and movie deal, okay?" Ed replies, hands still in the air.

Before anyone can say something witty, scraping metal comes from behind the door. It's the sound of someone sharpening an edge of a weapon.

Your blood chills and you point your gun back at the door.

"Oh crap," Harry says, he and Ed shuffling up behind you. Ed holds his video camera above your head and looks over your shoulder. You bristle and the scraping grows louder.

"Uh, guys, you want to open that door for us?" Ed asks in a trembling voice.

"Why don't you?" Dean retorts coolly.

Ed doesn't reply to that.

The door swings open, slamming against the wall, and Mordechai barges through, crying animalistically and showing his teeth. You wait for the boys to fire first, choosing to save your bullets.

Mordechai swings his ax, the bullets zipping right through him and into the wall, and approaches at a
threatening pace. But the Winchesters stand their ground, and so do you. You shoot one bullet into Mordechai and he disappears. Dean nods to you and Sam to sweep the place.

"Uh, wait a minute," Harry says dumbfoundedly.

"Wait, is he gone? Oh, he's gone," Ed mutters to himself.

"Did you get them?" Harry asks.

"Oh, yeah, they got him," Ed replies, misunderstanding his friend.

"No, on camera. Did you get him on camera?" Harry against again persistently.

"Oh, uh, I--" Ed fumbles with his camera.

Harry grows impatient and grabs the camera. "Let me see it. Let me see it."

Mordechai shouts in disgust and swings his ax into the camera, sending it out of Harry's hands and smashing it into pieces. Harry falls to the ground.

You shoot Mordechai and he disappears again.

"Hey!" you shout at the two boys as Ed helps Harry to his feet. Sam and Dean reappear in the doorways. "Didn't you post that bullshit story we gave you?"

"Of course we did," Ed replies.

"Yeah, but then our server crashed," Harry adds, still catching his breath.

"So it didn't take. So these guns don't work then," Dean concludes.

"Yeah," Ed replies.

"Great. Sam, Y/n, any ideas?" Dean asks, agitated and on edge.

Sam shrugs and the gears in your brain work over time. You shake your head.

"We are getting out of here," Harry states then rushes out of the room. Ed looks around, dazed.

"Come on, Ed," Harry snarls, yanking his friend along.

Dean allows them to go and you groan, running a hand through your hair and walking briskly after them.

"Where are you going?" Dean asks you as you past him.

You turn around and continue to walk. "Mordechai is still in the house, and I don't want those two chuckleheads' deaths to be on my conscience," you reply, then quickly turn around and pick up your pace.

"THE POWER OF CHRIST COMPELS YOU!" Ed screams. He and Harry are pinned up against the wall as Murdoch lumbers towards them, a growl deep in his throat.

"Hey!" you shout, stepping into the hallway. "Come get some, ya fugly bastard," you taunt, gesturing at yourself.

Mordechai growls and swings his ax at your head which you duck easily. The ax leads in between
to wood panels of the house, but Mordechai pulls it free, pits of wood flying from the force.

You pop back up to your feet just as the ax swings towards your face. You grab its handle to save yourself, and Mordechai pins you to the wall, pushing you up the wall so your feet dangle beneath you.

"Get out of here!" you scream at Ed and Harry, the wooden handle of the ax pressing to your neck.

Mordechai scowls, but pays no mind to the boys fleeing behind him. His dead eyes gleam dully and his breath is stale.

Using your smaller size to your advantage, you slam your legs into Mordechai's crotch and set him off balance. The handle leaves your neck and you slip your head underneath it, keeping your hands on the handle. You swing yourself forward and buck Mordechai so he stumbles back into the wall. You drop to the ground without him holding up the ax, and squeeze your hands around the ax's handle as you neck burns.

"Hey!" Before you can even move to attack Mordechai, Dean appears holding can of flammable cleaner. He fires at Mordechai and you crawl to Dean. Dean lifts you by your armpits and you heave in a breath, still recovering from the choke. "Come on," Dean says, ushering you through the house. Sam runs over to the two of you, and Dean places a supporting hand on your back as you all stop to meet up.

"Where are the boys?" you ask, voice raspy. You take the moment to catch your breath, feeling your neck gingerly.

"Outside," Sam replies. "Now what do we do?"

"Look if Mordechai can't leave the house and we can't kill him," Dean pauses, glancing at you. "We improvise," Dean says. He flicks open his lighter and tosses it to the ground, the wooden floor erupting in flames.

You heave out a broken chuckle and jog out of the house, leaving Sam looking between the fire and Dean questionably. You run into the forest and wait at its edge for the boys who are only a few feet behind you. You bend over, resting your hands on your knees and look back at the house. Mordechai stands in the doorway as the flames consume him.

"That's your solution?" Sam asks Dean, pointing at the house wildly. "Burn the whole damn place to the ground?"

"Well, no one will go in anymore," Dean replies, explaining his logic. "I mean look, Mordechai can't haunt a house if there's no house to haunt. It's fast and dirty, but it works."

"I think it's genius, Dean," you say, voice slowly turning back to normal as you stand to smile at the man. If it wasn't for the dark, you might have been able to see the fraction of a blush burn Dean's cheeks.

"What if the legend changes again and Mordechai is allowed to leave the house?" Sam questions his brother, unable to see past the flaws of Dean's plans.

"Then we come back and shove the legend right up Mordechai's wrinkly ass!" you shout at the burning house.

The boys look at you, shocked once again at your seemingly random outburst. The normally sweet
and composed Y/n disappears when you explode after a rough day.

You gesture at your neck. "Adrenaline," you say, pausing to swallow. "It really gets me going."

"Sure," Sam replies, but eyes you with wide eyes.

"Shut up. It's been a long day," you whine.

The boys chuckle and the three of you look back at the house. "It kinda makes you wonder-," Sam says after a moment of silence, "-of all the things we hunted, how many of them existed just 'cause people believed in them?"

Dean looks away from his brother, a frightened look on his face as he considered the possibilities.

~~~

"Why are we here again?" you ask the boys as the three of you sit atop a picnic table waiting for Ed and Harry to return to their trailer.

"To check up on them," Dean replies. "Right, Sammy?"

"Yeah, yeah," Sam agrees.

You blink, and glance between the two men, waiting for them to tell you the truth.

"Gentlemen," Ed says as he walks over to the three of you, a bag of random things in his arms. "Lady," he adds, looking at you smugly.

"Hi, guys," Sam greets the two of them. You and the Winchesters follow them to their truck.

"Should we tell them?" Harry asks Ed.

"You might as well, you know--they're just gonna read about it in the trades," Ed replies, looking over his shoulder to make sure the three of you are following them.

"So this morning we got a phone call from a very important Hollywood producer," Harry announces.

"Oh, yeah? Wrong number?" Dean asks.

"No, smartass," Ed replies. "He read all about the Hell House on our website and wants to option the motion-picture rights," he sets his bag down in his truck that's already stuffed full with trashy things, including a big pile on the roof of the small truck, "maybe even let us write it."

"And create the RPG," Harry adds.

"The what?" Dean asks.

"Role-playing game," you answer absentmindedly.

Dean gazes down at you, wondering how you knew that terminology, and Ed looks at you with sappy, lovestruck eyes.

"It's a little lingo for ya," Ed says and winks at you. You look away, uncomfortable. "Anywho, excuse us. We're off to La-la Land."
"Well, congratulations, guys. That sounds really great," Sam says.

"Yeah, yeah, that's awesome. Best of luck to you," Dean agrees.

"Oh, yeah, luck—it's got nothing to do with it. It's about talent, you know—sheer, unabashed talent," Ed replies. His eyes fall on you again. "So do you want my number now? Not gonna lie, it's gonna be hard to compete with all the ladies that will be over me because of my fame."

"I, uh, I—" you stumble, at a loss for a good excuse this time. "I don't have my phone."

"Oh, well I can just write it down for you," Ed offers.

"Or paper and a pen," you add.

"Okay, well why don't you just tell me yours?" Ed suggests.

"Oh, I have a horrible memory," you lie and force a laugh, tapping your head. "I don't remember my phone number."

"OH." Ed clears his throat. "Well, later." He and Harry climb into their truck. He starts the weak engine and takes off his glasses as he passes you. "See you 'round."

The three of you chuckle once the truck passes you. "That was the most clumsy exchange I've ever seen," Dean remarks, patting you on the back.

"Yeah? Well, thanks for all the help, you guys," you reply.

"I have a confession to make," Sam says.

"What's that?" Dean asks.

"I, uh, I was the one who called them and told them I was a producer," Sam admits, then laughs mischievously, proud of his sick prank.

You and Dean share shocked expression. Dean looks back at the trailer rolling away and laughs, head tilting back. You chuckle and shake your head.

"Well, I'm the one who put the dead fish in their backseat," Dean confesses. Sam laughs and you gasp. Dean chuckles then, too.

"You both are horrible!" you remark, then hop into the backseat.

Sam chuckles, then looks at Dean. "Truce?"

"Yeah, truce--at least for the next 100 miles," Dean replies with a grin.

The brothers grin at one another and climb into the car at the same time. As their rineys hit the seat, cartoonish fart noises sound from their rears. They both jump up and grab the whoopie cushions you placed on their seats and look back at you who now rolls around with laughter.

"I'm sorry," you say, wiping away a tear as you catch your breath. "I know I said I didn't want in, but I just had to." You laugh as Dean throughs the whoopie cushion at you.

"I can't believe I fell for that," Dean murmurs as you catch the cushion and it farts again, causing you to laugh even more. Dean laughs with you, your laughter contagious.
"It's the oldest trick in the book, too," Sam says, then tosses the whoopie cushion to the side. Dean starts the car, engine rumbling under the laughter of you and the boys, and rock playing softly through the speakers. Dean drives the impala out of the trailer park and back onto the wide, expansive Texas road.

[BONUS SCENE]

"Hey, Sammy, I've been thinking about that question you asked earlier."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Mhm. I think I came up with a solid response--not an answer, but a response."

"Well, lay it on me, Y/n."

"Okie dokie. So we all know that the public--except maybe a few--doesn't know about the supernatural. Or if they do know about the supernatural, it's normally some romanticized version. Therefore, the things we hunt can't be thought up by them, since they don't believe in the creepy and paranormal.

"BUT there is a large group of people that do believe in the supernatural. Who? Hunters. So, if everything we hunt is tulpas, the only way to get rid of the supernatural world completely is to wipe out all hunters."

"..."

"But of course, that's just a theory based on your question. I personally don't believe we hunt tulpas. That would be insane."

"Y/n?"

"Yeah?"

"What the hell."

[END OF EPISODE 17 - HELL HOUSE]
"Yeah 'cause you probably missed something, that's why," Dean replies.

You and Sam roll your eyes. "Dude, I ran LexisNexis, local police reports, newspapers--I couldn't find a single red flag," Sam retorts.

"Forgive me for asking, but are you sure you got the coordinates right?" you question Dean.

"Yeah, I double-checked. It's Fitchburg, Wisconsin," Dean says. "Dad wouldn't have sent us coordinates if it wasn't important, guys."

"Well, I'm telling you, I looked, and all I could find was a big, steaming pile of nothing," Sam replies. "If Dad's sending us hunting for something, I don't know what."

"Well, maybe he's going to meet us there," Dean suggests.

You sigh. "I hate to be the voice of negativity, but that's unlikely."

"Yeah, 'cause he's been so easy to find up to this point," Sam agrees with you.

"You're really a smartass, you know that?" Dean tells his brother, not appreciating his sarcastic tone of voice. "Don't worry. I'm sure there's something in Fitchburg worth killing."

Killing. Almost a year of hunting, and the word could still chill you to the bone.

"Yeah? What makes you so sure?" Sam asks Dean.

"Well because I'm the oldest, which means I'm always right," Dean states.

"No it doesn't," Sam replies, brow creasing.

"It totally does," Dean replies confidently, then grins.

~~~

Maybe it's because of your past, or maybe it's because of your curious soul. Whatever it is, it kept your eyes trained on the empty playground, spare two kids who climb on the jungle gym. You sigh, gut anxiously tight. You lean against the impala next to Sammy who wears a just as confused and contemplative expression as your own.

"Well," Dean walks over to you and Sammy, cups of coffee in his hands, "the waitress thinks that the local freemasons are up to something sneaky," he says, handing out the hot cups, "but other than
that, nobody's heard about anything weird going on."

"Dean, what's the time?" you ask as he turns to walk over to the driver's seat.

"Ah," he checks his watch, "10 after 4:00. Why?"

"Look." You nod at the playground.

Only one kid and her mother occupy the playground now. Parents hurriedly escort their children to their cars, eyes darting around. Why the parents are so paranoid, you want to find out.

"Where are they?" Sam mumbles to himself.

"School's out, isn't it?" Dean asks, just for clarification.

"Yeah," Sam replies. The three of you stand in silence, watching the scene through a window fogged with questions. "So where is everybody? This place should be crawling with kids right now."

You exhale sharply. "I don't know, but maybe she does," you say, glancing at the mother supervising her daughter. "I'm gonna go talk to her," you announce, then walk over to the woman.

"The playground sure is quiet today," you note casually as you approach her.

"Yeah, it's a shame," the mother agrees, glancing up at you briefly.

"Why's that?" you ask.

"You know, kids getting sick. It's a terrible thing," she replies.

"How many?" you ask, glancing at her daughter swinging from the monkey bars.

"Just five or six," the mother replies, skimming her magazine, "but serious, hospital serious. A lot of parents are getting pretty anxious. They think it's catching."

"That's..." you sigh, eyebrows jumping in disbelief once, "that's horrible."

"Yeah, it really is," the mother agrees.

~~~

"Dude," Sam says, trying to get his brother's attention as the three of you walk into the hospital, "dude, I am not using this I.D." Sam clenches the card between his thumb and pointer finger, showing it to Dean.

"Why not?" Dean asks, glancing down at the card and missing the problem.

"Because it says 'bikini inspector' on it," Sam replies, stressing bikini inspector.

"Don't worry. She won't look that close, all right," Dean reassures him. "Hell, she won't even ask to see it."

You scoff and shake your head. "Where do you think we are, Dean? A sleazy bar?"

Dean ignores you and looks at Sam. "It's all about confidence, Sammy," he says, then forcefully turns Sam around to face the front desk.

Sam's mouth hangs open, still in shock from his brother's faith and how he spun him around. "Hi,"
he manages to say. "I'm Dr. Jerry Kaplan, Center for Disease Control." He smiles.

"Can I see some I.D.?" the woman asks.

Dean stifles a laugh, averting his eyes. You elbow him the ribs. He clears his throat, masking a groan of pain. Maybe he'll have a bruise tomorrow.

"Yeah, of course," Sam replies, and grabs the fake card from his inside coat pocket. He shows her, long enough for her to read his name, but not long enough for her to catch 'bikini inspector.' "Now, could you direct me to the pediatrics ward, please?"

"Okay, just go down that hall, turn left, up the stairs. You'll find them there," she replies.

"Right. Thank you," Sam replies. There's a smile on his face, but it disappears as soon as he turns around and walks to you and Dean.

"See? I told you it would work," Dean says, a stupid, happy smile on his face.

Sam glowers at him and shakes his head. "Follow me. It's upstairs."

So you follow Sam. Nurses and other staff shy away from the three of you, noting the professional attire and brisk pace. They jumble about, seamlessly moving from room to room, patient to patient. You admire their work. Your eyes linger on a nurse talking to a patient. You sigh and shake your head.

It takes a second for you to notice that Dean stopped walking a ways back. You turn and look at the man peering into a room. You nudge Sam, and the boy glances at his brother over his shoulder.

"Dean," Sam says, grabbing his brother's attention. His green eyes shine, distracted like a puppy. Sam nods down the hall.

A look of realization flashes across Dean's face. He catches up to you and Sam and the three of you continue down the hall.

~

"Well, thanks for seeing us, Dr. Hydaker," Dean says as the head pediatrician leads you into his ward.

"Oh, I'm glad you guys are here. I was just about to call the CDC myself," he replies. "How'd you find out, anyway?"

"Oh, some G.P.--I forget his name--he called Atlanta and, uh, must've beat you to the punch," Dean explains, the lie coming as easy to him as the ABCs.

"So you say you got six cases so far?" Sam asks.

"Yeah," Hydaker replies, stopping in front of the isolation room, "in five weeks. At first I thought it was a bacterial pneumonia, not that newsworthy. But now..."

You look at the kids hooked up to IVs and respirators, faces pale with no color except for a blueish tint on the lips and eyelids.

"What?" you ask the doctor.

"The kids aren't responding to antibiotics." Your heart drops. "Their white cell counts keep going
down. Their immune systems just aren't doing their job." Dr. Hydaker sighs. "It's like their bodies are wearing out."

A nurse asks for the doctor's attention, but your curiosity and concern for the children gets the best of you. "Have you ever seen anything like this before?" you ask.

"Never this severe," he replies, taking the clipboard from the nurse and filling it out.

"They way it spreads--that's a new one for me," the nurse remarks.

"What do you mean?" Sammy asks.

"It works its way through families, but only the children, one sibling after another," she explains.

Your lips pull into a thin line.

"Do you mind if we interview a few of the kids?" Dean asks, glancing into the closed off room.

"They're not conscious," the nurse informs the three of you.

"None of them?" you ask, voice dropping to a low whisper.

"No," she confirms.

Your posture stiffens and you pull your bottom lip between your teeth to keep your quivering lips and profanity at bay.

"Can we talk to the parents?" Dean asks.

Dr. Hydaker sighs and gives the nurse the clipboard. "If you think it'll help."

"Yeah, yeah," Dean replies. "Who was your most recent admission?"

~

"I should get back to my girls," the father says, glossy eyes darting down the hallway.

"We understand that, and we really appreciate you talking to us," Sam replies. "Now, you say Mary's the oldest?"

The father nods. "13."

"Okay, and she came down with it first, right? And then..."

"Bethany the next night," Mary's father finishes.

"Within 24 hours?" Sam inquires.

"I guess," he replies, aloof. He sighs and rocks in his seat. "Look, I already went through all of this with the doctor."

"Right. Just a few more questions, if you don't mind," Dean reassures the man. His rocking slows, then he rests against the back of his chair. "How do you think they caught pneumonia? Were they out in the cold, anything like that?"

"No. No, we think it was an open window," the father explains, staring down at his shoes.
"Both times?" Dean asks.

The father looks up, inhaling deeply. He squints, remembering or at least trying to. "The first time, I don't--I don't really remember, but the second time for sure, yeah, and I know I closed it before I put Bethany to bed."

"So, do you think she opened it?" you ask.

"It's a second-story window," his gaze meets your eyes, "no ledge. No one else could've."

You nod, brow furrowing. You glance back up at the father who rubs at his eyes and exhales sharply. Alone, his children unconscious in the other room and wilting away, the man looks exhausted but, at the same time, wide awake. It's hard to describe and leaves your gut hollow.

~

"You know this might not be anything supernatural," Sam remarks as the three of you walk down the hall. "It might just be pneumonia."

You shake your head. In all your time as a premed student, you've never heard of a child getting pneumonia that fast from an open window.

"Maybe. Or maybe something opened that window," Dean replies, voicing your opinion. "I don't know, man. Look, Dad sent us down here for a reason. I think we might be barking up the right tree."

"I'll tell you one thing," Sam says, stopping at the corner.

"What?"

"That guy we just talked to--I'm betting it'll be a while before he goes home," Sam says.

The brothers exchange knowing looks, but you sigh, failing to pick up what Sam was hinting at. "Well, yeah. Both of his kids are passed out and--" you stop, noticing the boys' stares as they wait for you to catch on.

"You both are horrible, you know that?" you tell them, shaking your head as you walk down the hall.

~~~

Using black lights and gloves, Sam and Dean search the room for clues. You're out of the way, standing in the middle, as they work where most of the clutter is and check the walls for paranormal prints.

The pink room frightens you, igniting something you buried away for so long. You stand in the center of the fluffy carpet, hugging yourself as your eyes scan the toys, framed pictures, shelves, and bed. It's not the interior nor room color that scares you. No, it's not that at all.

**A dying child lives here--lived here--no, she'll be healthy again.**

Your eyes cloud, and the room sways beneath you, though your feet are planted.

**They're already dying, already dead. We can't save them. You heard the doctor; their bodies are shutting down.**
Your hand drifts up to your head, rubbing your forehead in small circles. You take deep breaths and close your eyes as the brothers' talking becomes muffled, like your ears are filled with cotton.

*Your patients are dying. Bethany and Mary. Bethany, Mary. They're gone. You failed. You'll never be a pediatrician. How could you kill those kids?*

Tears prick your eyes. Your throat tightens, and you feel as though you can barely breathe. Despite this, you don't gasp for air and focus on your surroundings, grounding yourself in reality.

*No. They're alive. They're okay. You exhale slowly. They are alive.*

"Hey," a quiet voice breaks your thoughts. A gentle hand touches your shoulder, and your eyes snap open, nerves calming almost instantly at the touch. The cotton in your ears is gone, and the world around you halts and sharpens. Everything returns to normal. "You good?" It's Dean.

You look back down and bite your lip. Hesitantly, you shake your head. "I need to save them, Dean," you whisper, barely audible.

Dean's green eyes shine with concern, examining the sad curves of your features.

"I can't let them die," you state, voice a bit harder but still small and shaking.

Dean rubs your back comfortingly, tracing small circles with his thumb. "It's okay," Dean replies sincerely. "Everything is gonna be alright."

And you believe him. Because why would he lie?

"Hey, guys," Sam calls out from across the room by the window. It creaks open when Sam taps it.

"Yeah?" Dean asks as you wipe your face and compose yourself.

Sam scoffs in astonishment as he looks at the window sill. "You were right. It's not pneumonia."

Dean ambles over to the window, gazing down at what Sammy found. You trail behind and peer around Dean.

"It's rotted," Sam observes. Dean leans on the window sill, deep in thought. "What the hell leaves a handprint like that?"

The three of you stare at the handprint for a moment longer. You wrack your cluttered brain for a 'rotted handprint' but come up with blank. In all your years of research, you've never come across something like this.

"I know why Dad sent us here," Dean announces. He stands to his full height, and you can see the black print again. "He's faced this thing before."

You and Sam share the same confused look.

"He wants us to finish the job," Dean says, tone grave and heavy. His eyes fall back on the handprint.

There was more to this than he was letting on.

~~~

Drops of rain were still on the roof of the impala, illuminated by blue and red lights of the motel. The
night is beautiful. Stars twinkle brightly in the midnight sky, and a nice breeze blows by every so often.

You're the first one out of the car, eager to get a room and welcome sleep with open arms for once in your life. You pull down the sleeves of your sweater mindlessly, a distraction for your fingers. Your thoughts still dwindle on the children in the hospital. Your heart hangs in your chest.

"So what the hell is a shtriga?" Sam asks Dean as he steps out of the car.

"It's kinda like a witch, I think," Dean replies, walking over to the trunk. "I don't know much about them."

"Well, I've never heard of it," Sam says, stepping over to Dean's side. You follow him with your eyes, standing off to the side. Sam continues, "and it's not in Dad's journal."

"Dad hunted one in Fort Douglas, Wisconsin, about 16, 17 years ago," Dean replies. "You were there. You don't remember?"

"No," Sam replies as if it was obvious.

"Yeah, I guess he caught wind that thing's in Fitchburg now and kicked us the coordinates," Dean says.

Sam shifts his weight to one foot. "So wait, this...

"Shtriga," Dean jumps in.

"Right, you think it's the same one Dad hunted before?" Sam questions his brother.

Dean closes the trunk after he slings the duffel bags on his shoulder. "Yeah, maybe."

"What? How could something be hunted by John Winchester and still be alive?" you ask as Sam follows Dean to the door of the motel lobby.

"Because it got away," Dean replies sharply.

You raise an eyebrow.

"Got away?" Sam repeats.

"Yeah, Sammy, it happens," Dean replies, stopping to look at his brother.

"Not very often," Sam replies.

Dean shrugs. "Well, I don't know what to tell you. Maybe Dad didn't have his Wheaties that morning," Dean says, turning on his heel and walking back towards the motel.

You and Sam exchange suspicious looks over the roof of the impala.

"What else do you remember?" Sam asks.

"Nothing," Dean replies, turning around briefly to send you and Sam a pestered look. "I was a kid, alright?" Dean walks into the motel.

You watch him through the glassdoor and wait for it to shut before commenting, "Nothing my bootyhole."
Sam snickers. "Yeah, I know."

Inside the motel, Dean taps the desk bell to times and waits for assistance. A young boy walks out of the back living room. He sighs when he sees Dean, and props his arms up on the counter.

"King or two queens?" he asks bluntly.

Dean looks back at his brother outside, Sam being the only one visible from where he stands, and then answers. "Two queens."

The kid looks at the lumbering man outside who flips through a notebook. He scoffs to himself. "Yeah, I bet."

"What'd you say?" Dean asks defensively.

"Nice car," the kid replies smoothly, even going to the extent to add a smile.

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"Well," Sam shakes his head, hunched over his laptop on the motel bed, "you were right. It wasn't very easy to find, but you were right."

Dean sets down his phone, books of lore and journals splayed out on the table in front of him. You you toss your phone to the side of you and whip out your own journal, flipping to a clean page, ready to jot down the lore on the shtriga. Responding to Cleo's text would have to wait.

"A shtriga is a kind of witch. They're Albanian, but legends about them date back to Ancient Rome. They feed off spiritus vitae," Sam reports. You nod, understanding the Latin, and write it down in your notebook.

Dean cocks his head. "Spirit what?"

"Vitae. It's Latin," you reply.

"It translates to 'breath of life,'" Sam explains. "Kind of like your life source or essence."

Dean takes note of this. " Didn't the doctor say the kids' bodies were wearing out?" Dean asks.

"It's a thought," Sam replies. "You know, she takes your vitality, maybe your immune system goes to hell, pneumonia takes hold. Anyway, shtrigas can feed off anyone, but they prefer--"

"Children," Dean finishes without missing a beat.

"Yeah," Sam replies.

"Probably because they have a stronger life source, huh?" you think.

Sam hums in agreement. "And get this--shtrigas are invulnerable to all weapons devised by God and man."

Your eyebrows shoot up. "You're kidding," you say dubiously.

"It's what the website says."

"No, that's not right," Dean replies to his brother, walking over to his duffel bag that sits on the edge of his bed. "She's vulnerable when she feeds."
"What?" Sam asks.

"If you catch her when she's eating," Dean further explains, digging through his bag. "you can blast her with consecrated wrought irons, uh, buckshots or rounds I think."

"How do you know that?" you ask the question on yours and Sam's mind.

"Dad told me. I remember," Dean explains, answer clipped.

"Oh," Sam replies. He chuckles. "So, uh, anything else Dad might have mentioned?"

Dean glances at his brother for a moment, then goes back to shuffling through papers. "No, that's it."

You and Sam exchange questioning glances with each other, then look back at Dean.

He feels your gazes and looks between the two of you. "What?"

You shake your head. "Nothing," you reply, then glance back at Sam.

He sighs, looking back at his laptop. "Okay, so, assuming we can kill it when it eats," he stands from the bed and saunters into the middle of the room, "we've still got to find the thing first, which ain't gonna be a cakewalk," Sam adds. "Shtrigas take a human disguise when they're not hunting."

"What kind of human disguise?" you ask as your write down the information in your journal.

"Historically, something innocuous," Sam replies, "it could be anything, but it's usually a feeble old woman," a look of realization crosses Dean's face, "which may be how the whole witches-as-old-crones legend got started."

"Hang on," Dean says.

You sit up on his bed as he grabs a paper from the coffee table. "What?" you ask him.

"Check this out," Dean says, setting the documents on the dresser where his mess of papers litter the top. You get off of his bed and walk over to his side, examining the map he marked up. "I marked down all the addresses of the victims. Now these are the houses that have been hit so far, and dead center--"

"The hospital," Sam says.

"The hospital," Dean confirms. "When we were there, I saw a patient, an old woman."

"An old person, huh?" Sam asks.

"Yeah," Dean replies.

"In the hospital?" Sam questions. You smirk at him, waiting for the sassy remark. "Whoo, better call the Coast Guard," Sam says, a laugh escaping his lips. You can't help but chuckle at Sam's joke.

Dean stares at his brother, kind of offended but deadpanned. "Well, listen, smartass, she had an inverted cross hanging on her wall."

The laughter coming from you and Sam stops. Dean looks at the two of you, his expression saying 'not so funny now, huh?"
A grim smile sat on your face. Walking into the hospital with your trademark garb on, you couldn't feel more confident in kicking this shtriga's ass.

You and the boys briskly stroll down the hospital's hallway, following Dean since he knows where the room is.

"Goodnight Dr. Hydaker," you hear a nurse say, and Dean slides up against the wall, pushing you and Sam back as well. Sam gives him a look and his brother releases him.

Act natural, Sam mouths. Dean nods and the three of you turn your back to the intersecting hall.

"See you tomorrow, Betty," the doctor replies.

"Try to get some sleep," the nurse says as Dr. Hydaker walks past your hallway.

"Come on," Dean says after checking to see if the hall is clear. He leads you and Sam through more hallways, turning right and left, and left and right, until the three of you reach room 237.

As you and Sam peer into the room, Dean cocks his pistol and holds it at the ready. Sam stares at his brother at the sound of gun cocking, a dumbfounded expression on his face. You shrug and open the door, opening it wide and pressing against it to give the brothers room to enter.

Dean steps to the side of the woman, just barely outside of her peripherals, and glances back at you and Sam for the okay. Sammy stands behind the old woman, gun aimed at the back of her skull. He nods at Dean.

Cautiously and slowly, Dean leans in closer to the lady. He waits for her to attack, to start feeding, but she remains stone, like a corpse. The air is heavy, and you inhale a shallow breath, eyes fixed on Dean.

"Who the hell are you?" the ancient woman snaps. Dean jumps back, falling into the wall and landing awkwardly on the dresser for support. You tense but aren't as startled as Dean. Sam retracts his gun, eyes wide and inhaling sharply.

"Who's there?" the woman jumps in her chair. In attempt to lighten the mood, you turn on the lights. "Are you trying to steal my stuff?" the woman asks accusingly. They're always stealing my stuff around here."

"No, ma'am, we're, uh, maintenance," Sam quickly lies, glancing at his brother who still has a pale face and huge eyes. "We're sorry. We, uh, thought you were sleeping."

"Ah, nonsense. I was sleeping with my peepers open," she replies sarcastically. She laughs something deep. "And fix that crucifix, would you?" She jabs a thumb in Dean's direction, a cross hanging upside down above his head. "I've asked four damn times already." She sighs.

Dean stands up, adjusting his jacket, and looks at the cross over his shoulder. With a light tap, the cross swings back to its proper position. He looks back at you and Sam, the color returning to his now placid face.

