The Devil's Hybrid

by Lone_Wolf_Fanfics

Summary

Erika Mikaelson has only ever been in love once. With a man named Samael. He has had many names over the centuries including Lucifer, Satan, the devil. But he loved her too.

Now for some reason Dean Winchester wakes up in a coffin with visions of Erika; and with the rising threat of the return of Lucifer on the horizon it will take two hunters, an old man, an original and an angel to save the world.
Erika Mikaelson

**Name:** Erika Mikaelson

**Nickname(s):**

Rikki (Pamela, Klaus, Kol, Rebekah)

Fen, Eris (Goddess of Discord), Turbs De a Geraa (Enochian for: Beauty of the moon) (Samael/Lucifer)

Rafiki (Dean)

Eri (Samael/Lucifer, Dean, Sam)

**Title(s):**

The Original Hybrids (With Klaus)

The Original Twins (With Klaus)

The Twins (With Klaus)

The Vampire Queen (Formerly)

The Big Bad Wolf, Coward, Beast, Hideous Creature, The Deathless Vermin, Abomination, Degenerate, Bastard, Girl (all by Mikael)

**Born:** Before 990 A.D. (Mystic Falls, Age Unknown/1027+)

**Turned:** By Esther in Autumn 1001 (Through The Immortality Spell)

**Appearance:**

**Hair:** Blonde

**Eyes:** Green

**Height:** 5ft 6in

**Cast:** Lauren German
Family:

Ansel † (Biological Father)

Esther † (Mother)

Mikael † (Step-Father)

Dahlia † (Maternal Aunt)

Niklaus Mikaelson (Twin Brother)

Freya Mikaelson (Maternal Older Half-Sister)

Finn Mikaelson (Maternal Older Half-Brother)

Elijah Mikaelson (Maternal Older Half-Brother)

Kol Mikaelson (Maternal Younger Half-Brother)

Rebekah Mikaelson (Maternal Younger Half-Sister)

Henrik Mikaelson † (Maternal Younger Half-Brother)

Samael (Lucifer) (Former Boyfriend/Lover) – Tom Ellis

Well I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

Species
Hybrid (Werewolf, untriggered, Witch, untapped; Originally)

Original Vampire (Currently)

Original Hybrid (Werewolf/Vampire) (Eventually)

**Cause of death:** Stabbed through the heart (as a werewolf/witch)

**Killed by:** Mikael (as a werewolf/witch)

**Occupation:**

Noblewoman (1002 - 1700s) (Formerly)

Nomad (Currently)

Nurse (1853-1856, 1861-1865, 1914-1918, 1939-1945) (Formerly)

Bar owner (Currently)

Bartender (Currently)

**Personality:**

Erika on the surface always appears poised, flirtatious and relaxed, she is capable of hiding her emotions very well and sometimes people mistake her as uncaring. Erika can be unpredictable, overprotective and stubborn, but also very kind, intelligent, selfless, empathetic, compassionate, and friendly. The complete opposite of her twin brother who can be cruel, sadistic, careless, paranoid, reckless, impulsive, short-tempered, aggressive, volatile, unpredictable, slightly unreasonable, narcissistic, manipulative, jealous, obsessive and competitive. Though she does share some traits as him, notably jealousy, impulsiveness, short-tempered and aggressive. Erika strongly believes in trust, honesty and loyalty. After finding out that Mikael is not her biological father, Erika was shocked and betrayed. Though she shows little to no regard for human life in general, Erika feels guilt and remorse for most of her actions, it is because of this remorse that she feeds from blood bags, criminals, and other vampires (mostly those that cross her). Unbeknownst to any, Erika and Klaus were not the children of Mikael, but the children of an alpha werewolf named Ansel, in another village which made the twins aggressive, violent and angry. When they became vampires, all these emotions were heightened.

And never ever call her crazy......it sets off a chain reaction invoking her werewolf temper not many survive.

**Early History:**

Erika is the biological daughter of Ansel and Esther Mikaelson, step-daughter of Mikael, niece of Dahlia, twin sister of Niklaus, maternal younger half-sister of Freya, Finn, Elijah and the maternal older half-sister of Kol, Rebekah and Henrik Mikaelson.
When Erika was sixteen she met Samael, and over the next five years they fell madly in love, in truth Samael was the fallen angel Lucifer, and many wouldn't believe it, but his feelings for Erika were/are real, to the extent he gave her a sliver of his grace to protect her, she to this day is unaware of it.

This grace also gave Erika extra abilities.

For over a thousand years, Klaus and Erika have been trying to break a curse placed on them. Through an idea formed by Erika, they created the myth of the sun and moon curse in order to find the moonstone and the Petrova Doppelgänger, both of which were needed to break the actual curse. Their goal is to liberate his werewolf side so Klaus can sire his own super species of werewolf-vampire hybrids, Erika just wishes to become her true self.

In 1492, they finally got the chance to break they curse when Klaus met Katerina Petrova, the final piece necessary to break the curse. However, Katerina managed to foil the twins plans to use her in the sacrifice by turning into a vampire. For the next 500 years, Klaus and Erika searched for a way to break the curse without the doppelgänger, forcing generations of witches to help them. During his search for a way to break the curse, Klaus hunted down his family and neutralized them, excluding Erika. He also hunted Katerina, who had escaped him and stolen his moonstone. However, it should also be noted that both Klaus and Erika were also on the run from their step-father, Mikael, as they both had an abusive childhood.

The twins are primarily members of the Mikaelson Family, and members of an unnamed Family of Werewolves.

While they were still untriggered Werewolf-Witch hybrids, then twins had a complicated life. Erika was close with her half-sister Rebekah, whom she affectionately called "Bekah", and Klaus was close with his half-brothers Elijah and Henrik, he also had a close relationship with his half-brother Kol, but neither twin got along at all with their half-brother, Finn, since childhood. However, they both had a bad relationship with their overbearing step-father Mikael who was harder on the twins than any of their siblings. The twins were both victims of their step-father's physical and verbal abuse since childhood. Erika even admitted to Rebekah that Mikael frightened her which made her constantly seek his approval without ever finding it. Their mother Esther often tried to calm Mikael when he became angry with the twins, but she never tried to stop him from humiliating or from physically/mentally abusing them. Also as untriggered werewolves, the twins had the aggressive behavior of them, but they could not act on it due to their mother making them wear a magical necklace, created to weaken their strength and thus leaving them vulnerable to Mikael's abuse. These following reasons led them to resent both their parents.

Powers/Abilities:

Erika has the powers and abilities of both werewolves and original vampires, both physically enhanced powers and abilities of mind compulsion. Erika will grow stronger and faster when she is using her lycanthrope enhancement due to her werewolf side. Her strength and speed will also increase during a full moon. Erika is slightly more physically powerful than her maternal half-siblings, even more so when enraged, using her lycanthrope enhancements or when she is in hers werewolf form; due to her werewolf heritage. As an Original Vampire, later the Original Hybrid, Erika is the third strongest of the original vampires, third only to her twin, Klaus and to her step-father. Her Werewolf side has given her additional powers and advantages the others do not possess, making her the one of the most physically powerful immortal beings in the world.

She also has abilities granted to her by Lucifer's grace.
Erika's powers improve with the consumption of human blood, assuming her werewolf form or utilizing her lycanthropic enhancements and the full moon.

**Super Strength:** Erika is much stronger than Immortals, Supernatural Hunters, non-original Vampires, Werewolves, Evolved Werewolves, non-original werewolf-vampire hybrids and Humans. She is able to decapitate other species with a single chop and shatter windows and doors with small objects. She is even slightly physically superior to the Original Vampires, even more so when enraged, using her lycanthrope enhancements or when she is in her werewolf form, due to her werewolf heritage. Erika's strength is enough that she could kill twelve non-original werewolf-vampire hybrids single-handedly, and was able to fight and kill twenty four non-original vampires single-handedly with only some difficulty.

**Super Speed:** Erika's intensified quickness, agility, reflexes, and endurance makes her much faster than immortals, non-original vampires, werewolves, evolved werewolves, non-original werewolf-vampire hybrids, supernatural hunters and humans, she is slightly faster than her Original Vampire maternal half-siblings, as she once said, "I'm faster than your average vampire", even more so when she is using her lycanthrope enhancements or when she is in her werewolf form; due to her werewolf heritage. She is able to stop other supernatural species in their tracks and run miles in mere minutes. Her reflexes are similarly heightened.

**Super Agility:** Erika possesses much more superhuman stamina, flexibility, reflexes, agility and dexterity than any immortals, non-original vampires, werewolves, evolved werewolves, non-original werewolf-vampire hybrids, and humans, even slightly more than original vampires. She can move, jump very high, flip, climb and run incredibly fast without difficulty or exhaustion.

**Super Senses:** Erika has a more enhanced sense of hearing, sight and smell that far exceeds those of any immortals, original vampires, non-original vampires, werewolves, evolved werewolves, non-original werewolf-vampire hybrids and humans.

**Super Durability:** Erika can take far more trauma than any immortals, original vampires, non-original vampires, evolved werewolves, non-original werewolf-vampire hybrids and humans, without much discomfort or injury. However, like with her maternal half-siblings, she has never been dismembered, implying that her durability may be close to invincibility though she can still be hurt. Wood, and White Oak Ash Daggers do not weaken her, making her virtually indestructible.

**Enhanced Healing Factor:** The injuries of Erika heal faster than those of supernatural hunters, original vampires, non-original vampires, werewolves, evolved werewolves, non-original werewolf-vampire hybrids and humans. She also seems to heal much more quickly when exposed to vervain, wolfsbane, or wood. She can heal/recover/regenerate from any and all injuries in a matter of seconds. Vervain or wolfsbane laced liquid has also been shown to weaken her, though she recovers from the effects much more quickly. Human blood has also known to make the healing process faster.

**Immortality:** Erika is even more immortal than her maternal half-siblings. With the last White Oak Stake destroyed, no physical weapon on earth can kill Erika. Nothing but immense magical power worth a hundred witches summoned by an exceptionally powerful witch can kill Erika. Despite the extent of her immortality, Erika still needs to feed otherwise she will desiccate and become immobile just like any other immortals, original vampires, non-original vampires or non-original hybrids.

**Day Walking:** Due to her werewolf heritage, Erika is immune to the lethal effects that u.v. rays and sunlight have on vampires. Allowing her to walk in daylight without the use of a day ring.

**Emotional Control:** Due to her vampire heritage, Erika is able to exert certain control over hers own
emotions, e.g. She can turn off her humanity.

**Enhanced Emotions:** Because of her vampiric and werewolf traits, Erika experiences emotions more powerfully than humans, original vampires and non-original vampires. Particularly emotions such as anger, rage, aggression and violence due to her werewolf heritage. Erika is more prone to violence and rage than original vampires and non-original vampires. However, emotions such as love, joy, and happiness are intensified for her as well, allowing her to live life more intensely. This ability allows her to feel emotions at her peak regardless of her age. Erika has been shown experience emotions as powerfully today as she did 1,000 years ago.

**Mind Compulsion:** Erika can compel the minds of most sentient creatures; humans, non-original vampires and non-original hybrids. She cannot compel supernatural hunters that are members of the Five due to them being immune to mental manipulation. Erika cannot compel werewolves, evolved werewolves, and original vampires.

**Dream Manipulation:** Erika can control dreams and subconscious like vampires/original vampires. She can produce and modify dreams, bestow nightmares or lucid dreaming. Other effects of this ability is the distortion of reality and trapped in the dreams.

**Illusions:** Erika has the power to trick the minds of others into seeing/feeling things that aren’t actually happening.

**Archangel Powers:**

**Weather Control:** The supernatural ability to influence meteorological energy patterns, such as creating rain, wind, hail, lightning, snow, sleet, fog, and temperature changes.

**Elemental Manipulation:** The supernatural ability to control and manipulate the elements of air, earth, fire, water, lightning, etc.

**Telepathy:** Erika has the ability, albeit a weak variant, to enter the minds of others as long as her is stronger than them. Normally, this ability works in a tactile fashion and Erika requires physical contact in order for it to work successfully. Erika has also been shown sharing her memories with others.

**Once the werewolf curse is broken:**

**Shapeshifting/Transformation Control:** Erika has the ability to transform into her werewolf form at will. Elijah informs Erika and Klaus that they remained a werewolf for two days, even when the sun was up. Showing that the twins can stay in werewolf form longer than a normal werewolf.

**Sire Bond:** Non-original werewolf-vampire hybrids turned by Erika had a deep sense of gratitude and commitment to her causing them to obey her every command.

**Lycanthrope Enhancement:** Erika is capable of using her werewolf features to further supplement her powers. Erika can grow werewolf claws and fangs even when she is still in her human form. Erika can display both sets of vampire claws and werewolf fangs. Her eyes also change into those of her werewolf form, presumably granting her better eyesight. Due to her werewolf heritage, Erika’ strength and speed are heightened further during a full moon and at its peak in her werewolf form.
**Werewolf Bite:** Due to her werewolf heritage, Erika has venom which is fatal to non-original vampires and Erika herself is immune to werewolf venom. Erika's venom seems to take effect much faster than a normal werewolf venom and a non-original werewolf-vampire hybrid venom.

**Werewolf Bite Cure:** Erika's blood is the only cure for a normal werewolf or a non-original werewolf-vampire hybrid venom, this ability seems to be unique only to Erika and Klaus.

**Immunity to Silver:** Due to her werewolf heritage, magic bonded to silver doesn't affect Erika. Weapons made of silver might wound her, but the wound heals at super-normal rates than regular wounds.

**Procreation:** Erika is able to procreate due to being an Original Hybrid.

Her supernatural attributes aside, Erika's greatest asset is her sharp intellect. Her penchant for strategies and forming contingencies way ahead of time, despite the fact that Elijah's penchant for strategies and forming contingencies surpasses her, Erika has outsmarted Elijah on more than one occasion, Erika is able to discern a great deal of whatever or whoever is presented to her after only a few keen observations. According to Dahlia, Erika is arguably the most intelligent of her maternal half-siblings with only Klaus and Elijah occasionally rivalling her.

As an Original Vampire, and later one of two Original Hybrids, Erika is the third strongest of the original vampires, third only to her twin brother Klaus and her step-father. Her Werewolf side has given her additional powers and advantages the others do not possess, making her the one of the most physically powerful immortal beings in the world. Although stronger than her maternal half-sibling due to her werewolf heritage, some of her siblings have been shown to be willing to fight with her with no fear, with Elijah actually able to do so on almost even terms, Elijah seems to have no difficulty trying to start and end fights with Erika, usually having the upper hand on her himself for a short period of time; before the latter turns the tables on Elijah. Erika's step-father being notable for surpassing her and whom she initially feared greatly; made worse when Mikael had possessed the White Oak Stake.

Erika's powers improve with the consumption of human blood, assuming her werewolf form or utilizing her lycanthropic enhancements and the full moon.

Erika has shown to be an expert fighter even when unarmed;

Her supernatural attributes aside, Erika's greatest asset is her sharp intellect. Her penchant for strategies and forming contingencies way ahead of time. Erika is able to discern a great deal of whatever or whoever is presented to her after only a few keen observations.

According to Dahlia, Erika is arguably the most intelligent of her siblings with only Klaus and Elijah occasionally rivalling her.

**Pairing:** Dean Winchester & slight Lucifer
Chapter One

Erika Mikaelson is a party animal, animal being the operative word there, born a werewolf and then turned into a vampire by her step-father, Mikael in her late teens. It was then that she learnt about her true heritage, along with her twin brother they learnt that their mother had been unfaithful and lain with a beast which resulted in the two of them being born. And once they killed for the first time, it revealed to them what they truly are, abominations of nature, half werewolf and half vampire. It was then that Mikael locked away their wolf side with the help of their mother. And the twins have been spending the last 1,000 years trying to break that lock, that curse placed on them, well Niklaus more then her, she would rather party her immortality away then obsess over a curse. So that's why she opened her own bar, a supernatural bar, almost all creatures are welcome, as long as they Don't eat the other patrons, and are on their best behaviour. And she loves it. Erika throws her head around as she drunk dances on the bar counter, her hair wild, her shoes obscenely high, her skirt riding up her thighs. She's been around a while, but she has to say the 21st century is one of the better times to be alive, undead anyway, the drinks, the music. A thousand years of changing times and she has been there for all of it.

"Whoa!" she cheers and smiles. At the back of the bar, an older man (Bobby) and two younger men (Dean and Sam) watch her, Bobby looks to Dean.

"Dean, is that her?" he asks, Dean nods.

"Yeah, that's her, how'd you know who I meant?" Dean asks back.

"You described her in pretty vivid detail" Bobby complains. "Down to the tattoo on her shoulder" Bobby points forward where the hummingbird can be seen on Erika's shoulder. "I've crossed her before, your Dad has too...in fact you talk to any hunter...and they'll say they've had dealings with her or her family or at least heard of them"

"Crossed her?" Sam asks looking to him, Bobby looks to him.

"Erika's not exactly human, but....for the most part, she's....this" Bobby motions to the drunk vampire dancing. Dean and Sam watch her drinking from a bottle of tequila.

"So why would I be resurrected with a vision of her" Dean motions to Erika. "In my head?" he asks. They each share a look.

"She'll see you now" someone behind them states, the three men turn to him. "This way" Dean glances back at the bar, Erika smirks watching him.

"Dean" Sam states, Dean looks to him and then back to Erika, who's gone, Dean shakes his head and follows his brother.

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Bobby, Dean and Sam look around at the people placed around the room they're in, something about them screams not human, the door at the back of the room opens and Erika walks in, she looks over each of them before she smirks.

"Bobby Singer" Erika states as she drops onto the sofa. "I thought we agreed that if you ever came after me again I'd rip your heart out" she states sweetly.

"I'm not hunting you, Erika" Bobby tells her taking a seat.
"Then what is this about?" Erika asks leaning forward.

"I woke up in a grave after spending months in hell" Dean answers. "And the first thing I saw.....was you" she raises an eyebrow at him. "A...vision or something"

"Any of you want a drink?" She asks standing and moving to the drinks unit at the side. "So" she starts pouring a drink. "You're here because....your friend here" she motions to Dean. "Comes back from the dead, and the first thing he sees...is a vision of me?" she points to herself.

"Yep" Dean agrees, Erika raises an eyebrow and grabs her poured drink. "If you have any......theories, we're all ears" Erika moves to walk along the book case behind her desk, she taps a nail to her glass.

"I'm guessing you've gone through the usual suspects?" she asks looking to Bobby.

"He was tested" Bobby answers.

"Hmmm well visions are usually witch territory" she tells them then looks to Dean. "Annoyed one lately?" she asks.

"Been dead for the last 4 months" Dean answers, Erika drops into her seat and sighs.

"Try a psychic" she offers. "A good one though, Don't skimp on the psychic, loves" she cocks her head. "I have a number for one" she grabs her cell phone from the side. "She's very, very good...." she flicks through her contacts. "Hmmm Pamela Barnes....now she was fun" she teases writing down the number, she rips it from the note pad and holds it out to Dean who hesitantly takes it. "She's the best damn psychic you will ever come across.....be nice to her" Erika leans back. "Now if there's nothing else...." she motions with her glass to the door. "Unless you want to try and kill me again?" she asks amused looking to Bobby who smirks and stands.

"I'm working on it" he teases back.

"I look forward to it, love" Erika teases him back, Bobby looks to her, she winks. Bobby shakes his head and leaves, Sam follows, Dean looks to Erika who raises an eyebrow at him. "Problem?" she asks.

"You're not curious?" he asks back. "Why I had this vision of you?" she shrugs and makes an indifferent face at him and smirks around her glass.

"It could be for a number of things" she answers. "Many of which probably wouldn't even make my top ten of interesting" she sets her legs on her table, kicking off her shoes. "I suppose if you feel the need to tell me" she cocks her head. "You can find me here" she tells him with a smirk. "Of course....." she looks over him, appreciatively, Dean looks to Sam who smirks. "I'll be here if you have.....other needs" she purrs. "Too. Dean Winchester" he looks to her surprised. "You look just like your father" she tells him with a smile. "Plus I recognised that leather jacket" she motions to his jacket. "And the Impala in the parking lot" she teases. Dean smirks back at her. "I'm guessing if you have them then.....I'm sorry" she offers. Dean clears his throat and looks away.

"Thanks"

"There have been few that have come after me and come as close as he at besting me" Erika tells Dean. "I was impressed....so I let him live" she shrugs, her cell phone then ringing, she glances to it, her smile falls before she straightens up. "Excuse me" she tells them. "But it seems family has just cropped up" she grabs her cell phone and motions to the door. "It's been nice meeting you, love" she tells Dean before walking away and answering her cell phone. "Niklaus" Dean watches her go
before turning to his brother and Bobby.

"Come on" Dean states tugging his jacket closer and leaving with them.
Chapter Two

Erika sighs closing her car door, she'd gotten a call from the hospital telling her that Pamela was admitted, and being the psychic's emergency contact, she'll be having words with them boys about putting her friend in harms way, she stalks towards the hospital pulling her jacket around herself.

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Erika moves to the nurses station and smile sweetly at the nurse behind it.

"Hi" she greets. "Pamela Barnes?" she asks, the nurse smiles back and points down the hall.

"Room 315" the nurse answers, Erika smiles in thanks before walking down the hall, Bobby stands from his seat outside of Pamela's room.

"Erika" he greets.

"Let me guess....." she starts. "It was an accident?" she asks, Bobby clears his throat.

"She tried to contact the being that brought Dean back" he explains.

"And? Did you get your answers?" she asks crossing her arms over her chest.

"A name" Bobby answers. Erika moves to look into Pamela's room, her friend hooked up to several machines, she sighs and shakes her head. "Castiel" Erika raises an eyebrow.

"Castiel?" she asks. "And what is that? What is he?" she looks to Bobby. Her mind working, listing, ticking off beings, creatures, monsters that can walk into hell and pull out a soul, she's not even sure it's even possible, except she is, Dean Winchester was stood in front of her. She could smell him, hear his heartbeat, so it's not a trick and she trusts that hunter will do all the checks to be sure when someone returns from the dead, so he really is back, but what has that sort of juice, that sort of wellie. A witch? Possible, they'd have to be incredibly powerful and that power would likely kill them in return.

"We don't know" Bobby answers. "But it...he is powerful enough to burn out Pamela's eyes" Erika nods and purses her lips, a mystery, she hates mysteries.

"Speaking of Pamela" Erika states. "I should go sit with her" Bobby hands Erika a sliver of paper.

"Here" he offers, she looks to him and then the paper. "If anything changes, call me....." Erika takes the paper.

"Sure, love" she offers and then walks into the room. Bobby leaves. Erika sighs looking over her friend. "Oh Pam" Erika states moving to her bedside and dropping into the seat and taking her hand. Erika then looks to the blood bag hanging up on the stand, Erika grabs the topper off of it and a needle from the side before rolling up her sleeve and inserting the needle into her arm, she attaches the topper to it and her blood filters down the tube and into Pamela. "There....probably won't bring your eyes back but....it should help you feel better" Erika sighs. "Sorry I dragged you into this, love" she whispers leaning back in the seat and crossing one leg over the other. She grabs a magazine from the side and opens it on her lap. "Ooooo Madonna's turned 50...and she does not bare it well" Erika reads turning the magazine and cocking her head. "Not well at all" she cringes. "It's like....medieval mutton dressed as 21st century lamb" she teases, Pamela groans, Erika removes the needle from her arm and sets it back in the blood bag, she stands and leans over Pamela. "Pam" she states. "It's
Rikki" Erika strokes her hair. "You're going to be all right, love" Pamela grabs hold of her hand. "It's all right" Erika clasps her hand back. "Let me get your doctor" she kisses Pamela's hand and then hurries out the room.

"It's a miracle you are awake right now" Pamela's doctor explains, Erika smirks.

"You hear that, Pam" She teases. "A miracle" Pamela smirks.

"Thank you, doctor" Pamela tells him, he nods and leaves, Pamela turns her head to Erika. "Thank you, Rikki"

"Awww....well" Erika teases. "What are friends for"

"Sharing blood, apparently" Pamela mumbles. "Plus that tongue thing you like" Erica smirks.

"And that hand thing you like" Erika counters, Pamela chuckles lightly and then hangs her head. "Pam" Erika whispers.

"It's going to take some getting used to" Pamela admits. "Not getting to see your smokin' body ever again" Erika chuckles a little and squeezes Pamela's hand. Erika knows she's joking to make it all better, to help herself through it, and if that is what she needs, then Erika will help her through it, they've been friends long enough, since Pamela was a 16 year old out of her depth in the supernatural world. It had been Erika that eased her in, taught her everything she knows about what is out there, a thousand years of knowledge and she'd passed it onto Pamela. Plus having a psychic on side is always a benefit. She knows value when she sees it. Pamela is very very valuable. Erika leans back in her seat and looks out the room window.

"You know...whilst I'm here" she smirks. "I might as well grab a bite" Pamela snorts and Erika stands.

"The Originals and their puns" Pamela teases, Erika chuckles grabbing her jacket.

"I'll come back in a bit" Erika tells her and kisses her cheek. "I won't be long"

"Bring me chocolate!" Pamela shouts as Erika leave, the vampire chuckling and heading away from her friends room.

"How was he?" she asks, Erika smirks.

"Delicious" she purrs licking her lips. Pamela shakes her head. "He's a coma patient it's probably the most fun he's had in years" Erika drops into her chair and crosses one leg over the other, Pamela raises an eyebrow. "It was a blood bag" Erika corrects. "They make it too easy now a days, all these coma patients lying around, blood banks....drunks, junkies...."

"The human race isn't that bad" Pamela argues turning her head to the vampire. "A thousand years and you've never seen anything in humanity worth while?" Pamela asks.

"Literature" Erika answers. "The humans know how to write a good story" Pamela, even without
her eyes, shoots her a look. Erika stands. "I'll check in on you tomorrow"

"Don't be like that" Pamela complains. "As soon as I bring up Samael you run a mile" Erika looks to her.

"You and I both know that he is a weak spot in my spotless millennium....." Erika turns back to her. "That he is the only man I have and will ever love" Erika clears her throat and straightens her jacket. "Tomorrow, Pam" she offers.

"You better bring me decent chocolate" she accuses waving the cheap chocolate bar at Erika, the vampire nods.

"Of course" she agrees. "Get some rest" she tells her friend before leaving, the door closing behind her, Erika rests her head back against the door. Samael is a sore point for Erika, a man, not just any man an angel, she loved back before she was a vampire, back when she was just a teen, he was the first person she ever loved, and the last, they say there is always something about the first that stays with you. Erika pushes away from the door and walks away.

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Erika sets a fresh bottle of rum into the dispenser behind the bar, behind her leaning on the bar top is, and she knows this, a hallucination or a ghost of Samael, she's never been able to figure it out, either way she does not care, she gets to see him again. He hums along with the tune on the jukebox as he watches her set up the bar. This is the time of day he usually appears, when her mind is idle and she is alone.

"How's Pamela?" he asks, she glances to him before grabbing a tray of clean glasses. He follows her as she moves to put them under the bar.

"She's fine" Erika answers. "Or she will be....eventually"

"It's not your fault" Samael tells her, Erika shrugs.

"It is" she corrects setting the drip mats onto the bar. "I sent them in her direction....who else is to blame?" she asks, he shrugs and moves closer to her. He touches her shoulder and she sighs a little turning to him.

"The creature that did it" he corrects raising an eyebrow at her. "So why not figure it out? Get some good ole fashioned revenge? You're a Mikaelson, Eri....be scary and vengeful...." she smirks a little. He strokes her cheek, Erika closes her eyes and leans into it, taking a breath.

"If you have an input..." she starts and looks to Samael, he's gone, she sighs sadly and nods. "All right then" she grabs her keys from the side and moves to unlock the doors.
Chapter Three

Erika taps her pen against the paper on the bar top, the music playing, the crowds talk and drink, but still all in all a quiet night, Erika lifts the pen and taps it against her lips.

"What are you stuck on?" a voice asks from the other side of the bar, Erika smirks and lifts her head. Dean Winchester smirks at her and then motions to the crossword.

"Not stuck..." she answers. "Finished" she teases and leans up. "Drink?" she asks. Dean sits at the bar and nods.

"Beer, please" he asks and looks around, there are a lot of eyes on him. Erika grabs a beer from the fridge behind the bar and opens the top before setting it in front of him.

"Don't mind them" she teases. "They're just aware that you are a hunter....and human" Dean raises an eyebrow taking another look around.

"They're all....monsters?" he asks looking to her.

"Monster is a...subjective term" she answers. "Some humans can be monsters" she explains. "But not all monsters, as you class them, are monsters" she leans on the bar and smirks. "Now...not that I am complaining because the view has vastly improved but...what are you doing here?" she asks. "You figure out your big mystery yet?" he shrugs and leans on the bar.

"I don't know" he admits, Erika raises an eyebrow at him.

"So yes" she corrects. "You just don't know whether to believe or not" he lifts his eyes from his beer to hers. "I've been around a while" she offers. "If you tell me, I can tell you whether or not they are real" Dean eyes her carefully before looking to his beer.

"I'm not sure even you will believe me" he mumbles.

"Try me" she pushes, Dean sighs and looks up at her. She leans up and sighs. "Once second" she tells Dean before she looks across the bar. "Hey!" she shouts in front of Dean and then is across the other side of the bar in a flash, her fingers curling around the wrist of a man who's thrown a punch at another of her patrons. "Not in here" she scolds pushing the fist away. "You all know the rules" she growls. "Not here. Not in my bar. We don't fight" she turns to the punch thrower. "Want to take me on, love?" she raises an eyebrow at him crossing her arms over her chest, he stares down at her, judging his chances with her. He grabs his jacket from the back of the chair and walks away. "Good choice" she states loud enough for him to hear. He grumbles as he leaves, Erika moves back towards the bar, Dean raises an eyebrow.

"You're pretty strict, huh?" he teases, she smirks.

"Only way they learn" she tells him back taking the empty beer bottle from the bar. "Another?" she asks waving the bottle.

"Sure" Dean answers watching her. "How did you even come up with a place like this? I mean....why?" he asks, she shrugs and sets another beer on the bar top for him.

"What cause we're monsters we can't enjoy a good drink?" she teases back, Dean smirks. "For most of us....it's a human as we can get" she tells him. "Sitting in a bar with friends...drinking, playing darts, shooting pool, listening to music....cause once we step back out those doors" she motions to.
the doors to the bar. "We're the monsters again"

"And hunters don't find you?" Dean asks her.

"We've had a few in over the years, your daddy included. But all you have to do is look at the area, since I opened there have been less monster attacks, in fact" she smirks. "There are more monsters here then probably anywhere else.....but no monster based deaths" she cocks her head. "Maybe all they need is a watering hole. Most hunters are smart enough to realise a smart thing when they see it....."

"And those that don't?" he asks, Erika bites her lip and shrugs.

"They leave" she answers. "Alive, of course, but they leave, with no memory of this place" she leans on the bar. "So you were telling me about the creature that hauled you up?" he watches her a moment before shrugging.

"Like I said you won't believe me...."

"Love, I have seen things, oh have I seen things" she teases. "Including a werewolf doing the conga in a Santa suit...." he smirks. "Yeah, come on tell me" he sighs and nods.

"All right" he agrees. "An angel" Erika straightens up and looks around, the monsters are murmuring to themselves.

"The back office" she tells Dean. "Now" he raises an eyebrow as she walks away. He looks around and then follows after her.

............... 

Erika grabs a few books from her bookshelf and set them on her desk as Dean takes a seat on the other side. Angels. She thinks, she should have thought of them, but it's so rare for one to even come to Earth that she just skipped over them.

"There aren't many of us that can claim to have actually seen one but we all know the stories" she explains and sits across from him. "And each of us is afraid of them, they are more powerful then anything else out there" she pushes a book towards him. "If one pulled you out the pit....then they have big plans for you" she tells him, Dean sighs and nods.

"Yeah, something about....seals and Lilith and Lucifer" Erika stiffens slightly, her fingers twitching up to her necklace. 

"Lucifer?" she asks looking out the window, clutching to her necklace.

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More than a thousand years ago:

Samael watches Erika pull her hair over her shoulder to braid, his eyes flicker to the tattoo on her shoulder and then down the length of her bare spine, he may not have any love for the humans, but when they're forms he can appreciate, especially when they look like her, and though she is not at all human, for the most part she looks it and he really does love her form, in fact, he's pretty sure he loves her, in a strange way, in his way. Samael cocks his head. It's about time he told her the truth.

"You know Samael isn't my real name" he tells her.
"What?" Erika asks looking down at Samael, he lays with his hands behind his head as Erika pulls the blanket to her chest, he can see her brain working behind those pretty green eyes. "Then what is it?" she asks.

"Lucifer" he answers, she cocks her head.

"That's a weird name" she tells him, he chuckles.

"Yes, I suppose it is" he sits up slightly. "Eri" he whispers. "I'm not even human"

"Like the wolves?" she asks, he shakes his head.

"No, I'm not a werewolf, I'm an angel, archangel actually" he answers with a smirk, "The archangel Lucifer" he raises an eyebrow at her then sighs. "Right, Vikings" he leans up on his elbows and holds out a hand to her. "Come here" she eyes him carefully. "Come now, Eri..." she shuffles closer to him, his hand finding her cheek, he curls his fingers into her hair and smiles at her. "It doesn't matter for now" he whispers.

"Tell me" she pushes, he sighs and places his hands on either side of her head.

"Close your eyes" he tells her, she watches him and then does as she's told, he presses his thumbs into her forehead, smirks, before he kisses her, she squeaks and then laughs.

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Dean shrugs and Erika turns back to him.

"I mean....if angels are real....that means...." he tells her, she smirks a little.

"God?" she asks, he nods and lifts his eyes to hers.

"Does that mean he's real?" he asks her back. "And why me? I mean for all the people, all the humans, why is he interested in me?" she shrugs.

"Perky nipples?" she asks with a smirk, Dean chuckles and nods.

"Must be" she leans forward.

"Look, what ever it is, for what ever reason, you've been chosen, now you can bitch and whine and belly ache all you want, love, it's not gonna change that.....these angels want something from you" she sighs. "If you are talking about the seals?" she asks.

"How did you?"

"They open Lucifer's cage" she explains. "It's the only way he'll be free....then you are talking apocalypse, you're a hunter, Dean, and if you are even half the hunter your father was, then you are bloody good one, the angels want to win..."

"You think they're gathering allies?" he asks. She shrugs.

"You got a better idea?" she teases, he scoffs.

"That's just great...." he mumbles touching the book in front of him.

"You want a stronger drink?" she asks standing, he leans back in his seat to watch her.
"None of this explains that vision, of why you were the first thing I saw when I woke up in that coffin, maybe they have a plan for you too" he offers, Erika scoffs and chuckles.

"Sweetheart, if that angels are turning to me for help it will really be the end of the world" she looks to him. "Angels asking a monster for help?" Dean smirks and shrugs. "Maybe....that vision is telling you to kill me?"

"No" he argues. "It didn't feel like that"

"What did it feel like?" he shrugs and takes the whiskey she offers him.

"I Don't know....but not" he shakes his head. "Not that. You're important, Erika, I just Don't know how yet"
Chapter Four

Erika sets her bag on the end of the bar and then grabs her jacket from the side, she looks to Pamela who leans on the bar. The blind psychic smirks, Erika shakes her head amused.

"Look after her whilst I'm away" Erika teases her and then sighs. "You know I can just...go to Oktoberfest next year" Pamela sighs.

"You trust me with watching the bar every year" Pamela points out. "This year is no different" Pamela points towards the door. "Go" Erika sighs and then nods grabbing her bag again.

"All right, love, but first sign of trouble"

"I'll call" Pamela finishes, Erika nods and pulls on her coat.

"A week" Erika states. "I'll only be gone a week, behave" she teases and then leaves. Pamela sighs and shakes her head.

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A black 1967 Chevy Impala drives down a road lined with trees and past a sign saying welcome to Pennsylvania. Lightning flashes, for an instant the sign reads welcome to Transylvania.

"The radio around here sucks" Dean turns off the radio and then looks to Sam. "Come on, man. Jobs Don't get much sweeter than this, you know? Dead vic with a gnawed-on neck, body drained of blood, and a witness who swears up and down that it was a vampire"

"No, I -- I agree. It's a hell of a case" Sam agrees.

"A little more gusto, please"

"It's just... the world is coming to an end. Things are a little complicated, you know?"

"Yeah, well, we can't save the world, not today anyway" Dean answers. "But what we can do is chop off some vamps' heads. Come on, man, it's like the good old days, an honest-to-goodness monster hunt. It's about time the Winchesters got back to tackling a straightforward, black and white case" Dean tells him with a smile.

............... 

Erika crosses one leg over the other, a journal open on the table in front of her.

"Back again?" Jamie, the waitress, asks setting a beer on the table for Erika, the vampire smirks and looks to her.

"You get some of the best craft beers for Oktoberfest, from all over, of course I'm back, love" Erika teases. "You know the drill"

"I'll keep them coming" Jamie teases walking away, Erika smirks and goes back to her journal, before she looks up towards the door. Dean and Sam walk into the bar and head towards the bar. Jamie hands two beer glasses to Lucy, another waitress. Jamie looks to Dean and smirks.

"I remember you"
"And I remember you..." Dean looks at her name badge "Jamie. I never forget a pretty... everything"

"We're looking for Ed Brewer" Sam states.

"What do you want with Ed?"

"Well, we are uh... federal agents" Sam and Dean show their badges. "Mr. Brewer was witness to a serious crime. We just need to...."

"Wait a minute. You're a fed? Wow, you Don't come on like a fed. Seriously?" Dean leans towards her.

"I'm a maverick, ma'am. A rebel with a badge. One thing I Don't play by: the rules" Dean winks.

"Okay, maverick" Sam teases. "Um, so where can we find Mr. Brewer?" Jamie points across the bar. Erika purses her lips from her seat.

"Well that's not good news" Erika mumbles and looks to her watch. She's not even been there three hours and something is happening.

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Sam and Dean are sitting across from Ed Brewer at a table. Ed Brewer uncaps his beer stein and drinks.

"I told the cops everything I saw. No one believes me. Why should you be any different?"

"Believe me, Mr. Brewer, we're different" Dean explains.

"I spoke the God's honest truth. And now I'm the town joke" Brewer argues.

"Marissa Wright's murder is no joke to us. And we want to hear everything, no matter how strange it may seem" Sam tells him.

"We have a lot of experience with strange" Dean adds glancing behind him, a tickling along the back of his neck. Brewer uncaps the beer stein and drink again.

"It was just after midnight. I just left here, and like I do every night, I cut through the park on the way home. At first, I thought it was a couple kissing. But she was... struggling too much. And this man, he was -- well, he was biting her neck" Brewer answers.

