The Little Game Changer

by DeepLittleSOB

Summary

Castiel is acting all kinds of suspicious, Sam is a whole other kind of weird since he has no soul these days, and to top it all off Lizzy's pregnant with Dean's child, something that caught the two of them very off guard.

This must be what they mean by the expression when it rains, it pours, right?

Notes

This is the fourteenth story in my series.

See the end of the work for more notes.
"So...I was thinking," Sam starts to come clean as he and Dean sit at a random picnic table on the side of a random road in a random US town. They ate quickly and before heading back out to the next case Sam felt the need to tell the truth. Damage control has truly become the name of the game for him. "You were right."

"About?" Dean asks suspiciously. Considering how far away from common sense and morality Sam's been lately the guy could be talking about anything. This whole being soulless thing has been detrimental at best to the guy that used to be his little brother and the relationship between them.

"I'm not your brother," Sam tells him with absolute certainty. "I'm not Sam."

"Okay," Dean accepts the admission cautiously, already not liking where this conversation is going.

"Um, all that 'blah, blah, blah' about being the old me? Crap," he keeps right on going as if it's just too easy to say. The pain written in Dean's expression isn't register by Sam as he continues on without a care. "Like Lizzy, right? I've been acting like I care about her and that she's pregnant. But I don't. And even though it's your kid she's having... I just couldn't care less about it."

"But that kid is your family too, Sam. That's your blood."

"Doesn't seem to change anything."

"I just don't understand that," Dean replies with a hand washing down his long and worry-addled face. He sighs heavily with sadness. "Is this supposed to make me feel better or something?"

"No, but you wanted the real me. This is it," Sam explains his reasons for being so brutally honest. "I don't care about Lizzy or the baby. I don't even really care about you, except that... I need your help. And you're clearly not gonna stick around for much longer unless I give it to you straight, so... I've done a lot worse than you know. I've killed innocent people in the line of duty. But I'm pretty sure it's not something the old me could've done. And maybe I should feel guilty… but I don't."

"Sam, get to the punch line," Dean awkward asks as he shifts uncomfortably in his seat with how cold and calculating this thing in front of him wearing his best friend's mask is.

"I don't know if how I am is better or worse. It's different. You get the job done and nothing really hurts… which isn't the worst thing ever. But I've been thinking and it was... it was kinda harder being the other guy. But there are also things about it I remember that I..." Sam pauses to compose his thoughts. "Let's just say I think I should probably go back to being him."

"That's very interesting," Dean easily says, shocked to hear the revelation come from RoboSam's mouth. It's highly unexpected. "It's a step."

"So?"

"So we do what we got to do," Dean promises to Sam. "And we get my brother back."

"Where are you right now?" Lizzy questions him from the other end of the line as he leans against the old, rotting, wooden post fence at the edge of a large farm property. The day is dreary, clouds hanging overhead and threatening to open up at any time, and Dean can't help but think the sky looks a lot like some brainy symbolism in some too-existential book for his lot in life right now.
"Good old Nebraska," he answers her, letting out a breath with the stress he's always feeling. "Gotta clean up our mess here then heading to Elmwood, Indiana."

"And what's in Elmwood, Indiana?" she copies his down tone and it makes the corner of his mouth lift a little with her attempt.

"Don't know yet," he tells her. "But people are disappearing and from what Sam tells me it sounds like our thing."

"He would know," she concurs, her voice just slightly bitter.

"Yeah, but at least the guy is in the right frame of mind these days."

"Hey, he wants his soul back now. I'd say this is a damn good thing. Now you just gotta do it."

"You been feeling any better?" Dean asks her out of need to change the subject. He's tired of thinking only about Sam's soul with everything else he's got going in his life these days and he knows her morning sickness has been a real bitch to her. It's bothering him to no end that she has to feel so crappy though all this. Most women gain weight while pregnant but he's beginning to wonder if she'll ever gain a pound with how much throwing up she's been doing.

"No, but at least now I can time when I'm gonna puke," she says with a little levity. "Once every two hours. Almost to the minute. It's uncanny."

"That's terrible."

"No it's good! I figured out that if I eat right after I throw up I can keep down some of it before I get sick again."

"I have no idea how women do this." He really doesn't. Being pregnant sounds just terrible.

"We see the end game and hold onto that with an iron grip," she explains quickly and with truth.

"You should talk to a doctor. You can't live like this, L."

"That's the plan. My first doctor's appointment is in a few days and I'll talk to her then."

"Yeah. Ah, I know you wanted me to come with for that one but I'm not gonna be able to make it to the appointment," Dean speeds out as quickly as he can with how much he hates having to tell her that.

"I figured," she keeps her voice light even though he knows she has to be disappointed. "But I just wanted to remind you that I was going."

"I'm sorry…"

"Shut up, would you?" Lizzy says in her usual jokingly annoyed at him tone. "I know you'd be here if you could but it's no big deal. There isn't much happening in there yet so it'll probably be a bunch of dos and don'ts and general health stuff. You can read through all the lame pamphlets when you get here next, I'll save 'em for you."

"Can't wait," Dean says with a hint of sarcasm though it doesn't have the usual gusto his sarcasm normally holds. He's too bummed to punch it out right.

"I'm not upset here," she promised him, reminding him that she does understand it all.
"I know," he confirms for her as he looks around, watching Sam sitting on the trunk of the Impala with his laptop out. "But I swear I'm gonna come home as soon as I can."

"Oh I know you will," she assures. "And while you're gone I'll have plenty of time to get shit in order. We have a lot of things we're gonna need."

"You're gonna blow all our savings on this baby, aren't you?"

"You know it."

Dean laughs at this one. She does love shopping and with her excitement level he doesn't doubt that they'll be broke as a joke in no time. He's ok with that, though.

"Uh, so, Bobby's been calling me a lot lately. A lot. Like, every day."

"Not surprised," Dean returns, kicking a rock by his foot. "He calls me every time you don't answer to make sure you're fine."

"Jesus Christ," Lizzy complains. "Are you serious?"

"As a heart attack."

"What the fuck, man?" Lizzy asks in an annoyed but not angry tone. "I'm not dying over here. He's crazy right now."

"He's just concerned about you being on your own," Dean reminds her. "You're like his daughter. And that kid's like his grandkid. Cut him some slack."

"When he takes it down to one call every other day then I'll cut him some slack."

"Go easy on the old man. He's actually looking forward to something in his life for the first time in a long ass time. If he's annoying, let him be."

"Yeah," she complains a bit, knowing he's right and it makes Dean smirk. Overtime he recognizes when she knows he's right because she'll uses that certain tone of voice. She's never admit he's right but the giving in so easily is good enough for him. "He's been doing research you know."

"On what?"

"On childbirth and raising children."

"What?!" Dean has to laugh quietly with this information.

"I swear, you go to his house right now and you'll find a shit ton of baby books on his desk instead of the usual old, dusty demonology shit. He's been trying to prepare me so that everything goes well and I don't fuck up the kid."

"Ok, I have no idea who that man is anymore."

"Neither do I!" Lizzy admits. "It's sweet and endearing as hell but I really don't want to discuss things like vaginal recuperation with him."

"What?!" Dean ask with disgust, not at all able to imagine Bobby speaking of such things.

"Oh, yeah. He already felt the need to warn me that sex after childbirth is a huge no-no as I will need proper time to heal. And because he knows just who you are so well this concerned him. He
suggested that I might have to use other means to keep you satisfied until I was ready…"

"No! God, L! Stop!" Dean shouts into the phone. "I can taste the bile!"

"This is what I've been dealing with," she tells him. "It's only been a month that he's known and I'm ready to kill him."

"Wow," Dean shakes his head as shocked doesn't quite to justice to how he feels about this turn of events. Bobby? Really!? "You want me to talk to him?"

"No, no. That's nice of you but I can handle him." She huffs a quiet little laugh that he can just make out. "It's actually kinda nice to know someone out there cares this much, that we still have someone on our side."

"It is," Dean nods to himself, respecting Bobby's obvious love and concern. It'd be nice if Sam was on his side too.

"I may have made him promise that my sexual and reproductive anatomy is off the table as far as discussion topics go but I'm still willing to talk about anything else with him concerning the baby."

"Seems like a fair deal to me."

"I thought so," she responds, her voice sounding like she's smiling. "His biggest concern is my being alone, though. That's the one that really irks him."

"Bugs me, too." Dean hates that she's by herself all the time, always so far away from her family. It worries him that whatever could happen to her would happen when he's not there to protect her and their child.

"Not as much as it bugs Bobby!" she jests. "He told me he wanted me to move into his house for a while."

"He did?"

"Yeah. He thinks I should have someone with me and since you can't he suggested I move to Sioux Falls. I can save cash with free rent and everything and what house is more protected than his?"

"None…" Dean slowly answers, considering this extremely generous offer. "Plus he's in the middle of the country. It's always easier to get to him than it is to get to you out in the northeast."

"That's true. But my job is here, both of them."

"You're gonna still keep those jobs?" he questions with much surprise.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"You can't teach self-defense classes while knocked up! What if you get hit wrong?"

"Physical activity is a suggested thing for pregnant women," she calmly tries to comfort him. "Staying in shape is the best thing I can do right now. Plus, in my classes you don't actually hit people. It's not like when I spar with you or Sam."

"Ok, fine… but what about the bartending?" Dean asks her. "You gonna sling booze with a huge gut?"

"You know, Dean, you have a lovely way with words… and yeah. I am."
"That's a terrible idea," Dean tells her, not liking the mother of his child being around alcohol, college aged kids looking for a fight, staying up that late and getting hit on by sleazy people while pregnant.

"Hey, I'm good at the job and I need to make money! Kids are fucking expensive."

"You don't have to do that. We can figure it out…"

"Look, I'm not going to be doing it forever," she tries to calm his worries. "Once I hit a certain size I'll probably have to quit. No one wants a mother to be making their drinks anyways and by then I'll be too tired to kick ass. I got this."

"You're whole 'I am woman, hear me roar' shit gets old sometimes, you know that?"

"Get used to it."

"All I've done since I've met you is get used to it."

Lizzy laughs brightly with this comment. "I'm fine, Hot Shot. You know I'm Wonder Woman so everything will be just fine."

"Yeah…" Dean trails off, knowing that he'll never just assume anything is fine. He'll be worried every minute of every day for the rest of his life over his girl and his little one. That's just how it'll be. He wonders if all fathers are like that or if he's worse because of their situation.

"And if it's still bugging you the next time you come home then we'll discuss it again. Fair?"

"Fair," Dean answers, thinking it really is.

"How you holding up out there?" she questions him, clearly looking to change the subject.

"Still standing."

"And Sam?"

"Still psycho, but I'm helping manage him." He is. He's been trying his hardest to be Sam's moral compass since he found out about the soulless thing. Anything to keep Sam on track and sane until he can pop his soul into its rightful home is worthwhile in Dean's eyes.

"That's good to hear."

"Shit," Dean complains when he sees Sam stand up off the car and close his laptop. Whenever this version of his brother starts to move so abruptly then he knows it's time to get moving.

"What?" Lizzy wonders. Dean sees Sam give him an impatient look.

"Sam's getting antsy. I gotta go."

He hears the heavy sigh Lizzy lets out with that news. "Alright."

"Let me know what the doc says."

"Every word," she swears to him. "We love you, Daddy."

"You're so lame," Dean shakes his head with a huge grin.
"You love it."

"Yeah. I do."

He snaps his phone shut and pushes off the old fence on the side of the wide, flat country road.

"You ready?" Sam asks, his voice sharp and urgent when he sees Dean walking towards him.

"Dude, where's the fire?" Dean complains, heading for the Impala with a grimace.

"We're wasting time…"

"I was talking to Lizzy. That's not a waste of time." He pulls the keys out of his jacket.

"I guess not… unless another person disappears while we could have gotten there sooner if you weren't on the phone." Sam's blank and stern face just stares at him over the roof from the passenger side.

Dean drops his hands on the hood, looks up to the sky and takes a deep breath. Sam has no soul. He doesn't get what he's saying. It's not his fault. He's like a huge, violent child. Dean needs to remind himself of such things now and then so he doesn't just haul off and slug Sam for his irritating intensity.

"It was a quick phone call. No harm done. I'm just keeping tabs on my family."

"So family is more important than the people in danger?" Sam asks, brow furrowed with confusion.

"Generally," Dean tells him and opens the driver's side door.

"So you mean to say that a family member's life is more valuable than a stranger's?" Sam tries to logic.

"What!? No," Dean starts to explain but begins to falter. "Just because they have the same name as you doesn't mean their lives are more important than anyone else's…"

"Then what are you saying?" Sam pries stubbornly harder. "Because first you say family is number one and then you say the opposite. Which one is it?"

"Family is… I'm just… I'm trying to… fuck," Dean complains and shoves himself into the driver's side seat, yanking the door closed with a huge bang as he does.

Sam follows suit and very calmly takes his place in the passenger side. Once in, he waits a beat before looking over to Dean, instantly recognizing his annoyance.

"It was just a question, man," he assures the pissed man next to him.

"And you should be asking me these kinds of questions," Dean tells him with a sharp edge, knowing he'd rather this version of Sam ask moral questions and learn instead of go by what his empty heart tells him. "But some of them… they're not so easy to answer."

Sam nods his understands and keeps looking at Dean, wanting an answer.

"Family is the most important thing any person has," Dean tries his best to explain his point of view as he sees it. "Without that… there is nothing, so yeah… family members are more important than other people."
"So you're more important to me than the people we save?" Sam asks, his tone completely sincere in its curiosity.

"I should be, yeah... but you asking that makes me think I'm not," Dean sadly observes as he turns the key in the ignition, looking for the loud rumble of the engine to soothe him through the realization that Sam doesn't even see him as his own kin anymore.

"I'm just trying to get a handle on things."

"But the people out there, the people we help... they're lives aren't more valuable than mine or yours or L's or Bobby's. They aren't. And to them their family is more important to them then we are, even if we save their asses."

"So it's a perspective thing," Sam sums up.

"Exactly," Dean quickly says as he puts the car in drive and heads out onto the road.

They drive in silence for a moment before Sam lets out a quiet, "Huh."

The stab in the heart he has to endure every time they have conversations like this makes Dean need his Sammy back more and more each time.
It's been a long Saturday night shift.

Well, not technically. It was the average length of her usual shifts at the bar. Six o'clock to close, which is usually once everything is cleaned up around two-thirty in the morning. Normally this is no big deal for Lizzy. She can handle that amount of time with grace, or better yet with a few shots in her system as her regulars do love to help make her job more fun.

However, being pregnant really makes being a bartender much harder to do.

She had to turn down every shot offered to her tonight. Her patrons weren't exactly excited when she said no to their generosity over and over. The word pussy was thrown out a few times. The only excuse she could come up with for her sobriety was that she hadn't been feeling great and needed to step away from the booze for a little while. It was partially true, after all.

On her feet all night, no booze consumed, and having to hide her throwing up twice during her shift… she's ready to relax.

So when she pulls onto her road and catches a glimpse of her apartment in the not so far distance it's enough to make her smile.

Lizzy puts on her blinker like another other night, doing it while singing along to 'Going to California'. Walk Cass, brush teeth, wash off make up, and reacquaint with that big comfy couch of hers. That sounds like the best plan ever.

A plan that flies right out the window when she pulls into her small parking lot to find a very familiar black 1967 Chevrolet Impala parked in her usual spot.

He's home.

Her heart nearly jumps out of her throat with sheer excitement. Her husband is home. He didn't tell her he was coming but he's here.

Lizzy parks the Mustang and flies out of her car in record time. She runs around the building to the front door and nearly breaks her key in the lock trying to get it open as quickly as possible.

She fumbles a bit, drops her keys, and then swears loud enough for the neighbors to hear inside their homes.

"Fuck!"

As she bends down to pick them up and try again she hears the knob turn and the lock click open.

"Hey, gutter mouth. Take it easy. There're kids living in this neighborhood."

The light and joking voice taunts her a bit and when Lizzy looks up she sees Dean standing there casually, looking down at her with a self-assured grin on his face.

"Hi!" Lizzy just short of squeals as she scrambles back up to her feet. She drops her purse on the floor and immediately slams into him, her arms around his neck and her cheek pressed against his.

"Hi," Dean laughs right back with her huge greeting. He wraps his arms around her smaller frame
and lets that wonderful warmth surround him.

"I had no idea you were coming!" she says with sheer glee to have him back.

"That was the point," he tells her as she backs away just enough to plant her lips right onto his.

"I missed you so much," she tells him before smashing her mouth onto his again.

"Missed… you… too…" he struggles to get out as she assaults him over and over.

"Ah," she sighs and hugs him in again. "So happy you're home."

"Trust me, it's good to be here," Dean admits, that relaxing relief that washes over him just to be in this space of theirs making coming home too good to be real. But it is.

"Oh man," she awes and backs away, picking up her purse to head inside with him. "My heart is racing a mile a minute."

Dean just stays there, smiling wide as he holds open the door for her to come in. He watches her closely as she takes off her worn, tan leather jacket and hangs it onto one of the hooks on the wall before bending down to pet their dog when he comes to greet her. The sight of her concerns him as soon as her coat no longer covers her up.

"You still not eating or something?" he worries aloud, taking in her thinner than usual frame.

"Oh, I'm eating… I'm just sometimes puking it right up afterwards," she explains while she kicks off her boots. "But you can relax. It's only, like, six pounds that I've lost."

"You've lost six pounds!?” he panics a bit as he closes the door behind her. He grabs the big metal salt container in the corner by the front doorway and starts fixing the line at the entrance. "You're supposed to be gaining weight!"

"Eventually, yeah, I will. But with my morning sickness running all day it's kinda hard to not lose some pounds. The doctor said it's fine," Lizzy explains while starting for the stairs. "Come sit with me and I can fill you in on everything so that you can calm your ass down a bit."

Dean makes his way up the stairs, pit-stopping for a beer from the refrigerator as it is his usual thing before walking down the hall.

"Where's Sam?" Lizzy shouts out to him from the bedroom.

"Hunting something up in Maine… a Rugaru I think," Dean tells her as he takes a sip of beer and stands in the door way. He leans on the frame and watches her move around, losing her jeans in favor of some sweatpants. He gets a nice glimpse of ass in her small, black underwear before they're covered again. Damn, it is just too good to be home again.

"By himself?" she questions with surprise as she rummages through some papers on the wooden desk in the corner of the bedroom once more comfortable.

"I warned him that I needed a day or two off, especially since we were headed this way. He told me he was gonna go with or without me. I said bullshit and the next thing I know I'm waking up alone in our motel in Pennsylvania." Dean takes a deep swig of his beer. "Ah. He wasn't bluffing."

"Guess not," she makes a worried face over to him while gathering up everything she intends to share.
"Nope," Dean answers, the disappointment clear in his tone. "But that leaves us at least a couple days together so I can't really complain… as long as he comes back alive."

"You worried about that?" Lizzy asks, stack of literature in her hands and a concerned face aimed at him.

"I'm always worried about that," Dean admits as he leans harder into the wooden door frame. "Or really I'm worried about everyone around him. He's either killing or screwing his way through Maine without his Jiminy so I hope those backwoods hicks are ready for that."

"Jiminy?" she questions up to him with a hand on his chest as she stand in front of him.

"Long story." Dean tries to sweep that one story under the rug and she hears it loud and clear, even if Lizzy would love to know why he's referring to himself as a Disney character.

"Well, baby, you can't be on him twenty-four seven," she lightly reminds him with a soft smile.

"I know," Dean nods.

"You're only human," she says as she pressed up on her toes to kiss him once. "Wanna forget about Sam for a minute and talk to me about brighter things?"

Dean just huffs his answer, very ready to do just that, and follows her as she walks past him into the living room. They sit next to each other on the couch as Lizzy lays out all the paperwork she grabbed.

"I'm seeing Dr. Williams. I had her since I first started going to a gyno in high school so I know that she's awesome. She's delivered hundreds of babies so she's totally trustworthy," Lizzy says with a smile as she grabs two prescription pill bottles off of the coffee table. "She has me on both of these."

"What are they?" Dean asks, his forehead wrinkled as he reads over the medical names for the pills on the label. They mean nothing to him.

"One's a prenatal vitamin and the other is some anti-nausea medicine," she points to each one individually. "I've been throwing up a lot less after getting myself on the nausea stuff. I'll be back to normal weight and then some soon enough so you can relax about the weight loss."

"Good," Dean nods with sheer relief as he put the bottles back.

"And she told me that a lot of people lose weight if they have morning sickness at the beginning. I am perfectly normal." She drops a reassuring hand on his knee and Dean starts to look a little less worried.

"So is everything else good so far?" he pries, ready to hear that his child is doing fine and everything is normal. He could really use some good news right about now.

"So far, yeah," Lizzy tells him. "I had a ton of tests done. Sadly I never got the rundown from mom about how she was while pregnant or if she had any complications so I got the works done to be sure. Blood tests, hormone levels, I peed in a cup… we did it all. I am as healthy as a horse and good to carry this baby all the way through."

"What about the kid?" Dean keeps prying.

Lizzy takes a piece of paper from the pile and holds it between the two of them. "I had two pretty important tests. They're both for early detection of downs and chromosomal abnormalities, that last
one being what my doctor thinks was the reason for the miscarriage a couple years ago. They'll do more tests in the second trimester to be sure but so far the little dude or dudette is perfect.

Nodding, Dean takes a second to enjoy that no shit has yet to hit the fan. He's not used to that. "So everything is good?" he has to check one last time out of constant need to be sure. He has to know, without a doubt, that their kid is healthy, normal, and all around perfect and so is his wife or else he's never leaving this apartment again.

This is when a huge, overly excited smile spreads across Lizzy's face. She pulls out a five by seven picture from under the stack of pamphlets and hands it over.

"You tell me."

He takes the photo out of her hand and looks down at it.

"Because I don't know my mother's medical history so much and I've had a miscarriage before I got to have an early sonogram to take an inside peek and be one hundred percent sure," she explains as Dean just concentrates on making heads or tail of the black and white picture. "That right there," Lizzy points to a black mass in the middle of it. "Is the amniotic sac, the baby's hangout until it's born. And right there," she points to a small shape inside the black. "Is our little badass."

Glancing at her once, his face full of shock and total wonder with what she shows him, he looks back down at the picture again. Holy shit. That's his kid. That's actually it. That's his little boy or girl, his and Lizzy's future… all right there in that one picture.

"Shit," Dean says, his face showing the moment he's having. It's overwhelming to see that tiny little person for the first time. It's all real. He didn't imagine it or dream it up. It wasn't some figment of his over worked mind. It's all very real and here in his hands is the proof.

"I know," Lizzy agrees as she leans against him, her arms wrapping around his bicep and her chin on his shoulder. "It's fucking crazy."

"Yeah," he amazes, still unable to tear his eyes away from the picture.

"Dr. Williams broke it down for me. She told me that this…" she once more points to the picture. "Is its head, here is the body, and you can just barely make out the umbilical cord… there."

"You sure that's what that is?" Dean asks as he points to what Lizzy tells him is an umbilical cord. He then looks to her with a cocked eyebrow and a smile.

"Yes," she laughs small with his obvious challenge. "That's not a penis."

"You sure?" Dean keeps right on joking. "Would make sense. It's pretty big. He might take after his dear old dad."

"Sorry to disappoint but I'm sure. It's too early to tell if it's a boy or a girl."

"Damn, ok," Dean brushes it off but continues to look at the picture.

"Would you want to know?" Lizzy wonders. "Before it's born would you wanna know what it is?"

Thinking it over, he tells her, "I don't know."

"Me neither. I mean, come on. Really, it doesn't matter either way…"

"I agree," he cuts in, and he does. After her saying a month back that she's just fine either way as
long as the baby's healthy and happy and safe he feels the same.

"But I think it would be fun to wait and be surprised," she shrugs.

Dean nods and keeps quiet, looking at the tiny little thing in the picture once more.

"If you really want to know I can make sure you do," she tells him. "You'd just have to promise me you won't tell before the big day."

"Yeah right," Dean huffs. "I couldn't deal with that kinda pressure. I'll just do whatever you wanna do."

With that one she kisses him on the cheek. She couldn't stop herself. She just loves him too much and this whole situation makes it that much stronger. She didn't think she could love him more before this happened. Boy was she wrong.

"So this is all the info they gave me," she shifts gears and spreads out all the pamphlets and fliers for him to see. "Some are good, some are total common sense. I'm pretty sure I'm not gonna be drinking any time soon and I've never been a smoker…"

"Yes you have," Dean rebuts immediately. She doesn't smoke cigarettes, no, but she still smokes a fair amount. "You're a fucking stoner."

"Not anymore I'm not," she rolls her eyes and lets go of his arm. She grabs a pamphlet from the pile and hands it to him. "This kid is effectively taking away all of my favorite vices."

Dean laughs when he sees the title on the informational page. *Pregnancy and Marijuana: The Effects on Your Unborn Child."

"No booze, no pot…"

"No coffee, no eggs, no sushi, no feta or blue cheese, no deli meat…"

"Oh man, you must be pissed," Dean near laughs as he picks up his bottle of beer and at the last second, pulls it away from his lips and puts it back down. Drinking in front of her seems unfair right about now.

"Dean, you can drink," she promises him. "It's fine. Plus, with the stress you're under… drink up."

"I'm good," Dean tells her and doesn't reach for the beer again. "So no caffeine, booze, weed, and some of your favorite foods… this kid just banned all your favorite things."

"Don't I know it," she rolls her eyes.

"Except for one thing, of course."

Lizzy looks to him with a confused face and he just simply raises his eyebrows a couple times with a slick look sent her way.

She laughs. "Yeah. I do still have sex, thank God. There's no way I'd survive this if I couldn't have sex!"

"Why's that?" Dean has to wonder.

"Oh my God, I have been nonstop horny for weeks," she tells him, her voice obvious. "My hormones are a mess. It's fucking crazy. I have no control over it."
"Huh," her husband nods with very easy acceptance over this.

"Oh, it's been rough without you," she admits, not looking to make him feel worse about needing to be on the road and help Sam but to just tell him the truth. "I need you… now more than ever! I think my vibrator would vouch for that!"

"You break it yet?" Dean jokes as he gets a mental picture. She's given him a solo show on more than one occasion. Those images are quite beautifully burned into his brain.

"Damn near close," she admits honestly. "Baby, I swear I have never felt anything like this. It doesn't matter how many times I go at it, it's never enough."

"You want me to try and help you out there?"

Lizzy and Dean both stare at each other for a beat, minds already churning with ideas.

"Not sure you're ready for that," Lizzy warns fairly.

"You think I'm not ready for fucking?" Dean asks, eyebrows flying up to his hairline with shock.

"I'm gonna wear you completely out, I know it."

"Oh I'd like to see you try, sweetheart," he returns quickly.

"No, I really think you're underestimating me," Lizzy tries again as she gets up and walks across the room, pulling her shirt over her head as she does. "I'm completely in overdrive at all times."

"And I love a good challenge," Dean smirks right back and gets up too, unbuckling his belt.

"Yeah, well, when you tap out some time tomorrow afternoon and call it quits then we'll see who has the real stamina out of the two of us." She tosses her shirt onto his head and leaves the room, making her way into their bedroom while immediately stripping out of everything she's wearing.

Impressed by her words and her high confidence paired with her want for marathon sex, as they've coined it after that day-long run at Bobby's years ago, Dean starts to shed his clothes, adding to the trail she's already started.

"Pregnancy is fucking awesome…"

“Ooh, fuck me, Dean,” Lizzy pleads within a pant as she bounces on top of him, her voice ragged and taxed. “Fuck me, baby. Come on. Harder.”

With sheer impressed awe, Dean grabs onto her hips and thrusts up into her hard while on his back. She’s been an animal, she surely wasn’t kidding. The warning she issued him last night was a very serious one. Lizzy has always had a healthy sexual appetite, something Dean’s been grateful for throughout their relationship, but this is just insane. She’s never ready to call it quits and never done for. They went at it for a while last night and again the second she woke up this morning, rousing him from sleep when her hand snaked into his boxer briefs with intent.

“Oh God, just like that,” she moans out loudly as her body rocks with each thrust. “Oh my God!” Lizzy grasps onto his shoulders, her nails clawing into his skin with the intensity of everything.

Completely uninhibited and desperate for yet another release, Dean watches her with complete veneration. And he thought she was something else before this whole thing. Now, she’s simply magnificent in his eyes. Way too fucking much, but magnificent all the same.
“Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah,” her voice climbs in volume as she leans down over him and presses her forehead to his upper chest when it becomes too much. “Fuck! Oh God! Yes!”

Her grip on his shoulders tightens and he can feel her contracting around him. Doesn’t matter how many times he’s seen her fly over the top in the past half-day together, that sight, those sounds she makes, the feel of her when she comes that hard… it’ll never fail to completely undo him.

“Oh shit,” Dean weakly sighs out as he follows right behind her. He pulls her in hard, burying himself deep within her, and lets go. He figured after how busy they’ve been that another go around wouldn’t do much for him but he was wrong. He still finds total bliss in her every time.

“Oh… yeah,” Lizzy drawls out as the high she was riding starts to receded. She stays put, curled into him as he holds her, and sighs with the satisfaction that she knows is only temporary.

Staring up at the white ceiling above, Dean relaxes back into the mattress. With pursed lips he releases a long breath, waiting for his heart rate to slow. While he does he can't help but worry a bit. How the hell is he supposed to keep this up? He's not a machine, after all, even if he's starting to think she is. This was supposed to be some time off for him. A few days to relax, enjoy being around his wife during an exciting time in their lives, and sure, have sex as it is pretty much their favorite pastime. But this is ridiculous. At this rate Dean will be so tired from his shore leave that he'll need a day to rest up before meeting back up with Sam. He wasn't expecting this at all.

"God damn am I glad you're home," Lizzy jokes a bit as she picks up her head and looks at him. She smiles wide and plants a serious kiss on his lips.

"Couldn't tell," he jests right back and kisses her again.

"You still alive?" she wonders as she gets off of him and lies down next to him.

"Barely."

Lizzy laughs aloud at this one. "Hey, I warned you…"

"That's true," Dean nods and turns to look at her. "But still… you're fucking crazy."

"Well aware!" she tells him. "I can actually feel how insane I am right now but there's nothing I can do about it."

"Hey, as long as you know…"

She kisses his cheek. "I'll be right back."

"Where you going?" Dean wonders to her as she leaves the room.

"To throw up," she calls back to him and she walks down the hallway.

"Glad to know sex with me has that effect on you!"

"Shut up!" Lizzy shouts back lightly as the bathroom door closes.

Pressing a hand to his forehead while lying back in their bed, he sighs to himself. "She's gonna kill me." He's exhausted and he knows she's not done. And what if she doesn't stop being insatiable until she has that kid and goes back to normal? How the hell does he survive seven more months of this? How the hell does she get by everyday if this is how amped up and horny she is all the time?
When Dean hears the sink turn on he knows she's brushing her teeth which means pretty quickly she'll be back. He holds his hand out in front of himself and sees the slight tremble in it. They've haven't eaten yet today and it's about one in the afternoon. Between the constant sex and the no fueling up, he's feeling a bit weak. Time to fix that.

As he leans up to get out of bed, he hears the bathroom door open again followed by quick footsteps down the hallway.

"And where do you think you're going?" she asks when she finds him sitting at the edge of the bed and leaning down to pick up his boxer briefs.

"To get some breakfast… or maybe lunch at this point," he answers simply.

"Nope," she quickly denies him and steals the underwear out of his hands.

"L, Jesus," Dean complain a bit. "We need to eat."

"We can eat after," she shrugs and pushes him back by the shoulders before crawling over him.

"Or we could eat now and take a break," he suggests and she kisses him before he could protest more. He cups her face with both hands and pushes her back a bit, holding her physically off of him as it's the only way she'll stop right now. "L, I'm a guy. I need recharge time."

"But I don't," she slickly smiles back.

"Yeah, I've noticed," Dean says with a smirk. "I'm sorry but I can't just get it up that quick that many times. Give me a break to get the batteries back to full and I'll be ready to go again."

Lizzy contemplates for a moment, biting her lip and seriously needing more as she’s turned on beyond belief all over again with just the sight of his naked body. “Fine… but you still have to get me off one more time before I let you out of this room.” She takes one of his hands and boldly places it between her legs for encouragement. “How fast can you get me come, baby?”

The crazy and playful glint in her eyes has him shaking his head in sheer disbelief. But then again, when has Dean ever been one to back down from a dare?

“Challenge accepted,” he winks at her once and rolls them over quickly. As Lizzy giggles with excitement over getting him to agree, Dean sits back onto the middle of the mattress. He pulls her up and into himself so that she’s sitting in his lap, her legs around him. He leaves just enough space between them to sneak a hand down and touch her.

“Mm,” Lizzy smiles out instantly when he presses a firm, slow circle into her clit. She closes her eyes, licks her lips once, and falls right into the pleasure of everything he’s doing to her. “Come on, baby. Make me say your name when I fucking lose it.”

Dean doesn’t respond. He just watches her intently. She’s so free and comfortable about sex, never hiding from him or ashamed of anything when with him like this. Her expression is serious, concentrated, and right there in front of him. He listens to her breath quickening as her moans come faster. Maybe it’s the pregnancy or the increased sex drive itself, but he’s noticed how quickly she can orgasm now in the past fifteen or so hours he’s been home. It’s unbelievable. This challenge she set forth for him was an easy one.

“Oh fuck, Dean,” she says to him and opens her eyes to look at him. They lock sights, Dean’s entranced ones glued to her pleasure-filled ones. They both smile briefly with the moment before her moans get louder. “Oh!” she punches out, her hips gyrating as it builds and her hands grasping at the
back of his neck.

She’s right there, right on the edge.

“You gonna say it?” Dean smirks, hand moving quicker as the test was that she had to scream his name when she came.

“Yeah. Oh, yeah.”

“Say my name.”

“Oh God…”

“Say it.”

“Dean.”

That was not her voice.

At the same time both Lizzy and Dean whip the heads around to the source of the very unlikely and quite male voice they hear.

"Oh, were you not asking me to say your name?” he asks innocently as he stands in the middle of their bedroom.

"What the fuck, Crowley!?” Dean shouts to the demon as he frantically grabs for their crumpled up comforter, a move that’s awkward going as they’re currently sitting on it. Lizzy wraps herself around Dean while in his lap, clutching to him tightly with fear and need to hide from their intruder.

"How good it is to see you too, Dean… and all of you, might I add.”

"Jesus fucking Christ," the hunter mutters as he scrambles about with his wife.

"You know, you two put on quite the barry show," the intruder comments, hands casually in his black overcoat pockets. "I hear there's good money in the porn biz. Ever thought about getting into that?"

"Why do we always get fucking caught like this?” Lizzy asks her husband as the bundle up.

"Our luck sucks," Dean answers angrily.

"Or maybe you two just need to stop going at it every other second of the day and reduce your chances," Crowley smirks. "Hedonists, really."

"What the fuck are you doing here?” Dean loudly asks, anger all over his tone and expression. Once he has both Lizzy and himself covered, cocooned in their comforter, he shoots the intruder a look of pure hatred.

"So you're Crowley?” Lizzy eyes him over, remaining calm in the King of Hell's presence since she knows he won't hurt her. If that's what he wanted she and Dean would already be in pain.

"And you must be Elizabeth," he responds. "I gotta say, now that I've finally seen you… every inch of you, that is… I'm fairly impressed. And I don't really understand a woman as lovely and ladylike as yourself hanging around the likes of this… classy and sophisticated example of a human." He nods in Dean's direction.
"And now that I've finally seen you in person," Lizzy eyes him down and up again. "I don't really see what all the fucking hype is about."

"Ah, never judge a book by its well-groomed yet un-moose-like sized packaging," he quips while shaking a finger at her.

It's then that they can all hear Lizzy and Dean's dog barking frantically on the other side of the bedroom door. He could sense an evil presence and he's overly protective of his owners.

"Shut that mutt of yours up before I shut him up for you, yes?" Crowley fairly warns.

"Cass! Cool it!" Dean shouts without moving from his place on the bed and immediately the dog stops.

"Cass?" Crowley eyes the two with humorous surprise. "Did you really name your dog after a bumbling, idiot angel?"

"No," Dean quickly gets angry. "We named him after a good friend. Now what do you want?"

"Good friends are hardly ever good friends, you should know that," Crowley tries to kindly warn, knowing so much more than they do about the angel they consider a dear ally and what exactly he's been up to lately. He meanders over to the bureau and picks up a bottle of Lizzy's perfume. "I came here to see why it is that you were indeed here and not out on the road with that brother of yours."

"I'm on shore leave," Dean fires back, his anger only sharpening the longer the demon is in his home and completely invading the one place he had left in life as his own. "And Sam's still out there on his own working. You'll still get what you want."

"Yes, that may be true, but I'm, let's say, less than comfortable with him being out on his own," Crowley admits while smelling the bottle he picked up. He makes a disgusted face and puts it back down. "Too risky. I don't want his impulsiveness getting him caught up somewhere."

"Never thought I'd ever agree with a demon but hey, first time for everything," Dean snares back. "Maybe you're only nine-tenths dick after all."

"Don't think that the brown nosing will help you."

"Fuck you," Dean spits right back.

"Much better. Love that creative Winchester wit." Crowley winks at the hunter. "Now that you're on my payroll I have a vested interest what you two cavemen are up to… and if you're here shagging the wife then that means you aren't out there bagging alphas with Thor."

"You know what? Fuck this," Dean gets impatient and angry. "I made a deal with you but I didn't sell off every second of my life! Get outta here, Crowley!"

Crowley looks at him with surprise. "What a poor host…"

"I never invited you! You got no reason to be here and this is my time off…"

"For getting your rocks off?" Crowley responds, earning a very angry face from Dean.

"He'll be back on the road in no time, though I don't know why that's any of your business," Lizzy assures him, angry that they just can't seem to have time alone in this world they live in. "But right now I deserve a little bit of time with my husband. Leave."
"And why do you feel that you deserve such a thing right now, sweetheart?" Crowley challenges. "He is, after all, important to many people aside from just you."

"He's more important to me, trust me."

"And why is that?"

"Because I'm…"

"My wife," Dean cuts her off, horrified that she almost told him what was going on in their lives right now. That's far too risky and way too much leverage for the former punk-ass crossroads demon to have over them both. "We're married. We need time together."

"Oh… so it's not just because you're all lovey-dovey over that bun in the oven then?"

Dean and Lizzy both freeze.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Dean denies heavily.

"Oh don't you lie to me, daddy-o," Crowley says with glee. "You'd be surprised how fast word gets around. Demons are a surprisingly gossipy bunch."

Closing his eyes with a tense jaw, Dean grows so angry he needs to pause to rein it in. They know. Every demon out there knows that Lizzy's pregnant. She's a target, she's leverage against him, she's constantly going to be in danger. Fuck!

"And really, what were you two thinking?" Crowley chides their poor decision. "A child? In this absolutely mucked up world? Just when I was starting to think you weren't as stupid as you look…"

"I swear to you, Crowley… you or any of your fucking kiss ass minions lay a single finger on her I will kill you!"

"Oh let's not be so hasty and start hurling insults, hm?" Crowley says with nonchalance and leans against the bureau casually. "Don't you worry about your darling wife and future mouth breathing hunter in training. I have an order out. They're off limits."

"What? Why?" Dean asks immediately, needing to know why Crowley is feeling so oddly generous.

"Because I want you focused on the task in front of you instead of…" He looks over the two of them still huddled together and under a blanket on their bed. "…being preoccupied by worrying about their safety."

"Yeah, well, right now I'm not yours. I'm hers. I only have one task at hand, ok?" Dean bites back, referring to his mini vacation.

"You're of course referring to your wife's nether regions?"

"Crowley!" shouts Dean, stopping him before he can get any cruder that he already has.

"Your task is keeping that mentally disabled barbarian of a brother in line while getting my big baddies to me at an impressive rate. He's already killed far too many of my henchmen for me to be comfortable with him flying solo."

"Fuck that," Lizzy says loudly. "It sounds to me like Sam's not broken… he's just doing a bang up job getting you're kind of trash off the streets."
"Tomato-tomahto, my lovely hunting whore. I don't like Sam on his own."

Dean can see what it is Crowley is worried about now. "So you'll keep Lizzy on the no fly list…"

"If you keep getting me my alphas while containing Sam, yes." He pushes off the bureau and walks to the other side of the room at a naturally slow pace. "Never disappoint me by keeping the alphas coming and your hilariously unplanned family stays alive."

Lizzy and Dean just eye him over for a moment, everything quite unnerving.

"Alright then. I shall let you two get back to… whatever it was you were doing," Crowley says as he gestures to them. "I'll be in touch. Don't stay too long, Dean… might get too comfortable here."

And he's gone.

"So that's Crowley, huh?" Lizzy questions with levity she isn't really feeling.

"Yeah, he's a real great guy," Dean very sarcastically returns with as his face goes nearly pale with fear. It's hard to make Dean do that these days but realizing just how vulnerable she is will do that.

"How the fuck did he get in here?" Lizzy has to question, untangling herself from him and pulling down the covers that are draped over them a little. "I mean, I have this place locked down. Salt, hex bags, wards of every fucking kind…"

"No idea," Dean butts in. "But I don't like it."

"He's a real son of a bitch then, huh?"

"You could say that again," he grumbles to himself with utter hopelessness.

"He's a real son of a bitch then, huh?"

Dean shoots her a look and Lizzy smiles back something childish.

"Is this funny to you?" he asks with full agitation.

"No," she drops her grin immediately and sighs. "I just… it's so serious in here all of a sudden and I hate it. I wanted this time to be about us and be happy…"

"And it can't be," Dean says to her, getting out of bed and tossing on some clothes. "I mean, what the fuck? How the hell am I supposed to go out on the road after that?"

"Well… for Sam you have to," Lizzy reminds him.

"Well I say fuck that. He's officially on his robo-own," Dean grumps as he pulls a shirt over his head. "And I'm not letting you outta my site ever again. I'm staying."

"Crowley just said…"

"Screw Crowley!" Dean shouts at her, making her flinch with wide eyes. He didn't mean to yell at her. He's not mad at her at all. This whole thing is just too much to take. He huffs and hastily pulls on his boxers. "I'm gonna make something to eat."

As Dean marches out of the room and leaves Lizzy sitting alone in the bedroom, wondering what the next step could possibly be for them, he heads right for the refrigerator. He pulls out a beer from the stash left over when Lizzy stopped drinking and cracks it quick, downing half the bottle in mere
seconds. He then slams it down onto the countertop with fury and hunches over, hands gripping the edges of the fake marble top with fire.

It's one thing for demons to come after him. They've been gunning for him for years now. But it's a whole other thing to come into his home and disrupt his quiet life like that. This will not stand.
The Old Man to the Rescue... Again

Out on the baseball diamond down the street from their apartment, Dean does something he used to do once a day to iron out his thoughts and keep himself sane while getting past the loss of Sam combined with the fright of a whole new life. When he was living in one place this was his daily ritual. He's tossing around a tennis ball with his dog.

They've already been out there for an hour but Dean's still not ready to head back home yet. Granted he's more than aware that he's wasting some serious precious time with his wife while he actually has it for once but it doesn't matter. He needs this and now that he's been out with Cass for a while he's some serious getting anxiety about going back.

He doesn't know what to do. It's his wife and his child's welfare at stake now, not just his own. He doesn't care about the risk to himself. He already is well aware that he'd give his life for either of them without a second thought… or a first for that matter. He's been comfortable being in the crosshairs his whole life but he's never once been fine with Lizzy being there. And now that she's pregnant… he can't have this.

So now, yet again, Dean's spread way too thin. He can either head back on the road and get his brother back to normal or he can stay home and ensure the safety of his growing family. Morally he should do both. His heart says he should do both. Physically he can't split himself in two and get both tasks done so he's thoroughly screwed here.

How does a person pick between his brother that's been his best friend since he was born and his wife that's been his best friend from the day they met?

When Cass comes back to Dean for the hundred-and-somethingth time, he slowly sits next to him and drops the ball at his feet. The dog is done. He's exhausted.

"Sorry to keep you out so long, dude," Dean ruffles the dog's fur on his head while crouching down to pick up their tennis ball. "You wanna go home and see L?"

The dog just pants and wags his tail as he looks at his buddy, moving in to lick his face once.

"Yeah, I miss her too. Let's go."

The two walk back home, Dean growing ever more nervous with every step. They have plenty to talk about and he truly doesn't want to. All in all, deep down he knows what he has to do. If he weighs the options it becomes clear, but it isn't the answer he wants. His heart is at home. His bigger need is on the road. It goes against his instincts and he has a lot of convincing to do for Lizzy to agree to his one and only solution he can see but if he tries hard enough he knows he can get her to see it his way.

Getting inside the apartment, putting away Cass' leash and ball, and heading up stairs again he can smell something cooking. When he looks into kitchen he sees a crockpot on the counter. It may be a small gesture on her part but sometimes it's the little things that keep Dean from going off the deep end. Lizzy's homemade turkey chili is absolutely one of those small things. She knows he loves it and she knows it's about ten times healthier for him than what he normally eats. Over the past year she did everything she could to find healthy alternatives to his usual diet that Dean would actual consume with happiness so he'd be a healthier person. Just another example of how much she cares.

He softens up a bit with this, letting the gesture be the sweet thing that it is, and heads down the hall.
to where he knows he'll find her.

When he enters the living room they make quick eye contact as he moves to the couch, dropping down next to her on it and getting comfortable. He relaxes into the cushy furniture and immediately Lizzy is moving over next to him, leaning into his side as he wraps an arm around her.

"That was one long walk."

"Clearing my head seems to be harder than ever to do these days," Dean admits easily.

"I can only imagine," she answers without a hint of levity as she cranes her neck up to kiss him on the cheek.

They both stay silent for a moment, relaxing into each other while hesitant to speak. When they're both silent neither have to pretend they're anything but the normal, average couple with zero serious problems. But alas, they have so much in front of them and they have to recognize it all.

"I can't stay here," Dean blurts out and prepares to let out the plan he has for them… the only one they have as he can see it.

"I know," she nods and shifts so that she's sitting Indian-style facing him. The hurt face Dean makes crushes her. "I know where you want to be, trust that… but I know you still need to be out there with Sam. You're the only one that can work with him and be his conscience."

Dean shakes his head with closed eyes. It's so unfair.

"Stop," Lizzy says to him and runs her fingers lovingly along the side of his face. "We're ok. We're always gonna be ok because we're strong and we love each other. So stop. I'm not upset or mad. And yeah, it sucks balls but..." she shrugs and smiles. "We'd do anything for our little guy. If that means being apart right now so that when the baby is born everything will be what it should be… then fine. We can do this."

He looks at her with a hint of hopefulness in his eyes. He wants what she says to be all truth. He wants more than anything to get this mess cleaned up so that his kid can have a good life. The amount of optimism she has is truly inspiring. It's all he has to hold onto right now.

"I gotta go with Sam… but I still don't want you to be on your own. We need to get you somewhere safer," Dean tells her.

This is where Lizzy's face falls as she looks at him. Her expression screams of her annoyance and her severe dislike of this idea. This is not what she wants, even after Crowley's visit.

"Don't look at me like that," Dean warns her, knowing she's being highly unreasonable.

"Then don't tell me I have to leave here," Lizzy rebuts instantly. "This is my home, this is our home, Dean…"

"Yeah, and our home just got broken into by the biggest douche in all of Hell," Dean comes back with, his voice already raising to places he doesn't like. He has to get his point across to her, though.

"So we'll put up better protection," Lizzy tries to come up with a simple solution. "And we'll have Cass help. He'll know what to do and he'll see any cracks in our security in a second."

"And it won't be enough," Dean denies her easy answer immediately. "You need a person with you, someone who knows the life and can have your back at the drop of a hat."
"Oh, so you're now volunteering to stay home?" she asks with a surly attitude.

"You know I can't."

"Then oh well. I'll be fine, Dean. Like I already told you, my jobs are here and this is where I grew up. This is my home, where my life is, my friends. I can't just walk away from all that."

"Hunters always have to walk away from all that," Dean refutes quickly. "We have never been able to have the good life and stay put."

"And I'm not a hunter anymore, Dean!" Lizzy nearly shouts at him as he forgets this. She stands up with her anger and looks down at him sitting on the couch still. "I'm fucking out! All I want is my life and my life is here! I'm not leaving!"

"Oh yes you are," Dean quickly returns, letting her anger fuel his own. "You may think you're out of the life but you're not. I'm still in it so you're still in it. And you damn well better be ready to leave because you and that baby aren't safe here. I won't let you stay."

"You'll have to drag me out fighting then," Lizzy defiantly warns, arms crossed over her chest.

"Whatever it takes," Dean's voice rises along with his fury. He stands up to face her eye to eye. "You're not safe here."

"I'm fine!"

"Oh, don't use the 'I'm fine' crap on me! I invented the 'I'm fine' crap!"

"I don't want to leave!"

"It's not about you!" Dean shouts right back as he moves quickly to her and presses the palm of his hand into her lower stomach. "It's about our kid! Our kid... not you! It's not about either of us anymore! You and I will always come second to that kid from now on!"

And this is where Lizzy finally stops yelling and listens. She looks up to her husband, knowing how right he is, and lets him keep talking without her returns.

"I will not let you put our family in danger like this because you can't let go," Dean very sternly tells her, his hand never leaving her. "You're scared, fine, I get that. A few months ago we were out and you don't wanna lose that. But L... it's already gone. This life is gone. I'm not saying we won't get it back one day but for right now... we're not the Brady's anymore. This is over."

He watches her close her eyes and clench her jaw as her hands come to close over his on her abdomen. He can see her fighting her stubbornness and her strong need for her life to not tumble back down that pit of blood and hunting and constant fear. But he's the realistic one. She'll always be the optimist and the hopeful dreamer, which is something he needs in his life, but he'll always have to be the one to point out the bleak reality to her. He wishes he didn't have to do that for her but he does.

When Lizzy nods her head and he knows she's with him and will do whatever it takes Dean pulls her into himself and holds her hard. Lizzy buries her face into his shirt and sighs.

"I don't want this either," he reminds her, his voice back to the usual, calmer tone he normally keeps with her. "I don't want to be on the road and I don't want to pull you out of this life. I don't want you to have to live like this anymore."
Lizzy doesn't respond to this one. She just stays where she is and breathes through the sorrow of her loss. It's like mourning a death. Her life, the one she fought so hard for, just died.

"But it'll be worth it," Dean reminds her of the whole upside to everything happening to them right now. "We're gonna make sure our family is safe. It'll all be worth it, L. All of it. You know that."

She nods, her face rubbing against his chest as she does. She breathes deep, smelling him and remembering what they've both always put as number one; family.

"It will be," she finally speaks and lifts her head to look up at him. "I'm sorry I'm being so awful."

"I get it if that's counts for anything," Dean assures her.

She shares a slight, barely there smile before backing away. She sits back down onto the couch and thinks it over. What choice is there left besides one? "I'm moving in with Bobby, aren't I?"

"Can't think of a safer place in the world for you to be right now, can you?" Dean asks her and she shakes her head no. "And he already offered."

"He's gonna drive me nuts," Lizzy says sadly. He already is driving her nuts. Living with him will make it a twenty-four hour nag fest where he tells her about her own body and her own kid. His researching has gotten out of control.

"Yeah but he cares," Dean huffs a bit as he sits down next to her. "No one's gonna be better to you than Bobby right now. He just wants to help so I say we let him."

"I'll have to find a job out there," Lizzy starts to air her other concerns. "And I'll have to do it soon since once I start showing no one will want to hire the pregnant chick."

"That seems rude," Dean complains.

"But it's smart on their part. No one wants to hire someone and then have to hire yet another person a few months down the road when they have a baby."

Dean nods, understanding it.

"And I'll need a new doctor," Lizzy adds on very sadly. "I love Dr. Williams so this hit I'll be taking sucks big time."

"But I'm sure they're good docs in Sioux Falls too. We'll find you the best one out there," Dean promises.

"Or one that'll take my bunk insurance that I'll need to get now. Shit." Lizzy had been going through the state of Massachusetts' health plan coverage that allows all citizens to have access to affordable health care. South Dakota doesn't have such a plan so she'd be shit out of luck if it they don't fix the issue soon.

"And I can get Bobby on that tonight," Dean tries to have an answer for all her concerns to make sure she sticks with this plan. "He has insurance of his own and it works in his area. He can figure that out for you."

"Ok..." Lizzy says and trails off. After a quick moment of letting the big change roll through her head she knows how right Dean is. "Look, after being visited in my own home by Crowley... I'm not comfortable here by myself either. Bobby's gonna drive me up a fucking wall with his fussing over me but it'll be worth it if I can be safe... and if I'm in the middle of the country then you don't
have much of an excuse for not stopping by as you bounce from coast to coast. Having a better chance of seeing more of you doesn't hurt."

"Hey, that alone makes it worth it to me," Dean tells her the truth. He misses her when he's gone and he even misses that kid of theirs, as tiny and unborn yet as it is.

"I have a lot of packing to do though," Lizzy tells him. "And I may have to break my lease… and sell off all the furniture I don't bring with me which is nearly all of it…"

"Details." Dean leans in and kisses her for her understanding. "I can handle the details. You just worry about packing everything you need. We can move you when Sam's done with the Rugaru and before the next hunt he drags me to."

"Poor Cass though," Lizzy says, looking over to her dog as he lays in his bed in his corner of the living room. "He knows this place as his home. Bobby's is… tough."

"What are you talking about?" Dean brushes off. "He's gonna love it there! Huge property with plenty of space to run around…"

"And monsters buried everywhere that he can smell," Lizzy flips it around. "Hunters coming and going that he doesn't know, weapons everywhere… I don't know."

"He's a dog, L," Dean reminds her of what their pet really is. "He'll be fine. Stop worrying about Cass."

"He's just so comfortable here."

"And he'll be comfortable anywhere you are," Dean assures, knowing how much the dog loves her and would never leave her. "Trust me, Cass'll be alright."

Lizzy nods before blowing out a huge breath. They both grow silent for a moment, letting it all sink in. "So… we're leaving here."

"Yeah," Dean nods, his voice a little downtrodden.

"Our first home and we're moving out…" she takes a deep breath and looks around. "Feels weird."

"It does," he agrees instantly as he looks back on it. One thing sticks out the most.

"Man, we've had some really good times here…"

"Man, we've had a lot of sex here.""

"Oh God, so much," Lizzy laughs with the memories, letting this moment wash away a bit of her fears and tension. "And everywhere, too."

Dean laughs at this with fond recollection. "That's true."

"The stairs, the kitchen counter…"

"The shower a whole bunch of times."

"The couch, the chair, the floor, the coffee table…"

"Oh we covered this room good," Dean says as he knows it's true.
"We even covered the parking lot out back."

"That we did," Dean says, remembering the few times they've had sex in their cars out back.

"Hell, our kid was conceived in this apartment," Lizzy tells him and Dean looks to her with surprise. "I'm pretty sure it was the night you were kissing my ass for being cool about you heading out on the road again before you did."

"Really?" Dean asks, not having thought about when exactly it was she got pregnant and which time together it was that took.

"I'm pretty sure. Doc says I'm a solid ten weeks in and we were together here ten weeks ago."

"That was a good night," Dean points out.

"Oh yeah it was," Lizzy nearly purrs with the memory of it. "We should make sure we say goodbye the proper way to this place."

"Is the proper way me banging you?" Dean asks.

The look she gives him in return lets him know he's foolish to even ask.

"Even after everything last night and everything this morning… through afternoon?" he asks incredulously.

"Dude! I'm always horny right now!" she shouts while cupping her hands around her mouth. "Bring it on, big boy. I am always ready."

"Can you hold off until after dinner then?" Dean asks of her. "I need to call Sam and find out when he thinks he'll be back. And I gotta call Bobby to see what we can bring there and probably rent a U-Haul or something. Then we can eat."

"We don't need a U-Haul," Lizzy assures him. "I won't bring that much with us. Clothes, toothbrush, maybe the pictures on the wall but that's it. Oh and the TV. His sucks."

"And you can't live without a good TV."

"No fucking way. I'm gonna have to call the cable company the day we arrive!"

Dean smiles at that knowing she's not at all joking. He then watches her bite at her thumbnail as she looks around the apartment. Her brave face is on but deep down she's nervous about this move.

"Hey," Dean nods to her and she looks at him expectantly and with the slight smile she's had painted on her face for the past months after knowing she was having their child. "This is a good thing."

"Yeah, I know," she full blown smiles and kisses him in thanks.

"Alright, I'm gonna get on these calls and makes some moves. You hang out."

He pats her on the knee twice before getting up and leaving the room. She listens to him calling everyone he needs to in order to make this move work from the bedroom.

Looking around at the apartment that's never been exactly fully furnished, she gets a bit sad. Their privacy is gone along with their former life. The idea alone of moving into Bobby Singer's house proves that their normalcy is done. But nothing matters now except for one thing.
"What do you want, Dean?" Sam's annoyed and hushed voice answers his phone as he slinks around the outside of an unassuming suburban phone.

"When you gonna be done up there, dude?"

"Any second now if I get off the phone with you," Sam complains, the phone and a lighter in one hand and a makeshift blowtorch made of a small, portable propane tank in the other. He comes upon a window with a clear shot of the kitchen and pauses there, watching his intended target.

"Oh, seriously?" Dean says with surprise from the other end. "That was fast."

"Yeah, easy one," Sam sadly tells him, most hunts being easy enough for him lately.

"Well then, put another shrimp on that Barbie I guess," Dean responds. "Look, when you're done I need you to come back down to our apartment."

"Why?" Sam asks, observing the obvious Rugaru as he ransacks the pantry for food. Sam notices a light from the second floor turn on just then and sighs a breath of relief when no one comes to the bottom floor. His wife is upstairs. He can get in, set Ron on fire, and slip out before she sees him. Sure, she'll get a firsthand view of her husband burning alive but at least he won't eventually eat her, right?

"We're gonna move L outta here."

"Huh?" Sam asks, dropping his torch to pull out his lock pick.

"She's gonna move to Bobby's for a while, or at least until the kid pops out."

"Uh… ok…" he trails off, not understanding why she would do that.

"Crowley stopped in for an unexpected reach around. I don't want her here by herself while I'm on the road. Bobby's gonna take her in and watch after her."

Sam nods and makes a face of understanding as he moves slowly to the back door. "Makes sense."

"Yeah, so we're gonna need your help. We'll get everything packed so when you get here we can head right out. I know how you feel about lag between hunts and all."

"Ok," Sam agrees to it all as he works to unlock the back door.

"Alright, call me when you're on your way down and we'll be ready."

"Done," Sam answers back and hangs up. He pockets his phone and the lock pick once the door is open. He holds his lighter in the right hand, torch in the left, and heads in.

Ron has his head in the fridge still when Sam comes into the kitchen. Easy pickings. He walks right up to the poor guy and doesn't bother announcing his presence. He flicks his lighter, the sound of the flint scratching making Ron turn sharply to look at him.

"What the hell?" is all he gets out before Sam lights him up. He screams out in agony, flailing around the kitchen instantly and the commotion is loud. Really loud.

"Ron?" a panicked voice calls down from upstairs and Sam is off. He sprints back out the back door
and into his stolen car. He drives off as he can see the flickering lights of flames through the house windows.

Job well done.

Now for a quick dinner. And some fun. He did meet a cute girl at that sandwich shop last night. She said she went to the local bar pretty often. Wonder if she'll be there tonight…?

After a two day's drive with two fully packed cars, Dean pulls Lou's Mustang into Singer Salvage Yard followed closely by Sam driving the Impala. The two cars come to a stop in the dirt driveway by the side door where Bobby is bent over the open hood of his rusty Camaro.

The old hunter stands up tall when he hears the rumbling of two cars that make him truly excited to hear. Wiping his hands off on an old rag he grins when the cars stop right in front of him. He knew when he offered to let Lizzy live at his place it was well intentioned and for the best yet he was fully aware that the chances that Miss Independence would take him up on it were slim to none. But here they are, the closest thing he's ever had to a daughter moving to his house so that he can take care of her and keep her safe while she gets ready to expand their family.

Life ain't half bad sometimes. He gets lucky still every great now and then and then he's more than happy to open his home to the people that mean the world to him.

"Hey Bobby," Lizzy grins with a knowing look sent his way the second she gets out of the passenger side of the Mustang. She pulls the seatback forward and out runs a beautiful Australian Sheppard. It immediately heads excitedly for the head of the house.

"Hey," Bobby laughs a little when he sees the mutt. He crouches down low and meets the dog there, petting him through his excitement to meet someone new. "You must be Cass."

"That he is," Lizzy responds as she makes her way to him.

"I can see the resemblance," he says once he gets a good look at the dog, tilting his face up so he can see him clearly. "That right there is a certified Cass."

"Oh, we know," Lizzy laughs at him.

"How was the trip?" he asks while standing up, Lizzy's arms already out to greet him with a big hug.

"It was alright," she tells him, her arms around his neck tightly.

"Oh yeah," Dean half complains as he head over to them, now out of the car. "We only had to pull over for Upchuck Buck over here like five times."

"Oh, you're still feeling sick?" Bobby wonders pulling away from Lizzy to look at her.

"Eh, I'm better lately. And it was only four times. Four in two days isn't so bad." She shrugs it off and steps away as Dean approaches.

"We really appreciate this, Bobby," he says to their father figure as he holds out his hand to him. "You're really coming through for us this time."

"As always, right?" he says with levity when he thinks this is just another thing on the large and endless list of things he'd do for all of them. He shakes Dean's hand, knowing it's the best Dean can do to show his appreciation.
"Seriously, this is huge," Lizzy tries to stop his modesty. "And it isn't gonna be easy. I'm a pain in the ass."

"I can vouch for that," Dean quickly retorts and gets a punch in the arm. He just smiles at his wife.

"No, I mean it. I puke a lot, I watch too much TV, I talk too much…"

"Like right now?" Sam asks as he walks by her, two duffels and a box in his arms. He doesn't wait for an answer from her and instead just heads into Bobby's house, intent on getting her settled as soon as he can. Time is wasting.

"Jackass," Lizzy mutters quietly to herself before turning back to Bobby. She used to like when Sam would get his little digs in on her. Now they just came out mean and without jesting fun behind them. "I mean it. This isn't gonna be pretty. I'm gonna have mood swings and eat you out of house and home once I'm hopefully not sick anymore, I'll get super complain-y once I'm huge and uncomfortable…"

"And I am fully aware of how much you suck… and I still want you here." Bobby drops an arm around her shoulders. "Mi casa es su casa, always."

"I know," Lizzy smiles, her worries of putting Bobby out with her presence melting away a little with his calm and almost excited to have her attitude. She brings her arms around his waist and pats his stomach. "And I'll even it out by cleaning and making dinners. I'm gonna fattening you up, old man. You're getting skinny, you know."

"Personally, I was going for the Kate Moss look," he jokes with back and they head into the house. Over his shoulder he shouts back, "Dean, grab all her stuff will ya'?"

"By myself!?" he complains loudly.

"Well I ain't letting the mother of your child do any heavy lifting! She's in a delicate condition."

Lizzy laughs as she heads into the house with Bobby, already knowing without looking what kind of face her husband is wearing. It's annoyance.

"Son of a bitch," Dean mopes as he drags himself back to the car and starts unpacking her everything with Sam.

Once unpacked enough to be survive for the night, Dean heads back down towards the kitchen where he can hear Lizzy and Bobby talking. As he passes through the study he catches Sam milling through some books determinedly while his laptop is open to his side at the desk. The guy truly never stops and honestly Dean's too tired to try and get him to. With probably less then another day left to spend with Lizzy he decides to focus on that instead.

He takes a seat at the cluttered kitchen table next to his wife and listens in.

"He seems like a good dog," Bobby tells Lizzy as Cass is sitting next to him on the kitchen floor, looking up at him and sniffing him out every now and then.

"He's a very good dog," Lizzy assures. "I really think you're like him."

"It'll be nice. I haven't had a dog running around here since Rumsfeld," Bobby tells her.

"Aw, I loved him," Lizzy remembers fondly. "Such a good dude."
"Yeah, but I bought him to be a junkyard dog," he reminds her. "Instead of scare anyone away he'd probably do a trick for an intruder. He was a good dog though."

"Well, I think you'll like Cass then. He's a sweetheart… and not so much a guard dog either."

"Yeah, and I can't blame you for the name," Bobby admits while feeling scrutinized and peered into by the dog to his side. "The eyes alone…."

"What's with the books?" Dean nods to the stack of volumes Bobby had piled on his kitchen table. "Mayo Clinic's Guide to Healthy Pregnancy… What to Expect When You're Expecting… The Womanly Art of Breastfeeding?" Dean looks at Bobby with suspicious eyes. "Really?"

"I'm a research whore, what did you expect?" he gruffly returns with, dropping his attention spent on Cass to look at Dean.

Dean then turns to Lizzy. "You weren't fucking kidding about him."

Lizzy laughs at that. "I warned you."

"Hey, someone's gotta be ready for this whole thing," Bobby complains. "You two ain't prepared yourselves yet at all."

"We still have six and a half months. We're fine," Lizzy rolls her eyes with his worry.

"Yeah, and that'll go by faster than you think. You should get cracking," Bobby nods at her before pulling a book from his pile and tossing it to Dean, the volume landing on the table with a sound thud in front of him. "For your travels."

Dean picks it up and reads the cover aloud. "Dude, You're Gonna Be a Dad. You serious with this?"

"Just thought you'd like to get yourself prepared." The older man shrugs. "Being a dad can get awful scary."

"I think I'll be scarier," Lizzy jokes.

"And don't you think I know how to handle scary by now?" Dead challenges as scary is a part of his everyday life.

"This ain't some shit-ya-pants-over-a-monster kinda scary, boy. This is some a-life-now-completely-depends-on-you kinda scary."

"Yeah, 'cause I wouldn't know what that's like already," Dean very sarcastically responds. "Bobby, I've been doing this shit for twenty-six years. I think I got this."

"Alright, fair enough…" Bobby lets it go as he knows Dean did raise Sam practically on his own… with a little help from himself of course. "But don't be afraid to brush up. Sam's been an adult for a long time now. Been a while since there's been a baby around."

"Bobby, Dean is gonna be awesome," Lizzy says as she places her hand on her husband's shoulder and rubs it. "We're gonna be fine. But I do appreciate your help very much."

A small smirk flashes across the older man's lips with her thanks.

"Dean!" Sam nearly shouts from the study as he walks into the room with his laptop in his hands. "I found that Rugaru's father."
"He has a father?" Dean asks with surprise, taking his hand away from Lizzy's knee and turning to look at Sam.

"Yeah," Sam responds, dropping his computer on the table in front of Dean after shoving the pregnancy book aside without interest or care. Bobby makes an annoyed face at his disregard. "He lives in Montana. The guy's gotta be about sixty by now. He's been around the block for a while and I can bet you he's the reason that area of the state has more missing people per capita than any other."

"Damn, sixty. He's not gonna be a picnic," Dean points out.

"Yeah, he's gotta be a strong son of a bitch by now. And strong enough to make Crowley happy for at least a little while. I say we go get him."

Sighing heavily as he knows this means he's got to get back on the road, Dean groans audibly as he watches Lizzy get out of her seat.

"Fine, we leave tomorrow morning."

"Dean, we gotta get ahead of this thing…"

"Tomorrow morning, Sam. I'm leaving tomorrow morning. I get one more night before I disappear for God knows how long again. And he's sixty freakin' years old. I don't think he's going anywhere and if he is it ain't gonna be at too fast a pace."

Clenching his jaw quickly with the itch to leave now, Sam uses all his will power and says, "Fine. On the road by eight." He picks up his laptop and returns to the study to get everything ready for their next hunt.

"Fan-fucking-tastic," Dean grumbles in return as Lizzy sits down with a solid glass of whiskey in hand. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" She best not be about to drink that.

"Relaxing my baby-daddy before he goes total ape shit," she grins at him knowingly and hands over the glass. "Drink up. You look stressed."

He smiles small down at the glass in front of him, touched by her offer. "So what, you're enabling my alcoholism now?"

"No," Lizzy huffs a tiny little laugh. "You know I don't like how much you drink but I'm certainly not sitting here expecting miracles from you like this is some switch you can flip off. I expect you to cut down, yes… stop, hell no. I know you."

"Ok, you got me there… but what about you?"

"What about me?"

"You had to flip a switch and stop," Dean points out rather quickly.

"A feat I previously thought impossible," Bobby smirks, taking a sip from the glass he already had in front of him while winking at Lizzy.

"Ha-ha, smartass," Lizzy responds lightly. "And I'm fine. It's a small price I pay to make sure our kid comes out as the coolest motherfucker ever."

"Don't you miss it though?" Dean asks, knowing she must.

"Right now… ah, yeah! I sure as hell do! But what can I do, right? I'll survive."
Dean nods his head once and picks up his glass. He goes to take a sip but last second he reaches across the table and dumps his whiskey into Bobby's glass. "Lucky for you I've always been a big believer in solidarity."

The look she gives him is one of pure sweetness and love for the quite huge gesture. She leans into his side and drops her head on his shoulder for a quick second, giving him a silent thank you.

"Well aren't you just a sweetheart, lover-boy," Bobby grumps as she stands up with his drink. "Well, you kids enjoy your night. I'll leave you alone. Gotta get some work done for Jerry before he gets his ass killed out in Washington State."

"Sounds good, Bobby," Lizzy smiles to him and he leaves them. She then picks up her head and peers over to Dean. "I wanna watch a movie. You wanna watch a movie with me?"

"Yeah?" Dean asks, surprised by her choice in activity.

"Yeah."

"You sure? Because if I'm not mistaken I believe you told me you've been in constant overdrive. If you still are I'd be happy to take this party upstairs right now to help you with that."

Lizzy smiles wide. "I am, trust me, but I'm also exhausted from the trip somehow. I wouldn't get very far, I can promise you that."

"That's a shame," Dean responds, his face fallen with disappointment. It's been a long two days of travel and no opportunity to get physical. It might be a long stretch before the opportunity arises again but if she isn't in any place for sex then he can be cool with that. Kind of.

"Oh, don't get me wrong, the alarm on my phone is going to be set for five a.m. so that we have plenty of time to say goodbye." The look she gives him lets him know she is absolutely not joking.

"I can definitely roll with that."

"So... movie time," Lizzy grins wide as she gets up out of her chair. "Kill Bill?"

"Again?" Dean gripes as soon as she suggests it. She loves those movies far too much. He's seen them both way too many times by now.

"Uh, ok... ooh, A New Hope!?" She grins so wide he thinks it has to hurt a little. Lizzy grabs his hand tightly and pulls him up to stand.

Dean laughs at her a bit. "I could do some Star Wars. It's been a while since I watched that one."

They settle into the living room comfortably. After Lizzy puts the tape (yes, the tape as Bobby is not one to be up on his electronics... something Lizzy will have to change while living here) into the old, surprisingly still working VCR and gets the movie going, she moves to get onto the couch with Dean. When she turns around from the TV he is stretched across the length of the furniture.

"You gonna make room for me or should I sit in Bobby's chair?" Lizzy challenges as he's taking up the entire space.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Let me clean off a place for you to sit," Dean says as he wipes down his mouth with his hand in lewd jest.

"You are the fucking classiest guy I know, Hot Shot," Lizzy laughs a little to herself as she plops...
down onto the couch and onto him, making him 'oomph!' with the impact. "Now move your fat ass and let me in."

"Fat!?” Dean asks incredulously as he shifts to give her room, Lizzy sitting between his outstretched legs and leaning her back into his chest. "Watch who you call fat these days. You're gonna be the fat one soon."

"Fuck you…" she responds with a smile as his arms come around her. He rests his hands on her lower stomach, keeping them there without a care that she might think he's being sappy.

And that's how they sit, watching the movie quietly while Dean's fingers absently drag back and forth across her, keeping himself close to both of his loves. It's something he doesn't think about doing, nor something he even set out to do, but as cheesy as it is he does it. He knows that through finding out about the baby he's very quickly becoming a different kind of man than he was before. When it was just Lizzy and him he was still a hardened individual. He kept most of what he felt close to the chest, only really telling Lizzy the amount he felt necessary to keep her happy and with him. If he spoke everything he felt for her or let his actions spell it out for her all the time he'd be uncomfortable and awkward every second of his life.

But that's changed. He doesn't feel that weird need to hold back for his own comfort level and furthermore he actually feels at ease doing things like this, laying there holding her and keeping connected to the one thing that makes his future so bright when it should be bleak and awful. Hell, he's even found the ability to say a lot of things that he'd never have said before he knew fatherhood was calling him. Saying I love you to Lizzy rolls off his tongue without effort, just like admitting he's excited about something is easy, which is really a first for him since he was a kid… or had a possible zombie hunt coming up.

It's freeing. Dean feels free and more like himself than he ever has before. He always thought that, no matter what, he was exactly him. Dean Winchester doesn't put on airs and he doesn't change for anyone. He's a hardened, angry, surly person and others could either take it or leave it. He's discovering how wrong he was about all that all along.

He's not as jaded as he thought. Instead, he's kind of a softy. He knows that when their kid arrives, especially if it's a girl, his ego is going to take a huge hit in the form of how in love and how adoring he'll be towards his child. More often than not, when he thinks about his future he thinks of the less hunter-centric and less manly aspects of fatherhood, like sitting and reading books before bedtime as he did with Sam to make sure that huge brain of his kept getting challenged, or going to the park to toss a ball around or push his kid on a swing. He's never once foreseen practicing with a double barrel or fight training. It's been peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with the crust cut off all the way, his golden standard for what a good, safe life is.

Hunters don't think like this. They just don't. They don't have time to and their instincts don't allow them too. So this raises an interesting question…

Is Dean still a hunter at heart or is that gone now?

More than anything he hopes it's gone.

He realizes then how still Lizzy is, her breathing very calm and even as she lays on him.

"Hey," he slightly nudges her but gets no response. "L?"

"Mm?" she responds with quietly, clearly coming out of her slumber she fell into just a third of the way through the movie.
"Never mind, go back to sleep," he tells her pulling his arms around her tighter. She shifts a bit, rolling onto her side so her shoulder and cheek are pressed to his chest.

"I'm awake," she tells him, only half lying as she's not back into the waking world but still not fully asleep.

"You can sleep, it's ok," Dean huffs a quiet laugh at her struggle.

"Don't want to waste time with you," she whispers, snuggling up closer to him. He smiles with that. She's struggling to keep awake so that she can be with him for longer. That alone is quite amazing.

"Whatever you wanna do is fine, momma. You don't have to stay awake for me," Dean jokes and immediately Lizzy picks up her head to look at him funny. "What?"

"You just called me momma," she repeats for him.

"So? You are one… almost." He tries to play off the adorable little slip of his but Lizzy's not letting him off the hook that easily. She raises one eyebrow at him before lying back down onto him, her cheek once more pressed to his chest and listening to the even thumping of his heart. "You're different."

"How so?" he asks, knowing she's just picking up on what he's already well aware of.

"You're, like, sweet. And… open," Lizzy explains, her index finger drawing meaningless patterns on his t-shirt. "You say things I never thought I'd hear you say. I like it."

"Yeah… well…" Dean near stutters as he looks to make excuses for himself.

"You don't have to explain yourself," Lizzy cuts him off and closes her eyes again. "It's ok. I get it."

Smiling small with her ease Dean drops a kiss on top of her head as she starts to get far too comfortable once more.

"Stay longer?" Lizzy asks of him, her overly tired state not stopping her at all from saying it. She's tried so hard to be understanding and prevent him from feeling any more guilt than he already does but this time she couldn't help herself. She loved having him by her side for that whole year they had and it's still so difficult to see it disappear.

A wrinkled expression on his face, Dean closes his eyes. "You know I can't do that, L."

"I know," she tells him sadly. "I just miss you… I'm, I'm sorry."

"Why are you sorry?"

"I don't wanna make you feel worse," she tells him through a yawn. "You're already too hard on yourself. I can't be one of the things that makes it even harder for you."

Nodding with thankfulness for her understanding, he just keeps holding her right there. He's never been this resistant to letting her go and part ways so tomorrow morning is officially going to suck. Hard.

"I want you here to see it," Lizzy tells him, half asleep once more.
"See what?"

"Everything. I want you to see my stomach get big, to see our baby in the sonograms, to see me get everything ready and help me with it… I want to do that with you."

Swallowing back to lump in his throat he once more feels that huge pain in his chest. He doesn't want to miss any of it, he doesn't. Again, he has to wonder why his life is just so unfair to him.

"But I want Sam more. I want Uncle Sam. He'll be so good with our kid." She's rambling now. "Sam would be fun and so good… I hope he's smart like Sam. Sam's so smart... want him to have that..."

"Him?" Dean questions with sheer curiosity, craning his neck to see her relaxed face as she drift off.

"Yeah, him," she says quietly yawning again. "Our son."

His head sharply picks up and looks down at her face with closed eyes and relaxed features. "I thought you said you didn't know what it was?"

"Don't," she says very quietly. "But it's a boy."

"Why do you say that?" Dean keeps prying, needing to know why she's saying this.

It stays silent in the room.

"L? Why do you think it's a boy?" he tries again but gets nothing but calm, slow breathing in return. She's out like a light. She drops this bomb half awake and then passes out. "Son of a bitch."
The Long Slow Goodbye

She wakes up to the sound of a guitar. It's just a few cords, not a song per say, but it's most definitely a guitar. Being around Lou her whole life makes Lizzy know the sound of an acoustic guitar when she hears it.

Inhaling deep as she turns onto her back while waking up she has to wonder where she is. She's shocked to find she's in a bedroom at Bobby's when she opens her eyes. Lizzy could have sworn she fell asleep on the couch last night and now she's in a bed somewhere around dawn according to the dim light in the room.

A few more strums and Lizzy rolls to her side, leaning up on her elbow to look at the source of the sound. Dean is sitting in the corner of the room on an old, rickety wooden chair. He's in his gray boxer-briefs and nothing else. His hair is mussed on the side he slept on and she watches him concentrate on his finger placement on Lou's guitar. He looks down, his long lashes splaying out in his freckled cheeks, and looks like he's hesitant to dive right in.

Dean looks up to her when he can feel her eyes on him. He smiles at her, the kind of boyish smile that he always has when with her and up to something.

"Whacha doing?" Lizzy quietly asks as she stares over at him.

Seeing her long hair falling over her shoulders, her bleary chestnut brown eyes searching him for answers, he simply says, "I haven't tried this in a while. You gotta bear with me. It probably won't be too pretty."

Lizzy nods with a grin, easily agreeing, before he starts playing.

Her smile drops instantly the second she hears the far too familiar first four cords.

Dean's heart hammers about a mile a minute as he plays. He's worried about fucking it up, he's worried that he doesn't remember how to play the whole thing… but mostly he's terrified that she'll not like it and that he's overstepping some boundary here. He did it with best intentions but sometimes good intentions… well, he knows how that one goes by now and it ain't always good.

The tempo is slower than it should be, there are pauses in the melody when he has to correct himself, and maybe not every cord is exactly as it should be played but the song is clear. Lizzy's heard this song a million times in her life, most of them coming flawlessly from this very guitar. This version, though far from perfect, hits home instantly.

He doesn't sing it this time. In fact, it's not often at all that Dean sings while playing the guitar. He's well aware of his own tone-deafness and never wants to ruin a song with it. When he sang that song for Lizzy on her birthday last year it was the rarest of occasions and this is not one of them. When Lou played this song she sang along effortlessly with a beautiful voice and he knows he can't follow up that act. Her voice was exceptional. His borders pitiful.

When done he pauses, letting the last note echo through the sparse room as he looks down at the worn and much loved instrument for a second. He's slightly nervous to see her reaction. It could be so good but it could be so bad. He's not looking to pull out her grief. Instead he just wants to try and give her back something she's lost. Slowly, Dean picks up his head with an expression that says please-don't-be-mad-at-me-and-punch-me.
He takes one good look at her and fears he did the wrong thing. Lizzy's sitting Indian-style on the bed, the blankets crumpled and piled around her. With a hunched back and a hand pressed over her mouth, he can see the slight tremble in her body when she breathes in followed by the dropping of tears into her lap.

"Shit," Dean complains lightly as he quickly yet carefully leans the guitar against the wall to the side of him before standing up. He sits down next to her, moving as though he doesn't want to disturb her for whatever reason.

Lizzy launches onto him and hugs him tight, the sharp and unexpected move surprising him. She brings her arms around his neck and holds him in with all her strength. He can hear her quiet sobs as her breath warms his ear with every hard exhale she makes. He doesn't push his luck by speaking right now. Instead he just holds tight with his hands pressed to her back as she leans forward onto him perched on her knees.

"Thank you," Lizzy finally whispers to him through her moment. It really was a hell of a gift he just gave her. Not since Lou died has Lizzy allowed herself to listen to 'Blackbird' again, the sound of it far too painful and full of memories for her. It was the song Lou played for her mother every time she came over with her guitar in tow. Cathy never gave her a choice. Lou obliged her every time too, never complaining and never denying the woman what she requested. This song holds her entire past life inside of it… and now it contains her current life too.

After several minutes of not moving from this place they're in, Lizzy slowly lets go and sits back into her place on the bed. She looks at him, her eyes red with sorrow yet her face bright with a smile.

"I so don't know how to take that," Dean says to her with a hesitant grin as he waits to find out what's happening in her head.

"I haven't listened to that song since Lou died."

"Not once?" Dean asks and she shakes her head no to confirm it. "L, I didn't know. I'm sorry, I just wanted…"

"Thank you," she repeats for him and cuts off his damage control ramblings. Dean shuts up and stares at her. "That song… you know I always just kind of assumed Lou would always be there, always playing that song for me. It's so stupid but you know how my imagination is…"

"Overactive?" Dean asks knowingly.

"Exactly. And I always pictured us like our parents one day… living next door to each other, having our own families, Lou playing guitar and teaching my kids how to…" She absently places a hand on her lower stomach. "It's just really hard to imagine doing all these things without her. I got married without her and that hurt so bad. She was supposed to be by my side for that, you know? And, and now? She's supposed to be Auntie Louie. She supposed to be here for this." Her eyes well up a little again. "And now we don't even have Sam… this just feels so wrong. This isn't how it's supposed to be."

Without an answer to give, Dean just sits there and listens to her sadness. He knows that sorrow she's feeling because it's his own too. When he found out about the baby he thought of all the people he can't share this with, most specifically his parents. Granted his dad might kick his ass for bringing a child into this life like he did but he'd still be so proud of him for giving him a grandkid. And his mother? Forget about how happy she'd be. He knows she'd be out of her mind with excitement and she'd be the best grandmother there ever was. He hopes she's doing what she can to watch over him as he tries to muddle through this whole parenting thing. Her help would be very welcomed at this
point. He prays he'll be half as good as she was at raising a kid. And now Sam, the softy, girly, in touch with his feeling one out of the two of them, can't even be there to help out and be the right hand man they will most definitely need.

It does feel like things aren't the way they should be.

"But I have you," Lizzy cuts into Dean's thoughts. "Sam's pretty much missing and Lou's gone, but I have you. You just took a song that makes me so sad, so…" She shakes her head when she can't get it out. "And you made it good again. You made it beautiful and… and just… not awful."

"That's what I was aiming for… not awful," he smirks slightly at her and get a laugh out of her.

"It wasn't awful at all," Lizzy reassures him. "It was perfect."

"Perfect isn't the word for it," Dean scoffs at the idea. He hasn't even held the damn instrument in months. How could it have been perfect? "I'm no Lou."

"It was still beautiful." Lizzy reaches over to him and places a hand on the back of his head. She pulls him close and kisses him in thanks. "See," she says quietly while keeping her lips a breath away. "I told you. You're different."

"You remember saying that last night?"Dean asks with a wrinkled expression. He was sure she was out enough to very easily let the moment disappear within her sleep-clouded mind.

"Yeah," she nods.

"So you remember all of that conversation?" He's got to know. His curiosity is completely piqued by the idea that she could answer a very big question of his about what she said.

"Some of it," she recalls as she sits back into her place on the bed. "Not all, though. I was pretty tired. Why?"

"You said something… interesting," Dean starts. "You, ah… you said it's a boy."

"I did!?" Lizzy asks with total surprise.

"Yeah," Dean huffs a quietly laugh as he moves up the bed a bit, closer to her and his possible son. "You said you wanted Sam back and that you hoped he'd be smart like Sam is."

"Well, yeah, I mean… a lot of people say he and him when they don't know the sex yet. It's just easier." She tries to explain away the moment but Dean's clearly not buying it.

"No, no, no," he wags a finger at her as her before leaning over her, making her lay back onto the bed. "This was no slip." He kisses her lips once with a smile. "You said 'our son'."

"Damn," Lizzy responds, watching him slide lower down her body as she watches. "I just don't remember that at all."

"Do you really think that?" Dean wonders up to her, his fingers gliding up her smooth stomach, her shirt rising up with it to expose her midriff. "You think it's a boy?"

"No," she tries to tell him. "I have no idea what possessed me to say that."

"I think it is," Dean tells her, his lips lowering to place one chaste kiss on her abdomen before laying on his stomach and resting his head on her. "I think you know and you just don't want to say it."
"If I knew then why wouldn't I say it?" she challenges with a giggle as she leans up on her elbow to look down at him.

"Because if it comes out a girl you'll be pissed because you hate being wrong," he says as fact, knowing for sure that it's the only reason she would never make such a bold statement. Peering up at her he tries again. "Tell the truth."

Narrowing her eyes at him she sighs. In an exasperated tone she tells him, "Fine. I think it's a boy."

"Ha!" he cheers while pointing at her, having caught her. "Knew it. Why do you think that?"

"I don't know. The second I found out about him I just had this feeling. I can't explain it, I have no real reason for it... I'm just pretty sure it's a boy."

"That would save a lot of teenage boys a lot of broken bones and pants-pissing fear in about sixteen years if you're right," Dean tells her, kissing her stomach again and smoothing a flat hand across her skin there.

"Don't I know it," Lizzy laughs right back, knowing a teenage daughter for Dean Winchester would be something even she wouldn't wish upon him... or the world. "Again, I really don't care if it's a boy or a girl... which is why I think it's seriously weird that I have this, like, feeling that it's one over the other."