~~~

Your laughter fills the impala, accompanied by Sam's hearty laugh. What was night, is now day, the three of you crashing at a bar so Dean could drink away his unease.

"I was sleeping with my peepers open," Sam quotes the woman as Dean parks the impala in front of
the motel. Sam laughs and hops out of the car.

Dean follows suit, but in a much more grumpy manner. "I almost smoked that old gal, I swear," Dean remarks, which makes you and Sam laugh even more. "It's not funny."

Sammy chuckles as he unlocks the motel room. "Oh, man, you should have seen your face, Dean," Sam laughs, head shaking.

"Forget his face! Did you see how much air he got?" You laugh, doubling over and holding your stomach. "That's the highest I've ever seen a grown man jump."

"Oh, yeah, laugh it on, guys. We're back to square one," Dean points out, which really kills the mood.

You follow Dean's gaze which had been to the side since the conversation started. Outside of the motel's main door sits a glum kid on a bench.

"Hang on," Dean says, walking over to the young boy.

You glance at Sam, then tail behind Dean, curious to see what this is about. Sam catches up with you easily with one step.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Dean asks, crouching down to be eye level with the boy.

"My brother's sick," the kid replies. His eyes are red from tears and wiping them away.

"The little guy?" Dean asks.

The boy nods. "Pneumonia. He's in the hospital." You nibble on your bottom lip, fists clenching at your side. "It's my fault."

"No, come on. How?" Dean questions the boy. He must've met the kid last night while getting the room, you guess.

The boy sniffs. "I should have made sure the window was latched. He wouldn't have gotten pneumonia if the window was latched."

Dean looks at you over his shoulder. Something in his eyes... you don't know why, but you can tell that Dean can relate to this kid on a much more personal level.

"Listen to me," Dean tells the kid, eyes returning to the boy. "I can promise you that this is not your fault, okay?"

The kid looks up from the ground, and meets Dean's eyes with a hard stare. "It's my job to look after him."

Dean nods, and though you cannot see his face, you can read him like a coded book. The text is there, his slumping shoulders and frown, but you just don't have the knowledge to understand why, the meaning behind his actions.

A woman with dark hair scrambled out of the motel. She carries pillows and blankets and a suitcase and a teddy bear. The mother and owner of the motel, you realize, sighs and looks at her son, the boy on the bench.

"Michael," she says, making her way to the back of her SUV. "I want you to turn on the 'no vacancy' sign while I'm gone," she tells her son as she opens the back door and unloads her things.
Michael walks over to her. "I've got Denise covering room service, so don't bother with any of the rooms."

"I'm going with you," the boy states.

"Not now, Michael," the mother replies, clearly distressed.

"But I gotta see Asher," Michael shouts.

"Hey, Michael," Dean calls out to the boy. He takes a step closer to him, looming over the kid with his height. "Hey. I know how you feel. I'm a big brother, too. But you got to go easy on your mom right now, okay?"

Michael's mother slams the door shut, the result of frustration and anxiety. Her purse falls from her grasp and thuds on the floor. "Dammit!"

You bend down and pick up her purse, and smile sympathetically at her. "I got it." You hand her the purse.

She sighs. "Thank you," she says gratefully.

"Look, you're in no condition to drive. I can happily drive you to the hospital," you say, nodding at her car.

"No, I couldn't possibly--" the woman tries to deny, but your quick to reassure her.

"It's really no trouble," you reply warmly. "Please, let me help you."

She smiles tiredly at you and hands you the keys to her SUV. "Thanks." She kisses her son on the top of his head. "Be good," she tells him, then climbs into the front seat.

You turn around and look at the boys. "You kids behave, alright?" you tell the brothers, trying lift their spirits. Your smile falters and then finally falls to a frown.

Dean sighs steps closer to you and Sammy. "We're gonna kill this thing. I want it dead. You hear me?"

You nod and turn around. Before hopping into the driver's seat, you exhale slowly, composing yourself for the mother. The car ride would be difficult, but nothing you can't handle.

~~~

"We're doing everything we can. Your son is in good hands," Dr. Hydaker tells Asher's mother.

She nods her head, tears rolling steadily down her cheeks, hands clamped around her son's. She rocks back in forth in her seat, whispering loving and reassuring words about the recovery Asher would make. You can't decide if they are for her son or for herself. It doesn't matter, so long as it brings her some sort of peace.

Still, the sight of a mother crying over her unconscious child that's too many shades pale, eyelids and lips purpling, shook you to the core. You couldn't do anything to help them. The slow beepings over the monitors drum in your head, creating a vigorous throbbing in your brain. Your skull feels as though it would burst any moment.

You need to get out of there.
Swallowing a large lump in your throat, you glide over to Asher's mother and place a comforting hand on her shoulder. Her wet eyes dart to you, searching for an answer, one you cannot give. "I'm going to step outside for a few," you inform her, voice dwindling down to a whisper.

She nods. Her head slides back to her son, eyes fixing on the soft features of his face.

You scurry out of the room stocked with sick children and exhausted parents and dart for the bathroom where you can clean yourself up in your lonesome. You throw yourself to the sink and mirror, clapping to the porcelain bowl with such ferocity that your fingers pale.

You turn on the cold water with a quick swipe and allow the water to pool in the sink, the amount of water too much for it to all go down at once. Cupping your hands in the sink, you hold your breath and toss the cold water onto your face. It chills your skin and washes away some of your worry.

You splash your face with another handful of water and gasp, some of the water hitting your nostrils. Your phone rings, vibrating in your pack pocket. With flailing arms, you turn off the faucet and yank some paper towel from its dispenser. You dry your hands frantically and snatch your phone.

"Hello?" you say into the phone, wiping your face with the coarse paper.

"Hey, how's the kid?" Sam asks.

"Not good," you reply honestly. "None of the kids are. Sammy, I'm worried about them," you confess in a broken voice.

"I know, Y/n, but everything will be alright. We'll find this thing and kill it, just like Dean said," Sam reassures you.

You sigh and nod. "Yeah, yes. Uh, where are you?" you ask, pacing the bathroom.

"I'm at the library, trying to find out as much as I can about this shtriga," Sam replies.

"Oh. Find anything?" you ask, hoping that he did, praying that he found another lead.

Sam sighs. "Bad news. I started with Fort Douglas around the time Dean said Dad was there."

"Yeah?" you ask, prompting him to continue.

"Same deal. Before that, there was Ogdenville. Before that, North Haverbrook and Brockway. Every 15 to 20 years, it hits a new town," Sam explains. "Y/n, I hate to tell you this, but it's just getting started in Fitchburg. In all these other places, it goes on for months, dozens of kids, before the shtriga finally moves on. Kids just languish in comas, and then they die."

"How long?" you choke out. "How long has this thing been killing?"

"Ah, I don't know," Sam sighs. "The earliest mention I could find is this place called Black River Falls back in 1890s." Sam scoffs as he skims over the article he found. "Talk about a horror show."

You hold back a sob with your hand, tears pricking your eyes. All those children, families thrown into agony and for what? To feed some heinous monster? To let it live to kill another day?

This is going to end, and we're going to be the ones who stop it.

"Whoa," Sam mutters into the phone.

"Sammy?" you ask with a sniff.
"Hold on," he replies. "I'm looking at a photograph right now of a bunch of doctors standing around a kid's bed. One of the doctors is...Hydaker."

"And?" you question, brows furrowing.

"And this picture was taken in 1893," Sam states and your blood chills, prickling under your skin.

You swallow, mouth suddenly dry. "You're kidding," you question, but it's more like a statement. Sam wouldn't mess up a date, and he would never lie about something like that.

"Yeah," Sam replies.

"Sammy, I--" you struggle to voice the bounds of anger brewing in your gut, your instinct telling you to go save those kids.

"I know, Y/n. Sit tight, Dean is already on his way to pick you up."

"Okay," you whisper, then hang up. You arm drops at your side, hanging limply. You shake your head, snapping out of whatever that was and stuffing your phone in your back pocket. You grab another paper towel and dampen it, then dab your eyes and cheeks to stifle the swelling and redness from crying.

Once you look somewhat put together, you leave the bathroom and stare at Hydaker through the glass wall. A red haze cloaks the room as you clench your fists together. It disappears when you blink, but as soon as you focus on Hydaker, it returns. A low growl, a mannerism you picked up in the womb, escapes your lips as you look at someone so vile that he literally surrounds himself with his dinner and their grieving side dishes. How could he?

"Hey, Sherlock," Dean quips as he joins your side. He notices your snarl and damp face, and his smile falls. "Whoa, what happened? Is the kid alright?" Dean asks, stepping in front of you and holding your shoulders as he stares into your dark eyes.

"It's Hydaker," you say, teeth grinding together. You glare right through Dean, seeing the doctor touch the children's heads with eyes full of not concern but hunger.

Dean glances at the doctor. "What about him?"

"He's the shtriga," you whisper harshly. Tears well up in your eyes, the helplessness returning. "Dean, he's the f*cking shtriga."

Dean's features darken, a scowl twitching his lips. He pulls you into a hug and rubs your back and you weep quietly into his chest.

Hydaker spots the two of you and smiles. He walks over to you. You hurriedly wipe away your tears using the sleeve of your sweater.

"Are you okay?" he asks you, your red eyes and nose calling for his attention.

You nod. "Just worried about the kids," you reply.

Dr. Hydaker nods curtly then turns to Dean. "So what's the CDC come up with so far?"

Dean inhales. You can see him fight the urge to punch the doctor in the face. "Well, we're still working on a few theories. You'll know something as soon as we do."

"Well, nothing's more important to me than these kids," Dr. Hydaker replies.
Dean hums, and you tense up. *Because they're you're bloody dinner.*

"Just let me know if I can help," the doctor says before walking away.

"I'll do that," Dean mumbles sarcastically.

You sniffle and exhale, releasing a shaky breath. "Let's get out of here before you snap his neck."

"Yeah, let's go," Dean agrees, taking your hand and leading you out of the hospital.

~~~

"We should have thought of this before," Sam remarks as he paces the room. "Doctor's a perfect disguise. You're trusted. You can control the whole thing."

"Huh." Dean removes his leather jacket and tosses it on the bed next to you. "That son of a bitch."

"I'm surprised you didn't draw on him right there," Sam admits to Dean. A smile plays at your lips.

Dean rubs the back of his neck. "Yeah, well... first of all, I'm not gonna open fire in a freakin' pediatrics ward."

Sam scoffs. "Good call."

"Second, it wouldn't have done any good 'cause the bastard's bulletproof unless he's chowing down on something. And third, I wasn't packing, which is probably a really good thing 'cause I probably would have just burned a clip in him off of principle alone."

"You're getting wise, old man," you comment with a half-hearted smile.

"You're damn right," Dean replies. "'Cause now I know how we're gonna get it."

"What do you mean?" Sam asks as Dean walks across the room.

"The shtriga--it works through siblings, right?" Dean quizzes.

"Yeah," you confirm, an eyebrow rising in suspicion.

"Well, last night..." Dean trails off, waiting for you and Sam to connect the dots.

"It went after Asher," Sam concludes.

"So, I'm thinking tonight it's probably gonna come after Michael," Dean says.

"So we gotta get him out of here," you remark, rising from the bed to stand by Dean.

"No. No, that would blow the whole deal," Dean replies.

"What?" Sam questions. Your eyes practically bulge out of your head.

"Yeah," Dean replies.

"Then you want to use the kid as bait?" Sam asks, voice rising.

Dean makes a face, confirming Sam's answer.

"Forget it. It's out of the question," Sam replies.
"It's not out of the question, Sam, it's the only way--if this thing disappears, it could be years before we get another chance," Dean retorts.

"No, Dean. Michael is a kid, and we are not going to serve him on a silver platter to that thing!" you argue.

"Dad did not send me here to walk away," Dean all but growls.

"Send you here? He didn't send you here. He sent us here," Sam replies, gesturing at the three of you.

"This isn't about you, Sam," Dean snaps, and turns away. You flinch at his tone. "I'm the one that screwed up. It's my fault. There's no telling how many kids have gotten hurt because of me," he says the last part quietly.

"What are you saying, Dean? How is this your fault?" Sam asks harshly.

Dean remains silent, his back muscles tense.

You sigh and run a hand through your hair. "Dean," you say quietly, taking small steps towards the man. "You've been hiding something from Sam and I since we got here. Since when does John bail on a hunt--or let something get away?"

While you're talking, Dean sits on the bed with a defeated expression.

"Talk to us, Dean. Tell us what's going on," you coax him gently.

His lips pull into a thin line and then opens as he thinks of what to say, where to begin. His eyes are distant, reflecting on the past and his mistakes. "Fort Douglas, Wisconsin," Dean starts, voice grave. "It was the third night in this crap room, and I was climbing the walls, guys. I needed to get some air."

He pauses and swallows.

"Sam was already sleeping, and all the nights before were quiet and went without a hitch. So, I went to the arcade across the street. I stayed until they closed." He chuckles. "Space Invaders. I was so close to beating the high score."

Dean shakes his head and continues. "I went back to the motel room. Everything was just as I left it. Sam's door was open a crack, but his light was on. I heard... this whispering coming from his room. So I walked over there, thinking he woke up. I pushed the door open carefully.

"There was this hooded thing looming over him and it had these huge hands with long wrinkly fingers. It brought its mouth to Sam's face, just about to feed. So I grabbed the shotgun, trying not to make a sound, and aimed at it. I cocked the gun, and it heard me.

"It hissed at me, showing its ugly, stained teeth. I was going to shoot--I wanted to shoot, but I was scared of hitting Sammy in the process. Before I knew it, the door opened and Dad came running to the rescue. He shot at the monster but it jumped out the window and got away."

Dean sighed. "He asked me what happened after making sure Sammy was okay. God, you should've seen his face when I told I went out." He pauses again, words sitting on the tip of his tongue. He clears his throat and continues, "He just grabbed us and booked, dropped us off at Pastor Jim's about three hours away."
"By the time he got back to Fort Douglas, the shtriga had disappeared. It was just gone. It never resurfaced until now." Dean chuckles, broken. "You know, Dad never spoke about it again. I didn't ask. But he, uh...he looked at me different, ya know, which was worse. Not that I blame him. He gave me an order, and I didn't listen, and I almost got you, Sammy, killed."

You and Sam had moved to the bed while Dean was telling his story, and now surrounded Dean. Glum expressions are on your faces. "You were just a kid," Sam whispers, trying to ease Dean's burden.

"Don't," Dean says curtly. His jaw clenches. "Don't. Dad knew this was unfinished business for me. He sent me here to finish it."

"But using Michael--I don't know, Dean," Sam replies.

"What if I hide under the covers? You know, I could be the bait. I've got a childish glow about me, don't I?" you suggest lightly.

Dean smiles but shakes his head. "No, that won't work. It's got to be close enough to feed. It'll see us." Dean sighs, his eyes still haven't met yours or Sam's. "Believe me, I don't like it, but it's got to be the kid." He rises from the bed and steps to the window, hiding his wet eyes from you and Sam.

~

"You're crazy. Just go away or I'm calling the cops," Michael threatens, holding the phone in his tiny hands.

"Hang on a second. Just listen to me," Dean tells the kid. "You have to believe me, okay? This thing came through the window, and it attacked your brother."

Michael eyes you and Sam suspiciously, wondering if you are also in on Dean's "lie."

"I've seen it," Dean says. "I know what it looks like 'cause it attacked my brother once, too."

A frown twitches on Michael's lips as he slowly sets down the phone. He sighs and looks up at Dean with bright eyes. "This thing--is it, like...it has this long, black robe?" he asks, a distressed look on his face.

"You saw it last night, didn't you?" Dean questions the kid.

"I thought I was having a nightmare," the boy admits.

Dean shifts from one foot to another, lips pulled into a thin line. He shakes his head. "I'd give anything not to tell you this," he says, "but sometimes nightmares are real."

Michael looks at Dean with a questioning glare. "So why are you telling me?"

"Because we need your help," Dean confesses.

"My help?" Michael asks.

"We can kill it, me and them," Dean nods at you and Sam. "It's what we do. But we can't do it without you."


"Michael, listen to me," Dean says again. "This thing hurt Asher, and it's gonna keep hurting kids
unless we stop it. You understand me?"

~

"Well, that went crappy. Now what?" Dean asks you and Sam, the three of you back in the motel room after Michael turned down Dean's offer.

"What did you expect?" Sam asks his brother. "You can't ask an adult to do something like that, much less a kid."

You sigh and prop your hands on your hips. "I'll but my hair into pigtails. That should be convincing enough," you remark.

Before Dean can shut down your suggestion, a knock on the door causes the three of you to turn your heads. Dean walks over to the door and opens it, revealing Michael.

"If you kill it, will Asher get better?" the boy asks.

Dean looks back at you and Sam. "Honestly, we don't know."

Michael's lip twitches. "You said you're a big brother."

"Yeah," Dean replies.

You and Sam exchange glances.

"You'd take care of your little brother? You'd do anything for him?" Michael asks Dean.

"Yeah, I would," Dean replies.

You smile crookedly, and nudge Sam's arm. He grins and nudges you back.

"Me too," Michael says. "I'll help."

Dean looks back at you and Sam. The two of you nod, granting permission to follow through with this plan.

~

It's now well into the night. You, Sam, and Dean tend to the finishing touches of the plan.

"This camera has night vision on it," Dean says, his voice coming from the laptop speaker, the camera angled so you can see Michael in his bed, "so we'll be able to see you as clear as day," Dean explains to the boy. "Are we good?" Dean shouts, so you and Sam can hear him. He probably doesn't realize that the audio is also recorded.

"Hair to the right," Sam calls back. The two of you are stationed in the living room with Sam's laptop to the camera. The screen shifts as Dean adjusts the camera, giving more vision of the room.

"There."

"What do I do?" Michael asks Dean as he steps away from the camera.

"Just stay underneath the covers," Dean replies.

"And if it shows up?" Michael questions as Dean takes a seat on the bed.
Your heart flutters at the sight, and your mind wanders into DayDream Land, picturing a future where you have a family... with Dean. Sam's there, too, filling the role of the brainy uncle. You sigh. "Well, if that isn't the cutest thing I've seen all year," you mumble.

Sam chuckles. "Just tell him already."

"Stop it," you reply, self doubts clouding your mind.

"I'm just saying," Sam defends himself.

You don't reply and leave the conversation at that.

"Well, we'll be right in the next room," Dean reassures the boy. "And we're gonna come in with guns, so as soon as we do, you roll off this bed and crawl under it."

"What if you shoot me?" Michael asks.

"We won't shoot you. We're good shots. Well, except Y/n," Dean comments.

"Hey!" you shout.

Michael smiles, hearing your cry of protest.

"Nah, I'm just kidding. She can handle a gun pretty well," Dean replies. Michael laughs, but the fear still lingers in his eyes. "We're not gonna fire until you're clear, okay?"

Michael nods.

"Have you heard a gunshot before?" Dean asks him.

"Like in the movies?" Michael questions.

"It's gonna be much louder than in the movies," Dean replies. "So I want you to stay under the bed, cover your ears, and do not come out until we say so, you understand?"

Michael nods again, eyes falling to his blanket covers.

"Michael, are you sure you want to do this?" Dean asks the boy. "You don't have to. It's okay. I won't be mad," Dean reassures him.

"No, I'm okay," Michael replies, looking back up at Dean. "Just don't shoot me."

You chuckle dryly. "It's amusing that he's worried about getting shot, not becoming shtriga chow."

"Yeah. The kid's tough," Sam agrees. You smile and nod.

"We're not gonna let anything happen to you," Dean reassures the kid. "I promise."

~

The wind picks up outside, trees and leaves brushing into the window. You and the Winchesters huddle around Sammy's laptop, eyes darting from the window to the kid.

"What time is it?" Dean asks.

"3:00," Sam replies, pressing the headphones to his head to listen to the camera's audio. "You sure these iron rounds are gonna work?"
Dean glances at his brother. "Consecrated iron rounds," Dean corrects him. "And yeah, it's what Dad used last time."

"Hey, Dean, I'm sorry," Sam says.

Dean glances at his brother, then does a double take. "For what?"

Sam sighs. "You know... I've really given you a lot of crap for following Dad's orders, but I know why you do it."

"Oh God, kill me now," Dean murmurs, eyes sliding back to the laptop.

You scoff and nudge the "cold" hunter's shoulder. "Oh, be quiet." You and Sam chuckle at Dean's aloof facade.

"Wait, look," Dean says, leaning closer to the laptop.

Your eyes dart to the window where a shadow of long fingers dance over the glass. The fingers blend in with the branches eerily. Your breath hitches as the window opens.

The boys grab their pistols, readying themselves and their weapon as the shtriga, Dr. Hydaker, crawls through the window. He stares at Michael who cowers against the headboard.

"Now?" Sam asks.

"Not yet," Dean replies, clipped.

The shtriga trudges to the bed, steps slow and heavy. Sam cocks his gun as the shtriga gets closer to Michael. The video distorts momentarily and your heart skips a beat. The thing leans over Michael, opening its mouth and reaching out its hands.

"Boys," you squeak.

"Let's go," Dean whispers, tone firm and orderly.

You let them lead into the room first. Dean kicks open the door and aims the gun at the shtriga. "HEY!" he shouts. "Michael, down!" he orders the child.

The monster growls as Michael rolls off of the bed. You barrel into the room, running past the boys and to the bed to cover Michael. You snatch the blanket off the bed and you drop to the floor. The boys shot the guns, and you slide under the bed and cover you and Michael with the blanket. Michael clings to you, his body shaking wildly, as the gunshots echo. The shots finally stop and you peer out from under the blanket.

"Mike, you all right?" Dean asks.

"Yeah," the boy replies.

"Is it dead?" you ask, gazing up at the Winchesters from under the bed.

Dean replies by walking over to the other side of the bed where the monster lies on the ground. He's silent, but nods at Sam. And yet, the shtriga has life in it yet. It grabs Dean's neck and growls.

"Dean!" Sam shouts.

The monster throws Dean across the room, his body colliding with Michael's dresser.
Your eyes grow wide as you watch the shtriga flash over to Sam, tossing his gun to the side by you, and throw the boy into the wall. It chokes Sam's neck, pinning him on the ground, and forces his mouth open to suck out his vitae.

You scramble out from under the bed, and grab the pistol. You aim the gun at the monster, but your aim is obstructed from your position.

Dean stands up, shaking his head, and makes eye contact with you. As if speaking telepathically, you toss him the gun and he skillfully catches it.

"Hey!" Dean shouts at the shtriga as Sam's face of color. He shoots the gun, nailing the monster right in the head. The shtriga falls back from the momentum, thudding on the ground. "You okay, little brother?" Dean asks Sammy.

Sam gasps for breath, but raises to thumbs up. Sam rolls over to his feet and stands. Dean walks over to the shtriga, watching its face deflate, and shots three more rounds into the thing. It shrivels into the ground, turning into nothing but a steaming pile of ash and cloth.

You sigh, relieved, and look back at the kid still hiding under the bed. "It's all right, Michael. You can come out now," you tell him with a small smile.