"Can you describe her assailant?" Sam asks.

"Oh, he was a vampire.

"Okay, right. And by that, you mean..." Dean pushes.

"You know, a vampire"

"Uh huh"

"Yeah"

"So, he looked like..." Dean states.

"He looked like a vampire. You know, with the fangs and the slicked back hair and the fancy cape
and the little medallion thingy on the ribbon" Brewer explains.

"You mean like a Dracula?" Dean asks.

"Exactly, like a Dracula. Right down to the accent"

"The accent?" Sam asks.

"Yep"

"What did he say?"

"You know, something like..." Brewer raises his arm over his face as if he has a cape on. "Stay away, mortal! The night is mine!" he mocks and then looks between Sam and Dean. "You do believe me, don't you?" the two brothers share a look.

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Erika motions to Jamie who moves to her.

"Two beers for those two Feds" Erika tells her and holds out some money.

"Any preference?" Jamie asks.

"Hmmm that spiced one" Erika answers. "The...headless horseman" Jamie smirks and nods.

"Two Headless Horseman" Jamie repeats and takes the money from Erika. "Coming right up" she turns and walks towards the bar as Erika turns back to her journal.

...................

Dean walks up to the bar. Jamie smiles at him.

"So, you got a beer back there for me?" he asks.

"I do as a matter of fact" she answers setting two on the bar. "From Miss Mikaelson" Dean raises an eyebrow. "The blonde at the table" Jamie points to Erika who waves at Dean, Dean smirks back at her. He turns and grabs the two beers before heading to her table.

"What are you doing here?" Dean asks, she closes her journal and smirks.

"I run a bar, love" she answers. "And Oktoberfest is the time for craft beers"

"So part of your job is just drinking?" Dean teases, she smirks.

"Yeah, pretty much" she answers leaning back. "What are you two doing here?" she asks back flicking invisible fluff from her dress skirt. She looks to Sam as he joins them. "Sam" she greets.

"Erika" he greets back.

"There may be a vampire in town" Dean answers.

"And you think it's Ed?" Erika asks amused. "Does he look like a bloody vampire?" she asks.

"Firstly...the sun is up" she points out. "Secondly...just look at him" the both turn to Ed as Erika smirks. "Bloody hell if he's a vampire I'm the Queen of England" Sam smirks amused.

"Well you have the accent" Dean teases, Erika smirks back at him. Dean glances to Sam. "So, what
Do you think? Goth, psycho, vampire wannabe, right?"

"Definitely not our kind of case"

"Agreed. But who cares?" Dean teases. "Room's paid for, and it's Oktoberfest. Come on, brother. Beer and bar wenches" he holds up his beer. "Thanks" he looks to Erika. "For the beer"

"You're welcome, love!"

"How's Pamela?" Sam asks.

"Better" Erika offers. "She's minding the bar whilst I am away, it helps to keep things normal with her, she's a very proud woman"

"We are really sorry" Sam offers.

"I know, love" Erika assures him. "But this Castiel better watch his back" she threatens calmly reaching for her beer. Jamie sets a beer down next to Erika and sets a card with it, a description of the beer. "Thank you, love" Erika tells her as Dean looks over Jamie, Jamie looks to Sam.

"Beer not to your liking?" Jamie asks Sam. "It's one of our best sellers"

"Oh, he doesn't really drink. He's a Christian scientist. Doesn't even take aspirin. He's a real drag on stakeouts" Dean teases. Jamie laughs, Sam looks to Erika who smirks.

"You're funny" Jamie teases Dean.

"I'm a lot more than that. I'd love to get a chance to show you the rest. What time you get off?"

"Ha ha. Like I said, "funny."" Jamie tells him before walking off, Erika bites her lip as Sam smirks picking up his beer.

"Man, it is time to right some wrongs" Dean tells them both. Sam raises an eyebrow.

"Come again?" he asks.

"Look at me" Dean motions to himself. "I mean, I came back from the furnace without any of my old scars, right? No bullet wounds, knife cuts, none of the off-angled fingers from all the breaks. I mean, my hide is as smooth as a baby's bottom. Which leads me to conclude, sadly... that my virginity is intact"

"What?" Sam asks as Erika smirks.

"I have been re-hymenated" Dean takes a drink, Sam looks to Erika who shrugs.

"Re--?" Sam asks and then laughs. "Please. Dean, maybe angels can pull you out of hell, but no one could do that"

"Brother, I have been re-hymenated. And the dude will not abide" Dean teases. Sam stands and shakes his head.

"All right, dude" he teases. "Well, you go do whatever you got to do, and I'm gonna go back to the room and get some sleep" Sam looks to Erika. "Thank you for the beer"

"You're welcome, Sam" she tells him back, he leaves, Dean looks to Erika. "Go on" she tells him with a smirk. "Get your....rocks off, love" he stands and smirks at her.
"Goodnight, Erika" he tells her and then walks towards the bar and Jamie.
Chapter Five

Erika throws her bag into her mini and then closes the door, she smirks and then turns around.

"You strike out?" she asks, Dean scoffs and then nods.

"Yeah, girls night" he answers shoving his hands in his pocket, Erika smirks.

"You want to grab a drink?" she asks leaning against her car. "I have an apartment" he smirks and shrugs.

"Sure, a drink sounds nice"

"Just a drink mind you, love" she warns with her own smirk.

"No worries, I'm not much for sleeping with monsters" Dean teases her back, she shoots him a look, he smirks.

"Get in the car" she opens the driver's side and climbs in, Dean chuckles and climbs in the other side.

"Your car is tiny" Dean tells her, Erika looks to him as she starts it, he just smirks back at her, she shakes her head and pulls away from the curb.

.................

Dean looks over the photo of Erika with another blonde girl, family, obviously they look alike, he's not really thought of her having a family, he never really thinks of monsters having close relationships with other monsters. He supposes he should.

"Is this your sister?" he asks as she approaches with his drink.

"Hmm yes, Rebekah" she answers handing over his drink, he sets the photo back and takes the glass.

"Is she your only sibling?" he asks, she smirks.

"You're fishing" she teases moving to the couch. "But I'll allow it" she drops down and crosses one leg over the other. "I have five siblings, Rebekah is my only sister" Dean sits in the armchair across from her. "Finn and Elijah, they're older, then my twin, Niklaus, then Kol...younger" she answers.

"Where are they?" he asks, she smirks.

"Around, we keep in touch" she answers. "You find out anything new about your angel buddies?" she asks.

"Not really, no" he lies, she knows it, but she lets it slide, he doesn't know her enough yet, doesn't trust her yet. Dean glances to her, she raises an eyebrow back at him but doesn't push the subject.

"What about that vision?" she asks. "No more theories?" Dean shrugs.

"No, well Sam seems to think that you and I....." Dean gives her a significant look. "You know" he winks.

"Eww" Erika teases, Dean nods.
"Yeah, that's what I said, sleeping with monsters is his thing" he teases, she snorts and smirks.

"And you're still adamant that it's not about you guys killing me?" she asks leaning back. "Or trying to anyway" she teases.

"No, I told you it didn't feel like that" he argues.

"And you've had nothing more? No other vision? Dreams? Anything like that?" she asks, he shakes his head.

"No, none like that, I mean...I've had dreams" he smirks, she looks to him. "Oh come on, you're hot" she snorts and stands.

"And on that note, I'm going to bed, now you can stay and sleep on the couch or you can leave...." she waves over her shoulder with her drink before heading out of the room. Dean looks around before patting his knees. He supposes he could crash on her couch, it's probably more comfortable than the motel bed any way.

.................

Erika pulls her hair up onto the top of her head as she leaves her bedroom and heads towards the living room where Dean snores on her sofa. She stops to watch him. She'll be a liar if she said he wasn't attractive, she shakes her head and moves towards him, smacks his boot as she passes him, he groans and sits up to glare at her.

"There's been another attack" she tells him grabbing her car keys from the counter. "I'll drop you off at the scene, Sam's waiting for you" he watches her, the morning light shining through her windows and against her hair and skin, okay, Sam's theory not so far fetched she is what is usually goes for, she's beautiful, almost supernaturally so, and he still has no idea what she is other then fast and so far unkillable. She turns to face him. "Did you hear me?" she asks, he nods.

"Yeah" he grumbles turning to stand. Erika grabs her jacket and pulls it on heading into the kitchen, Dean scrubs his hands over his face and yawns, she returns and holds out a travel mug and a paper bag.

"Here" she offers, Dean frowns at her. "It's coffee....and a bacon sandwich" she smiles a little, Dean stands and takes them from her.

"Thanks" he tells her. "Why?" he asks her.

"Why not?" she asks back. "If you don't want them" she moves to take them back, Dean holds them to his chest.

"No, no....I didn't say that" he argues turning away from her to protect the food. Erika smirks at him. "Murder?" he asks, she chuckles and grabs her handbag.

"Yeah, murder...." she states and walks away, Dean follows her, he smiles at the paper bag.

.................

Erika's mini skids to a stop behind the Impala as Sam climbs out. Erika looks to Dean who looks to her.

"Hope you catch your monster, love" she tells him.
"Yeah" he mumbles. "And thanks...for breakfast" she shrugs and smiles.

"Yeah well, Don't start telling people I'm nice" she teases, he smirks.

"Secret is safe with me" he opens the car door and climbs out with his coffee and paper bag, he shuts the door and offers Erika a wave before she drives off. Sam smirks at his brother as he approaches. "What?" Dean asks.

"Nothing" Sam mumbles. "What's that?" he asks motioning to the paper bag, Dean smirks.

"She made me breakfast" Dean heads towards the police tape, Sam snorts.

"She made you breakfast?" Sam asks, Dean shrugs back. "Did you sleep with her?"

"Dude" Dean complains. "No, I did not" Sam raises an eyebrow sceptically. "I didn't" Dean argues.
Chapter Six

Erika pulls up at the bar and turns off the engine, glancing out the window she can see Dean and Sam sat at a table outside the bar, both look confused, she smirks and shakes her head grabbing her bag. She's been keeping track of their case, the monster is ridiculously hard to pin down, even for her. She climbs out of the mini and heads towards the bar, Dean smirks seeing her, sitting up taller in his seat, Sam raises an eyebrow watching his brother effectively preen, Sam glances to Erika and then smirks, getting it.

"How's your monster hunt?" she asks as she approaches, Dean smirks.

"You know.....fine" she raises an eyebrow.

"Really? First a vampire....now a werewolf....I think your monster has species identification issues" she teases, Sam smirks leaning back in his seat.

"Would you like to join us?" he asks her, Erika looks to him as Dean kicks Sam under the table.

"I wouldn't want to intrude" she assures them.

"You're not" Sam tells her, standing to grab another chair.

"Well all right then" Erika states sitting in the empty chair.

"Plus....you keep popping up" Sam teases. "We should get to know you"

"Not much to know" Erika tells him. "I run a bar..."

"But you're not human?" Sam asks her, she smirks.

"No...." she admits. "I am not...." Sam raises an eyebrow, she leans forward. "Look, love" she starts. "I get it, I'm a monster that can't be trusted, add in your brother's freaky vision, and the current monster hunt...you don't trust me, that's fine" she leans back in her chair. "But I am not just going to tell you what I am, where's the fun in that, the mystery, suspense.....the drama" she smirks. "Now I've seen a lot of things, you could take my help and possibly track down your monster before it kills someone else....or we can wait for the bodies to stack up, but by then....I'll have gone home" Dean and Sam share a look. "So this case of yours....." Erika steers the conversation. Dean and Sam share a look.

"We don't know. Looks like we've stumbled onto a midnight showing of Dracula meets Wolf Man. Is that it?"

"I don't know. I mean, Wolf Man seems real enough. Makes Dracula seem a little less impossible, I guess"

"Yeah, but werewolves Don't grow wolf hair. That's just a myth"

"Yeah"

"No, it's not" Erika corrects, they both look to her. "There are more than one type of werewolf, you know that right?" she asks.

"No" Dean answers. "Seriously?" she nods.
"Yes, love" she answers with a smirk. "There are those you are familiar with, and those that actually turn into wolves, when in form you'd find it hard to recognise werewolf from wolf"

"But the witness said this was like the movies, hind legs, ripped pants...."

"Then it is most definitely not a werewolf, at all...." Erika mumbles cocking her head. Jamie brings over another round of beer for Sam and Dean.

"Looks like you guys are staying a while. I heard about Rick Deacon" she offers.

"Yeah, this case just got weird enough for our department" Dean tells her.

"Well, beers are on me. And, just so you know, I get off at midnight tonight"

"Oh, it's not another, uh, girls' night out?" Dean asks flirtatiously.

"Doesn't have to be" Jamie tells him back. Sam and Erika share a look. Dean glances to Erika and then back to Jamie, and he couldn't say why he says what he says.

"You know what.....no" Sam looks to Dean surprised. "I mean....long day...."

"Okay, then" Jamie offers and then leaves. Sam raises an eyebrow at Dean who looks to his beer ignoring his brother.

"Hey, you think this Dracula could turn into a bat? That would be cool" Dean states.

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Erika approaches Jamie who sits with her head in her hands, Erika sets a glass of whiskey in front of her and then squeezes her shoulder.

"Drink this" she tells the barmaid who nods, Erika takes a seat on the other side of the booth as Sam and Dean walk into the bar.

"Hey. You guys all right?" Dean asks.

"I think I know what's going on, loves" Erika tells him, he frowns at her, she sets a folded towel on the table and raises an eyebrow at him.

"Yeah?" Sam asks.

"Part of it, at least" Erika teases, Sam opens the towel. Dracula's ear is inside.

"Uh, the ear part?" Sam asks her.

"I tore it off of Dracula's head. Touch it" Erika tells them, Dean and Sam share a look before Dean touches the ear.

"Ugh" Dean pulls his hand back. "Oh, man" Sam raises an eyebrow at Dean, Erika leans back crossing one leg over the other.

"It's a shapeshifter" Erika tells them both.

"Just like St. Louis and just like Milwaukee" Dean tells Sam. "Of course this one's all holding buckets of crazy"
"Oh, and, uh..." Erika takes out a medallion from her pocket and gives it to Sam. "This, I pulled it off during the fight" Sam looks over it and then holds it out to Dean.

"Look at the label on the ribbon" he tells his brother. Dean looks at the label. It reads, "THE FX SHOP PROPHOUSE PHILADELPHIA, PA."

"It's a costume rental" Dean states. "All three monsters - the Dracula, Wolf Man, and the mummy -- all the same critter, which means we need to catch this freak before he Creature From the Black Lagoons somebody"

"So, you guys are like Mulder and Scully or something, and The X-Files are real?" Jamie asks.

"No, The X-Files is a TV show. This is real"

"Oh" Jamie breaths.

"Okay, so, the stagecraft, the costuming... it's like he's trying to re-enact his favorite monster movie moments, right down to the bloody murders"

"Wait a second. Who the hell is Mina?" Jamie asks.

"Mina?" Sam asks back.

"Yeah. That's what he called me" Jamie answers. "And he called Erika, Harker"

"They're characters from the movies and the novels" Erika answers. "Mina, Dracula's intended bride, Harker, stands in the way. Seems like he's fixating on you, like he sees you as his bride"

"Wow. Lucky me"

"But to fixate on you, my guess is that the shifter has to have seen you before or been around you" Erika tells her.

"Jamie, has anybody strange come to town, somebody that has taken a specific notice of you?" Dean asks her.

"I Don't know, Dean. It's Oktoberfest. I'm a bartender. There's lots of people. I... wait a second. There is Ed"

"Ed Brewer" Ed?" Sam asks.

"Yeah. He moved here about a month ago. Lucy swears he has a crush on me. He comes in almost every night. But, you know, I Don't think he's the type of guy..."

"Where does Ed live?" Dean asks.

"I don't know. But he works at the old movie theatre. I think he's the projectionist there" Jamie answers. Sam turns to Dean.

"Take care of Mina?" he asks, Dean nods.

"Yep" Sam leaves, Dean slides into the seat next to Erika, she pushes her whiskey to him, his fingers wrapping around it.

..................
Jamie is pacing in front of the booth Dean is sitting in, Erika pulls on her coat.

"So, monsters are real" Jamie mutters.

"Some of them, yeah" Dean answers.

"Most of them" Erika corrects, Dean shoots her a smirk.

"And the shapeshifter, he can turn into different people?" Jamie asks looking between them.

"Yeah. Yeah, except this one's turning into the great monsters of screenland, which is a new one for me" Dean offers.

"You're not really FBI, are you?" Jamie asks Dean.

"Not so much"

"So, this is what you do? You and your partner just tramp across the country on your own dime until you find some horrible nightmare to fight?"

"Some people paint" Dean teases.

"Wow"

"What?" Dean asks Jamie.

"That must suck. I mean, you're giving up your life for this terrible... I Don't know, responsibility"

"Last few years, I started thinking that way, and, uh, it started sort of weighing on me. Of course, that was before... A little while ago, I had this – let's call it a near-death experience. Very near. And, uh, when I came to... things were different. My life's been different. I realize that I help people. Not just help them, though. I save them. I guess it's -- it's awesome. It's kind of like a gift... like a mission. Kind of like a... a mission from God" Dean looks to Erika who smirks back at him.

"So, does that make you... some kind of monk or something? You know, celibate?" Jamie asks sitting next to Dean.

"Man, I hope not" Dean tells her back, Jamie kisses him, Erika smiles a little, Dean pulls back and looks to her.

"I guess you have this all under control, love" Erika tells him. "See you around....." she looks to Jamie. "Be careful" Jamie nods, Erika leaves, Dean watches her go. Jamie goes to kiss him again, Dean pushes him back.

"Sorry, it's just..." Jamie smirks at him.

"It's Erika, right?" She asks. Dean shakes his head.

"No, no, it's just....." she raises an eyebrow. "I don't know" he admits with a small frown, maybe it is Erika, maybe Sam is right, maybe there is something about her, about them, something he's drawn to.

..................

Erika rubs her head as she walks away from the bar, what is it about him? She doesn't help humans all that often and not without motive, not without there being some reasoning behind it, but these brothers, maybe that's what it is, the bond of family, reminding her of her own. No. it's more then
that. It feels like more. She growls and shakes her head. No. She's immortal. A monster. A Mikaelson. Humans are nothing but a food source.
Chapter Seven

Erika opens the bar doors and sets a weight against the door before grabbing the crate of decorations inside, she carries them outside and sets them on the picnic bench.

"Hey" Dean greets walking towards her, she sighs and looks to him and Sam.

"What are you two doing here?" she asks grabbing a lantern from the box.

"Halloween, really?" Sam asks amused.

"Hey, monsters like to dress up and play pretend, most of us do it everyday" she stands on the table to hang the lantern. "So...what are you doing here?" she asks.

"We were passing" Dean answers, she shoots him a look as she climbs down. "Got any food going?" she sighs and walks into the bar, the two brother's follow her.

"You can work for it" Erika tells him waving to the tables and chairs. "I'll see what I can find for humans in the kitchen" she disappears through the back, Sam turns to Dean.

"What are we doing here?" he asks.

"I was hungry" Dean answers pulling a chair from a table. "And we were passing"

"No, we weren't" Sam corrects, Dean shrugs.

"Okay, we weren't whatever" Dean mumbles. "Does it matter?"

"Something is going on here" Sam tells him. "With the two of you, she's a monster"

"You're one to talk" Dean argues. "Or should we revisit the Ruby issue?" Sam shoots him a look.

"Fine" Sam states and sits at the table. "Just tell me when you're ready to leave"

..................

Erika sets two plates down on the table in front of the two brothers.

"This is the best I could do" she tells them. "I'll get you both some drinks just in case you need to wash it down with something" she turns and walks to the bar, Dean looks down at the plate, burger and fries, he smiles and looks to Sam who lifts his burger bun to see what's inside, Dean rolls his eyes and lifts up the burger before biting into it, then moans, it's the best damn burger he's ever eaten. Sam watches him before biting into his, okay, he has to admit that she can cook, for a monster.

"This is amazing" Dean mumbles around his food, Erika approaches with two colas and sets them down. Dean looks to her. "This is amazing" he repeats, she smiles a little.

"Thanks" she mumbles. "Are you two going to be okay on your own whilst I finish setting up?" she asks, they both nod, engrossed in their food, Erika watches them amused for a moment before walking away. Sam glances to her and then back to Dean who shoves a handful of fries into his mouth, his eyes on Erika's retreating form. Dean sighs a little and looks to his food.

.................
A kid is putting a skull in front of a headstone on the lawn in the front yard, decorating for Halloween. A woman walks up with a big candy bucket in her left hand, and a pumpkin and grocery bag in the other. The woman walks up the stairs, onto the porch and into the house.

....................

A baby is being fed some orange baby food by a man, Luke. The woman walks in and sets the pumpkin on the counter along with the grocery bag.

"Ooh..."

"How was the store?"

"Oh, madness. Everyone in town was stocking up" She reaches over to the baby in the chair. "Hi, sweetie" She walks over to a cupboard above the counter and opens it to put the pail of candy away.

"Did, uh, you get enough?"

"Oh, hey, I had to arm wrestle Norma Bleaker for these"

"Honey, she's 74"

"And a lot stronger than she looks. Luke reaches for the candy to take a piece, she swats his hand away. "Ah-ah-ah, remember last year? We ran out at 6:30."

"It's just one piece" He goes to reach for a piece again, and she swats his hand away again.

"Ah-ah-ah-ah, you can have as much as you want after Halloween. Who needs a bath? Huh? Huh?" She lifts the baby out of the high chair. "Oh, there we go!" She looks at Luke. "You coming?"

"I'll uh, I'll be up in a minute"

"Okay" After she leaves Luke turns and opens the cupboard and gets a piece of candy.

"Oh..." He pulls out his fingers and there is blood on them. He reaches back in, moaning in pain as he pulls a double sided razor free and takes it out of his mouth, blood coming out of the cut as he does. When he looks at it, he starts to gag, and grabs the countertop as he leans over and starts spitting blood. He spits out another razor blade and continues to spit blood and kneel over. Luke spits another razor blade and falls down onto the floor.

"Luke, what's taking you so long?" She walks back in holding the baby and sees him on the floor, blood starting to pool around his open mouth, and his eyes staring blankly. "Oh, my God. Oh, my God!" She screams.

....................

Sam turns his laptop to Dean who pulls it closer, a newspaper report on the above accident. Sam finishes his cola and looks to Erika who stands on a table hanging up halloween glow in the dark skeletons. He turns back to Dean.

"What do you think?"

"Might be our thing, what are you thinking? Witches?"

"Possibly" Sam stands grabbing his jacket from the back of the chair. Dean looks to Erika who adjust the skeleton slightly. Sam smirks. "You want to go say goodbye?" he teases, Dean shoots him
a look as he stands.

"Dude, shut up, why do you keep pushing that?"

"This vision of yours, you keep saying that it's not about us killing her, what other reason is there?"

"Just wish I could remember all of it, I get flashes and they're all of her" he looks to Erika. "It's not a sex thing" he argues looking back to Sam.

"All right, whatever you say, didn't answer the original question"

"Be rude not to say goodbye" Dean mumbles and turns to face Erika as she climbs off the table. "Erika" he states, she turns to them and walks towards them.

"Everything okay?" she asks.

"Yeah, we're just taking off, wanted to say...thanks for the food"

"Oh, yeah, no worries, love" Dean rubs the back of his neck, Sam smirks amused at how flustered his brother gets around this woman. "I suppose if you ever get stuck" Erika offers. "You know where to find me" she teases backing away.

"Yeah, thanks" Dean offers her before leaving, Sam smirks and follows his brother. "Not a word" Dean warns as they head towards the impala.
Sam stands talking to Mrs. Wallace in her kitchen as Dean pokes around.

“Now how many razor blades did they find?” He asks her, Mrs. Wallace sighs, and responds nearly in tears.

“Two on the floor, one in his stomach and one was stuck in his throat. He swallowed four of them. How is that even possible?” She notices Dean looking around the front of the stove and in the oven door. “The candy was never in the oven”

“We just have to be thorough, Mrs. Wallace”

“Did the police find any razors in the rest of the candy?” Sam asks.

“No, I mean, I Don’t think so. I just – I can’t believe it. You hear urban legends about this stuff, but it actually happens?”

“More than you might imagine” Dean emerges from the floor, and shows Sam a hex bag, behind Mrs. Wallace’s back so she can’t see, and makes sure to keep her from seeing it. Sam sighs and looks at Mrs. Wallace. “Mrs. Wallace, did Luke have any enemies?”

“Enemies?”

“Anyone who might have held a grudge against him?”

“What do you mean?”


“Are you suggesting an affair?”

“Is it possible?”

“No! No, Luke would nev...”

“I’m very sorry. We just have to consider all possibilities”

“If someone wanted to kill my husband, Don’t you think they’d find a better way than a razor in a piece of candy he might eat?” Sam looks over at Dean, who raises his eyes at Sam.

....................

Sam walks towards the impala, unwrapping the hex bag, Dean walks at his side as he peers into the bag.

“I’ve never seen a hex bag like this before” Sam tells Dean who peers into it with a shrug. “I don’t even know what half of this stuff is” Dean them smirks and looks to Sam. “What?”

“So we call in someone who might...” Dean pulls out his cell phone walking to the car. Sam sighs.

“You’re just after any excuse” Sam mumbles following him.

.....................
Sam is sitting on a motel couch, with his laptop and a few books on the coffee table in front of him, flipping the pages of the books. He picks up something from the hex bag that looks organic, and holds it up. Dean enters the room and tosses his keys on the table under the window, Erika walks in behind him, Dean unwraps a piece of candy before tossing it in his mouth. Sam sees him do this.

“Really? After that guy choked down all those razor blades?”

“It’s Halloween, man”

“Yeah, for us every day is Halloween” Sam mumbles, Erika moves to him.

“Dean said you had weird” she states. “Even for you guys” Sam nods and motions to the hex bag. “Urgh, witches” she grumbles, Dean smirks amused.

“Monster afraid of witches” he teases, Erika smirks.

“I’m not afraid of them” she corrects. “I just don’t like them” she lifts something from the hex bag. “My mother was a witch” she answers. “Turned me into what I am...safe to say, not that fond of her or them, loves” Dean sits down on the arm of the couch and looks at Sam's research. “Hmm” Erika states.

“Anything interesting?” Dean asks her.

“This isn’t your typical hex bag” She tells them, and indicates the hex bag that is open on the table. There is a silver piece, the size of a coin, and something small and charred in addition to the organic thing (looks like a dried up flower).

“No?” Sam asks. Erika picks up the dried up flower looking piece.

“This is goldthread, it’s a herb that’s been extinct for two hundred years” she sets it down. “And this...” She picks up the silver piece “Is Celtic, and I don’t mean some new age knock-off. This is 600 years old” Dean has picked up the small charred thing and smells it. Erika glances to him and smirks. “And um... that is the charred metacarpal bone of a newborn baby” she tells him.

“Ugh” Dean puts the bone down, and looks disgusted. “Gross” Erika picks up the bone.

“Relax darling, it’s at least a hundred years old”

“Oh, right, like that makes it better? Witches, man, they’re so friggin’ skeevy” Dean moves over to the chair next to the couch and sits down.

“Well it takes a pretty powerful one to put a bag like this together” she tells them both. “More juice than you’ve ever dealt with, of that I am sure”

“What about you? Find anything on the victim?”

“This Luke Wallace? He was so vanilla that he made vanilla seem spicy” Sam scoffs at their lack of leads. “I can’t find any reason why somebody would want this guy dead”

“There has to be one” Erika corrects. “Someone doesn’t put a hex together like this without cause....” Erika sets her laptop bag on the table and pulls the device free as Sam's phone rings, he glances to the screen.

“There's been another one” he tells them grabbing his jacket.

“I'll try and sort this hex out” Erika tells them opening her laptop. “See if I can't work out what you
are looking for” Sam looks to Dean who grabs his own jacket.

“Come on” Dean tells her. “She's already here, might as well take her help” Sam sighs before leaving, Dean looks to Erika who glances to him before going back to the laptop. Dean follows his brother.

............

Sam and Dean come down the stairs to the scene of the crime, where Jenny was killed. There is a guy with a ‘Forensic’ jacket on taking pictures of the bobbing for apples tub, and a police officer talking to Tracy.

“Have you been drinking?”

“Yes” Sam goes to join the questioning and Dean puts his hand up stopping him.

“I got this one” Dean licks his lips, and Sam sighs.

“Two words: jail bait” Sam warns.

“I would never....” Sam just rolls his eyes at Dean and walks over to the couch and starts lifting the cushions, looking for a hex bag. Dean smirks behind Sam’s back.

“It’s just so weird. The water in the tub – it wasn’t hot, I had just been in there myself”

“Your friend didn’t happen to know a man named Luke Wallace?” Tracy turns to Dean, and he holds up a badge. “Agent Seger, F.B.I.”

“Um, who’s Luke Wallace?”

“He died yesterday”

“I don’t know who that is” Tracy answers Dean. Sam holds up a hex bag that he has found in the couch cushions. Dean nods at him and looks down at Tracy.

....................

Erika is leaning on the table reading a book, she's taken her heels and coat off and worries her bottom lip. She's pretty sure she knows what's going on, and if she's right, and she is, then this is bigger then she thought, bigger then anything they've dealt with before. Dean and Sam return.

“I’m telling you, both these vics are squeaky clean. There is no reason for a wicked bitch payback” Dean tells Sam as he looks of Erika, that skirt doing wonders for her legs and ass.

“Maybe cause it’s not about that” Erika states leaning up and turning to them. Dean looks at her questioningly.

“Wow, insightful” He teases.

“Maybe this witch isn’t working a grudge” She tells them grabbing the book. “Maybe they’re working a spell. Check this out” She reads from the book. “Three blood sacrifices over three days, the last before midnight on the final day of the final harvest. Celtic Calendar, the final day of the final harvest is October 31st” Erika hands Dean the book.

“Halloween” He states.
“Spot on, love”

“What exactly are the, uh, blood sacrifices for?” Dean asks her.

“This witch is summoning a demon, and not just any demon – Samhain” Erika answers.

“Am I supposed to be impressed?” Dean asks her, Erika sighs.

“Call yourselves hunters” she complains. “Samhain is the bloody origin of Halloween. The Celts believe that October 31st was the one night of the year when the veil was the thinnest between the living and the dead, and it was Samhain’s night. Masks were put on to hide from him, sweets left on doorsteps to appease him, faces carved into pumpkins to worship him. He was exorcised centuries ago”

“So even though Samhain took a trip downstairs, the tradition stuck.”

“Right, only now instead of demons and blood orgies Halloween is all about kids, candy and costumes”

“Okay, so some witch wants to raise Samhain and take back the night?”

“Dean, this is serious” Sam scolds.

“I am serious”

“This is heavyweight witchcraft” Erika tells them. “This ritual can only be performed every six hundred years”

“And the six hundred year marker rolls around…?”

“Tomorrow night” She answers.

“Naturally” Dean looks down at the book he has flipped to a page showing a demon on a heap of bodies holding a head in his hand. “Well it sure is a lot of death and destruction for one demon”

“That’s because he likes company. Once he’s raised, Samhain can do some raising of his own” Erika states moving to sit on the couch.

“Raising what, exactly?” Sam asks her.

“Dark, evil crap and lots of it, I mean, they follow him around like the bloody Pied Piper”

“So we're talking ghosts”

“Yes” Erika nods.

“Zombies”

“Mm-hmm”

“Leprechauns?” Dean asks, Sam and Erika shoot him a look.

“Dean...” Sam states.

“Those little dudes are scary. Small hands”

“It starts with ghosts and ghouls, this he keeps on going, by night's end we are talking every awful
thing you have ever seen. Everything you fight, all in one place. It’s gonna be a slaughter” she warns
them. “And whilst I would normally be on board for a bloody orgy this is not the fun kind” she
crosses one leg over the other. Dean and Sam share a look.

……………

Dean is sitting in the Impala outside of the house watching and eating candy. His cell phone starts to
ring, and he pulls it out, flipping it open and looking at the caller ID before he answers.

“Hey”

……………

Sam is in the motel room, and has called Dean. Erika chews lightly on the end of a pen as she clicks
away on her laptop, her legs resting on the top of another chair, she flexes her toes.

“How’s it going?” Sam asks Dean setting him on speakers phone.

“Awesome, yeah, I talked with Mrs. Razor Blade again. I’ve been sitting out in front of her house for
hours and I’ve got a big steamy pile of nothing”

“Look Dean, someone planted those hex bags, someone with access to both houses. There’s gotta be
some connection” Sam tells him.

“Yeah, well I hope we find ‘em soon cause I’m starting to cramp like a....” Dean stops suddenly as
he sees something. “Son of a bitch”

“Quit whining” Sam scolds.

“No, Sam, I mean, son of a bitch” Dean watches as Tracy walks up to the door, knocks, and Mrs.
Wallace opens it with the baby in her arms.

“Hey”

“Hi”

……………

Dean throws the motel room key, with a ‘MOONLIGHT MOTEL 126’ keychain on it, onto the
table. Sam is lying on the bed with his laptop open. Erika draws her finger along her own laptop
keys.

“So, our apple-bobbing cheerleader?” Sam asks.

“Tracy?” Dean asks back.

“Mm-hmm?”

“The Wallaces’ babysitter. Told me she never even heard of Luke Wallace”

“Huh, interesting look for a centuries-old witch”

“Yeah, well, if you were a six-hundred-year-old hag and you could pick any costume to come back
in, wouldn't you go for a hot cheerleader? I would” Erika states, Dean sits down on the other bed
and gets lost in thought about that, and Sam looks at him furrowing his brow. Dean notices and
raises his eyebrows at Sam innocently.
“Well, Tracy’s not as wholesome as she looks. Me and Erika did some digging – apparently she got into a violent altercation with one of her teachers, got suspended from school” Sam hands Dean the laptop, on screen is Tracy's record.
Sam, Dean and Erika leave the motel room, Erika pulling on her coat.

“You sure you don't want to come?” Dean asks her.

“No, love, I'm peckish so I'm going to grab something to eat” she does the tie up around her coat. “But I'll find you later” she tells them walking away, Dean watches her go with a smirk, Sam rolls his eyes.

...............................

Dean walks into a room full of art masks, and looks up. He sees a particular demonic looking one, and focuses on it. He hears the screams and screeching he has when he is dreaming since he got back from hell, signaling maybe the mask made him think of something from his time in hell. Sam walks up up behind Dean.

“Bring back memories?” Sam asks.

“What do you mean?”

“Being a teenager, all that angst” Dean sighs, a little relieved that Sam didn’t see what was going on with Dean staring at the mask.

“Oh”

“What’d you think I meant?” Sam asks him.

“Nothing” Dean looks over at Justin, who is putting a big bong-shaped piece into a kiln. “Now that brings back memories”

“Dude, I need a bigger kiln” A teacher comes around a corner (Don Harding).

“You gentlemen wanna talk to me?” Don asks.

“Ah, Mr. Harding”

“Oh, please, Don” Don reaches for Sam’s hand

“Okay, Don” Don reaches for Dean’s hand next.

“Even my students call me Don”

“Yeah, we get it, Don” Dean and Sam pull out their badges. “I’m agent Getty, this is Agent Lee. We just had a few questions about, uh, Tracy Davis”

“Uh, yeah, Tracy, uh, bright kid, loads of talent. It’s a shame she got suspended”

“Uh, you two had a… uh, violent altercation”

“Yeah, she exploded. If Principal Murrow hadn’t walked by when he did, Tracy would have clawed my eyes out”

“Why?” Sam asks.
“I, uh, you know, I was only trying to rap with her about her work. It had gotten inappropriate and disturbing” Dean turns and indicates the angry masks hanging on the wall and the ceiling.

“More disturbing, than, uh, those guys?” He asks.

“She would cover page after page with these bizarre cryptic symbols, and then there were the drawings. Detailed images of killings, gory, primitive, and she would depict herself in the middle of them, participating”

“Symbols, what kind of symbols? Uh, anything like this?” Sam shows Don a small bag with the silver Celtic coin in it.

“Yeah, yeah, I think that might have been one of them”

“You know where Tracy is now?” Sam asks.

“I would imagine her apartment”

“Her apartment?”

“Yeah, she got here about a year ago, alone, as I understood it, as an emancipated teen. God only knows what her parents were like” Don explains.

Erika brushes her thumb over her lips removing the last trace of blood from them.

“Hey” Sam greets, she smiles.

“Hello, love” she greets back. “Found anything?”

“Trying to track down Tracy” he explains and then motions to his own face. “You’ve got....” Erika wipes at her face and smiles a little.

“Thanks” she looks to him. “Relax, Sam, no one died for it, in fact no one got hurt” she tells him walking back towards the motel room, he follows. “Everything is so easy these days” she states as he drops into step at her side. Dean drives up and parks the car and gets out, Sam looks to Erika before he walks up to the passenger side of the Impala.

“So?” Dean asks.

“Tracy was nowhere I could find. Any luck with her friends?”

“Nah, luck is not our style. Her friends don’t know where she is. It’s like the bitch popped a broomstick” Dean climbs out of the impala and the three of them make their way toward their motel room, and a kid dressed as an Astronaut starts to walk toward them.

“She could be making the third sacrifice any time” Erika tells them.

“Yes, thank you, Erika” The Astronaut walks up to them and holds up a bucket of candy.

“Trick or treat”

“This is a motel” Dean tells him.

“So?”
“So we don’t have any candy”

“No, we have a ton in the uh…” Sam looks back and points toward the Impala.

“We did, but it’s gone” Sam looks at Dean, getting his meaning. The Astronaut looks unimpressed and Dean looks down at him. “Sorry kid, we can’t help ya”

“I want candy”

“Well, I think you’ve had enough” The Astronaut glares at Dean, narrowing his eyes. Erika smirks and crouches in front of the boy.

“How about this instead?” she asks pulling a $100 bill from her pocket, she unfolds it and raises an eyebrow. “$100” she tells him, the Astronaut smiles and takes it from her, Erika stands and looks to Dean as the Astronaut walks past Dean shoving into him and Dean puts his hands up and then turns to Erika.

“You just had $100 on you?” she shrugs.

“Loose change” she answers with a smirk, Dean shakes his head.

Sam enters their motel room and immediately draws his gun, and moves forward in an offensive stance, ready to attack.

“Who are you?!” Dean rushes in, and tries to stop Sam.

“Sam! Sam, wait! It’s Castiel” Dean puts his hand on Sam’s gun and pushes it down, and Sam stands there stunned. “The angel” Dean spots another figure in the room, standing by the window (Uriel). “Him, I Don’t know” Sam looks at Castiel in wonder and a smile crosses his face. Erika shifts nervously by the door, ready to escape.

