And Ain't That Just Something

by DeepLittleSOB

Summary

Something is seriously wrong with Sam and Dean's out on the road with him to keep an eye on him while Lizzy tries to keep their domestic life afloat for his return. However, when the boys come across a monster that only Lizzy has seen before they need to pull her back into the hunting life to save the women being attacked.

But what do they do when the monster comes after her?

Notes

This is the thirteenth story in my series.

DISCLAIMER: I do not own or have the rights to anything of the Supernatural universe. I'm just playing in their sandbox.

See the end of the work for more notes.
How Could They Say No?

This is my take on the episode 'Two and a Half Men'.

Sitting alone in their apartment while Dean's at work, Lizzy sighs. Nothing on TV, no chores left to do as she's been cleaning and running errands nonstop for a week straight to keep occupied, she just can't find a way to distract herself from her mind.

Sam.

He's been the one and only thing in the forefront of her brain since his mysterious appearance on their doorstep seven days ago. Ever since Lizzy's been wondering about him.

Why did it take him a year to come to them? She certainly isn't buying the whole bullshit excuse of wanting to keep Dean happy and out of hunting. Fuck that. Dean can make his own decisions and besides that she knows Sam would never want to hide from his brother. He'd want to be with him. Those two are so tangled up that his reaction leaves her feeling weird.

Why did he seem so standoffish? At first he wasn't a touchy-feely kind of guy, sure, but over time he grew accustomed to Lizzy and her ways. Hugging him wasn't weird or uncommon, neither was a verbal expression of her love for him. When he was around her days ago he was weird. He didn't return her 'I love you' with a 'you too' before he left and when she'd hug him he didn't melt into it like he used to. Instead he went ridged and awkward. She saw it, she felt it from him even if he tried to play it off.

Why didn't he seem excited to see her? It's been a fucking year! He should have been ecstatic! She had a relationship with Sam that was different than any other relationship they had with anyone else. There's always been a level of unspoken understanding there, one of support and common love. But it wasn't there. He didn't light up when he saw her again like he should have. It was so disappointing.

Why didn't he want to stay with them and get out of hunting? This is the one thing he always wanted out of life. He wanted out! He broke Dean's heart when he went to college and left hunting. He was willing to let his big brother down that hard in order to experience the safety and happiness of regular living yet now he wants to keep with hunting even with the Apocalypse averted? Seriously? That does not compute.

Why wasn't he happy for his brother for living a good, normal life? This is her biggest issue on her list. She heard him ask for this from Dean before the big swan dive. Sam had asked him to leave the life and he did! Why isn't that a good thing anymore? Why would he want Dean back on the road with him again instead of being domestic and just plain comfortable? What the fuck!?

The whole thing just felt so awful and wrong that she's been a mess. Between the two of them she and Dean have logged hours upon hours in the past week researching away their free time. They want answers… and they know they probably won't show up in any book, website, or journal but they tried anyways. They never would let Sam down if there was an answer… and now that he's mysteriously back it all just feels so horribly wrong.

Frustrated, Lizzy stands up from her couch.

"Cassie, let's go!" she calls out into the apartment and she can hear him running to her. Her dog's
been camping out during the daytime in the bedroom as it's on the non-sunny side of the building. The recent heat that hit early (it's only the end of May!) has gotten to the overly furry pooch.

But he'll never give up a walk and play time with Lizzy, no matter how hot it is out.

She grabs the tennis ball and his leash at the bottom of the stairs. Latching the leash in place, they head out together. She laughs a bit as she passes the garden hose curled up on the side of their house. The day before she sprayed down Cass after he overheated at the park. He had a blast, running through the spray, biting at the stream, and hydrating while drinking probably too much water. It was a good day, a day where she smiled even with everything going on. Thankfully she still had her best furry friend to help ease the stress Sam's put on her.

Getting only a few houses away, Lizzy's phone rings. She pulls it out of her back pocket and looks at it. She stops mid-stride with the name that pops up on the screen. She didn't expect him to actually stick to the once a week call she made him promise to give her. Huh. Maybe he hasn't changed that much at all.

"So I guilted you good this time around, huh Sam-I-Am?" Lizzy smiles out as she answers his call. The last time he made this promise he broke it. He never called often at all, one time a month at best, once Dean was in Hell. Maybe he still does care about her after all.

"Where's Dean?" His voice sounds rushed and anxious. This clearly isn't a promised check in call. Her heart sinks a little.

"He's at work."

"He didn't answer his phone."

"Yeah... 'cause he's at work," she says with obviousness. Sam's starting to freak her out with the slight panic in his voice.

"Well, I need his help. Now. Uh, actually..." he pauses as she hears him moving around. "I might need your help more."

"What's wrong?"

"I'm working this job..."

"Dude, no..." she starts to protest but he cuts her off.

"Look, I just need you guys with me on this, okay?"

"We're out of the game, Sam," Lizzy sternly tells him. After a week of discussions they came to this conclusion together. More than anything they both want to continue their lives away from hunting. They want a safe existence that'll continue to be happy and promising and, eventually, filled with kids and more family. "We're staying out."

"Make an exception." He punches the demand out so quickly she almost didn't understand it.

"For what?" What could be that important?

"Look, I'm thirty minutes away and I will drive to Dean's garage if you don't agree to help."

"What the fuck Sam!? What's so nuts that you gotta threaten a damn drive by that could get him fired?"
"I have a baby," Sam says to her.

Lizzy pauses for a moment. Did he just really say that? "You have a what?" She needs to know she heard him right.

"A baby. I need your help. You're good with this shit and I don't know what the fuck I'm doing."

"Oh my God," Lizzy's voice lets free without her bidding. She thinks she understands and she grows fearful with the idea. "You have a baby?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Not something I planned on happening," Sam says, clearly getting impatient with her. The cryptic answer keeps her thinking the wrong thing.

"How could you be so irresponsible, Sam!?" she scolds him with her worries as she thinks about the impact of this change in his life.

"What the hell are you talking about!?"

"When did this happen!?" she asks with shock over the news, pulling back on the leash when Cass tries to keep her moving towards the park.

"Last night."

"Last night!?"

"I found him last night. His mother's dead, something killed her. No idea where the father is. I think something's after him."

She blows out a harsh breath she'd been holding in when it all starts to make more sense. The baby isn't his. "Holy shit," she comments with relief.

"What?"

"I thought you were telling me you had a kid… like the baby was yours." Thank fucking God. That was the last thing they all needed right now and with how weird and cold Sam's been, now is not the time for that kind of fuck up to happen.

"Jesus, Lizzy. Fucking focus here. There's a baby in my car and I don't know what the fuck I'm doing."

"Alright, calm down," Lizzy tells him, her nerves doing the same. "What's after him?"

"Don't know."

"How old is he?"

"I don't know, baby age! The hell does that matter!?"

And she can hear the crying in the background start, Sam's volume clearly upsetting to the baby.

"Shh, don't scare the poor thing!" Lizzy immediately chastises him. "Fuck, you knew you'd rope me in because some kid needs help, didn't you?"
"Was counting on it."

"Fuck you. Fine," she agrees in a quieter, worn down tone. "Head over to the apartment though! Don't go by the garage. I'll call Dean's boss and tell him to send his ass home as soon as he can."

"Good."

And the line is dead. Lizzy pockets her phone after Sam hangs up and looks down to Cass, the dog still looking at her and waiting to go play. She hates to disappoint him.

"Sorry, puppy," Lizzy sadly says to him as she turns around to head back to the apartment. "Rain check on the walk, ok?"

Dean pulls into their back lot in a rush. He sped home after Ellis came into the garage and told him to go home early. He said Lizzy called and needed him. The idea that something could be wrong with her scared the fucking daylights out of him, especially since something came after him at their home just a week ago, and now, as he parks the Impala and can see her standing there waiting for him, he gets more anxious to know what's going on.

"What's wrong?" Dean calls out the second he has the car door open, scrambling out of the driver's seat as quickly as he can.

"We need to talk," Lizzy tells him solemnly as he jogs to her.

"Are you ok?" he asks with fear, looking her hard in the eye as he grabs her by the shoulders.

"I'm fine… but you're brother isn't."

"Oh, Jesus Christ," he rushes out in a sharp exhale. She's fine. "Ok, what's going on with Sam?"

Lizzy looks over his shoulder as Sam's Charger pulls into their lot. "Why don't you ask him yourself?"

Dean turns around in time to see the black car park next to him. As Sam unfolds his tall frame from the driver's seat Dean heads his way.

"What the hell, Sam?" Dean asks, his voice a bit angry to see the hunter at his place again. It didn't work out so well last time. "What's this about?"

"I need you and Lizzy to help me with this case," Sam explains before turning to look at Lizzy. "You didn't tell him?"

"He just got here. Didn't have the chance."

Sam grumbles a swear under his breath.

"So…!?" Dean asks with sheer impatience.

"Check it out," Sam says, jerking his thumb in the direction of the back seat of his car.

Dean glares at Sam, distrust ruling his better judgment, and moves to peer into the car. What he sees is something he certainly wasn't ready for.

"What the fuck is that!?!" Dean nearly shouts at his brother.
"I think they call them babies," Sam flatly responds right back.

"Yeah, I know what it is," Dean rolls his eyes at his own stupid question. "Why the fuck do you have it?"

"I think something's after it," Sam quickly explains. "I found him in his house after fighting off whatever was there to take him. His mother was torn to shreds. There've been a string of these weird baby-nappings. The parents end up dead and the kids are nowhere to be found. I know it's our type of thing…"

"Your type of thing," Dean corrects, his face set in a hardened scowl that lets Sam know he'd better not make the mistake again.

"Ok, my type of thing," Sam goes along with the correction. "And I need your help."

"Why mine?"

"Because…"

"Oh! Look at you, little man!" Lizzy coos as she lifts the baby out of his car seat. While the brothers had been talking they hadn't paid attention to what Lizzy was doing. She raises him in the air above her head and laughs. "You are just too adorable!" The baby smiles wide at her with the attention and she pulls him down into her. While holding him, resting him on her hip, she fusses over him while already falling for the cute little guy. "Who in their right mind would come after you, huh? Who? With this cute little face?"

Sam looks back to Dean and they share a look of understanding just like they always used to.

"I need Lizzy."

"I can see that," Dean submits. Sam's smart. Lizzy is definitely needed right now.

"I can't take care of him. I have no idea what to do."

"Alright, fine," Dean acquiesces, knowing that Lizzy won't leave the little boy now that she's met him. She's all in and he's certainly not letting her go by herself.

Dean walks over to her and stands next to her, looking the baby over.

"Oh God, I could eat him right up!" Lizzy laughs a little as she pulls his hand to her lips pretends to do just that, the baby laughing with her silliness.

"Seems to be exactly the problem, doesn't it?" Dean says to her with the current issue in front of them.

"How could anything do something so terrible like that?" Lizzy asks him, peeling her focus off of the baby for just a moment.

"You wanna help out?" he asks in a heavy voice.

"You already know that answer," she said in a light, silly tone as she makes a face at the baby.

"Fuck," Dean complains. He looks to Sam with his hands on his hips. "Alright, so what do we know about this thing?"

"Well, uh, it was fast and it freaked when I cut it with silver," Sam answers as he recalls what he
remembers from the fight.

"Alright, so that narrows it down to..."

"A ghoul? A zombie, a shifter... or about a dozen other things."

"I don't recall seeing baby-napping in the profiles."

"Yeah, exactly."

Dean looks at the baby, his big eyes looking right back up at him as he smiles toothlessly from within Lizzy's arms.

"Well feel free to speak up if you know anything."

Lizzy laughs as the little boy just settles in with his new crew, not at all upset by the unfamiliar faces around him and being completely comfortable with Lizzy right off the bat.

Something hits Dean's nostrils just then and he scrunches his nose. Going on a hunch, he leans down and takes a whiff of their new buddy's lower half. "Oh God! Dude, you stink!"

Lizzy laughs hard at her husband's reaction. "Yeah, that's gonna happen."

"What, he's gonna shit his pants?"

"Well, his diaper, but yes. He's a fucking baby, Dean. That's what they do." She laughs a little more when she gets a look at both of their faces as they stare at her with horror. "Wow. Ok. Relax guys. I'll volunteer as diaper changer."

Sam sighs in relief. "And that's exactly why I needed to come here."

"No kidding," Lizzy smiles out. "But that just means we probably need to get some supplies."

"I've got an arsenal in the trunk," Sam assures her that he's packed to the gills with weaponry and ready to go.

"I don't think she means that kind," Dean points out to his brother, knowing what Lizzy means. When they both watched after Lizzy's friend's son he realized how much work and money goes into caring for a baby. Diapers and bottles and powers and butt paste... fuck, it was a lot. It didn't scare him or deter him from wanting that for himself per say but it was an eye opener.

"We should get going," Lizzy says as she turns back around and ducks into the car, putting the baby back into its car seat. "He needs to be changed a.s.a.p."

Sam nods and walks to the driver's side of the car, agreeing with them. Once everyone is in his car and Dean put their prepacked-by-Lizzy duffels in the trunk, Sam starts the engine. The second he does there's a loud beeping noise heard in the cab.

"Seatbelt," Sam directs to his brother.

Dean's annoyance level couldn't be higher. "What am I, in third grade?" he asks while clicking his seatbelt in place. "A car should drive, not be a little bitch."

"This is gonna be a blast," Lizzy sarcastically says to her little friend in the back seat as he smiles up to her. "Oh boy!"
"There you go, kiddo," Lizzy says to the baby suddenly in their charge as she straps him into the grocery store cart baby seat. She pulls his little hoodie over his head on instinct alone when she realize how cold it is in there. "This kid is too freakin' cute for words."

Dean looks over at her, catching the overjoyed expression on her face, and immediately starts walking off to find the aisle that contains all the baby stuff. She's getting attached. With this kid in clear danger and not knowing how this is going to end, her already there affection for him can't be a good thing.

Lizzy pushes the cart behind Dean, following him along the way. With one hand she pushes and steers and the other she lets the little boy gasp onto her finger with his tiny little hand. The poor thing already lost his mother. Any contact she can give him, any form of warmth or feelings of protection and love have to be a good thing for him right now. He may be too young to understand but the road ahead for him is not going to be a smooth one. Making it something positive right now is the least she can do.

"Alright, I'm pretty sure that there's some kind of paste or jelly you're supposed to put on their butt…" Dean says once they're in the aisle and looking around.

"Right next to your head," Lizzy nods to him and Dean turns to look. His focus goes right past the bright yellow box.

"Let me," she laughs and steps around the cart. She grabs the box and tosses it into the cart for him. "You watch him and I'll grab what we need quick. Don't want Sam getting too impatient in the car."

She then grabs a box of diapers for his appropriate size and age and puts it in the cart as Dean stands in front of the baby. They make eye contact for a second and he just raises his eyebrows once at the little guy… and he smiles right back.

"He's kinda happy, isn't he?" Dean comments while Lizzy looks around at all the options in front of her.

"He's awesome," she comments, pulling a canister of formula off a shelf and reading through the description to be sure it's appropriate for him. "All he's done is smile and be all cuddly."

Dean just looks down at him some more, watching him look around with wide, big eyes. His hands reaching out randomly when he likes what he sees. He's utterly fascinating to watch.

When he pulls his focus off of the baby Dean sees how many items are in the cart already.

"We need all that?"

"Definitely," Lizzy says to him with full confidence as she drops a package of two soft blankets in.

"So how do you know all this?"

"Instinct, mostly," Lizzy explains quickly. "And when my cousins were born I was already a teen. I babysat them a lot and learned a ton from it."

"Huh…" he responds but stops when he notices the baby squirming in his seat. And then he starts fussing, noises of discomfort and discontent clearly coming on fast. "Uh-oh," Dean comments. "Alright, we gotta get moving. We've got the waterworks in like, T-minus ten."

"Yeah, okay," Lizzy says while making a concerned face when she looks at the baby. "You go. I'll grab everything else and catch up."
And without another word Dean is off. The last thing he wants is a tantrum with this baby. No unwanted attention needed.

With arms filled with bottles, wipes, powder, and God knows what else, Lizzy hustles down to the checkout line that Dean’s in. She dumps everything into the cart quickly before looking around. The line is a couple people deep at every checkout. No easy way out on this one. At least Dean had the presence of mind to pick the one that would go the fastest according to how many items the people in front of them have.

And then the good times come to an end. The baby starts crying.

"Shit," Dean complains as he looks down at him. He rubs the infant's belly and shushes him quietly but it's no use.

"Well the cute part didn't last long, did it?" Lizzy asks him as she unbuckles the baby from his seat.

"No," Dean agrees and watches as Lizzy picks him up, holding him in her arm and rocking him a bit to calm him. And it actually works for a moment. The baby quiets, looking to her with watery eyes.

"How the hell did you do that?"

"No idea," she says in a soothing voice and a grin, her eyes glued to the tiny person in her hands.

"But who cares. It's working."

"He's adorable," a middle aged woman comments a she passes the two of them. She touches the little baby's shoulder lightly and he smiles at her.

"Oh, ah… thanks," Lizzy stumbles a bit as she responds. Best not explain that the baby isn't really theirs.

"What a beautiful family," she tells them as she walks away from the three standing in the checkout line.

Dean shots Lizzy a look. "You hear that? We're beautiful."

"She was just being nice," Lizzy tells him with a shrug.

"She was right though," Dean adds in quickly before his brain could stop him. "You do look good like that."

Smiling at the overly sweet comment, she laughs quietly. "You're gonna give me cavities."

Dean just grins back at her before nodding ahead of them. "We're up."

"Oh good!" Lizzy responds, seeing that they can get their items onto the register's conveyer belt. She then takes the baby and pushes him into Dean's arms. "Here."

"Uh, no…" Dean starts to protest.

"Take him," Lizzy presses the issue and before he knows it the boy is in his hold. He has a grip on him under each armpit as he holds him a good foot away. Dean stares at him as the baby's face scrunches up threateningly.

"Oh that's so not good," Dean says right before the baby starts crying. And this time he cries. Face red and tears flowing, Dean begins to panic a bit. This is normally where he makes a hand off to Lizzy but she's busy.
"Shh... shh..." Dean attempts to quiet the kid. "Come on, hang in there buddy. Hang in there, man."

"You gotta calm him down," Lizzy tells him as she piles item after item on the counter.

"How!?" Dean harshly asks. "Everyone's staring at us like we're child abusers!"

"Talk to him, occupy his attention."

"You think I speak baby? He probably needs a diaper change."

"We know he needs a diaper change," Lizzy reminds him, a smile on her lips. It's just too funny to watch him flip out like this. Maybe it's cruel but it's a little fun at the same time.

The baby continues to cry and Dean looks him hard in the eye. He tries something new. With every wail from the kid he wails right back, mimicking the sound. He did this with Cass once when he was whining on one of his first days living with them. Somehow it did the trick and got him to stop because it confused him enough. It's not so much working with the baby in his hold.

"Aw... what's the matter?" a woman in line behind them asks as she approaches Dean. "What's his name?"

"Bobby," Dean instantly answers at the exact same time as Lizzy answers; "Sam."

"Uh, Robert Samuel," Dean tries to amend the slip up after he and his wife share a nervous look. "I wanted Robert. She wanted Samuel. We're still battling over the nickname."

The woman just smiles. "Hi, Robert Samuel. Aren't you handsome?" She then looks up at Dean with a warm smile. "May, I?"

Before either former hunter can do anything about it, the woman is pulling the baby gently from Dean's arms.

"Oh, uh I..." Dean nervous says but the second he's in the woman's arms the little boy stops fussing.

Lizzy stops paying attention to the checkout and stares suspiciously at the stranger with the baby she's supposed to be protecting in her arms. Lizzy's instantly unsettled and her protective nature is on over load.

"I see now. Robert here is a little wet," she informs them of the issue. "No offense, you two look exhausted. I don't mind helping. Lord knows I've changed a million diapers."

It's then that Lizzy catches the woman's eyes flaring in a security camera feed behind her. She knew her dislike of the situation was there for a reason. Spidey-senses.

"You know, that's a really nice offer, thank you, but um... I think we've got it," Lizzy says as she steps forward and stands between Dean and what she now knows is a shifter.

"Oh, it's nothing," the monster continues to play it off. "Happy to help."

"Why don't I just take him," Lizzy says to her, a hint of danger in her voice as she holds out her arms.

"Sure, just finish checking out first," the shifter offers and Lizzy's had it.
"Give me the baby before I stab you in your neck in front of all these nice people," Lizzy says with a calm smile, the threat sharp.

"L!" Dean nearly shouts at her for her crazy words. What's gotten into her?

Lizzy nods to the security camera and with one glance Dean is on her side, his face set with fury.

The shift runs, clutching the baby close to her. Instantly Lizzy and Dean are after her, not at all about to let her get away with that innocent infant.

Lizzy tries to grab the woman, attempting to hold tight to her forearm, but the flesh there sheds off in her hand. Not missing a beat she throws the skin onto the ground and keeps running.

Dean cuts the shifter off and runs into her head on. He takes the baby out of the shifter's arms and holds him in close before fleeing. Dean heads for the door and for the Charger as Sam has it ready in the lot. He dives into the back seat.

"Sam, door!" he yells to his brother and Sam is already on Dean's same page, pulling out of the parking space to head for the front door to pick up Lizzy when she undoubtedly bolts out to escape.

The second Dean has the baby safe in his hold Lizzy tackles the shapeshifter posing as an older woman. She pulls out and swiftly flicks open her folding knife made of silver.

"I'm gonna kill you for this one," Lizzy rages as she realizes this monster has probably been the one kidnapping babies. The thought makes her too angry to handle her ire.

"Help me!" the shifter wisely calls out to the surround shoppers, knowing that right now, knife in hand, Lizzy looks like a psycho to normal people. "She's hurting me!"

"Get off of her!" Lizzy hears a man shout to her and it pulls her back into the current situation. What is the plan here? Kill a shifter in front of all these witnesses? Get arrested and go away for murder? Or worse, be on the lam like Dean and Sam were a huge chunk of their lives before faking her own death to stay free? Fuck no.

"Okay, alright," Lizzy calmly says as she holds out her hand. She folds the knife closed to show she means no harm. "Alright."

And then she takes off.

Once outside she sees that Sam has the car waiting for her with the passenger side open. She dives in and yanks the door shut.

"Go! Go! Go!" she shouts and they speed off as the store empties out to follow her. They get away just fine but not before the shifter makes it to the lot in time to get a good look at Sam's license plate.

"Oh fuck!" Lizzy says in sheer relief to have gotten away from all that.

"The hell does a shifter want with a baby, anyway?" Dean asks from the backseat as he tries his damnedest to lock the baby into his car seat.

"You tell me," Sam angrily wonders the same thing as he drives.

"Ah, better question... how the hell did it find us?" Lizzy points out the lingering issue. It found them all too easily. "And what's to stop it from finding us again?"

"Who designed this thing?" Dean finally complains as he's yet to figure out the car seatbelt.
"NASA?"

"Lemme help," Lizzy says as she reaches her body between the two front seats and helps Dean get the little boy strapped in correctly.

"You know, it could have been following me this whole time..." Sam beings to think aloud. "Since the baby's house."

"So it knows where Dean and I live," Lizzy adds in as she finishes up the safety belts and returns to her own place in the passenger seat. "Comforting."

"Seatbelt," Sam says to her much like he did Dean earlier as the car is beeping once again. Lizzy doesn't complain however. She just puts her belt on.

"Alright, you know, we gotta get off the road," Dean begins planning. "Get little Bobby Sam here someplace safe."

"Bobby Sam?" Sam has to ask when he hears the name.

"We couldn't decide," Lizzy jests and brushes the conversation off for another time. "Alright, well, I know of a few smaller towns in the area that are off the beaten path. We can hit one of those up and find a motel."

"Isn't a motel our usual M.O. though?" Sam challenges the thought.

"Yeah it is, but around here there are so many motels that finding one in particular is like figuring out which Zep song's the best. Impossible. New England is the motel capital of the world. We'll be ok for a while."

"Sounds good," Sam easily agrees when he hears her talk it all out. "You tell me where to go."

With all the commotion the baby continues to fuss a bit in the back seat.

"And we need to try and head for another grocery store again," Dean points out. "We left that one empty handed and this guy is starting to stink." The baby lets out a cry and Dean scoots closer to the car seat. He puts a hand on the infant's tiny belly again and rubs. "Okay, alright, shh, shh. Easy, kid."
"Okay, alright," Dean once more tries his best to sooth the baby in his care as it squirms too much on the motel bed. "You know what? I'll pay you money if you sit still."

From the table Sam laughs quietly at the bribe while surrounded by his research and computer.

"This is like defusing an IED… with poop," Dean says to his brother once he has the soiled diaper off and bundled closed. He then snaps the white onesie closed once a fresh diaper is on him. "Okay, alright, alright, alright, you are golden, Bobby Sam."

"Dude, what's with the name?" Sam finally questions with the ridiculous sound of it.

"Oh, uh… well," Dean starts to explain as he picks up the baby. He takes a seat at the edge of the bed to face Sam as he cradles Bobby Sam in his arms as if it's the most normal thing in the world, the baby on his back lying across Dean's forearm. "Some lady asked what his name was in the grocery store. One of us said Bobby and the other said Sam so I lied and said it was both, ha."

"So you'd name a kid after me?" Sam shares a shit eating grin.

"Ah, no actually. Sam was Lizzy's answer," Dean tells the truth.

Sam tilts his head to the side briefly, as if considering the gesture, and then looks back down at his work, reading instantly.

Dean just shakes his head, having thought Sam would have a better reaction, or a reaction at all, to that kind gesture on Lizzy's part but no dice.

Bobby Sam looks up at him when Dean peers down and he reaches his little hand upwards. He makes a tiny fist at one point and jokingly Dean bumps fists with him, following it up with an exploding sound as he widens out his hand. The baby makes a giggling sound.

"Huh," Sam comments, having watched the moment.

"What?"

"You're just, uh…" Sam chooses his words carefully as he leans back in his chair and watches with sheer entertainment. "You're actually not awful at that."

"Dude, I'm barely keeping this thing alive," Dean modestly denies as he lets the baby grab onto his index finger.

"No, no, no, seriously. You've got a whole Dr. Huxtable vibe coming off of you. You're like... father material."

"Raised you, didn't I?" he challenges quickly.

Sam nods and makes a face to show he agrees that Dean makes a valid point.
"Plus, you know... Lizzy and I have been... kinda planning," Dean starts to try and explain as he looks down and gives his attention to Bobby Sam in order to ignore Sam's judging gaze.

"You mean you two...?"

"Yeah," Dean answers before the question is out. "We were talking about... starting a family."

Sam doesn't answer, just stares at his brother.

"It's what she's always wanted," Dean keeps talking, feeling like he should. It's only his brother anyways. "I mean, this guy isn't even hers but she's already obsessed with him, like he's her own."

Dean thinks over all the times he's seen his wife with kids of all ages. "She's her happiest when she's helping kids. Lizzy is a natural with this shit and she deserves to get absolutely everything she wants in life."

"But is that what you want?" Sam pries further.

Peering at Bobby Sam and all the potential and excitement he holds within him, Dean knows the answer immediately. "Hell yeah. Hell yeah. You know, I sometimes think about the way we grew up, the militant life with horrible shit always after us... I don't know, I kind of feel like I have a chance to do something different, be something different than dad. I could give a kid a good life, make him happy and correct the mistakes dad made with us."

"You sure about that?"

Dean peers over at his brother with a little bit of hesitance. "What do you mean?"

"Look, you clearly want that kind of a life..."

"But?"

"But how are you gonna keep a family safe from your past? You gonna keep moving them around all the time every time something wants its revenge on you? You gonna lock them down? Teach them the basics just in case they have to defend themselves against all the evil crap that exists out there? How is any of that different from how we were raised?"

"So you're saying..." Dean starts as he tries to process Sam's negative response to Dean's hopes and dreams. He refuses to think it's the same. "I'm not dad. Sam, I'm not. I don't want that life for anyone. This right here, me helping you, it's temporary."

"Dad always said it was temporary, Dean," Sam immediately rebuts. "He said it for 22 years. Look, I get it. You want the American Dream and that's great. It is. I'm just asking... how do you do that and not turn into Dad? How do you make that work?"

Dean is quiet. He never thought about it that far. He just assumed that after the past year of nothing coming after them they were good and safe. He never assumed this would happen, that Sam would come back and so would the monsters. What if they'd fucked up and made that same mistake again this past year? What if they already had a kid of their own and then the djinn had showed up? He'd never forgive himself if his kid, his little flesh and blood child, ever got hurt because of his past or ever had to grow up in this life like he did.

Once Sam sees how wrapped up in his thoughts Dean is he looks down at the papers on the table in front of him and keeps reading.

"Hey-oh!" Lizzy shouts as she opens the door to the motel. She pushes in a basic wooden crib with a
wide smile on her face. "You know, a new mother can get all the sympathy in the world if she plays it up right."

"You got the front desk to scrounge this up for you?" Dean asks as he tosses a white baby towel over his shoulder before shifting Bobby Sam against his chest, the little boy's head on his shoulder.

"Of course I did!" Lizzy says to them as she wheels the new furniture against a free wall in the room. "I mean, what's a single mother on her own gonna do without a little help from the kind strangers around her?"

"That's my girl," Dean smirks and stands up. He kisses her on the cheek before she starts to use the blankets they purchased to make up the crib for Bobby Sam.

"And I got this just in time," she says as she works, glancing at the tired face of the baby in Dean's arms. "From the looks of it the little guy needs to hit the hay. Diaper changing go well enough?"

"He's a regular pro," Sam comments without looking up from his work. "You could even say he's father material."

"Shut it, Sam," Dean immediately returns but he says it in a quiet tone, careful not to pull Bobby Sam out of his sleepy state.

Once done, Lizzy stands straight and watches her husband as he lightly bounces Bobby Sam on his shoulder while humming 'Smoke on the Water'. She has to smile with the sight.

"Dean, you're just going to make it cranky again…" Sam says when he hears the rough and off tone tune being hummed.

"Shh, it's working," Dean tells him and it really is. Bobby Sam's lids get heavy and his body goes slack in Dean's arms. "Okay, if I put you down, you gonna be a man about it?"

Dean carefully puts the baby down into the crib. Bobby Sam just lays back and closes his eyes, drifting off easily. With an amazed sigh that he could pull that off, Dean watches him for another minute before Sam interrupts the moment.

"Crap. I can't believe I missed this."

"What?" Lizzy asks as she moves to stand behind Sam and look over his shoulder at what he's reading.

"This house on Elm," He points to the article from the newspaper. "The mother was killed, baby was grabbed… but daddy wasn't living in the house at the time so he's still alive. What do you say we go and have a chat?"

"And leave the little guy to fend for himself?" Dean asks sternly. "No way in hell. You guys go."

"You want to stay here… alone… with the kid?" Sam asks almost incredulously. This is very much not like the Dean he knows from the past.

"I don't mind," Dean shrugs his answer.

"Sam, can you do this one on your own?" Lizzy asks of him. There's no way she's leaving the little boy's side and it looks like Dean himself isn't either. "I can watch the baby and Dean can be on lookout duty."
"Fine," Sam shrugs as he gives up and soon he's out the door, ready to follow up on his lead alone. He's worked alone for a while now and interviewing a guy by himself is not a big deal.

Dean pours himself a glass of whiskey before tipping the bottle towards her.

Lizzy shakes her head no, not willing to get even a little tipsy when they have a baby in their care.

"Suit yourself," Dean brushes off and takes a sip of his much needed hunter's helper.

Lizzy smiles wide at Dean. "You're doing a hell of a job with him," she wants to let him know.

"Yeah, you know it's not as tough as I thought it was gonna be… minus the shifter trying to kill us and all."

"Of course," Lizzy huffs a laugh.

"Of course…" Dean echoes with a small and quite forced smile and takes another sip.

"What's going on in there," Lizzy asks as she nods to Dean's head, stepping closer to him when she senses that he's off.

"Nothing…" Dean starts to deny but fuck that, she's going to know he's lying to her. "Sam just said some things that got me thinking."

"About what?" she keeps prying, a hand on his upper arm when she can tell he's been irked.

"Life. What we're doing with ours and if…" He pauses for a second and thinks better of bringing up his reservations about their plans for the future. "You know what? Sam's an ass. Don't worry about it."

"You sure?" She eyes him with total disbelief.

"Conversation for another time."

"I'm holding you to that," she warns lightly, knowing there's a whole lot more to this moment he and Sam had than Dean's willing to let on right now. Leaning up to kiss him on the lips once, she then turns away from him. Lizzy heads for the bathroom and when she shuts the door the noise makes Bobby Sam start to cry.

Dean makes his way over to the crib, looking down at the crying baby and he thinks for a second. He dips his index finger into his whiskey and lets the little boy suck it off.

"It's good, isn't it?"

"So this is what you think is heaven?" Lizzy asks as her voice vibrates while lying next to Dean and looking up at the ceiling.

"Oh yeah," Dean slickly answers her as he closes his eyes with the soothing (to him) movement.

"This is… kinda… nice… I guess," she laughs as she doesn't understand his magic fingers obsession in the least.

"Shh," he tries to quiet her, his hand lifting slightly and then draping across her body. His hand accidentally lands on her right breast.
"You copping a feel with a baby in the room, Winchester?" Lizzy laughs with the inadvertent move. She knows he didn't mean it but it's still funny to her.

"Not trying to," he lightly returns but with his denial he squeezes her boob.

"Yeah, not at all," she giggles and rolls to her side before getting up and sitting on top of him. "You totally didn't mean to."

"I really didn't," Dean tells her the truth, his hands instantly reaching up to feel her breasts through her clothes. "But if you're feeling frisky I can pretend I meant it."

"Oh yeah?" Lizzy asks with a bright grin as she leans down close to him.

"Ooh yeah," Dean smiles back and pulls her in by the back of her head. "Give daddy some sugar, baby."

She lets out one more bright laugh with the lame line before her lips meet his.

Quickly the two fall into their usual pattern when Sam leaves the motel. They fool around. It's ingrained in their personalities at this point.

Lizzy has her hands inside Dean's shirt and his fingers are tightly wound in her hair when they both hear a loud, wet exploding sound followed by their little, formerly-sleeping charge's crying.

"What the fuck?" Lizzy whispers as she turns around while still straddling Dean's hips. Both get a clear view of the crib and wall behind it.

There's blood, slime, and skin everywhere.

"Oh God," Lizzy fears out as Dean grabs her hips and pushes her to the side of him.

"Stay here," he tells her as he slowly gets up, cautious and quite afraid of what he might see when he looks into that crib.

Her heart racing a mile a minute, Lizzy jumps when she hears Dean's familiar ringtone start from the nightstand as her emotions are already on high alert. She dives for the cell and sees it's Sam. She answers it as she watches Dean closely.

"Sam," her worried voice answers him.

"I talked to the father," Sam calmly informs her. "He checks out. But the baby..."

"Yeah?" she asks while Dean's eyes grow huge when he looks into the crib. He peers at her once before reaching into it.

"I think the shapeshifter is his dad," Sam surmises.

Dean picks up Bobby Sam and the second Lizzy sees him she inhales deeply with shock. He's no longer the white skinned, bald little boy they've been caring for all day. Now he's black with dark curly hair. He looks exactly like the child on the box of diapers next to the crib.

"You might be onto something there, Sam-I-Am," Lizzy tells him as her voice cracks with worry. "Get your ass back here now!"

She ends the call and just peers at the baby, Dean doing the same as they both can't really believe what they've just witnessed.
"Five seconds ago I would have put money on me having seen it all," Dean quips through his sheer confusion and anxiety.

"I have never seen anything even close to this."

"Me neither."

As the little baby shifter cries loudly Lizzy begins to worry. His noise will attract attention and right now attention is the very last thing they want to have.

She runs for the bathroom with one of the soft towels they purchased earlier in her hand. She wets it under the sink with just slightly warm water and rushes back to Dean and the baby.

"Oh, it's ok, honey," she uses a sweet, calm tone of voice while talking to the newly shifted baby as she tries to clean him off. He has bits of his old form still on him from the transformation. "Sweetie, I know. It's scary, I know. Shh, I know."

"What the fuck do we do now?" Dean worries aloud in a still calm-ish voice as she works on him.

"We're gonna clean this guy up and then figure out how to help him," Lizzy tells him, determined to help the poor little lost thing.

"Help him?" Dean has to ask, his brain not really seeing things the way she is in the moment.

"Yes," she says to Dean, taking Bobby Sam from him and laying him down on the baby blanket still on one of the beds. She continues to wipe him clean quickly and as carefully as she can. "We're gonna figure out how to help him."

"He's a monster," Dean reminds her.

"He's just a baby, Dean," she says to him, working to pull off the dirty onesie that the baby has on and doing it almost frantically. "He doesn't know what he is. He's just an innocent… lost… little baby."

Her words soak in slowly as he watches her care for the baby as if he was human. Her view of him hasn't changed. She still cares, still tries her best to help him out even with the new knowledge of what exactly he is.

"Grab his clothes for me?" Lizzy asks, trying to get him to help her. "We gotta get going."

"Where?" Dean asks her, his feet on the move as he gathers up the outfit Bobby Sam was wearing all day.

"I don't know," she shakes her head, tossing the bodily fluid covered onesie into the trash can nearby. "I have not a fucking clue but we can't stay here."

"You wanna fill me in on what you know?" Dean says to her as he hands over the cleaner clothes. Clearly Sam told her something if she has the sudden urge to skip town.

"Shit, ok," Lizzy swears as she's forgotten that she was the only one talking to Sam just now. "Sam thinks that the shifter kidnapping the kids is the father of all the babies. They're all baby shifters and daddy wants his little darlings back."

That makes sense to Dean. "Well, he can't have this one."

"No fucking way," Lizzy agrees instantly as she pulls the striped hoodie over Bobby Sam's head as
he near screams bloody murder. "Kiddo, you gotta calm down. I know your first shift had to have scared you shitless but you gotta quiet down, bud."

"I'll pack everything up," Dean tells her as she finishes up getting Bobby Sam dressed. He starts with Sam's research.

They work in silence until Lizzy has Bobby Sam fully dressed, shoes and all. He's still crying so she picks him up and holds him tight, the little boy bellowing in her ear as he's in her arms.

"Come on, Bobby Sam. It's ok," she tries to talk him down from his fright as she paces the floor and bounces him gently. "You're gonna be fine, babe."

The knock on the door has both Dean and Lizzy whipping their focus onto each other with nerves.

Manager! Everything okay in there?

"Yeah, no, we're fine," Lizzy instantly shouts back as Dean's shoving the last of Sam's papers into his bag. "Thank you. Have a good night."

There's been complaints. Mind opening the door, ma'am?

"It's not a good time," Lizzy keeps trying. "Just got out of the shower."

And then the doorknob rattles.

Dean gives Lizzy a look and nudges his head towards the bathroom. She jogs that way immediately, grabbing a knife off the table as she does. Once in there she locks the door. She stands with Bobby Sam in her grip, covering his tiny mouth as much as she can without suffocating him.

"Time to seriously quiet down, dude."

The door to the motel room unlocks and a police officer takes a few steps in. Before he has a chance to even look around Dean attacks from his place behind the door. He throws a fist but the shifter immediately pushes him back, Dean landing on the ground.

"Get out of the way," the shifter demands, trying to get to the crib where he assumes the child is.

"Yeah, that's not going to happen," Dean answers as he gets back on his feet, his knife in one hand and his body ready for another go.

"That child should be with his father."

"Wow, I gotta be honest. I'm not really seeing the family resemblance," Dean quips back in his usual smartass way.

"I'm not talking about me," the shifter cryptically explains. "I'm talking about our father."

Just then the baby can be heard, one of his cries loud enough for the two in the main room to hear. The shifter smirks and then heads for the bathroom door. Dean launches immediately before he can get to Lizzy and the baby. He lands a solid punch to the shifter's face followed up by a slash on the cheek with the silver knife. This doesn't deter the shifter much, even if his skin bubbles with the silver. They grapple a little more, Dean once more ending up on his ass on the carpet. As the shift stalks closer, ready to do what he must to get the baby back, Sam runs into the room. He aims quickly and without thinking, triple taps the shifter through the heart just as his father trained him to do years ago.
Falling to the ground unmoving, the two hunters assume the shifter is dead with Sam's deadly aim.

"Well," Dean starts as he looks around the blood spattered room while still on his ass. "There goes our deposit."

With Lizzy in the back seat feeding Bobby Sam a bottle as they fly down the road, putting as much distance between them and the last place the shifters knew they were, no one can quite figure out what to do.

"Well at least I know why he was so damn cranky," Lizzy says as the baby polishes off the full bottle she made for him in a rush to leave and does it in no time flat. "Hopefully that'll tide him over for a while."

"You know, the more I think about it, it's pretty smart, actually," Sam speak aloud as they sort through the new information they have. "I mean, shifter poses as a guard for the security company to get near the house. Then it scopes out the fam."

"Yeah, and then daddy takes off, and shifter becomes daddy," Dean picks up the train of thought. "A few glasses of wine, shakes momma's trees, comes back in nine months to collect its prize."

Lizzy smirks a little at the interaction. They work together much like they always did. It feels almost as if no time has passed and they're just the Winchesters again. It's nice to see.

"I thought they were just freaks of nature, like X-Men style. I didn't even know they had babies," Sam points out.

"Yes you did," Lizzy interrupts from the back seat as she runs her hand soothingly over Bobby Sam's head, watching the activities of the day overcome him and make him sleepy all over again. "Remember Vegas?"

"How could I forget?" Sam grumbles, remembering the nightmare those shifters put them through.

"Shit, right," Dean says when he recalls the meaning for the attack on them. "Those two shifters, they had a son together."

"Right on," Lizzy confirms his recollection.

"Damn it," Sam says as he looks into the rearview mirror at Bobby Sam as she falls asleep. "I've never seen a baby monster before."

"Of course it's not really a monster," Dean rebuts him, thinking back to the conversation he had with Lizzy earlier in the motel. "I mean, it's still just a baby. It's not its fault its dad's a shifter."

"Right... but it's a shifter, too," Sam has to challenge with the sticky situation they're in.

"Still doesn't change the fact that we've got to look after this thing. I mean, what the hell are we going to do with it? We can't actually drop it off at an orphanage. They might get upset when it turns Asian."

"We can't abandon him like that," Lizzy agree completely.

"Samuel," is Sam's one word answer to this conundrum.

"What?" Dean asks immediately.
"Samuel. He'll know what to do."

"You want to hand him right over to a group of hunters?" Lizzy asks with utter disbelief. That's a terrible idea. This thing, though cute and innocent still, is a monster in most hunters' eyes. They won't care to stop before they just plain off it.

"Not just hunters," Sam tries to rebut. "They're our family."

"We don't know them," Dean answers back.

"I do," Sam says with determination. "Not every hunter is a head case. I mean, Samuel is actually a lot like you, Dean."

"Dean's a total fucking head case, Sam," Lizzy reminds him.

"Yeah!" Dean wholeheartedly agrees as he points at her. "Very good point."

"Well, pitch a better idea then, guys."

It grows quiet for a moment before Lizzy breathes in deep once. She lets it out slowly and dares to speak her possibly insane mind. "Dean and I can take him."

"What!?" both men ask at the same time.

"Ok, hear me out before we get all crazy and just-say-no happy, alright?"

With gritted teeth and already going frustration on both parts, the brothers keep quiet and open their ears. They know the stink she can put up when she feels like they aren't listening to her so they give her a chance.

"We bring this little guy to Samuel and a pack of hunters then there's a good chance they off him without second thought."

"Exactly!" Dean says at the same time as Sam says; "No they won't!"

"Either way… I don't feel like it's a good idea," Lizzy says to them both. "He needs a home, a real home. We don't know for sure that he's hardwired to be an ass when he grows up. What if shifters only turn out bad because they're raised to be bad? What if, given the chance and raised right, he can be a good person?"

"Oh yeah, a good person… that now and then decides to be Brad Pitt for a day to get laid!" Dean strongly points out to her with anger.

"I'm not saying it would be a walk in the park!" she quickly fights back. "But if this dude has a chance at being normal, at having a good life and we could give that to him then what's the difference between us saving a human and us saving this guy!? He's half human after all, isn't he? I think he has a fighting chance."

"You don't know that," Sam denies her idea.

"But it's worth a try."

"And what happens ten, fifteen years down the road when he starts going off the rails and his motivation sets in?" Dean says to her. "Every shifter we have found has been driven by money or
blood or vanity… they all have their thing. What if Bobby Sam is into killing people? You gonna be cool with raising a little Dexter?"

"Well… no…" Lizzy sighs as they highlight far too many negative points for her.

"That would break your heart, Lizzy. You know it," Dean says and she only nods small as she knows he's right.

"You can't raise a shifter in a normal world. He isn't normal," Sam tells her. "It's nice of you to want to help the kid but he isn't gonna be like all the other kids. You can't just shove him into some dream episode of Full House and assume he'll be ok. It's too risky."

Making a hurt face, Lizzy looks at Bobby Sam's resting, sweet face and her heart feels heavy.

"But he's just a baby," she fights back without much fight in her voice. She knows it's a losing battle. "I want to help him."

"Keeping him is not the way to help him, L," Dean lets her down easy. "We'll figure out another way but bringing him into our home is not gonna be it."

"Yeah," Lizzy sighs out, her hand resting gently on the Bobby Sam's head. It grows silent in the cab of the car.

"Great! So Samuel, it is," Sam decides for the group when they come up with no other answers.

"They want to kill him they're gonna have to pry him from my cold dead hands," Lizzy quietly and darkly warns them as she studies the shifter's tiny face as he sleeps.

"They aren't gonna kill him," Sam assures her one last time. "They'll have an answer."
"Jesus Christ," Lizzy awes as Sam drives them through the gates of the Campbell Compound. It took a near day of driving but they arrive in one piece and without incident from any other shifters being able to catch up to them. The place they pulls up to is huge. It's a rundown factory of some kind, the whole thing fenced in and protected to the nines.

"This is where you've been hanging out?" Dean asks his brother as he eyes over the place impressed. At least if Sam's gonna be trusting these people they know how to keep it locked up tight.

"Not so bad, is it?" Sam smirks when he sees how much Dean appreciates what he sees.

Dean just looks back at Sam, still annoyed to be where he is. He's feeling highly unsettled by the idea of bringing this shifter baby to them. It seems too wrong for it to be the right thing to do.

He peeks back at Lizzy once quickly when Sam parks the car and gets out. She shares a nervous look, one telling him that she's feeling just about the same as he is concerning all this, before she starts to unlatch Bobby Sam's car seat. With the baby in her arms, his cheek pressed to her shoulder as he looks around his surroundings, she follows Sam inside.

It's dark, the corridors of what now looks like an army bunker barely lit enough to see much. Dean and Lizzy hang back while Sam goes to grab Samuel. One by one the family members make their way over, checking out the hunters and their little bundle of joy they brought with them.

"Well," Gwen is the first to speak as she gently touches Bobby Sam's little head. "Aren't you just the best disguise a monster ever wore?"

Lizzy glares at the woman with her insensitive comment. She already likes the baby enough that any put down or joke at his unfortunate expense is met with a death stare.

"I'm kidding, Lizzy," Gwen tries to lighten the mood to no avail as Lizzy is having none of it. "Relax."

Mark is the next to come Lizzy's way. He approaches her and stares at Bobby Sam for a second.

"What, you got something to say too?" Dean steps in, feeling just as protective of the baby as Lizzy is right now. They both hate being there with him and go on the defensive immediately. Mark just stares back at him without saying a word. "No? Alright, well, you stand there and think at me."

Then Sam comes back, their grandfather in tow.

"What's our next move?" Sam asks, not waiting for Samuel to even really get a look at the baby before asking. He's anxious to do something after the long drive.

"I got a couple of ideas," Samuel says, peering at the little boy with a small smile on his face. "Lizzy, let me see the little guy."

"Oh, um…" Lizzy starts, her arms instinctually holding Bobby Sam tighter with the request. She
doesn't know or trust this guy just yet, as nice as he seemed when they met. "That's alright, I got him. He's gotten used to me by now." She smiles and hopes that Samuel will accept this.

"What do you think I'm gonna do?" Samuel challenges, hurt by Lizzy's unwillingness to hand over the kid.

"You really don't want her to answer that question," Dean lets him know, his icy tone clearly giving away how much distrust he and his wife both have in their extended family.

"Well I'm curious," Christian steps in at this point, surly attitude fully out. "Who exactly do you think we are?"

"Hunters," Dean answers him as he steps between Christian and Lizzy.

"Funny, here I've been thinking we're family."

"Hey, let's not get worked up," Sam mediates, ending the chest puffing between the two men in order to focus on the issue at hand.

"Yeah, yeah, let's not," Christian says with a bite, Dean and his hate for one another still fully there.

"Here, Lizzy, it's fine," Sam says to her as he steps closer with his arms out. "Let me take him. It's okay."

"No, Sam…"

"Lizzy, you gotta trust me," Sam says, a smile on his face as he asks her to believe him even if she isn't comfortable with the rest of the hunters. She sighs, her face wrinkled with how badly she doesn't want to give him over, but does it anyways. Sam takes Bobby Sam from her and instantly she feels wrong and empty. She got used to having him there and she firmly believes that if he isn't in her arms he isn't as safe as he could be.

And then Sam hands the baby right off the Samuel, making her flare up with a little anger.

"Hey there," Samuel coos quietly to the baby. "You're a big fella, aren't ya'? Yeah. I haven't held one of these in a long time." He looks up at Sam and Dean. "Your mom was the tiniest. She was as bald as a cue ball."

"Alright, so what the hell are we going to do with him?" Dean questions as he's ready to find an answer for Bobby Sam, one that will give him a fighting chance somehow.