He pops up from under the bed and looks up at the three of you with a terrified astonishment. Dean claps the boy's shoulder. He looks down at the black robe, full of pride, disgust, and relief.

~~~

You thumb through your new book, a Stephen King thriller, as you walk out of the motel room with your bag slung around your shoulder. As you approach the trunk of the impala where the boys toss the duffel bags, you spot Michael's mother returning from the hospital.

"Hey, Joanna. How's Asher doing?" you ask her.

"Have you seen Michael?" she asks, clearly distracted with something.

"Mom! Mom!" Michael calls out as he runs out of the motel.

"Hey," she greets her son with a hug.

"How's Ash?" he asks.

"I've got some good news. Your brother's gonna be fine," Joanna says, cupping her son's face.

"Really?" Michael asks excitedly.

"Yeah, really. No one can explain it," she replies. "It's uh, a miracle. They're gonna keep him in overnight for observation, but after that, he's coming home."

"That's great," you say earnestly. "How are the other kids doing?"

"Good, real good," Joanna replies. "A bunch of them should be checking out in a few days. Dr. Travis says the ward's gonna be like a ghost town."

"Dr. Travis? What about Dr. Hydaker?" Sam questions.

"Oh, he wasn't in today," Joanna explains. "He must've been sick or something."
"Yeah, yeah. Must have," Dean agrees, though knows the real reason why he wasn't there. And that he won't ever be there again.

The woman smiles. "So did anything happen while I was gone?"

No, same old stuff," Michael replies.

"Okay. You can go see Ash," his mom says.

"Now?" he asks, excitement returning to his voice.

"Only if you want to," she replies.

He looks back at you and the boys. Dean nods at him and he dashes to the car. Joanna laughs. "I, uh, better get going before he hot-wires the car and drives himself."

You smile at her and wave as she turns away. You turn around and look at the boys who have sorrowful expressions on their faces.

"It's too bad," Sam remarks.

"No, they'll be fine," Dean replies, closing the trunk.

"That's not what I meant," Sam replies, pausing outside of the car. "I meant Michael."

You toss your bag and book in the backseat and look at the boy inquisitively.

"He'll always know there are things out there in the dark. He'll never be the same, you know?" Sam says.

Dean glances away, not knowing what to say.

"Sometimes I wish that..." Sam laughs and shakes his head.

"What?" Dean asks him.

"I wish that I could have that kind of innocence," Sam confesses.

Dean looks over his shoulder at the SUV that drives away. He looks back at his brother. "If it means anything, sometimes I wish you could, too," Dean says.

You hum at Dean's selflessness. "I wish that both of you could have that innocence all the time. I know that I'm not oblivious to the world of supernatural anymore, but at least I had 14 blissful years. I just...I want you boys to have that too."

The boys smile, bashful and grateful.

Dean taps the roof of the impala. "Let's hit the road."

[**BONUS SCENE**]

"Oh my gosh, whose idea was it to watch Toy Story 2?" you ask between sobs.

"It was yours, Y/n," Dean replies plainly. The two of you share the couch while Sam relaxes in the recliner and Michael lays on the ground.

He's right, though. No one was going to be able after killing that shtriga plus it was roughly 3:30, so
you suggested watching a movie.

"Cripes, I forgot about this scene," you whimper over Sarah McLachlan's sad voice.

"Do you need a tissue?" Michael asks, looking back at you over his shoulder.

You nod with a snuffle and wipe at your eyes as Dean chuckles. Michael runs into the kitchen to retrieve you a tissue.

"Who knew Disney is the master at breaking hearts?" you murmur.

"Aw, come on. Everything works out in the end," Dean reassures you, rubbing your shoulder as you lean into him.

You sigh. "Yeah, you're right."

"I'm always right, Sherlock."

"Whatever you say, Watson."

[END OF EPISODE 18 - SOMETHING WICKED]
“So you’re a skill scout,” you ask the man, leaning across the table from you.

“Yeah, I am,” he replies with a flirty smile.

“And you’re looking for amazing people to star in your next show?” you ask, cocking an eyebrow. You stir the ice in your water with your straw, eyes gleaming in the colorful lights of the bar.

“Guilty,” he admits, raising up his hands in defense.

You giggle and allow a smile to stretch your lips. “Then tell me, Tony, what’s so special about me?”

“Are you kidding me? Look at you!” the man exclaims, gesturing at you with outstretched arms. Your face heats with a blush. “You’re gorgeous, a perfect face for TV, and you’ve got style, though it is a bit modest. And your personality is just,” his eyes widen, “phenomenal.”

“Phenomenal, huh? We’ve been talking for how long? Five minutes?” you question, looking to the clock on the wall. In the process, you spot Dean chatting up a young woman with a deep v-line. You glance back down at yourself in your jeans and hoodie.

“Guess I do dress a bit modest.

“You’re a people pleaser, love taking care of others. You’ve got this innocent glow about you that makes everyone smile when they look at you,” Tony rattles off. Your blush deepens and you advert your eyes, embarrassed. “But there’s this fire in your eyes. A ferocity that only a few live to see.”

“Wow, you make me sound like I’m some rabid creature;” you mutter, glancing back at Tony.

“Not rabid,” he corrects you with a smile, “enchanting.”

You snort and quickly cover up your mouth and nose when you do so. Tony laughs, thinking your behaviour is adorable and grins. “So, got a boyfriend you’ll be leaving when you join my show?”

A faint smile appears on your lips as you shake your head. “No.”

“Good, good,” he replies, his smile broadening.

“But…” you begin. Tony groans and gives you pouty face. “I would be leaving some very important people, so I don’t think I can join your show.”

Tony sighs. “How about I just give you my number just in case you change your mind?” he suggests.

Not wanting to be rude, you accept. Tony scribbles down his number on a napkin and hands it to you proudly. “Don’t lose it,” he remarks as you take the napkin.
“I won’t,” you reassure him, folding up the napkin before stuffing it into your pocket. “Bye, Tony,” you say, smiling at the man as you walk away.

“See ya, kid,” he replies and takes a hefty drink of his beer.

You plop onto the seat next to Sammy at his table. “Hey, Sammy.”

“Good timing. I was just about to call you over here.” Sam glances at the man you left behind whose already chatting with another person. “I’m assuming things didn’t go well?”

“No,” you reply. “Things went great. He was just someone to talk to.”

Sam hums. He looks at you with wide eyes, waiting for you to spill, to come to terms with your feelings for Dean.

“Sam,” you groan, annoyed.

“Y/n.” Sammy wiggles his eyebrows.

You smack his arm. “Stop that.”

Sam chuckles then goes back to skimming the paper.

Your eyes slide over to Dean where he stands at the bar flirting with the woman from before. “How long have they been talking?” you ask, rhetorically, but Sam answers anyways.

“Ah, pretty much since we got here. The man is quick, I’ll give him that,” Sam comments.

“Yeah,” you mutter and take a sip of your water.

You and Sam fall into a comfortable silence, the pumping of the music floating around you. People talk about, some louder than others, enjoying themselves and drinking the night away.

“Hey, I think I got something,” Sam announces, then waves his brother over.

You lean close to him, looking over his arm and reading the head line of the newspaper. “‘Couple’s throats slashed in own home,’” you read to yourself.

“Yep,” Sam replies, waving more aggressively at Dean.

“Well, good find, Sammy,” you compliment, patting his back.

Sam smiles and Dean saunters over to the table. “All right, so, I think I got something,” Sam informs his brother.

“Oh, yeah, me too,” Dean replies, voice breathy and low as he sets down to large beers. “I think we need to take a little shore leave for just a little bit. What do you think, huh? I’m so in the door with this one,” Dean says, pointing at the woman he left at the bar.

“So, what are we today, Dean?” Sam asks, his brother, disinterested. “Are we rock stars? Are we army rangers?” Sam suggests a few Dean used times before.

“Reality TV scouts looking for people with special skills,” Dean replies with a chuckle and your mouth hangs open. “I mean, but, hey, it’s not that far off, right?”

“You’re kidding?” you question him, light and playful.
Confusion crosses Dean’s face. “No. Why?”

“I was just talking to a reality scout!” you explain. “Wow, what are the odds? He says I have a phenomenal personality and a great face for TV.”

Dean glares at the man you left behind across the bar. “Oh, yeah, I’m sure.” He clears his throat and smiles at Sam. “By the way, she’s got a friend over there. I can probably hook you up. What do you think?”

“Dean, uh, no thanks,” Sam replies. “I can get my own dates.”

“Yeah, you can, but you don’t,” Dean replies after taking a sip of his beer.

Sam looks at his brother. “What is that supposed to mean?”

Dean hesitates. “Nothing. What do you got?”

“Mark and Ann Telesca of New Paltz, New York, were both found dead in their home just a few days ago.”

Instead of gazing back at his new friends, Dean stares at you with a stony expression. Not wanting to disrupt Sam, you make a face at Dean, raising your eyebrows and widening your eyes to say what. His eyes dart to Tony then back at you. You furrow your brows and glance at the girls Dean left. His lips purse, eyes falling to the table.

“Throats were slit, there were no prints, no murder weapons, all—guys?” Sam says, grabbing your attention. You glance at Dean and shake your head. “No prints, no murder weapons, all doors and windows were locked from the inside.”

“Could just be a garden-variety murder,” Dean replies. “You know, not our department.”

“No, Dad says different,” Sam replies, sliding over the journal to Dean.

“What?” you ask, leaning over to Dean to read the journal.

“Look. Dad noted three murders in the same area of Upstate New York,” Sam points out. “First one, right here, 1912. The second one in 1945, and the third in 1979. The same M.O. as the Telescas—the throats were slit, the houses were locked from the inside.”

You hum, leaning back in your seat and sipping your water.

“No, so much time has passed between the murders that nobody checked the pattern except for Dad. He always keeps his eyes peeled for another one,” Sam states.

“And now we got one,” Dean says.

“Exactly,” Sam replies.

“Dang,” you mumble. Sam nods.

“All right, I’m with you. It’s worth checking out. We can pick this thing up first thing, though, right?” Dean asks, eyes going dark with lust as he remembers the woman at the bar.

“Yeah,” Sam replies, almost shamefully.

“Good.” Dean bolts from his seat.
“Dean…” Sam says after him, but Dean’s back is already to the two of you. “I’m sorry, Y/n,” Sammy sighs.

“For what?” you ask him.

“You know, for Dean acting like an idiot,” Sam replies, frowning.

You chuckle. “It’s nothing new, Sammy.”

“I guess…” he trails off, noting the smile on your face but not how your lips quiver. “You’re handling this surprisingly well.”

You glance at him. “Were you expecting me to sob on the floor?” you ask. “No, I’m fine. Really.”

“Are you sure? I mean--”

“Really, Sammy. I’m a changed woman. You can thank Tony for that,” you reply with a wink. You eyes somehow float back to Dean and the women surrounding him. It hurts, just a little bit. You can’t miss something you never had.

~~~

“Wow. They really swept the place, didn’t they?” you mutter, eyes scanning the empty rooms.

“Yeah,” Sam agrees. “I’m not getting anything supernatural either.”

“Well, we did our part here then,” you say, turning to leave the house.

“Hey,” Sam taps your shoulder and you turn on your heels, staring up at the man with a blank expression, “last night--you really busied yourself with research.”

You nod and shrug. Yes, you jumped right into the case. What better way to make use of the alone time?

“Did it, ah, have anything to do with Dean’s, um, absence?” Sam asks hesitantly, then clears his throat again. He looks at you with concern, a curious gleam in his eyes.

“Yep. It was quiet. Prime condition for research,” you reply nonchalantly.

“Sure, but normally I do--”

“Tut-tut, Sammy. You’re not the only brains in this operation.” You run a hand through your hair as you choose your next words carefully, words that would (hopefully) satisfy Sam’s curious soul. “I just like to feel useful, that’s all. Give you a break once in a while, ya know?”

“Sure,” Sam replies, dragging out the word. “You’re positive that Dean being out with a girl didn’t bother you?”

“Sam, dude, Dean and I are our own people. He can do whatever he wants during his freetime. I’m not bothered by it either way,” you reply and pull your lips into a thin line. “I’m trying to get over something and you bringing it up isn’t helping.”

“I just want you to confront him,” Sam whispers, backing off now that he struck a nerve and casting his eyes down to the floor.

You sigh and suck on your bottom lip. “Sammy, we had this conversation before,” you say gently
“I know.” He pauses before look back up. “Just forget I brought it up,” Sam replies. His lips turn up in a smile, but the happiness doesn’t meet his eyes. They still lust for answers, better answers you keep away. He pats your shoulder again. “Come on. Let’s go wake up him up,” he says, then exits the house.

You exhale slowly, then turn around and leave the house.

Dean, of course, sleeps in the front seat, a pair of sunglasses masking his closed eyes. Small snores escape his slightly parted lips. Sam rounds the front of the car, a huge grin on his face. He winks at you, and leans into the open window. Sammy then blares the car horn.

Dean jumps in surprise, waking with a start. His arms flail for a moment before grabbing onto the back of the seat and front door. Sam kackles in delight. You chuckle as you hop into the backseat.

Dean groans. “Man, that’s so not cool.”

“Y/n and I just swept the Telesca home with the EMF. It’s clean,” Sam reports.

“And while you were,” you clear your throat as Dean plucks the sunglasses from his face, “out last night, I checked the history of the house. No hauntings, no violent crimes, and nothing strange about the Telescas themselves, too.”

“Alright, so if it’s not the people and it’s not the house, then, ah, maybe it’s the contents--a cursed object or something,” Dean suggests.

Sam shakes his head. “House is clean.”

“Yeah, I know, you said that,” Dean replies.

“No, I mean it’s empty,” Sam clarifies. “No furniture, nothing.”

“Where’s all their stuff?”

~~~

A charming duet between a violin and piano moves through the auction house and seamlessly into the parking lot. A parking lot housing many cars that cost more than a decent home, and the Impala.

“Oh jeez,” you mumble, eyeing between Baby and another mint-condition car.

“What?” Dean questions, and eyebrow raising in suspicion.

“The impala--she sticks out like a sore thumb,” you comment, glancing at Dean.

“What, you think she’s ugly compared to these snobby things?” Dean asks, gesturing at the other cars.

You shake your head. “No, nothing like that. It’s just--look at her. She’s covered in dirt. It’s clear that she’s used as a car should be,” you say. “Those cars probably spend most of their time under linen sheets and locked away in a huge garage.”

Dean eyes you. You shrug. “That said, Baby could use a bit of cleaning.”

Dean smirks. “Yeah, well, maybe I can teach you how to wash her someday,” Dean says as the two
of you tail behind Sam.

You hum and smile at the man. A gentle breeze billows through your blouse. The boys still dress in their trademark clothing, but you dressed up a bit to blend in better with auction goers. Your grandparents frequented auctions so you are no stranger to these types of people.

You and the Winchesters waltz through the large doors and into the wide space of the hall. Various pieces of art litter the area, white tags attached to them–statues, paintings, glassware, clocks, and much grand items. You slow as you walk by a statue of a child wearing robes and leaves in his hair; your grandmother loved Renaissance statues, or ones that mimicked the style. You take note of the statue’s number.

“Silent auctions, estate sales,” Dean snags an hors d'oeuvre from the table, stuffing the small food into his mouth, “sounds like a garage sales for W.A.S.P.s, if you ask me.”

“Can I help you gentlemen?” a man dressed in a tailored suit asks the brothers. The stout man stands behind Dean, agitated.

You glance at the three men, a frown creasing your face.

“I’d like some champagne, please,” Dean replies, mouth full of food and a smile on his lips.

“He’s not a waiter,” Sam snaps.

The man stares at Dean with hard eyes as the boys swallows, the smile falling.

“I’m Sam Connors,” Sam introduces himself and sticks out his hand to shake formally. The man ignores his gesture. “This is my brother, Dean. We are art dealers with Connors Limited.”

“You’re art dealers?” the man asks.

“That’s right,” Sam replies.

The man pulls his lips into a thin line, obviously not falling for the lie and ready to throw the boys out.

You sigh and quickly step between the men. “Hi, Y/n Y/l/n. Please excuse my two friends.” You pause and lean in closer. “This is their first auction,” you whisper as if sharing a scandalous secret.

The man nods, something close to a smile on his face. “Y/l/n, you said? You wouldn’t be the granddaughter of Harriet and Arthur Y/l/n, would you?”

“That’s me,” you reply with a smile, for once taking pride in the name your grandparents made your family.

“I’m Daniel Blake. This is my auction house. Your grandparents were great contributors to my auctions,” he explains. “Now, gentlemen, this is a private showing, and I don’t remember seeing you on the guest list,” Daniel states, condescending eyes dark as he looks at the boys.

“We’re there, chuckles,” Dean replies before you or Sam. Sam’s face falls as he turns and looks at his brother. “You just need to take another look.” Dean turns around at the sound of footsteps.

A waiter carrying a tray of champagne walks carefully through the isles of art. “Oh, finally,” Dean remarks, grabbing a glass of the light pink drink. He sniffs the drink obnoxiously in front of Daniel. “Cheers,” he says before walking away.
Sam smiles apologetically before chasing after his brother. You and Daniel watch the boys go for a moment before facing each other again. Daniel’s eyebrows raise expectantly.

You chuckle. “Like I said, it’s their first auction. Dean is still,” you hesitate, “adapting to the change of crowd, as you can tell.”

“I see,” Daniel replies, glaring in the direction of the brothers. He then smiles at you. “I know your grandparents are no longer on the list since they deceased, but any kin of theirs is welcome here.”

“Thank you, Mr. Blake,” you reply sincerely.

He smiles. “Of course, Ms. Y/l/n. Enjoy the auction,” he says, then walks away.

You exhale, running a hand through your hair, and look back at where the boys went. You spot the two of them standing in front of a painting. Walking briskly, you tap on Dean’s shoulder, a light frown on your face.

“Dean, I love you and all, but please, for the love of God, let me do the talking next time,” you say. “That guy was ready to throw you out on the spot.”

Dean shrugs dismissively and looks back at the painting.

You sigh. You eyes drift to the painting, a grim family portrait. The emotionless faces and aloof, dead eyes, plus the dreary atmosphere of the paint, twist your stomach into knots.

Heels click against the staircase behind you and the boys. “A fine example of American primitive, wouldn’t you say?” the voice pairing the heels comments.

You nods, eyebrows furrowed as you study the painting and the people in it. The boys, on the other hand, turn and look at the woman descending the stairs.

Dean slaps Sam’s arm. You assume that the woman is a catch. You glance over your shoulder at the woman. She’s tall, reaching Sam’s nose, and pale skinned. Her dark hair and black dress stand out beautifully against her complexion.

“Well, I’d say it’s more Grant Wood than Grandpa Moses,” Sam replies, eyeing up the woman. She glances down, caught in her act. “But you knew that. You just wanted to see if I did.”


A waiter carrying a tray of hors d’oeuvres walks over. Dean grabs a handful of the treats, and the waiter walks away, flabbergasted.

“I’m Sam,” Sam replies. “This is my friend, Y/n,” you smile at Sarah, “and this my…” Sam pauses, noticing Dean’s stuffed cheeks, “brother, Dean.”

“Dean,” Sarah says.

The man hums.

“Can we get you some more mini quiche?” she asks politely.

Dean shakes his head. “Mnh-mnh, I’m good. Thanks.”

Sarah glances at his for a moment before focusing back on Sammy. “So, can I help you with something?”
You take the moment to elbow Dean and shoot his a sour glare. Dean grunts, but stuffs another quiche into his mouth.

“Yeah, actually,” Sam replies. “Ah, what can you tell us about the Telesca estate?”

“The whole thing’s pretty grisly if you ask me, selling their things this soon.” Sarah shrugs. “But Dad’s right about one thing--sensationalism brings out the crowds. Even the rich ones.” She smiles at Sam.

A wide grin stretches across Sam’s lips.

Dean glances between the two and nudges your arm. Yes, you see it, too.

“Is it possible to see the provenances?” Sam asks.

Before Sarah can reply, her father shows up behind her. “I’m afraid there isn’t any chance of that.” Sam hesitates. “Why not?” he asks sheepishly.

“You’re not on the guest list…” he looks at Dean, “…and I think it’s time to leave.”

“Well, we don’t have to be told twice,” Dean remarks.


“Okay, it’s alright,” Sam says. “We don’t want any trouble. We’ll go.” He and Sarah hold each other’s stares for a moment, then Sam walks away.

You take a step to follow Dean, but Daniel says, “Ms. Y/l/n, you are free to stay, if you’d like.”

“I, uh, I would, but they’re my ride,” you reply with a smile. “I’ll be back another time. I did see a few things that caught my eye.”

“I’m glad,” Daniel replies. “Have a good day, Ms. Y/l/n.”

“You too,” you reply and join up with the boys.

~~~

“Grant Wood, Grandma Moses--what?” Dean asks.

Sam closes the impala’s trunk and steps up to the motel door by you and Dean. “Art history course,” Sam replies. “It’s good for meeting girls.”

“Y/n, can you confirm this?” Dean asks as he unlocks the door.

You nod. “Artists are hot,” you confess, a blush reddening your cheeks.

Dean scoffs and glances between you and Sam. “It’s like I don’t even know you two,” he remarks and opens the door.

The interior, thought black and white, screams disco, from the shiny silver room divider, to the circular theme in the wallpaper and furniture.

“Huh,” the boys say, then move over to the small beds that are no bigger than twins.

*Looks like I’ll be sleeping on the floor tonight,* you note. There’s also no sofas in the room. Curse the
“And what was the providence?” Dean asks, setting his things down on his bed.

“Provenance,” Sam corrects him and drops his duffel bag on his bed. “It’s a certificate of origin, like a biography, you know? We can use them to track the history of the pieces, see if anything’s got a freaky past.”

“Huh. We’re not getting anything out of Chuckles, but, uh, Sarah…” Dean says.

“Yeah. Maybe you can get her to write it all down on a cocktail napkin,” Sam replies.

You and Dean share a laugh. “Nah, Sammy. Sarah wasn’t interested in Dean.”

Sam laughs. “Oh, no, no, no, no. Pickups are your thing, Dean.”

“Y/n’s right. It wasn’t my butt she was checking out,” Dean replies.

You smirk, eyes subconsciously flicking to Dean’s ass. You glance back up quickly, heat returning to your cheeks and busy yourself by looking at the items on the dresser.

“In other words, you want me to use her to get information,” Sam replies.

“Sometimes you gotta take one for the team,” Dean remarks.

You grimace. “Ew, no locker talk, please.” You walk over to Sam and pick his phone up from the bed. “Getting information is just an added bonus, Sammy. We also want you to have a good time,” you say. You stick out the phone and smile. “Call her.”

With Sammy out of the motel room and having a dinner with Sarah, you and Dean lounge around in silence. You sit on Sam’s bed, invested in the thriller you read. Dean sits on his bed, cleaning one of the many guns on the bed.

His mind is swimming. You can tell, for he keeps pausing to look out into space for moments at a time.

Your stomach growls, which ticks off something in Dean. He turns and looks at you. “You know, with Sammy out with his girlfriend, we’ve got some time to ourselves,” Dean says.

You look up from your book at the hunter who wears a hopeful expression. “What are you suggesting?” you ask, heart fluttering. Dean’s surprises never failed to get your heart racing. You maintain a cool expression.

Dean grins. “Follow me.”

“Dean, I can’t believe you.”

“What?” Dean chuckles.

“This is what you had in mind?” you ask, gesturing at the empty park with your cartoon of Chinese noodles.
Dean shrugs with a smile. “Yeah. Thought we could hang out like the good ol’ days.”

You laugh and shake your head, pinching some noodles with your chopsticks. “We could’ve done this at the motel,” you point out, glancing up at Dean.

“Sure, but this is more exciting,” Dean replies. His eyes twinkle in the setting sun.

“True,” you agree, his smile contagious. You cross your legs and face Dean as he stretches out his legs in front of him. You take another bite of noodles. “This is much better than a stuffy motel room.”

Dean hums. You each munch away at your food in a comfortable silence.

“So,” Dean looks at you, setting down his cartoon of rice, “how’s the hunting life treating you?”

You cover your mouth as you smile and chew your food. “Well,” you swallow, “I know that it’d be much more difficult if I didn’t have my two buddies with me.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“Yep. They’re the best hunting partners a girl could ask for,” you beam, smiling at Dean.

Dean hums, nodding as he gazes at the empty lot of the park. “You got pretty worked up during that last hunt.” Dean looks at you.

“Yeah,” you whisper, casting your eyes to the ground.

“Wanna talk about it?” Dean asks gently, eyes knowing and profound.

You release a shaky breath and nod. Dean waits patiently for you to compose yourself.

“The fact that kids were dying… and I couldn’t save them,” you bite your lip, “It just got to me. You know? Seeing the parents in all their helplessness. And then the pediatrician… killing his patients.”

You shake your head and sigh. “It made me remember why I wanted to be a pediatrician in the first place, why I wanted to care for children—and still do.”

Dean takes your hand in his and gives it a comforting squeeze. “I know it’s not direct, but you’re still saving children, Y/n. What we’re going—you, me, and Sammy—it’s saving a lot of people. Us killing all these baddies let other people live another day. You just gotta look at it that way.”

You look up at meet Dean’s green eyes. “Thank you, Dean,” you say, a small smile on your lips.

You hold each other’s gaze for what could have been an eternity. Dean’s eyes glance at your lips. He clears his throat and smiles at you. “We should get going. Don’t want Sam finding an empty motel,” he says.

You nod and inhale a small, sharp breath. You didn’t realize you stopped breathing, held your breath. Dean always had that effect on you in these intimate moments. Always left you breathless.

~~~

“So, she just handed the providences over to you, huh?” Dean asks, sharpening a knife, after you and he interrogated Sammy.

“Provenances,” Sam corrects him again, accentuating the pronunciation.
“Provenances?” Dean repeats, unsure.

“Yes, we went back to her place. I got a copy of the papers,” Sam explains, gesturing with the documents in hand.

“And?” Dean prompts, expecting more.

You shake your head, a smile playing on your lips.

“And nothing. That’s it. I left,” Sam replies snippily.

Dean hesitates, thinking over this information. “You didn’t have to con her or do any special favors?”

Sam looks up from the documents, annoyed. “Dean, would you get your head out of the gutter, please?” he asks, looking over his shoulder to glare at Dean.

“You had fun though, right?” you change the subject, eyes twinkling.

Sam sighs, then nods. “Yeah, it was nice. The food was expensive.”

“And was Sarah amazing?” you push, smile growing.

Sam shrugs, adjusting the provenances in his hands.

“Well, hey, when this whole thing’s done, we could stick around for a little bit,” Dean says. You two share a grin.

“Why?” Sam asks, skimming through the documents.

“So you could take her out again. It’s obvious you’re into her. Even I can see that,” Dean adds.

“Hey, all right. I think I got something here,” Sam says.

You scramble off the floor, abandoning your book, and take the provenances Sam holds out for you to take. You stand and read them, Dean onlooking over your shoulder.

“‘Portrait of Isaiah Merchant’s family, painted 1910,’” you read.

“Now compare the names of the owners with Dad’s journal,” Sam says.

Dean steps over to the chair and picks up John’s journal sitting on the cluttered coffee table.

“‘First purchased in 1912 to Peter Sims,’” you read.

Dean points to Peter’s name in the journal. “Peter Sims murdered, 1912.”

“Louis Fitzgerald in ‘45 and Frank Andrews in ‘70,” you list off the other owners.

“Same fate as Sims,” Dean says, looking up from the journal to meet your wide eyes and Sam’s collected expression.

“Then stored, until it was donated to a charity auction last month, where the Telescas bought it,” Sam explains. “Sp, what do you think? It’s haunted or cursed?”

Dean shrugs. “Either way, it’s toast.”
Dean scaled the large gate fence easily, as usual.

“Come on!” he encourages you from the otherside.

You and Sam exchange glances and he nods. He grabs your waist and tosses you up. You quickly latch on to the top of the fence and hoist yourself over. Your gloves protect your hands from leaving prints and the cool metal of the tall gate. With a gulp, you drop to the ground and feel Dean brush up against you to catch you if need be.

“You good?” Dean asks, steadying you with a hand on your arm.

You nod as Sam climbs up and over the gate.

“Let’s go,” Dean says, tapping your arm, then running over towards the auction house. You and Sam follow him to the front entrance.

You skid to a stop in front of the grand doors of the building and dig through your pockets for your small screwdriver. Walking up to the security pad, you remove the front panel and tinker with the wires inside, disarming the system. You give Dean the okay.

He picks the lock and within a few seconds, the three of you are inside.

The boys go straight to the back to the painting, but you take the familiar path from the morning to check on the statue you spotted. To your luck, the statue is still there. You smile and scamper off to catch up with the boys.

You find them looking around with concerned eyes, eager to find the painting. It was moved since the morning. You sigh and look around, scanning the area for the creepy portrait.

Dean nudges you and Sam, nodding up stairs. You follow his flashlight’s beam and spot the painting.

The three of you race up the steps and to the painting.

Dean holds his flashlight in his mouth as he pops open his knife and cuts the painting. You and Sam help keep the painting in place by holding the frame. Dean tears the painting from the frame after cutting along all sides. He rolls it up in his hands, and waves the three of you out of the house.

~

Now a good distance away from the auction house, you and the brothers douse the painting in lighter fluid on the sandy ground.

“Ugly-ass thing,” Dean comments as he strikes a match. “If you as me, we’re doing the art world a favor.” He drops the match on the portrait, setting the canvas aflame.

You sigh, glad that the case is quick and short.

~

“We got a problem,” Dean says as he rushes around the room. “I can’t find my wallet.”

“How’s that my problem?” Sam asks, folding his clothes and setting them into his bag.
“’Cause I think I dropped it in the warehouse last night,” Dean replies, slipping into his leather jacket.

Your face falls. “You’re kidding.”

“I mean, it’s got my prints, my I.D.—well, my fake I.D., anyway,” you and Sam share flabbergasted looks, “but we got to get it before somebody else finds it. Come on.”

Sam turns around and throws the shirt he was folding in anger.

You sigh and slip on your boots and chase after Dean.

~

“How do you lose your damn wallet, Dean?” Sam asks bitterly as the three of you scrounge the auction house.

Dean raises his arms in a dramatic shrug.

You scowl. “Knucklehead,” you mumble to yourself as you look through the leaves of a plant.

“Hey, guys,” a cheery voice greets the three of you.

You all turn around, placing down the objects you were looking under.

“Sarah. Hey,” Sam replies.

“What are you doing here?” she asks, glancing between the three of you.

“Oh…” Sam looks back to you and Dean to help. Dean shrugs. “We—we’re leaving town and, you know, we came to say goodbye.”

“No, what are you talking about, Sam?” Dean asks, walking over to his brother. “We’re sticking around for at least another day or two.”

Sarah chuckles, second guessing Sam’s feelings for her.

You and Sammy exchange confused looks.

“Oh, Sam, by the way, I wanted to give you that 20 bucks I owe you,” Dean says, pulling his wallet out of his pocket. You and Sam stare at the thing. “I always forget, you know,” Dean comments to Sarah with a chuckle. He hands Sam the bill. “Here you go.” He smiles, eyes bright.

Sam takes the bill, crumpling it in his hands, forcing a smile for Sarah.

“Well, we’ll leave you two crazy kids alone. We got to go do...something...somewhere,” Dean says, struggling with an excuse.

“Yes, yes we do,” you jump in. You grab Dean’s hand. “Let’s go, Dean,” you say through gritted teeth and shoot the man a look. You drag the giggling man out of the auction house.

“Hey, ease up on the grip,” Dean says once you’re outside.

You point a finger at him accusingly. “Next time you wanna pull one of those stunts, lemme in on it, eh?”
Dean raises his hands in defense but nods.

“God, you had me thinking you were actually dimwitted enough to drop your wallet,” you admit and
Dean grins.

“Nah, only you’d do something like that,” Dean replies.

You gasp. “That was one time!”

Dean laughs and you find yourself joining him. “Just admit it, Y/n, you’re a klutz,” Dean jokes.

“Yeah, yeah, I am,” you admit. “But I gotta say, hunting has helped a great deal.”

“Oh yeah?”

You hum. “When your life depends on your agility and precision, you learn to step it up.”

Before Dean can reply, Sam comes barreling out of the auction house. You and Dean look over your
shoulder at the out of breath boy.

“Aw, don’t tell me she turned you down,” Dean says.

“I saw the painting,” Sam says breathlessly. “The Merchant portrait—it was in its frame and
everything.”

“Aw, hell,” you mope.

You all climb into the impala.

“I don’t understand,” Sam says. “We burned the damn thing.”

“Yeah, thank you Captain Obvious,” Dean snaps back. Sam glances at his brother. “We just need to
figure out another way to get rid of it. Any ideas?” Dean asks, looking at you from the rear view
mirror.

“Well,” you sigh, “in almost all haunted paintings lore, the painting’s subject is always the thing
doing the haunting.”

“Yeah? All right, so we need to figure out everything there is to know about that creepy-ass family in
that creepy-ass painting,” Dean remarks. You and Sam nod. “What were their names again?”

~~~

A large book thuds against the table. “You said the Isaiah Merchant family, right?” the librarian asks
eagerly.

You blink and nod. “Yep.”

“I dug up every scrap of local history I could find,” the man replies, opening the large book. Dean
joins you and Sam at the table, closing the magazine he was skimming. “So, uh, are you kids crime
buffs?”

Dean glances at you and Sam. “Kind of. Why do you ask?”