“Hello, Sam”

“Oh my God – er – uh – I didn’t mean to – sorry. It’s an honor, really, I – I’ve heard a lot about you” Sam steps forward and holds out his hand to shake Castiel’s. Dean goes and closes the door to their room, he looks to Erika and raises an eyebrow at her, she glances at him as Castiel looks at Sam’s hand like he isn’t sure what to do with it. Sam shakes it a little, and Castiel finally understands and puts his right hand in Sam’s.

“And I, you. Sam Winchester...The boy with the demon blood. Glad to see you’ve ceased your extracurricular activities” Uriel is still facing the window, but speaks.

“Let’s keep it that way” Uriel tells them.

“Yeah, okay, chuckles” Dean looks back at Castiel. “Who’s your friend?”

“This the raising of Samhain, have you stopped it?” Castiel asks.

“Why?”

“Dean, have you located the witch?”

“Yes, we’ve located the witch”
And is the witch dead?

No, but... We know who it is” Castiel walks over to the table by the bed.

Apparently the witch knows who you are too” Castiel picks up a hex bag and shows it to them. “This was inside the wall of your room. If we hadn’t found it, surely one or both of you would be dead. Do you know where the witch is now?” Dean and Sam exchange a look.

“We’re working on it”

“That’s unfortunate”

“What do you care?”

The raising of Samhain is one of the 66 seals” Castiel tells them.

So this is about your buddy Lucifer

Lucifer is no friend of ours” Uriel glances to Erika.

It’s just an expression” Dean tells him.

Lucifer cannot rise. The breaking of the seal must be prevented at all costs” Castiel informs them.

Okay, great, well now that you’re here, why don’t you tell us where the witch is, we’ll gank her and everybody goes home”

We are not omniscient. This witch is very powerful, she’s cloaked even our methods”

Okay, well we already know who she is, so if we work together...” Sam offers.

Enough of this”

Okay, who are you and why should I care?” Uriel turns from the window and looks at Dean.

This is Uriel, he’s what you might call a... specialist” Uriel walks toward them.

What kind of specialist? What are you gonna do?”

You – uh, both of you – you need to leave this town immediately”

The abomination can stay” Uriel states looking at Erika.

Why?” Dean asks.

Because we’re about to destroy it” Castiel answers. Sam and Dean exchange a worried glance.

So this is your plan, you’re gonna smite the whole friggin’ town?” Dean asks.

We’re out of time. This witch has to die, the seal must be saved”

There are a thousand people here” Sam points out.

One thousand two hundred fourteen” Uriel corrects.

And you’re willing to kill them all?” Sam asks.
“This isn’t the first time I’ve… purified a city”

“Look, I understand this is regrettable” Casitel offers them.

“Regrettable?”

“We have to hold the line. Too many seals have broken already”

“So you screw the pooch on some seals and this town has to pay the price?” Dean asks.

“It’s the lives of one thousand against the lives of six billion. There’s a bigger picture here”

“Right, cause you’re bigger picture kind of guys”

“Lucifer cannot rise. He does and hell rises with him. Is that something that you’re willing to risk?” Castiel asks.

“We’ll stop this witch before she summons anyone. Your seal won't be broken and no one has to die”

“We're wasting time with these mud monkeys and the abomination” Castiel turns away from Dean to Uriel.

“I’m sorry, but we have our orders”

“No, you can’t do this, you’re angels, I mean aren’t you supposed to – You’re supposed to show mercy” Sam asks.

“Says who?” Uriel asks.

“We have no choice”

“Of course you have a choice. I mean, come on, what? You’ve never questioned a crap order, huh? What are you both, just a couple of hammers?”

“Look, even if you can’t understand it, have faith. The plan is just”

“How can you even say that?”

“Because it comes from heaven, that makes it just”

“Oh, it must be nice, to be so sure of yourselves”

“Tell me something, Dean, when your father gave you an order, didn’t you obey?” Dean looks at Castiel and takes a second.

“Well sorry boys, looks like the plans have changed” Dean tells them.

“You think you can stop us?” Uriel asks. Dean starts over and stands in Uriel’s face.

“No, but if you’re gonna smite this whole town, then you’re gonna have to smite us with it, because we are not leaving. See, you went to the trouble of busting me out of hell. I figure I’m worth something to the man upstairs. So you wanna waste me, go ahead, see how he digs that”

“I will drag you out of here myself” Uriel tells Dean.

“Yeah, but you’ll have to kill me, then we’re back to the same problem. I mean, come on, you're
gonna wipe out a whole town for one little witch. Sounds to me like you're compensating for something” Dean turns back and looks at Castiel. “We can do this. We will find that witch and we will stop the summoning”

“Castiel! I will not let these peop..” Castiel holds up his hand at Uriel.

“Enough!” Castiel stares at Dean for a second. “I suggest you move quickly” They vanish, Erika relaxes and leans against the wall.

“Seriously?” Dean asks her amused.

“Shut up” she growls. “I told you, most monsters know to be afraid of them.....”

“You okay?” Dean asks, she shoots him a look and straightens her coat.

“Yes” she answers, he raises an eyebrow. “Okay, fine, I may need to change my underwear” Dean smirks at her as Sam cover up a chuckle.
Chapter Ten

Erika, Dean and Sam walk up to the Impala, which is now splattered with eggs. Dean walks around to the driver’s side as Sam opens the passenger side door. Dean looks around, very mad.

“Astronaut!”

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Dean takes a seat next to Sam in the Impala, and sees that Sam looks upset. Erika climbs into the back.

“What?”

“Nothing” Sam answers and then takes a breath. “I thought they’d be different”

“Who, the angels?”

“Yeah”

“Well, I tried to tell ya”

“I just… I mean, I thought they’d be righteous”

“Well, they are righteous, I mean, that’s kinda the problem. Of course there’s nothing more dangerous than some a-hole who thinks he’s on a holy mission”

“But, I mean, this is God? And Heaven? This is what I’ve been praying to?” Sam asks.

“Look man, I know you’re into the whole God thing, you know, Jesus on a tortilla and stuff like that. But just because there’s a couple of bad apples doesn’t mean the whole barrel’s rotten. I mean, for all we know, God hates these jerks. Don’t give up on this stuff, is all I’m saying. Babe Ruth was a dick but baseball’s still a beautiful game” Erika goes through the hex bag in her hands and picks up the bone. Dean smirks and looks to her. “Well, are you gonna figure out a way to find this witch, or are you just gonna sit there fingering your bone?” Dean starts the Impala.

“You know how much heat it would take to char a bone like this” She states lifting her eyes to Dean. “No” he answers.

“A lot, more than a fire or some kitchen oven”

“Okay, Betty Crocker, what does that mean?” Erika smirks.

“It means we make a stop, love”

..................

Dean walks over to a kiln in Don Haring’s classroom at the school. Sam goes over to Don’s desk.

“So Tracy used the kiln to char the bone, what’s the big deal?” Dean asks as Erika sniffs slightly. Sam is rifling through the stuff on Don’s desk as Dean walks over.

“Love, that hex bag turned up in your room, not after you talked to Tracy...”
“After we talked to the teacher” Sam notices a bottom drawer of Don’s desk is locked with a latch.

“Hey…” Dean sees it too, and Sam gets a hammer off the table behind them, Erika smirks and walks towards them.

“Put it down, love” she teases, crouches and wraps her fingers around the lock, with a soft yank it breaks free, she looks to them. “Just needed a woman’s touch” she tells them, Dean and Sam share a look as she opens the drawer where there are bones in a bowl, one charred, the others not. Erika straightens up. “Bloody hell, those are all from children”

“And I’m guessing he’s not saving them for the dog” Dean states.

Don starts an incantation and we see a rope. Tracy is tied up with the rope and a rag wrapped around her mouth, stifling her cries as she struggles to get free. Don takes a knife and a chalice from the table and walks over to Tracy. He runs the tip of the knife down her neck, not drawing blood, but staring at her. Don raises the knife above his head to stab her, and gets shot from behind three times. Dean, Erika and Sam have come, and Dean and Sam go over to Tracy to untie her as Erika checks Don’s body. Dean cuts Tracy down and she rips off the gag.

“Thank you, he was gonna kill me! Ugh, that sick son of a bitch. I mean, did you see what he was doing? Did you hear him? How sloppy his incantation was?” Erika, Dean and Sam look up. “My brother…”

“Bloody hell” Erika complains, Dean and Sam both go to draw their guns again.

“Always was a little dim” Tracy throws up her hand and yells an incantation and Dean, Erika and Sam fly back hitting the ground, and writhing around in pain. Erika clutches her head with a growl “He was gonna make me the final sacrifice, his idea, but now, that honor goes to him. Our master’s return? The spellwork’s a two man job you understand, so for six hundred years I had to deal with that pompous son of a bitch. Planning, preparing, unbearable” Tracy kneels down by Don and picks up the knife and the chalice. “The whole time I wanted to rip his face off” Tracy starts digging the knife into Don's bullet wound, and holds the chalice up to catch the blood flow. She looks back over to Dean and Sam, who are still writhing in pain on the floor clutching their stomachs and Erika, clutching her head. “And you get him with a gun, uh, love that” Tracy gets up and goes back to the altar on the table. “You know, back in the day, this was the one day you kept your children inside. Well tonight you’ll all see what Halloween really is” Tracy starts another incantation and Erika glances to Tracy and then to the two brothers before she reaches for Don’s body, putting her hand in blood and smearing it on her face. Dean sees her and whispers.

“What are you doing?”

“Just follow my lead” Erika spreads blood on Dean’s face as well and then Sam's, and moves back away from Don. As Tracy finishes the incantation the ground cracks and black smoke pours out of it, and into the body of Don (who is now Samhain). Erika, Dean and Sam were not able to stop his rising, and another seal has been broken. As he opens his eyes, we see that Don’s eyes have turned white with the pupil staying black. Erika, Dean and Sam lie still on the floor, their torture finished. Samhain rises off the floor, and looks at Tracy’s back that is turned to him. His vision is blurry. He walks over to her and she turns around smiling at him. Samhain kisses her.

“My love”

“You’ve aged”
“This face… I can’t fool you” Tracy tells him.

“Your beauty is beyond time” Samhain leans in and their foreheads rest together before he suddenly snaps her neck sideways and she falls to the floor. “Whore” Samhain turns around as he sniffs the air and sees Erika, Dean and Sam lying on the floor. He walks over and looks at them for a second, Samhain then walks past them and leaves, shutting the door behind him. Dean opens his eyes and leans over to Erika, whispering so that Samhain doesn’t hear them.

“What the hell was that?” He asks her.

“People used to wear masks to hide from him, so I gave it a shot”

“You gave it a shot?!” Dean looks at her not believing that they took a chance like that, she shrugs and smirks at him.
Chapter Eleven

Samhain is walking down the street, covered in blood, but not being noticed because it is Halloween, and everyone is in costume.

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Erika, Dean and Sam walk across the street toward the Impala, wiping the blood off their faces.

“Where the hell are we gonna find this mook?” Dean asks, Erika snorts.

“Where the bloody hell would you go to raise other dark forces of the night?” she asks. Sam and Dean share a look before looking to Erika.

“The cemetery” Dean answers.

“Yeah” They get in the Impala and drive off.

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Dean is driving while Sam sits in the passenger seat and Erika in the back.

“So, this demon’s pretty powerful” Sam starts.

“Yeah” Dean agrees.

“Might take more than the usual weapons” Sam glances at Dean out of the corner of his eye, and Dean gets what he is suggesting.

“Sam, no, you’re not using your psychic whatever. Don’t even think about it. Ruby’s knife is enough”

“Why?”

“Well because the angels said so for one....”

“I thought you said they were a bunch of fanatics”

“Well they happen to be right about this one”

“I don’t know, Dean, it doesn’t seem like they’re right about much”

“Well then forget the angels, okay? You said yourself, these powers, it’s like playing with fire” Dean tells Sam. Dean picks up the knife and holds out the handle to Sam. “Please” Sam takes the knife from Dean but doesn’t say anything, Erika looks between them, raising an eyebrow.

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There is rap music coming from a room in the mausoleum, and teenagers are walking around in costume. Justin is standing there looking around.

“Dude, I’m tripping balls!” Someone starts to walk down the stairs and Justin notices. “Yo, shh, be quiet, it’s the cops” Samhain walks down the stairs and toward the room they are partying in. Justin sees him. “Mr. Harding? I mean, Don?” Samhain closes the gate to the room, and locks it. As he
walks away he runs his hand across the gate. Justin tries the gate, but it doesn’t budge. “Don, you, uh, you locked us in” Justin tries the door again, and it stays locked, but the doors to the crypts in the room start to shake. The teenagers back away into corners, but Justin looks to one side, and begins to back to the other side. A door comes open, and hands reach out and grab his ankles. Justin screams as a zombie drags him off his feet and into the crypt, a second later blood splatters out of the crypt, squirting out and covering the ground in front of the crypt. The teens start to freak out and try to get the gate open. Sam, Erika and Dean come down the stairs. Sam looks at Dean and the people locked in the room.

“Help them”

“Dude, you’re not going off alone”

“I’ll take Erika” Sam tells him. “Do it!” Sam runs after Samhain and Dean looks after him for a second then looks to Erika, she nods and vamp-speeds after Sam, Dean looks back at the teens motioning for them to move.

“Stand back! Stand back!” The teens move away from the gate and Dean shots the lock, and kicks the door open to let them all out. “Go on, come on, get out, move!” After the teens all rush past him, Dean watches as a door of a grave in the mausoleum room crashes to the ground and breaks. A zombie crawls out of it, and stands up as another grave door crashes to the ground and the zombie in the next grave over starts to crawl out as well. Dean pulls out a weapon as the second zombie gets up and holds up what looks like a silver stake. “Bring it on, stinky”

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Sam is walking through the mausoleum looking for Samhain. He turns a corner and sees Samhain in a room facing the far wall. Sam tries to walk up to him silently, narrowing his eyes at the demon. Samhain turns around suddenly and throws up his arm, and a bright white light comes out of it. It dims, however, and Sam keeps walking toward Samhain.

“Yeah, that demon ray gun stuff? It doesn’t work on me” Samhain runs at Sam, but is tackled from the side at speed, Samhain and Erika hit the floor. Erika is on her feet again in a flash, pushing her hair out of her face. Samhain gets to his feet as Erika places herself between him and Sam.

“I thought it was you” Samhain tells her. “An Original” she smirks and shrugs holding out her hands in the Mikaelson come at me bro stance. “And one of the twins, I'm honoured”

“Charmed, I'm sure” she teases, Samhain throws the first punch and they fight. Erika always keeping herself between Sam and Samhain. Samhain finally pushes Erika against a wall by her neck, getting the upper hand, she snarls as her vampire face emerges, the veins creeping up her face and her fangs descend. Sam stares at her.

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There is a zombie with a silver stake coming out of its chest lying on the floor and Dean stabs another zombie to the ground with another silver stake right next to the first one. A pair of shoes walks up behind Dean with a pair of women's frail feet in them. Dean hears it and grabs a stake before he turns around to stab her, but she flickers and disappears, and is behind him as he stands up fully. He turns around and she motions both her hands at him and he flies across the room, sliding down the wall.

“Zombie ghost orgy huh? Well, that’s it, I’m torching everybody”
Sam gets the knife out, and tries to stab Samhain from behind, and when it starts to cut into his skin, it sizzles and Samhain pushes it out of Sam’s hand, he squeezes Erika’s neck and then snaps it, drops her unceremoniously to the ground, Sam stares at her. Samhain whips Sam around and throws him into the wall across the room. Sam gets up and Samhain looks at him, ready to attack, goes to run at Sam, but Sam puts up his hand, and uses his psychic power to stop him. Samhain struggles against Sam, but Sam manages to keep him from advancing too much. Dean comes running around the corner and sees Sam using his powers. Dean's face falls. Sam sees Dean over the shoulder of Samhain, but continues. Sam has to use a lot more concentration than he's ever used before, and his nose starts to bleed as blood pounds in his head and he grabs his head with the hand not holding Samhain at bay. Finally, Sam exorcizes Samhain as his nose continues to bleed and the blood pounding in his head starts to slow down. Once Samhain is out of the body, Don’s eyes turn back to color and Sam can barely raise his eyes to meet Dean’s stare. This is the first time that Sam was aware of Dean being there to see him use his powers. Last time, Dean was watching, but Sam didn’t know he was there until after. Dean looks at him sadly, and with a little bit of fear in his eyes. Sam then turns and hurries to Erika, kneeling at her side he checks for a pulse and then looks to Dean who steps closer. Sam shakes his head and slumps a little, she’d tried to protect him from Samhain. Erika sits up with a gasp and reaches for her neck, she looks around alarmed, both brothers staring at her.

“What the bloody hell?!” she asks.

“That’s our question” Dean points out.

“You remember Bobby telling you no one has found a way to kill me?” she teases standing. “Did you really think a broken neck would do it?” she rolls her shoulder and her neck before smiling at them, Dean breath a sigh of relief and shakes his head, Sam stands and looks to her neck. “I’m fine, love” she tells him lifting her hair. “See...no broken bones, all healed"
Chapter Twelve

Erika taps her nails on the table as Dean sets a glass of whiskey down next to her, she looks to it and then to him as he sits across from her. Sam sleeps on one of the motel beds.

“Thanks” he tells her. “For helping” she shrugs and fingers the edge of the glass.

“Ah well.....I was bored...and you're cute” she teases, he smiles a little. “And I just can't help a damsel in distress” she adds, Dean snorts and looks to her, she bites her lip as she raises her glass.

“We would have managed” Dean tells her, she shrugs.

“Oh?” she asks leaning forward. “So...it was just an excuse?” she asks, he raises an eyebrow. “You keep turning up in my life, Dean Winchester, and I don't just think it's coincidence, you keep seeking me out”

“I don't know what you are talking about” he grumbles, hating that he's been caught out, not that he will ever admit it, Erika smirks at him and crosses one leg over the other. “I suppose I better get moving” she states before standing.

“Really?” Dean asks, she smirks and looks to him.

“If I don't leave, how will you ever miss me?” she pouts playfully, he smirks and shakes his head turning away from her, her smile falls and she looks to Sam before looking back to Dean. “There's nothing more important then family, trust me, I know” she pulls on her own coat. “Your brother needs you” Erika tells him softly, he nods. “Whatever is going on, it's never worth falling out over” she smiles at him. “You have my number, and you know where I live....if you ever need anything, I wouldn't be against you asking for it” he smirks and scratches the back of his neck.

“Sure, thank you, Erika”

“Goodnight, Dean” she turns and leaves, Dean sighs and then follows her.

Outside the motel room he looks around and spots her heading away, he jogs after her.

“Erika” he calls for her as she walks away, she turns to him.

“Is that it?” Erika teases. Dean smirks and kisses her again, she laughs against his lips and tugs him closer by his shirt. Her eyes catch the figure of Samael watching from where he leans against the wall, of course he would choose now to appear, to torment her, to make her feel guilty, she closes her eyes and tries to block him out.

Uriel and Castiel stand watching Dean and Erika.
“The weapon will be on side then” Uriel states. “I'm surprised”

“She could have gone either way, she still could” Castiel adds. “If Lucifer rises we will loose her as an ally, he will claim her”

“We shall see” Uriel states and then vanishes, Castiel watches the two of them a moment more before following.

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Dean licks his lips as Erika smirks at him.

“You wanna grab a room?” he asks, she bites her lip and shrugs.

“Well...” she looks to her watch, Dean groans and she chuckles. “I suppose I could spare ten minutes”

“Hahah” he mocks laughs and yanks her closer, she kisses him and then pulls back.

“I'll go get a key” she tells him with a smirks as she backs away from him touching her lips, he smiles watching her go. The motel room door opens and Sam pokes his head out.

“What are you doing?” Sam asks, Dean looks to him and clears his throat.

“Me and Erika....she's getting a room” Sam smirks and shakes his head.

“Dude....told you” Sam disappears back into the motel room, Dean snorts and turns back, Erika now stands in front of him, he jumps and steps back a little.

“Sonofa...” she smirks at him.

“Sorry” she offers and then holds up a motel key. Dean looks to the room key, notes the number, takes it from her and then grabs her hand pulling her towards the room.

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Erika and Dean flop backwards onto the bed, both covered in a sheen of sweat, Erika pulls the blankets to her chest and chuckles.

“Well...you humans” she teases, Dean smirks at the ceiling. “What happened to you not sleeping with monsters?” she asks turning her head to him, he shrugs.

“You're not a monster” he corrects looking to her.

“I could be” she offers. “You don't actually know me, or what I am, a few days here and there and you think I'm worth sleeping with” she turns onto her front. “I could be pure evil” she purrs. “This could be a trick” her fingers dance over his chest.

“Is it?” he asks her taking her hand, she bites her lip.

“That would be telling” she teases.

“Give me something” he states, she cocks her head and hums thinking.

“I was born in Virgina” she tells him. “Mystic Falls to be precise”
“Mystic Falls?” Dean asks. “That's a real place? Seriously?” she chuckles and nods.

“Yes, love, it's a real place” he smiles at her.

“But your accent”

“We moved around a lot, spent some time in England” He nods. “Hmm what else?” she thinks. “I love curly fries” she tells him, he smirks.

“All right, now we're getting somewhere” he teases. “Anything else?”

“Two of my tattoos cover scars” she tells him, Dean raises an eyebrow and pushes the blankets away to trace the cherry blossom on her ribs.

“What is this one?” he asks.

“My father caught me with a bow and arrows, so he shot me with one” Dean lifts his eyes to hers. She lifts her own hand to her hummingbird on her shoulder. “This one was when I snuck in late one night, which was dangerous in my village, I'd been out with a boy and my father, he whipped me for it”

“Erika” Dean whispers, she smiles and shrugs.

“Monsters can have bad parents too” she tells him. “Mine were....terrible even, it's a wonder how I turned out so well....” she lays with her head on his chest, Dean wraps his arm around her waist. “What about you?” she asks.

“Okay, Lawrence, Kansas and I love pie” she chuckles against his side, he smiles and strokes her side.

“Any particular flavour?” she asks.

“Apple is good....but you can't beat cherry” she hums listening to him, slightly falling asleep. “Now, curly fries, why not straight fries?”

“Straight fries are boring” she complains, Dean chuckles. “Curly fries are groovy, but then....add crispy bacon pieces and I would be in heaven, and seen as if I ever die that is not where I will be going” Dean kisses her head and smirks.

“I don't know” he tells her. “The angels pulled me out of the pit, maybe they are the ones that pointed me to you, maybe they are routing for you to be a good guy, Erika, maybe they see something in you that you can't see yourself” she lifts her head.

“Uriel called me an abomination” she reminds him. “Going to say they are not on my side” he strokes her cheek, she leans into his hand. “Maybe it was a resonation from Hell” she tells him, he shakes his head.

“No” he tells her. “There is good in you, otherwise you would never has helped us, never would have indulged us at any point, after Pamela, if there was no good in you, you would have killed us” she lays her head on his chest again and frowns.

……………………

The morning sun streams in through the window as Sam packs clothes into his duffel bag.

“Tomorrow” Sam jumps at the sound of someone else in the room and turns to Uriel. “November
2nd, it’s an anniversary for you”

“What are you doing here?”

“It’s the day Azazel killed your mother, and 22 years later your girlfriend too. It must be difficult to bear, yet you so brazenly use the power he gave you. His profane blood pumping through your veins”

“Excuse me?”

“You were told not to use your abilities”

“And what was I supposed to do? That demon would have killed me, and my brother and everyone”

“You were told not to”

“If Samhain had gotten loose in this town…”

“You’ve been warned, twice now”

“You know? My brother was right about you, you are dicks”

“The only reason you’re still alive, Sam Winchester, is because you’ve been useful. But the moment that ceases to be true, the second you become more trouble than you’re worth, one word. One, and I will turn you to dust” Uriel backs off, but keeps talking. “As for your brother, tell him that maybe he should climb off that high horse of his. Ask Dean what he remembers from hell” There is a flutter of wings, Uriel is gone. Sam turns around looking for him.

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Dean pulls his jacket on as he watches Erika sleep, the sun on her bare back, he smiles a little and then turns to the small paper pad on the bedside table before he leaves her a note, he then leaves.

..............

Dean is sitting on a park bench watching kids play. Castiel on the park bench next to him. Dean is looking the other way, but senses the angel’s arrival.

“Let me guess you’re here for the ”I told you so””

“No”

“Well, good, cause I’m really not that interested”

“I am not here to judge you, Dean”

“Then why are you here?”

“Our orders…”

“Yeah, you know, I’ve had about enough of these orders of yours..”

“Our orders were not to stop the summoning of Samhain, they were to do whatever you told us to do”

“Your orders were to follow my orders?”

“It was a test, to see how you would perform under... battlefield conditions, you might say”
“It was a witch, not the Tet Offensive” Dean argues.

“So I, uh, failed your test, huh? I get it. But you know what? If you would have waved that magic time-traveling wand of yours and we had to do it all over again, I’d make the same call. ’Cause see, I don’t know what’s gonna happen when these seals are broken, hell I don’t even know what’s gonna happen tomorrow. But what I do know is, that this, here? These kids, the swings, the trees, all of it is still here because of me and my brother and Erika”

“You misunderstand me, Dean, I’m not like you think. I was praying that you would choose to save the town”

“You were?”

“These people, they’re all my father’s creations. They’re works of art, and yet, even though you stopped Samhain, the seal was broken and we are one step closer to hell on earth, for all creation. Now that’s not an expression, Dean, it’s literal. You of all people should appreciate what that means” Dean looks at him a little pained, and sad. “Can I tell you something if you promise not to tell another soul?”

“Okay”

“I’m not a… hammer as you say. I have questions, I have doubts. I don’t know what is right and what is wrong anymore, whether you passed or failed here. But in the coming months you will have more decisions to make. I don’t envy the weight that’s on your shoulders, Dean. I truly don’t” They share a look, and Dean looks out to the kids again. When he looks back, Castiel is gone.
Chapter Thirteen

Dean knocks on the motel room before stepping in, Erika sits on the bed wearing just the blanket, her hair down, her laptop open on her legs. Dean holds up the brown paper bag and sets it on the side.

“Coffee” he offers, she smirks and nods.

“Thanks” she answers and looks back to her laptop. “If you have to get going” she offers. “I can make my own way home”

“Actually....I was going to ask you to come with us” Dean moves to sit on the bed across from her, Erika raises an eyebrow at him.

“No” she answers, he frowns at her. “I don't want to be a third wheel and you and Sam are dealing with some things right now.....perhaps further down the road, love” she stands with the blanket moving to gather her clothes. Dean stands following her.

“Is this about....what we?” She chuckles.

“Don't flatter yourself, I am perfectly capable of screwing someone and then carrying on as normal, but you and Sam, you need to sort yourselves out, and a tag along monster won't help” she turns to him and smiles. “You know where I will be any way, love” she whispers before kissing him. Dean smirks kissing her back. “Go on” she tells him pulling back. “Go hunt some monsters” she teases before disappearing into the bathroom, Dean sighs and smiles.

“I'll call you” He shouts, Erika chuckles from the bathroom.

“I look forward to it, love” she shouts back, Dean turns and leaves the motel room.

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Erika pulls the coffee Dean had brought in from it's bag and then moves to the sink pulling off it's lid, then pours the coffee down the drain and using her teeth rips open the blood bag in her free hand before she pours that into the empty styrofoam cup, and then sets the lid on the top, before she leaves the motel room. She moves the the blacked out SUV waiting for her and the figure leaning against it, she smiles and walks quicker.

“Nik” she greets, her twin turns to her and smiles before pulling her into a hug.

“Rikki” he greets back.

“Drop me at the bar” she begs of him.

“You called me all this way, for a lift?” she smirks up at him and then pouts. “Urgh, bloody hell, fine” she smiles and kisses his cheek.

“Thank you, love” she bounces over to the car door and climbs in, Klaus sighs and follows her.

............

Dean and Sam share a look as they enter Erika's bar, the whole place is packed in a post Halloween bash, they both make their way to the bar where Erika and her roped in bar help are serving drinks, Erika sees them and smiles.
“Hey!” she cheers moving to them, Dean chuckles leaning on the bar.

“Are you drunk?” he asks her, she shrugs.

“Maybe” she answers. “But it’s a party!” she cheers and the whole bar cheers. “Nik!” she cheers spinning to the man behind the bar. “Come meet the humans” she teases, Klaus rolls his eyes and moves to her. “Humans this is Niklaus” she introduces. “My twin, Nik these are humans” she smirks and stumbles a little.

“I am aware what they are, Sister, Sam and Dean Winchester” Klaus greets. “She told me about you when she was capable of” he teases, Erika smirks at them.

“I’ll get you some drinks” she tells them both heading down the bar. Klaus watches her go before turning to the brothers, his scary protective brother face appearing.

“It goes without saying, that should anything happen to my dear twin sister, you two shall be the first I kill” he promises with a smile. Erika heads back towards the with two beers.

“Here we go” she sets them down on the bar. “We’ve got about an hour before we shut up, you two all right to wait around?”

“Yeah, sure” Sam answers, Dean watches Erika amused as she and Klaus head off down the bar.

Erika laughs as Sam smirks, Dean laughs himself.

“A suicidal alcoholic teddy bear?” Erika asks, again, Dean nods.

“Yeah, blew his stuffing brains out too” she laughs harder leaning against his side. Dean smiles watching her. “So now...” Dean motions to him and Sam. “On Thursdays we're teddy bear doctors” She smiles and chuckles.

“I swear, every year, this world gets weirder” she responds kicking off her heels and pulls her legs up under herself. “So what was it?”

“A coin” Sam answers. “Tiamat”

“Ooooo, Babylonian god of primordial chaos” Erika states. “You boys sure know how to pick them, I mean you don't just hunt, you draw out the big boys” she teases. “No wonder the angels are interested in you” Dean slides his hand along Erika’s thigh and gives her a look, Sam clears his throat and stands.

“And I am turning in” he complains, Dean smirks back at him. “Thanks for letting us stay” Sam tells Erika before leaving. As soon as the door closes Dean is on Erika, threading his fingers in her hair and tugging her to him, pressing his lips to hers. She smirks and clutches at his shirt pulling him closer to her. Dean leaning, pushes Erika back to lay against the cushions of the couch, Dean pulls her legs around his waist, he stares down at her watching her breath. He smirks and leans down to kiss her neck, his fingers threading into her hair as his other hand strokes up the outside of her thigh, to push her dress up even higher to pool around her waist, he leans over her and kisses her, her hands clutching to the small of his back, clutching to his belt.

“You know I have a perfectly good bed upstairs” she tells him, he nods.

“But your couch is perfectly good too” he teases. “And right here” she nods.
“That is a very valid point, love” she admits as he nips along her jaw.

They do eventually make it up to Erika's bedroom, both tired and sweaty, Dean leans in the doorway of Erika's en suite and watches her sleep. He smiles and leans up moving to the bed before climbing into it, he pulls the blanket over himself and Erika before he presses himself against her back and wraps his arm around her waist.

Erika sits at the dining table with her laptop as Sam and Dean eat breakfast, Klaus pulls his jacket on as he walks into the room and kisses Erika's head.

“I'm taking off” he tells her and grabs her coffee. “People to see, moonstones to find, doppelgänger to locate” Erika smirks up at him.

“Let me know” she asks of him, Klaus smirks.

“Can't do it without you” he remarks and kisses her forehead. “I'll call you” he tells her before leaving, Erika watches him go with a smile before turning back to her laptop.

“You two staying long?” she asks glancing to Dean who chews on a slice of bacon.

“If you keep feeding him, forever” Sam teases, Erika smirks and looks to him.

“A couple of days” Dean answers. “Just till we find another case, you don't mind?” Erika shakes her head.

“No, of course not” she crosses one leg over the other, she looks to Sam. “There is an entire library of lore” Sam smiles. “Help yourself”

“She knows you far too well” Dean teases, Sam kicks him under the table, they share an amused look. Erika smiles watching them. There's something different about their relationship, something's lifted. They've talked, got what ever it was that was bothering them out in the open.

Dean pulls on his boots sitting on the end of Erika's bed, she walks into the room and towards the desk across the room.

“I'm glad to see you two have solved that tension, love” she tells Dean as she sits in her office chair.

“You could tell?” she glances to him.

“Yeah, you're....more synergy now” she answers, he stares at her. “Are you struggling with the big word, love?” she teases, he sticks his tongue out at her as he stands before moving to her. “You're not as tense around one another, and you don't give each other looks when you think the other isn't looking, I mean you do” she corrects herself. “But it's less worrying” Dean shrugs and leans against her desk.

“You're right” he admits. “We...got some things into the open” she crosses a leg over the other and leans back in her chair.

“Do you feel better for it?” she asks, he shrugs and watches her legs. “Oh love, it's okay to admit I was right” she teases, Dean snorts and smirks at her. “Take it from someone who knows about
troubled siblings, lies and secrets bite you in the arse every bloody time”

“So you and Nik, you don't have secrets from one another?” Dean asks.

“No” she answers. “He knows everything about my life and I like to think I know everything about his”

“So he could have secrets?” he asks her, she raises an eyebrow and nods.

“Yes, I suppose” she admits. “But since we were little we've shared everything with each other, me and Nik, we were.....” she sighs. “We were always....different” she shrugs and smiles a little. “But that is a story for another day” she turns her chair to her desk, Dean watches her before brushing her hair back to touch her neck, she closes her eyes and tilts her head slightly.

“One day you will have to tell us what you are” he teases, she smirks.

“Not today” she teases back. “Now go find something to do, I have to work” she nudges him slightly with a smile, he leans down and kisses her. “Mmm delicious....but I was serious” she teases, he chuckles and leaves her to her work.
Chapter Fourteen

Sam and Dean are back at Erika's bar, Sam appears to be drunk and is playing pool with a man, Dean watches drinking his own beer.

“Are you hustling?” Erika asks appearing at Dean's side. “In my bar?” he looks to her and smirks.

“Problem?”

“Oh, no, love” she smirks. “But you should be careful who you hustle in here” she collects empty glasses from the table next to her. “Given the sort of people I play host to” she teases walking away. Dean watches her go before turning back to watch Sam.

“Brian, come on, man, just one more. Just -- just give me a chance to win it back”

“It's your cash” Brian tells Sam, Dean then intervenes.

“Excuse me. My brother's a little sauced to be making bets” Dean tells Brian.

“He insisted”

“Yeah, but you've already taken, what, two bills off him? I'm just saying”

“Hey, shut up, Dean. I'm fine”

“No, you're not fine. You're drunk!”

“Let's make it five hundred”

“Five hundred?” Dean asks unbelievingly at Sam.

“Sure” Sam puts the money down on the pool table.

“Five hundred. Your break” While Brian is looking down, Sam raises his eyebrows at Dean. For a second there's no trace of drunkenness. Dean raises his eyebrows at Sam. Sam breaks, sinking several balls, then sees Ruby across the bar.

“Keep the money” Sam puts his cue down on the pool table and walks towards Ruby.

“Keep the money? What...” After a moment, Dean follows Sam.

“Hey” Sam greets Ruby.

“Well, you got a lot of nerve showing up anywhere near me” Dean tells her, Ruby stiffens as Erika appears behind her.

“Your kind aren't welcome here” Erika tells her. “If you're wise, you'd leave, now” Ruby glances to her, the veins under Erika's eyes creep up before disappearing.

“I just have some info for them, and then I'm gone” Ruby tells her, Erika snorts and looks to the brothers.

“Interesting company you keep” she growls, shoots Ruby a look before walking away. Ruby looks to Sam and Dean.
“Could say the same” She states.  “An Original, really?” she asks them.  “And not just any Original, one of the twins...man, you guys know how to pick ‘em”

“What is it?” Sam asks.

“I'm hearing a few whispers”

“Ooh, great, demon whisperers -- that's reliable”

“Girl named Anna Milton escaped from a locked ward yesterday. The demons seem pretty keen on finding her. Apparently, some real heavy hitters turned out for the Easter-egg hunt”

“Why? Who is she?”

“No idea. But I'm thinking that she's important, 'cause the order is to capture her alive. I just figured that whatever the deal is, you might want to find this girl before the demons do”

“Look, maybe we should check it out” Sam tells Dean.

“Actually, we're working a case, but thanks” Dean tells Ruby.

“What case?”

“Uh, we've got leads, big leads”

“Sounds dangerous”

“Yes, well, it sure ain't goose-chasing after some chick who, for all we know, doesn't even exist, just because you say she's important”

“I'm just delivering the news. You can do whatever you want with it. Far as I'm concerned, I told you, I'm done” Ruby walks away

“Wait, wait, wait. This hospital Anna escaped from -- it got a name?” Sam asks her.

“Demons? Really, love?” Erika asks, Dean shrugs and grabs his duffel from her bed.

“Believe me I am not happy about that either” he grumbles. “But she seemed to know you”

“Most monsters know of my family” she answers leaning against the door frame, Dean moves towards her and raises an eyebrow.

“She was afraid of you” he points out, she smirks.

“Most are” she tells him.

“What's an Original?” he asks her, she smirks and pulls him closer.

“You're smart, Dean, what do you think it means?” she asks nuzzling into his jaw, he groans and wraps an arm around her.

“No blood currently reaching my brain, Erika” he teases, she chuckles and pulls back.

“Think about it” she tells him before walking away, Dean groans and throws his head back before following her.
“Come with us” he asks of her again, she chuckles and looks to him.

“We talked about this” she answers stopping to turn to him.

“Yeah, whilst me and Sam were at odds, now that's better....” he points out, she sighs and gives him a look.

“The third wheel point still stands, love” she points out.

“Sam won't mind” he leans closer. “Want me to beg?” he asks with a smirk, she smirks.

“Depends” she clutches to his shirt. “Will you get on your knees?” she asks, he nods.

“If that's what it takes” he answers, she sighs.

“I'll need to arrange cover for the bar....” she starts to walk away, Dean smirks.

“Is that a yes?” he asks her, she shoots him a look over her shoulder.

“If I can find cover” she tells him disappearing through the door to the bar.

Sam stares at his brother who shifts his feet.

“You invited her?” Sam asks.

“Look, what ever she is....Demons are afraid of” Dean points out. “If this is a trap, I want the biggest scariest monster on our side”

“And that you're sleeping with her has nothing to do with it?” Sam asks. Dean shoots him a look and then walks away.

Dean is driving and Sam is speaking on the phone. Erika sits in the back with her journal open in her lap.

“Can I get a copy of the missing persons report? Great. Okay. Thanks” Sam hangs up. “Well, Anna Milton's definitely real”

“Don't mean the case is real. And this hospital's a three-day drive” Dean points out.