"Raise him," Samuel simply says as if the answer should have been obvious all along.

"Raise him!?" Lizzy instantly asks with outrage. She couldn't have heard him right.

"What, you've got another suggestion?" Samuel challenges her.

"But... We can't..." As Lizzy's voice fails she looks to Dean for help.

"This isn't an answer, Samuel," Dean says with a determined voice.

"It's dangerous out there for him, Dean," Samuel tells him, holding the baby and looking him over with fondness.

"And what about in here?" Lizzy wonders about the fate of Bobby Sam. "What are you gonna, gonna study him?"
"You gonna poke at him?" Dean adds right in. "Find out what makes a baby monster tick?"

"Your mind goes straight to torture, Dean," Christian digs as he stands by. "Don't assume that for everyone."

"What exactly are you trying to say?" Lizzy steps in immediately, already pissed at what Christian is implying about her man.

"Sorry, I heard about what your husband here majored in down in the Pit," Christian smirks at her, going for the jugular.

"The fuck is your problem, huh?" Lizzy asks as she takes a large step towards him, her fists already balled. "You don't know anything about him!"

"Lizzy," Dean warns as he grabs her upper arms from behind and pulls her back.

"No! Fuck you, Christian!" Lizzy starts to yell with her growing anger. "You can sit on your high horse all the fuck you want but in reality you should be kissing Dean's ass for all he's done for this world, you ungrateful piece of shit!" Again she tries to march towards the hunter but Dean won't let her.

"It's fine, L," Dean says low into her ear. "Ignorance is a real son of a bitch. He'll get his. Take it down a bit and focus on the kid."

Sam steps up in front of her as he sees she isn't really calming down.

"Lizzy, knock it off," Sam says to her before looking at Christian. "And take it easy, man. That's my brother you're talking about and I know my sister-in-law will kick your ass good if you keep this up. She might be small but she'll drop you like it's no big thing."

"Because it wouldn't be," Lizzy glares at Christian before Dean lets her go and she turns her back on the rude hunter.

"We all done bristling up here, or what?" Samuel asks the group, winking once at Lizzy to let her know he agrees with her. He definitely has a soft spot for her, anger and all. "Nobody's doing anything to this little guy. When he's old enough, we throw it to him. He wants to volunteer to help out, that's fine."

"What!?!" Lizzy questions the idea with a bit of alarm.

"Could be great," Mark adds.

"How?" Dean instantly challenges the thought.

"Think of the kind of hunter he'll grow up to be," Mark says with excitement.

"You all are joking, right?" Dean loudly asks the group before Lizzy can even speak up. "I mean, come on! You can't 'Angelina Jolie' a shapeshifter."

"Give me the baby," Lizzy demands as she stands in front of Samuel, not at all ready to hand this innocent little guy over to the life just yet.

"Why can't you two give me an inch of trust?" Samuel asks, not handing over the child.

"Maybe because you two are suddenly back from the dead and L and I seem to be the only ones who want to know how the hell that happened!" Dean nearly shouts, losing his cool completely.
"You're not the only one who wants to know," Sam tries to ensure.

"There's just a little too much mystery with this family for me to get comfy," Dean tells them honestly.

"Then don't put it on us," Samuel says while shifting his focus between Lizzy and Dean. "All we're trying to do is invite you in. You don't want in then fine. Christian?"

"Yeah?"

"You and Arlene, still no luck on the baby front?"

"Not yet, no," Christian tells him, a slow smile making its way across his face when he gets it.

"But you want one?"

"No fucking way," Lizzy says to Samuel once she understands and gets completely ignored.

"Yeah, we do," Christian answers happily.

"Wait, hold on…" Dean tries to interject, feeling about as good about this plan as Lizzy is.


"The crap I do for this family," Christian laughs as he looks down at the baby boy in his arms.

"You're kidding me, right?" Dean asks the group with disgust.

"Go to hell, Dean."

"Seriously!?" Lizzy bites to Samuel as she points sharply at Christian. "He has no business raising anything."

"Why, Lizzy? Because he's a hunter?" Sam bites right back as he challenges her comments.

Suddenly dog can be heard barking frantically outside and the threat cuts right through the tension in the room.

"Check the back door," Samuel directs to Mark and he's off. Samuel then looks to Christian.

"Downstairs, panic room. He'll be safe there. Go! Now!"

"I got him," Lizzy says to Christian as she pulls the baby out of his hands. "You fight, I'll take him down to the panic room." Once she has Bobby Sam in her arms tightly, and feels a whole lot better at that, she looks to Christian's questioning face. "Just keep the shifters away from him. I've been outta the game but you're still a fighter… so fight. You can have him back after, I won't argue if you can keep him safe."

Christian nods, seeing that Lizzy really does just care about the kid, and runs off after grabbing his shotgun. She starts for the panic room and Sam and Dean are right behind her.

"Come on, honey," Lizzy tries to sooth Bobby Sam as she holds him. She's seated in the corner of the panic room, Bobby Sam in her lap crying. "You have got to keep quiet."

"Bobby Sam… dude…" Dean starts on his way over. He crouches to the floor next to Lizzy and
takes the baby's small hand, his fingers instantly around Dean' index finger like before. "You wanna not grow up like a douche bag then we gotta keep you away from big poppa. Quit your crying, man. We're trying to help."

They hear gunfire erupt from the floor above them.

"It does not sound good up there," Dean mentions as he looks above them. He stands back up and out of instinct he cocks the sawed off shotgun he grabbed on their way down.

"Alright, I'm going to go up," Sam says, his body language antsy with the commotion going on. He just wants to be in the fight. He looks to Lizzy and Dean. "Stay with the baby."

Sam walks to the door and the second he has grabs the handle to open it a face is looking into the room through the small window. It's his own face.

Reacting quickly and not flinching once, Sam reaches for and pulls out his silver knife as the shifter that's wearing Sam's look pulls the panic room door right off of its hinges. Tossing the heavy metal door away like it's made of air, the shift walks forward right towards Sam.

Sam has been a hell of a hunter this past year, better than any others. He quicker and stronger than ever before and he's very rarely been matched by his prey. This time, however, he can't equal the shifter he's up against. As soon as Sam attacks the shifter has him airborne. Sam lands on the hallway outside the room, hitting his head on the wall and blacking out.

"Son of a bitch," Dean says, fear in his voice as Lizzy stands up. Planting his feet in place so that he's blocking her and Bobby Sam, Dean brings up his shotgun and blasts the thing right in the chest. The rock salt makes divots in the Sam-a-like's chest, piercing his clothing, but the shift doesn't even flinch. Instead he just smiles. Right before Dean and Lizzy's eyes the shifter changes forms again. He glimmers a bit and instantly he shifts from Sam into Dean.

"What the..." Dean starts to say but stops when the shifter comes eye to eyes with him.

"Get out of my way," his own voice demands to him, familiar green eyes boring into his.

"For such a handsome son of a gun you're not too bright," Dean comes back quickly, standing his ground while dropping his gun and then reaching to his back to pull out the silver knife he has hidden there. He may not have been hunting for a long time but nothing comes after his wife.

"Just like the real thing," the shifter jests right back and backhands Dean hard, its strength more than any of the hunters were prepared for. Dean goes airborne before he falls hard off to the side, the vicious blow making him groggy and confused on the floor.

"Dean!?" Lizzy calls out to him, hoping he's not out. He doesn't respond, just groans with pain as he barely moves on the cement floor. Lizzy and the shifter Dean look at each other. With no weapons on her Lizzy is screwed here.

"Give me the baby."

"No fucking way," Lizzy defiantly returns with, holding Bobby Sam tighter as he cries into her ear with the commotion.

The shifter steps forward to her and reaches out, grabbing Lizzy by the neck hard. She's already gasping for air when the shifter starts to raise her off the floor. Choking, she tries her best to hold on to Bobby Sam, protecting him as best she can as her energy fades.
Her eyelids droop, her air gone for too long, her arms slacken just enough. Dean's familiar hand reaches out to Bobby Sam and the shifter all too easily takes him from her. Once the baby is safely in his hold, he lets Lizzy drop down to the floor. The world fades away as the darkness on the edges of her vision constrict, the last thing she sees being that of the shifter leaving the panic room with Bobby Sam.

Alphas, Sam's sneaky ways, monsters acting all sorts of jacked up... it's a lot to take for two hunters who have quit the life for the past year. Too much, possibly.

"Alright, you guys stay safe," Sam bids to Dean and Lizzy as they get out of his car a day after the shifter debacle ends terribly. The ride was a long one.

"Right back at you," Dean says with emphasis.

"Just..." Sam pauses and looks at Lizzy, seeing she's listening. "Gimme a call soon, when you're ready."

"Will do," Dean says with a sigh, glancing once at Lizzy with nervous energy.

Sam nods at Lizzy, she smiles small right back, and Sam pulls out of the back lot of Dean and Lizzy's home.

Dean drops his arm around Lizzy's shoulders. "Home sweet home."

"Tell me about it," she sighs as she starts to walk towards the front door with him.

A minute later Dean's pushing the front door open at five o'clock in the evening. The second he does he can already hear the dog tag on Cass' collar jingling as he rushes to greet them.

"Cass!" Dean calls to the Australian Sheppard as he flies down the staircase leading to the foyer. Before he does anything else, Dean's on the floor petting his dog with sheer happiness. "Missed you, buddy."

"Told you so," Lizzy reminds him yet again how great an idea it was to get the pet as she toes out of her boots.

"Fuck off," Dean says, his voice light as he knows just how right she is. He hates that she's right but that dog is one of the few things in life he trusts. He knows Cass will always have his back... unlike his brother.

"Pizza?" Lizzy asks if he'd be cool with that for dinner. She isn't in the cooking mood.

"Works for me. I'm starving."

Once the pizza arrived both were too hungry to not dive right in. They eat their dinner while standing by the counter of the small kitchen, the pizza box open and Cass staring at them with want.

"I miss him," Lizzy says once she swallows her bite. She looks over at Dean.

"Sam?"

"Bobby Sam."

He nods with the answer.
"Is it bad that I kinda miss him?"

"No," Dean answers with a mouthful, using a napkin to wipe the grease from his lips. "I don't think that's bad. You're worried about him. You should be."

She pauses for a second and puts down her half eaten slice.

"Did we make the right decision here?" Lizzy has to wonder aloud. Her idea to keep the kid was shot down so fast but when they got to the compound Samuel's idea was basically the same as hers. Raise him. But Lizzy's version was filled with going to school, having friends, and controlling Bobby Sam's ability to shift and Samuel's was all about training, abusing his abilities, and making him a weapon.

"Yeah, we did," Dean says before swallowing. "L, we couldn't have given a shapeshifter a life, ok? And Samuel's idea to raise him in the life… that was just gangbuster from the jump. Neither of those were the answer for him."

"Then what is?"

Thinking it over, Dean tells her, "I have no idea. I'm not too sure there was an answer to this one."

"And this is exactly why I don't miss hunting," Lizzy tells him. Dean just huffs a slight laugh before taking another bite of pizza. He's holding back on something and she knows it. "Spill it."

"I got nothing to spill," Dean lies immediately.

"I'm not going through the whole I-know-you-better-than-you-know-yourself bullshit again. I'm gonna get it outta you at some point so what is it?"

Dean looks at her hard, knowing the knife he's about to stab her with if he speaks plainly about how he feels after this whole shifter experience.

"You know there's nothing in the world more important to me than my family."

"Of course," Lizzy nods.

"And you know I love you and I love being here with you…"

"And I already hate where this is about to go," Lizzy says with closed eyes, as if waiting for the bomb to drop and her good life to explode right before her eyes, just like she knew it would for weeks now… ever since she saw Sam again. It was an omen, his sudden presence. It was proof that her good life could never last and that it was never supposed to.

Dean pauses for a minute.

"I don't know what to do here." He doesn't. Torn is just the tip of that proverbial iceberg right now. Sam and Lizzy, they've been his everything. Once upon a time they represented the same thing. Now it's so split it's baffling how Dean found himself here.

But Lizzy knew he'd been conflicted this whole time. The second he knew Sam was on the road that itch to be with him came back. She could see it.

"Sam's not right," Dean keeps explaining. "Hell did some jacked up stuff to him. That's not the Sammy I know. He's… I don't know what the hell he is, but he can't be out there on his own right now."
"He has the whole Campbell family with him," Lizzy points out and Dean instantly shakes his head.

"I'm not letting him work with the fucking Fratellis," Dean says with disgust. "You trust them enough to let Sam run around alone with them?"

"No, but I trust that Sam is an adult that can make that decision for himself."

This shuts Dean up for a second. He's being overprotective again. But still…

"I'm just really worried about him and until I know he's back to himself I feel like I can't be here pretending everything's fine," Dean tells her. "You know he's way off the gigameter."

"Way off," Lizzy agrees fully. She hates whatever version of Sam this thing is. He's not right, Dean was completely correct about that.

"This wouldn't be forever," Dean promised her, walking closer to her, taking her hand as it hangs by her side. "Just until Sam is back to normal or I'm sure he's alright."

Lizzy just looks up at him for a second. She pulls his hand up to place a kiss on his palm before leaning her cheek into it. "I have to tell you the truth here, no guilt trip intended… I don't want this."

And that nearly breaks him.

"I know you don't, and I don't want to do this to you."

"I know," she assures him. "Baby, I know. But I also know that as much as you're my mechanic husband you're just as much Sam's hunting brother. I know how torn you are and I know that you'd only leave here if you thought you had no choice."

"I don't want to go back to it," Dean tries to tell her but she sees through him.

"Yes you do," she says calmly, in a sweet tone. "You're a hunter. As much as you want to be here you don't want to be here, Dean."

"I'd rather be here. Hunting will always be my neutral but I want a real life, maybe even more than ever. I want what we've been trying to make happen for us…"

"And you'll be back," Lizzy says with more confidence than she actually has. He has to do this, though. She knows it. "You'll go help Sam and then you'll come right back here, to me. We'll pick up where we left off. You just have to try and get Sam out too."

"I can try…"

"You have to," she reinforces. "The rate he's going at he's gonna get himself killed if he doesn't get out."

"Oh, I know," Dean responds quickly. And he really does.

"Good," she nods slowly with his conviction. "Good. You go get him and you get out."

"That was my plan."

"And then when you're done you come home to me where you belong."

"Absolutely," he smiles at her, knowing that his true place is with her.
"And when you do… you're get me knocked up," she says while bringing her arms around his waist and leaning into him. "I'm tired of waiting for what we want."

"Me too." He hugs her in close, a hand on the back of her head.

"And Sam will come in handy," Lizzy looks up to him. "Instant babysitter."

Dean smiles at her with how well she's taking this decision of his. Just a few years ago it'd be tears and overwhelming sadness from her, maybe even a fist to the face for trying to leave her. He's beginning to see that he isn't the only one growing up within this relationship and growing up in general. What a thought.

"But that doesn't mean you can just disappear totally," Lizzy backs away from him. "I have conditions."

"Shoot." He'll do anything she asks at this point for being so God damn cool about this.

"You have to come home once in a while. I don't want to go long stretch after long stretch without getting to have you here at all. You're not just my long distance boyfriend anymore. You're my husband."

"As you always like to remind me," Dean jests slightly as he can tell it's ok to with her mood.

"Of course I like to remind you. I still think it's nuts I got Dean Winchester to get married at all!" she laughs a little with the still crazy idea. "Also, you have to call every day, and by every day I mean every day. No disappearing."

"Deal."

"I mean it," she points accusingly at him. "You disappear and I dive right back into hunting… only I'll be hunting your ass and not some ghost."

"Fair enough," he agrees to her harsh terms with a smile, knowing she isn't joking. He kind of likes that she isn't joking.

"And if you two need help you come to me," Lizzy adds in. "I'm gonna stay here. I'm gonna go to work, save some cash if I can, and try to build a life for us for when you return but if something big happens I want in. Not letting you die out there…"

"Relax," Dean tells her. "I'm the best hunter there is."

She rolls her eyes with his ego. "Just make sure that you get your ass back here as much as you can and you come in one piece, okay?"

"You really think we can pull something like that off?" Dean questions her, knowing how tough this is going to be.

"If I don't let you do this you're gonna be preoccupied. You won't be able to live this life with your head like that. You have to know Sam is ok and I understand that really well. Wouldn't have been able to be with you if I didn't understand the importance of your brother to you, now would I?"

"No," Dean emphatically returns. She has always fully understood that. Maybe it had something to do with her relationship to Lou and the do-anything-for-her attitude towards her. Dean still wonders if even he can compare to Lou's importance level in Lizzy's eyes. It's a tough act to follow.
"I do understand this," Lizzy reiterates and drives home. "I'm gonna hate it. I'm gonna miss you every damn day of my life until you're back for good, but it'll be worth it if you can make sure Sam-I-Am's ok. I love him too and I get it."

Dean closes the space between them swiftly, kissing her hard in thanks for being exactly what he needs her to be. No one could possibly understand him like her and he knows it.

"You're awesome," Dean tells her before kissing her again.

"You better believe it," Lizzy heavily responds with a knowing look his way. "And I'm forever better than awesome for agreeing to this. You better start kissing my ass and fast!"

"You know… I should," Dean tells her and grabs her around the waist. He picks her up and throws her over his shoulder, her upper half hanging behind him. He slaps a hand down hard on her jean-clad ass cheek that's right by his head and starts his way down the hall to the bedroom.

"You took that too literally," Lizzy laughs aloud as he carries her.

"Hey, if I'm leaving I've gotta log some quality time with my naked wife before I do," Dean tells her lightly as he tosses her onto their bed. "Them's the rules. I didn't make 'em but I sure abide by them."

"Oh you better make the time we got left good then, Hot Shot," Lizzy warns him as she watches him quickly pull his t-shirt over his head. "Not only do you owe me but I'm gonna get lonely without you. No idea how I'll get by…"

"You still got that vibrator?" he asks, pulling her legs until she's dragged down the bed and right in front of him. He kneels onto the mattress between her thighs and starts to open her jeans.

"Still my best friend, ain't it?" she easily reminds him with a grin.

"You use that baby while thinking about everything I'm about to do to you right now and you'll get by," Dean explains away with a wink. He pulls her pants off hastily.

"What about you?" she challenges, grabbing the hem of her shirt and pulling it off for him, leaving her in just a bra and panties.

"Every town in America has several street corners, L," he informs her easily while unbuckling his belt. "It won't be a problem that can't cheaply be solved."

"You're gonna slut around with whores until you come back to this?" she laughs a bit, gesturing to her body

"Gotta do what I gotta do. I'm a man… a man with many needs," Dean smirks at her as he kicks out of his jeans.

Lizzy looks him over, left only in his boxerbriefs, and she grins. They'll be just fine. They'll figure it out just like they did once before. She's never had more faith in them than she does right now, especially after all they've been through together this past year. Time has proven that they can't be broken.

"What do you say we find out how many of those needs I can fill for you right now, huh?"

"Wait a minute," Dean says to her as he grabs her legs and flips her over. She giggles with the sudden change when she finds herself lying flat on her stomach. He pulls one side of her panties away so that her right cheek is exposed. He slaps a hand down on it playfully before leaning forward...
and pressing his lips to her round backside. "I thought I was supposed to be kissing your ass."

With lips pressed to his cheek, Dean wakes up from a deep, wonderful sleep.

"Hey, Hot Shot," he hears her voice whisper into his ear, her warm, soft body moving in close behind him.

Fuck does he love that. Life can be just so unexpectedly good in little moments like this. He still feels like he's cheating the system every time he wakes up happy or has these quiet, perfect times with her where she's everything he could possibly need.

Rolling onto his back to face her he greets right back, "Hey to you."

She shares a bright, happy smile with him while her cheek rests on her pillow. Looking her over, the comforter not really covering her up much, he sees that after the night they had she fell asleep naked. Damn does he love that too.

Lizzy leans up and gives him a quick, sweet kiss on the lips. She lies back down but that wasn't nearly enough for Dean. Moving to close any space between them, Dean brings a hand to the back of her head and kisses her again, much more seriously this time and without letting her back away.

It's quiet, slow, and just perfect for their Sunday mornings. They never had to work on Sundays. The agreement was that they made sure they had the day off to be together considering she worked most nights and he did days. Sunday belonged to them, starting first thing when they woke up.

Dean moves over her, settling between her legs and kissing her still. It feels like they're alone in the world. There's no one else, no demons, no ghosts, no nothing… just them. And he'd have it no other way.

"I love you," Lizzy says to him between kisses, her hands moving down his chest, and he melts a little bit. Perfection.

And then he hears it. It's quiet, a little muffled, but he can hear a heartbeat. It's odd, super out of place, and it distracts him from his lovely morning. Lifting his head, Dean looks around the room as Lizzy's lips trail to his neck.

Nothing is out of the ordinary but the beat continues. Looking out the window of their bedroom, the shades open and he briefly thinks they must have given the neighbors quite the show for most of last night, he sees an eighteen wheeler heading down their normally quiet street.

The horn of the truck blares loudly and Dean sits up tall with a start. He huffs hard, the sound rocking him out of his perfect little dream, and finds himself roadside behind the wheel of the Impala.

How could he have forgotten?

He took off last night and drove for as long as he could. His eyelids got heavy around four in the morning so he pulled over and took a smart little nap. It's now quarter past eight he finds as he checks his watch. The disappointment of reality hits him hard as he starts to think heading out on the road to be with Sam while he's all sorts of off was a terrible idea. He'd give his right nut to be back with Lizzy, in bed on this Sunday morning just like he dreamed.

Washing a hand down his face to get rid of the sleepiness still left in him, Dean adjusts the seat back up and sits for a second. He misses her already. He hates what a girl he's being right now but he sure as shit misses her. It sucks. And it hurts.
Sucking up his pride since Lizzy's seen him at his worst several times over and he really can't be embarrassed with her at this point, he pulls out his cell and calls her up.

He yawns once as the line rings.

"I thought you would wait longer than this before admitting that you miss me," He can tell there's a bright smile on her lips just by the sound of her.

"Oh, I don't miss you," Dean lies completely.

"Oh no?" Lizzy near laughs.

"Not at all."

"Then why are you calling this early in the morning when I just saw you last night?"

"Had a dream about you," Dean admits to her.

"Yeah? What was it about?"

"Mm, waking up Sunday morning," Dean jumps right in, knowing full well his ease with being so honest and open with her is out of character for him. Sam's return has made him evaluate who is now versus a year ago. He speaks way more freely now and has way fewer reservations with verbalizing to her how he's feeling. It's fucking weird.

"Ah, so it was a naughty dream," Lizzy says and he can hear the rustling of sheets as she moves. She's still in bed.

"This was a mistake…"

"Don't start that shit already," Lizzy immediately chastises his second thoughts. "You haven't even met up with Sam yet."

"But I want be home," Dean tells her, the truth rolling off his tongue just as easily as lies used to. "I want Sunday morning."

"Good. Keep that want right in the front of your mind, Hot Shot," she says to him kindly. "It'll get you to work fast to help Sam and then you can come home."

Home. He loves knowing what that is nowadays. He has a home not on four wheels. He has a four walled home with a family. A family he plans to grow as soon as he can.

"Yeah, ok."

"And don't be so bummed about telling me you miss me," Lizzy adds in for good measure. "I already miss you way too much. I woke up all alone and it was depressing. You weren't taking up most of the space like the bed-hog you usually are."

Dean huffs a laugh with the confession. At least he's not alone.

"How much further you have to go?" Lizzy wonders.

"I'm more than halfway there," he tells her. "I'm guessing eight more hours maybe."

"Not terrible. You get enough sleep to keep going?"
"Yes, mom. I'm fine."

"You better watch yer tone with me, boy," Lizzy says in her best Bobby impression.

"Oh God, don't do that," Dean says to her as Lizzy laughs. Once she knows a person her impressions of them are just too spot on for comfort. "You sound too much like him. Fucking weirds me out."

"Bobby's a smart man. I'll take that as a compliment, ya' idjit."

"Fuck."

"Ok, I'll stop." She laughs a little more.

The silence grows between them as they aren't used to their relationship being on the phone only anymore. They're going to have to readjust.

"You should get going, baby," Lizzy tells him finally. "Plus, Cass knows I'm up and he's sitting by the bed staring at me as if to say get up and walk me, lazy ass."

Cass. His heart grows a little heavier with the thought of his dog. He may not have wanted him at first but that stupid mutt has become one of his best buddies. He helped him through his depression that he never thought he'd crawl out of and he always looked out for his human counterparts. He's loyal and loving… which is more than he can say about most humans he's met.

"Just make sure you make him do his tricks before you give him treats," Dean reminds her again in a near stern tone. "No spoiling him just because I'm gone."

"I told you already that I wouldn't," Lizzy says and he can practically hear her eyes rolling with annoyance.

"I don't want him getting lazy…"

"By the time you get back I'll have him doing new tricks. Don't you worry."

Dean nods even though she can't see him.

"We're gonna be ok, Dean," Lizzy says to him one more time. "We're always gonna be ok. You should know that by now."

"Yeah… I know." Doesn't make it easier to be away but he does know.

"Go meet up with your brother."

"Alright."

"I love you."

"You too," Dean quickly says and ends the call.

After sitting for a second, allowing himself to really miss her and actually feel it just briefly, he shoves that all aside. He's doing the right thing. He knows it.

Dean rolls out his neck from his partially comfortable nap in the car and sighs. As his stomach growls he turns the key and thinks. Good diners within the next twenty miles… Carson's! Shit, he's about fifteen minutes from Carson's. Best breakfast within a three hundred mile radius. And their
waitresses were always smoking hot for some reason.

Done and done, he thinks as he pulls out onto the road, rejuvenated by the promise of a pig-heavy breakfast special and some hot ladies serving it to him. That's one upside at least.
Unfinished Business

Sitting on the couch, beer in hand, Lizzy lets herself get sucked right into the world of Beatrix Kiddo for the umpteenth time. As Kiddo so easily plucks Elle Driver's one remaining eye right out of its socket with perfect precision while in the midst of one extremely intense fight, Lizzy smiles wide.

"Fucking love that," she says mostly to herself before petting Cass on his furry head as he rests his chin on her knee. She looks at him and says, "I should figure out how to do that. I probably could if I worked at it, right? I'm that badass?"

Cass just whines quietly and keeps where he is.

"Yeah I am," she smirks and keeps watching, Elle Driver flailing frantically while blind on the trailer bathroom floor. "If I ever meet Tarantino I'm totally gonna let him suck my toes on principal alone. I owe him one for making the best movies that have ever existed."

She takes a big swig of her beer, relaxing on a random night off from the bar midweek, and her cell phone begins to ring. Picking it up off the coffee table, she looks at the screen and her face breaks into a huge smile.

"The House of Bacon Cheeseburgers and Kinky Sex. How can I be of service to you tonight?" she jokes with excitement, just too damn happy to hear from him. Sure, she talked to him just yesterday but that was a whole day ago.

"I'm coming to get you."

Lizzy blinks once and doesn't answer, not sure she fully heard what he just said to her.

"L?"

"I'm here… ah, so what's this sudden drive by all about?"

"You're an important piece to a puzzle we're trying to solve," Dean tells her, a smirk on his lips. He loves that they need her this time. That means he gets to see her. "I'm on my way. Be there soon."

"Wait a minute…" Lizzy stops him. "What the fuck? Why do you need me?"

"I'll explain on the ride back. Just pack up for a few days and fill a duffel with salt, guns, the works."

"The works?" Lizzy asks, sitting up tall in her seat and putting down her beer. She looks at Cass as he sits up taller with her, watching her closely as he can always sense a shift in her mood.

"Yeah, grab everything you can."

"I can't just leave like this."

"Why not?" Dean's slick voice asks. "You don't want to see me?"

"I always want to see you…" she starts to answer with an eye roll at his lameness but he cuts her off.

"Then perfect. I'll be there in an hour. Be ready."

"Shit, Dean I have to…" she starts to tell him but she can tell the line is already dead. He hung up.
"Work," she keeps talking to herself. "I have to work. I have a life…. Damn it."

She sits there quietly for a full minute. It's been a solid two weeks of Dean being gone on the road again. Before he left she told him to call if they needed her. Well, she certainly never thought it'd be this soon.

Lizzy feels a something wet on her hand and peers down at her dog. He licks her hand to get her attention and to soothe her worries. He knows her better than maybe even the angel he's named after.

"And what the hell am I gonna do with you while I'm gone, huh?" Lizzy worries aloud as she knows she should be on her feet moving fast by now with one hour not being that long but she sits for a second anyways. With a deep breath and closed eyes she mentally prepares for this. She has to jump into hunting again and after being mostly out for a full year she hopes silently that she'll land on her feet.

"Hey!" Dean shouts out loudly as he unlocks and walks through the front door of his home. The second he steps through that threshold his entire body language relaxes from the tense position it's been holding since he walked out of it. It's warm inside, and he's not just talking about temperature. It feels so good to be standing in the foyer and he lets the relief wash over him. And then he smells it. Whatever she cooked for dinner earlier that night combined with her shampoo, their laundry detergent, the old wood apartment itself, and Cass. That's the scent of home.

And speaking of his dog…

"Cass! Buddy!" Dean says low with a smile as he crouches to the ground when he sees his dog run down the flight of stairs in no time. He's running, jumping, and skittering about while whining. Cass is just too excited to see his human pal and it becomes clear that the whole missing his dog thing was a shared thing. He's made a bigger impression on the animal than he'd ever thought. "I missed you too, dude." Petting him and relaxing with just the sight of his dog he gets a little lost in it.

"What about me!?" Lizzy cuts into the reunion as she stands at the top of the stairs looking down at him. She cocks an eyebrow and smirks before sticking out her bottom lip in fake pout.

"L." Dean smiles wide with his nickname for her as he immediately stands up. His heart skips a beat when he sees her and can't help but think she looks better than she ever has after not seeing her in two weeks. His boots are pounding up the stairs in a flash, taking them two at a time, and he's picking her up off her feet in a tight hug before he really recognizes what he's doing.

Now everything is good again. Back to normal. Back to what it should be.

"Hi, Hot Shot," she whispers in his ears as she molds her body right against him. "God, I missed you."

"Missed you too."

"You have no idea," Lizzy huffs in a quiet laugh as he puts her back down, her arms still circling his neck.

"I think I do," Dean rebuts immediately, assuring her it's been the same as he plants a kiss on her lips immediately.

"Mm," she hums before breaking the kiss. "Fuck, I missed that."

In response he squeezes her ass through her jeans with a sly look.
Lizzy laughs loudly at this and kisses him again, pulling him down to her. It felt so good to have the freedom to do that so she just goes for it. With his hands running from her hips to the small of her back as he kisses her he almost forgets that they're on a time crunch. Almost.

"Ok, we gotta jet," Dean cuts her off when he comes to his hunting senses. He walks away and heads for the duffel that's packed and sitting by the hallway weapon's closet. "You got everything?" Even while asking he opens the closet door to check and make sure she included everything portable like he asked.

"I got everything you asked and then some," Lizzy informs him. "Even if I've been out for a bit I didn't forget how to prep for a hunt."

"Good," Dean nods and closes the door. "What about Cass?"

"He's gonna spend some time with Jenny here and there," she explains what she set up. "She said she'd be happy to take him since Brennan loves him so much and Cass is so good with him. She'll make sure he gets walked and is fed. I told her it'd be a few days and she understood since she knows our dirty little secret."

"Alright, grab your stuff and let's go then," Dean tells her, pulling the weapons pack over his shoulder. He heads for the front door.

"Whoa!" she calls to him. "Hold it!"

"What?" he turns around and looks at her just before taking the first step down to the foyer.

"You just got here and we have to ditch? This is serious then."

"Pretty serious," Dean nods and agrees.

"Well… then I think I need the rundown," Lizzy asks of him.

"In the car. Come on, Sam's waiting for us and Buffalo is, like, seven hours away."

"Buffalo?" Lizzy questions.

"Yeah," Dean smirks at her. "Come on. When we're done I'll buy you some wings."

"Only if you go with the hot kind and not the pussy mild ones. Sam can suck it up and be a man for once," Lizzy stipulates and goes to the bedroom to grab her packed bag. She then stops in the kitchen to get the sandwiches and other travelable snacks she prepared before heading down the stairs. Once she gets there she sees her pup walking around frantically as they prepare to leave. "Oh, Cass." She gives him a good pet on the head while crouched down to him. "I'll be back, ok?"

The whine he gives her in responds makes her so sad it hurts.

Taking her bag for her, Dean heads out the door first, followed by Lizzy as she locks up. She can hear Cass still whining on the other side and it kills her a little.

"Be good, puppy," she says to him before walking out of the front porch. "I'll see you soon."

"So you had your requisite two hour nap," Lizzy starts with a mouthful of sandwich as she drives the first three or so hours of their trip. "And we're almost done with dinner. Can you fill me in on my importance with this case now?"
He didn't want to tell her. Dean knows the reaction as to why they had to include her on this one might not be exactly good... or at least that's what Bobby said in warning to him. They're about halfway to their destination and her option to turn back is nearly in the wind by now so he guesses he can let her know at this point.

"Yeah," Dean sniffles and tosses his now empty sandwich bag back into the plastic shopping bag at his feet on the passenger side floor. "So we've got this case and it's fucking weird."

"What else is new?" Lizzy grumbles before taking another bite of her own almost gone sandwich.

"No shit, right?" Dean agrees with the sentiment. "So Sam came across a newspaper article about how one town just exploded with pregnancies."

"Pregnancies?" Lizzy questions when she hears the word. Another hunt about babies? Seriously? What the fuck is going on lately?

"Yeah and I'm talking dozens of women getting knocked up in a short time span in this one area. Since we just ran across that shifter using women to make a new generation for himself we got a little skeeved about the sound of it and decided we should check it out."

"So what'd you find?" Lizzy wonders immediately.

"Well, we started with interviewing the recently knocked up women and found out some really mess up shit from some of them. What they told us... it's fucking out there." He cracks open a can of Coke from what Lizzy packed up for them and takes a big swig. "A handful of these women claimed they hadn't had sex in a long time when they got pregnant. Some of them said it's been, like, a year or more. How the hell anyone lasts that long without doing it I'll never know..."

Lizzy's ears perk up at this. "They've been celibate?"

"Yeah."

"So you're saying the town's dealing with..."

"Immaculate conception, Yahtzee." He shoots her a finger gun to confirm it.

"You serious?" Lizzy asks with near disbelief.

"Dead."

"What the fuck can do that?"

"Besides the Good Lord himself we didn't have any idea, at least not at first."

"And it's not the shifter again? You're sure?" Lizzy worries immediately. They just dealt with a shifter trying to make a new generation of shifters through impregnating women with their children and then coming back to get them after they were born. It was a disaster and the shifter got away. Not exactly a highlight on their hunting reel.

"Don't think so. The shifter swindled women and transformed into their husbands to knock them up. From what these chicks say, that's not it. And then how would you explain the ones claiming to be celibate?"

"What about the ones with boyfriends and husbands?"

"They just think they're pregnant but I have to be suspicious. I bet that at least some of them aren't
carrying normal, mom-and-dad-had-sex babies. I'm sure a couple of them are legit but numbers don't lie."

"So there's a sudden burst in pregnancy numbers in the Buffalo area, some women claim they never had sex yet are knocked up… huh," Lizzy says as she starts to think everything over. She never heard of such a thing. And now she has to wonder, "Are the babies… are they human?" After that last case with Bobby Sam she isn't ready for more monster kids.

"No clue… but my money is on no even if the, like, black and white pictures things they take of them…"

"Sonograms?"

"Yeah, those things, they're all clear. The farthest along are about three months in and everything is normal. Doctors are saying the kiddos are healthy and perfectly fine."

"Well shit," Lizzy sighs with the oddity and seriousness of the dilemma her guys have walked right into. "So what the hell are you guys leaning towards as the culprit then?"

And Dean nearly cringes with the question. It's reveal time, no avoiding it.

"Ah, well… I was talking to one of the women, some early forties cougar type who is about a month along, and she said something that tipped us off on a possible suspect… one we're betting the farm on at least."

"Ok…"

"She told me she hadn't been with anyone in a few months now so the pregnancy came out of nowhere… but she mentioned she had this really crazy, really vivid sex dream right around the time the doctors are telling her she conceived."

Wrinkling her brow while peering at him quickly, this whole thing rings a bell to her suddenly.

"We didn't ask her much more about it since it just seemed like she was kinda hitting on me and Sam but then we mentioned the detail to Bobby. He has a theory."

Lizzy's blood turns icy in her veins with that one.

"He's certain he knows what this is," Dean tells her, speaking cautiously as he can already tell she's freaking out on the inside. "He told us he's never dealt with one of these things personally but he knew of a great, really capable and ass kicking hunter that did once."

Clenching her jaw, Lizzy keeps her focus staring out the windshield as she breathes hard. Damn straight Bobby only knows one hunter who's come across one of these things. Lizzy knows exactly who it is too.

"And that's why I picked you up. We need you on this one, L," Dean tells her sincerely, knowing that without her they wouldn't be able to handle this nearly as well. "You're the only hunter any of us knows of that's gone up against one of these things before. They're super rare and barely surface like this. You're our best resource."

Lizzy pulls over onto the side of the highway with the confirmation of what she'd feared. Dean can see her hands shaking as she turns the key to kill the engine once the Impala is in park.

Dean wisely says nothing as she sits there for a second, processing through everything she's just been
told. Bobby warned him well and now he's seeing that the guy wasn't kidding. This is a sore spot for her for sure. He waits, the cars on the busy highway roaring by and shaking the Impala slightly with their speed and 'The Seeker' playing through the cab. Finally, after a few minutes she looks over at him with a strange mix of fear and determination.

"That was a fight that I didn't win, Dean," Lizzy tells him, remembering clearly how badly that whole thing ended. She closes her eyes and exhales hard with what she's about to get herself into. "Fuck."

"Bobby said you did everything you could…"

"And we lost some seriously good women because we never killed it," Lizzy cuts him off, her voice strong and angered. "Who the hell knows how many more since."

"And you're gonna fix that this time around," Dean assures her, trying to motivate her. "You're gonna work with me and Sam and you're make up for that one, ok? This is your chance to kill off some unfinished business."

She looks at him with still running fright and nervousness but nods in agreement anyways.

"L, I know this is a hot button for you…"

"It is but you were right. This is my unfinished business," Lizzy honestly answers. "But this time around is already different than the last time this fucker popped up. No one got pregnant then. It was just feeding off of women until they died. This isn't the usual M.O. so this… I don't know much about this."

"Right," Dean nods and agrees. "But then again every damn monster out there has been a little whacked lately. I mean, were's coming out on half-moons and that clan of Rawheads working together out in Dallas… mass hysteria…"

"Is it the same fucking one?" she questions and interrupts him, her fury setting in the more she thinks about it. "The same one that got away from us last time?"

"I didn't know you yet back then and I wasn't a part of that hunt. How would I know that?"

"I don't know."

Dean pauses and sighs. "Bobby thinks it's the same one, if that's good enough for you."

"Why does he think that?" Lizzy asks with her wide eyes looking right at him.

"Its strength," Dean tells her. "Sam said that it's stronger than the average bear of its kind. The fact that last time it could feed from and kill women in record time on top of the fact that now it can get women pregnant… this is no foot soldier. And it's bold. This thing is coming right out and doing its thing without worry. Its balls must be huge."

Lizzy nods for a second, taking in what Dean tells her. "Well, all I can say is it better be the same one…". She gets out of the driver's side and slams the door shut with force. Dean scoots over to the driver's seat as Lizzy makes her way around and gets into the passenger one. She pulls out her phone to do a little research, trying to recall the site she found heavily useful the first go around with this thing years ago. "Because I got some serious payback to dole out on that asshole."
Deja Vu All Over Again

Sitting quietly in the Royal Inn motel in Tonawanda, NY, Sam finds himself relaxed for the first time in two very long weeks.

Don't get him wrong, Sam appreciates having Dean around very much. He's a great hunter and they work so well together it's almost scary, but being in front of Dean all day every day meant that he had to pretend like he's still Dean's brother. He's not, he knows that, but if big brother figures that out he'll flip out and Sam will go from hunting partner to current case in no time flat. That's not something Sam has the time to deal with… or the patience either. He's got a job to do.

So he took the day to be himself. Dean left around four yesterday and he's expected back in around seven this morning with Lizzy. He researched until there was nothing left to find out without Lizzy's help, getting done around midnight. With nowhere else to go and nothing more he could discover on his own, Sam found himself with a free night. He went to a local watering hole for college kids, picked out the most appealing one, took her back to his motel and a few hours later kicked her out when he was done with her. Before this past year Sammy was a good boy, feeling like he needed to get to know a girl before having sex with her or he'd simply wait so long without human contact that he broke down and had the very rare one-nighter.

The lack of guilt and caring in his life nowadays is exceptionally refreshing. He wishes he had been like this always.

Sure to keep the bed a wrinkled mess so that Dean will think he got some shut eye (Another thing he hates about being around Dean is pretending to sleep. He doesn't need to anymore and pretending to be asleep for hours at a time is boring and wasteful.), he contemplates going out to pick up breakfast. Got to suck up to Dean as much as he can. Something greasy for him after a long ride might go a long way….

And as the door opens right then Sam plasters his bright-eyed, everything is fine expression onto his face and takes a deep breath. Mini vacation is over.

"Hey!" Sam says as he stands up from his seat at the table.

"Hey Sam-I-Am!" Lizzy brightly greets as she drops her huge bag and jogs to him. It doesn't matter what the hunt is about or how upset she is. Seeing her brother will make her happy even if it's just for a few minutes. She gives him a big hug which he returns politely. "How you doing?"

"I'm ok," he tells her simply enough as Dean drops her second bag, filled with weapons no doubt, onto the bed nearest the door. "Just ready to figure this whole mess out."

"Yeah, Dean gave me the rundown," she tells him as she backs away. She takes his seat at the table, stealing his laptop and commandeering the research he's completed to catch herself up. "This everything?"

"Pretty much," Sam tells her.

Lizzy begins reading over his notes and is very business-like in her demeanor. Usually she likes to get reacquainted with her loved ones and wait a moment before diving into the hunt. Not this time. Dean's worried that with her mannerisms she might be on the warpath already. "Dean, you wanna call Bobby and put him on speaker before we go over everything and form a plan?"
"Yeah, sure," Dean answers, pulling out his phone and dialing immediately. He takes a seat on the corner of Sam's messy bed and hands his brother the phone. Sam puts it on the table and takes the other seat opposite Lizzy as they listen to the line ring.

"You back?"

"We're all here, Bobby," Dean tells him right away.

"Liz, hon. You ok?"

Lizzy knew that question was coming.

"I'll be fine once we get this son of a bitch," she says with determination. "So what do we know over all?"

This is where Sam steps in. "I noticed an article back about a month ago from a Buffalo newspaper." He pulls the clipped article out of a manila folder and hands it over to Lizzy. She reads it over while listening. "It was about the sudden boom of pregnant women in the area. They all conceived around the same time. The water supply was checked, the air, hell, even the local produce was tested but no one could figure out why it was happening and why it was happening here. Chalked it up to a coincidence but when has a coincidence been just a coincidence?"

"About as often as Charlie Sheen goes to church," Dean easily answers for him with a proud smirk.

"Exactly. Then, a week ago, there was a follow up article about how the rate never slowed down. Women continued to get pregnant in oddly huge numbers."

"This is when Sam brought me in on this one," Bobby mentions. "I'd looked into it and didn't find anything that could be causing this so I told the idjits to head to New York and get to interviewing the unlucky ladies."

Dean jumps in here. "We talked to a few women, specifically the single ones. Some of them think they just, oops, mistakes happen, but a handful had different stories."

"Lemme guess, they weren't banging any dudes?" Lizzy questions, eyes still on the article.

"Not in a long time."

"And even the ones that were active at the time said they were safe," Sam adds in. "There are even talks of a few of them bringing up a lawsuit against one of the companies that made the prophylactics they were using."

"Ha," Dean laughs a bit to himself with the word. Lizzy and Sam look at him with judging faces. "What? It's a funny word." They continue to stare. "You guys prefer dong bags?"

"I like cock sock myself," Lizzy counters with a hint of a smile. Dean just grins his shit eating grin, so happy to have her around again.

"Well whether they used love gloves or not, Bobby and I don't think this is about faulty condoms. We think it's something else altogether, something bigger," Sam cuts in.

"Especially when one lady claims she hadn't been with anyone in months but mentioned she had that weirdo sex dream," Dean adds in. "The way she explained it, it had all the hallmarks of an incubus attacking her in her dreams."
Lizzy nods. "Lemme guess… she said it felt real, like she was wide awake?"

"Yeah…" Sam starts, curiosity piqued.

"And then there was a really hot guy suddenly there, standing at the end of her bed. She probably described him as perfect, everything she usually finds attractive in the opposite sex."

"That's exactly what she said," Dean tells her, sitting up taller with her spot on description.

"And then in the dream they had sex and at some point she felt a heavy pressure on her chest, like she was being sat on or crushed. She couldn't breathe. Right after that she had some insane, mind-blowing, best orgasm of her life and boom she was wide awake with the feeling of not being alone in the room."

"That's dead on," Sam amazes, his face smiling a bit with excitement. Lizzy is going to come in very handy on this hunt. She's going to come through for them.

"That's why I'm here," she says quietly, looking through the profiles of the pregnant women they got from the Buffalo police. "This her?" She holds up the profile for the oldest woman in the lot for Sam and Dean to see.

"Yeah, that's her. Jeanette Miller," Dean tells her. "She's a feisty broad. I dug her style, I can tell you that much."

"Good, then you can come with me when I talk to her," Lizzy says as she gets up from her seat to grab her duffel so she can change.

"They already spoke to her, Lizzy…" Bobby starts to say it was a waste of time.

"But she didn't speak to me. I've seen what this ass-fuck can do and how he does it. I think I can get more out of her."

Dean pauses for a second as he starts to see the picture clearer. "Wait a minute… how do you know all this so well?" Dean waits just a split second before asking the one question he's scared to ask. "L, did this… did this thing go after you?"

"No." Lizzy stops where she is and realizes she's going to have to recap everything that happened, even if she'd rather not. "It went after Lou."

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Tiptoeing into the Indiana motel room in the middle of the night, Lizzy quietly shuts the door behind her before locking it. The room is dark, the only light in it coming from the window where the curtains don't quite meet, and she stands still for a moment to let her eyes adjust. Once she can see she makes her way slowly to the table in the old, avocado green-themed kitchenette and drops the plastic shopping bag in her hand onto it slowly, the plastic crinkling slightly but not enough to wake Lou where she sleeps. Lou complained the other day that they've been eating like shit recently so on her way back from hustling some dumb asses out of a few hundred bucks at the bar she stopped at a twenty-four hour quickie mart. She bought cereal, milk and fruit for breakfast.

After putting the milk in the fridge that she swears has to be circa 1953, Lizzy makes her way to the bathroom, tripping over Lou's shoes as she does. She stumbles a bit but catches herself with a hand braced to the wall.

"Fucking slob," she whispers in Lou's direction for her messy ways. With such a brilliantly
organized mind you'd think she'd live the same way but no. Lou might be the sloppiest person she's ever met… and Lizzy's stuck living with her.

Shaking off almost eating old, disgusting carpet, she heads for the bathroom once more. Lizzy again closes the door with much care, the light click barely heard by even her. Kicking out of her boots before shrugging off her jacket and shedding her jeans, socks, and long sleeved shirt, she then ties her hair up in a ponytail when down to her underwear and tank. Her routine is normal. Wash off her makeup, brush her teeth, moisturize face… and then she hears it.

A quiet, barely audible moan is heard from the main room. Since she joined the hunting life Lizzy's noticed that her senses have sharpened with overuse. Her hearing now picks up on even the smallest noises like an exhale, a twig snapping… or even a hushed moan.

Frozen in place, Lizzy holds her breath and strains to hear any other noise. Another moan, this time louder, and Lizzy smiles to herself.

"Oh man, Louie," she shakes her head and takes out her dental floss, laughing quietly as she cuts a string free and starts to wrap it around her fingers. "You're gonna have to tell me about this one tomorrow."

Lou's been known to talk in her sleep, usually gibberish or a completely out of place statement while dreaming, so Lizzy brushes it off. She begins flossing, getting only a couple teeth done before she grows worried.

Lou's voice gets loud. Very loud. Like crazy, wild sex having loud.

"The fuck is going on?" Lizzy wonders aloud, tossing the floss in the trash can and heading into the main room. The light in the bathroom illuminates the area enough for Lizzy to easily make out Lou moving around under the covers.

Her voice changes suddenly. It's no longer a good tone. Instead of pleasure filled it's struggled, her breathing sounding difficult. When she chokes out a breath and can't quite seem to inhale afterwards, Lizzy panics.

"Lou!" Lizzy shouts immediately as she sprints to her side. She climbs on the bed in a flash and grips Lou's face. "Louie! Wake up!"

Her eyes still closed, Lou's lips open and close as she tries to take a full gulp of air down. She can't.

"Come on, Lou-Lou! Open your eyes!" Lizzy yells as she shakes her friend's head to wake her. It doesn't work. "I'm sorry, Louie. Please don't kick my ass for this…” and she slaps her hard across the face. Nothing changes.

Lou thrashes about for another few seconds before out of nowhere she takes in one very deep breath. And then she lets out a moan that would make the entire red light district collectively blush.

Completely confused, Lizzy sits there, hunched over the best friend she has as she clearly gets hit hard with an orgasm.

What the holy fucking fuck!?

"Oh God! Fuck me! Yes!" Lou shouts when she gets rocked to the core and finally opens her eyes. Her body goes ridged before relaxing back again. She lies still for just a moment with total shock. "Oh, fuck. Oh, oh yeah." She then drops a hand over her eyes and giggles loudly as she comes
down a bit, feeling just too damn good.