“Well,” the librarian holds up an old newspaper. Its biggest headline reads, NEW TITANIC SINKS.
He points at a smaller headline with an excited smile. FATHER SLAUGHTERS FAMILY, KILLS
“Yes,” Dean points, “yeah, that sounds about right.”

“The whole family was killed?” Sam asks.

“It seems this Isaiah, he slits his kids’ throats, then his wife, then himself,” the librarian explains.

“Now, he was a barber by trade. Used a straight razor.”

“Why’d he do it?” you ask.

“Well, let’s look,” the man replies, flipping the newspaper so he can read it. “Uh, ‘people who knew him described Isaiah as having a stern and harsh temperament, and controlled his family with an iron fist.’” You and the boys exchange glances. “Wife, two sons, adopted daughter—yeah, yeah, there were whispers that the wife was gonna take the kids and leave, which, of course, you know, in that day in age…” he trails off, looking in your direction.

You nod.

“Um, so instead, old man Isaiah, well, he gave them all a shave,” he goes on. He makes a kkkch sound as he draws his hand across his neck. He chuckles.

Dean laughs, finding the humor similar to his own. Sam glares at his brother, not nearly as amused. You smile, appreciating the librarians enthusiasm.

“Does it say what happened to the bodies?” Dean asks after subduing his laughter.

“Just that they were all cremated.”

You sigh. “Anything else?” you ask, hopeful.

“Yeah,” the librarian replies, opening up a different book. “Actually, I found a picture of the family. It’s right here somewhere.” He flips to a page. “Right. Here it is,” he announces, turning the book for you to see.

The first thing you notice that practically screams at you, is the father and his staring, hard gaze. Instead of looking down at his daughter, he’s staring straight through the picture almost at you. It’s unsettling.

“Hey, could we get a copy of this, please?” Sam asks politely.

The man hums. “Sure.”

~~~

“I’m telling you, man. I’m sure of it,” Sam replies to Dean’s doubt. “The painting at the auction house, dad is looking down. The painting here, dad’s looking out. The painting has changed, Dean. Even Y/n agrees with me.”

You nod as Dean examines the picture.

“All right, so you think that daddy dearest is trapped in the painting, and he’s handing out Columbian neckties like he did with his family?” Dean asks.

“Well, yeah, it seems like it,” Sam replies. “But if his bones are already dusted, then how are we gonna stop him?”
“Okay, well, if Isaiah’s position changed, maybe there’s other things in the painting that changed as well,” you theorize.

Dean nods in agreement. “It could give us some clues.”

“Like a ‘Da Vinci Code’ deal?” Sam asks.

You nod but Dean looks up, clueless. “I don’t know. I’m still waiting for the movie on that one.” You and Sam share shocked expressions. “Anyway, we got to get back in and see that painting,” he leaves his chair and walks over to his bed, “which is a good thing, because you can get more time to crush on your girlfriend.”

“Dude…” Sam says as Dean hops onto his bed, “enough already.”

“What?” Dean asks.

“‘What?’” Sam repeats. “Ever since we’ve got here, you’ve been trying to pimp us out to Sarah. Just back off, all right.”

“Well, you like her, don’t you?” Dean asks. Sam shakes his head in defeat. You watch him quizzically. “All right, you like her. She likes you. You’re both consenting adults.”

“Oop, and there’s the locker room talk,” you say, standing from your seat and heading for the door. “I’ll be back. Just wanna grab something from outside.” You leave the motel to let the brothers talk like men.

Inside, Sam snickers at Dean. “You’re one to talk.”

Dean glares at his brother. Sammy rolls his eyes.

“And what’s the point, Dean? We’ll just leave. We always leave,” Sam refutes.

“Well, I’m not talking about marriage, Sam,” Dean replies.

“You know, I don’t get it. What do you care if I hook up?” Sam asks.

“I’m just thinking maybe you wouldn’t be so cranky all the time,” Dean retorts playfully.

Sam raise his eyebrows. Dean does the same. Sammy scoffs. “Y/n never hooks up, but I don’t see you setting her up,” he mumbles.

Dean sits up. “Hey,” he points a finger at his brother, “don’t bring her into this.”

Sam raises his head, avoid Dean’s stare.

Dean sighs. “Seriously, Sam, this isn’t about just hooking up, okay? I mean, I think that this Sarah girl could be good for you,” Dean confesses. Sam scratches the back of his head. “And I don’t mean any disrespect, but I’m—I’m sure that this is about Jessica, right?”

Sam finally meets his brother’s gaze.

“Now, I don’t know what it’s like to lose somebody like that…” Dean pauses, glancing at your figure outside, “but… I would think that she would want you to be happy. God forbid, have fun once in a while. Wouldn’t she?”

Sam smiles sadly. “Yeah, I know she would.” Sam chuckles dryly. “Yeah, you’re right. Part of this
is about Jessica. But not the main part.”

“What’s is about?” Dean asks.

Sam hesitates, then looks away.

Dean lays back on the bed, knowing Sam’s not ready to open up just yet. “Yeah, alright. Well, we still got to see that painting, which means you still got to call Sarah, so…”

As Sam dials her number, you barge into the room excitedly. “Guys, I found--” you say quite loud, but shut your mouth when you notice that Sam’s on the phone. You rush over to Dean’s bed and lay next to him on the tiny bed.

“I found what I was looking for,” you whisper, the excitement still in your voice.

Dean cocks an eyebrow.

You hand him the book you found. “I brought it along because I thought it’d be useful for a hunt, kinda like this,” you explain as Dean reads the back of ‘Da Vinci Code.’ “Plus, it’s super good.”

Dean chuckles at your excitement. “Y/n, you know I’m not a big reader.”

“Bull,” you reply with a grin. “I know you’re a huge nerd under that tough guy exterior.”

“Shut up, dork,” Dean replies, furrowing his brows and blushing slightly.

You laugh and take the book back from him, thumbing the pages. “Fine, but you’re reading this book one way or another.”

“No, I’m not.”

“Yes, you are.”

“Why don’t you just read it to me?” Dean suggests.

Your blush. “What, like a bedtime story?”

Dean shrugs. “Yeah, we can call it that,” he replies with a smile.

You smile. “Well, okay.”

“Wait, what?” Sam asks Sarah, standing from his seat. You and Dean sit up at his alarmed behavior. “Who’d you sell it to?” There’s a pause. “Sarah, I need an address right now.”

~~~

The impala comes to a screeching halt behind a jeep parked in front of the quaint home. Sam hops out of the car quickly as Sarah appears from the side of the jeep.

“Sam, what’s happening?” she asks.

“I told you you shouldn’t have come,” Sam replies, marching up to the porch.

You and Dean exchange glances and run up the porch stairs past the two lovers. Dean pounds his fist on the door. “Hello? Anybody home?” he shouts.

The brothers look around the door for a way in as Sarah speaks up. “You said Evelyn might be in
danger. What kind of danger?"

You glance at the girl over your shoulder and then at Sammy. He faces Sarah, a grim expression on his face, biting back the urge to spill the truth.

“I can’t knock this sucker down,” Dean remarks after ramming the front door a few more times. “I got to pick it.”

Sam nods and moves over to a window to break into if all else fails.

“What are you guys, burglars?” Sarah questions. She steps over to Sam for an explanation.

“I wish it were that simple,” Sam replies. “Look, you real should wait in the car. It’s for your own good,” Sam tells her, walking back to you and Dean, finally giving up on the window.

Dean grunts as the lock clicks and the door opens. You and the boys file inside.

“The hell I will. Evelyn’s a friend,” Sarah shouts after Sam.

You close the door reluctantly once she’s inside with the rest of you.

“Evelyn?” Sarah calls out.

“Evelyn!” Sam repeats as Dean leads the group deeper into the dark house.

In the next room, the living room, Evelyn sits in her chair facing the opposing wall. She’s oddly still, not even looking back at Sarah, her friend, when she says her name in question. The painting you thought burned in a fire hangs on display above the fireplace. The four of you walk into the room, a chill in the air.

“Evelyn?” Sarah asks again, walking closer to the chair. “It’s Sarah Blake. Are you alright?” She reaches out a hand to touch Evelyn’s shoulder, an act of sincerity.

“Sarah, don’t! Sarah,” Sam tries to warn her, but her hand brushes Evelyn’s fraile shoulder.

Evelyn’s head falls back, neck bent at a sharp angle as the cut opens with a horrible, wet sound. Her turtleneck collar divides and bits of flesh and blood soak the dark fabric.

Sarah screams. Sam holds her from the behind, supporting her if she should faint. Her eyes spot the painting, hollow eyes staring at her. “Oh my god! Oh my god!” she cries. Sam escorts her out of the room, leaving you and Dean to sweep the room for any other clues.

You sigh, shaking off the chill that trickles down your arms, and look at Dean. He swallows and shakes his head, closing his eyes to shut away the gruesome sight.

~~~

You rub your eyes tiredly and lean back in the white chair. Dean clicks away on Sam’s laptop, Sammy pacing the room as his head races. You lean over Dean’s arm and glance at the laptop screen, disinterested.

Three quick knocks come from the door. With large steps, Sam quickly reaches the door and opens it hastily.

“Hey,” Sam greets Sarah as she plows through the door and into the center of the room. “You all right?”
“No, actually. I just lied to the cops and told them I went to Evelyn’s alone and found her like that,” Sarah replies, lacing her words with the anxiety and anger welling in her gut.

Sam nods, and you glance at the boy. “Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me,” Sarah replies quickly. “I’m about to call them right back if you don’t tell me what the hell is going on. Who’s killing these people?”

Sam looks back at you and his brother, a contemplative expression on his face. You know what he’s wondering. You shrug and see Dean do the same out of the corner of your eye.

“‘What,’” Sam corrects Sarah as he faces her again.

“What?” she questions.

“It’s not a who. It’s ‘what’ is killing those people,” Sammy clarifies. Scratchy, tired undertones slip through his voice.

Sarah makes a face, still confused and irritated.

“Sarah, you saw that painting move,” Sam states.

Sarah shifts uneasily, a nervous chuckle escapes her lips as she moves. “No,” she replies, now walking around the room in an anxious circle. “No, I was--I was seeing things. It’s impossible,” she tells not you and the boys, but herself.

“Yeah, well, welcome to our world,” Dean replies coolly.

You glare at him and kick his foot. He shoots you a look. Your eyes narrow, voicing your displeasure. Dean exhales sharply and goes back to skimming the web, listening to Sarah’s and Sam’s conversation with one ear.

“Sarah, I know this sounds crazy…” Sam says gently and glances back at you and Dean again. “But we think that that painting is haunted.”

Tears well up in Sarah’s eyes, and she looks down at the ground, laughing at the ridiculousness of Sam’s statement. “You’re joking,” she says, looking back up at Sammy and his serious eyes. “You’re not joking,” she concludes with a sigh. “God, the guys I go out with.”

“Sarah, think about it,” Sammy says. “Evelyn, the Telescas—they both had the painting. And there have been other’s before that. Wherever this thing goes, people die, and we’re just trying to stop it… and that’s the truth.”

Sarah glances at her feet, mustering up her courage, then back up at Sam. “Well, then, I guess you better show me,” she says as she walks around Sam, heading for the door. “I’m coming with you.”

“What? No,” Sam retorts, turning around to face her. “Sarah, no. You should just go home. This stuff can get dangerous, and…” Sam inhales, choosing his next words carefully, “…and I don’t want you to get hurt.”

Dean smirks, which thankfully goes unnoticed by Sammy.

“Look, you guys are probably crazy, but if you’re right about this, when me and my dad sold that painting, we might have got these people killed,” Sarah points out. She pauses, letting Sam soak up her point. “I’m not saying I’m scared, ’cause I am scared as hell, but I’m not gonna run and hide,
She walks to the door, opening it. “So are we going or what?” she questions before exiting.

A smile spreads across your face. “I like her,” you comment.

“Sam,” Dean points at the door, “marry that girl.”

~

“Uh, isn’t this a crime scene?” Sarah asks as Sam picks the lock of Evelyn’s home.

“You’ve already lied to the cops. What’s another infraction?” Dean replies, popping open his switchblade and cutting the warning tape on the door.

You offer Sarah a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry. The brothers are pros at this kind of thing.”

“I don’t know if that’s comforting or unsettling, but thank you,” Sarah replies with a smile.

The four of you enter the house, heading right towards the living room. The chair Evelyn met her fate in is taped off. A dark, maroon blotch soaks the expensive cushions.

Sam grabs the painting off of the wall and props it on the sofa. He stares at the painting, examining the features close up. For a moment, the ticking of Evelyn’s great clock is all that makes a sound.

“Aren’t you worried that it’s gonna, you know, kill us?” Sarah breaks the silence with her worried questions, that that you blame her.

“No, it seems to do its thing at night,” Sam explains. “I think we’re alright in the daylight.”

“Knock on wood,” you mumble, comparing the copy of the painting to the real one with Dean.

The father in the painting, the biggest difference in your opinion, stares straight out in the copy, but in the painting he looks down. You follow his gaze in the painting and your eyes land on his little girl--his adopted daughter.

Was that who he killed first? Or is there something else he’s trying to tell us?

“Sam, check it out,” Dean says, noticing a difference in the corner of the piece. “The razor--it’s closed in this one, but it’s open in that one.” He hands his brother the photocopy.

“What are you guys looking for?” Sarah asks.

“Well, if the spirit’s changing aspects of the painting, maybe it’s doing so for a reason,” Dean replies, and your eyes slide back over to the father and his daughter.

“Hey, hey, look at this--the painting in the painting,” Sam says.

Dean takes back the copy to look at the picture himself.

In the copy, the painting is of a mountain scene. But in the original painting, there’s--

“It looks like a crypt or a mausoleum or something,” Dean remarks.

Dean looks around the room briefly then grabs a glass bowl from the coffee table. He holds it up to the painting inside the painting and reads what the building has to say. “‘Merchant.’”
Crows. They stare down at you and the boys and Sarah with their black, beady eyes. Caws crack through the air, and the rustling of wings flap overhead.

You look up at the treeline and watch a few crows fly away. Others dive at headstones. You wonder if it’s a good or bad omen.

“This is the third boneyard we’ve checked. I think this ghost is jerking us around,” Dean remarks, walking at your side.

“So, this is what you guys do for a living?” Sarah asks, walking behind you and Dean with Sammy.

“Not exactly,” Sam replies. “We don’t get paid.”

Sarah smiles tightly. “Well, mazel tov.”

“Hey,” you say, stopping to nod at mausoleum, “over there.”

Dean smiles down at you, a grin you return, and starts towards the above-ground grave. The four of you stop in front of the heavy doors. ‘Merchant’ is carved into the stone above the doors. Content, Dean reveals his bolt cutters.

After Dean broke away the lock, he yanks the doors open. Cobwebs coat the entrance way, and Dean brushes away the webs with the cutters. You can’t help but gag as you walk through the doorway, dodging stray cobwebs floating in the breeze.

Inside is no better. Webs string from pots of cremated bodies to the wall in a thick bunch. The corners of the room, dark with shadow, house spiders and the dinners said spiders caught in their plentiful web traps.

“Okay, that right there is the creepiest thing I’ve ever seen,” Sarah comments, leaning closer to look at a doll encased above the headstone and vase of the little girl.

You glance at the thing over your shoulder, in no mood to add more to your nightmare fuel.

“It was, ah, sort of a tradition at the time,” Sam says. Sarah makes a disgusted face. “Whenever a child died, sometimes they’d preserve the kid’s favorite toy in a glass case, put it next to the headstone in the crypt.

Wind blows through the barred windows and open doors, chilling the room and carrying leaves inside to leave them scuttering on the ground. Shadows cast the room, the beams of the sun masked by a dark cloud.

You shudder involuntarily.

“Notice anything strange here?” Dean asks.

You scoff and gesture at the room. “Yes?”

“No, that’s not what I mean,” Dean replies, ignoring your snark and focusing on something you hadn’t noticed when you walked in. “Look at the urns.”

You count them off. “One, two, three… four.” Your brows slant down and furrow together.

“Yeah, there are only four,” Sam comments.
“Yeah, mom and the three kids,” Dean replies. “Daddy dearest isn’t here.”

“So, where is he?” you ask slowly, glancing up at the brothers.

~~~

“Dean, stop looking out that window,” you say, eyes trained on the computer screen in front of you. “Honestly, you’re just being creepy now.”

“I’m curious about my brother’s love life, that’s all,” Dean replies, slugging over to you. He leans against the back of your chair, reading the computer screen.

“You’re a perv, that’s all,” you jest, grinning up at the hunter.

He smacks the back of your head lightly and chuckles when you rub where he hit you, a twisted expression on your face. “What’d you find, Sherlock?” Dean asks, a smile on his face.

“Well, dear Watson, since you asked so nicely, I found this,” you say, hitting the print button.

The printer whirs as it prints the documents you found. Dean picks up the warm papers and skims them.

“I found why he wasn’t buried with his family and where he is in the ground,” you state proudly.

“Awesome.” Dean grins. “Let’s go tell the lovebirds.”

You sigh as Dean practically races to the door. He stops in the doorway and waves to you excitedly. In spite of yourself, you smile and jog over to the hunter who’s already out the door.

“Look at them,” Dean whispers in your ear after you catch up, “all that tension.”

“Oh my gosh, you really get excited over the strangest things,” you reply.

“Shut up,” Dean says lightly. “I know you’re excited, too.”

You scoff, but a smile plays on your lips. “Maybe.”

Dean grins and pops up in front of Sammy and Sarah. “Am I interrupting something?” Dean asks, eyes twinkling with mischief.

The two kids straighten their postures, hints of blushes tainting their cheeks.

“No,” Sam replies.

“Not at all,” Sarah adds.

“Yeah, apparently,” you comment, walking up behind Dean, with a smile on your face.

“So, what’d you get?” Sam asks, quickly changing the subject before things got too awkward.

“Pay dirt,” Dean replies, holding up the documents you printed. “Apparently, the surviving relatives of the Merchant family were so ashamed of Isaiah that they didn’t want him interred with the rest of the family, so they handed him over to the county.”

“The county gave him a pauper’s funeral,” you jump in.

“Economy-style,” Dean comments with a grin.
“Yes, economy-style. Turns out Isaiah wasn’t cremated. He was buried in a pine box,” you explain.

“So there are bones to burn,” Sam concludes.

“There are bones to burn,” Dean confirms.

“Tell me you know where,” Sam says.

You and Dean smile at Sam and Sarah, proud and smug.

~~~

Dean grunts as he shovels another pile of dirt over his shoulder. Sam jumps out of the deep grave and stands next to Sarah, chest heaving from the hard work. You and Sarah stand out of the way, an awed but concerned expression on Sarah’s face, and a happy smile on yours. You hold the flashlight lazily, illuminating the grave for Dean.

“You guys seem to be uncomfortably comfortable with this,” Sarah comments.

“Well,” Sam watches his brother toss up another shovel of dirt, “this isn’t exactly the first grave we dug. Still think I’m a catch?” Sam teases.

Dean looks up at you tiredly, resting his arms on the shovel. “You know you can help right?”

“Hey, I’m holding the flashlight,” you reply defensively but in a playful way.

“Get your ass down here and shovel,” Dean replies.

You smirk and stand up straighter. “Hold this, please,” you ask Sarah, handing her the flashlight.

She takes it and shines it into the grave like you did.

You hop down into the grave with Sammy’s shovel in hand. You land with a hollow thump. Curious, you poke where you landed with the shovel, creating more hollow thudding.

“Hey, I think I got something,” you remark, grinning at Dean.

He groans and leans against the dirt wall.

You laugh and stab the shovel into the wood coffin. You step on the shovel, and the wood blisters and cracks open, revealing a skeleton covered in cobwebs. Mr. Isaiah Merchant.

You pat Dean’s shoulder. “Always glad to help, Deano.”

Dean grumbles something incoherent, and before you can even react, he lifts you from your waist and throws you out of the grave. You laugh crazily as you tumble into a roll—laughing from the shock of being thrown and from gloating in Dean’s face about how little physical work you did. Dean joins in your laughter as he crawls out of the grave and plops down next to you.

Sam and Sarah exchange amused looks mixed with surprise.

“Are they normally this playful?” Sarah whispers to Sam as you and Dean continue to laugh and toss dirt at one another.

Sam shrugs. “Not since Y/n joined our hunting party, but they still kid around once in a while.”
Sarah hums with a nod.

As your laughter dies down, Sam tosses Dean a container of salt. “Let’s finish this,” Sam says with a smile.

“Uh-nuh,” Dean says, handing you the salt, “she can salt the bones tonight.”


Dean scoffs, and the two of you grin.

You shake the salt of the entire skeleton, careful not to miss anything in the coffin. Sam pours lighter fluid all over the grave. Dean plays with his ring, watching you and Sam empty the containers. Sarah holds the flashlight, still uncomfortable with how comfortable the three of you are with this.

You and Sam toss the empty containers into the duffel bag and step aside for Dean to do the final blow. Dean steps up to the edge of the grave and opens up his box of matches.

“You been a real pain in the ass, Isaiah,” Dean says. He lights a match. “Good riddance.”

He tosses the lit match into the grave, the entire thing erupting in flames. Everyone’s faces glow in the fire. If you weren’t burning a malicious spirit, the moment would have been beautiful. Your eyes lock with Dean’s as you glanced at everyone’s faces.

You thank the fire and the dark for hiding your blush.

~

Sammy insisted on grabbing on the painting after you burned Isaiah’s body. And honestly, you share the same paranoia as him. The painting already tricked you once, you don’t want to risk being fooled again.

“Dean, keep the motor running,” Sam tells his brother.

“I thought the painting was harmless now,” Sarah says, leaning over the front seat.

Sam turns around in the seat to face her. “Better safe than sorry. We’re gonna bury the sucker.”

“I wanna come with you,” Sarah says, opening up the door.

“Are you sure?” Sam asks.

“Yeah,” Sarah replies, exiting the impala.

“Hey, hey, hey,” Dean whispers. “We’ll stay here. You go make your move.”

Sam scoffs and hops out of the car.

“S-S-Sam, I’m serious!” Dean calls after his brother.

Sammy closes the door on his face. You miss Sam mouthing “You first” to his brother.

You lean over the front seat and nudge Dean. A huge grin on your face, you turn on the radio and crank up the volume. A song about falling in love plays, perfect for the mood you try to achieve.
Sam turns around on the porch, annoyed with yours and Dean’s antics. He makes a cutting motion over his throat, a stern look on his face.

You sigh and turn off the radio and watch Sam and Sarah sneak into Evelyn’s house.

“Well, I tried,” you say defeatedly, flopping back in your seat.

Dean shakes his head. “Shoulda used Lionel Richie. Works every time”

You scoff. “And what song would you suggest I use?”

“Easy, obviously,” Dean replies confidently.

“You’re delusional. You Are is the way to go,” you reply.

“Okay, okay, what about Say You Say Me?” Dean questions.

“Oh, no. Easy would be better than that for this situation,” you remark.

Dean nods, seeing your point.

The wind outside cuts the conversation short, blowing madly and shaking the trees. The front door slams shut. Your eyes widen in a paniac.

“That can’t be good,” you comment.

“Something tells me they’re not getting it on in a dead lady’s home,” Dean agrees.

The two of you hop out of the car, rushing up to the door. Dean tries the handle, but it clicks, the door stays shut. He slams his body into the wood.

“Dean! Hey, is that you?” you hear Sammy shout from inside.

“Sammy, you all right?” Dean asks.

It’s silent for a moment, and your anxiety spikes, but Dean’s phone rings, calming down some of that worry.

Dean quickly answers. “Tell me you slammed the front door.”

“No, it wasn’t me. I think it was the little girl,” Sam explains. You can make out his voice through the speaker.

“Oh, shit,” you breathe out, the pieces falling together.

“Girl? What girl?” Dean asks.

“Yeah, she’s out of the painting,” Sam replies. You curse yourself as you run a hand through your hair. “I think it might have been her all along.”

“That’s because it was,” Dean puts the phone on speaker so you can share your theory with Sammy. “The dad was looking down at her this entire time. He was trying to warn us,” you explain.

“Hey, hey, let’s recap later,” Sam says. “Just get us out of here.”

“Well, I’m trying to pick the lock, but the door won’t budge,” Dean replies, keeping his voice level as you freak out on yourself for not bringing up the difference in the painting.
“Well, then break it down,” Sam snaps.

“Okay, genius, let me grab my freaking battering ram!” Dean bites back, the pressure of the moment getting to him.

“Dean, the damn thing is coming!”

“Well, you’re going to have to hold it off until I figure something out,” Dean replies. “Get some salt or iron.”

“Oh my gosh, I’m such an idiot,” you agonise. “Dean, I am so sorry. I’m sorry.”

Dean squeezes your shoulders. “Hey, it’s okay. Sam and I missed it the first time. Be proud that you actually spotted it.”

“But--but I should have said something!” you blubber, bottom lip quiver.

Dean’s eyes widen at your growing anxiety. “Hey, hey, shh, it’s okay. Now you know for next time, right?”

You blink, fighting back tears, and slowly nod your head.

“What kind of house doesn’t have salt? Low sodium freaks,” Sam ridiculed into the phone.

Dean brushes a stray strand of hair from your eyes. “Hey, I need you to calm down, okay? I need you to use that big brain of yours and help me get Sam and Sarah out of there.”

You nod again and focus on your breathing. Inhale and exhale, inhale and exhale.

Inhale. Exhale.

“Good, sweetheart, just like that,” Dean coaxes you. He helps you to your feet. You never realized you fell to the ground during your freakout. “Come on, we gotta find a different way in,” Dean says, leading you around the house. “Sammy, are you okay?”

“Yeah, for now,” Sam replies.

“How are we gonna waste her?” Dean asks.

“I don’t know. She was already cremated. There’s nothing left to burn,” Sam replies.

“Well, then, how’s she still around?” Dean questions, his frustration rising.

“There must be something else,” Sam replies.

Your eyes widen. “The doll.”

“What?” Dean asks.

“The doll. It was her favorite toy right? Maybe she’s connected to it,” you theorize.

Dean’s face lights up and he ruffles your hair. “There’s the brain power I was talking about.”

“Don’t ever do that again,” you reply, fixing your hair.

Dean smirks and opens his mouth to share the idea with Sammy, but Sam beats him to the punch.
“Dean, Sarah says the doll might have the girl’s hair,” Sam says. “Human remains—same as bones.”

“Y/n thought that the girl might be connected to the doll since it was her favorite toy,” Dean adds.

“The mausoleum,” the brothers say at the same time.

You and Dean run up to the doors of the mausoleum. Dean opens the doors quickly and rushes over to the doll that disgusted Sarah before. He pounds at the glass with his fist, but when that doesn’t work, he grabs his pistol from his waistband and pounds the glass with the gun’s grip. Still, the glass holds its own.

You sigh and snatch the gun away from Dean. “Come on, Dean. Think smarter, not harder!” you tell him, backing up and creating a distance between you and the glass.

You aim at the glass and shield your face with your free hand. Once Dean does the same, you pull the trigger, breaking the glass instantly.

“See?” you say breathlessly, returning the gun to Dean.

Using the barrel of pistol, Dean brushes away the glass that still stands in the way of the doll so he doesn’t cut himself. He grabs the doll when it’s safe and pulls out his lighter. He flicks it on, but the flame dies. He ignites it again but gets the same result.

“Come on! Come on!” Dean growls.

“Where the hell are your matches?” you ask frantically.

“I left them in the car!” Dean replies, igniting the lighter rapidly.

You rake a hand through your hair and exhale sharply.

The lighter finally keeps its flame and Dean holds it to the doll’s hair.

The hair smokes and a pungent smell fills the air. Then the fire eats away at the hair, flames licking up to the head of the doll.

You hold your breath as Dean tosses the doll to the ground and the hair sizzles away. Dean pulls out his phone and calls Sammy.

“Sam, you good?” Dean asks his brother.

Sam looks at Sarah who he landed on top of to protect her from the ghost. “Not bad.” And with that said, he hangs up the phone.

You and Dean walk into the auction house, the last piece of the puzzle held in Dean’s hands. The two of you head over to Sam and Sarah who watch the movers seal away the painting for good.

“This was achieved in the county records,” Dean says, holding up the document you found. “The Merchant’s adopted daughter, Melanie. Know why she was up for adoption?

“Cause her real family was murdered in their beds,” you answer.
“She killed them?” Sarah asks, glancing back at the girl in the painting.

“Yeah, who would suspect her? A sweet little girl. So then she kills Isaiah and his family. The old man takes the blame. His spirit’s been trying to warn people ever since,” Dean explains.

“Where’s this one go?” one of the movers asks Sarah.

“Take it out back and burn it,” she answers. When the movers stare at her with blank expressions she adds, “I’m serious, guys. Thanks.”

You grin as the movers wheel the portrait away.

“So, why’d the girl do it?” Sarah asks.

“Killing others, killing herself--” you start, and Sam quickly jumps in.

“Some people are just born tortured. So when they die, their spirits are just as dark.”

“Maybe. I don’t really care. It’s over. We move on,” Dean says bluntly.

Sarah looks at Sammy and sighs. “I guess this means you’re leaving.”

Sam exhales deeply.

You catch their lingering looks. Dean looks excitedly between the two, waiting for them to confess their love for one another. You grab his arm and smile at Sam. “We’ll go wait in the car.” You smile at Sarah. “See you, Sarah.”

As you drag Dean away, he grumbles, “I’m the one who burned the doll and destroyed the spirit, but don’t thank me or anything.”

“Aww, thank you, Dean. You saved the day,” you say sappily.

Dean grunts. “Don’t patronize me.”

You chuckle. “All in good fun, Watson. All in good fun.” You spot Daniel loading up the statue you want. “Hey, how’s everything going over here? All set and ready to go?”

“Just about, Ms. Y/l/n,” Daniel replies, watching the movers with a cautious eye. “I just need you to sign this and confirm your address,” he says, handing you a clipboard. “I see you brought your friend.”

“Hi,” Dean replies, smiling loosely.

You sign the payment confirmation papers with a sheepish smile on your face. “Yes, he’s my ride today,” you explain, leaving out the part that he’s technically your ride everyday.

“I see,” Daniel says.

You give him the filled out papers detailing the payment and where you would like them to place the statue until you return home. 

Maybe Logan and Cleo can move the statue into the garage for me. I’m sure they wouldn’t mind.

“Well, it’s been a pleasure doing business with you, Ms. Y/l/n,” Daniel remarks with a smile.

“Likewise, Mr. Blake. Have a good day,” you reply, bidding your goodbye. You walk outside with
Dean, questions radiating off the man. “Go ahead and ask, Dean.”

“You bought that statue?” he wonders.

“Yes, to commemorate my grandmother,” you explain and lean against the impala.

“Ah.” Dean pauses and looks back at the door. “How much do you wanna bet that they’re sucking face right now?”

“Five dollars they hugged at most,” you reply.

You and Dean shake hands. “Deal.”

Not even a moment later, Sam walks out of the auction house, stone faced and no signs of Sarah’s lipstick on his face.

You stick out your hand for your five dollars. Dean groans, pulling out his wallet, and slaps five singles on your hand.

Then, not even a second later, Sam turns back around and knocks on the door of the auction house. Sarah opens the door, a surprised but happy look on her face. Sam cups her face and kisses her, hesitant and slow at first but turning hungry and pulling each other closer together.

Dean looks at you smugly. You roll your eyes and hand him back his five bucks.

“That’s my boy,” Dean comments, gazing back at Sammy.

“Okay, pervert, let’s give them some privacy,” you remark, opening up the back door of the impala.

Dean chuckles as he climbs inside the car. “Shut up.”

[END OF EPISODE 19 - PROVENANCE]
With Sammy on his laptop and Dean reading the newspaper, you could finally finish your thriller.

*Just 50 more pages,* you exhale slowly. Everything was starting to go down hill for the protagonists, and you jittered with anticipation because of it.

“All right, dude, not a decent lead in all of Nebraska. What do you got?” Dean asks, setting down the newspaper.

You glare at the man for breaking the silence between the three of you, from distracting you from your book. An apologetic frown flashes on your face when you catch what you did, and you sink back into your chair.

*She cries, agony tearing apart her throat and ripping through the air.*

“Well, I’ve been scanning Wyoming, Colorado, South Dakota. Here--a woman in Iowa fell 10,000 feet from an airplane and survived,” Sam says.

*Her body glows, actually burns brightly from the inside. The light pours from her mouth and eyes--even her nostrils are a vibrant yellow.*

“That sounds more like ‘that’s incredible’ than ‘The Twilight Zone,’” Dean replies.

*Skins flakes away, revealing more light and blinding her family surrounding her. She screams. Her love ones watch helplessly, laying dead on the ground or in shambles. She cries again and her--*

He glances in your direction. “Right, Y/n?”

Startled, you flinch and slam your book closed with a thud. “What?” you ask, voice a few octaves higher than you would have liked. “Oh, yeah, yeah, totally.”

The brothers look at you with wide, amused eyes. You sheepishly push your book towards the edge of the table, putting as much distance between you and that heart wrenching story as discreetly as possible.

Sam clears his throat. “Yeah.”

“Hey, you know, we could just keep heading east--New York, upstate,” Dean suggests. “Could stop by and see Sarah again, huh?”

You nod enthusiastically.

“She’s a cool chick, man,” Dean says.
“And gorgeous,” you add.

Dean whistles in agreement. “You two seemed pretty friendly. What do you say?”

Sam smiles bashfully. “Yeah, I don’t know. Maybe someday.” He inhales sharply. “But in the meantime, we got a lot of work to do, you guys, and you know that.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Dean admits quietly. “What else you got?”

“Uh, Manning Colorado, local man by the name Daniel Elkins was found mauled in his home,” Sam replies.

Your face visibly pales at Daniel’s name.

“Elkins,” Dean repeats. “I know that name.”

You lean back in your chair, hand covering your mouth. Your eyes glaze over as memories flood your mind.

“Doesn’t ring a bell,” Sammy remarks. “It sounds like the police department don’t know what to think. At first they said it was some sort of bear attack, and now they found signs of robbery,” Sam explains as Dean flips through his father’s journal.

[THIRTEEN YEARS AGO - MANNING, COLORADO]

“This is some really great stuff you found, Y/n,” Daniel Elkins stated, holding the 14 year old’s worn-down notebook in his hand.

The writing from when she was eight years old was starting to fade. Y/n made mental note to write over it in pen when she got back to Bobby’s.

“How did you find all of this?” Daniel asked, still rather shocked that a child found such a large collection of lore; and how meticulous the detailing was.

“I…” Y/n trailed off, swallowing the lump in her throat. “My father—he helped me find books to read. We even found some primary sources before at the library. His friends would drop off journals and stories too.”

“Matt taught you about these things?” Daniel questioned, a spark of anger in his gut.

“No, no,” the girl swiftly said, raising her hands as if she were calming an animal. “He… I always thought that I was reading works of fiction—just stories that people made up for fun, like fairy tales. Fairy tales that were very consistent with their lore.” Y/n fell silent again.

Daniel hesitated, wondering what to say or if he should say anything at all. He did know, though, that he’d have to have a few words with John Winchester once he came back to pick up Y/n.

“Dad would always reassure me that monster could never hurt me and that they aren’t real,” Y/n said and paused. “I still have trouble grasping that monsters really are out there,” she confessed in a whisper.

Her gaze was downcast, vision clouding with tears. She didn’t admit that sometimes she resented her father for lying to her. She would learn with time why her father hid away the truth. And when she does, she will love him even more and yearn for him to come back to hug him one last time.
“Here. Check it out,” Dean says, handing John’s journal across the table to Sammy. He taps the top left corner of the left page as Sam adjusts his grip around the book.

You blink, coming back to your senses, and exhale slowly through your nose. You glance between the brothers who stare at the journal.

“You think it’s the same Elkins?” Sam asks after reading “D. ELKINS: 970 · 555 · 0158.”

“It’s a Colorado area code,” Dean replies.

“Can I see?” you ask Sammy, waving a hand at the journal.

He nods and sides the journal to you. You eye the phone number, one you haven’t called in years but still plugged into your contacts. Even after you changed your number, Daniel Elkin’s number remained among the few contacts you have.

“I know this number,” you revealed in a whisper. You don’t look up to read the boys’ expressions and snatch your book and stand. “If this is the Daniel Elkins I know, then we have to leave right now.”

“Why the rush?” Dean asks as you fiddle with the cover of your book.

You shake your head. “Elkins is too smart to be killed by a bear. No, whatever happened—” you hesitate, “—it’s something big.”