“We've driven further for less, Dean” Sam points out, Dean shakes his head. “You got something to say, say it”

“Oh, I'm saying it -- this sucks” Dean points out.

“You're not pissed we're going after the girl. You're pissed Ruby threw us the tip”

“Right. 'Cause as far as you're concerned, the hell-bitch is practically family. Yeah, boy, something major must've happened while I downstairs, 'cause I come back, and -- and you're BFF with a demon?”

“And you're sleeping with Erika” Sam points out back. “We have no idea what she is....anyway I told you, Dean, she helped me go after Lilith”
“Well, thanks for the thumbnail -- real vivid. You want to fill in a little detail?”

“Sure, Dean, let's trade stories. You first. How was Hell? Don't spare the details” Sam tells Dean who shoots him a look.
Erika scoots closer to Dean as Sam walks across the garage forecourt to the store, Dean glances to her.

“I thought you spoke, love” he nods and turns sideways on the car bench.

“Yeah, kind of” she shoots him a look. “Look, we did, I told him I remembered but didn't want to talk about Hell, and he seemed to accept that, clearly not any more”

“I see” Erika states, Dean looks to her.

“What do you mean?”

“You tell each other only enough to breach the surface” she tells him. “But the current is ever changing” she leans on the back of the seat. “And soon enough it all comes back” he takes her hand and plays with her daylight ring. “He'll tell you when he's ready” Erika tells him. “Just as you will him” she smirks. “You're both bloody stubborn which doesn't help”

“Says the woman refusing to tell us what she is” Dean teases back, Erika nods, agreeing, she leans closer.

“Tell you what” she starts. “You two talk and I mean really talk, get everything out in the air, then I'll tell you exactly what I am, I'll tell you everything” Dean looks to her. “My whole story” she adds, he sighs and then kisses her.

“Fine” he agrees pulling back. “But don't hold your breath”

“You too, darling” she whispers and leans back as Sam returns. Dean squeezes Erika's hand before she pulls it back, getting herself comfy again. Sam climbs in and holds out a bottle of water to Erika who takes it from him. “Thanks, love” she tells him and leans back, Samael is now sitting next to her watching the two brothers. Erika looks away from him and out the window.

“I don't like them” Samael tells her. “They're hunters, they'll hurt you” he scoots closer to her, Erika tightens her jaw, she can't talk to him here, not without sounding like she's insane. Samael turns and lays with his head in her lap looking up at her. “Turbs de a geraa” he coos nuzzling into her stomach. “Mine” he claims.

Sam and Dean talk to Anna Milton's psychologist, Erika stands down the hall leaning against the wall listening.

“Of course I want to help however I can”

“Now, the orderly has no recollection of Anna's escape?” Sam asks.

“Apparently, she knocked him unconscious. The blow caused some amnesia. He doesn't even remember coming into her room”

“That's a hell of a right hook to knock out a guy that's got 80 pounds on her” Dean points out.

“We think she may have planned this, waited behind the door”
“Right. Uh, you mentioned Anna's illness was recent” Sam points out.

“Two months ago, she was happy, well-adjusted, journalism major, lots of friends -- Bright future”

“So, what happened -- she just... flipped?”

“Well, that's the tragedy of schizophrenia. Within weeks, Anna was overtaken by delusions”

“What kind of delusions?” Sam asks.

“She thought demons were everywhere” The psychologist gives a sketch book to Sam

“Interesting”

“It's not uncommon for our patients to believe that monsters are real”

“Well, that -- that's just batty” Dean mumbles. Sam turns the pages and they see some meaningful sketches and the text 'Raising of the Witnesses' and in the next page 'Samhain the next seal is broken'. “That's Revelations”

“Since when does the Book of Revelations have jack-o'-lanterns?” the psychologist asks.

“It's a, uh, it's a little-known translation”

“Well, Anna's father was a church deacon. When she became ill, her paranoia took on religious overtones. She was convinced the devil was about to rise up and end the world. I hope you find her. It's dangerous for her to be out there alone right now”

………………

Dean knocks on the front door of the Milton home.

“Maybe they're not home” Dean states, Erika sighs.

“They're home” she corrects, she opens the door and looks over the threshold before stepping into the house. “They're just dead” she looks back at the brothers before disappearing into the house, Sam and Dean share a look before following.

“How did you know that?” Sam asks, Erika looks to him.

“Can smell blood....” she enters the living room and looks down at Mr and Mrs Milton, their throats have been cut.. “And sulphur” she motions to powder on the floor.

“The demons beat us here. Whatever the deal is with this Anna girl....” Sam points out.

“Yeah, they want her. They're not screwing around. All right, so, I'm "Girl, Interrupted" Dean picks up some addressed envelopes. “And I know the score of the apocalypse, just busted out of the nut-box... Possibly using superpowers, by the way. Where do I go?” Erika looks at family photographs and picks one up.

“Have you got those sketches from Anna's notebook?” she asks.

“Yeah” Dean answers.

“Can I see them?” she asks, Dean nods and pulls out the drawing, Erika takes one from him. “Here, look at this” She places the drawing of stained-glass window next to the photo, Sam and Dean look
over her shoulder.

“She was drawing the window of her church” Sam points out.

“Over and over” Dean looks at the other drawings.

“If you were religious, scared, and had demons on your arse, where would you go to feel safe?” Erika asks them.

………………

Sam and Dean enter the Church attic with their guns drawn, Erika walks behind them.

“There” Erika points towards a person hiding.

“Anna?” Sam asks as both brothers put away their guns. “We're not gonna hurt you. We're here to help. My name is Sam. This is my brother, Dean. And our... friend” Erika and Dean shoot him a look. “Erika”

“Sam? Not Sam Winchester?” Anna asks.

“Oh, yeah” Sam agrees. Anna looks to Erika.

“Erika Mikaelson?” Erika nods.

“Yes, love” she answers.

“And you're Dean. The Dean?” Anna asks.

“Well, yeah. The Dean, I guess” Dean mumbles.

“It's really you. Oh, my god. The angels talk about you. You were in Hell, but Castiel pulled you out, and some of them think you can help save us” Anna looks to Sam. “And some of them don't like you at all” she then looks to Erika. “Half and half on you” she admits. “They talk about you all the time lately. I feel like I know you”

“So, you talk to angels?” Dean asks.

“Oh, no. No, no way. Um, they probably don't even know I exist. I just kind of... overhear them”

“You overhear them?” Erika asks.

“Yeah, they talk, and sometimes I just... hear them in my head” Anna answers.

“Like... right now?” Dean asks.

“Not right this second, but a lot. And I can't shut them out, there are so many of them”

“So, they lock you up with a case of the crazies when really you were just... tuning in to angel radio?”

“Yes. Thank you” She answer relieved.

“Anna, darling, when did the voices start? Do you remember?” Erika asks her.

“I can tell you exactly -- September 18th”
“The day I got out of Hell” Dean adds.

“First words I heard, clear as a bell – ”Dean Winchester is saved.””

“What do you think?” Dean asks turning to Sam and Erika.

“It's above my pay grade, man” Sam answers.

“Well, at least now we know why the demons want her so bad” Erika tells Dean. “They get a hold of her, they can hear everything the angels are planning” Dean nods.

“She's 1-900-angel” he agrees.

“Hey, um, do you know -- are my parents okay? I -- I didn't go home. I was afraid” Anna asks, the three of them share a look. Ruby enters into the attic in a rush.

“You got the girl. Good, let's go”

“Her face!” Anna screams, Erika smirks and looks to Dean who smirks back at her.

“It's okay. She's here to help” Sam tells Anna.

“Yeah, don't be so sure” Erika corrects.

“We have to hurry” Ruby tells them.

“Why?” Dean asks.

“Because a demon's coming -- big-timer. We can fight later, Dean”

“Well, that's pretty convenient -- showing up right when we find the girl with some bloody bigwig on your tail?” Erika snaps.

“I didn't bring him here. You did”

“What?”

“He followed you from the girl's house. We got to go now” Ruby tells them.

“Dean” Sam points to a statue that's bleeding from the eyes.

“It's too late. He's here” Ruby tells them, Erika takes Anna by the arm and hides her in a closet.

“Oh, darling. Stay in there. Don't move”

“Okay” Anna agrees. Erika moves to Dean's side as Sam takes out a flask of holy water.

“No, Sam, you got to pull him right away”

“Whoa, hold on a sec”

“Now's not the time to bellyache about Sam going darkside. He does his thing, he exorcises that demon, or we die” Sam puts the flask away again. The demon, Alastair, enters and Sam tries to exorcise him, but it doesn't work.

“That tickles. You don't have the juice to take me on, Sam” he tells Sam. Alastair throws Sam downstairs. Dean attacks him with Ruby's knife, but Alastair wins their fight. “Hello again, Dean”
Anna screams as Ruby pulls her from the closet. “Come on, Dean. Don’t you recognize me? Oh, I forgot...I'm wearing a pediatrician. But we were so close... in Hell”

“Alastair” Dean greets, Alastair sniffs and then stiffens.

“Mikaelson” he states, Erika smirks behind him.

“Hello, darling” she greets. “It's been a while, new meatsuit?” she asks, Alastair looks to her, she smirks and stabs him with Ruby's knife, but nothing happens, Erika's smile fades.

“You're gonna have to try a whole lot harder than that, Eris” he tells her, Dean grabs her hand and shares a look with Sam, the two brothers looking at a large stained-glass window. As Alastair pulls out the knife, Dean pulls Erika along and they and Sam jump through the window.
Chapter Sixteen

Sam is sewing a cut in his left arm while Dean is in the bathroom doorway, waiting impatiently for him to finish.

“Are you almost done?” Dean asks.

“I'm going as fast as I can” Sam complains.

“Good, 'cause you know I got a dislocated shoulder over here” Dean picks up a whiskey bottle and drinks from it as Erika walks into the room, Dean narrows his eyes at her face. “Where are all your....scratches?” he asks her, she smirks at him and shrugs before setting two glasses on the table.

“Give me that” she motions to the whiskey, Dean moves to her and hands it over. She pours out two glasses and then sets the bottle aside, then using her forefinger nail and breaks the skin on her thumb before letting her blood drop into the glasses.

“What are you doing?” Dean grabs her wrist, she looks up at him.

“Trust me” she whispers, he stares down at her, he lets go of her hand, she lifts her thumb to her mouth and sucks on it as it heals. Dean takes the glass of whiskey and looks to Sam who is watching them. Dean drinks the whiskey and then winces as his shoulder pops back in all by itself, Erika smirks and walks to her bag on the bed.

“Wait, what?” Sam asks as Dean tests his shoulder.

“One of my...superpowers” she teases as she sits down.

“It's like it never happened” Dean states rubbing his shoulder, he shows his shoulder to Sam who looks to his own drink, Dean turns to Erika. “So, you lost the magic knife, huh?” she shoots him a look.

“Yeah, saving your bloody arse” she tells him.

“Who the hell was that demon?” Sam asks them.

“No one good. We got to find Anna” Dean answers.

“Ruby's got her. I'm sure she's okay” Sam tells them, Erika rolls her eyes.

“You sure about Ruby? ’Cause I think it's just as likely she used us to find radio girl and then brought that demon in to kill us” Dean points out.

“No, she took Anna to keep her safe”

“Yeah. Well, why hasn't she called to tell us where she is?” Dean asks.

“Because that demon is probably watching us right now, waiting to follow us right back to Anna again. That's why he let us go”

“You call this letting us go?”

“Yeah, I do. Look, killing us would've been no problem to that thing. That's why, for now, we just got to lay low and wait for Ruby to contact us”
“How's she gonna do that?” Dean asks, Erika pulls her hair out of it’s ponytail. “Why do you trust her so much?”

“I told you” Sam answers.

“You got to do better than that. Hey, and I'm not trying to pick a fight here. I mean, I really want to understand. But I need to know more. I mean, I deserve to know more” Dean tells him. Erika stands.

“Look, I leave you two too it” she states.

“No” Sam tells her. “It's okay, stay” she looks to Dean who nods.

“All right” she moves to sit back on the bed.

“Ruby saved my life” Sam tells them.

.............

Six Months Earlier: Sam is drunk, and after he enters a motel room a man and a women attack him. The woman takes Ruby's knife.

“Thanks for keeping this warm for me, Sam”

“Ruby”

“It's nice to be back. Where I was, even for Hell, it was nasty. I guess I really pissed Lilith off. Imagine my relief when she gave me one last chance to take it topside. And all I had to do was find you and kill you”

“Fine. Go ahead! Do it” Ruby stabs the other demon instead of Sam.

“Grab your keys. We got to go. Now!”

..........

Ruby and Sam are in the impala.

“You know what sounds good? French fries. I'm starving. I just escaped Hell. I deserve a treat. You know, a "thank you" would be nice”

“Who asked for your help?” Sam asks.

“You have no idea what I've been through. When Lilith gets pissed, she gets creative. You want to hear about the corners of Hell I've seen, Sam?”

“No, I don't”

“And the things I had to do to convince her I was sorry? That I could be trusted?”

“Well, this'll definitely get you a fat Christmas bonus” Sam tells her.

“Very funny. I'm a fugitive... For you, Sam. I took all of this risk to get back to you, so, yeah, I deserve a damn "thank you."

“Who asked you to save me?” Sam asks.

“I'm just trying to help”
“Can you help me save Dean?”

“No. Nothing I know of is powerful enough to do that” Sam stops the car by the roadside.

“Then I have no use for you” He tells her.

“What?”

“Get out”

“Sam”

“Whose body are you riding, Ruby?”

“What do you care? You've never asked me that before”

“I'm asking now”

“Some secretary”

“Let her go”

“Sam.....”

“Or I send you right back to Hell” Sam threatens.

.............

A woman lies in coma on an hospital bed with the name ”Doe, Jane” on it.

“All right, pull it” The doctor states. The machine begins to beep as the woman dies, but she sits up as she is possessed.

“Who do I have to kill to get some French fries around here?” she asks.

.............

Sam is cleaning a gun. Someone knocks on the door. Sam grabs a shotgun and opens the door, revealing Ruby possessing the coma girl. She holds up a piece of paper.

“Proof. This body is 100% socially conscious. I recycle. Al Gore would be proud” Ruby tells him.

“You grabbed a coma patient?” Sam asks.

“You didn't want me to take a body with someone in it, and I made sure that the spirit was gone. Apartment was empty. You happy?”

“Why are you here?”

“I can't bring Dean back. But I can get you something else that you want”

“And, uh... what's that?” Sam asks.

“Lilith”

“You want me to use my psychic whatever”
“Look, I know that it spooks you....”

“Skip the speech. I'm ready. Let's go” Sam tells her.

“Slow down there, cowboy”

“Just tell me what I have to do”

“Look, Lilith is one scary bitch. When I was in the Pit, there was talk. She's cooking up something big -- apocalyptic big”

“So let's kill her”

“You want to go in there and half-ass it like before? We have the time to get it right. Let's get it right”

“Okay. What do you want from me?” Sam asks.

“Well, a little patience... and sobriety. Promise me that... and I will teach you everything I know” Ruby tells him.
Chapter Seventeen

**Back to the present:** Erika has moved to sit beside Dean who rests his arm over the back of her chair.

“So? What’d she teach you?” Dean asks.

“Well, the first thing I learned... I’m a crappy student” Sam answers.

------------

**Past:** Sam is trying to exorcise a demon tied to a chair in a devil's trap, but can’t. Some black smoke comes out of the demon's mouth, but then it goes back in. Sam holds his head in pain. As the demon begins to laugh, Ruby kills him with her knife.

“Not funny” Ruby turns to Sam. “Just give it time, Sam. It'll get better”

“What? I need more practice?” Sam asks.

“I'm not talking about pulling demons. I know losing Dean was....”

“Hey! I don't want to talk about it. You know what? Where do you get off slapping me with that greeting-card, time-heals crap? What the hell do you know?”

“I used to be human. And I still remember what it feels like to lose someone. I'm sorry” Ruby puts a hand on Sam's shoulder.

“Uhn-huh. Don't. I can't”

“Sam, you're not alone” Ruby kisses Sam. He stands up and walks away from her.

“What are you doing?”

“Sam, it's okay!”

“No, that is anything but okay!” Sam snaps.

“What's wrong?”

“What's wrong? Where do I start?”

“Is it because of the body? Because I told you -- it's all me inside of here. There is no one else. And it's nice inside this body, Sam. Soft and warm”

“What are you doing?”

“Isn't it 'cause you're really scared to go there with a demon? Because it's wrong and it's bad and we shouldn't?” Ruby and Sam begin to have sex.

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**Present:** Dean and Erika stare at Sam.

“Sam?” Dean asks.
“Yeah?”
“Too much information”
“Hey, I told you I was coming clean”
“Yeah, but now I feel dirty. Okay, well, uh, brain-stabbing imagery aside... So far, all you've told me about is a manipulative bitch who, uh, screwed you, played mind games with you, and did everything in the book to get you to go bad”
“Yeah, well, there's more to the story”
“Just... skip the nudity, please” Dean warns.
“Pretty soon after... that, um... I put together some signs... Omens”
“Saying what, love?” Erika asks.
“Lilith was in town. And I wanted to strike her first”

............... 

**Five Months Earlier:** Ruby stands in front of Sam. 

“You're not ready yet” she tells him.

“It's now or never”

“No, we got to wait until you get it right. You haven't been too successful”

“All right, I'll use this” Sam holds up the demon killing knife.

“Stop. You can't just fly in there reckless, Sam. We need you to take the bitch out”

“Oh, I'll take her out all right”

“You get one shot, and you're it. You're the only one who can do it, Sam. So if she kills you first...”

“What?” he asks.

“You don't want to survive this” She points out.

“Come on”

“It's a kamikaze attack. You want to die fighting Lilith”

“That's stupid”

“No, it's the truth, because if you kill her and you survive this, then you have to go on without your brother! This isn't what Dean would've wanted. This isn't what he died for” Ruby tries to stop him, getting in his way in front of the door.

“Get out of my way”

“No, Sam. This is suicide!” Sam puts Ruby aside with her knife on her throat and walks out through the door.
Sam sees a little girl in a house, who is sitting in a table full of cakes and candies.

Sam sneaks into the house with Ruby's knife ready to kill the Lilith.

“Please, I want to go home” Two demons attack Sam from behind and Sam loses the knife.

“Lilith sends her regrets. She couldn't make it” Ruby takes the knife from the floor and kills one of the demons.

“Take the girl and run!” she shouts at Sam. The demon beats Ruby and she loses the knife.

“Ruby, you're in so much trouble. When we get you down in the basement -- the things we're gonna do to you” Sam comes back and exorcises the demon with his mind.

“Sam” she states worried moving to him.

“I'm okay. Thanks”

Present: Sam touches the glass of whiskey as Dean strokes Erika's back.

“Ruby came back for me. Whatever you have to say, she saved me. More than that, she got through to me. What she said to me... It's what you would've said. If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't be here”

“Housekeeping” a maid shouts through the door.

“Not now!” Dean shouts.

“Sir, I've got clean towels” Dean sighs and stands moving to open the door, the maid enters.

“Couldn't you just leave 'em at the door?” Dean asks.

“I'm at this address” the maid hands a piece of paper to Sam.

“I'm sorry. What?” he asks.

“Go now. Go through the bathroom window, don't stop, don't take your car, don't pass go. There are demons in the hallway and in the parking lot”

“Ruby?”

“Okay, yes, so I'm possessing this maid for a hot minute. Sue me”

“What about....”

“Coma girl? Slowly rotting on the floor back at the cabin with Anna, so I've got to hurry back. See you when you get there. Go!” She then smokes out. Erika raises an eyebrow.

Ruby looks to Erika, Sam and Dean as they walk into the decrepit cabin.
“This place is bloody disgusting” Erika complains.

“Glad you could make it” Ruby tells them.

“Yeah, thanks” Sam tells her as Erika moves to Anna.

“Anna, are you okay?” she asks.

“Yeah. I think so. Ruby's not like other demons. She saved my life” Anna answers.

“Yeah, I hear she does that. I guess I... You know” Dean tells Ruby.

“What?”

“I guess I owe you for... Sam. And I just wanted... you know...”

“Don't strain yourself”

“Okay, then. Is the moment over?” Dean asks, Ruby nods. “Good, 'cause that was awkward” Dean tells her walking towards Erika who moves to the window to look outside.

“Hey, Sam, you think it'd be safe to make a quick call, just to tell my parents I'm okay? They must be completely freaked” Anna states.

“Uh...”

“What?”

“Anna, um... Your parents...” Sam starts.

“What about them?” Anna asks, Erika looks to Sam who struggles, Erika rolls her eyes.

“They're dead” She states, Anna looks to her.

“No, they're not...”

“Anna, I'm sorry” Sam tells her shooting Erika a look, Erika shrugs back.

“Why is this happening to me?” Anna asks.

“I don't know” Anna starts crying, clutching her head, before she gasps and lifts it again.

“They're coming” she tells them, and then the lights conveniently go out.

“Back room” Dean tells them motioning to the back room. Sam takes Anna to the back room, then comes back.

“Where's the knife?” Ruby asks, Dean looks to Erika who shrugs.

“Uh... about that...” Dean starts.

“You're kidding”

“Hey, don't look at me” Dean points to Erika who shoots him a look.

“Thanks a bloody lot” she tells him back.
“Great. Just peachy. Impeccable timing, guys, really” The door rattles violently and then bursts open. Castiel and Uriel enter.

“Please tell me you're here to help. We've been having demon issues all day” Dean tells them.

“Well, I can see that. You want to explain why you have that stain in the room?” Uriel motions to Ruby.

“We're here for Anna” Castiel tells them.

“Here for her like... here for her?” Erika asks cocking her head.

“Stop talking, Creature. Give her to us”

“Are you gonna help her?” Sam asks.

“No, she has to die” Castiel answers.

“You want Anna? Why?” Sam asks.

“Out of the way” Uriel snaps. Erika vamp-speeds into his path.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa” She warns. “Hold your bloody horses”

“We know she's wiretapping your angel chats or whatever, but it's no reason to gank her” Dean adds.

“Don't worry. I'll kill her gentle”

“You're some heartless sons of bitches, you know that?” Dean tells them.

“As a matter of fact, we are. And?”

“And? Anna's an innocent girl” Sam tells them.

“She is far from innocent”

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“It means she's worse than this abomination you've been screwing and the vile creature your brother has been. Now give us the girl” Ruby raises an eyebrow and looks to Dean, a little impressed.

“Sorry. Get yourself another one. Try Jdate” Dean

“Who's gonna stop us? You two? The demon whore? Or this...deathless vermin?” Uriel throws Erika against a wall. Dean attacks him.

“Cas, stop...please” Castiel touches Sam's forehead and he falls to the ground. Uriel punches Dean.

“I've been waiting for this” Suddenly a bright light engulfs Castiel and Uriel and they disappear.

“What the...” Dean moves to Erika who touches the back of her neck, blood on her fingers, they both look to the wall, to the nail Uriel had thrown her onto. Dean lifts her hair to look at the wound, it's healing already. “Come on” she shakes her head, the veins creeping up under her eyes.

“Anna” she tells him looking away. Dean stands and moves into a back room and finds Anna with her hands and arms covered in her own blood.
“Anna. Anna!” Anna has used her blood to draw sigils on a mirror.

“Are they -- are they gone?” She asks.

“Did you kill them?” Dean asks.

“No. I sent them away... far away”

“You want to tell me how?” Dean asks. Anna motions to the wall.

“That just popped in my head. I don't know how I did it. I just did it” Anna tells him.
Dean watches Erika who talks on the phone across the cabin.

“So, what do you think?” Dean asks Sam sat beside him.

“I think Anna's getting more interesting by the second” Sam answers.

“Yeah, I agree. And what did they mean by "she's not innocent"?” Dean asks.

“It seems like they want her bad, and not just 'cause of the angel radio thing. I mean, that blood spell -- Some serious crap, man”

“Something's going on with her. See what you can find out” Dean tells Sam.

“What are you gonna do?”

“Anna may have sent the angels to the outfield, but, sooner or later, they're gonna be back. We got to get ourselves safe now”

Erika paces outside of Bobby Singer's house, stupid vampire rules, she needs to be invited in by the owner, and the owner is not there, Bobby is away, Bobby can't invite her in, therefore she is stuck outside. She growls a little and turns to sit on the porch.

Anna is sitting in a chair in Bobby's panic room.

“Iron walls drenched in salt. Demons can't even touch the joint” Dean tells Anna, Ruby is waiting outside the open door.

“Which I find racist, by the way”

“You could always be stuck outside like Erika” Dean counters.

“Here” Ruby throws two hex bags to Dean who catches them and looks over them.

“Hex bags?” he asks.

“Extra-crunchy. They'll hide us from angels, demons, all comers”

“Thanks, Ruby” Dean turns to Anna and holds one out to her, the girl takes it. “Don't lose this. So, Anna, what's playing on angel radio? Anything useful?”

“It's quiet. Dead silence”

“Good. That's not troubling at all”

“We're in trouble, huh? You guys are scared?” Anna asks.

“Nah”

“Hey, Dean!” Sam shouts from upstairs.
“Just stay here, okay?” Dean tells Anna before looking to Ruby. “Keep an eye on her”

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Dean joins Sam upstairs in the kitchen.

“How’s the car?” Dean asks.

“I got her. She’s fine. Where’s Bobby?”

“Uh, The Dominican. He said we break anything, we buy it’

“He’s working a job?” Sam asks.

“God, I hope so. Otherwise, he’s at hedonism in a banana hammock and a trucker cap”

“Now that’s seared in my brain” Sam complains, Dean smirks at him before turning serious.

“All right, what did you find on Anna?” he asks.

“Uh, not much. Her parents were, uh, Rich and Amy Milton -- a church deacon and a housewife”

“Riveting”

“Yeah. But there is something here in the report. Turns out this latest psych episode wasn’t her first’

“No?” Dean asks.

“When she was 2 1/2, she’d get hysterical any time her dad got close. She was convinced that he wasn’t her real daddy”

“Who was? The plumber, hmm? A little snaking the pipes?” Dean asks.

“Dude, you’re confusing reality with porn again. Look, Anna didn’t say. She just kept repeating that this real father of hers was mad. Very mad -- like wanted-to-kill-her mad”

“Kind of heavy for a 2-year-old”

“Well, she saw a kid’s shrink, got better, and grew up normal”

“Until now. So, what’s she hiding?” Dean asks.

“Why don’t you just ask me to my face?” Anna asks behind them, they both turn to her.

“Nice job watching her” Dean scolds Ruby who stands behind Anna.

“I’m watching her” Ruby points out.

“No, you’re right, Anna. Is there anything you want to tell us?” Sam asks.

“About what?”

“The angels said you were guilty of something. Why would they say that?” Sam asks her back.

“You tell me. Tell me why my life has been leveled... Why my parents are dead. I don’t know. I swear. I would give anything to know”
“Okay. Then let's find out”

“How?” Anna asks, Sam and Dean share a look.

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Erika purses her lips and shakes her head at Sam and Dean.

“You want to involve Pam in this, again, after what happened the last time?” she asks them.

“We know it's asking a lot” Sam tells her.

“You took her bloody sight” she scolds. Dean looks to Sam and nods to the house, Sam sighs and heads back inside, Dean moves closer to Erika wraps an arm around her waist.

“We wouldn't be asking, if we thought there was another way” he tells her nudging her nose, she sighs and closes her eyes, he kisses her. Erika pinches him slightly, Dean squirms.

“I'm holding you responsible” she tells him. “If anything happens to her”

“I know” he assures her. “But...5 hour drive....we can kill time” he teases walking her backwards towards the Impala, she rolls her eyes and threads her fingers into his hair.

“One of these days” she purrs. “We'll get to shag on a proper bed” he chuckles and lifts her up.

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12 hours later: Erika sighs pressing back against the threshold, Pamela and Dean smirk.

“I hate humans” Erika complains with no real malice and turns to sit on the porch again.

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Dean leads Pamela down the stairs into Bobby's basement.

“We're here!” Dean announces, Sam smiles and approaches Pamela.

“Pamela, hey!”

“Sam?” Pamela asks.

“It's me. it's Sam”

“Sam?”

“Yeah”

“Sam, is that you?”

“I'm right here”

“Oh. Know how I can tell?” Pamela grabs Sam's ass. “That perky little ass of yours. You could bounce a nickel off that thing. Of course I know it's you, grumpy. Same way I know that's a demon, and that poor girl's Anna and that you've been eyeing my rack”

“Uh... uh... uh...” Sam stutters.
“Don’t sweat it, kiddo. I still got more senses than most”

“Got it”

“Hey, Anna. How are you? I'm Pamela”

“Hi”

“Rikki told me what's been going on. I'm excited to help”

“Oh. That's nice of you” Anne offers.

“Oh, well, not really. Any chance I can dick over an angel, I'm taking it”

“Why?”

“They stole something from me” Pamela takes off her sunglasses, revealing white eyes. “Demon-y, I know. But they're just plastic. Good for business. Makes me look extra-psychic, don't you think?” Pamela laughs. “Now...how about you tell me what your deal is? Hmm? Don't you worry”

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Dean pushes open the windows to the study, Erika stands on the other side, he looks to her amused.

“I will punch you” she warns.

“I'm sorry, it's just...” he teases, she shoots him a look.

“Tell me” she stands as close to the window as she can get before she feels the boundary pressing against her.

“So...it turns out, she's an angel” Dean tells her. “Yeah”

“Bloody hell” Erika complains.

“Yeah” he nods as the other appear in the room behind him.

“Don't be afraid, I'm not like the others” Anna tells them.

“I don't find that very reassuring” Ruby mumbles.

“Neither do I” Erika adds.

“So...Castiel, Uriel -- they're the ones that came for me?” Anna asks.

“You know them?” Sam asks her back.

“We were kind of in the same foxhole” Anna answers.

“So, what, were they like your bosses or something?” Dean asks her.

“Try the other way around”

“But now they want to kill you?” Pamela asks.

“Orders are orders. I'm sure I have a death sentence on my head” Anna tells them.
"Why?" Erika asks.

"I disobeyed... which, for us, is about the worst thing you can do. I fell" Anna explains.

"Meaning?" Dean asks.

"She fell to earth, became human" Erika answers.

"Wait a minute. I don't understand. So, angels can just become human?" Sam asks.

"It kind of hurts. Try cutting your kidney out with a butter knife. That kind of hurt. I ripped out my grace"

"Come again?" Dean asks.

"My grace. It's... energy. Hacked it out and fell. My mother, Amy, couldn't get pregnant. Always called me her little miracle. She had no idea how right she was" Anna explains.

"So, you just forgot that you were God's little Power Ranger?"

"The older I got, the longer I was human, yeah"

"I don't think you all appreciate how completely bloody screwed we are" Erika tells them.

"Erika's right. Heaven wants me dead" Anna agrees.

"And Hell just wants her. A flesh-and-blood angel that you can question, torture, that bleeds. Sister, you're the Stanley Cup. And sooner or later, Heaven or Hell, they're gonna find you"

"I know. And that's why I'm gonna get it back"

"What?" Sam asks with a frown.

"My grace"

"You can do that?"

"If I can find it"

"So, what, you're just gonna take some divine bong hit, and, shazam, you're Roma Downey?" Dean asks.

"Something like that"

"All right. I like this plan. So, where's this grace of yours?"

"Lost track. I was falling about 10,000 miles per hour at the time"

"Wait. You mean falling, like, literally?" Sam asks moving to his laptop.

"Yes"

"Like the way a human eye can see? Like a comet, maybe, or a meteor?" Sam asks opening his laptop up.

"Why do you ask?" Anna asks.
Erika sits on the hood of one Bobby's cars, leaning back onto her hands to stare at the sky. Dean approaches her with a beet.

“Hey” he greets. “Pamela get home okay?” he asks her, she hums and rolls her head to look at him.

“Yes, love. She said she was sorry. It's just after last time, she, uh... This is just a little too rich for her blood” Erika tells him taking a beer, he leans against the car at her side.

“I don't blame her” he mumbles. “Lucky we're not that smart” she smirks and nods. “Soo...Sam spilled his guts” he tells her, she smirks knowing where he is going.

“Half way there then” she teases him. “You know the deal” she kisses his cheek.

“Give me half the story then” he turns his head to her. “Just...give me something” she nods.

“All right” she whispers. “Something...” she sighs and then nods, holds out her hand to his head. “Do you trust me?” she asks. He nods and she places her hand on the side of his head, closes her eyes. Flickers, images, memories, flutter in his mind. Laughter with her siblings. Her village. And flickers, snippets of the years since. She pulls her hand back and Dean opens his eyes to look at her. “I am...old” she tells him. “I was born...around 990A.D”

“You're...” he frowns doing the maths.

“1,027 years old” she tells him. “I have watched humans develop, to grow, to wage war on one another, medical breakthroughs, religion changes, weapon evolution” she sighs and pulls at the label on the beer. “There you go” she tells him. Dean stares at her. “That's not even that old” she admits. “I mean: Anna, Castiel, Uriel, can you imagine how bloody old they are?” she looks to Dean who then kisses her. She pulls back and frowns touching her lips. “What was that for?” she asks.

“I don't know” he admits. “I just wanted to” he smirks and shrugs, then pulls her closer. “I probably should be grossed out I have sex with an old lady” she pushes him away as he laughs.

“So mean, love” she teases, he pulls her closer and nuzzles into her neck, dancing his fingers across her ribs, she laughs. Sam walks towards them, Dean pulls back to look at him.

“Hey” Sam greets.

“Did you find something?” Dean asks.

“I think so” Sam answers.

Sam holds his laptop up to Erika at the window, yet again, and then sets it down on the desk, Anna and Dean looking over it.

“Union, Kentucky. Found some accounts of a local miracle”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. In '85, there was an empty field outside of town. Six months later, there was a full-grown oak. They say it looks a century old at least”

“Anna, what do you think?”
“The grace. Where it hit, it could have done something like that, easy”

“So grace ground zero -- it's not destruction. It's....” Dean starts, Erika smiles.

“Pure creation” she states softly.
Chapter Nineteen

Dean is driving. Sam is beside him and Anna, Erika and Ruby are at the back seat. Dean looks in the rear-view mirror and laughs.

“What?” Erika asks.

“Nothing. It's just an angel, a demon and whatever the hell you are riding in the back seat. It's like the setup to a bad joke... or a Penthouse Forum letter”

“Dude... Reality... Porn” Sam points out.

“You call this reality?” Dean asks back.

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Sam, Dean and Anna look up at the huge oak tree.

“It's beautiful” Dean states.

“It's where the grace touched down. I can feel it” Anna tells them.

“You ready to do this?” Sam asks.

“Not really”

“Anna, what are we even looking for?” Anna puts a hand on the tree trunk.

“It doesn't matter. It's not here. Not any more. Someone took it”

..................

Dean touches Erika's arm as they sit in the barn, Ruby and Sam stood with them, Anna sits to the side.

“We still got the hex bags. I say we head back to the panic room” Dean tells them.

“All right for you” Erika grumbles.

“What, forever?” Ruby asks.

“I'm just thinking out loud!” Dean snaps.

“Oh, you call that thinking?”

“Hey! Hey, hey, hey. Stop it” Sam tells them.

“Anna's grace is gone. You understand? She can't angel up. She can't protect us. We can't fight Heaven and Hell. One side maybe, but not both. Not at once”

“Um... guys? The angels are talking again” Anna tells them.

“What are they saying?”

“It's weird... Like a recording... a loop. It says, 'Dean Winchester gives us Anna by midnight, or...’”
“Or what?” Dean asks.

“...or we hurl him back to damnation.”

“Anna.. Do you know of any weapon that works on an angel?” Sam asks.

“To what? To kill them?” Anna asks. Sam nods. “Nothing we could get to... Not right now”

“Okay, wait, wait. I say we call Bobby. We get him back from hedonism” Dean adds.

“Dean, what's he gonna tell us that we don't already know?” Sam asks back.

“I don't know, but we got to think of something!”

.................

Dean is studying a book over the impala.

“Hey. Holding up okay?” he asks Anna as she approaches.

“Trying”

“Yeah”

“A little scared, I guess. So, um... Dean... I just wanted to thank you”

“For what?”

“Everything. You guys -- you didn't have to help me...”

“Hey, let's can the "thanks for trying" speech, you know? Participation trophies suck ass”

“I don't know. Maybe I don't deserve to be saved”

“Don't talk like that”

“I disobeyed. Lucifer disobeyed. It's our murder one, and I knew it. Maybe I got to pay”

“Yeah, well, we've all done things we got to pay for”

“I got to tell you something. You're not gonna like it” Anna tells him.

“Okay. What?”

“About a week ago, I heard the angels talking... About you... What you did in Hell. Dean, I know. It wasn't your fault. You should forgive yourself”

“Anna, I don't w-want to, uh... I don't want to... I can't talk about that”

“I know. But when you can, you have people that want to help. You are not alone. That's all I'm trying to say” Anna tells him before walking away, she smiles at Erika who smiles back as they cross paths, Dean smiles at Erika as she reaches him.

“Hey” he greets, she takes the book from his hand and smirks setting it aside, she kisses him, he wraps an arm around her waist. “What was that for?” he asks her, she shrugs, smirks and touches his jacket.
“You know... Our last bloody night on earth... All that, love” she tells him, he smirks back.

“You're stealing my best line” he tells her.

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Erika straddles Dean's waist in the back of the Impala, his hands lifting her shirt over her head as hers trace the lines of his chest. The radio plays, almost like a cliché in the background, Ready for love by Bad Company.

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Sam is asleep over an open book as Ruby leaves.

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Dean strokes Erika's hair as she sleeps against his chest, he sighs softly and closes his eyes to sleep.

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“Look at that. It's so cute when monkeys wear clothes” Uriel tells Dean who frowns and looks around.

“I'm dreaming, aren't I?” Dean tells him.

“It's the only way we could chat... since you're hiding like cowards”

“Don't normally see you off leash. Where's your boss?” Dean asks.

“Castiel? Oh, he, uh... He's not here. See, he has this weakness. He likes you. Time's up, boy. We want the girl”

“Wouldn't try that if I were you. See, she got her grace back. Full-blown angel now”

“That would be a neat trick, considering...” Uriel takes out a necklace. “...I have her grace right here. We can't let Hell get their hooks into her”

“Well, then why don't you just give her back her angel juice?”

“She committed a serious crime”

“What? Thinking for herself?” Dean asks.

“This is our business, not yours. She's not even human... Not technically”

“Yeah, well, I guess I just like being a pain in the pooper”

“It's your last chance. Give us the girl, or...”