And all Lizzy can do is just sit by and watch while utterly baffled.

Lou calms down, her other hand resting over her heart while it beats way too fast. She tries to catch her breath and looks up at Lizzy to see her face wrinkle with concern and confusion. "The fuck are you doing in my bed, Lizard?"

"Seriously!?" Lizzy angrily asks while punching Lou in the arm. "I thought you were dying or something!"

"Ow! Dying!?" Lou asks incredulously and sits up while rubbing her upper arm when she was just slugged. "Fuck no. I'm not dying. Actually, I've never felt better in my life." She combs a hand through her long blond hair and huffs once with disbelief before pressing a hand to her cheek. "Why does my face hurt?"

"I slapped you when you wouldn't wake up!"

"I wouldn't wake up?" Lou asks, not at all aware of anything that happened outside of her dream.

"No!" Lizzy tells her as she keeps right on freaking out. None of this is normal.

"Man… that was fucked up…"

"What was? What the fuck just happened?" Lizzy frantically questions, desperate to know what it is Lou just went through.

"I had a dream." Lou just sits there processing everything, looking up at the ceiling as if coming to terms with what just happened.

"And!?"

"And it was kinda excellent."

"It only sounded part excellent from here," Lizzy lets her know. The struggling sounds she made scared the shit out of her. "Start talking, now!"

She reaches over to the nightstand lamp and turns it on. Lizzy then just sits there, arms crossed and a 'do not fuck with me, get to talking' expression she learned from Bobby on her face.

"Alright, alright," Lou tells her as she sits up a little taller, her back against the wall behind the bed as she blinks to get used to the light. "It was… well, fuck. It was a sex dream."

"You don't say," Lizzy responds with pure sarcasm.

"You knew?" Lou asks, not sure as to how Lizzy would know.

"Dude, you were moaning like some cheesy porn star. Pretty obvious. Get to the good stuff."

"Ok, um… well there was this guy in the room."

"This room?"

"Yep, this room. He was just kind of standing there, at the foot of the bed looking at me. Ooh, and he was hot. Like smoking hot. Tall, dark hair, bright eyes, fucking ripped, like super ripped, tan…"
"Ok, so… in your dream you were here, in this room, in this bed… and there was a guy that sounds just like a Mr. Potato Head of your favorite hot guy features…"

"He totally was!" Lou lights right up when Lizzy points out the detail.

"And then what?"

"Well… we had sex."

"I'm getting that, but Louie this was weird. This wasn't just some sex dream."

"Oh I know," Lou laughs out a bit, still feeling a bit blissed out by the whole thing. "It was better."

"Why?" Lizzy starts to relax as the initial shock of everything wears away and Lou seems to be alright. She sits Indian-Style next to her and listens closely.

"It felt incredible," Lou easily admits as between she and Lizzy there's no shame or embarrassment. Plus, they talk like this often enough anyways. Nothing new here. "We weren't even doing anything crazy but it felt… just… better than anything ever has."

"Then why did it sound like you were choking?" Lizzy has to ask. It's the part that scared her the most.

"Oh yeah…" Lou recalls. "That part was weird. Like, right at the end, right before the best fucking orgasm ever, and seriously I mean, like, ever… I'm ruined, I swear. It'll never be the same…"

"On task, Louie," Lizzy cuts into Lou's rant about her amazing dream sex, wanting an answer to her question.

"I felt like someone was sitting on my chest. There was a weird, heavy pressure and it was hard to breathe. It just came out of nowhere right in the middle of what we were doing."

"That's weird."

"That's very weird," Lou admits easily.

For a moment they just sit there thinking, Lizzy growing nervous about the sound of everything and Lou reliving the dream in her head as it was too good to forget. She wants to remember that one.

"Fuck, I'm exhausted," Lou announces as she yawns huge.

"Go back to bed, you huge slut-bag," Lizzy says to her, her concern on high as Lou lays back down. She doesn't argue or even say goodnight again. She just drifts right back off way too easily.

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"Once she was asleep I was wired," Lizzy tells Sam and Dean with Bobby still on the phone. "I lined every entrance with salt, kept a shotgun by my bed, holy water, my Glock… and I couldn't sleep. I felt like it was gonna happen again. I spent nearly the whole night watching over Lou even though she slept like a baby. I couldn't shake the feeling that it wasn't just a dream."

"Because it wasn't," Dean says to her, putting his arm around her shoulders now that she's seated next to him on the edge of the bed.

"I know," Lizzy responds. "I felt like something was there, or had been there. You know how it feels when someone's watching you?"
"Yeah," Sam answers, knowing that one well.

"I felt like we weren't alone and it left me so unsettled… I didn't know at the time that it was the thing we'd come to Indiana to hunt. Women were dying in their sleep. Healthy, young women who should have lived long lives were growing weak and sick and then after a while they just never woke up. The incubus caught onto us the more we stuck around town and came after us because of that. He got to Lou first."

"Why weren't you protecting yourselves?" Sam immediately asks. "The room should have already been salted. You fit the victim profile…"

"We were still green as fuck, Sam," Lizzy defends her and Lou's naivety. "We were only on our own for about a year at that point."

"I kept the girls on low, hourly-wage kinda stuff," Bobby jumps in here from the phone. "It was my fault. I should never have let them go into this case with the little experience they had. I should have known it'd be something this big…"

"But you didn't. And I would've liked to have seen you try to stop us back then," Lizzy smirks. "Not even sensei was gonna prevent me and Lou from trying to help a bunch of young chicks like us."

"Sounds about right," Dean comments as he stands up from his seat and heads for the weapons pack Lizzy brought.

"So first thing's first… I want to talk to the woman that admitted she had a sex dream. If she was comfortable with saying all that she did to the two of you then I feel like she'll spill a whole lot more if I'm there. You know, girl talk and all."

"We went as reporters the first time," Dean explains as he starts salting the windows first. "For the Tonawanda News."

"Sounds good to me," Lizzy says to him as she watches his nervous movements. "You know, I'm not sleeping right now. You can wait to do that."

"Nope." He keeps going and doesn't bother further explaining as he doesn't need to. He's protecting her. Like always.

"Then while you incubus-proof the room I'll go with Lizzy to Jeanette's house," Sam stands up and heads to grab his blazer.

"Works for me," Lizzy adds on and follows suit, ready to get this fucker once and for all.
Driving their way to Jeanette's house to interview her once more, Lizzy finds herself at a loss. Sam's driving, looking straight ahead and seemingly just fine with the long and thick silence that's going between them but Lizzy's uncomfortable. Conversation always used to be so easy with Sam. They fell right into a topic, usually one Dean doesn't appreciate or know much about, and they always enjoyed catching up when it was just the two of them. Now, with the odd vibe and strange new version of Sam she's stuck with, Lizzy's feeling awkward around someone she used to consider her best friend.

"So, uh… you're looking quite well these days," Lizzy speaks up as she peers at him from the passenger seat. She just wants to start some form of banter to fill the time and maybe figure him out.

"I'm doing just fine," Sam answers, face blank as he continues to watch the road.

"Figured you'd say that," she jokes with his use of the Winchester F-word. Sam doesn't react or answer the comment. She sighs and looks him over once, recognizing a big change in him. "No, I mean you… just kinda… aw fuck it, you're jacked," Lizzy says to him. "The hell have you been doing these past months, huh?"

"Just keeping in hunting shape," Sam shrugs, not seeing the change as anything but a necessity for the job.

"Yeah, you always did that," Lizzy explains away. "But now… holy crap, dude. You're like Schwarzenegger… ah, the early years." 

Sam smirks to himself as he takes the ego inflation for what he thinks it is.

"Just saying… you look good, Sam."

Discretely, or at least he hopes so, he looks over to her as she peers out the window. He shamelessly checks her out, remembering how old Sam once used to view her at one point. He wonders where that desire he'd developed for her went to. Sure, he knows he's supposed to see her as his sister, the woman who once did everything she could to make sure he was as happy and as good as he can be in his life, but now when he looks at her he sees a beautiful woman, one he wouldn't mind spending some time with alone. He knows the stories from Dean well enough as his brother never could find it in him to shut his yap about the things they did together. He knows she can be a really good time.

Now he wouldn't mind all that much if he was the one spanking her ass and making her dress up to roll play. Shame he has to pretend to still have his old allegiances to things like brotherhood and decency.

"You're not looking so bad yourself these day," Sam says back, pushing his boundaries just enough so that if she ever felt the need to cross that line with him she'd know it was ok. "You're looking really good, actually."

When Lizzy looks over and sees the smile on his face she grows unsettled for a moment. The vibe she gets is a weird one and the awkward smile he shows just makes it worse. "Yeah, thanks. I got a job at that self-defense center I'd been going to so I've kept up." That's what he meant, right? That she's still in hunting shape?

"Well it'll come in handy," Sam nods to himself.
"Not for this hunt," Lizzy denies his comment. "This thing doesn't attack in the physical world."

"Well maybe not this hunt, no, but on others it'll be nice to have you still in fighting form."

And there it is.

"You think I'm back? For good?" Lizzy questions him with the comment.

Sam smiles at her. "You're not fooling anyone, Lizzy."

"Fooling? What the hell does that mean?"

"It means I know you'll be back. You did two weeks apart from Dean and that's great that you're trying to leave it all behind… but sooner or later you're gonna come back. You two tried this whole separate lives thing before and it didn't work."

"Because I wanted to get back into hunting at that point."

"Yeah, because Dean was still into it," Sam says, knowing he's right.

Lizzy sighs with her growing frustration. "I'm out, Sam. Don't know how many times I have to say it to you…"

"About as many times as Dean did," Sam challenges her with an arrogantly smug look sent her way.

She bites her tongue, literally, so that she won't lose her shit. "I want my life back… the one where I wasn't hunting and neither was my husband. I want my family, Sam." She sighs. "I'll do anything to get that. This is just me cleaning up after myself. I just need to finish this one and I'm gone."

"We'll see," Sam brushes it all off and pulls into a driveway for an old house on a crowded block of old houses. Conversation officially over.

Together and without a word, they get out of the Impala and walk to the front door. Sam knocks and they wait, all the while Lizzy readies herself for this interview and recalls the first time she started looking into this particular monster.

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"I'm exhausted," Lou complains as she drags herself out of their silver Toyota.

"Still?" Lizzy asks with shock. "You slept until noon today!" Lou was not a late sleeper but after the nightmare (or awesome dream depending on whose perspective it is) the night before she was passed out for a very long time.

"Maybe I'm coming down with something," she suggests as they walk towards the quaint home of the girl they needed to interview.

"Maybe… but you never get sick. I get sick way more than you do," Lizzy reminds them. Lou had an uncanny immune system. She wouldn't catch a damn thing, not even if Lizzy had the flu and they were in the same motel room.

"Eh, who knows," Lou just lets it go as they make it up to the front door of the house and ring the doorbell.

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"Jeanette," Sam smiles wide when the long, blond haired middle-aged bombshell answers the door.

"Oh, Michael," she smiles even wider, her voice slick with ease and excitement when she sees him on her doorstep. "Well isn't this just the loveliest of surprises." She winks at him and crosses her arms, her breasts pressing together and cleavage clear as day with her tight v-neck t-shirt. "Looking sharp in that blazer."

"You like it?" Sam asks and Lizzy's eyes go wide as she looks up at him. Did he just flirt with her? Sure, she's insanely good looking for a forty year old but still.

"Honey, I like it very much," she grins and runs a hand down Sam's lapel. "I'd probably look even better on my bedroom floor though." And she laughs something light and girlish.

"I'm sure you'd like that," Sam jests far too easily right back and Lizzy clears her throat to remind him that she's right there. After this display she's highly uncomfortable with this new version of Sam. "Jeanette, this is another colleague of mine."

"No Jim today?" she wonders with obvious disappointment.

"He's following up with another interview right now," Sam explains away quickly. "This is......"

"Pam. Hi," Lizzy smiles warmly and extends her hand to which Jeanette tisks and shakes her head while looking her over.

"Well, look at you, Pam," Jeanette says with ease and impression. "So what, the Tonawanda News only hires beautiful people these days?"

Lizzy smiles wide with the compliment. "That's all I'm riding on so I sure hope so!"

"Oh, honey I like you already. Come on in you two," Jeanette says as she opens the door for them.

Once settled into the living room, a mug of coffee for Sam and Lizzy and none for Jeanette for obvious reasons, the three begin talking. Lizzy dives in head first and leads the conversation with her curiosity and drive concerning this particular hunt.

"I know you already went over everything with Michael and Jim just a couple days ago, but could you recap everything for me for authenticity reasons, if you don't mind?"

"Alright, well, I woke up about two months ago. I went to make coffee like I do every morning and with one whiff of the stuff I was head first over the toilet in a second. The last time I felt so sick over a smell was when I was pregnant with my daughter twenty years ago. I knew something was wrong right then."

"You already have a daughter?" Lizzy questions.

"I do," she smiles wide with the thought of her child. "She's nineteen, a sophomore at Buffalo State. She's working towards an early education degree."

"You know, if wasn't in journalism I'd probably be doing the same," Lizzy tells her, it being the truth. If her life had gone her way from the jump she's definitely be working with kids.

"It's a noble thing to go into teaching," Jeanette further says. "It's challenging work with little pay and even less thanks. Takes a tough broad to do it."

"Oh, I know. My mother was an elementary teacher."
"What grade?"

"Sixth."

"Ooh, right when the pissy attitudes and hormones kick in."

"Let's just say mom was a tough broad then," Lizzy laughs a bit.

"She would have to be!"

Lizzy smiles for a beat with the thought of her mother. She was a strong woman and a hell of a teacher. If she could get through to an eleven year old Dean Winchester, and she certainly did, she'd have to be!

"Jeanette figured out she was pregnant soon after, didn't you?" Sam asks the woman, trying to get the conversation off pleasantries and back on track.

"Yes. I was exhausted and suddenly wanted to eat sardines… which I hate. It's was pretty obvious."

"Now, from Michael and Jim's notes I noticed that you claim you hadn't been with any men around the time you conceived. Is that correct?"

"It is," she nods as if someone asked her if the sky was blue and not about her sex life. "It's been a bit quiet on the home front for a bit but hey, everyone has their dry spells, don't they?"

"So there's no father?"

"Not that I'm aware of at least," Jeanette tells her with a small laugh. "And trust me, at forty-two I never intended for this to happen. I was just fine with only one child. Now, I think about it… I'll be sixty when this little one graduates high school. It's a little… intimidating. And this time around I'll be without any help. My husband died about seven years ago. Cancer."

"I'm so sorry to hear that," Lizzy says to her and means it. She lost her husband so early.

"Thank you," Jeanette smiles small.

"Jeanette, it might be a bit personal to ask you about this, but could you tell me about the dream you had around the time you conceived?" Lizzy cautiously asks. "I know it's embarrassing…"

"Not at all," Jeanette laughs loudly. "Honey, you can't possibly embarrass me at this point. I'll tell you anything you need to know."

"It's a little weird…" the young girl starts, already having a blush over her cheeks with the personal question being asked. She glances at her mother once and Lou gets it immediately.

"Mrs. Coleman, would you mind getting us some coffee?" she asks Emily's mother, thinking quick.

"Oh, um, sure," she hesitantly agrees before leaving the living room.

Now it's just Lizzy and Lou, investigators for the CDC of course, and Emily, a young girl that's gone mysteriously sick much like several women in the area.

"Ok, so it's just us now," Lizzy smiles a little. "Whatever it is that you couldn't say in front of mom you can say now."
"And we won't judge," Lou promises. "And there's nothing shocking you could tell us. We've heard it all."

"I doubt you've heard this one..." Emily worries as she bites her lower lip.

"Try us," Lizzy smiles a little wider, trying to put the girl at ease.

"Well... I, um, I had... this dream," Emily starts.

"A dream?" Lou asks, narrowed eyes at the eighteen year old that's covered with a blanket from the waist down, her skin pale and eyes rimmed with dark, tired bags.

"Yeah, it was a weird dream," Emily starts to explain.

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"I was asleep in my bed," Jeanette tells them. "In the dream it felt like any other night until I felt like I wasn't alone..."

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"I opened my eyes and there was a guy standing at the foot of my bed," Emily tells them, her eyes darting to the doorway as if she expects her mother to walk in at any moment and completely embarrass her with what she's saying.

"What did he look like?" Lizzy pries on.

"He... looked like... well, he..." she sighs with the ridiculousness. "He looked just like Zac Effron."

"The High School Musical kid?" Lou tries to confirm.

"Yes. Just like him."

"He's cute," Lizzy immediately agrees. He might not be her cup of tea and he's way younger than her but still, a hottie is a hottie.

"He's your celebrity crush then?" Lou asks, her face going serious and Lizzy swears she's reading some fear on her friend too. "Like, would you say he's your perfect man?"

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"Absolutely," Jeanette answers with her eyes closed. "He looked like Brad Pitt. Mm, Brad fucking Pitt. The middle years, though. Fight Club Pitt."

"Ah, my favorite vintage Pitt," Lizzy smirks as she fully agrees. "That man was too perfect back then. Just unreal."

"Don't I know it," Jeanette says with fond recollection. "So I was there in my bed, Brad Pitt was standing there..."

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"And he... um," Emily tries to say it but her embarrassment kicks into overdrive.

"It's ok, hon," Lou says to her, trying to calm her as she gets up and sits on the couch next to where Emily is curled up in one corner. "We all have weird dreams." She leans forward with a hand on the
sick girl's knee. "The other night I had one in which this hot guy came into my room and the shit we did... mm. It was some seriously good stuff."

"Me too," Emily opens right up with Lou's confession, her eyes wide and excited to know she isn't alone.

"Really?" Lou asks even though she's sure they've both had the same experience.

"Yeah," Emily tells her. "Dream Zac Effron got into my bed and it was... intense."

"We all have dreams like that Emily, it's not that weird," Lou promises.

"Well there were some weird things..."

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"...or at least one weird thing that is," Jeanette continues on. "Towards the end, right in the middle of everything, it suddenly felt like there was this pressure on my chest..."

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"It was so strong," Emily recalls clearly. "I could barely breathe but I didn't stop it..."

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"...because it just felt way too good," Jeanette tells Sam and Lizzy. "It lasted for just a little bit, like half a minute, and then pow. I was hit with the absolute best orgasm of my life."

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"It was amazing," Emily admits. "It is every time."

"Every time?" Lizzy perks up with the comment. "This dream keeps happening?"

"Yes," the girl tells them, looking down at the blanket in her lap. "It's happened three times so far."

"Why do you think it keeps happening?" Lou asks her, her heart pounding faster every second out of fear for the poor girl and out of fear for herself with how familiar the story is to her.

"No idea," Emily shrugs with a sad face. "But I feel worse when I wake up after every single time it happens."

Lou and Lizzy share a common look of sheer concern and worry.

"Emily, you're saying that every time you dream about Zac Effron like that... you wake up sicker?"

Lou just waits with nervous energy for the answer.

"Pretty much," Emily sighs sadly. "I just get more tired, more drained... I can barely get off the couch. And now... I'm terrified to go to sleep." Her eyes well up at this.

Lou grabs her hand and holds it hard. "Emily, I want to be honest with you because we want to help you, ok?" Emily nods small. "Lizzy and I lied. We aren't from the CDC."

"What!?" Emily asks with sheer shock and fright.

"Relax. We're good people. We're specialists in things like this. Lizzy and I believe everything you're..."
saying, trust that. And we're gonna help you.”

Emily covers her face with her hands and cries with sheer relief that someone believes her and wants to help her… and might know how. "No one's been able to help…”

"But we will," Lizzy promises, looking at Lou as she says it. They both have already figured out that whatever this thing is it's already attacked Lou once. She means it for both of them. "We will figure this out and you will be just fine."

Lou nods with the promise her best friend makes both her and Emily.

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"So how many times have you had this Brad Pitt dream, Jeanette?" Lizzy asks.

"Just that one time," Jeanette tells her. "But damn, I really wouldn't mind having it again. It was pretty amazing."

"Wait… once?" Lizzy asks, eyes wide and making Sam curious with her sudden shock. Something is off.

"Yeah, once," Jeanette responds simply.

"Huh," Lizzy starts to mill through the news. "So you never had it again… have you been feeling ok?"

"Well, besides the morning sickness… which isn't really morning at all. It's all day. So unfair."

"Have you been tired?"

"No more than usual," Jeanette honestly tells her. "Mostly I'm just having side effects of the pregnancy itself. Nausea, headaches… been insanely horny. My hormones are so out of whack."

"Really?" Sam asks with clear curiosity. "That's a side effect?"

"It can be for some women," Jeanette confirms. "When pregnant with my daughter my husband couldn't keep up for the first three months! Thought I was gonna wear him out completely!"

Sam just makes an accepting face while nodding.

"Well, Jeanette, you've been insanely helpful," Lizzy smiles while on the inside her mind is on overdrive. What the fuck is going on here? This is nothing like last time. "I have to thank you for your openness."

Lizzy stands up and Sam follows suit.

"Not a problem," Jeanette tells her. "I'm happy to help. And if in your research you find out what the hell is happening here, I'd love to know. Would love it."

"You'll be the first to know," Sam assures her.

"Thanks again," Lizzy shakes her hands and heads for the door.

"Please, feel free to call me anytime," Sam says to her as he hands her a business card. "In case you remember something else you think will help or you just want to contact me for whatever reason, don't hesitate." He then winks at her.
The other reasons implied are clear as day to both women.

"I may just do that, Michael," Jeanette promises, her voice full and her eyes leering at him. "And you still have my number?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't forget that phones work both ways now, ok?"

"Ok," Sam smirks small.

"Alright, Mikey," Lizzy says to Sam while grasping his bicep in a death grip. "Time to get you into a cold shower. It's been nice meeting you, Jeanette."

Dragging Sam out of the house like a disobedient child, once they're on the front lawn and out of Jeanette's earshot, she lets him have it.

"What the fuck, Sam!?" she asks while full blown punching him in the arm.

"Ow…" Sam says with not pain but annoyance.

"You're trying to pick up a pregnant forty year old we need for this case!? What the fuck are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking that she seemed nice…"

"Yeah, just nice enough to let you stick it in her, right?"

"So what?" He shrugs.

"Wow… I'm seriously worried about you, dude," Lizzy warns, pointing at him while walking towards the Impala.

"What?" Sam whines with her overreaction. "Aren't you the one that used to gang up on me with Dean about not getting laid enough?"

"There's a difference between having a couple one nighters here and there and literally fucking with an investigation," she tries to show him the clear distinction. "You used to know where that line in the sand was."

"So maybe I drew a new line…"

"This is not like you." Her voice is hard and set, making it clear how much she disagrees with his actions on this one.

"Well, not the old me, no," Sam agrees easily.

"Well whatever this is, this new you, I don't like it." She drops into the passenger side of the car and yanks the door shut with a slam. She's pissed.

And Sam knows it.

With a sigh he gets the keys out of his pocket and heads for the driver's side.

Maybe he should have reeled it back a bit…
"Hey," Dean greets without looking away from Sam's computer at the round, splintered table.

"Hi," Lizzy quietly returns. Dean looks up instantly with her off tone of voice. Silently he asks her what's wrong with just his expression. She shakes her head no, telling him not now.

"You find anything else?" Sam asks while completely unaware of the exchange, taking off his blazer and heading to stand behind Dean and have a look himself.

"This website is decent," Dean tells his brother of the site Lizzy recommended they catch themselves up with. "It has everything anyone knows in one spot…"

"Almost," Lizzy comments as she instantly grabs her bag and goes to the bathroom to change. She's uncomfortable doing that with Sam in the room right now. He's skeevy at best and he keeps looking at her in a quite suspect way. It's enough to make her rethink her old habits.

"Here," Dean says, getting up and giving Sam's computer back so that he can catch up.

"Thanks," Sam says without sounding like he means it. He takes the now open seat and starts skimming.

"Can I have the files of all the pregnant women?" Lizzy shouts from the other side of the bathroom door.

"Yeah," Dean shouts back as he collects together the profiles he had laid out on the table to look over and puts them back into one manila folder for her. "So what now?"

"I think I want to try and interview that girl Janelle again," Sam respond with eyes glued to the screen. "I think I can get more out of her."

Dean pauses, glaring at Sam with suspicion. "Like what?"

"Like I bet she had a dream too, one she didn't tell us about."

"And what makes you think she'll talk to you about it?" Dean asks, assuming she won't. They both interviewed her together and Janelle wasn't exactly an open book. She was quiet and shy and certainly not worth another crack if Dean were asked.

Sam just looks at him for a second, flashes a quick fake smile, and gets up.

"Good answer," Dean rolls his eyes.

"I'll try her and, uh… Stephanie was the blond one, right? Short? Cute?" he checks while putting his blazer right back on. Sitting still wasn't going to solve this dilemma. He had to get up and go do something. Plus, he needs to make an important call without the married couple around. They might not agree with what he has to say.

"Yeah. That was her."

"I'll try them both again and grab dinner on the way back here when I'm done. You guys keep searching for a way to kill this thing." He opens the motel door, keys in hand.
"Uh, ok…" Dean responds and the door slams shut. "Later, I guess…"

Once Sam is outside he pulls out his phone and speed dials a familiar number.

"Hey Sam," Samuel greets immediately. "How's that incubus hunt going?"

"I think we found an alpha," Sam tells him, unlocking the car and getting in.

"An alpha incubus?" Samuel asks with excitement. "You sure?"

"Almost certain, yeah. It's been creating more of its kind, just like that shifter a few weeks ago."

"Damn," Samuel awes. "An incubus alone is rare, but an alpha?"

"I know," Sam responds with sheer excitement that mirror's Samuel's.

"You think you could catch it?"

"Not sure quite yet but I do know how to get access to it."

"How?"

Sam smiles to himself. "I got a perfect candidate for its efforts and she's pissed it off once before. I guarantee it'll come after her out of revenge alone." Sam starts the car. "I've got the best bait there is."

"Where's Sam?" Lizzy asks when she comes into the room from the bathroom. She's no longer in her smart, local beat writer wear. Instead she's in a tight, v-neck t-shirt and some black yoga pants.

"Interviewing more moms to be," Dean tells her as he finishes relining the doorway with salt after Sam's gone. The motel door ruins the salt line every time it's opened and he's not risking her safety on this one, not for a second. Once he's satisfied that she's safe and the line is good again, Dean drops the canister by the doorway, wipes his hands on his jeans, and looks over at her as she sits behind the computer. He stops short.

Yoga pants. Yes.

"Well isn't he motivated," she mentions while clicking away at the computer.

"Yeah…" Dean brushes off the comment. Her shirt is tight and she's braless, showing everything off. He hasn't touched her in two weeks and her choice in outfit isn't making it any easier to focus on work. She looks fantastic and he has a moment of holy shit, that's his.

"This is so weird," Lizzy sighs, her elbows on the tabletop and she drops her head in her hands with frustration. "Last time the incubus basically drained women of their life… he was feeding."

"He was," Dean agrees but he's preoccupied as he takes out her IPod dock from her packed bag. She never goes anywhere without her music so he knew he'd find what he needed there.

"This time around it's not attacking women for their energy or whatever… it's using them as incubators. So fucked up."

"So fucking up," Dean echoes, picking the right song from her IPod and plugging it into the dock.

"This bitch is pissing me off and I don't know what to do about it." She picks up her head and looks at Dean for the first time since she sat down. He's leaning against the kitchen counter casually, ankles
crossed as he's just staring at her. "I have no idea what the next step is here. I feel totally lost."

"I know, but you need to relax a little," Dean smiles slickly at her.

"How the hell am I supposed to relax right now with everything happening? And it all being my fault?"

"For starters, no one's dying. They're just knocked up and that means we have seven months left to figure this out."

"I don't want to work on this for seven months," Lizzy complains instantly. "I have to get back to work."

"Fine, I get that, but still… no one's dying." He raises his eyebrows, knowing he's making a good point.

Lizzy huffs a defiant sigh. "That's true."

"Yes it is," Dean smiles wider at her. "And second… I haven't seen you in weeks. I've got a lot of pent up frustration over Sam and hunting again to take out on you right now so…." He presses play on her IPod

With the opening guitar riff Lizzy fights the smile trying to break across her face and stays strong.

"Now is not the time for sex, Dean," she reminds him.

"Why not? Sam's out working, Bobby's on the case, you're wearing some tight ass yoga pants…"

His face grows a little sad. "And I missed you."

And she lets the smile she's been holding back fly. "I missed you too, Hot Shot."

The song plays a little more and Lizzy comes to realize what this means. 'The Honey Roll' is what he plays when he wants to get a little controlling, maybe even a little rough with it. The song has a Pavlovian effect on her at this point, making her want him and become completely yielding to him with the sound. And she has missed him terribly.

Just to make sure she'll calm down and give in, Dean begins lips syncing as he knows when he gets cute she can't deny him.

_Honey roll over and let us on top._

He starts walking towards her slow, pointing at her and making Lizzy laugh quietly.

_Strap you to the bed and make you rock._

He grabs her hand and pulls her out of the chair she's in. Once standing he hold onto her shoulders.

_Run it up the flag, send it on home._

He moves her backwards until she has her back to the wall.

_Push you to the wall, and make you moan._

He then kisses her neck in that perfect spot, making her hum with it.

"See?" Dean begins to tell her, his hands now pressing her hips firmly in place. He lets his lips brush
hers once, not kissing her but just making them touch. "You want this too, don't you?"

"Dean," Lizzy speeds out in a hushed tone and pulls him into her hard, her lips smashed to his with need. She thought about him all the time when he was gone. So much so that giving in and forgetting their case for now, a case that she's deeply invested in, is somehow ok in her mind all of a sudden.

"Fuck, I missed this," he kisses her again. "I got so used to always being around you, taking you whenever I wanted to." His fingers start to roam, sliding up her sides and taking her shirt with him.

"You got spoiled," she smirks.

"I love this," he tells her with a lust coated grin as he lifts her shirt fully over her head. "And I love that more," he jests once she's shirtless. Dean leans closer and breathes deep, looking for that smell of her skin that means home and soothes him every time he catches it.

"I don't want be away from you anymore," she tells him as her hands come to his neck and her body presses against him. In no time flat he's got her dying for more of him.

"I don't want to either." He looks her in the eye when he says it.

"Baby, I'm sorry it's like this," she has the sudden need to share her sympathies. She knows he wants to be home with her and that it's been tough already.

"No, no, no," Dean presses the pads of his fingers to her lips to quiet her. "You're here right now. Don't ruin it with sorries and sad shit."

She nods her agreement. It would be a waste of some seriously precious time.

"Instead," Dean continues. "Get your ass on that bed. I wanna have my way with my naughty little girl that I missed so much." He raises his eyebrows once with playful flirtation and of course it works.

Her eyes light up and he sees that fun little spark in them when he calls her that. His naughty little girl. He wasn’t joking. She knows she’s in for a very good time. She’s definitely down.

To prove just how on board she is with this idea she takes the waist of her tight cotton pants in her grip. She walks a few steps around him and towards the bed before stopping. Moving slowly while making eye contact with him over her shoulder, Lizzy lowers the pants to the floor, making a sound come from down in Dean’s throat that gives away how needy he is for her. She steps out, leaving her in just the lacey, bright blue thong she had on underneath.

“I feel like all I did while you were gone is think about you,” she tells him, walking the rest of the way to their bed and climbing on. She crawls up the mattress on all fours, going slow as she speaks and making sure her ass is aimed right at him.

“Oh God, yes,” Dean sighs out while watching her move. That whole dance background has made her hyper aware of the way she moves and what she can do with just her body. Damn it is he lucky.

“I thought about the way you look at me when you get all worked up with this dark, I’m-gonna-fuck-you-to-near-death look… just like you’re doing right now.” She turns around to lean back on the headboard of the bed, her legs wide open as she waits for him. “And I thought about how needy you make me.” She slips her thong out from under her, pulling it down her legs while staring right into his eyes. “Baby, I need you to take me. Make me yours.”

She means it completely. The whole slave day thing some months back definitely made her even
more needy for him and she just wants him to show her how much he loves her, craves her, and can control her. She wants to show him how much she trusts and worships him.

“Own me, Dean. I’m yours. I need you.”

And he snaps. That’s right. She needs him. That’s probably the sexiest thing she can ever say to him.

“Touch yourself,” Dean tells her as he works on opening his jeans. “Get ready for me.”

“Yes, sir,” she drawls out with sheer desire as her fingers quickly find their way between her legs. Making light circles on her clit, her melts back into the bed a little more and hums. “Like this?” she checks with him while her eyes are closed.

“Just like that,” he returns, the corners of his mouth turned up as he kicks his boots across the room while never taking his eyes off of what she’s doing. He sheds his jeans as quickly as he can, stepping out of them hastily. “Tell me how much you need me, baby.”

“I need you so much, Dean,” Lizzy says to him, her fingers moving faster while her free hand finds her left breast. “No one can do what you do to me.”

“What do I do to you that’s so good?” he asks while walking in her direction, his shirt flying over his head.

“ Fuck, everything,” she tells him without shame, looking straight into his green eyes with so much excitement it shouldn’t be possible. “You’re the only person that can make me this desperate and needy… and I love it.”

Dean smiles at her, crawling into the bed and hovering over her as she looks at him with deep-seated need.

“Don’t stop,” he tells her quickly, referring to her handy work, and leans in to kiss her neck again. “You like being my obedient little girl?”

“Love it,” she nearly whines as his tongue trails down her neck.

“Good,” Dean says to her, looking her hard in the eye as they finally get a chance to be them now that they’re together again and alone. He grabs her thong from where it was left on the bed when he gets a brilliant idea. He pulls it tight and smiles darkly. “Open up.”

Lizzy drops her jaw and Dean brings the panties across her mouth, gagging her.

“Sam’ll be gone for a while,” Dean tells her while tying a knot at the back of her head. He then lets her head rest against the headboard again and cups her face. Dean runs his tongue over her lips as they’re parted with her blue lingerie. “I think we need to take the time to reconnect. I want to remind you who you belong to.”

With only one of the women he was supposed to talk to home, Sam finds his day is finished far faster than he was prepared for. Stephanie wasn’t much help at all, only very quickly mentioning her dreams were weird around the time she got pregnant. Past that she got embarrassed and tight lipped. Fucking prudes. He’ll have to try Janelle tomorrow. She was cute anyways. And single. Could be more than worth talking to her again.

A couple grocery bags from the local chain store filled with deli subs, soda, beer, and, of course, a
half pie from the bakery section in his grip (it’s the little things that keep the suspicions away), Sam gets out of the Impala. He pulls a keycard out of his back pocket and approaches the door with a sigh. Time to put the mask back on and fake his way through another night. It’s getting quite exhausting.

The lock beeps and there’s a click, the little green light on the electric lock letting him know he’s good to enter. Sam pushes open the door while fully unprepared for what he sees.

“You want it harder, dirty girl?” Sam hears Dean’s voice say as he stands in the doorway frozen. Dean is standing behind Lizzy as she’s bent over the bottom edge of their bed. Lizzy has a pair of her own lacy underwear tied around her head, gagging her, as she lets out muffled moans of obvious pleasure. One of Dean’s hands is wrapped up in her long hair, pulling it so that her face is nearly aimed at the ceiling. His other is holding both of her forearms across her back, leaving Lizzy lying stomach down on the mattress and helpless at that. And Dean is most definitely inside of her, fucking her with harsh force.

The still playing AC/DC is so loud they didn’t hear the door open. The pair carry on without realizing they’re being seen.

Looking over everything happening in front of him, specifically Lizzy’s body as its naked, willing, and getting completely used, Sam isn’t sure how he’s supposed to react. What would old Sam do? Probably not stare…

“Yeah you do. You missed this dick, didn’t you?” Dean then let’s go of Lizzy’s hair to grab her hip to thrust into her harder and her head falls back down to the mattress. Once her cheek is resting on the comforter, she looks to her side and sees Sam standing there in the open motel doorway. She instantly tries to warn Dean but her voice just comes out in a muffled, panicky scream. She struggles a little against the hold he has her in and Dean catches on, following her wide eyed sightline.

“Jesus, Sam!” Dean screams at his little brother, Sam finally snapping his focus off of naked Lizzy and onto Dean’s eyes. “Shut the door!”

So he does. Sam is pulled from his sordid thoughts when he hears his name. Taking a step inside the room he closes the door behind him just as Dean told him to.

“No, dumbass! Get out!” Dean shouts loudly, pointing at the door while yanking a pillow off the bed to try and cover Lizzy and him up as much as possible.

"Alright,” Sam just shrugs calmly and opens the door again, stepping outside.

He stands there in the quiet lot once the door is closed behind him, looking around for a quick second as he processes everything he just walked into. Dean wasn't joking. Lizzy is a submissive little thing, which is weird considering her tougher than nails persona. And his brother doesn't exaggerate. The thong gagging her, the reddened ass cheeks, pulling her hair… fuck. She's awesome.

And now he's got some basic needs to be taken care of after seeing such a scene. He knows just what to do.

Sam takes out his phone and dials a new number he has written on a piece of paper.

"Hello?"

"Jeanette, it's Michael," Sam says in return.
"Michael," Jeanette's smooth voice repeats his name with clear happiness. "You thinking about me already?"

"Something like that," Sam returns as he heads for the Impala once more. "You busy?"

"Just sitting here hoping that a man like you would call me up out of the blue… or maybe come by and keep me company."

"Good," Sam smirks, sitting into the driver's seat. "I'll be there soon."

The sound of the door once more shutting and clicking into place makes both Lizzy and Dean exhale at the same time.

"Fuck," Dean spits out as he backs away from his wife after his brother walks in on them. He begins pacing the room a bit with awkward nervousness.

Lizzy takes a seat at the end of the bed and reaches up to her underwear, untying it so she can speak. "What the fuck?" she laments and presses a hand over her eyes. "That was so fucking embarrassing."

"Who just barges into a room like that!?" Dean asks with anger, his arm extended to the door with tension.

"He's staying here too, Dean," Lizzy reminds him.

"So!?" Dean sharply returns and keeps pacing the room with his hands on his hips. "I mean, come on! Doesn't he know better by now?"

"He hasn't had to live with us for a year," Lizzy explains, her voice showing her sheer humiliation as the moment keeps replaying in her head. "It's been just him walking into the room he's renting by himself. Honest mistake."

"Doesn't make it happening any better…"

"No, it doesn't," Lizzy says in a sigh as her face continues to be shaded by a deep pink.

Finally standing still, hands still on his hips and naked as the day he was born, he looks to Lizzy with a head shake. "Two years. We were on the road for two years with you and this never happened."

Lizzy holds her hands out to the side and shrugs, not knowing what to tell him.

The silence in the room grows as they both don't know what to say or do. The AC/DC continues on but they don't hear it.

"Did he seem, like… weird to you just now?" Lizzy asks very cautiously, hoping that what she saw in Sam was all in her head.

"The dude walked into the room instead of leave when I fucking yelled at him to scram," Dean points out. "He stayed in the room while we were… yeah, I'd say he's a touch off."

"Not what I mean," Lizzy shakes her head as she plays with her panties in her fingers out of nervousness. "Well, yeah, that was kinda fucked up, but I'm talking about… his face."

Dean shoots her a look of surprised confusion as she peers up at him.
"The hell are you talking about?" Dean asks, not recalling Sam's face in the very horrifying moment.

"His face… and the way he was looking at us," Lizzy tries to say as calmly as she can so he won't flip out. "Or really… just me."

Dean doesn't respond. Instead he narrows his eyes and wrinkles his brow as his arms cross over his chest. He's listening.

"It felt like he was looking at me."

"How?" he asks her.

"Like… shit, like you do when I'm naked in front of you," Lizzy tries to explain. "But it was creepy."

"Why would Sam do that?" Dean asks her with worry.

"I don't know," Lizzy answers. "But I don't like it."

Washing a hand down his face out of stressful habit, Dean looks around the room as his brain churns. He then returns his focus onto her. "We're gonna have one horrible conversation he and I, aren't we?"

"Looks like," she nods in return.

"Fuck me," Dean complains. "Shit, you wanna get dinner or something?"

"Well I certainly don't wanna fuck after that," Lizzy tells him, knowing the mood is completely shattered by now.

"Yeah, I figured," Dean tells her as he picks up her t-shirt and yoga pants from the floor. "At least I still got my bacon cheeseburgers."

"They are practically as good as sex to you, right?" Lizzy pokes fun as her clothes are thrown at her.

"Damn close," he flatly responds as he starts to gather his clothes to redress too.

"I'm calling do-over," she issues fair warning. "You will fuck me completely stupid before I go back home."

"Oh, that's just a guarantee," Dean says, managing a smirk her way with her words. She smiles back and the blush finally starts to drain from her face.
"Ah," Sam sighs with relaxed and triumphant glee as he unfolds his long frame from the Impala. After walking in on some seriously involved activities Dean and Lizzy got themselves into it was nice to get away. He knew they'd be awkward around him after that incident and he hates awkward. He doesn't know what to do with it. Most other emotions he can fake his way through but awkward… no way. Running seemed like a good idea at the time, especially since he was able to run straight at a certain very hot cougar.

Slowly opening the motel door at two in the morning, a full night already put in with Jeanette, Sam hopes with all his might that his hunting crew is fast asleep by now. He's got to set the bait for this incubus they're hunting and, knowing how not on board Lizzy and Dean would be with his plan, he has to do it while they're out like lights. Luckily their business from earlier looked tiring enough to keep them asleep for a while… or at least Sam estimates.

It's got to be an alpha, he thinks to himself once more while doing the usual nighttime routine of brushing his teeth and what not. Only an alpha would be this brazen and attempt to further his race so blatantly. Alphas are stronger than anything else out there. They can afford to be cocky.

So now he wants this alpha and so does Samuel the second he told him he thinks he's after one. His grandfather has been collecting alphas and higher up monsters for a while now. Sam is more than happy to help him with that.

Ready for 'bed' (which for Sam means lying still under the covers for as long as his itchy mind will let him), Sam makes sure the doors are locked and everything is set as it should be. All of Dean's protective measures are in place… except for the salt line across the main entrance. When he opened the door, much like every time any of them have opened this door, the salt line scattered a bit and broke. Knowing how vulnerable this makes Lizzy, Sam doesn't fix it. He just pulls back the sheets of his bed and lies down, all the while hoping this incubus of theirs knows Lizzy is in town and wants to get her back for her previous attacks on it.

He wants this monster… no matter the cost.

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Shifting in her sleep, Lizzy starts to come to just a bit. She was in a light sleep after hearing Sam come in late and mill about as he got ready to call it a night and now can feel eyes on her. Someone, or something, is looking right at her. It's unsettling and she's felt it enough times before to know that she should be on high alert. Reaching under her pillow she takes ahold of her Glock tightly. Whatever felt the need to come into their space right now is about to be sorry it did. Whipping out her gun and aiming at the source of the eerie feeling, she takes the safety off and holds her breath.

"Dean!" she near shouts with relief when she finds it's just her husband standing at the foot of her bed, staring at her and not even flinching with the drawn weapon. "Jesus, what the fuck are you doing up?"

He doesn't answer, just shares a dark smile with her as she places her gun on the nightstand.

"Dean?"

Still nothing.
"Ah, you ok in there?" she wonders aloud with a small smile, seeing how weird he's being. He's standing there in only a black t-shirt and his gray boxer briefs. He must have gotten up to go to the bathroom or something. She glances to Sam's bed and sees that it's empty. Wait, didn't he already come back…?

"I'm fine," Dean tells her in his low, gravelly tone. She swears the sound of it just shot right through her, the electrical current it created ending between her legs. The second she hears it she's turned completely on.

"What are you doing?" she asks as he stands there unmoving, his eyes never once leaving her. The hunger that's deeply rooted in them isn't lost on her.

"Take off your clothes." The statement makes her shiver.

"Oh so the embarrassment wore off?" Lizzy challenges, licking her lips once as she leers at him. Damn does he look good right now. He's not doing or wearing anything special but something about him right now… just gorgeous.

"Yes," he simply answers her and pulls his t-shirt over his head. "Now take everything off."

"What if Sam comes back again, huh?" Lizzy points out as she contradicts her worries by losing her tank top. "I've had enough shame-inducing moments for one day."

"Don't worry about him," Dean assures her, lowering his underwear to the floor. "Focus on me."

She doesn’t answer this as it’ll be far too easy to keep her full attention on him right now. He’s standing before, looking so good she could devour him, and she’s washed over with intense desire for him. It’s the kind of want that makes waiting impossible. She needs him. Badly. Now.

Lizzy pulls her boyshort underwear down her legs as Dean walks to the side of the bed. He lifts the covers and gets in, wasting no time in settling between her legs. They stare at each other for a beat, both suddenly highly aroused and ready to go despite having barely touched the other yet.

Without speaking, Dean enters her easily and she lets out a moan with how exceptionally good he feels.

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"Mm."

Sam heard it. He knows he did.

Leaning his head up and off the pillow, he can see from his own bed that Lizzy's still asleep. But she moaned and she never makes sounds in her sleep. It's working.

"Uh," Lizzy gasps a little louder and she has his full attention. It's most definitely working. "Oh… Dean…"

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“Oh God,” Lizzy moans out, her forehead pressed to his shoulder as he’s hunched over her, working into her at a set, easy pace that hits her just right with every movement. This is incredible.

“That’s it. Good girl,” Dean whispers to himself but she just catches it. It sounds like him but the words don’t really fit his usual banter in bed. Weird.
“Fuck, Dean,” Lizzy enjoys even louder, something about this time around feeling more intense than usual. And they weren’t doing anything special either, just your run of the mill missionary. But it’s so good her toes are curling and her nails are digging into his back already.

“Good, Lizzy,” Dean whispers into her ear. “Go with it, baby. Fall right into it.”

She wants to ask why he’s saying such odd things but when she tries all that comes out is….

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"Oh God, Dean."

Lizzy's voice is at full speaking volume with this one and Dean is pulled out of his sleep.

"L?" he asks, rolling to his side to face her with bleary eyes. When he does he sees her moving in her sleep and moaning shockingly loudly. "Lizzy?" Once he sees what's happening he shoots up in bed.

Sam follows him and sits up, no longer pretending to sleep. He turns on the end table lamp for them to see her. Show time.

"What's going on?" Sam asks.

"I don't know…” Dean sits up and looks down at Lizzy as she seems to be enjoying herself too much.

"Oh, oh…” Lizzy voice elevates and then instantly changes. Instead of moaning she's struggling. Her ability to breathe is taken from her.

"Shit! What's going on!?" Dean panics when Lizzy suddenly starts to struggle. It's clear that she can't manage to take in a single breath and he doesn't know what to do.

"I don't know," Sam answers him as he flies out of his bed to stand next to where Lizzy is.

"Oh...."

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“Oh, baby. So good,” Lizzy barely gets out as her brain is scrambled at this point. She already knows she’s going to get bowled over by the orgasm that’s steadily building up to a place that almost scares her.

Then her voice gets cut off when the pressure on her chest hits.

“Uh… guh…” she tries to tell him she can’t breathe but nothing comes out. Dean keeps moving over her, seemingly unaware of the issue she’s having. The pressure increases and she struggles to take in any air at all.

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"L!" Dean shouts in her face while shaking her by the shoulders. "L! Wake up!"

"It's not working, Dean," Sam says, keeping his voice fearful as they watch her move about, her body seemingly pinned in place as she tries to free herself from the invisible force keeping her there.

"Come on, baby! Wake up!" He shakes her even harder. "Wake the fuck up, L!"
“I remember you,” Dean speaks low into her ear as she struggles beneath him.

Panic time. Lizzy now knows the man on top of her, the man inside of her, isn’t Dean.

“You tried to kill me because I went after your friend,” her husband’s voice continues on, scaring her completely as he continues having sex with her as if he says nothing important. “I lost her because of you.”

She can’t breathe, she can’t move, she’s stuck here freaking the fuck out with no help in sight.

“You shouldn’t have come for me again,” Dean tells her and he presses up on his hands and looks down at her. He pushes into her faster and the pleasure builds far too rapidly to handle. Even if she can’t breathe Lizzy’s eye roll back in her head with the intensity and sheer bliss of it all. “You’re mine now, Lizzy. All mine. So go ahead, baby. Enjoy yourself…”

"Fuck! Oh God, yes!” Lizzy screams out as he eyes fly wide open and she moans loud enough to piss off any neighbors they may have in the motel. "Oh my God! Oh my God, shit!"

"No," Dean fears immediately as he sits back on the mattress and watches her. He knows that look, he knows that reaction from her so, so well. And according to Jeanette he’s aware of what it all now means. "Damn it."

"Lizzy? You ok?" Sam asks, keeping his distance as she goes through something that's normally pretty personal as he stands there to the side of her.

"So ok," Lizzy pants out with a hand over her eyes as she just lays there boneless and overwhelmed. "Fuck, that was a good one. Holy hell."

Dean just sits next to her, his devastated face looking at her as she comes down.

"Oh my God, ok, ok. I'm here," Lizzy tells them as she sits up while catching up to her racing heart. She blows out a hard, satisfied breath. "Holy fucking shit. That was amazing."

"Sure sounded it," Sam smirks a little and sits on the edge of his bed facing her.

"Yeah, sorry about that." Her cheeks flash a pink color. "Kinda embarrassing… for the second time today…."

"Are you two not getting it?" Dean harshly interrupts, his voice not quite angry but more frightful and sad than anything else. "Don't you know what the fuck just happened here?"

Lizzy looks at him for a second with a wrinkled brow, her brain struggling to catch on after being demolished just a few moments ago, but soon enough it dawns on her. The incubus attacked her. He came after her, did what he did to all the other women in this town, which means that now she’s…

"Oh fuck," she spits out, her pink cheeks quickly draining to white. "Oh no."