~~~

By the time the three of you reach Elkins’ home in Manning, Colorado, the sun has set and the moon took full reign of the sky. Trees surrounding the small, cabin-like home cast dark shadows, shapes that flitter on the ground and roof.

The article Sam found did not provide a picture of the Daniel Elkins mentioned, so you kept hope that Danny—your goto whenever you need help digging up lore—sat inside, watching the news or adding more lore to his countless journals.

You gulp a heavy stone in your throat, glancing around you warily as Dean picks the lock. Elkins hadn’t answered the door when you knocked.

_Could be at the bar_, you tell yourself.

There’s a soft click from the lock, and Dean turns the doorknob cautiously, allowing the door to open slowly. Flicking on your flashlight, you enter the house first, stepping over the ruined salt circle. You rush into the living room and find newspapers from various dates and empty beer cans abandoned on the coffee table.

“Looks like the maid didn’t come today,” Dean remarks from the other room.

You quickly hurry into Daniel’s office, brushing past Dean in the doorway, and stumble upon a mess of papers and documents littering the floor and books stacked high on the desk.

“Hey, there’s salt over here, right inside the door,” Sam says, still in the entryway of the house. A cool breeze flows in through the open door.

“You mean, like, protection-against-demon salt or ‘oops, I spilled the popcorn’ salt?” Dean
It’s clearly a ring,” Sam replies. He walks over to the office where Dean flips through an open journal and you stand in the center of the room, back to the boys. “Y/n, you weren’t kidding when you said this guy Elkins was a player.”

“No,” you respond, choosing to ignore Sam’s doubt. “He’s a great hunter--one of the best, if I’m being honest.”

You hear the boys hum, but they say nothing else.

“That looks a hell of a lot like Dad’s,” Sammy comments after a while.

You turn around and find the brothers looking through one of Danny’s journals.

“Except this dates back to the ‘60s,” Dean points out, flipping a page.

“Yep. Danny’s an old fart,” you say, walking towards the door of the office. “Come on, let’s see if he’s passed out up stairs.”

The boys exchange glances, brows creasing with worry, and follow you up stairs. As you step into the first room at the top of the steps, Dean pulls you aside, concern lacing his features.

“What?” you ask, hushed and searching his downcast eyes.

“Y/n, we know you don’t want to hear this--” Dean starts, but bites his tongue.

Sam jumps to his brother’s rescue, and your eyes shift to the younger Winchester as he opens his mouth to speak. “But based on the state of Daniel’s home and your unanswered calls.. It’s best to prepare yourself if he’s not here,” he finishes carefully.

Your lips tighten, then purse, and then finally settle into a frown. You nod your head, heavy as grief slowly seeps its way in. “I know,” you reply, voice barely above a whisper.

You sigh and turn on your heel, flashlight cutting the darkness of the room. Treading lightly to not make a sound, you tiptoe into the room. Papers and broken shelves lay tossed on the ground. A large dresser is tipped on its side by the door, and a broken lamp lays in the center of the room. Underneath the lamp, glass glistens in the moonlight, scattering the light around the walls.

And though you try to ignore it, blood dots the glass and papers and wood and rug.

You glance up at the skylight, pieces of glass clinging to the frame of the window. You swallow another thick lump in your throat.

“Whatever attacked, looks like there was more than one,” Sam comments, eyes studying the shattered skylight thoughtfully.

“Looks like he put up a hell of a fight, too,” Dean remarks, scanning the debris around the room.


Dean squeezes your shoulder and steps into the center of the room, looking for more clues as to what happened. When his hand leaves your shoulder, the weight stays there and slumps your shoulders. Grief furrows itself into the pit of your stomach.

When was the last time you had called Daniel Elkins? Hell, when was the last time you checked on
any of your hunter friends? In this line of work, you never know which day will be your last. You could wake up one morning, sift through some headlines while looking for a case and find your buddy’s name on the front page.

Your throat burns, a scream clawing, itching to escape. You walk over to the door and rest your hand against the wall. Taking a deep breath, you hang your head until it finds its place on the wall.

Sam moves to the desk, skimming through the open books on Daniel’s desk. Glass crunches under Dean’s boot as he walks towards the edge of the rug. He crouches down to get a better look at the blood and scratches on the ground, brows creasing in thought.

“Got something?” Sam asks, walking over to his brother.

Dean reaches down to lightly graze over the scratches in the paneling. “I don’t know. Some scratches in the floor.”

“Death throes maybe?” Sam pitches.

“Yeah, maybe,” Dean replies. He glances up at the desk and snags a loose paper and pencil. He presses the paper to the ground, covering the scratches and using the blood to keep the paper in place. He angles the pencil and shades over the paper. Soon, a short scrawling of letters and numbers appear on the paper.

“Oh maybe a message,” Dean says, examining the paper. “Look familiar?” He hands the half sheet of paper to Sammy.

“Three letters, six digits--the location and combination of a post office box,” Sammy says. “It’s a mail drop.”

“Just the way Dad does it,” Dean adds.

You turn around to look back at the boys. “Yeah, John and Danny were friends. They picked up a lot of tricks from one another.”

The brothers stare at you, stunned by your apparent knowledge of their father’s past and relationships.

You return their wide-eyed looks with a blink and head out the door. “Well, let’s go get the mail,” you call out to them, then trot down the stairs, feet surprisingly light despite your heavy heart.

~

“J.W.’--you think? John Winchester?” Sammy asks you and Dean, uncertainty clear in his voice.

He holds the still unopened letter from the post office box in his hands. “I don’t know. Should we open it?” Dean asks, flipping the question onto you and Sammy.

“Yes,” you say eagerly, but the knock on Dean’s window cuts you off.

Dean jumps, a gasp escaping his parted lips, and looks at the knockee with wide eyes. “Dad?” Dean asks as Sam leans over to get a better look at the man outside the car.

Without a word, John opens the backdoor and climbs into the backseat. You make sure to move over to give the hunter room, keeping your mouth shut. It wasn’t that you knew John would show up, but rather that you expected him to. Daniel Elkins was his mentor, friend, and brother; of course he
would come collect what Danny left him. He just happened to make his grand appearance by scaring the wits out of his son.

“Dad, what are you doing here? Are you all right?” Sam asks his father quickly after John closed the car door.

“Yeah, I’m okay,” John replies with a small nod. His voice is tired and breathy, and leaves a hollowness in your gut. “I read the news about Daniel. I got here as fast as I could.” He takes a breath. “I saw you three up at his place.”

“Why didn’t you come in, Dad?” Sammy asks, and for a second, it’s like Sammy’s four years old again.

“You know why,” John replies vaguely. “Because I had to make sure you weren’t followed… by anyone… or anything,” he adds, glancing in your direction. “Nice job of covering your tracks, by the way.”

“Yeah, well, we learned from the best,” Dean gleams, smiling with pride and taking the compliment to heart.

“Wait, so you came all the way out here for this Elkins guy?” Sammy questions, returning to the typically calculating college boy who doesn’t take shit from his dad—at least he tries not to.

“Yeah,” John replies. “He was—he was a good man. He taught me a hell of a lot about hunting.”

Your heart sinks in your chest at his words. A good man he was.

“You never mentioned him to us,” Sam points out, offensive peeking through his tone.

“We had a—” John hesitates, glancing at you from the corner of his eye. “We had kind of a falling out. I hadn’t seen him in years.”

During moments when you allowed yourself to dwell on your past, you sometimes reflected on John and Danny’s fight. Your face flushes red, from anger or embarrassment, you’re not sure. And once again, you find yourself thankful for the dark.

“I should probably look at that,” John says after a brief second.

Dean hands his father the envelope, keeping his hands steady, though you know how estatic he is with his father back.

John clears his throat as he rips open the envelope and unfolds the letter. “‘If you’re reading this, I’m already dead.’”

You flinch.


“What is it?” Dean asks quickly.

“He had it the whole time,” John replies, as if everyone in the car knows what it is.

“Had what?” Sammy asks.

“When you searched the place, did you see a gun, an antique, a colt revolver? Did you see it?” John’s voice has a new edge in it now. An edge you and the boys grown familiar with over the
“Uh, there was an old case, but it was empty,” Dean replies.

“They have it,” John says, looking away in annoyance.

“You mean whatever killed Danny has it?” you ask, brows slanting down.

“We got to pick up their trail,” John says, which is enough to answer your question. John exits the car and heads towards his truck.

“Wait,” Sam calls out. John ducks into Dean’s open window. “You want us to come with you?”

“If Elkins is telling the truth, we’ve got to find this gun,” John replies.

“The gun? Why?” Sammy questions. You and Dean helplessly glance between the two men as they argue.

“Because it’s important, that’s why,” John replies, bitterness dotting his words.

“Dad, we don’t even know what these things are yet,” Sam retorts.

“They were what Danny Elkins killed best,” John says.

“Vampires,” you whisper, eyes wide with fear.

“Vampires?” Dean repeats in question. “I thought there was no such thing.”

“You never even mentioned them, Dad,” Sam adds, accusing his father.

John shakes his head. “I thought they were instinct. I thought Elkins and—” he glances in your direction again, but the boys don’t seem to notice, “—and others had wiped them out.” He pauses, looking at the ground. “I was wrong,” he admits, meeting his sons’ eyes.

~~~

“How are you holding up, Y/n?”

You glance in the old hunter’s direction, locking eyes briefly before returning your gaze to the foot of the bed where the brothers sleep. You shrug, which takes more effort than you expected.

“Been better,” you admit.

The radio sitting on the table between you and John crackles with static. John listens to the report for a moment but dismisses it when he realizes that it was just a cop calling back in after patrol.

“What about you?” you ask the hunter once the radio quiets down.

John sighs. “Fine, just… in shock—from Danny’s death and the vampires. I really thought they killed them all.”

You glance at the hunter who was staring at you, waiting for your response. You nod. “Yeah, it’s--it’s crazy,” you agree, looking away when you reply. Guilt naws at your insides, making you uncomfortably warm. Bile rises in your throat but you swallow it back down.

“Y/n—”
“This gun,” you interrupt the hunter, “do you think it’s, you know,” you struggle saying the name of the gun.

John had warned you years ago to never speak about it out loud, saying that even knowing about the weapon can put a large target on your head. Returning to hunting research after a very long hiatus and dropping out of college, you were rightfully paranoid.

You kept any information you found on the Colt to yourself and John ever since.

“Yes,” John says, understanding your fidgeting. “I do. Danny,” he shakes his head, “I should’ve known the son of a bitch knew something.”

You chuckle quietly, even if it was an inappropriate time to do so. “He always knew something about everything,” you state wistfully, a weak smile on your lips.

“Yeah,” John agrees, cracking a smile of his own. “You’re right about that.”

The radio crackles again, but quiets down almost instantly, resuming its hushed popping and static.

“Kid, you do know what this means,” John says after a moment of quiet.

You look at him blankly, choosing to let him explain what it meant.

He sighs. “It means, I’m close—even closer than before. Things are going to be a lot more intense,” he says. “I’m talking even worse than that encounter we had with that Meg girl. We’ll be dealing with demons, face to face.”

He pauses giving you time to absorb what he says. You nibble on your bottom lip. You try to hush the part of you that screams to run back home.

“Now, I know you’ve hunted with the boys this past year—and I’m not saying that I approve of the three of you blatantly disrespecting my orders, but I admit that you’ve grown as a hunter. But what’s in store for me… for all of us,” he purses his lips, “it might be too much. I suggest that you go home before you get sucked in even deeper than you already are.

“That said, after we clear this nest and get the gun, I can get you a plane to Hailey, and then you keep your head low and forget about this mess.” John catches your lingering gaze towards the brothers. “You probably won’t hear from us for a while then, until we’re certain it’s safe.”

You exhale quietly and nod slowly. “I’ll think about it.”

John smiles, a really genuine thing. He must’ve expected you to bite back.

The radio cackles. “Unit 22. Let me confirm. Mile marker 41, abandoned car--I need a work up.”

“Copy that. Possible 207. Better get forensics out here.”

You and John exchange glances. “Better wake up the boys,” you mutter, rising from your seat.

~~~

John Winchester is many things. Blunt, vague, stubborn, quite possibly a drunk, and, after many conversations with Missouri Mosley, a goddamn fool. But he wasn’t one to put his kids in harm's way. No, sir, which is why he keeps them out of the loop and pushes them aside.

It’s also the reason why Samm has a nasty scowl on his face.
You watch Sam’s hands clench and unclench around the wheel as the three of you follow John’s truck through the night. The tension between Sam and John started to boil at the crime scene, but Dean managed to simmer things down in the car.

“Yeah, Dad. Alright, got it.” Dean hangs up his phone and looks at Sammy. “Pull off the next exit.”

“Why?” Sam asks, voice low.

“’Cause Dad thinks we got the vampires’ trail,” Dean replies.

“How?” asks Sammy, his anger seeping into his voice.

“I don’t know. He didn’t say,” Dean says and glances at his brother.

Without warning, Sam floors the gas pedal and receives shocked looks from you and Dean. He passes John’s truck, then swerves to the side, parking right in the middle of the road. John does the same, you know, to prevent a crash.

“Awh, crap,” Dean remarks as Sammy exits the car and slams the door, “here we go. Sam!”

“Looks like the pot boiled over,” you mumble to yourself and hop out of the car. Dean speedily does the same.

“What the hell was that?” John asks, stepping into Sam’s space.

“We need to talk,” Sam says instead of answering his father’s question.

“About what?” John snaps.

“About everything,” Sam says, tone hard and unrelenting. You move to get in between the two men, but Dean stops you and stands in the middle of his family. “Where are we going, Dad? What’s the big deal about this gun?”

“Sammy, come on. We can Q and A after we kill all the vampires,” Dean says, but Sam’s eyes stay locked onto John’s.

“Your brother’s right. We don’t have time for this,” John says, surprisingly calm.

“Last time we saw you, you said it was too dangerous to be together. Now, out of the blue, you need our help,” Sammy retorts, voice and anger rising with each word. “No, obviously something big’s going down, and we want to know what.”

“Get back in the car,” John says, voice dangerously low.

“No,” Sammy replies.

“I said get back in the damn car,” John repeats himself, taking a step closer to his son.

“Yeah, and I said no,” Sam replies venomously.

“All right, you made your point, tough guy. Look, we’re all tired. We can talk about this later.” Dean’s wards go unnoticed by the two men caught in a staredown. Dean grabs Sam by his collar and pushes him towards the impala. “Sammy, I mean it, come on.”

“This is why I left in the first place,” Sam whispers, loud enough for everyone to hear. You freeze in your spot, hand hovering over the handle.
“What’d you say?” John questions in his son in a challenging tone.

“You heard me,” Sam lashes around.

“Yeah, you left,” John says, walking towards Sammy. “Your brother and me—we needed you. You walked away, Sam. You walked away!” John shouts at him, jabbing a finger to Sam’s chest.

“Stop it both of you,” Dean says, his pleading masked with annoyance.

A dark scowl is on Sam’s face. “You’re the one who said, ‘Don’t come back,’ Dad. You’re the one who closed that door, not me!” Sam’s now at a shout, and his words spill out of him like a roar. “You were just pissed off you couldn’t control me anymore!”

“All right, listen,” Dean says, finally stepping in between the two. You didn’t realize that you pushed yourself up to the impala, getting away the fight as much as possible. “Stop it. Stop it. Stop it!” Dean tears away the two of them from each others’ tight grip. “That’s enough!” Dean roars. He turns and looks at his father. “That means you too.”

Sam’s chest heaves. He takes another angry breath and climbs into the front seat. John turns around and stomps off into his truck, leaving you and Dean in the middle of the two vehicles.

Dean shrugs his shoulders. “Terrific.”

~~~

The three of you stand at the trunks of the vehicles, machetes in hand. John had just told the boys about the Colt and what he intends to use it for (kill the damn demon), but your mind focuses on one thing and one thing only.

Vampires.

Your pulse quickens and blood rushes to your ear. Your pulse beats in your head like an angry drum and the ground sways beneath you.

“John, a word please,” you say politely, then walk around his truck before John or the boys can question you.

John trods around his truck, boots surprisingly quiet against the dirt road. “What’s wrong?” he asks.

“I can’t do this hunt,” you whisper, then look up at John.

“Why not?” he asks quietly.

“Excuse my language, but I’m pretty sure you know damn well why I can’t,” you reply more harsh than you intended. Your hands fidget around the machete’s handle, palms slick with sweat.

John straightens his posture and nods. “I get it.”

Before John can turn away, you grab his shoulder desperately. “Please don’t tell the boys.” Your eyes are wide with fear and John studies your expression, squinting. “Please,” you add softly.

“Okay,” is all John says.

“Thank you,” you whisper and drop your hand to your side.

John nods and walks around the truck. You follow shortly behind.
“All right. Y/n’s gonna stay here and keep look out. The rest of us will head in as planned,” John informs the boys.

“What? Why can’t she just come in with us?” Sam asks. Dean wears confusion adorably.

“Because this is my first vamp case and I’d rather not mess this entire thing up,” you say, the lie rolling easily off your tongue.

Sam opens his mouth to refute your concern with, “It’s our first vampire hunt, too,” but Dean interrupts him with a shrug. “Yeah, I get it. There’s a lot at stake.”

Sam stares at his brother dumbfoundedly, mouth agape.

“What?” Dean asks his brother, then looks back at you. “If she feels safer sitting this one out, who are we to force her to come along?”

Sam huffs, but nods. “Yeah, okay.”

You smile at Dean gratefully. He smiles back and the smile reaches his eyes.

If they knew what you did
they wouldn’t be smiling.

~

As you wander around the fog in your head, haunting memories that you pushed aside and buried deep down in the catacombs of “fuck-ups” tickle your fingertips as they float above the fog of memories. A chill runs through your hand, sipping up and down your body unpleasantly. You grimace, the memory fading just as fast as it arrived.

And then there’s John’s proposition, to get you a flight home and hide from the all the baddies in the world. You thought of his suggestion more often than you care to admit, and you found yourself listing the pros and cons of returning to Hailey.

You hate that you actually consider going back home.

A snap from the woods flick your eyes open, alarmed. Two blurry figures race towards you, enlarging as they near.

You take a step back, a hand over your shaking heart. You’re about to head for the impala for some sort of defense or weapon when you catch a glance at the faces of the oncomers.

Your hand falls at your side as you take a small step forward, embarrassed of your misjudgement. You exhale slowly and a sheepish smile adorns your face. “Oh, boys, you scared me. I--”

You stop yourself as Dean reaches out for you, pulling into his side. The brothers turn around, eyes miserable with worry, and scan the forest for their father.

“Dad?” Dean calls out. “Dad!”

Your fingers clench around Dean’s leather jacket as the woods replies to Dean’s shouts with silence. Questions sit on the tip of your tongue.

A second ticks by; then another.
Sam’s cheeks puff from holding his breath. His hands lay on top of his head, heavy and defeated, and his tight throat is ready to release a scream.

Then a stick snaps in the distance and John Winchester jogs into view. You release your hold from Dean and step forward, the questions nipping at your lips.

The boys turn to hop into the impala after seeing that John bears no injuries, but their father stops them by saying, “They won’t follow.” The boys look back at John.

“They’ll wait till tonight,” the hunter says. “Once a vampire gets your scent, it’s for life.”

“Well what the hell do we do now?” Dean asks, raising his shoulders in frustration.

“We gotta find a funeral home,” you whisper, meeting John’s eyes for a brief second.

The boys eyebrows shoot up on their foreheads and they share the same astonished expression.

~~~

“Y/n, do you think you’re up for killing some vampires tonight? I’m sure the boys would like the extra help.”

. . .

“No, I--I’m not ready.

. . .