“Or what? What, you're gonna toss me back in the hole? You're bluffing”

“Try me. This is a whole lot bigger than the plans we got for you, Dean. You can be replaced”

“What the hell? Go ahead and do it”

“You're just crazy enough to go, aren't you?” Uriel asks.
“What can I say? I don't break easy”

“Oh, yes... you do. You just got to know where to apply the right pressure” Uriel tells him.

……………

Sam, Dean, Erika and Anna sit in the barn again, Erika sighs and rests her chin on her knees.

“I don't know, man. Where's Ruby?” Sam asks.

“Hey, she's your Hell buddy” Dean answers before drinking from his flask.

“Little early for that, isn't it?” Anna asks.

“It's 2 a.m. Somewhere”

“You okay?”

“Yeah, of course” The doors open with a blast and Castiel and Uriel enter.

“Hello, Anna. It's good to see you” Castiel greets.

“How? How did you find us?” Sam asks, pauses and then looks to Dean. “Dean?”

“I'm sorry”

“Why?”

“Because they gave him a choice. They either kill me... or kill you” Anna answers Sam. “I know how their minds work” Anna looks to them. “You did the best you could. Okay” she turns to Uriel and Castiel. “No more tricks. No more running. I'm ready”

“I'm sorry” Castiel tells her.

“No. You're not. Not really. You don't know the feeling”

“Still, we have a history. It's just....”

“Orders are orders. I know. Just make it quick” Anna tells Castiel. Alastair, a bleeding Ruby and another demon appear.

“Don't you touch a hair on that poor girl's head”

“How dare you come in this room... you pussing sore?” Uriel insults.

“Name-calling. That hurt my feelings... You sanctimonious, fanatical prick” Alastair insults back.

“Turn around and walk away now” Castiel warns.

“Sure. Just give us the girl. We'll make sure she gets punished good and proper”

“You know who we are and what we will do. I won't say it again. Leave now... or we lay you to waste”

“Think I'll take my chances” Angels and demons begin to fight. Castiel tries to exorcise Alastair with his hand with no result. “Sorry, kiddo. Why don't you go run to daddy?” Uriel exorcises a demon. Alastair begins to exorcise Castiel. “Potestas inferna, me confirma. Potestas inferna, me confirma. Potestas inferna, me confirma!” Dean hits Alastair with a crowbar. “Dean, Dean, Dean... I am so
disappointed. You had such promise” Alastair attacks Dean and Sam. Erika tackles Alastair and they tumble to the ground. Dean looks to her as she stands at vamp-speed.

“No one touches my humans” she tells Alastair who jumps up. They start to fight. Anna takes her grace from Uriel while he is killing the other demon.

“No!” Anna breaks the pendant releasing the grace. White light flows into her mouth.

“Shut your eyes. Shut your eyes! Shut your eyes!” Bright light comes out from Anna's body and makes Alastair disappear, leaving behind Ruby's knife.

“Well, what are you guys waiting for? Go get Anna. Unless, of course, you're scared” Dean teases.

“This isn't over”

“Oh, it looks over to me, junkless” Castiel and Uriel disappear. Dean moves to Erika and helps her up, a few cuts on her face healing.

“You okay?” he asks her, she nod and leans against him, he wraps his arms around her and looks to Ruby. “What took you so long to get here?”

“Sorry I'm late with the demon delivery. I was only being tortured” Ruby answers.

“I got to hand it to you, Erika. Bringing them all together all at once -- angels and demons. It was a damn good plan” Dean tells her softly.

“Yes, well, when you got bloody Godzilla and Mothra on your arses, best to get out of their way and let them fight” Dean smiles as she pulls back.

“Yeah, now you're just bragging” he teases her brushing blood from her cheek.

“So, I guess she's some big-time angel now, huh? She must be happy... Wherever she is” Sam tells them.

“Doubt it” Dean responds with a sigh.

..................

Sam is sitting on the hood of the Impala with a beer, and Dean is leaning against the side of the car near him watching Erika as she talks on her phone across the road.

“I can't believe we made it out of there” Dean states.

“Again” Sam adds, Dean holds out his bottle and Sam clinks it.

“I know you heard him”

“Who?”

“Alastair. What he said... about how I had promise”

“I heard him”

“You're not curious?” Dean asks.

“Dean, I'm damn curious. But you're not talking about Hell, and I'm not pushing” Sam tells him.
“It wasn't four months, you know”

“What?”

“It was four months up here, but down there... I don't know. Time's different. It was more like 40 years”

“My God”

“They, uh... They sliced and carved and tore at me in ways that you... Until there was nothing left. And then, suddenly... I would be whole again... like magic... just so they could start in all over. And Alastair... at the end of every day... every one... he would come over. And he would make me an offer. To take me off the rack... if I put souls on... if I started the torturing. And every day, I told him to stick it where the sun shines. For 30 years, I told him. But then I couldn't do it any more, Sammy. I couldn't. And I got off that rack. God help me, I got right off it, and I started ripping them apart. I lost count of how many souls” A tear rolls down his cheek. “The -- the things that I did to them”

“Dean... Dean, look, you held out for 30 years. That's longer than anyone would have”

“How I feel... This... inside me... I wish I couldn't feel anything, Sammy. I wish I couldn't feel a damn thing” Dean admits.

Dean drives as Sam sleeps, Erika in the back watching him, she moves across the seats and wraps her arms around his neck. He reaches up and holds onto her arm.

“That took guts, love” she tells him, he snorts and starts to shake his head. “It did. To admit something like that”

“You heard?” he asks, she kisses his head.

“Enhanced hearing” she admits. “I hear everything” he sighs. “I know you don't think it, but...it was brave and I know it took a lot for you to admit that to him” Dean nods. “I wouldn't have lasted that long” she admits, Dean glances to her. “I wouldn't have...” he takes her hand and kisses her palm.

“Thank you” he whispers, she smiles and kisses his cheek.

“I guess a deal's a deal” she tells him. “If you still want to know the whole story?” he nods and looks to the road.

“Yeah, I do” he answers.
Erika grabs three glasses from behind her bar as Sam and Dean sit in a booth across the bar, she grabs a bottle of whiskey and moves to them setting the glasses down on the table before sitting across from them.

“My family's origin is a very long story” she tells them. “But I'll explain it as best I can” she pours out the three drinks. “My mother and father, Esther and Mikael, were born in Norway” she tells them. “More then a thousand years ago”

“She's old” Dean tells Sam who shoots him a look.

“Dean” Erika states, he looks to her.

“Right” he states. “Continue” she smirks a little and then sighs.

“My father was a wealthy land owner in a village in Eastern Europe and my mother bore seven children” she pulls her drink closer and looks to the brothers. “They'd just started that family, when a plague struck their homeland. They lost a child to it, and so they wanted to escape and protect their future family from the same fate” Sam frowns at her.

“Wait...you were born in the States though” he remembers. “Mystic Falls....How did you end up here? This part of the world hadn't even been discovered yet” Sam tells her, Erika chuckles.

“Not by anyone in your history books” she tells him. “But my mother knew the witch Ayana, who heard from the spirits of a mystical land where everyone was healthy...blessed by the gifts of speed and strength. That lead my family here, where we lived amongst those people” the brothers frown at her. “Werewolves” she tells them. “My family lived in peace with them for over 20 years, during which time my family had more children, including me” Erika spins her ring on her finger. “Once a month our family retreated into the caves beneath our village. The wolves would howl through the night and by morning we'd return home...One full moon, Klaus and my youngest brother Henrik snuck out to watch the men turn into beasts. That was forbidden and Henrik paid the ultimate price...And that was the beginning of the end of peace with our neighbours. And one of the last moments my family had together as humans. My mother begged Ayana to call upon the spirits to find a way to protect the rest of us but Ayana refused, it was a crime against nature”

“Okay” Dean whispers and looks to her. “But why stay, if they were so afraid of the werewolves? Why not just.....leave?”

“Pride...My father didn't want to run any more. He wanted to fight and be superior to the wolves. Where they could bite, we had to bite harder. Where they had speed, we had to be faster. Agility, strength, senses...” Erika looks down. “Ayana refused.....so my mother sought her own way. She called upon the sun for life, and the ancient white oak tree, one of nature's eternal objects, for immortality. That night, my father offered us wine laced with blood. And then he drove his sword through our hearts” she tells them raising her glass to her lip, Sam and Dean stare at her.

“Your own father....killed you?” Sam asks.

“He wasn't delicate about it either” Erika adds. “Then...when we woke....We had to drink more blood to complete the ritual” Erika looks away and runs her finger around the edge of the glass. “It was euphoric” she admits. “The feeling of power was indescribable...but the witch Ayana was right about the consequences. The spirits turned on us, and nature fought back...For every strength there
would be a weakness...The sun became our enemy. It kept us indoors for weeks...And though my mother found a solution, there were other problems...Neighbours who had opened their homes to us could now keep us out. Flowers at the base of the white oak burned. And the spell decreed that the tree that gave us life could also take it away...so we burned it to the ground. But the darkest consequence was something my parents never anticipated...The hunger. Blood...had made us reborn and it was blood that we craved above all else. We could not control it...” she looks to Sam and Dean. “And with that, the predatory species was born...”

“You're vampires” Dean states leaning back. “The first vampires”

“Of my kind, yes, I told you there was more than one type of werewolf, well it's the same for vampires” she states. “There is another type of vampire, one that's origin comes from an alpha, my kind is created from magic....” Erika sighs. “Look there's more too....” she offers. “And the deal was for the whole story so......me and Nik....When we became vampires, we discovered the truth” Erika looks down. “Me and Nik....we're not Mikael's children” she admits. “My mother had been unfaithful many years before. This was her darkest secret. Me and Nik are from a different bloodline. Of course, when my father discovered this, he hunted down and he killed my mother's lover and his entire family. Not realizing, of course, that he was igniting a war between species that rages until this day”

“A war between the species?” Sam asks her.

“The vampires...and the werewolves” she answers, Dean leans closer.

“So you're real father was from a werewolf bloodline?” Dean asks, Erika nods. “So what the hell does that make you and Niklaus? Werewolves? Or vampires?”

“Both” she answers. “Hybrids would be far deadlier than any werewolf or vampire. Nature would never stand for such an imbalance of power. Therefore the witches, the servants of nature, saw to it that mine and Nik's werewolf sides would become dormant, Mikael forced my mother to cast a spell, a curse, that would suppress our werewolf sides, denying us any connection with our true selves...” the three of them fall silent, Dean drinks, Sam cocks his head and looks to Erika.

“I have to ask” Sam starts breaking the silence. “How are you.....feeding?” Erika sighs and then vamp-speeds away, Dean raises an eyebrow as she is suddenly back, she throws a blood bag onto the table.

“Humans so readily give blood” she motions to the bag. “I have a deal with the local hospital” she sits again. “I get a percentage of their donations every month, and in return....I give them my blood....you've seen what it can do” Erika motions to Dean's shoulder. “Their fatality rate has decreased significantly in recent years” she shrugs. “I haven't touched a human since.....” she frowns. “1975 and even before that, I only ever fed on those I considered.....deserving, a rapist here, a serial killer there.....” she sighs and taps her glass. “I'm going to give you two some....time to....digest” she stands and then leaves. Dean look to Sam.

“You're sleeping with her” Sam points out. “How do you feel about this?” Dean shrugs.

“I don't know” he admits. “I mean...she's saved our asses on a few occasions, and I don't.....get the vibe that she's....”

“Evil” Sam offers, Dean nods.

“Yeah, and it's not like she's going around killing people” Dean lifts up the blood bag. “She found a way around it” he mumbles.
Chapter Twenty One

Erika pours herself another glass of whiskey in her office, Samael sits in her desk chair with his feet on her desk, watching her.

“It was going to come out eventually” he tells her. “Better it from you then one of my brothers telling” he tells her, she shoots him a look. “Oh come on” he teases standing. “More than a thousand years later and you still don't believe me” he whispers stepping closer to her.

“No” she tells him. “I don't....” she admits. “And I can't”

“Why? Why is it so hard to believe that I am the devil?”

“Because you were too nice” she answers. “You showered me with gifts, with affection, with....love. If you're the devil....it was fake? None of it was real?” Samael clutches her face in his hands, Erika closes her eyes.

“No” he argues. “It was all real” he assures her. “I loved you” he tells her. “I still love you. And when the cage opens” he presses his forehead to hers. “We can be together again” he whispers, Erika sighs softly.

“Erika?” Erika snaps her eyes open, Samael is gone, she turns to Dean stood in the doorway. “You okay?” he asks her, she nods, he moves to her and strokes her cheek brushing away a tear, Erika looks away and clears her throat.

“That was quick” she tells him moving to her desk.

“Yeah, well” he responds watching her. “You saved our asses” she nods and drops into her desk chair heavily, she sighs.

“So what now? Cause....I can't be killed”

“I wasn't going to try and kill you” he tells her. “You thought I would?” she shrugs.

“It was a definite possibility” She raises her glass to her lips. Dean moves around the desk and takes her drink from her, sets it aside before he lifts her face to kiss her. Erika closes her eyes and kisses him back.

“What was that for?” she whispers pulling back.

“I'm not going to kill you” he tells her. “We knew you were monster, remember” she smiles a little and looks away, Samael sits on her couch glaring at Dean. “Hey” Dean coos stroking her neck. “Are you sure you're okay?” he asks her, she nods.

“Yes, love, of course” she whispers turning back to him.

“So you'll come out with us?” he asks her. “Plenty of space in the impala” she smiles a little.

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Dean grabs a slice of pizza and sits next to Sam who sits on his laptop.

“Anything?” Dean asks.
“Not yet” Sam answers as Dean looks to Erika, she walks across the bar with a barrel in hand, a crate in the other, Sam and Dean stare, watching her go. “When you think back; there are a lot of things that now make sense” Dean looks to Sam. “The speed, the strength, the way she has to be invited in, like the old Dracula stories”

“So she's classic monster movie vampire?” Dean asks.

“Yeah, I guess.....” Sam then chuckles. “Can you imagine what it must have been like for her....during Oktoberfest with the shifter” Dean smirks.

“It was hilarious” Erika tells them from the bar. “That that's even how the monsters see us!” she smirks at them and turns to set bottles on the counter. Sam and Dean share an amused look.

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Sam touches the bottom corner of a painting in Erika's study and pulls back as she walks into the room, she raises an eyebrow at him.

“You painted this” he points out motioning to the landscape painting on the wall, she smiles and nods.

“Yes” she moves to his side. “This is my favourite” she tells him. “See here” she motions to a small hut on the painting. “That was the Mikaelson home” she crosses her arms over her chest.

“So this is your village?” he asks, she nods.

“Mystic Falls....990AD” she answers. “Though this is actually a print of the original” she points out turning to her desk. “I prefer to keep the original copies safe in storage, just in case”

“And the tree?” he asks, she smirks.

“The White Oak tree” she answers. “We burnt it down not three years later”

“So you painted this.....back then?” Sam looks to her, she nods.

“Yes, the original is more than a thousand years old....another reason I keep it safe” Sam chuckles a little and nods.

“Yeah” he agrees. “It's beautiful” he tells her motioning to the painting.

“Thank you” she offers leafing through some papers on her desk before grabbing a small box from the side and turning to Sam. “Come here” she tells him. Sam raises an eyebrow and moves to her, she holds out the box to him. “Inside here are two bracelets” she offers. “Weaved with vervain” she opens the lid for him. “I need you and Dean to wear them.....it's a protection thing” Sam raises an eyebrow at her, she sighs. “Please” she whispers, Sam nods and closes the lid.

“Rafiki....ready to go?” Dean asks walking into the room, Sam and Erika look to him and raise eyebrows.

“Rafiki?” Sam asks.

“Cause she's old...and wise” Dean explains.

“And reminds you of a animated baboon how?” Erika asks, Dean smirks.

“He was a mandrill” Dean corrects, Erika raises an eyebrow at him and crosses her arms over her
Sam wakes from sleeping in the backseat of the impala, he glances to Erika sleeping curled up in the passenger seat. Dean is studying some papers in the drivers seat, Erika's legs across his thighs.

“What are you doing?” Sam asks.

“What's it look like I'm doing?” Dean asks back.

“Like you're looking for a job”

“Yahtzee” Sam sits up.

“We just finished a job like two hours ago” Sam complains.

“Adrenaline's still pumping, I guess. So, what do you think... Cedar Rapids, Tulsa, or Chi-Town?” Dean asks.

“I am all for working. I really am. But you got us chasing cases nonstop for like a month now. You burnt out the vampire” Sam motions to Erika. “We need sleep”

“Yeah, we can sleep when we're dead”

“You're exhausted, Dean”

“I'm good”

“No, you're not. You're running on fumes, and you can't run forever”

“And what am I running from?” Dean asks Sam.

“From what you told me. Or are we pretending that never happened?”

“Stratton, Nebraska. Farm town. A man gets hacked to death in a locked room inside a locked house. No signs of forced entry”

“Sounds like a ghost”

“Yes, it does” Dean agrees, Sam sighs and flops back down.

As the Impala drives into the house road they don't see the SOLD sign hidden in the grass.

“Bloody hell” Erika complains as she fails to walk through the front door, Dean and Sam look back at her.

“What?” Dean asks, Erika looks to the threshold and then tries to step through.

“I thought you said the owner was dead?” She asks looking to Dean.

“He is” Dean argues. Erika gives him a look.
“Well I can’t get in, love” she argues pushing against the door.

“Did we miss something?” Sam asks.

“No, I checked everything” Dean answers.

“I’ll have to wait out her then” Erika tells them.

“Sorry” Sam offers, Erika shrugs, “Why don’t you head back to the motel?” Sam asks. She sighs.

“Fine, I suppose there is little I can do to help if I can’t get in” She taps her fingers on her arm. “Call, if you need anything” Sam heads into the house, Dean leaves and moves to Erika.

“We won’t be long” he tells her, she nods and smirks.

“I’ll be waiting, love” she purrs and then kisses him, he smirks and kisses her back. She steps back from him licking her lips before she vamp-speeds away. Dean heads back into the house.

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Dean looks around as they walk towards the kitchen.

“Boy, three bedrooms, two baths, and one homicide. This place is gonna sell like hotcakes” They enter the kitchen, opening cabinets. Dean spots something on an empty piece of wall. “Hey, check this out” Dean knocks on the wall. It's hollow. “Huh”

“It's probably a dumbwaiter. All these old houses had them”

“Know-it-all” Dean mumbles.

“What?”

“What?”

“You said...”

“What?”

“Never mind” Sam mumbles.

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Erika rolls her neck closing the motel room door.

“Eris” Samael greets, Erika closes her eyes and sighs. He can't keep doing this to her. She can hear him moving towards her.

“You're not real” she points out, he smirks and brushes his fingers over her cheek, she leans into his hand as his other touches her waist.

“I'm as real as you want me to be” he tells her leaning closer, tugging her closer to him. “Your boy wonder ain't no where to be seen” he coos brushing his nose over hers. “Remember when we used to...” he coos with a smirk. “And then that time in the 60's at Woodstock when you were high and you let me...”

“Pretty sure I did that to myself” she argues. “And I just imagined that it was you, love” she tells him
walking into the room. Samael smirks and shrugs.

“\textit{I enjoyed myself}” he tells her. “\textit{I was down there for aaaggggeesss}” he coos pinching her backside, Erika shoots him a look and slaps at his hand. He chuckles and pulls her back to him, nuzzling into her neck. Erika closes her eyes and sighs. His hands moving across her stomach. “\textit{It'll just be like the old days, only better}” he licks up her neck. “\textit{Come on, let the devil eat cake}” he smirks against her neck.

Sam and Dean walk into the bedroom in which Bill died, Dean sighs.

“\textit{Well, no bloodstains, fresh coat of paint, it's a bunch of bubkes}” Dean points out, Sam holds up an EMF meter.

“\textit{Needle's all over the place}”

“\textit{Yeah—power lines}” Dean points out.

“\textit{Great}” They look in the closet; a doll head is on the floor. “Uh”

“\textit{Well, that's super-disturbing}” Dean states.

“\textit{Think it got left behind?}” Sam asks.

“\textit{By who? Unless Bill Gibson likes to play with doll heads.}” A car and moving truck approach the house.

“\textit{Uh-oh}”

“I thought you said this place was still for sale”

“\textit{Apparently, it's not. Explains why Erika couldn't get in}”

A dog and a Boy, Danny, exit the car.

“\textit{Come on, Buster! Good dog!}” They run off. A man (Brian), a woman (Susan) and a girl (Kate) have also gotten out.

“What do you think? It's nice, right?” Susan asks.

“\textit{Did anyone bother to check if we get a signal out here?}” Kate asks.

“\textit{Actually, I did, Kate. But we decided to move anyway, just to ruin your life. Come on. Let's unpack}” Brian tells her. Another man, Ted, has gotten out of the truck.

“\textit{Uncle Ted, please back me up here}”

“\textit{Kid's right, Bri. You're ruining her life}”

“\textit{See?}”

“\textit{Thanks for the help, Uncle Ted}” Brian tells him.

“\textit{Calling it like I see it, buddy}”
“Hey” Susan warns.

“What?”

“Be nice”

“I am nice. What do you think? We do okay?”

“I don’t know” Susan answers.

“Who are they?” Kate asks watching Sam and Dean coming down the stairs from the front door.

“Can I help you?” Brian asks.

“Hi. Are you the new owner?” Sam asks.

“Yeah. You guys are...?” Brian asks.

“This is Mr. Stanwyk. I’m Mr. Babar. County code enforcement” Dean answers.

“We had the building inspected last week. Is there a problem?”

“Asbestos in the walls, a gas leak—yeah, I’d say we got a problem” Sam answers.

“Asbestos? Meaning what?”

“Meaning until this house is up to code, it's uninhabitable”

“Whoa whoa whoa. You're saying we can't stay here?” Brian asks.

“It's a health hazard. You don't want to”

“Hold up. We just drove four hundred miles” Ted points out.

“There's a motel just down the road. Till this gets cleaned up, I suggest you stay there” Dean tells them.

“All right, and what if we don't?” Brian asks.

“Well, you get a fine or you go to jail. Pick your poison”

“One night. One night, and I'll take care of everything, ASAP, I promise” Brian tells his family.

“Yeah, you do that”

“Another motel? Awesome, Dad. I hope this one has hooker sheets, like the last one” Kate complains.

“Danny!”

“Come on, Danny!” Sam and Dean share a look.

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Samael kisses Erika as he strokes along her sides pushing her shirt up over her chest, he pulls back to pull it over her head, throws it across the room and goes back to kissing her. Erika closes her eyes and threads her fingers into his hair, his hand running along her thigh. Samael groans as her cell
phone rings.

“No” he complains.

“I have to get it, love” Erika tells him. “You know I do” he groans and rolls off of her laying on the bed, Erika stands and moves to her jacket where she pulls out her cell phone. “Dean?” she asks answering it.
Chapter Twenty Two

Erika sits across from Mrs. Curry, one leg crossed over the other, dressed as FBI, she doesn't see the point when she can get what she wants easy enough, but she'll play along, even just for fun.

“What did the room look like when you found it, Mrs. Curry?” She asks the 'older' woman.

“I already told the local boys, there was blood everywhere”

“And Mr. Gibson—where was he?”

“Everywhere”

“How long have you been cleaning Mr. Gibson's house?” Erika asks.

“About five years”

“So you knew him pretty well”

“Well, not really well. He was real private. Not the easiest man. Not that I blame him” Erika frowns at her.

“What do you mean?”

“His wife dies in childbirth. Daughter hangs herself in the attic twenty years later. I'd be bitter, too. I think I got some pictures” She goes off to get them and comes back. “Here”

“Thanks. Can I keep these?” Erika asks looking through the photos.

“Suit yourself”

“Do you know why the daughter killed herself?” Erika asks.

“I don't know. That was before my time” Erika looks to her.

“Did you ever notice anything odd in the house when you were cleaning it?”

“Like what?” Mrs Curry asks her.

“Lights going on and off, things not being where you left them?”

“No. Well, maybe there was one thing”

“What's that?”

“Well, sometimes, I thought I heard like a...rustling in the walls”

“Like a rat?” Erika asks.

“Yeah”

“Do you happen to know where Mrs. Gibson and her daughter were buried?” Erika asks.

“They were both cremated”
Erika walks back to the motel just as Sam and Dean pull up in the impala, she pulls off her shoes and walks barefoot. Dean smiles seeing her.

“Hey” he greets, she smiles back.

“Hey yourself, love” he chuckles and pulls her closer as she reaches them before he kisses her.

“What have you got?” Sam asks Erika as she pulls back from Dean, she pulls the photos from her jacket.

“Here” she holds them out. “Mother and daughter, cremated” Sam looks over the photos. “She also told me about rats in the walls”

“All right. So it probably wasn't the mom or the daughter. Whose ghost was it?” Sam asks.

“I don't know. But I say we give that place a real once-over and see”

“You say there's a new owner?” Erika asks.

“Yeah” Dean answers.

“I might be able to fix my little admittance problem” she states with a smirk.

The impala pulls up at the farm house. Sam, Erika and Dean see the lights on inside the house.

“Crap. So, what now?” Dean asks.

“We could tell them the truth” Sam offers.

“Really?” Dean asks.

“No, not really” Sam corrects, Erika smirks.

In the dining room Ted stares at the wall in front of him.

“Hey, guys! You're gonna want to come see this!” Brian and Susan come to look: the word "GO" is drawn on the wall in red.

“What the...” Brian scratches at the word.

“Crayon. Danny!”

“Yeah?”

“Get your butt down here!”

“Tell you what—if my kid did this....”

“Hey, buddy. Something you want to tell me and your mom?”

“I didn't do that”

“Okay. Look, just tell me the truth, and all you got to do is clean it up, okay? No punishment”

“But I didn't. The girl in the walls did it”

“The girl in the walls?”

“She wants you to go and me to stay” Danny tells them.

“All right, one last time—the truth, buddy”

“That is the truth. I can stay, but she hate grownups. And if you don't leave, she's gonna get really, really mad!”

“All right, go to your room”

“Mom! If Andy were here, he'd believe me!”

“Upstairs! Now!”

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Kate is lying in bed, one hand over the side out of sight.


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Kate now stands in the dining room, Susan, Brian and Danny with her.

“Ew! Ew!”

“It's okay.”

“What's going on?” Danny asks.

“Katie, baby, baby. Calm down and tell us what happened”

“I just got molested by Casper the pervy ghost! That's what happened!”

“Ghost?”

“Yes, dad! A ghost!”

“It's the girl in the walls!” Danny corrects.

“Who?!”

“Both of you, knock it off” Somebody knocks on the front door. Ted opens the door to Dean and Sam.

“We heard screams. What's going on?” Dean asks.
“Oh, you two! Did you touch my daughter?!”

“What? No’

“Who are you guys?” Brian asks.

“Relax, please. You have a ghost

“A ghost”

“I told you!”

“It's the girl!”

“Both of you, relax. What are you guys playing?!”

“Your family's in danger. You need to get out of the house now.” Dean tells him. The lights go out in the house.

“What the hell?"

“Nobody move!”

“Buster!” Buster is howling. Brian gets out of the house followed by Ted, Sam, and Dean, Erika appears at Dean's side.

“Buster! Buster? Buster! Buster!”

“What the hell?” The words ”TOO LATE“ are painted in red. The others come out onto the porch.

“Buster!”

“Go back inside. Go!”

“We are not the bad guys, but you're in danger” Dean tells them.

“First thing’s first. You got to get your family out of here” Sam adds, they make their way to the cars.

“Head to the motel I was talking about. You'll be safe there”

“What are you two gonna do?” Brian asks, Dean turns to the impala.

“Oh, no! Oh, come on! Oh, come on” The tires on the vehicles are all slashed. Sam opens the trunk and sighs.

“Dude, the guns are gone. So is the... Basically, everything is gone”

“Truck's no good”

“Both tires slashed’

“What kind of ghost messes with a man's wheels?!” Dean snaps.

“What's going on? What's going on?” Kate sees the girl and screams. “She's there! She's there!”

“Where?!”
“She was right there in the woods!” Kate tells them, Erika raises an eyebrow.

“What's a ghost doing outside?” Erika asks looking to Dean and Sam.

“You want to stay and find out?”

“Everybody inside” Dean tells them.

“Are you crazy? We need to get the hell out of here!”

“In what?! This ghost is hunting us! Everybody back inside now! Move!” Dean snaps, they all head towards the house.

“Wait” Erika stops and grabs Brian.

“Erika” Dean warns, Erika compels Brian.

“Invite me in” she states.

“Come in” he tells her flatly.

“Thank you, love” she lets go of him and looks to Dean and smirks. Dean smirks back.

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Erika sits on the edge of the table as Dean draws a circle with salt.

“Whatever's outside, it can't get in this circle. As long as the salt line is unbroken, this is the safest place to be” Dean tells the family.

“Safe from ghosts?” Brian asks.

“Yes, as a matter of fact”

“Okay. I'm not listening to this anymore. Come on. I got to get my family out of here. Let's go” Brian tells them.

“Nobody's going anywhere until we kill this thing” Dean snaps.

“Sir, please. This is what we do. Just...trust us”

“You hunt ghosts?” Danny asks.

“That's right” Dean answers.

“Like Scooby-Doo?”

“Better” Erika stands and pulls the photos from her coat, she unfolds them and moves to Kate.

“Petal, you saw her outside, right? Does she look like either one of the girls?” Erika asks holding out the photos.

“Her. She was paler and a lot dirtier, but that was her” Kate points to one of the photos.

“That's the girl in the walls” Danny adds.

“So it's the daughter?” Sam asks.
“That girl in the picture—She's dead?”

“She killed herself inside this house” Sam answers.

“The maid got her story wrong? Rebecca wasn't cremated?” Erika asks.

“Unless her spirit's just attached to something inside the house”

“She hung herself in the attic, right?” Dean asks.

“You two want to babysit? I'll check it out” Sam offers.

“Look—I don't care who hung themselves where. Maybe something is going on here, but...” Ted tells them.

“It's a spirit, man”

“No, it's just some backwoods hillbilly bitch, and I'm not about to sit around here waiting for her to go all Deliverance on my ass”

“Well, nobody's leaving the house”

“Stop me” Ted warns, Erika pushes him back into the circle of salt and lets her vampire face emerge, she snarls. Ted stumbles back from her.

“Erika here is a vampire” Dean tells them.

“Cool” Danny states.

“Danny” Susan warns pulling him closer, Erika's face changes back.

“Stay in the circle” She tells them. Dean looks to Sam.

“Go” Sam nods and leaves.

“Hey. Fonzie. Question for you. This indestructible force field made out of salt... Have to be kosher stuff, or what?”

“Knock it off, Ted” They all hear a sound.

“Sh...”

“What was that?” Kate asks. They look around. The girl opens a door and comes in. “Mom”

“All right, everybody stay calm. She's a ghost. She can't come in the circle”

“Dean...she's not a ghost” Erika corrects him, he looks to her.

“What?”

“There are 8 heart beats in this room” she tells him, Dean looks around, counts, there are 7 of them, he looks to Erika. “She's human and alive” The girl continues to approach. She stops at the edge of the salt, reveals she's holding a knife, and steps over the line.

“Go, go, go! Move!” Dean tells the family, Erika vamp-speeds around to the girls back, she spins, Erika moves again, the girl spins and stabs Erika in the shoulder.

“Bloody hell!!” Erika complains.
“Hey!” Sam shines a light in her face. It hurts her eyes; she runs. Erika looks to her arm and growls. Sam moves to her. “You okay?” he asks her, she looks up at him.

“There is a knife in my arm” she tells him. “She's bloody fast for a human” she complains, Sam smirks and then chuckles. “Shut up” she grumbles.

Sam and Erika head outside to join Dean, he turns to them and then takes Erika's hand. “Let me see that” he motions to her arm.

“I'm fine, just yank it out” she tells him.

“Sure?” Dean asks, Erika gives him a look, he smirks and then pulls out the knife. Erika's arm heals instantly, she rolls her shoulder and then smiles. “So, it's not a ghost” he tells them.

“So, it's just a girl?”

“It's not just a girl. It's psycho Nell. I'm telling you, bloody humans” Erika tells them, Dean snorts.

“So who is she, then?” Sam asks.

“I don't know. Maybe it's the daughter, Rebecca. Maybe she didn't hang herself”

“She'd be in her fifties by now” Erika corrects.

“Well, I don't know. What'd you find in the attic?” he asks Sam.

“Some old junk. I found Rebecca's diary. That's about it”

“I wish you'd found a howitzer. Listen, we got to get this family safe. I mean, it's just a human, so they can make a run for it. We just got to hold her off” Dean tells them.

“We're okay” Susan states approaching them.

“Danny! Ted! We got to go!” Brian yells.

“I'm good!” Ted tells them.

“Danny! Come on!”

“Danny, buddy, we got to go!”

“Told you it was some crazy bitch” Ted tells Dean.

“Yes, you did”

“Head to town. We'll take it from here, okay?” Sam tells Ted.

“Danny, come on, baby! We're leaving!”

“Danny, we got to go!”

“Brian, where—Where is he?” Susan asks.

“Danny!”
“Danny!”

“Suse, Suse, Suse. We will find Danny, I promise you” Brian tells her.

“No”

“No. Take Kate and go now. Now, while you still have a chance”

“Not without Danny”

“We will find him”

“I am not going out there with Mom alone” Kate argues.

“She's right. Until we find your son, the safest place for you right now is in the shed” Dean tells them motioning to the shed.

“I am not going in there either” Kate argues.

“Yes, you are. It is the best defense. The windows are boarded up. It's got one door. It's our best shot right now. Trust me”

“Suse. Kate. Go. Go” Susan and Kate go into the shed.

“All right, you and me will take the outside. You three take the house” Sam states.

“No” Erika argues shrugging out of her jacket. “I can cover it all in a fraction of the time” she turns to Brian and Ted. “You got anything of Danny's?” she asks. “I might be able to sniff him out”

“Erika” Dean states, slightly worried, she smirks and turns to him.

“I'm immortal” She reminds him. “And she's human...it's hardly a fight” Brian returns from the truck and holds out a hoody to Erika.

“He was wearing this earlier” he tells her, Erika takes it as her vampire face emerges, she holds the hoody to her face and sniff before she's gone, the hoody dropping to the ground.

………..

Erika stands over a hole in the floor before she climbs down, she comes out at the bottom and sees a rat corpse is inches from her face; she pulls a face and moves forward, sees Buster, torn to shreds.

“Dog. It's what's for dinner” Erika grumbles. “Danny?” she asks moving forward. Erika looks around some more; there is artwork on one wall, two stick figures drawn in probably-blood, Erika touches them, traces the lines.

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Dean sits staring at the house, waiting for Erika, he taps his fingers on his arm.

“Dean” Sam appears from the shed and holds up Rebecca's diary. “We gotta talk” Sam moves closer.

“What is that?”

“Rebecca's diary. I just finished reading it”
“And?”

“That girl back there? Pretty sure she was Rebecca's daughter”

“Rebecca had a kid?” Dean asks.

“It's all she talks about. Being pregnant, being ashamed of being pregnant”

“Jeez, rent Juno and get over it. Wait, why kill herself after the baby?”

“Maybe because her dad called her a dirty little whore and said he was gonna lock the baby up”

“Why would he say that?” Dean asks, Sam says nothing. “Oh, gross”

“Yeah”

“So the daddy was the babydaddy too?”

“Dude was a monster, Dean”

“Wow, a story ripped from an Austrian headline. Humans, man. So she's been locked up her whole life?”

“You saw her eyes. Has she ever seen light? She's barely human”

“Okay, so, what, then, she's been caged up like an animal and she busts out and ganks dear old Dad? Slash Granddad?”

“I guess”

“Well, can't say I blame her”

“I'm sure her life was hell, Dean. It doesn't mean she gets a free pass for murder”

“Like you know what hell's like”

“I didn't...”

“Forget it” Dean grumbles looking back at the house.

........................

Danny is bound and gagged on the floor. He wakes up and struggles. He looks around and tries to scream. He sees the girl come through a hole in the wall. She smiles and holds up a live rat. He tries to scream some more. She looks at him, confused, and breaks the rat's neck and bites in. He keeps trying to scream.

........................
Chapter Twenty Three

Erika keeps moving through the under house tunnel system, barely big enough for her to move. She finds one of Dean's guns. She picks it up and checks it.

“Human is a klepto” she mumbles and moves on, she finds another gun and checks it too. “Danny. Danny” She hears the sound of Danny trying to scream. She turns her head. “Danny?” she asks moving to a hole in the wall, she peers through it and sees Danny, still bound and gagged. She grabs the bricks around the hole and pulls, pulling out the brickwork before moving through, she grabs Danny's bonds and pulls them free. “Come on” she motions to the hole, he nods and scrambles through, she follows.

“Hurry, he's coming back” Erika pauses.

“He?” she asks.

“Her brother” There is an inarticulate yell. A Boy tackles Erika. The Boy stabs at Erika, who holds him off, she manages to get her hands around his face, she pulls, snapping his neck. She sighs and drops him from her, looks to Danny.

“Come on,” she tells him. They crawl through the tunnels. “Wait” Erika hisses hearing scuttering, the girl appears ahead, Erika turns to avoid the knife and grabs the girls head before jerking it to the side, snapping her neck. She looks to Danny who stares at her. “Come on, your parents are waiting,” she tells him.

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Susan and Brian both hug Danny as he runs to them. Dean moves to Erika who smiles at him, he drapes her coat around her.

“Look at that” he teases. “A monster saved the day, from humans” she shrugs and looks down. “I was joking” he whispers.

“I know,” she tells him back. “It's just been a long time since I've killed a human.....not since the second world war, it's just...I remember now, why I stopped killing my victims” she walks away and wraps her coat around her. Dean watches her sadly.

...........................

Dean jacks down the Impala after apparently replacing the tires. Sam pulls Dean's duffel out of the repacked trunk and throws it in the back of the car. Brian and Susan walk over to Dean as Erika appears at his side.

“Thanks for the head start,” Dean tells them.

“Why doesn't it surprise me you guys don't like the police?”

“It's sort of a mutual-appreciation thing, really” Sam answers, Brian holds out his hand to Erika, she looks to it and then to Brian before taking it.

“Well, thank you,” he tells her. Susan nods and smiles at Erika.

“Thank you,” she tells the vampire.
“You okay?” Dean asks.

“No, we're the opposite of okay, but we're together” Brian takes Susan's hand. “Thanks” Dean nods and wraps an arm around Erika.

..........................

Later: under an overpass, Sam and Dean get out of the car, Erika sits in the back still, her journal open in her lap. Sam comes around to Dean's side with burgers. Dean unwraps his, looks at it and wraps it back up.

“You okay?” Sam asks.