"Maybe it's that angel thing you got going on," Dean suggests. "You've been able to tune into certain people and things because of it, like Cass and me. Maybe you're tuned into the little guy. He has half your angel crap anyways, doesn't he?"

"Huh," Lizzy thinks it over, the idea a really, truly viable one. He's got to be onto something there. "Dude, I think you're right."

"Yeah?" Dean asks, wide eyes aimed up at her.

"Definitely. Shit. That's crazy but I think you're right," she admits.

"Cool," Dean nods, being alright about her crazy Nephilim link for what it is. He gave up being upset about it long ago. Lizzy is who she is and from the day they met she accepted him, every ounce of light and dark there is in him, for exactly who he is. She never looked down on him for his faults or pretended his flaws didn't exist. He's always been exactly Dean to her and she never let that worry her in the least. He's become very good at returning the shit out of him deep down.

"It is cool," she responds, liking the idea of already being connected with her child like this. Maybe this is why she's so in love already. She knows she's never loved anything like she does this baby, not even Dean and not even Lou. Her love for those two is still never ending and will never lessen, always get stronger over time, but her child, her son... nothing can quite compare to that.

As they lounge in silence in the very, very early morning, thinking about the few better things in their lives, Lizzy's phone suddenly goes off.

"Five o'clock," Lizzy smirks as Dean looks up when he hears the assaulting sound. Without getting up she reaches out to the side table and grabs her cell. She turns the noise off and sighs. "Guess that's the beginning of the countdown, huh?" She drops her phone back onto the table unceremoniously.

"Guess so," Dean agrees sadly as he drops his head down and kisses her stomach again. "Better get cracking then."
As his hand drags down her stomach Lizzy giggles.

"Damn straight," she concurs as she watches him. "Better make it good, Hot Shot. Could be a while before you get this back."

Two and a half hours into their final morning before the road and hunting calls Dean away once more and they've fully used their time the right way. If there is one thing Lizzy and Dean do well it's this. They always have. Since they first met there has always been a heat between them, a connection that couldn't be rivaled by anything else they've known. That instant desire and want that quickly turned into a much deeper connection has never ebbed. Not at all. Now, even with four plus years behind them, several new scars, and wrinkles just starting to form on their weary faces, they still have that same need for the other. If anything, that attraction has gotten stronger with time.

Tangled in sheets and spent, Dean looks down at Lizzy under him with a grin. His wife. His everything. She's something else.

"Well alright," he huffs out, happy to have had this last morning with her for a while go so wonderfully.

She laughs a little. "Yeah. Not too shabby."

He leaves a quick peck on her lips before separating them. He sits back on his heels in bed between her open knees and looks down at her. "What time is it?"

Lizzy reaches for her phone in the nightstand and checks. "Seven forty-eight. You gotta get going."

"Yeah. Don't think I'm gonna fit in a shower."

"Not before Sam's driving away with the Impala and leaving you in the dust."

"No fucking way is he doing that," Dean denies, getting out of bed and trying to convince himself that he needs to start packing and moving. "I have the keys."

"And he knows how to hotwire a car," Lizzy returns right back as she sits up and gets out of bed too. "Son of bitch. Alright, I gotta move."

"You do that and I'll run interference so he stays until you're good to go."

"Ok."

Lizzy pulls on some underwear, sweatpants, a t-shirt, and a sweatshirt as quickly as she can. "See you down there." She kisses his cheek and heads out the door, swallowing down the dread of his leaving as she does.

Standing in front of the side door in the kitchen with a travel mug of hot, black coffee in her hand, Lizzy taps her foot and stares down the wall of a man standing right up in her space. She's done all she can to keep Sam at Bobby's just awhile longer while they wait for Dean to get downstairs. Now it's officially 8:01 am and she's really the only thing standing between Sam and the Impala.

"You leave without him in his car and you know he'll hunt you down and kill you," Lizzy tells Sam, sure of it as she stands there with her back pressed to the door.
'I'd like to see him try,' Sam glibly says as he takes another step forward, his body just an inch away from hers.

"Just give him another minute…"

"Lizzy, move," Sam rolls his eyes, sick of her acting as if she had any pull over him at all.

"Sam, just be fucking patient," she responds but it doesn't work. Sam reaches to the side of her, turns the door knob, and pushes the door open behind her back. He then looks down at her with his always blank face.

"I'm going through that door right now. Whether I'm taking you with me or not is up to you."

"Fine, asshole," Lizzy grumbles as she moves out of the way. She then shouts up to Dean, "Get your ass down here, Dean! He's leaving without you!"

"Coming! I'm coming!" she hears him shout as his feet pound down the stairs. He rounds the corner and sees her standing by the door, a hesitant smile on her face. He wishes they left themselves some time to say goodbye but they spent it all in bed. Oh well. He regrets nothing.

"He's in the driver's seat," she lets him know as he jogs towards her, his duffel slung over one shoulder and the Impala keys in hand.

"Jesus Christ," he runs right past her and out the door. When he sees Sam he gets pissed. "Nice try, Doctor Lecter! Out!"

"About fucking time," Sam complains as he gets out of the driver's side while folding his pocket knife back up since he didn't need to start the car in a keyless way. He begins walking around the bumper. "We gotta move on this thing, Dean."

"Shut up," Dean bitches as he unlocks the trunk and drops his bag in.

"Just get your head in the game, huh?" Sam says as Dean slams the trunk shut. They make eye contact for a couple angry seconds before Sam disappears into the passenger seat.

"Fucking asshole," Dean mutters to himself as Lizzy walks up to him.

"Funny. I just called him that about two minutes ago," she smirks and hands over the travel mug to him.

Dean just looks down at her and gives her a small smile. "Thanks."

"Drive safe," she tells him and presses up on her toes to kiss him good one last time. She peels away slowly, trying to make sure the feel of his lips stays on hers for as long as it can. "And don't kill him."

"I'll do my best," he promises to her, a hand smoothing over her lower stomach fondly, and he walks to the driver's side.

"Daddy!" she calls to get his attention. He turns back to look at her after he opens the car door. "We love you. Come back soon."

Dean just winks at her once with a grin on his lips and drops into the car.

Lizzy stays there, watching the car drive off down the dirt driveway, all the while Immigrant Song plays loud enough for her to hear. The second the car is out of sight she's sad, sure, but after the
morning they had it's less painful than usual. And she doesn't have to worry. She already knows he'll do his best to get back and see her as soon as he can.

"Did I miss 'em?" she hears Bobby ask and when she turns around she sees him walking up the paved path that runs through his property.

"By about a minute."

"And to think I never said goodbye," Bobby jokes as he comes up to her, Cass in tow. "Well, not to Dean at least. You had him pretty preoccupied this morning."

"Yeah," she smiles a bit, somewhat embarrassed since this is his house after all. "Sorry about that…"

"This is your home too now," Bobby tells her. "You live how you're gonna live here… doesn't mean I want to hear it, but you're young. I understand."

"Jesus," Lizzy rolls her eyes and crouches down to pet Cass. "How you doing, buddy?"

"We went out to get the lay of the land," Bobby explains. "I figure if we walk him around the border of where he's allowed enough times he'll be good to go leash-less soon enough and I won't worry about a ghoul getting dug up or nothing."

"Good idea," Lizzy laughs and stands up. "So… it's just you and me now."

"Just you an' me, hon," Bobby agrees with a smile she isn't used to seeing on the man. "Breakfast?"

"Oh hell yeah," Lizzy immediately agrees and they start walking back into the house. "I'm gonna like living here."

"Don't say that until after I've put you to work," he fairly warns and she looks up to him with surprise. "Just 'cause you're pregnant doesn't mean you can't earn your keep. It'll be nice to have some assistance around here."
"You don't know what he'll do to me," the comely crossroads demon says to Bobby, her flesh already singed and smoldering as she looks at him from her spot tied to a chair.

"Right now you better worry about me," Bobby fairly warns, his voice echoing in the cement basement of his house as he holds the handheld propane torch over the metal basin holding her bones.

"You don't get it," she breathes hard, the assault on her harsh and painful. "He's the King."

For her lack of useful information Bobby lights her bones up once more, making her scream in tortured pain.

"King of the Crossroads," he nearly rolls his eyes at her. "I've heard the speech."

"No," she huffs with serious agony. "King of Hell."

And right when he doesn't need the distraction the front doorbell rings. Bobby blows out the pilot of the flame thrower and pauses.

"Liz!" he calls up the stairs to the first floor. "Get that!"

The doorbell rings again.

"You gonna get that or what?" the demon asks, happy to find the reprieve this interruption will give her.

With a sigh, Bobby drops his torch on the workbench closest to him and trudges up the stairs.

"The hell did she go?" he grumbles to himself, wondering where Lizzy went to when he needed her help. Between the boys being out on the road and using him only for his researching prowess, his usual busy self helping the rest of the hunting world, and his campaign to regain ownership of his soul Bobby's been awful busy. Lizzy has been nothing but an excellent help but right this second he could have used her. She better have been throwing up or something pregnancy related…

He walks to the front door as the bell rings again. He looks through the peephole and sees his neighbor, the cute one that moved in just a little while ago, holding something and arranging her hair. Bobby checks his breath and tries to straighten his clothes a bit before opening the door and stepping onto the porch.

"Marcy," he greets as he looks around his property. He already has a demon in his basement. He'd really like for no other creatures to come drop by while some innocent woman is on his doorstep.

"Bobby Singer," she sweetly greets with a slight scolding tone in her voice. "How long have we been neighbors?"

"Six months?" he takes a wild guess. He really isn't sure.
"Well, don’t you think it’s time you welcomed me to the neighborhood?" she wonders as she looks at him with a genuine smile.

"You know, I was just telling him that yesterday," Lizzy interrupts as she pokes her head through the doorway, getting a good look at the neighbor she could hear Bobby talking to from inside the house. She flashes her warmest smile as she greets the woman. "What a coincidence that you dropped by today!"

Lizzy continues to grin wide at the woman, seeing she's adorable and so sweet right off the bat. She then looks up to Bobby with wide, knowing eyes. Lizzy lies her face off as she never knew this woman even existed until just now but she'll be damned if she's going to let Bobby lose his chance on this one.

Bobby throws her a look to let her know the trouble she's about to get in with him.

"Hi there. I'm Marcy," the woman brightly greets and holds out her hand.

"Lizzy," she returns, shaking the woman’s hand.

"You must be… Bobby's daughter?" Marcy takes a guess with a bright tone.

"Absolutely," Lizzy grins wide, going with it instead of try and explain their true relationship. Daughter is close enough anyways.

"Well then you can share this," Marcy hands over a glass baking dish to Bobby and he takes it. "My famous ginger peach cobbler. Take a whiff. Seriously, I'm a genius."

Bobby pulls back the cloth covering it and takes a sniff, rolling his eyes and smiling when he finds out she's right. Marcy smiles right back.

"That's very sweet of…" Lizzy starts but is cut off by the yelling of the trapped crossroads demon in the basement. She barely reacts, keeping her smile in place. "Horror flicks," she explains away. "It's dear old dad's guilty pleasure."

"I love scary movies," Marcy lights right up. "Hey, have you seen Drag Me to Hell?"

With an awkward look exchanged by Lizzy and Bobby, he turns back to Marcy. "Trying to avoid it."

"But it's fantastic," Marcy rebuts and takes a deep breath for courage. "Tonight, seven o'clock, my house. I'll fix you dinner and I'll whip up a batch of my famous white chocolate popcorn and we'll watch it. Deal?"

"That sounds super, Marcy," Bobby slowly gets out, his mind churning and searching for an excuse out of the offer. "But uh…"

"He'd love to!" Lizzy interrupts immediately.

"Liz," Bobby uses his warning voice, angry for her meddling.

"Oh, come on, dad," she smiles while grabbing his arm. "You should go! Have some dinner, talk to people outside of this house and outside of me."

"But I just love talking to you, dear," Bobby says in an over the top way as he brings and arm around her shoulders, grabbing her right shoulder hard in warning.
"And you can talk to be anytime, dad. Have fun."

"I've got work to do…"

"And you know I can hold down the fort. I'm awesome, remember." She smiles, showing every one of her teeth when she knows she's got him.

The way they speak to each other has Marcy smiling. They seem close, like a father and daughter should be.

"Not in your condition…"

"Don't start with me," Lizzy warns, already having had the whole 'condition' conversation. She hates it. She's pregnant, not broken. "Marcy, he'll be there with bells on."

The smile on Marcy's face could light up an entire room. "Great! I'll see you tonight… Bobby…"

She walks back towards her own house while Lizzy yanks Bobby back into the house before he can chicken out and cancel.

"What the hell is wrong with you!?" Bobby shouts at her the second the door shuts.

Lizzy just looks at him with slight anger. "When the fuck did you become so old and so grouchy that a sweet, cute chick like Marcy practically asking you to take her panties off became a bad thing!? She's adorable and she clearly wants you!"

"That is not your call," Bobby strongly warns, his anger raging. "You had no right to make that decision for me."

"And what's the worst that could happen if you go to hang out about fifty yards away from here for one night?"

"Something could come for you, that's what!" Bobby returns quickly. "I'm not letting you be vulnerable like that, not when you're living with me."

"Wait, am I talking to Dean or Bobby right now?" Lizzy points out how he sounds in the moment.

"Don't you dare," he once more issues a warning to her, not liking to be compared to her overprotective and partially insane husband.

"I am a big girl, Bobby. And this kiddo is mine," she points to her stomach. "If you think I would ever put him in danger then you're fucking crazier than I thought."

"Him?"

"Or her… whatever…" she brushes off, not having told anyone besides Dean about her inside knowledge. "The point is that I can answer the phones for one night. I can handle being you for a few hours. We've already warded the shit out of this place as it is. It's safe here and you are allowed to enjoy life… just like you always say to me."

He doesn't respond because he doesn't know how.

"Bobby, I love you to death but you need to get out," she tells him, taking the peach cobbler form his hands and bringing it to the refrigerator. "We will figure out this whole Crowley owning your soul thing, I promise you… even if Dean and Sam are being neglectful asses." She means it too. "Just, please… have fun. I want you to have fun."
Narrowed eyes peering at her, Bobby sigh. "Fine. You win." He drops his hands to his side when he gives up. "I regret this already but I'll go."

"Good," Lizzy smiles after the dessert is put away and then studies his expression. He looks sad. "Is this about more than a date with Marcy?"

"No…"

"Liar," she crosses her arms over her chest and calls him out.

Bobby looks at the floor, knowing he can't hide much from her these days, and sighs. "I haven't exactly… gone on a real date… since Karen."

"Not once?" her eyes grow wide with shock. "Bobby, that was… years."

He doesn't answer, just shrugs.

"Shit," Lizzy walks to him. "You haven't… like… you know… ever since?"

Bobby looks at her funny until he figures out what she's asking. "What!? No! I'm not a monk, Liz. There's been some women…"

"Ok, good," Lizzy sighs with relief, glad he's at least found some loving in the decades since Karen passed. "Look, I didn't mean to shove you at this. I had no idea."

"It's fine," he brushes off. "I probably needed the shoving. Been over thirty years."

Lizzy nods but knows the pain he still feels over losing his wife. "She'd want you to be happy. I know I'd want Dean to be happy."

"Yeah," Bobby agrees with her and they both hear the demon in the basement start yelling again. "Back to work. Better go make that bitch put up or shut up."

"Go get her, tiger," Lizzy wink and pats Bobby on the ass once. He gives her an annoyed expression that she knows he doesn't mean before heading back down into the basement.

"Aww. She sounds nice," the demon patronizes as Bobby walks past her to his work bench. He picks up his torch once more. "Are you going to make sweet love to her before you stab her to death, Bobby?"

He lights the pilot flame on the torch and stares at her with hatred.

"That is your usual thing, right?"

Before Bobby can even do anything the flame thrower is ripped from his hand.

"Watch your mouth, bitch," Lizzy says with hatred on high, aiming the flame and lighting the demon's bones up. She screams out in utter pain.

While she bellows with the burning of her current meatsuit, Bobby gets angry.

"Get upstairs," he tells her strictly, reaching for the torch.

"Nope," Lizzy says to him, ending the flame and pulling it away from him so he can't grab it. "I'm gonna prove that I can handle things so you don't worry so much."
She knows he disapproves completely but he also knows how stubborn she is so Bobby sucks it up and grabs the nearest flask of holy water… just in case.

"We want Crowley's name," Lizzy explains to the crossroads demon in a calculated tone. "His real name."

"Fuck you, you Winchester wannabe," she spits back. "You think you scare me? You're just a piece of ass to that hunting dick. You're nothing. You're less than nothing."

Lizzy smirks. "I may be nothing in your eyes… but I'm the one holding the flame." She once more lights up the demons bones, her bellows bouncing off the old basement walls.

"Special my ass," the demon heaves out, catching her breath. "Those angels have no idea what they're talking about. You're a distraction, a skirt to chase."

"Crowley's name! Now!"

"Fuck you."

She screams but doesn't answer as Lizzy lights her up again.

"I can do this all day, you piece of shit," Lizzy doles her final warning.

"Okay, okay," she gives in and Lizzy takes the flame off the bones. "MacLeod. Fergus MacLeod. I swear. We call him Lucky the Leprechaun behind his back."

"MacLeod's Scottish, Einstein," Bobby instantly informs her.

"You got what you want, now send me back. We had a deal."

Lizzy looks her over. "Oh, no. I never made any deal with you." She grabs the lighter fluid and soaks the demon's bones.

"No!" she shouts and looks to Bobby. "We had a fucking deal!"

"I can't control her," Bobby jerks his thumb at Lizzy and Lizzy laughs a little. "My hands are tied here."

"Damn straight," she comments while handing a book of matches to Bobby after thinking twice. "Eh, you wanna be a liar and do the honors?"

"Aw what the hell," he takes them from her and lights the whole book at once. "I deserve a treat."

"No!" the demon screams just as Bobby ignites the tub. She bellows in utter pain as her bone burn her off for good. Once the flames die down and she's a pile of ash in the chair she was tied to Bobby looks at his adopted daughter.

"You're a little scary, you know that?"

"I learned everything from you, didn't I?" she jokes right back.

This day has been nothing short of exhausting. As Bobby picks up a ringing phone for the millionth time that day he sighs.

"Agent Murphy. Uh huh…"
Lizzy walks to the table and places a sandwich in front of him as he talks. She can tell how tired he is, his voice alone drooping a bit.

"Of course she's one of ours. And if she says she's got to dig that grave up, you better damn well let her." He hangs up the phone with a bang.

"Stop for a second and breathe… and eat," Lizzy tells him, placing a hot mug of coffee next to his plate she just made him before pressing his shoulders down until he's sitting in the kitchen chair. "And wake up a little. It's only two-thirty."

Bobby sighs and glances at her, giving a thankful yet worn grin to her. Maybe having her move here was the best idea he's ever had. As much as this was about him helping her through and protecting her while Dean's gone she's been nothing but a bright, warm light in his usually cold and daunting life. It's nice to be taken care of and he's certainly forgotten the feeling.

He tries to take a sip of coffee but there's a banging on his door. Bobby gets up to answer the side door but Lizzy points at him.

"Sit! Eat!" she warns and heads for the door herself. She pulls it open before Bobby can protest and she smiles huge almost immediately. "Rufus!"

"Liz! Get the hell outta here!" he says to her, immediately moving forward a step and hugging her in. "How are you, kid?"

"I'm doing well, actually," she says, so happy to see the man she's not seen in months, possibly a full year. "God, I haven't seen you in forever!"

"Far too long," Rufus agrees before getting down to some pressing business at hand. "Where's that old ass of ours?"

"Watch your mouth in my house," Bobby says as he lumbers over to stand next to Lizzy, looking at the second visitor he's had this day with worry. "The hell you doing here, Rufus?"

"Oh, good, you're home!" the hunter breathes out with relief. "Listen. You gotta help me bury a body."

"Why'd you bring it here?" Bobby has to ask as he, Rufus, and Lizzy take a walk out to where Rufus parked his monster-loaded truck.

"The law is on my tail! What was your guess?" Rufus gets impatient and slightly agitated. "What, what, what? They got lucky."

"Yeah, or you're getting slow," Bobby says, getting laugh from Lizzy.

"Yeah, I'm getting slow… says mister sits on his ass all day taking calls," Rufus rebuts and looks over to Lizzy. "And don't you feed into him. If you make him think he's actually funny then we're all in trouble."

"You know, Bobby's right… you really are a grumpy pain in the ass," Lizzy says with a grin as she leans into him, nudging him with her shoulder.

"And you're a fucking smart ass, you know that?" he complains right back, his smile not hidden nearly well enough.
"Rufus, no more bringing unwanted trouble to my door, you hear me?" Bobby doles out his warning to his friend as they keep walking. "No more of this."

"What!? Are you kidding me?" Rufus asks with disbelief. "Where the hell am I gonna go then? You got a better place?"

"Nope, just can't come here," Bobby says, glancing at Lizzy. She knows this is about her.

"I've been dumping monsters and cursed shit here for years! I'm gonna need one good reason why this old car graveyard's suddenly off limits to me," Rufus challenges as he stands still with his hands on his hips. The group stops walking with him.

Bobby looks once more to Lizzy and she just nods, giving him permission to tell the truth.

"Because Lizzy lives here now."

"Have you lost your damn mind?" Rufus quickly asks Lizzy like she's insane. "Why would you want to live here?"

"So I can enjoy Bobby's ever sparkling personality every day." She shares a shit-eating grin.

"Well that just ain't it," Rufus denies her explanation.

"Really… I need the help and the protection," Lizzy speaks up. "My life has changed a lot in the past few weeks and Bobby offered to help me through."

"Changed? The hell you talking about?" he eyes her suspiciously, getting nervous.

"Aw, Rufus… I'm pregnant."

"Say what now?" he asks, quickly leaning his good ear towards her as he must have misheard the woman.

"Dean and I are having a baby. He's on the road and I need someplace safe to live and so here I am," Lizzy tells him, a slight grin on her lips. Damn it's fun to tell people that now that she and Dean have come to terms with everything.

"You're yanking my chain, right?" Rufus gives her a hard look and she shakes her head right back. "You and that numb nuts are having a little kid?"

Lizzy nods and smiles wider, knowing he won't scold her or be angry. Rufus has always been like the fun uncle to her fatherly Bobby. Bobby trained her and gave her a home once the two of them saved her and Lou while Rufus became the less serious one that would stop by now and then to goof off and bring them out drinking before they legally could. She and Lou always got to see a side of Rufus that many never had the pleasure to.

"Well, Mozel Tov, you crazy bitch!" Rufus immediately grins wider than wide as he pulls her into a very serious hug. "What the hell is wrong with you?" He laughs a bit at his own question.

"Where do I start with that one?" Lizzy jokes on and melts into Rufus as he holds her. It's always nice to feel the love and happiness coming from the few people in this world she cares about.

"Holy crap on a cracker," Rufus awes as he backs away from her. "I'm gonna have to put my boot up that boy's ass for doing this to you."

"I tried to prevent this mess a long time ago," Bobby comments. "If she ain't listenin' to me then
"Ok, ok, and for the record it wasn't his fault," Lizzy assures Rufus before he does in fact do anything to her husband. Rufus may joke but he is pretty damn loyal.

"Just like it wasn't the fault of that dude at the bar years ago that was all up on your shit?"

"I could have handled him!" Lizzy rebuts, remembering how Rufus threated the too-friendly bar patron years ago when he got too handsy.

"But you didn't have to because I was there," Rufus says, his back taller with pride as he adjusts his lapels of his open button-down arrogantly. "I kicked that scrawny kid's ass good for that one."

Lizzy laughs aloud. "You pulled a gun on him and threatened to shoot his dick off!"

"Close enough," Rufus brushes off her truth telling as they keep walking, quickly arriving at his truck. "All I'm saying is if that Dean of yours screws up, let him know I'll shoot his dick off."

"I'm sure he'll never do anything wrong but it's nice to know you still have my back," Lizzy says, nudging him with her elbow while she smiles wide.

"You do that. Hey, check it out," Rufus says as he lowers the tailgate once they reach the truck and uncovers the body of what looks like a dead Asian woman.

"What the hell is that?" Lizzy asks first with the very human appearance.

"Vamp, shifter… what?" Bobby keeps prying.

"None of the above," Rufus answers and pulls the lips of the monster back to expose the teeth.

"Okami?" Bobby asks with shock.

"Seriously!??" Lizzy says with total surprise. "I've only heard of those."

"Like most hunters," Bobby tells her before asking Rufus, "Where'd you shiv it?"

"Get this… Billings," he answers while closing its mouth.

"The only time I ever saw one of these was in Japan," Bobby mentions.

"Duh. No one's ever seen one of these except in Japan."

"For what it's worth, Sam and Dean are tracking a Lamia in Wisconsin."

"Get out," Rufus startles with the news. "I thought they never leave Greece."

"They don't," Bobby returns with. "Monsters lately. Is it me, or is it weird?"

"Yeah well, it's definitely something," Rufus agrees, having seen enough truly and exceptionally weird lately. "So, you got a shovel?"

"Does he!" Lizzy lights right up as she dangles a set of keys from her fingers. She grins mischievously and starts running away from them.

"Liz!" Bobby calls after her.

"Don't worry, I got this!" she promises him as she jumps up onto the large mechanical back hoe and
in no time has it running.

"Get down from there, Liz!" Bobby tries once again as she steers it towards them, the large belts crunching over the gravel road on his property.

"Fuck you, Bobby!" she grins at him. "This shit is fun!"

"I can do it…"

"And I'm just pregnant, not dying," she reminds him in her stubborn way and sets the machinery in one place. She starts to use the monstrosity to dig a deep hole in a fraction of the time it would take two old men and one knocked up chick to do it.

"Man," Rufus awes as he jabs Bobby in the ribs with his elbow. "I know what I want for Hanukkah." He laughs a little while looking at Lizzy work. "You look good up there, girl!"

She smirks and gives him a thumbs up, making Bobby roll his eyes.

"So the son of a bitch's name is Fergus McCloud?" Rufus asks, impressed by the guarded info Bobby was able to shake loose from the demons.

"That's the son of a bitch's name," Bobby confirms as the finish up covering up the fresh Okami grave that's now filled in.

"Where are you gonna look for him?"

"Scotland," Bobby explains, digging his shovel into the ground until it sticks out on its own. He faces Rufus as he goes over his game plan. "Crowley let slip that he likes Craig. It's, uh…"

"It's Scotch," Rufus says as if it were obvious information. "Only made and sold in a tiny area on the north tip of Caithness County. It's peaty and sharp, with a long finish of citrus and tobacco notes." Bobby gives him a suspicious look. "Hey, what? What am I, a heathen? I know what Craig is."

"Well, I got a hunch that that's where Crowley lived and died back when he was a human, a few hundred years before he got the big squeeze in hell and came out a demon."

"You know I've got contacts over there," Rufus quickly offers. "I could make a few calls."

"Well, I ain't askin' for no help."

"I ain't askin' for your permission."

"Easy boys," Lizzy laughs at them as she runs back their way after parking the backhoe. She tosses Bobby the keys and he pockets them. "You two love each other. Cut the bullshit."

Neither responds with anything other than grumbling annoyance aimed at her.

"So… you have a connection in Scotland?" Lizzy asks Rufus, wanting to know she heard right.

"Yeah, so?"

"So, that's good to know," she says, a slick smile on her face as she jogs back into the house.

"What's she up to?" Rufus wonders when he sees her reaction.
"Not sure I want to know," Bobby responds right away, knowing that Lizzy's gears are grinding and he has no idea in what way. Great.

"Police!" Bobby and Lizzy both hear along with more banging on the front door. "Open up!"

"Balls!" Bobby gripes as he's on the phone with Dean, trying to help Sam and him in a bind with that Lamia. Lizzy rolls her eyes and points to herself once before taking off for the door. Time to help handle the insanity that is Bobby's life once more. She had no idea how ridiculous and difficult it was to be the hunter dispatch/information man/dumping ground/guru. It sucks.

Bobby smile gratefully to her when she takes off. "Where are you?"

Lizzy quickly opens the door to find a man in a suit that she knows has to be an FBI agent and a Sheriff Jody Mills on Bobby's front steps. The cop looks shocked to see a young woman answer the door.

"Hello," Lizzy greets. "How can I help you?"

"Uh, this is Bobby Singer's house?" the confused agent asks.

"Yes," she answers with a fake smile, her mind clearing as she prepares to lie her face off when she figures out what this visit is about.

"Is he home?"

"Sure is… he's just…"

"Find salt…" they hear Bobby says as he paces across the other end of the hallway. "…and rosemary." He nods at them in recognition while holding up a finger to ask for their patience. "My mom. Just a sec."

"He loves his mother. It's sweet really," Lizzy makes the lie viable. "She's getting up there in age but she insists on still cooking all her meals herself."

"That's nice. And you are?" the agent asks with sheer suspicion.

"Lizzy Winchester," she answers, politely holding out her hand in greeting. The agent doesn't take it and she pulls her hand back.

"Lizzy Winchester," she answers, politely holding out her hand in greeting. The agent doesn't take it and she pulls her hand back.

"And what is your relationship with Mr. Singer?"

"Oh, uh…" Lizzy stalls a bit, trying to clearly describe her connection to Bobby without mentioning hunting and doing it true justice.

"Lizzy is kind of like Bobby's… unofficial daughter," Jody steps in. She met Lizzy, Dean and Sam during the whole Rising of the Witnesses debacle and she saw a whole new side to Bobby through the three hunters… and found out what they really do. She never knew Bobby was the fatherly type but when he saw him with those three she understood him in a whole new light.

"Really?" the agent asks with surprise.

"Yeah," Lizzy smiles right back. "My parents passed away some years back and Bobby kinda took me in. He's a good guy. A really good guy."

"And this is the same Bobby Singer that's been arrested for several Drunk and Disorderlies in the
"past?" the agent looks over to Jody with surprise.

"We all have our dark moments," Jody defends immediately. Bobby's had a difficult past, she knows that now, but that doesn't change the goodness in him.

"Sorry about that," Bobby says as he returns to the doorway. "Mom had a little cooking emergency."

"But it turned out alright... right?" Lizzy eyes him, knowing it had been her husband on the other line.

"Oh... she's just fine as always."

Lizzy grins wide and honestly this time. "Oh, good." She relaxes now.

"Mr. Singer. I'm Agent Adams," he introduces and shows his badge before pocketing it. "I believe you know Sheriff Mills."

"Sure do," Bobby nods cordially to Jody as she gives him an apologetic look.

"Mr. Singer, have you seen this man recently?" Agent Adams asks while holding up a police sketch of what is surely Rufus. "Rufus Turner, aka Luther Vandros, aka Ruben Studdard."

"No, I've never seen that dick," Bobby quickly responds to which Lizzy just sighs and shakes her head. Couldn't Bobby and Dean just be easier people to deal with? They're so fucking frustrating.

"How do you know he's a dick?" the agent asks.

"Lucky guess."

Jody rolls her eyes.

"Funny," Agent Adams narrows his eyes and lowers the sketch. "Because I got a couple of guys working the highway said they saw him pull in here... carrying a body."

"That's ridiculous," Lizzy shakes her head and starts to try and send the agent on his way. "Look, it's a workday and I just started working here at the yard. I have a lot to learn still and we're very busy..."

"I just want to take a look around," Agent Adams challenges a bit to which Bobby takes two steps in his direction.

"You got a warrant, sonny?"

"Well, do I need one, sir?"

And then it's a staring contest between the two.

"Okay fellas, put the rulers away. Zip up," Jody says to them, separating the two with a pat on the chest each. "Look, Bobby here is a kind of a... crank. And he ain't what you call a fan of big brother, but me and him..." She looks over at Bobby. "How long I been arresting you now? Ten years?"

"Thereabouts," he concurs.

"Yeah, we got a history, so... what do you say just let me scope the place out? That okay? You could just wait outside."
After contemplating, Agent Adams agrees. "Five minutes."

"I'll keep you company," Lizzy brightly says to him, winking at Bobby on the way out, promising to keep him in safe areas while he talks to Jody.

"So… agent," Lizzy starts as she makes her way down the steps towards him. She walks right up next to him and smile. "How long have you worked for the FBI?" She keeps her demeanor sweet, if not a little flirtatious, and talks about him. She conned several a man before and really she just needs to distract him long enough to keep him from finding anything suspicious… like the freshly dug grave in the yard.

"Eight years," he says without looking at her, his eyes darting about.

"Wow, eight years," Lizzy says, crossing her arms over her chest to shamelessly press her breast together. Desperate times, right? "You must have seen some crazy shit in that time."

"My fair share." His eyes have yet to look at her. Adams starts to walk and Lizzy steps up in front of him, blocking his progress.

"Where you going?" Lizzy grins and bats her eyes a bit, trying to make it seem like she's looking for his attention versus stop him in his tracks.

Adams just looks at her once, doesn't react at all, and walks around her.

"You know, let me come with you," Lizzy offers as she follows along. "The land is pretty big and some of the car stacks aren't that stable. I don't want you getting into trouble out there."

"I think I'll be fine."

She follows along anyways. They walk along the gravel road running through the land until they come upon the place where they very recently buried that Okami.

Lizzy expected to see some freshly disturbed dirt… but instead finds a now empty grave.

The Okami isn't dead and it isn't in the ground anymore. Her blood goes cold with the fear of that wild monster loose in the area. This is so not good.

"Do you mind explaining this?" Adams asks Lizzy and she looks at him calmly.

"I'm guess you've never owned a house with a septic tank," she says to him. "Damn thing exploded. It's pretty gross. We called a guy to come fix it but he can't come out until tomorrow. I suggest you watch where you step."

The agent checks his shoes, makes a disgusted face, and heads back for his car after giving up. Lizzy follows and when they reach the house Jody and Bobby are on their way out.

"Where did you guys go?" Bobby asks with worry.

"Just out back," Lizzy says quickly. "The agent here wanted to check out the property. He got to see a bunch of rusted out junkers and our septic tank issues."

"Oh, right," Bobby nods, dying to ask her what the hell she's talking about, and turns to the agent. "Sorry about that."

"You ready to go, Agent Adams?" Jody asks him.
"Uh, yeah," he hesitates but really can't accomplish much more without a warrant. The place irks him but what can he do?

Jody and Adams get into the car and Lizzy and Bobby watch as they drive out of the property. The second the car is gone Bobby starts in.

"Septic tank?"

"We have a problem," Lizzy tells him. "That grave we dug is empty. The Okami is gone. It's not dead."

"Balls!" Bobby says as he pulls his phone out to call Rufus. "I'm gonna kill that jackass!"

"How about I kill that jackass instead?" Lizzy suggests as she checks the time on her own phone. "You have a date in less than two hours. You need to shower and get on some clothes that aren't covered in dirt, grease, blood, or anything else creepy and weird."

Bobby closes his eyes with a sigh. "I can't go over there."

"I can handle this…"

"No, you will not," he points at her and warns her. "You will be locked up in the panic room until I find this bitch and kill it right."

"Panic room!? Are you fucking serious?"

"Are you!? Lizzy, you ain't just Lizzy anymore. Hunting shit down isn't your job now. It's protecting that baby. You will be getting your ass down there the second I head out after this thing."

She bites her tongue to keep from being rude in return since she knows he's right. It's hard to separate herself from this world when she's living in it with Bobby but he's completely right. She can't do that to her little one.

"Fine."

"Good, because you do anything stupid and mess with that kid you got in there Dean'll have my ass, not yours."

"This sucks…" Lizzy says as she trudges inside the house, Bobby following as he prepares to cancel on Marcy and scream at Rufus.
Weekend at Bobby's Featuring Lizzy (Part 2)

Waiting for nearly an hour alone in the panic room, Lizzy paces as she plays with her cell phone. What the hell is taking Bobby so long, she thinks angrily.

And then she immediately regrets having that thought.

The poor man has been going nonstop for twenty-four hours. Rufus showing up with a dead body, prodding a crossroads demon for Crowley intel, Dean and Sam calling and expecting the world from him without even a thank you, the FBI, the Okami not being dead... he's had it rough and she's never really seen this side of what Bobby does. He gives up so much of his life for so many hunters it's really quite admirable and very eye-opening to see. She'll never take him for granted ever again. She may not have ever gotten to Dean and Sam's point with this but she's definitely never been thankful towards him to the extent that she should have.

Finally the heavy metal and salt encrusted door squeals open.

"Bobby, you ok?" she asks before he can get the door all the way open.

"I survived," he simply says, coming into view. She can see it all. He's exhausted and covered with a good amount of blood.

"Jesus!" she rushes to him, her hands on his shoulders and face as she checks him over in panic. "What the fuck happened?"

"A wood chipper happened," he smirks with irritancy.

"Well shit," Lizzy pauses in front of him before reaching up to wipe some blood away from his eye with her thumb. "Looks like you killed it at least."

"Killed it dead."

She smiles at him. "I would expect no less from the great sensei." Lizzy bows to him jokingly.

"Idjit."

"Go take a shower, huh? A long, hot one," Lizzy says and ushers him back up the stairs, passing the still there charred remains of the crossroads demon they torched earlier that day. "I can fix us some dinner and we can have some ginger peach cobbler for dessert."

"I can go along with that," Bobby wholeheartedly agrees to her plan.

An hour later and Bobby comes down the stairs in fresh clothes, clean as a whistle.

"Well look at you," Lizzy lights right up when she sees him, turning away from the stove to look him over once. "Clean and cute."

"Better believe it," Bobby jokes back.

"You know, you're looking so good that I bet if you went back over to Marcy's she'd be happy to see you. I mean you did save her ass and all..."

"Trust me, that ship has sailed," Bobby promises her. After the Okami bloodbath he knows that he'll
never really be seeing her again.

"It was that bad, huh?" Lizzy asks, spooning some cooked vegetables onto a plate next to the biggest piece of chicken she baked up. Healthy food that she doctored up with spices and flavoring seems to be the one way she can get Dean and Bobby to actually eat and do it healthfully.

"Worse," he comments and she hears the sadness loud and clear.

"Sit," she nods to a chair at the dinner table and he listens, plopping down with a grunt. He's wiped and the day did a number on his body.

Lizzy walks up behind him and drops a lovely plate of warm, home cooked food in front of him.

"For the weariest of hunters… real food," she jokes and kisses his cheek before heading to make her own plate.

"Well if this is what having a pain in the ass pregnant woman around is like then I'll take it," he quips quick and takes up a fork. He cuts a piece of chicken and spears it. Just as he's about to take a bite the phone rings again.

"Don't answer that!" Lizzy scolds. "They can all wait five minutes for food to be eaten."

Because he couldn't help it, Bobby checks the caller ID. John P. Jones.

"Or not," Bobby complains and answers it anyways. "Dean. You alright?"

Lizzy perks up with the name and rushes to sit opposite Bobby, looking to see if the two of them were in fact alright.

After a short pause Bobby nods to her that the boys are fine.

"I sense a "but" coming on."

As Dean explains how worried and weary he is over Sam, he hunter speaking like he normally refuses to with how scared he is, Bobby's phone beeps. This is his personal line. It's reserved for his kids and his friends only. The caller ID lets him know it's Rufus.

"Dean…" Bobby tried to get his attention but he doesn't listen. He just keeps talking and the line beeps again. "Dean, I gotta take this call."

Lizzy doesn't miss the wince Bobby has when Dean clearly gets upset with him.

"I got take this. It's… important."

Bobby quickly just does it and clicks over to the other line. "Rufus?"

The conversation quickly devolves into slight panic and clear craziness from there and just as Lizzy assumed it would her cell phone starts to ring. Leaving her place at the table she grabs her cell and answers it.

"Hey, Hot Shot," she says, not once looking at the caller ID.

"What the hell is up with Bobby?" Dean angrily asks her immediately.

"He's busy," she simply sums up for him as she watches Bobby argue with Rufus for the second or third time that day. She's lost track.
"So busy he has to hang up with me?"

"He didn't hang up on you drama queen," Lizzy rolls her eyes, very easily taking Bobby's side on this one. "He just put you on hold. Rufus…"

"You'd think the guy would care a little more than that," Dean interrupts her thought to gripe some more. "He's the one person that I can talk to about this stuff, about Sam…"

"You could try talking to me," Lizzy mentions, getting slightly offended that he didn't think of her.

"Like you don't already have enough on your plate? I was trying not to add to it."

"And Bobby has a shit load on his plate too."

"Sure he does," Dean says with sheer sarcasm. "I mean I don't… with Sam and leaving you and the baby… I don't even know which way is up right now. I could use him and he's just dropping me like an ugly chick on date night. I mean, what the fuck?"

"Look, I hear you, Dean. I do, ok?" Lizzy tries to keep calm with his selfishness, hoping to get through to him before she loses her cool and uses the Big Scary Voice. "It's just a bad time for him right now."

"Yeah, okay. You know what?" he starts to react and Lizzy can already feel the anger bubbling. "Forget it. I mean, I'm baring my soul like a freaking girl to him and, uh, he's got stuff to do. So that is, that's fine. That's fine but, seriously, a little selfish."

And then he finishes his rant with the kicker.

"It's not all about him."

Lizzy instantly sees red. With everything she's been through with Bobby today she can't believe the very words coming out of her husband's mouth. She's embarrassed by him for his rude and self-centered view of life. Fuck him.

"Get Sam."

It's a simple statement but it's said with such heat that it clearly surprises Dean.

"Why?"

"Get him on the phone with you. Now."

"Uh… ok…"

When she can hear him go off to grab his brother Lizzy puts the phone on speaker just as Bobby hangs up with Rufus. She drops the phone onto the table with such anger that Bobby gets worried when it bounces once before coming to a silent stop.

"What's happening now?" he asks her, sure Dean's pissing her off.

"I'm gonna tear the Winchester's a pair of brand new assholes for being self-centered dicks. Care to listen in?" Her joking words are cut in half by her barely hidden anger. For that reason alone Bobby walks to the cupboard above the refrigerator the second he knows what he's about to witness. Without thinking twice he takes out a dusty bottle and glances at her with a wink.

Lizzy watches Bobby's suddenly happy demeanor once he knows he finally has someone to back
him up completely and her anger for the boys grows larger. She's ready for this convo.

"You're on speaker, L.," Dean lets her know and she places her hands on her hips. Bobby gets comfortable in a kitchen chair and props his feet up, ready to enjoy his final glass of his sacred Lagavulin (from the bottle Lizzy and Lou got him four years ago) and a total ass beating through the phone of the two most selfish brats she's dealt with in a long time.

"Sam…" she takes a deep breath. "Dean."

"Yeah?" Dean asks with bafflement.

"I know that you love Bobby. I do, and so does he somehow. But sometimes…"

Bobby grins wide when she pauses and he takes a long drink with enjoyment.

"Sometimes… you two are the bitchiest, most self-absorbed and fucking self-centered sons of bitches that could ever exist! Bobby's selfish? Dean, seriously!? He does absolutely everything for you short of tying your shoes and wiping your fucking asses! You need some lore looked up, your butt pulled out of the fire when you fuck something up once more, you need someone to bitch to about each other…"

"You called and bitched about me?" Sam asks quietly but Lizzy and Bobby still catch it.

"Yes, Sam, he did. He calls Bobby to complain about you all the time and stop acting so fucking innocent! You used to do that same thing with me, calling to complain about Dean practically once a week!"

"You did?" Dean asks with hurt.

"Had to talk to someone…" Sam starts to excuse but Lizzy's hearing none of it.

"You're still so up each other's asses that you're not even hearing me right now!" Lizzy shouts with total audacity. "Fucking listen, you morons! You take advantage of Bobby! He's our everything at this point and you abuse the privilege of even knowing him! And what does he get for it!?"

"Jack with a side of squat," Bobby adds in his two cents with a grin.

"Bobby, we didn't…" Dean tries to apologize once he knows the old man is listening.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I sound like I was done to you?" Lizzy very angrily asks.

The silence on the other line lets her know they're listening and waiting for her to continue.

"Look, I know you two've got issues," Lizzy continues without shouting since she knows they're ears are open. She sighs with her hands on her hips. "Everyone that's ever met you both knows you have issues. But I got news for you. You aren't the center of the fucking universe! This isn't the Sam and Dean Winchester show!"

"We never thought…"

"Sam, shut up!" Lizzy yells right back and once more keeps the two men silent. "I have been here for a few weeks now and let me tell you, it was eye opening. Bobby is not justour go to guy. He's every fucking hunter out there's go to guy! He's fucking busy, busier than you! Stop expecting the world from him! The world already expects the world from him and he can't take much more on his plate! It's full and it doesn't need your drama! If you wanna bitch, call me. You wanna be babies and
need hand holding, call me. Leave Bobby alone unless you really need him. And the next time he busts his ass researching an answer to a hunt for you two… SAY THANK YOU!"

Lizzy pauses to take a deep breath and compose herself as Bobby grins from ear to ear. He doesn't speak. He lets her handle it as he takes another sip of heaven. She's doing well enough on her own and it just feels too damn good to have someone else do some dirty work for him for once.

"With all the crap you two put on each other I think you forgot about something," Lizzy keeps going. "Crowley still owns Bobby's soul. And the meter is running and I will be damned if I'm going to let him go to hell because he signed a contract with a crossroads demon to help you two."

She can hear Dean huff with his own guilt over this. He completely forgot with everything going on and she knows it. Lizzy, however, never did forget.

"We need Bobby," she says, glancing at the man as she says this. "More now than ever before. He's taking me in when my own husband is on the road so that our baby is safe and so am I. We owe him, you owe him, so how about you two sack up and help Bobby this time?"

"Bobby," Sam speaks first, his voice calm and carefree. "All you got to do is ask."

"Anything you need..." Dean adds in, the sincerity deeply written in his voice. "Anything. You know we're there. L's right. We owe you big time."

"Well, I'll be damned," Bobby says to Lizzy with wide eyes. She got through to them. If anyone could it'd be her but still, she actually opened their selfish eyes for once.

"Ok, so…" Lizzy nods, calming down once she hears Dean and Sam's regretful words. "We have a plan… kind of."

"Lay it on me," Dean says with enthusiasm.

"You're not gonna like it, Hot Shot," she warns quickly.

"I don't like a lot of things," he brushes off. "Can't be that bad, right?"

Lizzy smirks when she looks over to Bobby.

"You guys still have those bunk passports and matching I.D.s?"

"Yeah…" Dean answers with sudden hesitance.

"Then I need you to take those and head to the nearest airport."

"Oh, fuck no…"

Lizzy yawns wide as she walks through the kitchen at ten in the morning. Around five a.m. the phones were still ringing off the hook as she was sitting at Bobby's desk looking for the right spell he needs for their plan to work. Her head bobbed once as sleep called for her and the second he saw it Bobby practically shoved her up the stairs to get some sleep. He'll give up anything, even his own chance at sleep, to make sure she's taking care of herself and that baby of hers.

So she listened and grabbed about four restless hours before taking a shower and heading back into the thick of it.

"You look like dog shit warmed over," she comments as she walks past Bobby at the kitchen table,
his eyes weary and glued to a huge book.

"You're sweet," Bobby caustically replies as he shakes his head to clear the exhaustion. He has no time to be tired.

"Did you sleep at all?" Lizzy worries as she empties the old coffee grounds in the maker and starts getting a new pot brewed up.

"Got an hour or so with a book as a pillow," he comments. "You should have slept longer."

"I slept long enough," she assures him and he shoots her a look of challenge. "I'm find, the baby's fine. We're rested. Now let's get to work." She starts up the machine. "Did the dumbasses get in yet?"

"Few more hours before their flight lands," Bobby says within a yawn.

"How many times you think Dean's puked so far?" Lizzy smiles as she sits down across from him, hands folded.

"My money's on at least two."

Lizzy gets a good laugh out of that. That man could walk right up to Lucifer himself and shoot him point blank in the temple, and he did… but he can't get on a damn plane without shitting his pants. He makes zero sense to her. Zero.

"Listen… I'm really sorry about those two treating you the way they have been," Lizzy starts up, looking to clear the air. "And yesterday made me think about the past. Lou and I were grateful for you at every turn, you know that… right?"

Taken aback by her sudden heart-to-heart, Bobby easily answers her. "Of course."

"Good. Because I don't want you to ever think we didn't love you and appreciate everything you've done for us… and are still doing for me now."

"What about all you just did for me yesterday?" Bobby mentions, knowing she helps him too. "Let's not call that nothing."

"A drop in the bucket compared to what I owe you," Lizzy laughs. "I just want to make sure you know how much I love you… because I really do. I'd be up shit creek without you."

"Aw, don't get all weepy on me now," he tries to play it off but she won't let him.

"And Dean and Sam love you too… they may not know how to show it but they do. I blame John mostly."

Bobby just nods with her words.

"And the next time they act like assholes to you and forget to show that they care, you tell me," she says with a tough grin as she gets up to make him a mug of whiskey-laden coffee. "I'll whip 'em back into shape in no time and you know it."

"I sure do now," Bobby huffs. After that display yesterday he'll never second guess her power over those boys… and him too for that matter. She's their glue and she'll make sure they all stick together for as long as they're breathing, he knows that for certain now.

Lizzy sets the mug next to him. "I'm gonna grab some books from the stockpile downstairs. Then I'm
"making you breakfast."

"See? Already worth puttin' up with your ass living here."

"You know it!" she shouts back as he disappears down the stairs.

The second she's out of ear-shot there's a knock on the door. Without getting a sip down Bobby lowers his mug and makes a sound of sheer complaint as he trudges to the door.

"Miss me?" Rufus asks immediately the second the door is open. The hunter smiles at him while standing next to Jody before letting himself into the house.

"How did you…" Bobby begins to ask the sheriff with his shock to see the hunter no longer in custody. After breaking into the Maritime Museum in Massachusetts he'd been arrested. Now he's a free man on his door step.

"Don't ask!" she immediately cuts him off. "You got one hour, then I call the feds and tell them he busted out."

"Thanks."

"I lose my job over this, I am taking it out of your ass!" she warns fairly before leaving.

He closes the door behind her and turns to look at Rufus as he pours himself a cup of the freshly brewed coffee.

"That sheriff is a pretty nice lady," Rufus comments. "First time my flirting actually worked for me."

"Yeah… 'cause you're only out because she likes you," Bobby remarks, getting the feeling this was a favor for very specifically him… and not because he helped her in the past.

"What the fuck are you doing here!?" Lizzy shouts with a broad smile when she makes her way back up to the second floor. She drops her stack of books on the kitchen table and peers at Rufus with hands on her hips. "Please tell me you didn't break out!"

"Nope, but Bob here's got friends in high places so I got lucky."

"Jody!?" Lizzy asks Bobby with wide eyes.

"Yep."

"I told you she had a thing for you," Lizzy comments with mischief.

"You think every woman in this town of the appropriate age has a thing for me," Bobby complains. "Stop trying to pawn me off on these poor women. They don't want me grumping up their lives."

"Whatever," Lizzy rolls her eyes, knowing she'll never stop. She then turns to Rufus. "You have the ring or is it still digesting?" she jokes.

Fishing through his pocket for a moment, Rufus comes up with the ring and holds it out to her. She scrunches up her face immediately.

"I'll go boil some water," Bobby announces with a similarly disgusted face.

"I still say you shouldn't be here for this," Bobby says his opinion once last time before finishing the
summoning. "He's not some grunt, Liz. He's the King of Hell these days."

"And the King has a hands-off-the-pregnant-chick order out," Lizzy reminds him as she stands there, hands on hips, as she faces the middle of the room where the devil's trap awaits its bait. "I'm safe as can be."

"I still worry…"

"You're not getting rid of me, Bobby. Just do it."

He gives her a look of annoyance, his twelfth that day alone, before speaking the line of Latin and dropping a match into the gold ritual bowl. Instantly Crowley is standing in the middle of the devil's trap, Scotch in hand.

Looking the demon over Bobby narrows his eyes. "Well, you look like hammered crap."

"And you're a vision as always," retorts the demon with much irritation. "And look at that. You're fake daughter came to show some support. How sweet of her. Heaven sure did a bang up job with that one, don't you think?"

"I like her," Bobby shrugs with a smirk.

"He likes me," Lizzy echoes and shares a shit-eating grin.

"He likes me," Lizzy echoes and shares a shit-eating grin.

Looking over his head at the trap Crowley rolls his eyes. "Don't we both know how this game ends? Really, Bobby, you gotta know when to fold 'em."

"Word on the street is that ever since Lucifer went to the pokey, you're the big kahuna downstairs," Crowley comments, rubbing his eyes.

"You... have no idea. I thought... when I got the corner office..." Crowley pauses to drop two Alka-Seltzer into his whiskey. "I thought it was all going to be rainbows and two-headed puppies... but, if I'm being honest, it's been hell."

He takes a sip as Lizzy glances at Bobby trying not to laugh.

"I thought that was the point," Bobby speaks for both of them.

Crowley chugs down his drink and puts it on the nearest table. "You know what the problem with demons is?"

"They're demons?" Lizzy asks with attitude.

"Exactly. Evil lying prats," he complains. "The whole lot of them. And stupid. Try to show them a new way, a better way, and what do you get? Bigger all. You know, there's days that I think Lucifer's whole spike-anything-with-black-eyes plan wasn't half bad. Hmm. Feels good to get it off my chest. We should make this a thing."

"Do I look like Dr. Phil to you?" Bobby challenges as he was not here to give a therapy session to this dick.

"A little."
Bobby gives him a dirty look.

"Well… you kinda do… a little…” Lizzy adds in quietly.

"You helping him?" he asks audaciously.

"No, he just made a point that wasn't completely wrong for once," she shrugs with her explanation.

"Darling, if you're trying to get on my good side I suggest you don't defend my smart quips and instead cut me loose."

Lizzy smirks. "Cute. Nice try, but no."

"Worth a shot," he mutters. "Anywho, I'm obviously not here for a social call so on with it."

"I want…"

Crowley sighs and puts up his hand to interrupt Bobby.

"Save you the recap. In fact I'll do the shorthand for you." He points at Bobby and uses a mock-Bobby voice. "I want my soul back, idjit." He points to himself. "'Fraid not." Points to Bobby. "But I'm surly and I got a beard. Gimme!" He drops the fake Bobby accent. "Blah, blah, blah. Homespun cornpone insult, witty retort from yours truly. The bottom line is you get bubkes. Are we done?"

This is where Lizzy and Bobby smile wide at each other. "Just getting started," the hunter tells him.

---

"We take you for granted," Sam admits to Bobby over the phone once all is said and done and Bobby is once more the rightful owner of his soul.

"You've been cleaning up our messes for years, Bobby," Dean adds in. "Without you, I don't even want to think about where me and Sam would've ended up."

Bobby is silent for a moment. Lizzy truly did get through to them. He hopes this works for more than a couple of weeks. He'd hate for his boys to be patient and thankful for a little bit and then slip right back into their old ways.

"Okay then, let's roll credits on this chick flick," he tells them when he doesn't need a whole new heart-to-heart to start up while they're on the other side of the Atlantic. "You boys have a safe flight. And, uh, try some of the local grub. I hear it's... exotic."

"Oh yeah, no, definitely. We are," Dean says right back. "I hear they have an Olive Garden."

Bobby shakes his head with the comment and he sees Lizzy looking expectantly to him, clearly wanting the phone for herself.

"Alright, I'll see you boys soon. Lizzy wants to talk to ya'."

He hands the phone over.

"Hi guys," she says in greeting as she walks into the living room and plops down onto the couch.

"Hey Lizzy," Sam says back as their phone is still on speaker.

"L," Dean also greets.
"Um, so thanks for helping Bobby," she starts. "Everything worked out perfectly. Crowley knew he was screwed. It was quite beautiful to see."

"Yeah, well that two-faced asshat deserves everything coming to him," Dean comments.

"Damn straight," Lizzy agrees fully and then sighs. "Listen, I'm sorry I got so mad earlier…"

"You were right," Dean immediately stops her. "Don't apologize for something that we needed to hear. It's all good, L. You definitely opened our eyes."

Lizzy smiles and is grateful that they take her opinions to heart. It's nice to be heard.

"How did the flight go?" Lizzy questions, asking mostly Dean. "I had my money on five puke sessions."

"You were close," Sam tells her. "Final total came in at four."

"Shit! Over bid," she jokes.

"Whatever. It was worth it," Dean grumbles. "How you doing, L?"

Even with Sam on the line too Lizzy knows he just wants to make sure she's holding on and keeping healthy.

"I'm fine enough. I myself only puked four times in forty-eight hours."

"Great, matched you puke for puke."

Lizzy laughs at this. "And I'm tired but we've been running nonstop for about two days. I need to crash after I get off the phone with you."

"Make sure you rest up," Dean uses his stern voice when he hears she hasn't slept much. "You can't be running around all hours like you used to anymore."

"Dean," she says in a calm voice.

"Yeah."

"Shut up," she laughs a little. "It's been insane here and Bobby really needed the help. I will crash tonight and probably sleep for ten hours straight. I'm fucking done for."

"Just take care of yourself is all I'm asking," Dean says to her.

"Yes, please do that," Sam cuts in. "Because I don't want to have to hear him bitch about it if you don't."

"Shut the fuck up, Sam," Dean grumbles and he takes her off of speaker phone. "Don't listen to him. I don't bitch about you."

Lizzy changes it up once she knows it's just her and her husband on the line.

"I miss you."

"You too," Dean answers back. "You really been feeling ok?"

"Just tired and nauseous as usual… but the nausea is getting better."
"That's good."

"That's very good," she emphasizes. "Coming up on three months so it should be going away soon, or at least I'm praying for that to happen."

A silence falls over them for a second with the distance between them.

"You have anything lined up for when you get back to the states?"

"Uh," Dean starts, wishing he could soften the blow. "Yeah. A couple things."

"Oh," Lizzy says while doing a terrible job of hiding her sadness. "Ok."

"I'm sorry…"

"You apologize one more time to me and I'm gonna hunt you down and kill you," Lizzy says immediately. He says he's sorry all the time but in her eyes he has nothing to be sorry for.

"I promise I will get back as soon as I can," he swears to her.

"I know you will," Lizzy smiles sadly. "I know, Hot Shot."

He sighs with heavy guilt. "We're gonna head to the airport, try and get the next flight out."

"Ok," Lizzy nods while listening.

"We'll call you when we land."

"Sounds good. Have a safe flight."

"Thanks."

"I…" Lizzy stops herself when she was about to say 'miss you'. She doesn't want to make it worse for him. "Love you. We love you."

"You too. You know that."

"I do. Be safe."

The line goes dead and she hangs up. This distance thing is way harder than she remembers it being. Then again she wasn't pregnant with his child the last time this happened. She just wants him home.

"You ok?" Bobby questions when Lizzy doesn't move from the couch even though she's no longer on the phone.

She looks up at him with sad eyes but plays it off. "I'm good. They're headed for the airport now. They'll call when they get back into the country."

"Good," Bobby nods but she still looks so sad. "You sure you're alright?"

Lizzy stands up and hands over his cordless phone. "Just missing my baby daddy is all," she explains as she walks right past him. "I'm gonna go sleep for about a day."

"Good idea."

"You should too!" she tells him over her shoulder.
Bobby watches her as she leaves, then listens to her feet as they make their way up to her bedroom. That poor girl has been through so much. He wishes there was a way to fix that for her but he has no idea what he personally could do short of dragging Dean's ass back from the road.

Knowing he'll have to deal with this sadness from her off and on until Dean figures out what's happening with Sam, he puts off the worries for another time.

Walking into the kitchen, Bobby takes the ginger peach cobbler out of the refrigerator. He cuts himself a piece and sits down. With his fork in hand he cuts free a bite but before he can actually get it to his mouth the phone rings. Bobby puts down the fork as he gets up to answer the phone.

"Willis. Yeah, he is. One of our best agents, in fact."
Bobby glances up the stairs as he sits at his desk when he can hear her swearing from there. He smirks a bit to himself as he already knows what the issue is. Having seen Lizzy every day for a month now he’s watched the gradual difference in her happen over time. It may only be three and a half months in but she’s a thin girl. It was bound to happen.

A couple minutes more and he watches as she makes her way quickly down the stairs. He sees her bare feet appear on the steps first as she makes her way and he knows he’s right for sure now. She was in the middle of getting dressed.

Once she reached the bottom floor she stops, turns to face him, and lets her hands fly from her sides with frustration. "None of my fucking pants fit."

"Welcome to motherhood." He shares a shit-eating-grin with her and gets not levity in return but anger.

"Thanks. This fucking blows."

"Well, now that your nausea is gone you've been eating like a teenage boy for two weeks straight," Bobby reminds her as he turns to her in his chair. "Plus, you know, you got a person growing in there and all. Was gonna happen sooner or later."

"I thought it'd be way later than this, though…" she says, unsuccessfully trying once more to zip up her fly. "I read that some women barely show until the sixth month with their first child. So unfair! Fuck. It's like I got fat overnight."

"You're not fat…"

"I feel fat."

"You're pregnant. There's a big difference."

"Well either way I need all new God damned pants. Not a single fucking pair fits."

"Watch your mouth," Bobby scolds. Once she mentioned she needed to stop swearing so much now that she'll be the driving influence in a young life he's been on her constantly to cleanup her vocabulary.

"Watch your own fucking mouth," Lizzy spits right back with sheer frustration. She isn't as on board with the whole anti-swearing thing even if it was her idea first. Not yet at least. "How am I gonna go shopping for new shit if I can't even get pants on to go?"

"Wear your sweatpants," he suggests easily.

Lizzy stares at him with more anger and a face that could kill. "I'm not a piece of shit hick with no respect for myself, Bobby. I don't do sweatpants in public."

"Well excuse me. Forgot you were the Queen of freakin' England and you were better than the rest of us peons." Bobby then smirks at her and turns back to his book.

Lizzy stands there a moment and realizes she's getting angry too fast again. The morning sickness has worn off and she's adjusted to the fatigue but her moods are still all over and they easily escalate
over nearly nothing.

She sighs. "Sorry."

"Just glad you can recognize when you're driftin' into the deep end now," Bobby jokes, having had to talk to her about letting her emotions fly off the handle. If she can see it happening then she can put a stop to it before it gets too heavy. She just proved that.

"Working on it," she groans as she trudges with irritation over to the chair opposite Bobby. "What're you up to?"

"Researching a Rokurokubi." He picks up his glass without looking for it and takes down a solid swallow of cheap whiskey.

"Sounds fancy," she notes as she looks over at the depiction in the book. "What the fuck?"

"They don't really look like that," Bobby assures her that the drawing of a woman with an extremely stretched neck isn't accurate. "Less Stretch Armstrong, more ballerina."

"Nice. Who's after one of those?"

"Garth," Bobby nearly rolls his eyes. "He's positive there's one out in Idaho. Hasn't been there yet, but he's sure." The inflection in his voice makes Lizzy think Bobby's doubtful.

"Huh. He's been right about this kinda thing before though, hasn't he?" Lizzy asks, knowing he has. Garth has had a sixth sense about several hunts more times than not despite his bumbling and too lax ways.

"That's true…. Oh, uh, he's gonna stop here on his way. Claims it's been too long that we've gotten together and had a few beers."

"A few beers… meaning get blackout hammered?"

"You got it," Bobby chuckles a little, remember how lightweight the guy is.

"Garth, huh?" Lizzy asks in a way that Bobby can't really read.

"Yep."

Lizzy smiles something small and hesitant. "I haven't seen that guy in a long, long time."

"Yeah… grows on ya', don't he?"

"Totally," she rolls her eyes dramatically, not sure how this meeting will go. It's been years. "You know, it'll be good to see him. Plus, it'd be nice to see someone else's ass besides yours for once."

"Hey, I've been great company this whole month," Bobby points at her accusingly. "Even made you dinners… which you demolished in record time. Dean would be blown out of the water by you nowadays."

"Probably. When will Garth be here?" Lizzy wonders, getting up and looking around the place. She might clean up before he arrives.

"Tomorrow."

"Better head out and buy some clothes that fit my fat ass then, huh? Can't be running around in open
"Good idea," Bobby huffs as she bounds back up the stairs. She really hasn't changed much from that girl he met nine years ago. She may be less angry and burst out in tears a lot less, but she sure still likes her shopping. It was something she and Lou did together every time they stopped in for a visit with the sensei. He already knows he'll have to help haul all the bags inside once she's done… especially since she's yet to go shopping for the baby itself yet. That… well he better get ready for that.

"I don't think they're in there," Dean shares his two cents as he and Sam sit in the Impala parked across the street and down a block from an abandoned warehouse.

"They're in there," Sam says with complete confidence as he gets out of the passenger side of the car. Dean rolls his eyes with Sam too self-assured ways. He worries that one day, if he's actually wrong when making such assumptions, he's going to get himself into a heap of trouble, Dean too, but so far he hasn't been wrong once. It's uncanny. Emotions must get in the way of being the perfect hunter, Sam's constantly proving that to be true.

"You just want to… what?" Dean starts to ask, standing up from the driver's seat and walking to stand next to Sam at the trunk. "Barge in there, machetes flying and pray for the best?"

"Pretty much," Sam shrugs as he points to the lock on the trunk, asking without words for Dean to open it.

"Little reckless, don't you think?" Dean points out with agitation. "Just go in and hope we don't get caught off guard?"

"They'll be asleep. It's daytime," he returns with complete nonchalance. "Can you open the trunk?"

"Sam… damn it, I can't just go running into a burning building without a plan anymore, man," Dean tells his brother-bot with worry and full annoyance.

"Why not?"

The blank expression still gives Dean the heebs sometimes.

"I have a family. I have a son on the way and I can't be risking my life like this. Lizzy needs me. No more dying for me…"

Sam tilts his head to the side a bit with a bewildered face, reminding Dean of the way Cass looks at him while contemplating something he doesn't quite understand.

"Sam, I'm just looking for a plan here," Dean sums it up better. "Give me a plan, a number of vamps to expect, something to help get through this alive."

"Ah," Sam starts to think as he puts his hands on his hips and looks over the warehouse from where they stand. "Well… we could climb the fire escape over on the side. It would get us up high enough to look in through the windows and get an idea of the layout of the place, maybe a head count."

"See, now that's a start," Dean commends his soulless brother on his planning ahead. "That's a good idea actually." He looks over and realizes the metal fire escape stairs will give them a true advantage. "Alright, let's do it."

Dean then decides it's ok to unlock the trunk. They each grab a machete, a couple syringes of dead
man's blood, and their favorite guns of choice for the battle they're sure to walk into. While stashing
the syringes into his jacket he feels his phone vibrate once in his back pocket. Never before now has
Dean become so unnerved when his phone goes off. He knows their lives and their run with good
luck… or should he say bad luck… so whenever he gets a call or message he gets a little rock of
dread. Lizzy and the baby better be alright. He fears a call telling him they aren't someday.

Looking down at his phone he sees he has a text from Lizzy. Once he opens and reads it he relaxes
completely.

*Found this while out shopping for clothes that actually fit me now. What do you think?*

The attached picture makes him smile like a dope. He couldn't help it. The snapshot is of a tiny black
onesie with white wording.

*My daddy can kick your daddy's ass!*

Fucking awesome.

So, even at the risk of pissing Sam off for stalling them the five seconds it takes to type out a text
message, he answers her.

"Dude, let's go!" Sam bitches as he watches Dean type away on his phone.

"Two seconds," Dean responds, grinning the whole time.

*Awesome. If you don't buy that right now I'm withholding the use of my tongue for a month.*

He presses send and pockets his phone. "Alright, let's do this," Dean says to Sam as he marches off
in the direction of the fire escape.

To reach the lowest ladder they had to roll a dumpster underneath it first. They then had to climb on
top of it. Dean can feel his phone vibrate and he's happy Sam is already halfway up the black metal
ladder and he misses the involuntary smile that sprung up on his face. He pushes down the grin and
starts his way up, dying to check his phone but he can't. Duty calls.

Climbing level by level they finally reach the top. Both stay low, crouching below the bottom edge
of the window and just peeking in. While Sam looks lost in thought and concentrated at the task at
hand, Dean slides his phone out of his pocket and checks his text.

*You'd never be able to hold to that threat and you know it! But the onesie is fucking great right?*

As he begins automatically typing a message back he gets interrupted.

"Are you serious right now?" Sam asks with disbelief. "What are you, a sixteen year old girl?"

"Shut up and tell me what you see," Dean responds crankily, never looking up from his phone once.

"They're definitely here. I can see them sleeping. If we go in now using that back door that opens
right up to the room we could probably off most if not all of them without a fight."

"Yeah, if none of them wake up," Dean grumbles.

"If we're quick and quiet we can do this," Sam confidently figures.

"Alright," Dean presses send and pockets his phone again.
"You're right, I wouldn't. Don't spend everything we have saved. Budget's tight. You finally getting fat?"

"Sounds like a plan."

Sam passes him and takes the lead back down the fire escape. Halfway down Dean's phone goes off again. This time he checks but doesn't respond, not wanting to upset Sam.

"I can't zip ANY of my pants! It sucks dick! Wait until you see me. You wait another month to come home and I'll have a total pregnant belly."

He smirks a bit and pushes the phone into his pocket once more. He'll call her tonight once this whole Vamp nest is done for anyways.

Time to pay attention and pretend he's totally excited about this hunt and not about his personal life.

Making her way in through the kitchen doorway with her arms filled with shopping bags, Lizzy struggles but is able to make it to the living room to drop her purchases from the very long day.

"Honey! I'm home!" Lizzy shouts jokingly to Bobby as she tries to pull her arms through the many handle loops she had running down her forearms. Ok, so maybe she went a little overboard.

"'Bout damn time, woman," she hears a quiet, kind voice with a slight southern drawl say to her from behind. When Lizzy stands up and turns around to see who it is she grins huge.

"Garth," she fondly says and walks towards him. The second she gets close enough he nails her with a huge, too tight hug. She tries to take a deep breath and then struggles out her next words. "I thought you were coming in tomorrow?"

"Kicked some evil ass a little quicker than I expected so I figured what the hell? Bobby said you were here so I came sooner." He's so happy to see her. So happy. Probably too happy.

"Well it's good to see you," she says, taking a step back when he lets her go. "And in one piece!"

"Still got all my original working parts too," he grins warmly while looking down to his feet.

"Somehow!" Lizzy jokes, knowing his relaxed style of hunting puts him in more danger than it could ever protect him.

"Yeah, yeah," he waves her off, having been told by other hunters they're shocked he's not dead yet often enough. "I'm better than ya'll assume I am."

"Oh, Garth. You know I'm just fucking with you," Lizzy says, making sure he knows she's not serious. "You saved my ass once so I know how good you are. Thanks again for that... by the way."

"Anything for my Lovely Lizzy," Garth says, using his little name for her.

Lizzy just shakes her head with a smile. She's known for a while that Garth has had a thing for her. It was cute, really, but he's just never been her type. And he might even be too sweet. She likes a guy who keeps her on her toes, not lets her get her way with everything all the time. Where's the fun in that?

That's exactly why she feels so guilty about thinking she may have led him on a little in the past, just enough to get his hopes up.
"You go on some kinda shopping spree?" Garth questions when he sees the half-dozen bags on the old worn carpet of Bobby's living room.

"Oh man," Lizzy amazes when she thinks about how crazy she just went. "I went way overboard."

"What's the occasion?" Garth wonders as he walks over to the bags and starts to peek into them, having no sense of boundaries whatsoever. "Win the lotto or something?"

"No! God, I wish but no," Lizzy answers. "I went out to get new clothes, well specifically pants since I don't fit into mine anymore, and I made the mistake of checking out a couple baby stores. I haven't done that once yet and I got so sucked in…"

"Uh, Lizzy?" Garth butts into her story as he reaches into a bag and pulls out a pair of tiny black converse-style sneakers, holding them out to her. "There something you're not telling me?"

"You mean Bobby didn't tell you?" Lizzy wonders, shocked that her father figure could keep his overly proud mouth shut.

"He didn't say nothing," Garth tells her with wide eyes. "Lizzy… are you…?"

Lizzy grins wide and nods her head silently to confirm it for her.

"You're gonna have a baby!?" Garth asks, the big, bright smile already on his face.

"Yeah. I have about five and a half months left," she tells him with sheer enthusiasm.

"What!? Oh my gosh!" he shares his instant happiness for her as he marches himself across the room and gives her a crushing hug. "This is wonderful! I'm so happy for you!"

"Thanks, Garth," Lizzy responds from the bottom of her heart. Not many hunters would be so gleeful for her knowing what kind of a life a child so close to hunting will have. But not Garth. He's always been the positive thinker.

"Motherhood is going to suit you very well," he assures her kindly. Lizzy just smiles with his comment. He pulls away from her, his hands on her shoulders while facing her. He looks to her with a suddenly serious face and asks, "Is the father in the picture?"

"Excuse me?" she wonders with total bewilderment.

"The daddy… does he know?" Garth wonders, knowing how she used to act and how she may have gotten herself into a pickle with this situation. "Is he stepping up like a true man should?"

Lizzy does all she can not to laugh right at him. "Well, yeah…"

"Because if he's not then I'd like to step up to the plate here and help you out," Garth tells her with full sincerity.

"What!?" Lizzy asks with sheer alarm at his proposal.

"You're a good woman, Lovely Lizzy. You don't deserve to be on your own for this…"

"Garth, stop!" Lizzy loudly protests with a smile at his honest and truly adorable attempts to help her out if she were in need. "What do you take me for here?" She laughs a bit.

"I don't know… I do remember you in your hay day…"
"I'm not in my hay day anymore," she laughs a little, knowing that they met before she calmed down in her, let's say, younger, party-hardy days. "The father is definitely in the picture."

"He is?" Garth wonders with a low tone.

"Yeah, I mean, we're married so I don't think he has a choice." Lizzy laughs again as she reminds Garth of her life.

"You're…?" Garth takes a step back away from her. "Why doesn't anybody tell me anything around here?"

"You didn't know I was married?" Lizzy has to ask incredulously. "Jesus, we really have lost track over time, haven't we?"

"Guess so…" Garth says with a saddened expression. "So who is the extremely lucky guy?"

With a sweet smile she answers him. "Dean."

"Of the Winchesters?"

"The one and only. We've been married for over two years now."

"No kidding," he puts his hands on his hips and just looks at her. "Really?"

"Yeah, I know… doesn't sound like Dean to be married, he's a commitment-phobe, he's a ladies man," Lizzy rolls her eyes, having been taken as a liar by a hunter or two when telling them about the relationship she has with him in the past. "I've heard it all before but it's true."

"Well if it was gonna be any woman to nail him down I guess it would be you, now wouldn't it?" he kindly says and makes Lizzy smile again.

"I guess," Lizzy just laughs off the compliment. "He's been dealing with a lot on the road because of some of the shit he and Sam recently stepped in so I'm staying with Bobby for a while. Some demons caught wind of the little kiddo and considering how much they just love Dean and me it's safer to be here. Bobby'll have my back."

"You always were smart," Garth compliments while the disappointment runs through his system a bit. He knew he never had a chance with her but still, hearing that it's impossible stings a bit.

"Actually this was Bobby's idea and Dean had to practically drag me here kicking and screaming. They're the smart ones, I'm just the stubborn ass."

Garth huffs once and nods awkwardly. He glances around the room with the oddness of everything he's seeing right now. When he came to visit Bobby early he was expecting to spend some time with Lizzy… the old Lizzy. She was single, a whole lot of fun, and he just adored her. But now… well, so much has happened since he's last seen her that he doesn't really know what to say. When his eyes land on the copious amount of shopping bags once more he finds his way out of the room for a second.

"Did you get them all?" Garth asks and points to the bags.

Lizzy turns to see what he's referring to. "Oh! Uh, no. Like I said, I went overboard. Bobby might kill me. I have no idea where we'll put it all."

"Well, why don't you let me get all that for you," he offers as he heads for the door. "You've been on
"your feet all day. Relax."

"Thanks, Garth," Lizzy grins wide with his kindness. "Where's Bobby?"

"At the workbench," he answers, shooting a finger gun towards the study. When he shuts the door Lizzy nearly runs to Bobby.

"What the hell!?" Lizzy yells at Bobby in a hash and hushed tone. "You never told him anything!?"

"He never asked," Bobby shrugs innocently from behind his desk.

"Well this is just super weird," Lizzy says with worry. "You should have seen his face when he figured it out. Now I just feel bad."

"Why? Garth got a little thing for you?" Bobby wonders as he finally looks up at her.

"Ah, yeah… you could say that," Lizzy says, shifting with awkward grace at the idea.

"Aw, that's just adorable," he coos right back.

"No it isn't," Lizzy snaps right back. "Look, I didn't think this would be so fucking weird because I figured you might have kept him updated every great now and then."

"You know, I thought my job was to help people kill off evil scum… not gossip about other people's personal lives."

Lizzy narrows her eyes at him before giving in. "Touché." She sighs and presses a hand to her forehead with stress.

"Liz, calm down, ok? Garth is harmless. So he has a little crush on you, so what?"

"So… it's… a little weird," Lizzy admits and gives him a guilty look.

"Why?" Bobby drops all of his research to look at her with curious confusion.

"Because a long time ago he saved my ass," Lizzy starts to admit.

"That shouldn't make it weird…"

"And then after…" Lizzy pauses for a second with embarrassment. "We got drunk… and I was grateful… and, you know…"

Bobby's eyes go wide as they hear the side door burst open again.

"Damn woman!" Garth shouts, struggling to carry everything in his arms. "You buy an entire Babies R Us or what?"

Bobby points to her and then Garth in the next room and mouths, "You and him?"

Lizzy just nods with a regretful face.

"Thanks Garth!" Lizzy happily shouts to him with her eyes screwed shut. This'll be one hell of an awkward visit.

"No problema, mamacita!"

"What is wrong with you?" Bobby very quietly asks her. "You never told me any of this."
"Oh, I'm sorry I never discussed my drunken hookups with my father!" she shout-whispers heatedly right back at him. "You wouldn't want me to tell you that anyways!"

"I still don't! Feel free to take it back and scrub my brain if you can!"

"None of this is helping me!"

Bobby sits back in his chair and looks at her concerned face. She looks so worried and nervous… and it's all her fault. He can't help but really look at the whole ordeal for what it is. Her past stupid and young exploits are biting her right in the ass. He just has to laugh.

"This is funny to you!?"

"Yeah… yeah it is," he chuckles some more. "Sorry, kiddo. You're on your own with this one."

"What the hell!?" Lizzy angrily hushes back, not seeing why he won't help her out here.

"Not touching it with a ten foot pole," Bobby points out to her. "You're the one that made your bed and then drunkenly pulled Garth into it. Now you gotta lie in it."

The first day of Garth's short visit went off without a hitch once the little round of shocking-for-Garth catch up they had to play. Sure, Lizzy felt very weird around the hunter, considering their past, but throughout the night it got easier. Garth, with all his silliness, is still the kindhearted and harmless man he always was and Lizzy felt more comfortable the more she was around him because of that.

They sat up late with Bobby, talking about recent hunts and giving Garth a very Cliff Notes version of Lizzy's life. They discussed the increased numbers and weird actions of monsters these days, something every hunter has had their own unsure guesses about what the cause is, and they even delved into the future for Lizzy and Dean a bit. It wasn't awkward. Instead it was nice because Garth seemed extremely happy for her once he could tell she was too excited for words.

So when Lizzy woke up early the next day she didn't think twice about heading out into the house, even knowing Garth could be up and they could be in the same room alone. It would be fine if they were anyways.

Excitedly, yet quietly, Lizzy opens the door of her bedroom to find her puppy Cass parked in his dog bed across the hall as usual. He gets up when he sees her and they both make their way down to the first floor. Lizzy's still in her sweatpants and Dean's AC/DC Crew shirt she didn't let him take because it smelled like him. He made fun of her for the move but didn't stop her from doing it. She knows he actually liked that she wanted to keep him around anyway she could… even if he's too macho to admit it.

She throws her hair in a ponytail while walking through the bottom floor of the old house. Once in the living room she reverts to a kid on Christmas morning. She had all her shopping purchases to go through still and she was damn excited to do so. When Lizzy sits down onto the floor Indian style Cass instantly starts to sniff about her stomach like he does at least twice a day.

"He says good morning right back 'atcha, Cassie," Lizzy smiles and ruffles the fur on her dog's head. He truly does seem protective and caring towards her through the pregnancy. He knows. She's sure of it.

Once Cass calmly lies down by her side, his head resting on her knee, she pulls the closest bag towards her and digs in. The first item she grabs blindly is one of her favorites. It's the tiny little brown cargo jacket. It's exactly like the one that Sam used to wear all the time before it succumbed to
the life of constant fighting. The second she saw it all she could think of was a little tiny Sam with a
cute little pointy nose, bright hazel eyes, and a crop of shaggy, medium brown hair. Hey, the baby
could look like Sam. He's in there through DNA somewhere, right? She wouldn't mind if he did
anyways. Her little boy would be lucky to look like either of the Winchester men. John too, for that
matter.

Fondly, she folds the item and starts the first pile. She weeds through the bags one at a time,
separating out the warm clothes, onesies, bibs, pajamas, socks, shoes, and everything else she came
across and had to have. The stacks are growing larger and larger as she goes and she finally gets to
really see how crazy she got the day before. This was way too much.

"He ain't gonna be able to wear all of that before he grows out of it."

Lizzy looks up and finds Garth standing in the doorway, his arms cross and clothes for the day
already on.

"Morning," Lizzy smiles warmly at him.

"I mean it," he tells her. "I had a special lady for a while there. She lived with her sister and her sister
had a baby while we were together. The kid grew so fast. He won't be able to get through all that
before you need to go buy him bigger sizes. They grow like weeds when they're that little."

"Yeah… maybe I'll return some of it," Lizzy admits, only halfway through it all. "I overspent
anyways."

"You should just exchange some of it for bigger stuff. He'll grow into bigger clothes faster than a
tadpole grows legs."

Lizzy huffs a laugh. He's just so charmingly odd. "That's a good idea."

"You seem really happy, LL cool Noon," Garth says to her, using one of his lame nicknames for her.
It's a combo of Lovely Lizzy and her maiden name.

"That's because I am," she smiles right back.

"But you're not totally," he says, wagging a finger at her as he steps forward. "You wear that big ol'
heart of yours right on your sleeve. You're close, don't get me wrong… but there's something off."
He sits down a foot away next to her and copies her Indian style position.

"Well… of course I'm not totally happy," Lizzy responds easily. "Dean's not here. He's missing so
much about all this… I can't be totally happy while he's hunting and I'm here."

"Why does he need to keep hunting so bad then?" Garth asks, not with acidic anger but with sheer
concerned curiosity. "I know if I had a lady like you and she was about to give me a son, whoo boy.
I would never pick up a dang gun again, I promise you that."

"He has to," Lizzy vaguely explains. The whole soulless Sam thing has been put on the do-not-talk-
about list outside of their very small, four person circle. "He wouldn't hunt unless he absolutely had
to right now."

"But why does he have to?" Garth asks, just not grasping the situation. "There are plenty of hunters
that can pick up the slack. I know the last name alone gives them both permission to quit at any time
and not hear a complaint."

"Not every hunter would agree with you on that," she grumbles back, aware of how her men are
looked at within some sections of the community.

"Well don't lump me in with the dumbasses out there. Dean and Sam... they've done enough."

Lizzy sends him a warm and thankful look. "You're totally right. They deserve to get out... but they just can't yet. Some serious loose ends to tie up. That's all."

"I hear that," Garth nods, understanding the pull the life can have on a person. "Look, all I know is that life is short. I hope Dean realizes how lucky he is and how much he's missing out on before it's too late to experience it for himself."

"Oh trust me," Lizzy tells him, the lump in her throat a looming menace. "He knows, Garth, he really does. It kills him to miss out on so much, it kills him, but we both agree that he has to be gone right now. Just a problem caused by the life we live."

He can see the change in her immediately as her eyes roam the piles in front of her instead of being trained on him still with something sad and faraway.

"I'm sure he must know," Garth backpedals from his worry about her. "He has to know how lucky he is. How could he not?"

Not able to answer because she would cry if she did, Lizzy just smiles sadly and nods.

"I'm gonna give you a minute," Garth tells her, patting her knee twice before he gets up. "I'm gonna go for a little... walk."

"Not a problem," he tells her. He grabs the leash by the side door, hooks it on Cass' collar, and heads out with a nod in her direction. Garth pauses before he leaves, looking at her with a small but certain smile. "Any guy would be lucky to have you and make a family with you, LL. There's no way in hell Dean doesn't know that he's the luckiest bastard there is. No way."

The moment she hears the door click in place the floodgates open wide up. She's held it in, told herself it was ok, told Dean it was ok so that he didn't have to be further burden by her sadness... but it doesn't matter anymore. She hates this so much. It's been three months, a whole fourteen weeks, and Dean's barely been able to be a part of this huge event in their lives. He's missed it all and throughout the whole ordeal she's done nothing but miss him so much it physically hurts deep inside her chest.

The sadness hits hard, most definitely strengthened by her hormones being what they are, but she's been near breaking for far too long.

Lizzy reaches into her sweatpants pocket and takes out her phone.

He hears the guitar riff start but ignores it at first. He's exhausted, going day in and day out with the soul-free guy that never gets tired. It's taken its toll on him over this past month or more so he buries his face a little deeper into his pillow and lets his phone ring. When the melody starts over for a second time though, he comes to his wits. He shoots up in bed and grabs it off the nightstand with one thought in mind:
Lizzy.

His anxiety deepens when he sees one letter L on his caller ID. He answers as quickly as he can.

"L?" Dean answers, sounding just as nervous as he is on the inside.

"I miss you," he hears her sobbing voice tell him.

"What's wrong?" he asks her, seriously concerned about hearing her deeply saddened voice.

"Everything."

"What specifically?" Dean tries to get her to narrow it down so that whatever has happened he can deal with it.

"Nothing," she tells him, her crying only getting worse. "Dean… I hate this. I don't want to do this anymore. Please don't make me do all this without you."

He lets out a harsh breath of true relief when he realizes there is no real emergency and neither of them on the other end, mom nor son, are in trouble.

"L, I know it sucks…"

"No. It doesn't suck, Dean. We're past it sucking." His heart drops when she says it. "I miss you so much."

"I know," Dean says as he moves to sit at the edge of his bed. He looks to the clock on the nightstand. 5:12 on the West coast where he is. She's a few hours ahead but that's still early. "I know. I miss you too."