I’m sorry.”

~~~

You stuff the last of your clothes into your bag and look up at the boys in disbelief. “So, what you’re really saying is, John used the colt to kill that sonuvabitch?” you ask, eyes wide as you glance between the brothers. *He used a bullet to save Sammy.*

“Yeah,” Sam replies, packing away his clothes.

“Oh, man, you should’ve seen it,” Dean says, shaking his head with a lopsided smile. “The way the vampire died…” he makes and gestures as if trying to grasp the right words. He shakes his head again, shrugging his shoulders. “It wasn’t like anything I’ve ever seen before.”

A smile returns to your face. “Sounds like you guys had an eventful night,” you comment.


“Yep,” you reply with a sigh. “The ending was much sadder than I imagined...and there was a
bizarre supernatural twist, too, which was extremely out of the blue.”

“Huh,” the brothers remark.

“The book was good, though, right?” Sam asks.

You nod. “Oh, yes. It definitely landed a spot in my top 15. Alrighty,” you say, grabbing your toothbrush and toothpaste, “I’m gonna brush my teeth and use the bathroom before we hit the road.”

The boys nod their heads as you walk into the bathroom and close the door behind you.

You wet your toothbrush then put a dab of toothpaste on the bristles. Just as you bring the toothbrush to your open mouth, you freeze at the sound of a new voice inside the motel room.

“So, boys,” John says as you come to your senses. You pluck the toothbrush in your mouth and, before you could stop yourself, you press your ear up against the bathroom door.

“God, this is such a Greta move,” you mumble to yourself, picturing your elderly neighbor pulling a similar stunt.

“Yes, sir,” Sam replies, at full attention.

“You ignored a direct order back there,” John states.

*There’s something the boys left out of the manuscript*, you think, brushing your teeth slowly.

“Yes, sir,” Sam says, tone hinting at shame.

“Yeah, but we saved your ass,” Dean cuts in, a bit of bite to his voice.

You blink in shock, liking the new defiant Dean who stands up for himself and his actions.

John stares at Dean, and you feel yourself tense up preparing for a beating. But instead of a good smack upside the head or a long scolding, John says, “You’re right.”

Dean tilts his head slightly, in question. “I am?”

“It scares the hell outta me. You two are all I’ve got,” John says, taking the time to look each of the boys in the eye. “But I guess we are stronger as a family. So… we go after this damn thing… together.”

“Yes, sir,” the boys say at the same time.

There’s a long pause before anyone says something. You lean even more into the door, wondering if they lowered their voices.

Suddenly, John asks, “Where’s Y/n?”

You fall back from the door, startled to say the least, and nearly gag on your toothbrush.

“She’s in the bathroom. She’ll be out soon,” Dean replies.

You hurriedly brush your teeth, spitting into the sink and turning on the faucette to wash it away. You do your business on the toilet and wash your hands. Then you stop, take a quick breath, and plaster a blank expression on your face.
You walk out of the bathroom and act surprise at John’s appearance. “Oh, hi, John,”

“Y/n,” John nods in greeting, and you smile as you walk into the center of the room, in between the brothers. “Have you thought about my offer?”

“I have.”

“And?”

.

You glance at Dean and Sam who look just like confused puppies.

.

“I think I’m good right where I am.”

[END OF EPISODE 20 - DEAD MAN’S BLOOD]

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it took so long to publish this chapter, guys. School is actually prison and controls my life, even outside of school, haha. Fun fact, I actually dreaded this chapter, but now it's a favorite of mine :) 

And a very quick and sincere thank you to all of those who left kind messages and comments to me. I am not lying when I say I wept tears of relief and gratitude when I read those messages. Y’all know who you are, and I love you very very much <3

Thank you to everyone who even stayed around long enough to READ this chapter. Seriously, I know how bipolar my uploading schedule is and I can't believe that I still have supporters despite that. So thank all of you, genuinely.

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. I am very excited to continue this series and Y/n's story.
Yes, hello. I am back. Sorry for the long break (again)! Life came up. I'm a junior in high school so you can imagine how stressful everything is right now haha. Anyways, thank you for supporting the story even while I'm gone <3 I've been reading all of your comments and just wanted to thank you all from the bottom of my heart. Anyways, here's my present to you this Christmas and if you don't celebrate, just present in general!

Happy Holidays!

“So, this is it,” John announces, gesturing at the mess of papers scattered around Sam’s laptop. Among the clippings are pages from your notebooks, research of demons you compiled a few years back. “This is everything I know.”

Terror; it scrambles around in your gut hand-in-hand with dread. The combo festers, and a sharp ringing pierces your right ear like a siren whispering to you.

“Our whole lives we’ve been searching for this demon, right? Not a trace, just nothing, until about a year ago. For the first time, I picked up a trail,” John says.

“That’s when you took off,” Dean notes.

“Yeah,” John replies softly, “that’s right. The demon must have come out of hiding or hibernation.”

Dean glances at you and Sam who stand across the room. You gaze at the pages of your notebook, mulling over what you’d be doing if Dean hadn’t asked you to join on the hunt for his father. A small sigh escapes your lips, and your eyes shift up to meet Dean’s stare. You smile reassuringly before turning your attention to John.

“All right, so what’s this trail you found?” Dean asks the hunter.

“It starts in Arizona, then New Jersey, California.” John looks at Sammy. “House burn down to the ground. It’s going after families, just like it went after us,” John says, tone serious and heavy.

“Families with infants?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, the night of the kid’s six-month birthday.”

Sam’s eyebrows raise and he shifts, uncertain. “I was six months old that night?”

“Exactly six months,” John confirms.

“So, basically, this demon is going after these kids for some reason,” Sammy chuckles dryly, humorlessly, “the same way it came for me?”

John adverts his eyes, scratching his chin.
“So Mom’s death, Jessica—it’s all ‘cause of me?” Sam asks, already making up his mind on the matter.

“We don’t know that, Sam,” Dean replies.

“Oh really, ‘cause I’d say that we’re pretty damn sure, Dean!” Sam snaps back.

You frown and hug your core, rocking back on your heels.

“For the last time, what happened to them is not your fault,” Dean replies, turning to face his brother.

“Yeah, you’re right; it’s not my fault, but it’s my problem!” Sam retorts, craning his neck so much so that the veins start to bulge under his skin.

John glances at you and meets your pleading eyes.

“No, it’s not your problem. It’s our problem!” Dean argues, brow creasing in anger.

“Okay,” John stand from his chair and looks at his two boys, “that’s enough,”

Both of the brothers immediately stand down, stepping backwards subconsciously. You wait for everyone to release their breath before you ask the next logical question on your mind.

*What are we doing for dinner?*

“So, what’s the demon’s motive--what is it getting out of all of this?” you ask, crossing your arms.

“I wish I had more answers,” John says. He narrows his eyes on Sam’s impatient and frustrated face. “I do. I’ve always been one step behind it.”

You glance at the floor and then at Dean who skims through the mess on the coffee table.

“Look, I’ve never gotten there in time to save…” John looks away and doesn’t finish his sentence—not that he needs to. Sam shifts his weight, averting his eyes from his flustered father.

“Alright, so, how do we find it before it hits again?” Dean asks, resting his hands on the back of the chair John had been sitting in.

“There are signs,” John replies. “Look, it took me a while to see the pattern, but in the days before these fires, signs crop up in an area--cattle deaths, temperature fluctuations, electrical storms.”

Dean stands up straight as if spooked by “electrical storms.” It *probably triggered a memory or some lore he once read*, you think.

“And then I went back and checked, and…” John stops again.

“These things happened in Lawrence,” Dean says almost nostalgically.

John nods. “The week before your mother died.” He looks at Sammy. “And in Palo Alto…before Jessica. And these signs--they’re starting again.”

You and Dean glance at one another, uneasiness seeping into your gut to join the already bitter mixture festering there.

Sam’s face hardens. “Where?”
“Salvation, Iowa.”

~~~

On the border of Salvation, Iowa, is where John Winchester abruptly pulls over. Taken aback, the boys exchange quick side glances as your brow creases with concern. The impala staggers to a stop, Dean already out of the car before it truly stops to talk to his father who slams the truck door in a fit of rage.

“Dammit!”

“What is it?” Dean asks, gesturing with his arms.

“Son of a bitch,” John huffs, hitting the side of the truck. In his release of breath, a bit of anger leave through John’s fingers and sigh. His gazes locks on the shore on the far side of the lake.

“What is it?” Dean asks again.

At this point, Sam exits the car, scratching the side his head. You fumble out the impala, wrapping your cardigan around your body against the cold, grey mist. You stand close to the car, not wanting to intrude on Dean and John, but also staying at a distance where you can easily offer your support if needed.

“I just got a call from Caleb,” John says, stuffing his hands in his pockets.

“Is he okay?” Dean replies, maintaining the six feet of space between him and his dad.

John’s eyes snaps to the side to meet Dean’s steady stare. He pauses, thinking to himself, then nods slightly as his head slowly turns to gaze out at the lake. “He’s fine.” He faces Dean again. “Jim Murphy’s dead.”

“Pastor Jim?” Sam questions, head cocking to the side like a slapped puppy.

John nods, a tight frown on his face.

“How?” Sam asks as you seep into the chilly metal of the impala.

Frigid sorrow pours through your body, chills running down your limbs and into the ground. Head heavy and eyes glazed, your subconscious steps out of your body as if an attempt to flee from reality. An outside force--possibly, you’re not sure exactly what--shoves your subconscious back into your body. You grab your head, eyes squeezed shut as your vision blurs, suffering from the repercussions of slamming into a wall.

Or in this particular instance, your body.

“Throat was slashed,” John says. “He bled out.”

Dean rocks back on his heels, the world swaying beneath him as reality clouds arounds. Sam releases a distraught sigh and shakes his head.

“Caleb said they found traces of sulfur at Jim’s place,” John adds, shoulders tense.

“A demon,” Dean pieces together.

John simply exhales and maintains eye contact with his son to confirm Dean’s pitch.
“The demon?” Dean asks, an edge to his voice.

“I don’t know,” John admits. “Could be he just got— he got careless; he slipped up.”

No, you want to scream and punch at the air. Not Jim.

“Maybe the demon knows we’re getting close,” John says. His theorizing, through helpful and necessary, puts you off, prickling your skin.

“What do you want to do?” Dean asks.

Grieve! your heart cries, but you silence it with a rough swallow.

“Now we act like every second counts,” John states like a military commander. “There’s two hospitals and a health care center in this county. We split up; we cover more ground. I want records. I want a list of every infant that’s gonna be six months old in the next week.”

“Dad, that could be dozens of kids. How the hell are we gonna know which one’s the right one?” Sammy asks logically.

“We’ll check them all, that’s how,” John replies.

You frown at the unrealistic plan.

“Well, you got any better ideas?” John questions you, catching your expression.

You meet his eye and tighten your lips. “No, sir.”

John nods curtly. He and the boys turn around and head back to their rides, though you step towards the truck while eyeing John. The elder hunter rests a hand on his truck, head hanging and shoulders slouched.

“John?” you say his name in question. The boys pause and look back at their father.

“Yeah.” He exhales quietly and turns around. “It’s Jim,” he says, hands stuffed in his jacket pockets. “You know, I can’t…” his voice breaks and stops him from continuing. He grits his teeth and looks out at the lake.

The offer of riding with him sits on the tip of your tongue, but you bite it down, wisely knowing that John prefers to tackle things on his own.

“This ends now,” John says after a long moment of silence. “I’m ending it. I don’t care what it takes.”

~~~

Tense, anxious, uptight, agitated—words that perfectly describes the atmosphere of the boys’ motel room. Sam holds his head in his hands, pinching the bridge of his nose every so often, as he wraps up his explanation of what he discovered. You sit across from the boy; Dean and John each sit on the edge of the beds, heads turned in Sammy’s direction. Sam keeps his eyes shut.

“A vision?” John questions skeptically, hands folded and elbows propped on his knees.

Sam exhales, but it sounds more like a gentle grunt. “Yes. I saw the demon burning a woman on the ceiling,” he says, force behind each word he utters.
“Right, and you think it’s gonna happen to this woman you met because?” John leaves his question open for Sam to answer.

“Because these things happen exactly the way I see them,” Sam replies.

“It started out as nightmares, and then he started having them while he was awake,” Dean adds, walking over to the other side of the room near you and Sammy.

“Yeah,” Sam sighs. “It’s like—I don’t know. It’s like the closer I get,” he pinches the bridge of his nose and inhales sharply, “to anything involving the demon, the stronger the visions get.”

You empathetically smile at Sammy.

“All right, when were you going to tell me about this?” John asks, a bit offended.

The smile on your face falls as you and the boys all turn your heads to look at John with disbelief.

“We didn’t know what it meant,” Dean is the first to reply.

“All right, something like this starts happening to your brother, you pick up the phone, and you call me,” John says, the same scolding tone he used on Dean as a kid (although, John’s scolding tone was much more brash than any other parents’ tone.)

Dean sets down whatever he was messing with at the sink and walks over to his father. “Call you? Are you kidding me?” Dean asks. “Dad, I called you from Lawrence, all right? I mean, Sam called you when I was dying. Getting you on the phone--I gotta better chance at winning the lottery,” Dean retorts, continuing this new streak of sticking up for himself.

You suck in your lips and hold them between your teeth, enamored by Dean’s surfacing confidence. You glance at John and wait for his response.

“You’re right,” John agrees with his son. He pauses and catches Dean’s eye. “Although I’m not really crazy about this new tone of yours, you’re right,” he adds. “I’m sorry.”

“Look, guys, visions or no visions, the fact is, we know the demon is coming tonight and this family’s gonna go through the same hell we went through,” Sam says.

“No, they’re not,” John replies, voice low and serious. “No one is...ever again.”

Sam’s cell phone rings and the room’s attention shifts towards the table, all eyes on the phone.

“Hello?” Sam answers the phone. His face tenses. “Who is this?” He pauses and looks up in thought before saying, “Meg.”

You can imagine her nasally laugh piercing through the phone speakers. You grimace.

“Last time I saw you, you fell out of a window,” Sam says.

John stands up, stretches his arms, and tucks his hands in his pockets.

“That was a seven-story drop.”

You watch the eldest Winchester step lightly to his son’s side.

Sam glances up at his father, then shakes his head, looking back at you. “My father? I don’t know where my dad is.”
“It’s time for the grown ups to talk, Sam,” Meg’s snappy tone cracks through the phone speakers. “Let me speak to him now.”

John must’ve heard Meg because he extends an open hand when Sam looks back at him. Sam hesitates for a moment then reluctantly plops the phone in John’s hand.

John holds the phone at his side for a moment, thing brings it up to his ear. “This is John,” he says deeply, walking towards the other side of the room, distancing himself from you and the boys.

You and the boys exchange tense glances as John hangs his head and slows his pace, coming to a full stop a few feet away from the door.

“I’m here.” John Winchester raises his head and looks out the window, eyes never focusing on anything.

Silence fills the room as you and the Winchester boys wait for John to speak. The silence grows until you can almost hear Meg, but a quiet ringing echos inside your skull, bouncing off the frontal bone like a ping pong ball.

“Caleb?” John asks, voice now taut and shrill rather than the composed, mild tone he had only a few seconds ago.

You and the boys look at John, faces blank.

Your breath catches in your tightening throat. The ringing grows louder, climbing in octaves until your ears grow hot with the rush of blood to your eardrums and your tear ducts sting as they fill with tears. The quickening beat of your heart joins the ringing in a nauseating accompaniment.

“Caleb,” John says, ergency lacing his bitter tone. “You listen to me,” he threatens Meg. “He’s got nothing to do with anything. You let him go.”

“Excuse me,” you choke out, hiding your quivering lips with your hand as you ungracefully leap from your seat. You don’t wait for the boys response and dash for the bathroom; it’s not like you would have heard them anyway.

Back pressed against the closed bathroom door, you slide to the ground much like the hot tears rolling down your cheeks, chest pumping up and down with every labored breath. You press your hands on your ears, trying to muffle the ringing. The ringing and pounding of your heart only increases in volume as you block out the outside noise.

You open your mouth to cry, but no sound comes out.

You reposition your hands just behind your temples and squeeze, trying anything that pops into your head to stop the obnoxious ringing of the monotonous, high-pitched whistle. You shake your head, eyes clamped shut and teeth grinding together. You find yourself slipping away into the drowning mantra of the ringing and beating, bursts of a bright creamy, yellow blinding your closed eyes.

You throw your head back, eyes snapping open upon contact with the soft, wood door and the bright yellow consuming your vision, mouth agape as you inhale through your mouth.

Your body stops shaking and the light that clouded your vision disappears along with the ringing. The pounding of your heart no longer wracks your eardrums; everything is silent, save for your breathing.

You reach up to wipe away the tears that stain your cheeks, but your cheek bare and dry of the tears
that were just spilling from your eyes. Before you can fully comprehend what just happened, an urgent pounding at the door captures your attention, and your dry cheeks are forgotten.

“Y/n, unlock the door!” Dean shouts.

“I didn’t…” you lose your train of thought as you cautiously rise to your feet. Your brows furrow as you rub your forehead and try to piece together what you just went through. You unlock the door with a shaky hand. Trying to combat your trembling nerves, you grip the cold, metal doorknob tightly until your knuckles pale and twist.

“Y/n, please--” Dean’s hand is suspended in the air when you open the door. He drops his hand limply at his side and looks you over with concerned eyes.

You keep your gaze downcast, avoiding the frantic eyes of Sam, who looks over his brother’s shoulder, and John’s startled and calculating stare.

*You need to lie; you can’t add another thing for them to worry about.*

Dean exhales. “Are you alright?” he asks. He looks like he wants to reach out and touch you, but he refrains as you flinch at his question and hug your middle tightly. “We heard you scream--”

“Yes, no--” you stutter then compose yourself with a deep breath, “I’m alright now. It was a migraine.”

“Sounded like one hell of a migraine,” John murmurs, and you don’t know if he intended for you to hear his remark.

Still, you force a smile. You look up at Dean whose face is still lined with concern. “Really, I’m good now,” you reassure, glancing at the brothers.

Sam smiles, a tight, sad little thing, and takes his seat at the table. Dean’s shoulders seem to drop at your reply and examines your face, looking for a crack in the mask you wear.

“So, what did I miss?” you ask, efficiently switching the subject--for now.

John sighs and hands Sammy his phone. “Caleb is dead. Meg slit his throat.”

You gulp, eyes shuttering to a close, and nod.

“She’s also the thing that killed Jim. She wants the colt and won’t stop killing our friends until I deliver it to her,” John explains grimly.

The ground sways beneath you, so you lean against the wall, head heavy with the information.

“So you think Meg is a demon?” Sam asks his father.

“Either that or she’s possessed by one. It doesn’t really matter,” John replies.

Dean looks at you for a moment longer, then reluctantly glances at his dad. “So what do we do?”

“I’m going to Lincoln.”

“What?” Dean looks back at his father, brows furrowed.

“It doesn’t seem like I have much of a choice. If I don’t go, a lot of people die. Our friends die,” John argues reasonably.
“Dad, the demon is coming tonight for Monica and her family. That gun is all we got,” Sam points out. “You can’t just hand it over.”

Yes, the woman Sam found while having one of his visions. They had slipped your mind until this moment.

“Who said anything about handing it over?” John replies. “Look, besides us and a couple of vampires, no one’s really seen the gun. No one knows what it looks like.”

“So what, you’re just gonna pick up a ringer at a pawn shop?” Dean asks, making no effort to hide the distaste in his voice.

“Antique store,” John corrects him.

Dean waits for his dad to crack a smile and say, “Naw, I’m just teasing; we’re screwed,” but John’s serious expression never falters. “You’re gonna hand Meg a fake gun and hope she doesn’t notice?”

“Look, as long as it’s close, she shouldn’t be able to tell the difference,” John replies confidently. His confidence is persuasive, and you find yourself agreeing with him.

“Yeah, but for how long?” Dean argues. “What happens when she figures it out?”

“I just--” John shakes his head, “I just need to buy a few hours, that’s all.”

“You mean for the boys and me,” you piece together.

John doesn’t confirm or deny your statement, which is an answer in itself.

“You want us to stay here,” Sam adds, eyes distant. “And kill this demon by ourselves.”

“No, Sam,” John replies, and you can hear the emotional pain in his voice. “I want to stop losing the people we love. I want you to go to school. I want--I want Dean to have a home. I want Y/n to leave this life behind.” John turns his back to you and the boys. “I want Mary alive,” he chokes out.

“I just...I just want this to be over,” he concludes.

Later that night, after John left the boys’ room, Sam’s soft snores drift through the room. Dean had retired to his bed minutes ago, but you still feel his gaze hot on your back as you prepare a makeshift bed on the small loveseat.

“Dean,” you breathe, looking over your shoulder at the man, “I’m fine. You can stop worrying now.”

Dean sighs then asks, “Why do you always insist on sleeping on the couch?”

“I thought we had this conversation before.”

“We probably did but now we’re having it again.”

You shake your head and smile at Dean’s cheeky smile, but don’t give him the satisfaction to see your reaction.

You exhale and stand up, turning around to face the man. “You know why. You and Sammy
deserve to have beds to yourselves.”

Dean chuckles softly. “Come on, you and I used to share beds all the time when we were younger,” Dean replies.

You scoff. “Emphasis on younger, Deano. Back then, beds had enough room for two little bodies.”

“Hey, there’s enough room on this bed for another person,” Dean retorts, scooting over to one side of the bed.

You don’t hide your grin from Dean this time. Walking over to empty side of the bed, you hold your gaze with Dean. “You’re really willing to share the bed?” you ask him, cocking an eyebrow.

“I wouldn’t have offered if I wasn’t,” Dean replies with a charming smile that makes your knees weak.

You crawl under the blankets before your legs can give out. You face the wall as a blush burns on your face; you and Dean slept in the same many times before as kids, so why the hell was it any different now?

The two of you lay in silence. Your back is tense knowing that Dean lays beside you.

“Y/n, what really happened today--in the bathroom, I mean,” Dean whispers, tone gentle.

Your mouth goes dry when you think about the ringing, about the blinding yellow. “I heard the ringing again.” Your voice is shaky and you shudder, gripping the blankets tightly.

“You don’t have to tell me--”

“No, I want to. I need to.” You take a deep breath. “Everything was so loud. All I could hear was the ringing and the beating of my heart. I remember screaming, but I couldn’t hear myself. And then there were--there were these lights and I--” you gulp, “I was so scared,” you utter in a whisper.

The bed shifts as Dean rolls over into the center of the bed and touches your shoulder. You turn around and face him with tear-rimmed eyes. You see Dean’s heart break in his eyes when he looks at you. With a concerned frown on his face, he gently pulls you into his chest and cradles the back of your head.

As you start weeping, he hushes you soothingly and runs his hands through your hair. “Shhh, Y/n. You’re okay now, I’ve got you.”

~~~

A train whistle blows in the distance, wheels rumbling against the tracks. The impala slows to a stop behind John’s trunk where you, Sam, and John rifle through John’s slew of weapons. You turn around, eyes locking with Dean’s, and smile as he hops out of the car.

“Did you get it?” John asks his son.

Dean opens his jacket and pulls out a brown-paper bag from the inside pocket. He hands it to John.

“You know this is a trap, don’t you?” Dean asks as John pulls the antique gun out of the bag.

“That’s why Meg wants you to come alone.”

“I can handle her,” John assures with a lopsided smile. “I got a whole arsenal loaded--holy water, mandaic amulets--”
“Dad,” Dean cuts in, eyes downcast.

“What?”

“Promise me something,” Dean says.

“What’s that?” John asks.

“This thing goes south, just get the hell out,” Dean says. “Don’t get yourself killed, alright? You’re no good to us dead.” His voice almost cracks, but Dean releases a breath to hide it.

Sam stares at his father, eyes pleading for closure, for a promise.

“Same goes for you,” John replies.

You don’t know whether or not John’s reply satisfies the concern of the group, but you do know that John must have some trick up his sleeve.

“Alright, listen to me,” John orders with a sigh. He pulls out the colt from his pocket. “They made the bullets special for this colt. There’s only four of them left. Without them, this gun is useless,” John explains and pauses to emphasize just how crucial this information is. “You make every shot count.”

“Yes, sir,” Sam says.

John glances at you and the boys. “I’ve been waiting a long time for this fight. Now it’s here, and I’m not gonna be in it.” He takes his time to look each of you in the eyes. “It’s up to you kids now.

“It’s your fight. You finish this. You finish what I started. You understand?”

Dean doesn’t say anything, merely holds his father’s gaze. Sam nods, jaw clenched in determination or to suppress his emotions boiling under the surface—you can’t tell.

“Yes,” you confirm, mouth shockingly dry.

John glances at you, face blank, then hands Dean the colt. Dean turns the gun over in his hands, getting a feel for its weight in his hands.

Sam inhales sharply. “We’ll see you soon, Dad.”

John smiles at his son and nods. “I’ll see you later,” he says casually, like he’s dropping his kids off at school at will see them back at home for dinner.

If only that was the case.

John opens the door to his truck. Before he climbs inside, he calls to you. “Come ‘ere.”

You glance at the boys almost for approval, then trud over to John. The hunter hands you a small capsule of aspirin and a bottle of water.

“Take care of yourself, kid,” John states with a warm smile.