“You know, I felt for those sons of bitches back there. Lifelong torture turns you into something like that”

“You were in hell, Dean. Look, maybe you did what you did there, but you're not them. They were barely human”

“Yeah, you're right. I wasn't like them. I was worse. They were animals, Sam, defending territory. Me? I did it for the sheer pleasure”

“What?”

“I enjoyed it, Sam. They took me off the rack, and I tortured souls, and I liked it. All those years, all that pain. Finally getting to deal some out yourself. I didn't care who they put in front of me. Because that pain I felt, it just slipped away. No matter how many people I save, I can't change that. I can't fill this hole. Not ever” Dean admits.

..........................

Dean pulls tight the laces on his boots sitting on the end of Erika's bed, she sits up watching him, he looks to her.

“Are you sure you don't want to come?” he asks leaning over to kiss her, she curls her hand around the back of his neck and then pulls back.

“Smells like witches,” she tells him. “I bloody hate witches,” she tells him. “Plus I've been away a while, love, I have a business to run” he kisses her again and then sits up with a sigh, Erika shuffles to the end of the bed. “Dean” she whispers.

“I know you heard,” he tells her.

“We don't have to talk about it” she assures him, he looks to her. “In here, with me, we can talk about whatever you want,” she tells him. “The color of the sky” she teases. “Or pie....” he smiles at her, leans his forehead against hers.

“When I get back......do you want to....go somewhere?” he asks her.

“Where?” she asks back. He shrugs.

“Just somewhere, you and me....” Erika smirks.

“Like a date?” she asks, Dean shrugs.

“If you want.....” he brushes her hair back. “I know I don't have much....”
“The beach,” she tells him. “It's been a long time since I've been to a beach” he smiles.

“That I can do” he kisses her before standing. “Wait” he turns to her. “Do you have a bikini?” she smirks laying back in bed.

“Now that would be telling, love” she purrs, Dean groans and turns to grab his jacket, Erika pulls her pillow closer and snuggles into it. Dean turns to leave before pausing at the door, he looks back at her.

“Erika” he states, she lifts her eyes to his, he pauses, struggles for words, he offers her a smile.

“Be careful, love” she offers back, he nods and leaves.

............

10 days later

Erika stands reattaching a rope loop to a Christmas decoration, music playing in the background, she hums along as she then hangs the decoration up, hands find her waist and she closes her eyes and leans back into the chest behind her.

“For a Viking's daughter” Samael teases. “You embraced Christianity easily enough” he tugs on the bottom of her Mrs. Claus costume and licks her neck, his hand sliding up under her dress, she moans slightly. “That dress is very fetching on you” he coos pulling her closer. “Ooo” he strokes down the inside of her thigh, Erika breathes heavily. “Has someone been left unsatisfied” he gasps dramatically. “I could fix that” Erika opens her eyes as she hears the rumble of a familiar engine, she smiles. Samael growls, Erika turns around, Samael is gone, Erika smiles wider as Dean walks in, he smirks back at her and then looks her over, she holds out the bottom of her dress and smirks. Sam appears at his shoulder, yawning, Erika smirks.

“I'll set some food away,” she tells them, Sam smiles and heads out back as Dean moves to Erika. He motions to her dress.

“This, I like....” he kisses her and tugs her closer. She smirks and pulls back. “So you're a Christmas fan?” he asks her, she shrugs and bites her lip.

“It's a Holiday in which I can bring in more money, I love it” he chuckles and kisses her again. Erika wraps her arms around his neck and lets him lift her onto the bar.

..................

Erika hands Dean a beer as she sits at his side, Sam half asleep in the armchair next to the couch, the tv plays some old sci-fi movie, Dean wraps an arm around Erika and pulls her to his side, she curls up and rests her head against his arm.

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Dean sleeps with an arm around Erika, her head on his chest, the bedroom door slightly ajar, Sam paces in the corridor on the phone.

“Yeah” Sam states as Dean wakes. He turns to see Sam passing by the door. “Yeah, that's what I'm telling you. No storms, no bad crops, nothing” Dean looks to Erika who groans in her sleep and curls closer to him, he looks back to Sam. “Yeah, okay. We'll keep looking. You keep looking too, okay?... All right. Talk soon” Sam hangs up. Dean quickly lies down, pretending to sleep as Sam glances into the room, before fully walking in. “Hey. Up and at 'em, kiddos” Dean groans pretending
to wake as Erika shoots upright, her vampire face snarling, Sam raises an eyebrow at her, she glares at him sleepily.

“What the bloody hell?” she asks as Dean looks to her clock.

“You're up early. What are you doing?”

“Found a job. Bedford, Iowa. Guy beat his wife’s brains out with a meat tenderizer”

“Yikes”

“And get this. Third local inside two months to gank his wife. No priors on any of 'em, all happily married” Erika groans.

“Talking work, get out of my bed” she kicks Dean, he smirks and climbs out of the bed. “I will bite you” she pulls the blankets over her head.

“You are not a morning person” Sam teases.

“Vampire, darling” she counters. Dean smirks and smacks her ass as he passes. “I will bite you” she warns as they both leave her room, Dean closes the door behind him.

“Sounds like Ozzie and Harriet,” Dean tells Sam.

“More like The Shining”

“All right, well I guess we'd better have a look,” Dean tells him.

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Dean watches Erika doze before he smirks and moves to crouch beside her head, she peeks at him through an eye.

“Call me if you need help,” she tells him. He nods and kisses her before standing. “And be careful,” she tells him, Dean smiles and nods before leaving. Erika smiles herself and curls up again.

“Barf” Samael states, now sitting next to her on the bed. “You should just tell each other already” he growls. “Not that it matters, half the seals have been broken,” he tells her curling around her back, wrapping his arms around her. “Soon the rest will follow......and boy wonder will be left in the dust” he coos in her ear. “You will be mine....as you have always been mine. Why do you think there was never another?”

“You left me” she whispers. “I waited and you never came”

“It was not through choice,” he tells her. “You meant more to me then you can ever know” Erika closes her eyes and sighs.

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**One day later**

Dean is alone. He stares at, then picks up, Sam's phone and scrolls to an unknown number. He rings it.

“Hey, Sam.....Sam?... You there...?” Ruby picks up. Dean quickly hangs up, looking upset. Sam enters.
“Lenny Bristol was definitely another siren Vic,” Sam tells him.

“You get in to see him?”

“Yep. He bought home a stripper named Belle. Coupla hours later he offed his mother. Belle, of course, went MIA”

“Wait, he killed his mom?” Dean asks.

“The woman he was closest too” Sam's phone rings.

“Yeah, you, uh, forgot your cell phone” Dean tosses Sam his phone, Sam answers it.

“Hey, Erika” Sam greets.

“Sam. You find her yet?” Erika asks.

“Ahhh, no. And, uh, it doesn't seem like she's slowing down any. You got anything?”

“Some lore from a Greek poem. Shockingly, love, it's a little vague”

“Hold on a sec, I'll put you on speaker” Sam fiddles with his phone. “All right...”

“It says you need a bronze dagger, covered in the blood of a sailor, under the spell of the song,” Erika tells them.

“What the hell does that mean?”

“You got me, love. We're dealing with a poem 2000 years my senior”

“Best guess?”

“Fine...well, the siren's spell hasn't got nothing to do with any song. It's most likely some kind of toxin or venom. Something she injects in the blood” Erika tells them.

“And makes them go all Manchurian Candidate. Uh, what do you think, she infects the men during sex?”

“Maybe. I mean, that's a good a guess as any”

“Supernatural STD” Dean mumbles.

“Well, however it happens, once it's done the siren's got to watch her back. She gets a dose of her own medicine...”

“It kills her” Sam finishes.

“Like a snake getting iced by its own venom,” Erika tells them.

“So we just gotta find a way to juice one of the OJs in jail?” Dean asks.

“Sorry, darling, it's not that easy. None of those guys are under the spell anymore. Haven't got a clue where you're going to get the blood you need” Erika tells them.

“I think I might have an idea”

“Be careful” Erika warns. “Sirens are tricky bloody bitches. Wrap you up in knots before you know
what's hit you"

“Thanks, Erika” Sam states before hanging up.
Chapter Twenty Four

Much later:

Dean sits in the impala on the phone: he's leaving a message.

“Sam's in trouble, Erika. I think the siren's worked her mojo on him. Give me a call as soon as you get this” Dean hangs up and immediately makes another call to Munroe (The Fed in town who is really the Siren)

“Hey man, what's up?”

“I need your help”

“Oh, sure. With what?”

“Canvassing. We gotta find somebody”

Munroe sits in his car outside a bar. He watches Cara get out of a taxi and walk inside. Dean slides into Munroe's passenger seat.

“She went in just a second ago”

“Nice work”

“Should we follow her in?” Munroe asks.

“No, no, no, I don't wanna tip her off. Let's just wait and see who she comes out with”

“So you think... what? She's drugging these guys?”

“Pretty much”

“Uh-huh”

“I know how it sounds”

“You sure about that? Cause it sounds like crazy on toast. All these different strippers, they're magically the same girl? But then they're not strippers at all, it's Dr. Quinn”

“It's kinda hard to explain, but I have my reasons and they're good ones, so you're just gonna have to trust me on 'em”

“Yeah. OK. I guess”

“Thank you. That's actually nice to hear.” Dean takes a swig from his hip flask and offers it to Munroe. Munroe drinks and hands it back. Dean takes another swig.

“So let's say she is drugging her vics. How's she pulling that off?”

“She could be injecting them, you know, or passing the toxin through, uh, physical contact”

“Or it could be her saliva...You really should have wiped the lip of that thing before you drank from it, Dean” A look of realization crosses Dean's face. “I should be your little brother. Sam. You can't
trust him. Not like you can trust me” Munroe's reflection in the rear vision mirror is that of a monster. “In fact, I really feel like you should get him outta the way, so we can be brothers. Forever”

“Yeah. Yeah, you're right”

.....................

Sam enters the motel room to find Munroe sitting on the bed.

“Nick. What are you doing here?” Sam asks. Dean jumps Sam and holds a knife to his throat. “Dean?” Sam realizes and looks to Munroe. “I gotta tell ya, you're one butt ugly stripper”

“Well, maybe. But I got exactly what I wanted. I got Dean”

“Dean, come on man, this isn't you. You can fight this. Let me go”

“Why don't you cut him? Just a little, on his neck right there” Dean slices Sam's neck. “Dean's all mine”

“You poisoned him”

“No. I gave him what he needed. And it wasn't some bitch in a G-string. It was you. A little brother that looked up to him, that he could trust. And now he loves me. He'd do anything for me. And I gotta tell you, Sam, that kind of devotion? I mean, watching someone kill for you? It's the best feeling in the world”

“Is that why you're slutting all over town?”

“Ahh. I get bored as we all do. And I wanna fall in love again. And again...and again”

“I'll tell you what. I have fought some nasty sons of bitches, but you are one needy pathetic loser” Sam tells Munroe.

“You won't feel that way in a minute” Munroe grabs Sam's cheeks and squirts toxin from his mouth onto Sam's lips and chin. “So I know you two have a lot you wanna get off your chests. So why don't you discuss it? And whoever survives can be with me forever” Sam and Dean turn to face each other.

“Well, I don't know when it happened. Maybe when I was in hell. Maybe when I was staring right at you. But the Sam I knew, he's gone”

“That so?”

“And it's not the demon blood or the psychic crap. It's the little stuff. The lies. The secrets”

“Oh, yeah? What secrets?”

“The phone calls to Ruby for one”

“So I need your say-so to make a phone call?” Sam asks.

“That's the point. You're hiding things from me. What else aren't you telling me?”

“None of your business”

“See what I mean? We used to be in this together. We used to have each other's backs”
“OK, fine. You know why I didn't tell you about Ruby, and how we're hunting down Lilith? Because you're too weak to go after her, Dean. You're holding me back. I'm a better hunter than you are. Stronger, smarter. I can take out demons you're too scared to go near”

“That's crap”

“You're too busy sitting around sleeping with the vampire. Or feeling sorry for yourself. Whining about all the souls you tortured in hell. Boo hoo” Dean and Sam start fighting, trading many punches. “You're not standing in my way anymore.” Dean runs at Sam. They crash through the door onto the hallway floor. Dean gets up while Sam lies on the ground. Dean breaks the emergency glass and gets an ax, then stands to stare down at Sam.

“Do it. Do it for me, Dean”

“Tell me again how weak I am, Sam, huh? How I hold you back?” Dean swings the ax over his head as Sam covers his face with his arm. At the top of the swing, the ax is grabbed as Erika steps in. She jabs Dean in the shoulder with a bronze knife, making him cry out. Munroe begins to run down the hall. Erika raises the knife.

“No. NO!” Erika flings the knife. It hits Munroe square in the back. As he falls, dead, his siren reflection is shown in a mirror.

Erika holds out two drinks to Sam and Dean who lean against the Impala.

“Thanks,” Sam tells her.

“Soda?” Dean asks screwing up his face, Erika shoots him a look.

“You boys are driving, aren't you?” she asks.

“Thanks, Erika. You know, if you hadn't shown up when you did...” Sam tells her.

“I'm sure you would have done the same for me” she offers. “Of course, if you'd just picked up the bloody phone. Only took one call to figure out that Agent Nick Munroe wasn't real” she looks between them both. “You loves going to be okay?” she asks them.

“Yeah, fine”

“Yeah, good” Erika crosses her arms over her chest.

“You know, those sirens are really nasty things. That it got to you, that's no reason to feel bad” she tells them both, Dean touches her arm and pulls her closer to him, he kisses her cheek.

“You gonna say goodbye to Cara?” Dean asks Sam.

“Nah, not interested”

“Really? Why not?” Dean asks him.

“What's the point?”

“Well, look at you. Love 'em and leave 'em”

“Dean, look, you know I didn't mean the things I said back there, right? That it was just the siren's
spell talking?” Sam tells his brother.

“Of course, me too”

“Kay. So... so we're good?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, we're good” Dean answers. Erika pulls back. “We'll see you back at the bar?” he asks her.

“If you want,” she tells him moving back to her mini. “It's always there,” she tells him with a smile. “You're both always welcome” she climbs into her car.


..............................................

At Erika's bar, Dean taps a button on the jukebox, then thumps the jukebox before turning to said woman who smirks and lets him take her hand, he pulls her closer and dances with her. She laughs letting him sway her hips, Dean chuckles and then lets her step away.

“I have to work” she scolds him lightly grabbing some empty glasses. “And you have food waiting” she reminds him nodding to where Sam is at a table, laptop open, talking on the phone. Dean pulls a face at her but relents.

“No, no, no, you're right, it's definitely weird. ...Okay, Bobby, thanks” Sam puts the phone away as Dean comes over.

“What's up?” Dean asks as he sits down, Sam starts typing.

“Bobby found something in Wyoming”

“A job?”

“Maybe” Dean bites into a burger. “Small town, no one's died in the past week and a half”

“That so unusual?” Dean asks.

“Well, it's how they're not dying. One guy with terminal cancer strolls right out of hospice. Another guy gets capped by a mugger and walks away without a scratch”

“Capped in the ass?”

“Police say Mr. Jenkins was shot in the heart at point-blank range by a nine-millimeter” Dean keeps eating, speaking with his mouth full.

“And he's not a doughnut?”

“Locals are saying it's a miracle”

“Okay”

“It's got to be something nasty, right? I mean, people making deals or something” Dean considers this.

“You think?”

“What else would it be?” Sam asks.

“I don't know”
“All right” Sam puts his laptop in his bag. “Get that to go” Dean looks down and doesn't move. “Come on” Sam stands up, picking up his bag. Dean doesn't move except to chew. Sam looks at him, swinging his bag over his shoulder. “What?” Dean looks up and keeps chewing, then glances away and back.

“Sure you want me going with you?”

“Why wouldn't I?”

“I don't want to be holding you back or nothing”

“Dude, I've told you a hundred times, that was the siren talking, not me. Can we get past this?” Dean puts down the burger.

“Yeah, we're past it” Dean brushes off his hands and stands. “Let me go tell, Rafiki”

“You're too afraid to call her that to her face now, aren't you?” Sam asks, Dean shoots him a look.

“Yeah, a little bit” Dean admits.

..................

Dean is sitting at a table on the laptop, reading a news article. Sam opens the door and comes in.

“Hey” Sam closes the door. Dean looks up.

“Anything?” Sam comes over to where Dean is sitting.

“That cancer survivor? He was clinically dead, his wife pulled the plug, and now he's taking her out for their twentieth anniversary”

“Any sign of a deal?”

“No. What about you? Found anyone dying around here?” Sam asks.

“Not since Cole Griffith” Dean answers. “He dropped ten days ago. It was the last death I could find”

“So, what are you thinking?”

“Eh, maybe it is what the people say it is” Dean gets up. Sam goes over to the laptop, scoffing.

“MIRACLES? Dean, our experience, when do miracles just happen?”

“Well, there's no deals. There's, uh, no skeevy faith healers” Dean pours a cup of coffee. “I mean, these souls just ain't getting dragged into the light,” Sam thinks.

“Maybe 'cause there's no one around to carry them”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, grim reapers—that's what they do, right? Schlep souls? So, if death ain't in town...”

“Then nobody's dying. So what? The local reaper's on strike? Playing the back nine? I don't know, Sam” Dean drinks his coffee.

“Well, then, let's talk to somebody who might”
“Well, last I checked, huggy bear ain't available”

“No, dude, the kid” Sam corrects.

“The kid? The kid's a doornail”

“Exactly. Look, if he was the last person to die around here, then maybe he's seen something. We should talk to him”

“I love how matter-of-fact you are about that. Strange lives” Dean points out as he drinks more coffee.

........................

Sam and Dean are at a gravestone engraved "Beloved Son Cole Griffith 1997 – 2008 Forever In Our Memories". Five candles are arranged around a pentacle drawn on a cloth spread over the grave. Sam puts a bundle of sticks in the center of the pentacle. Dean sits on another gravestone and flips through John's journal.

“You sure this is gonna work?” Dean asks, Sam looks up.

“No. But if his spirit's around, this should smoke him out” Sam pours something into a bowl. Dean closes the journal. “What?”

“This job is jacked, that's what”

“How so?”

“You want me to gank a monster or torch a corpse, hey, let's light it up, right? But this? If we fix whatever this is, people are gonna start dropping dead. Good people” Sam stands up.

“Look, I don't want them to die, either, Dean, but there's a natural order”

“You're kidding, right?”

“What?”

“You don't see the irony in that? I mean, you and me... we're like the poster boys of the unnatural order. All we do is ditch death...Hell even Erika”

“Yeah, but the normal rules don't really apply to us, do they?” Dean stares.

“We're no different than anybody else”

“I'm infected with demon blood. You've been to hell. Erika is a vampire” Dean looks away. “Look, I know you want to think of yourself as Joe the Plumber, Dean, but you're not. Neither am I. The sooner you accept that the better off you're gonna be” Dean looks up.

“Ah, Joe the Plumber was a douche”

“You gonna help me finish this?” Dean stands up.

“Hey!” Sam and Dean look towards the voice: it's a man carrying a flashlight. “What are you doing here?”

“Uh...” Sam glances at Dean. “Just take it easy.”
“What the hell is this?”

“What? No! No, this is not devil worship. This—this—is, uh—“ Dean gives up. “I don't have a good answer”

“We're leaving”

“You're not going anywhere” Sam frowns. The man takes a few steps forward. “Ever again. Sam” The man looks at Dean. His eyes go white.

“Alastair” Alastair's eyes go back to human. “I thought you got deep fried, extra-crispy”


“Dean!” Alastair turns back to Sam and flicks his hand. Nothing happens. Alastair tries again. Sam smirks.

“You're stronger, Sam. You've been soloflexing with your little slut?”

“You have no idea” Sam flicks his hand and Alastair goes flying. Sam raises a hand to exorcize him. Alastair flees the Man's body. Sam drops his hand, surprised. Sam watches the smoke vanish.
Dean is lying on a bed, holding an ice pack to his head. Sam opens the door and comes in.

“How you doing?”

“I'm in pain, that's how I'm doing. I think I have a concussion” Dean answers.

“You want some aspirin?” Sam asks, Dean sits up.

“No thanks, House. So, demons, huh?”

“Yeah. So much for miracles”

“And what the hell happened with Alastair again?”

“I told you, he tried to fling me or whatever” Sam flicks his hand in demonstration, going over to the coffeemaker. “And it didn't work, so he bailed”

“Well, how come he couldn't fling you? He chucked you pretty good last time” Dean points out.

“Got no idea” Sam turns back to the coffeemaker, then back to Dean when Dean starts speaking.

“Sam, do me a favor. If you're gonna keep your little secrets, I can't really stop you, but just don't treat me like an idiot, okay?”

“What? Dean, I'm not keeping secrets”

“Mm-hm. Whatever. So, did you go back and q-and-a the dead kid?” Sam comes over to the other bed, holding up a thin notebook.

“Didn't have to. Erika called. She did some digging”

“And?”

“She thinks I'm right. Local reaper's gone. Not just gone—kidnapped”

“By demons? Why?” Dean asks.

“Listen to this” Sam reads from the notebook. “And he bloodied death under the newborn sky—sweet to taste, but bitter when once devoured”

“Swanky. What the hell's that mean?”

“Well, Erika says it's from a very obscure, very arcane version of Revelations” Sam answers.

“Which means what I think it means?”

“ Basically, you kill a reaper under the solstice moon—tomorrow night, by the way—you got yourself a broken seal”

“How do you ice a reaper? You can't kill death”

“I don't know. Maybe demons can. Where the hell are the angels is what I want to know. We could
use their help for once”

“It looks like we're gonna have to take care of this one ourselves”

“What are we gonna do, just swing in and save the friendly neighborhood reaper?” Sam asks.

“You got a better idea, I'm all ears”

“Dean, reapers are invisible. The only people that can see them are the dead and the dying”

“Well, if ghosts are the only ones that can see them...”

“Yeah?”

“Then we become ghosts” Dean puts the icepack back to his head, smirking.

“You do have a concussion”

“Sounds crazy, I know”

“It is crazy” Dean smirks more. “How?” Sam asks.

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Sam opens the door. On the other side is Pamela and Erika, they enter.

“I can't even begin to tell you how bloody crazy you two are,” Erika tells them as Pamela feels the counter, then the chair.

“Well, Pamela, you're a sight for sore eyes,” Sam tells her. Sam closes the door. Pamela turns around, lowering her sunglasses far enough to reveal white plastic eyes.

“Aw, that's sweet, grumpy” Pamela puts her sunglasses back. “What do you say to deaf people?” Dean looks down. Sam looks uncomfortable. Erika smirks. “Which one of you brainiacs came up with astral projection?” Pamela asks, Dean raises a hand.

“Yo”

“Of course. Chachi” Dean turns to Sam and mouths 'Chachi?' Sam shrugs.

“You want to rip your souls out of your bodies and take a little stroll through the spirit world?” Erika asks.

“Mm-hm”

“Do you have any idea how bloody mental that is?” Erika folds her arms.

“Maybe, but that's where the reaper is, so...” Dean answers.

“So, it's nuts” Sam adds.

“Not if you know what you're doing” Dean states.

“You don't know what you're doing” Pamela points out.

“No, but you do”
“Yeah, I do. And guess what? I'm sick of being hauled back into your angel-demon, Soc-Greaser crap” Pamela complains.

“Look, I'd love to be kicking back with a cold one, watching Judge Judy, too,” Dean tells her.

“Nice. More blind jokes?”

“You know what I mean. We're talking the end of the world here, okay? No more tasseled leather pants, no more Ramones CDs, no more nothing” Dean pauses. “We need your help”

Sam closes the curtains as Dean reaches for his lighter.

“Ah, no” Pamela tells him. “Rikki” Pamela turns her head towards the vampire. “Come on” Erika rolls her eyes.

“No, you know I don't know how to....” Erika argues.

“Your mother was a witch...” Pamela tells her.

“Witch or vampire, never both, witches are servants of nature, vampires are abominations of nature” Erika points out. Pamela raises an eyebrow.

“Except you have a little extra something” Pamela points out back. “I can feel it, no doubt you can” Pamela motions to a candle, Dean grabs it and hands it to her, Pamela then holds it out to Erika who sighs and takes it. “Concentrate” Pamela tells her. Erika holds the candle and stares at the wick. She lifts a hand and waves it slightly towards the candle, nothing happens, Erika shoots Pamela a look.

“Nothing's happening.” She tells the psychic.

“You are not concentrating” Pamela argues. Erika closes her eyes. Pamela motions to Dean, he frowns, Pamela shoots him a look, Dean moves to Erika and looks to Pamela, she raises her hand and motions to Erika, Dean touches Erika's shoulder, the candle lights, Erika opens her eyes and frowns, she looks to Dean's hand. “Thought so” Pamela mumbles. “Now the rest” she tells Erika. Erika sighs and looks across the room to the other candles. They light with little hesitation. “All right tell me something, geniuses. Even if you do break into the veil and you find the reaper, how you gonna save it?” Sam closes the curtains on another window.

“With style and class” Dean answers.

“You're gonna be two walking pieces of fog who can't touch or move anything. You'll be defenseless, hotshot”

“I seem to recall a bunch of ghosts beating the crap out of us” Sam points out.

“Yeah, well, they had plenty of time to practice”

“Well, then, I guess we got to start cramming” Dean argues.

“Wow, couple of heroes” Pamela mutters sarcastically.

“I'll go with them” Erika states. “I'm dead, so I can see spirits, which means I will be able to see you two” she looks to Dean who glances to her.

“All right” Pamela pats one of the beds. “Lie down. Close your eyes”
Sam and Dean are lying on the beds, Sam diagonally.

“Animus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur. Vis, vis, vis. Okay, guys. That's it. Showtime” Dean sits up, he looks at Pamela.

“Well, nothing like shooting blanks. What's plan B?” Pamela does not hear him. Dean looks at Sam, lying on the other bed, then over one shoulder at Sam, standing. Sam spreads his hands. Dean looks over his other shoulder at himself, unconscious on the bed. “Oh, I'm so feeling up Demi Moore” Erika smirks and looks to Dean.

“Remember Pam has to bring you back,” She tells him, Pamela looks to her.

“I'll whisper the incantation in your ear” Pamela tells them. She leans over Sam to do exactly that. “You have got a great ass” Sam grins.

“What'd she...” Dean looks at Sam. “What'd she say?” Sam shrugs.

“Come on,” Erika tells them smirking as she leaves the room, they both follow her.

Sam and Dean walk along the street behind Erika, Dean's watching her ass, Sam is looking around. A car goes past. A jogger goes right through Sam without noticing. Dean laughs, watching her go. Dean turns back to Sam. Erika stops to wait for them.

“That was wild” Dean tells him. Sam looks at him, incredulous. Dean sticks his arm into Sam's chest up to the elbow. Sam looks down at it, then up at Dean, face stony. “Am I making you uncomfortable?”

“Get out of me” Dean pulls his arm back.

“You're such a prude” Dean teases, Erika sighs.

“Come on, loves,” she tells them with a smirk, she turns and walks away. Dean follows first followed then by Sam.

Erika, Dean, and Sam cross the street. Dean sighs.

“Oh, man, we've been spooking this town for hours. No demons, no black smoke. I say we hit Victoria's Secret and get our peep on, huh?” Dean looks to Erika. “Or we can find a pottery wheel...get our Ghost on, I can be Patrick Swayze” Erika looks to him and raises an eyebrow at him, she shakes her head and looks away.

“Hey,” she tells them. “Child in the window” she tells them, Sam and Dean look up. The kid is looking out an upstairs window at Erika, Sam and Dean. It's the same face from the obituary photo earlier: Cole Griffith.

“Am I crazy or is he looking at us?”

“It's 'cause you've seen him before,” Erika tells them.

“We have?”
“Newspaper. Cole Griffith, the last person to die in this town” she tells them. Cole flickers and vanishes. Dean and Sam look at each other then to Erika. “This is as far as I can go” she tells them. “Just...you know, be careful” she tells them, Dean nods, he and Sam head towards the house, Erika looks around and then moves to the nearest bench to wait.

Mrs. Griffith opens the door to Cole's bedroom and walks in, looking around.

“Cole?” She wraps her bathrobe tighter. “It's Mom. Your dad thinks I'm crazy. Are you here? A picture frame fell over. I could have sworn it was you, baby. Are you still here with me?” A soccer ball is sitting on the dresser. It starts spinning. Mrs. Griffith stares. The ball flies past Mrs. Griffith and bounces off the door. Mrs. Griffith puts her hands to her head. “Oh, my god!” Mrs. Griffith leaves the room, going through Dean and Sam. Cole is standing by the dresser; he throws more balls.

“Stop! How are you doing that?” Dean asks.

“Who are you?”

“Relax, Cole. It's okay”

“How do you know my name?”

“Look, this isn't gonna be easy to hear, but...you're—dead. You're a spirit. Us too” Dean glances back at Sam.

“Yeah, thanks, Haley Joel. I know I'm dead. What do you want?”

“We just want to talk”

“About what?” Cole asks.

Mrs. Griffith pours herself a glass of vodka and takes a sip. Cole is leaning on the wall watching her. Dean and Sam are sitting at the dining room table watching him.

“I was outside all morning” Cole turns around. “They tell you to be careful when it's cold”

“Cold air can cause an asthma attack?” Dean asks. Cole nods, shrugging.

“But then I was in my room. It happened so fast. I called out for my mom, but nothing came out. Everything started spinning, and then I was just standing there, looking down at my body” Cole leans on the table.

“And that's when you saw the man?” Sam asks.

“Creepy old guy in a black suit. He wanted me to go with him, but...” Cole looks back at Mrs. Griffith. “I didn't want to go”


“I didn't. The black smoke did”

“Black smoke?”
“It was everywhere. I hid in the closet, and when I came out, it was gone, and so was he” Dean leans forward.

“Do you know where the smoke went?”

“No. But I know where it is” The lights start flickering. Cole jumps. Dean looks up. Mrs. Griffith looks around. “They're back”

“Who?” Cole vanishes. Dean and Sam look around. A blast of wind hits them in the face. Something white and human-shaped goes through the room and up the stairs.

“Another reaper” Sam and Dean get up and go to the stairs.

“Hey! Hey! Wait! We need to talk to you!” Sam and Dean stare. A woman descends the stairs: it’s Tessa.

“Dean” Sam glances at Dean, who is still confused.

“Do I know you?”

“We go way back,” Tessa tells him, Tessa goes into the kitchen, Dean and Sam following, and turns around. “You don't remember me?”

“Honestly, if I had a nickel for every time I heard a girl say that... You're gonna have to freshen my memory” Tessa steps forward, reaches up, and pulls Dean down into a kiss. Tessa pulls away. Dean watches her for a moment.

“Tessa”

“That's one of my names, yeah”

“So, you do know her”

“From the hospital after the accident” Dean explains.

“The accident with Dad?” Dean nods. “So, this is the reaper that came after you”

“Yeah” Tessa turns to look at Sam.

“Well, this was fun” She turns back to Dean. “Now, if you'll excuse me....” Tessa moves to turn away and Dean stops her.

“Wait, wait, wait, wait, you can't—you can't take the kid”

“Why?”

“Demons are in town, that's why. They've already snatched your reaper pal. The kid knows where”

“So?”

“So, you should shag ass. For all we know, they could try and snatch you, too”

“Except that this town is off the rails” Mrs. Griffith comes out of the dining room, picks something off a side table, puts up her hair, and leaves. Sam watches her. “And someone has to set it straight”

“Yeah, we understand that, but these are special circumstances”
“What? Your whole angel-demon dance-off? I could care less. I just want to do my job”

“Right, yeah, and, look, we want to help you do your job. So, if you would just bail town....” Sam tells her.

“No”

“Well, then, could you hold off until we fix this? Please” Tessa sighs.

“All right, but just so we're clear, when I start reaping again, I'm starting with the kid”

“Understood. I'll find him” Sam turns to go upstairs.

“Wait, wait, wait, wait. What...” Sam turns back. “What are you gonna say to him?” Dean asks.

“Whatever I have to” Sam leaves. Dean and Tessa watch him go.

“I'll tell you, life is funny,” Tessa tells Dean.

“What do you mean?”

“You and me, together again”

“Are you—are you making a move on me?” Dean asks, Tessa shakes her head.

“You're the one that got away, Dean. You'd be surprised how little that happens to me”

“Can I tell you something between you and me?” Dean asks.

“Who am I gonna tell?” Tessa asks back. Dean nods.

“After our little, uh, experience...for that whole year, I felt like I had this...hole in my gut...like I was missing something. I didn't know what. Do you know what it was?” Tessa listens. “It was you. The pain of losing my father and Sammy. I just...I wish I had gone with you for good. But I guess things are different now”

“What? The angels on your shoulder? The vampire in your pants?” Tessa teases.

“So, you know about that, huh? Well, hey, don't get me wrong. I mean, most the angels I've met are dicks with wings. But still... You know, I've done things. Horrible things. And someone upstairs still decided to give me a second chance. It just makes me feel...I don't know. And Erika...” Dean smiles. “I don't know, she just....she doesn't ask for anything, she doesn't expect things from me”

Uh-huh” Tessa voices. Sam clears his throat. He has just come downstairs, Cole behind him.

“Hey, guys”

“Hey, Cole. I'm Tessa. I'm not going to hurt you”

“It's okay, Cole. Just tell them what you told me” Sam pushes.

“I saw the black smoke at my funeral” Sam glances back at Dean.

“At the cemetery?” Dean asks.

“At the funeral home. It was everywhere” The lights flicker. Everyone looks around. Dean looks at Tessa.
“You doing that?” Dean asks her.

“No” The front door opens. Black smoke pours through, filling the house. Everyone ducks as it pours over them. When it is gone, everyone looks around: Tessa is gone.

“Tessa!” Dean shouts. Sam looks at Cole.

“Cole, you okay?”

“Well, how the hell are we supposed to fight that?” Dean asks.

“I don’t know. Learn some ghost moves?” Sam asks.

“By tonight? Yeah, sure. I’ll meet you back at Mr. Miyagi’s”

“Who’s Mr. Miyagi?” Sam looks between Dean and Cole.

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Erika stands with Sam, Dean, and Cole on the porch.

“So... black smoke is kidnapping reapers?” she asks, Dean nods. “And the kid is going to help you learn how to... be like Casper?” she asks smirking at Dean who shoots her a look.

“So she's dead?” Cole asks Sam who nods. “But she's not a ghost?”

“No, she's a vampire,” Sam tells him.

“Oh” Cole watches Erika who glances to him and winks, Cole steps behind Sam, Sam shoots Erika a look, she shrugs and smirks at him.

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Later: Erika, Dean, Cole, and Sam are still on the porch. Dean is staring at a miniature windmill.

“It’s not gonna move if you don’t concentrate,” Cole tells Dean.

“I am concentrating” Dean snaps. Sam raises his eyebrows. Dean lets out a breath and glares. The windmill turns a quarter turn. “Ah, here we go, baby” The windmill stops. Cole looks at Dean.

“You pull a muscle?” Cole asks.

“All right, Yoda, let's see what you got” Cole looks at the windmill. It starts spinning and doesn't stop. The porch swing starts swinging. The wind chimes start chiming. Sam laughs a little. Erika smiles looking around. “Dude! You are so Amityville” Cole grins.

“This isn’t even the good stuff” Cole tells them and then punches Sam in the stomach. Sam folds over. “See? If you want to hit something, you just got to get mad” Sam straightens up.

“Yeah, got it” Cole looks at Dean.

“Now you try. Hit me”

“Uh, I think I'll stick to just picking on somebody my own size” Dean indicates Sam. Cole whacks Dean in the face. Erika smirks as Sam laughs. Dean rubs his face. Cole goes over to Sam.

“Hit me as hard as you can”
“Dude, I'm not gonna do Fight Club with a twelve-year-old” Sam tells him. Cole whacks Sam in the face. Sam shakes it off. “All right, cut it out”


“Whoa. Whoa, you got to teach us that” Dean tells him.
Chapter Twenty Six

The walls of the funeral home are covered in glowing blue diagrams, mostly six-sided figures, some in circles and some in squares, all with lines through them and squiggles inside the triangles thus formed. Erika, Dean and Sam cross the street to the building. Pedestrians go by, ignoring both Dean and the glowing blue diagrams.

“This looks like New Jack City. Can nobody can see this?” Dean asks.

“Maybe it's demon invisible ink. Only see it in the veil” Sam offers.

“Any idea what it's for?”

“It's Enochian warding” Erika answers. They both look to her. “Stops those with halos from getting in”

“And you just know what Enochian looks like?” Dean asks.

“Someone taught me, a long time ago” she answers. “Let's find a way in” she walks away, Dean and Sam share a look before following.

A door is standing open, Sam enters first, Dean follows. Sam goes one way around the stairs, Dean the other. Sam shrugs: he saw nothing. Dean turns around.

In the open space in the middle of the room, there is a square with triangles on each side to form an eight-pointed star, with squiggles at each point. Lying in the figure are Tessa and an old man in a suit, presumably the first reaper. Sam and Dean come for a closer look. On the far side of the reaper trap is a man standing guard. He has not seen Sam and Dean. Erika appears at Dean's side. She smirks her vampire face emerging.

“I got him” she whispers takes a few steps forward and vanishes. She reappears behind the man and taps him on the shoulder; when the man turns around, Erika punches him in the face. When the man straightens up and takes a swing, Erika is gone. The man looks around: he and the reapers are the only ones visible. A hand taps the man's shoulder; this time it's Dean who punches him. Erika has reappeared on the man's other side and punches again. Sam knees the man in the chest. The man scrambles away. Dean kicks him. The man hides behind the coffin on the dais. Erika, Dean and Sam follow him up.

“You know, this ghost thing, it's, it's kind of rad” Dean teases. Another man comes out from behind a curtain, carrying a chain and making pained noises. The first man scrambles over the coffin and out of the way. The second man pulls the chain tight and hooks it to a candle stand.

“It's iron” The man, who must be a demon, lets go of the chain. His hands are smoking. Sam and Dean look around; the chain surrounds them. Erika looks around and purses her lips, she moves to remove the chain, she touches the chain and it burns her skin, she growls pulling her hand back.

“What the bloody hell?” she asks. The demon smirks.
“Vervain” he tells her, she growls back at him as a third demon comes into the room.

“Boys. Eris. Find the place okay?” he asks, the demon's eyes roll white: it's Alastair. Alastair's eyes return to human. He walks up to the chain. One of the demons hands him a shotgun and leaves. Alastair checks the shotgun, then aims at Dean and fires. Dean disintegrates. “Rock salt's not so much fun anymore, is it?” Erika and Sam glare at Alastair. Dean reappears.

