<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Not Rated</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Supernatural</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Sam Winchester/Reader, Sam Winchester/You</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Sam Winchester, Dean Winchester, You, Reader, Death - Character, Castiel, Crowley, More? - Character</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Reader is a Reaper, Reapers, Angst, Love, Hunter Sam, Getting to Know Each Other, Other: See Story Notes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2016-03-31 Updated: 2018-01-20 Chapters: 74/? Words: 91129</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Don't Fear the Reaper**

by krazyk2314

**Summary**

You are a reaper, actually one of Death's favorites. You've been following the story of the Winchesters for a while, staying out of sight, never letting them see you. You slowly fall in love with Sam, even though he doesn't know you exist. But that all changes one day.

**Notes**

This story has been swimming around in my head for awhile. I have no idea where it will go, but I hope you enjoy the ride!
Chapter 1

You were a Reaper. It wasn't as mysterious or interesting as it sounded. Your life was spent following your father's orders, taking poor unfortunate souls and helping them move on.

You had seen everything, just as much as the Angels had. But while they stood watch, and guard over God's creations, you stood and waited for them to die, much like a vulture watched over its prey. You watched as the humans grew and developed. You only dealt with them when you had to, when Death issued the order and you had to swoop down and guide them onto their next chapter in life.

It was a dull, lonely existence. Who would want to be friend a Reaper, a person who brought death with them wherever they went? Of course there were the other reapers, many of whom were older than you, and full of themselves. You were one of the last reapers Death had created, and you were looked down upon by many. Especially since Death seemed to favor you more than others, giving you easier tasks, leaving the evil and dark souls to those of his more seasoned children.

The only Reaper who would even talk to you was Tessa, but she was seldom around. Many considered her Death's right hand, his second in command. When she wasn't too busy, she would call you to her, and the two of you would catch up, sometimes hundreds of years worth of catching up. She was nice, and acted like a friend, but she wasn't around much.

At one point in your life, you had decided to interact with humans, to try to find something else in life beside death. It was during what they now call medieval times, and you disguised yourself as a human, traveling to the nearby castle, and introducing yourself as a healer.

At first, it was wonderful. You had felt alive for the first time in your life, meeting people who actually cared about you, something that was so foreign to you. Reapers didn't feel, at least most didn't, but you felt some emotions, emotions such as sadness, and caring.

Love, you were jealous of the word love and all it meant. As a Reaper, you weren't allowed to feel love. You even remember Death specifically telling you that Reapers were incapable of the fascinating emotion. You watched as the people in the castle around you fell in and out love, acting crazy and angry, and it was glorious to behold.

Sadly, it all came to an end, when the plague swept through the castle, and your new found friends were dying and there was nothing you could do to help them. In the end, Death called on you, and you were able to say goodbye one last time to their souls before sending them on. But as they saw your true form, they turned away from you, disgusted, calling you names while you tried to comfort and console them.

It was heart wrenching, at least it would have been had you had a heart. It was then you promised yourself, no more. No more trying to fit in, be something you were not, trying to feel emotions that were impossible.

You went back to your duties, letting them swallow you whole, and as the years passed, you grew indifferent to humans once again, watching with a bored eye as they killed themselves over things such as love, and lost honor.

You grew bored, following your duties without complaint, until one day you heard of a pair of brothers that defied the odds, and Death. Death wasn't meant to be defied, and you grew curious, wondering what made these two humans so powerful that they could out maneuver the oldest
entity in existience.

Your curiosity got the better of you, and the first time you weren't busy with your duties, you made your way to find them, and figure out what was so special. They were young, still probably in their twenties, and you could tell they were hunters. You had heard of hunters, they had been around as long as humans, killing monsters, saving humans. Even though not much killed a reaper, you had stayed away, not trusting them.

These two were different, something from the first time you had seen them, kept drawing you back. You found yourself following them, staying invisible, but keeping an eye on them at all times. You learned everything you could about them, their names, how old they were, what happened to their families. Nothing was too trivial, everything about them fascinated you. The older one, Dean, had Sandy blonde hair that was spiky in the front, and the most intense pair of green eyes you had ever seen. He walked with an air of authority, and self awareness, and you found yourself wondering what went on through that head of his.

It was the other brother, Sam, whom you found yourself drawn to. He might be the younger of the two brothers, but he was taller, with a long, lanky build. His hair was shaggy, his mahogany brown bangs hanging over his hazel eyes. He had a hint of sadness to him, and you knew he had recently lost both his dad and his girlfriend by supernatural means.

You enjoyed following them, at times wondering if you should make yourself known, so you could actually interact with them. But then you remembered, the pain, all those years ago, and you remained hidden, always watching.

You watched as they killed the demon Azazel, and tried to find a way to save Dean. When the hell hounds ripped him to shreds, you were there, tears falling down your face as you felt sadness for one of the few times in your life. Death had called on a different reaper that day, one that had to deliver Dean's soul into hell, and you were glad. It would have been a hard job, even though Dean didn't know who you were.

You followed Sam around, then both when Dean came back, your logical mind knowing Ruby was trouble even before she used him to break the seals and bring Lucifer back. You almost broke then, wanting to stop him before it happened, but you couldn't bring yourself to it.

During the next year, you were busy, so busy due to Lucifer being back that you hardly saw Sam or Dean. When you finally did see them, you found out that Sam was Lucifers true vessel. You weren't surprised, there was something old, and ancient running through their bloodlines, your Reaper intuition could feel it.

You waited, to see what would happen, but you were called away. Landing in a small town called Carthage, you were surprised to see many of your fellow Reapers there, each one still as a statue as they waited. It was then you felt it, an electric current coursing through you, and it could only mean one thing. Lucifer was bringing back Death.
Raising Death

Death was coming back. It was the mantra in your head, and you couldn't wait. He was your creator, your everything, and with him gone, Chaos had reigned. It hadn't been pretty, many of the Reapers had fought for supremacy, and Tessa was just barely able to keep control, and keep death running smoothly. During this hectic time, you had stayed hidden, preferring to follow the Winchesters instead of being bullied and tormented by the other Reapers. Tessa hadn't minded, in fact she hardly ever called on you for jobs, she seemed to sense how much the other Reapers hated you.

But now Death was coming back and things would be different, better, much as they used to be. You were excited, you had missed Death greatly, and you were excited to see how things would be when he was back.

So you stayed and waited, the pull too much to resist. It was during this time that two cars drove through the empty main street, one very familiar. You were unable to move, you were held captive by the promise of his rise. But you watched as they climbed out of the cars, and scouted the area. Your gaze lost them for moments, but they would soon reappear, and you could only watch in horror as they were soon attacked by Hell Hounds. With nothing to do but watch, you cringed when the blonde girl was ripped to shreds, and when they all ran for cover in one of the many buildings lining the road.

With them out of your sight, you returned to waiting, and you could tell it was getting close. The Reapers, as a group, started moving, and you followed along, the group converging onto the edge of a big field, where they lined up around the edge. You picked a spot farthest from anyone, content to hide behind a tree and observe.

Lucifer was in the middle of the field, a mound of dirt beside him as he dug, while men stood as still as statues around him. It was an eerie scene, but you knew it meant his return was close. As you stood there, an eruption sounded from the city, and you could see a great cloud of dust and smoke rising over the tops of the trees. Hoping that somehow Sam and Dean had made it out alive, you turned your attention once again to Lucifer, surprised to see that he had stopped digging, and another figure was standing in front of him.

Sam's voice was loud, and full as he talked to Lucifer, but you could tell he was stalling, and you gasped as you saw Dean moving from right beside you, a gun in his hand as he snuck up on Lucifer's side. Before you knew what happened, he shot Lucifer in the head, and you watched in shock as he fell to the ground.

But as you stood there, disappointed that Death hadn't been brought back, Lucifer brushed himself off, and stood back up. He gave a smile, before slamming Dean into the tree in front of you, before turning back to Sam.

It was then you couldn't stand it anymore. Dropping your invisibility shield, you rushed over to help Dean. You could tell he wasn't dead, you could sense death from miles away. He was breathing, and a big goose egg was already forming on the back of his head, but otherwise he seemed fine.

Gently holding him against you, you lifted your head up in time to hear Lucifer tell Sam to stay and watch. Lucifer turned his back on Sam, working on his spell, and Sam came rushing over to Dean, not noticing you at first.
It was the first time you had seen Sam up close, and you were frozen to the spot as you took him in. His hair shown brightly in the moonlight, highlights of gold and bronze shining throughout. His eyes were a stunning hazel, so full of life and compassion you were in awe. His cheekbones were prominent, and you could sense the dimples that were playing hide and seek. He was a glorious specimen, and in all your time dealing with humans, none had appealed to you as greatly as he did right then.

"Dean?" He whispered, noticing you for the first time, his eyes going wide as he gazed down on you.

"He's alive." You whispered, "But we need to get him out of here."

Sam nodded, glancing around, watching as the possessed humans slowly burnt out, one by one. "Our car is back on main street. I'll have to carry him there."

You quickly made a decision, knowing this would affect how Sam saw you, but seeing no other choice. "I have a better idea. Grab my shoulder."

Sam raised an eyebrow, but he knew there was no time for arguments. His touch on your shoulder sent a bolt of electricity through your entire body, and you knew he felt it too. Making sure your hand was firmly on Dean, you transported the three of you away from the field, landing back in the middle of town which was now completely empty.

Sam grabbed Dean, who was slowly coming to, guiding him to their black car that had survived the blast earlier. You stayed still, not sure if you would be welcome or not.

Once Sam had his brother in the backseat, he turned to look at you. "What are you? An Angel?" He asked, his stance relaxed, showing no signs of attacking you.

"I'm a Reaper Sam." You replied, seeing him stiffen at the mention of his name.

"Thanks for helping with my brother. Now what?" He asked.

"They're raising my creator. I should stay here. But I don't want to." You told him truthfully, the pull not as much as it had been an hour ago.

Sam glanced between you and his brother, biting his lip as he thought. "Why don't you come with us. I have some questions."

Nodding, you slid into the passenger seat of the Impala, feeling a little uneasy that you were now riding in the car beside the men you had been following. Men who had no clue how much you exactly knew about them. Men who could probably kill you faster than you could blink an eye. But you also felt like you had just come home from a long journey, and that fact was comforting.
Dean had woken up during the first part of the drive back, and for a second you feared you would have a knife in your gullet as he noticed you for the first time.

"Who the hell are you?" He questioned, holding out his knife in one hand, grasping his head with the other. The toss against the tree hadn't done his head any favors, but he would survive.

"My names Y/N." You said simply, not wanting to go any further just yet. Sam might know what you are, but you weren't exactly sure how he felt about it. And Dean had a shoot first, ask questions later type of mentality. Even though you couldn't die from being shot, it would still hurt, and you didn't want to have to deal with that yet.