"Come home," she nearly begs in the least Lizzy way he's ever heard. She's not one to beg ever. She'd rather die first… unless they're in bed of course. He can get her to beg there but only there. She's far too pigheaded to beg in her everyday life. "Please. Baby, I just want you home."

A hand resting over his eyes for a moment as he listen to the love of his life cry over his being away all the time, he squeezes his lids shut and pinches the bridge of his nose with guilt. "I'm sorry…"

"Don't be sorry. Don't ever be sorry. Just get in the car and drive. I don't want to do this alone anymore."

"But Sam…"

"But me. Me and your son. It's been over a month since I last saw you. That's too long. We need you."

He sighs once more, the sound coming from the depths of his being. "I never intended to be gone this long. Sam's been dragging me left and right…"

"You're missing everything," she continues on in her sobbing. "You're missing doctor's appointments and buying the first thing he's ever gonna wear home from the hospital and… you're not even here to make fun of me for getting fat because I am now. I had to buy all new pants. I want you to make fun of me."

If she weren't crying so hard he'd have laughed at that.

"Dean, I just need this to end. I need to know when it'll be over because I can't take this."
He grits his teeth while composing his thoughts, deciding that telling her a little something would be a good thing.

"I might have a plan," he admits, clearly catching her attention when he hears her inhale hard and her sobbing calm a bit.

"A plan?"

"To get Sammy right," Dean tells her, looking around the room for a clue as to where Sam is and when he might be back. No such luck. He better be careful.

"You can get his soul back!?" Lizzy asks with pure shock at the news he shares.

"Maybe… it's a long shot…" Dean says, keeping it vague.

"What is it?"

"I can't tell you… not yet," Dean says, not ever wanting to share this plan with her. He's risking a lot if he goes through with it. If. He's not sure it's worth the risk considering his son is on the way.

"When?"

"In person… when Sam's not around."

"So in another month," Lizzy sums it up with a terribly sad voice.

With closed eyes he realizes he does need to go home. He needs to see her. He just needs to. He's been as absent a father as his own before this kid is even born. It makes him ashamed.

"Sooner."

"How soon?"

"Gimme a couple weeks. Can you do that?"

"I have an appointment in two weeks from yesterday. Ten-thirty in the morning. Please, please tell me you can be there for that."

"I will be there for that," he vows to her instantly, not just to make her happy. He wants to be there.

"Don't say it if you think you might not be able to."

"L, I will be there. Bank on that."

It's like he can hear the relief washing over her through the silence over the phone.

"And I need to talk to you about this plan anyways. Not gonna dive into it without discussing it with you." Really, he just wants to see her before he does it. He's well aware of the risk involved in it. He'd never forgive himself in the afterlife if he just left her without explanation.

"You don't show up you know how far in the dog house you're gonna be, right?"

"I'll sleep in Cass' bed myself if I miss that appointment," he promises with a raised hand she can't even see.

"Ok, because I really think you should come to this appointment."
"Why?"

"Just trust me," she says, clearly keeping something from him. "You should really be there."

"I will," Dean promises once more. "I won't let you down again."

"Oh, Dean… you have never let me down. That's not what this is about. It's about me missing you and that's all."

"I'll be there. Lizzy, I promise I will," he tells her with certainty. He'll move the Rocky Mountains that lie between them with his own bare hands if that's what it takes. "Monday morning, two weeks from now, I'll be there with you."

"Thank you," she bursts out in tears all over again. "Thank you. I just needed to know you're coming."

"Just hang in there, ok?" Dean asks of her, more determined than ever to go through with his plan in mind. He needs to put his family back together and he can't do that unless Sam is whole. He has to do it. "I know how awful this is but you gotta hang in there with me."

"You know I will," she sniffs out to him.

"That's my girl," Dean says lightly, trying to make it all better for her if he can. "So… you finally gained some weight, huh?"

"Definitely," she says as she tries to calm herself.

"So big you needed new pants?" he keeps plying, getting her focused on less serious stuff.

"So big my old pants wouldn't button at all," she speaks more clearly, her voice slowly but surely returning to the happy one she's had for three and a half months. "It's like overnight, boom… I'm a pregnant chick. I went from nothing to a little gut in no time flat. It's not like I'm gonna pop any day now or anything but I'm bigger than I was before."

"I can't wait to see that," Dean grins a bit with the idea that she looks different already.

"Me neither," she quietly responds, her honesty clear.

"Ah," Dean lets out as he washes a hand down his face, feeling how long his stubble has gotten. "I'm ready for a few days off."

"You sound tired."

"I am," Dean grumbles lowly. "I spend every single waking second trying to keep up with Sam and researching answers to fix him and worrying about you… I just… I need…"

"I know, baby." Her voice alone helps melt some of the fear away. She does know. He'll never question that. "But it's ok. I totally lost it there for a minute but I got this. We both do."

"It'll all be good in the end," Dean says, knowing it could easily be a lie. "I have a plan, I'll make it work… and I'll come home for good."

"I'm banking on it," Lizzy tells him. "And eventually we're gonna need a place of our own. I love Bobby but… we need our own space."

"You kill him yet?"
"No, no," Lizzy assures him. "We've actually been getting along really well. I just hate feeling like I'm imposing. We need a place that's just ours, you know?"

"Yeah," he responds. They do need a home that isn't borrowed that is just theirs, no one else's.

"But for now I'm thinking about using Sam's room for the baby," she tell him of her own plan. "That way if he cries at night we're the first ones to hear it right next door. We won't wake the entire house hopefully."

"Good idea."

"Do you think Sam'll mind?"

"He doesn't sleep so, probably not," Dean easily answers.

"No, I mean our Sam. He wouldn't have a room here anymore… once you get him back…"

She has faith. All he needed to know is that someone has faith that he can fix things. He needs Lizzy to have faith in him.

"I don't think he'll mind at all," he answers, knowing Sam well enough to be sure that Sam won't care at all if they use his room for their son. Sam would have probably volunteered it himself by now if he was around.

"Good." He can hear the almost smile on her lips. "I'll get what I can done before you come."

Dean smiles this time. There it is. He needed that excitement to hit him again. It's been all anxiety and fear everyday… unless he talks to her about their son. Then it's all anticipation and brightness.

"So what'd you buy yesterday?" Dean lies back in his bed and stares up at the ceiling as they talk.

"What didn't I buy is a better question."

"We're broke again, aren't we?" Dean grins wide when he can hear her happiness in full effect once more.

"Maybe, but we're so ready for this little guy now that he's gonna be super spoiled."

"Awesome…"
Sitting in the waiting room quietly, her hands folded in her lap and knee bouncing a mile a minute, Lizzy has one eye on the door of the building at all times. She waited as long as she could at Bobby's before leaving for her doctor's appointment. Dean hadn't showed up yet so she had to leave without him. She left a note on for him with the address and doctor's name on the side door with high hopes.

He said he'd be there, he promised her… so he will be. She knows he'll show up. Then why the hell is she so nervous?

A small cry is heard from the other end of the row of chairs she's sitting in. Lizzy looks down and sees a woman reaching into the stroller in front of her. She speaks in a low, happy tone as she lifts her small, newborn son out of it. He's so tiny, his voice barely able to get out the upset he's feeling … and Lizzy's damn near mesmerized by him.

She watches him rest his head on his mother's shoulder, eyes fluttering with the change as he looks just so comforted to be where he is right now. His eyes roam but he relaxes there once in her arms.

She's on the way to that right now. She'll have a little boy, small and in need of his parents and she doesn't know if he's going to get one or two. She plans on two but everything she's seen makes her think it might just be her with Dean every now and then only. What a waste that would be of a good man and a truly good father. And she isn't so sure she could handle all that. She married him for a reason, to be with him… not without.

"Lizzy?"

Her name is called by a nurse and she stands up immediately. "That's me."

One more long and hopeful glance at the front door and she follows the woman back into her appointment. She wishes she didn't feel the disappointment that she does, not on a day that's supposed to be happy and so big in her life, but she can't help it. She just wanted him to be there for this.

Bringing the Impala to a screeching halt outside the medical office building, Dean throws her in park and is on his feet immediately. He slams the driver's side door shut and starts to sprint for the door of the medical building, remembering a few steps in that he didn't lock the car. He backs up, locks Baby up good, then returns to his sprint. He's fifteen minutes late. He told her he'd be here and damn it he's gonna make it for this.

Bursting through the door, making all the women in the waiting room look up with wide eyes, Dean slows his roll. She's not out in the waiting room. He smiles apologetically at them, nodding with nervous energy as he makes his way to the check-in desk in nothing short of a powerwalk.

"Excuse me?" Dean says, his voice louder than he intended and the receptionist looks up at him with surprise. "I'm here with Lizzy Winchester. Her appointment was at ten-thirty."

"Yes, she's already back there. Are you her husband?"

"Yeah. Dean," he responds quickly.

She then smiles at him with the frantic way he came into the office. "Relax, dad. You didn't miss
anything. Come with me."

Dean follows her down a few white, sterile looking corridors until they reach a room numbered three. She knocks on the door, waits a few seconds, and then turns the door knob. She pushes it open a crack and looks up to Dean. "Go ahead. The doctor will be in soon."

"Thanks," Dean huffs and pushes the door open. Stepping inside he finds his girl sitting there at the end of the exam table wearing a light green medical gown and a very nervous expression.

She looks over to him with wide eyes when he smirks at her.

"You made it," she smiles at him when the calm of his presence fills her.

"Promised I would, didn't I?" he tells her with too much confidence as he shuts the door and walks to her. Without waiting for a reply he steps right up to her and grabs her face hard. He kisses her hello, having missed the opportunity to do this so badly that he couldn't wait to get in a more appropriate setting.

"I'm so glad you're here," Lizzy says, her voice elevated as she hugs him around the waist.

"Me too," he tells her with his arms around her shoulders and his chin on top on her head, breathing out for the first time in weeks. He's back where he belongs and that's a feeling nothing else can compare to.

"And just in the nick of time too."

"You know me," he says and smiles down at her, getting a good look at the woman he loves more than life itself. "You look hot."

"Yeah," Lizzy rolls her eyes as he looks her over in the oversized, ugly green gown.

"No, I mean it," Dean tells her honestly. "Kinda makes me want to play doctor."

"You've been here for five seconds," she scoffs at how quickly his mind can shift gears into sex.

"Just long enough to see what you're wearing. You naked under there?" he wonders as he grabs the edges of the front of the gown where it folds over and isn't tied closed. He opens it up quickly.

"Yeah you are!"

"Dean, Jesus!" Lizzy laughs at him and snaps the gown closed again, holding the fabric against her front so he can't do it again.

"L! Your boobs are huge!" Dean glees with wide eyes when he gets a split second look.

"No kidding," she rolls her eyes again.

"You didn't tell me about that!"

"Figured you'd notice pretty quickly once you got back so why bother." And he did notice right away.

"I want to motorboat 'em," he smirks at her with too much excitement.

"When we get home you can live with your face in there," she tells him while laughing a bit. "Just behave for now, huh?"
"Nah. Lemme do it now," Dean reaches for the gown again.

"Stop it," she giggles.

"Come on! Lemme get my face in there!" he pries the green fabric open and once more she snaps it shut again. "L, relax. I've seen it all before…"

"Not the point," she continues to laugh. Only he can get her to such a good place so quickly after not seeing him for so long. "The doctor could walk in here at any second."

"So what? They know I've already seen it all before too, hence the baby. It's fine." He goes to open up the gown one last time and she pushes him away.

"Behave yourself, would you?" she asks of him, his childish ways taking him over in the moment.

"Make me," he challenges her with a smirk as he ducks down and kisses her again. She goes along with it, having missed him and his lips far too much and falls into it way too easily. God damn does it feel too good to have him back. "You miss me?" he asks in a low, rumbling tone before kissing her again.

"So bad," she whispers back before devouring his lips again. She can't stay away.

"How bad?" he plays right back.

"I'll show you back at home," she smirks a little before pulling him in hard and kissing him a little more.

"You know, guys," they hear a woman's voice interrupt them. They both look to the door to see Lizzy's doctor closing it behind her. "This is exactly what got you into this mess in the first place."

Lizzy laughs a bit as Dean brings a hand to his mouth to wipe away Lizzy's lip gloss that rubbed off on him.

"Sorry, Doctor Irvine," Lizzy says as a pink color flushes her cheeks. "Uh, this is my husband, Dean."

"Nice to meet you," Dean says to her and reaches out to shake her hand. She does so with a grin.

"So you're the infamous Dean I've heard about," she says to him kindly. "Nice to finally put a face to the name."

"Yeah… I, uh… I've been working a lot," Dean tries to excuse his absence but she interrupts his attempts.

"No need for excuses. Lizzy already told me you're a busy man with a strenuous job and I understand," she tells him in order to reassure him that she doesn't think poorly of the guy. "I'm just glad you're here for this. So, I'm going to start with the usual, blood pressure, heart rate, you know the drill."

"Yes I do," Lizzy smiles at her.

"Then we can move onto the more fun stuff," she winks at them both.

"What's the fun stuff?" Dean asks with sheer curiosity. He feels out of the loop.

Dr. Irvine just grins at him. "You'll see." She then sits on a rolling stool in front of Lizzy and opens
up her manila folder. She pulls a pen out of her white coat pocket and dives in. "So how's that nausea coming?"

"It's gone!" Lizzy happily lets her know. "I hit twelve weeks and it's like it never happened. I even stopped taking the medication for it and I haven't thrown up in a month."

"Excellent," Dr. Irvine nods as she writes notes down. "Have you felt any movement yet?"

"No. Should I have?" Lizzy wonders, not comfortable with the question.

"Everyone is different," she assures Lizzy confidently. "Could be another few weeks for you to feel it, maybe more."

"Ok," Lizzy sighs with relief and feels Dean's hand drop onto her shoulder from his place standing next to her. He can feel her tension from there and she needs to relax. This isn't like the last time.

"Lizzy, I told you that you're looking very good. I know you're nervous because of the past miscarriage but at this point you don't need to worry. These are standard questions." Lizzy nods and relaxes a bit, hearing that her little boy isn't going anywhere. "Have you had bleeding at all or any discharge?"

Dean makes a face of discomfort, hoping neither woman saw it. He's not exactly the most comfortable thing standing in the middle of a gynecologist's office and speaking of womanly bodily functions.

"Nope."

"And nothing that would feel like a contraction?"

"No way. I would have freak the hell out by now."

Doctor Irvine laughs a little and writes everything down.

The rest of the appointment formalities are covered. Her blood pressure is normal, so is her heart rate and weight gain. Her stomach is measured, her uterus checked, the works. Everything is as it should be.

"Alright, now for the fun stuff," the doctor jokes as she has Lizzy lay back on the propped up table. She drapes a paper blanket over Lizzy's lower half and then pulls up her gown to bare her stomach.

"Holy shit," Dean awes as he looks at her. "You weren't kidding." Her stomach is definitely bigger. No more flat and defined abs for her. She's got a little belly on her.

"I warned you," she smiles up to him as the doctor wheels over a large machine.

"So, I'm going to recommend that we don't do the amniocentesis," she talks as she preps the sonogram machine. The monitor turns on and Dean starts to smile. So this is why she wanted him here. He's gonna get to see his little guy today. Well now he's just plain excited.

"Why not?" Lizzy questions, wanting every test there is done to make sure her son is ok.

"Well, there is no history of Downs Syndrome or any other chromosomal or neural tube defects in your family history but you have had a miscarriage before. There is a slight right of miscarriage that comes with doing the test..."

"Nope," Lizzy determinedly says in an instant. "Not doing it."
"I assumed you'd say that," Doctor Irvine laughs. "Heads up." She then squeezes a good amount of gel onto her stomach.

"What's that?" Dean nods to the stuff.

"It's a gel that helps transmit ultrasound waves," Doctor Irvine explains as she takes the probe in hand and begins to press it to Lizzy's stomach while looking at the screen. "It'll give us a nice, clear picture…"

A bunch of black and white shapes that mean absolutely nothing to Dean show up on the monitor. He has no idea what he's looking at… until something on screen makes his heart leap right out of his chest.

"There we go," Doctor Irvine says as she focuses in a little better. "There's your baby, kids."

Lizzy and Dean both look at the image without words. The last time they got to see him he looked like a little tiny bean, nothing more. But now he looks like a person, a baby, their baby.

"Oh my God," Lizzy says with awe as she looks.

"As you can tell, that's a hand," Doctor Irvine points to the spread out five fingers the baby has raised up for them, the first thing that Dean was able to recognize. "I think the baby's saying hi."

No words. Dean can't speak at all. Fear, acceptance, excitement, nervousness, joy, love… it all bowls him over in the moment.

"Oh and we got lucky," the doctor continues. "From the way the baby is positioned I can tell you the sex if you want."

"It's a boy," Lizzy says with sheer confidence as she never peels her eyes off the screen.

"You sound so sure of that," Doctor Irvine says with surprise.

"It is. I just know," Lizzy says to her, only taking her focus away for a moment before returning it to the monitor. She'd love to just look at him all day like this if she could.

"Well, I can tell you you're right," the doctor confirms for her. "It's definitely a boy. You see that… right… there?"

She points to the screen again and Dean just smirks with pride he didn't know he could have.

"Big, right?" he asks the doctor with a mischievous grin. "You're impressed, admit it."

"So impressed, Dean," she sarcastically says back with warmth. "His spine looks good, he's proportional and exactly the size he should be at this point. Lizzy, he's looking perfect."

"He is perfect, isn't he?" Lizzy choking out a bit and lets out a relieved laugh. Dean takes her hand and smiles down at her, knowing her emotions are about to take over hard.

"Now we're just going to take a quick listen," the doctor adds in and soon enough the sound of a slight yet rapid heartbeat can be heard within the room.

And that's all Lizzy can take. Dean making it there in time to share this with her, seeing her little boy and being told that he's perfect and healthy, and then hearing his heart and knowing he's still with her and not going anywhere… she's overwhelmed. She looks up at Dean with water rimmed eyes and smiles with every single one of her teeth.
Hugging her into his side instantly, Dean's feeling about the same as she is. Overwhelmed. This whole thing is terrifying him to the core but at the same time it makes him cautiously excited. Cautiously. He worries so hard about what this whole scenario is going to look like in the end but with the sound of that steady, small heartbeat he's just plain overjoyed. Nothing could express how he's feeling right now. Nothing. He's done a lot of good with his short life but this is by far the best of them all.

"Nice and strong," Doctor Irvine mentions before shutting the sound off. "So, you're good for another month, Lizzy. I like everything I'm seeing. You're little boy is right on track."

Lizzy just nods as her tears fall down her cheeks despite the grin on her lips.

"I'll get you some prints," she tells them, working on the ultrasound machine quickly. "And you can get dressed. We still need to draw some blood and take a urine sample but after that you're good to go. Just make your next appointment on the way out."

"Thank you," Dean says very gratefully to her as Lizzy surely can't.

"You're very welcome," she returns with as she cleans the gel from Lizzy's stomach. Once done she just touches her hand to Lizzy's free one. "I'll see you in a month, mom."

"Ok," Lizzy manages out and the doctor leaves them alone for a moment. She sits up and looks at Dean. "Oh my God."

"Right!?!" he grins right back to her. He watches her huff a deep breath, the tears still falling slowly and they completely contrast the smile on her lips.

"He's ok," she cries a bit harder as she presses her hands to her very slightly protruding stomach. "He's gonna be ok. He's gonna stay with us."

"Yeah he is," Dean assures her as he walks to the end of the table and holds her close like he did when he first arrived. "Don't you worry about him. He's already a badass."

"God, I was so worried he'd just… disappear…"

"That's not gonna happen again," Dean says her, certain that it won't happen again. "Stop worrying about that. He's our tough little guy."

"Sammy."

"What?" Dean asks with sheer confusion as he peers down at her.

"I should stop worrying about that because he's our tough little Sammy. That's his name. That's what I want."

Now if that wasn't the most amazing thing she's ever said to him then he certainly doesn't know what is.

"You wanna name him after Sam?" Dean asks, his expression softened even more with the kindness she extends to him. Sammy. It's been the most important name in his vocabulary his whole life, since he was just four. She's keeping the family tradition.

"Of course I do," she tells him, wiping her face. "I always have. There is no other name for him, Dean." She takes a deep breath. "Your brother has done more for us than anyone on this planet. He's the toughest mother fu**er I have ever known and I want our son to be just like that. I said before all
this soulless shit started that I would name him Sam... and I meant it. Still do."

He huffs an incredulous laugh once with the idea. This is a gesture that bares so much significance that he's not sure what to do with it at first. As always when Dean doesn't know what to say he jokes. "Sam can finally get rid of his nickname then. He won't be Sammy anymore if there's a younger Sam around. He'll love that."

"See, it's a good idea," she smiles a bit.

"Yeah, it is..." Dean tells her while still in his head. Sam hates being called Sammy. He finally accepted Dean saying it just in the past few years but whenever anyone else utters the nickname they're corrected right away. Maybe this will help.

"And you said our boy's a badass. Sam's, like, the biggest badass I've ever known."

"Can't argue there."

Lizzy blows out a big, calming breath. "I want him to be Samuel Winchester."

"I can get on board with that," Dean assures her, loving the idea.

"I think you already are," she smiles slickly, happy that he agrees with her.

"Absolutely," Dean says to her with full sincerity, hugging her closer again once more with all the thanks he has. He needed this. He needed to be reminded of how good his brother, his real brother is. He's be more than proud to give that name to his own kid.

"Ok, ha," Lizzy says pulling away from Dean and wiping her eyes for the last time. "I gotta get dressed and finish up here so we can go home."

Dean takes a seat on the doctor's stool and gestures with his hand. "Be my guest." He raises his eyebrows at her once with excitement over the chance to see her naked.

"Slick," she says as she jumps down from the table.

"Hey, it's been weeks since I've gotta a peek at that right there," Dean nods at her body. "I'm deprived."

She walks towards the corner where her clothes are folded and pauses with her back to him. She peers at him over her shoulder before letting the gown drop down a bit to expose her bare shoulders to him playfully.

"Yup," Dean exaggerates right back.

She then drops it lower to expose her entire back to him.

"Oh yeah." He smirks at her with the fun moment. Fuck, he missed having this in his life.

And then she drops it onto the floor at her feet.

"God damn," Dean smiles wide when he sees her completely naked back side. "Still the hottest chick I've ever fucked."

"Why thank you. And I know how big a compliment that is considering what a whore you used to be."
"Ouch," Dean feigns hurt.

"Oh please. You know who you are. And you can see all of this again later, trust me," she promises and shakes her ass a little for him, making him groan with want.

"Shame I can't just take advantage of being here right now," Dean comments, never letting his eyes leave her as she dresses item by item. "Wasn't joking when I said I wouldn't mind playing a little doctor."

"Yeah… no…" Lizzy tells him, pulling on her pants and facing him. "This is not a sexy place."

"Could be," Dean challenges her as his eyes drift down to her stomach eyeing her over with the slowly happening change in her.

"Nah," Lizzy brushes off the idea while seeing his eye line trained on her stomach. The self-consciousness sets in. She quickly pulls her loose t-shirt over her head and slides her boots on.

"Ready to get outta here?"

"Yep," Dean says to her as he stands up. He opens the door for her and lets her through first. She nods her thanks and on the way past him he smacks her on the ass once, already turned on by seeing her in the state she's in.

Before following her Dean jogs back to the exam table, pulls open a drawer of patient gowns, takes a green one out just like the one she just had on, and tucks it away safely in his jacket. With a smirk of excitement he struts out the door to meet up with her, all the while fantasies of her in that gown roam around in his head.

Mm, Doctor Winchester might have to check on his favorite patient later on tonight…

"So you think I made a mistake assigning Tate and Jones to the case?" Bobby asks incredulously while on his FBI line when he hears his side door open up. He ignores who it is because he already knows. "Well I don't think it's in your best interest to question my authority. D.C. has jurisdiction on this one. You need to let my men do their job before I make this issue a bigger one than it already is for you."

"He can be super scary," Lizzy whispers to Dean with the display as they enter the kitchen to see Bobby doing his best to get the real FBI off his hunters' asses.

"Yeah, I've been on the receiving end before," Dean whispers to her. "Not good."

"What did you do!?" Lizzy whispers with wide eyes.

"Hung out with you a bit too much for his liking," Dean says with a wink.

Lizzy just smiles as she recalls how Bobby tried to give him a talking to about not breaking her heart. It was sweet of him to look out for her like that, especially considering who Dean used to be.

As Bobby yells on Dean sees his dog make his way through the first floor and head right for him at a very fast and excited pace.

"Ah, Cass!" he whispers his excitement to not ruin Bobby's call. Dean crouches to the floor and pets his beloved friend. It shocked him how much he missed the dog he never wanted at first when he left to hunt with Sam. He missed being able to take him for a walk and toss the ball around in order to clear his mind. He's also missed not having a best friend that won't question him or even talk back at
all. That would have been nice lately. Sometimes he's so tired of talking that hanging with Cass makes life just so much more manageable. "Aw, buddy. I missed you too!" Dean tells the animal as he jumps up and licks his face a few times with excited adoration.

"Yeah, I think that's for the best too," Bobby half shouts into the phone. "Any other bullshit you feel upset about that we can discuss while interrupting national security or can I go do my job now? Good choice."

He hangs up with force and turns to look at Dean and Lizzy. "Dumbass government."

"Good to see you too, Bobby," Dean jokes right back as he stands up.

"So how'd it go?" Bobby doesn't wait for pleasantries. He's dying to know what they found out about that little kid of theirs, even if he hasn't seen Dean in quite a few months either.

"Perfect, he's perfect," Lizzy tells him and hands over a picture of the sonogram they had done.

Bobby takes a moment to himself while looking it over. He can see the miniature arm extended up with his fingers spread. It's amazing to see the little addition to their family that's on the way like this. He's so loved already and so looked forward to that Bobby's anxious for the next months to fly by.

"And it's definitely a boy, like I said," Lizzy boasts quickly, Dean pulling her closer and kissing the side of her head with the comment.

"And he's doing awesome," Dean explains further. "Everything the doc said was all good stuff."

"And you didn't do the amnio, right?" he looks up to Lizzy.

"No. You knew I wouldn't though," Lizzy smirks. This was a conversation they already had. Bobby read about the procedure and the risk involved. He suggested she didn't go through with it and it makes him happy that she listened.

"Good girl," Bobby praises and looks back down at the sonogram. He smiles an actual smile for the first time in far too long. "Look at him, huh?"

"Not bad, right?" Lizzy smirks.

"Not at all," he awes with calm excitement, ready to have something good like this come their way. "And luckily I think he looks like you, Liz. Really dodged a bullet on that one if you ask me," he returns right back and holds the picture out to return it to her.

"Watch it," Dean warns, pointing threateningly at Bobby as he walks to the refrigerator.

"No, no, no. That's yours," Lizzy says as she pushes Bobby's hand back towards him with the picture still in hand. "We got an extra for you to keep."

Bobby smiles small as he pulls the picture back into him. They're really going out of their way to include him in on this whole thing. He's truly touched… he'll never tell them that but still, he's touched.

"So I think I'm gonna show Dean what we've been up to," Lizzy says with a wide smile to her roommate.

"Oh yeah," he says as he looks to Dean. "She's been busy."

"Busy spending dough and not getting a job," Dean points out as she's failed to find a job like she'd
planned to.

"Bobby won't let me!" she fights right back as she turns to look at him. "Tell him how you won't let me get a job!"

"She's got enough to deal with," Bobby shrugs easily. "Plus she's been really helpful around here."

"You don't let her make money so you can have a maid?" Dean wonders while popping the cap off his beer with his silver ring.

"No you jackass. She's helping with research and phones. She's a great right hand woman… even solved a hunt for some guys out in Kentucky the other day."

"Well, whatever works," Dean tells them. "As long as you're happy sticking around here all day with Walter Matthau over there then I say do whatever you want. We've always figured out money issues before." He takes a big swig of beer and sighs with the relief it brings. "Fuck, beer is awesome." He then freezes and looks at his pregnant wife. "Sorry."

"Whatever," Lizzy rolls her eyes and grabs his hand. "Come and see the baby's room."

She pulls him up the stairs, nearly bouncing on her feet as she goes, and brings him into the mid-makeover room.

"Ok, so you're gonna have to use some imagination," she explains. "It's a work in progress."

Dean looks around real quick and can already see the effort being put forth. The whole room is rearranged. The bed Sam usually sleeps in is against the side wall in the corner now instead of the middle of the room. In its place is a dark wooden crib without any blankets instead. There's also a rocking chair off to the side of the crib, an old one that looks like it's been hanging around Bobby's house for a while. An old dresser has been converted to a changing table, complete with padding and baby products organized on the top of it. The drawers were removed and it now has shelves, one of them packed with diapers, wipes, ointments, and powder already.

"Damn. You have been busy," Dean says while peering at the room with wide eyes. He walks to Lizzy and drops an arm around her shoulders.

"Yeah," she smiles wide. "It's been fun. I still have to get bedding and some other supplies and I want to paint the room… I was thinking silver and blue, like my Pats since he will be a Patriots fan."

"Oh will he?" Dean asks with surprise.

"He's certainly not rooting for the shitty Chiefs!"

"Yeah, ok," Dean mutters, knowing she has a valid opinion on this one and really she's the bigger football fan of the two of them. "And you don't have to paint in here. I don't think our son will mind one way or another."

Lizzy just laughs at him.

"I want to move out once he's born and been around for a little while anyways," Dean tells her. "I don't know where the hell we're going or how we'll pay for it, but like you said, we need our own place."

"Hey, when you're right, you're right," Lizzy says to him, looking forward to the idea of having their own space to live in. She walks to the dresser holding all the clothing she bought and opens the top
drawer. "So I decided that our kid will not wear lame clothes. No bunnies and lions and cartoon frogs."

"Ok…" Dean starts, walking towards her with a sip of his beer.

"So here's what I got so far," she tells him and begins laying out item after item for him to see. There are the requisite soft, warm pajamas and super cozy one-piece outfits in solid colors and some stripes but the rest of what she shows him is pretty much a mini version of what he wares. Flannel shirts, t-shirts, jeans… and he realizes that this kid really is a little him.

"You bought my clothes in a smaller size."

"Pretty much," she laughs. "Like I said, our kid will be the coolest little kid there is. I won't have it any other way. And… check this out!"

She holds up a white t-shirt with an old Camaro on it. He grins.

"That looks like Bobby's car… or what Bobby's car used to look like," he says to her.

"Exactly."

Dean just smiles at her with that and suddenly feels the need to get something out there for her to understand. He's learned a long time ago not to keep things from her.

"Sit down for a minute," Dean tells her nodding to the bed that's still in the corner of the room.

"Uh oh," Lizzy returns with suspicion. She refolds the clothing she took out and puts it all away before taking a seat on the edge of the bed. Dean sits down next to her, his beer now on the bureau.

"I need to talk to you… about this plan of mine."

Lizzy nods and turns to face him, her eyes trained hard on him as she's more than curious about his plan.

"I'm all ears," Lizzy assures him that he has her undivided attention completely.

"I think… I need to talk to Death," Dean puts it right out on the table for her. He's found it's the best way to present something to her. Just pull off the band aid, watch out for flying fists, and then discuss.

"Death… like the creepy skinny horseman?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry, did you just say you wanna pow-wow with Death… like, the Death, with a capital D?"

"Yeah. I figure only badass motherfuckers have the ability to access the Cage. What's more powerful and badass than Death?"

"God," she challenges him, getting pissed off quickly. "You wanna try and track him down too? I mean, we could always just call on the Justice League of pure otherworldly power and get all our favorite buddies in on this one!"

"Calm down and listen before you tear me a new one," Dean sternly and coolly asks of her as her anger raises steadily.
"And how the hell do you expect to talk to him, huh?" she keeps right on going, the panic of his plan already putting pure fear into her heart. "You gonna just astral project your ass all over town again and hope to bump into the guy?"

"No. Pamela's gone and we don't know anyone else that can do that."

"Ok, then you're screwed," Lizzy sums it up as she sees it. "No one can see him unless they're dead."

"I know," Dean says to her and then shuts his mouth. While he waits for it to click he braces for the fury. The second Lizzy's eyes light up with recognition he knows the bomb has gone off.

"What the fuck!?" she asks with fire. "Are you gonna kill yourself!?"

"Just for like, a couple minutes…"

"Fuck you! You're not doing that!" Lizzy shouts in his face as she stands up with her anger raging. "What the fuck are you thinking, Dean!?"

"I'm thinking I want my brother back," Dean tells her strongly, standing his ground on this idea. He reaches out to grab her hand to get her to calm down and listen but she yanks her hand away from him.

"You have a family, you asshole!" she yells at him. "What happens if this goes wrong!?"

"It's not gonna…"

"Don't lie! You don't know that!" she stops him as he was about to lie. There is no guarantee here. "You have a son on the way! You wanna go and die for, oh, just a little bit and hope that Death doesn't kill you for your audacity alone once you get there!?"

"I did what he asked me to do last time I saw him. We're on good terms."

She stares at him with shock and horror. "I don't care if you guys are best fucking friends! I can't risk you dying! I need you!"

Dean sighs as she rants. He was well aware that this would be the reaction but it's still difficult to deal with her. Her hormones being as off as they are just makes this angry explosion that much harder.

"You gonna give me a minute to explain?" he calmly asks as she pauses to breath in once.

With the sincerity on his face she lets the fire go out a bit, enough to listen to him at least.

"Sit your butt down and listen… please," he tries again and she finally gives in, sitting quietly with a clenched jaw as she looks at him with a mix of fear, sadness, and still running ire. "I know a specialist. He's done this thing before. I haven't seen him since I was a kid but he used to patch up dad all the time when he would walk away from a hunt a mess."

"So he's like a hunter doctor?" Lizzy asks, using all her inner strength to keep her ire down and listen like a civil person would.

"Pretty much. He can knock me outta the game for a few minutes and I can call on Tessa. She's the reaper that almost took me years ago. She can get me to Death."

"And what do you think you'll say to Death when you get to him?" Lizzy challenges. "Give me back
my brother's soul and please don't kill me for yet again interrupting your existence? He's gonna be so mad at you…"

"I know. And I'm probably gonna have to bargain for this kind of huge favor but if he can get Sam and Adam out of there it'll be worth it."

"Oh God. Adam," Lizzy laments, always having felt just terrible for everything he'd be thrown into because of his Winchester link. "Dean, you have to have a limit to what you'll do or give up for Sam."

"I won't do anything stupid…"

"This whole thing is stupid," Lizzy points out with frustration. "I know you. Sam is everything to you and you'll do a whole lot of dumb shit for him. You sold your fucking soul for him once. I'm just… please don't do anything that stupid. Please."

"I need you to really trust me on this one," Dean tells her honestly. "I know how much I'm asking of you but you gotta trust me."

She just looks at him for a second, unsure of what to say. Her hand comes up to her stomach instinctually as her eyes close with utter fear. "I will always trust you. I just can't trust other people or things." She opens her eyes and peers at him. "I don't trust that this doctor won't screw up. I don't trust that Death won't squash you like a bug for bothering him. I don't trust… that you'll be there for Sammy if you do this."

He knows she's speaking of their son.

"So you're saying I have to choose between my brother and my son?" Dean asks as he shares his view of what she is saying.

"No," she shakes her head hard. "You never have to choose, I will never ask you to do that. What I'm saying is that I'm terrified."

She sits with everything for a moment, her head hung low. This is too much. The walls are creeping closer to her every second. She needs out and she needs it now.

"I need to… think," Lizzy tells him as she stands up again. "I'm gonna take Cass out. I need a minute."

She leaves the room without looking at him. She can't look at him. With what Dean's telling her he wants to do she's absolutely horrified.

And Dean's left alone in the room she's worked so hard on for their son's sake to think about what he's proposed to her. She makes all valid points but he can't let Sam walk around the way he is right now. And she may have said that he didn't have to choose between his son and his brother but she's wrong about that. He does have to choose. He can risk his life to save Sam and maybe die trying or he can give up on his brother to ensure his son will have a father around.

So who's more important to him? Who's worth the risk? Sam or Sammy?
A minute walk with her dog easily turned into two hours outside alone and that is too long for Dean. Granted he's well aware of what he just dropped on his wife. Saying he wanted to temporarily die to summon Death, the one thing that might be more powerful than God himself, should have scared her. But it's the only solution he could come up with after months and months of endless research. This is the Hail Mary pass and it's the only play they have left in the book.

So he grabs his own personal playbook and heads outside. He knows where she is already and he heads right for her. His boots crunch over the gravel in the silence of the day. The sun is shining and it isn't too cold out. He'd like to think that's why she's stayed out for this long, the good weather, but he knows better. She's doing what she always does when she doesn't know what to say to him. Lizzy's avoiding him.

Rounding the corner of a huge stack of old junkers he can see the rusted out pickup facing the wide open clearing. It's the place she always went with Lou to get away from the world. It's also the place they've spent quality time together during crucial moments in their relationship, like the weekend they first met or the night before they made a run at the devil and weren't sure either of them were coming back from it.

He walks closer to her with his dad's journal in hand, seeing that her back is to him with her loyal dog Cass sitting right by her side in the truck bed, and pauses when he can hear her talking. He knows eavesdropping on her is wrong but screw that. He wants to know where her head is right now so he moves in and listens anyways.

"...miss him. I do. I want Sam back but why does it have to be at the cost of Dean? Why can't anything just work out? Why can't we just be happy and that's all there is to it?"

She leans into her dog and ruffles his fur on his head. "Louie, what the hell do I do? I know I've asked you that question so many times before but… shit… I'm tired of being scared all the time. I'm tired of missing my own husband and him missing this huge time in our lives. I wish I could just stop being scared and tired all the time."

He watches as she brings a hand to her face to wipe away the tears. The pain in his chest is strong with pity and guilt.

"Can you come back to me now… please? I've been patient and I've… prayed. I have prayed every night to a God that clearly hates me and I hate right back for what he's done to me and my family hoping that he has an ounce of mercy in him and that he'll let me have you back because I have tried to do this life without you. I have tried so hard. But I can't. Dean's gone all the time… I need you."

Closing his eyes with his head hung low in shame he wills himself to keep it together. It's never been easy to take in the pain Lizzy still holds inside her everyday over her sister's death and the stress and sadness he himself puts on her. Again he wishes life could be different, that there was a way to take her out of this… but he's smarter than that these days. An escape plan is made of overactive imaginations and too much wishful thinking.

"But I'm not stupid. If you aren't back by now I know you aren't ever going to be. This is life. It's me without my sidekick, you know? And with this baby on the way, damn I could use you, but you won't just one day show up on my doorstep. You won't be back. You won't be there to be a part of Sammy's life or help me through when I go crazy next. I've worked really hard to accept that and I
think I'm finally starting to get it. I just wish you could tell me what to do here. I wish I had your help."

"Can you live with just my help?" Dean asks her from a few feet behind.

Lizzy jumps with the voice, not having expected it in the least.

"Jesus, Dean," she exhales hard, breathing hard with the scare he gave her.

"I'm not Lou," Dean starts to explain to her as he makes his way, stepping up in front of her. He puts his dad's journal on the truck bed before placing a hand on each of her thighs. "I can't replace her and I would never try to because I get what that bond is that you guys had. But that's exactly why I have to go to Death and ask for Sam back. Nothing can replace Sam for me, nothing."

"Then how could you help me?" Lizzy asks him sadly. "You won't be here to help me if this goes wrong. What if you don't come back?"

"I'll come back," Dean says to her. "I will."

"You don't know that..." her choked voice reminds him.

"Yes I do," Dean says with sheer determination in his voice. "I would never do this if I thought I'd leave you high and dry, not now."

"You already left me once," she says as her sobs kick back up as she remembers that pain so clearly of her four months without him once hell came to collect. "I can't..." She grabs onto his forearms with desperation so hard it hurts. "You can't... leave me."

"Hey," he softly says to her and pulls her in, her arms immediately wrapping around him with all her strength. "Stop. L, I'm not gonna leave you. I came out here to tell you about how this is gonna work and show you that I have a backup plan. It's gonna be ok. This can work and we can get Sam back without me going anywhere."

Her ragged breathing is bordering on dangerous and Dean can already feel the looming panic attack just on the horizon. He knows she has to get ahead of this before it gets out of control.

"Lizzy," he says her name strongly, holding her by the shoulders and making sure she's looking straight at him. "Get control. You know where this is going if you don't take back control."

She nods sharply several times and inhales deep. Pushing out that breath at an even pace she does what she can to get out in front of the attack. The walls stop closing in on her and, with a steady stream of comforting words coming from her husband, she holds it off.

"You're fine," Dean keeps telling her. "Make that panic your bitch. Even breaths. Get out ahead of it. You're alright."

"Yeah," she gets, her voice back to normal.

"Good?"

"I'm ok," she tells him when she's back. "I'm good. You're just scaring the shit out of me."

Dean leans down and kisses her forehead before hopping up onto the truck bed with her. He sits flush against her side and hands her his father's journal. Once it's in her lap he opens it to the page he wants her to read.
"Doctor Robert?" Lizzy asks, wiping her eyes one last time so that she can see clearly.

"He's our guy. Read what dad wrote about him."

"The most trustworthy of the shady people," she reads. "The doc can do everything from sew you up if you've been hack straight in half to bounce your soul safely around the other world. He's in the know, he's well versed, and he lost his med license for the cause. He claims his success rate for everything is seventy-five percent but I've yet to find someone who wouldn't call him a sure bet."

"Dad didn't call anyone or anything a sure bet. Ever," Dean explains to her. "This guy is the guy. If he can't get this done than no one can."

"John wouldn't praise a quack," Lizzy agrees with that much at least.

"And... you're gonna come with me."

Lizzy looks at him with a very plain expression. She doesn't get it.

"Because you have an angel in your back pocket," he says with a smart smirk, proud of his plan.

"And if something goes wrong and I call out to Cass in a panic..."

"He will always show up."

Lizzy sniffles and nods. "Ok, that's pretty good."

"Isn't it?" he cockily returns.

Lizzy rereads the couple sentence entry in John's journal and starts to feel a little better. "But this doesn't mean that Death won't just take you out once you're under."

"I would never go into this if I thought he would kill me. Like I said, I did what he asked of me and let Sam go Cage diving. We should be on good terms."

"You promise me you'll be back?"

Dean just grins wide playfully. "I'll be back."

"Worst Terminator impression ever," she tells him with a shove. He's so lame sometimes.

"I thought I nailed."

"You didn't."

"But I will be back," Dean reassures her. "I'm not leaving the two of you. That kid will not grow up like me and Sam did. He'll have both of us."

"Fuck, alright," Lizzy shakes her head with worry. "Let's do it."

"Really?" Dean asks, shocked to hear that she's on board.

"Really. I'm calling on Cass the second anything goes wrong. He won't let me lose you."

"I can go with that," Dean nods.

"Did you call the good doc yet?" Lizzy asks when she looks down at the handwritten page again.
"Yep," Dean tells her. "Gotta get to Korea-town in two days."

"In New York City?"

"Yeah," he tells her and prepares her for a road trip. "Uh, how much money do we have saved up left?"

"Not sure, few thousand," she tells him. Her spree was a big one after all. Who knew baby stuff was so damn expensive.

"Ok… I need two," he tells her. Her eyebrows fly up with the number. "Costs a lot to kill and revive a guy."

"I'm in the wrong profession," she jests right back with a low tone. "Guess we should leave then. Come on, Cassie." She stands up off the truck and her dog follows her. "It'll take a couple days to get there. We need to pack up some stuff. Bobby loves Cass now so I'm sure he can look after him."

"What about Sam?"

"He's ditched you before… now it's your turn," she tells him while starting her walk back to the house.

"Have I ever told that I love you?" Dean shouts after her for her support that he absolutely needed to have right now.

"Probably," she says nonchalantly as he jogs after her, an arm around her shoulders when he catches up and he kisses her on the cheek. Lizzy leans into him a little and they both mentally prepare to go get their Sam back.

The big black Impala pulls up to a Korean grocery store and parks out front. Lizzy and Dean both get out of the car as the eye the dingy storefront that's old and has certainly seen better days.

"Oh, you've got to be kidding me," Dean complains immediately a she is one to do.

"Pretend it's the cover of a book," Lizzy tries to open his mind. "Don't judge until you've gotten into it."

"Thanks, Miss Sunshine but I'm pretty sure I got this one pegged," he bitches some more as they walk in.

The store is about as shabby and old as the store front. There's a butcher working behind the front meat case. He hauls a leg of some animal or another onto the top of the glass counter and Lizzy and Dean are both a bit out of their own realm. Dean walks up to the butcher.

"Hi, I'm, uh, looking for…"

"Follow all the way back," the employee points to the back of the store towards a door. "All the way back."

With a quick look to each other first, the two hunters head to the dirty green door in the back corner the store.

"What was that you were saying about books and not judging their covers, or…"

"Shut up," Lizzy tells him as he opens the door for her. They enter and come upon a staircase. Lizzy
sighs with nerves and heads up with Dean following closely.

"Dean Winchester?" they hear a voice once they reach the second floor. An older man with white hair and glasses peeks out a doorway from down the hall.

"You must be Dr. Robert?" Dean all but assumes of the guy in a white doctor's coat and walks his way.

"Son, I stitched up your daddy more times than I can count, let me tell you," he says while hugging Dean hard, his own nostalgia obviously something Dean doesn't understand. "Oh, it's good to see you. 'Course, that was ages ago, back when, uh, I still had my medical license."

"I'm Lizzy," she speaks up and holds her hand out to shake his hand. He obliges her and gives her the once over.

"Just about four months, huh?" he asks her knowingly.

"Wow. Ah, yeah," she says to him with surprise. She wore a bigger sized shirt and thought she wasn't so obvious. "You're just trying to prove how good you are, aren't you?"

"Might be," he grins while gesturing to Dean. "Guess I better make sure we get this guy back then, huh? Right this way."

Lizzy nods with a satisfied face. She likes him already and he clearly understands that she needs to make sure Dean makes it back from this one.

Dean follows the doctor while looking around the shabby building. "Well, you know, I'm, uh, I'm no germ freak, but..."

"Rent's cheap," Dr. Robert shrugs it off. Once inside they see the small room. It has one exam table and plenty of instruments and machines around it. He gestures to the woman setting things up for Dean's appointment. "Eva, my assistant."

"Hi," Dean greets, his nerves obvious in his tone and she just glances at him before looking away again.

"Hop right up," Doctor Robert says while patting the table twice, ready to get the show on the road.

"Um, so, you've definitely done this before... a lot. Right?" Lizzy has to ask before she lets her husband do so. Sure, she had John's word that he's great but this is a hell of a big deal. She's still beyond anxious.

"Oh, many, many times," he promises her.

"And your...success rate?" she keeps prying.

"Oh, excellent. Almost 75%."

Lizzy should be terrified of that number but instead she just grins. It's exactly what John wrote. He's being modest. She takes a deep breath and relaxes a little... just a little though.

"So, should we get the, uh, preliminaries out of the way?" Doctor Robert speaks up, his thumb rubbing against his fingers in gesture.

"Yeah. Uh, yeah, right," Dean says as he reaches into his jacket pocket. He pulls out the envelope of cash they were able to scrape together and hands it over.
"Ah. Oh," the doctor says as he sees that it's all there in full. "Alright, we're set to go."

Dean takes a seat on the table but doesn't lay down just yet. He reaches into his inner jacket pocket once more and pulls out an envelope. He never told her he did this because he feared that she'd freak out about it.

"Here," Dean says to Lizzy and she steps up next to him at the exam table. She takes the envelope from him and reads the name in all capital letters on it. Sammy. "If this doesn't... if things..."

"Go wrong?" she finished for him as usual.

"Yeah," he answers, looking at her seriously. "Uh... would you make sure you get this to him when he's old enough?"

She swallows the hard lump in her throat. "No."

"No?" Dean asks, shocked by her refusal.

"No," she echoes with determination. "Because I'm gonna see you again in a few minutes. He won't ever need this."

Dean knows she'll do it if he doesn't come back. That's not a question. But in a time like this her optimism is very welcomed.

"I love you," Lizzy tells him as she cups his face and gives him one good, slow kiss.

"Love you too," Dean tells her before he's pushed onto his back harshly. Eva grabs his arm once he's reclined and shoves an IV needle into the crook of his elbow without preparation. "Ah!"

"Don't be a baby," Eva chides him for his wimpy reaction to pain.

"You know, a little bedside manner would be nice," he replies quickly, already not appreciating her in the least.

"Be nice to the lady with the needles," Lizzy suggests as she grabs his hand, the fear of everything hitting her very hard.

"Are we ready? Hmm?" Doctor Robert asks Dean as he pushes the needle of a large syringe into his IV line. He pushes the plunger down and empties the clear fluid. "You've got three minutes."

Dean gets a slightly panicked look on his face as he beings to feel the effects of whatever the drug is that's coursing through his system. This stuff works fast and he's already losing consciousness. Right before the blackness consumes him he feels the grasp tighten on his hand. He looks to the side to see his wife giving him one desperate and helpless look before his eyes roll back in his head.

His head drops back and the monitor lets out one long beep, indicating there's no heart beat left.

"No pulse," Eva says. "No sinus rhythm."

"He's dead," Doctor Robert announces.

Lizzy just looks down at the unmoving body of her husband. It freaks her the hell out. He's dead. It's surreal that life has led her here but hey, she shouldn't be so surprised at this point.
Looking down at his own dead form Dean feels weird to say the least.

"Good times," he says to himself as no one can hear him on this plane of existence.

Dean focuses just briefly on Lizzy as she stares down at him with such love and worry. He wishes he could let her know he's there and it's working.

Before he heads down the stairs to get to work as he has very little time to do so, he does something that he hopes works and would let her know it's all ok. He just hopes he can remember his skills from his astral projection trip.

Lizzy jumps slightly out of nowhere when she feels it. She wasn't expecting it in the least.

"You alright?" Doctor Robert asks Lizzy as he stares down his watch, timing how long Dean's been dead. He noticed out of the corner of his eye that she flinched quite hard.

"Yeah," Lizzy grins just slightly as her ass cheek stings a little from the smack she just got on it. "Dean's good by the way."

Lizzy jumps slightly out of nowhere when she feels it. She wasn't expecting it in the least.

"You alright?" Doctor Robert asks Lizzy as he stares down his watch, timing how long Dean's been dead. He noticed out of the corner of his eye that she flinched quite hard.

"Yeah," Lizzy grins just slightly as her ass cheek stings a little from the smack she just got on it. "Dean's good by the way."

"Messorum evoco qui me tetigit."

"Dean?" Tessa says to him with shocked audacity as she appears out of nowhere. "What the hell?

"What do you know? It worked," Dean amazes quietly.

"I was in the Sudan!" she scolds him for the summoning. "What's with yanking me ov… wait, why are you dead?"

"Tessa, I need a favor."

"How long?" Lizzy questions, the ball of nervous energy in her stomach just killing her right now.

"Almost two minutes," Doctor Robert calmly tells her, starting at his watch studiously. "Be patient."

"Easier said than done," she worries right back.

"Don't you worry," he tries to soothe her. "I'm not letting dear old dad here slip away."

"You make an exception!" he near yells at Tessa with her refusal to help him. He's on a tight time limit and doesn't have any to spare for bickering. He needs to talk to Death now.

"I can't," she denies once again.

"Can't or won't!?"

"Both!"

"All right, Tessa," a new, calm voice says to the reaper. Death stands next to her suddenly, cool and
collected as ever. "Thank you very much. Hello, Dean."

"Ok, that's it. Let's get him back," Doctor Robert announces once three full minutes pass.

Eva has the paddles read and charged. She picks them up, placing them strategically on Dean's chest. "Hands," she says to Lizzy.

Lizzy lets her grip on him go quickly as Eva jolts him with electricity. His chest violently rises with the shock before slamming back down onto the exam table.

"Sam's soul is stuck in that box," Dean says, getting down to business.

"I've heard," Death returns with, unaffected.

"And our other brother is trapped in there, too. Michael rode him in."

"Dean, quit shuffling and deal," Death asks of him as he's already grown tired of the human's interruption in his business.

"I want you to get 'em both out," Dean puts it all on the table, not looking to annoy the powerful being.

"Hmm," Thinks Death of the man's audacity. "Pick one."

"What?!"

"Sam's soul or Adam's."

"But…"

"As a rule, I don't bring people back. I might make an exception once, not twice. So... pick."

"Sam," his brother's name blurs right out of his lips before he could think to stop it.

"Nothing again," Eva says after shocking Dean three times now.

"Fuck," Lizzy whispers harshly for letting this happen. She shouldn't have let him do this as the panic starts to spread through her chest. She looks up at the ceiling knowing what she has to do. "Cass!"

"His soul has been in there for a year, and I understand that it's... damaged."

"Try flayed to the raw nerve," Death corrects him, knowing what a place like Lucifer's Cage can do to the human soul. It's nothing short of horrific.

"Well, is there any way that you could, uh, I don't know, hack the hell part off?"

"Dean, Dean, Dean," chides Death for Dean's naivety. "What do you think the soul is? Some pie
you can slice? The soul can be bludgeoned, tortured, but never broken. Not even by me."

"Well, there's got to be something," the hunter nearly begs in return, looking for any way to save his brother.

"Maybe. Can't erase Sam's hell, but I can...put it behind a wall, if you will."

"Four, three, two...now," Eva counts down and shocks Dean one more time as Doctor Robert preps an adrenaline needle. Once more the monitor continues on in its long, ear and heart piercing sound that reminds everyone in the room that Dean's still not back yet.

"Again," Doctor Robert commands as he works fast.

"Castiel! I mean it!" Lizzy shouts at the top of her lungs with pure fear. "I need you! Now!"

"Who the fuck is she talking to?" Eva asks Doctor Robert with sheer confusion as she amps up the electricity on the crash cart.

"No idea..."

"Castiel! Please!"

"A wall," Death explains. "In his mind. A dam to hold back the tide. Nasty, those memories. You don't want to know what they'll do to him. Believe me."

"Okay, uh, a wall. Sounds good," Dean says, liking the sound of any solution at all at this point.

"But it's not permanent," Tessa pipes in to make sure Dean gets the scope of things and Death agrees with her.

"She's right. Nothing lasts forever. Well, I do, but..."

"Okay, so that's the choice; Sam with no soul or Sam with some drywall that if or when it collapses, he's... done?" Dean proves that he understands the risks here.

"Yes."

"Do it."

"It's Dean!" Lizzy keeps shouting her prayers as her angel has yet to show up. "Please Cass! He's dead! You have to bring him back!"

And that finally works. With the whoosh of wind Castiel is standing by her side, looking down at the lifeless form of his good friend on an old worn medical table.

"Thank God!" Lizzy cheers when he finally shows.

Eva yelps a little with the sudden appearance of another man in the room.

Doctor Robert himself jumps when the angel is suddenly there. "Well I guess you don't really see
that every day."

"He won't come back," Lizzy frantically tells Castiel as she grabs hard onto his trench coat sleeve. "Bring him back. Cass!"

With a sigh Castiel presses his fingertips to Dean's slackened forehead.

"I want you to be me for one day."

"Are you serious?" Dean fires out the question. He couldn't have heard him right.

"No, I'm being incredibly sarcastic," Death returns, being ironically sarcastic. "Take the ring off before the 24 hours are up and you lose. No soul for Sam. Clear?"

"Okay. Yes. But… but why?"

"Simple, Dean. Because…"

The second Castiel's fingers make contact with Dean's head the hunter inhales deep and harsh as his eye fly wide open. His whole body tenses with the change.

Lizzy exhales hard when she sees he's back. "Oh my God!" she breaths hard with relief as she presses a hand over her eyes for a moment, her thankfulness ruling her emotions.

"Oh, thank Moses," Doctor Robert relaxes a bit once Dean is back.

"Cass!?" Dean shocks when he sees the angel standing to his side as Lizzy grabs his hand in desperate need.

"Hello, Dean."

"The hell are you doing here?" Dean asks before quickly shifting his focus to Lizzy's tear streaked face. "Why'd you call Cass?"

"You weren't coming back," she tells him, her nerves completely shot with this little experiment. "I had no choice."

"What?" Dean asks with panicked confusion.

"Son, you were gone for seven minutes," Doctor Robert tells him.

"I was?"

"Mm-hmm," Doctor Robert confirms for him, the huge adrenaline needle still in hand and ready to go. "I thought for sure death had you by the twins… hell, he did until you're, uh, magical friend here showed up out of the blue… oddly enough."

"And I just needed five more seconds," Dean laments as he drops his head back onto the table exasperatedly.

Castiel opens his mouth to counter the complaint but is cut off by Lizzy's fist. For the comment she punches Dean in the arm.
"Ow!" Dean complains to her.

"Five more seconds!?!" Lizzy angrily asks him. "I thought you were done! Fuck your five seconds! You scared the fucking shit outta me!"

Dean sighs as he looks at the cracked and time-worn ceiling. "Yeah, seven minutes is a long time."

"Longest seven minutes of my life," she fires right back at him, angry and upset with the panic she just had to endure. "It better have been worth it."

Dean nods and peers over to her. "It was worth it."

Lizzy's mood changes in an instant. "Yeah?"

"Oh, yeah. Worth it."

They share a moment, taking the time to realize that their plan, risky and probably stupid as it was, worked. They can get Sam back.

"Do either of you plan to tell me why it is Dean voluntarily killed himself?"

Lizzy and Dean look at Cass and contemplate what they should say, if anything. They both know Castiel is against returning Sam's soul with the high risks involved. Telling him they plan to go against his recommendations might not be a good idea.

"Wanted to see if John Edwards was full of shit or not," Dean jokes as he gets up from the table, ready to get the hell out of there and back to Bobby's so that he can get his brother back as soon as possible. "Guess what? He is."
"You what?!" Sam nearly screams with audacious disbelief at what he's hearing right now.

"Sam, just hear us out…" Lizzy starts to ask for his cooperation but it's no use.

"I heard Cass and Crowley when they said it would either kill me or turn me to Jell-O, Lizzy! I heard enough!" His body language is even angrier than his voice.

The second they got back from Doctor Robert's office (if you can call it that) after another two day drive, they spilled the plan to him all at once. They needed to move because every day that passes is that many days too many added to Sam's sentence in the Cage.

"Look, Death said he can put up a wall," Dean begins to help explain.

"A wall?" Sam asks with little excitement.

"Yes, yes, a wall… that… that…"

"Basically, you wouldn't remember hell," Lizzy finishes for him.

"Really?" Sam narrows his eyes at them.

"Really," Dean confirms.

"For good?" Sam continues to pry. "Like a cure?"

"No, it's not a cure. It... he said it could last a lifetime."

"Great," Sam returns with, the angry sarcasm back once more in his tone. "So, playing pretty fast and loose with my life here, don't you think, Dean?"

"I'm trying to save your life!" Dean fires back, his frustration with Sam's lack of drive to return to his real self starting to burn him up a bit.

"Exactly, Dean! It's my life!" Sam shouts right back, not wanting to do this plan at all. "It's my life, it's my soul. And it sure as hell ain't your head that's gonna explode when this whole scheme of yours goes sideways!"

"Just curious," Bobby pipes in as he stands in the study out of the line of fire. The more thinks everything over the more he's seeing one gaping wide hole in it. "I presume Death's not doing this out of the goodness of his heart. So what's your half of the deal?"

Dean and Lizzy glance at each other with nervous energy, neither willing to speak up and answer the man.

"I'm sorry," Bobby tries again. "I didn't get that."

"I have to wear the ring for a day," Dean sucks it up first.

"Why the hell would he want you to do that?" Bobby has to wonder.

"Get his rocks off. I don't know. But I'm doing it."
Bobby then looks over to Lizzy. "You're just gonna let him go and be Death for a bit?"

Lizzy shrugs. They talked about this the whole ride back, bickering mostly as Lizzy hate the idea of this plan. But overall it's clear that Death doesn't want to kill him but wants to teach him a lesson. So, begrudingly, she agreed to let Dean do this. "I want Sam-I-Am back. He needs to come home."

Having had more than enough, Sam turns to leave.

"Where you going?" Dean immediately asks him.

"Look, I hear you, all right? I get it. I just need a minute to wrap my head around it, ok?"

He then leaves the house through the side door. The second he's gone Lizzy rolls her eyes.

"Does he really think he's fooling anyone here?"

"Nah, he's not that stupid," Dean laments as he grabs his jacket and heads out right behind him, Bobby and Lizzy on his heels.

When Sam reaches the spot in the yard he was aiming for he sees the already dug hole in the ground. They're one step ahead of him. He makes a worries face as he's not used to having others be on top of him and cutting him off at the next move.

"Looking for this?" Lizzy asks him as she holds Death's ring up for him to see.

"Just taking a walk," he brushes off.

"Sam, I'm your brother," Dean tries to appeal to any humanity that might actually be inside of him still. "I'm not gonna let you get hurt. I know what I'm doing here."

"What if you're wrong?" Sam challenges.

"I won't let it go wrong."

"Fine." What choice does Sam have? He knows when he's lost a battle and this time it's clear as day to him. He'll concede this time as it's his only choice left and if he gives in now it might make him look sympathetic to the soul-retrieval cause. In the long run he's going to win the war, though. Dean may think he knows what's best but he doesn't. He thinks with his emotions far too much to see the picture clearly.

"Fine?" Dean asks, shocked. "So, you're…"

"So, I'm trusting you here. Barely," Sam lies completely to assuage his brother long enough to get him to leave again.

"You sure?" Dean asks, not ready to believe him totally.

"You're the one with the compass, right? Just don't mess it up."

"I won't," Dean vows to him before looking to Lizzy and Bobby as he takes the ring from Lizzy's hands. "Watch him."

They both nod in agreement.

"Ok," Dean takes their reassurance and looks down at the ring in his grip. When a smaller hand closes over his own and the ring he looks up to see Lizzy standing in front of him.
"Go get our brother back," she whispers to him, making the current version of Sam shift oddly on his feet, the clear hate they have for him annoying.

Dean ducks down and kisses her good. She places a hand to his cheek and keeps him close, making the moment last as long as it can. When they pull away from each other Lizzy has a small grin on her lips.

A deep breath taken in, Dean looks down at the square, white stoned ring. "Well, here goes everything," he remarks and slides it onto his finger, disappearing into thin air.

With Dean gone for half the day already Lizzy hasn't had much to do around the house. It's been surprisingly quiet considering she figured Sam would have been putting up a stink of sneaky proportions. So, she's done some research and made the group lunch. By two she was exhausted. The four days of driving compounded by the emotional stress of Dean almost dying and having to explain away why Dean had himself killed to Cass… it's been too much. Add the pregnancy in and Dean's day as Death and she couldn't keep her eyes open if she tried.

She told Bobby she needed a nap and he told her to go for it. Staying downstairs so that if she's needed she could be on her feet in seconds, she fell asleep on the couch.

Now, as she wakes up two hours later, the house is eerily silent aside from the clanging of Cass' dog tags as he gets up from his spot laying at the foot of the couch. He barely leaves her side these days.

But the quiet puts her on edge the second she awakes.

"Sam?" Lizzy calls out, receiving more quiet in return. "Bobby?" Nothing.

Worried, she gets up and walks quickly to the kitchen with her dog in close tow. Through the open doorway she can see Bobby sleeping at his desk.

"Fuck," Lizzy sharply complains but before she can go looking for him Sam walks through the side doorway.

"Hey," he nonchalantly says to her as he closes the door behind her. She's immediately on him.

"Hey yourself," she says with an annoyed edge. "When I woke up you were gone."

"Yeah, I was driving around," Sam innocently tells her as he stares her down.

"Oh really," she disbelieves, narrow eyes challenging him while she quietly takes note of her dog sitting himself between her and Sam. Cass has never liked Sam. She's sure he sense what's off with him and wants Sam away from her.

Sam huffs a laugh and walks past her to the table. "Seven card stud?"

"Stop being so suspicious, ok?" Sam asks of her with exhaustion over being scrutinized. "The microscope's getting a little stuffy. I'm here now. I didn't run away and I'm not gonna, even if you think I am. Sit down and play." He nods to the seat across from himself and picks up a deck of cards.

With no other choice but to stay in his presence and watch him like a hawk until Dean's back, Lizzy sits down like he so impolitely asked, Cass sitting on the floor next to her to keep guard. "Seven card stud?"
"Hold 'em," he tells her and deals them each two cards.

As he begins to distribute chips (loose change in this case), she gets a peek at the counter behind him, the counter that he never went near when he came back into the house. She can see the Impala's keys lying there and the nervous ache in Lizzy's gut gets worse. He's up to something, she knows it.

"Pair of aces," Sam says without an ounce of pride for beating her hand as he drops his cards on the table.

"Bastard," Lizzy calls him as she loses again.

"You gotta work on your poker face," he lets her know.

"And your poker face is so good it creeps me the fuck out," Lizzy informs him as she stands up when she sees his beer is empty. "Another?"

"Yeah," Sam tells her as he counts his winnings.

"I'm getting housed right now," Lizzy comments on her poker performance as she opens the refrigerator and bends down to get him a beer. "Guess that no soul really makes it hard to figure you out. I used to be able to read you like a book…"

Before she can react there's hands on her. One hand covers over her mouth and the other grabs her by the waist. Lizzy gets yanked out of the fridge and pulled into the great wall of muscle that is Sam. She begins fighting back instantly, swinging and kicking while trying to scream to wake Bobby up from his desk nap.

But she doesn't need to scream as her dog begins to bark incessantly, jumping about before reel back on his haunches and growling his threat.

Her windpipe gets cut off with the pressure on her throat when Sam pulls her into a tight headlock and she chokes out every scream she can make. She was able to keep the bottle of beer in her hand after she went to the refrigerator and tries to swing it at his head behind her but fails, the angle not working for her.

Cass jumps up and tries to bite Sam, Sam reacting quickly and kicking him off. Lizzy sees red for the attack on her beloved pet.

With a loud, sickening thwack the hold on her releases and the weight against her back goes down. She hears a thud as she stumbles about and she turns she sees Sam crumpled in a heap on the kitchen floor with a bloody head and Bobby with a baseball bat.

"About time, Sleeping Beauty!" she shouts with adrenalized anger at the man who just saved her ass once she takes a few deep breaths.

"What? You couldn't handle one little soulless guy while I caught up on my sleep?" he comes back with while dropping his bat on the floor. "We gotta secure him, let's go."

They both run to grab some rope from the study and when they turn back Sam's no longer blacked out on the floor. He's gone.

"Balls!" Bobby shouts and grabs Lizzy's wrist. "Move!"

He near drags her down the hallway to a closet at the end. Throwing open the door he nearly shoves
her into it. Cass sneaks in as Bobby yanks the door shut behind them all and locks the door tight with all three deadbolts built into the inside of it.

"What the hell is this about?" Lizzy asks as she crouches to calm her dog.

"I don't know," Bobby tells her as he picks up the shotgun her had stowed away there. "And I'm not sure I wanna know."

"It's ok, Cassie," she says soothingly, petting him as his frantic moves show how thrown off he is. The dog is shaking with fear.

They both jump when a loud bang comes from the door, it splintering a bit with whatever just impacted with it.

"Shit," Lizzy worries with huge fear as Cass begins to bark like crazy. "This is like every horror movie I've ever seen. What the fuck do we do?"

"We get him in the right place," Bobby answers, looking to her with a wink to let her know he's got this one handled.

Lizzy just nods back but her fear doesn't subside. Sam grabbed her, yanked her back and held her around her middle. Sam has no remorse or a thought of care for her unborn son, clearly. He attacked her and she can't help but worry about her son's safety in this situation.

A few more whacks and there's a hole in the door large enough to see Sam on the other side wielding an ax.

"Don't say, 'here's Johnny'," Bobby jests to get the crazed man talking.

"I got to do this, Bobby," he says while taking another swing. "I'm sorry. You shouldn't have cornered yourself."

"I didn't," Bobby returns and pulls a lever built into the floor. Instantly Sam drops out of sight, disappearing completely.

Hitting the basement floor with huge force and seriously damaging his lower leg, Sam groans with pain but it doesn't slow him for a second. He picks up his ax and heads for the stairs before Bobby locks the basement door. Limping a little Sam reaches the door and it won't budge. A few whacks of the ax and he's starting to see that this won't be a way out for him.

"Reinforced steel core, titanium kick plate. Get comfy," Bobby yells from the other side of the door with his shotgun in hand. He and Lizzy are standing there in still running shock over Sam's violent outburst that they don't understand. "You want to explain what this is about?"

"I just, uh... I have to do this, Bobby," Sam explains while sitting down on the wooden steps. He racks his brain to figure out a next step but things aren't looking o hot for him.

"Says who?" Bobby asks.

"If Dean shoves that soul back in me, think how bad that could really be," Sam goes the honest route. "I can't let it happen, Bobby. I mean, it's not like I want to kill you. You've been nothing but good to me."

"So you're after me is it?" Bobby questions, glancing at Lizzy for a second.
"Lizzy has nothing to do with this," Sam assures him.

"That's why you attacked me?" Lizzy presses on, angry at what Sam attempted to do to her.

"I just needed you out of the way so I could get what I needed."

"What do you need?" she wonders aloud.

Sam pauses a she gets an idea. "My father's blood."

"So... it's a spell?" Bobby surmises.

"Yeah," Sam answers while his brain keeps running, mapping this escape plan out.

"You're making a mistake, Sam," Lizzy tells him. "We all need Bobby."

"I'm trying to survive."

"But Dean's got a way to make it safe..." Bobby tries to excuse but it doesn't work.

"Oh, yeah, what, some wall inside my head that maybe stays up? Come on." He's not stupid enough to take this kind of a risk.

"If it works..." Bobby tries yet again but Sam cuts him off.

"Yeah, what if it doesn't? Dean doesn't care about me. He, he just cares about his little brother, Sammy, burning in hell," he tells them while standing up from his spot. "He'll kill me to get that other guy back."

"Look," Lizzy tries her hand at reasoning with him as it's all they have at this point. "I...I know how scary it is. But you know what's scarier? You right now. You're scaring the shit outta us, Sam. You're not in your right head."

"And you're certainly not giving us much choice here," Bobby tacks on and waits for a reply. And waits. "Sam?" More silence. "Balls!" He grabs the baseball bat from the kitchen floor and hands it to Lizzy. "Don't you dare leave this house unless I come tell you to."

She nods furiously with a worried face as she watches him open the basement door. Sam's no longer on the steps.

"Ain't nobody killing me in my house but me," Bobby fairly warns as he heads down the stairs with his shotgun ready. "I don't want to blow your legs out, boy, but I will."

At the bottom of the stairs he can see that Sam's no longer in the basement. He's escaped through the fan in the roof of the panic room.

"Well shit."

It's been way too long. Way too long. And now Lizzy wants to puke with nerves.

She has a shotgun in her hand, ready for whatever Sam might throw at her, and she paces the kitchen floor to release any ounce of anxiety she can.

Bobby left the house and went after Sam. He told her to barricade herself inside and not leave for any reason. She agreed, locked her dog in her bedroom to ensure he won't get kicked or worse again
if he goes after Sam once more, but now that it's been pin drop silent for so long she thinks Bobby could use her help. Dean has always told her to go with her instincts. Her motherly instinct says stay but every other instinct inside of her bellows out to go find Bobby.

"Screw this." Hefting the shotgun in her hands she pushes open the side door and aims ahead. She takes a few very cautious steps out and looks around. No movement, no sounds… just deafening silence aside from the light wind rustling the trees in the dark night.

Lizzy slinks down the side of the house toward the back. In the salvage yard there are several places to hide and she has to think logically. Most likely Sam would use the moderate sized barn or the warehouse. She's banking on warehouse…

And then everything goes black.

Sam stands over her unmoving form. He can see the blood seeping out of the gash that's somewhere in her hair on the left side where he hit her. He drops the two-by-four plank and walks away from her to finish his task at hand before Dean gets back.

It was kind of Tessa to drop him back off at Bobby's place once he failed his mission. It's a shame that he wasn't prepared for what he was about to walk into once there.

The house is empty and Dean knows that's a terrible sign. After searching every inch of the place he's found a broken down closet door, an ax on the basement floor, a small smudge of blood on the kitchen floor and basement steps, and furniture stacked up in the middle of the panic room.

Sam's off the rails.

Dean sprints outside again. He has to find someone, everyone. Looking out back he begins running, quickly coming upon a body lying on the ground around the back corner of the house.

"Lizzy!" he shouts in a whisper as he drops to the floor next to her, looking around for the threat of Sam lurking. His brother would be smart enough to use her as bait for Dean if he really wanted to get at him and since Dean doesn't know the end game he moves cautiously.

He picks up her head from the dusty gravel, his hand immediately wet with her blood that he couldn't see saturating her hair.

"L, hey," he shakes her just slightly, not wanting to further cause her pain from her head injury. "Lizzy, come on!"

She groans from deep in her throat, her eyelids fluttering with the sound of his voice.

"You have to wake up, L. I gotta find Sam."

"Sam," she says when she hears the name, it pulling her from her blackness. "Bobby. He's gonna kill him"

"Bobby's gonna kill Sam!?" Dean question.

"Sam'll kill Bobby," she says and finally opens her eyes, blinking several times before looking up at him. "Go find Bobby."

"Are you ok?"

"Go find Bobby!" Lizzy nearly yells at him and pushes Dean away.
"Get back inside and lock the doors," Dean tells her, helping her onto her feet too quickly. The world spins harshly for second and Lizzy almost falls over. "Shit, can you make inside?"

"Dean! Go!" Lizzy shouts at him harshly and pushes him once more. He gives up, seeing that the immediate threat isn't on her. It's on Bobby.

"Get inside," he says one last time as he jogs to the buildings out back. On instinct he picks the smaller barn on the property to try first. Sam would assume that Dean would assume they were in the warehouse since it's bigger and they've used it before for some dirty work so this time he's pick the barn. It's the logic Sam would use, he's sure of it.

He can hear voices as he approaches the back doorway. Dean listens in as he makes his way in and towards Sam.

"Listen to me," Bobby pleads to Sam as he's tied to a chair. There's spell work spread out on the floor and Sam has a huge, gleaming knife in his grip. "You don't want to do this, Sam. I've been like a father to you, boy. Somewhere inside, you've got to know that."

"Well that's just it," Sam explains, walking towards Bobby. He raises the knife high. "Sorry."

Last second before he can plunge the blade into Bobby's chest Dean grabs ahold of Sam's wrist. "Hi, Sam. I'm back." And then he gets to do something he's been waiting to do for months straight.

He punches Sam in the face so hard he hits the floor completely out cold.

"I can't keep doing this, Bobby," Dean says with pure fear and clear exhaustion as they're gathered around a still blacked out Sam chained the bed in the panic room. It's like the good old demon blood chugging days. "I mean, what am I, gonna tie him up every time he tries to kill someone? And that's not gonna hold him. I mean, he's…"

"Capable of anything," Bobby adds in as he sits in a chair trying to recover for what Sam just tried to do to him.

"What am I supposed to do here?" Dean asks, standing by the chair Lizzy is in as he inspects the still bleeding wound on the side of her head.

"We," Lizzy quietly corrects him and hisses when he touches a tender spot.

"What are we supposed to do now?" Dean fixes the question.

"I certainly don't know," Bobby answers grimly.

"Come on," Dean says to Lizzy as he presses the towel back to her bleeding head and grabs her hand. He pulls her onto her feet. "Need to stitch you up. It's the one thing I can do at the moment."

Lizzy lets him lead her to the bottom of the stairs but stops him before they make the climb.

"What?" Dean asks when she won't move.

"You did your best," she says to him with full sincerity.

"Doesn't matter," he answers quickly, feeling the failure of letting Sam down yet again crush him slowly but surely.

"Yes it does," she fights right back. "I didn't have to be there to know already that you did
everything you could to keep that ring on and save Sam. Don't you dare start beating yourself up any more. We will figure this out."

He stares at her for a brief moment, letting her words wash over him for the minimal comfort they can provide.

"Let's go," he simply says and leads her back up the stairs. When they make it to the kitchen they're not alone.

"Dean," Death greets from his place at the dinner table. "Join me."

Frozen in place for a second, Dean swallows hard. This visit is not what he expected right now. Thinking it best to do what he wants him to, Dean lets go of Lizzy's hand and sits as he was asked.

"Brought you one," Death continues as he hands over a cardboard tray of food. "From a little stand in Los Angeles known for their bacon dogs. I would have one for you too, Elizabeth, if I knew you were coming to this meeting." He looks at Lizzy. "Feel free to stay if you'd like. It's been a long time since I've been in the presence of a woman of your importance."

"I'm that important?" Lizzy questions, her fear hitting a new level.

"I see no one has had the gumption to tell you that. How unfair. Please, have a seat." He gestures to the chair next to Dean and she immediately listens, knowing better than to question him. Death turns his attention back to Dean. "Eat."

"Boy, what's with you and cheap food?"

"I could ask you the same thing. Thought I'd have a treat before I put the ring back on. Heavier than it looks, isn't it? Sometimes, you just want the thing off. But you know that," Death tells him, knowing already that he failed the task set out for him. He then notices Dean hasn't touched his food.

"Not hungry?"

"Look... I think you know that I flunked. So there," Dean admits to his failings with such heavy burden. "Oh, and by the way, I, uh... I sucked at being you. Really screwed up the whole natural order thing. But I'm sure you knew about that, too."

"So, if you could go back, would you simply kill the little girl? No fuss, no stomping your feet?"

Lizzy looks hard at Dean, not having had a chance to catch up on what he's been through playing Death. Kill the little girl? Dean would never do such a thing. This had to have wreaked havoc on him. When will her husband ever get a damn break?

"Knowing what I know now, yeah," Dean answers.

"I'm surprised to hear that, what with your own child on the way and all those fatherly instincts kicking in," Death says to him. "I'm surprised and glad."

"Yeah, well, don't get excited. I would have saved the nurse, okay? That's it."

"I think it's a little more than that," Death says as he swallows his last mouthful and wipes his mouth with a napkin. "Today, you got a hard look behind the curtain. Wrecking the natural order's not quite such fun when you have to mop up the mess, is it? This is hard for you, Dean. You throw away your life because you've come to assume that it'll bounce right back into your lap. But the human soul is not a rubber ball. It's vulnerable, impermanent, but stronger than you know. And more valuable than you can imagine. So... I think you've learned something today."
"Want to know what I think?" Dean says, his attitude turning sour. "I think you knew that I wouldn't last a day."

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Death denies.

Dean sighs and closes his eyes. "I lost. Fine. But at least have the balls to admit that it was rigged from the jump."

"Dean," Lizzy says his name and places a hand on his own as it's pressed to the table. She can see a little anger flickering within him and being rude to Death could be a terrible idea.

"You should listen to your clearly intelligent wife," warns Death. "Most people speak to me with more respect."

"I didn't mean…"

"We're done here," Death cuts Dean off as he stands up, wiping his hands off. "It's been lovely. But now I'm going to go to hell to get your brother's soul."

"You are!?" Lizzy asks with lit up eyes.

"Why would you do that for me?" Dean asks, not getting why he's owed this favor.

"I wouldn't do it for you. You and your brother keep coming back. You're an affront to the balance of the universe and you cause disruption on a global scale."

"I apologize for that," Dean says instantly.

"But you have use. Right now, you're digging at something. The intrepid detective. I want you to keep digging, Dean."

"So you're just gonna be cryptic, or..." Dean questions, wanting to know more about this favor Death is already calling in.

"It's about the souls. You'll understand when you need to."

"Wait…" Lizzy stops him before he leaves them. "Um, I'm sorry to, to stop you... with Sam... is this wall thing really gonna work?"

"Call it seventy-five percent," Death tells her and disappears.

Dean stares at Lizzy for a second, blown away by the moment. Neither know what to say before it dawns on Dean what's about to actually, truly happen. "Bobby!"

Launching down the basement stairs, Dean reaches the cement floor first, rushing to Bobby as he stands by the locked panic room door.

"Open the door!" Dean shouts to him as he rushes to the iron door to start opening it himself.

"What happened?" he questions with serious confusion.

"Now!" Lizzy shouts right back, grabbing the handle of the door and pulling it open frantically.

As the heavy doorway is opened they can hear Sam's panicked voice screaming, "Get away from me! Don't... don't!"
Death is back already, sitting on the edge of Sam's cot with a back satchel in his hands. The group of three stand by the door and watch with wide eyes.

"Now, Sam, I'm gonna put up a barrier inside your mind," Death begins to explain.

"No, don't touch me," Sam tries to warn in a serious, scary tone but it comes out scared like a child.

"It might feel a little... itchy. Do me a favor. Don't scratch the wall. Trust me, you're not gonna like what happens."

"Please, don't do this," Sam begs and Dean realizes he's not once heard this kind of tone and desperation from Sam since he's been back. Is even this an act? Or is he really this terrified?

Death reaches into his satchel, light glowing forth from it the second he does. He pulls out a radiant ball of pure light, the rays extending out from the palm of his hand.

"No, no!" Sam starts to fight against the restraints keeping him in place. He turns sharply to Dean knowing that he's the last saving grace here. Dean's the only one that will stop this and he has to get Dean on his side. "You don't know! You don't know what'll happen to me! Dean, please!"

His brother's determined look doesn't change.

"No. No. No," Sam begs one last time before Death presses his soul back into his chest, his screams of agony echoing loudly in the small metal room as the anxious audience holds their breath.
"Dean."

It's one simple word, a word he's heard millions of times or more within his life, but when it's said by this one particular person it always seemed to have more meaning than just simply his name. It means friendship and loyalty and companionship and love and family… and it means a bond that other people really could never understand.

And the way it's said, with such intensity and feeling unlike the emptiness that this very same voice has had for so long now, rocks him to the core.

Dean sets his glass of whiskey down hard on Bobby's desk. He can tell from the look on the face of the older man across from him that the person he thinks is behind him is really there. Dean stands up and turns, seeing Sam standing in the doorway.

"Sam?" Dean has to ask, making sure it's really his brother, the correct version of him, and to answer his question Sam marches into the room and hugs Dean tight, tighter than even when he came back from hell himself.

Holy shit it worked. It worked. This is absolutely, without a shadow of a doubt, his brother, his Sammy. He can tell. With his arms around the one person that's always depended on him Dean can feel like he's actually pulled through for his little brother this time. He didn't fail him like he has so many times before.

Sam spies Bobby standing behind Dean and he lets his brother go. He walks to Bobby quickly and hugs him too. The feeling of having his family back is so good it almost hurts.

"Good to see you," Bobby says, patting Sam on the back a few times.

"Wait," Sam worries, backing away from him. "I saw you…. I, I felt Lucifer snap your neck."

"Well, Cass kind of…" Bobby starts to explain but gets cut off.

"Cass is alive?" Sam asks with bugged out eyes, remembering watching him practically explode into nothing.

"Yeah, Cass… Cass is fine. Sam, are you ok?" Dean cautiously asks. He looks too good for everything he's been through. It all can't be this easy.

"Actually, um...I'm starving."

With a few beers on the kitchen table, Dean sits across from Sam as he devours a sandwich. Bobby keeps his wary distance and stands back against the counter. The man nearly killed him just hours ago. Granted that was a different man technically but damn it don't they look exactly the same.
"How the hell did you get that back?" Sam asks out of nowhere with a mouthful of sandwich. He nods to Dean's chest, referring to the amulet that's hanging around his neck. The last Sam saw of it Dean was dropping the meaningful item into the trash with anger. "You go back for it not tell me or something?"

Dean's hand comes up and touches the necklace. They've already had this conversation but Sam wasn't Sam then and he has no memory of already being told about the amulet. "Ah, no. Lizzy went trash picking when I was an ass and tossed it. She knew I'd want it back. Once you jumped in the Cage she gave it back."

"Smart woman," Sam comments, having known at the time that Dean threw it away he'd regret it. Apparently Lizzy knew too. "Good to have her around."

"Damn straight."

"Ha, you married a smart woman. Still blows my mind," Sam laughs a bit at Dean's expense.

"Bite me," Dean replies with, having nothing else to say, but he says it with a smile as he gets to have these types of moments with Sam again.

"Ah, speaking of... where is Lizzy?" Sam asks with another mouthful, finally thinking straight enough to be logical. He sees Bobby and Dean and has to assume Lizzy can't be far away.

"I sent her up to sleep," Dean tells him. "She's had a long few days." Not to mention a for sure concussion that she needs to treat.

"Oh," Sam nods and lets the comment be what it is. He thinks it's weird that Dean's policing her and that she actually listened to him but oh well. Bigger issues at hand.

"So, Sam..." Dean starts.

"Yeah?"

"What's the last thing you remember?"

Sam's brain flashes back to that day in Stull Cemetery. "The field. And then I fell."

"Okay," Dean slowly accepts that. "And then?"

Sam shrugs. "I woke up in the panic room."

"That's it?" Bobby incredulously asks, not taking that for face value. "You really don't remember..."

"Let's be glad," Dean cuts bobby off and throws him a look to keep him quiet. "Who wants to remember all that hell?"

"Well... how long was I gone?" Sam worries to them.

"About a year and a half," Dean tells him, wishing he didn't have to but eventually Sam might pick up a newspaper or check a calendar at some point.

"What? I was downstairs f..." Sam panics a bit. "I don't remember anything." He breathes hard a couple times with the surprising news. "So, how'd I get back? Was it Cass?"

"Not exactly," his brother answers quietly. Immediately Sam's suspicious.
"Dean, what did you do?" Sam asks as the icy fear of what length Dean would go to get him out grips him.

"Me and Death…"

"Death!? The horseman?"

"I had leverage," Dean strongly yet calmly tells him. "It's done."

"You sure?" Sam has to question. He's too fearful not to. He knows what being in Death's debt could entail.

"It's over. Slate's wiped."

"Well, isn't this just neat and clean?" Bobby comments, quite unhappy with keeping Sam in the dark about all he did this past year without his soul.

Cutting into the conversation like a perfect distraction, the sound of a tiny clanging metal tag is heard, followed by paws on hardwood as an Australian Sheppard makes his way into the kitchen.

"Hey!" Sam half laughs with excitement as he immediately gets up from his seat at the table, forgoing his much needed food to greet the animal. The dog lover in Sam will trump most other things, even hunger. "Who's this?"