"How the fuck did it get in!?” Dean asks with clenched teeth, knowing he's proofed the room more than properly. "How did that fucking asshole get in here!?” His anger starts to truly set in now.

He's out of bed in a flash and standing tall, looking around. He immediately sees the broken salt line
in front of the main door.

"Sam!" Dean shouts his brother's name with instant fury. He knows who came in last. "What is this shit!?"

"What's what?" Sam asks, standing up, looking at the door, and putting on a surprised face to see the salt line scattered and broken. "Crap."

"What the hell, Sam!" Dean continues to get more furious by the second with the attack on his wife. "That's rookie shit, man!" He takes a mean step in his brother's direction.

"I'm... shit," Sam acts out frantically, taking a step back away from Dean when he advances on him.

"You know better than this!" Dean accuses, long strides being taken to reach him. He shoves Sam hard in the chest and he stumbles back a few steps. "You're smarter than this!"

"Dean, stop it!" Lizzy yells over him as she scrambles to her feet, already seeing that this was about to turn into an all-out fist fight.

"It was just an accident..." Sam puts his hands up to show surrender and take the blame.

"That isn't an accident we're allowed to make, Sam!" Dean shoves him again, Sam's back hitting the wall behind him with a loud thud.

"Knock it off!" Lizzy shouts as she stands between the two of them and presses both her hands into Dean's chest. "This isn't fixing anything."

"Oh, I think an ass beating would seriously fix Sam's head right about now!" Dean says with burning anger as he peers at Sam over Lizzy's head.

"Calm down! Fuck!" Lizzy bellows out in his face. "It happened, ok? It's done and it can't be changed!" She sighs and gives him a scared look to let him know how she's really feeling. "Baby, you can't change this."

Dean huffs and puffs but stands still, listening to her against his bigger need to let a fists fly.

Lizzy then turns to Sam, not willing to let him get away scot free. "The hell is wrong with you, Sam?"

He shakes his head as he doesn't understand the question.

"Dean's right. You know better than this. You put my ass in danger with a careless mistake… the kind of careless mistake you never, never make."

"I don't know what to tell you," Sam admits because he doesn't. The truth isn't an option.

"A sorry wouldn't hurt," Lizzy points out, upset that he didn't even think to apologize on to her his own.

"I'm sorry, Lizzy. I am. I'd never want this to happen to you," Sam tells her, his ability to lie sharpening every damn day with exercise.

"Ok," she nods and sighs. "Alright. Yeah, so… this is bad."

"Very bad," Dean reinforces, the fear in his gut ruling him completely.
"Shit." Lizzy walks away from them once she knows a fight won't actually break out. She takes a slow seat onto the end of her bed, her back hunched and hands sandwiched between her knees with fear and anxiety. "What do we do now?" She looks up to Dean for answers but he's lost for one.

"Well, I know what you need to do," Sam tells her simply enough.

"What's that?" Lizzy questions.

"You gotta take a pregnancy test."

Dean barrels through the motel door at six in the morning, throwing it shut with a loud bang behind him as he gets back from his quick errand. Thankfully the city they're in is big enough to have a few twenty-four hour convenience stores.

Lizzy and Sam both look up from their research to see Dean looking right at his wife as he beelines for the bathroom, plastic drugstore bag in hand.

"Let's go," he says to her while waving her over, ready to get this shitty moment over with as soon as he can.

"Dean, relax," Lizzy rolls her eyes. "You're being paranoid."

"No, you're just in denial," Dean rebuts, knowing what she's up to. When things get really terrifying for her she tends to blow it off and act like nothing bad is actually happening. She won't accept what's going on but he's certainly not letting her ignore this one.

"It probably just used me for food," she explains to him. "Other than a little tired I feel fine."

"L, I know this is creeping your cheese but you need to recognize what's happening here." He holds the bag out to her. "We need to know."

"I'm not pregnant, Dean," Lizzy says right back, sounding sure even if she knows he's probably right deep down. She just doesn't want to take a pregnancy test. She's too terrified to find out what it will most likely tell her.

"You probably are," Sam adds in his two cents very evenly from his place at the kitchen table.

"Shut up, Sam!" Dean fires out as he looks at his brother with a lowered brow and a face full of hatred. "Lizzy, you might be so please, just do it." He shakes his arm, the drugstore bag crinkling loudly.

She just looks up at him and swallows back the lump of fright in her throat.

"I don't want to," she says to him, her voice quieter as she sits all alone on the bed.

"I know. But you don't have a choice," he insists, shaking the bag once more. "Come on. Tinkle time."

Teeth grinding, Lizzy tosses her computer aside and stands. She practically drags her feet across the room. Looking up at him once, she snatches the bag sharply from him before disappearing into the bathroom. The door slams hard behind her.

Sighing, Dean bows his head and closes his eyes as he leans his back onto the wall by the bathroom door and waits for her. How the fuck did this happen? They all knew better, knew what they had to do to protect Lizzy from attack but Sam fucked it all to hell. This can't be happening. She wanted
out, she didn't want to hunt any more, and they pulled her back in. He drove to their place and brought her to this case himself and look what it got her.

He glances at Sam quickly, seeing his brother reading through something on his computer with seemingly not a care in the world, and his worry grows deeper. Something is very horribly wrong with his little brother and he has no idea what it is or how to fix it. If it was Hell, if this was the lasting effects from the Cage, Dean would know it. He's been there and he knows what it looks like. He still sees it in the mirror every day. Sam doesn't look the same. Not at all.

But one thing at a time. Right now Lizzy's in trouble and that comes first.

Dean sits on his bed and takes her laptop to pick up where she left off. He catches Sam glancing at him.

"This is your fault," he reminds Sam and his brother doesn't respond. He just gets right back to work without reacting to his angry words. He knows better this time.

Placing the taken pregnancy test on the sink, Lizzy sets the timer on her phone and sits down on the closed toilet seat. She takes a deep breath and prepares for the longest two minutes of her life.

There's too many things flying rapid fire through her mind as it is but to be sitting in solitary while waiting for the immensely scary test results feels too confining. But then she thinks about being out in that room with Sam who put her in this position and Dean whose sympathetic looks and let down will just crush her and she realizes leaving this small room is just not an option at the moment. Solitary may be mind-fucking her but at least she isn't dealing with anyone else's bullshit as she comes to terms with her own bullshit.

So her brain churns through the lonesome silence as her knee bounces a mile a minute.

She's pregnant. She knows it already. This whole test is a formality. She can feel it to her core that she's totally fucked here. She just doesn't want to see the proof. She didn't want to take this test and know for sure. She didn't want to seal her fate.

The worst part of this whole situation is she's been dying to get pregnant for a while now. She wants a child. She always has. And with how happy she is with Dean she wants that now more than ever. They both want to build upon the love they have but this… this isn't how it's supposed to happen. She was supposed to be happy about this, not horrified.

Having an overactive imagination isn't always a good thing but there are some parts of Lizzy that have never grown up and matured. Her sense of humor can be a bit childish, she still loves hot dogs and cotton candy, she'll always be a bit of a goofball, and her imagination is still just as strong as when she was five. Since Dean left her to head back on the road with Sam she's been doing a lot of daydreaming. If she could have stopped it she would have but no dice. Her mind just takes over sometimes.

She'd often picture Dean coming home, Sam in tow and back to his usual self, and they settle down for good. He works at the garage again and they eat dinner together at the dinner table in a small house. They start their family as soon as possible. They go to PTO meetings and she's snack mom now and then at school. Dean comes home every day with a huge, happy smile on his face and not a single worry line in his brow as he greets her and the kids. They raise their children to be good people, safe people. They go to college, get married, have their grandkids, and they never once know what a monster or a demon are capable of.
But that isn’t what’s happening here. Inside of her is not the child she’s hoped for, dreamed about for so long. It’s a monster. There’s a literal monster growing inside of her and the thought alone makes her want to throw up. But most importantly, this child is not Dean’s and that feels even worse than the monster thing quite possibly could.

Her alarm goes off and instantly she grabs her phone and stops it from blaring so jarringly loudly, the sound taunting her. Once the silence takes over again she closes her eyes and sighs.

Lizzy stands up, takes a deep breath, and looks at down her fate in the form of a positive or negative sign.

She’s immediately head first over the toilet, her nerves and stomach not strong enough to handle the verdict.
After patiently waiting, and by patiently he means pacing the floor while downing a very full glass of whiskey as sitting behind a computer wasn't doing it for him, Dean whips his head to the bathroom doorway when it opens. Sam drops his research for a second and stands up, eager to hear the results.

Lizzy immediately makes eye contact with her husband, Dean raising his eyebrows and asking for an answer when she pauses.

"I'm uber-boned," she says to them, holding up the test with a positive sign clearly there in the small circular window.

"Fuck," Dean sighs to himself while taking down the rest of the whiskey in his glass. He slams his cup down on the kitchenette table, glaring with hate at Sam once more as he walks towards her.

"What the fuck do we do?" she desperately asks him as Dean makes his way to her. He doesn't mention the red color rimming her eyes as she seems to be holding it together well enough now that she had a moment to herself in the bathroom.

"I don't know yet," he tells her honestly and hugs her in tight, knowing she needs it. Hell, he needs it too. "I have no fucking idea but we'll figure it out."

Lizzy presses her cheek to his chest with her eyes closed, looking for the sound of his heartbeat like she always does when seriously scared. "This isn't how this is supposed to go."

"You're right," Dean answers back, once more sharing a look of hatred with Sam. "This absolutely wasn't supposed to happen."

"No," Lizzy pulls her focus up to him. "No, I mean… I… this was supposed to be happy."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I always figured the next time I had to take a fucking pregnancy test it'd be a good thing, not some horror show."

Looking at her eyes, Dean agrees. He never would have imagined it'd be like this right now. He was supposed to be home, in their home, working on their agreement to start a family… not on the road again and certainly not dealing with an illegitimate and evil baby on the possible horizon. He shouldn't have left home….

Dean pulls her into him again, a hand to the back of her head as he does. He tells her without words that he feels the same and that they will fix this, no matter what it takes. He'll never let her down, not after the way he acted a year ago with Sam's damnation. He almost lost her through his serious depression and he's refused to be anything short of her everything since then.

"Lizzy, I'm… really, really sorry," Sam suddenly speaks up from his place several feet away. "It was stupid of me and I didn't mean for this….""

"Shut up, Sam," Lizzy tells him, pulling Dean in closer with her fear. "I don't want to hear that right now. The only thing I want from you is answers."

"Fair enough," Sam comments and sits back down, looking for more answers and knowing when it's time for him to zip it.
Lizzy backs up a step and lets out a shaky breath. Dean can see the tremble in her hands as she
stands there. She's terrified. Lizzy never gets scared like this, never.

The silence grows into a long stretch of quiet, Dean standing there not knowing what to say and
Lizzy too fearful to talk. The quiet is broken when Lizzy hears her phone start to ring.

"Bobby," she says his name like he's her possible savior and jogs to her purse by the bathroom door.
She digs it out quickly and answers after a quick glimpse at the screen to ensure it's him. "Bobby, hi."

"Hey Liz. I think I got something for you guys."

"A way to kill it!?" she asks, her eyes lighting up as both men in the room look to her with hope.

"Well, maybe… maybe not."

Lizzy puts her phone on speaker. "Ok, so what is it then?"

"Well I found some lore from the middle ages, when this thing was first really recognized by the
church. It's arcane as hell but it sounds about right."

"My ears are open," Lizzy says as she listens on.

"People have been claiming to be attacked by incubi and succubae for centuries. Nowadays there are
explanations for a lot of it, like sleep paralysis and dreaming manifestations of the subconscious
mind."

"Well this shit is real so what else you got?" Dean asks with slight impatience.

"I might have a motive for this son of a bitch," Bobby tells them. "It's working on a new race of
cambions."

"Cambions? Like Merlin?" Sam jumps in when he recognizes the term.

"Just like it."

"Ok, uh… I might be a bit rusty on my medieval lore here. What's a cambion?" Dean questions as
he's lost.

"In the King Arthur legends, Merlin was a cambion, his mother having been attacked by an incubus
in the middle of the night when he was conceived." Sam says to the group. "I just thought that was
old folk stories though."

"A lot of old stories are fully based in truth, you know that," Bobby points out. "The cambion, being
half human and half supernatural being, find themselves more powerful than either. It's the perfect
combination."

"Like Jesse," Lizzy points out. "He was human and demon and it made him a fucking antichrist."

"That's the exact theory, Liz."

"So it's making wizards?" she asks with worry written in her expression.

"Maybe."

"Ok… so he wants to make a little crew of wizards at his disposal… why?" Dean asks while trying
to make heads or tails of any of this.

"Who the hell knows," Bobby responds. "Every damn creature is going off the rails lately."

"How do we stop it?" Lizzy asks, looking for a way out of all of this. "How do we stop these wizard babies from being born?"

"That's got to be the weirdest sentence ever said," Sam butts in with the question she asks.

"You know, if I wasn't so scared for myself right now I might laugh at that… but I'm not!" she sternly says to Sam with his offhanded and easy joke.

"Just salt the doors and windows, Liz. You'll be fine," Bobby assures her.

"Yeah… um… Bobby, I gotta tell you something," Lizzy says in a tone that already gives her away without saying it.

"What the hell!? You best be messin' with me, woman!" Bobby angrily shouts over the phone.

"What happened!?"

"Our salt lines got… broken," Dean says in a voice made of steel at he stares at the phone, his jaw set. "It got in last night."

"And!?"

"And I'm officially its baby-momma," Lizzy tells him with frustration and fear.

Bobby sighs heavily on the other line. "Are you sure?"

"Took a test just now," Lizzy explains. "Plus sign means you're a monster's bitch, right?"

"Wait a minute, don't those things need a few weeks to come out right?" he questions her. "Don't you gotta be pregnant for more than a few hours?"

Nodding with his good point, Lizzy thinks for a minute. "That's true… but then again we're not exactly talking about a normal, human pregnancy here. We've never seen this before…"

"So this could be normal for an incubus… right…" Bobby finishes her train of though and sits for a beat. The anger gets to him all over again. "God damn it, boys! How did you let this happen!?"

"Ask Sam," Dean bitterly responds, not taking an ounce of blame for this massive screw up as he glares at his brother.

"What did you do, Sam!?"

"I came in late last night and broke the line by the door," he says in a quiet tone, making sure his eyes shift around the room and never settle so he looks nervous. "I didn't realize and I went to bed without fixing it."

"You what!?" Bobby immediately asks with utter disbelief.

"Look, I'm already getting it on this end plenty and if we're gonna help Lizzy we need to focus. You can kick my ass later on." Sam looks at Lizzy once and she quickly looks away, unsure of what to do about him in the moment.

"Fine, but it's gonna be the ass whoopin' of a life time!"
"I know it is." Sam sure does. But if he can catch this thing through its tie to Lizzy then it'll be worth it.

"Bobby… please tell me you know how to kill it." Lizzy just wants a way to end this piece of shit once and for all so that no one else gets put in her position right now.

"I don't yet, just a way to kill the usual incubi. Not the alpha which it might just be," Bobby tells her. "But I'll find a way to murder this son of a bitch's ass if it's the last thing I do."

Lizzy nods and sighs, the fear lingering in her.

"Alright, we're gonna go on a research binge then," Dean begins to form a plan. "We'll head out to a library when one opens and get to work. You do the same, Bobby. We'll keep each other updated."

"Sounds good to me," Bobby agrees easily. "Dean, you watch her, you hear?"

"You know I will," Dean responds and ends the call.

Sitting on the end of her bed, Lizzy's back hunches over as she tries to come to terms with the surreal reality of what is happening right now. She just can't.

"UB has a special collections library that opens in an hour," Sam speaks up from behind his computer. "We can head there soon. They have some old books that might help."

"Ok," Dean agrees. The sooner they get searching the better.

"I'm gonna go for a walk," Lizzy announces as she stands up and reaches for her coat.

"You alright?" Dean asks her out of habit.

"Not at all," Lizzy shakes her head no. "I just need a minute, ok? I need to… just not be in here right now."

"You want me to come with you?" he tries again, not ready to let her out of his sight with what's happening to her.

"No… just don't kill Sam yet while I'm gone. We need him."

Lizzy lets her disappointed eyes fall on Sam for a quick second before turning around and leaving.

"We need to call Cass," Dean says to Sam as he's organizing and packing up all the research they already have collected to bring to the library.

"You think we need him?" Sam questions as he really doesn't want to involve the angel. Lizzy is a soft spot for him and when a wrathful, stronger-than-demons being is protective of something such as he is Lizzy… well, usually whatever comes after said something ends up dead. He doesn't want this incubus dead. He wants it caught.

"Heaven's weapon at our disposal? Yeah, Sam. I think we need him," Dean says with incredulous surprise. "Cass'll come in more than handy on this one. And I know he'll want to be in on this mess. It's L that's in trouble."

"I guess," Sam says back cautiously, afraid to make the warning bells go off for Dean with his opposition. "But I kind of think we can handle this one on our own. Plus, he's been weird lately, and really busy. I swear he's up to something."
Dean drops what he's doing and looks over to Sam with a face so full of ire that even the badass version of Sam as of late feels a twinge of fear when he sees it.

"Lizzy's on the line here," Dean sternly reminds his out of sorts brother. "She's been attacked and she's got a fucking... monster inside of her. Because of you. You did that to her. Cass can help. I'm calling him. End of story."

"You know, the 'because I'm older' thing doesn't really work anymore, Dean. You can't just make that kind of decision on your own and claim you know best because you're my big brother. I'm not a kid and I'm not an idiot."

"Except for when you are," Dean rebuts quickly.

"Good one," Sam calmly chides as he sits back in his kitchen chair with arms crossed.

"And I'm not making this decision because I'm older. I'm making it because Lizzy's my fucking wife. I'm worried about her and I'm not letting anything, anything happen to her."

"She's my family too, Dean..."

"I'm calling Cass!" Dean stares daggers at Sam before releasing a deep breath. He takes a minute to calm himself before standing up tall with closed eyes, ready to pray before Sam tries to stop him again. "Castiel, mayday, mayday. S.O.S. dude. We need you. It's Lizzy..."

"What happened to Elizabeth?" Castiel's serious and monotone voice asks as he's suddenly standing in the middle of the room facing the two hunters.

"Boy, I pray for a year and you never show," Sam starts with annoyance. "Dean says Lizzy's name once and poof, you come quicker than virgin in a whore house."

"I'm assuming you're using the word come to mean ejaculate in order to make a joke."

"Nothing gets past you, Cass," Sam bites right back.

"I am not your guardian, Sam," Castiel spits back at him with anger. If Sam only knew everything he's done for him he'd not speak to him that way. "But I am Elizabeth's." He looks to Dean. "What's wrong?"

"You can't tell already?" Dean questions, thinking his link to her would have given it away.

"I haven't had the time to check on her as much as I would like to as of late," Castiel admits, taking offence to the assumption. "Heaven is... a shit show, as I think you like to say."

"I understand. I do. I wasn't crapping on your wings, Cass," Dean tries to calm the angel. "I just figured you'd have felt what's going on with her by now."

"Why don't I ask her myself then?" Castiel says, giving him a curious face.

"She should be back soon en..." Dean gets cut off by the sound of the door opening. Lizzy walks through the door and Castiel looks at him knowingly before turning to her.

"Cass?" Lizzy says with wide eyes and a quickly widening smile to see him. "Oh my God! Cassie!" Lizzy runs to the angel and would have bowled him over if it weren't for his superhuman strength when she plows right into him with excitement. She locks her arms around his neck and holds on tight. "Hi."
"Hello, Elizabeth," Castiel responds, his arms around her fearful frame in return, the embrace getting easier to manage each time she's done this.

"It's so good to see you," she whispers her relief to see her powerful friend. It's been over a year since she has actually seen him and she missed his awkward ass… and his ability to help her and keep her safe in a time like this is also quite nice. "Dean told me you were back. I was hoping I'd see you soon."

"I'm here because Dean says you need help," Cass explains to her. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, well…" Lizzy starts to explain as she ends the hug but Cass puts a hand to her head and closes his eyes. She knows he's reading her so she just waits. Why bother explain when he can just see it in her anyways?

Castiel's eye pop open quickly, full of surprise and something akin to happiness despite the fact that he never really shows much emotion ever.

"You're…" he starts backing up a step before looking down at her stomach. He's even a bit flustered. "You're with child?"

"Ah, kind of," Lizzy tries to explain correctly. "But…"

And she's locked up in a hug that she could never have seen coming in a million years. He's holding her so tightly that it hurts a bit but having never seen this side of him Lizzy doesn't know what to do. She's practically in shock.

"This is…" Castiel tries to speak his thoughts on the matter but he can't through the high he's riding with the knowledge he's just gotten. "I've waited for so long for this. This is everything… this… this is most definitely awesome."

"Did he just say awesome?" Dean asks no one in particular with the odd use of his favorite word.

"But Cass..." Lizzy tries to stop him but he lets her go and keeps his excitement running.

He turns towards Dean and wags an extended index finger at him with an honest to God smile. "And you!"

"Cass! Don't!" Dean warns him as he takes a step back. In a blink the angel is hugging him much like he just did Lizzy. His voice comes out struggled when he says, "Fuck, Cass! Knock it off!"

"You finally did it," Castiel awkwardly says to his good friend. "You two are… you're going to be a wonderful father, Dean."

"It's not mine, you ass!" Dean shouts to him, making Castiel pause.

The angel takes his arms back and steps away with a face of true devastation. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm not the one that knocked up Lizzy," Dean tells him. "She was…"

"Elizabeth!" Castiel turns sharply to look at her while using his wrathful angel tone on her for the first time in her life. She jumps with shock at the terrifying sound. "What have you done!?"

"I haven't done anything," Lizzy rebuts defensively with his assumptions.

"You've certainly done something," Castiel continues, his body tense with anger. "I do know how children are made contrary to my usual naivety of human conduct."
"Just stop and listen for a fucking second before you make any more assumptions, huh?" Lizzy asks, stepping closer to him. "I'm not cheating on Dean, ok?"

"I do like to think your morals are a bit stronger than that," Castiel slights.

"I would never fuck anyone else besides my husband. Calm down," Lizzy says to him, rubbing his arm to get him to relax. "You know I wouldn't."

"Then how did this happen?" he questions her right back and Lizzy takes a seat on the end of her bed. Dean moves to sit right next to her, pulling her hand into his lap as he holds it. At least their bond and love seems fully intact, Castiel thinks to himself. She couldn't have been unfaithful if their bond is still so strong. Now he's highly confused.

"We came here because women started getting pregnant at unusually high rates," Lizzy starts to give him the quick overview. "Once we were here we realized that an incubus is running around town, creeping into women's dreams, and basically…"

"It's multiplying its numbers by using human women," Sam cuts in. "It's making a horde of…"

"Cambions," Castiel finishes the thought.

"You know about those?" Sam questions with surprise.

"Yes. Being on Earth watch through most of my existence I must say Merlin was a thorn in all of the garrison's sides. He had quite the ego and the powers to match," Castiel returns his attention to Lizzy. "I find this unsettling."

"So basically last night this thing came after me out of vengeance," Lizzy keeps going. "Lou was attacked by this same incubus years ago. It was just feeding back then and it almost killed her while sucking out her life-force. It got away but when I came into town I guess it got a little nostalgic."

"You are carrying the child of an abomination," Castiel informs her when it all starts to settle in. This pure human, his Elizabeth, is pregnant finally but not with the human he is expecting and so impatiently waiting for as of late. "This is wrong."

"I'm aware," she returns.

"But what I felt…" Castiel shakes his head with confusion. He steps forward and drops his hand on her head again. "I didn't see the evil I should have."

"That's something you can tell?" Dean asks with sheer curiosity.

"Yes," he explains, removing his hand. He sighs with frustration. "I fail to see its darker side."

"Well trust me, it has one," Lizzy tells him with a punch to her voice.

"I am uncomfortable with all of this," Castiel lets her know as he sighs.

"I know the feeling," she bites back, more uncomfortable than anyone else could be.

"My father would not be pleased," Castiel says mostly to himself.

"Did he suddenly show up again or something?" Dean instantly questions, his brow wrinkled in confusion.

Castiel pauses with his possible misstep. "He is still missing. I just know he wouldn't appreciate this
attack on people he considered important. He'd be furious, actually."

"Well I guess that means God and I would be on the same page for the very first time ever," Dean bites back.

"Elizabeth, this monster will not get away with this," Castiel says to her. "I need some time to prepare. I will be back as soon as I can."

And he's gone.

"And that is why we need Cass on this one," Dean says to Sam, his anger not letting up in the least.

"Yeah, can't argue there," Sam admits that the angel is good to know… even if he might ruin his chance at nabbing an alpha.

"Alright, let's get going," Dean says as he stands up and pulls Lizzy by the hand to get her up too.
"We can stop for breakfast and then start researching until Cass comes back or Bobby has something for us."

"I'm not really all that hungry," Lizzy tells him, her nerves ruling her senses.

"You need to eat," Dean tells her. "We skipped dinner last night and you need to eat a little something."

"Fine," she huffs as she heads for the door.
"No coffee for you?" Dean questions once the small town diner waitress walks away from them with their orders.

"Nah," Lizzy simply answers, sticking to one word.

"You always have coffee," Dean points out, looking at her sitting next to him with surprise.

"I just figured… no caffeine. Not supposed to…" she says to him, feeling awkward that she's trying to keep the illegitimate child inside her healthy even if it's not human. Instincts are a real son of a bitch sometimes and she can't help herself.

Looking at her, not sure how to take the comment, Dean just nods. He gets why she'd be cautious… but doesn't get it at all at the very same time.

"You know we could always just find a clinic around here," Sam speaks up nonchalantly, seeing the rift between Dean and Lizzy within the situation and thinking it as being very unnecessary. "You could just take care of it and pretend it never happened." He shrugs while looking at Lizzy.

Lizzy and Dean both stare at him for a moment, blank faces as they consider the notion.

"I don't know if that's a good idea," Lizzy says quietly, unsure of where Dean stands on this one himself.

"I agree," Dean says while picking up his mug of black coffee from the Formica tabletop. "What if the incubus gets pissed and comes after L for getting rid of its kid? Those things are nasty and evil enough. I don't want to piss it off before we find a way to kill it."


Lizzy scrunches her face with the cold manner Sam lets out his assumption that she'll end the pregnancy. It felt odd to hear and uncomfortable to see.

"What's the face about," Dean nudges his head to her, wanting to know why she's so upset. Sam definitely could have used a little more decorum in the way he speaks of this new plan but it's a considerable one at least.

She shakes her head no at first, not sure how to answer. She just knew that the sound of that word was just awful for her to hear.

"L, it's ok. What is it?" Dean tries again.

"This thing… this baby, it's half monster, yeah, but… it's still half human too," she speaks her mind with her heart racing a mile a minute. "It's half of me, actually." She looks up from the table to see Dean's concerned face. "I know this must suck for you, knowing that you aren't technically a part of this, and I'm sorry for that, I really am, but… I don't know what to do. That word… abortion… just sounds so terrible."

"You can't raise a half monster," Sam butts in. "It's as simple as that."

"But it's still me. It's still half human me. How do I give up on that?"
No one answers the question since no one knows how to. Neither men have considered that as they both looked at the baby as simply evil. They focused on the bad but forgot about the good.

The waitress returns a few minutes later and distributes their plates accordingly.

"Uh," Lizzy makes a sound of disgust when her plate of eggs, homes fries, and toast are put in front of her. The smell of scrambled eggs fills her nose. "Ew."

"What's up?" Dean asks her with a mouthful of bacon.

"I can't..." she starts but puts a hand over her mouth for a moment. "Move."

She pushes Dean hard with emergency.

"Ok, I'm moving," Dean says to her as he gets up as fast as he can. She shoves past him and runs down the diner to the bathroom and disappears. "Shit."

"I'm guessing that's what morning sickness looks like," Sam comments with a bite of oatmeal.

"Yeah," Dean answers sadly. He sits again and with a heavy sigh he takes her plate. He puts the wheat toast on a napkin for her and places the rest of what's on the plate on the edge of the table for the waitress to take so she won't be near it anymore.

Dean picks up his fork and stops. He's lost his appetite. This whole thing sucks so hard that he doesn't know what to do with himself. For once eating isn't going to comfort him at all, even if it's his favorite breakfast food tempting him on the plate.

Sam watches his brother drop his fork heavily and sit back.

"You ok, man?"

"No," Dean says louder than he meant to. "No, I'm not. This whole thing is jacked up."

"We'll figure it out," Sam all but promises him. "It'll be ok."

"I don't see a way to make this better," Dean tells him, knowing he should be too angry with Sam to even talk to him but instead he's too defeated to not. "Sammy, I'm starting to think there's no answer here."

"Don't worry about it so much," Sam tries again. "We'll take care of it. She'll come around."

"If she doesn't come around I'll understand," Dean tells Sam and he would honestly understand. It is partially her in there. "I guess if she wants it I'll have to figure out what to... but what the hell do I do with that?" He rubs his hands over his face with the stress of it all.

Sam shrugs as he doesn't have an answer for him just yet. His instant answer would be to make the baby a hunter with extreme advantage. Samuel's idea for the baby shifter didn't suck all that much in his eyes. Seemed almost like hunter common sense. He doesn't say these thoughts, however, knowing how much Dean wouldn't appreciate it in the moment.

As much as Dean would actually like to talk this one through with Sam right now, even if he's sure he'd hate Sam's opinion of the issue at hand, he shuts his mouth when he sees Lizzy leaving the bathroom.

When she sits back down she looks at the toast in front of her. She turns to Dean and says, "Thanks, Hot Shot."
"No problem," he says right back.

Lizzy notices that Dean has a full plate of food that he isn't eating but she decides to keep quiet. This whole thing must be hell for him and with her admittance that she's afraid to end the pregnancy at all he has to be confused and hurt. So, she tries to eat her wheat toast through her nausea and holds off for now.

It's been a long while that things have felt so awkward between the two of them. She doesn't like it one bit.

"Still feeling sick?" Dean asks quietly from his seat at the rectangle college library table when Lizzy sits back down across from him. It's just the two of them as Sam insisted on checking in with Janelle after not seeing her the day before. They haven't spoken much since arriving, limiting most conversation to discussing the research they come across.

"As a fucking dog," she complains heavily, plopping into her wooden chair with relief that it's over. "Puking my guts out. This is just a regular trip to Disney World… just like last time."

Dean keeps quiet. Last time. He hates to think about last time when Lizzy was pregnant. She lost the baby only a couple short weeks in but she said she'd been having morning sickness for a little while. God, what is with her?

"What's with my uterus, anyways?" Lizzy asks in a harsh, angry tone that's still hushed as she's in a library. "A fucking miscarriage and now this!? What the hell, man?"

"I was just thinking the same thing," Dean admits, taking the pen cap out of his mouth and looking to her. "How many punches to the baby maker can one chick take… literally speaking?"

"I don't know, but it feels more like a punch to my heart than anything."

Dean watches the sadness play out across her face and it kills him.

"Hey, ah, you've still been taking your pill, right?" Dean questions her, making sure they've covered their bases. "Like, you haven't missed one or anything?"

"No way!" Lizzy very emphatically assures him. "You know how fucked up I was over the miscarriage. I wouldn't let that happen again."

"I figured, but…" Dean trails off a bit, thinking about Cass' words that morning. "What if…. Clearly this incubus can go around birth control."

"Seems like," Lizzy easily agrees with that statement, plenty of interviews with pregnant women backing him up.

"So you're still vulnerable to this thing. But…" Dean sighs. "Are you sure, like really sure, that it's a monster at all?"

Lizzy looks at him funny for a second. "Are you asking if it's maybe yours?"

He shrugs. "Bobby said the tests take a few weeks to show up and you already got a positive just this morning."

"And we don't know how the incubus works when it impregnates someone…"

"That's very true, but I'm just saying…" he shrugs. "Is it possible?"
"No," Lizzy shakes her head. "Dean, as much as I would love for this to have a happy twist to it, it doesn't. I haven't missed a pill. Eight on the dot every night. And… you're just thinking that because you want it to be true."

"But pills aren't one-hundred percent effective," Dean rebuts.

"You think that we are the point-zero-one percent?" Lizzy smirks a bit. "Sweetheart, when have we ever been that lucky? Everything that ever happens to us always happens in the shittiest way possible."

Dean nods and accepts what she tells him. She makes too many good points.

"You look disappointed," Lizzy points out to him.

"No, ah, not disappointed," Dean shakes it off. "It just would have been a better alternative is all."

"It would… but please, that can't happen right now. You're on the road hunting and Sam's… well, he's Sam right now. It's definitely not the time for a family."

"I know it's not," Dean fully agrees… but still….

"And if I told you it was yours, you'd flip the fuck out in a second." She stares at him with a lifted eyebrow, knowing it's true already.

"Oh yeah," Dean agrees, not ready for that with their current situation. He'd preferred the planned method over the shit-your-pant-shock of an unplanned one. "I just don't want to think that a… a monster is in you. Scares me."

She sighs heavily with the confession, her hands dropping palm down onto the large pages of the weathered book she's looking through. "Dean, I am… I'm scared shitless right now."

By the look of her still slightly shaking hands and wrinkled expression, he's well aware of how true that is.

"I know you are," Dean says to her, reaching across the table to place his hand atop one of hers.

"And I fucking hate feeling this vulnerable. It's like my own body is betraying me and how the hell do I fight that!?"

"We're gonna figure this out. Cass is on the job and he looked seriously pissed when we told him…"

"Yeah. You'd think it was him that was preggers."

"Right?" Dean agrees. Castiel's reaction was pretty big. "But we're gonna get this fucker and you're gonna be fine. You know I won't let anything happen to you."

"Too late," Lizzy returns with quickly, angry that this had to happen to her.

That one hurt him to his core. "I'm sorry, L. Damn it. I tried…"

"No, no. I didn't mean that you didn't do your job. You did everything you could." She squeezes his hand reassuringly. "That motel room was packed to the gills with protection. You didn't do a damn thing wrong here."

"Yeah, Sam did," Dean says bitterly with the thought. His brother put her at risk.
"That just doesn't add up to me," Lizzy tells him what she's been mulling over since she woke up to a screaming orgasm. "He would never be that careless."

"Yeah..." he responds absently as he gets ready to drop a possible bomb on her with his horrendous theory about the situation. "Hey, uh... you remember how Sam was totally against us taking that baby shifter in with us a few weeks ago... and he was dead set on bringing it to Samuel?"

"Definitely," she says in an obvious tone.

"I've been thinking," he leans in close as if Sam where near and he wanted to keep the secret between the two of them. "What if he did that knowing the shifter was gonna come after that kid?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean... I think he used the baby as bait to get the shifter back to the compound."

"Shut up," Lizzy says as she immediately goes on the defensive. "No way."

"I'm serious," Dean says very clearly to her. "He wanted that shifter, I could tell. I think he was luring it to Samuel and the rest of the Manson family."

"You think he's cold blooded enough to do that? To use an innocent baby like that?"

"I've seen some cold ass shit from him recently that makes me think that hell yeah he would," Dean answers with conviction. "And that alone has made me wonder about you..."

When he trails off Lizzy narrows her eyes at him and waits. When she only gets a knowing eyebrow lift from him she starts to pick up on his meaning.

"Dean!" she says in a strong warning tone with the accusation he's about to make.

"I wish I wasn't thinking this way, L, but he's making me think this way."

"That's your brother!" she whisper shouts at him. "That's my brother! He would never do that to me."

"I think he'd do that to me if the incubus was into dudes," Dean tells her the truth. "I don't like it and I pray that I'm wrong... but I think Sammy set you up. You were his latest best bet."

"Jesus Christ," Lizzy huffs with shock as she sits back in her seat. Her face falls into not anger but total and utter let down. It hurt so much to hear this theory of Dean's and it leaves a hole in her chest where her hearts been metaphorically ripped out. "Fuck... I, I don't know what to say to that."

"There's nothing to say. I just don't trust the guy," he tells her. "I've had one eye constantly on him every second since I got back into it and it's so much worse than I thought."

"So what do we do about him?"

"Nothing right now," he tells her, picking his pen back up. He taps her open book with it. "Bigger fish."

Lizzy nods and completely agrees but when she tries to get back into her research she just can't. Her mind is still flying with serious concerns and once again her perfect future is looking further and further away every turn her life takes. This hit is a big one.

"What do I do with this baby?" she blurts out to him, Dean peering up at her unprepared. Looking at
her face, her expression alone pleading for him to give her an answer to everything, an answer he certainly doesn't have, he sighs. He drops everything once more, folds his hands on the table in front of him and looks right at her.

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to go back in time and erase this whole fucking mess."

"Not an option," Dean tells her. "Think in reality."

"This is reality!?" she asks him with disbelief.

"Touché," he replies, seeing her point. "But seriously, what do you want to do? You… not me."

"I don't know," Lizzy says as she closes her eyes with the heavy decision before her. "I don't know if I have it in me to… get rid… of it… but I'm horrified to keep it. I go back and forth with it in my head and I can't see either of those things working out…"

"Then you don't have to decide now," he reminds her, his voice coming out much calmer than his actual emotions are. "You're allow to sit with this for more than half a day. It's a big one."

"What about you?" Lizzy asks him, almost afraid to know even though it's the one thing she's dying to know. "What do you want?"

He stays quiet for a moment, trying to figure out how to answer this loaded question without upsetting her and without forcing himself to realize how he truly feels about this problem of theirs.

"I want to go back in time and erase this whole fucking mess."

Lizzy just arches an eyebrow at him with his repeating her answer.

"L, I don't know. This whole thing sucks. But I can tell you that what you want matters a whole lot more than what I want. This is about you."

"That's not true," Lizzy immediately denies. "You're husband, Dean. Your opinion, no matter what it is, is valid and I need to know what you're thinking."

"Ok," Dean says, looking down at the table with shame for how he does honestly feel. "I ah… I don't like it. This kid could be evil or too powerful to raise at all."

"I worry about that too. A lot," she assures him.

"But… more than anything else… L, it's not mine. That kid has nothing to do with me. This isn't what we were planning for…"

"Not even close," Lizzy softly concurs, showing how much she understands him.

"Thinking about it, while it's still fresh… I'm not cool with this. Not at all. It's not mine and that just… it sucks out loud."

Lizzy nods. "If it were up to you only, my opinion not mattering, what would you want me to do here?"

"I…" Dean starts, stopping to swallow and figure out how to say it but he there is no easy way. He's pretty sure what he's about to say makes him a horrible person. "I don't… want you to have it."
Lizzy nods again with nervous energy and she can see how terrible his honesty is making him feel. "Baby, it's ok. You're just saying how you feel and I asked for the truth. I respect that you don't want this. Neither of us signed up for this."

She grabs his hand in both of hers to show him it's ok he feels that way.

"And I needed to know how you felt," she tacks on.

"I'll still do whatever you want. If you want to do this and have this kid I'm there all the way. I'll be in it with you, fifty-fifty."

"I don't doubt that for a second," she says with the hint of a smile. "You know you're the most important thing in my life. I want you happy with me and keeping this kid scares me about what it would do to us. I feel like you'll be holding a grudge against me or be disappointed or spiteful for the rest of our lives. The last thing I want is to put a wedge in between us."

He stares down at their locked lands, at a loss for words. "I could never be spiteful towards you for having too big a heart."

Lizzy does a near comical double take. "If that line isn't in a Nicolas Sparks book already it should be put into the next one he writes."

"Fuck off," Dean bitches as he takes his hands back in disgust with her joke.

"Come on! That was chick flick gold!" Lizzy smiles for the first time all day.

"Even in the most fucked up of situations you still find a way to bust my balls."

"I only bust the balls I love the most," Lizzy smirks a bit, feeling better with the lighter moment.

"Head in the game, Noonan. You wanna get some payback for this then you better start reading," Dean tells her, barely looking up at her as he continues on.

They sit in silence for the rest of the time they're at the library, both still too fearful of the future to speak about it again.

It's an hour later that Lizzy finally sits up a little taller in her seat when she comes across a page in her huge, very old book.

"Hey. Check this shit out," Lizzy says, swiveling the book around for Dean to see up right. He looks away from his own research and moves his sights to the illustration on the worn and weathered page.

"That's an incubus?" Dean wonders while looking at the depiction of a small, black, gargoyle-looking monster standing in a crouch on top of a sleeping woman. "They look like that?"

"Not exactly," Lizzy says with a smirk, remembering that in her personal dream that the incubus looked like a carbon-copy of Dean. "But it isn't about the picture. It's about the poem. Read it."

Pulling the big book closer to his side of the table, Dean takes a minute to read it over.

*Borne of those cast down from heaven,

Begat of lust and arrogance,

The scent of the innocent it observers,
Whence the moon doth rise high.
Atop the creamy breast of thine women,
He doth lie with foul intent,
The pleasure he giveth misleading,
The pain he create unfathomable.
Desire his drive and fear his glee,
Conquering prey but a mere thought,
Life he taketh for his own prosperity,
Unless life he choose to make, not steal.
If life he take then life be short,
If life he make then life be fraught,
Only but the tree of life can take the beast asunder,
The blessed cloth needed to make it true.
The Incubus mustn't go ignored,
His terror true and strong,
His presence an omen of most certain death,
Unless it an omen of a long and cursed life.

"Catchy," Dean comments when done before pointing at a specific line. "The tree of life… what's that mean?"

"I have no idea but whatever it is… I think it's our answer to all of this." She smiles slightly with the hint of excitement. "If we can figure this out then maybe we'll get this fucker."

Dean nods while once more taking in the artwork with a slight shudder. That's what his wife had to encounter. No cool.

"Alright," Dean says, looking around both was to see that the coast is clear. He then tears out the page of the very ancient and possibly priceless volume. "Let's ditch."

"I could have gotten a photocopy for you," Lizzy tells him as she starts to pack up their things.

"Eh, would've taken too long," he smirks at her and stands up, the folded page getting shoved into his jacket pocket. "We gotta grab Sam and some dinner. Then we'll get cracking on the tree of life."

As Dean and Sam head into the local Mom and Pop diner to get food for dinner, Lizzy chose to stay in the car. She trusted they knew her well enough to get her something she likes and if she's being honest she's just plain exhausted. Pregnancy sucks ass.

So she sits up tall in the back seat of the Impala, relaxing into the corner where the seat back meets
the side door. She doesn't dare lay down. Even if the incubus only visits his baby-mamas once she's still afraid to sleep when not in their protected motel room. Not worth the risk. On top of that she knows full well that an incubus can and will attack wherever it has the chance. Cars included….

Second interview of the day done, Lizzy heads back to her small SUV where she left Lou. This whole thing has her horribly, frighteningly worried.

This woman she just talked to, who's sick also, had the exact same story as Emily did an hour before. Both interviews were exactly the same. Both have been having weird sex dreams with their ideal men (Will Farrell with dark brown hair for the newest woman. Go figure.) and every time they have one they wake up weaker and more ill than when they fell asleep. This thing seems to be attaching itself to women and then draining them of their life until they die in their sleep.

And it's after Louie. She's not having this.

As Lizzy starts to pull up Bobby's number on her phone she pauses when she opens the driver's door. The sound she's greeted by makes her panic. It's Lou and she's moaning loud and proud all over again.

Looking into the back seat Lizzy peers in just in time to see the struggled breathing start.

"Fuck!" Lizzy complains with total fear as she runs to swiftly open the back car door and climb in. Lou's pinned in place while asleep, he lungs clearly unable to function properly. "Lou-Lou, come on!"

She shakes her friend like before out of instinct even though she knows from experience that it won't work and Lou keeps gasping desperately.

"What the fuck do I do?" Lizzy asks no one in a shaky voice as she stays leaning over her best friend as she's attacked. There's nothing she can do. Nothing. She's sitting by helpless.

"Yes! Fuck me!" Lou suddenly shouts loudly into the cab of the car. Her eyes fly open and she screams her bliss as Lizzy sits back, taking up the little space Lou's lying down form isn't already taking up. She doesn't feel comfortable leaning over her friend as she experiences something like that. Feels weird.

Panting and swearing off her orgasm, Lizzy waits patiently, chiding herself for letting Lou be alone out in the car during a time like this. She should have known better. Bobby's going to kill her.

"Oh no," Lou finally says with a heavy sigh as she drops her head back onto the seat.

"Why the fuck did you have to lay down?" Lizzy dejectedly asks her friend once she's coherent enough to carry on a conversation.

"I was so tired…"

"Because of the incubus, you dumb-dumb!" Lizzy starts to let her anger take over. "It's attached itself to you!"

"I know, but…"

"But nothing, you fucking idiot!" Lizzy near screams at her best friend. "Every time you sleep without protecting yourself you're vulnerable to this thing!"
"But I'm tired. I'm more tired than I was when I went to sleep, actually…"

"Because it's feeding on you!" Lizzy says and smacks Lou on the knee.

"Bitch! Don't hit me!" Lou argues while sitting up straight.

"I'm gonna do a whole lot more than hit you if you act this stupid again!"

"Whoa." Lou wavers a bit, grabbing the door handle with her dizziness. She sat up too fast with how weak she is now.

"See… it's bad already," Lizzy points out in a quieter, concerned voice as she grabs her friend's shoulder to help her stabilize. "You're getting weaker. This thing is gonna keep coming until you're done for, Louie. Do you get that? Do you see how serious this is?"

"Yeah, I'm putting it together pretty damn quickly." She puts a hand across her forehead and blinks rapidly as she regains her composure. "I feel like shit."

Lizzy sits for a beat, looking at her exhausted friend as the icy fear settles into her chest. This thing has put a target on her sister's back. It's going to keep coming, keep trying until it takes Lou away from her.

Fuck that. She is not letting that happen.

"We gotta get outta here," Lizzy says quickly, getting out of the backseat and into the driver's seat. "And I'm calling Bobby the second we get back."

"Aw, man. Lizard, can't you hold off on that?" Lou whines with the sound of their adopted father and sensei's name as she lies back down dramatically.

"Sit up! Now!" Lizzy immediately yells when Lou disappears from the rearview mirror. Lou pops right back up with an eye roll. "You don't get to sleep until we figure this out!"

"Ok, I agree with that one," she relents.

"And of course we're calling Bobby," Lizzy adds on as she pull back out onto the road to head for their motel. "He'll tell us what to do."

"He'll call me an idjit…" Lou bitches under her breath.

"You are one!" Lizzy shouts back there, her anger flaring hard. "Shut up. We're calling him. We need him."

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Lizzy sighs. She misses Lou so much and remembers that hunt like it was yesterday. It's the most frightened she'd ever been up to that point in her life. She's been way, way more scared at times since, but back then Lou's life being on the line was the most terrifying thing she'd experienced.

Right now kind of compares however.

She has an evil being inside of her. That's a terrifying thought. She can't help but think of the first time she saw Alien as a kid and how terrified she'd been when the baby alien burst through the poor, unknowing guys stomach. What if that happened? She doesn't know how these incubi are born. What if it's less traditional? What if it'll just burst through her stomach and kill her?
She's really got to get a handle on her imagination. It's gonna drive her nuts.

Lizzy leans her head against the cold glass of the side window. It feels good. God is she tired. The guys better get back before she falls asleep.

As if he could hear her, Dean opens the back car door opposite her and gets in.

"We good to go?" Lizzy asks him as he pulls the door shut behind him.

Dean settles into his spot, turned slightly to look at her with his arm up on the seat back, and he just smiles at her. It's not the usual type of smile she sees out of him and she knows right away that it isn't her husband.

"It's you," she says with utter let down.

"It's me, Lizzy," he keeps smiling while confirming her suspicions.

"Great, I fell asleep."

"Yes you did."

"Why are you even here? Didn't you already get what you wanted out of me?" Lizzy angrily asks.

"Yeah… sure…" the incubus brushes off. "Look. I came to make you a deal."

"A deal?"

"Yes."

"Why would I ever make a deal with you!?" Lizzy nearly shouts at him.

"Because I can kill you," Dean's image tells her with an air of over confidence.

"No you can't," Lizzy almost laughs at him while pressing a hand to her lower stomach. "You won't kill me, dumb ass. You kill me you kill one of your own along with me."

"Yeah, right…" he thinks for a minute, his grin growing wider. "I don't care about that," Evil Dean tells her. "It's fine."

"Wow! You are one cold hearted asshole, you know that?" Lizzy asks him with disgust and Dean laughs a bit. "What's so funny?"

"You are," he tells her. "Just trust me, I'll kill you no problem, ok? That's not why I'm here."

"Then start talking," Lizzy asks, her other hand coming quickly to press on her abdomen with the threat on her and whatever it is she's carrying's life. Instincts are strong, aren't they?

"I want to make the same agreement we made last time," Dean the incubus tells her.

Lizzy sits with this information for a moment. She closes her eyes when the shame of what she did the last time she went up against his incubus hits hard.

"I can't," Lizzy says to him. "I'm not letting you get away this time."

"You were fine with it last time…"

"Because it was my sister you were after," Lizzy explains herself. "You threatened her life."
"And now I'm threatening yours… and that baby you're carrying. By the looks of it you seem a little protective of it already." He winks in a patronizing way. "Gonna take care of him for me?"

Lizzy looks down at her hands on her stomach, realizing he's right. She is acting protective of the baby she's not even sure she can have.

"Aw, yeah you will," he smirks with pride. "You'll raise him right."

"You're a sick fucking bastard," Lizzy tells him with appalled disgust.

"I am what I am," he shrugs with ease.

"Alright, Popeye, fine… but why?" Lizzy questions.

"Why what?"

"Why the hell are you knocking women up?" she asks, needing to get something, anything out of this thing.

"Uh, you're a hunter, aren't you?" he asks with obviousness.