However Dean seemed more interested in what had happened at the sight, but still kept his eyes on you. "What happened back there Sam?"

Sam was busy driving the car down the darkened road, and didn't take his eyes off to answer his brother. "The colt didn't work. He said there our certain creatures it doesn't work on and he's one. Then he did the spell and raised Death, and here we are." Sam summarized.

Dean nodded as he listened on, lowering the knife as he concentrated on the conversation and not on you. "I got that the colt didn't work. But how did we get out of there in one piece? I figured he would have wanted you to stay there."

"He did. But he was too busy working the spell that he didn't notice Y/N and I slipping out of there with you." Sam added.

"So Y/N, how did you get mixed up with the whole Lucifer thing?" Dean asked, his attention turning once again back to you.

Before you could answer, Sam did for you. "She had been passed by Lucifer's sacrifice, and offered to help me."

You just stared at Sam, wondering why he would lie for you. It wasn't as if he knew you, or cared if you lived or died. But you kept your mouth quiet, not wanting to create any discord between the two brothers.

"Thank you for your help Y/N." Dean said simply. "But now what?"

"For now she comes back to Bobby's with us. Then, who knows." Sam shrugged.

You knew you couldn't stay with them long. With Death being brought back, it wouldn't be long until you were called by your Creator, and maybe even given a special task. But you would stay with them as long as possible, basking in the fact that you were with your two favorite humans, and not just following them from afar.

Dean dropped the knife completely, before leaning back in the car. "This sucks rocks. First we lose Ellen and Jo, then we can't gank the devil, and know we have to go tell Bobby what happened. It's time for a drink." He moaned.

Without thinking, you almost transported a glass of whiskey into his hand, but then you remembered your subterfuge, and you stayed still.
"I'm sorry you lost your friends. At least they died fighting for a noble cause." You told him, trying to reassure him, but he shrugged it off.

"Yeah, for a freaking cause that didn't even work." He said, his anger and despair darkening his words.

"Dean." Sam threatened, and he shut up, content to stare into the dark for the rest of the trip. The three of you grew silent, and before you knew it the drive was over, and Sam was pulling into Bobby's junk yard.

You had followed them here multiple times, loving the way Bobby's house had a messy but lived in feel to it. You couldn't wait to meet Bobby, their surrogate father, and an amazing man in your eyes.

Sam slowed the car until it came to a stop right in front of Bobby's house, and you climbed out, staring in wonder. "Yeah, it's a mess, sorry about that." Sam apologized, but you shrugged it off.

"I think it's amazing." You whispered, looking at all the rusted cars lined up, all the history and stories that had taken place in each car.

Sam shook his head, but Dean gave you a weirded out expression as the three of you climbed the stairs to Bobby's porch. Sam knocked, and before you could take a breath a burly voice yelled come in from inside.

"Don't worry, his barks bigger than his bite." Sam assured you as Dean shoved his way through the door and you followed behind, a little insecure.

Dean brought you to a library room, every little space filled with different books, scrolls and tablets. Your fingers itched to comb through them, soaking up any information you could find. As a reaper, you had seen many things, watched civilizations rise and fall, but your one downfall was knowledge. You constantly craved it, and even though you might know everything these books contained, you could hardly contain the excitement that there was something new hiding in them.

So busy scoping out the books, you almost missed the man rolling about in the wheelchair. He had on a faded blue ball cap, his face covered in graying whiskers. His shirt was faded and full of holes, covered by a dingy and dirty flannel. He looked past Sam and Dean, his gaze hopeful. "Ellen?" He questioned.

Sam just shook his head, and you could tell Bobby knew what he meant. The light faded from his eyes, and he looked down at the paper in his hands. "Damn it." He muttered before throwing it in the fire, and you could just glimpse the picture before the flames flickered at the edges.

Rolling away from the fire, his gaze landed on you. "Who are you?"

Sam stepped up, and you watched Dean's eyebrows furrow, as he realized that Sam never let you answer for yourself. "She was able to survive Lucifer's sacrifice, and helped me out when Dean was unconscious. She had no where else to go, so I brought her with us."

Bobby studied you for a moment, and you could almost swear he read right through Sam's lie, that he knew what you were. "Glad you were there to help with the boys. You have a place here as long as you need it." He finally told you, and you felt the breath you had been holding in release.

"Thanks." You managed to say, and that was the end of it. You had been welcomed by all three hunters, and were now a part of their life, and you felt alive, or as alive as a Reaper could feel.
Leading a Double Life

As a Reaper you didn't have to sleep, so you wandered aimlessly through Bobby's study, trying to keep yourself occupied while you had the night to yourself.

Bobby had excused himself hours ago, heading to his bedroom, saying he was tired, but you had a feeling he was more upset about Ellen and Jo's death than he was letting on. Dean had crashed on the couch about an hour ago, after drinking himself into an almost stupor, and Sam had offered you the guest room but you had declined. Telling you to make yourself at home, Sam had gone up, planning on getting a couple hours of sleep.

You had sat quietly in a chair at first, mindlessly staring off into space, wondering what was the next step for you. It really was wonderful actually getting to interact with Sam and Dean. You had always been fascinated by Sam from afar, but being around him was something completely different. He was sweet and kind, compassionate and intelligent, but ruthless and deadly at the same time. It was a strange but compelling combination, one that greatly appealed to you as a Reaper.

After a while you were bored with sitting, and you started meandering around the room, running your fingers along the old books, loving the musty smell that permeated from them. It was during this time you felt the energy in the room change, and you knew you were no longer the only supernatural entity in the house.

"Hello Y/N." A voice said softly from behind you, and you turned, gasping when you noticed who had come to visit you.

"Death!" You exclaimed, rushing forward, forgetting your manners. He stared at you blankly, and you stopped, standing in front of him with your gaze pointing down. "I'm sorry sir. It's just been so long, and I've missed you so."

"I understand Y/N, that's why I came to visit you. I don't do visits often, but Tessa has been telling me how hard it's been for you." He said, his voice smooth and monotone.

"I understand Y/N, that's why I came to visit you. I don't do visits often, but Tessa has been telling me how hard it's been for you." He said, his voice smooth and monotone.

"Sir, it's nothing I couldn't handle." You replied, feeling ashamed that your creator came to see you because you had been struggling.

"Is that why you have taken refuge with the Winchesters?" He asked, and your head shot up in surprise. He had been gone for so many years, yet he still knew who the Winchesters were?

"Sir, I can explain." You started, but he waved a hand, stopping you.

"You don't need to explain. Out of all of my creations, you have always been the one I've been most worried about. The one with the closest ties to humanity." He explained. "It doesn't surprise me that you would pick the Winchesters. They are meant to do great things."

"I don't know what to say sir." You said, not sure where he was heading with this.

"I've decided that I want to keep you exactly where you are. Keeping an eye on the Winchesters. It could come in handy, them having their own personal Reaper. I've heard they have a hard time staying alive." He joked.

"I can do that sir." You said, and he nodded before tapping his cane against the ground.
"Oh, and Y/n, don't get too close. Remember what happened last time you tried to feel human emotions." He warned before vanishing.

Sinking down into the chair behind you, you took a deep breath, reeling from that unexpected conversation.

"Y/N? Everything okay?" You heard Dean grumble as he stumbled into the room, his hair sticking up everywhere.

Hoping Dean hadn't been privy to your conversation with Death, you have him a reassuring smile. "I guess. Just can't sleep." You told him.

He came and stood next to you, his cheek red and lined from his pillow, yawning as he was still trying to wake up. "I could see that, yesterday was probably hard on you."

"You could say that." You answered, not wanting to lie to Dean. While you had always felt more connected to Sam, Dean had always made you smile with some of his antics, and you would love to get to know him better too.

"Listen, I don't know if you knew about this type of stuff before the whole Lucifer thing, but you can't let it eat you alive. Knowing there are monsters out there? It's hard to comprehend, but you just gotta do your best." He tried explaining to you, and you smiled sadly, knowing that you were one of those monsters he was describing.

"I had an inkling. I was never involved in hunting before, but I always knew it wasn't just humans on the planet." You answered, keeping as close to the truth as possible.

"Well if you stick with us, you will be pretty involved with hunting. Especially since we are smack dab in the middle of the damn apocalypse." Dean grumbled, his smile fading as he realized what was ahead of them.

"If you don't mind, I would like to stick around, at least until you get tired of me." You shyly replied.

Dean shrugged, "It's no problem with me. But I have to warn you. I see how Sammy has already taken a liking to you, and if you are playing games with us, or are not being truthful, there will be hell to pay. And I've been there, so I know exactly how they would make you pay." He threatened, and you gulped, your face turning pale.

He noticed, and realized he might have gone a little overboard. "If you can't tell, I'm a little over protective of my little brother. I just want to make sure he doesn't get hurt. He's had enough bad things happen to him so far in his life." He explained.

You nodded, knowing exactly what he meant. "I understand. And I don't want to hurt him either, but I just met the guy." You said, which wasn't totally a lie.

"Well, I don't know about you, but I'm gonna try to get a little more sleep before I have to deal with the end of the world again. Why don't you go crash on the couch, I'll go sleep in the Impala." He told you, not giving you a chance to argue, and you watched as he let himself out the house.

Crawling onto the couch, you sighed, closing your eyes, wondering what it felt like to sleep, and to be able to dream. If you could dream, it might be something like your life right now, getting to spend time with two interesting men, one of whom you could already feeling yourself getting emotionally attached too. And you've hardly even talked to the man, and your Creator had just warned you against that fact.
You pretended to sleep, but it was hard. You had no real idea what people did when they slept. You knew they had dreams, or nightmares, but how did one fall asleep. You tried, wondering if it was possible for a Reaper, but just closing your eyes wasn't working. You willed yourself to sleep, but all you earned was a pain in your head.

You were about ready to give up, when you heard footsteps coming down the stairs. Sitting up, you watched as Sam slowly made his way down, his movements tired and heavy. As soon as his eye level hit the main room, he looked over to you, his eyes widening as he realized it was you, not his brother.

"Dean?" He asked, his voice quiet, attempting to not wake Bobby. He had made his way to you by then, his hair ruffled from sleep, the scruff of a beard starting to form on his cheeks and chin. He was very handsome, but it wasn't his good looks that attracted him to you. It was how, even after everything he had gone through, he was still a good person, with a beautiful soul.

"Dean went to sleep in the Impala. He gave me this bed. It was very nice of him, but I don't know how to sleep." You rambled on, the tall, hunter making you nervous, which was a new and somewhat upsetting feeling for you.

"Reapers don't sleep?" Sam questioned, settling his long, lanky build onto the window seat beside you. He was so close you could feel the heat radiating from his body, his unique and amazing musky smell permeating the air.