Dean watches Sam kneel on the floor to pet the dog and Cass actually lets him. His dog has always hated the soulless version of his brother, growling and getting overprotective of his owners when around him, and it's more proof that the real Sam really is back when his dog doesn't react poorly to him. Instead he licks Sam's face in affection and wags his tail a mile a minute.

"That's Lizzy's dog," Dean answers, immediately getting wide, beyond shocked eyes from his little brother. "Lizzy made me get him."

"But I think Dean loves him more," Bobby pokes fun, knowing it might be true.

"Shut up."

"He's your dog too, Dean. Be honest."

"Fuck off, Bobby."

"Wait… you have a dog?" Sam checks with Dean, not at all able to believe that it's true.

"Yeah. Told you, Lizzy made me."

"Holy shit," Sam awes as he looks back at the dog and ruffles his fur fondly. "I really was gone for a long time, wasn't I?"

"You have no idea…" Dean mumbles.

"He's beautiful," Sam says, scratching under the dog's chin. "What's his name?"

"Cass."

Sam blinks once while peering at his older brother. "You named him Cass?" he asks with surprise.

"We got him from a shelter," Dean defensively returns. "He was already named Casanova so that's
just his nickname."

"Huh," Sam nods and accepts the explanation. He then looks to the dog, really looks at him and the way the dog seems to peer right back at him, or rather into him, with clear blue eyes. Cass then tilts his head to the side and questions him silently. "And that's the only reason you call him Cass?"

"Well, no… I mean… just look at him," Dean gives up and gestures harshly at the pooch.

"Well, he's definitely a Cass. I'll agree with you there…"

"Sam?"

He hears her voice quietly and cautiously say him name and he looks up from the dog. There she is. Lizzy. She's standing there in the doorway between the kitchen and study and she's just looking at him with sad and hopeful eyes.

"Lizzy," he smiles warmly as he immediately gets on his feet and rushes over to her. He hugs her in hard, closing his eyes as he revels in the feel of actually being able to put his arms around the woman that's become his best friend, his sister really.

"Oh my God," Lizzy awes, her arms around him tightly. She presses a hand to the back of his head, her fingers getting lost in his mop of hair, and realizes it's him. This is her Sam. It's not the emotionless embrace of the soulless guy anymore. This has meaning, heart… it's real. "Sam-I-Am?"

He backs away and she places a hand to either side of his face. When she gets one solid look into his hazel eyes she's completely sure. The look they used to have, one that's true and (ironically enough) soulful, and it makes her immediately burst into tears.

"Hey," Sam laughs a little and pulls her in again. She presses her cheek to his chest and sobs, the relief of this huge moment hitting her harder than she was prepared for. "Lizzy, it's ok," Sam tells her, wrapping his arms around her again.

"I know," she cries out and just pulls him tighter. "I just missed you so much."

"I missed you too," Sam says, despite his not remembering the past year and a half of hell. He did though. The second he said goodbye to her he's missed her.

"Oh God, I can't believe you're here… you're not down there anymore," she cried out, her hands fisting into the back of his shirt. "I never thought I would see you again."

"Can't get rid of a Winchester that easily, I guess," Sam huffs out and does what he can to keep his own relief at bay. She's such a mess that he doesn't want to add to it with his own.

"I love you so much," she tells him. "I'm just so glad you're here now, with us. Where you belong."

"Me too," Sam smiles through the sentiment.

"We all need you… so much."

Sam just huffs another awkward laugh as she takes another moment before peeling herself off of him.

"Fuck, I'm a mess," she chokes out through her still running sobs.

"It's ok," Sam assures her.
"I know, I know. But seriously, I was always an emotional wreck but nowadays…" She laughs a little and continues to cry. "I'm so much worse now…"

"Now… that what?" Sam asks with a confused smile, not getting what she's saying. Lizzy just looks at him with surprise. "Why are you worse now? I didn't think that was even possible."

"Oh… uh. You didn't tell him?" Lizzy questions Dean with the tears still in her eyes but before he can answer her Sam looks down at her stomach. She's not big at all but big enough for him to get it. Lizzy always keeps in perfect shape, knowing how important that is in a hunter's life. Sam holds the same sentiment as true. So when he sees the small amount of a stomach she has on top of her even more than usually heightened emotions the brilliant brain that he has puts it all together.

"Are you…" he tries to ask but his voice fails temporarily. He points at her stomach and tries again. "Oh my God. Are you pregnant?"

"Yeah…. I am," she answers with a small, prideful smile as she wipes her eyes and cheeks. "Four months."

"Are you serious?" he asks with his eyes blown wide, his heart racing with what she tells him. Sam turns to Dean to get the confirmation he needs.

"Yeah, Sammy," Dean tells him with a softer expression than he's been able to manage in days. He can refocus on the better things finally. "We're, uh… we're making the family a little bigger."

Speechless. Sam's completely speechless. This is what he asked them to do and they listened. They clearly tried to make a life for themselves and a family of their own, something they've both wanted for years. He's so proud of them, so happy for them, that it feels like he's gonna burst.

He reaches for Lizzy first, leaning down and hugging her in again with the wonderful news. "Oh my God," he repeats, unable to get over the great news as a cheek-breaking smile won't leave his face.

"You're happy for us?" Lizzy asks him, almost afraid still that he wouldn't be, and wraps her arms around her brother.

"Are you kidding me?" he respond and looks down at her. "This is great. You've always wanted this."

"I have," Lizzy nods, yet another set of tears rolling down her cheeks to see his excitement for them. He cares again. He honestly cares and he's going to be so good to their son because he's back. Sam really is back.

Sam just takes a minute once he backs away from her to look down at Lizzy while unable to say anything. He's just so happy for her. And Dean…

"Dean," Sam turns back to his brother and makes his way in a couple long strides. Dean stands up and meets him, another tight hug for this huge news. "Congrats, man."

"Thanks, Sammy," Dean quietly returns, surprised and relieved to see this reaction coming from his brother.

When Sam takes a step back he runs both hands through his hair with the shock.

"Damn, I missed so much," he half laughs while slightly choked up. "I've been gone way too long…"
"Doesn't matter," Dean tells him, a hand on his shoulder. "You're here now. That's all we care about."

"Yeah... this is just so... I don't know. Big." He pushes out an awkward laugh. "I wasn't ready for this."

"Neither were we!" Lizzy laughs a little.

"Seriously?" Sam says with a slight hint of disappointment.

"It wasn't our intention to go down this road just yet... but we're very happy it happened," Dean evenly explains the situation.

"We want this, Sam, whether we were ready or not," Lizzy tells him reassuringly. "We're really excited about him."

"Him?" Sam asks as he picks up on the specific word. "It's a boy?" His voice gets a little more choked up as he questions them, the little detail making it all that much more real.

"Here," Lizzy says to him as she picks up something off the kitchen table from under a pile of papers.

Peering down at the sonogram he takes a good look at the baby he's just found out about. The surreal moment makes him almost dizzy. The little, so small person with a tiny hand outstretched makes him sigh with love. Yes, love. Sam doesn't have a lot of people in his life that he can say he truly loves but he knows it when he feels it. This is love at first sight. It's instant and strong and he's never quite experienced anything like it before.

"That's you're nephew," Lizzy says to him, an arm around his waist as she looks on with him. She rests her head on his upper arm as he hunches over the image. "He's healthy and perfect... and now he has his uncle back." She begins to cry again. "Which is all we've wanted this whole time."

Sam blows out a hard breath while looking it over some more. His eyes glaze over a little as that tiny human turns his world on its axis, making everything look different now.

And then the memories hit him like a brick to the face.

His brain flashes sharply back to the images of that day in the cemetery. Lucifer riding him. Bobby's head snapping. His fist pummeling Dean's face. Cass exploding into millions of pieces. Lizzy running to him once he regained control of himself... and as she did Sam figured out her importance to Heaven in that very second.

He was in Lucifer's mind and Lucifer knew of the foretold Elizabeth that would attempt to bring forth the world's saving grace. Sam saw it all. He saw the plan, the pain, the fright, and her importance. He saw God's prophecy for her. He saw the whole thing.

Sam inhales sharply and shakes his head. He takes a few steps back with running terror, his eyes wide as he looks at Lizzy.

"Sam?" Dean immediately is on him, his hand on his brother's shoulder as Sam's breathing quickens with what looks like fear. Sam's eyes are frantic as he looks between the two of them, his body shaking under Dean's grip. "Sam? What's wrong?"

Dean's stomach drops with the idea that comes to mind first; this could be Sam's wall already coming down, already cracking.
"Shit," Sam hisses out as his head hurts with the recollection, his lids squeezed shut. His heart races with fear for them, with fear for their child when everything he saw within Lucifer's mind comes rushing back to him.

"Sam," Lizzy says louder, cupping his face and making him look at her. "Talk to us. What is this?"

His eyes open and see only her face, concern for him written across it. Everything he knows… her importance, her meaning, the reason for her existence… how can he tell her this? It's awful. It's too huge. And it's definitely going to crush her.

"Bobby," Sam ignores her and Dean to look at the one person he can run to right now. "I need to talk to you."

Keeping his distance from Sam as best he can with his still running fear of the man, Bobby follows the skittish and shaky hunter out back on the property where he knows they can't be heard by the two left inside the house. Leaning against a rusted out Oldsmobile with his arms crossed, the older man looks at Sam with curiosity about what's happening.

"What's this about?"

"I know," Sam immediately tells him in a rushed voice as he paces back and forth on the old paved roadway that runs through Bobby's salvage yard, his hands running through his hair with nervous energy.

"You know what exactly?" Bobby asks with sheer worry, thinking that shitty drywall job Death did is already leaking.

"I saw it all," Sam continues to ramble in a panicky tone, his body language jittery. "The whole plan, it was in Lucifer's head. Heaven's plan… it's happening. It's already happening."

"Slow down, son," Bobby calmly says as he pushes off the junker and stands tall with everything he's seeing from the normally cool and collected guy in front of him. "What are you saying to me right now?"

"Lizzy," he stops in his tracks and looks hard at Bobby. "Her purpose. I know why Heaven needed her to exist and what she's supposed to do."

And now Bobby's feeling just about as panicked as Sam.

"And what's that?"

"She's doing it right now!" Sam nearly yells as he points to the house where she and Dean are at the moment.

Bobby gives him a look that tells him he'd better start clearing things up.

"It's not over," Sam tries again. "The Apocalypse was part one of the prophecy. After that…” He sighs takes a couple deep breaths.

"Just say it."

"The Second Coming."

And the only sound left after Sam drops the massive revelation is the wind rustling the trees and the sound of their breathing. Sam's voice is lost and Bobby needs time to process all he's learned. It's a
full five minutes before either of them can formulate words.

"I need you to set this one straight for me," Bobby finally clears his throat and speaks up. "When you say the second coming…"

"I mean the return of God on Earth. The big guy coming down to kill the final big evil. Christ versus the Antichrist. The showdown… the one bigger than the Apocalypse."

"And Lizzy's a part of this how?"

"Her and Dean's kid," Sam says. "Lizzy's supposed to give birth to the savior. She's responsible for his existence."

Bobby blinks slowly once, the truth heavy and weighing him down already.

"This is why Castiel is always watching her? Why she has all that Nephilim blood in her?"

"It's exactly the reason," Sam tells him, his hands shaking with sheer anxiety. "She's jacked up with angel genes and Dean and I come from a long line of religiously linked blood, from Cain and Abel days. Them together was meant to be for good reason. They procreate and they make God the sequel."

Bobby's world tilts a bit, throwing him off and making him wobbly. He leans back on the rusty car again and pulls his hat off by the brim, a hand rubbing over his head while he tries to process everything.

Liz, his tough as nails, sweet little Liz… how can this be happening? She's finally working towards what she's always wanted out of life. She's finally making her way towards happy and this will completely demolish all of that.

She just wanted out but there's no such thing as out for her or her family. There never was. She's destined to be stuck within this crappy excuse for a life… her child too.

And that is the part that will truly break Lizzy and Dean.

"So that kid in her is God?" Bobby tries to start coming to terms with this whole problem.

"No, no… I mean, not right now," Sam tells him, his hands in his pockets as spilling out everything he knows starts to finally calm him. It's been a perfect release, helping him contain the fear that was coursing through him and return to that even-keeled hunter that he truly is. "The baby's human, all be it with a lot of angel genes and a Biblically linked family tree."

"So… how is he the Second Coming then?"

"He's a vessel," Sam answers. "Just like Dean and I were. When the time is right God'll finally decide to stop being an absentee dickbag and he'll send his metaphorical son off to claim his vessel and defeat the Antichrist."

"So that baby is a regular baby?" Bobby tries again.

"Yeah."

"It'll be its own person?" he keeps checking. "It'll be his own personality, have its own life, its own everything…"

"Until God comes home, yeah," Sam tells him.
"Well, I don't know if that's better or worse," Bobby complains thinking it over.

"Me neither."

And the silence takes over again.

Sam wrestles in his head with how to present this to Dean and Lizzy as Bobby tries to see how his grandkid for all intents and purposes is going to be overtaken by God one day.

"Do we tell them?" Sam finally speaks up, airing his largest concern for the immediate moment.

"Do we have a choice?" very sadly Bobby challenges, knowing that they can't keep this from the parents to be.

"Ok, but do we tell them now? Like, right now?" Sam worries, really not looking forward to absolutely trashing the only thing that has given Dean and Lizzy a reason to be happy in so long.

"We could wait, let them just… enjoy this while they can?"

"Don't think that'd be too fair," Bobby responds.

"But Bobby… after everything…" Sam nearly begs of his father figure. "They should get to be happy through this."

And it kills Bobby to turn it right around and ask, "Would you be happy if they held back something that big from you?"

Sam closes his eyes with dread. "No."

"I think it for the best that we just tell them… even if I'd rather gargle broken glass then let them know about this." Bobby brings hand to his chest with the physical pain all of this is causing him.

"Alright," Sam nods, accepting the heavy burden now placed on his and Bobby's head. "How do you want to approach this one?"

"It's been, like, an hour," Dean complains, pulling the old, faded curtain aside from the living room window and peeking outside once more. The unsettled feeling he has over the way Sam reacted to seeing that sonogram combined with his running to not his brother but Bobby when something is clearly wrong is just nagging at him. Sam just got vertical and filled with a conscious just a few hours ago. This can't be good.

"And you need to be patient," Lizzy says, though her own patience is waning.

"Screw patience," Dean angrily returns as he steps away from the window to look at her through the doorway into the kitchen. "I've been patient for six months of soulless douchery. I want to know what going on."

"And when they come back Sam will tell us," she says with certainty as she reaches into the fridge. "He has no choice really. We know something's up."

Dean watches her as she makes her way over to him, beer in hand. She smiles small and hands over the drink, knowing he needs it.

"It's our Sam. He won't lie to us. Just give him a minute and I'm sure he'll be back here explaining the freak out."
"What if it's the wall?" Dean cautiously asks as he looks down at the glass bottle in his hand and picks at the label.

"It was just put up," she tries to logic without really knowing if she's right. "It can't break down that quickly. Give it a chance." Stay positive for Dean's sake; that's been one of her many jobs in this marriage.

Dean just nods and accepts her optimism for what it is. He ducks down and kisses her once in thanks before popping the cap of his beer and draining about half of it in one stressed out go.

Right then the side door opens and Sam walks in with Bobby in tow.

"Mm," Dean hums when he sees them as he swallows the mouthful of beer. "You ok?"

"Not really," Sam answers quickly and watches the fear wash down Dean and Lizzy's faces. "Ah… no. Not Hell or anything. I'm good. I just… can you guys sit down?" Sam glances to Bobby before he returns to them. "I think we need to talk."

With Dean and Lizzy on the couch, Bobby in his usual chair, and Sam in a wooden one across from the parents to be, the horrid conversation begins quite gracelessly.

"I, uh… so… I'm…." Sam tries to find a beginning point and sighs with an awkward laugh. "This is way harder… than I even thought…"

"Take it slow, Sam," Bobby encourages the clearly disturbed man as he starts to confess what he knows. Sam wanted to be the one to tell them as it only felt right of him so Bobby lets him, showing his support.

Sam nods with nervous jerky movements and the two on the couch that are out of the loop grow a little more fearful than they already were.

"Sam," Lizzy says in her warmest tone, hating to see him like this. "Whatever it is you can tell us. It's ok."

"No it's not," he barely gets out before he presses a hand over his mouth and closes his eyes. One unsteady yet deep breath taken in and forced out, he wrings out his hands and looks up at them. "I'm really happy for you guys, you know that, right?"

"Yeah, of course," Dean says with certainty. Sam being excited for them was never a question for either he or Lizzy.

"I am. I'm happy that you guys are gonna be parents. I, I'm happy that you're adding to our family… that's why this…” Is so hard, he wanted to say but his voice completely fails him. He swallows down hard despite how dry his mouth is.

"Sam, we're not your first fuck. Relax, it's just us," Dean tries once more. Seeing Sam like this is far too uncomfortable for him to take.

"I saw a lot of things…. When Lucifer was riding my ass I was in his head just like he was in mine."

When he pauses for too long Lizzy tries to encourage him. "What did you see?"

Looking up to her and only her, Sam's eyes begin to water over. He's about to shatter her heart into pieces and it's the absolute last thing he wants to do to one of the only living people that have been so good to him.
"I saw… you," he says to her.

"Me?" she asks with sheer confusion.

"He, Lucifer, was once part of Heaven's army," Sam says and breaths deep to keep the sorrow away. "He has the same knowledge written into his mind as all the other angels. He knew about God's plan for the Apocalypse along with all the other plans that have been set for the future... including the plans for you."

Lizzy sits up tall, a little dumbfounded by what Sam's telling her. Once the Apocalypse was over and never happened she just assumed her whole reason for being that Cass always cryptically alluded to was over. Supposedly she was a player in the Apocalypse but without it she wasn't needed. Now she's confused.

"But my plans were tied to the Apocalypse and Dean…"

"That's only partially true," Sam says to her quickly. "It has a lot to do with Dean but nothing to do with the Apocalypse. They lied to you. That was a cover so you'd never figure out what you're true purpose is until... it was too late."

Her hand blindly reaches out as her heart hammers in her chest. She grabs hard onto Dean's hand and Lizzy can feel him shaking as much as she is.

"Sammy… what the hell are you talking about?" Dean asks his brother, his blood cold in his veins while hearing that his wife isn't out of the wood with Heaven after all. They both had made wrong assumptions, ones they were comfortable with and now have to give up on.

Sam looks to Dean, his face riddled with apologetic fear and pitiful sorrow.

"Lizzy is supposed to… to help bring about… God's return," Sam stutters through.

"Return to what?" Lizzy asks, her grip tightening to almost painful on Dean's hand. "Heaven?"

"Earth."

Now, Dean and Lizzy have done plenty of research concerning the Apocalypse and the Bible in general considering all they've been through. They know the book of Revelation better than Dean knows the Impala and Lizzy knows Dean. Both already know what Sam is talking about.

"But that doesn't make sense," Lizzy sputters out when she regains the use of her voice. She looks to Dean. "That makes no sense, right?"

"It does," Sam tells her, sure of it.

"How does that make any sense!?" she near shouts as the frustration and sheer terror fills her. "What, is God gonna use me? Am I a vessel too?"

"No," Sam answers immediately. "No, Lizzy… you're not the vessel."

"Then what the fuck does she have to do with this?" Dean asks, his own fury getting to him.

And Sam closes his eyes and buries his face in his hands. He bites the inside of his cheek to keep from breaking down completely. He'd give anything, he'd give his life again to change what he has to tell them and make it so their child doesn't have to deal with this.

"It's ok, Sam," Bobby says to him, reaching over and dropping a supportive hand onto Sam's
"No," Sam shakes his head and lifts his sights to Lizzy and Dean again.

Their terrified eyes are trained on him as they wait. Time to suck it up.

"Lizzy is supposed to bring the Second Coming onto this Earth," he begins as he stares right at her. "You're supposed to give birth to the vessel of God, the human that will be responsible for bringing down the Antichrist when the final showdown actually happens."

Silence once more and Sam realizes how painful the sound of nothing at all can be. When he sees the looks on Dean and Lizzy's faces it remind him of when he's seen them get dazed from a blow to the head. There is no expression to be had on either. Blank faces stare out at absolutely nothing. Neither move a muscle. They look shattered in an oddly calm way.

Lizzy is the first to move. She inhales sharply as her free hand comes to rest on her lower stomach. The air in her lungs gets caught in the throat and she's no longer breathing. She's paralyzed by the all-consuming fear.

And Dean isn't much better. With all the blows he's taken in his life, all the pain and fear he's been dealt and all the losses he's felt, nothing, absolutely nothing has compared to this feeling. He can't describe it. He can't process it. It feels like everything and nothing all at the same time.

"You're wrong," Lizzy forces out, her mouth barely moving as her eyes spill over. She takes a ragged breath and lets go of her husband's hand. She presses both palms to her stomach as if to protect her son.

And this is where Sam's heart officially does break. "I'm not. Lizzy, I'm sorry but I'm not wrong. I wish it wasn't true… but this is why you and Dean are soul mates in the first place. For this reason."

She harshly exhales with sheer overwhelming sadness as she falls into sobs.

"No," she shakes her head and hunches over her middle with her arms wrapped around herself as if cradling her unborn child. "No! No!" She looks over to Dean but gets nothing in return as he can't react yet. "This can't be right. No one is taking our son away from us!"

"The plan is that God will," Sam reiterates as he feels they are panicking too hard to really get it. "I didn't see exactly when but once he's old enough God will send his son back to Earth to get his vessel and do his appointed job.

Lizzy lets out a whimper as she starts to really cry and Dean looks over to her but his face remains completely blank.

"Dean!" she cries out his name, looking for something from him. "Say something!"

His reaction to her voice is to turn sharply over to look at Sam and he sees his brother's eyes filled with sympathy and his own personal sorrow. It's as if the information is just on the fringes of his brain and it can't seem to seep in.

"What?"

Sam's baffled by his reaction. "Dean… did you hear anything I just said?"

It takes him a second to answer. "Yeah. Ah… the Second Coming. Lizzy… uh…" He shakes his head while trying to get through to the truth. "Our son?"
Sam nods.

"God's gonna... take our son?" Dean questions though it comes out more like a fact as he shares a chillingly blank face with his brother. "He's a vessel... like you and me were?"

"Yes," Sam quietly answers. "Dean, talk or something. You're freaking me out."

Dean blinks slowly as the crawl of fury starts its march to the forefront. Everything they've been through... everything Heaven and Hell have done to them... all the horror and pants-shitting fear they have lived with almost every day because of the manipulation they've been subjected to... for this to be their reward? For Heaven to stake its claim on their son before he's even born? This shit is going to happen all over again and it's going to happen to his Sammy. His boy. He and Lizzy's child that they both love so much already.

His child is already cursed worse than he himself ever has been.

His son belongs to something other than him and Lizzy.

God, after all he's done to them, is going to take his son away.

No fucking way is this happening.

Dean stands up with balled up fists as Bobby and Sam already can see the pure ire in his eyes. He swipes an angry hand at the nearest lamp, sending it easily across the room and into the wall where it shatters everywhere.

"CASS!" Dean bellows from the depth of his soul. "Cass! Get your fucking ass down here now!"

"Dean, take a minute here," Sam asks of his brother as he stands up and walks to him.

"Fuck that! CASS!" he starts walking to the side door of the house as he can hear Lizzy's sobs in the background. He's seeing red and he wants answers. He can't think of anything but getting answers and hopefully hearing that all of what Sam says is false.

"Wait... Dean..." Sam rushes after him as Bobby moves from his chair to Lizzy. The second he sits down she falls into him, her arms tightly around her father figure as she shakes with desperate sobs, the devastating news absolutely tearing her apart.

Dean bursts through the side door of the house and marches out into the salvage yard.

"CASS! NOW!" he screams at the very loudest he can make his voice as he keeps moving, heading straight for the Impala as he does.

"Dean!" Sam runs after him and stands in front of Dean to stop him. "This isn't how you need to go about this."

"Move," Dean warns strongly.

But Sam keeps trying, his hands holding his brother back by the shoulders. "What's he gonna tell you, huh? He's gonna say everything I just did and nothing else. He can't do anything about it so just take a second here before you do something you'll regret."

"I'm not gonna regret anything," Dean sneers through clenched teeth as he glares at his brother. "He's known about this the whole time! The whole time! He let this happen!"

Dean pauses, shifting a bit with sheer fury as he shoves his left hand in his pants pocket. Washing his
other hand down his face, Dean sidesteps Sam and unlocks the Impala trunk.

"Yeah, so… he knew," Sam admits, watching Dean rifle through the contents and pulling out a clay jar of ancient holy oil the misleading angel gave them himself. "But he's a warrior of God. Cass wasn't always our friend. He was just doing his job."

"His job sucks ass," Dean fires out and closes the trunk without stopping to look at Sam. He walks to an open space on the property just a few feet away and starts to pour out a circle, just as Castiel once taught him to.

"But maybe the Apocalypse not happening means that the Second Coming isn't happening either," Sam tries to play optimistic as this thought has occurred to him already. "We might have already stopped this from happening at all."

"Only one way to find out," Dean replies darkly, walking while pouring.

Sam sighs and can see the ensuing confrontation about to take place but he doesn't try to stop it any longer. It's fruitless. He knows this version of Dean, he's seen it whenever his life has been on the line and big brother needed to fiercely protect him. This version of Dean is unstoppable and frightening.

Once the circle is complete Dean tosses the jar aside and pulls out his lighter. He holds it tight in his fist at the ready.

"I know you can hear me, you fucking coward!" he shouts to the sky above him as he steps inside the circle. "Grow some balls, Cass! Get down here! Answer me!"

"Dean," the straight voice responds and Dean whips around to see Cass standing just a couple feet away from him. "You seem highly upset."

And Dean's face shakes with fury. "When were you gonna tell us?" he asks, his voice dangerously angry and low.

"Tell you what?" the angel asks, his eyebrows knit in confusion. With all the corrupt things he's been up to this could be about anything.

"Were you going to tell us at all?" Dean's tone raises. "Or were you just gonna wait until God himself came around to take our son away from us!?"

The anger Castiel sees in Dean frightens him, which is irrational at best. Castiel is far more powerful than Dean, a human, and if Dean decides to attack then the holy being can handle him with a hand tied behind his wings. But that level of anger, that fury he can sense… he's never once seen Dean like this. Not even when his own brother betrayed him.

Castiel looks to the ground at his feet with shame. He knew this day would come as the Winchesters have uncovered the truth behind even bigger things than this before. He was just never ready for it. He never allowed himself to think about this day coming since he dreaded it so damn much.

"I asked you a question!" Dean fires out and closes the space between them.

"I'm unsure of how to respond," Castiel answers sheepishly, his eyes looking everywhere but at the angry human he considers a very close and very important friend.

"The truth for the first time would be nice!" Dean yells in his face, the assault making Castiel flinch.
Castiel looks antsy and Dean gets the feeling he's about to jump ship.

"You even think about flying your ass out on me right now I will march into Heaven myself and kill your ass dead on the fucking cloud you stand on!"

"I have done nothing wrong here," Castiel begins cautiously, his arms hung down by his sides in defeat. "I have had my orders for many millennia…"

"And since when have you ever followed your orders!?!" Dean returns with, not having been one to witness Castiel doing as he's been told to. More often than not he's breaking rules.

"I have been an obedient son my entire existence… until I met you," Castiel booms out in return, making his point to them clear. "I have only ever betrayed my orders because of you and Elizabeth and Sam! Don't you dare accuse me of not being on your side!"

"You aren't on our side!" Dean angered voice shouts in response. "You followed the orders of a guy you've never met over warning us about this!"

"And here I had thought that you, of all people, would understand the importance of obedience to one's father."

Dean huffs in complete disbelief. "Yeah? Well my father never asked me to betray my friends and set them up like this. My father would never have asked me to lie and deceive and ruin good people's lives for some bullshit prophecy!"

Castiel looks down at his feet again. "And I never thought about the consequences of what I was told to do until…" he sighs. "Until you became so important to me… not as a piece of Heaven's fate… but as a friend."

"This is not how friends act towards each other!" Dean shouts his anger for how the angel views the situation. "This isn't how friendship works!"

"And how would I know that?" Castiel quickly asks right back, reminding him that he's never had anything like a friend up until now. "All I knew before this was working with fellow soldiers, my brothers and sisters, on the same task as I. That was what I was told is family. But I've been around you, all of you, for long enough now. You've proven to me many things about the human kind that I never took stock of before." Castiel looks away from Dean. "You are a trusting group. You are kind and compassionate beings for the most of it. I believe you and Lizzy to both be my own kin… and I've never had a family before, not in the way you think of the concept. Not until now."

"But you still never told us."

Both Dean and Castiel look over towards the choked up voice and see Lizzy standing there, Bobby just behind her a couple feet. Her eyes are red, her shoulders slumped, and her whole presence seems so much smaller than usual.

"Cassie, you never told us," she cries to him, her betrayed heart dying because of him. "If you're my family… then that makes him your family too." She places her hands over her small belly, speaking of how her child is part of Castiel's limited but so important circle. "If you consider us your kin then why didn't you say something? How could you let this happen to us?"

And for the first time ever Castiel knows what it is to feel. Sure, he's been aware when he's done wrong and has an idea of what guilt is like, and he can recognize the good moments when he feels like he's a part of this little group, like he's wanted and cared about. But this, the horrible, crushing weight in his chest as he looks at his Elizabeth right in this moment… he feels emotions in their full
power right now. It's awful.

He fidgets on his feet. He can't handle this. He needs time. He needs to go.

"Don't even think about it," Dean grits out as he flicks the flint on his lighter and drops it onto the holy oil while stepping out of the circle. The oil lights up instantly and the flames trap Castiel where he is. "If you want out then you better start talking!" Dean warns the angel, knowing he has him trapped and he's going to get the truth from his former friend… or he's going to kill him.

Castiel looks straight at Lizzy with sad eyes.

"Elizabeth," he says in a hushed tone, the name always meaning so much more to him than it was ever supposed to. "You know how important you are to me. I never meant to hurt you. I would never."

"But you did," she tells him. "You lied…"

"No…"

"And you kept the horrible truth from us, from me." The tears keep a continuous stream falling down her cheeks and never stop. "I thought you were here to help me."

"I am," he promises to her, the pain she feels clear on his own face. "Elizabeth, I am only here to help you. It's my only duty. I will see you through everything, including this…"

"All you had to do was tell us," she sobs as Dean walks to stand next to her. "You just had to let us know."

"But then I would have taken away the one thing that would make you happier than anything else this planet could offer you," the angel rebuts. "Elizabeth, you're caring and wonderful and loving. You've wanted to be a mother since I've known you."

"So what!?" she shouts to him. "I've wanted a safe life too! I wanted my parents to be alive! I've wanted my husband to have a good life away from pain and blood and constant disappointment!" She lets out a deep cry from somewhere in the bottom of her heart, the crying overcoming her. "I've never gotten what I've wanted from the day you dicks sent that demon to kill my parents. If I knew that my becoming a mother would put another life through the shit we've been through then chalk it up to one more thing that I never get to have!"

Once more Castiel is at a complete loss.

"I trusted you," she says quietly as Dean's arm comes around her shoulders. "I always thought you were there for me. But this whole time… this whole thing… it was all for Heaven's selfish and bullshit purpose."

"No," Castiel denies completely. "No it wasn't."

"Then what was it? Because from where we're standing you look like a liar."

"It's… I'm not perfect. I have never been a perfect being. My flaws are large and apparent to all that encounter me. But you," Castiel's face softens. "You are my greatest accomplishment. All of Heaven is in awe of you and how you've turned out. I take much pride in you… whether that means anything to you or not."

"If you're going to take my little boy away from me… then it means absolutely nothing to me," she
tells him, desperate to make him understand. "What if something came along and took me away from you? How would you feel then?"

Castiel's face darkens with the thought. "I would smite whatever it is that took you from me without thought."

"And now you understand," Lizzy tells him. "God, your father that you've never even met, is going to take my son away from me and Dean. That's how we feel about it."

Eyes wide open now, Castiel suddenly regrets so much about his existence with her eye opener.

"And I will find a way to stop it," she warns him through her tears as her anger starts to finally show up. Her eyes harden and narrow into an expression the angel has never seen on her, not even at her most angry and she's been severely angry with him in the past. "You tell God that if he comes for my son then he better be ready. I will stop him. I will find a way to kill God myself if that's what it takes. This child deserves a good life, a much better one than either of his parents have had and I will do anything, anything to make sure that happens!"

Castiel doesn't doubt it for a second.

"Elizabeth… I am sorry," Castiel tells her in the most sincere voice he has. "Dean, I never… I was not expecting you both to become what you have to me. All I did was follow orders like I always had. It was never clear that I ever even had a choice. I never thought…" He pauses and sighs helplessly. "You may not believe me but my intentions were good."

"Aren't they always?" Dean remarks offhandedly.

"They are," he assures them. "And I will still be there for both of you and most importantly for your son."

"Don't bother," Lizzy says to him. "In fact, stay as far away from my Sammy as you can… or else." She shakes her head slightly as she steps away from Dean. "If I'm willing to take down God himself for the safety of my boy then you better believe I will kill you without blinking if you come near him."

Lizzy and Castiel just stare at each other, her with hatred and him with sorrow and loss. As Lizzy looks over at him her emotions plummet when she realizes this is the end of the long standing relationship between the two of them. She will never view him the same way. She could never. It's over.

"You lied. I can't believe you'd do this, but you lied to us. And now I have to live with knowing that all this time all you had to do, all my guardian had to do… was tell me the truth… not for me but for my son that is already my everything."

And there it is. Castiel officially loses his will to be the angelic being he was expected to be since the beginning of creation. Millions of years of sheer faith and obedience gone in the blink of one human's eye. She's become his meaning throughout her life, letting him in and teaching him about what true love is, and she's rejecting him… for all reasons he comprehends fully.

"I never thought I'd ever say this… and it absolutely kills me to do this… but… goodbye, Castiel. For good," Lizzy says to him succinctly as she cuts her ties with him completely. "I don't want to see you again." She turns her back to him as Dean lets go of her and lets out a hard, completely devastated sigh before walking back into Bobby's house alone.

When she's gone the angel can't process what he feels because he truly hasn't felt anything like this
before now. It's powerful and just devastating to experience. He screwed up.

Dean glares with sheer hatred at the being he's called his friend for years now. Rarely has a member of his family let him down this hard but he's learned from the few times Sam's disappointed him thoroughly to know how to handle it. "You or that asshole you call a father ever come anywhere near my family again and you will not live to see another day."

"Dean…" Castiel tried to cut in and apologize again but Dean cuts him off.

"I mean it," he stands his ground. "I will kill you and you know that I can. Stay away from us."

He turns towards the house with disgust and glances at Sam.

"Hose it down and let him go."

Dean then walks away to catch up with his wife.

The awkwardness of the three remaining in the side yard hits and no one knows what to say. So Sam listens to his brother like usual when he doesn't know what else to do. He runs for the garden hose attached to the spigot on the side of the house and turns it on. He sprays down the holy fire until it's extinguished and Castiel is free.

"Is it gonna happen like that?" Sam cautiously asks the angel, sheer need to know making him ask while turning off and dropping the hose. "Like I saw?"

"It is unclear," Castiel answers, just glad to speak with someone that isn't yelling at him. "I have hope that it is over and there will be no need for God's human presence on Earth. With the Apocalypse having happened the way that it did, a way that goes against prophecy, I pray there will be no evil that needs banishing in the future, no antichrist rising to power and threatening mankind like it is foretold." He sighs and looks down at the ground. "I don't wish that burden on anyone, least of all Elizabeth and Dean's child."

"You need to find out if that baby is the Second Coming or not," Sam tells the angel. "And if you can stop this from happening or at least warn them if the plan is still in place then it'll go a long way with them."

The angel looks at Sam with surprise.

"Are you trying to help me?" Castiel asks the hunter with shock.

Sam thinks it over. "Past me, Dean has never had a single friend in his life. I don't think you get how important you are to him."

Blinking once, Castiel absorbs Sam's words as he continues.

"He let you in and Dean's got some pretty high walls to scale in order to do that. Don't throw that away, Cass. Just fix this and be there for them. That kid is gonna need all the help he can find and I know you meant well. You were just following orders."

The mercy is much more than he expected to find. He knows how special Elizabeth is and how exceptional Dean is… but he clearly underestimated the abomination that is Sam Winchester.

"I am happy to see you up and about, Sam," Castiel says quickly. "We were all very worried about you for a very long time."
"Thanks, yeah… it's good to be back," Sam responds. "And seeing how much help Dean and Lizzy will need it's good that I am back."

Castiel nods, agreeing that having Sam around will certainly be to the advantage of his friends.

"I do just want them happy," Castiel explains as he mulls over the whole situation. "I know it doesn't seem that way but..."

"We know, Cass," Bobby speaks up, stepping into the heavy conversation he had stayed out of as it felt like Sam was getting somewhere with the angel. As much as he doesn't want to, he's agreeing with Sam's point of view on this one. That little boy will need every ally he can find. "Now you just have to prove it to them. They have Sam and they have me, but an angel in their back pockets could make all the difference."

"Why are you two being so forgiving?" Castiel has to ask the broken and troubled men as he doesn't understand.

"We want what's best for that kid," Bobby shrugs with the obvious answer. "They won't admit it right now but they need you."

Castiel nods once with understanding.

"That… and I guess I just know what it's like to need forgiveness more than anything else in the world from the people that mean everything to me," Sam explains himself. "We both want to be accepted by the ones that matter most to us despite our huge fuck ups."

"That we do," Castiel nods, seeing from Sam's eyes for the first time and grasping his standpoint better than ever. They are one in the same at this point.

More determined than ever, Castiel has to stop Raphael from restarting the Apocalypse. Maybe they were right. Maybe if part one never happened they can avoid part two. Maybe that child of theirs is out of the woods after all. He has a lot of work and a lot of digging to do but he'll do it without thought. He has to. He owes them.

He has to stop Raphael.

"I know what I must do," Castiel says to them both with sheer drive.

"What's that?" Bobby questions.

"Raphael needs to be stopped," he quickly explains. "He wants to restart the Apocalypse and if that happens then the son of Elizabeth and Dean will certainly be doomed."

"Ok," Sam nods, happy to see Castiel thinking clearly and correctly. "You need anything then you come to us, ok? Maybe not Dean for now and avoid Lizzy but Bobby and I will help any way we can. We want our little guy to have a good life."

Castiel looks around and thinks. His eyes land again on Sam. "I will make this right. I will find penance for what I've done."

He disappears to go find Crowley. A deal with the current Devil might be unseemly and wrong but when you have the deck stacked against you any advantage is a step in the right direction. Castiel needs power, Crowley can access that power with his help. He feels evil and wrong even thinking about it but Elizabeth is right. That long foretold of child of hers deserves a better life than it's already been given.
It's time to right his wrongs and get his family back.
He knows he's not been getting the whole truth from the second he woke up in the panic room. Something, and something big at that, has been withheld from him and it's driving him crazy. He may have only been back for a handful of hours but that doesn't matter. Sam is a curious person and he needs to satisfy his curiosities… especially since he feels that whatever piece of the Sam-puzzle he's missing is a very big, very scary piece.

The worst part is that it's obvious. Anytime he's questioned something about the year and a half he's been gone and Dean would cut him off or just flat out lie about it. Bobby hasn't been much better and even if some things have changed, Dean and Bobby's tells certainly haven't. Those guys are transparent. He's sure Dean is doing his best to keep this whatever it is quiet and he's getting the rest of their family to go along with it.

And above everything else… there's something nagging at him. Sam knows he and Dean hunted a skinwalker and it wasn't a year and a half ago. It makes no sense whatsoever but he just knows it. And on top of that he gets these déjà vu flashes of things he's seen or done but he doesn't remember doing them in the first place.

Something is very wrong.

So he goes to the one person he knows he can dupe the truth out of with a fair amount of ease.

"Castiel?" Sam calls to the angel out in the salvage yard just a few hours after he flew after dropping the terrible truth onto Dean and Lizzy. "Cass? Can you hear me? You got a minute?"

"Sam."

Sam turns at the sound of his name to see the angel there.

"Hey, ah… thanks for showing up so fast. I know you're really busy…."

"You are the only human I know not looking to kill me at the moment so I would like to show my thanks by answering you."

Sam winces at how sad he sounds. "I just wanted to talk about some things, things Dean doesn't want to. And he's not really in any shape for a serious discussion right now anyways."

Castiel just nods his understanding.

"Um... what a crazy year, huh?" Sam asks with nervousness. "I, I just talked to Bobby. He, he told me everything that happened."

"Frankly, I'm surprised that you survived," Castiel says in a moment of honesty as he walks forward and stands by the hunter. "I was begging Dean not to do it."

Not to do what? Sam's stomach drops. "Yeah. No. I, I can understand that."

"You know, it's a miracle it didn't kill you."

"Yeah," Sam agrees but can feel the panic building within him over where this conversation is going. "Yeah, it's a miracle alright."
"So, how does it feel?" the angel wonders, checking to see that Sam is actually alright enough to function.

"What?"

"Well, to have your soul back, of course."

And the other shoe drops. There it is, the truth.

"Right," Sam nods as he tries to absorb the blow and get all he can out of the angel. "You, you mean 'cause I was walking around with no soul. Uh... really good, Cass. I'm real good. You know what? I'm, I'm just hazy on a few of the details, though. Um... you think maybe you could... walk me through?"

Sam took a full day to himself after Castiel spilled the beans about the past year and a half. He's been soulless. His body was walking around without him in it.

And the things he did…

It made him sick to his stomach at first.

What he put his family through, his brother through, it horrifies him. Granted it wasn't really him and he had no control over what his empty vessel actually did but it still felt like he’d done all the terrible shit himself.

And now where does he go from here? What does he do and how does he make it right? Can he make it right?

At the very least he owes his brother a very large, very serious apology.

One full day. Twenty-four hours.

That's how long it has been since Lizzy's gotten out of bed. Aside from using the bathroom when necessary she's been cocooned in blankets while shutting out the unfair and horrifically cruel world that she's been forced to live in. Her depression is deep and endless with this blow and with the loss of her son's ability to live a normal, safe life she just doesn't know what to do. The only thing she feels like doing is laying there and pretending none of it is happening as it's the only way this whole thing is bearable.

That first day, right after finding out about Sammy's future, Dean joined her. He too didn't have the strength needed to handle the massively terrible information about the fate of their little boy right away. It was more than he’s ever been asked to hoist up on his broad, tired, and broken shoulders and the fear attached to the unknown future was just too crushing to begin to manage.

When he marched back into the house after leaving Sam and Bobby to the task of freeing Castiel and sending him off for good, he stopped for a moment in the kitchen. He stood there alone, the ire fell away slowly as the frigid grip of true and honest fear took over. He's only one man, a strong willed one at that, but he's just a human and the forces that will be against he and his wife when it comes to their family… it's tremendously overwhelming.

Dean didn't know if he could succeed in this one. He feared for the life of his innocent child, the one that he and Lizzy were responsible for bringing into this fucked up world. They created this mess and he worried that this time around he wouldn't be able to clean it up.
How horribly unfair everything already is to his little Sammy and he hasn't even truly come into the world yet.

He needs to find and be with his wife right now.

Lizzy wasn't on the bottom floor of the house but he already knew she wouldn't be. He knew where he'd find her.

Climbing the stairs with heavy feet and an even heavier heart, he got to the second floor and took a right turn into the baby's room.

Like he assumed, Lizzy was curled up in a ball on her side, lying on the bed they have yet to take out of the former hunter's lodgings and she's clutching the soft, fluffy teddy bear he bought for their son. Dean went online after she declared Sammy a Patriots fan and got her a stuffed animal wearing a Patriot's helmet and Tom Brady jersey. She loved it, thanked him over and over for it, and in the moment she used it to hang onto in the middle of the sudden horror they've come upon.

Without a word Dean walked to her. He slipped in behind her and pulled her in close, his arms in an iron-clad embrace around her as if promising to protect her and their son at all costs. She already knew he would but the comfort the feel of him holding her made her sigh gratefully through her still going sobs.

"What the hell are we gonna do?" she choked out to him, tears continually soaking into the pillow beneath her head as she looked around the room at all she's done in preparing for her little love to arrive.

Pulling her tighter, his arm around her and the stuffed animal meant for their child, Dean placed a sorrowful kiss on her cheek before he rested his own cheek to hers. "I don't know."

The confession that even Dean, her mighty husband Dean Winchester, didn't have an answer for this one made her collapse into sobs once more.

That was the last either of them spoke for the rest of the day.

And now, as Dean peers at his wife still balled up in that same bed in their son's room for the second day in a row, he's worried. No, he's scared.

Lizzy is a warrior at heart. She's never once laid down and died over any challenge or issue she's ever had presented to her. Lou died and she somehow forged on without her. Dean went to hell and she fought tooth and nail to find a normal life for herself. Sam disappeared into that Cage and she clambered and clawed through her own depression to pull him out of his because she cared that damn much. Every monster that met her regretted it and every demon or angel that came across her walked away with respect for her will and strength… if they walked away at all, that is.

But this is the true breaking point for Lizzy. This she can't seem to push herself through.

He steps inside the room quickly just to bend down and give his dog a good pet on the head as he lies at the floor by the bed Lizzy is in. Their dog hasn't left her side since she laid down a couple days ago. Cass can sense something very wrong with her and when something is wrong with Lizzy he sticks with her out of sheer instinctual concern. He hasn't eaten anything in a few days either, out of what Dean is calling doggie-solidarity.

Without a word, Dean reaches into his jeans pocket and pulls out a dog treat. No tricks needed to earn this one, he holds it out in his palm for Cass to take. The pooch definitely earned a little something for his loyalty.
Silently Dean then makes his way back down the stairs. She needs some more time, he can understand that, but not too much more. She can't let this depression win for much longer. That son of theirs needs to be cared for.

He heads straight for the whiskey bottle on the kitchen counter once on the bottom floor. As he pours himself a glass he gets interrupted.

"Dean..." Sam says his brother's name with caution from the living room.

Dean looks over to him as he finishes up pouring his glass. "Yeah?"

"Can you sit down for a second?"

"That sounds bad," Dean comments with the out-of-the-blue request. "You gonna need a drink for this one?"

"Ah, yeah... that'd be helpful."

"Shit, that sounds worse," Dean comments low to himself as he gets a second glass ready. He then walks to the living room, hands over Sam's drink, and sits in Bobby's chair facing his little brother.

Sam pauses and prepares himself before looking at Dean with his sorrowful eyes, deep with meaning along with having his soul back. "I am so... so sorry. I can't even begin to say...."

Dean swallows hard. "For what?" he asks despite knowing exactly what.

"You know what."

Eyes closed with a hard sigh, Dean asks, "Did Bobby...?"

"Cass."

"Cass," he echoes with anger. "Friggin' child."

"You should have told me, Dean," Sam says, wishing his brother had been honest from the start.

"You weren't supposed to know."

"What I did? To Bobby? To you and Lizzy? Dean, I... I ruined your lives." He hangs his head with all that he's done.

"You didn't ruin our lives," Dean immediately denies the thought.

"No?" Sam challenges. "So you and Lizzy are still out of the life then?"

"First of all, it wasn't you that did anything wrong here, ok?" Dean says with his strong willed voice that tends to drive home points that Sam needs to grasp when in denial. "That soulless dickbag was not you, not at all. What he did had nothing to do with you."

"But it was me..."

"No, it wasn't," Dean punches out and Sam pauses, listening. "Second, you didn't ruin our lives."

"You were out, Dean," Sam says to him with devastation in his face. "Cass told me all of it. You and Lizzy were living in her hometown. You had a job and a life with friends and you did lame shit like go golfing on the weekends. You were out, really out... and now you're back in the trenches
because of me."

Dean just stares at Sam for a minute as he's unsure of how to respond. Sam did drag him back in… but not his Sam. It was the stranger that looked like his brother that brought him back in. He just doesn't know how to explain that correctly.

"My son is Jesus the sequel," he reminds Sam. "I think that's what's currently driving that final nail into the coffin, not you. There's never any getting out, Sammy… and you have nothing to do with that."

The name makes Sam remember what Lizzy said just yesterday to Castiel. She called her son Sammy. He keeps this information on the inside for now despite how much he'd like to bring it up. That's another conversation for another time.

"No," Sam refuses the idea that they'll continue to hunt even now. "No. There's a way out. There has to be."

"I'm sorry, Sam, but there's not." Dean takes a large gulp of whiskey. "I don't think either of us can say otherwise now.

"But what's stopping us right now from ditching the life?" Sam's eyes light up when the idea strikes him as Dean's narrow with questioning. "Seriously, what's in the way? I'm back now, there's nothing coming after us anymore than usual…"

"I repeat, my son is God's vessel."

"Not for a very long time, though," Sam says, getting excited. "We have at least a few decades before that happens. Dean, we could just drop off the map, settle down somewhere, and start over. You could get a house and a job again, raise your son in the suburbs and be a dad, a real dad. We could do all the research we can when the little guy's not around. He wouldn't even have to know about his destiny for most of his life, until you and Lizzy are ready to tell him."

Dean's not rejecting the idea as he listens on.

"We can make sure he has a normal life for as long as possible," Sam says with hope. "We'll let the rest of the hunters out there carry the load for once as we just… leave." Sam smiles and huffs with this sudden plan of his. "This could work. I think it could work."

"It's something to think about," Dean nods. He has reservations as every time he thinks he can have that wonderful life it just slips between his fingers but the promise of a brighter option is there. Sometimes just a possibility is enough to keep him going. "After I get Lizzy out of her funk I can talk to her about what the next step is."

"Understandable," Sam nods, knowing they need time to recover form discovering the truth still. "And I mean it… I'm sorry about everything. I just… you still should have told me, man…"

"Sam, Death didn't just shove your soul back in, okay?" Dean starts to get upset. "He put up the great wall of Sam between you and the things that you don't remember. And trust me when I say that the things you don't know could kill you. That's not a joke."

"Alright. But I have to set things right. Or what I can, anyway."

"It wasn't you."

"You know, I kind of feel like I got slipped the worst mickey of all time... and I woke up to find out
that I had burnt the whole city down. And you can say it wasn't me, but... I'm the one with the zippo in my pocket, you know? So I'm not sure it's that cut and dry. And, look, I appreciate you trying to protect me. I really do. But I got to fix... what I got to fix. So I need to know what I did."

"But you don't know how dangerous that could be."

"What would you do?" Sam asks and Dean can't answer. Instead he takes down a solid amount of whiskey. "Right. Same thing."

---

After checking on Lizzy yet again, nothing having changed with her yet, Dean leaves her be. He'd love to talk over everything Sam purposed to him earlier, the idea of just slipping away and being normal again being so appealing, but he needs to get her out of her depression first.

When he gets to the study no one is where they were when he left and he can hear voices out in the driveway. Curious, he heads outside.

"Dean!" he hears his name and sees two old hunting acquaintances of his dad's talking to Bobby and Sam.

"Jerry," Dean says back, putting on a brave smile as if everything is just peachy. He walks over and shakes the man's hand while nodding to the second guy. "Hey Dan."

"How you doing these days, kid?" the older man asks and shakes his hand also. "When we got a call from Bobby about a case you boys didn't take I got worried 'bout you."

"I'm fine," Dean brushes off. "Just Lizzy's been… under the weather."

"Yeah, pregnancy will do that," Jerry comments easily. "I remember when Gina was pregnant the first time…" He pauses a bit, swallowing the sadness that come with speaking of his family. "She had a hell of a time with it."

"Wait a minute," Dean stops him, his brow lowered in concern. "You know about that?"

"You kidding me?" Jerry nearly laughs. "This old guy won't shut up about it!" He punches Bobby in the arm with jest. Bobby just rolls his eyes.

"Huh," Dean eyes his father figure with obvious upset before looking back to Jerry and Dan. "Never knew Bobby was such a friggin' girl. I mean, I had an idea…"

"You might wanna stop right there before you insult the guy putting a roof over your head," Bobby warns fairly as he glares at Dean.

"Take it easy, old man," Dean says back before looking at the two visiting hunters seriously. "Can you guys do me a solid and keep that info to yourselves for now? We're trying to stay low profile with everything."

"Haven't told a soul," Dan raises his right hand. "Hell, besides this asshole," he jerks a thumb at his hunting partner. "I don't even really talk to too many other people. Secret's safe."

"Relax, Dean," Bobby grumps. "I trust these guys. You can too."

"Whatever, Gossip Girl," Dean brushes him off with a joke. "How'd it go?"

"Well..." Dan sighs a bit as he reaches into the open window of his car and hands over an old, decrepit book to Bobby. "This one was... weird."
"Weird how?" Sam dives right in.

"We found this in the dragon's lair they set up in the sewers," Jerry points to the book. "We have no idea what it means or what the hell language that is so we figured we'd let the expert do his thing." He nods at Bobby as the man is already leafing through the pages.

"Shit," Bobby says with surprise. "I'm gonna need a minute with this. Maybe several."

"Take all the time you need," Dan answers. "We're heading out anyways."

"Where to?" Sam wonders.

"Idaho. Hear there's a possible aswang snatching up old folks."

Dean visibly goes ridged with the monster name. His wife almost died at the hand of one of those things. That particular creature will always make him angry with just the mention of it.

"You have wooden stakes?" Sam asks them, making sure they're ready for the fight they're sure to walk into.

"And our torches ready, don't you worry, Sam." Dan claps him on the shoulder. "You guys notice how weird it's getting out there? I mean, we put down a were' a month ago that was killing people on a half moon. I mean, what the fuck, right?"

"Yeah, it's been bizarro alright," Dean fully agrees.

"Hey, ah, if you two need us to take any other cases off your hands you just let us know," Jerry tells them while looking right at Dean. "We've both been in your shoes before. You worry about Lizzy and let the rest of us worry about the shit that goes bump in the night."

"That's generous, Jerry," Dean holds out his hand to shake it again. "Thanks."

"Anytime," Jerry responds as he and Dan start to pack it in. "You tell Lizzy we said hi and we wish her the best, huh?"

"Will do."

The three watch Jerry and Dan drive off before Bobby sighs.

"Looks like it's time for me to get translating."

"Now, as near as I can figure it, this dates back around the fourteenth century," Bobby explains from his desk as Sam and Dean sit on the other side listening. They gave him time to figure it all out and now he fills them in on what this dragon book is about.

"What language is it?" Sam asks with sheer curiosity. He's been out of hunting, sure, but he's still interested when new things come about.

"Da Vinci code," he jokes at first. "Real obscure Latinate. Gonna take me my golden years to translate it all." He watches Dean touch the pages. "Oh, and, uh, FYI… that ain't paper."

"What is it?"

"It's human skin."
Immediately Dean makes a freaked out face and drops the book before Bobby moves on.

"Okay. I'm fairly clear on this first bit. It basically describes this place. It's like the backside of your worst nightmares. It's all blood and bone and darkness. It's filled with the bodies and souls of all things hungry, sharp, and nasty."

"Monsters?" Sam asks with sheer worry.

"It's monsterland. According to this, it goes by many names, most of which I can't pronounce, but I'm thinking you know Purgatory."

"Purgatory? Awesome," Dean sarcastically complains.

"Purgatory is real!?" Sam asks with wide eyes when he hears this.

"Ah… yeah…" Dean starts to explain. "We found out about that while you were T-2. Basically Crowley's looking for an in to Purgatory and Purgatory is where all monsters go when they die."

"Why does Crowley want in to Purgatory?"

"A new vacation spot?" Bobby guesses. "Beats the hell out of me."

"Purgatory, huh," Sam repeats as he thinks the idea over before he inhales sharply once and freezes. If all monsters go to Purgatory when they die then that means… "Lou." Sam's wide eyes bounce back and forth between Dean and Bobby with the sudden understanding. "She's there!?"

"Yeah," Dean sadly says to Sam. When he discovered the existence of Purgatory a few months back through the alpha vamp he and Bobby had a hard time with this one. Their friend is stuck there and there's nothing they can do about it. It's been a tough pill to swallow and they know it'll be so much worse for Sam to handle. "She's there."

"Oh God," Sam sits back and thinks it over with his hands on his head in panic. Bobby's description makes the place sound so awful and the woman he still loves is doomed to be there for eternity. The hits just keep on coming, don't they? It's been rapid fire awful discoveries from the second he woke up.

"We're gonna need you to not let Lizzy know about any of this," Bobby quietly and carefully explains to Sam. "We haven't told her about that quite yet."

"Why not!?" Sam near yells with upset that they'd keep something like that about Lou from her.

"She's got enough going on," Dean explains. "Now more than ever. I doubt stressing her out any more than she already is will be any good for her or the kid. Plus… once she knows…"

"She'll try to get her out," Sam finishes, having been on that very train of thought himself from the jump. "It was my first thought."

"But we can't," Bobby says very sternly. "Even if this book would tell us how it's way too dangerous."

"That's in there?" Sam perks up unintentionally.

"Sure is… or was," Bobby explains. "Those dragons were reading an instruction manual. If you're nuts enough to want access to a place that gnarly, this book will show you how to open a door."

"Door to purgatory," Sam says, recognizing the opportunity that's laid in front of him.
"Sam, no," Dean warns strongly. "You can't go opening up monsterland, dude. Think of how disastrous that would be. Azazel opened up hell once and that was bad enough. Everything we've ever killed and every other hunter has ever killed would be freed. That's spells mayhem."

"Plus, she's a vampire, Sam," Bobby says sadly. "And she's fed before. There's no curing that. Even if you get her out she's still probably gonna be a monster. She won't be our Lou, not anymore."

Sam sighs with understanding. That point is far too valid. There's no answer for saving his Lou. She can't be rescued. "Fuck," Sam shakes his head with the punch to the gut.

"Well, this sucks," Dean complains once he thinks it all over. "I know a demon who would have loved to have known about a friggin' door to Purgatory. So, how do you open it?"

"Ask Cloverfield," he says while opening the book to several ripped out pages. "I'm pretty sure he's got that page. Oh, and it gets worse."

"How can it get worse?" Sam asks, his disappointment defeating him.

"This ain't talking about how to take a vacation over there. This is all about opening a door to let something in."

"Bring something here. What?" Sam asks.

"I'm working on it."

"Could you give us something?" Dean tries to get more from him.

"I got a name," Bobby tells him. "Mother."

"Mother?" Sam repeats. "Mother of what? Mother of dragons?"

"I wish. It says it a few times here. Mother of All."

"What the hell does 'Mother of All' mean?" Dean asks with fear.

"I don't know… but I'm pretty sure I don't wanna meet her."

"So we're talking yet another big bad to add to the list of shit ready to take down the world," Dean sums up with not an ounce of excitement.

"Sounds like," Bobby responds equally depressed by the idea.

Dean sits back in his seat and washes a hand down his tired face. He glances at Sam. "And this is why we can't just leave and pretend everything is sunshine and live a good life. There's always something waiting to pop up and ruin the world, the world my son is gonna have to live in. And who else is gonna be dumb enough to volunteer to take care of it all?"

Dean gets up without another word and grabs his jacket. "Cass!"

His dog coming immediately, Dean yanks the side door open and they disappear. Sam and Bobby look to each other but neither speak.

Everything is a mess. Everything is happening all at once. How the hell are they supposed to slog through the muck this time? It's never been this bad before and the world has never come at them from so many different angles at once.
Walking into the nursery quietly with a tray of wheat toast, orange juice, and a sliced up apple, Dean holds his breath a bit and hopes with all he has that today is the day that Lizzy'll at least talk to him. Three days of silence is far too much from his overly-talkative wife.

Placing the tray of food on the floor by the foot of the bed, Dean takes the dog bowls, one with food and one with water, off of it and places them on the floor by Cass' head, the dog having eaten very little since he's sat vigil by Lizzy. The pet gets up and eats immediately as Dean takes a seat on the bed by Lizzy's feet. Rubbing a hand comfortingly over her leg from on top of the blanket she's bundled under, Dean takes a breath and tries his best.

"I brought you some breakfast."

Nothing. Lizzy simply keeps her eyes trained on the wooden crib a few feet away. She doesn't even blink with his words.

"It isn't much… just toast and some fruit," he continues to talk despite her obvious want to not do so. "I know everything sucks right now but you need to eat. No matter what Cass or Sam or anyone else says… that's our son. We're gonna be good to him and take care of him. He needs food."

She closes her eyes and breaths out a sigh through her nose.

Standing up from his spot, Dean moves to sit on the floor in front of her so that they're face to face. Their eyes meet and it's much worse than Dean could have hoped for. She's broken. This life broke her this time. Hell, he's not sure it hasn't actually broken him too but he's still trucking on. He's trying. She's just not.

"We've overcome a lot together," Dean reminds her as he sits there looking at her. "L, we have overcome so fucking much and we're just a couple of humans scrambling in the dark half the time. You and me… there is not a damn thing we can't do if we're together and we can deal with even this. You have to know that's true."

She closes her eyes and her chin quivers a bit with what he tells her. It isn't working.

"Hey," he calls to her and pries her hand off of the teddy bear still in her clutches so he can sandwich it between his own. "L, come on. Look at me."

Her tired and devastated eyes peer at him after her heavy lids lift with clear effort.

"I love you," he tells her with sheer honesty. "And I love Sammy too. Nothing, and I mean nothing, will break our family up. Nothing will ever happen to either of you if I'm around and I plan on being around for a long, long time. I promise you that."

Lizzy shakes her head, knowing that promise is empty as anything could come along and end their lives early at any given time; a monster, a bus, a demon, a fall down the stairs, a pissed off angel… anything.

"Don't roll over die on this one. It's too big," Dean tells her. "Sammy needs you. I need you. You should get up, eat something, take a shower."

She curls into herself and holds that stuffed animal even tighter, her eyes closed again as she lets her
actions tell him she isn't ready for that.

Dean runs a loving hand over her head and down her cheek.

"At least try to eat," he says to her as he leans up and kisses her forehead. "He's probably starving by now. He is my kid after all."

Dean stands up and leaves the room as much as he doesn't want to. He's actually quite mad at her even if he hides it very well. She's pregnant. This is no way for a pregnant woman to act. She needs to eat soon and stop putting their child's health at risk… yet at the same time he completely understands.

What a fucking mess.

"And?" Sam asks Dean with hope when he returns down to the first floor alone. Sam's been overly worried, just like Bobby, about the self-imposed solitary confinement Lizzy has put on herself.

Dean just shakes his head no and walks through the study past the two of them and grabs the whiskey bottle off the kitchen table. Liquid breakfast it is.

"Balls," Bobby hushes with sheer worry.

"She just can't pull herself out of this one," Dean says to them as he pours a quite hefty glass for himself. "I've never seen her like this… though I can't blame her.

"I don't like it," Bobby states the obvious as he grows more concerned about her every second she hides away up there. This isn't like her at all.

"I'm right there with ya'," Dean agrees as he looks down into his glass. "Scares the fucking shit outta me." He downs three large swallows of the liquor without flinching. He then hangs his head with a helpless sigh. "I have no idea what to do here. I gotta get her outta this but…."

Looking around the room as his brain turns a bit, Sam stands up. He hasn't talked to her in three days as he's left Dean to handle it since he's her husband and all but now he's done with that. Time for a sibling chat.

"I'm gonna try," Sam says to Dean and pauses as he waits for… permission maybe?

"Do your worst, Sammy. I'm out of ideas," Dean tells him without much hope. "I'll take anything you got." Might as well let the guy try.

Sammy. He hears the name and Sam gets an idea. He instantly heads up the stairs with a plan of attack in mind.

Once in the open doorway he knocks on the doorframe and waits. The balled up form in the bed doesn't move or respond to the sound.

"Lizzy?" Sam questions and he watches as her eyes look to him. Her face shows the torment she's currently going through and he sighs to himself with concern. Once she sees him she turns away, returning to her staring out into space position.

This is what Dean's been dealing with? He wasn't lying. This truly isn't the Lizzy they know so well. Now he's scared too.

Sam walks around the tray of food on the floor to drag the rocking chair over to the bed. He bends
down to pet Cass on the head once before he takes a seat in front of her and prepares to be there all day if that's what it takes to at least get her to talk again.

"You know, we haven't even really talked since I've been back," he starts in. "You've been so quiet."

Nothing.

"I get why, I do… but it's so not like you," Sam huffs a tiny laugh with the idea that she's not been talking. "Usually all you do is talk."

More silence.

"And I've been gone for over a year. That's a long fucking time. You haven't given us a chance to catch up."

Still nothing and it starts to scare him. On to plan B.

"Fair enough, but I do… have one question for you," Sam says to her and Lizzy keeps her focus off in the distance. Dean's asked her a million questions so far so what's one more to ignore?

When she doesn't move a muscle he forges on anyways.

"Have you and Dean picked out a name yet?"

Her eyes snap onto him immediately. Sam smiles knowingly at her once he has her full attention.

"I ask because, you know, it's funny…" Sam starts as he leans back comfortably in his rocking chair as he speaks to her with slight levity, arms crossed and one ankle resting on his other knee. "When you were talking to Cass a few days ago… or telling him off, really… you said something that makes me think you guys have picked one already."

She narrows her eyes at him, challenging him silently to continue.

"I don't think you realized you did it but you called him by his name when talking about him."

He watches her jaw clench.

"So were you two gonna ask permission to use my name or just steal it without telling me first?"

Lizzy harrumphs with annoyance. "It was a surprise."

"She speaks!" Sam smiles warmly to her with the use of her small, rough with lack of use tone. To this Lizzy simply rolls her eyes.

"You guys are really going to name him Sam?"

She nods in confirmation.

Sam huffs a flattered laugh at this. "You know I was only joking when I told you guys to go have kids and name them Sam before I went Cage-bound."

"Don't care," Lizzy answers still in a quiet volume. "Still woulda done it."

"Why?" Sam asks. Well aware that he looks like he's compliment digging, he doesn't care. This is a
positive thing he can talk about right now, one that looks at the good side of the little boy she's about to bring into their screwed up world.

Lizzy just looks around the room. There's plenty of reason for naming her son after Sam. Too many, actually. But she doesn't feel like speaking and she's well aware of what he's doing to get her going. "Who else would we name him after?"

"No one," Sam challenges. "You could name him whatever you want. Doesn't have to be after any one person."

"Samuel's a perfectly good name," she informs him succinctly and without emotion. She sounds a little like Castiel to Sam but right now he'd never tell her that.

"What about John then?"

"No." The answer is immediate and hard.

"Why not?" he has to wonder since his father, though they never got along while he was alive, really did do the best he could.

"Half the mess Dean became is because of him. You too."

"Fair enough," Sam nods, knowing John's best was clouded with fear and militant over-protectiveness, then skewed by the loss of the love of his life. "What about Bobby?"

"Middle name."

Sam smiles a bit at this thought. "So you're naming him Sam Bobby?"

"Samuel Robert," she corrects. "Don't tell Bobby. We want to surprise him."

"Secret's safe with me," Sam vows to her genuinely as he looks her over. The balled up position she's been holding onto quite tensely has slackened a little. "I'm really flattered, by the way. That you guys would give him my name. Kinda amazing, actually…" He drags a hand through his hair. "With all the shit I've done."

"We want him to be a badass so we gave him a badass name… guess he has to be one now though, huh?" she asks and looks over to him. "He'll probably have to be trained... like you were."

"I don't think that has to happen," he responds immediately.

"I don't see how it isn't doomed to happen," she whispers out, not wanting to fall back into sobs if she can help it.

"We just found out about all this," Sam starts to explain his sunnier outlook on the whole situation. "We have Sam's…"

"Sammy's," she corrects.

He smiles a bit lopsided. "We have Sammy's whole life to figure out how to deal with this."

"We don't know when God will need him."

"It won't be when he's a child, I can promise you that," he rebuts knowingly, having seen the whole plan first hand. "We jump on this now and we'll have a plan or five ready for the future. We've fried some big fish, you know that."
"We can't kill God," Lizzy admits despite the fact that she did say she would.

"So we go another route," he shrugs. "We can hide Sam from him."

"Sammy," she corrects again.

"We can hide Sammy from him. Or we can ward him so that no being can use him as a vessel. Or we could…"

"We don't know how to do that stuff," Lizzy denies these ideas. They've never been able to do any of the things Sam is suggesting.

"Yeah, now. But like I said, we have years to figure this out."

Her eyes soften up a bit when he gives her hope, just the slightest amount.

"But right now you don't have years before that little guy shows up," Sam switches gears. "You have less than five months at this point. You gotta be good to him, Lizzy."

She rolls her eyes and sighs with her stubbornness.

"Eat something," Sam tells her, getting up from his seat and grabbing the tray on the floor. He places it next to her on the bed. "And get out of this room. Be happy about the fact that no matter what… Sammy's your boy. You're still going to be a mother, a really good one… but not if you're lying in bed all day."

Lizzy picks herself up and sits there, her dirty, disheveled hair falling all over and her puffy, tired eyes blinking a few times with the quick dizzy spell.

"See, you need to eat," he points out to her when he sees her falter and she scowls right back at him. "I'll leave you alone but we want to see you downstairs soon."

She nods.

"Good," Sam smiles wide, too excited to have helped her. He owes her so much and this is just helping chip away at that. "Now feed that nephew of mine. Badasses aren't skinny."

"I'm a badass," Lizzy rebuts.

"And right now you're aren't skinny," Sam jabs right back at her.

" Fucking hilarious," she tells him in a completely flat tone.

"You know it was," Sam agrees and leans down to kiss his sister on the cheek as she seemed to need that. Shocking him she brings her arms around him before he can pull back, holding him in a hug he truly didn't expect.

They stay that way for some time, Lizzy grabbing onto one thing she never has to worry about and never has to question ever again and Sam giving Lizzy whatever she needs at the moment to pull out of this hole she's dug herself.

When Lizzy loosens her grip Sam stands tall. He looks down at her as she peers up at him and Sam smiles once more, his eyes suddenly drifting to her exposed arm as she pushes her sweatshirt sleeves up. He wrinkles his forehead as he translates the Latin script on her skin that he's never seen before. "My brother, my blood, my… savior… SW… did you get that for me?" He looks her in the eye with surprise and flattery.
"Of course," Lizzy answers, her sour attitude still there. "My arm tells my story. You're part of my story."

Sam smiles with his usual awkward grace before shifting on his feet oddly. He wants to tell her how much he cares about her too, how much she means to him and her love means to him… but he can't say it. "I like it." He grins a little to hide just how much the tattoo is affecting him. He swallows hard and says, "Thanks," before leaving.

Sam makes his way down the stairs, taking deep breaths to keep his emotions from clobbering him, and takes his seat across from Bobby once more, head immediately in the books without saying a word to the men around him.

Dean and Bobby just pause what they are doing and look over at Sam working away as if he hadn't just disappeared for a long time to try and get Lizzy out of bed.

"Well?" Bobby asks the studious man and Sam looks up at him.

"Hmm?" Sam innocently asks, playing it cool. "Oh, right, uh… you guys probably want to know how it went." His smug smile is firmly in place.

"Ah, yeah. Sam, it'd be nice," Dean sarcastically bites with Sam's nonchalance.

"Uh, it went alright," Sam nods, tone light. "I got her talking."

"She talked to you?" Dean asks as he drops his book to the side of the cot and leans forward, shocked eyes staring at Sam.

"A little bit," Sam brushes off through his act. "She'll be down soon if you want to say anything to her."

Neither Bobby nor Dean respond.

"Oh, uh, after she finishes her breakfast of course," he smirks again and dives back into his reading, his air of superiority reigning as king.

"How the fuck…" Dean starts to say but he hears movement from the second floor. He hears her shuffling about and his heart skips a beat with hope. He then peers back at Sam. "How the hell'd you do that?"

Sam just shrugs again. "Sometimes… I don't know. I understand her. I talked, she listened, and then eventually responded. Don't expect miracles, I mean… she's still messed up but… it's a start."

Sam goes back to reading for good and Dean lets him leave it at that. Clearly he didn't get what it was that Sam said or did but really he doesn't care. He's been well aware that there are some things, some ways that Sam and Lizzy have bonded and can relate that he could never truly understand. He knows it started when he went to hell and Lizzy was the only one Sam was comfortable with keeping in contact with. She got through to him back then and the trust she created has been built upon since. It's not something Dean is jealous of, not in the least… even if at first it did unnerve him a bit. He's come to see how fortunate it is in the long run. Sam needs someone outside of his brother sometimes, a person he can run to when shit gets too hard to handle. How lucky is he that it's his wife that his own little brother can go to?

When Dean hears small, hesitant footsteps making their way slowly down the staircase he looks at the whiskey in his hand and books it into the kitchen while slamming down the rest. He doesn't want her to see him drinking before ten in the morning when she's just pulled herself together for the first
time.

He's oddly nervous. It's like he's picking her up for their first date or something… which they never had. Oh well… the point is he feels the need to impress her and keep her with them. He wants his wife back, the warrior part of her, the kind yet too strong woman that's going to be everything their son needs.

Dean drops the empty glass in the sink and turns back to the study. He walks to the hallway as she makes it to the bottom step.

"Hey," he smiles just slightly at her, ready to try and see where her head is.

Lizzy just looks up at him and crosses her arms across her middle. "Hi."

They just stare at each other for a minute, Sam and Bobby's own focuses bouncing back and forth between them.

"Did you eat?" Dean wonders, worried about pressing her too quickly but he has to know.

She nods.

"You want anything else?" he starts to take a step towards the kitchen, ready to cook a four course gourmet meal if that's what she wants. "I can make you anything…"

"I think I'm gonna take a shower," she says to him, making him stop in his nervous tracks.

"Yeah, ok," Dean nods. "That's a good idea. Uh, if you want anything though… just ask. Anything at all."

With a deep breath taken, Lizzy walks to close the space between them. She pulls him into a hug, her arms tightly around his waist, and closes her eyes. Without thought, Dean wraps her up and holds her tight, something he's wanted to do for days. With a hand to the back of her head he lets out a lungful of air that he's been keeping in this whole time. As long as she's with him on this they can figure this out.

"I'm sorry," she says quietly so that he's the only one who can hear it.

The second she says it he backs away from her. He holds her face and makes her look at him. "Don't be sorry. This is a big one. It's fine," he assures her. "Just, now that you're back in the game… don't leave it again. No time for that."

She nods in agreement. Dean ducks down and kisses her once, sincerely and with true love.

"Go take a shower," he says and lets her go. She shares a slight, thin lipped smile with him before she turns to leave.

Walking in the direction of the bathroom, Lizzy gets to the doorway of the study and pauses. One hand comes to her stomach and she leans over a bit, her other hand grabbing the door frame.

"Oh," she says with sheer surprise and the men in the room instantly panic.

"L?" Dean asks, rushing over to her with worry. Sam and Bobby are on their feet already.

"Whoa, that was weird," Lizzy says as she looks up to her husband now at her side with wide eyes.

"What was weird? Everything ok in there?" he asks her, his insides frantic with worry. He places a
hand on her shoulder and waits for her answer.

"I felt him," Lizzy tells him as she presses both hands to her stomach. Suddenly her eyes light up again. "Oh shit," she whispers when it continues. "He's moving." She huffs out a shocked breath with a smile creeping across her expression.

"Seriously?" Dean asks, his own hand quickly coming to her abdomen and pushing away one of hers. No way is going to miss that.

"Yeah," she says, her voice nearly back to its usual tone as she grabs onto his wrist and presses his hand into her. "Feel it?"

Peering down at her stomach that seems to be getting bigger every day, Dean holds still and waits. And waits. With Lizzy's expectant and lit up eyes on him he sighs. "No. I got nothing."

"Really?" she asks with shock. "You can't feel that?"

"No," Dean answers with sheer disappointment.

"Shit," Lizzy says with quiet surprise. "It's like… popcorn popping in my stomach. It's friggin' weird."

"You sure it's normal?" Dean asks cautiously. "Like… he's ok in there?"

"He's fine, Dean," Bobby tells him. "I take it you ain't read that book I gotcha."

The expression of annoyance he shoots Bobby's way is enough to make the older man smile.

"It's normal," she says quietly to him. "He's normal." She smiles but it quickly fades into a sadness that rules her whole body. "For now, I guess…"

"No, no, no," Dean cuts her off when he sees that depression marching right back into the forefront. "Don't you dare go back to that place. You just found your way out."

One lone tear slips down her cheek as she tries to gather herself.

"Suck it up, Noonan," Dean smirks at her a bit as he brings a hand to her cheek and wipes away her tear. "You're better than this. Come on."

One look at him and his confidence in her all the while her son gives her a tiny little, harmless beating from within and she's back. Her boys… both of them… she might be outnumbered but she has a sneaking suspicion that they're both going to need the one woman in their lives a lot more than either of them will ever know.

"Yeah," she agrees with a deep breath, shoving that worry away and replacing it with what little confidence she can muster.

"I knew you'd never let our little man down," Dean says with relief, kissing her cheek. "Go take that shower. You kinda stink." He smirks to her with love.

"Shower," Lizzy echoes while swallowing down the last her sorrow and heading down the hallway. If both Dean and Sam can have this much confidence in her, even when she's fallen so far, then she can at least have some faith in herself too.

Once in the bathroom she shuts the door and turns on the shower water. As it heats up Lizzy takes a look in the mirror. "Gross."
With her oily hair and tired face paired with her old, worn for days clothing she's looking quite worse for the ware. What a fucking mess.

With a disgusted huff she preps her toothbrush all the while thinking that she owes her guys. They've no doubt thrown themselves at the books, probably while diverting lesser leads on Eve to other hunters in order to do so… all the while she laid in bed, letting herself fall into depression.

"You're better than this," Lizzy says to herself before popping her toothbrush into her mouth. "You're stronger than this."

She then thinks about her son and the lack of responsibility she's taken on for him in these few days. She didn't eat while her emotions stole her appetite and will to do a damn thing. He's been mistreated.

Lizzy spits into the sink once done. She then takes a moment, eyes closed with her hands on her stomach as she can still feel the movement of her Sammy in there. She zones in on him hard, much like she used to with Castiel… and will never do again with Castiel.

"I'm sorry, Sammy," she says to him with sheer regret. "I'm so sorry. I will never do that to you again, ever. I promise. Everything I do from here on out is for you. Everything."

With that she feels the movement stop, as if he heard her and calmed himself. This whole thing is starting to get weird, she knows that, but it doesn't scare her. She's in tune with her boy, her son, in a way that every mother would die to be. The fact that she's quite certain that she just communicated with him makes her snap out of it for good. She's back. Fully back.

That night there were four people at the dinner table for the first time in days. The three men watched on as Lizzy devoured two solid helpings of Bobby's famous beef stew… and three slices of bread... and then a heaping bowl of ice cream.

"Guess you really are back to normal," Sam jokes when Lizzy drops her spoon into the now empty bowl sitting in front of her.

"Shut up," she half grins to him in response. Damn it feels good to have Sam being Sam again.

"You still hungry?" Dean asks his wife when she sits back in her chair at the table.

"I don't think that's possible," Bobby jokes as he gets up and clears off some plates.

"I'm good," Lizzy says quietly, proud that she's making up for her mistakes one heaping plateful at a time.

"Good," Dean says kindly, his hand dropping onto hers on the table top. He give her hand a squeeze once, letting her know how proud he is of her turn around.

"So what have you guys been doing for three days?" she wonders as she wants to catch up. She feels just do damn out of it.

The three men pause. They've been up to a lot in all honesty.

"I guess I should probably tell you I know all about this past year and a half," Sam decides to just get this one over with.

"What do you mean?" Lizzy's face pales.
"I found out. Soulless me and the crap I did... I know." He watches the fear grow in her expression as she turns to Dean. "No, relax. Lizzy, it's fine. I'm not digging any deeper than I have to but I needed to know."

"And which one of the two dumb-dumbs spilled the beans?" she questions, looking for which one she's supposed to yell at. She agreed with Dean on this one. The less Sam knows about his time as Robocop the better off he'll be. That wall is fragile enough.

"The third one, the one that's a dick with wings and a power suit," Dean gripes offhandedly.

"Fucking Cass," she anger out. "I swear I'm gonna kill him myself."

"Don't be mad at Cass over this one," Sam says to her and gets a face-full of hate in return. "I tricked him into telling me. It wasn't his fault."

"He's still a fucking moron for not seeing it coming," Lizzy complains with a sigh. "Sam, please, we both need you now more than ever. Don't pick, don't scratch, and please keep your eggs in one basket."

"Gonna do my best," he says with a warm smile aimed at her.

"Well, other than Sam's melon we had a lovely discovery this week," Bobby changes the subject with something interesting and easier.

"Oh yeah?" she questions.

"Sure did. Dragons are real."

"What!?" she asks, eyes huge and darting around all of them.

"Yep, fire-breathing lizards of the medieval are real," Dean tells her further. "We had a couple hunters go check out a situation with virgins being taken and they came across honest to God dragons."

"Virgins, huh?" Lizzy laughs a little before having to wonder, "Wait, you guys pawned off a hunt?"

"Well, we weren't gonna leave here," Dean lets her know.

"Why not?"

"We couldn't leave you the way you were," Sam explains to her.

She smiles at him with love for the gesture.

"Plus, ah, we've been talking about cutting down on hunting... at least a little bit for the time being," Dean adds in, looking to keep her in a happier frame of mind.

"Yeah?" she asks with a bright smile.

"Yeah, I mean, you want me around more, right?" her husband says with a grin.

She grips his hand tighter. "More than anything."

"Well, Sam and I talked about it and we're gonna try to make that happen."

The cheek-breaking smile that hits her face makes all the men in the room feel a whole lot better.
"It won't always be easy," Sam warns, not wanting her to have unreal expectations they can't meet. "We will still have to go out there now and then, especially with what's going on... ah, which we have to tell you about too.... But we're gonna try to stay here more, be there for you. And be safe. You're gonna need us, all of us. So is Sammy, right?"

"Right," Lizzy grins thankfully to her brother for his mutual understanding.

"Sammy?" Dean looks sharply at her. "You told him?" he asks when he hears his brother use the name they chose for their son.

"Oh, shit, ah," Lizzy swallows hard as she's caught. "I didn't mean to. Apparently I used Sammy's name when talking to Cass. Obviously Sam picked up on it."

Dean just looks at Sam with an awkward expression. "We weren't gonna tell you before he showed up."

"Eh, it was an accident," Sam shrugs it off as a genuine smile grows on his face.

Dean just nods and lets it be what it is. There have been far too many emotional conversations lately. They both aren't exactly eager to have any more. This one they let go of.

"So, just dragons then?" Lizzy questions the group.

"Yup," Dean quickly answers before taking down a large gulp of whiskey.

"Uh, ok... what the fuck is going on out there?" she has to ask, super confused by it all. "And why are dragons surfacing now?"

"We have a theory," Bobby broaches the subject as he sits back down at the dinner table, beer in hand.

"Then I'm all ears."

"They're trying to free something big from somewhere," he keeps it vague as possible. "They call it the Mother of All."

"Eek, sounds fucking terrible," Lizzy says, nervousness in her voice. "Any ideas what the hell that means right now?"

"Right now... no," Bobby tells her. "But we're working on it."

"Ok," Lizzy nods, not liking the way this sounds. "So what can we do from here?"

The three men look at her with a little bit of surprise.

"You want in?" Dean asks with narrowed eyes at the woman that just today was lying in bed with a severe case of full blown depression.

"What the hell else am I gonna do?" she asks them all.

It kills Sam to do it since it feels so dishonest but he steers her away from Mother of All/Purgatory situation as he really doesn't want her to know about where Lou is. She'll figure it out in a heartbeat, like he did, if they tell her everything. She needs at least one stress-free day, relatively speaking.

"How about you let us worry about the Mother," Sam suggests. "You can get on the whole Second Coming thing. We'll do save the world stuff, you do save the Sammy stuff."
"That's not a bad idea," Dean immediately agrees, seeing what Sam is up to right away. "And looking into this whole fate thing our kid has hanging over him might help. The more we know the more at ease I'll be, I know that."

"Yeah," Lizzy nods with what she thinks is their polite offer. "Ok. I'll start tomorrow."

Dean discretely nods at his brother to thank him for the quick thinking. It'll help get Lizzy through at least the pregnancy with less stress if they delay the inevitable.

"For now I'm watching TV," Lizzy says as she gets up and heads for the living room. "I got three days of DVR to watch."

"I'm coming with ya'," Dean says to her, glancing at Sam and Bobby to see if they're cool with that. They are, he can tell, and he ditches the next round of world-ending research in favor of spending time with his clearly hurting but much better wife. He's missed her for the three days she's been buried in her fears.

Now he just wants a few hours of normal, of quiet, of his family.
"How's it going out there?" Lizzy asks, relaxing back into the couch in the living room with the phone to her ear.

"Uh, it's… busy," Sam answers her during their bi-weekly phone conversation. It's something they'd fallen into as he and Dean hit the road again and he looks forward to this little ritual of theirs. Sam bitches about Dean driving him slightly nuts, Lizzy bitches about the baby slowly taking her down physically, and then they just talk about whatever from there.

"Is it as weird as they all say?" she wonders, having heard about the insanity going on in the world through many a hunter contacting the Singer household.

"Weirder maybe," Sam lets her know as he aimlessly walks the motel lot while talking to her. "I'm kinda glad that kid is anchoring you to one place and you can't hunt anymore."

"Oh, you saying I can't handle it?" Lizzy asks with complete insult.

"I'm saying you'd be dead already," Sam pokes fun through a smile. "You could never hack it out here right now."

"Fuck you I couldn't!" she shouts right back and Sam laughs quietly to himself. "I could totally still hunt even while knocked up. And I could still kick your ass so you better watch it when you get back here, ass-hat."

"What, you gonna belly bump me to death with your huge stomach?"

"That's it! I'm gonna fuck you up the second you get back here!" Lizzy yells at him while never meaning it.

"You keep swearing like that and Sammy's first word is gonna be fuck," he calls her out.

"I'm his mother and Dean's his father," Lizzy points out.

"Yeah, he's probably already yelling 'son of bitch' every five seconds from in the womb," Sam concedes easily as he kicks a rock across the lot. "He's doomed."

"So why bother cutting out the fucks and bitches at this point, right?"