"Yes…"

"So you already know how everything is crazy enough right now," he says. "It's quickly turning into sheer chaos out there. The creatures are taking over and I'm not gonna stand for that. It's time to get prepared. This screwed up world is ripe for the picking with Lucifer in a hole and I wanna get picking."

"So you're gonna raise an army of cambions and make a hostile takeover?" Lizzy asks incredulously, not having been ready for that answer.

"My own little walking, talking, physical-realm soldiers," he says while sharing a slick, Dean-like smile. "Pretty smart, right?"

Lizzy just looks at him with disgust. "You really think that you could gain any kind of control over this planet, with all the other species of evil out there?"

"I'm demonic," he reminds. "I am not some sloppy creature that rips people apart with no other motive than to feed. I'm smarter, stronger, and above those things you kill."

"So… ok. You're insane," Lizzy feels the need to inform him. This is ridiculous. He's just as off the rails as all the other monsters out there that he looks down his own nose at. "And for that reason alone…. I'm not letting you get away this time around. Agreeing to let you go is one of the biggest regrets of my life. I'm not leaving here until you're in the fucking ground."

The incubus in the form of Dean moves a little closer to her, staring hard at her with a scary smile spreading across his face. It works. She gets terrified as she did forget for a moment there that she's in his territory. This isn't reality. It's her dream and he rules as king in there.

"Or you're in the ground," Dean's voice tells her as he lounges for her.

"No!" Lizzy shouts loudly in his face and he pulls at her and maneuvers her until she's pinned under him while lying across the backseat. He sits atop her with a knee to each side of her waist, her wrists in his hands as Lizzy fights right back. She struggles and screams but she's getting nowhere.

"Stay still and make this easier," he says to her, leaning down so close their noses nearly touch.
"Come on, L. You know I'll make it feel so good you won't care that it'll eventually kill you."

"Fuck you! Get off of me!" Lizzy keeps on fighting. She's usually a strong fighter but right now not so much in this dream. "Dean! Dean, help!"

"I'm right here," the incubus wearing Dean's image laughs. "Oh, Lizzy…"

"Stop it!"

"Mm, Lizzy…"

"Lizzy!" she hears Sam's voice shout out loud and when she blinks it isn't Dean on top of her. It's Sam shaking her.

"Hey! Hey, hey, hey, Lizzy!" he tries to call to her as she starts to fight him back. She swings a suddenly free fist in attack and Sam is just able to lean away and avoid the impact. "Stop it! You're awake! Lizzy, stop!"

"Sam!" Lizzy shouts with sudden relief as she scrambles to sit up, backing away from him until her back hits the door on the opposite side. She's in full panic mode and it doesn't register at first that she's free. "Sam!?"

"Yeah, you're awake. You're ok," Sam tells her, holding his hands out, palms first, to show her he's not going to hurt her.

"I'm awake. Awake. Fuck," Lizzy sits for a second when she realizes she's safe. "Sam." She launches herself into him, just so happy he was there to wake her up and save her like he did. Once the incubus started to feed on her she wouldn't have woken. It was a close call and she's trembling with fear as her heart beats nearly out of her chest and she hugs him tight, Sam shocking her by returning the embrace after a moment. Know he should be the last person she's running to for comfort right now she doesn't care. "Thank you."

"No problem," he answers back quickly. "You alright?"

"No," she answers, just catching Dean as he runs out of the diner, two white plastic bags in hand, and his face drops instantly.

"What happened!?" he asks angrily, dropping the bags on the hood of the Impala and marching right for her. Sam gets out of the way for him as he knows not to come between Dean and his wife ever and Dean leans into the backseat to look at her. "L?"

"It's ok. The incubus paid me a visit but Sam woke me up in time," she says as he reaches out and cups her face in his hands, looking her over. "I'm good, I swear."

"You're scaring the fuck out of me, you know that?" he asks her, his brow still lowered in worry.

"I know," she says sadly and takes a deep breath. After that last encounter, complete with threat and offer of a new deal, she knows she's going to have to be completely honest about what happened years ago. She was trying to avoid telling them the truth of her fuck up but there's no getting around that anymore. "Let's head back. I need to talk to you guys."
"So I didn't really tell you everything about the last time I went up against this dickhead."

Lizzy sits with her knees drawn in on her bed, balled up and nervous, as Dean's sitting near her, his feet planted on the ground and thumbs twittering with sheer worry. Sam is in a chair he pulled over and he very calmly settles in to listen to her. She's got one to either side of her. Perfect. No getting out of this one. She doesn't want a way out. She wants to get everything in the open about her actual relationship with the incubus without the chance to flee and give up.

"Well, time to come clean, right?" Sam says quickly, looking to get down to it as quickly as possible. "It is," Lizzy says. "Um, I kind of left out some stuff about the first time I came across the incubus with Louie."

"What'd you leave out?" Dean calmly asks, seeing already how troubled she is by what she has to tell them.

"How it ended," she answers looking down at her hands with shame. She can't possibly look at either of her guys in the eye while admitting to such a huge and consequential mistake. "It didn't exactly get away. I... I let it leave town."

"You what!?" Sam asks, his upset already clear as day.

"I know, ok!?" Lizzy defends right back immediately. "I know how bad it is. Just listen before you start judging, Sam. That's all I ask."

"Oh, I'm listening. Don't you worry," Sam angrily counters, not understanding giving up on a hunt. He sits back with a huff of disbelief and his arms crossed over his chest.

"L, just tell us what happened," Dean says to her in a completely different manner. He shows her support instead of fire like Sam.

Lizzy shakes her head and sighs with her stupidity. "I couldn't kill it. I couldn't for the life of me figure out how to kill the damn thing. I looked everywhere for days while Lou barely slept out of fear. She was exhausted and desperate and wasting away while I watched. Bobby did all he could for us but there was no answer in sight for a long time... days...."

"So I guess we shouldn't be too eager to hear from the old man this time around either, huh?" Dean asks in not a sarcastic tone but a downtrodden one.

"I'm banking on Cass myself," Lizzy admits. "The only thing we were able to come up with was a quick little blurb in some arcane book written in the Middle Ages that Bobby found. It basically said the incubus can be harmed with a blade blessed by a Catholic priest but it wouldn't be effective unless it's feeding, kind of like a Striga."

"But this thing attacks in dreams," Sam cuts in, listening again and letting his anger subside in order to do the job. That and he's highly curious. "How do you go after it while it's in someone else's dreams?"

"That was the problem," Lizzy explains further. "Somehow I had to get into Lou's dreams and go after this thing without even knowing if I could bring a weapon with me... or if the blade would actually kill it once I was there. But to me it was worth a shot so I went for it."
"How?" Dean asks.

"Well I had to get some nasty shit from this bitch that used to wheel and deal in the whole rare occult business."

"Bela?" Dean asks with fire behind his tone.

"Uh, I don't really remember her name. Bobby sent her to us. She works pretty underground… and she was gorgeous despite her shit attitude."

"Bitch," Sam sighs under his breath. "What'd she get for you?"

"Dream root," Lizzy tells them. "It's this gross tasting stuff…"

"We know what it is," Dean assures her.

"Oh, ok," Lizzy nods, surprised they knew the stuff. "Cost a pretty penny but if it was gonna save Lou's life I would have spent a whole lot more. I grabbed a knife, had it blessed by a very confused priest, and the next time Lou couldn't fight off sleep I broke the salt lines and took the dream root."

"How'd you bring the blade with you?" Dean asks quickly.

"Concentration," she admits. "I gripped it tight as I passed out and focused on keeping it with me, imagining it as an extension of myself. Somehow it worked because I was in Louie's head with a weapon in a second…"

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After finding her way through Lou's head, some of it not so pleasant, Lizzy comes upon a motel that looks very familiar. It was their motel, the very one they're currently staying it. She found it.

Holding onto her weapon Lizzy begins jogging to the building, her heart pounding with excitement and nervousness. She's going to kill this thing. She's going to end the thing that is after her Louie.

Kicking down the door with sheer adrenaline, when Lizzy gets inside she sees the incubus in bed with Lou. It's on top of her under the covers, clearly in the middle of feeding off of her sister while making Lou moan so loudly it should have disturbed Lizzy to have walked in on the moment. But it doesn't disturb her at all. It infuriates her instead.

Charging the creature, Lizzy jumps up onto the bed and with both hands gasping the knife handle she thrusts the metal into its bare upper back with all the strength she has. She buries the weapon to the hilt before backing away.

The incubus begins struggling, thrashing with the pain as the blessed knife burns his skin and sizzles his flesh. It screams in agony and Lizzy starts to see that it's over. Lou is safe. She's won this one.

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"Or so I thought," Lizzy tells them as she recalls the whole disaster. "It didn't work."

"So the knife only harmed it?" Sam asks.

"Yeah, for a couple seconds tops."

"So this thing probably is an alpha," he concludes. "I mean, a lot of alphas are able to resist the weapons that lore says would normally kill its kind. If Bobby found an answer that said a blessed
blade would off the thing and it didn't…"

"We get it, Sam," Dean says quietly to his brother, hoping to keep Lizzy on track and focused, not panicked.

"No he's right," Lizzy nods to Sam's concluding. "It's an alpha for sure. When it took the blade out of its own back and got out of bed like nothing happened after I stabbed it, I understood even back then that this thing wasn't a normal incubus. It was stronger…"

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The fear envelopes her entire being as the incubus stands up, drops the knife on the floor, and turns to face her.

"Where the hell did you get that?" it asks her, pointing to the blade on the dirty carpet from its impressive height.

"Sharper Image," she quips, glancing at Lou and seeing her fast asleep. She doesn't fear that her sister is dead when she can see the rise and fall of her chest. At least she saved Lou this time around.

"So you've done your homework. That's good," the incubus says to her, standing there naked and without shame. Lizzy looks him over and realizes Lou wasn't joking. He's exactly her type. He's insanely built, at least a foot taller than her, dark hair, tanned skin, extremely well hung… he's Lou's dream man without a doubt.

"Wasn't just gonna sit by while you tried to kill my best friend," Lizzy informs him. "She's mine, not yours."

The incubus looks at her with shock. "You're a brazen little thing, aren't you?"

"Balls of steel," she tells him, swallowing her intense fear in order to seem much stronger than she is. "And if you don't leave her alone, I will kill you. Mark my words."

He just stares at her for a moment, thinking over his ordeal he finds himself in.

"Look, I'm not your run of the mill incubus…"

"I'm starting to get that," Lizzy butts in.

"But none of my kind have been come after quite like this before. I'm impressed and if I'm being totally honest… it worries me a bit."

"You should be worried," Lizzy starts to lie. "This was just wave one. I'm not done yet."

Not sure if he should believe her or not, the incubus thinks a little more.

"I'll make you a deal…"

"No," Lizzy immediately answers. "I'm an American. I don't negotiate with terrorists."

"Listen to the deal and you might rethink that statement." He waits her for reply but doesn't get one so he goes on. "I'll leave her alone. I won't come after her anymore and I won't come after you either… if you just turn your heads the other way and let me go."

Lizzy clenches her jaw and keeps her angry face in place as she recognizes that this might be a good deal. She really doesn't have any other tricks up her sleeve. She just used her only option she could
"It's a good deal…"

"No," Lizzy denies him. "I'm not letting you go so that you can kill off the rest of the women in this town."

"I'll let them all go then," he says, taking a step forward. She watches as he morphs himself from Lou's perfect specimen into her own. He suddenly looks different, medium brown hair replaced with a lighter color, his eyes brighter and unique, body strong and his features sharp and distinctive… and just devastating to her. "I'll let the entire town free if you stop coming after me."

Lizzy just stares at him, not ready to back down as her stubborn streak runs deep.

"No," she refuses once more. "You'll just move on and attack another town somewhere in the world. You'll do the same thing to more innocent women. Fuck no."

"I think you should take this deal," he continues, another couple steps closer.

"Not going to," she stands her ground.

"Then how about I kill you right now?" he asks, stepping right up to her, a hand cupping each side of her jaw. "It'll be fun, I can promise that… just you won't be walk-of-shaming it after this particular hookup. You'll be dead."

He then kisses her. The second his lips touch hers her entire body is on fire. It's perfect. The way he kisses her, the way his hands touch her and knot into her hair when he deepens it… she understands how women have been known to become addicted to their incubus before they die. If this is a kiss then holy shit sex must be mind-blowingly intense.

He ends the moment, keeping his hands in her hair and his lips close to hers, sure that he has her attention. "You want that?"

"No," she whispers back to him, still not giving in. "I'm going to kill you."

His mood changes right then. He lets her go and takes a step back. Staring at her with fury he warns her. "You try and kill me and I'll kill her before you can." He points at Lou's sleeping form. "I'll get to her far before you ever get to me."

Lizzy is speechless.

"She's as good as dead if you don't take this deal." The incubus glares at her, challenging her to not agree to his terms. "I don't want trouble from you. You let me walk away and she'll walk away too. What'll it be?"

"So I walked away," Lizzy tells them. "I knew it was as good as signing a whole bunch of death certificates myself but fuck… I walked away." Her voice gets a little choked with the admission. "I just let it get away and keep killing women."

"You did it to save your sister," Dean tells her, a hand on her knee. "I would have done the same thing."

"I know you would have… and you'd hang on to that guilt just like I have all these years." She looks
at him with broken eyes.

"We get along well for a reason," Dean smirks slightly, trying his best to break up the terrible mood of the room.

"I couldn't let it take Lou down like that," Lizzy confesses. "And I couldn't kill the fucking bastard, I didn't know how. I just… tucked tail and ran."

"You shouldn't have taken that deal," Sam pipes up from his spot.

"And I should've let Lou die?" Lizzy asks incredulously.

"Yeah," he answers her with an obvious air. "This thing got away and has killed who knows how many other people because you didn't stay and fight."

"It would have just killed me too," Lizzy reminds him. "It would have gone on its way, sucking the life out of other women and the only two hunters that knew about it would have been dead. And it was Lou, Sam. It was Lou's life on the line."

" Doesn't matter who it was…"

"What!?" Lizzy stands up from the bed with sheer anger.

"I'm just saying that it isn't about fam…"

"Don't finish that sentence!" Lizzy warns him sternly, Dean getting up from his spot to stand next to her as he can sense when she's feeling violent and punchy.

"Alright, calm down," Dean says to her with a hand on her shoulder. "Everybody." He then gives Sam a look in warning. "We gotta focus and figure out how to kill this thing."

"I'm calm as can be," Sam says in an honestly calm manner.

"I don't doubt that," Dean bites back as he pulls out the page from his jacket. "We came across this at the library. We think it'll help."

Sam snatches it up quickly, reading it over with rapid speed and excitement for a breakthrough.

"The tree of life," he read aloud when he skims that part a second time.

"I figure if we find out what the tree of life is we can find out how to kill this thing," Dean says, doing the talking as he can see Lizzy's rage still going. "At least it's a start."

"Well then this'll be easy," Sam says with a straight face in return.

"Why do you say that?" Lizzy wonders.

"Because it's probably talking about a fig tree," Sam answers with ease. "The fig tree is the thing that fed Adam and Eve. It's sacred and mentioned in the Bible a crap load. I can guarantee that's what this is talking about."

Dean and Lizzy just stare at Sam for a beat with his easily doled information.

"How do you have room in your dome for all the random shit you know?" Dean asks him.

Sam just smirks. "Now we have to figure out how a fig tree factors into a weapon against this thing."
"I can answer that for you."

They all turn to see Castiel standing in the middle of the motel room with a large branch in his hand.

"It sounds like you've been successful in your research," he says to the small group as he walks to the kitchenette table, placing the fig branch onto it.

"Sounds like you've been more successful," Lizzy responds right back, her voice sounding somewhat hopeful for the first time all day.

"I've been busy," he nods. "But I would never let you down, Elizabeth. This demonic presence will not survive this."

"So this is it?" Dean asks, looking over the weapon that Castiel brought them.

"It is," Castiel confirms.

"Huh. I was expecting something a little more badass," Dean admits as he studies the light colored, thin and weak looking branch with a pointed end carved into it in his hands.

"It's from the oldest fig tree on Earth," Castiel explains. "The fig tree is the first tree mentioned in the Bible. I had it blessed by the Pope for assurance that it will be highly effective."

"The Pope!?" Dean asks with nothing short of shock. "Like, the Pope, the Pope?"

"Yes."

"Damn," Lizzy says, impressed by Castiel's work. "You got friends in high places, Cassie."

"The Pope knows about angels?" Sam asks with surprise.

"He is the most holy man in the land," Castiel reminds him. "Contrary to what you may assume we don't appear exclusively to humans bearing the surname Winchester."

Sam holds his hands up in surrender with the acidic tone Castiel uses. "Sorry I asked."

"I believe this weapon will be more than sufficient," Castiel continues.

"I'll say," Dean remarks while looking the branch over again, impressed with it now instead of disappointed.

"So basically this has to go the same way as the lore suggests?" Lizzy asks, making sure she knows how this goes. "We stab this fucker while he's attacking and he dies?"

"Yes," Castiel confirms.

"But there's no way to just catch him?" Sam questions quickly. He's been worried about losing his chance at an alpha. Now that they're talking certain death for their monster of the week he needs to try and see if he can find another way.

"Catch him?" Dean asks his brother. "Why would we want to catch him when we can just off the son of a bitch?"

"Think about all we could learn from him," Sam wracks his brain to come up with plausible lies once more. "We barely know a thing about the incubi..."
"We know enough," Dean interrupts audaciously. "We kill him and we don't have to know anything more. What's the point?"

"The point is we have a golden opportunity here," Sam keeps trying. "There are so many things we know nothing about. This is one of them. I think if we can capture him and bring him to Samuel…"

"No," Castiel breaks into the conversation he has zero patience in listening to considering his knowledge. "That would never work."

"Why not?" Sam needs to know.

"The incubi are a form of demon that only live within the subconscious realm. They are never in our waking world and are never corporeal. You cannot take one into captivity. It's impossible."

"Oh," Sam responds simply and says nothing more. He decides that now would be a good time to shut his mouth and save face.

"Ok, so we have a weapon," Dean says as he grips the branch tightly. "Now all we need is the magic dreamroot and we're good."

"Why do we need dreamroot?" Castiel asks Dean with confusion.

"We gotta get inside Lizzy's head, don't we?"

"I can take care of that."

"Yeah?" Dean questions with wide eyes and when he gets no response he realizes just how powerful his angel friend is. "No shit. Our ace in the hole is coming through again." He looks to Lizzy. "Looks like it's your bedtime, young lady."

Sitting at the edge of her bed, yoga pants and t-shirt comfortably on, Lizzy's knee is bouncing about a mile a minute once more. She's nervous about all of this. Her little family taking a romp through her skull? Letting the incubus back in? Letting it attack her again? None of this sounds very good to her. Her nerves are running on high and she can't keep her reservations quiet any longer.

"Can we talk about this first?" Lizzy cuts through the quiet room and all three of her companions turn to look at her.

"What's going on?" Dean asks, walking over and sitting next to her.

"Um, I'm not really cool with some of this," she tells him. "You're going slogging through my dreams. I don't know what you're gonna see up there and I'm not sure I want you to know about some of it."

"L, come on. I know you… and I mean I know you. What could possibly be in your head that I don't already know?"

"Plenty," she informs him. "Dean, I know there's tons of stuff in your dome you don't want me to ever see…"

"And nothing you have stored up in there," he points to her head. "Could compare to that."

"I know but still… I'm just… some of it might be really ugly or uncomfortable for you."

Dean just looks at her while caught off guard. What the hell could possibly be in his Lizzy's head
that could upset him? Doesn't he know everything about her?

"I doubt there's anything in there that can be that bad."

She doesn't say anything to that.

"Is that all you're worried about?"

"No," Lizzy answers. "I'm also worried about all three of you going in and leaving me here alone. I'll be vulnerable and passed out, possibly unable to wake for a while."

"So Sam will stay out." Dean looks over to his brother and Sam nods his agreement. "See. He'll watch you."

"I want you to stay out," Lizzy rushes through her request. "I don't want you going in my head. What I saw in Lou's while dream-tripping in her mind was too much and too painful. I wish I never saw some of it. You can stay on this side with me, watch over me… Cass and Sam will kill this thing." She sees the hurt plain as day all over him. "Plus I love you and I don't want to hurt you if you go in there and have to see me with someone… or something… else. I have to get pretty intimate with this thing for this to work. I don't want you seeing me like that."

Dean hesitates for a second, thinking over her very valid point. He could easily ruin this hunt with his jealousy and rage if he has to witness that.

"It's already bad that I have to have Sam and Cass see me like that. It's embarrassing enough as it is."

"Yeah, ok," Dean agrees and tries not to sound as disappointed as he is.

"Thank you," Lizzy smiles small at him and kisses his cheek. "I know you wanna kill this thing for what it's done to me so I know how tough this will be for you to stay out."

"Good," Dean sighs, dying to be the one to end this incubus bitch.

"Though I think it would have been weird if you were the one to kill it."

"Why's that?"

"Well, he's been using your image to mess with me," she tells him with a smile.

"My image?" he questions with surprise.

"Well yeah. These things present themselves as the woman's ideal man," she explains with a grin. "You're my ideal man."

Dean nods and smirks with this information. "He's smart, I'll give him that."

"Very. And that's why I didn't have a clue the first time. In my dream it was just you in me in this room. It felt so real. How could I have known?"

"Guess you couldn't have," Dean gives her that one. He then turns to Sam and Cass with a sigh. "You guys are going in alone."

"I believe that is for the best," Castiel agrees, already knowing the types of things in Lizzy's head.

"And he's gonna look like me so, you know, have fun with that one," Dean says, tossing the fig branch to Sam. "Take out a little frustration, huh?"
Sam smiles something cold right back.

Lizzy takes a deep breath and grabs Dean's hand, pulling it into her lap and sandwiching it between her own. "He's gonna try to kill me, you know?"

"He won't kill you. You're... you know... holding his kid for him."

"It doesn't matter," she tells him. "He said he'd still kill me."

"That doesn't make sense..." Castiel breaks in as he walks over and listens.

"He can make more I guess," she shrugs. "He just told me he didn't care. He's going to try to kill me." She drops a hand to Dean's cheek with a nervous smile. "I love you."

"L, stop..." Dean rolls his eyes.

"Just let me be scared here, ok? I love you and I wanted to say it before I fell asleep."

"Sam and Cass aren't gonna let a damn thing happen to you."

"We won't, I can assure you," Castiel promises as he'd been listen in.

Lizzy nods and smiles at her angel.

"Come here," Dean says and pulls her into a hug when her worry doesn't subside in the least. He kisses her on the cheek once and whispers for only her. "I love you too. More than anything."

And Lizzy smiles with relief to hear him say it.

"Alright," Lizzy says, backing away. She places her hands on either side of his face. "Ok. I'm ready now." She kisses his lips. "And I'm exhausted from these past few days anyways. I need to sleep."

"Well just in time," Dean nervously remarks.
"She's out," Dean lets the rest of the room know when he can hear Lizzy's even breathing that he's listened to more times than he can count.

"Show time," Sam says, grabbing the pointed fig branch off of the table and heading to stand next to Castiel by Lizzy's bed. "You ready, Cass?"

"I am," he answers, looking over his charge with worry. His determination is on high, especially when looking at her now. She's so vulnerable and he's not just thinking about the incubus. She's a human. When sleeping all ability to defend oneself is taken away. Her exposure to evil in the situation makes him agitated.

"Just don't go digging too deep, ok?" Dean tells them as he walks to the front door. "I doubt she'd appreciate it."

"I can try and pinpoint her dream by following her anguish so that we won't have to dig much," Castiel says, nodding once at Dean to give him the go ahead. Dean kicks the salt line a few times until it's broken. "We will get to her as soon as I can locate her."

"Well then, go get 'em, tiger," Dean remarks as Castiel places a hand on Lizzy's forehead. He and Sam both disappear.

Dean takes a seat next to Lizzy in their bed. Washing a hand down his face with the day he's had, he wonders what the hell they're going to do once the incubus is gone. They're in quite the dilemma, one they never saw coming. Their lives being at stake is one thing but a new life made through a hunt… that's shockingly new.

"I'm sorry, L," he says to her, knowing she can't hear him but needing to get it out. "I shouldn't have brought you here. You wanted out and I… I should've left you back at home. I screwed up."

He thinks about the fear she must be going through right now, fear that even he can't understand. He's never had an evil being inside of him like that. The decision she has to make, the consequences that decision will have either way she chooses… it's horrifying.

"Whatever you do, I'm behind you," he tells his sleeping wife. "I'll do whatever you want, keep it or not."

He shockingly means it too. He may not want his life to take this path, one of a child that isn't his and is supernaturally powerful, but what's one more power-having member of the family? He's already dealt with a psychic exorcizing brother. He can handle a kid with powers too, right? And when has his life ever taken a path that he's wanted it to take? Pretty much never. This should simply feel like par for the shitty course.

Looking at her now, considering all that she's been through on this hunt and all they've been through in life together, he knows he can do this. If she wants to have this kid, incubus or cambion or whatever it is, he'll still be there. He's told her he'd do anything for her, even raise a kid that isn't his own. It'll still be a part of her so he's sure he'll love it anyways.

At least he hopes he will.

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Lizzy rolls onto her back in her lumpy motel bed and looks up to the ceiling. She can't sleep. With everything going on she's not sure how any of them expected her to. The pregnancy is starting to take its toll on her, sure, but even though she's more tired than usual it wasn't enough. Anxiety still trumps everything else.

And she worried more with how effected she is so soon. She was a couple weeks in when she got pregnant last time before the sickness and exhaustion hit. She's already feeling it this time. Maybe this kid grows faster… or affects her harder…. Uh, thoughts that will make her insane right now.

"I can't get to sleep," Lizzy complains to her room of hunting buddies as she follows a thin crack in the motel ceiling with her eyes. She doesn't look around the room at them as she blows out a breath. "Cass, can you like, put me out or something?"

She doesn't hear an answer. It's horribly silent. It's the kind of silence that unnerves a hunter to their core.

"Cass?"

"Nope."

And Lizzy closes her eyes. She sighs heavily and realizes she didn't actually have that hard a time falling asleep at all. She's dreaming right now.

"Oh goodie," Lizzy says without much excitement as she leans up and sees the incubus standing at the end of the bed once more wearing Dean's image just as she suspected. "I'm stuck with you."

"Isn't that what you wanted?" the incubus asks her, Dean's hands in the pockets of Dean's jeans.

"Well I guess you got me there," Lizzy says with sheer sarcasm as she props herself up on her elbows to look at him. She crosses her ankles casually, not letting him see her fear or anxiety.

"You're a hunter and hunters don't screw up like this… not decent ones like you, at least," he continues on. "You fell asleep on purpose without protecting yourself. What do you want?"

"I want you."

*************************

"Come on, Lizard," Lou quietly and morosely says to Lizzy as she holds her hand in a clean, sterile looking hallway together.

"Louie, I can't do this," she sobs out, squeezing too hard onto Lou's hand as the tears fall hard.

"Honey, you have to," Lou explains, both standing right outside some double doors marked 'Morgue'. "I'm sorry, but you have to."

Lizzy just covers her face and falls into yet another fit of sobs and Sam looks to Castiel as they stand only ten feet away from the girls.

Lou hugs her in tight, her own tears falling. "I wish this never happened."

"I have no family," Lizzy cries against her shoulder. "They're gone. I can't see them like this…"

"It's asking too much, I know," Lou agrees, clearly not ready either to see what she knows will be the worst thing her eyes will have ever met. "But I'm with you. I'm always gonna be with you. You still have me, Lizard."
"What the hell is this?" Sam asks him.

"In order to find Elizabeth I have to use her fear and upset to find her. Unfortunately it's brought us here instead of her dreaming mind."

"Ok… and here is…?"

"The day Elizabeth had to identify her parents' bodies," Castiel tells him, his eyes never leaving the women crying in the hallway. "I remember being here the first time, watching over her. I never wanted this to happen to her."

"Yeah, great, can you get us outta here?" Sam asks impatiently, not at all effected by what he sees. "We have to get to her before it's too late."

"Lizzy, we have to do this," Lou tries again, pulling Lizzy away from her and holding her face to get her to focus. "I'm going in with you. We can do this together. You're strong enough to do this."

"No I'm not," she sobs out. "I can't…"

"Stop that," Lou says gently, taking Lizzy's hand once more. "You don't have a choice. I'm right here. Let's go."

"Of course," Castiel finally answers Sam, watching Lizzy and Lou head through the double doors. He sighs and just second later he can hear Lizzy sobbing louder once she's seen the gruesome shape her mother and father were left in by the demon that killed them. He hangs his head, feeling the guilt of her set path and the part his family has played in it when sending that demon after them, and forces himself to move on.

Sam and Castiel disappear from the memory.

"And why would you suddenly want to see me?" the incubus asks Lizzy, quite clearly suspicious of this turn of events.

"Because I'm willing to give in," Lizzy explains, sitting up all the way and looking right at him. "I'm willing to give you what you've wanted since I figured out how to access you years ago."

"And what is that?"

"Me."

"Sweetheart, I've already had you," the incubus says in a purely Dean demeanor and a wink. "That's not a real offer."

"No, I don't mean that," Lizzy assures him. "I mean I'm gonna let you feed off of me until I'm done for. I'm gonna let you win."

"What!?"

"I want you to kill me."

"Are you fucking kidding me!?" they can hear Lizzy shouting loudly with her well known anger from the new hallway Cass has transported Sam and himself to.
"Cass, what the hell?" Sam complains as another voice is heard.

"Are you kidding me!?" a man shouts right back, his anger easily matching Lizzy's.

Castiel walks to the door it's coming from and opens it. Inside a college dorm room is a younger Lizzy staring up at a tall, well-built, wall of a man. Her body language is ridged with ire and the guy she's with has his hand balled up tight as he glares at her. It looks not unlike a standoff and the room is thick with tension.

"I was with my friends!" Lizzy near screams at him, stepping right into his space and looking straight up at his much higher height without a drop of fear of him. "I don't know what the hell you think is wrong with that but you have no right to police how I spend my free time!"

"I do when it affects your time with me!" the unknown man shouts and steps forward, pushing his chest into her and making Lizzy take a step back. "I'm supposed to be your priority!"

Castiel clenches his teeth with anger. Justin. He remembers him well. And he remembers the way he treated his Elizabeth. He's always held such hatred for this one person ever since this happened.

"Cass, we gotta go!" Sam says loudly to the angel, his voice elevated to be heard over the loud commotion of the fight. He doesn't respond. Castiel just keeps staring at the argument in front of him.

"Look, Jus, this isn't right," Lizzy says in a calmer tone when she can see the fire growing in her college boyfriend. "Fighting like this… this is not what happens in a good relationship. It's not healthy."

"Then stop trying to piss me off so much!" Justine keeps right on going, his fists still clenched. "I swear you spend every second trying to make me angry!"

"I'm just living my life!" Lizzy matches his volume immediately, never being one to back down ever. Stubbornness is a hell of a trait.

"And I thought I was a part of that!"

"You are! God, don't be such a dick, Justin!" Lizzy yells when he gets a little too into her space again. She pushes him away from her as he was making her uncomfortable.

"Don't be such a raging bitch and I won't!?" Justine shouts right back and pushes her back.

He's much stronger than her and she falls backwards into the dorm wall, her face taking the brunt of the hard blow.

From there Castiel tries to step into the room but Sam's hand on his shoulder stops him.

"We gotta go!" Sam reminds him strongly. "If we're late getting to her dream she's gonna die."

Castiel exhales loudly while glaring at the image of Justin, not being able to let it go. He did his duty the first time, stayed out of sight and let her life play out as it would, but this time he's having a much harder time with it. Elizabeth has become far too important to him to ignore it now.

"You made me do that," Justin points at Lizzy as she stands up, her hand cupping her jaw and her expression full of shock and anger.

"I can't believe you just did that," Lizzy mutters out, not sure what to do.

"What choice did you leave me?" Justin fires right back as she stares dumbfounded at him.
"The choice to hurt a woman is never an actual choice," Castiel says in a low, fire-filled tone as he marches to Justin and presses a hand to his head, ready to smite him. Nothing happens.

"Cass, for fuck sake!" Sam rushes to the angel and pulls him out to the hallway. "It's a fucking memory. Get us to Lizzy before it's too late!"

Seeing as his revenge isn't going to happen in this realm, Castiel knows Sam is right. He moves them on.

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"Kill you? Why would you want that?" the incubus asks, shocked by Lizzy's request.

"Because I want it all to be over," she says to him. "You promise to leave this town alone and you can feed off of me. I'll forever be in your past."

He narrows his eyes at her with suspicion.

"Your husband will come after me," he says while wearing her husband's look. "You probably told him how to kill me."

"I didn't," she doesn't lie. "I never told him how to do it. I never even knew how to, honestly. I lied." When the incubus doesn't respond she keeps going. "Look, if you kill me now he'll never know which women you're going after next. You could skip town and easily stay a good few steps ahead of him. You'll survive this."

"And you trust me to hold up my end of the bargain?" he questions. "You'll be dead. How would you know if I kept my word or not?"

"You did last time, didn't you?"

"Guess I'm a trust worthy kinda guy," he says with a smirk on Dean's face. "But is it worth killing yourself and that baby of yours?"

"This baby isn't even human," Lizzy counters. "You know that."

The incubus pauses here and just looks at her with a blank expression and Lizzy realizes right then that she's never once before seen absolutely nothing written on Dean's face like this. It's creepy.

And then a smile breaks the empty expression he's wearing.

"You know, you're right," he says slickly. "That baby is mine and I don't care that it's mine. And you must be terrified about that."

Now it's Lizzy's turn to go quiet.

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Pacing the motel floor, shotgun in hand, Dean glances at Lizzy's sleeping form every other second. He hates being on the outside. He hates not know how it's going in there. He hates that they're letting the incubus come for her and that she's bait just like he's pretty sure Sam wanted. And he hates that he's completely useless and helpless as he stands there.

This fucking sucks.

And then Lizzy makes the quietest of noises. It isn't the kind Dean expected her to make however.
He knew she had to let this thing attack her again (once more, something else he absolutely hates) and that she'd be moaning in her sleep but he didn't expect the sound of sadness to come from her. The soft sobs are clear as day and he has to wonder what the hell that's all about.

"This isn't the right motel," Sam tells Cass when they arrive at some no-tell and when they turn away from the wall they landed looking at they see Lizzy and Lou on one of the beds.

"I feel so stupid," Lizzy says with sheer sadness, her head in Lou's lap as the tears fall.

"You didn't think this was gonna happen," Lou tries to soothe her, her hands running through Lizzy's then dark brown hair. "Honestly, after Oklahoma City… he had me duped too."

"God, I'm just another dumbass, random chick to him," she continues to cry from the very bottom of her heart. "How many of us are out there, thinking the great Dean Winchester loved them and then bounced, never to be heard from again?"

"Probably a ton," Lou huffs a disgusted laugh.

"Damn it, Cass," Sam turns to the angel. "Concentrate here."

"I'm sorry," Castiel apologizes. "I'm trying… I can only pinpoint her emotions…"

"Well try harder!" the hunter near yells with his impatience.

"I can't believe I let this happen," Lizzy cries on, sitting up on the comforter and dropping her head on Lou's shoulder as Lou puts her arm around her. "You warned me about him…"

"I'd hoped I was wrong," Lou responds sadly.

"You weren't. And now I am the dumb bitch. Let him fuck me as much as he wanted and then he ditched me. Won't even answer his phone anymore."

"At least you got some good sex out of it," Lou tries to look at the bright side of Dean's sudden disappearing act.

"Yeah, and I'm never finding that again," Lizzy says. "That kinda sex only comes around once in a lifetime."

"I don't know, I've found more than one guy that can make my toes curl," Lou plays right back, arching an eyebrow at Lizzy.

"It won't be the same. I couldn't be, trust me," Lizzy starts sobbing again and presses her hands over her face. "Why do I have to feel this way about him?"

"I don't know," Lou answers with pain. "But it'll get better. You won't let that douche-bag win. I won't let you let that douche-bag win."

"I don't want to love him anymore," Lizzy shakers her head, face still covered. "I just want to stop loving him so fucking much. I want to hate him instead… I just don't know how…"

"I know, sweetie," Lou says, hugging Lizzy close when she doesn't know what else to say. "I know."

Castiel closes his eyes and works harder, focusing in with strong force on the fear, sadness, and
anguish Lizzy is sure to feel with this plan of theirs. He can find her is he just can pinpoint that live, non-memory-driven anxiety… her worry… her deep and true fear within the situation…

"Got her," Castiel says once he's honed in, grabbing Sam's coat blindly and disappearing with him.

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"I just want out," Lizzy tells the Dean-alike, trying to get his sympathies in order to get him to agree to her terms. "I can't live this life any more. I'm ok with you ending it all for me."

"So you're suicidal, is that it?" the incubus asks without believing her much.

"No, I'm just… so tired," she explains, her voice going up a little as she grows sad. Maybe there's more truth behind it than she thought. "I'm stuck in this life where all I want is simplicity and normalcy. Instead I have blood and hunting and sadness. There's only so much I can take. I've been scrambling to keep it together for years now and I don't want to do that anymore. I've tried to get out, God did I try, but the life just pulled me right back in." With a sigh a trail of tears makes its way down each of her cheeks. "At least this way I get to go out with a bang. And with my husband at that."

"I'm not your husband."

"Close enough right now," she says to him. "Make this deal with me. You get a big meal out of me, you kill off your biggest threat, and you ensure that the Winchesters won't be able to catch up to you again. It's the deal of a century for you. Just take it."

She wipes her eyes and waits, watching the demi-demon think it over. She's praying it works because if it doesn't they're shit out of luck on this hunt. She knows Castiel is on his way, she can feel him coming closer, and this opportunity will never come again.

"Baby, please," she uses her voice usually reserved for Dean in moments when they're alone. "I want you. Save me from all this."

Looking at her hard, seeing the hunter that almost got the jump on him way back when so broken and done for, he nods his head.

"Ok," Dean's voice tells her, taking off his shirt as he walks around to the side of the bed she's on. "You're right. I can't beat this deal."

"No you can't," Lizzy whispers, trying to keep her excitement of his going along in check and not give them away.

********************************************************************************

A big swig of whiskey from the glass he got from the worn cupboard in the kitchenette and Dean leans against the counter and tries to control his nerves. This is taking too long. Lizzy's showing no signs of attack yet and Cass and Sam are still gone.

In about five seconds he's waking her up. He's been uncomfortable with all of this since the get. He acted like it was fine for her sake before she fell asleep but it was just that; an act. Using his wife as a giant supernatural bacon cheeseburger sounded about as good an idea as Crystal Pepsi.

"Fuck this," Dean says when his worry reaches way too high a level. He places his glass on the counter and walks for her, pausing in his tracks halfway there.
"Mm," Lizzy sighs quietly in her slumber.

"Shit," Dean complains when he knows he couldn't wake her if he tried now.

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"She's inside." Castiel points to the motel in front of them, the same one that they are staying at in the waking world. Cass finally found her.

"Alright," Sam says with excitement. He twirls the branch around in his hand to grab it in his fist point down. If he can't capture the thing then he's more than ready to off this bitch. "Let's do this."

He takes a large step forward and Castiel grabs his shoulder and pulls him back. "We can't. Not yet."

"Why not?" Sam asks, his disappointment at having to be patient ruling his better judgment.

"We have to wait until it's feeding," Castiel explains.

"Feeding?" Sam checks with him. "You mean we have to wait until he's…"

"In mid-coitus with Elizabeth, yes." Castiel just stares at the door of the motel with total concentration. Sam thinks about what that means.

"That's kind of fucked up, isn't it?" Sam mentions as he stands there waiting for the signal from Castiel.

"In the most literal sense." He doesn't move, just feels out what is happening inside the room.

"That was a joke, wasn't it?" Sam smiles small at the angel.

"Quite possibly," he confirms, sapping a bit of the fear and anxiety Lizzy is feeling just feet away. "I should not jest in times of worry like this. I apologize."

"Don't. It was kinda nice to hear for once."

Castiel looks at Sam strangely, the comment weird to him.

"We shouldn't speak," Castiel directs to Sam. "I will let you know when we should go."

They wait a moment in silence, Castiel closing his eyes and concentrating on when the right time to go would be.

"It's going down," Castiel confirms as he looks away from the building. "Meet me by the door."

Castiel disappears in front of Sam and when the hunter looks to the room door he sees the angel standing there, looking at him and waiting for him to catch up.

"Could have given me a lift, jackass," Sam mutter and starts jogging to catch up. He runs across the lot, weapon in hand, and stops when he's standing next to Castiel.

"I can hear you from most distances, you know," Castiel informs him, making it clear that he heard the comment Sam made. "I'm a celestial being, remember?"

"Then you should have brought me with you, jackass," Sam easily rebuts, defending his name calling.
"Be quiet," he warns. "We don't want this thing knowing we are here before it's time."

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"Oh, fuck," Lizzy moans loudly and Dean cringes with the sound. He knows what's happening and it kills him. That thing is having sex with Lizzy, his wife, while looking like him.

She was totally right about him not going in to her head on the hunt. Dean knows he wouldn't have kept his composure enough to ensure the job got done correctly. He's so angry just hearing it that seeing it would not have been good.

He stands up and paces the floor again, trying to get the fury out any way possible.

"Dean, God yes," Lizzy sighs with utter pleasure and Dean loses his cool. It's a shame that wall is so close to him.

His fist flying hard and fast he punches the drywall for all he's worth. The giant hole in it along with the pain in his fist becomes secondary when the sound of choking comes from Lizzy on the bed.

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“Gah… uh,” Lizzy struggles underneath the incubus as it smiles down to her. He closes his eyes and concentrates hard, quickly sapping her energy from her. This is where he loses his drive to make her feel good this time around. Usually he takes little by little from the women he goes after, prolonging and maximizing the energy he can get from them. If he takes a little each attack the women would recover and regain some strength before he goes in again and if he can make them come like no other man has been able to then they will easily let him in. They won’t fight him off… they want him to visit them.

Feeding quickly and not having to show any form of self-restraint, the incubus smiles wider with Dean’s lips. He enjoys himself and his win so much that he doesn’t hear the fluttering sound from behind him.

Sam winds up, the branch gripped tightly in his fist, and gets ready to stab this thing straight through. However, he didn’t estimate the scene before them causing Castiel to fly into a literal rage. The angel couldn’t contain his anger when he got a view of what is happening. His Elizabeth is struggling, she can’t breathe and her skin is paling as he watches. This creature, the one that has threatened to completely topple Heaven’s plans with what he’s already done to his charge, is killing her in front of him, and doing it with glee. Castiel, a warrior of God, is not ready to stand for this. He quickly snatches the branch from Sam before he can attack and does the dirty work himself.

Almost done, the incubus continues to work quickly, feeding faster than he ever has, then he breathes in deeply once with shock when he feels it. He looks down at his own chest and sees the point of a light colored blanch sticking out of his body.

“No,” he panics hard with wide eyes as he looks down at the fatal blow. He turns around to see the two standing there, watching him as the pain starts to hit.

The incubus screams out as the orange glow flashes underneath his skin in lightning bolts spreading outward from the wound. His eyes, the color green of Deans, suddenly light up bright red as his face twists in anger and pain.

“Get off of her,” Castiel booms out in a hard growl as he grabs the Dean-looking-demi demon by the neck and tosses him like a ragdoll across the motel room. The incubus slams into the wall side first
before crumpling into a heap onto the floor. His body spasms as the attack renders him useless. The
pain excruciating, he knows he’s dying. Out of sheer respect for his adversary, the one that almost
got him once and then had the balls enough to risk her life to try again, he looks up to the being
wearing a trench coat that he’s not sure what it is. It clearly cares about Lizzy if its demeanor is any
indication so he decides to try and pass along the message.

“She doesn’t know,” Dean’s struggling voice tells Castiel as he huffs and struggles to hang on a little
longer. His skin flashes a few more times, his body twitching violently each time. “She has… no
idea.”

“No idea about what?” Sam asks, stepping closer to the creature as it speaks.

“Keep her safe,” he tries to assemble his thoughts enough to get them out and have them makes
sense. “She’s good… she earned my… respect….”

Another, this time larger flash of orange light through is body and he screams with immense anguish.

“Keep Lizzy safe from what?” Sam asks, his curiosity claiming him as he kneels to the floor in front
of him. He grabs the back of its head and angles it to look at him.

“Get her out,” he barely whispers out.

“What are you talking about!?” Sam’s voice booms out in an intimidating tone, rubbed wrong by the
warnings this creature is trying to give them.

The incubus’s head lolls once and Sam has to hold him up to keep him awake a little longer.

Castiel stands close behind Sam, waiting with sheer interest as his anger dissipates with his concern
for Lizzy.

“She doesn’t know,” Dean’s voice near whispers to Sam, his body slack as he’s on the verge.
“Doesn’t know… it’s not…”

“Not what?” Sam shakes the incubus with hands gripping it’s jaw. The red color fades from his eyes
and all that is left is the vacant, empty stare of green irises. “Damn it!” he shouts when the incubus is
gone and shoves it’s head away from him, it making a large thud as it hits the dull carpeting.

Something doesn’t settle right with Castiel. He listened closely to the words of the incubus, the
words that really didn’t make so much sense, but something nags at him. He isn’t worried, but
there’s something just scratching at the surface for him about whatever the incubus was trying to get
out but couldn’t.

“Let’s go,” Castiel suggests as he places a hand on Sam’s shoulder. In a split second they’re out of
Lizzy’s unconscious mind.
She stopped struggling about five minutes ago. Since then it's been pin-drop quiet in the motel room and Dean's heart has been pounding with worry over it the entire time.

For the millionth time he presses two fingers into Lizzy's neck. He feels the steady beat and he knows she's at least alive.

"Come on, Cass," Dean grumbles under his breath as he drops his sawed-off onto the bed. He hasn't moved from his seat next to Lizzy and he never will until he knows she's alright. He's just growing more and more impatient by the second as every one that goes by feels like an hour.

When the fluttering of wings is heard Dean feels just a small amount of the tension built up in him relax for the first time.

"She ok?" Dean spills out of his mouth so quickly the words blend into one. "Did you get him?"

"We got him," Castiel confirms for him as he walks to stand next to Lizzy. "She'll be fine."

"Good," he huffs with utter gratefulness. "Thanks, Cass. Without you…" Dean just shakes his head to finish the sentence. He won't dare mention the idea that he could have lost Lizzy… yet again.

Castiel touches Lizzy's forehead and her eyes flitter open instantly. She takes a deep breath and looks up to see the angel looking at her, his hand still pressed to her head. His face is concentrated, like he's reading her thoroughly.

"Cassie," she says his name quietly. "What are you doing?"

"Ensuring you're ok," he simply says. She watches him closely, seeing his face go from concerned and worried to a slightly surprised face. He takes his hand away from her head quickly and moves a step back while looking at her with wide eyes.

"What is it?" Lizzy needs to know as she sits up and swings her feet over the edge of the bed. She stays seated and waits for an answer from the oddly flustered angel. His reaction makes her nervous.

"You are going to be just fine," he tells her, an odd look on his face as he processes his thoughts. "You're more than fine."

"What do you mean?" Lizzy asks with wide hopeful eyes.

"I mean… you are not carrying the incubus' child."

Instinctually her hands both press into her lower abdomen. She didn't know someone could feel total relief and total sadness all at the same time but that's exactly what hits her right at this moment.

"It's just… gone?" Dean wonders with barely hidden excitement. This could solve all of the massive problems they were about to face, problems that in his eyes may really ruin their future together.

Castiel takes a moment, closes his eyes and concentrates.

"Cass?" Sam tries to figure out what he is doing and the angel holds out his hand to ask him to wait. A few seconds later he opens his eyes again.
"I have some work to do," he explains to them, which is true even if more than anything he just needs to leave that room to gather his thoughts and prepare himself. "I will return very soon and answer your questions. I am sure you have plenty. Do not worry about the women in this town either. I will handle that too. Just rest easy that you are not carrying an abomination. Elizabeth, you are perfectly fine."

He disappears.

Dean immediately looks to Lizzy with a huge smile on his face. He exhales hard once with total happiness and pulls her into him hard, hugging her in celebration. Everything is good again. They're back to normal. They won't have to deal with a kid that isn't his and is too powerful to handle. They can be who they are again, be the same two people they've always been.

Lizzy brings her arms around him to return the embrace, also feeling that same happiness over their good fortune, but her smile never quite makes it to her eyes. This isn't totally the same to her as it is to him. In her eyes she's lost another one. She's lost another baby, whether it's her fault or not. This should be a good moment but at the very same time she's disappointed. There's no half monster on its way for her which is fantastic, but there's also no child that's half her on its way either. She never wanted anything but a normal, healthy, human child. She knew that what she had in her wasn't what she wanted but at the same time she still feels the loss. Lizzy felt a connection there, one that only a mother can feel, and now she just feels empty.

And then there's Sam. He's more than happy to see some evil go down in flames, as always, but he couldn't catch it. He told Samuel he would go and nab him an alpha incubus and for the first time he isn't going to come through for his grandfather. It's been rare that he fails since getting back so this feels an awful lot like a loss in his eyes.

Just wanting to get the conversation over with, Sam leaves the motel room with his phone in hand.

"It's dead," Sam says in a flat, downtrodden tone.

"What!?" Samuel asks with disappointment. "What the hell happened, Sam?"

"Couldn't capture it," he explains plainly. "The incubi live in the subconscious realm. If it isn't in our plane of existence I can't physically catch it."

"Then how'd you kill it?" he wonders with total curiosity.

"Went into Lizzy's dreams with a weapon." Sam looks around the lot, feeling a bit itchy with the calm after the storm. He's ready to move on already. "The weapon worked and it's dead as a doornail."

"Damn," Samuel comments. "At least the women in the town are safe again."