"No, at least not that I've heard of. But I'm kind of a loner, so I don't know what a lot of the other Reapers do." You explained to him.

He nodded. "I understand you there. I've always been kind of a loner too. Makes for a hard life."

You blushed, unsettled that the great Sam Winchester had something in common with you. "Sam, why did you let me come with you? And why not tell your brother?" You asked, needing to know.

Sam was quiet for a moment, his gaze cast downward, studying his hands. "I'm not really sure. I just could sense that you were there to help us, that you didn't mean us any harm. I hope that's true, because the last Supernatural being I trusted, ended up double crossing me. But Dean doesn't trust any Supernatural beings. That's why I thought it was better to keep it a secret for now."

You had the sudden urge to comfort him. Placing your hand on his shoulder, you felt the muscle tense under your hand. "I promise I don't plan on double crossing you. I was there for my creator's raising, but truthfully, I was more interested in helping you out."

He focused his hazel gaze on you then, studying you closely. "Why? You didn't know me, you didn't know Dean. And I know you were probably excited that Death was back."

You nodded. "I was excited, I still am. Death is my creator, but not only that, he is one of the few beings in this universe that I can trust. But I didn't feel comfortable being around the other Reapers. I know Death would come for me, in his own time, to see how I was doing. But you, you needed help, to get away from Lucifer, whom I can't stand. And I couldn't just stand there, and watch Dean die, and you get turned into Lucifer's meat suit." You explained to him, skipping the fact that you already knew who they were, and you had been following them.

Sam grasped your hand in his, yours dwarfed by the size of his. "Thank you. I mean it. And you
have a place with us, for as long as you need it. But will Death be angry you are with us, the men smack dab in the middle of the apocalypse?"

You were still shocked that Sam was holding your hand, that you didn't hear his question. "Y/N?" He said, and you snapped out of it. "Oh, I'm sorry. It's just, I'm not used to human touch. At least, living humans. What were you saying?"

He blinked his eyes at you. "Really? But I was just asking if it was safe for you to be here with us? If Death would be mad? Because you can stay with us as long as you need to."

You stared up at him, mesmerized by how nice and real he was. "Thank you Sam. I don't think Death will have any issue with it. And I would like to stick around. At least for a little bit."

Before he could answer, Bobby started clomping down the stairs, and Sam pulled his hand away, standing up and moving to the kitchen. Bobby glanced at you, then looked at Sam, his eyebrow raised in question. He didn't say anything, he just moved into the kitchen, starting the coffee pot, while Sam pulled some eggs out of the fridge.

At the same time the front door opened, and Dean stepped inside, yawning widely. "What's for breakfast?" He asked, just as his stomach rumbled, and you held back a laugh.

"Eggs and bacon. Now get your ass over here and get the bacon going." Bobby ordered, which Dean quickly complied. You sat there, watching how the three men moved around each other with ease.

"Hey Y/N, how do you take your coffee?" Bobby asked you, and you stared up at him dumbfounded.

"Coffee?" You asked, and all three men turned to look at you.

"Y/N, haven't you ever had coffee before?" Dean asked you incredulously.

You shook your head, a little ashamed of the fact. But as a Reaper, you never had to eat. You had enjoyed food on occasion, just to taste it, but you had never tried coffee.

"Wow." Dean muttered, before pouring something dark into a cup and handing it to you. "Careful, it's hot."

You breathed in the aroma, surprised at how amazing it smelled. Taking a sip of the almost black liquid, you were surprised how smooth, but bitter it was at the same time.

"What do you think?" Sam asked you, three pairs of eyes trained on you.

"It's different. But I don't mind it." You replied.

"Well, we've brought another one over to the dark side." Dean teased, before turning to work on the bacon. The three continued to work, while you sipped on the bitter liquid, wondering what other human wonders they would introduce you to.
After breakfast, the three men split up. Sam went and got his laptop, setting it up at the table, while Bobby went into the study, answering phones, and flipping through different books. Dean, on the other hand, went to the front door, ready to head outside, but he turned and looked at you. You were standing in the middle of the kitchen, your hands in your pockets, as you tried to figure out what it was you should be doing. You weren't being a very good human so far, and you knew if you didn't work harder at it, Dean might end up catching on.

"Hey Y/N, if you're not doing anything, why don't you come out and help me. I could use an extra hand." He asked you, surprising you, and it looked like it surprised Sam too, because he looked up from his laptop, glancing between you and his brother. You looked at Sam, silently asking for his permission, which he raised an eyebrow at before nodding.

"Sure." You replied, making your way towards the front door. Dean held it open for you and you stepped out, before waiting for him. There was a brisk wind to the air, and it slid through your light weight t-shirt, and you shivered.

"Hang on a sec." Dean told you, disappearing back into the house. He returned moments later with a grey and blue flannel in his hands. "Here, I forgot that you only came with the clothes on your back." He told you, and you took it, putting it on. It was warm, and smelled like leather, gun oil, and musk, and the sleeves hung five inches past your hands. The hem went down to almost your knees, and you laughed at the sight, holding your covered hands out in front of you.

Dean just shook his head at you, and grabbed your arms, startling you. "Woah, I'm just going to roll them up. Calm down." He told you, noticing how nervous and stiff you became at his touch. He expertly rolled them up until you didn't feel like a dwarf any more. "There, good as new." He told you, proud of his work.

"Sorry about earlier." You told him. "I just was kind of sheltered for most of my life. The only people I've been around for a long time was my family." You told him, which was pretty close to the truth. Because Death had taken a liking to you, you had always had the easier jobs, ones that he thought you would enjoy.

Dean nodded as if he understood, but didn't reply. Instead, he guided you down the steps and towards the Impala. He leaned in the driver's door, pulling a lever, before coming back to the front and opening the hood. "You ever work on a car before?" He asked you.

Shaking your head no, you took a step closer, looking underneath the hood, to all the cables and machinery. There was so much, and it looked so confusing. Dean pointed to an item that was big and square. "We'll start easy. It's always good to know a little bit about cars. That way if you ever get stuck, you don't have to rely on someone else. That right there is the battery. It gives juice to the car, makes it turn over."

You nodded, eager to learn anything Dean was going to teach you. You might have confusing but deep feelings for Sam, but to you Dean was interesting and you wanted to spend time around him also. The next couple of minutes were spent with Dean pointing things out, and you nodding, trying to remember the name of each item. It was fun, and confusing, but it brought a smile to Dean's face, and you knew he enjoyed sharing what he knew.

"There, that's the major parts of an engine." He told you, standing up.
"I'm not sure I will be able to remember it all." You admitted, feeling as if you had failed him.

He just shrugged. "It's a lot to learn. But if you want, you can help me work on her anytime, and that will help cement those facts in faster than anything."

"Her?" You asked confused. You thought you were talking about a car.

He nodded, patting the fender of the Impala fondly. "Yep, my Baby." He said proudly.

He then turned serious, and looked at you. "Listen, about last night's conversation, I want to apologize. I didn't mean to sound threatening or overbearing. It's just that Sammy hasn't had the greatest luck with relationships, and I can already tell there's something going on between the two of you. It worried me."

He leaned into the backseat, grabbing two beers from the cooler. You looked down at the one he placed in your hand, before glancing back up at him. "Don't tell me you haven't had a beer before either?" He groaned.

"No, well, it's been a long time." You told him. "But back to what you said, I'm not sure if there is anything to be worried about. Sam is nice, but he's only been friendly to me, I haven't noticed anything different." You said, before taking a big drink. You coughed as the liquid went the wrong way, and Dean patted your back.

"I just don't know what to think about you. You come out of nowhere, helping me and Sam. Then you have no place to go back to, so of course Sam wants to help you. But you've told me nothing of your life. And you've never had coffee, and it seems like you've never had beer, or much of it before. You're an enigma, and one I intend on finding out more about. Because, I know I just apologized, but I do need to keep an eye out for my brother."

You gulped. You had known that lying to Dean would be hard. He was too smart to let the ruse last too long, but you didn't want to give it all away and have him mad at Sam. "It's been a rough couple of days for me. I lost my family, found out Lucifer was alive and kicking, and now I'm living with an old man, and two brothers who kill Monsters for a living. Give me a little time to settle in, and I will tell you everything. Please." You answered him, and he nodded, downing the rest of his beer in one gulp.

"I get that, I do. So when you're ready, know that I've got a listening ear. But in the mean time, do you want to pass me that wrench over there? Baby needs her oil changed." He told you, dropping the conversation.
The rest of the afternoon was enjoyable, you spent most of it helping Dean work on his car, learning what makes her run. Dean was funny, and smart, and knew a lot about the machine. Afterwards, the two of you returned to Bobby's house, where he handed you a beer. This time you took a sip, barely making a face. Bobby was in the kitchen, standing next to the stove, where something was bubbling away.

"Where's Sam?" You asked, glancing around the room, wanting to see a glimpse of your tall, shaggy haired hunter.

Bobby stopped stirring long enough to answer. "He went to go get cleaned up. He'll be back down in a little bit."

You nodded, before you walked over to Bobby, staring down at the fascinating mixture in the pot. You had always been fascinated by human food, but you hadn't had that many chances to try things. "What is this?" You asked Bobby.

"Chili. Have you been hiding under a rock girl? First, you've never had coffee, now you have no idea about chili? Who are you?" He asked, his eyes growing big as he stared at you with concern.

Just then Sam came into the room, saving you from your predicament. "Bobby, calm down. Some people eat other food, healthier food, than what we usually do."

You nodded, grateful for the help. "Yep. My family was health nuts." Smiling at Sam, you took in his hair still dripping water onto his shoulders, the messy mop even more so from the cleaning.

"Man, you really are perfect for Sammy than." Dean said, rolling his eyes, and you blushed, glancing underneath your lashes to look at Sam. Sam was glaring at Dean, looking as if he wanted to strangle his brother.

"I'm sorry if I'm causing any problems. I've just been out of the human loop for so long, I'm not sure what a lot of things are." You told them, only for them to all turn and stare at you.

"What did you say?" Bobby asked, dropping the spoon, and turning to you, his arms crossed against his chest, as you realized you might have said the wrong thing.

"Well...I...I just..." You stuttered, turning to Sam for help. "My family lived far off the grid. We never really had any modern conveniences, and I always resented that. So, um..I always felt like .."

"Don't worry. We get it." Sam said, staring at Bobby and Dean, trying to silently convey a meaning. "You didn't feel like a part of anything, never given a chance to try things on your own."

You nodded, grateful that Sam was able to help you save yourself. Because you were certain that if Dean figured out your secret, you would be tied to a chair, or worse, dead. Because Bobby was smart enough he could figure out a way to kill a Reaper, and he would help Dean.

You nervously turned, looking at both Dean and Bobby, who were both still staring at you, identical looks on their faces. They might have bought your lie, but because of your slip up, you had lost what little bit of trust they had given you.