"I can see your point," Sam smirks a little with the thought, remembering how much Dean swore even as a child. He just wanted to be like dad, he gets that, but it was a bit much for his taste. "Dean's gonna ask the second I hang up so I might as well… how you feeling?"

"Good," Lizzy tells him. "Actually, really good. It's weird, I just feel like I'm, I don't know, accomplished I guess… every second of the day."

"You are doing something pretty important right now," he understands.

"Yeah," Lizzy quickly answers back. "I feel like I was supposed to do this all along and now I totally kick ass at it."

"Girl power," Sam jests.
"Pretty much," Lizzy laughs a bit right back.

"And you're still ok with us having to leave for a little while?" Sam wonders. He hated that they had to take off like they told her they were going to try not to do. However, some things can't be handled without them as they've come to accept.

"It is what it is," Lizzy tells him. "As long as you both return I can hack it."

"And, uh… how you feeling about everything else?" Sam quickly asks before he can rethink it. "About Sammy's, you know… destiny or whatever?"

And this is the first time Lizzy's paused throughout this conversation. He can hear her sigh once and he thinks asking was maybe a bad idea.

"I'm… I don't really know what I am," Lizzy speaks honestly to him, knowing that with Sam she never has to hide or worry about speaking her true feelings. "I know I'm worried and scared to fucking death about what's coming for him in the future…"

"We all are," Sam tells her, letting misery love its company.

"But at the same time I'm still excited about him, about him being born and being in our lives."

"You're not alone in that either," he says and it's clear to her he does so with a smile. "And I'm glad that you're excited again. You should be."

"Cautiously excited but yeah," Lizzy lets him know. "I keep trying to look at the good side, the cute little pajamas and the poopy diapers… but then I think about him being taken away from me…"

"Not for years and years," Sam reminds her quickly. "I know what I saw in Lucifer's head. He'll be a full grown, potty trained man by the time he's called to duty… if he's called to duty. He won't be if I have anything to say about it."

"Yeah," Lizzy nods and she twirls her wedding rings around her finger out of nervous habit.

"You better believe me," Sam warns. "If you think I'm letting anything come for my nephew you're dead wrong."

She huffs a small and hopeful laugh. "It's good to have people on our side."

"Where else would I be?" Sam asks with confusion.

"Soulless and not giving two fucks," Lizzy easily finds an answer to that one.

"Not anymore."

The strength and conviction he says it with almost sends shivers down her spine.

"Lucky for Sammy," she comments right back.

Sam stands still and puts his free hand on his hip while looking around. "Be strong, Lizzy. We're all gonna be ok through this. Nothing will take Sammy away from us."

"I want to believe you."

"Then believe me."
She doesn't answer that one.

"How do you feel about all this, Sam-I-Am? About the baby and all?" She's been dying to get a truthful perspective from him on the baby and so she asks when she really needs a subject change.

"What does that matter?" he has to wonder as none of this is about him.

"It totally matters!" she near shouts back at him.

"Lizzy, it's not like I'm his dad…"

"You're his uncle!" she points out to him. "You're Uncle Sam!"

"Still not funny…"

"He's gonna need you," she keeps right on going. "Who else will help him with his homework when he's taking all AP courses in high school?"

"Oh… he's gonna be that smart?" Sam nearly laughs with the assumption.

"Absolutely! He's gonna be a genius like his uncle and Dean and I can't be on par with all that. And who's gonna get him out of trouble when he fucks up? Someone has to cover his ass by lying to me and Dean to get him out of it. And who's gonna spoil his ass so bad it'll piss me off? Who'll write his college essays with him and make sure he gets a full ride because there is no way we'll ever be able to afford the Ivy League school he'll get into? And who do you think is gonna be his first babysitter the second I get the all clear to head out for a night and get hammered with Dean?"

"You've already labeled me babysitter!?"

"I'm not handing him over to some cash-short high school bimbo that knows nothing about our world, that's for sure. You'll protect him and keep him safe, always."

"Good point…"

"And Sam… who else is gonna help me make sure he knows all about his Auntie Lou and how amazing she was?"

And what could he possibly say to that?

"He'll never meet her and that kills me because she'd love him so much," she continues on. "But he has to know about her, about how much she means to this family."

Sam stares at the pavement below his boots before closing his eyes. He's already thought about that before now, about how Lou will never meet Sammy and what a shame it is. Lou was so loving and caring of the ones closest to her that aunt would have been a great position for her. They could have spoiled the living shit out of this kid together, Uncle Sam and Auntie Louie.

"He'll know all about her," Sam vows right then and there. "He'll know his aunt."

"Good," Lizzy responds, taking full comfort in his words. "So I'll ask again. How do you feel about all this?"

Sam thinks it through, ditching logic in favor of emotion this time… even if his brain never wants to work that way.

"I feel like this is the light we've all needed in our lives," he says with ease, never embarrassed to
speak this way with Lizzy. "It's been a dark road and... and now? For once there's something positive in store. We never get that. I'm, I'm... fuck, I'm looking forward to how this is going to change our lives."

"It'll make it harder too, though," Lizzy points out.

"Life can't get harder than this," Sam says to her, sure of it. "It will be difficult in a different way maybe, but it won't be harder. Sammy is our new life. Yes, he's going to change everything... but I look forward to that. We've all needed a change for a long time."

"Damn," Lizzy responds with blown away awe. "That was insightful as shit!"

"I've been told I'm one deep little bastard," Sam says, remembering Bobby calling him that a while back.

"Well that person is totally right," Lizzy laughs. "How's your head, Sam-I-Am? Still got the levee working for you?"

"It's still there. I get a peek into the cracks now and then but it's holding."

"Don't you dare mess with that shit," she instantly scolds. "Stop looking."

"You think you could contain your curiosity enough to leave it be?" Sam asks, sure she couldn't do it.

"If my life depended on it I might," she returns with.

Sam sighs with annoyance. "You can't understand this..."

"I would never pretend to," Lizzy stops him right there. "But like I already said, we need you. Don't scratch."

"I'll do what I can," Sam answers cryptically when the motel door opens.

"Hey," Dean nods in his direction. "Who's that?"

"You're wife."

"Gimme," Dean immediate says and motions seriously with his hand for Sam to fork over his phone.

"Fuck off, Dean. I'm having a conversation," Sam says and he turns away from his brother so he can't reach the phone. There's a reason that he went outside to take this call.

"Let me talk to my woman!" Dean demands and keeps trying, reaching for the cell phone again.

Lizzy just laughs on the other end with their clear antics.

"Could you at least not be an ass for a minute more so I can say goodbye!?"

"Hurry up."

"Dick," Sam name calls for good measure before wrapping things up with Lizzy. "Hey, I'm assuming you heard that?"

"Loud and clear," she keeps laughing.
"So you know I gotta go."

"Um, before you do… can you do me a favor?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Does your laptop have a webcam?"

"Yeah…"

"Good, ok," Lizzy says, smiling already. "Here's what I need you to do…"

"Hey man," Sam says over his laptop as he looks at Dean lounging on his motel bed around ten that night. "I think I'm gonna head out for a bit."

"Seriously?" Dean asks with how odd it is for Sam to randomly want to leave.

"I need to stretch my legs, walk around… maybe head to the diner and get some grub."

"Yeah?" Dean checks with him, not believing his ears while tossing aside the Auto Trader in his hold.

"Yeah." He shrugs it off as if his actions aren't that weird at all.

"Alright," Dean says, moving to get up. "I'll come with."

"Nah," Sam stops him and Dean freezes in place, looking at Sam with confusion.

"Why not?" he questions, thinking that the idea of late night food with his brother while they don't actually hate each other sounds like a great idea.

"I just need a minute, that's all," Sam huffs a laugh as he gets up and grabs his jacket and a room key.

"You feeling ok?" Dean looks at him suspiciously, sitting back into the wooden carved headboard with crossed arms.

"Ah, yeah," Sam nods, feeling just fine. He grabs his computer last and drops it on the foot of Dean's bed then walks for the door. "Just finish up what I was reading through for me while I'm gone."

"You're leaving and giving me work!?" Dean's disbelief is clear and true.

"Call it payback for all the times you've left me with work to do to go get drunk over the past… like, twenty years," Sam grins wide once before pulling the door shut and leaving.

Dean huffs with his brother's audacity. "Bitch."

"He's not a bitch."

And the computer just talked. He knows he heard it. Maybe he's finally going crazy…

"Hello?" Dean asks to whatever that just was, eyes wide.

"Dean?"

And that sounded like Lizzy.
"You there?" he hears her voice once more and Dean reaches to pull the laptop onto his lap.

"Hey," Dean says and smiles wide when he gets a look at the screen, the pleasant surprise making him just too happy.

"Hi, baby," Lizzy grins wide from her end when he appears on her screen looking shocked and very happy to see her. She's sitting on their bed at Bobby's much like he is with her own laptop in her lap. "And you better apologize to Sam when he gets back," she wags a finger at him. "He helped me set this shit up. You owe him."

"What is all this?" he has to wonder when he can see himself in a smaller corner screen, knowing she can see him too.

"All laptops come with webcams now," she explains and when Dean looks up at the top of the screen he sees the red light on. "So earlier, before you so rudely stole the phone from him, I asked your brother to install some software. And now, through the magic of technology, we can see each other every now and then when you're gone."

"This is awesome," he grins wide at her, looking her over. Her long dark hair is up in a ponytail, her face looks washed for the night and free from makeup, and she has on her small cotton black shorts and his purple and black plaid button-up on. She's ready for bed. "You're not going to sleep anytime soon, are you?"

"Only when I'm done visiting with you," she smirks right back.

Dean smiles with that answer. "It's really good to see you."

"It's good to see you too, daddy," she says jokingly while pressing her hands to her belly. "It's been a while since we've seen you."

Dean glances down at her stomach. "Hey. Lemme see."

"See what?"

"You know what," Dean slickly returns and watches as Lizzy puts the computer onto the comforter and angles it up at her. While kneeling on the bed she starts at the bottom of his shirt she's wearing, unbuttoning it halfway up. She then opens the sides to show him her growing stomach.

"Ta-da, bitch," she giggles a little when he can see her.

"Well look at that," his grin grows a little wider as she rubs a hand over her belly.

"Getting bigger by the day," Lizzy tells him, turning in profile to let him see more clearly.

"He still moving around in there?"

"Oh yeah. Sammy's a mover for sure," she explains while pressing a hand to her side. "I feel him tossing and turning all the time. He's never…."

"Damn, you look good right now," Dean blurs out the one thing he's been dying to say. He felt it only right to ask about her and the baby first but he couldn't wait any longer. She's killing him right now with the way she's wearing his shirt and with her pregnant body.

Lizzy looks at him and grins. "You think so?" He hands smooth across her stomach absently.

"I know so. Just look at you," he points at her on the screen.
"Dean, I'm just getting fat," she scoffs at his turn on.

"Fuck that, you're amazing," he tells her while hastily pulling his arms through his unbuttoned flannel. "Show me more."

She gives him a playful look. "I finally get to see you while you’re on the road and the first thing you do is tell me to get naked?"

"Have we met? Lose the clothes!" he tells her, knowing she had to assume this was coming.

With a smile Lizzy starts in where she left off, opening the rest of the buttons on his shirt she borrowed.

"Love when you wear my clothes," Dean comments, watching intently as she opens the shirt slowly, giving him a little show. "Oh God yeah," he groans mostly to himself when she slides her arms out of the shirt and is completely topless. Then something dawns on him. "Holy shit! Your boobs are friggin' huge!"

"You don’t say!" she laughs a little and looks down while cupping her suddenly much larger breasts. "They’re large and in charge alright."

"They’re fucking crazy," Dean adds in, not able to stop looking at them. "They’re way bigger than before even."

"I’m pretty sure I’ve upgraded a full size. These are some solid D’s right here."

"God damn it, I wanna be home right now."

"Please. If you were home right now I’d never get you off of these things," she jests, knowing how true it is.

"Why would I ever get off of those things?" Dean rebuts as he sits back into the headboard again, taking in all that is his pregnant wife. "Pregnancy is definitely the miracle they say it is."

Lizzy just laughs again with his comment. She really needed this. It’s been weeks and there’s no date for his return in sight. This whole webcam thing might make it all more manageable.

"I’m gonna come home soon," Dean says to her without thinking.

"You are?" she asks him, sitting Indian style as the excitement lights up her face.

"Yeah," Dean nods. "I don’t have a plan to but… I have to. I need to come home."

"To play with some big ol’ boobies now that you’ve seen them?" Lizzy smirks to him.

"And to just see you in general but yeah, to play with some big boobs." He sighs with how much he wishes he could be there instead of in the middle of nearly-dry Utah. Fucking Mormons and their rules.

"I miss you too," she reads his mind and then grabs her chest. "So do the girls, ha."

"If I come home soon you gonna let me fuck ‘em?" Dean asks with an arched eyebrow and sheer hopefulness, sounding like a child asking for the biggest, hottest toy that Christmas season.

"Titty fuck, huh?" Lizzy asks, not having thought about it until now.
“Yes, absolutely,” he says with emphasis. “And please.”

“Shit, we’ve never done that before, have we?”

“No… and now I just have to. You’re not giving me much of a choice,” he tells her in honesty. “And I gotta get in there before Sammy takes them away from me for a while.” Once his son is born those will no longer belong to him for some time and he knows it.

“He’s definitely gonna stake his claim on these boobs soon enough,” she agrees. “Hot Shot, if you get your ass home soon then I’ll let you fuck ‘em all day every day that you’re here.” She grins wide.

“Ah, deal of a lifetime,” he tells her. “I can’t wait.” That last part comes out with much more emotion than he intended for such a sexually charged conversation.

“Me neither,” Lizzy winks as she sits back with a spark in her eyes. “But until then you want me to help hold you over?” She hooks her thumbs into the waist of her shorts and lowers them slowly.

“Fuck yeah,” Dean immediately responds, reaching to open the button and zipper of his jeans without pause.

“Ok,” she giggles something sexy and Dean groans with how much she turns him on. “You just tell me what you want to see, baby.”

He watches her sit back on the headboard of their bed, her swelling stomach on display along with nearly every other part of her, and realizes once more how damned lucky he really is in this life.

“You got your vibrator?” Dean asks as he puts the laptop next to him, keeping it aimed at himself, and shoves his pants quickly down his legs. She’d better have her vibrator. That thing is a miracle worker and it’s a guarantee of an excellent show. He’d know from past experience.

“Of course I do,” Lizzy says, reaching to the nightstand to grab it. She holds it up for him to see.

“Then you already know what I want to see,” Dean tells her, licking his bottom lip with lust.

“I sure do,” Lizzy grins with sheer sex in her eyes, opening her legs wide and running a hand over her panties. “You wanna see me touch myself.”

“Mm,” Dean closes his eyes briefly with the promise of just that.

“And I wanna see you do the same,” Lizzy tells him, Dean looking at her on the screen with a little surprise.

“That’s gonna do it for you?”

“Definitely,” she answers with excitement, making sure he doesn’t move the computer so that she can’t see everything he’ll be doing to himself.

“Huh, never thought a dude jerking off was much to look at but whatever you want,” Dean tells her in warning. A woman getting off, moving on her own and making herself loose it… that’s just sexy as hell. A guy tugging it? He just figured not so much.

“Dean, you brushing your teeth turns me on,” Lizzy reminds him. “Trust me, seeing you like that… I will get plenty out of it.” She says this as her hand disappears into her underwear. “And I’ll wish it was me doing it to you.”
Dean smiles as she slides her panties down her legs while staring at him. Not willing to fall behind he grabs the waist of his boxerbriefs and takes them off.

“Alright,” he says to her. “Game on.”

“Damn straight,” she responds, her hand already pressing firm circles into her clit, her body angled perfectly for him to see it all. “Tell me how you want me to touch myself. How would you do it if you were here?”

Dean moans with sheer appreciation. “You are so fucking awesome…”
"Dude, you're completely wrong," Lizzy tells Dean with certainty from the passenger seat as they drive away from their latest doctor's appointment. "I think Doctor Irvine is a lovely woman who just happened to never want have kids of her own."

"Her whole life is kids," Dean argues immediately. "All she does is bring new kids into the world."

"And after seeing that over and over again and what it does to women's bodies you don't think that might turn her off of the whole having kids thing?"

"Huh," Dean thinks about Lizzy's argument. "You make a good point."

"Damn straight," Lizzy smiles out with pride. "If I had to watch numerous babies just decimate a bunch of vaginas every week I'd probably be a hell of a lot more weary than I currently am." She laughs at this as Dean makes a disgusted face.

"You're fucking gross sometimes." He shakes his head. "And I definitely don't want to hear that your vag is gonna be decimated. Jesus."

"We women have been built to recover just fine," Lizzy laughs his comment off.

"Hey, she doesn't have a ring on her finger," Dean rebuts as he gets back to the topic at hand and glancing at her knowingly while he drives them to the next destination now that her monthly exam is done.

"So maybe she never got married."

"Or maybe she never could get married because out here the whole gay marriage thing is a no-no," Dean counters with too much confidence.

"My God, why are you so sure my doctor is a lesbian?" Lizzy wonders, looking at him with a questioning face. "And why do you care so much?"

"I don't care," Dean tries to play it off. "I just get a vibe."

"And what vibe would that be?" Lizzy wonders with a lifted eyebrow.

"An I-like-to-lick-pussy vibe, I don't know."

"And I'm the gross one!?" Lizzy points at him with a grin. He's just as bad as her, they both know it.

"Hey, that's not gross," he counters immediately. "That's just fun."

"Well I sure am glad you think so," she smiles right back, appreciating his enthusiasm within this particular activity.

"Lucky you," Dean smirks with pride.
"Yes, lucky me… until I get too fucking huge that you physically can't even get down there anymore," Lizzy says to him while her hands come to rest on her growing stomach.

"Yeah, you are pretty big these days…"

"Fuck you, Winchester. This is all because of you."

"Fuck that. It's fifty-fifty."

"Either way, sex is only going to get harder and harder to do is all I'm saying. This baby gets bigger and bigger and I get less and less mobile and flexible…"

"But you get hotter, so that's not a problem for me," Dean mentions to her, bringing up something that's surprised himself quite a bit to discover over the past months. "I'll make it work."

"Yeah, can I ask about that?" Lizzy wonders while turning a little to face him more. "Why are you more turned on by me now than you ever have been? I don't get it."

"What is there to get?" Dean shrugs. "You look fucking hot and I want to take advantage since you won't be like this forever."

"I'm fucking fat!" she nearly shouts with disbelief.

"You're not fat. You're pregnant. There is a big difference there." He truly does see it that way.

"Ok, what about stretch marks?"

"You don't have those because of your insane paranoia of them," Dean points out, having seen her lotion up several times a week in true fear.

"Yeah, not yet… they could show up any day, especially with how fucking fast little Sammy seems to want to grow up. He's stretching me out like nobody's business."

"Did you forget that you have scars all over the place?" Dean further argues. "And not one of them has ever made me less attracted to you. If anything they make me want you harder."

"How the hell do you figure?" Lizzy wonders with her bullshit meter running.

"They prove how badass you are. I don't like wimpy chicks," he says with a hint of jest in his tone. "Plus, they prove that you understand my life and they tell a story… they spell out your hunting life which I have been a very big part of."

"If I wasn't too big to do it I'd scoot over there and kiss you for how sickeningly sweet that was," Lizzy grins a little to him.

"Just the truth," he smiles back.

"Ok, but that's not all there is," Lizzy rebuts and continue her argument. "My hips are getting wider by the fucking second."

"Just more of you to love, baby."

"Dick," Lizzy name calls. "My hips were already wide enough…"

"And I love me a good curvy chick, you know that. No worries there."
"My feet are super fat... and they're only gonna get fatter," she adds on. "Pretty soon my shoes won't even fit."

"I've never had a foot fetish so that doesn't matter."

"How about when the double chin shows up?" Lizzy challenges.

"You won't have a double chin..."

"That last month might be a bit harsher than you're ready for," Lizzy says to him in fair warning. "I'm gonna be uncomfortable and pissy, I'll have huge everything, I'll have to pee more often than already, I will get scary huge... this is going to get rough. How is that something to get all hot and bothered by?"

"You don't get it," Dean glances at her as he pulls into the parking lot of their destination. "Then school me," she asks of him, just not understanding how, in the state she's in right now, he's still wanting her... if not more than before. Her uncomfortable feelings about how she looks right now makes it hard to understand him.

He parks the Impala and turns the key to shut off the radio so she'll hear him. "Do you have any idea what you're doing right now? For me?"

"Slightly aware," she rolls her eyes as she runs her hands over her stomach with full blown awareness.

"I already love you more than anything else... ever," he explains himself. "And now? L, you're giving me a son. You do understand how insane and awesome that is, right?"

She smiles small to confirm that she does.

"I don't care if you blow up to triple this size and turn fucking purple, you're still gonna be you... and you're still gonna be the hottest fucking thing there is to me."

"I just..."

"No, cut the shit," Dean stops her. "You're a fucking hot chick, ok? You know you always have been. A couple extra pounds and some fat feet are never going to change that. And trust me, what you see is way different than what everyone else sees."

"Mirrors don't lie," she rebuts while looking away from him.

"But your screwed up, self-conscious brain does," Dean tells it to her straight. "You look at yourself and you see the blown up feet and the big gut and all that other bullshit. I look at you and see the same woman that drove me fucking crazy starting the day I met her..."

"When I was young and adorable," she says to him.

"Lizzy," he says her name seriously and she looks at him with skepticism. "Shut the hell up and listen for, like, two minutes."

She narrows her eyes and sighs but lets him talk.

"You are still that same girl. Yeah, sure, you got a few more scars and you're more world-weary but which one of us ain't. You're still Lizzy. And now..." His mouth turns up on one side with the thought. "You're more beautiful than you've ever been."
It sounds lame the second he says it and he's ready for her to tell him how wrong he is… but she
doesn't. She just sits and listens like he asked.

"And I mean that. You smile all the time now and I've miss that. It's like when we first met, you
know? You were happy back then, relatively speaking. And, even with everything we know about
Sammy's future you're still happy about him and still excited to meet him. Jesus, L, you're carrying
my son… so you tell me how I'm not supposed to be attracted to that?"

She just smiles his way before looking out the windshield at the Baby's R Us department store
they're parked in front of as she tries her damnedest not to cry. Fucking pregnancy makes her so
emotional it's insane.

"You ok?" Dean asks her when she stays quiet. Lizzy just nods before looking back to him. "You
believe me now?"

"Yeah," she whispers, starting to understand his point of view.

"Thank God… or not God… whatever," Dean tries to fix his use of the saying as he opens his car
door. He gets out and hustles to the passenger side. He opens the door, holds out a hand and she
takes it, letting him help her up. "You got the list?"

"Yes, sir," she says with jest as she pulls the paper out of her back pocket and hands it over.

Dean gives her a look. "I just told you I'm dying for you every second and you go and call me sir?"

"Sorry," Lizzy laughs a little.

"Let's just get this done, huh?" he says to her, pulling her in by an arm around her shoulders and
kissing her lips quickly. "Then we can go home and you can call me sir again." His eyes light up.

"Or maybe I'll just call you daddy," she responds, her voice filled with sudden want. That sex drive
push from her hormones being out of whack may have subsided after that first trimester but just
because overdrive isn't her default anymore doesn't mean she isn't still craving sex more often than
before.

"Oh," Dean hums and shakes his head while grabbing her hand and heading for the front doors.
"You're trying to kill me."

And she smirks with that. She still has the same power over him she always had… even when she's
feeling like a huge, unattractive whale while not even near the biggest she'll get.

As they walk into the store Dean starts reading off the things they need to get still. "Bedding,
mattress, bottles, cloth diapers, mobile, Diaper Genie… what the fuck is a Diaper Genie?"

A passing woman with a full cart and a newborn strapped into a seat in the front just laughs quietly
as she passes them by after hearing the poor man's lost confusion. "Good luck," she says with
sincerity to both of them before leaving the store.

Lizzy laughs. "It's like a trash bin for diapers."

"Why don't we just get a trash bin then?" he questions.

"Because the Genie makes sure that used diapers don't stink up the house," she explains while
grabbing a cart. "And since we are in Bobby's house and not our own I thought it would be kind of
us to not make it smell like baby poop."
"Well that was nice of you," Dean comments as he follows her along, having never been at the store before.

"I sure thought so," she says in return while smiling. They set off down the aisles, picking up what they need when they see it. It takes some time, it takes some debating over a few items, but before they know it half the store is done.

Dean pauses when he evaluates their cart. "Do we really need all this?"

The cart is already heaped with uncountable items.

"Afraid so," Lizzy says to him as she reaches into her back pocket. "Luckily I went criminal for this trip."

She hands over a credit card to him and Dean reads it. "S. Nicks. Huh, ok."

"So fill 'er up, baby. I'm only using this card one time so we don't get caught."

"I thought you wanted to stop with the fraud stuff?"

"I did," she says, it being totally true. "But neither of us is pulling an income right now. I figured what choice… ooh!"

Lizzy stops mid-sentence and brings a hand to her lower stomach, her face lit up with surprise.

"He moving again?"

"Yeah," she says in return. "But it was a big one this time." She waits a little longer until she feels a thump again, one large enough that her hand could feel it. "Oh my God!"

She rushes to Dean and yanks his hand. She presses it into her stomach and they both wait. And wait. And then wait a little more. Nothing happens.

"Oh come on, Sammy," Lizzy eggs her son on when he goes still. "Do it again."

They wait another minute and Lizzy sighs.

"Just one more time, honey," she keeps pleading with her son, trying to zone in on him and get him moving again.

"I'll catch him next time," Dean says with a fake smile, his disappointment clear that he missed it.

"Uh, I can't believe you didn't get to feel that," Lizzy responds with equal let down as she drops his hand.

"It's ok," Dean says to her. "I'm sure he'll be moving around in there plenty."

"But still…" she trails off, wanting to share that with him. Dean won't always be around for him to feel when Sammy decides to get active. She just wishes he was able to catch that one.

"Hey, it's fine," Dean assures her even if he's very sad to have missed it. "Let's get this done, huh?"

"Ok," Lizzy agrees and starts to walk so they can finish their shopping trip and go home to enjoy whatever time they have together.

"Yeah, I'm letting you pick this one out on your own," Dean comments when they round the corner
"What?" she wonders and he nods to the shelving behind her. She turns to see what he's talking about. "Breast pumps?"

"Not touching that one," he shakes his head.

"It's fine," she laughs a little, finding comfort in their easy way again. It still irks her that Sammy wouldn't move so that Dean could feel him but she knows he'll be moving again. She just hopes he catches it before he leaves again.

The loud crash of shattering glass shoves her out of her quiet slumber immediately.

Lizzy shoots up in bed with instant worry and sits there, holding her breath as she waits for another sound. What she gets is a lot of painful groaning, swearing, and crunching of shrapnel.

What the hell is going on down there?

Abandoning her afternoon nap post doctor's trip and baby supply shopping, Lizzy rushes out of bed and pulls on her combat boots, foregoing lacing them. She throws an open zip-up sweatshirt over her tank top and black sweatpants in haste and then runs down the stairs. When she reaches the bottom floor she's shocked by the sight that presents itself to her.

"What the fuck happened!?!" she shouts when she sees Sam and Dean rolling in pain on the hardwood floor of Bobby's study. The big double window is completely smashed in, glass and wood littering the household. "Shit! Did you two just jump through Bobby's window!?!"

"Ah, fuck that hurt," Dean complains, grabbing his back as he rolls to his left, colliding a bit with Sam as he clutches his side.

"Get off of me!" Sam quickly complains and pushes Dean away.

"Calm down," Dean gripes right back with sheer annoyance.

"Ok, seriously, somebody tell me what the fuck is going on," Lizzy demands as she watches them recover extremely slowly. Normally these two men get right up after even the biggest of scuffles. They know how to brush it off and move on with professionalism. Instead they're just lying there complaining. This is ridiculous.

"Stunt gone wrong," Sam tells her flatly with his struggling voice.

"Stunt?" she questions with sheer confusion.

"Yeah, stunt, Odette," Dean tells her in a curt tone. "You know those… the things we non-pregnant actors have to do sometimes. What's it look like?"

"Odette?" Lizzy immediately asks when she hears the name. "You really whacked your head, didn't you Hot Shot?"

"Woman, I am not improv-ing with you right now!" Dean says with anger as he manages to get on his feet slowly. He straightens up and looks right at her with a hand still pressed to his back, his eyes picking up on the fact that Bobby's house looks a lot different to him than it did a few seconds ago. "Oh… what…?" His eyes dart around frantically, spinning and absorbing the complete house around him.
"Oh shit!" Sam panics when he raises his arm, a shard of glass sticking out of it in his forearm. "Ah! Oh my God!"

Lizzy scrunches her face with the bizarre scene playing out in front of her. "Jesus Sam-I-Am, calm down. It's just a little glass."

"The glass is real!?” Sam shouts with horror. He stares at the protruding piece and his face pales.

"Ah, yeah…” Lizzy trails off and suddenly she's feeling something is very wrong with this situation. Her men are different… almost as if they aren't her men at all.

"Why the hell did they use real glass!?"

"Relax. I'll stitch you up just like always."

"Seriously, Odette! Stop!” Sam shouts at her loudly. "I'm really hurt here!"

"Why are you guys calling me that?” she fears out quietly, the surreal situation clearing up quickly. These aren't her boys at all, she's sure now.

"Jared?” Dean says with quiet fear, his wide eyes still scanning his surroundings.

"What!?” Sam shouts with sheer annoyance in response to the name.

"Look around," Dean's horrified tone asks of him and they both pause to take everything in. "This is a real house."

"Fuck…. Where are the cameras?” Sam's now equally terrified voice asks.

"Cameras?” Lizzy wonders, realizing how out of place they look. And they both have called her the wrong name. Dean mentioned actors and stunts. He called Sam another name.

"There's no crew, no lights, no… what the hell…” Dean's purely fearful voice rambles on.

"Guys?” Lizzy cautiously calls to them as she prepares to clear things up. "What's my name?"

"Odette," Dean answers easily.

"Odette!?" Lizzy asks with shock.

"Yeah, Odette Annable," Dean repeats with scared eyes on her. "Why?"

"Are you sure that's my name?"

"Yes!” Sam shouts at her. "Where are we!?"

She closes her eyes. "And what are your names?"

"Jared," Sam answers flatly.

"Jensen… uh, what the fuck is going on here?"

"I have no idea," Lizzy says with letdown and a true lack of panic. Just one more fucked up situation to toss onto the pile. The lack of surprise and concern should worry her but it doesn't. "Well, it's nice to meet you boys. My name's really Lizzy Winchester and I think we need to talk."
"Oh, hey," Dean says as he points out into the back lot of the studio at the black 1967 Chevy Impala parked in the midst of all the chaos. Being shoved into a bizarre world where their shitty lives are a television show and they're suddenly actors playing their real selves have been a shock to say the least. This is not a manageable situation for the Winchesters. This is a whole new, uncomfortable realm… but that car is always comfortable. "Least my baby made it." The feeling of relief flows through him as that girl of his will always make him calm.

And then a crewmember starts flinging mud onto the windshield with a paintbrush.

"Hey. Hey! What..." Dean starts to protest but them looks to the right where three more black Impalas are parked, all within a different mode of disarray and wreck. "I feel sick. I'm gonna be sick," Dean tells his brother as he doubles over a bit, the bile creeping up slowly with the horrid reality they're in.

"Dude, you're ok," Sam says, still having a hard time believing how attached to that car he's become over the years.

"I want to go home," Dean tells Sam in the most basic, childish way. "I feel like this whole place is bad-touching me."

"Yeah, I know," he wholeheartedly agrees as he searches around the back lot of the unfamiliar film studio, commotion everywhere. "Me too."

"And we left Lizzy alone at Bobby's, sleeping," Dean adds in another worry. "We disappeared and she won't even know Balthazar was there... shit." He washes a hand down his face with serious fear for her.

"Maybe she made it here too?" Sam asks, not sure that Lizzy is back at home or not.

"God, I hope not." Dean sighs, rather having her hopefully safe back at home and not in this mess.

"Yeah," Sam agrees and trails off, leaving this worry for now. "So, what do you think? Cass?"

"He's our best shot, if he's still alive," Dean hopes as the little they got out of Balthazar before he launched their asses into this whole other, terrible dimension sounded a bit bleak for Cass. But then he thinks twice. "I'm not calling Cass."

"Dude, we need him..." Sam starts to rebut but Dean isn't hearing it.

"He lied to us, Sam," Dean reminds him. "He duped us from the second we met him. I don't want anything to do with that dick."

"We might not have a choice here, Dean." Sam sighs. "Desperate times."

"I'm not that desperate yet."

Sam looks at him with disbelief. "He did what his dad told him to do. How do you not understand where he's coming from?"

"What, you're on his side now!?" Dean freaks out a little to hear Sam not have his back on this one.

"I'm not on his side. What he did was wrong, very wrong, but he's sorry..."

"Wow, Cass is sorry," Dean sarcastically declares. "Call the fucking press. He spends his life sorry for fucking up."
"Again… how do you not relate to him more?" Sam shoots right back and the look Dean gives him would make most men fear for their lives. "Look, we're screwed here. You don't call for him I will."

Nostrils flared with sheer anger, fists balled with fury, Dean composes himself as they really, truly are screwed here if they don't pull out their ace in the hole.

"Fine," he grits through clenched teeth. Dean closes his eyes. "Dear Castiel, who art maybe running his ass away from me because I want to kill him, we pray that you have your dickbag ears on. So... breaker, breaker..."

"Yeah, I'm sure that made him want to come running," Sam says with sheer sarcasm.

"Shut up," Dean annoys right back as he pops one eye open and looks around, Sam joining him until they spot the angel peering at them from the other side of the lot.

"Cass? Cass!" Sam shouts while running in his direction, Dean begrudgingly following. "Hey, Cass! Oh, thank God."

"What is all this, huh? W-what did Balthazar do to us?" Dean questions, keeping a business-like tone.

"To keep you out of Virgil's reach he's cast you into an alternate reality, a universe similar to ours in most respects yet dramatically different in others," Castiel starts to explain in his usual flat tone.

"Like... like Bizarro Earth, right?" Dean tries to clarify. "Except instead of having Bizarro Superman, we get this clown factory." He gestures all around him with annoyed disgust.

"Um... Yeah, well..." Castiel stutters through with clear confusion. "Anyway, no time to explain. Do you have the key?"

"Yeah," Sam answers and hands the orange topped locker key to Castiel. "So, uh, what does this thing do, anyway?"

"It opens a room."

"What's in the room?" Dean wonders.

"Every weapon Balthazar stole from heaven."

"He gave it to us?"

"To keep it safe until I could reach you," Castiel informs them flatly. "With those weapons, I have a chance to rally my forces."

"Oh. Okay, good," Sam says, liking the idea of having access to such arsenal. Better in their hands than so many others. "Yeah. So, now, uh, what's the deal with all this TV crap?"

"Pardon?" Castiel asks with obvious confusion.

"Yeah," Dean agrees, looking at Sam. "Amen, Padaleski."

"Uh, lecki," Sam corrects.

"What?"

"Lecki. Pretty sure."
"Man," complains the guy they had assumed was Castiel as he pulls out a script and flips through it. "Did they put out new pages?"

"New what?" Dean asks with wide eyes, the voice change alone from the usual low, deep rumble to a higher, more average-human tone.

"I mean, is this some kind of cosmic joke?" Sam questions, not exactly picking up on the change in their angel acquaintance.

"Yeah, 'cause if it is, it's stupid, and we don't get it," Dean tacks on angrily.

"Yeah."

Castiel looks at them and laughs a little while loosening his blue tie. "Are you guys okay?"

"Give me that," Dean grumps on a hunch and grabs the pages out of Castiel's hands. "What is… these are words in a script. This isn't Cass."

"Dude, look at him," Sam says, watching the different body language.

"You guys want to run lines, or...?" the guy asks while opening the top button of his usual white shirt Castiel always wears every day.

"His name's Misha," Dean informs Sam. "Misha?" He says the name with sheer disgust. What the fuck kind of name is Misha?

"Oh, wow," Sam responds with the same tone. "Just… great."

"Misha? Jensen? What's up with the names around here?" Dean bitches as he looks past Sam to see Lizzy walking towards them. She's wearing the same thing she was today before they got tossed into this fucked up world, a blue tank top that shows off her pregnant belly that's getting bigger by the second at five and a half months with some comfortable yoga pants that she still makes look amazing despite the body changes.

Either way, Lizzy's here. She was upstairs at Bobby's taking a nap when Balthazar dropped by to shove their asses into a whole different dimension but she must have been sucked in with them anyways.

When she sees the three men talking her face lights up. With a new skip in her step she quickly makes her way to them.

"Hey," Dean smiles to her as he steps out of the group to meet her.

"Hi," Lizzy says somewhat flatly as she gets closer.

Once in front of him Dean pulls her into a hug, just happy to see her there despite being unhappy that she has to go through this. This world sucks. He wants to get home… but he has her so it'll make it easier. At least he knows she's not stuck back at real Bobby's with an untrustworthy archangel.

Dean then brings his hands to her jaw, looking at her with love, and leans in to kiss her.

"What the hell?" Lizzy says with sheer annoyance as she squirms in his hold. With confusion Dean backs off, letting her go. She instantly takes a few steps back and shares an angry expression with him. "What the fuck was that?"

"What was what?" he has to wonder, baffled by her sour mood towards him.
"Dude, I'm not rehearsing that scene with you right now," she denies him with an eye roll.

"Scene?"

"Oh shit," Sam worries as he realizes this isn't Lizzy they're looking at.

"Uh," she complains with crossed arms and rolling eyes. "It's bad enough I have to make out with you half naked professionally like every fucking week. We don't need to rehearse that shit after four years. Yuck."

"Yuck?" Dean questions, his brain refusing to recognize what's happening here.

"Dean, that's not Lizzy," Sam says quietly into his brother's ear with a hand on his shoulder. He needed to be told directly.

Dean stares wide eyed at the woman in front of him that looks like his Lizzy, everything about her is perfectly his wife. Even her pregnant stomach is right. Everything except her attitude towards him is the same.

"Wait until tomorrow, huh Jens?" she continues on. "You can get your fill then." One more eye roll and she walks right past him. The second she does she smiles wide with that toothy grin Lizzy normally has when she sees Dean, but this time it's aimed at Misha. "Hi, baby!"

"Hi, honeybun," Misha smiles right back and they immediately kiss. The second they do Sam and Dean freeze in place with bugged out eyes staring at the horror in front of them.

"That's way too much tongue," Sam hushes out as they're forced to be audience to one very fucked up make out session. Dean feels sick all over again.

"I missed you this morning," Lizzy-a-like says to Misha when she finally pulls away but holds both of his hands, her baby-voice with overdone pout completely uncharacteristic of the woman these hunters know so well.

"I had an early call, sweetie," Misha responds with an equally annoying baby voice, his arms quickly around her and rubbing his nose against hers in an Eskimo kiss. "You looked so peaceful… daddy didn't want to wake up his girl."

"Oh God, I'm gonna puke," Dean struggles out with the overly sweet display he's seeing. He clamps a hand down on Sam's forearm as it's crossed over his chest and slaps his other over his mouth, the bile creeping up his throat all over again.

"Right there with you," Sam agrees as he can't seem to peel his eyes off of the couple in front of them out of sheer morbid curiosity. The two are kissy and lovey… and sickening.

"Oh, hey guys," Misha says as he turns to the two men with a grin and an arm around the woman that looks like Lizzy. "Odette and I wanted to tell you two first…"

"Odette?" Dean question quietly. This really isn't Lizzy.

"It's a girl!" she smiles wide while placing her hands on her stomach. "We found out for sure yesterday!"

"A girl?" Dean repeats, his world collapsing even more as he hears that in this reality his son is no longer a boy… and no longer his.
"Yes," Misha grins even wider and looks over to Odette. "Our little princess."

"Princess Magda," Odette returns with a love-sick smile.

"Magda?" Sam immediately asks with utter disbelief.

"Yeah," Misha responds. "We wanted something different yet beautiful."

"Just like our little jellybean," Odette adds in.

"Aw," Misha coos and leans in to kiss her, the quick kiss turning into a more serious one.

"Uh," Dean groans as his stomach churns. He immediately walks away, Sam following along as neither can stand dealing with that whole thing right now.

"Baby, you should Tweet this!" Odette is heard saying behind them. "Your followers will love it!"

"Good idea," Misha says with excitement and takes out his phone. He reads aloud while he types. "Told J and J… can tell everyone now… it's a girl! The guys are psyched for us…"

"What the fuck is this place?" Dean darkly asks as they haul away from the entire situation they were just forced to watch. He tries to hide the hyperventilation but Sam catches it.

"Hell," Sam says quickly as he can't deal with this. "Or close to."

"We gotta get back home…"
"See? You're ok," Lizzy says to what she now knows as Jensen Ackles while she rubs his back once in understanding as he breathes into a paper bag as he hyperventilates. He has his free hand clamped on his knee as he sits at Bobby's kitchen table, his knuckles turning white with the intense grip. His back is hunched as he tries to take deep breaths.

"So this is all real?" Jared asks her, sitting on the opposite side of the table and looking at her for answers. "This house, the ghosts and demons and... and you!?"

"Yes," Lizzy nods calmly as she grabs her medical kit off the kitchen counter and pulls a chair up to sit next to him. "And the more I think it over the more I'm pretty sure this is a universal issue."

"No. We work for Warner Brothers," Jensen says through his paper bag as he finally starts to calm down a bit, his breathing regulating itself.

Lizzy just wrinkles her face and looks at him until it clicks. "No, shit. No. Not as in the production studio. I mean this is a universe thing. Like, you're from a universe where you're actors playing out the story of Sam and Dean Winchester. Here... well, Sam and Dean are real. They're real people, just like me. I'm real... and not named Odette Annabel."

"This is seriously fucked up," Jared comments. "I don't get it. How the hell did this happen?"

"Beats me," Lizzy answers, opening her med bag up and pulling his forearm gently to rest across the table in front of her. "I was asleep when this all happened. You know, pregnancy is kicking my ass these days. Anything could have happened before you crashed through that window and I wouldn't have a clue about it."

"What are you doing?" Jared asks with wide eyes as she takes ahold of the glass shard in his arm. Without warning she yanks the piece out.

"What the fuck!?" Jared shouts and tries to pull his arm into himself but Lizzy holds strong and keeps it in place.

"Are all actors such pussies?" she smirks as she presses a clean towel to the gash to help slow the bleeding. "I know what I'm doing. I'm actually the best one around here with this kinda shit... but I guess you already know that, don't you?" Jared thinks it over and confirms the thought with his expression as he's been Sam Winchester for long enough to know all about the characters in his show. Lizzy is the medical care one of them. "Fuck is that weird."

"So you're really pregnant?" Jensen finally speaks up and drops the paper bag onto the table. He's composed himself enough to try and filter through this new situation.

Lizzy looks down at her stomach exaggeratedly before peering back at him with an eyebrow arched. "I might be."

"So in this world that would mean that..." Jared starts as he points to Lizzy's stomach and then at
"Ew! No!" Jensen immediately denies and earns him a punch in the arm from Lizzy. "Ow!"

"Ooh, sorry," Lizzy immediately feels bad for her knee-jerk reaction. She always retaliates like that when Dean is rude and it's just too easy to forget that he isn't actually Dean. "Habit I guess."

"Yeah…" he responds, knowing how many times in scripts he's had to be slugged by Odette. This is fucking surreal.

"Um, well, no… Jared," Lizzy forces herself to say the name that feels wrong when looking at the Sam-copy. "This baby is not Jensen's. I have never had sex with Jensen. Now, Dean on the other hand… well, I couldn't really count the times if I tried." She huffs a laugh.

"Gross," Jensen answers and flinches immediately as he expects to be hit again.

Lizzy just looks at him with confusion. "What's that all about, huh? You hate me or something?"

"Well, I guess I don't really get along with you. Or the you of my world… or whatever."

"So you don't get along with Odette then?"

"God no," he nearly laughs. "That bitch hates me."

"Maybe if you weren't such a jackass to her she would like you more," Jared adds his two cents.

"Who the hell are you to talk?" Jensen fires right back. "You don't have to pretend to love a cold witch like her every damn day. You got it easy."

"Oh I got it easy?"

"Sure do."

"So my job is easy compared to yours!?"

"Absolutely…"

"Whoa! Hold on!" Lizzy shouts to interrupt the fighting that escalated way too fast. "What the fuck is that all about?"

"Nothing," Jensen shoves the situation aside as Jared looks away.

"Don't worry about it," Jared responds quietly.

"Ok… either you two have been working together for far too long or you have some serious shit you need to deal with."

The room stays silent and Lizzy just short of shivers with how cold it is in there suddenly.

"Or you're just as dysfunctional as the real things," Lizzy comments as she pulls the towel on Jared's arm back to look at the damage. "Dude, this isn't that bed. I can get you patched up in no time."

"You're just going to sew me back up? Right here?" Jared worries as she glances around the shabby house.

"Of course," she tells him with a smirk. "Don't you watch the show?"
Without warning she douses the cut with whiskey from the nearest bottle.

"Shit! Ow!" Jared complains in a shout and gets a stifled laugh from Jensen. He sends his costar an angry look.

"So now I have to wonder about something," Lizzy starts as she once more presses the towel over Jared's arm. "If you guys are here and suddenly Dean and Sam aren't... then are they in your universe?"

"Of course everything is fake," Sam complains as they leave the set built to look like Bobby's house and head for the Impala parked out back out of sheer instinct. "We're on a film set. We got to get back to the real world."

"Yeah, now you're talking," Dean answers back, completely ready to go back to his world where he has a wife and kid on the way instead of fake weapons, fake people, and even faker surroundings. They get into their usual respective sides of the car and Dean turns the key to start his baby. "All right, we go round up the genuine articles, bring 'em here for the spell." The second he has his car in drive it squeals and clicks as it struggles to accelerate. "What the hell is going on? What's wrong with her?"

"Mr. Ackles!" a scrawny crew member shouts as he runs alongside the Impala knocking on the driver's side window. "Mr. Ackles, please!"

"Uh, Dean?" Sam calls to his brother, trying to remind him of where they are.

"Mr. Ackles, please!" the lot worker keeps shouting, already fearing the trouble this will get him in.

"Dean, it's not the Impala."

"Please! Stop!"

"You think?" Dean nearly shouts as the frustration of this world gets to him. "It's a frigging prop! Just like everything else."

Dean puts the car in park and both get out of the thing that isn't their usual home on wheels.

"Oh, thank you. Thank you," the relief worker relaxes. "Thank you so much for..."

"How the hell are we supposed to get out of here?" Dean asks the guy, cutting him off with lack of patience for his situation.

"Uh, usually you just have Clif drive you..."

"Where is he?" Dean cuts in, ready to get the fuck off this set as soon as possible.

"Um, he's probably out back... by the car bay..."

"Thanks," Sam says quickly and they both take off toward the direction the crew member pointed at.

"I gotta get the fuck away from this place," Dean says in complaint. "And into the nearest rape shower."

"Uh, you wanna hang back for a second," Sam suddenly stops them, a hand grabbing Dean's shoulder to get him to hold off. "Just, maybe... wait a minute before we figure out who Clif is."
"What!?'Dean looks at him with angry shock. "Why!?'"

"Just…" Sam stalls as he watches Lizzy and Cass… no, Odette and Misha, walking hand in hand in
the same direction as they were going. He'd rather keep Dean away from that if possible. "I don't
know, wait a minute.'"

"Dude, I wanna get the hell away from here," Dean denies and marches off to the bay. A few steps
in and he catches a glimpse of Odette and Misha, standing at the side of the bay waiting for their cars
to come around. Misha leans into her, his hand landing on her ass as he whispers something in her
ear. Odette giggles right back and kisses him. "Son of bitch…"

"See, waiting would have been better," Sam comments with an I-told-you-so attitude as they walk up
to the bay together.

"I think you should wear that cheerleader outfit tonight," Misha says to her in a not-quite quiet
enough tone.

"Baby!" Odette says with a big smile for his saying that in public, smacking his arm but then hugging
his waist right after.

"What?" Misha laughs a little, bringing his arms around her shoulders. "I love you in that one…"

"You get turned on by the pregnant high school student?" Odette laughs and kisses his cheek.

"Or you could do the pregnant nurse and give daddy a checkup."

Dean grits his teeth. "How many times am I gonna be on the verge of puking today?"

"Hang in there, sport," Sam jokes, getting just a little sick pleasure out of the situation. It is pretty
fucked up, he admits, but it's funny to him too.

A blue compact car is pulled into the bay and the man that gets out hands Odette the keys.

"Thanks," she says in return before kissing Misha one more time. "I'll see your sexy ass at home."

"Absolutely," Misha smirks as she grabs his cheeks before getting into her car.

She starts it up and waves as she pulls out of the bay.

"Love you!" Misha shouts back and she drives off as he finally sees Sam and Dean next to him. His
eyes light up. "Hey guys!"

"Yeah," Dean sneers at him as he stands at the curb looking around for whoever Clif might be.

"Nice punk earlier," Misha smiles while wagging a finger at them. "Pretending they changed the
script. You two got me good."

"S'what we were going for," Sam brushes off. "You know where Clif is?"

"Yeah, right there," Misha points to a hulking guy a few feet down.

"Thanks, pal," Dean answers with slight anger and heads that way.

"Better go easy on my girl tomorrow, Jensen!" Misha calls over to him and Dean turns around with
confusion.
"What're you talking about?"

"Your scene tomorrow," Misha reminds him with a friendly warning.

"Yeah, uh, what about it?"

"No funny business, huh?" Misha warns lightly and with a smile.

"Yeah, sure," Dean shakes off and walk away to the big bald guy. "Hey, you Clif?"

"Ah," Clif laughs at the odd question. "You know I am."

"Good. Get us the fuck outta here."

"Hey," Bobby greets when he walks through the kitchen door with two grocery bags of food. He starts to put everything away in the kitchen.

"Hey Bobby," Lizzy says as she gets up from her seat on the couch next to Jared Padalecki, not Sam as she keeps reminding herself. She rushes into the kitchen, ready to get some help on this one. "I need to talk to you."

"'Bout what?" he asks her as he turns around to look at her. Behind her he can see the blue plastic tarp hung over his double window in the study adjacent to the kitchen. "What the hell!?" He marches into the study to look over the damage. "I leave for one afternoon, in a storm to get them booze none the less…"

"Be honest, the booze was for you too," Lizzy smirks at him and Bobby ignores the comment.

"And this is how those idjits repay me!?"

"It wasn't their fault," Lizzy explains quickly.

"Why do I feel like that's a crock of shit?"

"They're not exactly themselves today."

"The hell does that mean?" Bobby asks angrily.

"Ok, so remember when I got you stoned that one time and we started talking about alternate universes and if they exist because we were watching the Star Trek episode about alternate universes?"

"Yeah…" he responds, remembering how stupid yet interesting the conversation had gotten.

"Well, come to find out… that shit's real," she says quickly.

"Come again?" Bobby asks with a face of disbelief.

"An alternate universe came crashing through your windows while I was napping and you were out."

The pause is long and silent as Bobby thinks things over. "How so?"

Lizzy just sighs. "The other-world versions of Sam and Dean are here. They aren't Sam and Dean of course… they just look like them. No goatees though."
Bobby doesn't wait to hear any more. He marches right for the living room, stopping to look over the two men sitting there from the doorway. Lizzy moves quickly to stand next to him.

She points at Jared first. "This is Jared Padalecki." She then points to Jensen. "And that's Jensen Ackles."

"Jensen?" Bobby asks with disgust, getting a face that says 'fuck you' in return from the man.

Lizzy just keeps going, ignoring the exchange. "They're actors on a TV show called Supernatural. In the show they follow the travels of Sam and Dean Winchester, fictional characters that fight ghosts and ghouls and demons… and they're stuck here."

"A TV show?" Bobby wonders to Lizzy with sheer disgust.

"Yup. In their world the whole story of our lives is aired for entertainment purposes."

"Who would watch that depressing drivel?"

"Not many do…" Jensen adds in with a grumble, Jared nodding in reluctant agreement.

"And… their world doesn't have magic or evil or anything, really," Lizzy keeps explaining. "I can see how the idea of our reality might be kind of interesting."

"It's different, that's for sure," Jared confirms for them.

Bobby turns to Lizzy with wide eyes. "There's nothing!?"

"Nothing. No witches and demons and angels… it's just black and white stuff. It's all about science and it's quiet."

"Yeah, it's pretty rarely does anything actually supernatural ever happen," Jensen adds in. "It's usually just hoaxes and crap."

"Huh," Bobby hums when he thinks it over. "You know, I've been looking for a place to invest in a summer condo…"

Lizzy laughs a little at that. "Wouldn't that be nice?"

Bobby huffs a grumpy sound and eyes the two men in front of him. They're less rough around the edges, he can tell already. That Jared fellow sits with a hunched back and a relaxed body language, something Sam rarely does, and not a single fingernail on Jensen's hand is blackened. Also, their hair is just a little too perfect and their clothes just a tad too smooth and wrinkle free.

With a big sigh, Bobby rolls his eyes. "Guess I should assume I'm not getting' help with burying that ghoul Jack's stopping by with tonight then."

"No, no," Lizzy says lightly, her mood suddenly excited to a point. Time to make these pretty boys understand their world for real. "These fine young men are still strong and capable. I'm sure they can help."

"What!?" Jared questions, his face pale white with the idea as he shares a look with a fearful Jensen.

"Oh, come on!" Lizzy lightly says. "You've pretended to bury a baddie tons of times by now, right?"

Neither answer, just stare wide eyed at her.
"Exactly," Lizzy laughs before looking at Bobby. "When's Jack getting here!?!"

"Couple hours," Bobby smirks at her enthusiasm before moving on. "So, what now? And these chuckleheads are here then where are our Dean and Sam?"

"Best guess, they're visiting actor land," Lizzy says to him.

"Oh, great," Bobby grumbles and crosses his arms over his chest. "Not sure I even got the resources to research this one."

"You seriously do that?" Jared asks from his seat. "Research stuff like this?"

Bobby blinks once. "You think this shit just solves itself?" Bobby disappears for a moment, returning with a stack of four books. He drops one in Jensen's lap.

"What am I doing with this?" he questions up to him.

"It's a book," he says back with sarcasm, dropping a book on Jared lap also. "You read it."

"Here, Cassie!" Lizzy calls to her dog as she sits on the cold ground next to the pit Bobby started with the backhoe. Right now she has two lovely actors finishing off the work, getting it deep enough to bury a ghoul good so that her dog won't be tempted to dig him up.

Cass runs to her, his collar jingling the whole time, and drops the tennis ball into her hand before she throws it again.

"I can't believe this shit is real," Jensen suddenly speaks up as he hauls a heavy shovel-full of dirt out of the now chest-high hole.

"No fucking shit," Jared complains as he shoves his own shovel deep into the ground yet again. Just a she does Jensen trips a bit and steps on his shovel. "Man! Come on!"

"What!?" Jensen complains as he turns around to face him.

"Just… watch what the fuck you're doing," Jared asks in a rude tone. "I wanna get this over with."

"Yeah, because I live to dig graves for monsters," Jensen bitches right back, dropping his shovel to eye Jared good. "My hands hurt, my back hurts, my head hurts…"

"And my ears hurt," Lizzy cuts into his complaining. "Enough complaining, Brad Pitt. Just dig, huh?" She smiles at him wide, letting him know it's just her ribbing him, before checking the clip loaded into her Glock. Full. Better safe than sorry, right?

"I don't see you digging," Jensen counters, making him sound like her Dean a little.

"Seriously?" she questions with shock as he points to her stomach.

"Jensen, just dig already," Jared says in a whiny tone. "We're almost done…"

"We'd be done quicker if you weren't two bills of all glamour muscle, Lautner," Jensen fires right back with anger growing by the second.

"At least I have muscles, grandpa," Jared grumbles right back, knowing he's been heard loud and clear.
"Grandpa!" Jensen drops his work completely to face Jared, ire in his expression.

"Boys!" Lizzy shouts loudly, eyes wide as she sees how fast they dissolve into bickering. "You're in my world now! There's not time for bitching at each other when there's work to do! You finish the job and save the Jerry Springer shit for later, ok?"

Both men just stare at her, realizing she really is exactly the Lizzy their show portrays. She just took over the moment and got between the two of them while fighting, a feat no one has actually been able to do before now.

When she sees how much she's shocked them Lizzy sighs with remorse. "Look, I know this is insane to you. I remember first finding out about this whole world being real and I get how pants-shitting it is. But if you're gonna live in my world, even if it's for a short time, you gotta put up or shut up. Get the job done."

"Sorry," Jared sheepishly apologizes as he pushes his shovel into the earth again, listening completely to her suggestion.

Jensen thinks better of talking at all and gets back to work. She's a little scary when she gets mad and seeing it first hand and for real is no picnic.

Another fifteen minutes and they're done grave digging.

"Nice work, guys," Lizzy says happily as she helps pull Jensen out of the hole, gripping his hand tight and pulling until he's standing. "See what happens when you work together?"

"I'm just hungry," Jared comments as he jumps out on his own, having not eaten since well before getting tossed into this suddenly not-so-fictional *Supernatural* universe.

"Bobby's got dinner covered," Lizzy says, walking to the ratty old blanket wrapped ghoul lying on the gravel next to the grave. "The sooner we burn this bitch and cover him up, we can eat." She grins wide at the idea. She's starving.

"Alright, I call feet," Jared quickly thinks and jogs over, grabbing the ghoul's leg-end.

Jensen just glares at Jared for a quick second before dragging his feet towards the monster's head. "On three."

Jared nods and Jensen grabs under the wrapped ghoul's shoulders.

"One… two... three," Jensen counts off and they lift at the same time.

The second they pick up the body they hear a groaning sound.

"You alright?" Lizzy asks Jensen as she assumes it came from me.

"That wasn't me," he says with concern looking over at her. As he stares at her he misses the arm reaching through the blanket.

"Shit!" Jared yells out with utter fear when he sees the ghoul moving. He drops its feet immediately and takes several steps back away from it.

Jensen catches on then, letting go of the top half of the body. When it hits the floor the ghoul's arm grabs onto his ankle. With a scream he trips backwards, falling hard onto the ground as he begins kicking at the clamped hand on his leg.
"Get it off!" he shouts with consuming terror. "Get it off of me!"

"Calm down!" Lizzy yells over his panic, her dog barking furiously by her side with the commotion, as she already has her Glock in her hands. If she's gonna off the damn thing for good he needs him to stop flailing around and give her a good, clear shot from where she's standing. Getting closer to it... well, Bobby and Dean would kill her if she did that with her pregnancy. She's off limits for all things monster.

"What do we do!?" Jared asks, staying far away from the ghoul as it attempts to take Jensen down.

"You stay calm and you shut up!" Lizzy gets mad at him, aiming with difficulty.

"Fuck! Get it away!" Jensen keeps kicking frantically, the ghoul now having its second hand on his knee. Its bloodied head is out of the blanket now and it's eyeing his leg with hungry need.

"Fuck me," Lizzy complains and walks right up to the monster they had thought was dead.

"Help! No!" Jensen screams as Lizzy stands to the side of the ghoul cool as a cucumber. She presses the barrel of her handgun right to its temple. "Snack time's over," she says with an annoyed tone and pulls the trigger, blasting the ghoul straight through its head and killing it for good. Its body sumps and drops, laying across Jensen's legs.

"Fuck! Uh!" Jensen says with disgust and scrambles out from under the monster. He stands up quickly and takes some shaky steps away from it, fearful that it'll come back.

"I'm gonna fucking kill Jack," Lizzy says with heated ire as she puts her gun back into her pants. "Un-fucking-believable!"

"That... that was... so cool," Jared laughs a little once the whole thing is over and he can be a bit relieved. He bends over, hands on knees and keeps his laughing quiet as the shock is still there too.

"That was not cool!" Jensen immediately rebuts.

"Dude, she just blew away a ghoul like a badass!" Jared points out with surprise. "She walked right up to the thing while you were crying like a little girl and ventilated its head like it was nothing!"

"I wasn't crying like a girl," Jensen angrily rebuts.

"You were but that's not the point," Jared continues on. "That was fucking crazy!"

"Gonna tear him a new asshole," Lizzy grumbles angrily as she has her phone out and already pressing send on Jack's number. It rings a couple times and he picks up. "What the fuck is wrong with you!?" she yells into the phone with a fire that's quite horrifying. "You didn't kill it, Jack! That bitch was still alive!"

Jared and Jensen look at her before looking at each other with wide, scared eyes. She's no joke. This world is no joke.

"You brought a living monster to my doorstep while I'm pregnant, you fucking incompetent ass!" she keeps right on screaming with full ire. "You put my family in danger because you were careless! Oh, a head shot!? You don't fucking say! You missed, jackass. You grazed it and dazed the damn thing just long enough for it to wake up while we were burying its ass!"

She's scary. Very scary. Jared and Jensen choose to not move a muscle during her freak out to save
them from the anger being aimed at them.

At one point Lizzy listens to the usually good hunter's excuses before sighing and closing her eyes. She doesn't want to hear it. "All hunters get strung out and tired and the ones that can't handle that are dead. That's when they drop their guard and die! Jack… you're better than this!"

Lizzy looks over to the frozen in place actors and decides to put them to work. She reaches into her pocket and hands Jared her lighter and some lighter fluid. "Make him crispy, huh?"

She turns away from them and continues to tear into Jack for his mistake as Jared and Jensen remain slightly frozen.

"I guess we gotta do this," Jared says, tossing Jensen the lighter fluid.

"I'm not touching that thing," Jensen denies immediately.

"It's dead now…"

"Yeah, it's a dead body," he points out. "It's a still a monster. What the hell!?"

Jared huffs a disbelieving laugh. "Just pretend it's a fake like on set."

"I wish we were on set…"

"Ditto," Jared jokes, suddenly wishing he was back home and on the job where guns fire blanks and he gets to goof off while getting paid.

"Fuck," Jensen complain and rubs his eyes. He then eyes the corpse again. "I'm not picking that thing up again.

"Kick it in?" Jared suggests.

Without a word the both stand over the ghoul and press their boots into the body, letting it tumble down into the grave.

"Alright," Jared cheers a bit and nods to the lighter fluid bottle in Jensen's hands. "Let's do this."

After dinner had been eaten the group dispersed a bit. Bobby went to his usual desk position and Jensen settled into the living room with a new book. He'd already gotten through one. Lizzy has been quite impressed with how quickly he's settled into this new role of his. Maybe it's the actor in him… or maybe it's that Lizzy has been shocked by the similarities between him and her actual husband. They are different, there's no denying that, but they aren't exactly all that different. She sees shades of Dean in there in his facial expression and mannerism especially.

Jared, however, is nothing like her Sam. He's calmer, looser… even his posture isn't as ridged and uptight. And Jared smiles more. He may have been thrown into this whole situation and should be scared shitless, but he's maintaining.

"So how long have you two been working together?" Lizzy asks Jared as she sits at the table. She has her feet on the kitchen tabletop and there's a pan resting on her pregnant stomach. She's eating the leftovers before they can be truly called leftovers. Pregnancy is a bitch.

"We're filming season six," he tells her over his shoulder.

"Six years?" Lizzy nods.
"Well, more like seven in the long run but… yeah."

"I haven't even known Dean and Sam that long."

"Yeah, you came in during season two," Jared comment before correcting himself. "Ah, 2007."

"That's so weird that you know that," Lizzy shakes her head. "And it's weirder that you chronicle my life according to seasons."

"That's all I know," Jared laughs a little. "But I can see how it's totally weird."

Lizzy laughs a bit more with the ridiculousness. "So, I gotta ask, and I hope I'm not stepping on some toes here… but, dude, why do you two hate each other so much?"

"That obvious, huh?" Jared smiles a bit with how transparent he knows they are.

"Glaringly so," she answers with a mouthful of pasta.

"How are you still eating?" he changes focus very quickly, not looking for a therapy session from a character on his own show. Plus, he's impressed with how much she does in fact eat. That's a detail Sera popped in there because her best friend, the inspiration for Lizzy on the show, was a big foodie and could pack the food away easily.

"Dude, this kid is mine and Dean's," she laughs a bit while pointing to her stomach. "I only see, like, ten percent of what I down."

"Sounds about right," he laughs with her wit. She is pretty funny.

"Nice try with the subject change, though."

"Not so smooth?"

"Oh, you're about as smooth as Sam around a cute girl," she calls him out immediately. "The hate on, what's it about?"

"I don't even remember, honestly," Jared explains as he keeps cleaning. "We just, kinda, got sick of each other over time and drifted."

"So there's no real reason for it?"

"No, not really," he admits. "No contract issues or jealousy or anything… just too much time with one person."

"So… you just got tired of always being around each other?"

"Yeah," he answers. "Funny thing is we used to get along. Really well, actually. We were really close, kinda like brothers even."

"That's fucking weird," Lizzy tells him as she just can't comprehend this.

"What is?"

"How you can just let go of that," Lizzy points out. "I mean, you know my story. I lost my best friend. I would do anything to get that back yet here you two are, around each other all the time and you don't fix the problem. You just… throw that bond away. That's so fucking lame."
"It is kinda lame," Jared easily agrees, picking up another plate to clean. "Really lame… honestly…” Lizzy pauses when she hears the sadness in his voice. Oops. It isn't her place to say such things but she's already so comfortable with this Sam lookalike so she slipped into that comfortable banter with him.

"So, ah, what's your real life like?" Lizzy asks him. "What's the Jared Padalecki's experience?"

"Ha, ok," he responds, clearly happy for the distraction. "Well, I work a lot. Almost all day every day for about nine month of the year for a TV show that hardly anyone watches."

"That sounds… unrewarding."

"It's a paycheck," he explains, stacking the last of the now clean dishes into the drying rack. He turns around to look at her while drying his hands on a dish towel. "And as an actor you don't really walk away from that."

"Understandable," Lizzy nods.

"And, you know, for a small show on a small network we do have some fans… scary devoted fans but fans nonetheless. They love the show and that's pretty motivating. Plus, Sam is an interesting character. I'm kept on my toes and he's a constant challenge to do justice to. It's a good job."

Lizzy smile when he looks happy as he speaks about his occupation. "That's good that you like what you do. Most people aren't so fortunate."

"You being one of them?" he challenges. Lizzy nods and tells him, "Definitely."

Jared thinks it over, thinks of all the storylines they've performed and how they are all reality for this one woman. "You know, it's kinda hard to believe that there are people that exist that actually live the life we act out every week."

"It's just life to us," Lizzy shrugs. "We're used to it. We wouldn't know what a true good life was if it punched us in the face at this point."

Jared gets quiet, not knowing at all what to say at first. Her life is just awful and so horrifying, yet here she is sitting there calmly, eating and speaking to him as if her husband and brother-in-law weren't missing without a way to bring them back. This is all too normal for her and his sympathy for them as a group is completely overwhelming.

"I'm sorry you have to go through all this," he tells her. "It's really unfair."

"You're right, it isn't," Lizzy says, finally pausing her eating to look up at him. "But in this reality nothing has been fair to any of us for a long time. We just got unlucky. And the only thing we can do is fight on and do what's right. And hang tight to the people we love."

Jared nods quietly as he watches her press her lips together, a move Odette does every time she's about to cry when in character. He knows what that means.

"But you have people you love," Jared points out. "The story of you specifically is all about love on our show, or at least that what I think it's about. You're the glue that holds it all together and makes sure everyone remembers what's important. You still have a lot of good surrounding you."
"I do," Lizzy says, smiling with the thought. "I have Bobby and Sam is practically my own brother. And I have Dean and our little boy on the way. There isn't a lot that could compare to that."

She looks up at him again, dropping her feet on the floor and putting the pan of food on the table.

"What about you?" she wonders. "You married?"

Jared smiles wide for a second when he thinks about it. "Yeah. I am." He sits down across from her.

"Kids?"

"Ah, not yet but... we just started trying."

"Yeah!?" Lizzy lights up with the thought.

"Yeah, so... hopefully soon we'll be in the same boat as you." He smiles as he looks down at his shoes, thinking about what he has waiting for him in his world.

"That's so exciting," she tells him, melting a bit for the man across from her smiling like a dope. He's just so damn cute it almost hurts.

"Oh, it's so fucking exciting," he agrees completely. "She's gonna be such a cool mom." He keeps grinning while thinking of her.

"She makes you happy," Lizzy grins right back. "I can tell."

"She's so awesome. You have no idea," Jared tells her instantly, grinning like a kid on Christmas. "I got lucky finding her."

"Good," Lizzy says right back, the grin still on her own face. "This might be weird to say but it's nice to see Sam's face smiling like that. It's been a while."

"Since Lou?" Jared asks, knowing the truth already.

Lizzy nods, grin now gone.

"I'm sorry about that," Jared says to her, shifting into total sincerity. "That was... I'm just, I'm really sorry."

"Me too," Lizzy tells him but she doesn't want to go there. "So tell me about her... your wife."

"Gen," he smiles again. "She's great. She's just... so cool and down to Earth. The second I saw her I thought she was the cutest damn thing, and so hot... it was sheer luck that she got cast on our show or else I might not have met her."

Lizzy looks at him with questioning. "She's an actor too?"

"Yeah. She was in season four."

"You do realize the whole seasons-thing mean nothing to me, right?" Lizzy laughs a little with the way Jared keeps his life in coordination with his job.

"Sorry," he laughs a little back. "She, ah... well, she played Ruby. The second one, ah... with the dark hair."

Lizzy's face falls immediately. "I know the one." It's said dark and angry, her mood shifting
"Oh, she's not like Ruby or anything..."

"I know," Lizzy tells him but she doesn't care. "But it's still a little... sore. She wasn't the person you know on this side..."

"I get that," Jared explains.

"Our version... she was..."

"You don't have to explain," Jared grins as he sees her have trouble. "I was there, kinda. I know how you feel about her. You don't have to say anything."

"Good," Lizzy nods. She hates Ruby and never wants to speak of the bitch again. Then she begins to think. "So... Sam's on the other side right now and he's married to Ruby there?"

Jared thinks it over. "Yeah, I guess so."

Lizzy closes her eyes with some fear in her heart. Sam opened up to her about Ruby in the past. He never told Dean but he spilled it all to Lizzy, the relationship they had. It wasn't exactly platonic and Sam admitted to how attracted he was to her, how he missed her sometimes since she did in fact act like she adored him, looked up to him, felt for him. She's worried about what Sam might do on the other side.

"Awkward," Lizzy says with nervousness.

"Why? I mean, they probably told the truth about who they are over on that side... right?"

He looks nervous.

"I'm sure they did," Lizzy says. "I can't see either of them being stupid enough to pretend to be people they aren't and live another person's life." In her head she knows already that that's exactly what they're doing right now. They haven't told a sole on the other side that they aren't Jared or Jensen as they trudge through and look for a way home.

"Ok..." Jared trails off, thinking it over as he's been Sam for so long he's not too sure.

"Jared, Sam won't do anything," Lizzy assures him with zero confidence. "I promise."

"Hey!" Sam calls out when he sees Genevieve walk into her house... their house. "Hey. Hi. Hi, uh, Gen... Genevieve."

"Gen," she corrects his odd behavior while taking off her coat.

"Gen. Of course," Sam says all jittery as he approaches her. She's so beautiful but he remembers all that the real Ruby did to him... and how much she actually appreciated him and wanted to follow him. "Yeah. Um, so, h-how was the... otter thing?"

"It was good."

"Yeah?"

"Everybody missed you there," she tells him, obviously wishing he'd joined her. She presses up to give him a kiss.
"Oh. Wow. Wow, I bet," he tries to brush off the kiss but he can't. She's so cute. "So… so listen. I, I got to ask you a question. Do you remember, uh, year before last, all those disasters?"

"Disasters?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, the whole earthquake spike. You know, the … the 9.2 in Rome? I mean, the 8.5 outside Boston? The whole east/west tsunami chain?"

"Yes. I remember all of those… from last season on your show." She looks at him like he's a bit crazy.

"No, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. I know. I know. That… that's what I mean. That's what I was..." After stuttering so much he gives up and takes a sip of the beer in his hand.

"You have been Sam Winchester way too long."

Gen pulls him into a long kiss. When she pulls away she smiles up at him warmly and grabs his hand.

When she begins walking for the stairs Sam has a flashing moment of morality battling inside him. This isn't his wife. He doesn't know her.

But he knows her body already.

But she's not Ruby.

But she looks like Ruby.

Ah, fuck it.

Sam gets very few breaks in life. He counts this as a lucky break and lets her lead him to her bedroom.
"Ooh, priority," Misha comments as Sam sits into the chair labeled 'Jared Padalecki' on set the next day. He has the box they picked up that morning from the airport before arriving to work in his lap. They really needed the bone of a lesser saint and now that they have it they might be ready to get their asses back to their own world.

Sam just glances at Misha and doesn't answer.

"What's in it?" Misha continues on, prying further.

Sam observes the man sitting there in Cass' usual suit and white shirt but without the blue tie and signature trench coat. This guy is the worst. Castiel is a work-oriented being that isn't so damn annoyingly desperate for attention and buddy time. Fuck this.

"I bought part of a dead person."

"Oh," Misha's face instantly drops with the news. What the fuck is up with these two these past few days? "Cool."

"Uh, so, bad news," Dean says quietly to Sam as he joins him, sitting into the seat labeled 'Jensen Ackles'. "Uh... looks like we're gonna have to do a little acting."

"What!?" Sam panics right away.

"Yeah, uh... we can't get the set cleared until they get some scenes done," Dean says with fear. "So... we gotta Daniel Day Lewis this shit real quick before getting back to our own fucked up little world."

"Relax, guys," Misha says calmly from his seat behind them, smiling and trying his best as always to be buddy-buddy with the actors that just never have seemed to fully warm up to him. "It's only a couple pages. We can get home to our families in no time."

"Families?" Dean asks behind him, turning to look at the guy with confusion.

"Yeah, families," he smirks with the odd reaction. Misha then leans forward a little and speaks in a hushed tone. "And you should really call Danneel before we start. She text me in a panic last night when you didn't come home. She's worried about you."

"Danneel?" Dean questions with an odd and surprised look. What the fuck kind of name is that?

"Yes, you know... the woman you're married to," Misha reminds him with a grin. "I got the text at one in the morning. Told her you left with Jared. Did you?"

"Uh..." Dean starts to answer as his brain rolls. He's married to another woman here?

"You didn't go home with that hot makeup chick, did you?" Misha cuts him off. "Because if you did... details, man!"
Misha swats Dean's shoulder and gives him a sly look, one Dean certainly doesn't return.

"Are you trying to guy-time me right now?" Dean asks with disgust at Misha's actions.

Misha looks confused for the way he's been called out. "Just saying… the new makeup girl is hot…"

"And you just said I have a wife." Dean keeps his face blank.

"Actors will be actors…"

"I'm not a cheater," Dean says with sheer annoyance as he turns back around. He grumbles to himself, "No matter who my wife is at the time…"

"Calm down, man," Sam quietly whispers to his brother.

"Danneel? Seriously?" Dean asks with complaint in his voice.

"You aren't actually Jensen Ackles. Remember that," Sam points out and shakes the box in his hands. "And your real wife… we're gonna get back to her."

"Thank fucking God for that," Dean comments as Odette makes her way over to them at the perfect timing. "Awesome."

Dean's sarcasm isn't lost on Sam as he also sees the actress headed their way.

"Odie!" Misha smiles wide as he says her nickname and stands up when he catches sight of her.

"What are you doing here, baby?"

"Hi, sweetie," Odette smiles wide and cups his face. "I needed to pick up my script for today. Forgot it last night and I figured I'd come by and hang out with you for a little bit." She pulls him down and kisses him long right there in front of the two hunters.

"That's still so gross," Dean comments as he looks away.

"And that's still too much tongue," Sam adds on.

Dean washes a hand down his face with frustration.

"Oh my God!" Odette cheers as she pulls away from the kiss with excitement. "She's moving!"

Odette grabs Misha's hand and presses it to her stomach.

"Aw, our little jellybean is dancing away in there," Misha coos, the syrupy sweet tone making Dean groan with disgust.

"Jesus," Sam shakes his head with the display, already completely over this bizarre world.

"The freakin' angel gets to feel my kid moving before me!?!" Dean harshly whispers with the moment, pissed off as all hell. "The fuck is that!?"

"Uh, no Dean," Sam reminds him as he points to Misha. "That guy isn't an angel. He a pussy little actor. And that kid isn't yours. It's a girl… named Magda."

Biting his tongue for a moment, the anger flooding his sense, Dean counts to ten and says, "I want outta this fucking Hell."
"Right back at ya', Ackles," Sam returns as he steal the script Misha left on his chair, ready to prepare enough that he hopefully doesn't look like a jackass when the camera soon rolls.

"I love you, little jellybean," Misha says in a baby voice as he kisses Odette's stomach. He then stands up and looks at her with googly lovey eyes. "And I love you too, honey-bear."

They begin making out again and Dean holds onto the arm rests of his chair with a white-knuckled grip.

"Can I kill him?" Dean asks Sam, eyes screwed shut.

Sam glances at the two kissing and looks back at Dean. "Not in front of the whole crew."

"Spell it out for me, please," Sera's voice asks from the speaker phone on the middle of table that the crew is surrounding. "What is our terror-alert level here?"

"I don't know, Sera," Bob worries aloud in the middle of their impromptu, emergency meeting. "Orange, maybe? They started talking to each other"

As the crew assembles and speaks over the phone about the obvious current crisis, Sam and Dean use the set of Bobby's house just behind them and work out the spell.

"What?! But that's a good thing," Sera points out over the line.

"Right, I thought so too," Bob agree. "But now Jensen's living at Jared's house and Misha's all weirded out because he claims that Jensen tried to kiss his wife yesterday."

"It's Jensen's job to kiss Odette…"

"Nah, he claims he tried to kiss her on the back lot, not on set," Bob clarifies. "I don't know about either of them right now."

Behind them Dean finishes up the blood sigil on the glass window that would be the same as the one they got tossed through at Bobby's.

"Plus, Clif says they're smuggling illegal stuff in from Mexico," Bob shares what the bodyguard told him about their morning.

"Misha's celebrity tweet says it's a black-market organ thing," Kevin adds in. "I'm betting drugs."

"Anyway, as far as I can see, I think they've lost any shred of talent they ever had," Bob sadly tells them.

With a huge crash, Dean and Sam jump through the window of the set behind the crew in the middle of pow-wowing over their odd behavior. They land hard on the cement floor, both rolling a bit and groaning in sheer pain. The entire crew just look them over once.

"Drugs," Kevin decides with the absolutely insane moment.

"What the hell was that!?!" Sera panics from the other end.

"You wouldn't believe it if I told you, Sera," Bob grumbles.

Another crew member rushes over to the fallen men in a panic. "Jensen!" she shouts at the man on the floor. She pulls his arm to get him up. "You're supposed to be in wardrobe! Come on!"
"What!?” Dean complains as he's hauled to his feet. "I thought we were done for the day?"

"Jared is… not you," she tells him as she drags him off the set. Dean glances at Sam and Sam just shrugs as he doesn't know what to do. "Let's go."

The woman pulls him into a trailer in the back of the set. Once inside she points to the back room. "Get dressed. They want you on set in ten."

"Uh, ha," Dean starts to deny. "We already acted today. Aren't we, like, done… or wrapped, or whatever?"

"We have two shots scheduled for today and you know that," she tells him. "The next could take a while so haul that butt in there and get dressed." She once more points to the door she needs him to go through to get dressed.

"Ah, you know… it's the damnedest thing…" Dean starts to freak out internally. He did a scene before and it was trash. He has no idea what he's doing and he certainly never wants to do it again. "I lost my script. I don't know the lines. We should probably call this off…"

"Here," she says, sharply holding out a thin stack of pages for him. "Now get dressed!" She gives him a friendly shove into the back room.

Without a choice left to be seen, Dean heads back there. He opens the door to the small dressing room and walks in, pulling the door shut behind him.

Hanging on a couple wall hooks is a grey, floor-length robe and a black t-shirt on a hanger. Folded on the bench is a pair of grey boxer briefs. Surveying the clothing Dean's stomach drops to his feet. Shit.

He flips through the pages and skims a few lines.

DEAN

Come here. Come to daddy. (Winks)

LIZZY

I swear, the bigger I get the hornier you get.

DEAN

Hey, not my fault you're friggin' amazing like this.

Now get over here. And get naked.

Oh God. No.

He puts it all together. He has to act… with non-Lizzy… and have fake sex with her.

"Yup, this time I'm really gonna puke," Dean says to himself with total fear as a pounding fist hits the door.

"Bob says two minutes!" the girl shouts to him as they run out of time.

"You good?" Lizzy asks Jared as she stands in the doorway of her usual room. She decided to give it up for him for the night so that the very out of place man could at least get a comfortable night's sleep.

"Ah, yeah," Jared answers, looking over the room.

"I changed the sheets and left you an extra blanket. It's drafty in this old house sometimes so you might need it."

"Thanks, Od… ah, ha, Lizzy. Thank you, Lizzy," he corrects himself, still getting used to the change.

"You're welcome, Jared," she laughs a little. "Good night." She shuts the door and leaves him be to walk next door where she left Jensen. Sure, it's a baby's room in progress but it has a bed and some semblance of privacy so it will have to do.

"How about you in here? Good?" she wonders as she peers in at Jensen. He's currently looking over the room, looking at some of the tiny clothing she left out.

"You got a lot done," he mentions to her as he takes in the preparations.

"Do what I can," she says, entering the room yet keeping her distance. "We're getting there."

"Yeah, you are," he agrees, seeing how much effort she's put forth. "And at least you're not sappy and annoying about your kid. I respect that you handle it with some decorum."

"I don't understand that," Lizzy tells him, lost by the comment.

"Oh, uh, Odette, the you of my universe… I guess… she's awful about her pregnancy."

"She's pregnant?" Lizzy asks with surprise.

"Oh yeah," Dean confirms for her. "We had to write Lizzy getting pregnant into the show to accommodate her. She and Misha changed the story line completely with this one."

"Misha?" she questions, her smirk not lost on him in the least.

"He's the guy that plays Cass."

Lizzy freezes, shaking her head with the odd information. "Wait, wait… um, the chick that plays me and the guy that plays Cass…?"

"Married," he tells her. "For a year. They're having their first kid."

"Oh God," Lizzy closes her eyes with this news.

"What?"

"Dean," she starts to explain. "If he has to see that…"

"Ha, he'll lose his shit," Jensen smiles with the idea as he keeps walking around the nursery, knowing the character he's had to become for six years straight would freak out at this. "That's, like, comedy gold."

"Comedy?" Lizzy disbelieves. "He might beat the hell outta Misha."
"Huh," Jensen starts to think like the director that he is deep down. "You know, that'd be a pretty great episode. Dean and Sam coming into the real world and us getting shoved into this reality. It'd be really funny."

"I'd watch that," Lizzy reluctantly agrees. From an outside perspective it would be pretty damn funny.

"I gotta talk to Ben about this one," Jensen mentions as he picks up the onesie on the changing table that says My Daddy Can Kick Your Daddy's Ass on it with surreal recognition. He remembers when the costume department came up with that little item. He thought it was perfect for the show, very Dean, and here it is looking exactly the same as it does in the other world he's now thrown into. "This is fucking weird." He rubs his eyes with one hand with the stress of it all.

"You're telling me," Lizzy answers with a warm grin. "I should be next door stripping you down instead of standing here and feeling awkward as hell." She gives him a knowing look to let him know she just fucking around… kind of.

"Aren't you scared?" Jensen pauses to look at her, wondering how she's possibly handling all that's in front of her.

"Generally," she answers him easily. "But you get used to feeling that way."

"I really don't know how you do it," he admits, putting the baby clothing down and taking a seat at the foot of the bed. "I mean, how the hell do you handle all this? Just having a kid alone is intense but his whole… destiny or whatever. It's so much…"

"You know, it's funny," she starts, taking a seat on the rocking chair as he turns to face her. "I don't think a person ever really knows how much they can handle until they have to." She pauses and places her hands on her stomach, realizing how true her own statement is. "When I was little, one of the kids at school lost her father. He had cancer and he put up a hell of a fight but he just couldn't beat it. We were only in second grade when it happened and even then, even at seven years old, I couldn't help but think that I would never be able to deal with that. Never." She thinks about that feeling. "And then it happened to me. I lost both my parents and the first thing I thought was… I can't do this. I can't get through this. I just can't."

Jensen stays quiet and listens, truly fascinated and in awe of the woman in front of him.

"But I did. I got through it. And then I got revenge for it. Moving on after that was rough enough and then I lost Lou…." Her voice cracks and she swallows down the tears. "It felt like the same thing all over again but just like before I lived. I didn't think I would but I lived. Hell, then I lost Dean…" She looks to the green eyes she knows so well and loves with all her heart and remembers that pain clear as day. "There is nothing that could possibly compare to that pain, that… darkness. But I pushed through. I'm still here." She smiles sadly. "Personally, I don't know how I ever get through anything anymore. I just do it. I don't have time in this life to sit and dwell over-think how terrible it all can be. If I do that then I'm dead. Something will come and take the open opportunity of my vulnerability and get rid of me once and for all."

"But you still want to live," Jensen points out, wondering where her motivation comes from in such an extreme and terrible life. "It keeps coming at you guys endlessly but you never give up. You fight to live on. You want to."

"Not always," she honestly tells him and exhales hard, ready to share the reality of who she is and what she lives through. "Many days I didn't want to live anymore. I wanted to stop hurting and… There are times when I'm just too tired of it all, so tired that sleep and rest don't do anything. It's a
soul deep exhaustion and I just wanted it all to stop sometimes, but… there was always someone that needed me. I'm here because my family needs me and I will never, never give up on them. I could never do that to them."

"And that's exactly why I love this job," Jensen tells her with sincerity. "That's the point. Family, knowing what's important, the goodness in people and in life. It doesn't matter how dark that stuff gets. There's always light somewhere, even if you have to look really hard to find it at times. I always looked at the story we're telling as one of, I don't know…"

"Love?" Lizzy answer for him, knowing it's the answer already as it's basically what Jared told her already.

"Yeah," he nods and smiles slightly in exactly the way her husband does when he thinks about his family. "No matter how evil or dark it can get… there's always light. There's always love somewhere in there and all of you have a true love for each other that makes it all worth the fight."