You nod. “You too.”

~~~
Through the window of the Holts’ home, you spy Monica serving her husband a bowl of soup. A sigh slips through your parted lips, eyes distant as you watch the couple eat together at the table, most likely talking about work and current events.

Current events--the thought almost triggers a scoff from you. You can’t remember the last time you read a newspaper for non-hunting related purposes.

Your eyes glide to the bowl of soup on the table. *When was the last time I had a home-cooked meal?*

“Maybe we can just tell them there’s a gas leak,” Sam pitches. “Might get the out of the house for a few hours.”

Monica says something that makes her husband laugh, and you purse your lips, fighting off a frown.

“Yeah, and how many times has that actually worked for us?” Dean counters.

“Yeah,” Sam admits, defeatedly. “Could always tell them the truth,” Sam suggests after a pause.

“Nah,” Dean replies.

Sam murmurs an agreement and looks out the passenger window. “I know, I know. I just--with what’s coming for these people...”

You snap yourself out of your brooding and focus on the conversation between the brothers.

“Sam, we only got one move, and you know it, alright? We gotta wait for that demon to show itself, and then,” Dean shakes his head and inhales, “we get it before it gets them.”

Sam nods. “I wonder how Dad’s doing.”

“I’d feel a lot better if we were there backing him up,” Dean confesses dryly.

Sam scoffs. “I’d feel a lot better if he were here backing us up.”

“I’d feel a lot better if none of us were strung into this mess,” you mutter, audible enough for the boys to hear you.

“Amen to that,” Dean agrees.

~

Monica closes the curtains of her bedroom and turns off the lights, but your mind isn’t focused on the homebody life anymore.

Instead memories of your father stepping into the kitchen to talk quietly on the phone with John cloud your head. Late nights spent reading what you thought was twisted fairytales, the sad pride in your father’s eyes when you showed him your latest find on demons.

A warm tear runs down your cheek, causing you to blink wildly and stare at the roof the car. “Fuck,” you breathe quietly, furiously wiping away the tear.

“You doing all right back there, Y/n?” Sammy asks, pausing his thought to look back at you.

Dean eyes you in the rear-view mirror.

“Yeah, yeah. I guess what’s about to go down tonight kinda just hit me,” you reply. “I mean, this is
“After all these years, we’re finally here,” Sammy adds whimsically. “It doesn’t seem real.”

Dean thinks over what you and Sam said, then says, “We just got to keep our heads and do our job like always.”

“Yeah, but this isn’t like always,” Sam replies, a smile on his lips.

“True,” Dean admits after a second.

“Guys, uh…” Sam trails off, collecting his thoughts, “I want to thank you.”

“For what?” Dean asks for the both of you, eyes shifty.

“For everything,” Sam replies. “You guys have always had my back, you know? Even when I couldn’t count on anyone, I could always count on my brother and my best friend,” Sammy gushes, making your heart full. “And now...I don’t know. I just wanted to let you both know, just in case.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, are you kidding me?” Dean asks.

“What?”

“Don’t say just in case something happens to you. I don’t wanna hear that freaking speech, man,” Dean states, appalled. “Nobody’s dying tonight. Not us, not that family, nobody...except that demon. That evil son of a bitch isn’t getting any older than tonight you understand me?”

Sam nods, and Dean quickly looks away from his brother, jaw clenching as he calms himself.

~

“Can we call him? Him just once more?” you ask Dean, leaning over the front seat.

Wordlessly, Dean rings up his father on his cellphone for the fifth time. The time that passes is thick with suspense as you all wait for John to answer the phone.

“Dad’s not answering,” Dean huffs, dropping his phone beside him on the seat.

The three of you look back at Monica’s home, each coming to your own conclusions to explain John’s lack of picking up the phone.

“Maybe Meg was late,” Sam theorizes. “Maybe cell reception’s bad.”

“Yeah, well…” Dean shakes his head, gaze returning to the house across the street.

An ear-piercing static cackles from the radio.

“Dean, wait,” Sam says, brow furrowing. He turns up the radio. “Listen to this.”

As the cackling static swells inside the impala, the wind increases outside, blowing leaves throughout the air and howling madly. The lights of the house flicker irrationally.

“It’s coming,” you expound, and scramble out of the car.

The boys hop out of the impala, easily catching up with you and passing you with their long strides. Dean immediately picks the lock of the house and carefully opens the front door. Sam enters first,
then you, and Dean taking up the back.

As your eyes adjust to the dark, a loud crash and shattering to your right alarms you, causing you to jump back in fear.

“Get out of my house!” yells furious and terrified Mr. Holt, who also happened to be carrying and swinging a baseball bat. “Get out of my house!” he shouts again, Dean grabbing the bat as Mr. Holt swings it at his head.

Dean swiftly pins Mr. Holt against the wall, bat pressed against his chest.

“Mr. Holt, please,” Sammy pleads.

“Hey, listen to me. Be quiet and listen to me,” Dean orders the man, voice calm. “We’re trying to help you, okay?”

“Charlie, is everything okay down there?” Monica shouts from upstairs.

“Monica, get the baby!” Mr. Holt cries.

“Don’t go in the nursery!” Sammy hollers, then darts up the stairs.

“You stay away from her!” Mr. Holt howls, a shot of adrenaline giving him the strength to push Dean away.

Dean recovers quickly and punches Mr. Holt in the head, the blow effectively knocking the man out.

“Sammy!” you shout as your legs lifting you up the stairs. You turn into the hallway and spot Sam’s large figure standing in the doorway at the end of the hall. Inside of the room, standing in front of the crib, a shadow with yellow eyes. Hues of yellow swim around the tiny pupil of the eyes in a hypnotic, chilling pattern.

Sam aims the colt at the figure and shoots, but the demon dissipates into smoke.

Monica falls from the wall and lands on her hands and knees with a loud thud.

“Where the hell did it go?” Sam asks.

“My baby!” cries Monica as Sam helps the woman to her feet.

You run past Sam and to the crib. “Get Monica out of here, I got the kid!” you shout over your shoulder.

“Rosie!” Monica screams as Sam practically carries her down the hallway. “My baby!”

You briskly wrap the child in her blankets and carefully lift her into your arms. You make sure to support her head as you tuck her close to your chest. As you turn away from the crib, it erupts in flames, and you sprint down the hallway. You rapidly descend the stairs, hugging the baby closer to your chest and humming to her. You manage to catch up to Sam and Monica as they barrel through the front door to safety. Just as you make it outside, the nurseries windows explodes and flames spill from the broken glass.

“You get away from my family!” Mr. Holt threatens as Dean finally releases him from his hold.

“No, Charlie, don’t! They save us,” Monica explains hoarsely, throat still recovering from the smoke. She turns to you who still holds Rosie. “They saved us,” she cries, tears falling freely from her eyes.
You gently hand her Rosie, eyes examining the baby’s face for any bruises or cuts from the hasty escape.

Monica steps into her husband’s embrace and looks back at you and the boys. “Thank you.”

You smile at the woman, grateful that everyone got out okay.

Sam looks back at the house, glaring at the shadow that taunts him from inside the nursery. “It’s still in there,” Sam snarls.

“Sammy, don’t,” you warn the boy, in no mood for the boys to cause an even bigger scene.

Sam ignores your warning and takes a determined step, backed by anger, towards the house. Dean grabs his brother’s coat, yanking him back. “Dean let me go. It’s still in there!” Sam growls.

“Burning to the ground--it’s suicide!” Dean argues, getting in front of Sammy and pushing him back.

“I don’t care!” Sam yells in his brother’s face.

“I do!” Dean refutes.

Sam glances between you and his brother, already seeming to relax after his brother’s remark. You release a sigh and look into the window blazing orange, and in between the dancing flames, stands the demon with piss-yellow eyes.

~

“Come on, Dad. Answer the phone, dammit,” Dean grumbles as he paces the room, cell phone glued to his ear.

You glance at Sammy sitting on the foot of his bed with a scowl on his face. You turn to the next page of the activity pamphlet that was left on the drawer by the motel, trying to lose yourself in the scenic pictures of bike trails and town life.

Dean hangs up before he can hear the voicemail he now has memorized, and drops his hand to his side. “Something’s wrong.”

He glances at Sam who says nothing.

“You hear me? Something’s happened,” Dean repeats himself.

“If you had just let me go in there, I could have ended all of this,” Sam states, voice low.

“Sam,” Dean says, walking over to his brother, “the only thing you would have ended was your life.” Dean turns away from his brother after delivering his venomous response.

“You don’t know that,” Sam retorts, nostrils flaring.

“So, what? You’re just willing to sacrifice yourself, is that it?” Dean questions his brother.

“Yeah,” Sam replies, standing up to stare Dean down. “Yeah, you’re damn right I am.”

“Yeah, well, that’s not gonna happen--not as long as I’m around,” Dean states firmly.

“What the hell are you talking about, Dean? We have been searching for this demon our whole lives. It’s the only thing we’ve ever cared about.”
“God, Sammy, I could just about smack some sense into you!” you snap, glowering at the young man.

“Yeah, alright, Missouri,” Sam snarks.

You stand up from your seat abruptly, the chair clattering from the sudden force. You clench your fists and are ready to clap back at Sam, but Dean steps in before you two can lose your tempers.

“Alright, that’s enough,” Dean declares, pointedly looking at Sam. “You too, Y/n,” he adds for good measure.

You huff and sit back down, resting your arm on the table.

“Sam, I want to waste it. I do, okay? But it’s not worth dying over,” Dean argues.

“What?” Sam asks.

“I mean it. If hunting this demon means you getting yourself killed, then I hope we never find the damn thing,” Dean remarks.


“You said it yourself once that no matter what we do, they’re gone. And they’re never coming back,” Dean retorts.

Sam grabs Dean by the collar of his button up and slams Dean into the wall, pinning him there with a harsh thud. “Don’t you say that! Don’t you--” Sam roars through gritted teeth, a passive expression on Dean’s face. “Not after all of this, don’t you say that.”

“Sam, look,” Dean says carefully. By then, you realize that you’re out of your seat once again and steps away from intervening with Sam and Dean.

But you tell yourself it’s not your place.

“The four of us--that’s all we have,” Dean says, sad with grim reality. “And it’s all I have.”

Tears shine in Sam’s eyes, moved by Dean’s words. A tear has already rolled down your cheek, and you inhale slowly through your nose.

“I’m barely holding it together, man,” Dean confesses. Sam releases Dean from his grip, laughing sadly and patting his brother’s shoulder. “Without you and Y/n and Dad…”

“Dad,” Sam repeats, stepping away from his brother and right into you. Before he can walk away, you wrap your arms around his large frame and rub his back soothingly. Sam pinches the bridge of his nose as he holds back more tears that well up in his eyes.

You and Dean exchange glances, frowns on one another’s face. You pat Sam’s back, and he steps out of your hug and turns to look at Dean.

“He should have called back now,” Sam says. “Try him again.”

Dean licks his teeth anxiously as he pulls out his phone and calls his father. Instead of the usual dead look in Dean’s eyes while waiting for an answer, Dean’s eyes shine with fear, anger, and hate.

He looks at you and Sammy, eyes wide. “Where is he?”
Sam reads his brother’s expression, jaw clenching and eyes blazing with fury. Your throat tightens as your nails dig into the palms of your hands. You heart pounds.

On the other side of the phone line, Meg replies, “You’re never going to see your father again.”

[END OF CHAPTER 21 - SALVATION]
Devil's Trap

Chapter Summary

The end of the beginning.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Where is he?” Dean asks, struggling to keep himself together; his voice sounds like windshield cracking as a rock collides with the glass.

You stare at Dean as the green in his eyes fade just a shade. Sam looks away, color draining from his face. You hold your breath like it’s your hope that John is alright.

Wordlessly, Dean closes his phone, hanging up the call. The phone balances on the tips of his limp fingers. “They’ve got Dad,” he says, but his voice doesn’t sound like his own anymore. Dean paces into the center of the room, steps brisk but heavy.

“Meg?” you ask, weight shifting from foot to foot.

Dean nods, gaze down. His eyes skirt all around the floor, not really seeing anything.

“What did she say?” Sammy asks anxiously.

“I just told you, Sammy,” Dean snaps, tone grave. He wipes a hand over his eyes and down the side of his face. “Okay,” he repeats in a calming mantra, “okay.” He turns around, eyes landing on the colt laying on the nightstand, and grabs the gun, stuffing it in the back of his jeans and under his shirt.

“What are you doing, Dean?” Sammy asks his brother as Dean grabs what little belongings you all brought into the motel room.

“We got to go,” Dean replies, stuffing shirts into his duffle bag.

“What?”

“Because the demon knows we’re in Salvation. Alright? It knows we’ve got the colt, it’s got Dad, it’s probably coming for us next,” Dean explains hurriedly, slipping into his jacket.

“Good. We’ve still got three bullets left. Let it come,” Sammy replies.

“Listen, tough guy, we’re not ready,” Dean retorts, fear starting to show on his face. Sam registers this and is quiet as his brother continues. “We don’t know how many of them are out there. Now, we’re no good to anybody dead.” Dean pauses, catching his breath and closing the duffle bag.

“We’re leaving. Now.”

And with that, Dean storms past Sam and out of the motel room.

You glance at Sammy, catching his eye, and exhale sharply. “He’s right,” you remark, grabbing
your’s and Sammy’s jacket from the coat hook. You toss Sam his jacket. “Let’s get outta Dodge, hmm?”

The impala is already running as you step out of the motel room. You slide into the backseat and check your backpack for all of your things.

Sammy climbs into the car a moment later.

As soon as Sam closes the door, the impala takes off and flies out of the parking lot. You’re tossed in your seat a little bit as Dean sharply turns a corner, tires squealing and the impala rocking like a boat in a stormy sea.

“I’m telling you, Dean, we could’ve taken him,” Sam grumbles.

“What we need is a plan,” Dean replies, shutting down any opportunity for an argument. “Now, they’re probably keeping Dad alive. We just gotta figure out where. They’re gonna want to trade him for the gun.”

Sam shakes his head, mouth opening and closing.

“What?” Dean questions.

“Dean, if that were true, why didn’t Meg mention a trade?” Sam points out and your gut fills with sickening doubt. “Dad, he might be--”

“Don’t,” Dean says sharply.

“Look, I don’t want to believe it anymore than you,” Sam pauses, “but if he is, all the more reason to kill this damn thing.” He argues, “We still have the colt. We can still finish the job.”

“Screw the job, Sam!” Dean snaps.

“Dean, I’m just trying to do what he would want,” Sam responds. “He would want us to keep going.”

“Would you quit talking to him like he’s dead already?”

Sam turns his head, looks out the window at the dark blur of trees passing by.

“Listen to me. Everything stops until we get him back, you understand me? Everything,” Dean states firmly.

Sam swallows his pride. “So, how do we find him?”

“Maybe we go to Lincoln. Start at the warehouse where he was taken,” Dean suggests, anger already cooling down.

“Come on, Dean, you really these demons are gonna leave a trail?” Sam refutes.

“You’re right,” Dean admits. “We need help.”

You inhale sharply, dreading the idea that popped into your head. “I know where we can go.”

~~~

An old rottweiler jumps off a just as old pickup, stubby tail poised and alert, saggy chops trembling
as the dog barks ferociously.

As the impala rolls to a stop, you eagerly fall out of the car and land on your knees after slipping on the dirt driveway. You laugh, a wide smile stretching your cheeks as you scramble to your feet and dash over to the dog.

The rottweiler squirms happily, his short tail now wagging what little length it has and joyful yaps leaving his large jaws.

“Rummy!” you squeal. You scratch behind his ears and stroke the soft fur, warm from the sun, on his back, cooing to him.

The boys step up to the house, an apprehensive look in Dean’s eyes.

“Are you sure Bobby won’t mind us stopping by?” Dean asks.

“Oh, yeah. It’ll be fine,” you assure him, though your attention is still on the old dog leashed to the old pickup truck.

“Even without an explanation as to why?” Sam questions. “I know you texted him on the way here, but did you tell him who you were coming with?”

You pause and glance back at the brothers. “Well, no, but should that really matter? The old man will just be glad I’m visiting.”

“Those are some pretty confident words, Y/n,” Sam remarks, suspicion lacing his words.

“Come on, then,” you say, standing up and dusting the dirt off your knees, “let me prove my confidence.” You saunter towards the door, chin held high.

“Her confidence is going to get us killed,” Dean whispers to his brother.

“I know,” Sam murmurs in agreement.

You pay no mind to the brothers’ concerns and instead wave at Rumsfeld. “Bye, Rummy! Behave yourself out here.”

Rumsfeld yawns in response and jumps onto the hood of the pickup.

Bobby’s front door stares you in the face, chipped paint daring you to knock on the door. You hesitate, imagining the hell on the other side of the door. You take a deep breath and plaster a smile on your face.

The door opens, nearly flying off its hinges. In the doorway, Bobby Singer fumes, a deep scowl on his face.

“Bobby,” you breathe and lean against the doorframe, crossing your arms nonchalantly. “When are you going to let that poor dog inside, hm?” you ask teasingly, meeting Bobby’s burning eyes.

Bobby breaks from the staring contest and glances at the two giants behind you. “Winchesters,” he addresses them gruffly, then grabs your arm and jerks you into the house.

“Boys, excuse us,” you call back, mustering up the last of your wits as Bobby drags you into one of the spare rooms used mostly as storage. The man that stepped up to the plate as your father figure after your dad died slams the door behind you.
You teeter on your feet for a second before regaining your composure, and then turn around to face the fuming Bobby.

“Where the hell have you been? You’ve been MIA for the past year! Good, Lord, it’s like you don’t even own a phone. What’s the point in having one if you’re not going to use it to contact people? I’ve been worried sick!”

“Bobby--”

“And now you show up on my doorstep with the Winchesters, no less. Have you been hunting?”

“Bobby,” you groan.

“Who gave you the bright idea to start hunting?” Bobby lowers his voice. “Did those boys drag you into their mess? Answer me, girl!”

You open your mouth, but struggle to find what to say--where to start. You run into Bobby, wrapping him up in a hug. “I’m--I’m sorry,” you stutter, tears welling in your eyes. “Dean came for help, and I--I wasn’t thinking.”

Bobby’s entire being slumps, anger leaving his body and replacing with gratefulness. He returns the hug as your weeping starts to shake your body. “Shh. I’m sorry for yelling,” he soothes, rubbing your back comfortingly.

You sniffle.

“But you gotta understand, I was worried sick--hell, I still am. Why the hell didn’t you call me, girl?”

“Because I was worried about what you would say.”

He scoffs. “Like what?”

You step out of Bobby’s embrace and look at his doubtfully. “Oh, I don’t know. Like scolding me for helping the boys find their father.”

“I ain’t scolding you for helping, Y/n. I’m scolding you for hunting without letting me know!”

Bobby corrects you, exasperated. “Don’t forget that I was one of the first people to bring you hunting; I know how you are on the field.”

“Well, I’m not that scared teenager anymore, Bobby. I’ve matured.”

Bobby stares at you quizzically.

“And yeah, sometimes I still get a little nervous,” you admit, running a hand through your hair. “But that doesn’t take away from the fact that I’m… okay at hunting.”

“So you enjoy being face to face with monsters?” Bobby asks.

“Please, does any of us really enjoy it?” you retort. You shrug. “I like being there to help the boys in person--it’s more than I can do over the phone, you know?”

“We help plenty of people by giving information over the phone, Y/n.”

“I know but…” you hesitate. “I missed spending time with the boys. Even though there’s this constant cloud of danger over our heads while hunting, I’ve enjoyed my time with them.”
“You sound sad, girl,” Bobby comments warily.

You cast your gaze to the ground, avoiding Bobby’s knowing eyes.

“I guess a part of me misses home, too.” You chuckle, shaking your head. “I miss my bed and my kitchen...all of it.”

“Kid, no one is forcing you to stay,” Bobby says, tone encouraging.

“I know, but I feel like if I leave, I’d be letting Dean down.”

“How so?”

“He’s the one who asked me to come help him find John.” Bobby frowns, but you choose to ignore it. “Look, until the boys find their dad, I’m staying with them.”

Bobby sighs and runs a hand down his face. “Okay.”

“So you’re okay with me hunting?” you ask hopefully.

“Well, I guess it helps that you’re with two hunters who have more experience than you, but…”

You squeal and pull Bobby into another hug. “Thank you, Bobs.”

You miss the apprehensive look on Bobby’s face, the warnings on the tip of his tongue that he fails to give voice.

“Jeez, girl, calm down,” Bobby says, patting your back. He puts his hands on your shoulders so he can look you in the eye. “But you gotta promise to call me so I know you’re okay.”

“Will do,” you reply with a dorky salute.

~

You walk into the dining area and plop a large book onto the table where Sam waits for you. The book lands on the table with a thud, and a pleased smile stretches your lips.

“This should be enough to protect you against demons for decades,” you state, crossing your arms over your chest.

“Thanks, Y/n,” Sam replies, flipping open the cover and skimming through the first pages.

You beam and take a seat next to the young hunter.

Dean stands in the center of the dining area and looks at you with sparkling eyes. “Where’s my gift, Y/n?” he asks teasingly.

You smirk and roll your eyes. “Up your--”

“Here you go,” Bobby says as he walks into the room, handing Dean a silver flask.

Dean grins at your disappointed expression and turns the flask over in his hands, glancing over the intricate carvings. “What is this--holy water?”

“That one is. This is whiskey.” Bobby opens the other flask in his hand before taking a hefty swig.

“Really? You’re drinking this early in the day?” you question the old man as he makes a face at the
strong liquor.

“I think I’m entitled considering the circumstances,” he replies as he offers Dean a drink.

You scoff at Bobby’s remark and shake your head as Dean takes a drink from the flask. You glance at Sammy who flips another page of the book you found him.

“Bobby, thanks, thanks for everything,” Dean says graciously. “To tell you the truth, I wasn’t sure if we should come.”

“Nonsense. Your daddy needs help,” Bobby replies.

“Well, yeah, but the last time we saw you, you did threaten to blast him full of buckshot. You cocked the shotgun and everything,” Dean recalls with a lighthearted smile on his lips.

Bobby inhales deeply. “Yeah, well, what can I say? John just has that effect on people.”

“Yeah, I guess he does.”

“None of that matters now. All that matters is that you get him back,” Bobby states sincerely.

“Y/n, this book,” Sam chuckles and shakes his head in amazement, “I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“Yeah, me either until I forced Bobby to let me look at it,” you reply. “Up until that point, I’d only read abridged versions of it.”

“The Key of Solomon?” Bobby inquires as he walks over to the table where you and Sam are seated.

You nod.

“It’s the real deal, all right. Not for the faint of heart,” he adds, side eyeing you.

You roll your eyes.

“And these protective circles--they really work?” Sam asks.

“Hell yeah. You get a demon in one, they’re trapped,” Bobby explains. “They’re powerless. It’s like a satanic roach motel.”

“Thank you for the beautiful imagery, Bobby,” you quip as he and Sammy chuckle.

“Man knows his stuff,” Dean praises, walking over to the table where you all are gathered.

“I’ll tell you something else, too. This is some serious crap you kids stepped in,” Bobby says, eyes wide and serious.

“Oh, yeah? How’s that?” Sammy asks, trying to sound tough, but there’s a scared little boy under that rough exterior. And you can see right through it.

“Normal year, I hear, say, three demonic possessions, maybe four, tops.”

“Yeah,” Dean says, anticipating where Bobby is going with this.

“This year, I heard 27 so far. You get what I’m saying?” Bobby glances at the three of you, each
wearing your own calculating expressions. “More and more demons are walking among us--a lot more.”

“Do you know why?” Sam asks.

“No,” Bobby admits in a breath, “but I know it’s something big. A storm’s coming, and you boys, your daddy,” Bobby looks at you, “Yn--you are smack in the middle of it.”

The boys look at each other, communicating their determination, but you hold Bobby’s gaze. The corner of your mouth twitches into a frown as you try to find the confidence you had walking into Bobby’s home.

The once quiet dog starts barking aggressively.

“Rumsfeld,” Bobby mutters anxiously and moves to peer out the window. There’s a yowl and the sound of a chain dropping as Bobby parts the blind’s shutters. “What is it?” he whispers under his breath.

You and Sam stand up, and you quickly step over to the window next to Bobby. “Rummy?” you breathe, squinting outside.

His chain leash hangs limply from the post, and Rumsfeld isn’t on top of the hood of the truck. Your eyes dart across the lawn but find no sign of the dog.

“Something’s wrong,” Bobby states.

The door splinters and flies off its hinges, for real this time, and reveals a Meg lowering her foot. She tramps into the house, looking like shit.

“No more crap, okay?” she says, catching her breath.

Dean grabs the flask containing holy water from his pocket and stomps towards the girl. With a wave of her arm, Meg sends Dean flying into a pile of books. Dean collides with the hutch against the wall and shatters the glass. Glass trinkles onto his face and body. The hunter is knocked out.

Sam defensively steps in front of you and Bobby, using his huge frame to protect the two of you.

“I want the colt, Sam--the real colt--right now,” Meg demands as you, Sam, and Bobby slowly make your way into the library.

“We don’t have it on us. We buried it,” Sam replies.

“Didn’t I say, ‘No more crap?’ I swear--after everything I heard about you Winchesters, I’ve got to tell you, I’m a little underwhelmed. First Johnny tries to pawn off a fake gun, and then he leaves the real gun with you two chuckleheads. Lackluster, man. I mean, did you really think I wouldn’t find you?” Meg concludes her monologue as she steps right into the center of the trap.

Dean walks around the corner, and you’re relieved to see that he’s okay. “Actually,” he chimes in, voice rough and grave, “we were counting on it.”

Meg turns slowly to face Dean who leans against the entryway frame. He smugly looks up towards the ceiling where a protective circle is painted. Meg follows his gaze, fists clenching at her sides.

“Gotcha,” Dean remarks.
You add another book on top of the towering stack next to the wall, distracting yourself from the chaos simmering in the other room. In the library, Dean and Sam have Meg tied up to a chair in the center of the protective circle.

“You know, if you wanted to tie me up, all you had to do was ask,” Meg taunts the brothers.

You grimace and start a new pile of books. Bobby walks by, carrying a red jug filled with salt. Leave it to Bobby to find creative way to recycle.

“I salted the doors and the windows,” he informs the Winchesters. “If there are any demons out there, they ain’t gettin’ in.”

You pause from your cleaning and look into the library.

Dean stalks over to Meg, pace slow and threatening. “Where’s our father, Meg?”

“You didn’t ask very nice,” the demon replies.

“Where’s our father, bitch?”


“You think this is a freaking game?” Dean explodes, stepping into the circle and leaning over Meg.

You flinch and turn away, focusing on the mess of books around you. You pick up a stray piece of glass from the hutch you must’ve missed and walk it into the kitchen to dispose of it.

Dean arms strain at the amount of force he uses to grip the arms of the chair. “Where is he? What did you do to him?” Dean barks madly.

“He died screaming. I killed him myself,” you hear Meg gloat as you carefully place the piece of glass in the garbage.

A tense silence falls over the house. You brace yourself against the kitchen counter, eyes squeezed shut. A slap cuts through the air followed by a cry from Meg.

Meg breathes heavily. “That’s kind of a turn-on--you hitting a girl. Why don’t you let Y/n come join the fun?”

You tense when Meg says your name.

“You’re no girl,” Dean hisses.

You raise your head, gazing out of the kitchen window, the line of salt in the peripherals of your vision. As the boys step into the center room to recollect, you spot the chain leash cut short with no dog on the end of it. You suppress a sob and quickly run upstairs to your old bedroom.

You fall onto your old bed, fitted with clean sheets and topped with the same warm comforter you used since day one. You cry into a pillow, finally allowing yourself to release all the pent up grief and guilt you carried around inside for the past few weeks. The deaths of Danny, Jim, Caleb, and now Rumsfeld, poured concrete into your heart. You numbed yourself for Sam and Dean and John, put on a brave face, but now--you crumble.

Your sobs leave your body freely now, exiting in harsh convulsions and cries that scratch your throat. You clutch the pillows as you curl up into a ball.
Images of your past mentors float through your head, spinning in fast circles that you want to get lost in. Memories of watching cartoons after your first hunt—the vampire hunt—as Danny stepped into the other room to bicker with someone on the phone, memories of helping Pastor Jim in his garden and discussing bible verses and other lore, memories of cooking with Caleb and learning his secret seasoning tricks—the memories warm your heart.

Your sobs dwindle down into choked cries as you focus on the good memories you had with the mentors you lost. But when your mind turns to Rumsfeld...you bite your lips to fight back to sobs forming in your throat.

“Y/n?” Gentle footsteps trod against the floor. The bed shifts as your visitor takes a seat. “Y/n,” Bobby says sadly, placing a hand on your head.

“I told you to let that dog inside,” you whisper, hot tears rolling down your cheeks.

Bobby sighs, clasping his hands in his lap. “I know, but Rumsfeld liked it out there—you know that.”

“I know.” You rub your runny nose. “Still.”

“Hey, Rumsfeld...he was gettin’ old. And he died guarding the house, and that’s the way he would’ve wanted to go.” Bobby smiles sadly.

Your bottom lip quivers. “I guess.”

Bobby pats your knee. “I’m sorry, Y/n. I know,” he sighs, “a lot of good people passed away these past weeks.”

You nod weakly, nibbling on your lip.

“I’m here for you, girl,” Bobby reassures you. “You don’t have to go through this alone.”

“I know,” you whisper, but your voice is barely audible.

“And those boys down stairs, there here for you, too.”

“I know.”

Bobby smiles, but it doesn’t quite reach his eyes. “We’ll be down stairs. Come down when you’re ready.”

“Will do,” you reply.

Bobby closes the bedroom door as he leaves, and you listen as he descends the stairs.

You sit up in the bed, drying your cheeks and eyes. You look into the mirror across the room and grimace at your rough appearance. Leaving the bed to pick up a hair brush you left years ago on your dresser, you start smoothing down your hair as your tears dry. You blow your nose, and soon you’re looking like you just have mild allergies.

“Good enough for me,” you mutter to your reflection.

You wipe your eyes and nose one last time before heading down the stairs. When you make it to the library, you find Sam reading through an exorcism and Dean interrogating Meg further. Bobby stands at the edge of the kitchen, looking out the window.

You walk over to Bobby, eyes darting to the boys every so often. “I hate this part,” you murmur.
Bobby glances at the boys as Meg shakes in the chair and groans in pain. “It’s definitely not pleasant to watch.”

“He begged for his life with tears in his eyes,” Meg growls through gritted teeth. “He begged to see his sons one last time. That’s when I slit his throat,” she hisses.

Sam picks up the exorcism after receiving a hard look from Dean.

“For your sake, I hope you’re lying. ‘Cause if it’s true, I swear to God, I will march into Hell myself, and I will slaughter each and every one of you evil sons of bitches, so help me God,” Dean threatens.

You hug yourself and frown. “I hate seeing him so...angry.”

Bobby squeezes your shoulder reassuringly.

A wind blows through the house, flipping the pages of open books, even sending some tumbling to the ground. Sam continues the exorcism, glancing nervously at one book whose pages turn and turn. Painful gasps come from Meg.

“Where is he?” Dean tries again, pacing around Meg.

“You just won’t take ‘dead’ for an answer, will you?” Meg asks as Dean stops at her side.

“Where is he?” Dean asks harshly.

“Dead!”

“No, he’s not!” Dean shouts, crouching so he’s eye level with the demon. “He’s not dead! He can’t be!” Dean looks up at his brother who has stopped reading the exorcism. “What are you looking at, keep reading,” Dean says anxiously.

Sam continues, voice shaking.

Meg screams as the chair slides to the edge of the protective circle, the wood groaning against the floor. The chair moves more frequently around the circle.

You turn around so you don’t have to watch.

“I memorized this exorcism you know,” you tell Bobby.

“Really? When did you learn that?”

“I don’t know, during one of the summers during high school,” you reply.

“Still have it memorized?” Bobby asks.

You shrug. “I think so. I’m running it through my head as Sam reads it,” you explain over the screeching of the chair dragging across the floor.

“He will be!” Meg screams.


Meg gasps breathing heavily. “He’s not dead, but he will be after what we do to him.”

“How do we know you’re telling the truth?” Dean asks.
“You don’t.”

“Sam!”


“Missouri? Where, where? An address,” Dean demands hastily.

“I don’t know,” Meg replies.

“And the demon--the one we’re looking for--where is it?” Sammy asks urgently.

“I don’t know. I swear.” Meg’s breathing quickens. “That’s everything. That’s all I know.” She looks at Sam and Dean while he catches her breath.

“Finish it,” Dean tells Sam.

“What? I told you the truth!” Meg cries.

“I don’t care,” Dean grumbles as he walks around her.

“You son of a bitch, you promised,” Meg spats.

“I lied!” Dean shouts in her face. He holds her gaze, eyes ablaze. “Sam?”

When Sam doesn’t respond, Dean looks at his brother, the menacing expression gone in an instant. “Sam!” Dean says louder, grabbing his brother’s attention. “Read.”

As Dean walks past his brother, Sammy grabs Dean’s arm. “We can still use her, find out where the demon is.”

“She doesn’t know,” Dean replies.

“She lied,” Sammy points out.

“Sammy, there’s an innocent girl trapped somewhere in there. We’ve gotta help her,” Dean refutes. Bobby walks over to them. “You’re gonna kill her,” he says, voice hushed.

“What?” Dean asks incredulously.

“You said she fell from a building.” Bobby looks at Meg who’s still breathing laboriously.

You tighten your hug around yourself, shifting your weight from foot to foot and biting your bottom lip.

“That girl’s body is broken. The only thing keeping her alive is that demon inside,” Bobby explains. “You exorcise it, the girl is gonna die.”

“Listen to me, both of you. We are not gonna leave her like that,” Dean declares.

“She is a human being,” Bobby retorts.

“And we’re gonna put her out of her misery,” Dean snaps. He turns to his brother. “Sam, finish it.” Sam glances at Bobby, then at Meg. His eyes dart to you, unsure and terrified.
“Finish it,” Dean says again.

You step forward, into the room where the boys are. You walk past them, heart beating rapidly. “Dominicos sanctae ecclesiae. Terogamus audi nos…”

You continue the exorcism, the boys’ stares like lasers in your back. Your mouth is dry as Meg jerks uncontrollably in the chair as if her body is glitching.

Her eyes turn black and she grips the ropes around her arms, clinging to the chair and the body.

“Gloria patri,” you finish.

Meg’s head swings back as a thick column of black smoke shoots from her mouth and into the ceiling. Shortly after, her hand hangs limply over her lap and blood drips from her mouth.

You release a small breath. “I’ll go get some blankets,” you say quietly and dismiss yourself from the room.

You quickly run up stairs and pause in the middle of the hallway. You double over, placing your hands on your knees as heaving gasps leave your body.

You killed her you killed her you killed her you killed her you killed her you killed her you killed her

“No,” you rasp. “No.”

You’re a monster you’re a monster you’re a monster you kill her you monster you killed her monster you killed her

“No,” you groan.