“Alastair. You bastard”

“Well, go on. Why don't you try some of your mojo on me now, hotshot?” Erika and Dean glance at Sam. Sam fumes. “It's hard to get it up when you're not wearing your meat, huh?”

“Go to hell”

“Ah, if only I could” Alastair turns away, crossing the room. “But they just keep sending me back up to this arctic craphole”

“To kill death?”

“No, to kill death twice. It takes two to break a seal. I figured another one would show up, though. They're like lemmings” Alastair pumps the shotgun and fires, Erika groans and looks down at her chest, her hand finding the wall to steady herself. She glares at Alastair as he comes back up to the chain. “By the way, it's, uh, good to see you again, Dean”

“You can shoot us all you want, but you can't kill us”

“Ah, that so?” Alastair teases. He turns and picks something up from the floor, Erika pokes at her chest as she heals. Alastair is now holding a scythe, turning it over in his hands. “Anyhoo...” Erika, Dean and Sam watch Alastair. “Moon's in the right spot. The board is set. Let's get started, shall we?”

“You're gonna kill a reaper with that? It's little on the nose, don't you think?” Dean asks.

“Is it? An old friend lent it to me. You know, he doesn't really ride a pale horse? But he does have three amigos” Alastair goes over to the reapers. “And they're just jonesing for the apocalypse” Alastair kneels next to the old man reaper. “It pays to have friends in low places” Alastair grabs the reaper by the collar and hauls him up. “Don't you think?” Alastair puts the scythe behind the REAPER's neck. “Hic cruor messorius, illud sigillum, quod luciferem reverendum obstringit, aperiat ut resurgat!” Alastair pulls the scythe. White-blue light. Alastair lowers the dead REAPER to the floor. Alastair straightens up. Erika looks up: there's a chandelier hanging above the reaper trap. Alastair steps over the dead REAPER and grabs Tessa by the shoulder, holding the scythe to her neck. She's awake. Erika glares at the chandelier, concentrates.

“Stop!” Tessa begs.

“Hic cruor messorius illud sigillum, quod luciferem reverendum obstringit” The chandelier is shaking, Dean and Sam look to it and then to Erika, Dean looks to his hand and touches her arm. She lets out a breath. The chandelier falls. “resurgat!” The chandelier lands on a corner of the reaper trap, breaking it. Tessa vanishes. She reappears at the candle stand and unhooks the chain.

“Bye-bye” Tessa, Dean, and Sam vanish. Erika smirks at Alastair and then vamp-speeds away.

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Tessa and Dean appear. They look around.
“Where's your brother?” Tessa asks. “And the Original?”

“I'll go find them. You get out of here”

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Pamela and a demon fight. Pamela gets loose of the demon and leans over Sam.

“Animum vult decipi, ergo...” The demon grabs Pamela and throws her across the room, knocking over candles and the coffeemaker. Pamela sits up. The demon pulls out a knife and stabs Pamela in the gut. Sam sits up. The demon pulls out the knife.

“Pamela!” Sam raises a hand and flings the demon against the wall. Sam stands and exorcizes the demon with his mind. The demon's host slumps to the floor. Sam turns to Pamela, crouching down to her level. Pamela is laughing. “What's so funny?”

“I can't die—not in this town” Pamela takes her hand away from the injury. There is no blood.

“Pamela...”

“Quit your worrying, grumpy. How about you make me a drink, huh?”

“You need a doctor or Erika....”

“Make me a drink, Sam,” Pamela tells him, Sam swallows.

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Dean walks along the alley, looking around.

“You can't run” Alastair is standing in the alley. “Dean” Dean stops and stares. Alastair advances. Dean retreats. “Not from me. I'm inside that angsty little noggin of yours” Blue-white lightning strikes Alastair. He vanishes. “What the hell?”

“Guess again” Dean turns around. Castiel is behind him. “What just happened? You, Sam and Erika just saved a seal. We captured Alastair. Dean, this was a victory”

“Well, no thanks to you”

“What makes you say that?”

“You were here the whole time?” Dean asks.

“Enough of it” Castiel looks away.

“Well, thanks for your help with the rock salt.”

“That script on the funeral home—we couldn't penetrate it,” Castiel tells him.

“So Erika was right, that was angel-proofing”

“Why do you think I recruited you and Sam in the first place?” Castiel looks at Dean.

“You recruited us?”

“That wasn't your friend Bobby who called, Dean. It wasn't Bobby who told Sam about the seal”
“That was you?” Dean asks. Castiel looks down. “If you want our help, why the hell didn't you just ask?”

“Because whatever I ask, you seem to do the exact opposite”

“So, what now, huh? The people in this town, they just gonna start dying again?”

“Yes”

“These are good people. What, you think you can make a few exceptions?”

“To everything there is a season”

“You made an exception for me” Castiel pauses, then looks at Dean.

“You're different” Castiel tells him, there is a long pause before Tessa appears next to Dean

“Dean? I could use your help” Castiel is gone.

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Pamela sits on the edge of Dean's bed, one hand to the stab wound, leaning on the other.

“Imum vult decipi, ergo decipiatur. Vis, vis, vis” Pamela gets up to move to the other bed. Sam gets up to help her.

“Hey, we just got to talk to Tessa, that's all. Get her to hold off reaping till we get you better”

“I'm pretty sure she's started up again” Blood is pouring over Pamela's hand. Dean takes a deep breath and sits up. Pamela takes a drink. She's breathing hard. Dean looks at Pamela and sees the blood.

“What happened?”

“Dean, where's Tessa?”

“She's...” Pamela takes off her sunglasses as the motel room door opens, Erika walks in, she stiffens, the veins creeping up her face, she snaps her head to Pamela and then to the blood.

“Pam” Erika whispers vamp-speeding to her side, Erika raises her wrist to her own mouth and bites. “Here” she holds it out to Pamela who pushes it away.

“I'll be dead before that works it's magic, Rikki,” Pamela tells her, Erika's wrist heals and she drops her hand.

“Pam” Erika whispers.

“Pamela, I'm so sorry” Sam states.

“Stop,” Pamela tells him.

“You don't deserve this”

“Yeah, I don't. I told you I didn't want anything to do with this” Pamela presses her head to Erika's. “You can go to hell,” she tells the vampire. “For ever introducing me to those two in the first place” Pamela starts coughing.
“Take it easy, Pam” Erika whispers.

“If it's any consolation, you're going to a better place” Pamela turns her head toward Dean.

“You're lying,” Pamela tells him, Sam looks at Dean. “But what the hell, right? Everybody's got to go sometime” Pamela beckons Sam closer. “Come here” Erika stands and lets Sam lean in closer. Pamela whispers in his ear. “I know what you did to that demon, Sam” Sam's eyes widen. “I can feel what's inside of you. If you think you have good intentions, think again” Pamela starts coughing again. She leans back against the headboard, a trickle of blood coming out of her mouth, and is still.

“Pam?” Erika asks moving closer to her friend. “Pam?” she asks again gathering her friend up. “Pamela!” Erika starts to cry. “No” she whispers touching Pamela's face, brushing her hair back. “No” Erika presses her forehead to Pamela's and closes her eyes.

“Erika” Dean takes her arm trying to pull her from Pamela. “She's gone”

“Don't touch me” Erika growls jerking away from him, she clutches Pamela closer to her and cries harder. “Get out,” she tells Sam and Dean. “Both of you”

“Erika” Dean states softly.

“Get out” she repeats not looking up from her friend. Dean and Sam share a look before they grab their duffels. Sam leaves first, Dean looks to Erika. “Leave, Dean” she growls.

“I'm sorry,” he tells her and then leaves.
Chapter Twenty Seven

Erika sniffs kneeling in front of the pyre ahead of her, Pamela's body resting on the top. She's been trying to light it all day, just can't bring herself to do it, to finally say goodbye to her friend. She bites her lips and looks down as she starts to cry again. Dean touches her shoulder and she jerks her head up. He looks to her sadly, kneeling at her side, she really starts to cry, lip trembling, he hugs her pulling her head to his chest. She clutches to his shirt.

“Thank you” she whispers. “For coming back” Dean kisses her head. “I'm sorry I growled at you” she whispers.

“It's okay,” he tells her standing pulling her with him, Sam moves to her other side and touches her arm. “You ready?” Dean asks her, Erika shakes her head.

“Not even remotely” she admits and takes a breath. “But I have to” she adds, then stares at the pyre, Dean threads his fingers with hers and she closes her eyes before opening them, the iris glows slightly blue before the pyre erupts into flames. Dean pulls her closer and wraps his arm around her waist, she turns and sets her head on his shoulder. “I need a drink” she mumbles and then walks away.

Erika sits in Pamela's living room with a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a photo of the two of them in the other, Dean sets a load of empty boxes on the side and then moves to her. He touches her shoulder and she looks to him.

“Give me a minute” she whispers, he nods and looks to Sam who grabs an empty box.

“I’ll do the kitchen,” Sam tells them and then leaves, Dean takes a box too and heads into the next room, Erika takes a breath before standing, she should sort through her friend's things, she is the only family Pamela had, so it has to be her.

Dean finds a box marked with Erika's name and looks to her.

“Erika” he whispers, she looks to him and then moves to his side, she peers into the box, filled with little things from over the years, photos, trinkets, she smiles sadly and lifts out a photo of her and Pamela in the 90s during the Pump Tour, they're stood with the band Aerosmith. “Is that you and Pamela with...Aerosmith?” Dean asks, Erika nods.

“Yeah, Pam didn't believe I could get us backstage...I one-upped her and got us onto the tour bus....” she looks to Dean. “She slept with Tom Hamilton that night” Dean chuckles and takes the photo. Erika looks back in the box and takes out two stamped movie tickets for Scream.

“You were friends for years” Dean whispers noting the number of things in the box.

“I first met Pam when she was 17” Erika answers holding up a photo of her and Pamela at the beach, Pamela is only 18 or 19. “She was getting hit on and she hated it” Erika looks to Dean and smirks. “So I walked up to her and kissed her” Dean smiles. “The bloke was too shocked to even question it” Erika chuckles. “She knew,” Erika tells him. “Straight away what I was, and she told me she didn't care” Erika looks down as she starts to cry again. “She told me she could see good in me” she brushes away the tears. “We spent the next 5 years hopping from tour bus to tour bus.....I'd never had
a human friend before” she admits. “I can't imagine the person I would be.....if I had never met her”
Dean takes her arm and sits her down in a chair, Erika hangs her head to cry. Dean crouches at her
side and squeezes her knee.

“We don't have to do this today;” he tells her. “We can come back and go through her things another
time”

“I want to do it” Erika whispers.

“Hey” Sam states walking into the room, he holds up an envelope. “I found this” he holds it out to
Erika who looks up at Sam and then to the envelope, she takes it from him and touches the writing
on the front. Rikki. She turns it over and opens it up. Dean kisses her cheek.

“We'll give you some space;” he tells her giving Sam a look, Sam nods and leaves the room, Erika
grabs Dean's wrist, he looks to her.

“Thank you,” she tells him, means more than this moment and he knows it, he gives her a small
smile and kisses the back of her hand before leaving. Erika takes a breath and then pulls the letter out
of the envelope. Erika reads through it, Pamela must have been writing it for years, the way the
human talks about their time together, their friendship, how grateful she was. And then the more
recent writing, of what Pamela felt around Erika and Dean. He's her humanity, her anchor, how he
gives her strength and how with him she could be so much more than just a monster. And finally, she
writes that she should be careful, that if Lucifer rises he won't stop till he has her back and that the
people she cares about could get hurt. Erika sniffs and stands to pace with the letter. And finally,
finally, Pamela tells her she loves her and that's she glad she met her. Erika smiles and nods folding it
away again.
Chapter Twenty Eight

Sam drives the Impala, Dean sits in the passenger seat, Erika sleeps off her drinking binge in the back, Dean watches her sleep, he leans over the back and brushes her hair back before sighing.

“Ruby will meet us outside Cheyenne. She's been tracking some leads. I know she's not exactly on your Christmas list, but if she can help us get to Lilith.....” Sam tells him, Dean leans back.

“Hey, man, work with Ruby, don't. I don't really give a rat's ass”

“What's your problem?”

“Pamela didn't want anything to do with this and we dragged her back into it, Sam” Dean answers.

“She knew what was at stake. They both did” Sam nods to Erika.

“Oh yeah. Saving the world. And we're doing such a damn good job of it”

“Dean....”

“I'm tired of burying friends, Sam”

“Look, we catch a fresh trail....”

“And we follow it, I know. Like I said, I'm just—I'm just getting tired”

“Well, get angry,” Sam tells him, Dean sighs and looks back to Erika. “You think she's going to be okay?” Sam asks, Dean shrugs and sighs.

..................

Dean wraps an arm around Erika as they and Sam walk into a motel room.

“Ah, home crappy home” Dean teases as Sam flips on the lights.

“Winchester, Winchester and Mikaelson” Uriel greets, he and Castiel are waiting inside the room. Erika growls, Dean grabs the back of her jacket to stop her from moving.

“Oh come on” Dean complains.

“You are needed,” Uriel tells them.

“Needed? We just got back from needed” Dean argues.

“Now, you mind your tone with me” Uriel snaps.

“No, you mind your damn tone with us”

“We just got back from Pamela's funeral,” Sam tells them.

“Pamela. You know, psychic Pamela? You remember her. Cas, you remember her” Dean tells him. “You burned her eyes out. Remember that? Good times. Yeah, then she died saving one of your precious seals. So maybe you can stop pushing us around like chess pieces for five freaking minutes!”
"We raised you out of hell for our purposes," Uriel tells Dean.

"Yeah, what were those again? What exactly did you want from me?"

"Start with gratitude"

"Oh"

"Dean, we know this is difficult to understand," Castiel tells Dean.

"And we..." Uriel gives Castiel a significant look. "Don't care. Now, seven angels have been murdered, all of them from our garrison. The last one was killed tonight"

"Demons? How they doing it?" Dean asks.

"We don't know"

"I'm sorry, but what do you want us to do about it? I mean, a demon with the juice to ice angels has to be out of our league, right?" Sam asks.

"We can handle the demons, thank you very much" Uriel sneers.

"Once we find whoever it is" Castiel adds.

"So you need our help hunting a demon?" Dean asks.

"Not quite. We have Alastair"

"Great. He should be able to name your trigger man" Dean tells them.

"But he won't talk. Alastair's will is very strong. We've arrived at an impasse"

"Yeah, well, he's like a black belt in torture. I mean, you guys are out of your league" Dean tells them, Uriel looks to Erika who is glaring at him.

"That's why we've come for her" Erika raises an eyebrow at them.

"Excuse me?" she asks. "Why the bloody hell would I help you in any way?" she steps closer to Uriel.

"Given your kinds special talent with getting people to do what you want," Uriel tells her. "We need you to compel him"

"No," Erika tells him and then smirks. "I hope whoever it is, kills the bloody lot of you" she looks up at Uriel who looks down at her, stood toe to toe.

"Eris" Castiel states stepping closer to her. "We wouldn't ask..."

"We're not asking" Uriel argues. "We're telling"

"Or what?" Erika asks. "You'll kill me?" she raises an eyebrow at him. "I'd like to see you bloody try"

"So afraid the last time we met....." Uriel teases.

"You got my friend killed.....I no longer feel anything but complete hate and strife for you and your kind. You know who I am, you know what I am, and you know just what I am capable of when"
people cross me....you want to experience first hand why I gained the title: Eris?” Uriel looks down at her, calculating, Castiel steps between them.

“Please” he begs slightly. “Eris, you are our best hope”

“Then you must be truly desperate, love,” she tells him back.

“We do not have time for this” Uriel complains, disappearing and reappearing behind Dean. “You will help us or we will hurt him....” Erika shifts slightly.

“Uriel” Castiel warns. Erika swallows the lump in her throat and looks to Castiel, he looks to her, she closes her eyes.

“Fine” she whispers. Sam looks around. The room is empty.

“Damn it!”

.......................

Alastair is visible through a window in a door, chained to a hexacle standing in the middle of a devil's trap. Castiel, Erika, and Dean stand on the other side.

“This devil's trap is old Enochian. He's bound completely” Castiel tells Erika.

“Fascinating,” She tells him dryly. “Where's the door?” she turns and walks away, Dean smirks and follows her.

“Where are you going?” Castiel asks.

“Back to Cheyenne, thank you very much” Erika walks past Uriel, then stops: Uriel is blocking her path.

“Angels are dying, girl,” He tells her, Erika tightens her jaw, ignoring how that remind her of Mikael.

“Everybody's dying these days, love,” she tells him back. “And hey, I get it. You're all-powerful. You can make me do whatever you want” she tells him mockingly. Uriel grabs her throat, Dean steps closer, Castiel grabs his arm. Erika grabs Uriel hand and prises it from her throat crushing the bones in his hand. “Angel or not, your vessel is human and I can damage it,” she tells him. “I'm an Original, show a little respect” she growls releasing his hand.

“This is a lot to ask, I know,” Castiel tells her. “But we have to ask it” Erika watches Castiel for a moment, she looks to Dean and then turns back to Uriel.

“We'll talk to Castiel.....alone” she states.

“I think I'll go seek revelation. We might have some further orders”

“Well, get some donuts while you're out,” Dean tells him, Uriel laughs.

“Ah, this one just won't quit, will he? I think I'm starting to like you, boy” Dean watches Uriel vanish.

“You guys don't walk enough. You're gonna get flabby” Dean teases, Castiel doesn't react. “You know, I'm starting to think junkless has a better sense of humor than you do”
“Uriel's the funniest angel in the garrison. Ask anyone” Castiel tells them, Erika rolls her eyes, Dean walks up to Castiel.

“What's going on, Cas? Since when does Uriel put a leash on you?”

“My superiors have begun to question my sympathies”

“Your sympathies?”

“I was getting too close those in my charge. You” he tells Dean and then looks to Erika. “Even you. They feel I've begun to express emotions. The doorways to doubt. This can impair my judgment” Castiel gives Erika a look. “Once upon a time, you would have revelled in something like this”

“I was a different person,” she tells him.

“Yes, you have changed”

“A thousand years will do that to a girl,” she tells him back. “A thousand years of pain, suffering, loss....a thousand years of victims at my feet and regret in my heart. You took my friend from me. Someone I loved. Bring her back”

“I can't,” Castiel tells her.

“You can” She corrects him. “You just don't want to” she sighs and looks to the door to the room Alastair is in.

“You have a history with him,” Castiel tells her.

“Yes,” she agrees. “He took something from me too” she adds. “A treasured companion, Alastair killed her because she smelt nice”

“That's it?” Dean asks, Erika looks to him.

“He claimed the smell offended his senses....so he ripped her heart out of her chest” She answers and then looks back to Castiel. “I'll do it,” she tells him. “But I get to play with him first” she growls. Castiel nods.

“Do whatever you need to” he tells her.

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Erika stands in front of the door with her arms folded over her chest, Dean leans against the wall behind her, she looks to him.

“You don't have to stay,” she tells him. “There won't be much to see” Dean pushes himself up and moves to her.

“I'm staying,” he tells her, she sighs and nods.

“Fine” she grumbles and then shrugs out of her coat, sets it aside before walking into the room, Dean follows at her flank. Alastair watches Erika enter, grins, and starts to sing, moving within the chains almost as though he is dancing.

“Heaven, I'm in heaven, and my heart beats so that I can hardly speak. I seem to find the happiness I seek, when we're out together dancing cheek to cheek...” Erika motions to the table and Dean moves to is as she walks to Alastair. He watches her.
“Torture is more my sister area of expertise,” she tells him. “But on the rare occasion, I dabble” she tilts her head up, she raises her hand and touches a finger to his neck. “Let's start with something....simple” she whispers and then walks to the table to lean next to Dean.

“Is that it?” he asks her, she smirks and looks to him.

“Wait for it” she whispers and then Alastair starts screaming. “There it is” she teases, Dean raises an eyebrow. “Remember when I showed you my memories,” she tells him.

“Yeah” he answers.

“Well this is something similar.......this is his worst nightmare, even demons have something they fear, this trick just pulls on that” Dean nods and swings his legs a little.

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Sam opens the motel door for Ruby.

“I can still smell them. Seriously, Sam, I'm not exactly dying to tangle with angels again”

“I need you to find out where they took Dean and Erika”

“Not sure I see the problem. You know they have Alastair strung up six ways from Sunday. Erika does her thing, Al's reduced to a quivering heap, and the good guys get the goods. What's wrong with that?” Ruby asks.

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Dean looks to Erika as she flicks fluff from her trousers, Alastair still screams. She loves this.

“They call you Eris” Dean points out. “Why?”

“How much Greek mythology do you know?” Erika asks.

“Not a lot” he admits.

“Eris is the goddess who calls forth war and discord. According to the Iliad”, he frowns at her. “It's an epic poem by Homer” she elaborates, Dean nods. “In it: Eris wanders about, at first small and insignificant, but she soon raises her head up to heaven” Erika looks to him and shrugs. “She is the friend and sister of Ares, the god of War, and with him she delights in war, increasing the moaning of men. She is insatiable in her desire for bloodshed, and after all the other gods have withdrawn from the battle-field, she still remains to rejoice over the havoc that has been made” she looks down. “I was once....exactly like that” she admits. “Me and Nik.....we've always been...more violent then our siblings, our werewolf aspects” she takes a breath. “I was the Eris to his Ares” she looks to Dean. “We've been all around the world, delighting in the bloodshed we cause. That was me”


“Me and Nik were inseparable” she answers. “Till 1835” she looks to him. “We have a weakness,” she tells him. “It doesn't kill us but....puts us in a magical coma, it's a silver dagger dipped in the ash of the white oak tree.....straight to the heart, it neutralizes us.....in 1835...Nik used a dagger on Rebekah, I love my sister, Dean, but my brother felt betrayed....felt she had to be punished, we argued, I felt he'd gone too far, and he would have daggered me if I wasn't immune”

“Ah...silver...werewolf” he mutters. She smirks.
“I'm a little surprised you got that, love” he nudges her as Alastair continues to scream.

“I read up on your kind of werewolf,” he tells her. “Less bothered by silver then the other” she nods.

“Well...after that...I left. We're on better terms now” she offers. “Obviously” he smirks at her. “We reconciled at the beginning of the 20th century, forever is an awfully long time to hate my twin” she offers, Alastair stops screaming, Erika cocks her head and jumps down from the table. “Let's kick it up a notch” she states and grabs his throat. In the corner, a faucet is turned by an unseen hand. It begins to drip, right onto the chalk of the devil's trap on the floor.

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In the next room, Castiel hears Alastair screaming.

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Ruby chants, holding a lit candle to the corner of a map. Sam watches the fire spread around the edges.

“Relax. The fire is our friend. Besides, the only part of the map we need is the 'where's Dean and Erika?' part. Out” The flames vanish. The map is charred to unreadability; a small circle in the middle is untouched. “There. They're there. It's a good thing angels aren't concerned with hiding their dirty business. Not used to being spied on. I mean, who'd be stupid enough to try?”

“Ruby, it's been weeks. I need it”

“You don't seem too happy about it”

“You think I wanna do this? This is the last thing I....” Sam sits on the bed. “But I need to be strong enough” Ruby straddles Sam's lap.

“It's okay. It's okay, Sammy. You can have it” Ruby kisses Sam. She pulls a knife from an ankle sheath and cuts her arm, drawing blood. Sam drinks it straight from the vein. Ruby strokes his hair.

“It's okay, Sam” Ruby smirks.

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Castiel listens to Alastair's groans. The light flickers, catching Castiel's attention; the bulb explodes. Anna appears behind Castiel.

“Anna”

“Hello, Castiel” Castiel turns to look at her.

“Your human body....”

“It was destroyed, I know. But I guess I'm sentimental. Called in some old favors and....” Alastair becomes slightly more audible.

“You shouldn't be here. We still have orders to kill you”

“Somehow I don't think you'll try. Where's Uriel?”

“He went to receive revelation”

“Right”

“Now it's your professionalism that I respect” Dean turns away, disgusted. Alastair spits blood.

“Why are you letting her do this?” Anna asks.

“She's doing God's work” Castiel answers.

“Torturing? That's God's work? Stop her, Cas, please. Before you ruin the one real weapon you have”

“Who are we to question the will of God?”

“Unless this isn't his will”

“Then where do the orders come from?” Castiel asks.

“I don't know. One of our superiors, maybe, but not him”

Erika lifts Alastair's chin and sighs.

“Fun's over” she states and slaps him, hard. “Open your eyes” she snaps, Alastair looks at her.

“Who's murdering the angels?” She compels.

“The father you love. You think he wants this? You think he'd ask this of you? You think this is righteous?” Anna asks Castiel, he can't meet her eyes. “What you're feeling? It's called doubt”

Erika stares at Alastair, nothing happens, he laughs, Erika glares and lets go of his face. She's not strong enough, she hasn't fed in days, Dean frowns and stands.

“What is it?” he asks. She sighs.

“I can't...” she answers. “I haven't...” she looks to him. “I haven't fed, I don't have enough strength”

Anna touches Castiel's hand.

“These orders are wrong and you know it. But you can do the right thing. You're afraid, Cas. I was too. But together, we can still...”


“Cas”

“Go” Anna vanishes.
Dean watches Erika thread her fingers through her hair. Dean moves to her and takes her hand. She looks at him.

“Feed from me” he offers.

“Dean” she shakes her head and pulls her hand away. “I don't feed from humans” she reminds him.

“So don't count it,” he tells her. “They aren't going to let us go without answers,” he tells her. “The longer you're here without feeding the weaker you get.....so feed now, we get to leave” she sighs.

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Sam drives through the rain.

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Dean kisses Erika's wrist as she watches him.

“You know, it was supposed to be your father” Alastair states, Erika and Dean look to him and frown.

“What?” Dean asks, Erika moves to Alastair.

“He's still hallucinating,” she tells Dean, she touches Alastair's neck and then smirks. “Of you,” she tells Dean. “He's afraid of you” Dean moves to her side.

“He was supposed to bring it on. But, in the end, it was you” Alastair states, Erika keeps her hand on Alastair's neck.

“Bring what on?” she asks, though in Alastair's mind it's Dean that asks.

“Oh, every night, the same offer, remember? Same as your father. And finally, you said, "Sign me up." Oh, the first time you picked up my razor, the first time you sliced into that weeping bitch.....” Dean turns away from Erika, hangs his head. “That was the first seal” Dean snaps his head up as Erika looks to him.

“You're lying” Dean states.

“And it is written that the first seal shall be broken when a righteous man sheds blood in hell. As he breaks, so shall it break. We had to break the first seal before any others. The only way to get the dominoes to fall, right? Topple the one at the front of the line. When we win, when we bring on the apocalypse and burn this earth down, we'll owe it all to you, Dean Winchester” Dean closes his eyes, trying not to react. “Believe me, son, I wouldn't lie about this. It's kind of a religious sort of thing with me” Erika moves to Dean.

“Dean” she whispers. Alastair notices the dripping faucet and the broken edge of the devil's trap.

“I don't think he's lying. But even if the demons do win...” Dean pulls Ruby's knife. “He won't be there to see it” Dean turns around. Alastair is right behind Erika, out of the chains. “Erika!” he shouts, she turns around.

“You should talk to your plumber about the pipes” Alastair snaps Erika's neck, who goes down. Alastair grins and looks to Dean.
Chapter Twenty Nine

Dean is covered in blood. Alastair holds him by his shirt collar and punches him repeatedly, then drops him and picks him up by the throat and shoves him up against the hexacle, lifting his feet off the floor.

“You got a lot to learn, boy. So I'll see you back in class bright and early Monday morning” Alastair turns around. Castiel is behind him with Ruby's knife. Alastair drops Dean, who doesn't move, to focus on Castiel, who stabs him in the heart. The injury sparks gold light, but not as much as when it kills. “Well, almost. Looks like God is on my side today” Castiel lifts a hand. The knife twists itself. Alastair grunts in pain and pulls out the knife, then tosses it away and charges Castiel. They fight. Alastair slams Castiel against the wall, choking him. “Well, like roaches, you celestials. Now, I really wish I knew how to kill you. But all I can do is send you back to heaven” Alastair chants in Latin. Blue light appears in Castiel's eyes and mouth. Erika groans as she wakes, pushes herself up to her knees. Alastair stops abruptly, choking, and is slammed against the wall. Sam has arrived, one hand raised. Castiel slumps to the ground. “Stupid pet tricks”

“Who's murdering the angels? How are they doing it?” Sam asks.

“You think I'm gonna tell you?”

“Yeah, I do” Sam twists his hand. Alastair's eyes roll white and he chokes. “How are the demons killing angels?”

“I don't know”

“Right” Sam scoffs.

“It's not us. We're not doing it”

“I don't believe you”

“Lilith is not behind this. She wouldn't kill seven angels. Oh, she'd kill a hundred, a thousand” Alastair tells them.

“He's telling the truth,” Erika tells Sam moving to her feet. Sam stops.

“Oh, go ahead. Send me back, if you can”

“I'm stronger than that now. Now I can kill” Sam holds out his hand. Gold light flares inside Alastair as he screams. Alastair's host collapses, dead. Erika moves to Dean lifts his head into her lap. She raises her wrist to her mouth and bites into her own skin before pressing her bleeding wrist to Dean's lips.

“Drink” she begs of him. “Please” she whispers, Dean opens his lips slightly and Erika pushes her wrist into his mouth. She lifts her eyes to Sam who looks away from her.

Erika sits next to the motel bed as Dean sleeps, recovers, she sighs and looks over her shoulder as Castiel appears at the doorway, pauses, and looks to her.

“Eris” he whispers.
“This is your fault,” she tells him.

“No” Castiel argues.

“Because you can't keep a bloody devil's trap together” she growls.

“I don't know what happened. That trap...it shouldn't have broken. I am sorry”

“This whole thing was bloody pointless. You understand that? The demons aren't doing this. Something else is killing your soldiers”

“Perhaps Alastair was lying” he offers.

“No, he wasn't,” she tells him, she gives him a look and turns back to Dean. Castiel looks as though he has been slugged in the face. Erika takes Dean's hand.

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Uriel sits on a bench, eyes closed. Castiel appears.

“Castiel, I received revelation from our superiors. Our brothers and sisters are dying and they...they want us to stop hunting the demon responsible” Castiel sits next to Uriel. “Something is wrong up there. I mean, can you feel it?”

“The murders. Maybe they aren't demonic. Eris said the demons had nothing to do with it”

“If not the demons, what could it be?”

“The will of heaven. We are failing, Uriel. We are losing the war. Perhaps the garrison is being punished”

“You think our father would...”

“I think maybe our father isn't giving the orders any more. Maybe there is something wrong” Uriel stands up.

“Well, I won't wait to be gutted” Uriel vanishes.

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Dean strokes Erika's hair as she sleeps with her head on the bed. She groans and wakes lifting her head.

“Hey” Dean greets, she lifts her eyes to his.

“Hey yourself, love” she greets back, he strokes her cheek. “I'm so sorry, Dean,” she tells him.

“What for? You didn't do this”

“I should have made you stay outside, I shouldn't have played with him.....” Dean shakes his head brushing his thumb over her cheek. “I thought I'd lost you too” she whispers closing her eyes. “After Pam”

“Hey” he coos, she looks to him. “I'm fine,” he tells her.

......................
Castiel examines the devil's trap. He notices the dripping faucet and shuts it off without touching it.

“You called?” Uriel states as he enters. “What do you say, Castiel? Will you join me? Will you fight with me?”

“Strange. Strange how a leaky pipe can undo the work of angels when we ourselves are supposed to be the agents of fate”

“Alastair was much more powerful than we had imagined”

“No. No demon can overpower that trap. I made it myself. We’ve been friends for a long time, Uriel. Fought by each other's sides, served together away from home, for what seems like forever. We're brothers, Uriel. Pay me that respect. Tell me the truth”

“The truth is, the only thing that can kill an angel...” A sword slides out of Uriel's sleeve into his grasp. “...is another angel”

“You” Castiel states.

“I'm afraid so”

“And you broke the devil's trap, set Alastair on Eris and Dean”

“Alastair should never have been taken alive. Really inconvenient, Cas. Yes, I did turn the screw a little. Alastair should have killed Dean and escaped, and Eris should have been apprehended and you should have gone on happily scapegoating the demons”

“For the murders of our kin?”

“Not murders, Castiel. No. My work is conversion. How long have we waited here? How long have we played this game by rules that make no sense?”

“It is our father's world, Uriel”

“Our father? He stopped being that, if he ever was, the moment he created them. Humanity, his favorites. This whining, puking larva”

“Are you trying to convert me?” Castiel asks.

“I wanted you to join me. And I still do. With you, we can be powerful enough to...”

“To...”

“To raise our brother”

“Lucifer” Castiel states.

“You do remember him? How strong he was? How beautiful? And he didn't bow to humanity. He was punished for defending us. Now, if you want to believe in something, Cas, believe in him”

“Lucifer is not God”

“God isn't God anymore. He doesn't care what we do. I am proof of that”

“But this? What were you gonna do, Uriel? Were you gonna kill the whole garrison?”
“I only killed the ones who said no. Others have joined me, Cas. Now, please, brother, don’t fight me. Help me. Help me spread the word. Help me bring on the apocalypse. All you have to do is be unafraid”

“For the first time in a long time, I am” Castiel states, Uriel smiles. Castiel punches him through the wall several feet away. Uriel gets up. They fight. Uriel clobbers Castiel with a metal bar; Castiel goes down. “You can't win, Uriel. I still serve God”

“You haven't even met the man. There is no will. No wrath. No God” Between each phrase, Uriel punches Castiel. The last time, he raises his fist and is stabbed through the neck from behind.

“Maybe. Or maybe not. But there's still me” Anna pulls out Uriel's sword. Uriel collapses. Anna goes over to Castiel. Uriel screams as white light flares in his eyes and mouth. The light explodes out of him and out of the building. Castiel stands up and looks down at Uriel's corpse. His wings are seared into the floor across the devil's trap.

Erika smiles pulling on her jacket as Dean whines about being stuck in bed, despite being healed.

“We'll grab food,” Sam tells Dean who sits up in bed. “You stay in bed and rest”

“Yes, nurse” Dean grumbles, Erika shakes her head and heads out of the motel room, Sam follows her.

Sam climbs into the Impala and Erika the other side.

“What is it?” She asks, Sam looks to her, she looks back at him, giving him a significant look.

“Demon blood” he answers, she looks away and nods. “You won't tell...”

“It's not my place, love” she interrupts. “But secrets....they always come back to bite you” he nods and starts the car.

“I know, but he won't understand,” Sam tells her.

“He’s your brother” she points out, Sam pulls out of the parking look.

Dean is still in bed when Castiel sits next to him.

“Are you all right?” Castiel asks.

“No thanks to you”

“You need to be more careful”

“You need to learn how to manage a damn devil's trap” Dean counters.

“That's not what I mean. Uriel is dead”

“Was it the demons?” Dean asks.
“It was disobedience. He was working against us”

“Is it true? Did I break the first seal? Did I start all this?”

“Yes. When we discovered Lilith's plan for you, we laid siege to hell and we fought our way to get to you before you....”

“Jump-started the apocalypse”

“And we were too late”

“Why didn't you just leave me there, then?”

“It's not blame that falls on you, Dean, it's fate. The righteous man who begins it is the one who can finish it. You have to stop it”

“Lucifer? The apocalypse? What does that mean? Hey! Don't you go disappearing on me, you son of a bitch. What does that mean!”

“I don't know”

“Bull”

“I don't. Dean, they don't tell me much. I know our fate rests with you.....and with Eris. It's why she was the first thing you saw....it is why you are drawn to one another....because it's down to you”

“Well, then you guys are screwed,” Dean tells him. “I can't do it, Cas. It's too big. Find someone else. It's not me” Dean begins to cry. Castiel is gone.
Chapter Thirty

An alarm clock flips from 5:59 to 6:00 and starts beeping. Dean's shuts it off before wrapping around the waist of Erika. He nuzzles into the back of her neck sliding his hand up under her vest top.

“Dean” she complains weakly, he chuckles as she rolls onto her back, he kisses her.

“Morning, Eri” he whispers against her lips, she smiles.

“Morning yourself, love,” she tells him back, he nudges her nose and smiles before kissing her again and pulling her thigh around his waist.

....................

Erika sets a travel mug of coffee on the side and places another under the nozzle of a coffee machine, Dean places his hand on her waist from behind, she smirks and wiggles her hips slightly. He presses himself up against her back. He wears business dress with his hair slicked down.

....................

Dean holding Erika's hand crosses the street to a silver Toyota Prius, they both climb in, Dean starts the car. Rock music blares. Dean looks at it, confused, and changes the station.

“NPR Morning Edition. It's time for this waste and...” Dean drives off in the Prius.

............

Dean and Erika get out of the elevator and cross the lobby. There's a Sandover Bridge & Iron history display along one wall. Erika stops at a desk outside of an office labeled "Dean Smith—Director, Sales & Marketing". She sets her bag on the desk and turns to Dean who smirks and kisses her. He offers her a wink before heading into the office. Erika turns to her desk and adjusts her nameplate: Erika Smith – Personal Assistant.

............

Later: Dean flips his tie over his shoulder and eats a salad, Erika sits across from him with her own salad, she laughs and looks to him, he smiles warmly at her.

............

Later: Dean is standing and speaking into the headset.

“Net profitability aside, it's the client-retention rate that concerns me vis-à-vis maximizing return on sales. Buzz me back once you've seen the spreadsheets” Someone enters the office. “Mr. Adler”

“Dean” Adler slaps Dean on the shoulder. “Good stuff”

“Good stuff?”

“Big things. Good stuff”

“Good stuff”

.............
Dean is sitting at his desk playing with something and speaking into the headset.

“Oh, I hear you. No, I haven't been to the gym in ages. Carrying a little bloat around myself. It's a sedentary lifestyle, my man, no two ways.—All right, tell me one more time. You said lemon and—what was it? Cayenne and maple syrup, are you serious? How much did you lose?” Dean asks looking to the doorway as Erika appears, she smiles at him, he smiles back and puts some files in a case before leaves the office with her, still on the phone.

........................................

Erika is checking her phone, Dean wraps an arm around her waist. The elevator dings. Erika enters, focused on the phone. Dean looks over at the other occupant of the elevator, who is staring at them: it's Sam, who's wearing a short-sleeved shirt that says "Sandover Bridge & Iron Inc. Tech Support”.

“Do I know you?” Sam asks.

“I don't think so”

“I'm sorry, man, you two just look really familiar”

“Save it for the health club, pal” The elevator dings again and Dean and Erika get out... Sam stares after them.

........................................

Dean kisses Erika walking her back towards their kitchen counter, he lifts her up and sets her on the edge, his lips moving to her lips, she moans and closes her eyes throwing her head back, she clutches to the back of his neck. He lifts her up again and turns around, walking with her towards their bedroom.