"Soups on." Bobby announced, before turning back to the stove, and turning it off. Sighing, you followed Sam as he grabbed a bowl and dished some food out. Following his lead, you dished out
the pungent food, sniffing suspiciously.

Sitting down at the table, you picked your spoon up, only to feel a sudden pull. It felt as if someone had placed a leash on you and they were pulling their end, getting you to come to them. You tried to sit there, acting as if nothing was wrong, but it kept getting stronger and stronger, and you knew you wouldn't be able to resist much longer.

"Excuse me please." You told them, standing up, swaying as the tugging increased.

"Is everything okay?" Sam asked you, standing up to make sure you weren't going to faint.

Grabbing his arm for support, you shook your head. "I don't feel well. Can you help me up the stairs?"

He nodded, wrapping a supportive arm around your shoulder, guiding you through Bobby's cluttered house, and up the narrow stairs. He opened the first door you came to, guiding you into a small bedroom. It was tiny, but cozy, with a brass bed against one wall, a colorful but faded quilt placed on it. Across from it was a dresser, scratched, and dull.

Sam guided you over to the bed, where you gratefully sat down on it. "What's a matter?" He asked.

Laying down, you closed your eyes. "Death, he is calling for me. I can't resist his call any longer."

"What do you need me to do?" He asked, and you feel him standing over you.

"I'm going to pass out. Just make sure nobody comes and interrupts me." You told him, before you let yourself go to the calling.

It was always weird to you, answering a call this way. Usually, you were able to transport yourself to wherever he was calling you from, but today you didn't want to take that chance.

This was by far trickier and harder. You left your body behind, leaving it vulnerable to any enemies, and if someone startled you back to your body, you could become disoriented and lash out.

You immediately arrived at wherever Death was, and by the looks of it, he had taken residence in a fancy apartment. It was full of heavy, antique furniture. Furniture you remembered seeing during your time in the 1800's. There was a fire blazing in the hearth, while Death sat at a small, circular table in front of it.

He was alone, with a crystal glass of whiskey in his thin hand, and you watched the other hand wave you forward, before pointing to the chair across from him.

You did as you were told, your ethereal self fading in and out of focus as you fought to control it. Since you didn't use this form often, it was harder for you to keep it in focus.

"Hello, my dear." He said, not moving his gaze from the red sparks being emitted from the fire.

"Hello sir." You answered.

He sat there quietly for a moment, and you wanted to push him, but you knew that wasn't a good idea. You never hurried Death, he worked on his own schedule.

Finally, he spoke again. "How is it going with the Winchesters?"

"It's going okay, I think. Sam knows what I am, but he doesn't mind. Dean doesn't know, and I
want to keep it that way. But they both seem to trust me, and are letting me into their lives."

"Good." He answered, nodding his head. "But, I might need to pull you away from them soon."

Your heart plummeted. You weren't ready to leave Sam's side yet, but you knew there was no way you could go against Death's orders.
"But why?" You whispered, while feeling a new sensation around your eyes. It was a slight burning sensation, followed by your eyes becoming unfocused. Reaching up, you felt wetness on your lower eyelashes. You were crying. You had forgotten what crying was like. The last time you had cried was during your time at the castle, and it had not been comfortable. You had promised yourself you would never cry again, but yet, here you were.

"This apocalypse is killing people left and right. I have as many Reapers working on it as I can, but if things get worse, I might need you too." Death told you.

"Isn't it more important that I stay with the Winchesters? So they can stop the apocalypse?" You almost begged, the most emotion you had shown around your Creator. He always wanted his Reapers calm and reserved. It worked well for the business, and he expected it in his meetings too.

"Yes, it is important. But so is harvesting all the souls, and we are being stretched thin. For right now, you will stay with the Winchesters, but just a warning. Next time I call you, it will be to put you to work." He told you, dismissing you from his side.

As you turned to leave, he stopped you one more time. "I warned you. Don't get close to the Winchesters. When we get close to humans, it only leads to pain, which is against a Reaper's very being. If I sense you have become too attached, I might be forced to pull you away."

You nodded, before you let yourself be sucked back to your body. Gasping for breath, you attempted to sit up, but you were weak from your travels. You felt an arm slide around your shoulders, helping you into a sitting position.

"Y/N, are you okay?" Sam asked, handing you a glass of water.

You nodded, the movement bringing an aching pain to your head. It seemed like the longer you were around humans, the more you began to act and feel like them. "It's always hard coming back from something like that. How long was I gone?"

Sam took it upon himself to sit down next to you, and you scooted closer, his warmth easing the aches that had settled into your bones. He must have noticed, because he leaned back against the headboard and pulled you to him, letting you settle into his chest. Feeling warm and comforted, you sighed, wanting to close your eyes and sleep, if it had been possible. "You were out for a couple of hours. I was starting to worry."

"It is always hard to travel like that." You answered him. "Thank you for this Sam. It's been a long time since anyone has been close to me."

"Really? Are you like an Angel or a Demon, and this is your vessel?" He asked, before the second part sunk in. "Seriously? When was the last time you had a relationship with someone? Do Reaper's even have relationships?"

You were starting to get your strength back, but you didn't want to move just yet, you loved being this close to Sam, feeling his heart beat underneath your ear. "That's not really how Reapers work. This is my vessel, I guess, but I've always had this one, ever since I can remember. Like I was born with it, if we are even born. Being a Reaper is confusing. One minute you're not, and then you are. As for relationships, we aren't supposed to have them. We aren't supposed to feel anything, it's part of the job. But I had a relationship once."
Sam stayed quiet while you talked, his arm slowly moving until it was laying across yours, running his fingers up and down your arm. "We don't know a lot about Reapers, not even Bobby does, and he knows everything. What happened to your relationship?"

You shifted in his arms, so you could focus on his eyes, such marvelous eyes that seemed to change color daily. They were shades of blues and greens, with specks of sunlight breaking them up. In all your time on earth you had never encountered eyes such as his, but maybe it was because of all the life, and goodness that shown through. "It was a long time ago. I grew close to people in a castle, even closer to one of the men in the garrison." You started.

"A castle?" He interrupted.

"Yes, a castle. I told you this was a long time ago. Towards the end of the Medieval Ages. I was still young, and somewhat naïve for a Reaper, and I wanted to experience human life. Death was free back then, and he loved to indulge me, so he granted me freedom from duties. I lived in the castle, did human chores, and learned human emotions. But then, the plague came." You shuddered at the memory. You would think that with all the years between then and now it wouldn't bug you anymore, but it still did.

"You don't have to continue if you don't want to." Sam told you, his hand squeezing your shoulder comfortingly.

"It's alright. It feels kind of good to talk about it." You answered, taking a deep breath. "Everyone around me started dying, even my lover. But when I didn't come down with anything, even though I had been in close contact, they began to scorn me, calling me a witch. If it wasn't for Death pulling me back, they probably would have tried to burn me at the stake."

"And that was your last relationship?" He asked, and you nodded.

"It hurt too bad. I had opened myself up to things I had never felt before, and it made me feel pain, and heartbreak for the first time, and I promised myself I would never feel that again. So I did my job, or stayed away. That is, until you." You admitted.

"Me?" He asked, dumbfounded.

You decided to be truthful. "Sam, I need to tell you something. Please don't be mad."

He nodded, his face serious. "Sam, I've known who you were for about five years now. Word about you traveled through the Reapers, and I had to see the brothers who kept defying Death. I've kept track of you ever since."

He was silent for a moment, and you started to sit up, away from him, knowing he was probably upset, but his grip on your arm tightened, not letting you go anywhere. "So why show yourself now? Is it because Death is back, and he ordered you to?"

You shook your head. "No, it was because you needed my help. I was there, for two reasons. One, because you were, but also because as a Reaper I was being pulled. But I broke that, to help you. Sam, you're the first human that I've wanted to know, to get closer to, in hundreds of years. Please don't be mad."

He took a deep breath. "If I find out, you are double crossing us, then I..." He started, and you knew he had been hurt by a Monster before, and he didn't want that to happen again.

"I promise I won't. And anyways, Death wants me to keep an eye out for you two. He wants to make sure you make it to the end. So what better way than to have a personal Reaper looking out
for your safety?" You told him, hoping he would see the benefit of your situation.

"I'm confused. Are you here because you want to be, or because Death ordered you?"

"Mainly because I want to be. Death ordering it was just icing on the cake." You answered, watching Sam smile at your words, before he leaned down, his soft lips inching their way closer to you. You could only stare as they moved ever so slowly towards you, before finally making their target. You sat there, wondering what you should do, not having much experience in this matter. Sam took his arm that was wrapped around you, pulling you up and tighter to him, so your chest was pressed against his hard and unyielding one, his other hand wrapping around your neck, angling your head so he could move the kiss deeper. You moaned at the sensation of him running his tongue across your lips, before he nibbled on your lower one. You brought your hands up, running them through his silky hair, feeling his moan against your lips, and you wanted to climb into his lap, getting as close to him as possible, but a knock on the door had Sam pulling away.

"Hey Sam, how's Y/N doing?" Bobby asked. "Dean needs to talk to you."

"This isn't over." Sam whispered into your ear, nibbling on your earlobe before disentangling himself and moving towards the door.
Meeting Cas

As a Reaper, you had the ability to travel through time, much as Angel's did. It wore you out just as much as it would an Angel, and Death had given strict orders that it should never be done. You knew of some Reapers that had gone against his rules, but you had never attempted it, or had the urge to. You had been a part of all of time, and you were certain you didn't want to go back and relive certain parts.

However, it seemed like you had a choice to make. Because right now, you were sitting at the table with Bobby, Sam, and Dean, talking about Angels. The topic made you nervous, you weren't sure you wanted to be around them, Angels and Reapers never really saw eye to eye. And, if their friend, Castiel, showed up like they said he was going to, you hoped he wouldn't be able to see right through your disguise.

"Y/N, did you zone out there?" Sam asked you, still concerned over your weakness from your visit to Death. You nodded, giving him a reassuring smile.

"So, let me get this straight." Bobby said. "This Angel chick, came to you, and said she needed your help. Do you trust her?"

Dean shrugged, and you could sense the unease coming off of him. "If it had been earlier, than yeah, I would have trusted her. But she was taken by the other Angels. Who knows what they would do to her."

"You're right to not trust her Dean." A gravelly voice said from behind you, as you heard the fluttering of wings. Taking cover, you latched yourself to Sam's side, partly to hide yourself from whoever had just appeared, but also as part of your cover.

"Nice of you to join us Cas." Dean said sarcastically, and you couldn't believe he would talk to an Angel like that. You knew his species and yours weren't meant to get along, but Angels had always fascinated you, and you would have figured humans would have shown them more respect.