"I know it's what keeps me going," she confirms for him. "Now more than ever!" She pats her stomach and refers to her child on the way.

"Oh man, as much as acting with a baby is gonna be rough I definitely look forward to bringing that to the table," Jensen admits. "It'll revitalize the feeling of the show, remind the audience that there's a silver lining with this group of people."

"And I'm glad you understand all that. Makes me sure that you're portraying Dean and Sam's lives the way they should be. They are…" she chooses her words wisely. "Exceptional people. No one could deal with what they do and still be alive and functioning. I know now that you and Jared are doing them justice and sharing their story the right way."

Jensen huffs. "I will now more than ever, I can promise you that."

"Good," Lizzy grins wide, happy that this experience has made the man thankful for all he has and respectful of those that haven't been so fortunate.

Jensen sits quietly, contemplating the honesty she shares with him. It's a lot to handle, and it's a new perspective into these people he only thought of as fictional characters before now. His job may have gotten a bit harder now, feeling the need to truly give his world an honest and accurate peek into the Winchester's world, but it'll be worth it. And he's never been afraid of hard work. He'll do whatever it take to make sure his show is done right.

"I'm sorry," Lizzy apologizes when she comes to her senses after a minute. "With the way you look I just, ha… I'm comfortable with you when I shouldn't be. I shouldn't have put all that on you…"

"No," Jensen denies. "You can say anything you want. I know what your life looks like already and even if I haven't really lived it… I understand. I don't know how any person would survive all this." He pauses, thinking twice about pushing his luck and saying too much. Ah, fuck it. "And I'm glad you didn't… give up. I'm really glad you're still here."

She huffs a laugh. "Yeah, you're show would look a whole lot different if I did, wouldn't it?"

"No, not what I mean. Actually, my job would be easier if Odette wasn't around with her hate-on for me but I'm not talking about my life. I'm talking about you only, and your family. Now, I've never met Dean but I know him well enough. Without you…" He shakes his head. "There'd be no Dean, not as you know him. What that would do to him would be catastrophic."

"Oh, I know," she can fully say with sheer honesty. "He'd be a disaster."
"Oh yeah, but you hang on for him and that's just noble and really... it shows that you'd do anything for him."

"I would," Lizzy shrugs.

"And... and now! Look at you," he holds his hands out in her direction. "You're not looking at life being taken for once. You're making new life. That's never happened in this whole storyline before. It's a nice change and I can only imagine that this has to make you holding on for as long as you have worth it in every way."

Lizzy smiles and presses her hands to her stomach a little harder. "When you're right, you're right."

She then narrows her eyes at him challengingly. "You know, for a Hollywood douche bag you're pretty insightful."

"Thanks," he returns sarcastically.

"Get some rest," Lizzy tells him in a laugh and gets up from her chair. "We have more work to do tomorrow."

"Research with the real Bobby..." Jensen trails off with still running disbelief as he watches her leave. She pauses and turns to look at him.

"Can I ask you something... about Dean?"

"Ah..." Jensen stalls, feeling awkward suddenly.

"No, it's an easy one," she assures him with a smile. "Um, does he really... look at me like he says he does?"

"What?" Jensen asks, completely confused.

"He says that now, all huge, fat, and pregnant, that he thinks I look hotter than ever," she explains what she thinks is Dean just being nice while she feels less attractive than ever. "I think he's full of shit."

"No way," Jensen laughs at the idea. "He is not lying to you."

"No?" she asks with wide eyes.

"Trust me, Dean is not full of shit. Actually, he's been holding himself back a lot, keeping his hands to himself. He's been on his best behavior considering he knows you think you're not at your best."

"I'm not!" she huffs a giggle.

Jensen just looks at her strange. "A lot of people would argue with you. And Dean's one of them. Trust him."

Lizzy contemplates this new information. "Huh."

"And you do look good still," Jensen tells her honestly. "Most women don't really do the whole pregnancy thing well. You do."

"Thanks," she grins. "Goodnight, Jensen." She turns to leave again.

"Ah, where are you gonna sleep?" he asks her before she leaves the room.
"Oh, um…" Lizzy starts, not having thought it through. "Probably the cot in the study."

"No," Jensen says quickly, standing up and heading for the door. "You're not sleeping on a cot."

"It's fine…"

"No it isn't," he quickly denies her, Lizzy seeing shades of the man she's married to in the way he instantly gets stubborn for her own good. "Pregnant lady trumps the actor every time. I'll get the cot," he decides as he stands up from his seat. "You stay up here. You need your rest."

"You know, suddenly you remind me a whole lot of this guy I know…" She smirks at him.

Jensen rolls his eyes. "Night." He walks past her out the door and heads down the stairs, leaving her the room.

"He ain't so bad after all," Lizzy mutters to herself as she closes the door and gets ready to get the sleep she so badly needs.

"'Bout God damn time there, Hackles," Odette pokes fun when Dean finally makes his way to set. One look at her and she's just like his Lizzy. Her hair is a bit more perfect considering this is supposed to be them going to bed at night, or at least from what he's gleaned from the pages he was given. And she has too much make up on… then again so does he. She's in the usual yoga pants and t-shirt with the neck cut wide and she's leaning against the bureau in the recreation of their room in Bobby's house. The place looks eerily the same yet without a wall here and there and with filming equipment placed strategically.

"Well I guess if I ever wanted to know what it was like to be a porn star…" he mutters to himself while looking around and trying his best not to stare at Lizzy… Odette. That's Odette.

"Alright," Odette says to everyone around as she pushes off the furniture and stands on her mark. "Let's get this over with. I got a husband to get home to."

Dean cringes with the sound of that, knowing he's not the husband she's speaking of.

"Jensen?" Bob calls out when the actor doesn't move. Dean just looks at him with confusion. "You wanna hit your mark so we can get this done?"

"Yeah, uh," Dean looks around the floor. There are several mapped out tape marks around the room and he has no idea where he's supposed to start. Fuck this. "Bob, listen. Can we talk for a second here?"

With eyes closed and a heavy sigh, Bob nods. "Yeah, why not."

Dean hustles over to him and his brain does what it can to scrape together some form of excuse. "I'm gonna level with you on this one. I haven't exactly… been feeling like myself today."

"You don't say," Bob answers back knowingly. "I'd put it as you and Jared have been on a war path to destroy this show once and for all, all damn day."

"Ha, yeah, well… I've been… sick. So sick, for days now. I don't think we should do any more anything today because… I'm just off, man." Ok, that sounded pretty good, right? It's a good excuse. It could work.

"There's no stopping, Jensen!" Bob nearly shouts at him with anger. "Are you nuts? The higher ups
would kill us. Go stand on your mark and let's do this."

"But I don't remember my lines," Dean simply tells the truth on this one.

"What!?"

"Been too busy… puking."

"Or just crashing through set windows…" Bob remarks. "We don't have time for this. Red mark, now."

A shaky breath out and Dean starts to get really nervous. He has no choice. He can't get out of this one.

Walking slowly towards the bed that looks just like his real one, Dean stops and looks down at the floor again. Seeing a red X on the floor he stands on it and then looks around. No one tells him to move so that must be where he's supposed to go.

"Hey!" Odette yells to him from her spot by the bureau. "Robe." She points to him and he realizes he's supposed to take it off.

"Right," he nods and loses the outer layer. A woman takes it from him quickly and then disappears. The lights brighten a bit and adjust while he stands there.

"Here," the lady that brought him to wardrobe says while shoving his script into his hands. "Read fast." She winks and walks off.

"Ok," Dean says to himself as he begins to read line off the pages. There's only two pages worth. He can do this, right? Shit, he's already forgotten what he's supposed to say first. Concentrate.

"Supernatural' scene 38, take 1. Marker!"

He hears the snapping sound that means he's supposed to do something very soon. He's sweating. This is bad. Where the fuck is Sam? Shouldn't he be pulling a fire alarm for him or something?

"Action!" Bob yells and Dean drops the script onto the nightstand. He looks over to Odette with wide eyes and nervousness written all over him.

"So did Balthazar even tell you where the locker is?" Odette immediately recites the first line on the page while picking up a tube of lotion that Lizzy also owns. She turns around to look at him and Dean's heart jumps.

"No," Dean answers shakily as he stands there in little more than his underwear. He can see camera men moving around off to his periphery and the intimate moment this whole thing is supposed to capture feels pretty much like the exact opposite.

When he looks back to Odette she has a wide eyed look on her face. "You know you have more lines there, right?"

"Shit," Dean says when he can't remember what he was supposed to say.

"Cut!"

"Fucking unbelievable…. from one?" Odette asks to Bob, Bob nods and they start over.

And so it goes for another hour. Odette gets her lines spot on, Dean fucks it all to hell, and no one is
closer to leaving that soundstage than they were when they started.

"Cut!" Bob shouts out with utter hopeless exasperation with Dean and looks to Serge. "Can we sew together anything out of that mess?"

"It's possible," he nods back with a worried face. "We can concentrate everything on Odette's lines, keep the shot on her for the majority and show mostly reaction shots from Jensen. We can probably make the dialogue work but we still need the rest of the scene."

"Good enough for me," Bob returns with before look out to his actors. "Moving on!"

"Finally," Odette mumbles with sheer annoyance as she hits her last mark and looks at Dean. "Try not to fuck up what we have left, huh? You have, like, three lines."

He shoots her a dirty look and everyone sets in place. He's still sweating and the makeup woman visits him for the hundredth time to fix him up. Gross.

He doesn't know his three lines at all. This sucks ass and he's getting the feeling it's about to start sucking a hell of a lot harder.

"Action!"

"So… you really think it's a good idea to start working with Cass again?" Odette asks him as she stands at the end of the bed. "Because I gotta tell you… I don't like it."

"Get in," the wardrobe woman whispers from off the set and Dean looks over to her. She winks as she points at the bed and he realizes he might actually have someone on his side in this place.

Dean pulls back the blankets and starts to get in. "Uh, do we have to… talk about Cass… right now?" Ok, he's pretty sure he got that one right.

Odette's face spreads into a slick smile, the one he knows Lizzy shares with him when he's in trouble… the sexy kind of trouble.

"No," she says to him, squeezing a small amount of her lotion out into her hand before tossing the tube back onto the bureau behind her. "We can talk about other things." She lifts her shirt and starts to smooth the lotion over her belly. "What do you want talk about, Hot Shot?"

Watching her as she does something Lizzy does every night to keep away what she claims would be hotness-ruining stretch marks and the end of her Winchester family crest tattoo looking good, he forgets where he is for a second. He misses her, his version of Lizzy, even if it's only been a day that he's been away from her. This was his time to have with her, his days he was going to spend in one place being the father and husband he wants to be, and instead he's here. But suddenly there's some serious familiarity going on as he views her doing the most mundane of things and he can't help but give in a little.

"I wanna talk about how good you look right now," he says to her naturally as he settles into their bed. Damn, it even feels the same. Not the best mattress ever but better than ninety percent of the ones he's slept on in his life.

"Going improve today are we?" Odette pauses for a moment and nods. "Hmm… ok."

She thinks for a second while getting a fun little glint in her eye.

"You like the way I lotion up my big belly," Odette says in Lizzy's usual silly tone while letting her
hands smoothing over her skin get ridiculous in their actions. She exaggerates everything for him, the goofy girl he knows that's usually buried under all the stress and shit of their lives coming out, and it make him relax a bit for the first time since he got to this universe.

"Ooh," Dean jokes right back. "You know I love a good pregnant belly show."

"Better than a strip tease, right?" she raises an eyebrow as dances around a little, still rubbing the lotion into her skin.

"Get your ass in here," Dean tells her as the moment is just making him want her. "Come to daddy."

"I swear, the bigger I get the hornier you get," Odette laughs a little as she walks to her side of the bed and climbs in next to him.

"Yeah, well…" Dean starts as he watches her get in and kneel between his legs as he sits up against the headboard. Once she's there he puts his hands on her stomach and smiles. "The bigger you get the hotter you get so what do you expect from me?" He looks into the bright brown eyes he knows so well. Damn it, she's perfect. "You're more beautiful now that you have ever been, L. I mean it."

Sitting back on her heels Odette drops her arms to the sides and looks at him with a warm smile. "That's so sweet." She didn't expect Jensen to come up with that on his own. He's usually a funny-line improve kind of guy… not the sincere line guy.

"It's true," he responds and leans down to place a sweet kiss on her stomach.

Odette squirms a bit with the moment, feeling weird that a guy she doesn't even particularly like is practically worshiping her pregnant stomach… inside of which is another man's child.

"Go with it, Odette," she hears Bob call over to her when he can see her nervous tension set in. She sighs and pops her previously enamored face back on. She looks down at Jensen, once more pressing his lips so sweetly to her skin and pushes back her annoyance. She has to admit. That's pretty good TV right there.

"I'm glad you're home right now," Odette remembers to get back on track with some of her lines. "Both of us are."

Dean looks up to her, his eyes softened as he does, and slips into a place where he is home, where this is his wife, where that kid in there is a boy and it's his. He's supposed to be home with her, just like this, spending time alone together as when they get away from everything else… it's just them. It's just their family. It's just love and comfort and nothing else in the entire world.

Hands in her hair he pulls her in, kissing her softly with no intentions of moving too fast or putting on any kind of show here. He just wants his life back, his time with his wife back, and that's it. It's pretty simple really. And if this is what it takes to get him out of this room so he can find his way back then so be it.

"Jensen, drop that hand," Bob directs but the actor keeps going. "Jensen!"

"Shit," Dean mutters, remembering that's actually him right now. "Yeah?" He looks over to Bob about twenty feet back. When he peers over that way he sees about seven other men standing around with equipment and remembers where he is. This is fucking awkward.

"Don't block her face," Bob says with impatience. His actors usually show more natural intuition than this. "Can't see the action. You know better."
"Right," he nervously responds, jerking his left hand away from her face.

"What the fuck?" Odette asks and does it in such a Lizzy way. "Why are you so jittery?"

"I'm not… jittery," Dean lies completely and gets annoyed. "Shut up."

"Did you just tell me to shut up?" Odette asks with disbelieving eyes.

"Yeah… I did," Dean tells her, growing pissed off with the reality he's in as it once more comes crashing down onto him. "Because you talk too much. Enough with the little comments about how much I suck. It's getting old."

"You know what, Jensen…"

"Kids!" Bob calls over to them. "Stow the hatred and pretend you love each other for a few more minutes, huh? Try and be professionals." They can then both hear Bob grumbling and complaining.

Odette rolls her eyes and sighs a bit. "Alright, fine. Let's play nice so we can get the hell outta here. Plus, I kinda like this job so no more pissing off the boss."

"Alright, let's take it from where you left off," Bob directs some more.

"Where were we?" Odette checks with the crew.

"You're up to pulling Jensen's shirt off," Kevin tells her.

"Got it," Odette says as she rolls out her neck and returns to where she was before the interruption. She leans into Dean and looks at him closely, her face returning to the one she had before, the one that's full of want and looks eerily like his Lizzy. She smiles at him before leaning in to kiss him again.

Instantly Dean goes with instinct. He moves to cup her face much like always but drops his hands away awkwardly when he remembers he was told not to do that. What the hell does he do with his hands then? When he has to think about these things while others are watching on he loses all muscle memory of what he usually does in this situation. Porn star sounds like a terrible job all of a sudden.

"Don't leave anymore," Odette tells him when she backs off for just a moment, her hands traveling slowly and obviously down his chest over his shirt. She grasps the bottom hem of it and pulls. Dean lets her, his shirt flying over his head. While dropping it off the bed in presentation for the camera Odette never loses eye contact with him.

"I never want to leave you," Dean says with honesty, the first line delivery he's had all day that didn't totally suck. "I'd always stay right here if I could, you know that."

Odette's reaction is one of surprise that Dean's sure no one else could have caught onto. She wasn't ready for the truth behind his words.

"I do," she responds, going with his off script words. "I know, baby." She runs a light, loving hand down the side of his face and it reminds him of home so much it hurts. Dean's eyes flutter closed for a moment. "Just, whatever you do, no matter how many time you have to leave… come back."

Dean's eyes open and look at the woman that isn't his wife. "I don't care if you go to hell again. I don't care if you find the end of the Earth. You come back. Never leave us for good."

As Odette puts his hand flat against her stomach Dean swallows hard.
"You can't ever leave us."

With a wrinkled expression her words hit him in the heart, even if they weren't real. This is a fear of his for so long. He is terrified of leaving Lizzy to raise their son alone, of his job taking his life before he can get to know Sammy at all.

"Jens," Odette calls to him when he gets wrapped up in his thoughts. He snaps his sights onto her eyes. "My shirt isn't going to take itself off."

Dean nods shakily and slides his hands up her sides, taking the t-shirt she's wearing with it.

"Lizzy better forgive me for this one," Dean whispers to himself, thinking how wrong this feels right now.

"What?" Odette asks him as he pauses.

"What?" Dean echoes.

"Forgive you, what the hell does that mean?"

"Nothing… wrong, uh, line," Dean tells her and continues on, taking off the white cotton shirt Lizzy also owns.

Once it's off Dean sees the flesh colored pasties on her otherwise bare breasts, covering her up the little they can considering what the scene calls for. Oh, he thinks. That's how that works. Fucking Hollywood, man.

"Alright, Jensen, move down so you're on your back. Odette, stay on top of him. You know how this goes, kids," Bob once more explains and they listen, all the while Dean freaks out on the inside. This sucks.

Dean listens while grumbling angrily about how Sam got to have the rest of the day free. Un-fucking-fair.

Odette lays down on him, chest to chest as much as they can with her size and Dean looks around the room quickly with the change. Her breasts are pressed against his front, her warm and familiar skin smooth just like his wife's… ok, trouble a-brewing downstairs. He's only a man after all, or at least the angels have always liked reminding him so.

"So I'll tilt left first and kiss you. We can stay there for a while and then switch," Odette plans out for them as she moves her long, dark hair away from the right side of her face, keeping the shot clear for the cameras.

"Uh, ok…" She cuts him off with her lips, ready to get the show on the road. Her mouth moves softly against his, diving in like she actually likes him even though Dean's getting the feeling that she doesn't at all.

Oh God, she feels the same. It's uncanny how Odette turns it on and off. One second she's just dealing with him to collect a paycheck and the next she's almost his wife down to the very feel of her kiss.

He heads right back into it all with ease. When Odette moves a little, tilting her head in the opposite direction, he goes with the flow and takes her all in. She even hums a bit deep in her throat in the same tone as his girl.
"Get to it, Odette!" Bob calls over to her and smiles.

"Moving along," she whispers to herself before she starts to move. Odette starts to rock her body on top of him, simulating their having sex under the covers of the bed in the middle of a soundstage. She pulls her lips away from his and looks down at him with sheer love in her eyes. A hand to his jaw as she moves, she runs her thumb over his bottom lip before leaning down to kiss him again just once.

"Oh she came out to play today!" Bob jests from off camera.

Odette picks up her head and winks at him. "Just trying to get home, baby!"

"We know it. You keep this up and we'll have plenty to go with in no time, kid."

"Damn straight," Odette grins, the expression making Dean think of his Lizzy again. She says that a lot.

Quickly Odette kisses him once more before pressing her forehead against his, peering at him with affection while still moving over him.

"Dean," she says to him all breathy and sexy, making the hunter pay close attention while she practically dry humps him. "I love you."

It's like a warm blanket in the middle of a snow storm. Her words make him feel so much better, even if they truly are empty. It's still his wife's voice and he closes his eyes as the phrase rings in his ears.

"Dude!" Odette angry voice sudden shouts, yanking him out of the peaceful place. "Seriously!?"

"What!?" Dean panics, eye flying open in panic with her tone.

Odette sits up on him and moves down his legs a little. "You know what!"

With utter confusion Dean just lays there looking at her, missing the point.

"What are you, fourteen?" she asks with fire in her tone as she sits tall on his legs and crosses her arms over her exposed breasts.

"What's happening over there?" Bob yells over with wonder at their sudden change in demeanor.

"Jensen's a little excited right now," Odette says with a pissy attitude. "And I'm not doing anything while he's like this."

"Calm down," Dean complains to her as the pink color creeps onto his cheeks. He pulls a pillow over his crotch to hide the evidence of what she claims. "Actually, it's a compliment if you think about it."

"It's inappropriate."

"Like I can tell it what to do!" Dean fights her right back. "It has a friggin' mind of its own. I have no control…"

"Save it," Odette cuts him off and turns to Bob. "Do we have enough?"

"Uh…" he looks around to his crew. Serge thinks for a second and then nods with slight worry. "We're good," Bob tells her.
"Thank God," she bitches and jumps out of the bed. She slips into the robe that a wardrobe person has waiting for her and she disappears in just seconds.

Dropping his head back onto the pillow under him, Dean sighs with sheer hatred for this universe he's in. This is humiliating, frustrating, and just all around awful.

"Jensen, you're good for the day," the wardrobe lady says to him as she holds open his robe for him. "Get up fast. I promise I won't look." She winks to him and Dean groans.

"Fine." He gets up, slips on his covering, and heads back to grab his real clothes. And find Sam. They HAVE to get the fuck out of this world.
"I got nothing," Lizzy sadly says to the group as they reconvene to go over everything they've found over the past twenty-four hours.

"Nothing," Jensen echoes as he tosses the book in his lap onto the cot beside him with frustration.

"Same here," Bobby repeats the sentiment while looking up to Lizzy. "I've never heard of anything like this… not in reality of course.

"This isn't reality," Jared comments with his eyes glued to Sam's laptop on the opposite side of Bobby's desk while looking eerily like Sam himself.

"I beg to differ," Bobby grumbles right back.

"Well this is just fucking great," Lizzy starts to worry for the first time. "Well, now what? Because I'd love to get my husband back sometime before our son is born." She takes a seat on the cot next to Jensen out of almost habit.

"You have three months, Liz. Don't get too worried yet," Bobby says, his own worries getting buried deep for her sake.

"Jesus, Danneel must be freaked out by now," Jensen mentions with his head in his hands as he hunches over. He left for work yesterday and he hasn't contacted her since.

"You're girl?" Lizzy asks him and he lifts his head to answer her.

"Yeah, wife."

Lizzy smiles. "She an actress on your show too?"

"No," Jensen shakes his head. "She is an actress though."

"Ah," she looks at Jared. "Great minds think alike."

"Sometimes," he nods in return, glancing at Jared out the corner of his eye just briefly.

"And seriously, Danneel? What, are her parents hippies or something?" Lizzy pokes fun a little.

"Nah, they're not hippies. But she goes by her middle name. That's not her first name."

"Which is?"

He pauses a moment. "Elta." The stares of disbelief are strong. "It was her great-grandmother's name."

"Oh," Lizzy nods and softens her judgment. "That's kinda sweet… I guess. What's she like?"

And his expression lightens again. "She's fun. Danneel can make everyone just relax around her and
enjoy life. She makes me happy and she keeps me… light. Dann is a free spirit and, God, she's beautiful. Just beautiful…"

"Alright, that's it," Lizzy interrupts with upset as she stands up, tired of seeing these two men speak of their lives they been ripped from with such love. She understands them completely right now and wants her own family back just like they do. "Bobby, we gotta get these two the hell outta here."

"Sounds like… but how you plan on doing that?" he looks at her with wonder, sitting back in his desk chair with curiosity.

"A little fuzzy on that right now but we'll figure it out. We have to. These two need to get back to their families that they clearly love and we need ours here."

"I agree," Bobby says as he prepares for the reaction she's going to have. "You just call on Cass and we can get some answers."

She stares with hatred at her father figure for even suggesting such a thing.

"If you got any brighter ideas…"

"No fucking way," Lizzy denies, her hands pressing to her stomach with the bad memories of what he's done to her and her family. "He's dead to me."

"So he… you guys know?" Jensen questions the two. "About the baby and the angels and everything." He nods to her stomach as he lets them know that he and Jared are in on the whole storyline.

"Yeah, we know," she tells them sadly. "We also know that Cass lied to us this whole time, letting us get pregnant, and now…" She stops when she recalls who she's talking to. "Well, you know all about it. Don't need to tell you."

They both nod absentmindedly.

"Um, ok, so don't take this the wrong way," Jared starts and stands up to talk to her seriously. "And I know I'm overstepping my boundaries here but don't rule Cass out. He cares, he does… if the writers on our side got it right at least. He's a fuck up, sure, but he cares."

Lizzy shoots him the death glare that he's only seen Odette make and it freaks him out.

"I shouldn't have said that…"

"No. You shouldn't have," Lizzy bites back with anger and protectiveness. "He lied. He lied to me and to Dean this whole time."

"Well…" Jensen speaks up, a little scared to at first. "He has been kinda honest with you… over time…"

"About what!?" Lizzy disbelieves his support for the lying angel.

"He told you about your Nephilim thing," Jensen points out. "And your link to Dean. And that you're considered special in Heaven…"

"He told me about Dean after I was in love with him," Lizzy points out. "And he said I was special but never said why. And now? Now, my son's life is screwed because he let me get knocked up. How does someone do that when they consider themselves family?"
"It looks bad, I know," Jared continues, trying to help out Lizzy as she's been nothing but kind and caring towards him through this entire fucked-up situation. "Just don't throw away that thing, whatever it is, that you have with him. And I can honestly say he still adores you and he adores your boy too. At this point you mean more to him than Heaven itself. He'll do anything to help… he is right now."

"How so?" she challenges.

"Raphael," Jensen adds in.

"What about that asshole?"

"He's going after him."

"Why?"

"Raphael wants to restart the Apocalypse," Bobby explains, already knowing this. "Cass is trying to stop him with the hopes that if the Apocalypse stays undone then Heaven won't have a need to come for little Sammy."

"Oh, were you ever gonna share that with me, Bobby?" Lizzy challenges him.

"Were you gonna listen if I did?" Bobby asks with an attitude, knowing she wouldn't.

She's silent for this one as she starts thinking. Castiel is willing to go after an archangel for her and her son's sake? She wasn't aware of what he was up to. Shit. Maybe she shouldn't be so hard on him after all. Maybe he really is just a too-nice-for-his-own-good angel that needs forgiving now and then. His intentions are always good. He wants her to be happy and a son will make her so, so happy. Cass knows that and couldn't steal that from her.

"Fuck!" she annoys with a huge eye roll. "Fine. I'll call him… but that doesn't mean I'm happy about it!"

Suppressing her stubbornness, she closes her eyes and hones in on him. "Cass. Shit, we need your help. Sammy's fine and so am I but Dean and Sam aren't. Can you come help?"

The silence in the room continues as the two actors' wide eyes roam the room, waiting to see the angel pop in for real and without camera tricks.

"Please, Cass. I…" she grits her teeth with stubbornness. "… need your help. I need to get Dean and Sam back."

Nothing once more.

"Can you tell where he is?" Bobby asks her.

Lizzy's brow wrinkles as she focuses harder. "On Earth. Our Earth." She opens her eyes and looks at Bobby. "But he's busy. Hopefully he's busy with figuring this whole shit show out right now."

The whole room exhales hard.

"That was… weird, to see," Jared tells her. "Since it was real and all. You can actually feel him out?"

"Yeah," Lizzy answers very lightly. "Ah, and I can see how it's weird. It was weird to me at first too. Just wish it actually worked this time around."
"Well, then, what now?" Jensen asks with confusion.

"Dinner," Lizzy says to them as she walks into the kitchen. "I'll cook, you read. I'm fucking starving."

"Shocking," Bobby flatly remarks.

"Back off, man. I'm a pregnant chick," Lizzy says back without looking at him and rummaging through the cupboards.

"We have to read again?" Jared asks in a sort of complaint.


"Hunting sucks," Jensen mentions as he picks up his own book.

"Don't have to tell me," Bobby remarks with a smile.

"You know that if we drop Virgil, get the key… then this might be it," Dean tells Sam as they sit in the set of Bobby's house. "We might be stuck here."

"No," Sam immediately denies the idea. "We'll figure out a way back."

"Yeah," Dean tentatively agrees before adding in, "You wouldn't be that broken up if we didn't, though."

"What?" he asks with surprise at the comment. "Don't be stupid."

"Well, I'm just saying… no hell below us, above us only sky." Dean points out the positives of this world. It's simple here. No magic, not angels or demons. Life if always safe.

"Dean, our friends are back there, our whole family is in our reality."

"Yeah, but here, you got a pretty good life. I mean, back home, the hits have been coming since you were 6 months old. You got to admit, being a bazillionaire, married to Ruby, the whole package. It's no contest."

"Your wife is back home and she happens to be my sister-in-law," Sam points out within a sharp tone. "Sammy's back there too. That reason alone we both have got to get outta here."

"I'm just saying that for once you have a life that doesn't suck…"

"My life doesn't suck," Sam rebuts before retracting his statement. "Ok, so my life hasn't been anywhere in the arena of good but that doesn't matter. Dean, I mean… Cass is the father of your kid here. Lizzy isn't Lizzy. She's some bitchy actress that clearly hates you."

"Understatement." Dean rolls his eyes. Odette sure does hate him something fierce.

"But at home… Lizzy loves you. You know what, love's not even a good enough word for it," Sam says as he starts to get heated. "She's your life, Dean. Your everything. And she's making our family bigger. Lizzy is having your son and my nephew. Why the hell would I want to stay here if that's happening?"

Dean has no answer for that. Sam is speaking his mind perfectly and to hear his little brother, the guy that's been through the worst there is and has a second chance right there in his lap if he wants it, say
he'd rather return to the shit lives they lead just so Dean could be happy... Dean's speechless.

"And it's not just that," Sam continues, irked by the one detail that really ruins this world for him. "We just don't mean the same thing here. I mean, we're not even brothers here, man."

Valid point, Dean thinks while standing before them. "Yeah, it kinda feels like we hate each other on the B side."

"Definitely," Sam completely agrees. "Does anyone even like each other around here?"

"Cass sure likes Lizzy...."

"Case and point, we gotta go," Sam says with emphasis. "I definitely don't need to see any more of that."

"Uh, my retinas are officially scarred after all that," Dean says, that same nausea starting up all over again.

"So gross."

"So fucking gross." Dean sighs. "It'd be kinda cool if we could yank Lizzy's ass to this side of things though..."

Sam looks up sharply at Dean with the idea. "No heaven, no destiny."

"Exactly," Dean answers. "Sammy could just be a kid and grow up like a normal person."

"You think...?"

"I guess it's possible," Dean entertains the idea for a moment. "But then what happens to our world?"

"Who gives a shit?" Sam says with shock as he stands up. "Family first, Dean. We've done enough."

"We have," Dean nods. "But... still, think about it. Somehow we always end up in the middle of it all, the world needing us to keep it safe. We know way more than anyone else over there. We leave... who's to say it won't all go to complete hell?"

"But Bobby knows everything..."

"And you're willing to leave him behind?"

Sam pauses. He wouldn't leave the old man behind to fend for himself. He'd never.

"No."

"See, we can't do that, Sam," Dean sighs and blinks slowly. "As much as I really, really want to stay... we gotta go back."

Accepting this with a heavy heart, Sam nods. "Plus, we don't even know how to get back. How would we pull anyone else over here if don't even know how to go home?"

"Don't know," Dean sadly responds. "All right, then. Let's get our crazy show back home."

"We're never getting home," Jensen complains, shutting his third large book with a bit of anger. He drops it into the pile of already read books by his feet with a sigh and a rub of his tired eyes.
"Don't give up," Lizzy scolds with a light, friendly tone as she walks into the room. She hands him a glass of Bobby's shit-grade whiskey before doing the same for Bobby and Jared.

"We've been at this all day without one breakthrough," Jared tacks on as he's on Jensen's side about this one. "Feeling pretty helpless right about now."

"Yeah, right there with you," Jensen agrees with him, a first in a long time. Jared looks at him with surprise.

"Lightweights," Bobby huffs without looking up from his book. He's researched topics for days on end before getting a breakthrough before. "We'll find something. Just have to be patient."

"Yeah, patience," Jensen mutters as he tips up the glass and takes a sip. His face immediately wrinkles. "Uh. The hell is this stuff?"

"It's called whiskey," Bobby returns, taking his own sip without a reaction in the least.

"It's called paint thinner," Jensen rebuts immediately. "How the hell are you still alive with drinking this shit?"

"Sometimes for us cheap is the only game in town," Lizzy says to him, giving a face of don't complain.

"Well then I'm sending you bottle of good shit through the wormhole when we find it," he keeps talking despite the warning. "You guys do all this shit then you deserve not to rot from the inside out because of cheap crap booze." He places the glass down on the floor by his feet.

Jared just places his glass quietly onto Bobby's desk, hoping no one notices.

"Alright, I need a break before I dive into another giant book made in the eighteenth century," Jared announces as he stands up. He stretches his limbs a bit after sitting still all day.

"Yeah, me too," Jensen goes along with the idea. He stands up. "Maybe I can take Cass out for you…"

"What the hell is that?" Jared asks when looks to Jensen and notices a red light glowing from behind the blue tarp covering over the broken windows behind him. He points at it with shocked eyes.

Everyone turns to look and all are bewildered. The symbol becomes clearer as the light shines brighter, pulsating and growing stronger every second. Soon enough the shape of it is obvious even with the plastic sheet in front of it.

"I've never seen that symbol before…" Bobby says, standing to get a better look.

Before anyone can take a second to truly figure out what that symbol is Jared and Jensen are yanked off their feet by an invisible force. In a blink they're airborne, getting pulled through the tarp.

"Oh! Shit!" Lizzy shouts out, running to the open hole in the study wall that used to be covered. Leaning out the window frame she sees the crumpled tarp on the side lawn but no sign of the two men. "Jared!?" she shouts out into the night and gets no response at all.

Bobby joins her and stares with wide eyes out over the lawn.

"Jensen!?" Lizzy yells out and still gets nothing. She turns to Bobby. "Holy shit. They're gone."

"But to where?"
"Home… I hope," she says, truly wanting it to be what happened to them. The other-worldly non-hunters were certainly not going to be able to handle Bobby and Lizzy's kind of crazy.

But if they're back in their universe… then where are her boys?

"Um, if they're back home, and that's a big assumption… where the hell are our Heckle and Jeckle?" Bobby speaks up, clearly thinking along the same lines.

"No idea," she says nervously. Lizzy walks away from the window, wringing her hands as she starts to walk around aimlessly. Every second that ticks by that both versions of her men are gone she grows more nervous. "They should be back by now, right?"

"I don't know how this works, hon," Bobby explains, keeping his own serious nerves at bay for her sake. "Never dealt with universal travel before."

"Yeah… but… what if…"

"No what-ifs, huh?" Bobby denies her the ability to freak out as he moves to stand in front of her, his hands grabbing her shoulders. "They're fine. They're always fine."

She nods but he can tell this isn't sinking in fully for her. She's still worried.

"Come here," Bobby rolls his eyes and pulls her into a hug. Lizzy very easily falls into the comfort of it. "We'll get pops back, just keep it together."

"Ok," Lizzy nods. "You're right. They'll be back. They always come back." She sighs and starts to believe it just a little bit.

And then Bobby feels it. With her stomach against him he feels a solid thump. He lets go of her and backs up a step, wide eyes on her belly.

"You felt that?" she asks, a slight grin threatening the corners of her lips.

"How could I not?" he questions, stunned by it a bit.

"Shit, he's still going," she tells him and grabs his hand. "Right here." She places his palm against her right where Sammy's kicking her.

Bobby sighs with surprise, the little bump against his hand making him smile. "Well ain't that just something…"

"Just saying hey to good old Grampa Bobby," she grins up to him, loving that she could share this with him. Granted, Dean's probably going to flip if he finds out Bobby felt Sammy first but whatever. Bobby deserves this moment. He's been so wonderful to her and Dean and their little boy from the second he knew they had gotten pregnant. And he's going to be the grandfather Sammy deserves, she knows that.

"That's…" he just shakes his head and gets choked up. When the hell did he become such a sap?

"It's ok," she assures him with a hand patting his jaw. "Dean gets all emotional over Sammy too sometimes. You're still just as manly as before, I promise."

"Hilarious," he tells her gruffly, wanting to push her away for her patronizing ways but can't do it since Sammy is still kicking away.

"I think he gets more active every day… unless Dean's around of course. He hasn't felt him kick
yet."

"I beat him to the punch?" Bobby lights up a bit.

"Don't tell him!" she warns very seriously, pointing in his face. "He's already pissed that he can't seem to catch it."

"Secret's safe with me."

"Good…"

The sound of familiar flapping wings fills the room and instantly there are two more people standing in the study. Bobby takes his hand away from her quickly.

Dean and Sam look around really swiftly, both of their eyes landing on what looks like Bobby and Lizzy standing together.

One cautious step towards what looks like her husband and she asks with fear and hope, "Dean?"

A lowered brow and the same nervousness, Dean asks in return, "L?"

She nods and a smile breaks across her face. "It's you? The real you?"

"Yeah," he says to her with sheer relief and marches the couple feet between them. Dean pulls her in hard, his arms around her tightly as he closes his eyes and pushes a harsh breath out. The way she melts into him, clearly wanting to be there and in his arms, he knows it's her immediately. This is not some actress. This is his wife.

They both hear a knocking and turn to see Sam smacking his palm against the wooden frame of a door in Bobby's house.


Dean washes a hand down his face as he finds the ability to relax for the first time since he was shoved through that window. He then looks at Lizzy with a little hint of worry deep in his gut.

Pointing to her stomach he has to wonder, "That's our son, right?"

She looks at him with sheer surprise. "Yeah. Still ours… still Sammy…"

"Ok!" he grins and breathes deep and places a hand to either side of her stomach with sheer thanks. "Awesome. Everything's back to normal. Good to be home."

"Why did you have to ask if Sammy's still a boy?" Lizzy wonders.

Dean sighs hard with exhaustion. "You wouldn't believe me if I even tried to tell you."

"Actually, I probably would," Lizzy tells him, getting his attention. "I think we both have a pretty good story to tell."

“So the key Balthazar gave you wasn’t even to anything?” Lizzy asks while picking up a familiar tube of lotion from the bureau in their bedroom. She turns around to look at him and Dean’s heart jumps. Now this… this is real. This is exactly what he loves most. Just being with her. “It was a distraction?”
“Pretty much,” Dean answers as he stands there by their bed on his side. After the much needed shower to wash off the other world’s nastiness he’s left in his boxer briefs and a white t-shirt. It’s just them and he’s at full ease climbing into bed while watching her.

“That’s so fucked up,” Lizzy shakes her head as she squeezes a small amount of the lotion into her hand.

“Yeah, Cass is getting real good at using his friends for his own agendas, isn’t he?” Dean comments as he settles into bed, sitting against the headboard so he has full view of her. He’s barely taken his eyes off of her since he got back, the way she moves being so purely his version of Lizzy that it’s been a sheer comfort. “And do we have to talk about Cass and angel shit right now? I don’t even wanna think about that dick any more than I have to.”

Lizzy’s face spreads into a slick smile, the one he knows Lizzy shares with him when he’s in trouble… the sexy kind of trouble.

“No. We can talk about other things.” She lifts her shirt and starts to smooth the lotion over her belly. “What do you want talk about, Hot Shot?”

Dean sighs with such contentment as she rubs her hands into her stomach, her stomach that is housing the greatest gift anyone’s ever given him. Lizzy does this every night to keep away what she claims would be hotness-ruining stretch marks and the end of her Winchester family crest tattoo on her side, but really he knows it’s to keep herself looking good to him. She’ll never look bad, never, not in his eyes and she needs to know that.

“I wanna talk about how good you look right now,” he says to her naturally.

“Oh, I’m looking good am I?” she grins wide, her bright smile flashing across her face with the compliment.

“Amazing, actually.”

“Oh, so you like the way I lotion up my big belly,” Lizzy says in her usual silly tone while letting her hands smoothing over her skin get ridiculous in their actions. She exaggerates everything for him, the goofy girl he knows that’s usually buried under all the stress and shit of their lives coming out, and it makes him react. However, he’s already seen this. This has already been acted out in front of him but at least this time it’s real. Fuck this whole universe experience. It’s screwing with his brain far too much.

“Shit’s way less fun without you,” Dean near laughs as she moves around like a weirdo for him, loving seeing this all over again. He’ll never take these moments for granted ever again. Never know when they’ll be gone, right?

“Why? You like what you see? Is the lotion show is better than my old, non-pregnant strip shows I’d give you?” she raises an eyebrow as dances around a little, still rubbing the lotion into her skin.

“Just get your ass in here,” Dean tells her as the moment is just making him want her. “You’re wearing way too much clothes right now. Lemme help.”

“I swear, the bigger I get the hornier you get,” Lizzy laughs a little as she walks to her side of the bed and climbs in next to him. She has no idea how her words were used already in another world and he chooses not to tell her. Sometimes it’s better to shut the fuck up and let it be.

“Yeah, well…” Dean starts as he watches her get in and kneel between his legs as he sits up against the headboard. Once she’s there he puts his hands on her stomach and smiles. “You’re perfect to
Lizzy’s eyes blow wide with the compliment.

“What?” Dean questions her reaction.

“I… I guess I’m not totally used to your openness now. Still catches me off guard when I see it so often.” She cups his face in such a familiar way that Dean melts into the headboard with sheer comforting relief. She kisses him sweetly once. “I like this version of you.”

“And I like this version of you,” Dean comments right back, dragging his fingers over her round stomach. “I don’t know why but fuck, I love you like this.”

“I had no idea you had such a pregnant chick kink, Dean,” she smirks at him as she lets him worship her belly, his lips pressing into her skin with reverence and affection.

“Neither did I,” he says between kisses, his mouth traveling across the expanse of her stomach. “God, so hot. Just makes me want to fuck you all the time.”

“In one of three positions that currently work with my size,” she counters with a laugh. The bigger she gets the more they realized they couldn’t do some of the more creative positions they tend to enjoy most.

“Three’s all I need,” he tells her, hands slowly making circles on either side of her stomach.

“Ah, I love you,” Lizzy giggles a little, her face hurting with how big her smile is while watching him. It kills her, makes her giddy when he acts like this. Again, who else in the world knows this side of Dean Winchester? No one. She still feels special for the honor.

Dean looks up at her with a smile of his own. “I love you, too.”

She immediately leans down and kisses him again, her mouth suddenly hungry for him and needing more, so, so much more.

“I missed you so much,” Lizzy says with full meaning between kisses. And she did. This house is always empty without him in it and with his lookalike here it was even worse.

“Damn it, I missed you too,” Dean replies, his mouth smashed against hers immediately as he grows hungrier for her.

“This last one scared me,” she admits, her face looking slightly pained as she tells him. “I thought you might be stuck over there…”

“I’d find a way back,” he promises her, kissing her jaw gently, then her neck.

“What if you couldn’t?” she wonders as her eyes flutter closed as he circles his tongue in just the right spot.

“Don’t do what if,” he stops her right there and pulls her in with a hand at the back of her head and kisses her sweetly once as he smooths over her stomach with his free hand.

She knows he’ll always do his damnedest to make that the truth. “I know I shouldn’t.” She runs a light, loving hand down the side of his face and it reminds him that he’s truly home. Dean’s eyes flutter closed for a moment. “Just, whatever you do, no matter how many time you have to leave… come back.” Dean’s eyes open and looks at her to make sure it’s his wife. Odette said the same.
thing to him. “I don’t care if you go to hell again. I don’t care if Cass hauls your ass to Heaven himself. You come back. Never leave us for good.”

“I’ll always come home to you and Sammy,” Dean swears, his palm pressing slightly more into her stomach. “Always. Don’t you question that.”

She shares a half smile and a nod as her hands dance down his chest. She takes the hem of his shirt in her hands and pulls it up, only losing eye contact with him when the cloth was in their way.

“Thought I was helping you out of your clothes?” Dean grins out and slides his hands up her sides, taking the t-shirt she’s wearing with it over her head.

“Then get going,” Lizzy grins, forgetting the fear of the past couple days and replacing it with need and love. She takes her hands across his bare chest, loving being able to feel him again. “You’re taking forever.”

“So pushy,” Dean comments while bringing his arms around her back and pulling her closer. Lizzy circles his neck with her arms and kisses him. Granted she’s used to being able to get closer to him than this, her entire front pressed to his, but her stomach being as big as it is these days has really changed things.

Dean inches his way down the mattress, never once letting their lips separate. Once he’s lying on his back he gets Lizzy straddling him. His hands come once more to her stomach, unknowingly smiling while looking at her body, loving every inch of her.

And the idea that his son is right there, right under his fingertips… so unreal. And somehow so awesome.

With a smile Lizzy leans down, kissing him with driven want. She’s more relaxed now than ever being with him like this while pregnant. Her size had started to make her feel unappealing and uncomfortable, but Jensen told her the truth. Dean has never lied to her. He loves her like this very, very much. Now she just feels like her old, sexy, confident self.

“I want more,” Lizzy says in a near whisper as she brings his hands to her hips, inviting him to take the last of her clothing off.

Slipping his fingers down the back of her sweatpants, Dean spends a selfish moment to feel her curves. Nothing will make him not love her ass.

But when Lizzy’s hands find the waistband of his boxer briefs it gets him moving once more. Never keep Lizzy waiting. He knows better than that.

He pushes her pants and panties down, helping her maneuver slightly awkwardly to get them off, and Lizzy does the same for him. Once they’re both fully naked, Lizzy still straddling him as Dean pulls her closer to kiss her again, he feels her reach down and wrap her fingers around him. One appreciative grunt later and she’s positioning him under her.

Lowering slowly, enjoying the feel of him filling her inch by inch, Lizzy lets out a breathy sigh of complete relief. So good.

Lizzy kisses him once more before pressing her forehead against his, peering at him with affection while starting to languidly rock her hips over him.

“Dean,” she says quietly, making him pay close attention to the emotions in her eyes. “I love you.”
It’s like a warm blanket in the middle of a snow storm. Her words make him feel so much better, especially now that they aren’t empty. He closes his eyes as the phrase rings in his ears. She loves him. His Lizzy loves him and always will.

When she smiles with total adoration while hunched down over him he knows his coming back to this world had to happen. Sam was right. This is their home, monsters and all. It may be difficult and scary but it’s theirs. They belong here. Dean belongs here. He should always be with his family, in this world where his name is Dean Winchester and his life sucks… with a couple of beautiful exceptions.
Leaning her temple into her hand, propping her head up as she reads, Lizzy sighs. Rufus called and needed to find out how to kill a very specific offshoot of vengeful spirit, one that possibly hails from Russia of all places, and she's coming up empty handed. Of course she agreed to help him out but she's been doing this stuff every day for yet another near month. Being Bobby sucks.

She nearly thanks her lucky stars when there's a knock at the door. A distraction. Yes!

Rushing to the door, nearly skipping with excitement, she peeks out the curtain to see who it is before answering. Best to be safe.

"Dean!?" she lights right up when his smiling face is what she sees standing there. "Oh my God!"

Clumsily unlocking the door as her hands shake with happiness, Lizzy yanks it open and dives through the doorway instantly.

"Hey," Dean laughs with her reaction as he hugs her right back, thrilled to make her this happy. It's the little things in this shitty life that make it bearable. When it's harder to get his arms around her than ever before he knows she's gotten even bigger than when he last saw her. Ok, no more going on the road. He's missing far too much.

"It's only been three weeks!" she says, happy to not have had to go without him for too long this time.

"I know but we got a lot done and we weren't too far away. Thought we'd head back here and surprise you."

Backing her up enough to plant a solid kiss on her lips, Dean brings his hands to the sides of her stomach and admires a bit.

"Shit, you're huge."

"Well thank you. You're the fucking sweetest," she caustically tells him before laughing.

"I'm not making fun I just… wow. That didn't take long," he comments of her size increase. It's insane to think that just twenty-something days could mean that much change but damn, she really did get bigger. "You look awesome."

"Yeah, awesomely huge," she jokes right back and presses up on her toes for one more kiss.

"And I plan on helping you get even huger," he smirks as he reaches to the step by his foot to pick up a couple of pink cardboard pastry boxes.

"You didn't!" she lights right up with a dropped jaw. She already knows what that is.

"I did," he grins with pride as he walks into the house and towards the kitchen table. "We stopped by the little bakery you're obsessed with in town before coming here."

"We?"

"Yep," she hears a second voice say as Sam steps through the door and drops his duffel along with Dean's on the floor. Normally he'd make a remark about not being Dean's butler but with how damn
excited he was to get to the door and see his wife Sam keeps his mouth shut. He gets it.

"Uncle Sam!" she grins wide and reaches up to him.

"That's never gonna get old to you, is it?" he says with a smile despite his already running hate for the name as he leans down to hug her.

"Never," she assures and instantly gets very worried when she gets a good look at his face. "Nice gash."

"Eh, I'm alive," he says with jest as he backs away and shuts the door.

"That's always a bonus," Lizzy says to him, her hands heading for his face as soon as he turns around to face her again. She starts to press and inspect the deep opening in his forehead as is her nature. Her boys will be healthy and medically cared for as long as she's around.

"Lizzy, I mean it," he says as he pushes her hands away. "Just a cut. I'm fine."

"Something got you good, Sam-I-Am. You getting old or something?"

"Or something," he grumbles and shoots her a look. "Leave me alone. I just walked in the door."

"Whatever," Lizzy huffs a little before heading to the kitchen quickly. "What got the drop on you? Not Dean I hope."

"No, it was stupid," Sam tells her, keeping their last hunt quiet. He and Dean both agreed they were done speaking monsters and evil when they were home. No need to rile up Lizzy when she doesn't need the stress. "But it doesn't matter. It's over and we're here."

"Yeah, and we're staying for a while too," Dean adds in. "I'm fucking done and you and I are in the home stretch. I'm sticking around for a bit."

"Best thing I've heard in a long time," she tells him with a very elated grin, standing next to Dean as she opens the top box and peaks inside. Six oversized and over-frosted cupcakes stare deliciously right back at her. "Hello, lovelies."

Dean laughs at her over the top reaction to food while her lips are coated in blue frosting. "You two are ridiculous."

"Ridiculously awesome," Dean mumbles as he pulls out the fresh pecan pie from the second pink box.

Sam laughs at her over the top reaction to food while her lips are coated in blue frosting. "You two are ridiculous."

"Not a cake kinda guy, you know that," Dean points to her as he pulls the bottom box out and holds it up. "I'm a pie guy." He winks at her.

"Oh my God!" Lizzy near moan as she sits down at the table with a cake-filled mouth. "Fucking heaven right here."

Sam laughs at her over the top reaction to food while her lips are coated in blue frosting. "You two are ridiculous."

"Ridiculously awesome," Dean mumbles as he pulls out the fresh pecan pie from the second pink box.

Sam takes a seat, followed by Dean a few minutes later with a quite big piece of pie in hand and the three sit quietly for a moment, the only sounds coming from Lizzy and Dean every now and then. They hum with how damn good their desserts are.
Lizzy grins. The room is silent and it doesn't matter. It doesn't feel weird at all. Sam has a soul and is back to normal. The awkwardness is done, along with Lizzy and Dean's worry about him, and what a beautiful thing that is.

"How you feeling these days?" Sam asks, getting up and heading to the refrigerator.

"Better now that you guys showed up with cupcakes." She wipes the corner of her mouth with the back of her hand.

Sam gives her a look, letting her know that wasn't what he was asking while he drops a beer in front of Dean. He sits down with his own next to Lizzy and nudges her with his shoulder.

"Alright, alright," she says, swallowing her bite to speak clearly. "I've been ok. Getting uncomfortable and having trouble sleeping now and then but I'm fine enough."

"Good to hear," Sam smiles at her, happy to see her and excited to know she's doing well.

"Very good to hear," Dean comments, chewing down his last bite and popping his beer open while sitting back in his chair. "How'd the last appointment go?"

"Piece of cake," she nods, standing up and walking into the study while talking. "Everything's good. I am on schedule. We went over everything for the big day and Sammy's trucking right along." She walks back into the room holding a paper or two. "Wanna see something crazy?" She smiles with excitement.

"Lay it on me, momma," Dean says, gesturing for her to hand over whatever it is in her hand.

She does so, giving one page to each man.

"They have these insanely sharp sonogram machines now," she explains as the two take a look for themselves. "That's a nice, clear close up of Sammy's face. How fucking cool is that?"

"Holy shit," Dean says, dropping his beer and sitting up. He looks the picture over with stunned silence. That's his boy, clear as day. He has his eyes closed and a closed first against his right cheek but his face is there in just short of an actual photograph.

"Cute, ain't he?" Lizzy grins so wide her face hurts as she walks up behind Dean and puts her arms around his shoulders, her cheek against his. "I think he looks like me, personally…"

"No way," Sam instantly denies, looking at the tiny features while knowing he's seen them before. "That's Dean right there."

"You think so?" she asks Sam, knowing he sees something she doesn't.

"Definitely," Sam assures her while he gets up and rushes to his duffel that he dropped by the side door. He pulls out John's journal and sits back down, flipping to the back cover where the few pictures that exist of their family are tucked away. Sam slides out the one he immediately thought of and puts it down in front of Dean and Lizzy. "Check it out."

The picture is of John in profile with newborn infant Dean's head resting on his shoulder. John has a proud smile on his face as Dean's tiny eyes are closed, looking like he's asleep comfortably.

"I forgot about this one," Dean says as he drops the sonogram next to the decades old picture of him and his father.
"Oh my God!" Lizzy awes instantly when she gets the side-by-side look. "How is that possible!?"

"No idea but that kid looks just like Dean," Sam points out, taking a sip of beer while looking over his own copy of the sonogram again. His nephew. Damn, that's pretty amazing. Now he's getting just as excited as them to meet the little guy.

"This is just a glimpse," Lizzy starts to point out as she's shocked by this discovery. "How the hell does he already look that much like you?" She points to the two pictures. "Same face shape, same lips… if he comes out with green eyes and blond hair I'm gonna be wicked pissed."

"You don't want him to look like me?" Dean asks her, hurt a little.

"Of course I want him to look like you… but I want me to be in there too," she laughs a little. "I want him to look like both of us."

"Screw that," Dean jokes around with her as he picks up the sonogram again and smiles. "He's my mini me."

"Fucking great," Lizzy rolls her eyes and walks back to sit next to Sam. "I'm already outnumbered as it is..."

"Well get comfortable," Dean says to her, unable to tear his eyes away from his boy. In his head he already can see afternoons under the Impala's hood together and going to see movies and grabbing burgers just the two of them, his little dude looking just like him by his side. This is so fucking awesome it almost hurts.

And Lizzy lets him have his moment as she can't help but love the smile on his face. Fuck it, maybe he will be Dean the sequel… but really, that isn't the worst thing that could happen, right?

Sam lets go of a laugh as he looks over to her once he thinks it all over. "You're so screwed."

"Don't remind me," she grumbles, reaching for a second cupcake to ease her pain. "I knew the second Cass told me I was pregnant that I was screwed. My whole life revolves around jock sweat, checking out tits, motor oil, and everything else boy-related and it ain't changing any time soon. Now I wish he was a Samantha and not a Samuel…"

"You bite your tongue!" Dean shouts at her and points accusingly.

"I'm just saying it would have been nice to have another girl around for once," Lizzy shrugs as she tries to calm him. "But you can relax. I would never change my Sammy even if I could."

"That's right you wouldn't," Dean tells her and he looks back down at the beautiful picture in front of him on the table. It was real before, so real and so scary… but now it's real-real. That little boy is his flesh and blood and he looks like his daddy already. Fuck. That's just beyond words.

"I think he's having a moment," Sam says as he leans towards Lizzy while both look at Dean after he's been silent for some time, mesmerized by a photo.

"I think Dean's about to have a whole lot of moments that's he's not at all prepared for," Lizzy adds with a giggle with the way Dean acts. She may joke but she is beyond psyched over what this boy will do to him. It's going to absolutely change Dean's life in nothing but the best ways, she can already tell.

"Look at how bad ass this kid is already," Dean finally speaks up, ignoring the jabs sent his way. He holds the picture up and grins like a child. "Got his dukes up and everything." He points to Sammy's
closed fist.

"Yeah, he was winding up to give me punch," Lizzy comments with jest but with some truth behind her words.

"He's been beating the crap outta you still?" Dean asks with a furrowed brow.

"I think I owe this kid a black fucking eye on his sixteenth birthday at this point," she says, having seriously thought about revenge a few times. "He'll just go on a rampage in there for up to a half hour straight. That's half the reason I can't get a good night's sleep. We're not really on the same schedule. I want to sleep and he wants to use my bladder as a punching bag."

"What the hell?" Dean angrily asks. "Every damn time I'm around he's been a little freakin' statue and when I leave he goes ape-shit in there?"

"Maybe he hates when you're gone as much as his mom so he puts up a stink," Lizzy says in an overly lovey way. Dean doesn't react well to that comment and she feels bad instantly. "Sorry, baby." Dean's missed Sammy' kicking every damn time he's been moving around. It's gotten to him horribly by now.

"What gives?" he asks mostly to himself.

"Dean, trust me, he keeps it up like he has been this week and you'll be feeling him once an hour. I promise you'll catch him in the next twenty-four."

"Yeah…" Dean lets it go for now and stands up. "I'm gonna get our guns. They need to be cleaned while we're here."

"Ok…" Lizzy says as he walks away. When the door shuts and he's gone Lizzy looks at Sam. "It's killing him, isn't it?"

"Oh yeah," Sam nods and takes a sip of beer. He's heard about his missing Sammy kick plenty over the past weeks when it's been just the two of them.

"I never thought he'd be like this," she says with her thoughts on her husband and his want to somehow connect to his son.

"Me neither," Sam easily agrees. "It's kind of weird, honestly."

Lizzy sighs and looks down at her stomach. "Why do you have to make mommy's life harder, huh? Couldn't you just lay the smack down once in a while when dad's around? Please?"

And once more that strange connection she has with her unborn son works.

"No way," Lizzy lights up when she feels Sammy moving.

"What, he's actually moving because you asked him to?" Sam scoffs with sheer disbelief but when Lizzy just looks at him he know she's telling the truth. His face instantly drops. "Wait, seriously? He listened to you?"

Lizzy answers by grabbing Sam's hand and pressing it into the lower center of her stomach where Sammy's currently going to town.

Sam just stares at her, eyes bugging out of his sockets, as he feels his nephew moving. He's shocked how hard this hits him right in his heart, making him pause with overwhelming love.
"Oh my God!"

"Yup," Lizzy smiles, far too excited to share this with her brother.

"That's amazing," Sam says quietly this time, staring down at her stomach as he feels the kicks still coming. He's fascinated by it, how another life is actually inside of her and moving around as he grows. He holds his breath, afraid that if he changes anything the baby will stop. "I can't believe that worked."

"Angel DNA, man," Lizzy says, eyes still wide. "That shit is no joke."

"Wow," Sam whispers as he refuses to take his hand back. Luckily Lizzy doesn't look like she's in any hurry to get rid of him. She's more than comfortable with him touching her like that.

After a minute Sam looks up to Lizzy when all goes quiet again. "Is he done?"

And then Dean comes back into the kitchen with his as always perfect timing.

"Oh, what the fuck!?!" he immediately yells when he sees what is happening. Sam got to feel his son moving before him? Hell no!

Dean drops the heavy bag with a massive thud onto the linoleum floor and runs across the room. He practically shoves Sam aside and starts to press his hands into Lizzy's stomach frantically.

"Calm down, Dean," Lizzy says with a caring, even tone despite his demeanor.

"Shh!" he shushes her, for what reason even he doesn't know, as he tries his best to feel his son moving around. He moves his hands over every inch of her stomach and Lizzy and Sam make eye contact, exchanging worried glances. He's going to be pissed. "What the hell?"

"He's right here," Lizzy tells him, taking his right hand and placing it where Sam's was. "Just give it a second."

So he does. Dean, being the impatient man that he is, tries to count to ten before speaking up but by the time he gets to five he's too disappointed to care.

"Son of bitch," he complains, looking at his wife with utter let down. "He's fucking with me, right?"

"He might be," Lizzy says quietly. "I'm so sorry, baby. I know how badly you wanted to feel him."

"Boys," Bobby walks into the kitchen to find his two boys with Lizzy and sees Dean with his hands on her stomach. "It's something feeling that little sucker move, ain't it?"

Lizzy slams her eyes shut as she prepares for the fall out.

"What!?" Dean stands up tall and looks at Bobby. "You've felt him too!?"

"Might've." Bobby gets it now. With Dean's anger it's clear that he hasn't actually shared the experience.

"Jesus, has everybody felt my own son kicking except for me!?" Dean stares at the people in the room as they stay silent. "This sucks out loud."

"He's not doing it on purpose," Lizzy remind him. "He's just a baby… not even that yet. He doesn't know."
"Yeah, well, he's on thin ice with me already."

"Oh, what? You're gonna ground him?" Sam jests with Dean's ire.

"No. But if he keeps this up then I'm never handing over the Impala to him," Dean comments. "He can just forget it. Baby stays mine."

The three others in the room stop dead in their tracks with the statement and fix their eyes on Dean. It's completely silent for a beat.

"You're gonna give the Impala to Sammy someday?" Lizzy asks with quiet shock, unsure that she in fact heard him right.

"Well… yeah…" he shifts awkwardly on his feet and puts his hands on his hips. He never actually thought this one through. It just kind of came out on its own, like he knew all along that this was the plan. "I mean, I figured I should. It's… dad gave it to me, you know?"

"Doesn't mean you have to give her up," Lizzy says with a warm smile. "Dean, that car is your one and only prized possession. No one said there was a rule that you had to pass it down just because John gave her to you."

"I know that," Dean says defensively back though he never did really think about that until now. That doesn't change his mind, though. "But she's, I don't know… she's supposed to stay in the family. When I'm done and gone I don't want Baby being in just anybody's hands. I wanna know she's gonna be taken care of… loved…"

"For fuck's sake," Sam rolls his eyes.

"And you are never getting her," Dean tells him, anger in his tone as he points accusingly at his brother.

"Fine by me," Sam laughs with his hands out in surrender.

"What if Sammy ain't a gearhead like you, Dean?" Bobby challenges Dean's plans.

"He will be." He says it with confidence.

"But what if he likes, I don't know, comic books or sports more than cars?" Lizzy wonders, trying to make Dean understand that their kid will be his own person. He may look like Dean but that doesn't make him Mini Dean.

Dean just looks at her with a true lack of understanding. "He's my son…"

"Mine too. And I don't really care about cars so much."

This is the first time Dean's thought about Sammy not being a car guy like him. What if he doesn't care that his dad has a pristine, beautiful 1967 Chevrolet Impala? What if he doesn't want to help him fix her up and keep her maintained? What if this kid is nothing like him and he's a bookworm like Sam or a TV addict like Lizzy?

"He's gonna like cars!" Dean says in the most basic way. "End of discussion."

"Oh, it has been decided," Lizzy proclaims the end of the conversation. "So say-ith Dean!"

"Really?" he asks her with anger over her joking.
"I'm just saying be prepared. He might not be into what you're into... and that's fine. Sammy is gonna be his own person and that's ok. We'll let him be himself."

Dean thinks it over for a second and he agrees. He doesn't want to, he'd love a smaller version of himself that he can relate to but if he isn't exactly like him then it's ok... he guesses...

"Fine, but if he's into nerd books or ballet or something freakin' weird I so don't have to like it."

"What the hell is wrong with ballet?" Lizzy takes offence, having been a dancer her whole life.

"And what's wrong with being a reader?" Sam asks, having been insulted much the same.

"Ok," Bobby jumps in there to head the discussion off right there. "Whether the kid wants to dance or fix cars or cross-dress don't matter. What does matter is that we keep him safe and God-possessed-free." Bobby walks to Dean and puts a hand on his shoulder. "Why don't we go over some of the stuff Lizzy's put together, huh? I'm thinking you should know about that kiddo's future."

Dean nods. "Alright. Sounds good to me."

"Come on," Lizzy says, getting up and grabbing his hand. "I got a lot to go over."

As Sam follows them into the study Bobby pours himself a drink. He then heads to join them but pauses when he sees the sonogram and picture side by side on the kitchen table. Leaning over to compare the two he comes away surprised.

"Huh," he says aloud before he looks up into the next room. "Hey, ah, there's kind of a resemblance going on with these two, ain't there?"

"Once I was done reading the Bible and highlighting, tagging, and scribbling on the pages, I organized everything into categories."

Lizzy takes out a white, two inch binder from her own pile of things. She commandeered the roll top desk that was once cluttered to death with Bobby's miscellaneous work that she couldn't make heads or tails of. Now it's the center for all things Sammy and his destiny.

Sam being the research whore and organization lover that he is takes the binder from her the second she holds it out. Inside are several tabbed dividers with many pages in each section she's made.

"I started with the birth of Christ," she explains herself, her old business-like demeanor when hunting coming back without trying. "As much as this whole thing is different this time around I still found some similarities that were pretty interesting. Then I worked my way through, ending with the Second Coming itself."

"This is great," Sam says, leafing through the binder quickly before settling on the first section as Lizzy goes over it. "You did this on your own?"

"Well, I may not have been the researcher of the two of us but I definitely picked up a thing or seven from Louie. And you too, honestly." Lizzy smiles at him, Sam returns it.

"What'd you come up with?" Dean asks her as he steers her to the chair behind the desk, telling her to sit without actually telling her. Lizzy does sit down and without a fight. She hates being told what to do but the baby is making her old back injury flare up like a bastard. Dean's picked up on that.

"So, differences in the birth of Christ..." Lizzy starts, taking out a separate page she's been working
on. She glances at it while talking to the men in the room. "To start with Mary was a virgin when she became pregnant with Jesus. I... well, we know I'm not following in her footsteps on that one."

"Thank God," Dean offhandedly remarks while looking over Sam's shoulder at her work.

"And I also think that's bullshit," Lizzy inserts her own opinion. "Cass always loved to tell us that we humans have gotten a lot of the details of the Bible wrong. I'm pretty sure this one is wrong. Mary got knocked up before she ever banged her then new husband. Back then Joseph would've disowned her, divorced her immediately and shunned her as a whore."

"But he didn't," Sam pipes in, knowing the story. "He stayed married to her and faithful. Raised the kid with her..."

"Because some angel showed up to confirm it all for him," Lizzy keeps going. "But come on, that's ludicrous. Logically speaking, and yes this will make me a pessimist and super jaded, that was Joey-boy's kiddo. I'd put what little money I have on it."

"So it's like you and Dean you think?" Sam wonders. "Two human parents that made a vessel?"

"I would like to think so," Lizzy nods. "I think the writers of the Bible took a lot of stock in morality and made the parents of God on Earth exaggerated and purer than they were. And I can't believe that Joseph would have been that stupid."

"Or plain gullible," Bobby adds in as he sits at his own desk. "Liz, you're making a lot of assumptions."

"Just some educated speculation," she shrugs. "What choice do I have?"

"You could stop guessing and just call on someone that knows the truth... and might have been there for all of this. Seen it all first hand and all."

Lizzy sends him a sideways glance of sheer irritation.

"Just saying that Castiel knows the true story and he wants to help," Bobby reminds her of the obvious answer to all their questions right now.

Lizzy grits her teeth as Dean looks between her and Bobby. He opens his mouth as he mentally prepares for an ass kicking from her.

"Maybe we should," Dean speaks up suddenly, earning a very wide eyed look from Lizzy. "We should talk to him, ask him about all this."

"He's dead to me. He's dead to us, I thought..."

"I'm not saying I'm not pissed at him. I'm angry as hell still..."

"So then we don't call for him," Lizzy finishes for him. "Easy as that."

"Lizzy, think about this for a second," Sam says to her, grabbing a chair and pulling it over, sitting across from her. He leans forward with his elbows on his knees and gives her a serious look, asking her to really listen. "Sammy's got a pretty heavy path already set for him in life."

"I know," she says, the pain clear in her expression when she speaks. Dean stands behind her, his hands on her shoulders, and Lizzy places her right palm onto one of them.

"And we have someone that can very easily help us with that," Sam reminds her. "Yes, Cass fucked
Royally. But that doesn't mean he doesn't regret it. He does regret it, I know it. So let him make up for his mistake and help."

"I can't," Lizzy shakes her head no. "I can't trust him. I can't trust what he'll say."

"Fair enough," Sam nods. "But all I'm saying is give him a chance to prove himself. If he lies then he lies and we stop trusting him all together." Sam glances up at Dean, knowing how hard that would be for him to do at this point also. "But if he tells the truth and helps us and helps Sammy then… then we got an ace in the hole again. We have an angel that's gonna look out for him and keep him safe. I think it's worth taking that chance and letting him in again… just a little."

She can feel Dean squeeze her shoulders, letting her know he agrees with Sam here as much as she knows he doesn't want to.

When Lizzy's jaw clenches again and she refuses to respond Sam tries again.

"What's more important to you, Lizzy? You're stubborn pride or swallowing some of that to rewrite your son's future for the better?"

Lizzy sighs heavily with her realization of how damn right Sam is and drops her head back onto her husband standing behind her. She looks up at him and he bends down. He presses a kiss to her forehead before saying quietly into her ear, "Do it for Sammy."

She nods to reluctantly agree and Dean stands up again but never lets his hands leave her shoulders. As much as he was dead set against ever calling on the angel ever again after how dishonest and conniving he's been Dean's come to see that it was wrong to cut the angel out. His priorities in life have drastically changed these past months. The need to stick to his guns and never admit he's wrong suddenly feels childish when facing something as big as his son being God's vessel. Sammy comes first now. Everything else is just simply not nearly as important, even his own personal pride. He hopes Lizzy can see it the same way and let go of her stubbornness.

Taking a deep breath and closing her eyes, Lizzy concentrates and Dean knows she's on his same page now.

With her hands on her stomach she begins to call out. "Castiel." She takes another deep breath and continues. "I would like to talk to you. About Sammy's future. I swear I won't try to kill you or anything. We just have some questions and you're the only one that can answer them for us… or would be willing to…. You're all we have…"

"I will do anything I can to help."

When she opens her eyes and looks towards the sound of that ever familiar voice, her guardian angel is standing there on the opposite side of the room in the kitchen doorway, looking the same as ever with his tan trench coat and weary blue eyes. He looks nervous, keeping his distance as he knows the fire Lizzy and Dean both harbor in their hearts concerning him, and he simply looks at her with a soft expression.

"It is good to see you, Elizabeth," he tells her genuinely. "You look very well."

"I am," she says, a hard edge still in her voice.

"Yes, well, pregnancy becomes you. You look beautiful." He looks away and swallows hard, hoping his compliments aren't taken wrongly. "I hope that wasn't too forward."

"Thanks for coming, Cass," Dean says to him, proving right off the bat that he's working on shoving
his own pride aside for the betterment of his child. "We appreciate it."

"I told you before I wanted to help," he says, eyes never settling on either person as he takes a step forward. "I meant that."

When it grows uncomfortably awkward in the room Sam stands up, binder of Lizzy's research in hand.

"Lizzy has done some work to prepare for this whole, uh, situation," he says, walking over to the angel and handing him the binder. "She's gone through the Bible with a fine toothed comb and we now have some questions for you."

"Of course," he says, opening the pages and flipping through them. He takes a seat on the old cot in the room while reading. "What do you need to know?"

"Everything," Lizzy says to him.

"I see you've been looking into the birth of Christ," Castiel mentions and looks up at her. "Why?"

"Don't they say history repeats itself?" she tells him.

"That it tends to do," he nods. "And this situation is very similar to the past. Today people are not as easily accepting of such things as the force of God and Immaculate Conception, however, so it has its differences depending on point of view."

"So Mary wasn't a virgin?" Dean thinks to ask.

"No," Castiel explains with a small, stiff laugh. "My, no. Mary and Joseph did not wait until they were wedded as the Bible suggests. They had indeed fornicated far before that. In fact, Heaven as a whole had grown quite impatient with their personal timeline. We had to interfere a little but in the end it was the right thing to do."

"Interfere how?" Bobby questions, feeling a little weird about that detail.

"Well, we had a hand in the conception itself," Castiel looks at the older man. "Back during this time on Earth most marriages were arranged and rushed into. Mary and Joseph were meant to be, soul mates actually, and they felt it unnecessary to move along quite so quickly as their love was real. The pregnancy itself made them decide that it was the time for marriage as it was tradition at the time to marry first and start a family after."

Lizzy's eyes narrow at the angel. "You made sure they got pregnant?"

"Me? No. I was not assigned to them."

"But angels did?"

"Yes."

"Ok, but… you were assigned to me."

The angel and the woman stare at each other for a beat before Castiel looks back down at her research. "Yes, I was."

Lizzy laughs a disgusted laugh. "Unbelievable. You're fucking unbelievable, Cass."

"Care to share?" Dean asks his wife when she's figured it out before him.
"Sure," Lizzy says while her eyes burn holes into the angel. "Castiel here is the reason we're having a baby at all. He's the one that fucked with the birth control to make sure this happened."

"Great," Dean says in an exhausted tone as he just can't be surprised anymore. "Now I just feel bad for all the other women out there that got knocked up because of our fate. That's so not right." Dean sighs and washes a hand down his face. He and Lizzy sit quietly however.

"Why are you not more upset with me?" Castiel has to ask when neither Lizzy nor Dean blow up in fury.

"Just more of the same, Cass," Dean tells him, his voice defeated by all he's seen and still has yet to deal with.

"Plus, even if this was not what we planned or wanted just yet… we're happy," Lizzy admits begrudgingly. "We're still looking forward to all of this, to meeting Sammy and raising him the best we can. We love him no matter what."

"It makes me very happy to hear you say that," Castiel tells her while trying to hide the grin that wants to break through. "I want that for him."

"Doesn't mean you're out of the dog house, though," Lizzy mutters quietly but Castiel hears it clearly. He nods and lets it go. He can live in the dog house for now, that's fine, and once he destroys Raphael they will see that he's on their side and will do whatever it takes to make a brighter future for this child. "So what do you know about what happened back then?"

"I know plenty," Castiel answers, once more flipping through the binder. "I was there."

"So spill," Dean asks for more, looking to fill in the holes in the story they have so far.

"Mary was a very religious woman," Castiel starts off, placing the binder to his side for a moment. "She was a true believer in every sense of the concept. She worshiped my Father the way he was meant to be worshipped and took much pride in the part she was to have in the story."

"Guess that's where we differ," Lizzy cuts in, the acidic tone not lost on anyone.

"Yes, that would be the large difference between then and now," Castiel completely agrees. "She was excited to do this for the Lord. You… well, you are understandably against this idea, which is why Gabriel told her very early on what part she was to play. He was very anxious to tell her, knowing she'd be happy, but he neglected to mention the fact that he was a vessel at all."

"Isn't that the point though?" Sam cuts in with confusion. "That her child would be a vessel?"

"Yes, but you have all met Gabriel before," Castiel reminds them. "He's not opposed to tricking people."

"You don't say," Bobby rolls his eyes.

"He led Mary to believe that her son was God from the moment he was conceived, which would spare her the pain of knowing her son would eventually disappear and be completely taken over by God once he was older. I, however, found much fault in his ways and felt it far too deceptive. I decided then that when I was to become the watch over the woman that would be responsible for the Second Coming I would never lie to her like that," Castiel assures, spilling the truth he's been holding onto for so long. "For that reason, along with many, many others, I was anxious to tell you about Sammy but not anxious in a good way. I feared the day I would have to explain it all." He looks at Lizzy with that same expression of sorrow and regret that he had the day they confronted...
him about Sammy's future. "I wanted you to have that family you've always desired but I never wished this kind of a life for you. This whole thing has had me torn since the day I knew I cared far too much for you when you were a child. I was never supposed to feel this level of… what I suppose is love… for you."

Lizzy clears her throat and shifts awkwardly in her seat. That was a lot to process but she'll do that later. "Keep talking, Cassie," Lizzy says, trying to keep her anger in check and not melt a bit with Cassie's clear regret.

When she calls him Cassie, however, Castiel knows that she's not fully angry with him anymore. She isn't happy or ready to fix their broken relationship but she used her nickname from childhood for him. That has to mean something good.

"Once she knew, Mary was very excited," the heavenly being continues. "She planned ahead and promised herself to the service of heaven, bowing down to the Lord completely. She didn't even argue when Gabriel told her the name she was to give the incarnation of my Father on Earth."

"Gabe told her she had to name the kid Jesus?" Dean asks with raised eyebrows. "Kinda pushy, don't you think?"

"Not at all," Castiel says in instant response. "That is what God wanted so she obeyed."

"Does God have a name picked out for my son too then?" Lizzy asks with a hard edge.

"Yes, absolutely, but I only assumed you'd never listen to me about such a matter so I never enforced the issue. I know you well enough to already be aware they you will be bowing to no one."

"Damn fucking straight," Lizzy confirms and presses her hands to her belly. "Well now I just gotta know…"

"Judah," Castiel tells them. "Before he disappeared my Father was intent on this name. It means 'the praised one'."

"Well God can kiss my ass," Dean blasphemes easily in an annoyed yet quiet tone. "He's not naming my son. That kid is gonna be Sammy whether your dad likes it or not."

Sam hides the smile that spreads across his face in a flash. He still feels quite highly honored by this gesture. The redemption alone that it brings him is just too good to be real.

"And that is the perfect example of why I never pressed the issue," Castiel gestures to Dean, referring to his anger. "You do tend to do the opposite of what I ask of you at every turn anyways." Castiel sighs a bit at this. They have been a difficult group of humans to deal with. "That and the name you've chosen is still a very wise choice. Samuel actually means 'name of God'. It's quite perfect as it is."

"Fucking figures," Lizzy mutters to herself. Of course their choice is perfect. Why wouldn't it be?

"You know you could always change his name," Sam speaks up, knowing that if the meaning behind Samuel irks them then he would be ok with a different name for his nephew. "I wouldn't be offended."

"Over my dead body," Lizzy tells him sternly. "Samuel doesn't mean 'name of God' to us. It means badassery and strength and it means that we love you and we love our son. I'm not changing it."

Sam makes a face and holds his hands up. "Ok, sorry I offered…"
"You should be," Dean tells him, mad that Sam would ever want him to change Sammy's name. "Because that kid is Sammy and everyone else can just shut the hell up about it."

Sam nods once and flashes a millisecond long smile. He's still floored by the gesture and he's never seen the conviction they have concerning making sure their son took his name. Wonders still never cease, even in a fucked life like theirs.

"So basically, Sammy will be born as Sammy," Lizzy checks with him, making sure that all Sam's seen in Lucifer's head is correct. "He'll have his own personality, his own life and likes and dislikes… and then when he's older God comes and possesses him for good and we lose him forever?"

"Sadly, that is the plan," Castiel tells them, leaning forward and rubbing his hands down his face. "Although with Heaven such a mess, my Father missing, and the Apocalypse undone in every way… I cannot be sure what the future is supposed to look like now. It may have changed drastically."

"If you had to take a guess… what would you say?" Bobby asks, needing to get at least some kind of insider perspective.

"Considering my Father planned for centuries, eons, for this I'd be surprised if it didn't occur," he says. "Then again, I used to think the same way about the Apocalypse… and we know how that turned out.

"So we could derail this too?" Dean eagerly questions, the first true spark of hope being felt in this one moment.

"I think you and Sam have proven that there are emergency exits in everything, even God's will," Castiel says thoughtfully. "I think the undone Apocalypse bodes quite well for Sammy's future, as does the absence of my Father. I also believe that is why Raphael is dead set on restarting the Apocalypse. He has been by-the-books for as long as I can remember."

"And that's why you want to stop him?" Lizzy questions his intentions. "You want to stop Raphael so that Sammy gets to live a regular life?"

"Among other very large, very pressing reasons, yes," Castiel nods as he lets go of the truth and feels lighter by the second. "After all this group of humans has sacrificed and been hurt by… I do believe you deserve the life you want and asking for quiet and safe and…" He looks away from the three hunters that have been put through the proverbial ringer. "I have pride in the fact that I know what is right from what is wrong. What has been placed on all of you is wrong. And you have been through enough. You've endured when you should never have and now… now I feel that you have earned the right to live however you choose to. You should have that freedom."

"What can we do?" Dean speaks up when he sees how much Castiel believes in them. Dean has always trusted Castiel once the initial shock of him being an angel wore off. In fact he's become his one and only true friend he's ever had. Hearing this, that he is trying to help them instead of deceive them, makes Dean relax a bit for the first time in longer than he can remember. "We want to help. How do we go after Raphael?"

"You don't," Castiel quickly denies him.

"Cass, we can help you…" Sam tries but once more the angel isn't hearing it.

"No!" Castiel stands up when his voice booms out his response. "You will not help me with this!
"You all need to be here, raising a family and protecting that little boy."

The hunters in the room just look at him with wide eyes, not having been ready for the outburst.

"I will not be responsible for any of your deaths, not now," Castiel further explains. He points to Lizzy. "That boy will need you, all of you, and you will not be involved in any more of Heaven's heavy issues. Raphael is very strong and he has many of Heaven's lost angels following him. This could be considered a suicide mission for a human." He swallows hard. "I am not even certain that I will walk away from this."

Lizzy's eye go even wider with that statement. "We need to help you, then…"

"No," Castiel tells her. "I am on my own with this and that is fine with me."

"It's not fine with me," Lizzy rebuts quickly. "How can you go up against an army of Raphael believers by yourself? That's the suicide mission."

"No, it isn't," Castiel tries to calm her worries. "I have a plan…"

"Which is?" she asks him immediately.

"Not important," Castiel refuses to spill the secret of all he's been up to. They think Crowley is dead but instead Castiel lied to them and is working with him. He knows that will not go over well at all. "What is important is that I will defeat Raphael. I can promise that. The only thing I need from you four is to stay out of it and pursue Eve as you have been. I can handle Heaven."

No one speaks for a few seconds.

"Are you sure about this, Cass?" Dean steps forward towards the angel, his concern strong. "Angels aren't easy, man. We know that. You know that if you need help all you have to do is ask us and we got your back."

The flash of hope that washes over Castiel is obvious.

"Even after I lied and hid everything from you… you'd still help if I asked?"

Dean pauses, his eyes darting over to Lizzy quickly as he wonders if she's on the same page, and he looks Castiel hard in the eye. "You're family, Cass. We take that very seriously. And family fucks up sometimes, I think Sam and I have proved that well enough. But we're still here and we still back each other up. Same goes for you."

Once more Castiel doesn't speak at first. The heavy weight of what Dean says to him starts to settle over him. He glances at Lizzy, wondering if she feels this same way, but she looks away, her eyes roaming the room and avoiding him. Maybe she still needs more time but at least that flicker of hope is there for him.

"Thank you, Dean," Castiel says to the man as he makes the angel feel like he belongs somewhere for the first time in a long time. "I truly appreciate that you are strong enough to overlook your pride to see that I have only meant well. I do think very highly of you, of you all. It is comforting to know that you find me to be so important to you in turn."

"You always gotta say everything in such a pansy way?" Dean questions with a huff of a laugh.

"Pan… I don't understand?" Castiel admits his lack of comprehension.
"Don't worry about it," Dean slaps a hand onto his shoulder. Just as he does Castiel starts to look out around him, his gazes frantic and all over the place. "What is it?"

"They're looking for me," Castiel explains as he takes a step away from Dean. "They cannot find me here. That would compromise your safety."

"We still have some questions…” Lizzy speaks up, not ready for him to leave.

"I know, but I have to leave," he further explains. "I will return when it is safe for me to do so." He disappears from the room.

After a second or two of silence following the abrupt exit Dean turns towards the group. "Well, I feel a lot better about the guy." He says it too easily and with jest, joking his way through something difficult as usual.

"He's still hiding something from us," Lizzy finally speaks up after having been quiet for so long.

"How do you know?" Bobby quickly asks, always having been one to believe her and her instincts. She's right far more often than not.

"Just do," she says with narrow eyes while staring at the empty space Castiel was just occupying. "He's not telling us everything."

"Lizzy, the guy is sorry," Dean denies her thought. "He's telling us the truth…"

"Why do you think he's still holding back?" Sam cuts in, knowing she has to be onto something.

Lizzy looks to him. "I can feel it. He's scared and he's holding back. It's killing him to not be truthful but… I don't know. I think he's in some serious hot water and I think he's feeling like shit over some of the decisions he's made. I just don't know what it is he's been doing without us knowing." She looks at Dean, knowing he's already changed his mind of the angel. "I'm not sure I trust him just yet."

"Will you ever?" Dean asks her sharply, getting a bit defensive.

"Dean," she says to him with surprise at his challenge to her. "I'm trying to get past all this…"

"Are you?" he fights back again.

"Yes," she emphatically answer.

"Because to me it looks like you wrote Cass off a long time ago. You're stubborn and I don't think you want to forgive him."

"That's a joke, right?" Lizzy questions him with disbelief.

"You tell me." He puts his hands on his hips and waits on her to explain herself.

"Dean, she's just being cautious…"

"Sam, I got this," Lizzy says to him as she stands up from her chair. She appreciates the help but she's a big girl and she can handle her own husband. When she walks over to him, standing just a foot from him, she starts to explain. "I don't want to think this way. Cass has been your friend for a while now and I can see how you'd be frustrated by my weariness over him. I get that. But I've had him around since the day I was born. I know him. I can literally feel him… and he's still hiding something. I'm sure of it. I love Cass, I do… but I'm worried. I'm not saying I don't want him in my
life, even if my gut tells me I shouldn't. I am saying I'm scared for him and for whatever it is he isn't telling us. It's big."

"How big?" Dean comes around, believing her as much as he doesn't want to.

"Huge," she tells him. "He's in over his head. Most definitely."

"Ok," Dean nods, letting go of his anger over her seemingly stubborn ways and replacing it with concern. "You think if you hone in on him you can figure it out?"

"I'm not psychic," she denies, shaking her head. "I can only feel him, not read him."

"Damn it," Dean sighs and then his expression melts from angry to remorseful. "Sorry."

"Don't have to apologize, Hot Shot. I know how much you care about Cass whether you want to admit it or not."

He just gives her a weird face.

"So in the meantime, what the hell do we do?" Sam asks the one big question they're left with.

"We do what he told us to do," Lizzy says obviously. "Cass won't let us help with Raphael but he told us to handle the Mother. So I think we start there. She needs to go down."

"Works for me," Bobby agrees easily.

"Me too… after dinner," Dean mentions while looking at Lizzy. "You've gotta be starving by now."