........................................

Another day: Inside a cubicle farm: A printer whirs and spits out a paper. A fax machine whirs and sucks in papers. An automatic pencil sharpener whirs. A phone rings. Sam presses a button on the phone and talks into a headset.

“Tech support, this is Sam Wesson. Okay. Uh, well, did you try turning it off and then on?” Sam pokes at a vampire bobblehead. “Okay, go ahead and turn it off. No no no, just, just off. All right, give it a second. Turn it back on. Okay, is it printing now? Great. Anytime” Sam takes off the headset and presses a button on the phone. A man at a cubicle behind Sam, the only one in the room who is not wearing the yellow uniform shirt, rolls his chair over to Sam.

“Hey”

“Yo”

“What do you think of Mimi?” Sam looks over and shrugs.

“She's okay”

“Might have to hit that”

“Oh, dude, that's totally age-inappropriate”

“Experience”
“Trifocals”

“There's a MILF there, Sam. I just know it. Maybe a GMILF”

“Come on” Sam complains.

“Coffee break?”

“Yeah, for sure” Sam and the man get up. They pass another man at his cubicle.

“Paul. Time for a refuel, buddy”

“Sorry, no time”

“Since when? Dude, we get paid by the hour”

“Working”

“Okay”

“He seems stressed” Sam points out.

“Freaked because he got busted surfing porn on the Internet”

“No, no, no way. When?”

“Got sent up to HR yesterday. Guess they put the fear of God in him”

..................

The microwave dings and someone takes out a bag of popcorn and leaves. Sam heads for the coffeepot. The man goes to a supply cabinet and starts pocketing packets of pencils.

“Ian, dude” Sam warns.

“Just doing a little shopping. Running low at home” Sam hands Ian a cup of coffee. “So, Sam, had any of those dreams lately?” Sam turns away. “What? Don't be like that. Come on. It's the highlight of my day”

“I never should have told you in the first place”

“They're genius. Don't hold out on me, dude. Share with the class”

“You're just gonna be a dick about it”

“What? No way. I won't say a word. Total respect. Go”

“I dreamt that I saved a Grim Reaper named Tessa from demons” Ian bursts out laughing. Sam looks away and sighs.

“Classic! How much D&D did you play when you were a kid? Oh, my—okay, so you—rescuing the Grim Reaper. That's—you're a hero. I mean, thank God we got Harry Potter here to save us all from the apocalypse”

“Dick”

“Wizard”
A printer whirs and spits out a paper. A fax machine whirs and sucks in papers. An automatic pencil sharpener whirs. Sam is back in his cubicle, filling out a form on a clipboard. He yawns and props his head on his hand, closing his eyes.

Sam enters the elevator. Dean, Erika and a few others are there. Sam tries not to stare at Dean and Erika while the elevator whirs. Ding: everyone but Sam, Erika, and Dean gets out. The elevator closes.

“Can I ask you a question?” Sam asks, Dean looks at him and pulls Erika closer.

“Look, man, I told you, I'm not into the, uh…”

“Oh dude, come on, I'm not either. I just wanna ask you one question” Dean looks around; there's no escape, he sets himself between Sam and Erika.

“Sure”

“What do you think about ghosts?”

“Ghosts?”

“Do you believe in them?” Sam asks, Dean laughs.

“Uh, tell you the truth, I've never given it much thought”

“Vampires?” Sam asks.

“There's no such thing as vampires,” Erika tells him.

“Why?” Dean asks.

“Because I've been having some weird dreams lately. You know what I mean?”

“No. Not really”

“So you've never had any...weird dreams?”

“All right, look, man, I don't know you, okay? But I'm gonna do a public service and, uh, let you know that—that you overshare” Dean presses a floor button. The elevator dings and Dean and Erika leave.

A printer whirs and spits out a paper. A fax machine whirs and sucks in papers. An automatic pencil sharpener whirs. Sam is again in his cubicle addressing his headset.

“Did you turn it off, then on?” Sam is drawing vampires on a pad of paper. “All right, well, let's try that. No, no, it's fine, I'll wait” Sam pulls up a search engine on his computer, looks both ways, and types in 'vampires'. He clicks to image search and glances over the pictures of Dracula wannabes, including one of Klaus. “Is it printing now? Oh, that's great. Anytime”

“Whatcha doing?” Ian asks. Sam minimizes the search engine and hides the sketches, then turns to
Ian, shaking his head. Ian is still the only one not wearing the yellow shirt.

“Nothing”

“You get an email from Human Resources?”

“No. Why?”

“Damn it. Guess it's just me, then. I'm supposed to, quote, report to HR, unquote”

“They're probably finally busting you for snaking all those office supplies”

“I hope they spank me” Ian laughs, shoves his chair back to his cubicle, and leaves. Sam returns to his search engine.

“No no no no no no. Come on. Don't do this to me. Please” Sam minimizes the window, takes off his headset, and stands up to lean over Paul's cubicle.

“Hey, man, you okay?”

“It froze”

“They're crap. Paul. They freeze all the time”

“You don't understand. When I, when I rebooted, everything was gone. A whole day's work deleted”

“Well, did you back up?” Sam asks.

“No, I didn't back up. I wish to God I backed up but I didn't. I'll get it back. I'll find it. It's somewhere. I'll find it”

“Paul, it's okay, man. These things happen”

............... 

It's night now: The room is dark and empty except for Paul's cubicle.

“Come on. Come on. Come on. Come on. Please. Please” The screen displays "ERROR: No Files Found". “All that work. Gone. Failed” Paul's breath is briefly visible. Paul gets up and walks to the break room. He breaks the tines off two plastic forks, opens the microwave, sticks the forks in where the door latches, enters 10:00 on the timer, sticks his head in, and presses start. Smoke and screams. The microwave dings.
Chapter Thirty One

The next morning: People in coroner outfits roll a body bag past. Sam watches and sighs. Dean and several other people, some in suits and some in the yellow shirts, also watch. Sam, Erika, and Dean notice each other. Dean addresses another suit, he pulls Erika closer.

“Something about this seem not right to you?” he asks her.

“Uh, yeah, the whole thing, love,” she tells him. “I'll never eat popcorn again” she whispers.

“Yeah, right” Dean kisses her head.

………

Dean is at his computer, frowning at the screen.

“Eri” he states, she stands from her desk and walks into the office. “Help me” he begs, she smirks and sits on his lap.

“What are you looking for?” she asks.

“Personnel file...Paul Dunbar” he answers before turning to kiss her neck, Erika searches the computer before nudging him.

“Here, love,” she tells him, Dean leans forward a little and reads the Sandover personnel file for Paul Dunbar. It says his retirement party was supposed to be in two weeks.

“Two weeks?” he asks.

…………

Sam rolls his chair over to Ian's cubicle. Ian is wearing the yellow shirt for the first time and working busily.

“Hey. Why would someone kill themselves two weeks before they were supposed to retire? I mean, Paul was two weeks from freedom. He should have been happy, right?” Sam asks.

“I don't have time for this, Sam,” Ian tells him. Sam laughs.

“That's very funny,” Sam notices Ian's shirt and attitude. “What's with you?”

“I'm working. It's important”

“HR bust your balls or something? You're wearing the shirt. Did you shave?” A phone rings.

“Tech support, this is Ian. Be right up. Gotta go up to twenty-two, speak to a manager” Ian takes off the headset and leaves.

…………

Erika knocks on Dean's office door, Ian stands at her side. Dean looks up from his computer.

“Thank you, Eri,” he tells her she smiles and turns back to her desk. “Hi. Ian, is it? Yeah, come on
in. Yesterday you filled out a 445-T and no problem, just a few errors when we did your switch over to Vista. So I'm sure you're used to filling out the dash-R’s, am I right?”

“Oh, no”

“No no no. It's fine. It's fine. I just need you to redo one today so I can get the show on the road with the invoicing” Dean pushes a paper over the desk and smiles. Ian looks at it, terrified.

“Oh my god”

“No, it's fine. Just refile it and we're square”

“I can't believe I did this” Dean begins to notice something's wrong. “I can't believe I—I can't believe I did this”

“Hey, guy, come on”

“No, no. It affected profits. It—I screwed up. I—I can't—I can't—I am so sorry. I—how could I do that? I failed Sandover. I failed the company”

“All right, why don't you sit down, Ian?”

“No” Ian runs out of the room. Erika stands from her desk.

“Eri” Dean states.

“I'll get him,” she tells him already following Ian.

.....................

Erika knocks and then enters the bathroom.

“Ian, hey, it's Erika” she states walking in. “Are you okay, love?” Ian is staring into a mirror. Erika’s breath is briefly visible. All the faucets come on even though Ian and Erika are the only ones in the room; all the soap dispensers, too. “Maybe we should get out of here, huh? Come on. Ian. Look at me” Ian turns toward Erika and pulls a pencil out of his pocket. Ian stares at Erika for a moment, then stabs himself in the neck. Erika stares at the spout of blood and rushes forward as Ian collapses. Erika looks up and sees an OLD man in the mirror, then turns around and no one's there. Ian goes still.

“Somebody help me!” She shouts.

....................

Dean drapes his blazer over Erika's shoulders as she talks to a police officer.

“No, I, I followed him into the bathroom,” She tells the officer. The coroner people roll a body bag past, again with an audience. “He was, uh—he was standing there in front of the mirror, and then...” Erika sees Sam and stops.

“Continue. Ma'am”

“And he stabbed himself in the neck. I'm sorry, that's, um...”

“That's enough” Dean tells the officer who nods and walks away, Dean turns to Erika, she looks up at him, he pulls her closer and wraps his arms around her. Dean looks to Sam across from them.

.....................
A printer whirs and spits out a paper. A fax machine whirs and sucks in papers. An automatic pencil sharpener whirs. A phone rings. Sam answers the phone.

“Tech support, this is Sam”

“I need to see you in my office. Now” Sam hangs up.

......................

Dean stands in front of Erika and buttons up her fresh shirt, she smiles at him.

“Thank you, love” she whispers, he kisses her forehead and strokes her arm. He looks up at a knock.

“Come on in. Shut the door” Sam closes the door behind himself. “Who the hell are you?”

“I'm not sure I know”

“What the hell does that mean?”

“Sam Wesson. I started here three weeks ago”

“All right. You cornered us in the elevator talking about ghosts. And now...”

“Now what?” Sam asks, Dean looks to Erika who shakes her head.

“Now nothing” Dean answers. “I, uh...so you started working here three weeks ago, huh?” Sam nods. “Yeah, us too” Dean unscrews the top of a bottle. “It's the Master Cleanse. You tried it? Phenomenal. Detoxes you like nobody's business” Dean drinks. Sam looks to Erika, she fidgets with a bracelet around her wrist.

“When you were in that bathroom with Ian, did you see something?” Sam asks her.

“I don't know” she whispers. “I don't know what I saw”

“Wait. Are you saying that—did you see a ghost?” Sam asks her.

“I was freaking out. The guy penciled his bloody neck” she answers.

“You did, didn't you? Okay, listen. What if these suicides aren't suicides? I mean, what if they're something not natural?”

“So, what, ghosts are real? And they're responsible for all the dead bodies around here? Is that what you're telling us?” Dean asks. Dean and Sam finally sit down, in unison. Dean holds out his hand to Erika who takes it, he pulls her down onto his lap, wrapping an arm around her.

“I know it sounds crazy. But yes. That's what I'm telling you”

“Uh-huh. Based on what?” Dean asks. Sam looks for an answer.

“Instinct” Dean looks down, shaking his head, then back up.

“I've got the same instinct,” Dean tells him.

“Seriously? You know those dreams I was telling you about? I was dreaming about ghosts”

“Yeah”
“And then it turns out that there's a real ghost”

“So you're telling us that your dreams are special visions and you're some kind of psychic?” Dean asks.

“No. I mean, that would be nuts. I'm just saying something weird is definitely going on around here, right? So I've been digging around a little” Sam pulls papers out of his bag. “I think I found a connection between the two guys” Sam passes over the papers. Dean looks at them.

“You broke into their email accounts?” Erika asks looking at the pages.

“I used some skills that I happen to have to satisfy my curiosity”

“Nice” Dean tells him.

“Yeah. Okay. So it turns out Ian and Paul both got this same email telling them to report to HR, room fourteen forty-four”

“HR’s on seven” Erika corrects.

“Exactly”

“Should we go check this out?” Dean asks.

“Like right now?” Sam asks back.

“No. No, it's getting late. You're right”

“I am dying to check this out right now”

“Right?” Dean asks and then looks to Erika. “Wait here,” he tells her, she shakes her head.

“Don't leave me on my own” she whispers. “What if it comes back?” she asks, Dean rubs her back and nods.

“Yeah, yeah, she should come with us” Sam agrees.
Chapter Thirty Two

A man in tech support yellow comes through, looking around. He finds door number 1444 and goes inside. It's a storeroom.

“Hello? Hello?” The door slams shut behind the man. He rattles the doorknob; it's locked. He looks around, seeing no indication of anyone else. All the monitors abruptly come on, showing only static. His breath is briefly visible. Everything rattles.

..................

Erika, Dean, and Sam are coming down the corridor when they hear the man yelling and hurry to room 1444. It's still locked. Sam kicks the door open.

“Whoa,” A shelf has fallen on the man. Dean and Sam hurry over to lift it off him. The old man from the bathroom appears behind Dean and flings him into the wall, then shoves Sam over. His hands spark lightning. Erika looks around and grabs something from the floor, a wrench. She swings at the old man with it. The old man dissipates before he can touch the man. The monitors shut off and everything stops shaking. Dean and Sam lift the shelves so the man can scoot out from underneath. Dean looks to Erika who holds the wrench to her chest, she looks to him.

“How'd you know how to do that?” Sam asks her.

“I have no bloody idea” she answers. Dean takes the wrench from her.

..................

Dean drinks his Master Cleanse, Erika taps her nails on the top of the kitchen counter, Sam stands with them.

“Holy crap, dude” Dean states.

“Yeah. I could use a beer”

“Oh, sorry, man. I'm on the Cleanse. I got rid of all the carbs in the house” Dean tells Sam, Erika turns and opens one of the cabinets, reaching into the back she pulls out a bottle of whiskey and turns back to the boys, Dean shoots her a look.

“For Nik when he visits, not me,” she tells him turning to grab a glass.

“Hey. How the hell did you know that ghosts are scared of wrenches?” Sam asks Erika. She shrugs and pours out the whiskey before handing the glass to Sam.

“Nice job kicking that door,” Dean tells Sam. “That was very Jet Li. What are you, like a black belt or something?”

“No. I have no clue how I did that. It's like...we've done this before”

“What do you mean, before? Like Shirley MacLaine before?” Dean asks.

“No. I—I just can't shake this feeling like I—I don't belong here. You know? Like I should do something more than sit in a cubicle”

“I think most people who work in a cubicle feel that same way, love” Erika tells him.
“No. Well, look, it's more than that. Like, I don't like my job. I don't like this town. I don't like my clothes. I don't like my own last name. I don't know how else to explain it, except that...it feels like I should be doing something else. There's just something in my blood. Like I was destined for something different. What about you? You ever feel that way?”

“I don't believe in destiny. I do believe in dealing with what's right in front of us, though”

“All right, so, what do we do now?” Sam asks.

“We do what Eri does best, Sammy. Research”

“Okay. Did you just call me Sammy?”

“Did I?”

“I think you did. Yeah. Don't”

“Sorry” Dean offers.

………………

Erika sits at one laptop at a corner desk, Dean looks to the glass of whiskey and then his Cleanse juice, Erika smirks and pushes the glass towards him, Dean smiles and kisses her head before taking it. Sam at another laptop at a table. Erika clicks on another webpage and then smiles.

“Oh, I found something,” she tells them. Sam looks across to them.

“What you got?” Sam asks.

“I just found the best site ever. Real, actual ghost hunters” she tells them, Sam moves over to her and Dean. “These guys are genius. Check it out”

“Instructional videos” Sam states, Erika is looking at the Ghostfacers website. She pulls up a video. Ed and Harry of the Ghostfacers are wearing white lab coats.

“We know why you're watching” Ed talks.

“You've got a problem”

“A ghost problem”

“A ghost-related problem. A ghost—it's like a ghost-adjacent pr—it's like a problem that's—and the ghost is—“

“Whatever. You've come to the right place. The only decent place, really, because the Ghostfacers know how to solve it’

“Period”

“Watch and learn”

“See, the first step in any supernatural fight: Figure out what you're up against” Erika looks over at Sam. On Sam's laptop is an article about the death of Sandover's founder; it has a picture.

“That's him. That's the ghost” Erika tells him.
“P. T. Sandover. Died 1916. Devoted his life to his work. No wife, no kids. Used to say he was the company, and his very blood pumped through the building”

“Wow, okay. So slight workaholic. Maybe he's still here, you know, watching over the company, even killing for it” Dean points out.

“Plus, turns out this isn't the first time people started killing themselves in the building. 1929”

“Yeah, but, darling, lots of guys jumped off lots of high rises that year,” Erika tells him.

“How many companies had seventeen suicides?”

“Phew. Okay, so P. T. Sandover, protector of the company. His ghost wakes up and becomes active during times of grave economic distress”

“Well, I mean, the worst time we've seen since the Great Depression...” Sam starts.

“Is now. Yeah, now sucks. My portfolio's in the sewer. I don't even wanna talk about it”

“So Sandover's helping the bottom line....”

“By zapping some model employees”

“Yeah. I mean, Ian and Paul. It was like he turned them into different people”

“Perfect worker bees, exactly. So devoted to the company that they would commit hara-kiri if they failed it”

“One more interesting fact. The building wasn't always that high. Used to be fourteen floors. And the room where the ghost attacked, fourteen forty-four? Once upon a time, that was the old man's office” Erika, Dean, and Sam return to watching the Ghostfacers video.

“Once you've got that thing in your sights...You kill it”

“Using special ghost-hunting weapons”

“First, salt. It's like acid to ghosts”

“Burny acid”

“Not LSD”

“No. It's a bad trip for ghosts. Next up, iron” Sam looks to Erika.

“That's why the wrench worked,” he tells her, she nods.

“Pure power in your hand”

“Dissipates ghosts instantly”

“Next little trick. We learned this from those useless douchebags....”

“That we hate”

“The Winchesters”

“Gun”
“Shotgun shell. Pack it up with fresh rock salt”
“Very effective”
“Very effective”
“Winchesters still suck ass, though”
“Affirmative. Suckage major” Erika, Sam and Dean share a look.

Dean packs two pokers in a duffel bag that contains a salt shaker and unidentifiable items.

“Where do we even get a gun?” Dean asks.
“Gun store?” Sam asks back.
“Isn’t there like some kind of waiting period or something?” Dean asks.
“I think so”

“Well, how in the hell...” A gun cocks and Sam and Dean turn to Erika who smirks at them. “You have a gun?” Dean asks.

“Of course, love” she answers. “I told you, remember, that Mikael's a hunter”

“Yeah, I didn't think that meant you had a gun,” he tells her. “Give me that” he takes the gun from her.

“To be fair, it's probably safer in her hands” Sam teases, Dean shoots him a look and then cocks the gun.

“Nothing to it,” Dean tells them.

Back to the video.

“The aforementioned super-annoying Winchester douchenozzles also taught us this one other thing. You have to burn the remains”

“Okay, this next part gets a little gross. Sometimes you might have to dig up the body. Sorry”

“It's illegal in some states”

“All states” Harry corrects Ed.

“Possibly all states” Sam looks to Erika and Dean.

“Sandover was cremated,” Sam tells them.

“What? So what do we do now?” Dean asks back.

“Now, if the deceased has been cremated....”

“Don't panic”
“Don’t panic”

“Just gotta look for some other remains”

“A hair in a locket, maybe. Fingernails. Baby teeth”

“Milk teeth”

“Genetic material. You know what we’re talking about”

“Go find it”

“Fight well, young lions,” Harry tells the viewers.

“Godspeed” Ed adds.

Erika, Sam, and Dean enter the elevator.

“Set your cell phone to walkie-talkie in case we get separated” Dean has his and Erika's phones out; Sam gets his.

“How the hell are we gonna find some ancient speck of DNA in a skyscraper?” Sam asks.

“Well, that storeroom used to be Sandover's office, right?” Erika asks, Dean presses button 14 and then kisses Erika.

“Be careful” he begs, she nods, his hand touches her stomach, she covers his hand with hers.
Chapter Thirty Three

Erika, Dean, and Sam look through the things stored in 1444. Dean goes behind some shelves, Erika some others, while Sam rifles through the desk easily visible from the door.

“What the hell are you doing here?” Sam startles. Dean and Erika duck out of sight.

“Nothing. I just...”

“Come with me” The Guard grabs Sam's arm and shuts the door behind them.

“Man, listen. Look. It's okay. I—I work here”

“What?”

“Last time this happened, it took them two hours to get here”

“Let's just wait” The Guard crawls out, nearly kicking Sam in the face.

Erika and Dean continue to search through drawers. Erika finds a framed picture of a Sandover bridge.

The Guard is out of the elevator and turns back for Sam.

“Seriously, I'll wait,” Sam tells him, the Guard leans back into the elevator.

“Look, I don't have the rest of my life” The elevator jerks downward abruptly, decapitating the Guard. Sam's face and shirt are covered in blood spray.

“Hey. You okay?” Dean asks over the phone, Sam slowly reaches for the phone.

“Call you back”

Sam walks between the cubicles, talking into his phone. He's cleaning the blood off his face with a towel.

“Dean, Erika, you there?” he asks.

“Yeah, listen, Eri thinks she's got it. Meet us on twenty-two”

“Okay, yeah. Just, uh, take the stairs”
Erika is looking at the Sandover history display with Dean when Sam comes in. Dean looks to him.

“Whoa. That's a lot of blood”

“Yeah, I know”

“Right” Dean looks over the blood.

“So, uh, in there, love” Erika tells Sam as she points to a glass case containing a pair of gloves.

“P. T. Sandover's gloves”

“Yeah, bet there's a little smidge of DNA in there? You know, like a fingernail clipping or a hair or two? Something”

“So you ready?” Sam asks them.

“I have no idea” Dean admits.

“Me neither” Sam and Dean both take a poker and Erika takes her gun and a shaker of salt.

“Go for it,” Dean tells Erika.

“Right,” she whispers and uses her gun to smash the glass on the case. Sam's breath is briefly visible. Sandover appears behind Dean and flings him into the wall, then Sam. His hands spark as he approaches Erika, who grabs the salt and flings some through him. Sandover dissipates. Dean gets up.

“Oh. Nice one, Babe” Sandover appears behind Dean.

“Dean!” Erika shouts, Sam throws Dean the poker. Dean turns and swings it through Sandover, who dissipates again.

“Nice catch,” Sam tells him.

“Right?” Sam gets up and goes over to pick up the other poker. Sandover appears between Sam and Dean, Erika shoots him; he dissipates. He appears behind Dean, who turns around to get him, then behind Erika, who shoots him again, then between them, and throws first Sam, then Dean into opposite walls. His hands spark and he reaches for Dean. Erika sees the gloves and grabs them.

“Erika!” Sam throws a lighter to her, she catches it and flicks it on. The gloves catch fire and so does Sandover, who burns into nothing. Erika drops the burning gloves. “That was amazing”

“Right? Right?” Dean asks.

..................

Dean pulls the first-aid kit out of his desk.

“Man, I gotta tell you, I've never had so much fun in my life,” Dean tells Erika and Sam, Sam looks to Dean.

“Me neither” Sam admits.

“Was a hell of a workout too, wasn't it?” Dean asks.
“We should keep doing this”

“I know” Dean looks through the kit and comes out with two gauze pads(?). He gives one to Sam.

“I mean it. There gotta be other ghosts out there. We could help a lot of people”

“Right, we'd be like the Ghostfacers” Dean states.

“No, really. I mean, for real”

“What? Like, quit our jobs and hit the road?” Dean asks.

“Exactly”

“How would we live?”

“Uh...”

“You gotta be kidding me. How would we get by? With stolen credit cards? Huh? Eating diner food drenched in saturated fats? Sharing a crap motel room every night?” Dean asks.

“That's all just details”

“Details are everything. You don't wanna go fighting ghosts without any health insurance”

“All right. Um. Confession”

“What?” Erika asks looking to Sam.

“Remember those dreams I told you about with the ghosts?”

“Yeah?”

“I was fighting them”

“Okay”

“With you” Sam looks to Dean. “We were these, like, hunters, and we were friends. More like brothers, really” Sam looks to Erika. “You were there too, but...you're a vampire. I mean, what if that's who we really are? I mean, you saw us back there, working together. The ghost was scrambling people's brains. What if it scrambled ours?”

“That's insane” Erika answers standing and moving away from him.

“Is it? Think about it for just one second. What if we think this is our life, but it's not?”

“Hey, man, the ghost is dead and we're still standing. I mean, I'm sorry, but...” Dean tells Sam as Erika touches her stomach.

“Look, all I know is this isn't who we're supposed to be,” Sam tells them.

“No. I'm Dean Smith, okay? Director of Sales and Marketing. I went to Stanford. My father's name is Bob, my mother's name is Ellen, and my sister's name is Jo” Dean points to Erika. “That's my wife, Erika Smith. She moved her from England five years ago. Her father's name is Ansel, mother's name is Esther, step-father is Mikael, she has two half sisters, four half brothers, and a twin......”

“When was the last time you talked to them? To any of them?”
“Okay, you're upset. You're upset, you're confused....” Dean tells him moving to Erika, he takes her face in his hand.

“Yeah, ’cause I only moved here ’cause I just broke up with my fiancée, Madison. But I called her number and I got a damn animal hospital” Sam tells them.

“Okay. What are you saying? Are you trying to say that my family isn't real? My wife? Our...unborn child?” Dean asks, Sam looks to Erika. “Huh? That we've been injected with fake memories? Come on”

“All I know is, I got this feeling in my gut. And I know—I know that deep down, you gotta be feeling it too. We're supposed to be something else. You're not just some corporate douchebag. This isn't you. I know you”

“Know me? You don't know me, pal. You should go” Sam leaves. Dean turns to Erika, he kisses her and pulls her closer. “It's okay,” he tells her. “It's real” he whispers.

A printer whirs and spits out a paper. A fax machine whirs and sucks in papers. An automatic pencil sharpener whirs. Sam is in his cubicle filling out a form on a clipboard. The phone rings. Sam stares at it. He takes off his headset, picks up the poker he brought with him, gets up, and beats the phone to death. Everyone stares.

“I quit”

Dean is typing at his computer. Adler knocks at the door.

“Got a minute?”

“Sure, of course,” Deans answers. Adler comes in and shuts the door.

“How are you feeling, Dean?”

“Uh, great”

“You look a little tired. Been working hard, I gather”

“Yeah” Dean nods.

“Ah, don't be modest. I hear everything. And I'm pleased with what I'm hearing” Adler sits down in front of Dean's desk. “That's why it's important to me that you're happy” Adler pulls out a pen, grabs a piece of notepaper, and writes down a five-digit number. “How's that for a bonus? You're about to become a father, uses it to treat the wife and new baby” Dean looks at the paper.

“That's very generous,” Dean tells him.

“Purely selfish. Wanna make sure you're not going anywhere”

“Wow. Are you sure?” Dean asks.

“Positive. You are Sandover material, son. Real go-getter. Carving your own way”

“Well, thanks. I try”
“I see big things in your future. Maybe even senior VP, Eastern Great Lakes Division. Don’t get me wrong, you’ll have to work for it. Seven days a week, lunch at your desk, but in eight to ten short years, that could be you” Dean takes off his headset.

“Uh, well, thank you. Thank you, sir. It's, um...but...” Dean passes the paperback. “I am giving my notice. Hell, consider it Erika's too”

“This is a joke. You're kidding me, right?”

“No. I've—I recently—uh, very recently realized that I have some other work I have to do. It's, uh, very important to me”

“Other work? Another company?”

“No, I—it's hard to explain. Um. It's just that this—this is—it's just—it's not who I'm supposed to be” Adler grins. “What?”

“Dean, Dean, Dean. Finally” Adler stands up and presses two fingers to Dean's forehead. Dean looks around at the office and himself.

“What the hell? Why am I wearing a tie? My God, am I hungry” Adler laughs.

“Welcome back” Dean stands up.

“Wait. Did I—did I just get touched by—you're an angel, aren't you?”

“I'm Zachariah”

“Oh, great. That's all I need is another one of you guys” Dean complains looking at the wedding ring on his finger.

“I'm hardly another one, Dean. I'm Castiel's superior. Believe me, I had no interest in popping down here into one of these smelly things” Zachariah indicates his body. “But after the unfortunate situation with Uriel, I felt it necessary to pay a visit. Get my ducks in a row”

“I am not one of your ducks”

“Starting with your attitude”

“Oh, so, what? This was all some sort of a lesson? Is that what you're telling me? Wow. Very creative”

“You should see my decoupage”

“Gross. No thank you. So, what? I'm just hallucinating all this? Is that it?” Dean motions around.

“Not at all. Real place, real haunting. Just plunked you in the middle without the benefit of your memories”

“Just to shake things up? Hm? So you guys can have fun watching us run around like ass clowns in monkey suits?”

“To prove to you that the path you're on is truly in your blood. You're a hunter. Not because your dad made you, not because God called you back from hell, but because it is what you are. And you love it. You'll find your way to it in the dark every single time and you're miserable without it. Dean, let's be real here. You're good at this. You'll be successful. You will stop it”

“You'll do everything you're destined to do. All of it. But I know, I know. You're not strong enough. You're scared. You got daddy issues. You can't do it. Right?”

“Angel or not, I will stab you in your face”

“All I'm saying is it's how you look at it. Most folks live and die without moving anything more than the dirt it takes to bury them. You get to change things” Dean turns away. “Save people, maybe even the world. All the while you drive a classic car and fornicate with an attractive 1,000-year-old. This isn't a curse. It's a gift. So for God's sakes, Dean quit whining about it. Look around. There are plenty of fates worse than yours. So are you with me? You wanna go steam yourself another latte? Or are you ready to stand up and be who you really are?” Zachariah asks.

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Dean looks to Erika who is stretched out sleeping on the backseat on the Impala, he smiles and drapes her coat over her, she groans and shifts before settling again. His finger rubs at the now empty space on his finger, he looks to it and shakes his head before turning forward as Sam climbs into the passenger side.

“Hey” Sam greets and looks to Erika, he smirks. “She was out fast then”

“Yeah” Dean agrees. “She guzzled those blood bags down like she hadn't fed in weeks” Dean states starting the car.
Chapter Thirty Four

Dean wakes with a start and reaches across to Erika's side of the bed, it's empty but slightly warm, she's not long been up then, he leans up on his elbows and frowns, music, he can hear music, he turns and climbs out of her bed and follows it.

“Eri?” he asks and then stops, shakes his head. “Erika?” he corrects. He pushes open a door and pauses in the doorway. Erika sits behind a piano, her fingers dancing over the keys, her eyes closed, letting her memory guide her. It's beautiful. “I didn't know you played” Dean states softly behind her, Erika looks over her shoulder at him.

“I am sure there are a great many things you don't know about me, love,” she tells him, Dean moves across the room to sit at her side on the piano bench.

“You're not going to tell me that you were actually taught by.....Beethoven or someone are you?” he asks her, she smirks and leans against his side.

“No, my brother, Elijah” she corrects, he smiles at her as she continues to play. “It's not as calming as painting but.....it still serves as a way to ease my mind”

“Why? Something bothering you?” Dean asks her.

“I'm a thousand years old, love, there is always something bothering me” she answers, he brushes her hair over her shoulder, he leans closer and kisses her neck.

“Let me help” he whispers against her neck, she closes her eyes and sighs. Dean smirks and kisses up to her jaw. “Come back to bed” he whispers, she nods and lets him take her hand and pulls her up, he kisses the back of her hand and smiles at her, she smiles back at him.

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Erika and Dean flop down next to one another and stare at the ceiling, Dean smirks and looks to Erika, they both are breathing heavily.

“That was new,” she tells him without looking at him.

“Yeah” he agrees. “I wasn't even aware you could bend that way,” he tells her, she smirks and turns to him.

“Want to see what other ways I can bend?” she asks wiggling her eyes, he lurches forward and kisses her, she laughs and curls her arm around his neck.

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Dean wakes with his arm around Erika who sleep, he smiles and threads his fingers with hers. She shifts against him and sighs softly. Dean glances to the clock before he snuggles back into Erika.

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Erika stands with Maddox, a witch friend of hers and Klaus', Dean watches her talking to him, laughing and smiling, he wrinkles his nose, Sam smirks at his side.

“Greens a lovely shade on you” Sam teases, Dean shoots him a look. Erika heads back towards them as Maddox moves to the bar.
“Ready to go, loves?” she asks adjusting her coat.

“Who’s he?” Dean asks nodding to Maddox.

“Maddox” she answers, Dean raises an eyebrow, Erika smirks. “He watches the bar for me” Erika answers pulling on her jacket. “You don’t think that when I'm with you I just shut up shop?” she asks with a smirk. “I still have to make money” she grabs Dean’s jacket and pulls him closer, she nuzzles under his jaw. “Are you jealous?” she coos, Dean scoffs and shakes his head.

“No” Erika smirks against his neck.

“You know I can tell when you're lying, right, love?” she asks. Dean looks down at her before kissing her, threading his fingers into her hair pulling her closer. Sam clears his throat and Dean pulls back to smirk at his brother.

“Shall we go?” Sam asks walking away, Erika bites her lip and smirks.

At a comic book store: A man takes a comic book off the shelf as Dean and Sam walk through the door. They are in suits and long black coats: FBI costumes. The man behind the counter looks up as they approach and take out their badges.

“Uh... can I help you?”

“Sure hope so. Agents DeYoung and Shaw. Just need to ask you a few questions” Dean tells him.

“Notice anything strange in the building, last couple of days?”

“Like what?”

“Well, some other tenants reported flickering lights”

“Oh, I don't think so. Why?”


“And the FBI is investigating a rodent problem?”

“What about cold spots? Feel any sudden drops in temperature?” The man grins.

“I knew it! You guys are LARPing, aren't you?” he asks.

“Excuse me?” Dean asks.

“You're fans”

“Fans of what?”

“What is "LARPing"?”

“Like you don't know” Sam and Dean give them man a confused look. “Live-Action Role-Play! And pretty hardcore, too.”

“I'm sorry, I have no idea what you're talking about”

“You're asking questions like the building's haunted. Like those guys from the books. What are they
called? Uh... "Supernatural." Two guys, use fake IDs with rock aliases, hunt down ghosts, demons, vampires. What are their names? Uh... Steve and Dirk? Uh, Sal and Dane?” Sam frowns.

“Sam and Dean?” he asks.

“That's it!”

“You're saying this is a book?” Dean asks.

“Books. It was a series. Didn't sell a lot of copies, though. Kind of had more of an underground cult following.” the man goes over to a table labeled “Bargain Bin”. Sam and Dean follow. “Let's see. Um... Ah. Yeah” he hands Dean a book. “That's the first one, I think” Dean looks to the cover.

“"Supernatural" by Carver Edlund” He flips the book over, reads the back cover. “Along a lonely California highway, a mysterious woman in white lures men to their deaths.” Sam grabs the book.

“Give me that” he looks to the man. “We're gonna need all the copies of "Supernatural" you've got,” Sam tells him.

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Erika lays with her head in Dean's lap, he sits up back against the headboard, both are flipping through a different Supernatural book, Dean is frowning, Erika is smirking. The bed is strewn with copies of the book series. Sam is seated by the window with his laptop.

“This is freakin' insane. How's this guy know all this stuff?” Dean asks.

“You got me.”

“Everything is in here. I mean everything. From the racist truck to – to me having sex. I'm full-frontal in here, dude” Dean points out.

“Yes, you are, love” Erika teases, Dean nudges her off of his lap as she laughs.

“This is not funny, Erika” he scolds lightly, smiling as she laughs. Dean gets up and crosses to Sam.

“How come we haven't heard of them before?”

“They're pretty obscure. I mean, almost zero circulation. Uh, started in '05. The publisher put out a couple dozen before going bankrupt. And, uh, the last one – "No Rest For The Wicked"” Sam he turns the laptop towards Dean, displaying a web site listing the books. “Ends with you going to hell” Sam then reads from the screen. “There are a set of spin-offs as well, or tie-ins or something” he explains. “Called The Originals...It's about the Mikaelson” Sam looks to Erika. “It's about your family” Erika scrambles off of the bed and moves to them.

“What the bloody hell?” she asks.

“Yeah, apparently they were released to lead up to a crossover that never happened” Sam explains.

“What does it say?” Erika asks quietly, Dean clicks on the page and he clears his throat. Sam and Erika shoot him a look. Dean reads from the page.

“You've all heard the legends, the first vampires. Their eternal vow. How they roamed the Earth a thousand years, saw empires rise and fall. To most, they were monsters, but to a few, they were something more” Dean smiles a little. “If you look closely, you'll find traces of them through history. They've got a bit of a reputation” Erika smirks a little. “After a thousand years, things can get
complicated. Something's you can't give up on, even when all hope is lost. Even when it seems like it's over; it's never over. Some things can't be broken." he reads. Dean looks to Erika. “It seems to be a set of books from different moments across the thousand years....the first is the origin story”

“Well that's not so bad” she whispers. Dean snorts.

“Yes, well I reiterate. Freaking insane” Dean continues to browse the sight. “Check it out. There’s actually fans. There’s not many of them, but still. Did you read this?” He asks Sam.

“Yes”

“Although for fans, they sure do complain a lot. Listen to this – Simpatico says “the demon storyline is trite, clichéd, and overall craptastic.” Yeah, well, screw you, Simpatico. We lived it”

“Yeah. Well, keep on reading. It gets better”

“There are Sam girls and Dean girls and girls for every male Mikaelson” Dean points out. “Erika girls....what's a slash fan?”

“As in... Sam-slash-Dean. Together”

“Like, together together?” Erika asks.

“Yeah”

“They do know we're brothers, right?” Dean asks.

“Doesn’t seem to matter”

“Oh, come on. That... That's just...”

“Hot” Erika finishes, Sam and Dean look to her. “What?” she asks.

“Sick” Dean corrects.

“No, love, it's.....oh it's going on up here” Erika points to her head. “And it is spectacular” Dean shuts the laptop in disgust.

“We got to find this Carver Edlund”

“Yeah, that might not be so easy,” Sam asks as Erika opens the laptop again.

“Why not?” Dean asks shutting it again, Erika shoots him a smirk.

“No tax records, no known address. Looks like "Carver Edlund” is a pen name”

“Somebody’s gotta know who he is”

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