"I came as quickly as I could. And we can't trust her. She was taken to the Angel's prison, where they probably retrained her." Cas said, as you got your first look at him. He was tall, but not as tall as the two brothers. His dark hair was messy, his blue eyes hard and unyielding, his trenchcoat flapping about him as he moved towards Dean. So far he hadn't even noticed you, and you wanted to keep it that way.

"So now what? She wants to meet with us, do we just ignore that?" Dean asked him.

The Angel squinted his eyes as he thought. "No, I will go in your place. I will see what she means to do. It will be safer that way." With that, he left, and you sighed in relief. Sam glanced down at you, seeming to notice for the first time how you had curled yourself around him.

"Hey, Cas is a good guy." He reassured you, rubbing his hand up and down your arm in comfort.

Dean nodded, moving to the fridge to get a beer. "Yeah, most Angels are dicks, but he's one of the few good ones. Don't worry about him."

You wished you could tell Sam that Cas could find out about your secret, but Bobby and Dean were too observant, so you knew you could get nothing past them. It was then a thought came to you. With a flick of your fingers, you froze the room, so only you and Sam were the ones able to move and talk. Bobby was frozen at the table, while Dean still had the bottle of beer halfway up to
his lips.

Sam glanced around, before staring down at you. "Y/N, what did you do?" He asked.

"I just needed to talk to you. This seemed the best way. Don't worry, they won't know anything happened." You explained, but you could still see Sam was angry at you.

"But to use your powers? Why not pull me out of the room?" He questioned.

You shifted your head, so your gaze was pointed at the floor, ashamed of yourself. "Because they would have noticed. And I'm still getting used to being human."

"Fine. Tell me what you wanted to, then get them back to normal." Sam told you, sweeping his arm to point at Bobby and Dean.

Looking back up at him, you pleaded with your eyes. "Sam, I'm worried. Cas, I know you said he's a friend, but he could out me. Angels can sense Reapers, and our two species don't get along. I'm afraid of what he will do when he notices me."

Your admission seemed to relax Sam, which is exactly what you had not expected. "Oh, that's it. Well, I don't know what to say. Cas isn't exactly like the rest of the Angels. Maybe he will understand."

"Understand what?" Came his voice from behind you, and you jumped. "And why is everything frozen?" He asked, stepping around to look at Sam. It was then he noticed you, and he furrowed his eyes as he gazed at you. "Sam, why is there a Reaper here? And can you see her?"

Sam grabbed your hand, comforting you. "Cas, this is Y/N. Yes I know she's a Reaper, but she's here to help."

"If she's here to help, why did she freeze Bobby and Dean? I don't like it." He said, taking a step towards you, dropping his Angel blade from his coat sleeve. You crept closer to Sam, hugging his side. You would be able to defend yourself against an Angel, but you really didn't want to have to hurt their friend.

"Woah, Cas, stop, please." Sam said, pulling you tight against him. "She saved Dean and I when we tried to kill Lucifer. She's a friend. She just wanted to talk, and Dean doesn't know about her."

Cas turned to look back at his friend. "Dean doesn't know? What's going to happen when you unfreeze everything?"

"Please don't tell him." You begged. "He will kill me. I'm just trying to help."

"Fine, I won't tell him. I will leave that up to you, because I don't sense any negativity coming from you. But if you try to harm any of these men, I will kill you." Cas threatened.

You nodded, grateful to this Angel. "Can you please zap out and zap back in? Then you can tell all of us what you meant to?" Sam asked Cas, who vanished.

"Well, that went better than I thought." You muttered, flicking your hand, bringing everything back to normal. You watched as Dean chugged his beer, before you heard the familiar sounds of Angel wings behind you.

"Dean, I've talked to Anna. And it's as we expected. She's changed, and now she wants to kill Sam." Cas announced, before giving you a look that seemed to say, see I'm doing this, but I'm not
happy about it.

"Kill Sam? What if we get to her first?" Dean asked, as you stared up at Sam in alarm.

"That's the problem. She's nowhere here. She went back in time to stop Sam from being born." Cas said.

"Wait, what are we supposed to do then?" Sam asked.

"Well, we will go back in time and stop her." Dean replied, looking at Cas for confirmation.
"Yes, we do need to go back in time. But maybe I should just go." Cas started saying, but all of you could tell that was not going to go over with Dean. He crossed his arms, set his shoulders, and stared Cas down.

"Do not tell me you will go back in time and save Sam. WE are going back. At least you and me. Sam can stay here with Bobby and Y/N, but you're going to need help." Dean answered, his tone booking no argument. You were grateful he wanted you to stay behind, because you weren't sure you wanted to go against Death quite yet.

Sam stepped forward, an angry pout on his lips. "What? There is no way I'm going to just sit around Bobby's house, while the two of you try to save me!"

"Sam, Dean, I don't think you realize exactly how hard it is on me to travel in time, let alone bring two people along with me." Cas tried explaining, but both men were having none of it.

"Cas, it needs to happen." Dean argued.

"Fine. But Y/N stays behind. Or none of you go." Cas ordered, giving you a long look, and you knew he said that more for your benefit than his.

Bobby came walking over to you, wrapping his arm around your shoulders. "Don't you worry about Y/N, and I. We will stay busy here, searching for ways to stop this damn apocalypse."

"There Cas. It's final. Let's go." Dean said, striding over to him, and Sam started to follow suit, but turned to pull you into a quick hug.

"Don't worry. We will be back in no time." Sam whispered into your ear.

"Sam, if something happens, if you need help. Just think about me. I will be listening, and if I hear you calling my name, I will break the rules, and come find you." You whispered back, making sure Dean couldn't hear.

Nodding, he went and stood by Cas, who placed his hands on each of their shoulders, and before you could even blink they were gone. You stood there for a moment, already missing Sam, when Bobby patted you on the back. "These books ain't going to read themselves." He told you, before handing you one of the biggest and oldest books he had.

Opening it up, you stared at Bobby in confusion. "Bobby, this book is in an ancient language! How do you expect me to read this?"

He just smiled, and shrugged his shoulder. "Well, I know you're not a who, but a what. And I figured that until you told me what you were, and why you're helping my boys, I would try to figure you out."

"What?" You asked, but really, you weren't surprised that the old man had figured it out. Truthfully, you were surprised that Dean hadn't either. You weren't exactly the greatest at hiding secrets, and it would be so much easier if it came out.

"Don't you lie to me girl. Not anymore. Now, I can tell you're not here to hurt us, but that doesn't mean I'm going to trust you. Especially since you lied to me at first. Wait, does Sam know? Or Dean?" He asked, and you could see his hand inching towards the gun on the desk.
"Bobby, I promise, I'm not here to hurt anyone. I just want to help. And yes Sam knows, but Dean doesn't." You said, holding the book tight to your chest as you waited to see his next move.

"What are you then? Not a typical monster. My holy water and silver didn't work on you." He told you, and you should have realized he would have tested you. He had been in the business way too long to trust a simple story.

"A Reaper." You whispered, waiting for the look of revulsion or hatred to cross his face, but nothing happened.

"Hmm, wouldn't have guessed that one. Maybe that's why I felt Death in my house a couple of nights ago. I was wondering about that." He said, as if you had just told him you were going to the store. Nothing fazed this man.

"Yeah, he came and visited my first night here.' You told him. "But how did you figure me out?

"I have all sorts of hidden traps in this house. Traps and sigils that warn me of the supernatural. And you got by most, but not the one located in that book right there. That book will only open to those of a supernatural entity." He told you, and you glanced down at it curiously.

"Well then, now that you know about me, can we get back to researching? At least until our boys come home?' You asked him, and he nodded.

"You know, it could be a good thing, having a Reaper on our hands. Not only do you know Death, but I bet you know a lot of dead languages, pardon the pun." He implied, and you nodded.

"I did always take time out to read, and study. I can probably read anything you have here." You answered, looking down at the book to realize you could, in fact, read the words.

"Well, start on that book then. Unless, you have anything locked up in that noggin of yours that can help us out." He told you, a hopeful expression on his face quickly fading when you shook your head.

The two of you settled into a quiet rhythm after that. You felt relieved that another person knew about your secret, but that would make it all that harder to lie to Dean. Maybe you should just give up, and tell him. Deciding that would be the best course of action, you kept busy, waiting for them to return. But when the sun set, and they hadn't returned, you began to worry.

"Bobby, why aren't they back yet?' You asked him, biting your lip as you paced the study.

"Patience girl." Was all Bobby said, as he flipped through another book. Groaning, you picked up a random book, and sat down on the window seat, flipping through. But your mind wasn't on it. It was on the three men who were risking their lives, and you kept your mind wide open, waiting to see if Sam would call for you.

About halfway through the night, Bobby fell asleep at his desk, and you draped a blanket over his shoulders. Curling your legs up underneath you, you gazed out the window, watching as the sun slowly climbed up over the horizon. Deciding that if they didn't show up by lunch, you would go back and try to find them, you were surprised to find Sam falling down face first across your lap.

"Sam?" You questioned, shaking him gently.

"What?" He asked, shooting up, and off of you. He glanced around the room, seemingly surprised to be back at Bobby's. "Where's everyone else?"
"They aren't back yet. Sam, what happened?" You asked, taking in the blood on his shirt.

"We couldn't change the past. But we stopped her." He told you, before pacing the room. "But Dean should be back by now. And Cas. He was pretty rough. I hope he can make it back."

Just then a weird popping sound filled the room, and Dean appeared out of nowhere, almost falling over as he landed right in front of the desk.

"Dean!" Sam yelled, rushing over to help him.

"Thank god." Was all Dean said, as his eyes roamed over Sam, making sure he was okay, and you wondered what truly happened while they were back in time.

All the noise startled Bobby, who woke with a jerk. "Bout time you boys made it back." Was the first thing he said. "But where's Cas?"

"I don't know. He was comatose in a motel, and we were fighting off archangels. Then, bam, we're back." Dean explained, running his hand through his hair.

Just then you heard a slight rustling of wings, and Cas appeared right in front of you, wobbling as if he had no energy.

"Cas!" You all exclaimed, but before you could do anything else he was collapsing on the window seat next to you, falling asleep immediately.

"Will he be okay?" Dean asked, and placing your hand on his neck, you felt him breathing softly. Hoping Dean wouldn't notice, you took some of your essence, transferring it to Cas, just enough so that he could heal faster.

"He'll be fine." You said, gently patting the angel on the shoulder.

"Well, I guess this is it." Dean said, and you looked up at him confused. "We couldn't change things. But I know, no matter what, we will fight this thing to the end. One ex-blood junkie, one dropout with 6 bucks to his name, Mr. Comatose over there, an old drunk, and a Miss mystery over there. Team Free Will."

"It's not funny Dean." Sam argued, as Dean went to grab a beer.