"When am I not?" she asks through a yawn as she stands up and presses a hand to her back.

Bobby doesn't miss the yawn or the painful posture she's holding. "Or maybe it's naptime first?" He gives her the evil eye, telling her not to question him.

"We have work to do though…"

"So what?" Dean cuts in, walking over to her and putting his hands on her upper arms. "Health first, monsters second. Go take a nap and I'll have some food ready for when you wake up."

"You know, it's gonna suck so hard when I actually have this kid and you guys go back to treating me like a regular person again." She lifts an eyebrow and looks around the room at her caretakers and protectors.

Nah, it's over for you now," Dean assures her. "You're never going to be just a regular person anymore. You're mom now. You're boned."

She nods quietly, not having been prepared for how all this was going to forever change her life. In ways she never expected she's become something different. With all the men in her life, the ones that truly count, she knows she will be looked after and really taken care of. Her son too. As unlucky as Sammy already is he's also one of the luckiest damn kids out there. He'll have more love in his life than most will ever know and for that alone they will get through everything.

"Get going, momma," Dean tells her, turning her to face the stairs. "The second you wake up we'll have dinner and then we'll get reading." He pats her on the butt to get her moving.

"Easy, dad," Lizzy points to him with a challenging look that is pure jest. "Alright, goodnight men. Cass, let's go!""
"Night Lizzy," Sam says all in fun in return and the three of them listen as her feet along with her dog’s feet make their slow way up the wooden stairs and the bedroom door closes. Cass doesn’t sleep outside her room when she's alone. He stays curled up by the side of her bed while she sleeps, keeping a watch on her and making sure she's safe.

When Dean knows she's out of ear shot he immediately looks at Bobby.

"Tell the truth," he asks of him.

"She's all over the place," Bobby tells him with certainty. "Most of the day she's usually her old self. She helps me research, she reads up on what might be in store for Sammy, and she keeps busy enough. Sometimes we'll talk about the kid and she gets all bright and excited… then other times she'll get real quiet when she thinks about the reality of his future. It's an odd balancing act she's trying to keep."

"And that's about all we can ask of her," Dean comments.

"She'll be better while you're home though," Bobby adds in. "She's always better when you're here. Holds her shit together a little easier."

"Shit, I wish we could stay," Dean says, walking around the room a bit.

"But we gotta kill Eve," Sam remind him. "We do that and we can come back and stay…"

"Until the next big bad shows up that only we can handle." Dean sighs with a true lack of hope. "Fuck, ok, we gotta kill Mom and then, from there… I guess we cross our fingers and hope we get to spend some time with our family. I'm hoping to at least be there when Sammy's born."

"You won't miss that, Dean." Sam look sat him like he's crazy to have thought he might.

"Never know." He doesn't trust that he'll make it if things go to total shit.

"I know," Sam determinedly tells his brother. "You will not miss that. I promise you that. No matter what's happening we drop everything when he decides to show up. Nothing is more important than that."

Dean just sighs once more and starts for the kitchen. "I'm getting food going. I promised dinner now I have to deliver."

When Dean starts puttering around the kitchen Sam and Bobby just look to one another. They have to kill Eve. It's that simple and they both know it. With monsters getting more powerful and showing up in increased rates their whole crew isn't safe. The vengeful djinn that attacked Dean in his home while he was out of hunting proved that already. If they end the Mother of All then the world will be safer for everyone, especially them. Especially that baby.
A Little Time for Mom and Dad

After dinner and several hours of nonstop reading and coming up empty handed Lizzy's patience and emotions are taking over.

"Fuck this," Lizzy says as she gets up from her seat on the cot in the study. "The answer isn't here."

"Patience is a virtue they say," Bobby tells her for the millionth time since she's moved in since waiting is not exactly a quality Lizzy possesses.

"And saying that every time I lose my patience is not going to magically make me a calmer person, Bobby," Lizzy tells him as she walks to the side door. She grabs the leash hanging on the wall there along with her winter coat. "Cass! Let's go, buddy!"

In a flash the dog is sitting at her feet, waiting to have his leash clipped on so he can head out for a walk.

"I'm coming with you," Dean quickly makes the decision and gets up.

"I'm ok to walk him alone," Lizzy nearly laughs, thinking he's being protective.

"I know that, but I wouldn't mind hanging out with my wife for a second, you know?" He looks at her with faux disappointment.

"In that case I would love the company," she says to him with a grin and presses up to kiss him on the lips once.

"Shut the damn door!" Bobby yells to them when they take too long to get outside and they let too much cold in.

Dean yanks the door shut. " Fucking grump."

Easily they fall into a comfortable silence as they walk side by side around the property, Cass leading the way. When they get closer to the warehouse in the back of the land Lizzy leans into Dean once playfully. He looks over to her, surprised to see her suddenly playful mood.

"What's that about?" he asks with a smile.

"I missed you," she says. "All of you." She then grabs his ass with a grin.

"Ah, you're feeling frisky," Dean says, knowing that he's completely right. He looks at her with a grin that means he's just fine with that.

"I'm feeling stressed," she further explains as she makes her way to warehouse door. "And angry. And like I can't control a damn thing in my life and I can't trust what's directing everything happening to me."

"I know the feeling," Dean nods, watching her tie Cass to a pipe running along the side of the building.

"And I know the answer to it all," she perks up a bit as she opens the warehouse door. She gestures for him to go in ahead of her and Dean does so. He walks into the dimly lit building and in a flash she has him turned around and pressed to the wall next to the door.
"I need you," she tells him, lust burning in her eyes as she pushes his shoulders in place.

"And you can have me," he says quickly, leaning down to cup her jaw with both hands and kiss her hard, knowing how badly they will always need each other like this when shit gets impossibly heavy.

And then Lizzy says the trigger phrase to really tell him what she wants.

"I've been waiting for you to get home and give me what I need for way too long now. Own me, Dean," she whispers against his lips, asking for him to take control of her and make her his.

As she kisses him again with the same desperation Dean's heart drops. For the first time in life this particular sentence doesn't shoot him right into total overdrive. Usually all she needs to do is say those two little words, own me, and he's got her wrists tied to a headboard as he spanks her ass bright red while saying the most filthy things he can come up with to her before she can blink. Now… that sounds like the most awful idea ever.

"Slow down a minute," Dean says as he gently pushes her back from him by the hips.

"What's wrong?" Lizzy asks, eyebrows knitted together with worry.

"You think this is a good idea?"

"Are you serious?" she wonders with shock as she huffs a small laugh. "Baby, when life gets this bad we always do this."

"Yeah, but… it's different now," Dean tells her. "I can't be doing that shit to you right now." He slides his hands to either side of her stomach, reminding her that she's very much pregnant.

"You're about to piss me off, aren't you?" Lizzy says to him, tired of being the fragile damsel in distress just because she wants to be a mother.

"No," he says, nothing but love and care in his eyes. "Because I like to think you aren't gonna get pissed at me because I'm concerned."

"What the fuck are you so concerned about?" she questions him, not quite getting it.

"L, I'm not gonna toss you around when you're six months pregnant," he says obviously. "That just not smart at all."

"So go a little easier than usual," she brushes it off. "I'm not asking you to spar with me. I'm asking you to own me like you have a ton of times before. I trust you… and right now I need to trust you and let go of all the shit that I am dealing with."

Dean looks at her, her expression pleading with him to take her right then and there, and he just can't do it.

"No," he says quietly, a hand running through her long dark hair. "I can't do that, L."

"Why not?" she angrily asks him.

He just sends her a look, one simple and apologetic look, and she thinks she's put it together.

"Are you serious?" She backs away from him with upset. "What, you're getting some Madonna-whore complex with me?"
"No!" Dean says immediately. "Madonna is gross these days. Have you seen her arms? Uh." He shudders with disgust.

"No, Freud. I'm not talking about Madonna, Madonna..." Lizzy sighs with frustration. "I mean that you look at me different now. You see me as some saintly mother instead of your dirty little girl. I've changed in your eyes."

What she says makes far more sense than he cares to admit... but she isn't completely correct.

"Wow," Lizzy says when he stays quiet while considering it. "That's it, isn't it? Shit."

"L, look..."

"I mean I get it," she continues to rant a bit, her emotions easily taking over. "With everything that happened with your own mother you do kind of have a weird, I don't know, soft spot for moms..."

"Don't," he warns, looking at her with strict determination to leave his mother out of this conversation. "This has nothing to do with Mom. But I think you're right."

"Knew it!"

"But not totally," Dean finishes. "You're not a saint. You may be the best person I know but I've heard the things you say in bed and trust me, you are no saint."

Lizzy nods a bit, knowing it's true.

"But right now you're doing something kinda amazing and really... pure. You're having my son. How the fuck do you expect me to pull some dominating shit on you when my little boy is right here in the room?"

"He's not really in the room, Dean. That's stupid..."

"No it isn't," Dean laughs. "Sammy's old enough to hear us now."

Lizzy looks at him shocked. "You read that book Bobby gave you?"

"One chapter left," he answers with pride. "And because I now know that, I feel a little weird about saying those types of things to you anymore. Or doing those things to you when I don't want to hurt you. No way."

Lizzy sighs, hands on the sides of her stomach. "Shit, you make a lot of sense."

Dean just sends a smirk her way when she sees the light.

"I don't like that you're telling me I can't have the sex I want with my own husband but you make sense." With her palms still on her stomach, remembering her son is pretty much right there with them, she concedes but remains worried. "This isn't gonna continue after Sammy's born, is it?"

"No," Dean laughs a little at her. "I just... it's a little weird right now."

Lizzy sighs. "I can see that now. I mean, I didn't before because I'm just used to being this way. Didn't even think twice about it."

"But I see it every time I look at you," Dean counters as he closes the couple steps between them. "I don't see my kinky little sex kitten of a wife. I see the mother of our awesome kid. It's kinda hard to separate the two when it's right in my face like this." His hands slide along her protruding stomach as
he grins at her.

"Yeah," Lizzy responds with an eye roll as she places her hands on top of his. "Sucks to be me though… you look the same. You are the same in my eyes. I still want you just like always… in the same way as always."

"And I never said you couldn't have me still." He grins at her in just the right way, all boyish and sweet. He knows it'll work.

"Um, you're so not allowed to take sex away from me completely," Lizzy reminds him as her arms come around his neck. "No booze, no weed… fucking you is all I got left."

"I would never take this perfect, rock-hard body away from you," Dean says with the type of arrogance he had back when they met.

"Ugh, and now I'm nauseous…" she pushes him away with disgust over his behavior.

"Oh, come on!" Dean reaches out to her again, wide smile on his face while pulling her in and holding her there. "You know you want this."

"Not anymore," Lizzy says, pushing him again as a grin tugs at the corners of her mouth.

"Don't deny it," he says with a light tone. "You can't stay away from this, baby. It's impossible."

"Ew," Lizzy groans but immediate laughs right after when she looks at him. He's smiling wide and loving that he's screwing with her a bit.

When he hears her actually laugh, something quite rare these days with the stress they're under, Dean can't help himself. He leans down and presses his lips to hers.

Immediately humming with the feel of those lips that she loves so damn much, Lizzy goes right along with him without thinking twice. She may have been pushing him away just a moment ago but who was she kidding. She wasn't lying about needing some stress release. And as she lets herself get deeper and deeper into this perfect little moment she knows she still needs more from him.

"Bobby's been working on his Camaro in here," Lizzy tells him, never letting her lips part his. She presses her mouth to his one more time before spilling her idea. "Fuck me on the hood of it?"

Nobody would ever have to ask Dean twice to do such a thing.

In a flash he has her hand clutched in his as he marches across the open warehouse. Lizzy giggles a little with sheer excitement as they make their way quickly to the rusty classic car parked on the other side of the building. When they get there Dean swiftly pulls her to stand in front of the grill of their father figure’s car. He grabs her head and pulls her into him hard, kissing her with urgency now that she got him really going.

"I want you to fuck me so bad," Lizzy says to him between frantic kisses as her hands start in on opening his pants as quickly as they can move. “It’s been way too long.”

“Oh my God,” Dean hushes out as it takes no time for her to reach a hand into the front of his pants and grab him hard. He knows how serious she was before. She does need him.

“That’s what I want,” Lizzy keeps talking, her hand working him over as he reaches for her. “I want you. I want you to fuck me right into this car.”
Dean can only nod as he breathes hard with her helping hand. He brushes her long hair out of her face and watches her lips as they move.

“Can you do that for me?” she asks, her face inching closer to his again. “Make me lose it on top of Bobby’s car?”

Dean tears her hands off of himself when her words make him so impatient it hurts. A quickly as he can he shoves her coat down her arms and pulls her shirt over her head. Moving like a madman he then grasps the waist of her yoga pants and panties and shoves them down her thighs. He then picks her up, Lizzy gasping a bit at the sudden way he sharply moves, and drops her onto her laid out winter coat on the old hood of Bobby’s car. As Dean yanks her boots, socks, underwear and pants off Lizzy helps, only grabbing him by the back of the head once she’s bottomless. She attacks his lips once more, the lips she dreams about every damn night that he’s away, and revels in his presence. It’s too good to have him home.

“Want you so fucking bad,” Dean tells her, reaching around her back. He backs away a few inches only to pull her bra off of her chest after unhooking it. He gets one glimpse at her now so much larger breasts and he lunges for them. “Son of bitch, they’re huge.” His voice is muffled when he groans face first into the valley between her boobs.

With his head buried in her chest Lizzy doesn’t stop going after him. She pushes his jacket off of his shoulders with force, a growling sound coming from deep in her throat that makes Dean move faster to give her what she wants. As his tongue trails upwards over her collarbone and up the side of her neck he threads his arms through his coveted green jacket she and Lou gave him years back. When he gets to her ear he quietly rumbles out, “You’re so fucking hot like this.”

Lizzy grins something truly carnal at him, her eyes burning and wild as she nearly rips his t-shirt while sending it over his head.

“Please, touch all you want,” she smirks hard as she watches him get completely naked. She may be large these days but Dean, her Dean is still the same. He’s thirty-two, not the young and nearly carefree guy she first met, but now he’s better than ever to her. He’s barely changed, maybe a few more scars and a couple wrinkles just starting to show up on his face, but fuck it all if she didn’t want him more now than ever. He’s gorgeous.

“Mm,” Lizzy hums to herself with a wanton smirk while obviously eyeing him over. “I’m a lucky woman.”

“Damn straight you are,” Dean answers once he stands back up tall and moves right back into her space. “Wanna see how lucky I can make you feel?” As his eyes lock into hers with slight mischief and a whole lot of lust, Dean grabs her and pulls her into a harsh kiss with one hand on the back of her head. His other hand sets to work, lowering between the two of them. All he has to do is brush over her most sensitive skin once and he’s already got her moaning.

“Oh,” she quietly gasps against his lips, having needed just even the most simple of contact with him at this point. Keeping his touch feather light, he brushes over her again. Lizzy’s hips buck forward into his hand a bit and her voice lets another groan of enjoyment free.

“Look at you,” Dean says to her as he ends their kiss and watches her. Lizzy’s eyes closed tight as her breathing picks up, huffing through parted lips when his touch gets stronger, massaging circles
into her clit. “You’re so needy. You want it bad, don’t you?”

“So bad,” her voice pleads to him as her hands come to his broad shoulders, gripping tight. “Uh, so bad.”

Using his thumb back and forth on her, keeping the pace moderate yet strong enough, just as he knows will work on her, Dean hears her whimper. Lizzy actually whimpered with what he’s doing to her. What a sound.

“So beautiful,” Dean comments under his breath as he watches her squirm on the edge of the car hood. She moves to drop her head back with it all but the hand he has on the base of her head pulls her back upright. “Open your eyes. Look at me.”

Lizzy, of course, listens. Her lids fly up and her eyes lock onto his in an instant.

“God, I love you,” she blurs out the second she looks into his eyes. Something about that moment, the love combined with total want in his expression mixed with how good he can make her feel… she had to say it.

“You just love how I make you feel,” Dean smiles out with far too much pride, never stopping his ministrations.

“Oh God, no… all of you,” Lizzy pants and moans. “All of you, baby. Love all of you.”

He laughs, it coming out a little darker than he intended, and really goes for the gusto with her kind words.

“That include my fingers?” he asks as he slips two easily into her, his thumb still on her clit.

“Oh,” she breathes out hard as her expression wrinkles more. He’s deadly with those fingers. “Yes. Yes… Oh, yeah.”

“L, listen to me,” Dean directs to her as her eyes start to close with pleasure. She focuses in on him again, her voice moaning the whole time, and he gives her a little of the controlling man she had been asking for. “You’re gonna come exactly when I tell you to.”

The second he says it he starts to curl his fingers upward, hitting that perfect spot and making Lizzy reel with the sheer enjoyment that floods her senses.

“Not before,” he continues to tell her, squeezing her neck a little bit when she begins to lose her focus on him once more. “You with me?”

She nods her head vigorously to answer yes to him while looking right at him.

Dean moves his hand faster, making her cry out a bit with the wonderful change. “Can you hold off until I give you permission?”

She nods once more.

“Good girl,” Dean sneers with heavy desire, needing to take her right now. He leans forward and kisses her again, his hand never stopping while he bends over her and pushes her back. She lays down on the cold metal of the Camaro hood, the coat under her not doing much to keep the freezing temperature away but the cold doesn’t really even register with her as she’s so worked up.

Dean stands tall and looks her over, his free hand pushing his boxer briefs to the floor. She’s beyond
words to him right now. Everything about her is perfect, her pregnant form just suit her wonderfully. He’d never let the word stunning leave his mouth with how lame it sounds but it’s the right word. His Lizzy is stunning, that’s all there is to it.

“Tomorrow, I’m gonna do this all day,” he warns her fairly, not having gotten nearly enough of her during this highly important and once-in-a-lifetime moment in their lives. She’s only going to look like this a few times, be like this and do this for him maybe once more, twice if they find a way to get lucky and kill all the evil scum wanting to hurt them and kill them (yeah… right…), and he has to take advantage.

“Please…” is all Lizzy can manage to get out through her moans of severe pleasure. She’s trying hard, she is, but Dean maintained his skills from his time on the womanly side of the fence. He remembers the feel of being a woman and has always used that to his advantage ever since.

“Please what, baby?” he grins her way, pressing his free hand into Bobby’s car as he leans down to her, his face inches from hers. “What do you want?”

“What you, oh… fuck… said….” From there she dissolves into sounds of total pleasure, not a word that’s coherent.

“Don’t you dare!” Dean demands when he can see her losing her composure and giving in.

“Try… ing…. Oh fuck, Dean. So good… oh….”

“Don’t, L,” Dean warns once more as he very swiftly removes his fingers and seamlessly pushes into her without missing a beat, both instantly groaning at the change.

“Oh God, fuck me… please, Dean,” Lizzy begs him when he doesn’t move at first. It’s killing her to have him inside her yet so still. “Baby, move.”

Dean gives her a grin of knowing control over the situation. “You gonna let me keep you prisoner in bed all day tomorrow?”

This is where Lizzy leans up on her elbows and looks at him funny. With a panting voice she says, “We have work to do…”

“It can wait.”

She thinks he must have some case of temporary insanity caused by sexual desire. “The Mother of All… Dean, we have to…”

“Sam and Bobby have it for a day,” he says, his hands sliding up her sides and over her breasts, admiring them once more. “I want you all to myself. We can be selfish for one day.” He believes that too. They’ve done enough, interrupted their lives enough during her pregnancy so many times that they deserve a day to themselves.

“But Sammy…”

“What about him?” he asks, pulling back slowly before pushing back into her, reminding her how good an offer this is for her.

“Ooh,” Lizzy moans with that and her brain allows her this moment of weakness. “Need to help him.”

“We have years, L,” Dean reminds her. “We have years to make sure he’s God-free for life. One
day with you is all I am asking for.”

One day… that isn’t such big a deal, right? Just twenty-four fun hours away from this shit world? She knows she’s earned it.

“Say you’ll stay in our bedroom with me all day tomorrow… or I stop,” Dean extorts what he wants from her as he once more pulls back, pushing back into her with a little more force this time. “It’s a good deal.”

“Baby, please….” She’s worries about making this promise. So much has to be done.

“Say yes, that’s all you have to do.”

God damn it, she needs him to give her what she wants and really she wouldn’t mind the mini at home vacation from all their problems. “Yes! Fuck, Dean, yes. Please! Yes!”

“That’s my girl,” Dean smiles with renewed carnal need and he pushes her shoulders back so that she’s once more lying flat on the hood. He quickly wraps her legs around his waist and grabs tightly to her thighs.

“Oh thank God!” Lizzy nearly shouts her relief when Dean starts to actually move, thrusting into her at that deliciously perfect pace that she loves and it shows how damn well he knows her. Her eyes roll back for a moment when she feels it, bliss spreading out through her body.

“Just call me Dean,” he smiles through a moan, finally getting some enjoyment for himself. She feels so good.

“I’ll call you anything you want as long as you don’t stop,” she huffs as she disappears into her enjoyment, forgetting about everything hanging around her neck for just a short and wonderful time. “Oh fuck!”

As Lizzy clamps her hands down onto Dean’s forearms, he keeps a sharp focus on her. Her voice is loud, knowing that they can’t be heard from the house, and he can see she’s fully carefree in the moment. Considering the weight of their lives he thinks it might just be a miracle to get her in this frame of mind and he knows he’s going to follow through with what he said. They aren’t leaving their room tomorrow. No research, no leaving to hunt, and no baby preparations. Tomorrow is all about them, about their relationship, their love, and not about all the things out there trying to kill that. She’s been a champion through these six months, barely speaking a complaint and powering through the difficult situation they’ve been tossed into with shocking grace. She deserves one day in which she is only shown love and comfort and calm. No more fear. Only their love.

“Dean, yes,” Lizzy struggles out, her body tensing up as she creeps closer to the finish line.

“Hey,” Dean calls out, reaching out to place a hand on her cheek. “Not yet. Not yet.”

“Baby, please, let me,” Lizzy pleads with him, her heels digging into his back with her internal battle as she clamps a hand down on his against her cheek.

“Hang on,” he has to smile slightly, his hips still pressing into her over and over.

“Why?” she challenges in a near sob.

“Wait for me,” he tells her, explains simply that he wants her to hold off until he’s able to catch up to her.
“You’re gonna kill me,” she breathes hard, fighting to follow his commands.

“Drama queen,” he jests before immediately moaning as she leans up on her elbows to look right at him. The pleasure coating her expression makes him weak and he starts to head very quickly towards his goal.

“Can’t wait,” she says to him, her face twisted in effort. “Please, baby…”

“Oh fuck,” he responds, watching her rapidly lose herself to his efforts. She feels so good, looks so good, everything about her is too fucking good.

“Oh, Dean,” Lizzy moans harder, her head dropping back with desperate need. “Hurry.”

She lays back once more and looks up to him with utter crisis, her need to let go battling with her need to follow his rules.

“Oh shit,” Dean slips out when he watches her do all she can to listen to him. That’s all he needed. “Fuck. Now, L. Now.”

“Dean! Fuck, oh my God! Dean!”

Lizzy claws at him, her hands clamping onto his arms with frantic need when her ultimate end hits her so hard she’s overwhelmed. Her entire body reacts, tensing up as she plummets into the best feeling she’s found in weeks.

And Dean finds what he’s needed from the second he last left Bobby’s. He needed all of her, every sound she makes, every expression she shares, all of her emotional and physical needs put out there without a single fear because of how much she trusts him. He needed to be wanted, he needed to be **needed**, and he needed to feel good again. She fulfilled all of those in one go.

There’s nothing out there better than that.

“Son of a bitch,” Dean pants out a bit once he’s managed to come back to reality. He backs out of her and places a hand to either side of her body, his hands pressed to the cold metal hood of his father figure’s car. He looks her over as she lays there breathing hard with her eyes closed in a blissed out expression. Yeah, that was a good one.

“So... fucking… awesome…” Lizzy trails her voice off, speaking to no one at all as a hand lands on her chest in exasperated awe. She just has to say aloud how damn good that round was. Every time they’re away from each other for any amount of time the sex they have when they get back together is never short of excellent.

“Oh, yeah,” Dean nods in complete agreement. He then places a kiss on her stomach, letting his lips linger a bit on her warm skin, before lowering his head. He rests his ear on her belly as he recuperates. “Sorry ‘bout that, Sammy,” he begins speaking in huffs and puffs to his unborn son under his head. “Got a little loud there.”

“He won’t remember it, it’s fine,” Lizzy laughs a bit in her worn tone.

“Still, I feel like I should…” Dean starts to say that he wanted to apologize but his voice cuts off immediately when he can feel movement under his cheek.

Lizzy quickly looks down her body at him with wide eyes of excitement. “He’s moving!” she declares with a huge grin.
“Shh,” Dean shushes as he wants to take this moment in without distraction. He’s been waiting for this for so long now, never having had the right timing to catch Sammy moving but right now he’s in the right place at the very right time and it’s amazing. Worth every second of frustrated waiting.

Silently watching on, Lizzy cards her hand through Dean’s hair lovingly as she lays there silent and still. The pain he felt over never having experienced this was killing her and to see it happen like this, right after truly expressing her love for the father of her child, it’s just too perfect.

“Wow,” he whispers almost too quietly for Lizzy to hear as he presses a hand into her pregnant belly right by his cheek, feeling the thumps and slides against her that his son makes inside.

As his heart nearly explodes with love Dean loses it. His composure has been well kept through all this, maintaining his manly stance of being excited without being too excited, being giddy without looking like a pansy chick. Hell, he even got through seeing his son in sonograms and hearing his heartbeat… but this is more than he was ready to handle. He’s actually feeling, interacting with his Mini Me. Yes he knew he’d be affected by this experience but he never expected to be this affected.

“Pretty amazing, isn’t it?” Lizzy asks her husband as he’s been quiet for a long time now, soaking in the feel of their son shifting inside of her. He doesn’t answer and he doesn’t move. “Dean, you ok?”

“Yeah,” he answers in a very low tone, his voice choked by emotions he wasn’t ready to have. “Don’t wanna move.”

“Then don’t,” Lizzy tells him to stay and enjoy this. She remembers the first few times she could feel Sammy moving around and it was so exciting and so life changing that she wants him to have this for as long as he can.

After another few minutes Dean lifts his head and looks at her. Lizzy shares a highly surprised face to see his damp eyes locking onto her own.

“You alright there, daddy?” Lizzy asks, sitting up to get closer to him as he stands between her legs at the grill of the old car.

“Uh, yeah, ha,” Dean answers and washes a hand down his face to get rid of the evidence of how much this moment got to him. Lizzy grabs onto his free hand hard with both of hers as she watches him. “I just… fuck. That was crazy.”

“He’s still going,” she tells him and guides his hand to her stomach so he can continue to feel their little badass at work.

Dean pushes out an amazed breath and clears his throat as his emotions roll once more. “I, I can’t believe how… how… damn it, I just love him already.” He tries to laugh off the deep comment to play it cool but it doesn’t work. His eyes spill over again and this time he can’t pretend to hide it. Instead of bust his balls Lizzy just smiles warmly up to him. This isn’t at all normal for Dean. Considering his life and how damn hard it has been, Lizzy hasn’t truly seen Dean cry more than a handful of times. He keeps a tough exterior, even around her most of the time, so this is truly too big for her to poke fun at or treat like it isn’t a huge moment.

“I couldn’t even begin to put into words how much I’m head over heels in love with our little boy already too,” she explains her mutual understanding while cupping his face and wiping his tears gently with the pads of her thumbs. “Besides you, he’s already the love of my life. And I think you know exactly how I feel.”
Dean leans down and kisses her right from the bottom of his heart. As Sammy keeps kicking away under his hand he tries to compose himself a little better. When he ends the kiss he leans his forehead against hers and sighs. “Thank you.”

“For what?” Lizzy wonders, peering at him with wonder as she isn’t sure who this man with her is.

“You’re giving me everything,” he tells her and leaves it at that. Lizzy has given him everything good in his life with the exception of his brother. She’s given him true love, endless support, someone to rely on without questioning, arms to pull him tight when everything else outside of them is too difficult to handle, and now she’s giving him a family. This one woman has completely turned his life right-side-up exactly when it started to flip up-side-down. She has given him the world. “Thank you for… everything.”

“Couldn’t have done it without you,” she says lightly but he doesn’t laugh. Dean just sighs and lets himself absorb the feel of his little boy under his palm.

They stay this way for as long as Sammy kept going, the cold air making them shiver now and then but not enough to get them to end the moment. They’re a family. A mom, a dad, and a son. Somehow in this horrible world they’ve found their little bubble and they’ve found happiness.
"Oh, you're not dead," Bobby comments with faux shock from his spot behind his ever loved desk when Dean waltzes through the study at about eleven in the morning with his messy bed-hair and a t-shirt and sweatpants on. "You're just sleeping in. Lazy brat."

"Lazy my ass," Dean quips quickly right back as he heads for the coffee maker that he knows has to have at least one mug-full left in it, luke-warm at best. "I've been putting in some good, hard work all morning." He looks over his shoulder with a cocky grin that lets Bobby know just what he's been up to.

"Swell, Romeo, but how's you and Lizzy holing up in my upstairs for some horizontal time gonna stop Eve from killing the world?" he challenges as he watches Dean pour some coffee.

"It's not," Dean easily answers as he turns around to face Bobby from the kitchen counter and leans back into it. "But screw it. We're taking a day off."

"Wish I had the damn luxury…"

"Do the same then," Dean shrugs. "We gotta stay human, Bobby. Humans take days off and enjoy life as it happens every great now and then."

"You keep talking like that and I'm getting the silver." Bobby eyes him harshly with his unusual-for-Dean words.

"No need," Dean dismisses the thought. "I'm just having an eye opening experience in life right now."

"'Bout time…"

"Shut it, Bobby. I've missed out on so much with this whole having a kid thing. I'm done with that," he tells him with a sip of coffee. "It's my life, not theirs out there." He waves his hand off to the outside world, referencing angels and demons and all things that go bump in the night.

"So you're gonna just do what you want?" Bobby challenges. "World be damned?"

"For today… hell yeah," Dean tells him. "And if you don't like it you lay every ounce of that guilt trip bullshit on me, ok? Don't make L feel bad for this. That woman was happy all morning and it's been a long time since I've seen that from her. I don't want that to end. Today is a good, normal, crap-free day."

"Fine…" Bobby grumbles, half agreeing with the idea. "Just keep it down is all I ask. My ears have been damaged enough with you guys living here."

Dean smirks something playful with the comment as the side door opens up.

"Hey," Sam greets, surprised to see Dean at all as he comes back in from taking the dog out to play. "You're up."

"That I am."

"Thought you two were pulling an all-day-er."
"We are. This is just a break," Dean says as he drops his mug onto the countertop before crouching down to the floor. "Hey, Cass." He gives him a solid scratch behind the ears and looks up to Sam. "He staying where he's supposed to?"

"Yeah, I mean I think he can smell that siren Joe dumped here last week behind the warehouse but he hasn't tried to get back there. He knows not to. He's smart."

"Damn straight he is," Dean comments as he looks back at his dog, the animal panting with his busy morning. "You toss the ball around or something? He's looking done for."

"Oh yeah," Sam comments as he reaches into the refrigerator for a bottle of water. "He never wants to go in."

"Sounds right. He'll usually keep going until he just drops onto the ground exhausted," Dean answers back before getting up and reaching into the box of dog treats they keep on the counter. With one in hand he focuses on Cass. "Sit, Cass."

The dog does.

"Gimme ten."

When Dean holds out his hands Cass pushes up on his hind legs and touches his front paws to Dean's palms.

"Good boy," Dean tells him, placing the treat on his nose as the dog sits there and waits. Dean then leans back onto the counter casually and picks up his mug again. "I need to teach him more tricks. It's been too long."

"We've been busy, Dean," Sam reminds him as he watches the patience the pet has. He doesn't go for the treat. He just obediently waits. "Speaking of, you plan on being busy all day?"

"He sure does," Lizzy answer for him as she walks into the kitchen, yoga pants and Dean's t-shirt on. "We're taking a day off."

"Oh yeah?" Sam wonders. "That's an option?"

"It is if he says so," Lizzy says as she jerks her thumb at her husband. "I'm just going along for the ride."

"Don't pawn our laziness off on me," Dean instantly argues back as she throws him under the bus.

"It was your idea," she reminds him as she reaches into the donut box behind him on the counter. She pulls out a chocolate and a glazed before taking the water bottle out of Sam's hand. "Thanks, Sam." She grins wide and takes advantage of knowing right now she can get anything she wants out of her men.

"Don't mention it," he huffs with her rudeness but lets her take it. There were more in the refrigerator anyways.

"Hey," she says quietly, walking right up in front of Dean. "I'll see you back upstairs soon, right?"

"Absolutely," he slickly responds as she reaches up and gives him a searing kiss without a care of who the audience is.

Lizzy hums once with the feel of his lips and the promise of more fun in just a little bit as she pulls
away from him. She grins wide and seductively up to him before walking towards the stairs. On her way she says, "Go for it, Cass."

The dog, still sitting with the treat obediently on is nose, moves fast and eats his reward, crunching away happily as he gets up to meander around the room.

Dean's left grinning like a fool as he watches her leave the room to eat breakfast and wait for his return. "She's fucking awesome," he says giddily as he chugs down some more coffee, already chomping at the bit to get her alone again.

"Just make sure she eats today," Bobby warns Dean from the study.

"Couldn't even stop her from eating with the promise of sex, trust me," Dean laughs a bit. "That's the only reason we're out of that room right now. She was starving." He turns around to the counter and fishes through the donut box himself, picking a jelly one. It's his favorite kind. They're like little mini pies covered in powdered sugar. How could he not love that?

"Sounds right," Bobby nearly laughs, having been mesmerized by the amount of food she can house these days. "And talk to her about the big day, would you? I know you haven't yet but there's a lot you need to know…"

"We'll talk about it tomorrow," Dean says with a mouthful of donut. "We still got, like, over two months."

"Ten weeks will go by much faster than you think they will," Bobby issues his warning that he couldn't let go.

To this Dean just bites his tongue. If Bobby wants to think that he'll be that careless and not get himself more than ready for Sammy's arrival date then let him think that. Won't he be surprised when Dean ends up being a rock star that day, which he does in fact plan to do despite his fears and nerves over it all. He'll be a nervous wreck on the inside. On the outside he plans to be the calm, collected one that gets his wife through everything she'll be put through.

"Well, it's been nice chatting with you gentlemen," Dean tells them as he stands up off the counter and kills the last of his coffee. "But I've got some more work to do." He winks at his brother.

"Work, huh?" Sam questions his choice of wording with sarcasm.

"Hey, I put forth my best effort every time, Sammy," Dean tells his brother as he heads for the stairs. "It's work. Trust me. And I love my job." He raises his eyebrows once and disappears up to the second floor.

"You know, I kinda thought that by now they'd cool it a bit," Sam says to Bobby, having still been surprised by the two of them. They stay in constant newlywed status, never getting into a routine that doesn't include far too much sex.

"Never gonna happen at this point," Bobby responds while sitting back in his seat. "At least he's just sticking with her and not sneaking around though…"

"Thankfully," Sam agrees completely.

"No shit, thankfully. I am not about to start dealing with a heartbroken girl that got dumped by a hunter that can't keep it in his pants. This coulda gone a whole…” he pauses when he looks up to his ceiling when the music starts up again from the bedroom above, Paul Rodgers' voice loud and clear. "…different way than it has."
"Oh, I know," Sam shakes his head, walking into the study and sitting across the desk. Cass follows him, having grown quite fond of Sam over time, and sits on the floor next to him, putting his chin on Sam's knee much like he always does with Lizzy. "And I worried about that at first."

"You and me both, kid."

Sam huffs a little laugh and scratches Cass' head. "God, I thought Dean had lost his shit. Growing up he always told me to never get attached. Never let a girl get to you because it only causes problems with the lives we live. After we left here that weekend… he was done for. She got to him so quickly. I didn't know who to worry about more. Him or Lizzy."

"Lizzy," Bobby darkly answers the question for him. "I've only ever worried about her. She's too emotional, too…"

"Open to people?"

"She always lets others affect her harder than they should."

"Well, thankfully this all worked out," Sam says with true gratefulness. "Dean's always needed something, was always searching for something… never knew it was a girl until I met Lizzy but that was it. He needed a woman to put him in his place."

"And she does that!" Bobby nearly laughs at the idea. "She's got him so whipped it's comical."

"Yeah," Sam smiles wide. "Yeah..." Sam gets a faraway look when he lets that thought linger. "Hey, ah, you think that we get only one chance at that?"

"Chance at what?" Bobby wonders, leaning back in his chair as he can tell when Sam's about to get too deep with it. He's the deep little bastard of the group, always getting into it with his thoughts, not all of them easy to deal with.

"That," he points to the ceiling, gesturing to the couple upstairs. "To happiness and finding that… whatever it is they have. You think we all get that one solid chance and then that's it?"

"Oh… uh…” Bobby stalls as he doesn't know quite what to say to that.

"I mean, you had Karen and from what little you tell us it sounds to me that you were a whole lot like that."

Bobby just nods and swallows hard. "Love of my life."

"So you think we only get one?" Sam asks, thinking it over. "The concept of the 'the one' has to have come from somewhere. What if we only get that one 'love of our lives' and then… the rest just... pales in comparison?"

Bobby already knows Sam's thinking about Lou right now. He missed out on a lot with her and he thinks about her all the time. Bobby never expected something profound to be there between the two of them but the way his Lou would speak of Sam, with such reverence and sheer respect, he had his suspicions a long time ago.

"No," Bobby completely lies. After having been with Karen he absolutely believes in the concept of there being one person out there for everyone, one person that will change the course of life and become the most important thing anyone has. But he won't ever let Sam know that. It'd be too crushing and Bobby doesn't have the heart to say so. "I think there are more than one person out there for everyone. I think Lizzy and Dean are… special."
"Yeah, Dean's special alright," Sam jokes quickly. "And I know they're different but... I just, I can't help but sometimes think that..."

"Don't," Bobby cuts him off. "Don't you do that to yourself. It's not worth the heartache and crap it comes with."

"I mean, really, what does it matter in the end, right? I don't have time to even talk to another girl right now let alone find... that... again." Sam's mood suddenly shifts. "It doesn't matter. I'm talking outta my ass..." Sam shifts uncomfortably in his seat when he gets too deep with it all and Bobby gets upset with his attitude he's taking.

"You're giving up?"

Sam laughs small. "Gave up a long time ago. I gave up after Lou died."

"What about Rina?" Bobby challenges. "Seemed to me you liked her plenty enough."

Rina. Sam thinks back to her. She was so warm, kind, beautiful... and someone he felt a real connection to. He was a different person around her. She made him happy but only to an extent.

"I did," Sam nods truthfully. "I really did. And she was... I'd be lucky to have her in my life."

"Then call her up," Bobby shrugs. "She might not talk to you at first since she thinks you're dead and all but she knows about our world. She could get past it."

"No," Sam shakes his head. "It's better that I let her think I'm gone and she can move on. I would only bring more shit to her doorstep that she doesn't need."

"You're all a bunch of stubborn, stupid bastards, you know that?" Bobby starts to get angry. "Dean used to try and tell me the same thing about Lizzy."

"And Rina and I are different than them. I'm just looking out for her best interest," Sam tells Bobby. "And what am I gonna do, leave every other week on her and try not to get killed? Keep her nervous by the phone when I get tied up in something for a few days like Dean does to Lizzy? I don't want that for her and, more than anything... with her it wasn't the same."

"Same as?"

"Same as what I had with Lou," Sam explains. "I really liked Rina, maybe more than liked her, but it wasn't what I had before. It couldn't compare and I would just be lying to her and to myself if I got back with her. The only way I would ever be with another woman is if I am out of hunting for good and it can even come close to the connection between Lou and me."

Bobby keeps quiet as he knows from experience that when you find that thing, that right person, nothing can ever touch that again.

"Well, I get it, if that's worth a damn thing to ya'," he tells the younger man. "I've been there."

Sam nods, knowing that he has. "It never gets better, does it?"

He shouldn't say it but before he can stop it Bobby tells him the truth. "Not in the least."

Sam sighs loudly with the idea that this is life, this is it. He's always going to see what Dean has, what makes Dean able to keep going without second though, and never get that back.

"But don't dwell on that, son. You'll kill yourself if you think about it too much," Bobby says while
sitting back up. "You just gotta keep going, keep making a difference, and now we got a new snot-nosed little jerk to take care of. Gotta have our heads in the game."

Sam can't help but smile at that. "Yeah. That'll definitely help."

"It will, and we can't let him down," Bobby reminds Sam as he plops a big book in front of him. "His parents'll be busy enough with actually raising him. They might need a couple sets of hands when it comes to saving him."

"They definitely will," Sam agrees while getting up to put a new pot of coffee on. It may be a big responsibility on his head now, making sure little Sammy gets a good life, but he's going to do his damn best to help him. "They're lucky we're around."

"You know it," Bobby answers lightly before diving into his book.

He's going to make all the other losses in life worth it by protecting his nephew. That's his lot in life, that's where he's going to find the love he's always going to crave. It's with his family, the one growing to one more person soon enough.

She fell asleep a half hour ago and hasn't moved an inch since. The prideful side in him likes to think it's because he wore her out completely but really he knows she's just been exhausted through the pregnancy. Still, it was a hell of a morning and if she wants to sleep then sleep she will. Lizzy deserves whatever she wants, especially right now.

Dean's been just lounging around while he waits for her to wake up. He's spent the time closing his eyes and reveling in the wonder of silence, watching her as she lays there peacefully, her face free from worry, and letting his imagination play out their future in all the best ways he can create.

Sure, he shouldn't think about such a bright future when he doesn't know if there is one to be had, but he has to have some kind of hope. He has to think this way every now and then because if he didn't then he'd go crazy.

While his mind rambles Lizzy's eyes suddenly flutter a bit as she takes a deep breath.

"Morning… again," Dean says to her with a grin when his train of thought takes a break to focus on her again.

"Oh man," she says groggily while on her back. She looks to him with tired eyes and reaches for his hand before placing it on her stomach. "Guess Sammy wants me to wake up."

With the tumbling inside her stomach that he can immediately feel, Dean's smile spreads across his face wide and sincerely.

"Yeah, I'm never gonna get sick of that," Dean comments happily.

"Well, you're alone on that one then," she says in a yawn. "I could have totally slept for a lot longer. Little fucker woke me up."

"You're fine," Dean brushes off as he lays there on his side, hand on her stomach as he just takes in the movement of his son.

"How long was I out?"

"Half an hour."
"That's it?" she complains a bit as she stretches a little. "What a jip."

"You can sleep more if you want," Dean offers kindly, his fingertips dragging across her skin soothingly. "I don't mind."

"No, no," Lizzy shakes the idea off. "It's ok. I don't want to sleep my day off from life away. I'd rather be awake with you."

With that Dean leans over and kisses her once. Lizzy rolls onto her side facing him and they stay there.

"What did you do while I was sleeping?" Lizzy has to wonder. She's pretty sure he never got up. She usually wakes up when he moves out of bed.

"Stayed here."

"Sounds boring."

"Nah, it was kinda nice," Dean tells her. "No noise, no hunt, no nothing."

"I can see how that wouldn't be boring at all then."

Dean nods and combs his hands through her long hair. He peers at her with sheer adoration, something he never used to be comfortable doing as he felt way to open to another person. Now it doesn't matter. "I know what I want."

She looks at him funny, not understanding. "Want with… what?"

"I want out," Dean says very easily. "I want to get away from all this… shit. I want to end it with Eve and, and Raphael… and I want to live again."

"I know you do," Lizzy tells him, never having questioned that.

"I want a home again. I want our year together but with our family this time." His hand returns to her stomach as Sammy keeps up his moving. She want's joking. He's active and most certainly their crazy kid, just like Lizzy said.

And to this Lizzy smiles at him warmly as she brings an arm around his body and moves closer. "I love hearing you say that."

"I do. I want a house out west."

"West, huh?" Lizzy asks with an arched eyebrow.

"Or back east…"

"But you like the west?" she asks, never having known this about him. When they settled into her apartment in Massachusetts she just assumed he didn't mind it there. He never said a word.

"Yeah," he tells her the truth. "I didn't mind the Northeast but… it's fucking cold." He huffs a quiet laugh. "And snowy. California isn't."

Lizzy lights up a little as she listens and smiles. "I like California. It's beautiful out there. I wouldn't mind a little place on the west coast."

"One with a backyard…" Dean interrupts. "Where Cass can run around safely."
"Without the risk of him digging up a charred rugaru," Lizzy agrees instantly.

"And where I can build a swing set for Sammy," he adds on. "Growing up I always saw the other kids' houses and they all had swing sets in their yard, like their own personal playground. I used to be so jealous of that…"

"And Sammy won't know what that jealousy feels like," Lizzy stops him. "He'll have that. You'll build him a huge playground all his own."

"It'll be his but he'd have to share, though," Dean stipulates without thinking, almost regretting the sentence once it leaves his mouth as they've not yet talked about this.

Lizzy looks at him oddly. "With who?"

"His… well, you know, I just figured… I mean," he struggles through but when Lizzy places a hand to his cheek and smirks at him he gets it all out there. "Sammy's gonna be a big brother at some point, right? He'd have to share with them?"

"Them!?" Lizzy asks with wide eyes. "How many you planning on, Hot Shot?"

"Well, maybe not them," Dean takes it back. "But I want more. I want at least two."

"Like you and Sam?" Lizzy asks, smiling wider with all of her teeth.

"Yeah. I don't want him to be alone."

"I was alone," Lizzy points out to him. "I turned out ok."

"No way were you ever alone," Dean denies her instantly. "You had a sister."

"I didn't know she was my sister. And she didn't even live with me…"

"But you were never alone. Lou was always there with you even if she didn't live in the same house," he pushes his point. "I want Sammy to have a little brother or sister, maybe two…"

"Were you gonna consult my body about this one?" Lizzy challenges as he seems to be planning everything out without her consent.

"Consulting your body is how we got ourselves here in the first place," Dean winks at her as he leans in and kisses her neck just once as she laughs.

"Ha-ha," she mock laughs. "I was just curious if you were going to ask me how I felt about that since, you know, I gotta pop those suckers out."

"Fair enough," Dean nods with a grin. "So, momma… am I alone in this?"

"No," she very quickly tells him. "I want more than one, definitely. I see how much your life and my life depended on and was made infinitely better by siblings and… Sammy won't be alone. Without Lou I'd be lost and without Sam… hell, I don't wanna think about what you'd be like. I want more than one."

"Good," Dean says with relief. He was worried about that, bringing that subject up. He knows if they don't find a way out of the disaster they're currently living then Sammy will be an only child. They aren't stupid. But the drive in him to get out gets stronger every day. He feels more confident about it all the time.
"Very good," Lizzy returns, always having assumed somehow that they'd have more than just Sammy. She never brought it up for similar reason to Dean but at least now it's out in the open. "What else did you plan out for us?"

Dean settles in a little more comfortably, pulling her closer until her head is resting under his chin, the bumps and kicks of his Sammy felt against his front.

"I figured I'd find a new garage to work at," Dean mentions. "I liked working at Ellis' place. I liked working with cars and I can get any job I want with Baby as my resume."

"Most definitely," Lizzy totally agrees. That car is pristine, just like her Mustang. He has two very easily proven reasons why he deserves to work at any garage he wants.

"And you could do whatever you wanted," he keeps going. "Bartend, self-defence… you could even get back into dance if you wanted to."

"Eh, I think that ship has sailed."

"Why do you say that?" Dean wonders, his arm around her and hand rubbing slow circles into her lower back that's been killing her lately.

"Mm," Lizzy hums without awareness as her back feels better already. "I've been out of that world for too long. I'm out of the loop. And the last time I tried to dance it just wasn't the same."

"When was that?"

"When you were… gone," she keeps it simple and moves on right away, not willing to drag his stint in hell into this lovely, evil-free conversation. "I don't really know what I would do…"

"You could be a teacher," Dean suggests as he looks down at her. She looks back up with surprise. "You once said that you wanted to be a teacher like your mom."

"That takes years of college," Lizzy points out. "If we want a house and at least two kids how the hell are we gonna afford me going back to school?"

"I don't know, but you could if you wanted to," he tells her. "If we get out, we do everything we've always wanted to do. If you want to teach… then teach. We'll figure it out."

Lizzy snuggles into him a little closer, her cheek against his neck and shoulder, and considers it. "It's something to think about."

"And it would be awesome being married to a school teacher," he points out. "Get you some glasses, a tight skirt, a ruler…"

"Sam's right. You totally confuse real life and porn way too much." She giggles at his wandering mind and how it can turn to sex in a second flat. "But I like your version of the future."

"Good to know that we're on the same page."

"And now I feel guilty not being downstairs researching a way out of our shit. I want everything you just said so badly…"

"No way," Dean denies her in an instant. "It's just one day."

"And one day closer to Sammy arriving," Lizzy points out. "I mean, we gotta find a way to kill Eve, help Cass if he'll let us, and I gotta prepare you for the wonders of childbirth… which, honestly, is
pretty fucking nasty and kinda scary."

With that Dean's ear perk up a bit. "You're scared?"

"Seriously?" Lizzy asks as she backs away and looks at him. "How could I not be!?"

"Dude, you run at monsters head first."

"Yet I've never been through anything like this," she explains. "Monsters I know. Squeezing out a kid… not so much."

"Well, what are you scared of then?" Dean asks as he sits up and gets serious.

"Well," Lizzy starts as she sits up also and faces him. "A lot of things."

"Name one," he asks of her as he looks to get her going.

"Contractions," Lizzy states instantly. "They're gonna hurt like a bitch and I know that I have a high threshold for pain and all…"

"That's nothing," he stops her there. "You can handle that easily. And I'll be right there with you. I'll even let you punch me in the gut to even the score."

Lizzy laughs with the offer, knowing he would let her do that if she wanted to. "You better be careful what you offer me. When that pain hits I might take you up."

"Wouldn't offer if I didn't mean it," he promises, knowing he'd let her if it helped. "Come on, what else?"

"Episiotomy," she says with a sour face. "I really don't want to have one of those."

"Uh, that's when they cut into…"

"Yeah, don't say it out loud," Lizzy stops him before he can say the whole thing aloud and closes her eyes with the disturbing truth. "Like, is that seriously necessary? I like my vagina the way it is and I don't like sharp objects near it."

"Ok… yeah, that one's… shit, that's totally understandable," he sympathizes as he has no way to rebut that. "But it's… a thing. It happens. Women go through that every day. And you'll be fine. You'll be all healed up after with a sex free month and a half anyways."

"Yeah…" she says with a nervous tone. "Still don't want it."

Dean nods sympathetically. "Keep going. Say it all. This is good."

"This is good?" she questions with disbelief. "What about crapping in front of a bunch of people is good?"

"Cra…. what the hell does that mean?" he has to wonder.

"Most women, while trying to push their little bundle of joy into this world… uh, well, they poop. Right there in front of everyone."

Dean makes a horrified face.

"Yeah, awful right?" Lizzy sighs with her upcoming horror. "I mean the pain, fine, I'll make it
through. The needles and medications and dozens of people checking out my goods every five minutes, great, whatever it takes to get Sammy outta here safely." She brings her hands to her stomach. "But that's, like, total dignity loss while I'm already down. That's too damn much."

Dean sits speechlessly as the awful idea processes through his brain. Luckily Lizzy can read it all on his face, every expression of worry and disgust with the idea flashing across it.

"Sexy, right?" Lizzy says to him with a grumpy attitude. "And with all that... how are you still gonna want this? I can't imagine that this will make you wanna do anything with me or my body ever again after."

"Oh, I don't know... I'm sure I'll get over it." Dean huffs an unconvincing laugh.

"See," she grabs his hand when she starts to get a confirmation of her fears. "It's gross and you're gonna look at me like I'm the grossest after this!"

"No," Dean denies the thought. "No way. I'm just... adjusting to the information you just gave me. Ok? I need a minute."

"Understandable," Lizzy says, looking down at her hands holding his while rethinking it. "That's selfish of me, isn't it? Being afraid of those things?"

"Why would that be selfish?" He doesn't get it. All her concerns seem quite valid to him.

"Because who gives a shit... no pun intended..." she says, smiling slightly with her choice of words.

"Cute," Dean smiles at her for that one.

"I'm just saying... I worry about these things but there are so many worse scenarios that could happen," Lizzy says. "What if Sammy gets the cord wrapped around his neck and he can't breathe? That happens often enough. And what if he's in the wrong position or once he's born what if something's wrong with him that they couldn't tell before..."

"What, are you trying to make yourself nuts?" Dean asks with slight anger when he sees her spiral into her fears.

"No, I just... you know, I've spend a good chunk of my life worrying about what could happen to me in this world, what could happen to you and Lou... and it did happen with her... and I can't take that happening to Sammy. I can't." Her grip on his hand gets too tight. "I can't get him only to lose him or have something be wrong with him... that'll kill me..."

While Lizzy's on the verge of tears Dean's face breaks out in a grin.

"Are you kidding me?" he nearly laughs.

"Are you kidding me?" she nearly shouts at her. "You don't worry about this?"

"No. Never. L, this kid is fucking prophesized about. You think Heaven's gonna let anything go wrong with what's supposed to be God's vessel? He'll be healthy as a damn horse."

Damn, he makes a good point.

"Nothing is gonna go wrong here," he tells her with absolute certainty. "Sammy's gonna be more than fine. He's gonna be healthy and perfect and... shit, just stop worrying so much. For once there's something we don't have to worry about."
Taking a moment to absorb the well thought out truth behind her fears, Lizzy nods. "You're probably right."

"I am right," he tells her, bringing a hand to either side of her face and pulling her closer. "Sammy'll be perfect." He kisses her sweetly to calm her fright.

Lizzy nods her head to accept this, even if something about it all nags at her in the back of her mind.

"It's late," Dean moves on, trying to her brain onto better things. "You hungry?"

"Is that a real question?" Lizzy plays off her dark feelings with an eyebrow arch and a joke.

"What do you want?"

"Hm… chicken parm. With spaghetti."

"What!?" Dean looks at her with shock. "I thought you were gonna say a sandwich… or a burger… something doable."

"Just order out," she shrugs. "The Italian place in downtown is awesome and they deliver."

"And I can do that," Dean tells her, getting out of bed. He walks around collecting his clothes and getting dressed. "I'm gonna asks the nerds if they want anything. You wanna head down to eat?"

"When it gets here," Lizzy nods and plasters a fake smile on her face as she sits in bed.

"Ok," he responds, walking to stand next to her and kissing her good before leaving. "I'll let you know when it's here."

"Thank you," she grins and Dean leaves, his gait light and carefree for the first time in what feels like years.

Once he's gone her face drops again. She places her hands on her stomach as the deep dread stays right there in her gut. Something about Sammy coming into this world worries her. With everything going on it could be anything that makes her feel this fear and so she can't narrow it down. She just knows she wants the day over with already so that she can be a mom and move past this weird looming cloud that seems to be hanging over her head lately. She'll never tell Dean, of course, because he himself has enough to deal with without some paranoid weirdo feelings adding to it.

Still… something is bugging her…

"So," Sam starts with a small grin on his face when Lizzy plops onto the couch next to him after they've finished dinner. "You have a good day?"

"Definitely," she tells him, propping her feet onto one of the antique ottomans in the living room. "It was a nice change of pace."

"Glad it was worth it," Sam tells her.

"Very," Lizzy wholeheartedly agrees as she adjusts her beloved full-sized, noise cancelling headphones currently hugging her stomach instead of her ears.

"What's he listening to today?" Sam asks, having seen Lizzy do this several times already. Usually she picks the classics, Led Zeppelin more likely than not as she and Dean both love them to a scary point.
"It was Chopin earlier, but right now…” She lifts one side of the headphones so that Sam can make out 'Why Go'. She just grins.

"Good old Pearl Jam," Sam responds with a bit of glee.

"Sammy'll love a good McCready guitar solo if it kills me," she grins wide.


"I want him to be brilliant and respect good music. Makes sense to me," Lizzy shrugs. She has been diligent in exposing her son to classical music to feed his brain and ensure he'll be Sam-smart and giving him the best rock music she knows to make him just plain awesome.

"I get it," Sam laughs a little while watching as she shifts awkwardly in her seat. "You alright?"

"Eh, my back's been killing me lately," Lizzy tells him.

"Old injury or something else?" he wonders as he places his book onto the side table.

"Both," she huffs a bummed out laugh. "It's the dance thing made worse by the baby thing. And I don't think being on it all day has helped." She lifts her eyebrows at him once with fun and Sam groans.

"So it's your own fault that your back hurts so much today," Sam surmises.

"I'll take partial blame," she grins out, thinking back on the lovely day in bed she spent with her husband. "I'll blame the kid also just because I can though."

"Seems fair," Sam comments, knowing how badly her back can bother her when it acts up. "Come here."

"What?" she quickly questions when he asks her to come closer.

"Just do it," he tells her with an eye roll. "It'll be worth it."

She sighs as she moves from her nice corner spot on the couch to slide over to the middle cushion.

"Face the other way." He points to the kitchen, asking her to put her back to him. Trusting him as always, Lizzy does as he asks, sitting Indian-style with her hands propped on her knees.

Angling towards her Sam presses his hands into her lower back. "Right or left?"

"Right." The second she tells him she can feel his hands kneading into her back, the feeling being like Heaven on Earth right away. "Uhhh. Oh my God. That's amazing."

"Yeah? Doesn't hurt?" he checks with her, making certain he's helping instead of making anything worse.

"Oh fuck no," she just short of moans with the relief. "This is almost better than sex."

"I'm sure Dean would love hearing that…” Sam jokes at his brother's expense.

"Whatever," Lizzy doesn't care at all about that right now. "Mm, right there. Don't stop, baby."

"Very funny," Sam laughs a little at her joke.
"You guys find anything today?" Lizzy has to ask, her curiosity trumping Dean's want for her to not even talk about evil stuff today.

"Jack with a big side of squat," Sam tells her, his tone low after yet another unsuccessful day. "I'm starting to think that the almighty Library of Bobby doesn't have the answer for us."

"Shit," Lizzy complains, her voice still showing how much she's clearly enjoying his ministrations. "So what the hell do we do? Where else is there a library that can compare to the one we have right here?"

"Uh, well…" Sam starts, putting a little more effort into his work on her back to keep her from getting truly mad. "I've been remembering some stuff and I might know where we can look."

"Remembering from your soulless time?" she asks, not an ounce of anger in her tone.

"Yeah."

"That's dangerous, Sam-I-Am…"

"I wasn't digging, I promise," he tells her, glad she's even tempered with her current blissful back rub. "It kinda came to me when we were sitting around today reading. I swear, I remember being in a room with every book Samuel had picked up. It was a huge collection, stuff even Bobby's never seen before."

"You remember where it is?" she presses on.

"Thought you didn't want me to dig?" he plays a little.

"Shut up. Do you?"

"Not exactly," he tells her. "But I have a good feeling that it's in the compound."

"Then we're screwed."

"Probably," Sam concurs completely, know that after the last time they saw Samuel he wouldn't exactly be excited to help them. He sold them out. He thinks they're going to murder him when they next see him. That doesn't feel like the recipe for a sharing mood.

"Think we could sneak in?"

"It's a thought… but I know how hard it'll be. That place is locked tight and guarded to the nines. It wouldn't be easy."

"Something to think about, though," Lizzy says, her eyes closed as she continues to enjoy Sam's help.

"Hey, if it'll kill Eve or help Sammy then I'll give it a try."

"Sammy's lucky to have you, Sam," Lizzy lets him know. "Very lucky."

He keeps his mouth shut for that one, never fully sure what to say after emotional comments like that.

"And so am I," Lizzy groans out with relief as the side door opens up. "So fucking good."

"The hell are you doing in there?" Dean suddenly asks as he and Cass come into the room after a nice, brisk winter walk. She sounds like she's enjoying herself far too much and in a way she should
only be enjoying herself if she's with him alone. He rushes into the room to find that look on Lizzy's face that he's seen so many times before. Bliss. And then he sees Sam sitting behind her.

"Sam's making my day perfect," Lizzy tells him in a truly happy voice.

"Backs killing her, no thanks to you," Sam says with a shit eating grin.

"Hey, what can I say?" Dean says, unlatching the leash from Cass' collar and letting him free. "I'm sure a stiff back is well worth the day we had."

"Yes," Lizzy succinctly confirms as her dog heads her way. He stands by her as she sits on the couch and starts to do his usual sniffing about her stomach. "Hey, Cassie."

He then nudges her stomach a bit with his nose.

"Sammy loves you, too," she laughs as she looks around the room while petting him. Her husband, her brother, her puppy… not too shabby. "Ah, good day."

"Want to make it better?" Dean questions with a mischievous grin. "Only a few hours left to the day off. Should probably take advantage."

"In a minute," Lizzy tells him, not ready to walk away from Sam and his help quite yet. She scratches behind Cass' ears and closes her eyes again. "Just another minute."

Sam looks to his brother with a triumphant and over-confident smile, not unlike the one he picked up from Dean growing up. Lizzy just chose him over Dean. How could he not take a moment to silently brag?

And Dean hates it.

"L, come on," he walks over to the couch and holds his hand out to her. "I'll pick up where Sam leaves off."

She looks up at him with a massive smile. "I have to wonder how many women out there would have killed to hear you say that after getting a load of the Winchester boys."

Dean gives her an unhappy look. "Fucking hilarious. You want in or what, sicko?" He shakes his hand still extended her way and waits.

"Fine, oh impatient one," she grumbles a bit as she takes his hand and lets him pull her onto her feet. She then turns to look at Sam. "Thanks, Sam-I-Am."

He just shakes his head and shrugs, letting her know it was nothing.

"We'll talk more tomorrow," she smiles warmly at him before leaning down and kissing him on the cheek. "We'll take the pooch for a walk or something." They exchange a look of shared understanding, knowing they need to catch up, before she turns back to Dean. "Alright, let's go sex addict."

"I am rubber, you're glue…" Dean smiles small as she walks past him.

"Yeah, yeah," she waves him off as she makes her way out of the room, her hand on her back as she never had enough time with those magic fingers she prefers way over the mechanical ones Dean's obsessed with. "Everything I say bounces off of you and calls me a nympho. We all know I like sex, ok? No need to remind." Her voice grows distant. "Now get that ass upstairs and get to work, huh?"
With a now giant smile on his face Dean looks quickly to Sam while Lizzy walks up the stairs. "I love when she gets all bossy like that."

Sam laughs a little as Dean jumps up and clicks his heels together before running off, hearing the heavy-booted footsteps as he goes.

Once inside their room with the door closed he finds Lizzy stepping out of her sweatpants while standing by the side of their bed.

"Oh yeah," he cheers as he kicks his boots across the room one at a time. "Take it off, baby!"

When she looks at him her face is set in challenge. "You said you'd give me a back rub."

"And sex," he reminds her, his face light and giddy.

"No, no," she reminds him as she crawls into the sheets with her underwear and oversized tank top on, moving slowly as her back really does in fact hurt. "You said a happy ending."

"Yeah, a happy ending provided by my dick," he tells her and tries not to laugh.

"What if that's not what I want?" she presses on, Dean's expression dropping immediately. "Dean, we've had sex all damn day. Honestly, I don't think my body handle anything crazy at this point."

"Really?" he questions with surprise. She's usually ready to go no matter what.

"Really," Lizzy echoes. "I'm God damn seven months in, Dean. I'm not the same as I used to be."

"Shit," he recognizes what she says. "I didn't really think about that." He then pauses as he watches her move slowly and settle into bed sitting up, moving until she finds a position in which her back aches less. "You're seriously hurting, aren't you?"

"It isn't great," she shares a lopsided grin with him, not really liking admitting to being in pain.

"Alright, we don't have to do anything much," Dean assures her, dropping his jeans and losing his flannel shirt.

"I'm not saying we can't do anything," Lizzy clarifies. "I'm just not ready for anything crazy is all. Easy… slow… that's about my pace right now."

"Whatever works for you, L," he says with sheer love as she slides in next to her. "Still paying off my debt and all." He slides his hand across her stomach as he kisses her.

"Well then you're gonna owe me forever," she smiles warmly as she lets him help her, lifting off her shirt before positioning her the way he wants her.

Knowing that lying on her stomach isn't an option, Dean gets her on her left side facing away from him. He sits behind her, letting his fingertips dance along the expanse of her smooth back, enjoying how comfortable she still is while nearly naked, even this far along. It's nice to know that when he told her he thought she was as hot as ever she actually believed him… after the millionth time.

He then focuses in, knowing exactly where her back hurts most. Her lower right side. She told him what happened a long time ago. She pulled it while on stage dancing and, like every good and dedicated dancer, she kept dancing through the pain until her piece was done. When she got off stage she could barely move. Ever since then it flares up from time to time, mostly triggered by their more physical hunts and now by the person growing inside of her and putting a whole new kind of stress
on her body.

"Mm, now those are the kind of magic fingers I like," Lizzy jokes, thinking this totally tops the quarter-operated beds in the seedier motels that Dean loves.

"Don't you know it," he slickly returns as he continues to work on her.

"So… I want a kitchen," Lizzy piggybacks their conversation from earlier, having really enjoyed the pretend time. It's fun to think about the things that they know will probably never happen. They are realistic but at the same time they have goals.

"Uh, a kitchen?" he asks with sheer confusion.

"With lots of counter space and dark hardwood flooring. And granite counter tops."

Dean smiles when he gets it. "You gonna cook me dinner in this amazing kitchen?"

"I'm gonna cook our family dinner every night," Lizzy says, eyes closed as she enjoys the back rub. "Just like mom did. No matter how busy we were she always had a home cooked meal on the table by six every night. We would all sit together and talk… it was so nice…"

"That sounds awesome," Dean tells her while recalling his own childhood. "Beats the hell outta take out Chinese while sitting on my bed wondering where the hell dad was."

Lizzy reaches back and grabs his wrist, making sure he's listening.

"And Sammy will never worry about where his daddy is," she says, looking at the wall next to the bed. She knows he's listening closely. "He'll never be scared because you won't disappear for days on end to hunt."

"No freaking way," Dean agrees easily, wanting that more than the rest.

"And I want big family holidays," she says while humming with happiness. "Christmas' with too many presents from Santa and everyone over… Uncle Sam and Grampa Bobby. And we sit down and eat together, a big roast and pies and egg nog… just like when I was at home, with mom."

Dean leans down and kisses her neck sweetly, knowing how much she misses her mom. He can relate completely.

"She would have been such a good grandmother," Lizzy tells him, her voice a little choked at the idea. "God, my parents would be so excited, so crazy happy…." She covers a hand over her mouth and rolls onto her back to look up at Dean. "That's one thing that our Sammy's made me think about. I just wish they were still here for this. There's so many people Sammy won't get to meet."

"I know," Dean wrinkles his brow and nods. "I've thought about that too."

"It sucks," she says while looking on the verge of tears. "My parents, your parents, Lou… he won't even have Ellen or Jo. I mean, this… it's so hard sometimes…"

And the tears start falling. Usually Dean would roll his eyes at this level of emotional breakdown since her hormones are all over right now but this one he understands all too well. Their child will have so little in the way of family. They've all lost so much and in turn so has their son. It's unfortunate and really, it's very sad.

"It's unfair," Dean agrees, biting back his shared sorrow to speak to her and let her remember the
good they have. "Just like a lot of things that have happened to us. We don't have a huge group of people on our side, you're right… but what we have is good. Really good."

Lizzy nods, knowing how true it is, even if the loss will always seem to outweigh everything. "I know."

"Sammy's got Bobby," Dean reminds her. "And yeah, that's only one grandparent, but he's gonna love our son just as much as we do. He'll do anything for Sammy already and you know that. And Sam. He's got Sam. I don't think I need to tell you how important that will be for him."

Dean leans down and kisses her lips while holding her face. "And he has us," he adds in. "According to me, that's like winning the lotto the second he pops out."

Lizzy smiles up to him warmly, huffing a laugh at his words. "Yeah. We definitely don't suck."

"That we don't," he confirms and kisses her again, longer this time.

"You really think we can do this?" Lizzy whispers out, hitting Dean square in the heart with her worries.

"I don't know," Dean says, honesty clear in his words. He lays down next to her, his hand roaming over the expanse of her stomach in a soothing way. "I don't think we'll ever know until we get the chance to try." With his free hand he brushes her bangs out of her face with his fingertips. "I do know that we'll do the best we can. We'll always do what's best for our son and we'll never once let him down."

Lizzy smiles small with that statement. "Do you ever think our best won't be good enough?" she questions. "I mean, I know we'll try our damnedest but… what if it isn't enough. What if he grows up with a shotgun in his hand or what if God comes for him and we can't stop it?"

Dean wrinkles his face. "You really think we'd let either of those things happen?"

"I'll die trying to keep it from happening," she says quickly.

"Then he'll be fine," Dean tells her, not exactly sure himself but trying to be for her sake. "Sammy will know more love than any kid ever. No one in history will have fought harder for anything than we will for his life, his good life."

"I love you so much," Lizzy blurts out, looking ready to cry again. "We're so lucky to have you, Dean. I know we'll be ok because I have faith in you. And pretty much only you." She huffs a quiet laugh, knowing how true it is. She doesn't believe in the goodness of God or angels, she has no hope for a greater power that's forgiving and merciful, she doesn't think life will ever suddenly get better (even if she still dreams about it), but she has Dean. That's one thing she'll never waver on for a second. Dean is her rock, the most dependable thing in her life. "You'll protect this family."

Dean pulls her in and kisses her hard, needing to feel her after that. No one has believed in him like Lizzy has. Even Sam has had his moments where he's not fully believed in Dean and that hurt like not much else could. But Lizzy, his wonderful Lizzy, she'll never lose her faith in him. There's nothing more beautiful than that.

"How're you feeling?" Dean wonders, his hand in her hair as he kisses her again.

"Better," she says with a small smile, her emotions now rolling in a completely different direction as she moves in to kiss him some more. Dean has been handling her quick and strong mood changes with grace through this whole pregnancy and only he could find a way to take her from sorrowful
over the loss of life they've both seen and get her to remember the love they have and want to act on it.

"Come here," Dean asks of her as he grabs her hips and pulls her on top of him. It takes a moment longer than usual with the back ache and the stomach size but she gets there, straddling his hips and settling there for a moment. Once she looks comfortable enough Dean lets his hands trace her body, soaking in all that's her and their family. "How's this?"

"It's not bad," she grins down to him. "I'm ok."

"Back isn't killing you up there?" Dean questions her, looking up at her with sheer adulation while his fingertips roam. From the swell of her stomach to her larger than ever breasts to the still thin frame of her body and the curve of her perfect ass Dean can't keep his hands in one place.

"Killing me, no," she smiles down to him, letting go of her worries and fears and gloomy thoughts to focus on the bright spot she has currently underneath her. "I'll survive."

"We don't have to do anything if you don't want," he reminds her, making sure this day is mostly about her even if it's been about them for the most part. "It'll kill me not to after getting you here," he smiles wide. "But we can…"

"Shut up," Lizzy says to him with a light grin on her lips as she looks at him. That smile. Dean doesn't smile enough. His life hasn't given him much reason to so she understands. When he does smile though, the bright one that takes up his entire face and being, he's breathtaking. Too stunning for words.

Leaning down to him, Lizzy's hands cupping his face, she pauses for a moment and looks at him. Her mouth moves with his as she kisses him and they soak each other in. The world outside disappears, all of it. From Cass being weird to the Mother of All and right up to Sam's cracked (at times) wall, it's all gone. It's just them.

"You're my world, Dean," Lizzy whispers into his mouth, her heart bursting with her need and love for him. "You and Sammy."

"That's a pretty nice…" he starts, kissing her midsentence. "Little world… you got there."

"I like it," she smiles against his lips.

"It's perfect," Dean adds on, thinking the same as her. "You're perfect."

Lizzy grins with his sweetness and once more kisses him, her hands on his jawline as he brings his arms around her back and holds her tight to him. She hums to herself in comfort and want, this whole thing never getting old to her. They could have sex three times a day everyday, make out every waking second, and she'd never once get tired of him.

“Like this?” Dean questions her in the position they’re in, his hand coming to her lower back where he knows it hurts. “This is ok for you?”

“Yes,” she quickly answers, her mouth pressed to his again as her hands reach lower and start to
push his boxer briefs down.

“So impatient,” Dean laughs a little, getting a kick out of his wife in the moment. She gets so revved up sometimes that her insistence borders funny to him… but mostly it’s just awesome.

“Need you,” she says low, her hands still working.

Dean helps her out, kicking off his underwear before leaning up a bit to take his t-shirt off.

“Mm, Dean Winchester… it’s unfair,” Lizzy says to him while leaning down once more, her lips finding his quickly after getting a good eyeful of her nude husband. “You get better every day.”

“Whatever it takes to keep you coming back, baby,” Dean responds quickly, reaching down and pulling her panties to the side, not wanting to move her from where she is to take them off and risk hurting her back any more than he has throughout the day.

“My God, I love you,” Lizzy tells him with a gleeful tone, kissing him again as his fingertips touch her, making her moan so quietly yet so blissfully.

“I love you too.”

With her stomach pressed against his front he feels the first thump clearly. There’s no mistaking it. And then there comes another. And another.

“Good timing, Sammy boy,” Lizzy sighs.

“Yeah, I love you too, kid,” Dean looks down and tells his unborn son. “But knock it off, you’re ruining my game.”

“He’ll stop soon,” Lizzy ensures, sliding her tongue across Dean’s in another kiss. “Is that weird for you? That he’s moving around right now?”

Dean peers at Lizzy, seeing her parted lips as she breathes heavier with her worked up state. She’s so beautiful it hurts sometimes.

“It’s fine,” Dean tells her with want, grabbing himself and slowly pressing into her, proving he’s just fine with the situation.

“Oh, God,” Lizzy whispers out, her brow furrowed with the feel of him.

Dean stills himself while inside of her. He places one hand on the side of her stomach, feeling his son moving around as he does, and the other onto her cheek. He looks at her with a soft, honest smile.

“You’re my world too, L,” he tells her, looking her in the eyes. “You, Sammy, and me. You guys are my everything.”

She’s not going to cry. She’s not going to cry. No way. Not right now, not while her husband’s dick is literally inside of her.

Instead of answer him, Lizzy bites the inside of her cheek and nods before kissing him again.

Dean begins to move then, making sure that she doesn’t have to do anything at all. She’s hurting and uncomfortable as she prepares to make their family a little bigger so he does what he can when he can to make it better for her. And just as she asked, he takes it easy. Slow was her pace. He can do slow.
“You good?” Dean questions up to her, making sure one last time that this was ok for her.

Lizzy simply smiles at him. “I’m very good.”
Blue Label, Blue Day

Waiting in the pick-up lane, leaning against the Impala with his hands shoved deep into his leather jacket pockets, he waits for Lizzy to arrive. Her plane landed twenty minutes ago and luckily she isn't so pregnant that she would be banned from flying. After the events of the past few days she really wanted to come pay her respects to a man that once helped save both her and Lou's young lives. She also said she wouldn't let Bobby go through this without her.

Dean stands a little taller when he sees her walking towards the sliding glass doors of the arrival bay. She's dragging a wheeled piece of luggage, one she must have had to buy for the trip, and her face is so sad it hurts him deep in his chest. This is not the circumstances he wanted to have them in the next time he got to see her.

The door open and she walks out, immediately seeing him. Her pace picks up as she presses her lips in a thin, straight line. The moment she's close enough she drops her bag on the curb and crashes into him, hugging him in hard and burying her face in his chest.

"L, I'm sorry," he immediately sympathizes. It was difficult enough calling her and letting her know the bad news. Seeing this is just awful.

"It was bound to happen." Lizzy grabs tightly to Dean as she lets herself really grieve. "Poor Bobby," she cries into him. "Why did it have to be him that did it?"

"It wasn't him," he denies, knowing it may have been Bobby's hands but they certainly weren't in his own control.

"That's not what Bobby thinks, is it?" she asks, her voice muffled.

"No," Dean answers shortly. A hand to the back of her head, he places one quick kiss into her hair.

"Come on. Bobby and Sam are waiting for us."

She shakes her head yes while still against him and hugs him a little harder for a brief second. She then lets go and backs away. She has no makeup on today because she knew she'd just cry it off. Dean quickly angles her head up to look at him and he brushes her tears away with his thumbs.

He doesn't say anything, just kisses her once sweetly on the lips before letting her go. Dean opens the passenger door for her and she gets in.

The second he's in his own seat behind the wheel his hand is in a vice grip with hers. Lizzy won't look at him, just stares out the window and sniffles. This isn't a good day for hunters anywhere, especially the ones that really knew the old hard ass.

They drive up to the big Jewish cemetery, the engine the only thing making a sound. Dean parks behind the rusted out Camaro and before he can get the door for her Lizzy is pushing the passenger side open impatiently. She rushes to Bobby as fast as her pregnant form will let her.

"Bobby," she cries out and he pulls her in tight to himself. They both have been hit far too hard with this loss and besides Lizzy there isn't another person that could come close to understanding how bad this one really is.

She can hear Bobby sniff in hard once and it kills her. It is rare, very rare, that Bobby ever allows his
kids to see him cry. He's the ever stoic and always reliable man as they need that in their lives. But this is more than he can take.

"I'm sorry, Bobby," she sobs out, gripping his old jacket. "I'm so sorry. I know how much he meant to you."

"Yeah," Bobby simply struggles out and attempts to clear his throat. He doesn't speak any further, just lets her stay there as they hold each other. He needed this. The second he was gone Bobby's needed someone that could understand. Lizzy gets it. After some time he's able to get out, "Glad ya' came."

"Of course," she says quietly, still hanging onto him. Lizzy knew Bobby wouldn't want to do this alone and that just maybe he couldn't. It's a lot to ask, even if many a hunter has been through this exact thing so many times before now.

Bobby seen his fair share of buddies go down with the good fight but he's never lost one that meant this much, that was considered family, and that he's known for as long as he's considered himself a hunter.

Lizzy backs away, looks up at Bobby with red rimmed eyes and holds his hand. She doesn't speak, just waits for him to lead the way.

They walk together, Dean and Sam following close behind.

"You know… I, I was just a job," Bobby begins speaking as the small group stands before Rufus' grave. Sam and Dean don't really know the story of Bobby and Rufus and now was as good a time to share as any. "I was Joe mechanic. Then my wife got possessed... went nuts on me. I stabbed her and that didn’t stop her. Next thing I knew, this guy comes busting in, soaks her with holy water, and sends that demon straight to hell so fast." Bobby thinks about that day, all the horror and truth that came with it. "I'd have gone away for killing her but... Rufus cleaned up everything. Taught me a thing or two about... what's really out there. Pretty soon we were riding together. Worked like that for years, kind of like you two knuckleheads." He nods at Sam and Dean.

"So, what happened?" Sam asked, knowing he might be pushing it but still too curious not to pry.

"It was Omaha," Bobby starts to explain. "It was my fault…"

"You don't have to tell it," Lizzy reminds him, squeezing his hand and trying not to have this moment be any worse for the hunter that's never let go of his biggest screw up in his life. She's the only other living person that actually knows this story at this point and she knows how much it kills him more each day. It's too painful.

Bobby nods and stops there. "And he never let it go."

"Well, he should have," Dean speaks his perspective on the situation.

"You don't know what I did, Dean…."

"Doesn't matter," he interrupts quickly.

"What do you mean, it doesn't …" Bobby starts to fight back, knowing just how much it all matters.

"I mean at the end of the day, you're family," Dean further puts it out there. "Life's short and ours are shorter than most. We're gonna spend it wringing our hands? If I get my guts get ripped out by something that gets the jump on me, just so you all know, we're good. Blanket apology for all the
crap that anybody's done all the way around."

"Some of us pulled a lot of crap, Dean," Sam worried instantly, thinking there's no way a blanket apology could cover his works of art over the years, especially not to his brother. He's let him down so damn much.

"Well, clean slate," he assures, letting Sam know he'll never take any hatred or let down with him the day Death knocks on his door. It's not worth it, not with their lives.

"Okay." Sam nods and accepts that.

"I hope Louie had that same philosophy," Lizzy mentions, thinking that Lou went to her grave disappointed in her. She let her down, got her in trouble, got her turned, got her killed… she thinks about that every day and lives with the guilt that Lou left this world hating her.

"She could never have held a grudge on you, kid," Bobby assures her.

"And Rufus shouldn't have done that to you," Dean points out. "He was a stubborn old man that lived to hunt and be miserable… not unlike the lot of us. But he should have let it go."

"And it's not like hunting is an exact science… and he knew that. Shit goes wrong sometimes," Sam adds in. "We can't be perfect and we can't save them all."

Bobby nods as he cracks the cap of the Blue Label Johnny Walker in his hand. Out of sheer respect he brought it along to help ease the old guy into the afterlife with something he loved more than anything else. A good whiskey.

Pouring some on the ground covering his friend's body, Bobby then takes a big swig himself. He needed it. When Lizzy leans her head onto his shoulder he sighs.

"He saved my life," Lizzy points out the greatest thing Rufus ever did for her as she prepares to say goodbye to the man for good. "He exorcised that demon in Lou's house and saved Lou, her brother, me…. he just went in, guns blazing, and took care of it while Bobby got us out of the house." She huffs a sad sigh. "Only truly brave men ever go down like this."

"Brave or stupid," Bobby comments.

"A perfect combination of both then," Lizzy answers back. "I wouldn't be here, my Sammy wouldn't be on the way if it weren't for you and Rufus. I owe you both everything."

"Then so do I," Dean says with the realization. Rufus and Bobby gave him his world without him ever really knowing it. He wishes it wasn't too late to say thank you to the fallen hunter.

"He did a lot of good," Bobby tries to control his shaky tone but doesn't succeed. He inhales once and lets it out. "A lot more than anyone out there will ever know."

Bobby takes another big swig of whiskey, thinking of all the times he drank Johnny with Rufus. They drank it to celebrate a job well done, when one of them lost a bet and owed the other a bottle, and when the days were just too difficult to get through. This was their drink, Rufus' drink of choice.

And they'll never share a glass together again.

With that thought, Bobby calls out to the group, "Let's pack it in."

Glancing one last time at the gravestone he's sure he'll visit again, Bobby blinks away the last of the
tears and prepares to head on back to his homestead. He's had enough hunting. It's time to go back, watch after Lizzy for the last few months she has left, and watch his phones. No one's ever died while pretending to be a higher up in the FBI and vouching for someone. They never killed anyone that way either.
"Say something," Sam says as he and Dean stand between the kitchen and study looking at Bobby. He's at his desk as always but his work ethic, his attitude, his entire demeanor is dangerously grim.

"No. You," Dean denies, not wanting to be the first to speak in the situation. This is far too emotional and far too touchy-feely for him.

"No. You," Sam fights right back.

"Screw that. You're the one all in touch with his feelings…”

"Shut up." Sam then lifts his fist in challenge, using their usual way of choosing who has to do the dirty work. Dean raises his fist also, accepting the challenge. Count of three and Dean picks his usual scissors. How Sam keeps getting duped by him picking the same every time he'll never know. The kid is supposed to be the smart one.

With a disappointed sigh (he should know better than to pick paper by now) Sam clears his throat. "Uh..."

"You two just gonna stand there like the ugly girl at the prom or you gonna pitch in?" Bobby cuts him off before he can even start. "This so-called Eve, mother of whatever, ain't gonna gank herself. What's wrong with you two?"

"Bobby, you haven't slept in days," Dean points out.

"I sleep. What are you, my wife now?"

"No, but I'm certainly starting to feel like I am," Lou responds with a bite as she enters the room and places a sandwich on the desk next to Bobby that he immediately shoves away from him.

"You ain't her either, Lou," Bobby grumbles in return. "Back off."

"I'm not letting you die just because you're a jerk," she rebuts, her tough love ways already showing. "You can tell me to back off but I'm just gonna come at you harder."

"Go screw," Bobby tries to get her away from him.

"You love me," she responds, pushing the sandwich closer to him before heading for the kitchen. "And that's why you're gonna eat that damn sandwich if I have to shove it down your throat myself." Her angry and pushy mood shifts immediately when she looks at the man in the doorway. "Hey, hon." Lou walks to stand in front of Sam, craning her neck as she silently asks him to meet her halfway. Sam leans down and kisses her once quickly as Dean stands to the side and rolls his eyes.

"Maybe Lou's right," Dean tries again.

"Whoa," Lou glances at Dean with wide eyes to hear him say such a thing.

"Shut up," he responds to her.
"Ok, you dicks need to stop telling me to shut up all the time," she angrily points out.

"Lou, shut up," Sam says with a smile. She shoves him with his joke and walks past him.

"I'm just saying that, you know, taking five might be a good thing," Dean keeps trying to get through to his father figure.

"For whom?" Bobby asks with an edge.

"Look, Bobby, it was... it was tough for all of us, seeing Rufus go like that," Sam tells him, assuring he's not alone.

"You think this... this ain't about Rufus," he denies immediately.

"Bobby, he wasn't just a poker buddy," Dean points out.

Bobby slaps an angry hand down onto the book in front of him. "You know when I knew Rufus was done for? The day I met him. The only question was, who first, him or me? Now, you want to stand there and therapise or you want to get me some coffee?"

"Already on it, grumpy," Lou says with annoyance as she passes between Sam and Dean with a mug in hand.

"Is it Irish?" Bobby nearly demands with his own surly attitude.

Lou stops short, takes a deep breath, and turns on her heels to head back into the kitchen. On her way the men catch her grumbling. "I'm gonna murder him in his sleep. Fucking asshole is gonna kill me..."

Sam interferes. He makes his way to her at the kitchen counter, taking the mug out of her hand. "I'll deal with this. Head out for a breather and I'll catch up."

Lou looks up at him with a much softer expression. He swears to this day she is two people in one body. She's so sweet and loving... or she's tough and sarcastic with short patience.

"Thank you," she says quietly. "It's been a shitty couple of days now."

"Sorry," he kisses her cheek and gives her a little push for the door. "Leave. Give me two minutes."

After handing over yet more booze to the grieving man in denial, booze Sam knows Bobby doesn't need any more of, he grabs Dean and heads out to meet Lou in the salvage yard to get away from the mourning.