"Guess that's one way of looking at it," Sam comments. "Another way would be that I failed."

"You save that sister-in-law of yours?"

"Yeah."

"Sounds more like a success to me, son," Samuel explains. "We'll get another one. Relax Sam. You did good."
"You got anything else lined up?" Sam wonders, looking for a new hunt to get going on.

"Nothing right now. Just catch some sleep, would you? You've been going non-stop."

"Yeah… alright," Sam agrees while knowing full well he doesn't need to do such a thing.

"I'll talk to you soon, Sam," Samuel parts and hangs up the phone, dropping it heavily onto the desk in his office at the compound. He sits with the news that Sam couldn't nab this one baddie. He might be in trouble now.

"That moose of a grandson let you down there, Samuel?"

Samuel jumps at the voice and whips his head around.

"Crowley," he near snarls to see the demon standing there in his compound office. "The hell do you want?"

"Some excitement to see me would be a good start. It hurts me that you react so poorly to my presence. I'm really a decent fellow once you get to know me. Downright fun, too."

"I'm sure you are," Samuel rolls his eyes.

"And secondly I'd like my alpha," Crowley keeps talking as he walks to the desk Samuel is sitting behind with his hands in his pockets. "An incubus would really come in handy right about now and honey, you promised."

"Well you're shit outta luck then," Samuel tells him as the demon picks up his whiskey bottle. "Sam couldn't make it work. It's dead."

Crowley sniffs the bottle, makes a disgusted face when he smells the cheap odor, and drops the bottle with disdain. "Why is it that every hunter hates their own taste buds with sheer and total enmity?"

"I'll put the next bottle on your tab then," Samuel spits right back. "Look, I know it's been slow and I promised you an incubus…"

"That you did," Crowley answers back while pointing at Samuel. "And you broke your promise to the King of Hell. Gotta say that isn't much of a forward move for our relationship."

"I'll get you more, ok?" Samuel continues to promise in an agitated tone. "This was an impossible one to get done. The thing lives in the unconscious plane. He's uncatchable. That's not my fault."

"Never is, right?" Crowley quips sarcastically. "I'm going to be a sweetheart here as I'm in a sharing mood and let you know exactly how I'm feeling. Out of the sheer kindness of my pitch black pit of a heart I pull you back to this maggot-infested planet simply to hand deliver alphas to me. In return you tell me all you so valiantly want is your daughter back alive. I say fine and we even sealed the deal with a kiss as I am want to do. You tell me all is hunky-dory and ensure that the job I gave you is manageable so imagine my disappointment when yet again you've come up empty freakin' handed with your head firmly planted up right up your arse!"

Samuel stares at the evil demon for a moment, preparing to choose his words carefully after how increasingly angry he got while explaining his view of the situation. Pissing off the highest level demon on Earth and Hell is probably a bad idea.

"I will do better," Samuel vows. "The next time you see me you'll be shaking my hand on a job well done instead of threatening to show me my insides."
"And if you don't... what I'll do to you will make ripping out your intestines sound like a day at the beach." Crowley eyes Samuel before continuing. "I'll see you soon, pumpkin. Kisses."

Samuel watches Crowley disappear and he immediately lets out a breath he's been holding with fear the whole visit. Plopping down into his desk chair he grabs the terrible cheap whiskey on his desk and takes a solid pull to calm his nerves.

He then picks up his picture of Mary, the only one he was able to scrounge up upon returning. One look at her and he still doesn't regret the deal.

"I'll see you soon, sweetheart," he says, believing his words fully, as he places the picture on his desk where he can always see it. It's his daily reminder that he has good intentions only while working with a demon. He's doing this for a good reason. He's totally justified.

When Dean hears the door shut and knows Sam's outside, it's just the two of them, he starts to speak a little more freely.

"I gotta finally get around to getting Cass that fruit basket," Dean quips as he backs away from the hug. He looks at her with a still going bright smile.

"Yeah," Lizzy responds, the small smile there but the conflict inside of her obvious.

"What's wrong?" Dean asks instantly. "You of all people should be happy right now."

"I am happy," she tells him in a small voice. "Trust me, I am. This whole pregnancy thing scared the shit out of me." She shakes her head no and bites her lip.

"But?"

"Dean, I lost another one," Lizzy says to him, the pain clear in her tone. "This is the second time I couldn't hold onto it. I know it's totally different this time around and all...."

"Why are you doing this to yourself?" Dean stops her with his utterly confused state. "L, that kid wasn't human."

"Yes it was!" she near shouts and surprises herself with her volume. She's remorseful immediately when she sees his reaction. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap at you."

"It's ok," Dean brushes the moment aside. She's been through a lot after all.

With her hands instinctually on her stomach she has a hard time believing she's any different now than before. Cass told her she isn't pregnant anymore and she believes him completely but she doesn't feel it. She doesn't sense anything is different. The whole thing is odd.

"And it was human... or half human. It was half me," she reminds him. "I know that you were looking at it as simply inhuman because you're a hunter and you should have. But it was different for me. That was mine." The tears rim her lower lids with the thought. "And like last time I couldn't make it happen. I lost it again."

"That isn't your fault," Dean says, his brow lowered with sadness for her. "We had to kill the incubus. How could we have known it would just make its offspring up and poof with it?"

"I don't know," Lizzy shakes her head and lets it all fly. "I just feel like the biggest failure right now.
Baby, it feels like last time. I know it's different, I swear I do, but it doesn't matter. I still feel like I failed here."

She covers her face with her hands and succumbs to it all.

"Damn it," Dean complains with her sorrow and pulls her in again. For a good amount of time he just holds her there, lets her get it all out.

"A little part of me loved it," she says into his flannel shirt. "I couldn't stop it from happening. I tried to not care, I tried because it wasn't yours…"

"It's ok," Dean assures her calmly. "I understand."

"I'm sorry," Lizzy apologizes.

"You have nothing to be sorry about," he once more says with warmth and love as he tilts her head up to look at him with a light grip on her chin. "Lizzy, you didn't do anything wrong here. You're a good person for loving that baby even knowing what it was. You care so much and that's one of the reasons why I love and respect you as much as I do. No one else I know would be anything but happy over this loss. You still find the good in even the scariest and most terrible of things. It's ok that you feel this way but you have to know this is a good thing overall."

She nods emphatically. "Yeah, I know it's good. I know." She wipes her eyes as she starts to calm as she looks at the other side of the fence. "As much as I loved the thing I was terrified of it. I kept having daydreams of it bursting through my stomach Alien style. Trust me, I am very relieved."

Dean smiles at her for a second. "Alien, huh?"

"Oh yeah," she answers. "Big time."

"That's ridiculous," his smile grows wider with the thought.

"You try having a monster baby all up in you and not think like that!" she says and huffs a small laugh, her emotions all over the place.

"No thanks," Dean denies the idea.

Lizzy looks at Dean and really takes a second to look at him. He's looking worn, older than usual. He's been put through the ringer with this one and she knows the emotional toll of this very long day has been rough on him to put it lightly.

"I'm exhausted," Lizzy says to her husband. "I think I wanna call it a night."

"You don't wanna wait for Cass to come back?"

"No," she says with emphasis. "He's gonna have a lot to say and we have no idea how long he'll take to get back here with whatever work he has to do. I just want to sleep… without worrying that I'll get attacked."

"Fair enough," Dean smiles at her, thankful for her decision to get some sleep. He's way past tired himself at this point. "Mind if I join ya?" he asks while getting up, an eyebrow lifted as he looks at her.

"Never," she tells him, following suit as they both grab their duffels to prepare for a hopefully solid night's sleep. "Plus, now that this whole incubus mess is over and he's thankfully dead… I have to
head home soon. Won't get a chance to sleep next to you again for a while."

"Yeah, I don't wanna think about that," Dean tells her, prepping his toothbrush. He hates the idea of parting ways with her again so he tries to put it out of mind for now.

"You guys gonna be able to drive me back?" Lizzy wonders, pulling her hair back into a ponytail.

"Uh, I think so," Dean tells her with his toothbrush in his mouth and brushing away. "I don't know of anything coming up."

"Good," Lizzy smiles with his answer. That's more time she'll get to spend with him before they're apart again. She likes the sound of that.

Once ready for a good night's sleep, they both climb into their uncomfortable bed. They fall back into the pattern they normally do, Dean lying on his back with an arm around her shoulders and Lizzy pressed up against his side, an arm around his middle.

It's quiet for a moment as they find comfort in the other and get the chance to enjoy it.

"You did alright today," she says to him with a smile he can't see in the darkened room. "You never flew off the handle and went ape shit because I was in trouble."

"Aside from punching the wall you mean?"

"Eh, that's child's play compared to the usual wrath of one Dean Winchester if you ask me."

"True. Very true. And you didn't cry more than once," Dean points out to her. "You didn't do so terrible yourself."

He holds his hand out to her for a high five which she happily gives him.

"Ha, holy shit. It's like we're actually growing up," she laughs a little at the thought as Dean pulls her in tighter.

"Yeah," Dean agrees while closing his eyes with plain contentment.

As Lizzy drifts off without fear and with complete safety and comfort in his arms, she falls asleep smiling. Yes, the loss is there but everything will be ok. Dean was right. It wasn't her fault, at least not this time. And most importantly the two of them will be more than fine still. No resentment or disappointment. Just them, just love. She'll be fine based on that alone.

With lips pressed to his cheek, Dean wakes up from a deep, wonderful sleep.

"Hey, Hot Shot," he hears her voice whisper into his ear, her warm, soft body moving in close behind him.

Fuck does he love that. Life can be just so unexpectedly good in little moments like this.

Rolling onto his back to face her he greets right back, "Hey to you."

She shares a bright, happy smile with him while her cheek rests on her pillow.

"I feel so much better after actually sleeping," she tells him with relaxed gratefulness.

"I bet," he tells her, pulling her closer by a hand on her hip. When she brings her arm around his
middle he looks down at it, the tattoos standing out against his own even skin tone. He looks it over, trails his fingers over the story of her life, and notices one he's never seen before. Dean's come to know her arm and all its tales quite well so when something new shows up he recognizes it. He grabs her hand and lifts her inner wrist closer to him, seeing a date underneath the anti-possession tattoo, the same one that he has on his chest.

"When did you get this?" he asks her, recognizing the day immediately. 01-16-10.

"The day after you hit the road again," she explains. "I wanted to get it for a while now and just figured… what the hell? I have every important date, person, and thing represented on here somewhere and this one might be the most important to me. Had to be on there somewhere."

Shifting his focus from her back to the tattoo of their wedding date Dean smiles a little. That was a pretty good day… followed by a few even better days of them holing up in a snowy cabin just the two of them. They escaped the world, their problems, their lives, and just enjoyed the hell out of each other. He'll never forget that, never. It was the first time that he knew for absolute certain, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that he wanted out and he wanted to live normal. And he wanted to do that with her.

He brings her wrist to his lips and kisses the beyond meaningful tattoo before leaning forward and kissing her once, it meant to be simple and just a way to say he loves the new artwork. Instead he lingers there, his lips pressed to hers and he can't seem to pull away like he'd intended to.

"Well… good morning," Lizzy re-greets slickly between smooches, smiling wide as she says it and wrapping her arms around him. She thinks she knows his intentions.

“IT is now,” Dean responds with a smirk and keeps going, glancing over her head once to the other bed. Sam’s not there. Awesome.

Leaning over her, Dean keeps kissing her with the freedom to do so. But then something dawns on him.

“Don’t you dare move,” he says to her, kissing her one more time before getting out of bed. She watches him grab a sock from his pile of dirty clothes by his duffle and run to the door. Opening it just a crack and squinting with the morning sun, he pops the sock on the door handle. No embarrassing moments of getting caught mid-fuck by Sam are ever going to happen again on his watch.

He shuts the door, locks the chain in place to be extra certain, and then turns to look at her.

“Wе’re safe this time,” he grins like a proud child for thinking ahead.

“Baby, you’re so smart,” Lizzy praises with a grin as she sits up and pulls her t-shirt off.

While nearly skipping back to her with sheer excitement, Dean tosses his own shirt aside and dives into bed, giddy with the chance to spend some lazy morning time with Lizzy.

Climbing right back on top of her, Dean immediately attacks her neck as his hands are all over her. Down her sides, along her long smooth legs, back up to her breasts, everywhere. He misses the feel of her when she’s gone so much that it’s like he’s trying to absorb her, all of her, into his memory bank.

“Damn I love waking up next to you,” Lizzy sighs with where she is in the moment. Waking up next to Dean while cocooned in blankets as if it’s just them in the world was always one of her favorite things. Even if it’s nothing more than a couple minutes before getting out of bed and getting
ready for the day, no sex or long lazy lay-around mornings, she’s still happy. But this… this right here is perfect.

“Mmhmm,” Dean hums as he makes his way lower, his lips never leaving her skin. Once he reaches her breasts he stays there, enjoying them as they are one of his favorite features on her. Not too small to not be fun and not too big to not be perky and perfect. Just too damn good to not appreciate to no end… so he appreciates them just like he should.

“Ooh,” Lizzy hums as Dean’s tongue circles her nipple before sucking lightly, making her hips rise up into him with sudden need.

Dean takes the hint, knowing that she’s as needy as he is right now. When they’ve been away from each other they don’t normally take things slow. They just become too desperate for each other to put any form of restraint on themselves.

He reaches lower, his mouth still giving plenty of attention to her chest as his hands slide over her smooth, warm skin. Arriving at her hips, Dean takes the sides of her yoga pants and panties in his fingers and starts to lower them. Lizzy helps him out, bringing her legs up to free them from the last of her clothing. They disappear, neither actually knowing where the clothing went. Neither care.

Dean doesn’t wait any longer. He moves lower under the covers, placing rapid kisses across her body as he does. He travels down her stomach and stops to line the ridge of her hip bone with his tongue before kissing a straight line across her thigh. He finishes his journey when he ends up between her legs, very eagerly giving her one slow, perfect lick as he knows it’ll make her purr like the Impala’s engine. The sounds he knows he can get from both his girls are probably his absolute favorite sounds on the planet. Nothing quite compares to either of them.

“Oh, yeah,” Lizzy quietly hums in a genuinely pleasure filled way. Her hands combing through his hair as he works away, Dean doesn’t waste a second of their alone time. Working fast, but not too fast to be ineffective, he builds her up with his surefire moves that are always successful with Lizzy. This isn’t a moment for experimentation. It’s one for quick work so that the brother who could come back at any time and the angel who could appear out of thin air don’t interrupt them.

“Fuck me, baby,” Lizzy near whispers out in between soft moans. “Please, Dean.” As good as what he’s doing to her right now is, sometimes a girl just wants one thing.

“You sure that’s what you want?” he asks before flicking her clit playfully with his tongue one more time, making sure.

“Ooh,” Lizzy responds to the move before telling him, “Yes. I so want that.” She smiles once down to him to prove she’s telling the truth.

“Well then whatever my girl wants,” Dean smirks up to her as he hooks his arms around each one of her thighs. He rolls them over until he’s lying on his back with her kneeling over his face. He licks her again before telling her, “My girls gets.”

Lizzy laughs for this moment of fun he shows her. It’s rare when he’s hunting that Dean shows off his more relaxed and lighthearted side. She got to see it for a while after they’d been out and the initial shock of Sam’s damnation wore off slightly and she gets to see it now that the hunt is over, she’s fine, and it’s just the two of them. Dean can actually be quite a happy and, gasp, fun person when his life lets him… or when he’s with his wife. Either or.

Making her buzz with pleasure as he continues to use that very talented tongue of his, Dean lowers his boxer briefs and kicks them to the floor quickly. He then moves back up the mattress until she’s
straddling him.

Lizzy leans forward and kisses him again as she hastily reaches lower to him. Wrapping him in her fingers, she holds him upright.

Dean grabs her with a hand to either side of her head and looks at her while his lips are just an inch away from hers. “I love you.”

He shocks her with this one. Never at a time like this has he been this honest and this open to her. She usually says it first when they’re intimate and he simply returns it. Maybe she made a correct observation last night. He is growing up. He’s not the guy she met years ago, all closed off, hesitant, and scared about verbalizing emotions. He’s older now, less afraid of what he actually feels and he’s shockingly not terrified by airing it… sometimes.

Lowering onto him, eyes closing with how good it feels to be connected to him like this again, Lizzy settles motionless on top of him. She looks at him closely, his green eyes making her heart skip as she presses her hands into his strong chest.

“I love you… so much,” she tells him with every ounce of honesty she has in her before kissing him again, her hands snaking up to his neck.

Finding a quiet, slow pace that just simply matched the unhurried and un-panicked morning, Lizzy takes her time. Just moments ago they were dying for each other but now that she’s here, now that he’s inside of her and literally baring his soul to her, she doesn’t want this to end. Their time has an expiration date now that the hunt is over. They have to part ways. Slow is suddenly the only way to go in her mind.

And Dean himself is fine with that too. They’re on the same page just like almost always. She just feels so good, her skin so soft in his hands and her lips so perfect on his. And the way she moves over him, effortlessly and loving, he can’t help but think once more that he should just let Sam do his thing while he goes home to be with her. If this is what he’s missing out on then screw the life. Screw everything but this.

Separating their lips, Lizzy sits up tall and plants her hands on his chest. She begins moving a little faster, raising and lowering on him at a still leisurely pace. Dean’s fingers trail across her body, from her thighs up her stomach. He maps her out even if he already knows every inch of her. The scar on the side of her ribs that she got when thrown into a dumpster while trying to defend her sister from a pack of vamps, the long, jagged one on the back of her upper arm from a ghoul, the stab wound that’s nearly smoothed right out over time from a shard of glass that a demon came after her with that Dean couldn’t fight off before it got to her, and the road rash scar on the back of her hand that she got when she fell off her bike as a kid. He knows them all. He asked about every single one and when she told him he never forgot.

With his hands on her back he pulls her down to him again, needing to kiss her. As their lips meet, tongues moving against each other’s, Dean hums into her mouth with sheer enjoyment and love.

“Oh,” Lizzy lets out but it isn’t the normal kind of moan. It doesn’t sound like pleasure. It sounds more like discomfort. She sits up sharply and Dean looks to her with total worry over the shift in her attitude.

“L?”

“Oh,” she groans with more disgust than anything. She jumps off of him in one swift move and beelines for the bathroom with a hand over her mouth. The door slamming shut behind her doesn’t
stop the sound of the toilet seat clinking up with force and her immediate retching following it.

"Fuck, what now?" Dean complains with total let down as he sits up in bed. He listens to her throwing up quite violently and waits for her. So much for that lovely morning of theirs. Fuck. And it was a damn good one too.

A few minutes later, having to sit there while listening to her uncomfortable struggling and not being able to do anything to help, Dean hears the toilet flush and the sink start up. He gets out of bed and pulls on his boxers before hunting for her clothing, finding her underwear tangled in their sheets and her tank on the floor by the bed.

When Lizzy opens the door once she brushes her teeth she finds Dean standing there with a look of questioning and her clothes in his extended hand.

"Thanks," she says quietly while taking the items. She gets dressed in the bare minimum as he questions her.

"You feeling ok?"

"I am now that I puked," she responds.

"And why are you puking?"

"Morning sickness probably."

"But you're not knocked up anymore," Dean points out, sitting at the foot of their bed while watching her with concern.

"Yeah, but my hormones need to readjust now," she explains to him. "This happened last time. It took about a week to feel normal again."

"Well that just... blows a bag of dicks," Dean says to her as she finishes getting dressed and walks to him. She stands between his legs and brings her arms around his neck.

"You're telling me. I know I'm gonna feel awful on and off all day." She kisses his forehead once. "Sorry I ruined the morning."

"Not your fault," Dean tells her, hugging her in. "I'm gonna have the worst case of blue balls ever but I understand."

"I'm so sorry," she laughs a bit with what he tells her even though she feels pretty badly for him.

"It's ok," he assures her. "We can always try again once we drive back today." He winks up at her and she smiles back despite her nausea.

"Deal," she tells him. "I seem to be better once the sun goes down anyways." She sighs with disappointment that's only compounded by her queasy stomach. "We've had some bad luck this trip."

"No shit!" Dean says with sheer disappointment. "First Sam kills the mood and now this. I'm not so cool with this."

"I'm not either," she assures and kisses him sweetly once. "Hey, I'm gonna take a shower and get dressed. Then I'll call for Cass. Maybe we can get some answers."

"Sounds like a plan."
Lizzy heads for the bathroom and disappears inside it. Dean waits for the shower to start before he sighs with complete let down. That whole morning encounter got him so fucking worked up that he's dying. He might have said it was ok to her face but really it wasn't. He certainly wasn't joking about blue balls.

Damn, and everything was perfect until she felt sick. Just perfect. She had no makeup on, her hair a little wild from sleeping on it all night… his wife looked amazing. But then again she always looks amazing with no clothes on. Ah, so sexy…

The next thing he knows he’s sitting back against the headboard of their bed, eyes closed as he replays the morning as closely as he can in his mind and his aching dick in his hand. Hey, sometimes a guy’s gotta do what a guy’s gotta do, right?
"Thanks for the sickie-friendly grub," Lizzy says quietly as she sits at the kitchenette table across from Sam eating her lightly buttered toast and fruit salad. After a disappointing start to her day with her morning sickness interrupting her alone time with Dean she's happy to at least have some food she might be able to keep down. It's the little things, right?

He nods back as he eats his own meal, knowing she's had a tough run. Granted, he couldn't give a shit about her tough run really but if he's going to keep duping his family into thinking he's just fine he has to do these little things now and then. He may not care but he's not stupid.

The room goes silent aside from the shower on in the bathroom where Dean is getting ready for the drive back. Wanting to cut the awkward and weird silence, which is the norm these days and odd due to how comfortable they used to be with each other, Lizzy speaks up and opens up a dialogue she's been dreading. She's heading home today so it's now or never.

"I miss you."

Sam just looks at her with an odd expression. He didn't see that comment coming and it catches him completely unprepared.

"It'd only been like, two weeks since I last saw you. Not even."

"Not what I mean," Lizzy explains as she takes a bite of toast. "I miss the old you, the you before the Cage."

"And I bet you miss the old Dean too." Sam plays devil's advocate with her in an instant, making the point that he should be a little off. Or at least that's what he's banking on to explain the changes in him.

Lizzy nods small. "Sometimes I do. Dean used to be, I don't know, lighter. Happier. He was able to let go of serious shit for a short time and be able to smile, really smile. And I know that hell still lives in his head, as it'll live in yours forever too." She drops her piece of toast and folds her hands on top of the table, looking straight at him. "But he's still Dean. He came back different in a way but he never lost who he is."

"You're saying I've lost who I am," Sam summarizes.

"I'm saying you're not my Sam. He's still my Dean but you… you worry me more than he ever did."

Sam doesn't respond to this.

"You used to be my brother form another mother," Lizzy tells him in a calm, warm tone, saying a phase she's said to him several time in the past. "We would actually talk to each other and if we hadn't in a while you would call me to unload about Dean or just check up on how I was doing. And it was so easy too. I never struggled to find things to say to you and we never had these awkward, weird moments between us. I feel robbed of my Sam-I-Am. I feel like Lucifer stole you from me."

"You're saying I've lost who I am," Sam summarizes.

"I'm saying you're not my Sam. He's still my Dean but you… you worry me more than he ever did."

Sam drops his fork and does what he can to seem sincere. He sets his face in a concerned look to appeal to her. "I think Lucifer stole me from me. I know I'm not the same, I do. I feel different and…"
Dean rebounded quickly. He had you to help with that. But I'm not Dean. I'm just not as strong as him."

"Well that's just total bull shit," Lizzy immediately calls him out in a certain, set tone. "I love Dean to death but he's not the stronger of the two of you."

"You're just trying to make me feel better…"

"No I'm not," Lizzy says with absolute certainty. "I'm telling you the God's honest truth as I see it. You had the strength to stand up to your father and never stop fighting him when you thought he was wrong. You were brave enough to walk away from the life to go to college and try to live normal, even knowing it'd hurt your family to do it. You've gone against everything and everyone for what you believe in so many times I couldn't list them and even if you picked wrong and took the wrong path you had the fucking balls to recognize your mistakes and try to make up for them. Shit, Sam… you were able to beat Lucifer at his own game. Dean couldn't have done any of that." Lizzy pauses with a heavy sigh. "You could. You're stronger than anyone I've ever met so if you're gonna tell me that Hell is gonna win out over you I'll call bullshit until I turn blue."

Lizzy blows out a hard breath when Sam once more doesn't respond, his face showing some emotion but not much.

"Look, I love you. I do. You know you mean the world to me, Sam-I-Am, but right now I, I don't feel it from you. I don't feel like you care as much as you used to unless it's about hunting. I feel weird around you when really… I just want the best friend I have left back. You know how little I have left. It's Bobby and Dean and you. If you need help then tell me. You know I'll help you."

"You can't," Sam tells her simply. "It's just something I have to work through on my own."

"Ok," Lizzy accepts with obvious disappointment. She looks down at her food and tries to eat again.

Sam knows this one. It's where he's supposed to try again to make her feel better because if he doesn't she'll stay suspicious.

"Don't be offended."

"I'm not."

"You seem it." He gives her a narrow eyed look much like Dean does when he questions her.

"Offended isn't the word for it," Lizzy explains. "It's sad. I want to help you and it makes me sad that I can't. I just hope that if you ever find yourself needing help, help I can give you, you won't think twice to ask."

"Absolutely," Sam very easily agrees. That's an easy one. He'll never ask for her help because he doesn't think he needs it as of right now. But it does make him wonder. She cares so much and in the eyes of Dean and Bobby that's a really wonderful thing. It's something they've come to depend on fiercely. Maybe it's a good thing to care. Maybe it's better to have the ability to care. Seems to go a long way with the people around him. Hmm…

"Good," Lizzy shares a small smile and dives back into forcing food down so that she has something to throw up next time she does. "I just worry about you, Sam. And I hope you still care about Dean and me because everything we're dealing with right now, the separation from each other and the putting our lives on hold… it's for you."

"Why?" Sam asks, not at all understanding why Dean would ditch if he didn't want to.
"Because you're not right. We want you back."

"Dean's not here to fix me… he's here because he'd rather be here."

Lizzy inhales steadily and silently counts to ten to reign in her fire before asking him, "Can we not do this again? This tug-of-Dean thing?"

Sam shrugs and lets it go. No skin off his back.

Sam pitting himself against her like that makes this whole conversation null and void for her. He's not hearing her. He just want to hunt with his brother and is somehow convinced that Dean will pick him every time. Lizzy would never want to make Dean choose over the two most important people in his life. That's so unfair and so awful for Dean. Her old Sam would never do that to his brother.

A few moments of terrible and unsettling silence and it's broken when Castiel arrives in the room.

"Hello," he greets to them suddenly but focuses on Lizzy as he stands by their table.

"Cass," Sam says almost automatically when he sees the angel standing there.

"Hey," Lizzy lets out with sheer happiness to see him back. But then she gets a load of his worn and weary appearance. "Everything ok?"

"I've been entirely too busy since I left you," he cryptically explains. "I haven't had much time to rest."

"Let me go grab Dean and you can fill us in quick then, huh? Take my seat," she suggests while standing up and hustling to the bathroom door. She knocks loudly. "Dean!"

"Yeah!?!" he shouts back through the crack in the doorway she opened.

"Cass is here. Rinse off."

"Yeah," he says with obvious relief and the shower turns off immediately.

"Is everything taken care of?" Sam asks the angel expectantly as Lizzy shuts the bathroom door and walks over to Cass with concern. Cass looks back at Sam with exhausted disappointment in the hunter. Why is he always expected to be the solver of all their problems? Just because he is the kind of being that he is, because he's an angel? That seems racist at best. He's feeling a bit used suddenly.

"It is," he says with a sigh as Lizzy grabs his arm gently and looks him over.

"You look terrible, Cassie," she tells him in the least insulting way possible as she guides him to her offered seat at the table that he didn't take. "Are you really alright?"

Considering her kind and caring nature as she doesn't take advantage of him unlike his other human friends, his expression softens for the first time all day.

"Because I feel like you're lying," Lizzy continues as she pushes him into the seat, forcing him to take a moment to rest. "And I know you well enough to know you'd lie like a rug to make me feel like you're fine when you aren't." She laughs a little. "Shit, maybe you need to stop hanging out with Dumb and Dumber so much. They're a bad influence on you."

"I was a bit sidetracked for a while," he admits to her, his hands folded in his lap. "I had some issues to attend to… Heaven related… while helping this town out. But I got back here as soon as I could to check up on you."
"We're fine," she tells him sweetly with a smile. "Don't worry about us. And we were ok with waiting. We know you're busy."

He smiles to her small, something he only really ever does when talking to her, as Dean opens the bathroom door, shaking out his wet hair as he joins them barefoot and in jeans and a t-shirt.

"I appreciate your patience, Elizabeth," Castiel kindly responds. He did well with her, making sure she stayed loving and truly, honestly caring through her life. He's had as much pride in her turn out as a parent would. Really, he's been almost that to her without her knowing so maybe he should feel that pride.

"You ok, Cass?" Dean asks as he takes his Styrofoam box of breakfast off the table while eyeing the angel. "You look like shit warmed over."

"Cass had a rough day," Lizzy says with wide eyes at him, telling him to cool it with his crude ways and be nice. "And he's gonna rest for a quick second while he lets us know what happened."

"Thank you," Castiel nods at Lizzy and she walks to the bed Dean settled on and sits with him, waiting Cass to explain. "After I left here I checked the town. It seems that when the incubus died its offspring disappeared with it into the dreaming realm. All the women in town are no longer pregnant. There will be no mass production of cambions. The current crisis has been averted once more."

"Well that's just awesome," Dean cheers with a mouthful of bacon. "And a little convenient."

"It's rare things work out so well. I suggest you be thankful," Castiel says in his worn voice.

"We are," Lizzy responds, being as thankful as she should be. "Trust me."

"So they all just poof and they're gone?" Sam questions.

"Yes."

"They disappeared like mine did?" Lizzy asks him, double checking.

Castiel tilts his head for a split second and answers, "Yes."

She smiles with relief knowing that the women they set out to help will be safe but then something dawns on her. "Shit. But they're gonna have so many questions. What can explain disappearing pregnancies like that? They'll be so heartbroken."

"I took care of that also," he says to them. "I erased the whole happening from the entire town's collective memory. No articles, no medical paperwork, they have no idea it ever happened. They never will."

"You can do that?" Sam asks with impression.

"I can do most anything… mostly," Castiel simply returns with.

"So... it's over," Lizzy finalizes. "Everyone's good. None of us are knocked up with monster kiddos."

"That is the truth. Everything is as it should be. Now I must go." Castiel starts to get up but Lizzy's on her feet in an instant, running towards him.

"Where do you think you're going?" she scolds like a mother.
"I have work to do."

"No way!" she pushes him back into his seat, the fact that she could do so showing how tired he is. Normally he's much stronger than that. "You're drained, Cass. Just relax and sit for a second. You can fill us in on what's been happening on your side of things while you catch your breath."

"I don't breathe," he answers and moves to get back up. She pushes him gently back down.

"Then fucking make me happy and sit for, like, an hour. I want to know what's going on with you and Heaven since I know it can't be good. After that you can go."

"I don't have time for such things," Castiel insists and gets up once more.

"Castiel, sit down!" she scolds him while pointing to the chair when he refuses to listen. "You need to take time to get better! Sit!" He doesn't move from his place standing on his feet. "I mean it!"

He stares at her without moving for a second, both brothers shifting their huge-eyed sights between the two of them with the argument. Neither have spoken to the angel quite like this in a very long time. And she uses her Big Scary Voice on them, sure, but never on Cass. And never has anyone tried to mother an angel of the Lord, they're both fairly sure.

At first Castiel looks highly agitated for the way she chooses to speak to him… but then, after a moment, a small and shockingly warm smile creeps across his face. Eyes softened as he peers at her with such warmth, he places a hand gently to her cheek.

"You care so much about the people you love. I feel honored to be included on that list," he tells her, making Lizzy's brow wrinkle with surprised confusion over the statement. "Your parents would be proud of you for the love you try to share with everyone you encounter. You will undoubtedly make a wonderful parent yourself one day. I look forward to seeing that."

And he vanishes.

"Son of a bitch!" Lizzy yells out with anger when he leaves. She turns to look at the other two in the room. "I swear he's gonna go and go and go until he's so exhausted that some Raphael-faithful is gonna get the drop on him. This isn't good."

"L, he'll be fine." Dean keeps eating his breakfast once Castiel is gone and the argument between he and Lizzy is over. "He's an angel. He can hold his own."

"In a civil war? In which he's going up against other angels and that douche-tard Raphael?" she challenges right back. "You two should be more worried about him." She points between the two of them before walking around the room and gathering up her things to pack for the ride home. "I swear that every time he's going to disappear like this I'm just gonna wanna puke with nerves over him."

"Castiel is a pretty powerful being," Sam nearly scoffs at her. "And he isn't your responsibility."

"But I'm his," she turns it all around. "I'm literally Cass' responsibility. He's my family and unlike you I care about my family."

"Whoa!" Dean calls out with her highly harsh statement that neither saw coming and stands up sharply, putting aside his meal onto the bed. "What's with the attitude, L?"

"That was a little uncalled for…." Sam remarks.

Lizzy pauses and stands tall with her hands on her hips and an incredulous look of utter bafflement
on her face. "Uncalled for? You mean like how uncalled for it is that you keep trying to make it a Sam versus Lizzy situation for Dean? Or do you mean like you breaking that salt line and fucking me over?"

"What!?" Sam asks with a plain face. "That was an accident."

Narrow eye on him, Lizzy says back, "I'm sure it was." She drops her bag and looks over to Dean. "I'm gonna go wait outside. Pack my shit and we can get the fuck outta here."

Lizzy stomps out of the room and slams the door behind her, leaving two very surprised people behind in her wake.

"She seem a tad bit upset to you?" Sam lightly asks over to Dean to break the tension.

"Dude," Dean shoots him a looks of sheer disappointment.

"What? What do you want me to say here?" Sam says back. "Clearly she thinks I set her up…"

"Did you?"

With Dean looking at him, his face set in stone suspicious and arms crossed over his chest, Sam starts to think he's been a bit transparent. Damage control time.

"I would never do that."

"You sure?" Dean continues to pry. "Because you've been pretty do-whatever-it-takes since you got out. You make me wonder, man."

Sam pauses for dramatic effect while doing his best bitchface by memory. "Lizzy is practically my sister. She's family, Dean. You remember what family is, right?"

"Oh, I remember," Dean emphatically returns. "I remember very, very clearly. I'm just not so sure that you do."

"All that I wanted was for you to get back on the road with me the second I was out," Sam continues to fight back against Dean's questioning of him. "I wanted my brother." He repeats what Dean said to him when they reunited, hoping to get back in his good graces.

"That's why you hid from me for a year?"

"No, I hid for a year so that you could be happy. Because I care about what happens to you and Lizzy and I want you to have what you want out of life." Puppy dog eyes in place he stares at Dean and goes in for the kicker. "Do you have any idea how hard it was to stay away that whole time? To let you think I was dead because I thought it was the only way to let you live a normal, apple pie life? Dean, it was awful."

The sad expression on Sam's face makes Dean second guess himself yet again. He's been back and forth constantly. First Sam puts Lizzy in danger then he gives him this whole speech about family and sacrificing for his brother's happiness. Shit. Why can't he just pick one way to feel about Sam and go with it? Why can't his gut just decide?

"I know, Sammy," Dean gives in because more than anything he just wants Sammy to be fine. He'll always overlook big issues to convince himself his little brother is ok.

And Sam relaxes. As long as family is a hot button topic for Dean he'll get by. His brother will never
"figure it out.

"Shit, alright," Dean looks around the room. "I'm gonna pack everything up and we better hit the road."

"Yeah, ok," Sam answers.

"Just give her a minute or two," Dean suggests. "She's just really moody right now. Hormones still off and all. She didn't mean it."

"So… this is like her time of the month?" Sam asks. "Bitchy one second, angry the next, then crying right after that?"

"It's gonna be a beautiful family road trip home," Dean smiles small and agrees.

"Alright, well, we'd better stop at the sporting goods store before we hit the highway then," Sam suggests as he joins Dean in packing up their room.

"For what?" Dean asks with confusion.

"I'm not going near her without a cup, man," Sam says and pauses to look at Dean with an arched eyebrow.

After he realizes Sam actually made a joke Dean laughs at this. Actually laughs. Hell, it was funny and too damn true to not be downright hilarious at the moment.

Sam huffs and keeps packing. They move quickly so as not to keep Lizzy waiting too long with her emotions rolling all over the place. As he cleans up the room he realizes Dean's looking relaxed around him again. For that alone he considers this a win even if he couldn't bag that alpha.

"Is the mutt home?" Dean asks Lizzy as they get out of the Impala after the seven hour drive.

"Why, did 'ya miss him?" she taunts with wide smile, knowing the answer.

"Shut up," Dean says in a silly tone as they both walk to the trunk to grab their bags. He then thinks about how much he does in fact want to see his dog. "Is he?"

"Yeah, he's in there," Lizzy says with a quiet laugh. "I was texting Jenny on the way home. She dropped him off a couple hours ago. They ended up keeping him the entire time we were gone. She said Brennan cried when he left."

"Yeah, those two love each other, don't they?" Dean says as he's seen his dog around the little boy enough to know there's definitely a mutual affinity there.

"So much," Lizzy laughs a little as she recalls the last time they saw them together. "And it broke Jenny's heart to separate them today. She mentioned how Brennan cried for a half hour after he was gone. He kept saying he wanted puppy. I think they should just suck it up and get a dog already."

Dean nods, knowing how happy it would make the little man as he hands Sam his duffel.

"How long you think we'll be here?" Sam wonders to his brother, not ready to sit still in this apartment and not hunt all the while continuing to pull the proverbial wool over Lizzy's eyes.

"Fuck, I don't know," Dean says in a harsh tone. "I just got home. I'm not even in the door and you want to hightail it outta town?"
"I just want to get to work," Sam shrugs as he turns to head for the front of the house as Dean shuts and locks the trunk. Lizzy takes a second and brings her arms around her husband's middle.

"Welcome home," she says with a very happy smile to him. "Stay as long as you want."

"I'm sure you'd love that," Dean plays right back.

"You know it," she raises her eyebrows once and gives him a quick peck on the lips. "Let's go see Cass."

Dean smiles down at her with the sound of this whole home and dog thing.

They head to the front where Dean unlocks the front door while he can see Cass jumping about frantically with excitement. The second he opens it up the dog flips, even barking with how excited he is to see his best buddies.

"Caaass!" Dean calls out as he immediately drops his bag and crouches down to the floor, petting his hyped up dog with absolute happiness. "Dude. I missed you, too."

"Jesus," Sam comments as he steps into the foyer around Dean and his dog. "Never thought I'd see the fucking day."

"Me neither," Lizzy grins wide as she watches.

Suddenly Cass looks over to Sam and backs up a step, growling up threateningly to him.

"Cass!" Dean shouts loudly at the pet with his reaction to Sam. This is the second time they've met and it's the second time he's growled at him. "Knock it off. Sam's cool."

The dog, confused by his owner's anger at him, retreats to the opposite side of Lizzy and keeps his distance between himself and Sam.

"What's wrong with you, buddy?" Lizzy asks him while leaning down, pulling him close to her as she scratches behind his ear. "You ok?"

Cass continues to stay away from Sam and sniffs at Lizzy, showing her affection and staying near to her.

Dean looks back and forth between the animal and Sam a couple times, knowing this can't be a good thing.

"And here I was always thinking you were the dog person of the two of us," Dean comments while standing up.

Sam just huffs a laugh and heads upstairs, leaving Lizzy and Dean to exchange uncomfortable looks with one another. Silently they head up after Sam, dropping their bags into their bedroom before plopping onto the couch with a grateful sigh each as Sam sits with his laptop open and already fired up. Lizzy sits closest to Sam and Cass settles himself right up next to her leg to clearly block Sam out.

"Oh my God!" Lizzy perks up suddenly after a moment of silence and enjoyment of being home and she sharply turns to look at Dean with her excitement. "Remember when you were worried I was gonna spoil Cass while you were gone and I said I fuck you and I would have him doing new tricks by the time you saw him next?"
"Yeah…" Dean sits forward and listens with a hint of excitement.

"Well check this shit out," she says with a wide smile plastered on her face. "Cass."

The dog looks up at her.

"It's Miller time!"

The second she says it he's off, disappearing from the room and heading down the hall.

"What's he doing?" Dean wonders when Cass is gone.

"Just wait for it." Lizzy grins so big with anticipation her cheeks hurt.

In a flash Cass is rounding the corner and heading right for her. He sits down at her feet with a can of beer in his mouth.

"Dude!" Dean shouts with pure love while totally impressed. "That is awesome!"

Lizzy takes the beer from Cass' mouth and passes it to Dean. "Not bad, huh?"

"Not at all," Dean smiles. "Cass. It's Miller time." And the dog is off again. When he comes back he sits right in front of Dean with his tail wagging happily, excited to make his owner so happy with a second beer can. "Oh man, you are so awesome, Cass!"

He takes the beer and pets him in thanks.

"Sammy? Beer?"

"Yeah," he answers, his face glued to the computer screen with a concentrated face.

"It's Miller time," Dean says again and Cass leaves for one more beer run. "Well done, L." He passes her one of the beers in his hand. They crack them open, clink cans, and each take a hefty sip.

"I knew you'd like this one."

"How does he get in the fridge?"

"Tied an old dish rag to the handle," she explains while sitting back and kicking off her boots. "He pulls it open with it and I keep the beer on the bottom shelf so he can reach."

"Color me impressed," Dean says as Cass comes back and sits in front of him again.

"Good boy," Dean cheers him on, scratching his head as he looks over to Sam. "Sammy."

He tosses the can and Sam catches it, cracking it quickly, taking a sip, and dropping it onto the coffee table to once more stare at his computer.

"You find some really good porn over there or something?" Dean asks his brother with his intensity aimed at the screen in front of him.

"Hmm?" Sam looks up and sees both Lizzy and Dean staring at him. "Ah, no. No porn. Looking at a possible hunt."

"We just got here," Dean asks with complete disbelief as he sits back on the couch like an upset child.
"Duty calls," Sam answers back without care and turns his computer to show Dean. "People are getting their chests cracked open in Wisconsin. Sounds like our kind of thing."

"Sam, can you at least give it a day? Please?" Dean just short of begs his brother. "I need a fucking day, man."

"Yeah, sure," Sam says succinctly as he shuts his laptop. "We'll just stay here so you can rest up while innocent people are killed. Sounds good."

Dean washes a hand down his face with pure frustration. Sam's point is far too valid and he knows his brother will simply leave without him tomorrow if he doesn't agree to come along. Damn it, he just wants to be home and recharge and be with his little family. Glancing to Lizzy and seeing the disappointment on her face, he sighs when she simply nods at him, understanding that he has to go. She doesn't want Sam out there alone at all after spending the past few days with him. He scares the crap out of her.

"Fine," Dean grits through his teeth, following it up with a hefty swig of beer. "But we're not leaving until after dinner tomorrow. I want home cooked food. And some time here."

"Seems fair," Sam nods once and gets up. The second he does Cass is running around the coffee table and sitting in front of Lizzy again, looking up at the stranger closely. Sam makes a wrinkled expression. "I don't think your dog likes me very much."

"I think you're right," Lizzy returns with, having noticed the same thing. Sam leaves the room to go to the bathroom and Lizzy looks down at Cass while petting his head. "Cass, what's the deal with you today? What's wrong?"

He just whines once and before burying his nose in her lap while sniffing at her stomach.

"I don't like that," Dean nods at their pet.

"Cass loves everyone," Lizzy adds on. "What's with the Sam-hate?"

"I don't know," he responds as he really doesn't get it.

Lizzy makes a hum of sad wonder as she continues to pet her dog.

"You seriously ok with this?" Dean out right asks her, thinking she can't possibly be this cool.

"You leaving?" Lizzy wants to clarify.

"Yeah."

"It seriously sucks," she tells him with all honesty. "But I get it. You can't stick around. We knew this would be the case when you left."

"Well if it helps I think it sucks too. Big time," Dean admits. "The cushion under my ass isn't even warm yet and he's chomping at the bit to amscray."

"Don't get all worked up," Lizzy stops him right away when she sees the growing anger. "This is officially a happy place until you leave tomorrow. No anger, no being bummed out because you're leaving, no Sam worries. Just hanging out, enjoying some time together, and maybe logging in some time in the bedroom away from weirdie-mc-skeevy-ton. And she gives him that look.

Dean stares at her for a second before smirking her way.
"What?" she wonders when he stands up to walk to the TV. He reaches behind the stand and unplugs the wireless connection from the wall before retaking his seat next to her. She's lost.

"What?"

Dean just winks as Sam comes back into the room.

"Sammy, you mind doing the research tonight while I enjoy the homestead while I've got it?"

"Ah, sure," Sam answers as he sits in his chair, placing the laptop back onto his lap. "No problem."

"Thanks, man," Dean smirks as he takes a sip from his can and makes a face of mischief at Lizzy. They stay silent until Sam groans with frustration.

"You guys having problems with your connection lately?"

Lizzy does all she can not to laugh right then and there. Her husband is so smart. Brilliant, really.

"Oh yeah," Dean exaggeratedly tells them. "It's been a pain in the ass. Sometimes we'd go whole nights where it'd be down. Just wouldn't fire up again."

"Not until morning, usually," Lizzy nods and plays right along.

"Shit," Sam complains, closing his laptop. "I can't get any work done then."

"I really gotta call the company to get this fixed," Lizzy keeps feeding into everything.

"You should," Sam agrees with her. "I'm gonna head out and go to a coffee shop or something. Get some Wi-Fi."

"Sounds like a good idea," Dean nods when Sam glances up to him while packing up his computer and standing. "We'll leave the light on for you."

"Ah, ok," Sam absently says and starts to head out the room. He pauses and turns back to look at Dean. Once he remembers, Dean reaches into his jean's pocket and tosses the keys to Sam. He catches them and nods his goodbye.

Lizzy, with a wide grin, makes excited eye contact with Dean as they both listen to Sam's boots make their way down the hall, down the stairs, and to the door. The second they hear the front door shut they bolt up from their seats.

Taking the lead, Lizzy sprints out the doorway with Dean reacting just as quickly, just inches behind her. They run into the bedroom, Dean kicking the door shut with such force that the sound echoes in the small room.

"You're the smartest man alive!" Lizzy shouts as she jumps up onto him, her legs around his waist and arms around his neck. She practically devours his mouth the moment she's on him, praising him for his quick thinking.

"Whatever it takes to get you alone, sweetheart," Dean smiles so wide Lizzy wonders when the last time it was that she's seen that particular smile from him. It was a while ago.

With his hands grasping hard to her ass to keep her elevated, Lizzy licks her lips as she yanks at his long sleeved Henley, pulling out from under her wrapped legs so that she can make it fly over his head. He only lets go of her for the quick couple seconds it takes to untangle himself from his clothing, his hands landing hard on the round curves of her ass once more to make sure she stays in
his arms.

While observing just how good he looks without a shirt on, Lizzy sighs with a wanting moan and gets an idea of her own.

"Want me to get the kimono?" she playfully asks as she kisses him one more time with sheer hunger.

"Ah, you sure about doing this?" Dean asks her, one hand still holding her up as his other comes to her cheek as he thinks back to that very morning. "You're not gonna run off on me and puke, are you? I won't survive that again."

Lizzy laughs a little at the question. "No, Hot Shot. I won't. I feel like shit for most of the day but by night time I seem to catch a break. I'm good to go."

His look of worry melts away into an expression of dark lust as he hears the good news. Dean drops her onto her feet, squeezing her ass with both hands again as he pulls her into him hard.

"Then why the hell aren't you wearing it already?" he challenges her.

"Good fucking question." Her eyes light up with that beautiful spark of excitement when she walks away from him and towards the closet. He watches her move while unbuckling the belt on his pants, letting himself marvel at her for a second. She moves with grace, something he's always admired about her. Mundane tasks always looked fluid, almost poetic when she did them. Her shirt and jeans make a pile on the floor atop her already shed boots and socks. The room only half lit as the sun sets outside, he takes a silent chick-flicky moment to himself. As her arms thread into the silky sleeves of the kimono while her back is turned he grins to himself a bit.

That is his. That's the woman he married, the woman who made him a one woman kind of man… a feat he previous assumed to be impossible. She changed his life, his world, and made him a better man by just simply being by his side. She showed him what true and honest love is as before her he didn't know it. He thought he did. Cassie had him enthralled for some time there and Lisa, well Lisa made him think that mind blowing sex alone might actually be what love is.

He was wrong.

But he knows it now. Lizzy steps out of her panties that she lowered once she had the kimono tied closed around her waist and he grins uncontrollably at the smooth, black and red patterned fabric. She bought that just to please him. She went all out on Halloween last year, dressing up in his fantasy just to see him have a good time. She's so concerned about making him happy… and she's the only one who's ever done that since his mother. John needed him to be his little soldier, Sam needed him to protect him, the world needed him to save it… but his mom was different. She did everything to make her little boy smile; cutting the crust off his sandwiches, bringing him to the zoo just the two of them while his dad had to work, reading to him every night before she sang him to sleep; no one has cared that much about making him smile other than his mother… until he met Lizzy.

"What's going on over there?" Lizzy asks when she turns around and sees how wrapped up in his head Dean is.

He just looks at her for a moment, the words just not forming right away. He had too many thoughts to pick just one to share.

"You make me happy," he says simply, summing up all of his current thoughts in one blanket statement.
Lizzy smiles her big toothy grin that made him fall for her in a second as she walks to him.

"Yeah?" she playfully asks as her arms circle his neck.