"I'm not laughing." He answered over his shoulder, and you could only stare down at the Angel, wondering what you had gotten yourself into.
Hunger

After the time traveling fiasco, Cas had disappeared, and Sam and Dean had found a hunt. You were currently lounging on one of the hotel bed's, flipping through TV channels, while Sam and Dean talked about the case. You had been excited, and relieved that they had let you go along. You knew Sam would have, but you had been surprised that Dean had been the one to suggest it.

"Seriously, this couple ate themselves?" Dean asked incredulously, staring at his brother. His question had caught your attention, and you shut the TV off before getting off the table and walking over to stand behind Sam.

"Yeah, not much was left. But hey Dean, Y/N and I can handle this one. I know you're probably ready to head on out." Sam said, and you and Dean both stared at him in confusion. "Valentine's day? What do you call it?"

You had heard about this Valentine's Day, but had never experienced it yourself. You wondered why Dean liked it so much.

"I'm just not feeling it this year." Dean shrugged, before taking a sip of his beer, and placing his feet on the table.

Sam closed his laptop, the case forgotten as he stared at his brother. "Seriously? What's up with you?"

Dean just took a drink of his beer, ending that part of the conversation. "Let's head on over to the morgue." He suggested, and Sam stood up grabbing his jacket.

"You coming with?" He asked you, but you shook your head, having no desire to see the remains of the poor couple.

"Okay, if we find something out, we'll come back and get you." Sam promised, giving you a warm smile before the two brothers walked out the door. After they left, you laid down on the bed, turning the TV back on, wondering if you would have been better off if you had gone with them. You weren't used to this, relaxing and not having anything to do. You weren't sure how to handle it. Flipping through the channels, you decided on a historical movie, laughing at how wrong they were. Maybe, if your job as a Reaper slowed down, you would turn to writing. Because at least then, something would get written right.

It wasn't much later that you heard your phone ringing. Picking it up, you remembered the instructions Sam had given you on how to answer it. "Hello?" You asked, pressing the phone to your ear.

"We know what it is. Cas confirmed it for us. We are going to try to track it down. We are on our way back to pick you up. Be ready in five." Sam told you, before hanging up. You grabbed your coat, planning on waiting outside. As soon as you stepped outside into the cool night air, you could sense a difference in the town. It was subtle, and only someone like a Reaper might be able to notice it. You could feel the promise of Death in the air, and as a Reaper it was pulling you to it. You knew it wasn't Death himself, this had a more rotten, black hole feel to it. You hadn't felt anything like this in a long time, and you wondered who could be powerful enough to create this sort of chaos.
As you sat there pondering everything, the Impala pulled in, Dean honking on the horn to get your attention. You raced over, climbing in the back seat, sitting next to Cas. "Hey guys, so what do you think is killing all these people?" You asked curiously.

"We think it's a rogue cupid. We noticed a cupid's mark on the hearts of the victims. And I know where he will be next." Cas told you, as Dean sped down the road. Sam gave you a welcoming smile before turning his attention back to the road.

You weren't sure you agreed with Cas' idea of who was killing these people. You had heard of rogue Cupids, but this didn't seem to fit what you were sensing. "Are you sure?"

"Why, what else could it be?" Sam asked, turning around once again.

You shrugged, seeing the weird look Dean was giving you, not wanting to say more and give yourself away. "I'm not sure, it just seems weird to be hunting a cupid."

By this time Dean was pulling into the parking lot of a bar and grill, and you stepped out automatically getting pummeled by the sickening sweet aroma of greed and hunger. You stepped back, feeling a little overwhelmed by the sensation.

"Y/N, are you alright?" Cas asked, standing next to you, while waiting for both Sam and Dean to catch up.

"You don't feel that?" You asked him, feeling a little more in control of yourself. Before he could answer, Sam and Dean were standing next to you, and the three of you made your way inside, where Sam and Dean ordered dinner. You declined, much like Cas, your stomach still unsettled.

Once the food arrived, you stared in surprise as Dean pushed his plate away, and Cas picked up the untouched hamburger. You weren't the only one surprised, Sam was staring with his mouth wide open as well.

Not commenting on the weird behavior, you let it slide, staying quiet. Once most of his hamburger was gone, Cas finally spoke. "He's here."

At once, you stood up, and the three of you followed Cas down the hallway, where you entered into an empty room. "Now what?" Dean asked, just as you heard a bellowing voice from behind you. "Brother!" It exclaimed, and you turned to see a huge, naked man walking towards Cas with his arms outstretched.

You watched his exchange with Cas with amusement, glad that you weren't the one to be hugged like that, hoping he didn't out you in front of Sam or Dean. While Cas accused him of being a murderer, you stayed silent off to the side, wanting to remain unseen. But when he pleaded his innocence, he quickly turned to the three of you, trapping Dean, then Sam into a huge bear hug. Finally turning to you, he tilted his head, staring at you, a frown marring his features before he turned back to Cas. Both brothers stared at you, wondering why you had been jilted, but turned their attention back to the Cupid.

"Listen, I promise I'm not killing these people. They might have my mark, but all I'm doing is setting them in the right direction." He explained once again before vanishing, and you knew your instincts had been right the entire time.

"Well, now what?" Dean asked, as the four of you trudged outside, all three men a little disheartened after the lead went south.

Nobody seemed to have any clues, and the ride back to the motel room was silent and strained. As
you began to pile out, you grabbed Cas. "Can I talk to you for a moment?"

He nodded, and giving a reassuring smile to Sam, you waited until they were in the room before you turned your attention to Cas. "Can't you feel the difference in the air?" You asked him.

He seemed confused, which answered your question. "What is different?" He questioned.

"There's a feeling, one I haven't felt in a long time. One of darkness, and despair. A gnawing hunger that won't go away no matter how much it's fed. It's affecting the whole town, and I think it's affecting you too." You explained.

Cas was quiet for a moment, deep in thought. "I do agree with what you said. My vessel is craving red meat more than usual. But what would cause something like that?"

You shrugged your shoulders. "I'm not sure. But whatever it is, we have to be careful. Because it's very powerful, and I'm afraid it could mess with all of us."
Standing Out

Cas followed you back into the motel room, both of you confused, and a little bit nervous about the fact that neither of you had a clue as to what you were dealing with. It was stuck in the back of your head. You knew you had dealt with something like this before, but it had been so long ago you couldn't remember.

"Everything okay?" Dean asked, looking between you and Cas, his brows furrowed in confusion. You had figured keeping Cas back would pique Dean's interest. The two of you had only spoken a handful of times, so staying back to talk would seem weird.

"Yeah, it's fine. I just had a paper cut I wanted him to heal. It hurt like crazy." You lied, waving your hand around. You could see Sam standing behind his brother, shaking his head at your lame lie. Dean squinted his eyes, but decided he didn't want to take that part of the conversation any farther.

"Whatever." He said, rolling his eyes at you. "I just hope you're not trying to cheat on Sammy with the Angel."

You blushed, shaking your head furiously. Sam gave his brother a glaring look, and soon your little talk with Cas was forgotten. "I need to leave." Cas said, and in the blink of an eye he was gone. The three of you looked at each other, each one a little confused as to why he had puffed out of here with no explanation.

"This whole hunt is weird. I don't like it." Sam said, before grabbing his room key.

"Where are you going?" Dean asked him as you moved farther into the room, still feeling the effects of gluttony and greed in the air.

"I just need some air." Sam explained, but you could tell he was feeling off. His usually tanned face was pale, with a fine sheen of sweat covering his forehead and upper lip.

"Are you okay?" You asked him, placing your hand in his shoulder to stop him. He shook it off, shrugging his shoulders but saying nothing as he walked out the door.

"What's up with him?" Dean wondered outloud, staring at the door in concern. "The two of you have a fight? Maybe he was jealous."

Tilting your head, you stared at him. "Why would he be jealous?"

"You are dense aren't you. Sam likes you, and you just spent some undivided time with Cas. Hence the jealousy."

Before you could answer, Sam came rushing through the door, breathing heavily, a briefcase in his hands.

"You stealing now Sammy?" Dean asked, grabbing a beer, taking a sip before setting it down in disgust.

"It's Demons." Sam answered, "And he had this." Setting the case down on the table, the three of you crowded around it. You got as close to it as possible, your Reaper instincts knowing exactly what it was without seeing it.
"It's a soul." You whispered, ready and wanting to help guide it on. You could feel Dean stiffen up beside you, his gaze hot on. You knew you had made a mistake, but you couldn't help it. The soul was pulling on your every fiber of being a Reaper. Souls, pure souls such as this one were hard to resist.

You jumped when Sam grabbed your hand in his, giving you a reassuring squeeze.

"She is right. It is a soul. And I think I know what we are dealing with." You heard Cas say from behind you. The three of you turned to face him, both men surprised to see the Angel with his mouth full of hamburger, a bulging bag in his hand.

"What?" Sam asked as Dean continued to glance between you and Cas. You knew he wasn't going to forget what you had said.

"It's a horseman. Famine to be exact." He said, and it clicked in your mind. You hated the horseman, and famine especially. He created so much chaos wherever he went. The last time you had seen him was in the 1800s, in Ireland.

"I thought you were supposed to starve." Dean said in confusion.

"He just makes you Hunger for what you want most. For my vessel, it's red meat." Cas explained, shoving the rest of the hamburger in his mouth. "And I think I know where he is."

You listened as they plans on how to defeat Famine and get his ring. You kept your eyes in the briefcase, briefly glancing Sam's way to see him shifting from one foot to the other.

"Dean, please leave me behind." Sam finally blurted out, and Dean stopped talking to look at his brother. "He's protected by Demons, and I really don't think it's a good idea for me to be near them."

Dean groaned, running his hands through his hair. "Damn it Sammy. Cas can you blink him back to Bobby's?"

"That won't work Dean. He's already infected." Cas argued.

"Just tie me up here. Please." Sam begged. Dean argued a little more, but before you knew it Sam was cuffed to the sink in the bathroom. Sinking down so your face was next to him, you gently pressed your lips to his cheek, surprising the two of you. You had never in your long life started the kiss, but you were glad you did. It made your insides tingle, along with your lips from the slight stubble on his cheek.

"Don't worry. I've dealt with a horseman before. I will keep your brother safe." You promised him. As you moved to stand up, he reached out, his large hand easily wrapping around your wrist. "And you." He said. "Please keep yourself safe too." Nodding your head, you left the bathroom, watching as Cas moved the armoire in front of the door, blocking him in.

"He will be okay in there, won't he?" You asked.

Dean patted you on the shoulder before turning towards the briefcase. "What should we do with this?" He asked, and you reached forward and grabbed it, surprising him with how fast you moved.

"It stays here. We can deal with it later." You argued, your tone fierce.