"Well, he's doing fantastic," Dean comments caustically as they walk up to Lou sitting on his 1964 Mustang's hood and waiting for them.

"Yeah, this isn't about Rufus at all," Sam also comments, seeing the grief all over Bobby.

"Guys, he's been awful," she starts but Dean swats her knee.

"Off," he demands and Lou rolls her eyes.

She looks at him with sheer disbelief. "I weigh like ninety pounds. And you do know I own a Galaxy about the same age. I know what she can handle."

"This one ain't yours."
"My ass is not gonna harm your fucking car, douche bag."

"Get off," Dean says more sternly and she listens... while rolling her eyes once more.

Once he recovers from her misstep Dean starts to plan. "Well, what do you guys want to do? I mean, we can't just sit here and watch him poop out his liver."

"Well, we could get him out of the house," Sam offers up. "There's a job."

"Really!?" Lou asks with hopeful, wide eyes. "What've you got?"

Sam pulls a newspaper clipping out of his jacket pocket. "Look. Chester, Pennsylvania." He hands over the article to Dean. "Three people got kicked off in the last week, all freaky. Last guy got karate-chopped by his garage door. And these are all blood relatives."

"What are you thinking, family curse?" Lou wonders.

"Could be," Sam shrugs.

"Well I for one am in," she announces. "I gotta get the hell outta here. I can't take the constant anger and shit-attitude."

"The poor guy lost his best friend..." Dean starts but gets cut off.

"Yeah, and I'm vaguely away of how that goes," Lou reminds him with angry eyes. "In case you forgot."

"Bitch, I definitely didn't forget. I never will. Trust me," Dean angrily returns. "I'm saying have some sympathy because you should understand it."

"I have plenty of sympathy, dick head," Lou fights right back. "I just think his actual wife can handle him for a little while, not his substitute one."

"Alright, calm down," Sam says quietly when he sees Bobby start walking towards them.

"Hey, grumpy!" Dean yells to the old man when he follows Sam's eye line and sees him. "You, uh..."

"I don't want to do crap," Bobby answers instantly. "Leave me alone. Just, get out of my house, all of you. You're driving me nuts."

"I'm driving you nuts, Bobby?" Lou wonders with wide eyes.

"Up a fucking wall," he grouches right back.

"I'm keeping your old grumpy ass alive!"

"For the love of Pete!" Bobby shouts and looks to Sam. "Get her the hell outta here, would ya?"

He walks back into the house and Lou stands with a gaping mouth. She turns to look at Sam speechlessly.

"Cut him some slack," Sam says, sternly warning her not to get too angry.

"I'm trying but that ungrateful bastard sometimes makes it too hard to," she grouches.
"Well, you did your best," Sam excuses for her and takes her hand. It's good to see her again. It may have been only days but he always misses her.

"Always," she says with exhaustion as she looks to Dean. "I'm driving."

"Like hell you are," Dean denies her immediately.

"Fuck you, I earned it," Lou says right back. "You got to leave and go hunt these past few days. I had to watch over him and make sure he doesn't kill himself while Ellen's away with Jo. Not fucking fair. I need to drive and get rid of this, this… everything."

"Then bring your own girl and follow," Dean says, jerking his thumb at the red Galaxy a few feet away.

"Not sure if you noticed," she starts walking right up to him and leaving no space between them. "But my girl needs some work. I'm waiting for a new distributor cap to arrive and I am not taking her out without it." Lou reaches into Dean's jacket pocket and grabs his keys, yanking her hand back before he could catch her. "I'm driving."

Dean grits his teeth but understands her reasoning. He doesn't like that she makes sense but he lets her have her way. She grins wide once and walks away, heading for the driver's side. Dean then eyes Sam with anger.

"This is your fault," he points at his brother.

"How is it my fault!?" Sam asks with disbelief.

"She's your girlfriend," Dean grumbles.

"And it's not my fault she doesn't like you," Sam points out, getting a look of sheer hatred in return.

"You're sitting in the back."

"Fine," Sam gives up, just trying to keep the peace as is his usual job. "You know, maybe we should wait 'til she gets back," Sam suggests as he gets into the car.

"Nah. She just called from the road," Lou lets him know. "She said she'd be here in in a few hours tops."

"I don't know about you but I don't wanna sit around and smell him stew in his juices."

"Yeah, yeah," Sam agrees that they should leave right now. "Drive."

"Would love to," Lou smirks as she turns the key in the ignition and revs the engine once. "Fuck, I love that sound."

Dean huffs an agreeing laugh and nods to himself, picking through the shoebox of tapes. He picks out Full Moon Fever and pops it in. Lou's been dealing with Bobby's fire for days now. She earned a little Tom Petty.

Lou nods a bit, glancing at Dean to give him a look of thanks since she knows he doesn't totally hate her, before putting the car in drive and pulling out onto the road. God damn does she need a nice long drive.

"Ah," Lou jests as she walks into the dirty motel room. "One of our finest yet."
Looking around as he walks in after her Sam has to agree. The dingy feel along with patented creepy, cheap motel room smell is on par with the best of the worst. "Yeah, this is…"

"Lousy," Dean finishes in his usual sour way as he marches into the room and claims his usual bed by the door by dropping his duffel onto it. "Alright. I'm outta here."

"Where to?" Sam questions but he's already well aware of where Dean is going.

"Bar." He holds his hand out to take the Mustang's keys from Lou and she just peers at him. "Let's go. I'm way too sober to argue with you right now."

"Where's the bar?" Lou asks.

"Not far. We passed one a mile back."

"I'll give you a ride," Lou offers, knowing just how shitfaced he's about to get. On most free nights over the past handful of years Dean's drank for the record every night he's been given the opportunity. Lou knows why but it doesn't mean she likes it.

"How will I get home?" Dean challenges, shaking his hand to get the keys.

"Walk… or cab. I have some cash you can use…" Lou starts to offer but Dean wants none of it.

"Gimme the keys," he demands one more time and Sam's had it.

"Dean, you're not driving drunk. Just walk if you need to get fucked up so badly."

"What are you, the drunk police?" Dean angers out without having anything to really rebut the good point Sam and Lou are making.

"No, Dean…" Sam just stares at Dean with annoyance. "The police are the drunk police. And they'll pull you over if you try to drive after getting hammered… if you don't crash into a tree first that is."

"Fuck you guys," Dean complains and marches for the door. In a flash the slamming sound is reverberating off the walls and Dean is gone.

Sam puts his hands on his hips and sighs with frustration over his brother. He's been a true nightmare recently, worse than ever. Even right after it first happened he wasn't this terrible.

"He'll just drink like a fish as per usual," Lou tells him, trying to lessen Dean's behavior. "In, like, four hours he'll be stumbling back in here drunk to pass out in his clothes. I already bought him a Gatorade for the morning when we stopped for gas last."


"Yeah. Just don't tell him, huh?" Lou smirks and winks his way as she pulls out her tank top and cotton shorts for the night.

"I would never," Sam says with a sad smile.

He then watches her closely as she undresses casually as if he wasn't watching. Lou's one of the most comfortable women when it comes to her body that he's ever met. She's never hiding away from him or thinking about being judged. It takes a lot to be that free and he admires that in her.

That and by the time she's only in her bra and panties he's remembering how long it's been since they've had some time alone like this.
"I missed you," he tells her softly, his voice quiet as he appreciates her fully.

"You just missed having your fuck buddy nearby," she challenges him.

"I always miss that," Sam smiles genuinely to her with the lovely thought. "But I missed all of you. It's been a long time that we've been in the same room alone together."

"Giant, I missed you too," Lou says, melting a little with how sweet he is. Sam has always been that guy, the guy that every chick dreams about. He can speak his thoughts and do it beautifully, he is truly loving without trying, and he's genuinely kind and adoring. And every girl that's seen The Notebook twenty-seven times too many would give anything to find their own Sam. Ryan Gosling be damned.

And then when she gets him in bed, forget it. She has to keep this guy a secret. She doesn't feel like having to carry a huge stick for beating off other women efficiently for the rest of her life.

Lou grins to him, her blue eyes glued to his hazel ones, as she makes her way towards him, forgoing her pajamas. She sticks with just her underwear and bra.

"And I hate staying home when you're off hunting. That big huge bed of mine at Bobby's…" she starts while stepping up to him and looking up with the foot and a half difference between them. "It's so empty without you."

"Is it?" he grins as she runs her fingertips along the skin of his hips at the top of his jeans.

"Yes. And it's terrible because… alone like that…" she drags her hands up his torso over his shirt and bites her lip with the feel of his body. Still so fucking drool-worthy. "You not there to keep me warm and occupied… all I have are my thoughts."

"What thoughts?" he wonders as Lou slowly starts unbuttoning his shirt, taking her time at each one.

"The good ones," she tells him. "Ones with you in them, butt ass naked, your big ol' hands all over me. Ones that make getting off by myself a whole lot easier."

Sam laughs quietly, her forward ways and honesty always flooring him.

"But of course that's not the same at all… not the same as you being there to do it for me."

"Tell me what you think about," he asks of her, his own hands unable to stay off of her. He drops his palms onto her slender shoulders before sliding them along her arms. She grins up at him with the request, always excited to get him going. When her eyes light up with fun he has to take in her beauty. She's gorgeous, Sam's always thought so, but that playfulness in her always made her stunning.

"Oh, I don't know if we have time for all that," Lou jests, getting his button down open. She places one kiss on the center of his torso, right at her height, where his open shirt leaves him exposed.

"Just the greatest hits then," Sam tries once more.

"Ok… I think about the way you undress me with your eyes before you actually do it," Lou says instantly, this being something that can turn her into a wanting puddle on the floor in a second. "It's like you want me so much that you can't even wait the amount of time it takes for me to get naked. Like you wanna fuck me through my clothes."

"Lou, you look at me like that twenty-four hours a day," Sam jokes a little while knowing it's true.
"Of course I do!" she tells him loudly as she pushes his shirt down his shoulders and arms. "Look at you! I would be crazy not to think about a bare-assed you every second of every day."

"Alright, alright. What else?" Sam asks her, keeping her on topic as he weaves his hands in her long blond hair and watches her lips as they move.

"I always love to think about that time out back in Bobby's yard… in the rusty old pickup," she grins wide with the memory as she pops open the button on his pants without losing eye contact. "We had all the time in the world and we stayed out there that whole summer night together."

"I remember that," Sam smiles with the wonderful memory she brings up. "That was a good night."

"Best I'd had in months," she points out, lowering his jeans for him. "Much to the credit of that Iron Giant of yours."

Sam kicks his boots away and pulls his socks and pants all the way off, shoving them aside as he falls deeper into his need for her, the days away culminating quite nicely in the moment.

He then picks her up in his arms, something he loves to do. He has no idea why her small, light size is such a turn on to him but it is. He loves how her near weightless body can cling to him, her legs and arms around his torso, or he can toss her around a bit without the least bit of difficulty.

"I think…" he stars while walking to their bed. "That was the night…" He places her on the edge as he kneels on the floor in front of her. "I sat you on the end of that truck bed, just like this…" He pauses to take her bra off for her, reaching around her back to unclasp it while smiling at her still. "And I got you completely naked right away."

"That you did," she tells him, recalling it all as he slides her panties down her legs.

"God you looked so damn good out there," he says, eyeing her over in all her glory. "Moonlight shining on you, all laid out for me… I remember thinking in that moment that you were the best thing that had ever happened to me."

She scrunches her face when her grin gets so wide it nearly hurts.

"You're not so bad yourself, Sam," she tells him with the same amount of love in her voice.

"Not so bad?" he asks, eyebrows flying up with her understatement. "I haven't earned more than that yet?"

"Nope," she giggles a little, knowing she's setting him up for a challenge.

"No!?"

"No fucking way, dude."

"You're impossible," Sam tells her with faux exasperation. Lou remedies this by pulling him in with her arms around his neck and kissing him. She moves slow and carefully, knowing they have plenty of time to themselves. When Dean heads out to tie one on he really does so, never leaving much before last call if before last call at all. She worries about him but in the moment she’s slightly thankful for his alcoholism.

With her hands in his hair, weaving through it and holding him close, Lou moans. “You know what else I like to think about a lot?” she whispers with her lips still on his before kissing him again, letting her tongue slide against his just once.
“What?” Sam smiles out against her mouth, actually excited to hear her answer.

“What?” she says with need.

He couldn’t smile wider if he tried before he attacks her. He pushes her back suddenly, making her shout a little laugh as she falls. He crawls over her in a second and fully unleashes on her. His mouth starts on hers but very quickly starts to travel, making a trail down her body as he relishes every part of her. He thinks back to Oklahoma City when he found himself growing bold while with Lou as they hooked up on a stakeout in an old utility building in the middle of a park. He told her never to forget how good his tongue is that night, wanting her to have something great of him to remember, and then proceeded to prove to her just why she shouldn’t. Clearly she recalls that moment as well as he does. It was one of her best memories she has. Definitely highlight reel material.

“You looking for a reminder of that?” Sam plies as he lowers himself back down to the carpet at the foot of the bed.

Propping herself up on her elbows Lou looks at Sam with a knowing smile, watching as he takes her legs and wraps them around his shoulders.

“Giant, if I could live my life getting a reminder of that everyday… I would,” Lou giggles a bit. “You and me in bed is all I ever want so if you feel like reminding me why this right here is so good… be my fucking guest!”

Sam laughs a little to himself, something he’s only been able to manage when he with her, before he honeys in on the wonderful task at hand. His hands smoothing down the length of her legs as they frame his head, his eyes close for second as he absorbs all that is her and the two of them. He glances at her quickly before leaning into her, his tongue doing all he just promised it would.

“Oh, oh fuck,” Lou almost immediately moans out, her voice echoing in the motel room with her glee. She drops back onto the mattress, eyes closed and a small, lust-filled smile on her lips. “This is exactly why I love you.”

Sam huffs a quiet, small laugh with her comment and continues on, looking to show her he loves her too… just without words.

Both Sam and Lou inhale deeply and pull out of their sleep when they hear the lock on the motel door snick open. They then hear a voice grumble something as the door knob turns.

“Great,” Lou complains as she snuggles closer into Sam's side and prepares to pretend to be asleep still. It was always easier than dealing with an absolutely plowed Dean.

"Fuck…” Dean complains in a roughed up whisper as he drops the keys on his way in. He stumbles a bit as he bends down to get them.

Sam moves a little and Lou's arm tenses and holds harder onto his arm under the covers, asking him not to bother. It always crushes him a little more when Dean will be past drunk and just so mean to Sam late at night on these binges. She just wants to let Dean do his thing and pass out, saving Sam the pain.

Sighing because he knows what she's silently telling him is true, Sam stays there. As much as he wants to help him, Dean's better off just sleeping it off as quickly as possible.

They both listen as Dean's feet drag over to his duffel, his steps nowhere near even paced. He really
went for it this time. Dean holds his own like a pro unless that black hole in his heart decides to get worse on him. Sometimes it grows so big that Sam's sure it'll swallow him whole… but no. Dean just tries to drink it away and eventually he's back to his normal, only partially hurting self. At least this time he didn't bring back some skanky chick…

"Dean!?" they hear a giggling voice call into the room. "What are you doing!?!"

Sam's getting tired of being wrong.

"Shh!" Dean angrily calls back to the woman in the doorway.

"Don't bother," Sam says out loud and gives up. He reaches out to the side table lamp and turns it on, all three people in the room and the one in the doorway blinking at the brightness. "We're up."

"S-sorry," Dean half laughs as he goes back to digging in his duffel.

"What are you doing, man?" Sam tiredly asks while he and Lou eye over the visitor. She's… interesting. She appears to have been around the block a few times and that's the nice way of putting it.

"Just… looking…" he says and trails off, pulling clothes from his bag with frustration. "A-ha!" He pulls out a strip of three condoms and smiles proudly, the haze of far too much booze all over him.

"Dean, hon, you're hammer," Lou tells him and not in her usual annoyed voice. She's concerned about him, very concerned, and it hurts to see him struggle like this and cope so poorly, even after so long.

"Shut up," Dean spits back with anger, standing up straight.

"Just sleep it off this time," Sam asks of his brother, glancing just once at the woman in the doorway. "Don't be stupid."

Dean stands tall and looks at Sam and Lou sitting up in bed. He wavers on his feet just a bit as he contemplates what they ask of him. He's exhausted. But he's been exhausted for four years straight and no matter how much or how little sleep he gets it's never different. And he's well aware that they just want what's best for him but they aren't in his shoes. His shoes suck and he doesn't know any other way of dealing with it besides drinking and fucking the pain away whenever he can.

"You're stupid," Dean says when he knows nothing else to say.

"Dean, come on!" the girl in the doorway complains. "We're keeping them awake."

"Let's get outta here," he says to her while looking at Sam. He then marches for the door and slams it angrily behind him.

"There's no getting better for him, is there?" Sam asks while rubbing his face with his hands.

"I don't know," she answers, staring at the door he just walked out of. "But I know he can't keep doing this."

"No, he can't," Sam says as his shoulders droop.

They can hear the door to the room next to them hit the wall as it's shoved open. A muffled yet familiar voice can be heard along with a woman's voice right after, giggling before moaning shamelessly.
"Fuck," Lou closes her eyes and presses a palm to her forehead. "I can't listen to this again."

Sam knows how much Dean's actions hurt Lou. Every damn time he hooks up with a random chick Lou gets a little angrier and feels a little more pain. It's not supposed to be this way, Lou truly believes this, and she has a hard time processing it when evidence of how wrong things are get thrown in her face all the time.

Grabbing the remote, Sam turns on the TV in the room and ups the volume enough to block out the room next door.

"Thanks," Lou says sadly and when he looks at her he can see her bottom lip pout just slightly as she tries to hold it in.

When Sam pulls her in and they lay down, his arms firmly around her, Lou lets go. She always does her best to keep her shit together and rarely does she let herself cry anymore. She hates crying. She feels weak every time.

Even with Sam. Sam's been there for the worst of it and he's seen it all. He understands Lou like no one else could but when she cries the vulnerability is always too much for her. She wishes she wasn't doing it but after holding this in for days now followed by Dean's actions it opened the floodgates for her.

"I'm sorry," Sam apologizes on Dean's behalf.

"Not your fault," she sobs out.

Still in mourning after all this time, Lou curls up into the man she loves and cries herself to sleep for the first time in a very long time.
"So… a strand of gold thread and nothing else?" Lou asks to make sure she heard right as she gets out of the Mustang in a hounds tooth, knee-length skirt and white button-down with a gray sweater vest over it.

"And no EMF whatsoever," Dean tells her, catching her up on his and Sam's finds in the dead guy's garage while shutting the driver's side door and pocketing his keys in his slacks. "So here we are."

"Hopefully this dude has some form of idea about what's happening to his family."

"Damn straight. We got nothing else," Dean comments, pulling out his flask from his inside blazer pocket. "And I gotta ask, you haven't seen Sam in days. Usually you're all over him by now and glued to his side. Why'd you pick to come with me on this one?"

She watches him unscrew the cap and take a solid pull from the silver, dented flask. He's never without it, not for several years at least.

"I've spent the last four days straight reading and researching at Bobby's," she explains, heading for the office door. "As much as I like being the nerdy chick around here, sometimes I need to step away, you know? Interact with people who aren't in denial of their mourning."

"So you chose me?" Dean points out her bad choice.

"Dean, it's been almost four years…" she starts in a calm, caring voice but he cuts her off.

"Yeah, don't do that," Dean says, popping his flask back into his back pocket as he reaches for the door. He holds it open for her and gives her a look, one that tells her not to keep it up. Dean doesn't talk about it. Ever. Lou's tried to get him to, Lord has she tried, but he won't do it. He can't handle it. With a sigh she walks through. They stop at the secretary's desk, ask to see the lawyer that's part of the Russo family and are asked to wait in the waiting room.

They sit silently, as the two of them tend to do unless they find themselves speaking of music, cars, hunting, or Sam. It's really all they have in common.

"It's in a two days," Lou says quietly, sitting in a chair against the waiting room wall next to him. She doesn't look at him, knowing he isn't the emotional connection kind of person, and chooses to stare at the white wall across from them.

"Well aware," Dean answers, his hand coming to his back pocket again with the mention of the upcoming day and chooses to not pull out his flask. Inappropriate setting.

Lou pauses, crosses her arms over her chest, and goes for it. "I know you don't like talking about her, and that's fine. We deal with our shit in our own ways. But I'm worried about you."

Closing his eyes and tightening his jaw, Dean wishes he could leave.

"Don't get pissed at me," Lou asks of him when she sees his body language go ridged.
"Too late."

"You've never dealt with it," Lou pushes on. "And it's not doing you any favors." She breathes deep to hold it together. "It kills me every day still too."

Dean bites his tongue to keep the emotions away. He might have to kill her for this one. Now is so not the time for this whole speech.

"I'm just telling you... you're not alone in this," Lou tells him, biting her lower lip with stress and sorrow. "I know you probably never will, but I can talk... about it, and about her. I can do that. If you ever think..."

"Knock it off already," Dean sternly says, needing her to stop.

"All I'm saying..."

"I know what you're saying, ok? And if you don't shut up right now then I will make you shut up," Dean warns, the depression he fell into following that moment always right there, scratching at the back of his mind. He's always teetering right on the edge. He leans one way he's still hunting with his brother, the guy that's happy and has Lou. He leans the other and it's a bullet to the brain just to get the loss and pain to stop. Talking about it at all would just make it that much easier to finally let himself end it.

Lou pauses and lets the threat wash away. He'd never hurt her, not really. He's all talk, much like a big brother usually is to the little sister he hates yet loves deep down and would never admit.

She then elbows him. "I'd like to see you try, douche bag."

"Fuck you," Dean grumbles back and finds himself still on the ledge.

"Mr. Russo will see you now," the secretary cuts into their moment and the two hunters stand up. They head into the office just as Russo's phone rings. He picks it up and ignores the two of them as they take a seat.

As the man begins to yell on the phone at whoever just called him, Lou looks to Dean with wide eyes, getting the same reaction right back. This guy is an asshole.

"On the courthouse steps, for the deposition," he says with anger. "No, I told you, 3:00 p.m. No, my usual fees. I got to go, Ma." He hangs up without saying goodbye.

"You always speak to your mother like that?" Lou challenges with an eyebrow lifted. His demeanor is already irking her.

"When she's a pure pain in my ass I sure do," he says flipping through a file and making some notes.

"You always speak to your mother like that?" Lou challenges with an eyebrow lifted. His demeanor is already irking her.

"When she's a pure pain in my ass I sure do," he says flipping through a file and making some notes.

"You shouldn't take her for granted..." Lou starts to scold the man's tactless ways when Dean reaches out and grabs her wrist.

"Because some of us haven't been as fortunate to have their mothers around for as long as you have," Dean cuts in, preventing Lou's annoyance from getting worse. "You're a lucky man, Russo."

"If I were lucky she'd be dead by now," he comments and Dean has to nearly bruise Lou's wrist to keep her quiet. "I'm sorry, uh, what department are you guys from again?"

"Genealogy... from the university," Dean takes over the conversation and lets Lou go. "We're doing
a study on local families, and, well, the Russo's are…"

"Yeah, well, you know what?" Russo interrupts him. "I got to tell you, I am extremely busy right now, so…"

"Yeah, we, we're sure you've had a rough week."

"We read about the recent tragedies," Lou jumps back in ready to go. The sooner they get what they want they can ditch this ass. "They were your cousins, right?"

"Yeah. It's a shame. But I'm not that close with my family, so, uh…” He pauses and sighs, making it clear they're totally disrupting his day. "Is this gonna take long?"

"No. Five minutes, five minutes," Dean says quickly. "Uh, can you…” He flips open a notepad. "Can you tell me anything, uh, noteworthy about the Russo's?"

"Noteworthy?" Russo near scoffs. "No. I mean, not exactly. Average, you know, big, from Italy."

"Was anyone in your family in any wars?" Lou asks. "Maybe one in which they were injured badly or killed in battle?"

"Yeah, like something so dark that it would sully future generations," Dean says and gets a head shake from Lou. Dean's usually less than tactful ways are starting to show.

"Uh... No…” Russo responds with a weirded out expression.

"Good. Good stuff," Dean nods and writes. "Anyone own a slave?"

"What!?"

"Routine question," the hunter assures him. "Any ties to the Nazi Party?"

"Excuse me?"

"Did grandma ever piss off a gypsy?"

"Dean, Jesus," Lou says quietly and hopefully out of earshot for Russo. He's embarrassing and fucking this up all at once.

"Okay, you know what?" Russo starts as he stands up. "I don't know what kind of study you're doing, but it's over. Right now. So if you don't mind…"

"I am so sorry about that," Lou apologizes as she stands with him. Damage control time. "He meant well. I'm just going to be honest with you. We think that something is after your family."

"What? What is that, a threat?" Russo panics. "Are you threatening me?!"

"No, no, no," Dean smiles and tries to play it off in his usual way when caught.

"No, we're not threatening you," Lou calms her voice. "We're just simply saying that if you don't watch yourself… you might die." She cringes with the way it comes out. That wasn't much better than Dean's shitty attempts.

"Get the hell out of my office!"

"Okay," Dean nods.
"Now!"

"Going right now," Lou says, yanking Dean by the arm and exiting the office.

Once outside and looks at him with sheer anger on the sidewalk.

"You're a total asshole, you know that?" she tells him, hands on her hips as she looks up at his much taller height.

"What!? That guy was an asshole. I was doing just fine," Dean rebuts as he starts to walk away, pulling out his flask once more. He's been dying to do that since Lou brought everything up in the waiting room.

"Fine!?!" she asks with shock as she runs after him until she's walking by his side. "The way you interviewed him? You've finally fucking lost it, right? I mean, I knew it was a long time coming and all…"

"You ever gonna stop riding my ass and picking out every tiny little thing about me you don't like?" he turns sharply to look at her once he's by the Mustang's bumper.

"You keep acting like an ass then yeah, I will." Lou stands her ground with the overly difficult man. "You talk to people like you just did in there, like a dick. You go into everything with a shitty attitude and put our investigations at risk. You run head first into the fire during every case… are you looking to get your ass in trouble or worse?"

Nostrils flared and jaw set, Dean doesn't answer. He unscrews the cap of his flask and kills the rest of it.

"Oh, right. I forgot to mention the drinking and the fucking of a nonstop variety of skanky women," Lou adds on. "You have any idea what you're putting your brother through with the way you act?"

"Screw Sam," Dean grumbles as he pulls out his keys and plays with them for a second. He then looks around and sees a liquor store down the street and re-pockets his keys.

"Screw Sam?" she challenges. "Wow. You're a selfish bastard of epic proportions."

Dean just huffs a disgusted laugh at her and starts to walk past her and towards the store.

"Oh, a shocker… Dean's walking away from a real conversation!" Lou yells after him. "You're a broken record! A selfish, drunken, broken record!"

And he's had it.

"Selfish!?" Dean asks her, the scary look in his eyes aimed solely at her when he turns sharply back around to look at her. "I'm not selfish. In fact, I might be the most selfless person you've ever met! You want me to talk? You want to hound me to talk until I fucking break!? Fine! Then let's talk!" He rushes through the few steps between them and stands right in her space, head angled down at the tiny blond woman with balls of steel. "Every day that I get up I struggle to do it. I don't want to. Hell, I hope right now that when tomorrow comes I don't wake up! The only way I see myself ever being happy again is if I eat a bullet!"

Lou takes a small step back, her legs hitting the back bumper of the Mustang. She wasn't ready for this confession. She wasn't ready for how bad it is for him.

"But I'm here, aren't I?" he keeps going, fire in his eyes and brow lowered. He holds his hands out to
the side. "God fucking help me, I'm right here. And I'm gonna keep being here until I go down fighting, and you know why? Sam. I stick around so that Sam doesn't have to know what this fucking pit in my soul feels like." He points to his chest repeatedly. "It gets worse every fucking day and there is no fixing it or talking my way out of it. She's always gonna be gone and she's always gonna haunt my ass until I ship off into the great beyond. Then, when that awesome day finally happens to me, I have to cross my fucking fingers that God will be guilted into letting me see her again because my life sucked so bad that I deserve something good for once. I just have to hope I help enough people down here to earn me the privilege when it's all said and done… if God is even around anymore to help me out…." 

When his chin wavers and trembles a bit Lou knows what that means. He's on the edge of crying. She never meant to push him this far, never.

But she did. Her words made him recall everything. The day Lou had to call him and tell him to haul ass to Idaho for Lizzy's hunter's funeral is still by far the very worst day of his life. He's never had to cope with a death that hit him this hard and one that has never, not in the least, gotten an ounce better. He plays it off most days, or at least he hopes he does, but he's a disaster and Lou and Sam both know it. He may piss them off with the way he acts but he doesn't give a shit at this point. If alcohol and random women can lessen the sting for just a little bit he'll take it. It's all he has left.

"So if I drink, then I drink," Dean sums up his point. "If I'm an ass, then you shut the hell up and let me be an ass. Lou, don't fuck with me on this one. You still have Sam. I just get more of the same shit as always because I'll never see her again. Back. The. Fuck. Off."

He stares at her, waiting to hear her run her mouth further. When she doesn't he stalks off, heading for the liquor store. He needs it more now than ever.

"The RMS Titanic was the largest passenger steamship in the world when it made its maiden voyage across the North Atlantic in 1912," Sam reads off the laptop in front of him after Ellen tipped them off. She noticed that all the people dying in the country have ancestors that emigrated on the ship's first trip across the Atlantic.

"So what's the big friggin' deal?" Dean asks while pouring his fourth glass of whiskey, glancing at Lou out of the corner of his eyes to see if she's judging him. She's pretending not to notice. They haven't spoken since the blow out on the street outside Russo's anyways. "It's a ship. It sailed."

"Yeah, I don't know. Um..." Sam pauses and reads on. "Oh, looks like there was a close call. Ship almost hit an iceberg."

"Just almost?" Lou questions, getting up from her and Sam's bed to stand behind him and read over his shoulder.

"So, uh, looks like the first mate spotted it just in time."

"Good for him," Dean sarcastically commends and takes a big gulp of booze.

"Uh," Lou starts and points to the screen. "The first mate's name was Mr. I.P. Freeley?"

"That guy's parents suck," Dean laughs a little. "You got a picture of old Freeley?"

"Oh, you got to be kidding me," Sam complains and Dean looks over to see Lou's face drop along with his brothers. Sam turns the computer screen so Dean can see it.

"Son of bitch," Dean shakes his head. "Fucking Balthazar."
"Well alright," Lou stands up straight and grabs the Mustang keys off the table. "Time to summon a pompous dick." She shoots a half-smile to the room and leave to gather what they need.

Sam sits back in his chair to wait for her and notices Dean's body language. He's leaning against the kitchenette counter and looking into his glass, swirling around the whiskey in it. Dean's a little drunk, he can tell just by observing, but something is off with him, more than usual.

"You ok, man?"

Looking up at Sam, Dean nods unconvincingly. "Peachy." He downs more whiskey.

"You might wanna go easy on the fire water, chief," Sam suggests. "We're summoning an angel that tends to hate us. Better be sharp."

"Whatever," Dean answers, downing the rest of his glass in one go and placing the cup in the sink. He then walks past Sam with hunched shoulders as the taller man stands up.

Sam thinks he gets it. "Look, I realize that the 20th is coming up…"

"Don't start that, Sam," Dean tries to cut him off at the pass. He's done more than enough talking today.

"Just keep your head in the game is all I'm saying," Sam worried. "We'll clean this up and then take a few days off."

"So you can watch after me like I'm a fucking five year old?" Dean says angrily. The past three anniversaries that's exactly what he did. Sam watched him like an untrustworthy hawk, never letting him wallow alone.

"No," Sam answers and finally gets Dean's attention. "I trust you, Dean. It's been four years since it happened and you're still here… somehow. I know how hard it is on you but I know you won't do anything… extreme."

"Good to see I'm old enough to go without a babysitter anymore," Dean bites back as Lou comes back into the motel room with a stuffed duffel.

"Dean, I'm just worried about you, man. And I should be…"

"Sam," Lou stops him when she stands in front of him with a hand to his chest. "Let it go."

The way she looks at him, asking silently for him to listen to her, makes him do so. Lou's already gotten a glimpse at how bad it is to be Dean and he truly doesn't need the badgering.

"Thank you," she answers back. "Now, who's down to call up an old foe?"

Dean lights a match and drops it into the gold ritual bowl on the round kitchen table. The lights flicker and Balthazar appears in their motel room.

"Boys, boys… and girl," the angel greets. "Whatever can I do for you?"

"We need to talk," Lou says with determination and her usual crossed arm stance.

"Oh, you seem upset, sweetheart," he returns with.

"Don't call me that," she warns fairly, not appreciating the pet name.
"You prefer darling?" he challenges before Sam cuts it all off.

"The hell with the boat, Balthazar?"

"What boat?" he questions with obviously fake innocence.

"The Titanic."

"Oh, yeah. The Titanic. Yes, well, it was meant to sink… and I saved it," he shrugs as if it's nothing.

"What?" Sam asks as his explanation explains nothing.

"Well it was meant to bash into this iceberg thing and plunge into the briny deep with all this hoopla and I saved it. Anything else I can answer for you?"

"Why?" Lou asks with narrowed eyes.

"Why what?"

"Why did you un-sink the ship, dumbass?" Dean impatiently clarifies.

"Oh… because I hated the movie," Balthazar says with a disgusted face.

"What movie?" Dean continues on.

"Exactly," laughs the angel with glee.

Sam blinks a few times with the angel's audacity. "Wait, so you saved a cruise liner because…"

"Because that God-awful Celine Dion song made me want to smite myself, Sam."

"Who's Celine Dion?" Sam keeps prying.

"She's a destitute lounge singer somewhere in Quebec and let's keep it that way. Please."

"Okay…" Lou starts to get her gears turning. "I didn't think that was possible. I thought angels couldn't change history."

"Oh, haven't you noticed? There's no more rules."

"Wow. The nerve on you," Sam disgusts and Lou and Dean continue to think about the ability to change the past. "So you just, what, un-sunk a giant boat?"

"Oh come on," Balthazar's arms drop to his sides with exasperated surprise. "I saved people. I thought you loved that kind of thing."

"Yeah, but now those people and their kids and their kids' kids… they're getting killed," Lou starts while shaking her head. "They've interacted with so many other people, changed so much shit in the world."

"You totally Butterfly-Effected history," Sam caps up Lou's point for her.

"Dude. Dude," Dean looks to Sam with disappointment. "Rule one, no Kutcher references."

"Ah, yes. Unfortunately, there's still an Ashton Kutcher," Balthazar starts to finally get to the truth behind his actions. "And you still averted the Apocalypse and there are still Archangels. It's just the small details that are different, like you don't drive an Impala."
Dean looks at him with serious questioning.

"Yes, yes. "What's an Impala?" Trust me, it's not important. And, of course, Ellen and Jo are alive."

"Ellen and Jo?" Lou perks up a bit with this. "They shouldn't be alive?"

"Yes, they're supposed to be dead… right along with you, my dear."

"Me!?" Lou asks as the angel looks right at her.

"Yes darling, you," he confirms. "Vampires were supposed to take you down in your prime around 2008. You got turned, a demon lopped your head off to help out Sam back in the whole turning Sam evil phase, you went to Purgatory… it was a whole thing."

No one speaks. They can't. Sam just stares at the woman he's spent the past four years with nearly every day (minus his time serving Lucifer that is) with shock. Lou dead? He can't even fathom that happening.

Lou swallows hard as she comes to see that this fuck up by one angel has left her alive when she should be gone. This is unreal.

When no one speaks Balthazar further schools them. "You see, I save a boat, one thing leads to another, which leads to another thousand things, and yada, yada, yada. To cut a long story short, Jo and Ellen don't die in a massive explosion and you were never a vamp with a mean streak." He takes a nice long sip of whiskey. "Mm. Anyway, let's agree I did a good thing. One less Billy Zane movie and I saved two of your closest friends and Sam's girl."

"But what about Lizzy?" Dean speaks up in a dark tone. If things are supposed to look much different than this then where does that leave the woman he lost? "Is she supposed to be dead?"

Balthazar gets quiet for a second. "Every cause has its effect…"

"What!?" Dean nearly shouts as Lou herself starts to get furious.

"She's supposed to be alive right now!?" Lou booms out.

"Yes," Balthazar says with a heavy sigh. "And I believe it will be my undoing in this situation. Many an angel, most specifically Castiel, will be highly upset with me for it but sadly Elizabeth is one of the casualties of this un-sinking."

"You mean I've lost her because you're a dick who doesn't like a movie!?" Dean steps forward, eyes full of rage as his heart is about to explode with the information. "Are you asking to die today!?"

"Easy, now," Balthazar warns. "You won't get very far if you're half in the bag and up against an angel."

"Fix it!" Dean shouts.

"Dean! No!" Sam cuts in immediately, knowing what the cost of 'fixing' things would be.

"I want her back!" Dean reiterates and Sam moves to stand between Dean and the angel to stop his brother from doing something very stupid.

"We get Lizzy back then we lose Lou," he explains to him while Dean's in a rage. "I lose Lou. And Bobby will lose Ellen and we all will lose Jo. Stop for a second and be rational."
Dean breathes in deep once while looking at Sam. "I don't care."

"Think about what you're saying…"

"I know what I'm saying!"

"I don't think you do."

"I need her, Sam."

The expression on his face, the look in Dean's pained eyes that have never been as bright as they once were after Lizzy died on a routine werewolf hunt, it kills Sam to see.

"I need her… so much…"

"I know, man," Sam says as he gives in and feels that huge sympathy for him. "I know. But we need to be logical. Just take it down for a second and let's think this through is all I am asking."

"Is she supposed to have a good life?" Lou cuts into the panic to ask Balthazar about her best friend, her hand pressed into her chest with the harsh pain she can feel. "Is Lizzy supposed to be happy?"

"Shockingly the girl was doing alright for herself," he starts to answer, glancing at Dean guiltily. "She was married by now… with a child on the way. A son."

"So she was happy," Lou sums up as the stab in her chest hurts a little more.

"Yes." Balthazar's voice is meek for the first time when he answers her.

Dean nods his head when he hears this and tries to not cry. He washes a hand down his face and bites back the lump in his throat as he thinks he knows what her being married and pregnant means. "She got out. She's supposed to be out and living the good life with some guy in a house somewhere boring. She did it. God, she was gonna get out…"

"Well, not exactly," Balthazar starts to correct. "She was still pretty involved in 'the life' as you call it."

"No," Dean denies. "No way. L wouldn't get knocked up and then stay in the life. Never. She's smarter than that."

"Unless her husband is a hunter, of course," Balthazar drops the bomb on the poor man.

Staring at the angel things slowly start to click into place in Dean's overworked brain. "She married… wait, are you saying…?"

"She was Elizabeth Winchester when I changed the timeline. Against all better reasoning and common sense she married you. And that child she was having was yours."

He's paralyzed by the news. Instead of the painful existence he's had for four years, one filled with disappointment and drinking and endless torturing loneliness, he's now paralyzed. He's supposed to be with her. She's supposed to be with him and with their family. Their family.

"Oh God… Lizard," Lou chokes out as everything comes to light.

"Dean, if it's any consolation I had no idea this would be one of the many changes this universe sees with my little tweak," Balthazar needs to tell him. "If I had known… I would not have done it."
"I'm gonna kill you," Dean says in a voice much too weak for the warning he's doling out. "I'm gonna tear you apart for this."

"Brr," Balthazar shivers with Dean's demeanor.

"Don't joke," Lou sternly says to the angel. "Because if he doesn't kill you I will."

"What!?" Balthazar can't believe his ears. "You're alive because of me…"

"And Lizzy isn't! She's supposed to be here! I'm not!"

"You need to fix this! NOW!" Dean demands when his full ire returns, trying to shove Sam out of the way.

And this is where Balthazar has taken enough crap from a few humans. "Oh, uh, sorry, uh… you have me confused with the other angel… you know, the one in the dirty trench coat who's in love with you. I... don't care." He takes a sip of his drink. "Goodbye, kids."

And Balthazar vanishes.

Dean's left standing there, staring at the empty space the angel just occupied. He didn't feel when the tear rolled its way down his cheek. He can't feel anything… except for the injustice and the loss.

He's supposed to be with her. It's supposed to be Lizzy and him… and their son. God, his son. Not only is she gone but his own child never gets to have a chance at life because of one selfish, dick of an angel.

He can't breathe. He can't think. He needs to get the fuck out of this room.

Without a word Dean heads for the door.

"Dean, wait!" Sam tries to get him to stop even if he knows it's a fruitless attempt. He runs for the door just so it can slam in his face once he gets there. "Damn it." With a sigh he presses his hands to the wooden door and closes his eyes.

If Dean goes on the rampage over this one he'll never be able to stop him. Dean and Lizzy never had a lot of time together and he even dropped her completely for a while there to protect her, but whatever it is they had together was beyond anything he's ever seen. Their love was instantaneous and deep… and even if Sam loves Lou with all he has and would die for her in a second he doesn't think he even can understand what Dean felt for that girl.

What the hell does he do about this?

"This is all wrong," Lou says very quietly after it's been silent in the room for a bit. Sam turns around to see her sitting at the end of their bed. He back is slumped and her hands are just sitting unused in her lap as her eyes are closed.

"Balthazar really fucked everything up."

"No, Sam… nothing is right," she says to him. "It has to be put right."

"No," Sam denies her immediately, not at all liking where this is going.

Lou just nods her head and keeps her stance on the issue. "Lizard is supposed to be alive and happy…"
"But you'll die if it's set straight." Sam walks to her and sits onto the floor in front of her, putting them eye to eye. "You'll disappear."

"But she'll be alive," Lou rebuts with a sad and very scared tone. "Lizzy would be…" She swallows hard. "She was never supposed to die. Lizzy is supposed to be happy and, fuck… she's pregnant. She's gonna be a mother to a little boy… Dean's boy. Our little boy… how the hell do we turn our backs on that?"

Sam just looks at her and takes in the immense selflessness she's displaying. She's truly the kindest person he's ever known, a person he can't afford to lose. "You know I want Dean to be happy."

"So do I," she tells him, this being the point of what she's explaining.

"But I can't lose you."

Lou smiles sorrowfully to him and runs a hand through his hair.

"Lou, I can't…" Sam pauses, his forehead wrinkling with his struggle as he takes her hands in his. "I need you."

"But you're strong."

"Not as strong as you think," Sam rebuts quickly, squeezing her hands as he knows Lou well enough. She's extremely decisive and when she makes a decision, no matter how quickly she does it, that's going to stay with her decision. She sticks to her guns.

Lou's already made up her mind and he knows it.

"Yes you are," Lou promises him. "Honey, you are… all that you've been through and seen you're still standing when everyone else would have crumbled and given up. You withstood Lucifer and came back to me. If that's not strength then nothing is. You can go on… you're not your brother."

Sam says nothing and looks down at the carpet beneath him. "I don't want to become him."

"Then don't," she says, making it sound so simple. "You're far stronger than Dean's ever been. I think you know that. You will be ok, Sam."

He simple shakes his head no.

"We had our time, Giant," Lou starts to try and give a different perspective. "We've been together for years and every second of it was good, really good. You've made my life so much better and being with you… it's been amazing. And according to Balthazar it was all borrowed time anyways. I can't let Lizzy and everything she's supposed to be die because I love you too much. That's not right. I was supposed to die, not her."

She only hears Sam sigh at this, not speak. Lou brings a hand to either side of his face and angles it up to look at her. The wet trails on his cheeks break her heart through and through.

"Bet you're wishing I wasn't such a moral person right about now," she says to keep it lighter but it doesn't work.

Sam grabs her hard and pulls her off the bed, holding her into him as hard as he can. Maybe if he keeps her there, holds her there like this, she can't ever leave.

"Sam, I'm so sorry," she whispers to him, gripping his tight and hating what she's doing to him right
now. "Honey, I'm sorry. I don't want to do this to you."

"Why does it have to be one or the other?" Sam asks through his sorrow. "Why do we have to pick?"

"We aren't picking," Lou explains calmly. "There's no choice here to be made. Fate already decided for us and it's just fucked up right now."

Sam shakes a little in her hold, just not coming to any kind of place of acceptance at all over this.

"Don't you want to meet your nephew?" she asks him, trying to look at the positives. "You're gonna be an uncle and that's… so big. Don't you want to be a part of that?"

"Not at the expense of you."

"There's still plenty of good to be had in this. Try and see it," Lou sadly responds. "Because you don't have much of a choice in this."

"I've never once had a choice in my life," Sam cries with his face in her hair. "Why would that change now?"
Drunk once again, Dean stumbles his way through the cemetery he's come upon on his meandering ways around the current town they're in. He's been drinking but he's not stupid. Walking down main roadways while this hammered would just be asking to get arrested for public intoxication and graveyards tend to be quiet. And most wouldn't think twice about seeing a man grieving amongst the dead while drunk.

He needs to fix everything. That's all he can think about. It has to be set right.

"Cass!" Dean shouts with half exhaustion and half anger, the bottle of whiskey sloshing near empty in his hand. "Cass, come on! Need… to talk to you."

Dean comes across a large headstone with the surname Campbell carved into it. He huffs when he reads it and drops to the grass in a highly uncoordinated way. His back leaning into the cold, smooth stone he lifts his arm to take a swig of whiskey but halfway there he has to think, what's the point? He can't get any drunker.

"Fuck, Cass, man… you gotta talk to me."

"I think you're right," Castiel answers him as he's suddenly standing in front of the hunter, looking down at his friend who's clearly had better days. "We do need to talk."

"Bring her back, Cass," Dean instantly begs him, forgoing any semblance of pride and integrity. He doesn't care. He needs Lizzy back.

"We've had this conversation before…" Castiel starts to explain as they really have had this talk several times over.

"But it's been all wrong," Dean says with sheer desperation in his voice. "This was never the way it was supposed to happen."

Castiel sighs and after a moment of contemplation he takes a seat on the grass facing Dean. The human has been his friend for so long now, having trusted him when he shouldn't have and having accepted him into his family. He's had a bond with Dean from the moment he released him from hell and he needs to take the moment to explain. In this timeline Dean isn't pissed off at him so at least he knows the man will listen.

"You're correct. Lizzy was not to die," Castiel repeats. "This change in fate has really taken its toll on how Earth's plan was supposed to play out. I am… uneasy."

"Please… Cass, please. I need her back. You have to fix it," Dean pleads, his green eyes watering over as he looks to his friend for help.

"I believe I have no choice," Castiel tells the truth. When he went into this plan he didn't think it would change things so drastically. He knew Lou could be alive and it might be worth it for that reason alone… but with Lizzy's importance in Heaven's plan he never saw this coming. He just assumed she'd be there, still pregnant and still playing her part. Now he sees he has to change things
Dean stares at Cass with shock for a second. "You're gonna set it right?"

"Yes," Castiel solemnly answers. "I dread doing so for the effect it will have on Sam... but everything must be returned to the way it should be. Elizabeth should be alive."

Dean exhales hard, the thankful emotions surging forward and bowling him over. The single tear falls from his eye and he looks at Castiel with absolute relief.

"I'm gonna get her back," Dean says, trying to believe it. "You're getting L back for me. Fuck, I missed her."

"You were never to be without her," Castiel assures. "This is a mistake that cannot stand. But if I turn things back..."

"Lou," Dean makes a hurt face, knowing what Castiel is telling him.

"She cannot remain alive. In our true timeline she passed on," the angel says. "I fear Sam and Lou will not be as ready to, as you say, fix things as you are."

"No, Sammy won't let her go," Dean says, a hand down his face to wipe away the relief.

"I feel it is only fair we discuss this with them before changing anything."

"Yeah," Dean nods. "I'm in."

"You should sober up first," Castiel comments while pressing his fingers to Dean's forehead, returning him to his non-drink self. "Lou and Sam are not the only people that find your drinking worrisome."

"You give me L back and you'll never have to worry about that again."

Castiel doesn't respond as he knows how true it is. "Let's go."

They disappear.

"I want to do this," Lou says with sheer determination once Castiel is done explaining what has happened and how fate needs to be tempted in order to draw her out and set everything right. Sam, sitting across from her at the motel table, immediately grabs her hand as her sacrifice hits him hard. "I want to make everything right." She quickly peers at him with a sorrowful glance.

"You understand that doing this will result in you no longer being alive," Castiel has to check and make certain she understands fully.

"I do," she nods, swallowing hard.

"You don't have to do this," Sam says one last time, knowing he sounds like a broken record.

"But it's what's right," Lou tells him, already dying with how much she's making him go through with this. "And isn't the whole point of our job just that? Doing what's right?"

He can't argue that.

"This has to happen," Lou reiterates. "I know what you all will lose... me, Ellen, Jo... but it's what's
Sam nods, knowing it is, but wants so badly for this to all be a bad dream. He wants to wake up next to her, just like every morning, tell her he loves her before getting out of bed, just like every morning, and he wants to have her by his side at every turn, just like she has been for years now.

"Louise, I have to say…" Castiel starts, taking a moment to peer at Dean as he sits quietly on his bed and refuses to talk to anyone in the room. He then takes a good hard look at Lou as she sits there, gripping the one man she loves and will surely disappoint and destroy with her decision. "You're bravery… your conviction… it restores my faith in mankind. Most would not have the ability to look past their own existence to see what is right. I commend your strength and I truly rue having to do this considering what your personal outcome is in all this."

"She's being stupid," Sam says with hate and desolation in his tone.

"Or she's being the best damn friend anyone's ever had," Dean finally speaks up, the one sentence he chooses to release showing all his gratitude and thankfulness at once.

"I was personally going for both," Lou says, her tone just short of light and fun like she's hoped. Squeezing her hand hard one more time, Lou looks to Sam with the move. His face, God his face… the destruction on it, the agony… she just wants to take it all away and make him forget about her if it'll make it better.

"So how do we tempt fate exactly?" Lou asks, moving on before she can fall into this pit of despair she can feel coming on.

"We draw her out by making it too easy to kill you for her to resist," Castiel explains.

"Oh, ok… so be careless with my life," Lou sums up lightly despite the heavy feel in the room. "Should be easy. I do that every damn day." Lou looks back and forth between Sam and Dean, the two men that have absolutely occupied her life and made it worthwhile over these particularly terrible four years, and knows she needs time. She's not ready just yet. "I need a moment… or several moments, really."

"A moment?" Castiel asks with confusion.

"Not long. Just…" she looks to Sam and gets choke up for the first time since the angel arrived. How can she let him down like this? She has to, but still…. "I have a lot I have to say. I can't just leave…"

"I understand," Castiel instantly cuts her off. "Please, take what you need. I am aware of both timelines and I can assure you that your importance is nothing to make light of. Do what you must and call on me when you are ready."

The angel flies off and leaves the three humans to their business, feeling plenty awful and guilty about how his half-baked plan has left it all. He never planned for Elizabeth to be gone and Lou to be back. He never wanted this.

When alone, Lou evaluates her two options. Dean and Sam. It doesn't get easier.

"Dean," she says his name first. "Take a walk with me?"

Dean looks up between Sam and Lou a few times, not sure what to do, before giving into the woman that's about to give her life for a good cause.
"That's what you want right now?" he asks with sheer confusion.

"Yes." With solely her blue eyes she pleads with him to give her this.

"Uh, yeah," Dean nods and walks to the door after grabbing his jacket, prepared to give Lou the whole world if that's what she asks of him in order to get the absolute love of his entire life back.

"Good," Lou says, getting up and putting on her own fleece-lined cotton jacket. She walks back to Sam where he still sits despondently at the table and kisses him once sweetly. "I'll be right back. I won't leave you without saying goodbye."

Sam's face wrinkles as he shakes his head no almost violently.

"Stop," she smiles as the tears rim her lids with the sheer look of him. "Please don't do that."

His look back to her asks her how he's not supposed to be upset right now with his expression alone. In response Lou bends down and hugs him tight, leaning into his ear.

"I love you and you know I won't do a damn thing until I get my time with you. Don't you dare be sad, Giant. Not with what I am willing to give up. It's hard enough…” and she pauses and can't speak. Lou swallows her sorrow. "I'll be back after I talk to Dean and we won't change shit until I get my time with you."

Sam just shakes his head no once more, completely unprepared for this massive change about to happen in his life. When he woke up that morning, kissed her and said he loved her, it was like any other day. How is it that he's now facing her disappearance completely from the world right now? Just hours ago he was wrapped up in shitty motel linen next to her and thinking life was just perfect as long as she was there.

"I love you more than Petty," she smirks slightly as she jokes within the difficult situation and kisses him once more on the lips before backing away.

Turning to look at Dean by the doorway she walks to him before the sadness can fully creep in and keep her there. She opens the door swiftly. "Let's go, douche bag."

Dean glances once at Sam with complete pity before following her and closing the door behind her.

Sam will always deny that once the door was shut that he dissolved into a fit of sorrow to rival the worst soap actor there is... but he did.

"Before I agree to do this I need a lot of promises from you," Lou begins their conversation ten full minutes of silence into their walk.

Dean just keeps up pace with her, unsure of her head space. "Ok…"

"When Lizzy died you were a massive dick," Lou puts it right out there in the open. No sugar coating, not denying his faults.

"And I've regretted it every day since," Dean very quickly responds and completely means it. "I never thought… Lou, I would never have let her out of my life if…"

"Shut up," she says to him with zero pretense and no apologies. "Dean, the day she died and I had to call and tell you… that was the worst day of my entire life. Until now, obviously. The reaction you had…" She pauses and looks ahead down the random street they're waking down. "I had always
had such intense… hate for you… for dropping her like that. But when you showed up for her funeral… Dean, I underestimated you."

Dean looks over to her as they walk, shocked to hear her say such a thing.

"I thought you were playing her," Lou admits. "We'd heard so much shit about you and how you just scammed on chicks non-stop that I freaked. You know how over protective I am…"

"You had every right to be worried about us… or just me," Dean admits, looking at her as he shoves his hands in his pockets through the conversation.

"But I was still wrong," Lou tell him. "My mom always told me not to judge a book by its cover but that's exactly what I did. We heard rumors and I went with them. Lizzy told me how wonderful she thought you were, how I just didn't know you and had to give you a chance… I wish it wasn't her death that made me see it."

Dean peers at her with huge surprise.

"She was right all along," Lou admits something she's been stubbornly quiet about for so long. "I hated you for what you did to her. She was miserable when you stopped calling and left her. But when I found out why and how badly it affected you… I respected your decision."

Dean huffs quietly into the winter air with shock to hear the stubborn, tough, and ballsy woman admit to such things.

"You didn't want her to be even more hurt when your ass went to hell," Lou spells it out. "It was the right move. Thank you for trying to spare her that pain."

Dean pulls his flask out of his back pocket. He unscrews the cap and says, "That's the last damn thing I'd ever thought you'd say to me." He takes a big swig.

"When your life is on the line it's funny how the brand new perspective can change you," Lou bites back and steals the flask after his large sip. She takes her own.

Dean takes another big sip when it's passed back.

"I'm gonna do this Dean, I really am…" Lou starts. "But not without knowing it'll be worth it."

When he looks at her with surprise, Lou dives in.

"Treat her right," Lou says in a nearly pleading tone. "Lizzy deserves a beautiful, wonderful life that's happy and all she could ask for."

Lou stops walking and Dean follows suit. She grabs his arm and faces him, looking at him hard.

"I mean it," Lou begs, her eyes actually welling up, something he can't remember last seeing from her. "You promise me now that doing this, giving up everything I have, will be worth it. You be good to her, you love her like Lizzy deserves to be loved. You stop drinking and screwing around and being a mess immediately. Clean it up. Dean, you have be there for her and your son. Just… tell me you swear you'll be the best husband and the best fucking dad you can be."

By the time she finishes the sentence her tears are all the way down her face with desperation.

"You know I will," Dean tells her. "All I've ever wanted was L back."

"I know. So you can't screw it up. You can't give up and disappear again and make my sacrifice
worthless."

"Lou, leaving her… that was the biggest mistake of my life. I've learned," Dean promises as he looks her hard in the eye. "I would never, never let Lizzy down… and especially not our son. God… I… our son…" He stops there, unable to finish the statement.

"And you need to promise that your son will know of me," Lou asks, her voice elevating and eyes spilling over with the thought. "I'm never going to meet him, Dean. That's… so hard…." And Lou covers her face with her hands, truly losing it for the first time ever in front of Dean. She holds her emotions better than most but this is too much. "I want to know him. I want to be there for that, be a part of his life."

"Don't worry about that," Dean tells her with certainty. "If I know L the way I think I do she'd never let that happen. He'll know exactly who you are."

Lou nods her head sharply, letting his arm go to wipe at her eyes. She takes an unsteady deep breath before blowing it out hard, trying to contain her sorrow.

"And you have to get out," Lou tacks on her last needed request. "There's no compromising on this one. Dean, you take Lizzy and your son and you run. You find somewhere safe that demons and angels and all the other fucked up shit out there can't find you. You never hunt another thing ever again. Ever. Your son will never shoot a gun, never kill anything, and never know about this world."

Dean looks down at the pavement under his boots and huffs a laugh. "You know, this may be the first time we completely agree on something… ever."

"You'd leave it all behind? For them?" Lou has to make sure.

"I would do anything and everything for my family, you know that."

"I do," Lou nods, having always respected the hell out of this aspect of Dean's personality.

"Then you know this shouldn't be a worry for you," he continues. "This life was never meant for Lizzy, not in the long run. She was a hell of a hunter but she always wanted more. She told me once…" The corner of Dean's mouth twitches as he recalls a better time with her. "That she planned to get out one day, live normal. She asked if I had ever wanted out and I told her of course but… there was never an out for me. I swear she looked disappointed, like I had just shit on her hopes."

Hands on his hips while looking around him, he fidgets with heavy conversation. "It felt like she was asking me if I'd ever leave with her."

"But you just said you have no way out…"

"Things have changed. I'll find one if that's what it takes," he says to her with sheer determination. "I should've said I would leave with her back then. I should have done it that day… maybe she'd be alive…"

"And so many others wouldn't be," Lou points out. "Don't regret that decision. Just change it starting now. If Cass can put it all back then run away. Go deep, change your names, do whatever it takes. Keep her safe, keep them safe."

"I promise I'll do my best."

Lou smiles through her fresh wave of tears and moves in to do something she's not really sure she's ever done before with sincerity. She hugs Dean.
It throws him off completely. Lou is not this person. She's not touchy feely and huggy at all. She’d rather gargle glass than be like this, especially after Lizzy died. But he goes with it. As much as they fight and are at each other's throats more often than not, he loves her. He does. She's been nothing but wonderful to his brother through the years, forgiving him on several an occasion when even Dean himself couldn't. She'd been on her own for a year without Sam and made it, only to have to deal with a soulless him when he came back. Lou is a stronger person than most ever could be and he's going to miss her. A lot.

"Take care of Sam," Lou cries much harder at this request.

"I always do," Dean tells her.

"This is so unfair to him," she says, her voice elevated and so heartbreakingly sad. "He has so little as it is. I don't want to leave him like this."

And there it is. He's focused so hard on the idea of getting Lizzy back that he's completely neglected to really look at what this is. Sam's going to lose Lou. He's going to lose the one thing that makes him happy and makes his life good in any way. Dean might as well shove his brother back into the pit with how horrible this will be to him. He loves this girl so much… what it will do to him to lose another woman like this… Dean doesn't want to think about it.

"Don't let him go down that scary path again," Lou asks, looking up at Dean without letting him go. "After Jessica he was a mess. It was so bad. Help him. Don't just let him slog through alone and you ignore it and hope it goes away. It won't. Talk this time. I know you hate doing that, and I know it'll be like pulling teeth to get him to do it, but it's for Sam. Just suck it up and do it."

"Guess that's the least I can do for you," Dean comments while his mind starts planning. He doesn't want this for Sam, not at all, and so he comes up with a way to make it better for him. He needs to talk to Cass.

"The very least," she confirms and backs away from him. She crosses her arms over her chest and bites her lip while trying to get control over her emotions. She hates this. She's feels naked in front of Dean and that's not a comfortable place for her to be.

"I'll help him," Dean promises. "Lou, you know I will. Don't worry about Sammy."

She nods and sighs. "I don't hate you, Dean. I don't. I did for a while but… you're a good person. We may not always get along well and we fight every fucking day but that's just… you're like the big brother I never fucking wanted to ever have."

"Shit, I could almost swear you were trying to give me a compliment there," Dean comments with the shocking words that come out of her usually biting mouth.

Lou smiles before dropping her expression back to a sad one. "I know you'll be good to her. I know you're always gonna do your best. She'll be lucky to have you in her life. You're good for her. She loves you so, so much and I…." She pauses when the words die on her tongue. Why is it so hard to tell him he's become so important to her? "I just… you're…."

"Me too," Dean keeps it simple for her. He knows what she's trying to tell him and, being a very closed off person himself, he saves her the struggle. She loves him, he's her family, and he feels the exact same way right back. She doesn't need to say it for him to know it.

They stand there for a moment, letting their new reality settle in along with what they have to do to get things back the way they're supposed to be.
"Well that sucked," Lou comments, wiping her eyes one last time.

"Yeah it did," Dean agrees completely.

"Going back to Sam's gonna suck way more."

"Take all the time you guys need," Dean tells her, not wanting to rush them. Their relationship is just so good and they've fought for it every step of the way… and now it's just going to disappear. All that work for nothing. "Lou, uh… thank you… for this…"

"Stop," she points at him with a face of sheer warning. "I need to keep my shit together for Sam."

Dean just nods and follows Lou back towards the motel when she starts walking. As much as he needs to thank her he'll keep it in if that's what she wants right now. For what she's doing for him he'll do whatever she wants.

He'll certainly never forget this immense and completely selfless sacrifice Lou's about to make just to give her best friend the life she deserved… and him the life he thought he'd never have again.

Walking into the motel room where she left Sam, Lou closes the door quietly behind her. She then stands with her back to the door while looking at him. He's sitting at the end of their bed, elbows on his knees as they bounce a mile a minute, and his head in his hands.

"Hi," she greets with a voice that barely comes out.

Sam sits up and looks at her, his state not at all changed from when she left him a short time ago to talk to Dean.

Neither say anything. They can't really figure out quite what to say in the situation. It's too awful, too surreal and far too devastating. No one should have to go through this.

So instead of speak Sam stands up silently. In a few quick, long strides he's reached her. Immediately he grabs her, pulling her in with a true lack of grace but that doesn't matter to either of them.

Lou instantly has her arms around his neck. She climbs up onto him, wrapping her body around him as best she can manage, wanting to press as much of him against her as she can. Her hands grasp at him desperately, needing every ounce of his love for her as she accepts her true fate for what it is. If this is one of the last things she gets in life, being with Sam, then she can come to terms with it all.

Shoving his sorrow as deep down as he can, Sam presses a hand to the back of her head and kisses her. He moves frantically, feeling the clock ticking away and knowing how precious every second with her has become. He can't fathom a life without her at this point, can't picture hunting and living when Lou isn't there with him. He got comfortable and really took her presence for granted. He wishes now that he'd appreciated it more when it was there.

Lou takes her jacket off, shoving it down her arms hastily while suspended off the floor in his strong arms, wanting nothing to come between them in this moment. Once it's gone she moves in fast, pressing lips to his again, nearly devouring the man she's about to crush with her decision to set things right. In the moment this is the only thing that truly feels right but such thoughts have to be tossed out. It's dangerous to think that way when she knows what she has to do.

"I love you, Lou," Sam speaks his first words to her since she walked in that motel door. He couldn't hold it back. Sure, he knew he could end up a mess of sobbing misery by simply saying that one phrase but he risks it anyways. He needs her to know. "So much," he says between kissing her. "I
love you so damn much."

"I know, honey," Lou tells him, looking him in the eye and making sure he knows that she understand how he feels. "I know you do." She bites her bottom lip to keep her sorrow back. "And believe me when I say I love you too. Sam, I do love you…” When words fail to truly express how she feels she gives up.

Lou kisses him again and she does it with truth. She adores her Giant, honestly and totally, and can't do it all justice what he means to her. Sam got her through Lizzy's death, got into her head, and really became that thing she's been missing in her life when her parents died. They've been through just so much together and in the end they've become so strong and so close because of it all.

And this is all about to go away.

"Sam," she says to him, kissing him slowly before finishing her request. "Love me. Please."

He stares at her bright, beautiful blue eyes and knows as much as it might kill him to do so he would never let her down. Anything she asks of him he'll give it to her right now.

"I want it to be the last thing I do," she tells him, making her eyes water over a bit.

No words at all. There aren't word for it. This is it. This is the goodbye speech, the swan song of their relationship, and the thought makes Sam want to die right with her. The weight of it makes his knees buckle a little. He quickly walks to their bed and takes a seat on the end while never letting her go. He hangs his head as Lou sits in his lap, unable to look at her anymore.

And Lou sees this pain in him, sees him falling apart from the inside out, she can't change it. Fate has to be set right. No one, not even an angel of Heaven, has the right to fuck with the world like this. It's just so wrong and Lou could never live her life knowing she wasn't supposed to do so. She could never live with the knowledge that Lizzy should be here.

She feels as if nothing can comfort him right now. As Sam presses his hands to his face, covering it from her, Lou reaches for her shirt. She pulls it off, tossing it away to grasp his hands. She removes them gently from his face and places them on the bare skin of her now exposed sides.

With the feel of her warm body Sam gets the strength he needs just to look up at her. They lock eyes and Lou smiles something soft and small at him.

"I don't want leave on all this sadness," she tells him, her hands combing through his hair with absolute care. "I had a good life, Sam. I helped people, a shit-ton of people. I always had family with me, blood or not… even when mine died. And I always had you. If nothing else… I found my way to you. That's nothing to cry about in my book."

Sam sniffles in once while nodding, pressing his pain down deep so that he can enjoy his time with her. She wants love, that's all, and for him that's the easiest thing in the world to give her. He owes her that much for her sacrifice.

"Giant," she says, her fingertips brushing along his jawline as she studies his face, the one she's looked upon nearly every day for years now. He's just so heartbreakingly beautiful, his looks matching his heart in every way, and knowing that no matter where she is after this… Heaven, Hell, or who the fuck knows… she'll never forget his face and all the love he always has all over it when with her. "You are the only thing that could make me regret doing this."

"Great, so I'm the only reason this sucks so much…”
"Not what I'm saying," Lou stops him. "I'm saying how fucking lucky am I that I have a reason this sucks so much. You saved me, Sam. Lizzy's death should have killed me but it didn't because… you pulled me out of that place I went to. You reminded me that I had reason to go on. You've been my very best friend, the one person I could always rely on…"

"You're forgetting everything I've done to disappoint you," Sam points out, really fully hating his past actions now. If he knew their time together would be so short he would never have risked all he did by not listening to her in the past. "I ignored you and Dean both and let out Lucifer. I didn't listen to you and I listened to some black-eyed bitch instead…"

"And you did it with a pretty pure heart," she reminds. "What is it I always tell you?"

Sam grabs her hand, the one with the ring her mother gave her on it with the very inscription he's about to repeat, and closes his eyes. "Always do what you believe is right."

"You thought you were right," Lou points out. "You did everything because you were trying to do what's right. I forgave you a long time ago for that shit…"

"You mean after you kicked my ass?"

Lou smiles with the jest. "Yeah, I worked you over pretty good, didn't I?"

"You went Lizzy on me," he says, remembering how much anger the other woman used to have and how easily she could flip a switch and start throwing punches. "And you didn't even warn me."

"You deserved it." Lou still believes he did and she'd beat him down all over again if she had the chance to redo it. He had a black eye, a split and swollen lip, an open gash on his forehead, and a smile on his face when she was done. She dealt with her anger quickly on that one and immediately after she finished he knew they'd be on the path of mending and getting their relationship back.

"I know."

"But after that I forgave you," Lou reminds him. "I let go of it all."

"But then I left you…"

"Just like I'm about to do to you," Lou points out. "You gave your life to save the world. I'm just following your lead."

Touché, he thinks to himself.

"So it's my turn to save everyone," Lou tells him. "You gonna stop me?"

"I want to," Sam whispers out, his face wrinkling painfully.

"But you won't."

"No," he shakes his head.

"And when you told me you were gonna take on Lucifer and I would never see you again… I didn't stop you." She presses her lips to his in a sweet kiss. "I just made sure that you had nothing but good memories to leave with and hang onto."

Sam nods, remembering that clearly. She said her peace, said she hated the idea and it killed her to know where he'd be for all eternity, but she let him go. She trusted him implicitly with this heavy decision and he now must return that favor.
"So give me the goodbye I want," Lou voice wavers for the first time since she walked into the room. "Give me my Sam, my Giant, so I can go with a smile on my face and with a whole lot of goodness and love in my heart. Just love me, Sam. Please." She smiles but despite the grin a lone tear makes its way down her cheek. She hates that she's crying. "Shit…"

When she tries to hide her face Sam grabs her, cupping her jaw in his hands and making her look at him instead. Using the pad of his thumb he wipes the trail away for her before kissing her cheek where her sorrow just was.

"You still try to hide from me when you get sad," he comments. "Why do you do that?"

She shrugs and looks away. "I feel… weak. When I cry. Don't like it."

"You're not weak because you cry, Lou," Sam says to her. "You're human. You're real and… you're beautiful."

"Don't, Sam…" Lou rolls her eyes at the comment.

"You are," Sam smiles a little to her, just a little. It's all he can muster. "You always are. You're always…" He pauses and clears his throat to try and continue. "I can't do this. Lou, don't ask me to let you go like this. I can't let you go…"

Lou can't listen to that doubt and that desperation any more. She needs love and she needs this last hurrah into what makes her life worth living before she ends it all. So to stop him she presses her lips to his, her arms around his neck again. No more doubt and fear. She needs comfort instead.

And understanding her actions completely Sam falls right into it all. He pulls her close, his hands moving fast and memorizing every inch of her he can touch.

They both snap back into that urgent place, needing each other more than they ever have before and needing to not waste any of what little they have left.

Lou opens every button on Sam's shirt in record time before pushing the fabric down his shoulders and arms, the same blue and green striped shirt she's seen him wear a million times. She's suddenly regretting telling him how ugly it is so many times. He has a different sense of style, she's come to accept it, but how much time did she waste with him complaining about insignificant things like clothes?

When Lou's head ducks down and her lips land on his neck Sam squeezes his eyes shut. Don't cry. Don't do that to her. She wants one thing before sacrificing herself for the betterment of so many others, for setting things right. He won't ruin that.

His arms around her tight, Sam gets up just a bit and turns them over. He places Lou on her back, his hair fanning out on the ugly orange patterned comforter under her as her bright blue eyes look up at him with nothing but true adoration.

He leans down to kiss her again, cataloging every bit of her he can as he does. Her smell, like those small bell-shaped white flowers he found as a child, so free, innocent, and bright. Her feel, her skin the softest thing he can remember despite the hard and trained muscles underneath it. Her sound, that of honesty and enjoyment when he'd touch her. Her voice almost sounded honey coated when he'd really get her going, that is before he got her moaning so loud she'd wake the neighbors down the street. Her taste, that of something sweet and perfect, like the strawberries he remembers Jessica getting from a farmer's market in California. And her look…

She's beautiful. As he leans away to reach for her jeans he looks her over. Every line and contour of
her small body is what every woman was jealous of. She's athletic and tight, her skin always a warm
tanned color even in winter and she has just enough curves to make his mouth water. Her legs were
long on her short height, her hips were slim but certainly still there, and her petite size just so
wonderful to him. He joked that he wanted to keep her in his back pocket once. He wasn't really
joking though.

Once her pants are gone, leaving her in just her bra and panties, he pauses. She's nearly naked but
this time he studies her face. Big, pouty lips try their best to smile at him but just can't seem to make it
happen with the heavy weight on her. Her beautiful, long and bright blonde hair frames a face with
high cheekbones and the deepest and most gorgeous blue eyes he's ever had the chance to look
upon.

For four years he's been the luckiest bastard on the Earth. He's sure of it.

"Come here," she asks of him, reaching her arms out to him and inviting him down to her. He listens,
of course, resolving to give her everything she wants right now.

When he crawls back over her, stopping when their faces are just inches apart, he sees her bottom lip
pout just slightly when her sadness overwhelms.

He kisses her protruding bottom lip once before backing away again. "It's ok," he says for simply her
benefit. Nothing is in fact ok. "As long I never forget you, you'll always be with me, right?"

She nods with this one, unable to get words out, and her eyes glaze over with tears once more.

"Close your eyes," Sam asks of her. She listens, the tears leaking out the corners of her lids as she
does, and he sighs quietly. He didn't want her to see him cry too and he knows that the longer she
keeps looking at him like she was, with sorrow and pain, the worse it would be for her. That and he
needs her to relax and get into a better frame of mind if they were going to do this. "Remember that
time when we went off to Big Sur just the two of us?"

Lou swallows hard and nods again, eyes still shut tight. "We ditched Dean and just… left."

"He was being an ass anyways," Sam huffs a light laugh as he moves in close, kissing her neck
once. "Remember we found that beach cabin for cheap because it was off season and stayed there
for a weekend, just the two of us?" His mouth lands on her collarbone.

"And when we got there we realized there were no diners or restaurants… and we had to cook
everything."

"And neither of us can cook," Sam huffs out again, recalling the trouble they were in as he trails
lovingly down her body, his mouth leading the way for his hands to follow close behind.

"We drove to the nearest grocery store to stock up," Lou laughs quietly with the fond memory.

"And we lived on grilled cheese and cereal for the entire weekend." Sam's fingertips slide down her
sides and hold gently to her hips. "Except for the one dinner you made me."

"It's the only dinner I know how to make," she giggles through the falling tears, loving to think back
on the best days they had together. These days were some of the best.

"Your mom's chicken parm is my favorite," he reminds her, his hands running up her back as she
arches to give him room. He unhooks the clasp of her bra and begins to take it off. "And when you
made my plate you put the chicken on it in the shape of a heart."
"And when I put it on the table in front of you, you…" she pauses as she can feel his tongue trail down her stomach. "You said…" She sighs when she can't get it out without falling into more sobs.

"I told you that you made it feel like I had a home finally."

"Yeah," she nods, a deep breath in and out. "And that was all I had ever wanted for you, Sam."

"I know," he barely is able to get out in return, his hands on her sides as he lays his head on her stomach. "You're home to me. You're all that good shit I missed out on."

"Sam," she sobs out his name and brings her hands to his head, her fingers in his hair as she holds him there.

He knows he's doing a terrible job keeping her from crying now as he knows she can feel the growing puddles of his own sorrow on her skin, but he can't stop himself. "Lou, just… thank you. So much."

Lou just sighs with effort. She doesn't know what to say.

They stay this way for a moment, Sam's cheek pressed to her middle as Lou stares at the ceiling while looking for some composure. They needed to gather themselves.

Taking one of his hands off her skin, Lou brings it up to her. She presses his palm into her cheek, Sam feeling the warmth of her skin and the wetness of her tears and he looks up to her.

She gives him a look, one that lets him know she's ok, and he moves back over her. Lou immediately pulls him down onto her, his larger body covering her completely, making her feel safe. She kisses him while pulling his shirt up and over his head.

"You're a strong person, Sam," Lou tells him once she tosses his clothing away. Her hands runs down the perfect expanse of his from.

"Don't give me too much credit," Sam half jokes her leans down on his elbows over her.

"For all you've been through I'm gonna give you all the credit in the world," she says, her fingers pulling his too long hair out of the way. "You will be ok."

"And if I turn into my brother?" Sam questions her, finally understanding how Dean could spiral so hard with the loss of one person.

"We both know you're better than that," Lou speaks the truth as she sees it, her hands on the button of his pants, working them open.

"I hope I am," Sam wishes, knowing he may not be all that different from Dean when he's put in his shoes.

"You are," Lou answers his worries as she pushes his jeans down his legs. "Because I'm gonna ask you to be."

Sam just looks at her as she stares back, all the while getting rid of the last of her clothing.

"Be better than that. Be better than Dean," Lou tells him, not asks him. She once more brings her hands up to move his hair out of his face as he looks down at her. "Think of how much help he's gonna need. How much help my best friend is gonna need. You can't be a mess like that. You have to be there for them. You have to be a good uncle and spoil that kid. You gotta spoil him for me
because I can't."

Lou swallows hard and smiles small through the sorrow.

"Tell me you'll do that?" she asks of him, needing to know that Sam will be a damn good uncle to that little boy she'll never meet. "Tell me he'll be a brat because he has everything he could ever want."

Sam nods. "I will."

The smile she shares turns suddenly genuine.

"Now tell me that you love me and show me that you do."

Her blue eye pool with sadness and need and Sam gets himself back on track. He sits up. With his fingertips dragging slowly down her skin he takes ahold of her panties when he gets to them. Taking his time Sam lowers them until there's nothing on either of them, nothing to stand between them.

While biting his lip to hold back the wave of already going regret for letting her go through with correcting the timeline, Sam presses into her, think of how surreal it is that he'll never have that moment happen again.

Lowering over her again, his lips meet her immediately. He kisses her slow, letting that analytical brain of his do its thing. He takes all of her in, every sound and smell and feel, and stores it away so that he'll never truly be able to lose her. He won't ever be able to let her go, not fully. He knows that.

"I love you," Sam tells her, moving in and out of her languidly, almost painfully so, as he tries to make this last that much longer. "I will love you for the rest of my damn life."

"I'm always with you, ok?" Lou tells him, her hand over his heart. "Always."

Sam nods. "Always."

"God damn it, where is this bitch already?" Lou asks with angry impatience to Dean next to her on their fate-tempting walk about town. "Dog, skaters, juggling flaming knives!? What's a girl gotta do to get killed around here?"

"Couldn't tell you at this point," Dean says back, thinking the same way. This is absurd to begin with but this is taking too much.

"I just wanna die and get this shit over with," Lou grumps out. After leaving Sam and saying her final goodbyes she's in a hurry to end it all. She doesn't want to drag this all out.

And Dean sighs with her comment. His guilt is clobbering him with this. "I'm sorry…"

"Cram it, Dean," Lou fires back when he starts up with whole apology crap again. "I'm awesome, you feel like shit about it, let's just get this done."

"Fair enough," Dean lets her have her way.

"This is ridiculous," Lou keeps right on bitching about the current predicament. She stops in the sidewalk and looks up at him with confusion. "What the hell does she want? Are we supposed to hurl ourselves off a freakin' building or some…"
"Look out!" they both hear a man shout out and when they look up an entire industrial air conditioning unit in tumbling towards them rapidly. Dean and Lou block their heads with their hands on instinct and it's the last thing Dean remembers before waking suddenly in his car.

"Dude, what time is it?" Sam asks him from the passenger side of the Impala. The radio is softly playing 'My Heart Will Go On' as they both come to from a nap they don't remember taking.

"I just had the weirdest freakin' dream," Dean tells his brother, the whole thing clear as day in his mind as if it just happened.

"Why are we asleep in the car?" Sam wonders, looking around in true, total confusion. "Weren't we just about to head out to find that demon?"

Shit, Dean remembers that now. They came out to the car to follow up a lead and then… his car was suddenly a Mustang? And he was cool with that? No fucking way.

"You didn't have some kinda bizarro-world dream just now?" Dean has to check with Sam. It's just too vivid to not ask.

"No…" Sam looks at him funny.

"Like, uh, Balthazar… he didn't un-sink the Titanic?"

"What!?" Sam now asks him with bugged out eyes.

"Dean, you're losing it, man," Sam huffs out a laugh. "What I'm more worried about is why we both fell asleep before heading out to find a demon. Now that's weird."

"Yeah…" Dean says with a wrinkled brow, not comfortable at all with the situation. He knows what he dreamt.

"Alright, I'm gonna go in and hit the head before we go for good," Sam explains while opening the door of the car. He gets out and heads for the house.

"It wasn't a dream," Dean hears Castiel's voice say from the back seat and when he turns to look sure enough the angel is sitting there in the middle, watching Sam walk through the side door of Bobby's house.

"Wait, what?" Dean asks in a bit of a panic. "You're saying this actually happened? That the, the whole… whatever… that was real?"

"Yes."

"So Balthazar really did all that?"

"Yes, and I insisted he go back in time and correct what he'd done." Castiel looks at Dean. "It was wrong and had some very negative consequences that I was not going to allow to let stand."

"So…" Dean's mind spins with what he's told. "So, you killed… 50,000 people for Lizzy?"

"No, I didn't," Castiel denies. "They were never born. That's far different from being killed, wouldn't you say?"
'Ellen and Jo?' Dean questions. 'And Lou?'

And this is where Castiel cannot make eye contact. He looks away. 'I'm sorry.'

Dean nods, sad to hear the truth. 'And Sam…?'

'He doesn’t remember… just like you asked me to ensure,’ Castiel tells him. 'I believe this was a very good idea. Lou's loss would weigh on him in ways that no one could heal.'

'Thanks for that,' Dean says to him with much gratitude. 'But why do I remember?'

'Because I wanted you to.'

'Why?'

'I wanted you to know who Fate really is. She's cruel and capricious.'

'I'd go so far as bitch.'

'Well, yeah,’ Castiel can’t deny label as he does in fact agree. He then sighs. 'You're the ones who taught me that you can make your own destiny. You and Elizabeth and Sam… you made me see that you don't have to be ruled by fate. You can choose freedom. I still believe that that's something worth fighting for. I just wanted you to understand that.'

'So, wait. Did… Balthazar really, uh, unravel the sweater over a chick flick?’ Dean wonders aloud, not having thought that the decadent and unruly angel could truly be that selfish and awful.

Thinking quickly, Castiel decides to lie as much as it kills him inside to do so. 'Yes. Absolutely. That's what he did.'

'Wow,’ Dean awes with that information. 'Well, might be time to take away his cable privileges. Besides, Titanic didn't suck that bad.’ Castiel gives him a questioning look. 'Winslet's rack.’ Dean winks.

'Dean,’ Castiel says his name very strongly to get him to take him seriously. Dean shuts up quickly. 'I need you to understand.'

'Understand what?'

'That I have chosen my own path now,’ Castiel explains himself now that he has Dean's attention and has proven himself to the human once and for all. 'And that path is to see you and Elizabeth through. I no longer wish for the Second Coming to occur, which is something I have been waiting and preparing for my entire existence. I see now how wrong it is to put that responsibility on anyone. And I'm not even sure my own Father wants it anymore. He might have stayed in Heaven if he did. What I do know for certain in this world is that Heaven has failed me in so many ways… yet you never have.’

Dean keeps quiet but on the inside he's a bit floored by the honesty.

'Believe me or not, I want your son to be safe,’ the angel continues. 'I want both of you to have the good lives you have earned yourselves and I want you to be a family. Love… it's a concept that used to be so foreign to me and so… unobtainable. It still is to a certain degree but even if I cannot feel it I most certainly can respect it, along with loyalty and family. Elizabeth once told me that she considered me as family… and I hope that is still true.'
"I… uh…" Dean starts, words failing him miserably at first. "I know it hasn't been great. I know you've fucked up but I know you're sorry. After what you just did for me… Cass, I trust you, man. I do. And Lizzy may need more time but I know she's coming around again. Just wait it out. She'll be back."

"I hope you are right…"

"I am," Dean confirms very sternly, making sure Castiel believes him.

With one look of thanks Castiel disappears.

Once alone he takes a minute to play out everything that just happened. He lost Lizzy. He knows now what he always suspected too. If she were gone tomorrow he'd never recover. She holds him in one piece, keeps him human and sane and alive. She's everything he has and without her he is a complete and total loss.

And his son is still here. His whole reason to keep going, to keep making this world better, is still on his way. To think of how much he already loves that little guy… it scares him almost. Fatherhood is going to be terrifying in ways he has yet to experience but he couldn't care about that. He's excited and he's ready to give the entire world to his son without second thought because that little boy deserves so much more than he and Sam ever got and a lot more than his mother's had for years now.

He really owes Castiel for this one, big time.

Dean doesn't even let himself think about Lou right now, however. That part, losing her and losing the one thing Sam's ever had… he can't even let himself go to that place. He has to let it be so that he doesn't hurt so much with the loss that he can't get everything done they must to make the world safe for his coming family. Now is truly the time to focus.

After some time without Sam returning Dean heads into the house. He walks silently through the bottom floor until he makes it to the study. There in the cot against the wall is Bobby, lying on his back passed out, most certainly drunk. Lizzy is hovering over him, spreading out a blanket over his form as he sleeps. She moves carefully, not to wake him, and once she has him covered she leans down and kisses his forehead.

"I'm sorry, Bobby," she whispers, thinking she's alone. Rufus' death is eating him away from the inside and she knows that feeling. Her sympathy is huge and she wishes she could take it all away from him. He's had enough sorrow for several lifetimes as it is. He didn't need to lose his figurative brother and mentor too.

When Lizzy straightens up and turns around to leave she stops short when she sees Dean in the doorway, looking at her with an expression she wasn't expecting. He looks open maybe, sad yet happy to see her.

"Hey," she whispers with confusion as she walks over to him. "I thought you guys left…"

He cuts her off when he meets her halfway, grabs her face in his hands, and kisses her hard. She's there and that's all that matters. She's still there, she never died. He never turned into a spiraling mess because she's never left him. His life is how it should be because she is his life.

When he separates his lips from hers only for a quick second, he looks in her eyes and tells her, "I love you." He then moves in and kisses her again, the embrace meaningful and filled with the love he just confessed to her.

With her hands on his sides Lizzy takes the moment in. It's rare for Dean to be that wide open and
seriously meaningful out of nowhere. She loves when he can make himself so vulnerable to her these
days as she always lets herself be completely defenseless around him. It's harder for him, having
been shown all his life that emotions make you weak and a hunter never shows weakness, but he's
changing these days. Honestly, she's loving the change.

"I love you so much, Hot Shot," she smiles back.

Dean just smiles warmly back, nodding once when she returns the sentiment. "I'll never forgot how
lucky I am to have you. Never again."

"Hey, you good?" Sam asks suddenly from the side door.

Dean doesn't look away from Lizzy. "Yeah, I'm good," he answers before kissing her one last time.
"We'll be back late tonight."

"Can't wait," she grins, one more peck on his lips and he walks out the side door.

Whatever just got into him, she really likes it.

THE END

End Notes

Please feel free to leave a comment. I will always respond!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!