"Yeah," Dean answers back, lowering his pants after he realized he never did once he let his brain dig too deeply. "People don't usually care too much about the drifter passing through with two bucks to his name. Hadn't come across many people that actually gave a shit about me until I met you."

"Whoa," Lizzy says with wide eyes as she peers up at him. "Deep thoughts at a time when your girl is trying to get you naked." She jokes and Dean huffs a small laugh at this but retains his honesty.

"I mean it. You make me happy. No one's really done that or even cared to try since… since mom…" He stops short, still having a near impossible time ever speaking about his mother. As Lizzy can fully understand this kind of loss, she pulls him in tighter and kisses him differently than before. She does it with care instead of need.

"You've always deserved better than what you've been given," Lizzy explains to him, a hand to either side of his face as she keeps him close. "I just want to make up for all of that as much as I can."

Smiling small with her kind words, Dean looks away for second. He may be getting better at saying how he feels but he's still not great at it. Not by any means. What's worse is she always knows what to say. She grew up with a very open mother and second mother (as she refers to Lou's mom) so speaking her emotions never was a problem. Chalk it up to one more way she helps him become a better person every day of his life.

"You haven't had it easy either," Dean points out when he looks back to her.

"Easier than you!" she immediately rebuts. "I had twenty years of a really beautiful, really good life. You only had four."

"It's not a damn contest, you know?" he arches an eyebrow at her and smiles.

"I know… I'm just saying you've barely had more than a few moments to breathe easy since you were a kid. I hate that." She shakes her head. "I hate that your life has been what it's been. I want to make whatever it is now better than the past."

"And I want the same for you." He looks her hard in the eyes and tells her, "And because of that… I'm not sure I can leave tomorrow."

Her wrinkled expression looks back up at him.

"You don't want this kind of life anymore," Dean tells her what she already knows. "And you deserve better."

It kills her to say it but she does anyways. "So does Sam. He's a fucking mess and I'm not sure it's him in there, or just him. You need to help him. I know what I deserve but I can't have it until he's back to as normal as we can get him. You don't leave with him tomorrow I'm gonna kick your ass out that door myself." She sighs and smiles up to him. "Our deal still stands. You fix him, you bring him home, and then we can get back what we want in life."

She kisses him again, looking to basically shut him up so that they can get back to where they were before he got all wrapped up in guilt and whatever else there is rambling in that head of his.
"Mm, and you know what I think I deserve right now?"

When she grins up to him with sheer mischief in her eyes Dean smirks right back down at her.

"I think I have a pretty good idea of what you deserve," he slickly tells her, shifting gears right back into desire and leaving his worries for another, less naked-Lizzy-involved time as he slides his hands over the fabric of the kimono she's wearing, feeling her bare skin through the silky material.

"Tell me," she asks of him, eyes looking to him for what she wants to hear.

He knows she means tell her what he was about to do to her. Instead of answer it that way, Dean simply says with a shrug, "Everything."

Lizzy smiles something uncontrollable with the sweet comment. "You know I was looking for some patented Winchester dirty talk, right?"

Dean huffs a quick laugh and pushes her back a few steps while leaning down to kiss her. When Lizzy's legs hit the edge of the bed she sits down on it.

"Since when did you become so open and able to talk?" she messes around a bit while scooting up the mattress.

"Since your ass won't ever shut up I have to be more talkative just to keep up," he digs, her overly chatty nature something he's been very open about not necessarily enjoying.

"Such a dick head," she faux scolds him and he settles on top her.

"No, but you want my dick head," Dean quips right back without missing a beat. Lizzy giggles with the comeback, her laugh cut off when he leans down and kisses her.
A week later Lizzy finds herself sitting on the couch alone, beer in one hand while scratching behind Cass’ ears as he sits on the floor next to her, his furry chin resting on her knee. She and her dog have been back to default the second Dean left to go back to hunting and fixing his brother; extra-long walks, learning new tricks, and relaxing at night while hanging around the apartment.

Cass picks his head up and moves in closer to her, his nose nudging and smelling at her stomach as he's been oddly doing a lot of that lately.

"What the hell are you doing, you weirdo?" Lizzy asks him as she sits up in her spot. "Why do you keep doing that?"

The dog continues on, getting more insistent even, and Lizzy gives up. She drops down onto the floor with her back against the foot of her couch. Cass buries his muzzle in her middle, whining just a bit before lying down on the rug next to her, his head on her stomach like a pillow.

"Ok, if this is just you calling me fat then no more treats for you, pal," Lizzy threatens with a smile, her lovey-dovey dog making her happy with the attention he pays her for whatever reason. It's still adorable. The amount that she's come to love this guy is more than she ever expected.

The current rerun of The Office she had on ends and an episode of Frasier begins. She instantly changes the channel.

"Frasier… fucking stupid name," Lizzy mutters to herself with annoyance over the show she finds no humor in and flips around until she hits the local news. An old hunting habit sets in and she listens up to the random local stories of the night. You never know when one will sound just fishy enough to be a case. Not that she was looking for one, of course… but if something was happening in the area it wouldn't suck to call Dean and get him back for a few days.

A story about a local man dying in a car accident on route 95, yet another a recent public faux pas made by Mayor Menino, a fluff piece on a cat that saved a baby from a house fire, and followed up by local sports… nothing concerning there.

She drinks her beer and pets her dog a little more as the news continues on, her ears perking up with one particular story about Niveau Pharmaceuticals.

*Pharmaceuticals giant Niveau issued a rather disturbing recall earlier this morning. According to their media representative there was a, as they put it, 'mix up' with a large amount of packages of the popular birth control pill Neuvela. Somehow the pack had been reversed while being assembled.*

Lizzy's eyes shoot up to the screen with a concerned look.

*The normal pill pack consists of three weeks of hormone supplements and one week of placebo, or sugar pills. In the defective packs the placebos were placed into the three active week rows and the fourth row contained the effective pills. Due to this mistep on Niveus' part there have been six reported unplanned pregnancies that have occurred. There are talks of a class-action lawsuit being brought against the pharmaceutical company by these women and experts are certain that more women will come forward following this announcement. Still to come tonight our special report on Biggerson's. Is their food fit for human consumption? One employee certainly doesn't think so…*

She stops listening at this point. Nuevela. That name is ringing a bell harder than she thinks it should.
While standing up quickly and walking with long, skittish strides to her purse, Lizzy can feel the flash of panic wash over her. She still hasn't been feeling very well and come to think of it her morning sickness from that incubus false alarm should be gone by now. And the strange attention Cass has been giving her is definitely suspect.

Lizzy dumps the contents of her purse out on the floor in a sudden panic as she realizes how tired she's been lately. More than usual. She's been ignoring it, chalkling it up to living like a hunter again for a few days in a row, but then again she's had more than enough time to rebound. She hasn't.

She finds the purple plastic case of her birth control pills and slides out the pack with shaking hands. On the bottom corner the name of the medication is printed right next to the name Niveus.

Nuevela.

Her pills are defective. They haven't been effective this whole month and it's nearly up. She started taking this current pack a day short of three weeks ago.

Shit. Oh shit. Oh no.

She sits there for a second, frozen in place with fear and utter shock. Her mind doesn't really churn at all, it just simply doesn't move. There's nowhere for it to go except for one place.

She's pregnant.

She is. It makes way too much sense. Her dog knew, that's why he was being weird around her, sniffing at her middle and being super protective. Dogs have been known to have a sixth sense about their owners and their health.

And her puking during the day and napping in the afternoon doesn't bode too well for her either.

And the incubus, it knew. That's why it wasn't afraid to kill her and the baby. She'd probably been pregnant already and it wasn't his child the whole time.

Fear envelopes her quickly once she sees the big picture. Hunters don't have kids, they don't. Not one of them out there is dumb enough to bring a child into the pain and gore of their lifestyle. It's too ugly, too dangerous and she and Dean both swore they'd never do that to their own. And what about all the things that have a price on her and Dean's heads? They are going to come after them and their baby now. Mercy is not something most demons, monsters, and other assorted evil bitches possess and it'd be a constant battle to keep a child safe in their world.

But still. She pregnant. She's going to be a mother. She's having Dean's child. She's going to make Dean a father.

"Oh my God," she whispers to herself before closing a hand over her mouth. She flashes a smile with the sudden and complete happiness that consumers her in a split second with the thought. She and Dean are having a baby. All fear aside, this is the one thing she's always wanted from the day she met her husband. This is what they were meant to do. Family is A-number-one to both of them and now… they've made their family bigger. The giddiness washes over her as she can't stop herself from being so excited it nearly hurts.

With both hands to her stomach, Lizzy thinks about this last hunt a little more. The pain on Dean's face when he thought she was pregnant with a baby that wasn't his was excruciating to see… and all for nothing. It was his. It's always been his.

And Cass! He told her that her pregnancy didn't feel evil when he checked on her. He claimed it felt
good when he did his angel-check-up thing and was confused when she said it was the incubus'. He knew. Shit, maybe he knew all along. That would mean he lied to them. Why would he do that?

"Cass!" Lizzy yells out to him loudly, her dog coming to her instantly. "Oh shit, not you buddy. Sorry." She pets him crouched on the floor anyways as she tries again. "Cassie! I mean it! You're in huge trouble with me so you better haul some angel ass!"

"Hello, Elizabeth," she hears him say when she looks up at him standing right in front of her in the living room. His voice gives him away. He knows why she called.

Her dog instantly barks at the sudden intruder and puts himself between Castiel and his owner. He growls once.

"Easy, Cass!" she directs to the dog, needing him to relax and not attack the angel.

"Am I not calm?" Castiel wonders after he hears her comment.

"What?" Lizzy asks, highly confused while standing up facing Castiel.

"I don't understand."

They stare at each other for a beat as Lizzy puts it all together.

"Oh, um, shit. Yeah, I wasn't talking to you, Cass. I was talking to him, Cass," Lizzy points to the agitated animal. "This is our dog. His name is Casanova but we call him Cass for short."

"You gave him the nickname Dean designated to me?" the angel asks in obvious upset. "You named an animal after me?"

"Can you blame me?" she asks with surprise that he doesn't see it. "Just look at him."

Castiel hesitates with disbelief but eventually lowers to the floor in a crouch, peering right into the dog's bright blue eyes. The dog does the same while looking right back, neither moving. They study one other. Both versions of Cass tilt their heads at the same time, mirroring the other, until Casanova breaks the moment by licking Castiel's cheek with easy acceptance of him.

The angel sighs as he scratches the dog's head. "I can see the resemblance, though I can't say I approve of sharing a label with an animal," Castiel explains to her. "Though he is a loyal and noble one, and he cares about you a very great deal."

"You can tell that?"

"Yes," Castiel answers simply enough as he stands up to look at her.

"So… you got anything you wanna tell me?" she asks him with a suspicious expression when he chooses not to speak first.

"I do not understand," he cocks his head to the side just a bit and narrows his eyes.

"You wanna tell me about this," she asks with a bitchy face as she takes his hands and presses them flat against her lower stomach. He looks at her with a slight smile tugging at the corners of his mouth before his expression is replaced with a guilty one as he looks at her.

"So you know," he simply says, all the while soaking in the truly good, pure feeling he's getting from the life growing inside of her.
"Of course I know!" she shouts as she pushes his hands away from her. Her patience is gone. "You think I wasn't gonna piece this one together!"

Castiel once more bites his tongue.

"Why didn't you just let us know?" Lizzy asks him, her fire gone with the regret and guilt he feels. She can sense it.

"It wasn't my place to," Castiel says honestly. "Once the incubus was dead and I was sure it was Dean's I..." He sighs with frustration. "It has always appeared to me that discovering one is with child is a big moment in life. I didn't want you to miss out on that. I let you go through this in a normal way because isn't that what you've always wanted? Normal?"

"Well... yeah. Thanks, I think," Lizzy responds stubbornly, appreciating the gesture as much as it pisses her off. "And this isn't normal."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean I got knocked up because of a drug company fuck up. That's nowhere near normal."

Castiel looks away from her as he nervously nods. He prays she never figures out the hand he had in that one. If only Dean and Lizzy hadn't taken so long to get to where they are now he wouldn't have had to do such a deceptive thing. Desperate times...

"Can you tell if it's ok?" Lizzy asks of her angel and he looks back at her, brow furrowed. "It's just... last time, you know. Didn't go so well." She shifts awkwardly on her feet with worry as she recalls the miscarriage. "I don't want that to happen again."

"I understand," Castiel says to her before he replaces his hands on her abdomen again. He closes his eyes and takes an angelic look.

Lizzy just stares at him with wide eyes, anticipation killing her. When Castiel opens his lids again and slowly takes his hands back a true smile spreads across his face, a rarity.

"It's perfect," he says to her. "You shouldn't worry about anything. You are healthy. So is that child."

Lizzy exhales the breath she'd been holding with a grin. She laughs a little to herself as she doesn't know what else to do. Cry maybe? Do a cartwheel? There's just a boatload of emotions attacking her all at once.

"That's good," she nods sharply with at least the news that this time around would be different. "Oh God, what are we gonna do?"

Castiel can see the panic making a rapid attack on her and takes ahold of her shoulders. He makes their way to her couch and sits her down before he takes a seat next to her.

"You are going to have a child," Castiel spells it out for her. "And you are going to be a parent... a very good one at that."

Lizzy looks over to him, asking for help through her expression but what kind of help she doesn't really know.

"Elizabeth, this is a good thing," he promises to her. "You and Dean..."
"You have to look after it," she tells Castiel, her sudden fears spilling out. "You watch my ass for the next nine months and then after that you stop. I want you to focus on him… or her. You need to protect it like you've protected me."

Castiel looks at her, the request a big one.

"I mean it!" she emphasizes. "You don't bother with me anymore, I'm a big girl. You promise me you'll focus only on this kid. It needs you way more than I do."

She may not know that this was already his set plan far before she herself was even born but Castiel goes along with it. "Your child will always be safe if I have anything to do with it. I promise you that."

Lizzy nods her thanks as the lump in her throat gives way. The tears all too quickly fill her eyes as her face contorts with the overwhelming everything.

"Oh, Elizabeth," Castiel says in a warm tone, pulling her in by an arm around her frame as she cries. She rests her head on his shoulder. "You have to know this is a good thing."

"I'm terrified," she chokes out.

"Don't be," he tries to soothe her. "You will be an exemplary mother. Dean is sure to be a great father… all be it an extremely overprotective one… and I will always be there for you both. For you three."

"I know," Lizzy answers while taking a deep breath. She wipes her eyes and backs away. "God, how the fuck do I tell Dean about this? He's gonna flip his shit."

"If that means he will be irrational then yes, it is a foregone conclusion," the angel easily agrees, seeing nothing but truth in the statement. "But he will also be happy. I do know that. Dean has been training for this his whole life. Just ask his brother."

"You make a very good point." Lizzy sniffs as she calms down from her quick moment of breakdown. "But why now? God, Sam's a mess and Dean has to be on the road to keep an eye on him… this is the worst timing ever."

"There never was going to be a perfect time," Castiel assures her, knowing now that it's completely true. "Focus on the more positive aspects. You've wanted a family for so long now. You're getting it. Rejoice."

Lizzy sighs audibly as she really thinks about it. "Oh my God. Someone's gonna call me mom. Ha." She laughs slightly with the thought. "I'm gonna make Dean a daddy. Oh fuck." She can't help but love the way that sounds. "Shit. I have to call him."

"I will leave you to that then," Castiel says as he stands, knowing he wants no part in that. "If you think you need me do not hesitate. I will hear you, no matter where I am."

"I know, Cassie. Thanks." Lizzy smiles to him.

"Yes, well… you are welcome."

Just before he can disappear from her living room, Lizzy blurts out, "I love you."

He stares at her, surprised by the statement she's never said to him before. No one, angel or otherwise, has ever said that phrase to him, actually. It stuns him.
"I do," she keeps going when he doesn't respond. "You're family. And I love you."

Looking around the room uncomfortably, he feels a tug of guilt over all he's been doing behind her back. He pushes past it, knowing his actions are just, even if she would never understand.

"And I you," he says very quickly before flying off and leaving her.

Once Castiel is gone the anxiety really sets in, a sheen of sweat flashing over her skin with the looming fear. She has to tell Dean. She's fairly sure this will be like purposely setting off a nuke wherever he is by telling him but at least a bartender will be making plenty off of him as soon as she gets the news out. Silver lining.

Lizzy plops down with a heavy sigh onto her couch. She reaches for her beer and picks it up, ready to calm her nerves. Right when the bottle touches her lips she chides herself for her stupidity.

"Moron," Lizzy calls herself as she drops the bottle and picks up her phone. She dials quick, before she chickens out. "Can't drink anymore." She brings the phone to her ear. "Right when I need it the most."

The line rings several times, her heart beating faster with every single one. Where the fuck is he?

*You've reached Dean's cell phone. You shouldn't know this number. Leave your name and flavor of crazy at the beep.*

*Beep*

"Hey, Hot Shot," Lizzy shakily greets. "I need to talk to you. Call me when you get this and have a good couple minutes. I love you." She sighs. "I miss you… so much."

She hangs up. She places her phone on the coffee table before sitting back and picking at the black nail polish on her fingernails. This is going to be one hell of a waiting game to play if he's going to be having a busy couple of days. She understands but she fucking hates it.

Her dog comes up right next to her and sits at her feet.

"Well at least now I know why you've been all kinds of weird lately," Lizzy leans down to scratch his head. "You knew, didn't you, you little shit?"

He licks her hand once.

"Aw, you care, don't you?"

Cass doesn't answer but Lizzy knows he does.

For a moment she contemplates calling Bobby. Right now she needs someone to talk to but can she tell Bobby before she tells Dean? That doesn't really seem too fair.

"Fuck," she says to herself when she realizes she has to wait.
Leaning against the Impala as he waits for Sam to get done in the cop shop, he plays with his cell phone. He's almost afraid to call his wife back at this point. She left a voicemail days ago asking him to call her when he had a minute. Clearly something is on her mind and after being busy outright for seventy-two hours give or take it looks like he's ignoring her. He isn't, not at all, his job just got in the way.

She'll understand, Dean thinks to himself as he speed dials her. He misses her enough as it is and delaying the inevitable because of his nervousness over her mood isn't going to make that better.

The line rings once before she picks up.

"Dean?"

"Hey."

"Are you guys ok?" she asks, sounding worried.

"We're fine," Dean assures her. "It's just been slightly on the insane side lately. Samuel wasn't kidding. Shit is freakin' weird these days."

"Oh, thank God," she sighs. "Not hearing from you for days... fuck, you know how I get."

"I'm really sorry about that," Dean apologizes while looking around, a force of habit. Hunters should know their surroundings at all times. "And I know you want to talk to me but I just never had the time."

"It's ok," she tells him. "And I do have to talk to you. It's kinda important actually."

"Can you wait another day then?" he asks her, trying to make everything better if he can. "I'm actually not far. I'm about a night's drive."

"Yeah?" she asks him with much hope. "So, you think...?"

"Well, there's some stuff I gotta do here first."

"Of course."

"But I was thinkin' that, uh, I'll wrap up here, and, y'know, make sure I'm not followed but I can head on home for a day or two."

"That would be awesome," Lizzy says and he can practically hear her smile. "I'd rather talk to you in person anyways."

"Something wrong?" Dean asks, getting an odd feeling from her.

She pauses. "No. Nothing's wrong. I just need to talk to you. Don't worry about it."

"You sure?"

"I'm sure." No need to worry him any more than he is on a daily basis.

"You'd tell me if something was wrong..."
"Will you just shut up and get your ass home?" Lizzy huffs a laugh at his constant nervous state. "I can't wait to see you. I miss you."

And he couldn't stop smiling if he tried. "Yeah. Miss you too."

"Just call us when you're close."

"Us?" Dean questions her word choice.

"Yeah..." Lizzy says slowly with her misstep and pauses. She's already thinking of herself and the baby as us. "Me... and Cass. He misses you too, you know."

Dean just laughs at this.

"Just come home, baby. And be careful."

"Course," he tells her as he watches Sam makes his way out of the police station and towards the car.

"I love you, Dean." The sincerity hits him hard.

"You too," he says and hangs up as Sam steps up next to him.

"What're you so stoked about?" he asks when he sees the warm smile on Dean's face.

"What? Nothin'," he lies and Sam gives him a look of bullshit. "It was Lizzy."

"Ah," Sam nods. "So whipped."

"Shut up," Dean angrily spits back. "What do you got?"

Sam hands him a pile of missing persons cases. "Six girls in seven days, which is more disappearances than this city has seen in over a year... all about the same age."

"And cute," Dean adds, getting a scoff from Sam. "Hey, ice cream comes in lots of flavors, Sam."

"Says the married man that just got off the phone with his wife."

"I'm married, not dead... yet, at least."

"Well, half a dozen girls, late teens, a shower away from greatness. Sounds like a profile. I mean, what else they got in common?"

"Well...six directions to go here," Dean says, ready to get down to business. "Pick a number."

"Seven. Another call just came in today."

Looking up the side of the house, Dean eyes their bedroom window. He broke every speed limit there is while bombing along the highways to get to her after what happened. The blinding headlights of passing cars didn't help all that much either. Driving was horrific but he'd do it again in a second.

He's devastated. With a pit of sheer horror in his stomach he continues to stare at the window he knows Lizzy is on the other side of, most likely asleep at three in the morning. This is wrong. This isn't how this is supposed to happen. Of all the ways to go out...

And a car comes down their street and he gets distracted by the need to shield his eyes... and dive at
the car and drain the blood of the people inside it. He's starving. The strength it's taking to not bite
down on every person within a one mile radius and drain them all is ridiculous.

Once the car passes he's left in the silence of the middle of the night in their semi-quiet
neighborhood. He can't tell her. He'll make Sam promise not to either once he gets back and Samuel
surely kills him. After what happened to Lou… he could never let her know the truth of his death.
It's the same damn thing, being taken down by turning into a vamp. She'll never get past it and what
would become of her after that scares him to his core. He can just picture her out there alone, maybe
with Sam, on a vampire vengeance trip. She'd be ruthless and would give up her normal life in a
second. He thinks of Gordon and the monster he became and wants none of that for his Lizzy.

Time is ticking and his hunger is only getting worse. He has to get this over with.

Forgoing the idea of using the front door so that Cass doesn't bark his ass off when he senses evil, he
deftly climbs the outside wall of their apartment much like the vamp that turned him hours ago. It's
was shockingly easy to do and he can see for the first time the perks of being a supernatural creature
himself. The other side might be more fun.

Once he gets to the window, knowing it would be cracked as Lizzy always likes to sleep in a cooler
room cocooned in blankets, he quickly pops the screen out of place and pulls up the window. He
climbs in, moving in near silence, another perk of the new position he has in life.

Inside he stands at the foot of the bed, just looking at her. She's sound asleep, her breathing louder
than usual with his newfound perfect hearing, and he hears the even drumming of her heart beat. She
has no idea of the disaster he's about to leave her with. Right now life is just fine for her. More than
anything Dean wishes he didn't have to do this to her. He's less afraid of death than he is of leaving
her by herself.

He must have been staring too hard as she suddenly stirs in her sleep. She breathes in deep with
shock when she cracks open her eyes to see him standing there. She reaches for her gun instantly and
aims.

"It's me," Dean tells her, not even flinching with the weapon drawn on him. She couldn't really hurt
him with it anyways.

"Dean," she sighs out with relief. "What the fuck?"

"Hey." He doesn't really know what else to say.

"Jesus, you scared me," she tells him as she puts the safety back on and drops her gun on the
nightstand. He can hear her heart pounding now with the surprise of seeing him. "I wasn't expecting
you for at least another day." She turns on the lamp and the light stings his eyes. He lets her keep it
on and deals with the pain so as not to freak her out by asking for it off.

"Yeah, yeah..." he nods while walking closer to her despite the smell of her blood filling his nose
and making his stomach growl. "I wanted to see you." He takes a seat on the edge of the bed as she
sits up.

"That's sweet," Lizzy tells him as she scoots closer to him. When she does he flinches a bit and
inches away from her. "What's up? You okay?"

"Listen..."

"Uh-oh," Lizzy says, a hand dropping gently on his shoulder with the bad vibe she gets from him
tone. "What's going on?"
"It doesn't matter," he lies to her. "But I need you to know...you...just, uh...I love you. I will always love you, no matter what happens or what tomorrow looks like. Ok?"

"Ok," Lizzy nods as she slides out from under the covers to sit right next to him. Off in the distance Dean catches the sound of a second, smaller and weaker heartbeat and he shakes his head to get rid of it. "Dean, you're scaring me." He cups his face and looks at him, seeing the fear in his eyes. "Talk to me."

The second heartbeat gets louder when she comes closer but he doesn't focus on that. The smell of her, she smells so delicious, makes him move away from her fast.

He stands up and steps away from her for her safety. "Oh, God, I'm Pattinson..." he mutters under his breath.

"What?" Lizzy asks as she couldn't hear him.

"Nothing. I..." Dean pauses when he looks at her sitting there. She's so beautiful. Damn it. "I'm sorry. I should have stayed home this whole time. Going with Sam was a bad idea. This is my fault."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"You've been..." He just looks at her and wants to break down right then and there. "Everything. Everything to me. I just, I love you... and I'm sorry I'm doing this to you. I gotta go..." He heads for the door, ready to speed out and avoid his dog who won't understand his change.

"What the fuck!?" Lizzy shouts out with protest and anger as she flies out of bed and blocks his way out the door. "No, you can't just show up here like this, confessing your love and then ditching..."

"Believe me, I wish it was different. I'd give anything..."

"Just stop and explain to me what's going on with you," Lizzy asks of him, her hands pressed to his chest as she looks up to him.

"I can't," he tells her as he reaches to remove her hands from him. She instead grabs the sides of his face and forces him to look at her.

"No lies," she tells him, looking right into him as she stares up at him. "After everything, don't lie to me."

She smells so good. He's so fucking hungry. She's so close...

"Just tell me. Baby, tell me what the hell is going on. Please."

Her heart gets louder, contrasted by the weaker one he can still oddly hear, and he snaps. Dean grabs her shoulders and slams her against the nearest bedroom wall. As her heart begins to race he stares at her, eyes narrowed and concentrated, he moves in closer to her. He knows it's wrong and he knows how dangerous it is to be this close to her but he can't get himself to back up. His lips inch toward hers but then make a slight detour, moving more for her neck.

"Dean?" she whispers his name to catch his attention while he makes her horribly nervous.

The sound of his name snaps him back into his better judgment, reminding him he was here to say goodbye, not feed on the woman he loves. He steps away and turns around, hiding his face as his fangs descend with the need to eat.
"I gotta go..." he quickly says and yanks open the bedroom door, rushing out into the hallway as Cass springs up from his dog bed in the living room.

"Dean, stop," Lizzy demands as she follows him. He presses a hand to his mouth as Cass starts barking wildly at him. He runs down the hallway, pounds down the stairs and burst through the front door.

Lizzy's left in a suddenly quiet apartment with zero explanation for what just happened. And she's not accepting it.

Dean runs for his car, digging his keys out of his pocket as he does. He dives into the driver's seat and turns the key immediately. Throwing Baby in reverse he starts to back out when he can hear her heart beat just before seeing her run around the corner of the building towards him.

"Dean!" he hears her yell to him while jogging towards him in her tank and shorts she fell asleep in but he ignores it. He floors it and peels out of the parking lot before he can do damage that he cannot reverse.

This was a bad idea.

He should have seen this coming. And he should have assumed he'd get a call from her the second he knew Dean was gone.

"Hey, Lizzy," Sam greets the second he picks up the call.

"What the hell is going on!?" she near shouts and he has to pull the phone away from his ear with her volume.

"I take it Dean came by for a visit," he flatly assumes with her panic.

"What's wrong with him!?" she demands while still highly worried. "And don't you lie to me, Sam! Tell the truth!"

"It's nothing we can't handle so relax," Sam tells her with a very calm demeanor. "Dean'll be just fine."

"Just fine!?" Lizzy asks with absolute disbelief over his calmness. "My husband just stopped by to tell me the goodbye/I love you speech and ran off… literally. Start talking, Sam! Now!"

"Look, Dean… he's…" Sam knows he can't say turned. He just can't. If he's going to keep Dean on the road with him then she can't know this one considering her past. "Cursed."

"Cursed?" Lizzy asks, not sure if she should believe it or not.

"Yeah. He got himself cursed," Sam says with a lax tone. "I told him not to look at that psychic chick like he did but you know Dean."

"What's the curse?"

"Death by… addiction," Sam quickly lies. "We're not sure which one it'll be for him since he has a few."

"Tie him down if it's sex," Lizzy sighs, hoping he's not going to go out and start banging strange like a mad man.
"I was hoping for alcohol, myself," Sam jokes. "Then again, sex, booze, cheeseburgers, violence… tying him down might be the right answer for all of them."

"I'm sorry, is this not concerning to you, Sam?" Lizzy asks with his ease.

"I'm very concern," he tells her, and in a way he is. Just not in the same way she is. "I'm just trying to keep you relaxed. You know I'm not gonna let this take Dean down. Samuel's on his way and we're gonna fix this. You'll see him in a few days."

"Are you sure?"

"I promise."

"But he showed up so fucking freaked…"

"Because he's scared to leave you," Sam answers, it being the logical truth. "But he's overreacting. We've dealt with much worse before." That part is a total lie.

"You better take care of him, Sam," she warns heavily. "I need him now more than ever."

Sam just rolls his eyes. "I'm sure you do. Look, get some sleep and I'll call you when it's over. Then we'll pop by and you can see firsthand that he's just fine."

"You don't bring him back alive I'll kill you."

"I know you will." Sam smiles. She really would try. He respects that.

"Be careful."

"I will."

Sam ends the call and takes a second to appreciate just how damn good he is. Talked his way out of a shitty situation on that one. He's impressed himself this time around.

Days. It's been days since he's stopped over in the middle of the night to freak her out completely and she hasn't talked to him yet. Her anxiety is off the charts with the combination of wondering how he is and what she has to tell him.

Yeah, Dean shot her a text to assure that he was ok and to apologize for scaring her like that. She immediately called him back but he didn't answer. He hasn't for days. She's getting antsy, angry, and she's about to pop with pure nervous energy. She just wants him home so she can tell him. This secret is killing her and the sooner they talk it out the better.

She has to get to work soon, her shift is in an hour, and she figures what the fuck. She got ready early and decides that the twelfth time is the charm. Lizzy dials his number and almost crosses her fingers with hope.

Dean's cell rings as he's getting out of his car to go meet up with Sam, or whatever the fuck that monster actually is. He pauses to take his phone out of his pocket and when he sees Lizzy's name on the screen yet again he knows he has to answer. He's put her through enough with his ignoring her and trying to deal with one thing at a time and he owes her.

"Hi."

"Jesus, thank God!" Lizzy says when she hears his voice. "I've been trying to get you on the phone
"for days!"
"Yeah, it's been crazy."
"Are you ok? Curse free?"
"Curse?" Dean questions. "Who the hell told you I was cursed?"
"Sam," she answers quickly, settling on the couch Indian-style as she knows he's fine already. She can tell. "You had to know I was gonna call him after your little midnight visit."

"Yeah," Dean agrees and finds himself truly unable to have this conversation right now. He's got to go and figure out Sam now that Veritas is on his side. He wants the truth from Sam and he needs to get it now. "L, I'm sorry, but this is actually the... worst time in the universe to talk. Can we do this later?"

"You ignored my calls for days after giving me the 'I love you, I'm gonna die' speech at three am. How about we do this now?" She's not letting him off the hook that easily.

"It wasn't like that."

"Then how was it? Because that conversation sounded pretty final to me."

"I can't really explain," he says. He won't tell her about the vamp turning. No fucking way.

"Look, I really need to talk to you, Dean…"

"I know, I'm sorry," Dean sighs. "But you know I'm ok now…"

"It's not just about that," she says and bites her lower lip with nervous fear, her free hand pressed to her lower abdomen. "I have to tell you something. I've had to tell you something for days."

"Well… what is it?"

"I don't want to do it over the phone," Lizzy tells him. She thought about it and decided that in person was the way to go. Telling someone he was going to be a dad doesn't feel appropriate to do over the phone. "I really need you to come home."

"I don't know when I'm gonna be able to do that," he cringes as he tells her.

"Please, Dean… I need to see you."

He closes his eyes with what she asks. It's so simple and so small but he just doesn't think he can do it. He's pulled in so many directions that stretched thin doesn't cover it.

"I wouldn't be harping on this if it wasn't honestly important," she promises. "It's a big one. So come home."

"L, I seriously can't handle a lot more coming at me hard," Dean tells her the truth, assuming what she has to say will be bad. "Whatever this is, you can tell me now. Just get it over with."

"I don't want to... not like this."

"But you might not have a choice here. Just tell me. Whatever it is it can't be that bad."

Frustrated that he isn't hearing her, not really, she asks, "You want to know the truth? You want to
“I need you to come home so I can tell you in person what's happening with me?” She can feel the truth bubbling to the surface no matter how much she doesn’t want it to.

“Yeah.”

“I'm pregnant.”

Dean freezes in place while leaning against his car. He blinks once but doesn't move as he tries to comprehend her words. "I'm sorry… um… I'm probably still woozy from the last blow to the head I took because I thought you just said that you were pregnant.”

"I did," Lizzy tells him, not able to stop herself from talking. "Because I am. Dean, I'm pregnant.”

Dean can't speak. He can't talk. He can't kick start his brain back into functioning.

"I'm so sorry," Lizzy suddenly says as her better judgment returns. "I don't know why I told you that. I wanted to wait, do it right. I wanted you to be home with me for this. Oh shit, I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault," he lets her know. It really isn't. He's the one that said he wanted the truth, invoked Veritas, and here's a big fat face-full of that truth. He thinks back to just a week ago with concern. "Are you sure it's mine?"

Usually this would be an insulting thing for a woman to hear but after the incubus attack Lizzy doesn't get the least bit offended. "Yes," she says lightly. "I freaked and called for Cass. He checked. It's yours, it's human… and it's healthy."
happening right now."

"I said I was never gonna raise a kid in this shit," Dean sadly says as he leans forward and pinches the bridge of his nose. This is his first truly comprehensible thought. "I swore I'd never do what dad did to us."

"And we won't," Lizzy assures. "We'll figure it out. It won't be the same."

"You can't promise that."

"Yes I can."

"No you can't, L."

"Yes I can, Dean," she repeats with determination. "You thought I was fierce before when protecting your ass? I'm already a million times worse about this little one and I've only known about 'em for what... a week? I will not give our kid anything but a happy, safe childhood. Bet on that. Bet the fucking Impala on that."

She's serious. She's putting Baby on the line for that bet.

Dean huffs with the sound of it. "Our kid."

"Yeah," Lizzy smiles for this one. "Our kid."

"That's fucking batty."

"I can't believe you haven't hung up and drove to California yet," Lizzy laughs a bit. "Or punched something."

"The only thing I'm around is Baby and I'm not punching her."

"Oh hell no," she says as she knows he'd never do such a thing.

Dean sighs heavily with the world just adding another massive responsibility he wasn't ready for on top of him. Now is not the time to focus on this. The backburner is awfully full already but he's going to have to put this one on it with the rest to focus on Sam right now... as much as he really doesn't want to.

"I hate to do this but I have to catch up with Sam," Dean tells her. "The sooner I can figure this case out the sooner I can come home and we can figure out what the hell we're gonna do."

"It's fine."

"Seriously?" he asks, wondering how she could be fine with that. "You tell me we procreated and I say I have to jet and you're cool with it?"

"Yeah. I'm ok with it because I want you here. Go do what you have to do and I'll see you soon. We have months to sort everything out anyways."

This is when Dean gets the confirmation of something he always assumed but never been sure of; she doesn't lie when she says she's ok with something most wouldn't be. She really is that understanding.

"Call me when you're on the way back?" Lizzy asks of him.
"You know I will," he promises while he stands up.

"Hey... we love you," Lizzy says and the smile is unstoppable. As scary as this is it just felt so damn good to say that to him.

Dean huffs a laugh with how shockingly not scary it was to hear her say that. He hangs up the phone and heads into the apartment building that Sam's in, pushing the bomb that's been dropped in his lap into the back of his mind for now. He's got a question to ask Sam before he can even attempt to deal with anything else.
"Elizabeth."

"Fuck!" Lizzy shouts out when she's rocked out of her dead asleep state when she hears her name called out by Castiel. When she sits up on her couch where she passed out with exhaustion she sees the trench coated angel staring at her from the middle of the living room. Cass growls from his dog bed but when Castiel simply glances at him he stops and lays back down.

"You need to come with me."

"You scared the fucking shit outta me!" Lizzy yells as her heart races and she throws a pillow from the couch at him. It hits him in the face and falls to the floor. He looks at it undeterred.

"Dean told me to come get you right away."

"Why?" she asks, standing up and walking to him in her sweatpants and Pearl Jam t-shirt. "What's wrong?"

"It's Sam," Castiel answers while pressing his fingers to her forehead. They instantly find themselves in a motel room. "There's something wrong with him."

"What's wrong with Sam!?" she asks up to him with wide eyes, not knowing if he's speaking of Sam's off personality or something completely different.

"That is what we are about to find out," Castiel answers and moves to the side, walking around her to assess the man behind her that she's yet to see.

When Castiel walks away she finds herself looking right at Dean. He was standing behind the angel by the back wall of the motel room, clearly waiting for their arrival. She starts walking to him and tries to read his expression. She can't.

One look at her and Dean's meeting her halfway. He immediately wraps her up in a hug, pulling her in tight. He just holds her for a moment, her being near making him somehow feel better about everything in an instant.

With his hand resting on the back of her head as she presses her forehead to his shoulder, Lizzy sighs to have him back. This is all she wanted since Castiel told her she was pregnant. She just wanted her husband to make the fear go away and make her happy and excited about the biggest thing that's ever happened to her.

Lizzy presses up on her toes to kiss him just once with love and the cautious and hidden excitement she's been keeping suppressed deep down. Now is not the time to have a heart to heart so she simply settles for that kiss only.

Dean backs off pretty quickly as they have to deal with the horror that is Sam. He takes a quick second more, however, to kiss her on her cheek and whisper very quietly, "It'll be ok."

And she smiles slightly with that one.

"Can we now address why Sam is in the state he is in?" Castiel cuts into the moment.

Lizzy turns around to see what it is Castiel is talking about and what she views on the other side of
the room makes her smile disappear extremely quickly.

"Oh my God!" Lizzy shouts as she rushes to Sam's side where he's tied to a chair, his face a bloody mess as he's slumped over and passed out. "What the fuck happened to him!?" She kneels at his feet and lifts his chin to get a better look. "Oh fuck, he looks awful."

Sam groans in pain with the movement.

"You're right," Castiel concurs as he joins her, turning Sam's head back and forth while studying him. "He looks terrible. You did this?" He looks to Dean. When Dean doesn't answer Lizzy gives him an appalled look.

"You did this to him!?" she questions with shock.

"If that is him," Dean mutters with anger, the betrayal running too deep to not hurt.

"What!?" she asks, terrified by what that could possibly mean. Dean crosses his arms over his chest and nods to Sam, telling her to pay attention.

"Cass? What's…?" Sam grumbles when he comes to and Castiel is poking and prodding him. "Let me go."

"Has he been feverish?" Castiel asks Dean.

"Have you?" Dean asks directly.

"No," Sam easily answers. "Why?"

"Is he speaking in tongues? Are you speaking in tongues?" Castiel keeps prying.

"No. What are you... are you…. diagnosing me?" Sam figures it out.

"You better hope he can," Dean warns as he watches Lizzy get up, walk past him, and start digging through his duffel by the door. She pulls out his medical supplies as she still has a bit of mercy within her for the state Sam is in.

"You really think that this is…" Sam starts to ask but gets cut off by his angry brother.

"What, you think that there's a clinic out there for people who just pop out of hell wrong? He asks, you answer! Then you shut your hole! You got it?"

"Dean! Jesus!" Lizzy yells at her husband for his tone and clear ire as she stands next to him with the supplies in her hand. "What the fuck happened for all of this hostility?"

"I got the truth," Dean tells her simply.

"How much do you sleep?" Castiel asks Sam as he continues to grill him.

Sam pauses, knowing the suspicion the truth will earn him. "I don't."

"At all?" Lizzy butts in, the detail worrying her to the core.

"Not since I got back."

"And it never occurred to you that there might be something off about that!?" Dean shouts, infuriated at how duped he's been.
"Of course it did, Dean. I, I just never told you."

"Sam... what are you feeling now?" Castiel questions, getting a nagging feeling that he suddenly gets what all this is about.

"I feel like my nose is broken."

"Because it is," Lizzy tells him with annoyance as she sits back down at his feet and digs into the med bag.

"No, that's a physical sensation. How do you feel?" Castiel tries again.

"Well, I think…"

"Feel," the angel corrects and steers him in the right direction.

Sam watches as Lizzy pops an instant cold pack and shakes it. She then places it gently on his nose, giving him a small smile filled with silent apologies. "I... don't know," he finally answers. He doesn't. A kind act like that should make him feel something, anything, but he doesn't.

"What does that mean, Sam-I-Am?" Lizzy quietly questions him.

"Not sure. I just…." He looks to Castiel as he's taking off his belt and folding it in half. "What? Uh..."

"This will be unpleasant."

"Cass, what are doing?" Lizzy asks with serious concern when he steps closer to Sam.

"Bite down on this," he tells Sam as he pushes the leather into his mouth.

"No, no, no." Lizzy starts to protest but Dean steps in and pulls her away by the arm from everything happening. She looks to him with questioning panic. "Why are you letting him do this?"

"That's not Sam," he sternly lets her know. "I know it isn't. I got the whole truth and nothing but the truth all fucking day and I know for certain… that," he points harshly at Sam. "Is not Sammy."

Lizzy just shares a horrified expression with him, the truth feeling like a brick to the face.

"If there's someplace that you find soothing, you should go there… in your mind," Castiel fairly warns before shoving his hand right into Sam's stomach.

Sam screams out when the intense pain hits. He can't breathe, can't move, can't do anything except scream.

"Shit," Lizzy quietly cries as she grips Dean's forearm hard as she watches. It kills her to see it, Sam in that much pain. No matter how shitty he's been or what Dean just told her, that's still her brother. She looks away from it all and counts the seconds until it's over.

When Castiel finally removes his hand, Lizzy sighs hard as she wipes away her tears, the display breaking her heart.

"Did you find anything?" Dean needs to know.

"No."
"So that's good news?"

"I'm afraid not," Castiel explains while rolling his sleeve back down. "Physically, he's perfectly healthy."

"Then what is it?" Lizzy asks.

"It's his soul. It's gone."

Both Lizzy and Dean just look at the angel for a beat.

"What does that mean?" Lizzy questions with absolute bafflement.

"His soul is no longer within him," Castiel repeats.

Again, silence.

"Um... I'm sorry. One more time, like I'm 5," Dean needs to be told once more before he can possible wrap his head around this. "What do you mean, he's got no…"

"Somehow, when Sam was resurrected, it was without his soul."

"So where the fuck is it?" Lizzy nearly shouts with fright, the idea alone horrifying.

"My guess is... still in the Cage with Michael and Lucifer." He didn't want to have to tell them this. Castiel has suspected this very thing for a long time now. This just confirmed it for him. He really screwed up this time and he has to worry tremendously about how he will make it up to Sam and fix this for Dean's sake.

"So, is he even still Sam?" Dean asks, his face cluing all in the room in as to just how freaked he is.

"Well, you pose an interesting philosophical question."

"Can you get it back, Cass?" Lizzy asks him. "Can you get our Sam back?"

"Yeah, I mean, you pulled me out didn't you?" Dean adds with wide eyes.

"It took several angels to rescue you, and you weren't nearly as well guarded," Castiel explains the situation for exactly what it is. "Sam's soul is in Lucifer's Cage. There's a difference, a big difference. It's not possible."

"Okay, well, there's got to be another way then…" Dean starts before Sam interrupts him.

"So, are you gonna untie me?"

Looking right at the thing that is currently his brother, Dean quickly answers, "No."

"Listen, I'm not gonna…"

"Sam, how the hell am I even supposed to let you out of this room? How can I trust you?"

"Dean, I'm not some psycho. I didn't want you to get hurt. I was just trying to stop the vamps."

"Vamps?" Lizzy asks with the sound of her most hated monster. "What vamps?"

Staring daggers at Sam for the massive slip up, Dean tries to play it off. "It was a week ago. We found a nest and it got a little hairy for a minute there. At one point Sam fucked up…" Dean pauses
to give Sam a dirty look. "But we got out of it just fine."

"And I'm sorry about it," Sam adds in. "It won't ever happen again. Please let me go."

"You're kidding, right?" Dean questions incredulously.

"Well, what are you gonna do, just keep me locked up in here forever?"

"You say that like it's a bad thing."

"Okay, fine, look, I get it. I get it, Dean. I was wrong. But I'm telling you I, I'm trying to get right. It's still me."

"Is it?"

"Yes. So just let me go."

"No way in hell."

As Lizzy stands by and watches the whole conversation unravel before her she stays quiet. This is what Dean's been dealing with? Sam really is this bad? No wonder she couldn't get ahold of him. His plate is already so full… and here she is adding to it with something as massive as a child. Fuck. She'd give anything to delay this new development in their lives for another day, or maybe another decade at this point.

"I didn't want it to come to this," Sam tells them as he unties his own hands and stands up. "You're not gonna hold me, Dean." He frees his wrists as he talks. "Not here, not in a panic room, not anywhere. You're stuck with the soulless guy, so you might as well work with me. Let's fix this."

"Sam, we want to fix this, ok?" Lizzy assures him. "We want you back and whole. We're gonna help you..."

"But I'm gonna be watching every move you make," Dean issues his warning clear as day.

"Fine," Sam easily agrees. "Sounds about right to me."

"Cass, clean him up," Dean directs far too easily.

The angel does just that, pressing his hand to Sam's head and healing the severe damage Dean issued onto his face.

"All right, if we're gonna figure out what happened to your soul, then we need to find who yanked you out." Dean looks hard at Sam. "You say you don't know?"

"No idea."

"Then we start a list. If it's so hard to spring someone out of the box, then who's got that kind of muscle?"

"I don't know," Castiel lies like a cheap rug. "You have no memory of your resurrection?"

"I woke up in a field. That's all I got."

"No clues at all?" Lizzy keeps prying.

"Well," Sam thinks about it. "I've got one. Samuel."
Heading to the compound to go question Samuel about his own resurrection, Dean started in on the intensely protective, father-to-be shit right away. He insisted that Castiel bring Lizzy to Bobby's and she not come along. Lizzy can already see how the rest of these nine months are going to go. If she wanted out of hunting, well, she officially got it for herself now. Dean won't let her anywhere near anything that could harm her or their baby.

Appearing out of thin air into the middle of Bobby's study, the older hunter looks up from his open book on his desk without an ounce of surprise. He's used to this by now.

"Liz. Cass," he greets while sitting back in his chair. "What's going on?"

"Dean, Sam, and I have work to do. Elizabeth will be staying here until they return." Castiel disappears instantly after he says this.

Bobby and Lizzy just look at each other, Lizzy smirking with the sudden appearance and forced company she's just put on her father figure.

"Hope you don't mind," Lizzy sarcastically says to him as she walks around his desk, Bobby standing to meet her.

"I never mind," he tells her in a grumpy fashion as he gives her a big hug. "How you doing, hon?"

Lizzy doesn't answer with anything but silence, followed up by a quiet, choked breath as her face is buried in his flannel.

"Liz?" Bobby asks, pulling her away from him to get a look at her face. She looks up at him with quiet sadness before bursting out a sob.

"Bobby," she cries out. "It's too much."

Bobby brings a hand to the back of her head and pulls her in tightly, holding her in as she lets it all out. He has no idea what's really going on with her and he's well aware that it could be anything considering their lives, but he waits. She needs to let this all out, whatever it is, and he'll let her. There aren't many places she feels safe anymore. Her apartment… that's a safe place. With Dean, wherever he is at the time, is also a safe place for her. But nothing compares to Bobby's house and Bobby himself. This is her home base. This is where she feels like a college kid again, coming home for Christmas and being so at home and at peace… nothing can compare. She may not have known it before now but this is exactly where she needs to be in this moment.

"It's ok, Liz," he tries to calm her, keeping her close and doing whatever he can to make her stop. Her crying might just be his personal kryptonite. He hates it. "I know it's never easy."

She wishes she could actually speak to him in order to fill him in but her sobbing won't let her. She just needed to open the flood gates for once. She's gotten so much better over time with not being so overly emotional but this is an exception. This is the worst it's ever been stress wise.

Instead she gives in, her hormones making her worse than ever with the pregnancy, and Bobby lets her without qualms.

He'll get it all out of her later anyways. He always does.

"Drink?" Bobby asks as he places a glass of whiskey in front of her without waiting for an answer.
He takes a seat opposite her at the kitchen table with his own glass, a big sip going down easy as he prepares to actually talk to her.

"Actually, ah, no. Thank you," she says to him and pushes the glass away from her a bit. She'd actually love a drink, love it, but she can't.

Suspicious eyes are on her in an instant. "Well now I know something must be really wrong for you not to be drinkin' by now."

Lizzy huffs a sarcastic laugh and nods. "Life did just get a bit fucking crazy."

"Well shoot," Bobby says to her, sitting back in his chair with open ears.

"We know what's wrong with Sam," she tells him, choosing to get the shitty news over first.

"Yeah?" Bobby sits up taller while looking at her with excitement.

"Cass diagnosed him."

"And?"

Lizzy shakes her head with how absolutely awful the answer to his odd behavior is. "His soul is still in the Cage. Sam isn't Sam."

"What the hell does that mean?" he immediately asks, sitting up taller with wide eyes glued to her.