"Okay!" Dean gave in, his hands in the air.
Breathing a sigh of relief, you walked through the door Dean was holding open. As you passed by him, he leaned down, whispering in your ear. "After this hunt is done, you and I need to have a talk. Because now I know for sure you're hiding something from me. And I want to know what it is."

You gulped, knowing your ruse was almost over. Wondering how he would take it, you slid into the backseat, Cas giving you a comforting glance.
Famine

The trip to Famine's location was quiet, filled only with the songs softly coming from the radio, and the sound of Cas munching away at his hamburgers. "Cas dude, how many is that?" Dean finally asked, looking disgusted.

"I've lost track. Somewhere in the hundreds. But they make me very happy." He said, before taking another huge bite. You were in the backseat, so you couldn't see him stuff himself full. You were grateful for that fact.

Cas, a mouth full of burgers, pointed across the street. "Dean, stop! He's in there!" He exclaimed, although neither of you could really understand what he was saying. None the less, Dean pulled over, waiting for Cas' mouth to be empty so he could say it again.

"Famine, he's in there." He said, and you knew it to be true. You could feel the emptiness, the deep black pit swirling around inside, and all it made you want to do was run the other way.

"You know Dean, I don't get it." Cas said, crushing the empty bag. "I'm hungering for red meat, Sam's hungering for Demon Blood. But you, you don't seem to be bothered by it." Cas said, thankfully skipping past you and your lack of hunger also.

Dean glanced back at you, before answering. "I don't really think I'm starved for anything. Hell, I'm well rounded. I drink if I want a drink, I eat a hamburger if I feel like it. I have sex when I want."

Cas shrugged his shoulders, taking Dean's answer at face value. "But what I don't get, is Y/N. She hasn't acted any different. I wonder why that is." Dean said, turning in his chair to study you.

"Oh, I feel Famine's pull. But for some reason it's not forcing me to go after something. "You hedged, trying to explain why you were okay without giving too much away. You could tell it didn't work, as Dean's eyes narrowed at you. But before he could ask anymore questions, Cas interrupted him.

"Dean, Y/N, I need to move now. You two stay here, I will go in, take care of Famine, and return with the ring." He said, staring at the restaurant.

"Cas, let me go with you." You pleaded. You figured that out of all three of you, you would be the most likely one to succeed over Famine. He had no control over Reapers. You weren't sure how Death would take your interference, but you figured that was a battle for another time.

"I can do this." Cas argued, before zapping out of the car, leaving you and Dean alone.

"Great." You muttered under your breath, knowing this gave Dean the perfect opportunity to grill you. And just as you thought that, he was turning his body in his seat so his full attention was on you.

"Y/N, now is the perfect time for the two of us to have a little chat." He said.

If you truly had a heart, it would be racing, but right now all you felt was the adrenaline of fear kicking in. You didn't want this to be it, the end of your relationship just because of what you were. That didn't define you, not totally, but you knew Dean would have a hard time getting past the fact that you were a Reaper. "Don't you think we should keep an eye out for Cas? I don't think this will be as easy as he thinks." You tried changing the subject.
"Cas is a big boy, he can take care of himself." Dean threw out. "But what gets me, confuses me, is how you knew what it was, and what was in that case before an Angel did. A girl who supposedly lived a boring, out of the way life. Care to explain?"

"What if I can't explain? What if I just knew?" You said, frustration and annoyance darkening his eyes as you spoke the words.

He was about ready to say something else, when he glanced back at the restaurant. "Damn it Cas. He should be back by now."

You let your Reaper senses open, feeling all the empty bodies inside the restaurant, and all the greed and hunger located in the middle. "He hasn't finished it. We need to go in and help him!"

You said, already opening your door and stepping outside. You rushed around the side of the car, only to be stopped by a hand on your wrist.

"Fine, we go in and help Cas. But then when we are done, you will tell me everything. No more trying to change the subject. You will answer my questions, every damn one. Got it?" He growled near your ear, and you just nodded.

He released your wrist, and the two of you made your way inside using the kitchen's side door.

What met you inside had your stomach queasy. Humans laid everywhere, in various states of death. One had his head boiling in the fryer, while another laid on the ground, blood surrounding him. Gingerly stepping over the bodies, you moved into the main room, where more death waited you.

But it wasn't the type of Death that drew you. These poor humans had already lost their souls, and not to be sent on, either. You could tell that these souls had suffered horribly, their bright light snuffed out by someone else greed. It made you sick, and you wanted to curl into a ball and grieve for these poor people who never had a chance.

"Y/N? Let's keep moving." Dean whispered behind you, giving you a gentle push. Taking a big, deep breath, you stepped out farther, wincing as you saw the man in the middle. He was old, in body, but also in spirit, older than humanity. He sat in a wheelchair, his eyes scanning the room as if he was waiting for something. He had goons surrounding him, Demons dressed in black suits.

You noticed Cas on the floor, his hands full of raw meat as he stuffed it in his face.

"No, Cas." Dean groaned from beside you, just as Famine noticed both of you.

"Y/N, Dean I was wondering when you would arrive." He said, his voice as frail and brittle as his body. "You're friend's a little preoccupied at the moment."

Dean lifted the Demon killing knife, holding it in front of him as he weighed his options. Famine noticed, a smile lining his face. "Dean, that won't work on me. I'm old. But don't you want to know why I don't affect you?"

Dean hesitated, uncertainty crossing it's face as Famine came closer, his wheelchair buzzing as he moved it across the room. "It's because in here," He said, pointing at Dean's heart. "It's empty. One big, bottomless pit. You don't want for anything, because you're already dead inside."

You cringed at Famine's words, hating the look they put on Dean's face, knowing he believed every single word Famine was saying. "Stop it!" You yelled, charging over, freezing when the Demons stepped forward.

"And Y/N. I'm surprised to see one of your kind working with humans. Isn't human interaction against the rules?" He said. "I'm sorry I didn't leave you a job here, but they were just so tasty and I was so hungry." He told you, spreading his arm out to show you all the dead bodies.
As Famine backed his chair up, Sam came bounding into the room, his face stained with the blood of Demons. "Sammy, no." Dean pleaded, distraught at the fact that Sam had given in to his urge.

"Sam, my boy. I've been waiting." Famine said, looking almost gleeful at the fact that Sam was there. "I have a treat for you." He told him, pointing to the Demons on each side of him.

Sam looked at them, "No." Was all he answered.

"Fine, then they're mine." Famine told him, and you watched as the black smoke left each body, before being swallowed by Famine. You had known he would eat almost anything, but you had never imagined he would eat Demons.

You turned back to Sam, just in time to see him raise his hand, turning it in the air as he concentrated hard. You looked back at Famine to see him writhing in his chair. "Sam, that won't work on me." He said.

"But it will work on them." Sam retorted, and you watched as Famine's belly seemed to swell, before bursting open in a cloud of black smoke.
Panic Room

You couldn't stand it anymore. Your head in your hands, you sat there, listening to the screams and moans coming out of the panic room in Bobby's basement. The wooden stairs dug into your back, but you didn't care. All your brain could focus on was the pain and torment coming from the other side of the iron door. You wanted to cross it, to take Sam in your arms, to heal him, but you weren't sure you could.

A hand falling heavy on your shoulder surprised you, and you tilted your head up, looking up into a pair of green eyes, full of the same concern and worry you were feeling. "Y/N, come on, let's go for a walk." Dean told you, holding his hand out to you.

You could only stare at it, not sure you wanted to take it. If you took it, you were agreeing to a talk with Dean. A talk that neither of you had brought up since Sam had iced those Demons, and then Famine less than a week ago. Both of you had been too busy, Dean with cutting the ring off of Famine's finger, while you had gone over to an overpowered Sam, trying to talk him down from his high. His power was deep enough, strong enough, that it swirled around you, and it could have probably killed you in seconds. But he had held it back, looking you in the eyes, his normally multi-faceted hazel eyes almost black with the power he held.

Once Dean had the ring and Cas, the four of you quickly gathered your items, and left the town, heading straight for Bobby's. And here you were, days later, waiting for Sam to come off of his blood addiction.

"It won't bite." Dean teased, breaking you out of your thoughts. Just then, Sam let out a torturous scream, and you took Dean's hand, needing to be anywhere but there. You felt horrible, as if you were letting him down, but his pain was eating you alive.

Dean pulled you to your feet, pulling you up the stairs, straight out the door, and over to the Impala. Letting go of your hand, he went to the backseat of the Impala, while you stood there, nervous and unsure. You felt a little guilty, feeling relief at the quietness the outside provided you. Dean came back around, handing you a beer. You looked at it, before taking a sip. It tasted better this time than the last, and you took another sip.

"Yeah, it gets better once you get used to it." Dean said, noticing you were actually drinking it. The two of you stayed quiet, enjoying the relief, but you were still tense, ready for Dean to bring up his questions he had before. "I know what you're thinking. But what we're doing, it's the best for Sam. It worked before, and it will work again. It's just horrible waiting, and you feel as if you're letting him down."

You nodded, relieved that he had gone that route. You looked at Dean, really looked at him for the first time since you had gotten back to Bobby's. He had changed his clothes, but his black t-shirt and jeans were wrinkled, giving away the fact he had slept in them. He had circles under his eyes, and he hadn't shaved since you had arrived back at Bobby's. You could tell he was hurting, maybe not as much as his brother, but it was still hard on him. Surprising both him, and yourself, you leaned forward, wrapping your arms around him, hugging him. You could count the amount of hugs you had participated in on your hands, and they still felt awkward and uneasy.

You could tell Dean felt the same way at first, but then he relaxed, pulling you to him, resting his chin on your head. "I know you like him, and it's hard for you to see him like this. But he will come around, he always does." Dean comforted you.
You nodded, taking a deep breath as he pushed you back a little. "Now that our break is over, why don't we go see how our guy is doing." Dean suggested, and you nodded, wondering why he hadn't brought anything else up.

He led the way back into the house, and you made your way straight down the stairs, wanting to check on Sam. Dean followed behind you, staying a step behind as you went to the iron door. It was quiet, and you were worried for Sam. Sliding open the peephole, you saw Sam laying down on the cot, unconscious.

"Dean, he's out!" You exclaimed, wondering if that was a good or a bad thing. Dean came racing forward, and you moved to the side, so the both of you could look inside.

"Damn it, I can't tell if he's breathing." Dean muttered, before stepping back and unlocking the door. You waited, chewing on your lip, until Dean opened the door, and you rushed inside. The Iron weakened you, just the tiniest bit, but otherwise you felt nothing else from being inside. Dropping to your knees, you settled next to Sam's head, pressing your head to his chest.

"Dean, he's not breathing!" You said, your eyes wide with fright. He pressed his fingers to his neck, and you waited, forgetting to breathe.