You look up, blinking away tears, and stagger into the bathroom. You empty your stomach into the toilet, disgusted with yourself and your actions. You turn on the sink and wash out your mouth. Monster repeats over and over in your head as you leave the bathroom and open the blanket cabinet.

“I am so sorry, Dad,” you whisper, pulling out two blankets and clutching them to your chest.

You dry your eyes with the sleeve of your hoodie and sniffle before heading back down stairs, shushing the voices of your dead relatives in your head.

“Here’s the blankets,” you announce, rounding off the last step. “If someone getting a glass of water?” you ask as the boys gingerly lay Meg on the floor.

Dean glances at you over his shoulder. Concern flashes across his face, but in a split second it’s gone. “Bobby’s on it,” he informs you before supporting Meg’s head.

You briskly walk over to Meg and place a blanket under her back for support. You use another blanket and drape it around her torso.

“A year,” Meg says through parted, blood-stained lips, voice strained.

“What?” Sammy asks in a breath.

“A year. It’s been a year,” she tries to talk again, but even her voice sounds painful.

You hush her. “Just take it easy,” you tell Meg.

She ignores you, and continues, “I’ve been awake for some of it.” She swallows harshly, saliva
strings from her teeth when she opens her mouth to speak again. “I couldn’t move my own body.”

You and the boys exchange glances.

“The things I did--it’s a nightmare,” she says.

“It wasn’t you,” you try to reassure her.

“Was it telling the truth about our dad?” Dean asks, rather insensitive.

“Dean,” Sam says in a scolding tone.

Dean glances at his brother from the corner of his eye. “We need to know.”

You clench your jaw, biting back the urge to start an argument about courtesy.

“Yes,” Meg answers Dean’s question. She breathes heavily, in short and desperate breaths. “But it wants you to know that they… want you to come for him,” the last of her sentence comes out in a flurry.

“If Dad’s still alive, none of that matters,” Dean replies.

Bobby enters the room, a glass of water in hand and kneels beside Meg.

As Dean holds the cup of water to Meg’s face, she tries to take a sip, but chokes on the water, coughing blood into the cup.

“Where is the demon we’re looking for?” Sammy asks.

“Not there,” Meg replies. She gasps for air. “Other ones. Awful ones.”

You resent the boys for making this girl talk in blatant pain as she dies.

“Where are they keep our dad?” Dean asks.

“By the ri-river,” she struggles. Her eyes are glossy, a shade of grey. “Sunrise,” she manages to say on her last breath.

“‘Sunrise?’ What does that mean?” Dean asks, expecting Meg to continue.

Meg’s eyes stare up at him, lifeless.

“What does that mean?” Dean tries again, urgently.

A silence falls over you and the boys as the four of you glance at one another and the dead body in the middle of the group. You stand, wrapping your arms around yourself and stepping a few feet away from the body, back turned to Meg’s dead eyes. Releasing a shaky breath, you grab your phone from your back pocket and dial 991.

~

“You better hurry up and beat it before the paramedics get here,” Bobby says and he shows you and the boys to the door.

“What are you gonna tell them?” Dean asks.

Bobby glances between the two Winchesters. “You think you guys invented lying to the cops? I’ll
figure something out.” He hands out the large book Sam was reading before you all were rudely interrupted by a demon. “Here, take this. You might need it.”

“Thanks,” Sam replies, taking the Key of Solomon.

As soon as the book is out of Bobby’s hands, you step up to him and wrap your arms around his neck. Your hide your pained expression in the crook of Bobby’s neck.

Bobby returns the hug, patting your back. “You kids be careful, alright?”

“Only if you stay safe, too,” you reply, stepping out of the hug.

“And you answer your damn phone,” Bobby replies.

You nod, ignoring the urge to make a snarky comment.

“Thanks,” Dean tells Bobby, “for everything.”

“You just go find your dad,” Bobby replies humbly. “And when you do, bring him around, would’ya. I won’t even try to shoot him this time.”

As the boys smile at Bobby’s joke, you sigh and wave a little goodbye to Bobby. You follow the boys out of the door.

~~~

You passed out in the backseat of the Impala, the emotional stress you went through in just the past 24 hours too much for your body. The boys pull over by some train tracks to regroup and prepare themselves for the big showdown.

Dean loads guns and packs his duffle bag with salt and holy water. Sam flips through the Key of Solomon for more protective circles.

“You’ve been quiet,” Sam observes.

Dean cocks another pistol. “Just getting ready,” he replies.

“He’s gonna be fine, Dean,” Sam tells his brother. Sam skims over the writings on a page, white pencil in hand.

Dean’s quiet and doesn’t meet Sammy’s eyes.

Pleased with his findings, Sam carries the Key of Solomon to the trunk of the Impala. Studying the drawing in the book, Sam replicates the image onto the black paint with the white pencil.

Dena glances at Sammy. It takes him a second to process what Sam is doing. “Dude, what are you drawing on my car?” Dean asks, anger in his tone.

“It’s called a devil’s trap,” Sam explains, continuing his arts and crafts project. “Demons can’t get into it or inside it.”

“So?”

“It basically turns the trunk into a lock box,” Sam further explains, walking to the other side of the trunk.
Dean rubs the white lines aggressively and looks at his fingers which come back clean of white pencil. “SO?”

“So we have a place to hide the colt while we go get Dad,” Sam concludes.

“What are you talking about? We’re bringing the colt with us,” Dean retorts, watching in distaste as Sam draws another devil’s trap onto the Impala.

“We can’t, Dean,” Sam replies. “We’ve only got three bullets left. We can’t just use them on any demon. We’ve got to use them on the demon.”

“No,” Dean walks around the trunk to stand in front of Sam, “we’ve got to save Dad, Sam, okay? We’re gonna need all the help we can get.”

“I think you’re forgetting that we also have Y/n with us,” Sam replies.

“Please, don’t act like this is a job for three people,” Dean snaps.

“Dean, you know how pissed Dad would be if we used all the bullets?” Sam argues, going for a different angle. “He wouldn’t want us to bring the gun.”

“I don’t care, Sam! I don’t care what Dad wants, okay? And since when do you care what Dad wants?” Dean asks, gesturing accusingly.

“We want to kill this demon. You used to want that, too! Hell, I mean, you’re the one who came and got me at school! You’re the one who dragged me and Y/n into this, Dean. I’m just trying to finish it!”

Anger wells in Dean’s stomach. There’s a bitter smile on his lips as he shakes his head and glances at Sammy. “Well, you and Dad are a lot more alike than I thought, you know that? You both can’t wait to sacrifice yourself for this thing. But you know what? I’m gonna be the one to bury you,” Dean snaps, revealing more than he’d like to.

Sam holds Dean’s glare for a while before looking away.

“You’re selfish, you know that?” Dean tells Sammy. “You don’t care about anything but revenge.”

“That’s not true, Dean.”

Dean scoffs, like what Sam said was a joke.

“I want Dad back, but they are expecting us to bring this gun. They get the gun, they will kill us all. That colt is our only leverage, and you know it, Dean. We cannot bring that gun. We can’t,” Sam states firmly.

“Fine,” Dean replies quietly.

“I’m serious, Dean,” Sam snaps.

“I said, ‘Fine,’ Sam,” Dean says harshly. He takes the colt out of his inside jacket pocket and makes a show of it as he places it in the trunk.

Sam walks around him and closes the trunk.

~~~
You all walk down the sidewalk next to a river. You round a corner, stepping into a line of trees.

“Hey, boys, check it out,” you say, nodding at the apartment building across the street. “I think I know what Meg meant when she said ‘Sunrise.’”

The boys look over your shoulder, noting the group of children playing outside the building and their parents.

“Son of a bitch,” Dean groans. “That’s pretty smart. If these demons can possess people, they can possess almost anybody inside.”

“Yeah, and make anybody attack us,” Sam adds.

“And so we can’t kill ‘em—a building full of human shields,” Dean says.

“They probably know exactly what we look like, too, and they could look like anybody,” Sammy points out.

“I mean, we could go around inside shouting ‘christo’ like idiots…” you trail off.

“Nah, we’d probably get kicked out of the building before we get very far,” Dean replies. “Man, this sucks out loud.”

“Yeah, tell me about it,” Sam agrees. “All right, so, how the hell are we gonna get in?”

Dean looks over his shoulder at the kids playing on the pavement. “Pull the fire alarm, get out all of the civilians.”

“Okay, but then the city responds in, what, seven minutes?” Sam asks.

“Seven minutes exactly,” you confirm.

~

“And that’s why I don’t wear socks to bed,” you conclude your story to Sam as the two of wait for the hallway to clear.

The last person finally exits the building, and Sammy looks at you with a smirk on his face.

“What a riveting story, Y/n,” Sam remarks sarcastically.

“Oh, be quiet,” you reply, crossing your arms. “I just told you some personal trauma of fine, Sammy, and yet you treat it like a joke. Spilling a glass of water at night and then stepping in the puddle can really change a person.”

“I’m sure you’ve changed quite a bit since you stopped wearing your fuzzy socks to bed,” Sammy replies dryly, a sly smile on his lips. He pulls the fire alarm after checking that the coast is clear, and the two of you walk out of the main entrance, innocence covering your faces.

“Sammy, don’t be rude,” you chide the boy, putting space between each word for dramatic emphasis.

Sam snickers as the two of you meet Dean across the street.

Dean sighs, a reluctant look in his eyes. You grin mischievously as he extends his arm, the keys to the impala dangling from his hand.
“You get one scratch on her and you’re dead,” Dean says seriously.

You nod, biting your lower lip to suppress a giggle. As you cup your hands, Dean drops the keys into your palms. You close your hands around the cold metal, your smile hurting your cheeks.

“You got it,” you reply, giving him a cheesy thumbs up. “Don’t have to much fun in there,” you remark, nodding towards the apartment building that now has a steady stream of people exiting from multiple doors. “Wish I could see you two in uniform,” you lament.

Sam chuckles, and Dean rolls his eyes. “Come on. You’ve seen me in a firefighter costume before. Don’t you remember that halloween party in middle school?” Dean asks you, playfully ruffling your hair.

“Sure, I remember. I was Little Bo Peep. Not gonna lie, Sammy, still a little bitter you didn’t agree to dress up as one of my lambs,” you confess with a smirk.

Sam scoffs. “Go move the impala already.”

“And drive carefully!”

“You know, Dean, that would be sweet of you for saying that, but I know your car is what you’re really looking out for,” you reply, walking towards the impala.

“Hey, I care about you, too. I don’t want you getting into a car crash...” Dean says, debating whether or not he should finish his sentence.

You place a hand on your hip as you unlock the front door.

“...in my car,” Dean adds cheekily.

“I’m going to pretend I didn’t hear the last part,” you reply. “See you in ten boys!”

~

“Sam, let’s go!” Dean shouts from above.

You glance up and spot the two brothers climbing down the fire escape with their father. You push yourself into a standing position after leaning against the impala and jog across the street to help the boys with their father. You and Dean steady John, each slinging one of his arms over your shoulders to brace him.

After glancing at the three of you, Sam makes his way over to the impala to start it.

A dark blur suddenly rushes at Sam from the right.

“Sammy!” you scream to warn him, but the figure collides into Sam, pushing him to the ground. A man kneels on top of Sam, punching Sammy’s face wildly.

“Sam!” Dean shouts. He swiftly leaves John’s side, moving all of John’s weight onto you. You grunt as you take on the added weight, and nod at Dean before he takes off towards his brother.

Dean kicks the man in the face, surely with enough force to knock out any man especially with his work boots on. But the man snarls and merely tenses at the kick. With a quick nod of his head, the man sends Dean into the front windshield of a nearby truck.

“Dean!” you cry, already moving towards the side of the building to set John down. The man--no
demon --continues to punch Sam, bruising his cheeks until they bleed. “Sammy!” John slumps against the concrete wall of the apartment building, but he sits upright which is enough for you.

You dart at the demon, launching yourself into his side to send him to the ground. The two of you tumble, bodies colliding with the pavement, before he finally pins you down and punches your cheek, luckily missing your jaw. He swings at you again, but you shield your face with your arms, crying out in pain as he hits forearm surely creating a fracture.

*Need a splint*, is all you can think as the man punches you once more.

As he raises his arm to hit you again, a gunshot rings through the air and a bullet flies into the side of his head.

Purple electricity zaps from the wound and through the demon’s body. As he falls to the ground, his eyes go white and black smoke leaves through his ears and eye sockets.

You look over your slightly swollen cheek to see Dean holding the colt, smoke leaving the nozzle after the shot.

“Sam! Y/n!”

“Check on Sammy,” you gasp as you rock yourself into a sitting position, trying not to use your bad arm. You keep your broken forearm close to your chest, arm bent in a right angle. “I need some cold water and a splint. Got any newspapers in the car?” you ask Dean as you not-so-gracefully try to get to your feet.

Dean helps you up, grabbing your good arm to support you, his brow furrowed. “Y/n, just chill out for a second, okay? Your arm is freaking broken, so just take it easy.”

“No,” you reply, stubbornly, pulling against his grasp, “not until Sam and John are good. I can’t help in this condition, Dean, so please let me make a splint.”

Dean stares at you with hard eyes. “Fine,” he says, letting go over your arm reluctantly. “There should be some newspapers in the glove box.”

“Thank you,” you mutter under your breath.

“Sam, Sam, come on,” Dean wakes Sammy. He helps his brother to his feet, and finally looks at the dead man, the weight of his actions heavy in his gut.

~~~

“His pulse is good,” you say, placing John’s wrist on his lap as he lays on a makeshift bed out of old blankets. Dean had spotted a rundown cabin and decided to set up camp for the night until things settled down. “Actually, surprisingly good considering he’s been drugged. That’s what he told you, right?”

“Right,” Dean says, standing off to the side of the room, not wanting to get in your way.

You stand up and walk over to Dean. “With a little bit of rest and some water, he should be right back to normal,” you reassure him. You eye Dean, recalling his unfortunate tango with the truck. “And what about you, is your back okay?”

Dean nods.
“Dooo you need me to look at it?” you ask sheepishly.

A flustered blush burns on Dean’s face, and he shakes his head. He coughs. “Not right now.”

“Dean,” you sigh.

You’re about to continue and lecture him on how stupid he is for playing off an injury, but he cuts you off. “Maybe later. Sammy’s face is gonna need more attention than my back.”

You huff, but comply nonetheless. “All right, fine.” You and Dean walk into the small living room of the cabin.

All possible entryways including windows have been blocked by a line of salt thanks to Sammy.

“How is he?” Sam asks, finishing the last window.

“He just needs a little rest. How are you?” you ask the young hunter.

Sammy inhales deeply and he sets down the empty canister of salt. “I’ll survive.”

“So will Gloria Gaynor, now get your bruised butt over here so I can fix you,” you reply. “That demon must’ve forgotten to knock some sense into you.”

You wring out a rag, damp with cold water. You beckon Sammy to come over to you. He drags his feet when he does. You apply gentle pressure to his bruised cheek that’s already swollen.

“Hey, you don’t think we were followed here, do you?” Sammy asks, voice a whisper.

“I don’t know. I don’t think so,” Dean replies honestly. “I mean, we couldn’t have found a more out-of-the-way place to hole up.”

“So I guess you’re glad I brought the gun, huh?” Dean asks, is humor a defense mechanism.

“Man, I’m trying to thank you here,” Sam replies, somewhat disappointed.

“You’re welcome,” Dean asks after a beat, avoiding your and Sam’s eyes.

“Hold this to your face, okay?” you tell Sammy quietly, a sad but grateful smile.

He nods and walks away to stand alone with this thoughts.

“Hey, Sam, Y/n,” Dean says after a good moment of silence.

“Yeah?”

“You know that guy I shot?” Dean pauses as he struggles with what he says next. “There was a person in there.”

“You didn’t have a choice, Dean,” Sam reassures his brother.

“I know. That’s not what bothers me,” Dean replies.
“Then what does?”

Dean swallows. “Killing that guy, killing Meg.” Dean shakes his head. “I didn’t hesitate. I didn’t even flinch. For you or Y/n or Dad, the things I’m willing to do or kill, it’s just…” Dean hesitates. “It scares me sometimes,” he admits quickly.

“It shouldn’t,” John Winchester says as he walks into the room.

Your face goes blank. Dean looks up at his father, eyes glossy and desperate for approval.

“You did good,” John says.

The longing for approval is replaced with suspicion as Dean looks at his father. “You’re not mad?” Dean asks like a child who was just left off the hook after stealing a piece of candy.

“For what?” John asks.

“Using a bullet,” Dean clarifies as if it’s obvious.

Sam glances between Dean and his father.

“Mad?” John repeats and shakes his head. “I’m proud of ya. You know, Sam and I, we can get pretty obsessed. But you--you watch out for this family. You always have.”

Dean looks at you then his brother. A smile quirks his lips, but it quickly disappears. “Thanks.”

A gust of wind rumbles the window shutters. The lights flicker. The wind picks up as the lights continue to turn on and off.

John and the boys look out the window, and you move into a corner of the room.

“It’s found us. It’s here,” John states, glancing back at his sons.

“The demon?” Sammy asks.

“Sam, lines of salt in front of every window, every door,” John orders.

“Already did it,” Sam replies.

“Well--check it, okay?”

“Okay,” Sam replies then turns around to get to work. He glances at you quizzically but pays no mind to your skittish manner.

“Dean, you got the gun?” John asks.

“Yep.”

“Give it to me,” John demands, peering out the window.

“Sam tried to shoot the demon in Salvation. It vanished,” Dean explains, grabbing the gun from his back pocket.

“This is me. I won’t miss. Now, the gun. Hurry,” John replies.

A noise escapes you, one that can only be described as a mouse losing its appetite after seeing its dead brother in a mouse trap. You quickly cover your mouth.
Dean and John look at you from the other side of the room; while John’s stare is cold and frustrated, Dean’s is questioning and soft. You shake your head at Dean, telling him not to give John the gun.

“Son, please.”

Dean’s jaw clenches as he steps away from his father, eyes trained on the man in a deadly stare.

“Give me the gun. What are you doing, Dean?”

“He’d be furious,” Dean says.

“What?” John questions.

“He wouldn’t be proud of me. He’d tear me a new one.” He slowly raises his arm, point the colt at John, and cocks the gun. “You’re not my dad.”

“Dean, it’s me,” John replies.

“I know my dad better than anyone, and you ain’t him,” Dean replies, his voice grave.

“What the hell has gotten into you?” John asks.

“I could ask you the same thing.”

Sam walks into the room, eyes wide at the sight of his father at gunpoint. “Dean? What the hell is going on?”

“Young brother’s lost his mind,” John answers.

You rush over to Sammy’s side to offer some sort of comfort.

“He’s not Dad,” Dean explains bluntly.

“What?” Sammy asks.

“I think he’s possessed,” Dean adds. “I think he’s been possessed since we rescued him.”

“There’s no way a human could recover that fast from a drug overdose in the state that he’s in,” you add, whispering to Sammy.

“Don’t listen to them, Sammy,” John replies.

“Dean, how do you know?” Sam asks.

“He’s different,” Dean stutters, second guessing his suspicion for a second.

“You know, we don’t have time for this. Sam, you wanna kill this demon, you gotta trust me,” John states.

Sam looks at his brother then at you. He looks back at John, or whoever possesses him.

“Sam?” John asks, pleadingly.

Sam looks at Dean. “No,” Sam shakes his head, “no.” He steps over to his brother’s side, you following close behind.

John glances at the three of you individually, nodding as he accepts your betrayal. “Fine. You’re all
so sure. Go ahead. Kill me,” John says, tears welling in his eyes.

If you had the colt, John’s body would already be dead on the floor. Unfortunately, Dean can’t bring himself to shoot his father or his lookalike.

John nods, dropping his head as he awaits his fate. “I thought so,” John says, voice a tone you never heard from John. When he looks up, his eyes are a sick yellow.

Sam flies into the nearby wall, pinned in place. The next to go is Dean who is flung into a different wall, colt dropped during the blow. Your back stings as you collide into the wall opposite of Dean, and your feet never meet the ground.

Yellow-eyes picks up the colt. “What a pain in the ass this thing’s been.” He looks it over in his hands before aiming at you. “And you,” the demon cocks the gun, and your breath hitches, “I should kill you right now, but I unfortunately don’t have the go ahead for that.”

“It’s you, isn’t it?” Sam asks the demon.

The demon smiles and lowers the gun as he turns to face Sammy.

“We’ve been looking for you for a long time,” Sam says.

“Well, you found me.”

“But the holy water?” Sam asks, recalling that it had no effect on John when they poured it on him.

“You think something like that works on something like me?” the demon asks, tauntingly.

Sam fights against the invisible force that holds him down. His head slams against the wall to no avail. “I’m gonna kill you,” Sam threatens the demon.

“Aww,” the demon coos, “that would be a neat trick. In fact, here,” the demon says, setting down the colt on the center table. “Make the gun float to you there, psychic boy.”

The demon chuckles as the gun doesn’t move. “Well this is fun. I could’ve killed you a hundred times today, but this…” the demon sighs as he looks out the window near Dean, “this is worth the wait.

“I can finally get to know each of you before I kill you.” The demon turns around and gazes at you. “You, Y/n, are something special. I didn’t have the pleasure of killing your pops, but I sure wish I did. Demon still talk about that day you know, the day where young Y/n learned the truth. The start of Phase 1.”

The demon laughs at your confused stare and quivering bottom lip. He saunters over to Dean and looks out the window once more, still softly chuckling.

He looks at Dean curiously. “Your dad?” the demon asks, as if reading his mind. “He’s in here with me. Trapped inside his own meatsuit. He says hi by the way. He’s gonna tear you apart.” The demon watches Dean’s stone expression, waits for it to falter. “He’s gonna taste the iron in your blood.”

“Let him go, or I swear to God--” Dean threatens but is cut short.

“What? What are you and God gonna do?” the demon taunts. “You see, as far as I’m concerned, this is justice.” The demon steps over to Dean. “You know that little exorcism of yours? That was my daughter.”
“Who, Meg?” Dean asks, but the demon ignores his question.

“The one in the alley?” The demon pauses. “That was my boy. You understand?”

“Oh, you gotta be kidding me,” Dean whispers.

“What? You’re the only one that can have a family? You destroyed my children. How would you feel if I killed your family?”

Dean’s face twists in anger, and Sam’s lip twitches in a snarl.

“Oh, that’s right,” the demon continues tauntingly. “I forgot. I did. Still, two wrongs don’t make a right.”

“You son of a bitch,” Dean whispers.

“I wanna know why,” Sam says. “Why did you do it?”

The demon looks over his shoulder. “You mean why did I kill mommy and pretty, little Jess?”

“Yeah,” Sam replies, tone annoyed as if it was obvious (which it was).

The demon looks back at Dean as he slowly makes his way over to Sammy. “You know, I never told you this, but Sam was gonna ask her to marry him. Been shopping for rings and everything.”

You swallow the bile that rises in your throat.

“You wanna know why?” the demon asks, cocking his head to the side. “Because they got in the way.”

“In the way of what?” Sam asks challengingly.

“My plans for you, Sammy--you and all the children like you,” the demon says.

“Listen, you mind just getting this over with, huh? ‘Cause I really can’t stand the monologuing,” Dean groans.

“Funny,” the demon snaps, walking over to Dean, “but that’s all a part of your M.O., isn’t it? Mask all that nasty pain, mask the truth.”

“Oh, yeah? What’s that?” Dean taunts.

“You know, you fight, and you fight for this family, but the truth is they don’t need you. Not like you need them.”

“Don’t listen to him, Dean,” you plead.

The demon ignores you, but your head hits the back of the wall, a force of his powers.

“Y/n--she made herself a normal life on her own without you. Sam--he’s clearly John’s favorite. Even when they fight, it’s more concern than he’s ever shown you.”

Dean smiles painfully. “I bet you’re real proud of your kids, too, huh? Oh, wait, I forgot. I wasted ‘em.” Dean smirks holding the demon’s stare.

The demon takes one step back. He glances down then looks back up at Dean. Dean withers with
pain as blood flows out of a wound on his chest.

“Dean!” Sam shouts.

“Stop!” you plead at the demon. “Leave them alone! Hurt me instead.”

The demon looks at you over his shoulder, Dean’s cries and the demonic whisperings nothing but background noise to him. “I apologize, Y/n. I keep forgetting you’re here.” The demon looks you up and down like he’s studying a mythical creature. “What other neat tricks to you have?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Please let Dean go!” you cry once again.

“Hmm, interesting,” the demon notes, a small smile on his lips.

“Dad!” Dean cries, capturing the demon’s attention. “Dad, don’t you let it kill me!”

The demon meets Dean’s eyes and uses more of his power to inflict pain on the hunter.

Dean cries through gritted teeth.

“Dean!” Sammy shouts as more blood flows from Dean’s chest. “Don’t!” Sam struggles against the demon’s hold.

“Dean!” you cry. “Stop please!”

Sam tries to summon the colt to him with what little power he possesses. The gun doesn’t move.

“Dad,” Dean whimpers, blood coating his lips, “please.” Dean starts to slip out of consciousness.

“Dean!” you and Sam cry.

“John, make it stop!” you cry.

The demonic sounds disappear. “Stop,” John says quietly. “Stop it.”

You and Sam collapse to the ground. Sam quickly grabs the colt and you run to Dean’s side, gripping onto the shirt of his collar like his life depends on it.

“Dean?” you whisper, wiping away the blood on his chin. “Dean, stay with me, please.”

As Sam steadies himself and aims the colt at his father, the demon takes control again and faces Sam.

“You kill me, you kill daddy,” the demon tells the boy.

“I know,” Sam says, then swiftly shoots the demon in the leg.

The same purple electricity sparks from the wound and throughout his body as the demon falls to the ground.

The force pinning Dean to the wall disappears, and you quickly catch his body, staggering from the weight and being caught off guard. Dean gasps upon impact and stirs.

“Dean?” you ask, as you carefully lay him on the ground.

Sam rushes to your side. “Oh, God, he lost a lot of blood.”

You nod, tears pricking your eyes.
Dean groans. “Where’s Dad?”

“He’s right here, Dean. He’s right here,” Sam says, glancing to the left of him.

“Go check on him,” Dean says, breathlessly.

“Dean--” you start to protest.

“Go check on him,” he pleads, and your heart breaks.

“Sam,” you say, refusing to leave Dean’s side.


“Dean, move your arm so I can look at what happened,” you tell the hunter.

He compiles but he can’t move much without wincing.

You move his shirt and briefly examine the wound that’s going to require way better bandages than the ones in your kit.

“Sammy!” John cries, startling you. “It’s still alive. It’s inside me. I can feel it. You shoot me. You shoot me!” John demands, grunting through gritted teeth. “You shoot me in the heart, son!”

Sam cocks the colt and aims it at his father’s chest.

“Do it, now!” John orders, voice full of anguish.

“Sam, don’t you do it,” Dean argues as his father pleads for Sam to kill him. “Don’t you do it.”

“You’ve got to hurry. I can’t hold onto it much longer. You shoot me, son. Shoot me! Son, I’m begging you. We can end this here and now. Sammy!”

Sam shakes like a wet dog fresh out of the rain.

“Sammy, no,” Dean whispers.

You bite your quivering lips, unable to pick a side.

“You do this! Sammy!” John cries. He stares at his son, then a thick column of smoke spills from his mouth and clouds in the air above him. John screams as the demon leaves his body and escapes in the form of smoke through the floorboards of the house.

Sam falls to his knees. John looks at his son, searing disappointment ablaze in his eyes, before letting his head drop to the floor.

~

Dean slouched against the left side of the back seat as you applied consistent pressure to his wound, tears falling from your eyes. You’re pretty sure the only thing that’s preventing Dean from drifting off into sleep is the uncomfortable pain he’s in. Dean weakly finds your free hand and squeezes it. You muffle a sob by biting your lips.

“Look, just hold on, all right?” Sam tells his father who sits in the front passenger seat. “The hospital is only ten minutes away.”
“I’m surprised at you, Sammy. Why didn’t you kill it?” John questions his son. “I thought we saw eye-to-eye on this. Killing this demon comes first--before me, before everything.”

Sam glances at you and his brother through the rearview mirror. “No, sir, not before everything,” Sam replies. “Look, we’ve still got the colt. We still have the one bullet left. We just have to start over, all right? I mean, we already found the demon once--”

And in a split second, everything changes.

A semi truck plows into the right side of the impala and doesn’t stop moving until both cars are far off the road. The collision travels at least a quarter mile before everything stops moving. John’s head rests against the front dash, and Sam slouched to the side, head pressed against the cool glass of the front door. Dean sat underneath the crumbled up door of the right side, body pinned in place; he beared the most damage during the crash, plus his added wounds from the fight before.

Y/n sat to the left in the backseat, behind Sammy, her hands folded in her lap while holding onto the gauze she held to Dean’s wound. She passed out like the others, but had minor injuries save for her fractured forearm.

And the semi truck driver, his eyes are black as night.

[END OF EPISODE 22 - DEVIL’S TRAP]
[END OF SUPERNATURAL SEASON ONE]

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading this first season :) Thank you for the kudos, comments, and support! See you in the next season!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!