"I mean he's like a big, huge M&M with no chocolate in the middle," she attempts to joke but it falls so flat she cringes. "That's why he's been so insane lately. He doesn't care. He doesn't know how to. His soul is separated from him and he's a big ol' empty Sam-shell."

"Balls," Bobby says without his usual gusto as the idea sinks in. His ruthlessness, his cold demeanor towards the memory of Lou, his ease with staying away from his family… it all adds up. Sam doesn't care. He's emotionless. All of it makes so much sense now that he feels like an idiot for not seeing it before.

"So right now, the soul-finder gang is off talking to Samuel. They need to find out what it is that brought them both back so that they can find a way to get Sam's soul out. It's still in the Cage. And that means our Sam's still…" Lizzy shakes her head, both knowing what horror she's trying to say.

"I'll have to start seeing what I can see," Bobby thinks aloud. "I got some old obscure versions of the bible… might be something in there."

"I'll help," Lizzy agrees easily, ready to do whatever it takes to get her Sam-I-Am back.

"Lemme just grab some boxes from the basement," he tells her, standing up to get to it before something dawns on him. He pauses to look at her and realizes her body language is all off and she looks so small sitting there at the table. Lizzy's presence is never that of a weak and frightened women, ever. She's all off. "Ah, I'm sure glad you're here to help and all, Liz, don't get me wrong… but, why are you here instead of on the soul train? Figured you'd be too curious to stay away."

Lizzy nods and looks down at the tabletop in front of him. "I told you the bad first. You didn't wanna hear some good news?"

The ways she says it is hesitant and scared. "This don't sound very good," Bobby counters as he retakes his seat while looking at her with narrowed eyes.
"Depends on how you look at it I guess," Lizzy admits, looking up to him. Bobby has his hands folded one on top of the other, while giving her one very concerned expression. "Could go either way."

"Well how are you looking at it?" Bobby wonders.

"I'm happy… and terrified," she smiles a little with nerves. "With everything going it's hard to look at this as the wonderful thing it's supposed to be."

"And what is this wonderful thing we're talkin' about?"

Lizzy breathes in once and lets the air out through her nose. She has no idea how he's going to react to this.

"I'm pregnant."

Bobby doesn't move. His face stays set in stone as he just looks at her.

"We didn't plan this to happen," she tries to excuse her dilemma. "There was a recall on my birth control and we didn't know."

He stays quiet.

"Fuck, Bobby. Say something here."

Bobby nods and just looks at her. She waits some more and watches as a smile very slowly creeps its way onto his face, his expression softening as the news hits him.

Lizzy lets out a sigh of relief and a bright grin of her own when he reacts in such a positive way.

"God, I thought you were gonna call me an idjit," she just about laughs with relief.

"You are one," he tells her. "Only an idjit would choose now to get knocked up."

"Not my fault, Bobby," Lizzy assures him that she'd never do this on purpose, not with their lives.

"Don't matter," he says, standing up again and making his way to her. "Are you happy?"

"Ha, with all this shit happening how can I be?"

"Liz, that's not what I'm asking you," Bobby says to her in a warm tone as he stands next to her chair. "Are you happy?"

She smiles wide when she thinks about it. She is happy, so happy she thinks she never felt this kind of excitement before in her life. Nodding at him she answers. "Never been happier in my life."

"Then get your ass up here, mom," Bobby grins wider than she's ever seen the old, grizzled man do and she listens. She hugs him in tight and lets herself celebrate for the first time. She's been fearful and nervous, sure, but she's yet to just be happy and nothing else.

"God, I'm so excited," Lizzy laughs as she's honest with herself. "I shouldn't be, with Sam and everything, but I am."

"You should let yourself look at this as good, kid," Bobby tells her. "You're gonna be a great mom. And Dean's gonna be a great dad. Hell, this might finally make him change a bit for the better."
"I hope so," she says as she backs away. "He's always so tense and just…. Maybe a baby will take that down a notch."

"Wouldn't that be nice," Bobby says, knowing it would be just that.

"It would," Lizzy backs away and looks up at her father. "I really think it'll help him. Maybe soften him up a bit."

"More than you have?"

"So you've noticed?" Lizzy arches an eyebrow at him.

"The last conversation we had I almost fainted," he tells her. "Few weeks ago he got drunk here and was rambling on about how shitastic life is and that you were the only light he had left. Called you a beacon of hope or some crap like that."

"Dean?" she asks with total disbelief. Bobby nods in confirmation. "My Dean?"

"Yeah."

"A beacon of hope?"

"He's a sensitive son of bitch these days. I blame you mostly."

Lizzy huffs a laugh. "Yeah, well, hopefully he isn't too much of a pussy now. We've gotta get Sam back. If he's gonna be an uncle I'd like to be comfortable having him around my kid. Right now… not so much."

And that's where Bobby lets out one big, highly uncharacteristic laugh.

"What?"

"You don't get it?" he asks.

"Get what?"

"Sam's gonna be an uncle."

"Yeah…" she says and doesn't see the funny until it dawns on her a second later. She laughs herself. "Fuck. Uncle Sam. Oh God, I'm gonna make fun of him so bad."

"You and me both, hon," Bobby chuckles a little more, taking advantage of the fun moment, something that's become rare these days for both of them. "So, you on top of everything?"

"Depends on what you're meaning by that," Lizzy answers back with a look.

"You been to see a doctor yet?"

"Yeah but only quickly. They made me come in for an official pregnancy test or else they weren't gonna schedule me in for a checkup, even if I was already sure I was knocked up since Cass confirmed it. An angel's word doesn't hold much clout for a medical professional."

"Can't imagine it does."

"Nope. Once I did that I made an appointment for a month from now when they need to see me. And I was prescribed prenatal vitamins… which are back at home along with everything else…"
including my dog. Shit, I need to call Jenny." She shifts on her feet. "This was a pretty unexpected
trip."

"And everything is ok this time around?" Bobby wonders, broaching the subject cautiously. He
remembers how broken she was after her miscarriage a while back. He can't stand the idea of her
going through that again.

"Yes. Cass said so and I can trust him."

"And what's his opinion on all this?"

"Ah, shockingly positive."

"Oh yeah?"

"Definitely. I swear if I didn't know him so well already… shit, I'd say he was downright giddy over
this."

"That's kinda weird, ain't it?"

"I don't know," Lizzy shrugs. "He's like family now. I mean, you're happy for us, aren't you?"

"Sure am."

"Well, so is he. Cass has known me for forever. He's like a weirdo, awkward, dad-like dude to me.
In his very own way I know how much he cares."

"And how's daddy taking the news?" Bobby has to ask as he sits back down at the table.

"I wouldn't know," she tells him with a shrug as she sits down across from him again. "I spilled the
big secret on the phone to him earlier today. He shockingly, and I mean really shockingly, didn't
freak out. He just kind of took it in like any other information on any given day. We didn't have time
to talk just now before Cass dropped me off so… shit, I don't know. We haven't talked yet. I doubt
he's let himself process it at all."

"His plate is awfully full," Bobby comments, knowing how rough it has been and how much worse
it is now that Sam's issues are discovered.

"And I'm just adding right on to it," Lizzy sighs. "I hope this doesn't ruin everything for him. I want
him to be able to be excited and happy… and proud. I worry that he's just gonna focus on the
negative shit around us."

Bobby nods, understanding her concern.

"And for once… I just want something good to happen in our lives." She looks out the window and
avoids his stare. "Our past year was just so… perfect. I want it back again. Maybe this baby will help
us get there, you know? It'll make us both get out and never, never look back. I will not be John
Winchester and neither will Dean. I won't let that happen. I refuse to do that to my own kid."

"Makes me feel better already hearin' you say that," Bobby says to her with a small smile. "John
meant well but to say he fucked up with those two is putting it lightly."

"I know. But Dean can be so much like him…"

"Don't worry about that," Bobby cuts her right off. "Dean ain't John."
"His is in a lot of ways." She looks right at him with worry, knowing her husband's protective nature alone could make this a slippery slope for him.

"But not this one," Bobby tries to calm her worries. "That boy… yeah, he's a hunter through and through but that don't mean he wants to be. John did that to him but he wants better for everyone else on this planet, none the less his own flesh and blood. Trust me, kiddo. He ain't gonna let that little one of yours turn out like him. He may be an idjit but he ain't stupid."

"No he's not," she smiles, knowing that her husband really is a smart, level-headed guy underneath the crap.

Looking at the way she grins just because she's thinking about Dean makes Bobby believe they will be just fine. Those two love each other so much that this kid of theirs, though cursed with that always unlucky Winchester name, will be one of the luckiest kids to ever be born.

"You wanna get going on the save Sam's soul research?"

"At least until my ride home arrives," she smirks, knowing she's thousands of miles away until Cass can get her back or Dean arrives with the Impala.

"Then let's get going," Bobby stand up and nudges his head towards the basement door to gather what they need. "Gotta get Uncle Sam in one piece before that kid pops out."

Lizzy laughs small and Bobby relaxes a little bit. This soulless thing scares the shit out of him but he holds strong and puts on a good show. His girl doesn't need any more stress on her than she already does. Surprise pregnancies are scary enough. Giving her hope about fixing Sam, though he has a sneaking suspicion that's not very possible, is the least he can do for her until Dean can get back and they can figure this one out.

Walking ahead of her, hearing her footsteps behind him as he descends the old wooden staircase, Bobby smiles to himself when she can't see it. He thinks back to a conversation the two of them had when she and Dean visited this past year after they'd discussed starting a family. She asked him what name their, at the time, hypothetical child would call him. She had one already planned.

Grampie. It's a good name for him.

"She still passed out?" Bobby questions without looking up from his desk as he hears Dean's boots make their way down the stairs without a smaller set of footsteps accompanying him.

"Yeah. Didn't even flinch when I opened the door," Dean tells him, finally taking off his jacket as he makes his way through the kitchen. Sam and he arrived about ten minutes ago, around seven-thirty in the morning, and the first thing he did was go peek in at her. He drops his outerwear on a chair and reaches for the already made coffee pot.

"So Purgatory, huh?" Bobby wonders as he watches the tired body language of his eldest son. He's exhausted. Poor kids had a hell of a run lately so he can understand.

"Sam told you a little something, did he?" Dean asks, assuming it was his brother that gave him the heads up.

"A very little something before snatching up a book and disappearing again."

"Yep, Purgatory," Dean responds, pouring a hefty cup for himself. He's too tired to try and speak without a little caffeine to help him out. "And Crowley wants in."
"Any idea why?"

"The souls, apparently," he answers, turning around and leaning back against the kitchen counter top with his ankles crossed. "They're like nukes and the power they hold…" He whistles with impression. "Scary stuff."

"Souls…” Bobby has to wonder, not exactly clear which incarnation of Purgatory that he's read about in the past is the correct one.

"Yeah… uh…" Dean stutters a bit through this part. He's done a lot of thinking since he left that alpha vamp and with everything he said about the place he's done some figuring. "It's the monster after-life dumping ground according big daddy vamp."

"So when we off a monster…"

"One way ticket to Purgatory," Dean nods solemnly and waits for the information to process with Bobby. It doesn't take too long before the old man is looking up at him with wide, fearful eyes.

"Lou…"

"I know," Dean says, pushing off the counter to stand tall. "If he told us the truth then that's where she is."

"Balls," Bobby angrily exclaims when his hopes for a peaceful afterlife for his girl are completely shattered. Whatever Purgatory is it certainly isn't Heaven and Lou deserves to be in Heaven.

"We can't tell her yet," Dean nearly begs of Bobby. "We don't know shit about it and right now the idea of opening that door and letting out all the monster souls in that place sounds like the worst idea there could be…"

"And it'll be the first thing she'll want to do," Bobby follows Dean's train of thought about how Lizzy would handle this news. "Alright. We keep this from Liz for now, I'm ok with that. But she's gonna find out eventually…"

"And I'll deal with it then. We just gotta be careful with this one."

"Well I'm with you there," Bobby promises. With everything happening in their lives, specifically Lizzy's, now is not the time to let this revelation out. "Damn it."

"Don't I know it," Dean responds quietly, taking a sip from his mug. Even through the shit storm in his brain keeps going right back to Lizzy and his concerns for her. "How long she been out?" He nudges his head in the direction of the second floor to make it clear he's asking once more about his wife.

"'Bout eight solid," he answer. "After researching for a while I damn near kicked her ass up the stairs when she started fallin' asleep at the book. No more four hour nights for that one anymore. She's gonna need her rest."

Dean pauses to look over at Bobby, not surprised in the least. "She told you, huh?"

"Had to tell somebody. You know her," Bobby shrugs.

Dean nods, understanding completely that Lizzy needs to speak her mind in order to not go crazy. That and it's not like he's been exactly accessible as of late.
"She thinks you haven't really processed it yet," Bobby tacks on, getting a nod in response. "Have you?"

"When would I have done that, before finding out my brother is a soulless dickbag or after I found out I'm Crowley's personal bitch? Or how about once I discovered my wife's sister is locked up with a bunch a blood sucking pieces of shit?"

"Touché," Bobby responds, understanding his anger completely. "Dean, sit down a minute."

"Bobby, seriously, this is not the time for the fatherly advice shit…"

"Really!?" he questions with surprise. "Cause from where I'm sittin' this would be the perfect time for some fatherly advice… especially for a father to be and all. Ass in seat." He points to the chair on the other side of his desk as his demand is heard loud and clear. He's wearing his don't-fuck-with-me face and his kids know not to challenge that.

A big sigh with his eye closed for a second, Dean listens. He trudges over to the study and takes a seat across from Bobby. He settles in, looks at the older man with a patronizingly fake smile, and holds his hands out to the side. "Go ahead. Do your worst."

"Worst? The hell you talkin' 'bout?" Bobby question with sheer confusion.

"Yeah, your worst. Go for it. Tell me I was a moron for slipping up like this, or ask what the hell I was thinking since hunters having kids is the worst idea than a set of double D's on guy."

"I wasn't gonna…"

"Or better yet, why don't you let me know how fucked up it was for me to do this to Lizzy since you think I'm just gonna screw her life up more than I already have before."

"You done assuming you know what I'm gonna say before I say it?" Bobby asks with a purely annoyed tone. "Because you're sounding like an ass."

Dean sighs and washes a hand down his face as he drops his cup onto the desk in front of him. His head is pounding. It's rare he gets a stress headache like this one but if there was ever a time…

"I mean, what the hell, Bobby?" Dean looks to his father figure with tired and sad eyes. "Why now? Why, after everything, does this have to happen right now? With Sam off all rails and Crowley up my ass… I don't have time for this…"

"Kids don't really give a flying shit about your personal schedule," Bobby points out.

"I know but I have to focus on Sam here…"

"Well then split your focus," Bobby calmly tells him what he has to do.

"I can't." Dean tells him with total panic hidden under his voice. "He's Terminator. I can't be responsible for the shit he pulls when I'm not watching him."

"You already ain't responsible," Bobby tries to point out. "You didn't leave his soul behind. This isn't on you."

"It sure feels like it is," Dean sits back and looks away, nothing but anxiety on his face.

"She was right." Bobby shakes his head with just how spot on Lizzy was about him.
"Who was right?" Dean ask with confusion.

"Liz. She said you'd do exactly this," Bobby tells him. "She knew you'd get so damn focused on everything else around you that you wouldn't stop for a second to enjoy the one good thing you got going on right now."

"What the hell good do I have going on right now?" Dean angrily asks, not seeing anything worry free and non-stressful on the horizon.

"Dean," Bobby calls to him in a softer tone to make sure he's listening. His kid stops and really looks him in the eye. "Yer gonna be a daddy."

His face softens slightly with the remark.

"Yeah, that's right. A daddy," Bobby works to drive the point home. "And that wife of yours is gonna be the mom she's always wanted to be. This is huge for her and I know that if you think about it for a second this is huge for you too."

He doesn't say a word, just thinks about what Bobby is telling him.

"Is there any part of you that's excited for this?"

Dean hears the question and his mouth twitches real quick in a smile that fades instantly.

"Yeah, of course," he answers honestly. "But I'm too freaked the fuck out to be excited."

"Well knock it off," Bobby demands.

"How can I do that?" Dean challenges. "Our lives suck, and they're fucking dangerous, and... what the hell? I'm... I'm definitely not..."

"You're not what?" Bobby asks with disbelief when he knows what Dean was about to state. "Father material? Is that what you were gonna say?"

"Well... yeah," Dean answers calmly. "I'm a hunter, not a father."

"You blind son of a bitch," Bobby shakes his head with disappointment.

"Seriously?" Dean asks with surprise at Bobby's view. "What part of me screams father to you right now? The drinking? The hunting? The fucked up head? The former torture master? Oh, maybe you think it's the always sunny outlook I have in life, huh?"

"What you see in the mirror ain't what everyone else sees, you dumb idjit," Bobby starts to truly get frustrated. "Why do you think that woman upstairs loves you? Because of your always sparkling attitude? No! It's because she knows who you really are."

"And who's that, Freud?"

"A good person," Bobby easily starts. "You're a family man, Dean. You have always been a family first kind of person. You love the people you keep in your life and, despite what you think, you're one of the best people I know. I'm happy for you on this one and I wouldn't be happy if I thought you'd screw this up." Bobby sighs. "You ain't gonna fuck up here, son. You're not. You're gonna be fine."

Dean just scoffs at the thought.
"And Lizzy's thrilled," he adds in. "That girl ain't been this happy in years… since before I've met her, actually. This is the happiest I've ever seen her in my life, aside from the fact that she's chewing her nails down to nubs over how you're gonna react to all this."

The guilt creeps in then.

"You gotta be nothing but positive with her about this," Bobby warns. "This is everything she's always wanted minus the situation surrounding the two of you. You get those fears you got pent up in there out when she's not around and you show her how you feel underneath all that worry. I know you. There's a part of you that's happy about this."

Dean smiles small when he thinks about the good. Maybe he should let some of that out. It might help make his perspective a little sunnier for once. "Yeah, it is kinda cool, isn't it?"

"Very cool," Bobby smirks back. "You're gonna be alright through this, Dean. I'm here for you and we're gonna get Sam back on track so that he can be there for you too."

"Yeah," Dean nods and accepts the optimism for what it is. "She's gonna be a good mom, isn't she?"

"The best," Bobby agrees with a genuine smile.

"Ha, with parents like us this kid's gonna be one little badass."

"What kid?" Sam asks as he walks into the study with a book in hand. He plops down onto the cot in the study and looks between the two of them after only hearing part of Dean's statement.

Dean panics a bit at this. Peering over to Bobby with a look of what-the-hell-do-I-do, he sucks it up and is honest. He asked the same of this soulless version of his brother already. Quid pro quo, right?

"Mine," Dean answers before he can think better of doing so.

"Yours?" Sam huffs with a calm smile. "The hell are you talking about?"

"Ah, well," Dean hates telling this Sam about this right now. His real brother would be happy. This guy… he's not so sure. "I gotta tell you something."

"What, did you find out you have an illegitimate one running around somewhere?" Sam half-jokes. "I kinda always assumed you had to have screwed up at least once in the past."

"No, dick," Dean name calls. "I'm talking about Lizzy. She's pregnant."

"Well that was stupid," Sam says immediately without thinking.

"Well that was stupid," Sam says immediately without thinking.

"Excuse me?" Dean asks, the instant reaction not the one he wanted to get.

"You heard me," Sam confirms. "You're a hunter. What the hell were you thinking?"

"Wow, thanks for the support," Dean sarcastically responds. "Though I'm not really sure what I could have expected from the boy who didn't know how to feel."

"I'm just taking it at face value," Sam says plainly.

"I guess you'd have to. I mean, what other way could you possibly look at it right now?"

"No other way," Sam tells him the truth and Dean rolls his eyes. "Look, from my eyes this is not a good idea."
"Our whole lives are based on not a good idea. What the hell else is new?"

"I'm just saying think about it before you decide to go through with this."

"Go through with this?" Dean asks, his forehead lowered in upset at the implication.

"What are you saying, Sam?" Bobby asks in a very threatening tone.

"Now is not the time for cribs and stuffed animals," Sam sums it up. "We have work to do, I have to get my soul back, Crowley is on us constantly… I think you should just get rid of it and save the thing from growing up like we did. It's not safe."

Dean stares daggers into his brother for the comment. "I'm gonna pretend you didn't just say that."

"So you think this is a grand old plan?" Sam challenges right back.

"No, I think it's a terrible one," Dean admits. "But L's knocked up already and there's nothing I can do about that."

"Well, there's one thing you could do…"

"No there isn't!" Dean shouts and makes Sam stop for a moment. "Just because you can't feel anymore doesn't mean that I can't either. What you're suggesting… you know what?" Dean stands up from his seat. "I can't talk to you. And if Sam were here… my Sam… he'd want to kick your ass for saying what you just did."

Dean heads for the kitchen with tense shoulders and sheer anger in his gate, coffee cup in hand. He pulls out another mug and pours a second cup.

"Dean, I'm just trying to help keep things in a clear headed perspective," Sam tries once more to explain his position.

"Screw your clear head right in its ass," Dean snaps right back as he heads through the study. "You try and talk some sense into him," he says to Bobby. "I'm tired of trying."

"You going to wake her up?" Bobby asks.

"Yeah."

Bobby snatches the new mug of coffee out of Dean's hand as he passes and takes a sip, earning him a confused look.

"Coffee is no-no for her now. No more caffeine," Bobby informs him. "You might want to catch up on the dos and don'ts."

Dean rolls his eyes and heads up the stairs with his one mug, ready to see someone that won't piss him off or question him too much.
The mattress depresses off to her right and stirs Lizzy from her sleep. When she opens her eyes she sees the light from the windows flooding the room. It's morning… maybe later… and that means she slept the whole night. With everything going on she wondered if she could get any real rest at all but it looks like that was no problem in the end. This pregnancy is making her exhausted.

Being at Bobby's she knows that when there is someone in the room with her she doesn't have to worry. It's always going to be Bobby or Sam or, right now, Dean if she's lucky.

Lizzy rolls over under the covers to face whoever is visiting her and quickly she sees that she's lucky this time.

"Hey, Hot Shot," Lizzy smiles.

"Hey," he says right back while sitting at the edge of the bed, one foot on the floor as he's angled to look at her. "How you feeling?"

"Still tired, but that seems to be my new lot in life."

"You still sick?"

"Not right now, no. It hits at all weird times of the day. I never know when."

"Fun," Dean sarcastically tells her.

"Don't I know it," she smiles back and sits up, crawling out of the covers. "How you holding up?"

"Better question, how are you holding up?" Dean counters, thinking her wellbeing is way more important than his right now.

Lizzy smirks and leans forward, kissing him once. "I asked first," she tells him as she sits Indian-style facing him and takes one of his hands. She holds it between her own two in her lap while looking at him, waiting to find out just where his head is right now.

"I'm alright," he lies. "I mean, I'm not sure what to think about Sam's lack of humanity… and being Crowley's butt buddy isn't great….

Lizzy brings a hand to his cheek and gives him a look of sympathy, telling him silently that she understands and is with him completely. Dean can't help but lean into her touch, pressing his cheek to her palm and feeling that sense of home he's been missing so badly in the past few days without her. He needs that now more than ever before. God, without her he'd have easily fallen apart by now.

"But I'm suddenly feeling a lot better now." He looks at her with a typical Dean smirk to cover the intensity of all he's feeling towards her right now.

"It's good to see you too," Lizzy warmly responds while brushing the pad of her thumb across his quite long stubble, feeling just as relieved with simply the sight of him.

Dean thinks a little before diving in. "I'm sorry about how I reacted when you told me."

"Dean… you didn't react when I told you," Lizzy tells him. "Like, at all. You just repeated what I
"Yeah," Dean nods as she replaces her hand onto his in her lap and he looks down. His eyes drift to her stomach, thinking how odd it is that just inside there is his child. *His child.* She doesn't look any different or act any different… but everything *is* different, there's no denying that. "I didn't know what to say."

"I figured. I caught you *way* off guard. God, I'm sorry I told you over the phone."

"It *was* a pretty big bomb to just drop like that."

"I know," she responds with shame for her way of revealing such a massive secret.

"But I meant what I said about it not being your fault."

She cocks an eyebrow at him when she feels like her loose lipped ways might not have been her fault this time. "Do I want to know?"

"Wouldn't make sense if I tried." He rubs absently at his aching temple with the growing ache.

"Well, whatever all that was it's over now. You're here and you know about the baby so tell me… what are thinking about all this?"

He looks up from her stomach to look into her bright brown eyes as she searches his expression. "I'm thinking this is throwing us both for a loop."

"Nothing truer has ever been said," she assures him with certainty in her tone.

"But… even if the timing sucks and there's a whole lot going on that I can't control… I think…” He pauses, speaking still not his strong point. "I think this is a good thing."

"A good thing?" Lizzy asks, hoping she didn't mishear him.

"Absolutely," Dean confirms for her. "We've wanted this for a while and…"

"Are you happy?" Lizzy blurts out the most important question, the same one Bobby asked her just last night.

Dean looks at the fear in her expression over this conversation. "Yeah. I think I am."

"You think?" her face falls a bit and he has to rebound.

"Yeah. L, there's a lot, and I mean *a lot,* happening right now and I can't just separate everything into neat little piles and look at each one clearly. I have to look at the big picture here and everything is so…” Dean stops himself and shakes his head when he remembers what Bobby told him. Keep it positive. Lizzy deserves that. *They* deserve that. "What I do know is that this is big and I don't want all the shit surrounding us to take that over. With everything being so terrible… this is the only good thing I got going besides having you in my life." Looking at her he smiles a bit. "Maybe I shouldn't say good. Awesome."

"Does that mean you want this?" Lizzy asks, her voice elevating with her emotions, her relief so massive it hits her right in the heart when he seems to be very accepting and not nearly as frightened as she assumed he'd be.

Dean nods with that same smile.
"Are you sure?" she has to ask, pulling up his hand in her lap and bringing it palm down onto her flat lower abdomen. "This is a game changer. Our relationship, our entire lives… nothing will ever be the same after this."

"I don't want the same," Dean all too easily admits. "I hate my life and if it wasn't for you it'd be all shit all the time." He presses his hand into her stomach a little. "This is us. This is our family. You and that baby in there are all I got right now and I am not letting go of either of you. I need you both. You're all I have to hang onto."

"You better keep hanging on then because there's no leaving me now," Lizzy jokes a bit. "You're stuck with me for good."

"Like I wasn't before?" Dean challenges right back.

"Good point," she smiles right back. "Man, I thought you were seriously gonna freak the fuck out with everything else going on and you still being on the road…"

"I'm not looking at that crap right now," Dean tells her and now that he's there, with just her, he's seeing it that way. He's only thinking about her and their future together with their child. "I'm looking at you and me and everything in front of us… and I like what I see."

"You really think we can do this?" Lizzy wonders, the worry not at all disguised. "Our lives are so…"

"No one else besides you could pull this off in the life we live," he says with full confidence as he takes both her hands in his. "You are the strongest and most loving person I know. You were put on this planet to do exactly this and you know it."

"Yeah, well, I don't know anyone that loves as hard as you do so I doubt you're far behind me on that one. I know you're going to figure this out and be the best dad you can."

"Are you kidding me?" he says with disbelief. "I'm gonna be so lost it'll be embarrassing. I have no idea what I'm doing here."

"I don't know. Bobby Sam looked like he was doing alright under your care."

"Yeah because you picked up the slack with the little shifter," he turns it right around. "You're gonna have to help me like crazy when that kid gets here."

"I promise I will help you," Lizzy easily agrees with a wide grin. "Even though I think you're more of a natural than you're willing to admit."

"Bullshit," Dean smirks and she playfully shoves him, knowing he's being less than modest. "But I mean it. I'm really happy about this. I know how hard it's gonna be with the world looking the way it does right now but I'm willing to do whatever it takes to make this work our way. L, I want this. I really do."

"Me too," she tells him, her smile brighter than he can remember ever seeing on her.

"Come here," Dean says softly as he pulls her arms until she's shifting to sit in his lap. She does, her legs wrapped around his middle, and she gives him a big, long hug.

"Thank you for trying to be positive." she whispers into his ear. "I know you're doing your best to keep it together for me."
"Aren't you just doing the same?" Dean questions as he backs away a bit and looks her in the eye.

This is the first time Lizzy really thinks about it. "No. Not at all. Ha, you know, I've been nervous a little and worried about how you'd react… but once I knew the little dude was healthy and sticking with me I've been just… good."

"Good?"

"Yeah, good. I'm not freaking out so much as I'm… ok. I'm very ok."

"You're so ok you're good!" Dean jokes.

She laughs before getting serious. "I am. And I've never been this good in my life. I have you, I have our son or daughter… and God does that sound crazy…"

"Amen, sister," Dean wholeheartedly agrees.

"I'm just really, insanely happy." She grins uncontrollably to him. "And it helps that you're genuinely happy too… daddy."

A slick smile hits his face with the sound of the name she calls him. He leans forward and kisses her, the kind of kiss that means more than just love and thankfulness.

"Mm," Lizzy hums against his lips as she ends the kiss slowly. "That was… something."

"You want something more?" Dean asks her as his eyebrows raise once quickly before he moves in to kiss her again.

"Wait a minute," Lizzy stops him quickly when she presses her fingers to his lips. She makes a shocked face. "Did you just get this turned on because I called you daddy?"

Dean just smirks at her once before pulling her in and kissing her again, this time not letting her back away. He holds her in with a hand to either side of her head, his lips moving over hers hungrily as he pushes her back until she's lying down.

"You did!" she near laughs between kisses as Dean hovers over her.

"Maybe," he answers as he moves to her neck, his hands already reaching under her shirt as his lips find that spot just under her ear that makes her moan every time.

"I'm so gonna use this against you," she warns lightly when he lifts her shirt just enough to bare her middle.

The second Dean feels her warm skin something shifts in his intentions. His mouth leaves her neck and he sits back on his heels. He smooths his hands over her very flat and still the same as always lower stomach, knowing that when he touches her like this he's so close to his little one. "You're gonna get all fat now, aren't you?"

Her eyes grow wide as she looks up at him. "Is this how you speak to the future mother of your beautiful and perfect child?"

"Absolutely," he smiles, leaning down to place several light kisses across her skin right where she's going to get, as he says, fat. "I can't wait to see you get all huge and have to waddle around."

And Lizzy bites her lip to stop the massive grin that threatens to take over her entire face but it's useless. Like always, even in the most serious moments of their lives, he will do or say something
like that. She'll never let the rest of the world know how sweet Dean Winchester can actually be. It's like the greatest secret on Earth and she's the only one who gets to know it. And why the hell would she tell anyone that anyways? This one is meant for just her.

"I can't believe there's an actual person in there," Dean comments suddenly as he lays down next to her while kicking off his boots, his feet hanging off the end of the bed. He rests his head on her middle with his cheek right by her bellybutton. "So fucking weird." He lets his fingertips skim back and forth across her skin, his touch light as if she's suddenly breakable.

"I know," Lizzy admits when she thinks about it as she runs her hands through his short hair, taking the rare moment of quiet for what it is. She thinks they may not be getting too many more of these opportunities in the upcoming months.

Silently contemplating as he lies next to her, curled into her side as he listens to her heart beat while foolishly trying to hear the second one that he knows is too small to detect at this point, he has so many big scary questions and so many things left unknown. He doesn't focus on the shitty ones, though… he focuses only on the more exciting ones.

"What do you think it is?"

"A human, hopefully!" Lizzy jokes lightning fast and laughs.

"Come one," Dean gets agitated with her as that threat is always a real one in their world. "Seriously, what do you think?" He splays his hand out flat on her stomach and picks up his head to look up at her.

"How the hell would I know?" she grins with the ridiculous question.

"I don't know. Don't you have some kind of women's intuition crap? Like mother-only-ESP or some shit?"

And she just flat out laughs at him for this one. "Oh yeah, we've already talked. The kid and I are like this." She holds up her two crossed fingers.

"Great, now you two can gang up on me like you constantly do with Sam… or at least you used to…" Touching his own nerve with this one, he lays his head back down on her middle.

Lizzy chooses to ignore the comment and move on. "I don't know yet. Couldn't guess either way."

"Does it make me the world's worst dad that I want one over the other?"

"Lemme guess, a boy?" she asks, knowing she's right.

"I can't have a girl," Dean recalls their conversation many months ago. "You were totally right. I wouldn't even know what to do with that."

"I don't think you'd be as bad as you're saying, but I know a little girl wouldn't be easy for you," Lizzy agrees all too easily.

"What about you?" Dean tilts his head without picking it back up and peers at her with curiosity. "What do you want it to be?"

"Oh, I don't care."

"Yeah. Ok, Switzerland…"
"Shut up, I mean it." Lizzy drops her hand over his as it rests on her lower stomach. "I really couldn't care less whether I have to buy pink tutus or baseball gloves. I just want it to be healthy and have a happy and safe life. The rest is just a bunch of less important details."

Dean closes his hand around hers and squeezes. Her outlook is spot on. Suddenly he really doesn't care either once he hears her stand.

Crawling up the mattress, Dean lays on his side next to her. He smiles at her as he weaves a hand in her hair. His eyes trained on hers, he knows there's so much more to say to her but for the life of him it won't come out. It might have been shock, or just sheer insanity considering his life, but this whole thing seems a lot better and much more possible once he's here, with her, talking about their kid like it's real because it is real. This is happening. And better yet, he wants it to happen. Holy fuck, he's never wanted anything more in his life. He didn't know feelings like this came in this level of intensity.

"L," he says to her, heart full as he moves in to kiss her once. His lips move slowly against hers, taking his time and not wanting this little world of theirs inside this bedroom to ever disappear. He ends it only because he desperately needs to say, "I love you."

"I know you do," she smiles wide, winks once at him, and pulls him into her. She kisses him again, just far too contented with where she is right now and who she's with to waste it. He's tired, she knows that. He's also been up for about two days straight she's guessing from the depth of the bags under his eyes. She could even bet he himself doesn't remember the last time he ate or laid down in a bed.

She pauses then, really looks at him and studies him.

"What?" Dean asks, his arm around her waist and keeping her pressed against him.

Lizzy can see it all. He's doing his damnedest to keep his mask in place for her benefit but everything is right there anyways, clear for her.

"How bad is it?" she asks him, narrowed eyes and a hand once more combing through his hair.

"I don't want you to focus on that crap right now."

"Tell me the truth," Lizzy uses a stronger tone. "As much as I will try to look at this through rose colored glasses I need to be realistic. Dean... how bad?"

He takes a deep breath while staring into her bright brown eyes.

"It's not great," Dean admits. "Sam's basically Ted Bundy with a hard on for monsters. He's been off his rocker for a while now, making decisions that he'd never make in a million years. You knew it wasn't him from the get... you were right. Whatever that thing is it's not Sam. He's an empty vessel... nothing in there."

"We have to help him."

"No shit," he emphatically returns. "I can't have him putting our lives on the line in the line of duty anymore." Dean lets himself fall back on the bed, looking up at the ceiling as Lizzy instantly sidles up next to him, her body molded against his side as he pulls an arm around her shoulders. "He used you for sure in that incubus hunt."

"I know he did," Lizzy very sadly returns.
"And what's to say he wouldn't try and do that again if he knew it'd get him where he wanted to be? We can't afford either of us going down because of him now."

"I'll kill him first," Lizzy darkly warns, knowing right now she'd have no problem choosing between her child and that thing that used to be Sam.

"Me too," Dean comes clean. "He's not my brother. He's just not and Sam… he's still locked away down there."

"We'll get him out."

"How?"

"That… I'm a little fuzzy on but I have faith that we'll find a way. We always claw and crawl our way out of everything. We'll get him back. I can feel it."

"Fuck, I hope you're right," Dean says while washing a hand down his face out of nervous habit. "He shouldn't be there."

"Nope, he should be here." Lizzy leans up to look at him. "Babysitting. And being an awesome uncle…. Uncle Sam."

Dean snaps his focus onto her as she's smirking already. "Oh shit."

"I know!"

"I am gonna crap on him so bad for that."

"The second we get him out I expect it." Lizzy smiles at him warmly. "He'd be happy for us, wouldn't he?"

"Dude, Sam would be way too into this one. Would probably already've ransacked a book store and done his research on everything about having a kid. He'd probably have tips for you on breast feeding by now."

"Probably," Lizzy laughs, knowing how spot on Dean is on this one. "So… what now?"

"We keep helping Crowley until he forks over Sam's soul or screws us," Dean looks back up at the ceiling. "My money's on the screwing."

"And the backup plan for that is…?"

Dean sighs heavily as he pinches the bridge of his nose with the migraine that's threatening a hostile takeover. Stress is a real bitch.

Lizzy knows that there isn't a backup plan at the moment and drops the issue. Instead she gently pushes him onto his back and maneuvers to sit on top of him while straddling his hips.

"Head hurt?" she asks, already knowing, as she brings a hand to either side of his head and begins pressing circles into his temples with her thumbs.

"Yeah," Dean admits, his eyes closing and his wrinkled expression relaxing a bit as she massages the pain away a bit.

"This is a lot to handle," Lizzy says softly, not wanting to make it worse for him. "Even the almighty Dean Winchester can't do everything."
"I have to."

"No you don't," she smiles and he slits his eyes open to look at her.

"I don't know anyone else who's willing to deal with all this shit."

"I'm just saying that you never have to do anything," Lizzy logics as she keeps rubbing his head. "You don't have to help your brother because he chose this path. You don't have to work with Crowley but you want to save Sam so you do. You don't have to step up here and be a dad but you want to because you're a good man and you love me."

"Both of you," he corrects for her. He wasn't aware before now that a person could love another person they've never met before but it's totally possible. He loves that baby more than he's ever loved anything and they won't even meet for the better part of a year still.

"See? Just like I said. You're a good man," Lizzy smiles and leans down to kiss him. He's too much right now. He's actually being honest and open, as much as he can of course, and he's going to be fighting for his family, every part of it, until everyone is safe and happy or he's dead. She wasn't lying. There is no better or nobler man in the world.

She slides her tongue slowly across his before ending the kiss and smiling to him, their faces just an inch apart.

"Did you know," she starts, her hands drifting down his chest. "That the only way to naturally cure a headache is by having an orgasm?" Her hands reach the top of his jeans and she easily flicks open the button as she sits up on him.

"Is that true?" Dean has to wonder.

"Oh yeah," Lizzy answers, his zipper lowering. "It has something to do with blood flow changes and endorphins… I read about it a while back."

"What the hell can't sex do, huh?" Dean jokes as he watches her move down his legs and start pulling off his pants and boxers.

"Cure headaches, create life… There's just about nothing sex can't do, I'd say." She laughs as she pulls his clothes off, excited to give him some much needed relief from the life he's currently stuck in. "You just sit back and relax, daddy," she tells him in that sexy little tone that he knows he's crazy about. "I'll take care of you."

"Wait, wait…" he tries to stop of her but she's already crawling over him and running her tongue up his length. He groans low as his eyes close involuntarily for a moment. "L, aren't I supposed to be doing all the work here?"

"Why?" she asks, looking up at him as she wraps a hand around him.

"Oh, I don't know… You're kinda in the middle of doing the coolest and most awesome thing anyone could ever do for me. For fuck's sake, you're giving me a kid. I owe you about a thousand."

"Try a million," she jokes. "And normally yes, you'd be right. You'd owe me big time." She nods a couple times before swirling her tongue around him again, another moan coming with it. "But unlike every other chick out there, I'm married to Superman. Superman gets special treatment for being so awesome and saving the world all the time, even right now." She winks, believing every word she says to him, before lowering her head and taking him into her mouth.
"Oh fuck," Dean sighs heavily as he drops his head back into the pillow under him once she gets to work. She tells him she's pregnant and going to make him a father and then does this? "Guess I do have some good luck… sometimes… oh God, yeah."

"Where's pops?" Bobby questions as he watches Lizzy make her way through the study to the kitchen after she and Dean were upstairs for about an hour.

"Sleeping," she answers, her face light and carefree as she grabs a glass and fills it with tap water.

"Really?" Bobby smirks at her, Sam dropping his book and turning to look at Lizzy from his chair opposite Bobby at his desk. "With all this excitement?"

Lizzy huffs a laugh. "With everything going on he needs his rest. I made sure to put him down good." She winks at Bobby but her face falls a bit when she sees Sam looking at her. "So I guess you know now."

"Yeah," Sam nods.

They stare at each other for an awkward few seconds, Lizzy feeling the disappointment as he doesn't get excited for her. Then again, what did she expect from the soulless guy.

"Awkward," Lizzy says as she walks to the desk and sits in the open chair next to Sam.

"Is Dean ok?" Bobby continues to speak to Lizzy, hoping Debbie-Downer without a soul will keep his opinions to himself for right now.

"He's overwhelmed," she easily admits, eyeing the whiskey bottle on Bobby's desk with longing. "And scared. And seriously worried about… well… you." She peers at Sam with the comment.

"He shouldn't be worried about me," Sam calmly says. "I'm fine."

"Again, your definition of fine isn't fine," Lizzy mentions. "And by you I mean the you that's still locked up down under."

"I'm well aware that you two don't exactly like me," Sam offhandedly remarks.

Lizzy just stares at him a beat. "That's not it."

"Oh no?"

"No. I just don't trust you," she says, clearly the words hurting her to speak. "We know you used me in the incubus hunt."

The surprise in Sam's face is almost a welcomed sight to see for Lizzy and Bobby since they rarely have seen a single emotion on it for so long.

"I didn't…"

"Don't lie, Sam," Lizzy very calmly asks of him. "We know now. You don't have to pretend to be my Sam-I-Am anymore. Just be whoever you are and stop lying. Even if you can't feel it… we're still family."

Taking a second to think over his options, Sam says fuck it.

"I used you as bait."
"I know," Lizzy says. "But you can't do that anymore, especially not now."

"Why, because you're pregnant?" Sam asks, his tone making her think he really just needed an explanation as to why he can't put her in the line of fire anymore.

"That's exactly why," Bobby warns him sternly. "And trust me, you ever put Lizzy in danger again and you'll lose that brother of yours faster than you can blink."

Sam nods and accepts the threat for what it is.

"Or I'll kill you," Lizzy says to Sam, her face stern and serious. The pause hangs in the air, her expression never changing.

"Got it," Sam tells her after a minute.

"I mean it," she doles her warning out to him one last time so that he won't forget. "You do anything, and I mean anything, to put my baby in danger or its father and I will kill you with my bare hands myself. You may look like my brother but you aren't. I could do it."

"I hear you, Lizzy. Relax," Sam says to her. "It's not like you're gonna be on the road with us now, anyways."

"But Dean is," she continues on. "And I need him more now than I ever have."

"Dean's a perfect hunting partner. I need him too."

Her nerves calm just slightly with this knowledge. She believes him and if Sam still needs him he won't do anything that will let Dean see an ounce of harm.

"Well, now that that's all out in the clear," Bobby goes to change the subject. "Why don't we start in on the research?"

"What are we looking for?" Lizzy asks as really it could be anything.

"Step one, soul retrieval," Sam answers quickly, leaning back over his book on the edge of the desk in front of him.

"Ok, just wondering what was on the top of the list, releasing souls from the Cage or tearing Crowley a new asshole. Wasn't sure," she smirks while looking at Bobby. He huffs a laugh.

"So even if he's worried about his brother and the supposed King of Hell… Dean's ok?" Bobby pries a little harder, making sure that at least one thing is settled and has gone well. If it hasn't he's more than ready to go kick his son's ass for his pessimism.

"He's ok," Lizzy nods and smiles a little. "He's very ok with the baby."

"Yeah?" Bobby narrows his eyes at her.

"Yeah," Lizzy smiles full blown at him and Bobby relaxes for a second. He reaches over and pats her hand on the desk.

"This is a good thing," he tells her again. He then pulls a book off the carpet by his foot and drops it in front of her. "Now let's make more good things happen."

Picking up the book, Lizzy stands. She gives Bobby one more silent yet highly excited look before leaving the study to get to work in the living room.
Half a day of reading quietly and eventually putting together a dinner that's now cooking in the oven, Lizzy finally hears footsteps coming down the staircase out in the hallway. She smiles to herself, giddy to see her husband again. She didn't like wasting so much time that could have been spent with him since he'll be gone again soon enough but she didn't have the heart to wake him either. He needed the rest so badly and when she checked on him he looked so at peace that she didn't have the heart to ruin the only mode in life he has in which he's completely calm.

"Hey," his still groggy voice greets when he walks into the room to find her sitting on one end of the couch, her feet up on a small antique ottoman and book on her legs.

"Hi," she smiles as she watches him make his barefooted way over to her. He dives onto the couch in his comfy jeans and t-shirt and lays across it on his side. Dean brings an arm around her lower back and rests his head on her lap. In his still sleepy state he kisses her stomach through her shirt once before settling in.

Lizzy grins with sheer love for the little move and she puts the book on the end table next to her.

"Feeling better?" she asks as she runs her hand through his hair.

"Much," he says with a sniffle. "What time is it?"

"About eight."

"What!?" he picks his head up and looks at her with wide eyes. "I slept twelve hours!?"

"Sure did," she laughs a little. "You were wrecked when you showed up this morning. You needed every minute of it."

Dean sighs and places his cheek on her stomach, getting comfortable once again while trying to be as close to his entire family as possible. "I wasted a half a day with you."

The fact that he looks at it the same way as she does makes her grin harder. "You didn't waste anything," she ensures, looking down at his still tired face.

"Robocop didn't find us a new hunt yet, did he?" Dean asks with worry.

"Nope. We've all just been researching soul saving all day."

"Good," Dean says with his arm pulling tighter around her.

"Yep, you're stuck with me and my cooking even longer," Lizzy playfully tells him. "Dinner's in the oven. It'll be done soon."

"God, I love you," Dean spills out without thinking.

She smirks. "You still ok with everything?"

"Define everything," he grumbles.

"Are you still ok with our little expansion team?"

With the question Dean shifts, his head still in her lap as he peers up at her.

"Don't ask me that anymore."
The surprise on her face at the comment makes him smile.

"I mean, don't worry about that. You don't have to ask. I'm happy. Like I said before, this is the only good thing I got going." He runs a hand over her stomach. "This right here… this is awesome."

"We still have to talk about how we're gonna handle all of this."

"Tomorrow," Dean tells her. "First thing tomorrow."

"And then tomorrow you'll say we should talk about it tomorrow," Lizzy knowingly challenges down to him and he looks up at her.

"No way," He tells. "First thing tomorrow, before we even get outta bed."

"Promise?"

He cocks an eyebrow to answer and she nods to accept. They both stay there, enjoying the silence of the big house.

"Where is everybody?" Dean asks, looking around a bit.

"Supply run before the stores close," Lizzy answers easily. "They just left."

"Good," he says, snuggling closer to her in a way that Dean never does. He doesn't snuggle. Ever. Shit. What is this kid doing to him already?

"Can you even breathe like that?" Lizzy laughs loudly when his face presses into her stomach completely.

"I'm fine," he says back with his muffled voice, making her laugh more.

"You're not like what I expected you to be like with this," she truthfully tells him with his actions. Dean looks back up to her with a confused face.

"What did you expect me to be like?" he asks with his still blocked voice.

"I don't know. I didn't think you'd be all… touchy feely."

"Shut up," Dean says as he sits up with her words, making him feel awkward with the calling out.

"I wasn't making fun," she tries to assure him with her laugh at his reaction. "Seriously, I just didn't see you being the way you are. You usually put on this bullshit macho-man show. I like this new you."

He runs his hands over his hair to calm the bed head while glaring at her.

"And I wasn't asking you to stop," Lizzy says to him, leaning into him and bringing her arms around his waist. "Actually, I kinda like this version of you. Never really seen it before. It's nice."

Dean rolls his eyes and hugs her back. It's true, she's right. He has this weird need in him now to be near her and it's not like before. He always wants to be near her but now he wants to be attached to her and to their child. He doesn't ever want to be away from them or even out of sightline of them. They're his whole world.

"You hungry?" she asks him once she sits up next to him, knowing the answer already.
"So fucking hungry," he answers back very quickly.

Lizzy gets up with smile and holds out her hand. "Lasagna is ready in, like, one minute."

"Oh my God," Dean says as he takes her hand and stands with her help. "Lasagna, blow jobs, a kid… you do it all."

"Lucky you!" she laughs a bit and slaps him on the ass before heading for the kitchen ahead of him.

He watches her walk away, her bare feet padding across the linoleum through the kitchen doorway as she gets his much needed meal ready. Cass follows her and sits by the stove, having smelt the food like any dog would. He wags his tail and watches her closely, just like always, and still gets a kick out of the fact that even his dog adores her as much as the rest of them.

Dean has no idea how this happened, how in just four years he's gone from a drifter that hit on anything with a decent rack to an insanely happily married man about to become a father. And he has no idea how it's possible that he loves his life so much more now than he did back then since back then he thought his way of life, a new chick every night he could manage, was amazing.

"Lucky me," Dean remarks quietly before joining her, putting on oven mitts to get the hot casserole dish out of the oven for her.

They may not know how this is going to work but it doesn't matter. He's going to make it work. Failure isn't an option. Right now, in that kitchen at his father figure's house, his life is set out in front of him.

Dean's been so many things in his life, most of them not so great. He's a hunter. He's an alcoholic. He's a head case in the most literal sense. He's a man that never had a childhood and a brother that has never taken a moment to do anything for himself. He's the guy that everyone depends on even when he himself needs holding up the most. And he's an angry and surly man that is almost always lost in at least one aspect of his life, if not all of them at the same time.

But none of that matters, not now.

Because more importantly than anything else Dean Winchester is a husband and now a soon-to-be father… and ain't that just something?

**THE END**

End Notes

Please feel free to comment, good or bad. I love to read what you think and I'll always respond to you.

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