"He's got a pulse, but it's weak. Damn it Sammy, this worked before." Dean said, as he ran his hand along his mouth in frustration. "I have no idea what to do." Dean told you, looking completely lost.

You thought hard. It wasn't your area of expertise, but there was a chance that you could help Sam, maybe even fix him. But if you did that, you were outing yourself right in front of Dean. Maybe even signing your death warrant.

You looked up at Dean, the foreign feeling of tears pricking your eyes. He looked back at you, his eyes mirroring yours and you knew. There was no way you would let Sam die, even if there was chance you could resurrect him later.

"Dean, I need you to listen to me. I know you've noticed I'm not like normal people. And I can explain later. But right now, there is a chance that I can save Sam. Please, just let me work. And then you can do whatever you think you need to do. I will answer whatever questions you have. Agreed?" You sat there, breathing heavily, knowing this was it. You were being completely honest, putting yourself out there like you hadn't done since the middle ages.

He stared at you, the gears in his brain whirling as he thought. Giving you a tight nod, he held onto his brothers hand. You took a deep breath, placing your hands on each side of Sam's head, letting yourself feel what he felt. The rush of emotions, the amount of pain he was in had you reeling back, almost letting go. But you held on, tightening your grasp, wading through all the pain and hallucinations that were in the front of Sam's mind. Slowly you made your way past them, to where Sam was hiding in the back.

"Sam?" You called out. It was always weird to you, being in someone else's mind. As a Reaper it was a normal procedure, but you always felt like you were intruding. Sam's mind was a similar version of Bobby's house, which didn't surprise you. From what you understood, it was one of the constants in his life, and it was usually places like that that resonated in your mind.

He was laying on the window seat, his long legs hanging off the seat, his body bent at a weird angle. "Sam!" You exclaimed, rushing over to him. Hearing your voice, he stirred, before his beautiful eyes opened up and locked onto yours.

"Y/N? Where are we?" He muttered, his voice hoarse. His face was pale, his hair dull, his eyes
glassy.

Crouching down next to him, you placed your hand on his cheek. It was small in comparison to his size, and if you had time you would have smiled. "We are in your mind. You're not doing well, you're leaving us, and Dean and I are worried." You explained.

"Y/N, but if you did this, Dean must know." He said, sitting farther up, your hand sliding away.

You gave him a sad smile. "Not yet. I just told him to wait, then we could hash things out. The important thing is getting you back to us. Then whatever he decides, I will deal with it." You said.

Sam nodded, before standing up and pulling you to your feet. He pulled you to him, your second hug in one day, a new record for you. This hug was different than the one you shared with Dean. You felt a current running between you and Sam, and you felt your body melt into his. You could have stayed there all day, if possible. "Sam, we need to get you back." You told him.

He didn't move, except for tightening his arms around you. "And how do we do that?"

"I'm going to give you some of my spark. Hopefully it will cure the addiction, and heal you. But I've never tried this before." You admitted, and he took his hand, tilting your chin back.

"It will work. Because I want to get back out there, to you." He said, before lightly pressing his lips to yours.
Confessions

You would have loved to have concentrated on the kiss with Sam. His lips against yours was the best thing you had ever felt, and you never wanted it to end. But you used the contact to push just a tiny little bit of yourself, what you considered your spark, into his soul.

It did what you had hoped. You felt him pull back, his face in awe as a silvery light shown through his entire being, lighting him up from within. He stood up, backing away from you, holding his hands out. A silver glow emitted from each finger, and he looked at you in confusion. "Is this because of you?" He asked, but he wasn't accusing you, he just sounded amazed and astounded.

"Yeah, it's a part of my being. I'm going to let you go know. Please fight to come back Sam." You said, giving him a soft smile as you floated back through his mind. This time there was no pain, only contentment, and you knew you had done the right thing.

Closing your eyes, you felt yourself being pulled back into your being, and you opened your eyes to see Sam silent and still below you. "Sam?" You whispered, hoping he would be back and okay by now.

"Y/N, did it work?" Dean's voice rang through your head, sounding fuzzy and far away. You glanced over at him, trying to stand up, but you must have used most of your energy trying to heal Sam. Wavering in your spot, you knew you wouldn't be able to hold yourself up any longer.

"Dean." You tried saying, but a moan came out instead, as you started falling to the floor.

"Damn it." He cussed, moving surprisingly fast, catching you before you collided with the iron floor. With no where else to put you, he laid you down on the cold ground, as your eyes started to flutter shut.

"Dean, he's strong. He should come back." You whispered, before you let your exhaustion take you away.

____________________________________________________

"Dean, I'm fine!" Sam's voice rang through your subconscious as you tried to pull yourself back to the living. "It worked, and I feel as good as new!"

"Thank god." Dean's voice said, low and husky. "Now that you're okay, I think we need to talk. What the hell is she? And don't tell me you don't know, because I know you do."

"Can't it wait Dean? We don't even know how she is!" Sam argued as you kept your eyes closed. This was it, the moment you had been dreading for a long time. You knew as soon as Dean found out about you, you were done for.

"She's breathing. If she even needs to breathe. It's not like she's going anywhere, so spill." Dean sounded angry, his voice booking no room for an argument.

"No." Sam said simply, surprising you. You were a little shocked that Sam stood up for you, and a little pleased. "It's not my story to tell."

"Son of a Bitch!" Dean cussed, and you could hear feet slamming down on the floor as he strode away. "I'm going to go get a beer. Come get me when she wakes up."
It was only moments later you felt a shadow over your face. "Y/N, I know you're awake. Now open your beautiful eyes." Sam's voice sounded from above you.

Following his directions you gave him a sheepish smile. "I'm sorry. I just wasn't ready to face Dean yet." You admitted.

Sam sighed, before sitting back down on the couch. You took the opportunity to search him over. While he still had the dark circles under his eyes, the pale skin, and the lack luster shine to his hair, he seemed a lot better than when you had attempted to save him.

"How are you feeling Sam?" You asked him.

He just shrugged. "A lot better thanks to you. But wasn't that reckless? You seemed pretty wiped out because of it."

"It was worth it." You answered simply.

"You know, we can't hide this from Dean forever. And it's just going to fester the longer we try." Sam told you, his hazel eyes serious as he stared down at you.

"I know." You answered. "I'm just scared of his reaction. Sam, what if he tries to kill me?"

Sam was quiet for a moment, thinking hard, and you wondered if he agreed with your assessment. "I trust Dean, and he likes you. He will give you a chance to speak, and he will listen. I think because of how much you've helped us, Dean will understand."

Sighing, you stood up, brushing the dirt from your pants. "Let's get this over with then." You said, sounding so much braver than you felt.

Sam stood up with you, placing a hand on your shoulder. "Listen Y/N. No matter what happens now, I've got your back. You mean so much to me, and I've come to care for you in such a short time. I won't let a little thing like you being a Reaper stop me from wanting to be with you."

"It's not that little of a thing." You muttered, but your heart was fluttering at the sweetness of Sam's words. You hoped it wouldn't come to the two brothers pairing off against each other, but you weren't exactly sure how Dean would react.

Sam took your hand in his, his large completely engulfing yours. Holding on tightly, the two of you made your way up the stairs. You could hear shuffling in the kitchen, and that's the way you went.

You wanted to drag your feet. To pretend to need to use the bathroom. Anything to prolong this heart break that was sure to occur.

Bobby was nowhere to be seen. Dean was alone in the kitchen, leaning against the cupboards, a bottle of beer hanging loosely in his hand. You looked at him, noticing the furrowed brows, the perpetual frown that graced his face. While Sam might have your heart, Dean was like a brother to you, and you weren't ready to lose that yet.

"Nice to see you both up and moving." He said as you say down at the table.

"Dean, we need to talk." You started, your fingers clenched tightly together. Sam stood behind you, silently offering his support.

"Damn right we need to. I know you've been hiding something from me, since day one. Now spill it before I start going through all the traps I know. What are you?"
The way he looked at you, with such contempt made the words stick in your throat. "I'm a... A...” You tried, cringing when he slammed the bottle down in frustration.

"Just spit it out already! What are you? A Demon? Because Sam's already tapped that. Let's try something a little more original."

"I'm a Reaper." You shouted, waiting to hear his reaction.
"A Reaper?" Dean repeated, his beer forgotten in his hand as he stared at you.

You nodded, sitting down at the table, your hands clenched together. You didn't want to say anything, afraid that whatever came out of your mouth would be used against you. You could see Dean was furious, by the way his jaw clenched, his lips were pressed in a thin line, and his hold on his beer bottle tight enough you thought it would shatter at any moment.

"Damn it Sam. You knew all this time, and you kept it from me! Why?" He said, turning on his brother first.

"Because I knew you would react this way. Dean, Y/N's the one who saved you when you hit your head during Death's rising. She's proven she's good and here to help." Sam argued in your favor.

Slamming the beer down, Dean became furious. "Yeah, and what's to say she won't turn on us at any moment, huh? Like your friend Ruby, how did that work out? I'm sorry Sam, but there is no way I'm going to trust another monster. Especially a Reaper." With those words he turned to face you. "So what, does Death have you here, watching over us. Ready to kill us when we get too close to stopping the apocalypse?"

"Dean, it isn't like that! I.." You finally spoke up, but Dean wasn't having any of it.

"Save it, I don't care what you have to say. Just get out." He told you, his voice quiet and threatening.

"Dean!" Sam exclaimed, frustrated at his brother's lack of sympathy.

"Sam, no. You don't get a choice in this. She goes, and that's final. I'm not going to have another Monster..." He spat the word at you, making you reel back in hurt. "I'm not going to have another Monster mess things up for us."

You slowly stood up, your body feeling unusually heavy and lethargic. You weren't sure what these feelings were, but you didn't like them. Your heart felt bruised and battered, as if you had just taken part of a physical fight. "Alright Dean, I'll go. If you think that's for the best. But understand this, I never meant you any harm. I've been invested in your life for years now, why would I mess that up. I care for you, especially Sam, as much as a Reaper can care."

He just shrugged, before turning his back on you and grabbing his beer once again. "Your words mean nothing to me. You know where the door is."

Turning to Sam, you gave him a heartbroken smile. "I'm sorry Sam. Maybe I'll see you again."

"I'll walk you out." He told you, giving his brother a look that said do not argue with me about this.

Dean just stormed off into Bobby's den, leaving the two of you alone.

Sam put his hands in his pocket, looking sheepishly down at the floor. "Listen, I'm sorry. Dean is a little, uh. He doesn't trust easily. But let me talk to him, try to talk him down."

You placed your hand on Sam's shoulder, trying to comfort him as much as he was comforting you. "Sam, I get it. I'm a Monster, a freak. I'm what you kill for a living. It actually turned out better than I thought. I figured he would have tried to kill me, not just toss me out."
"You're not a freak!" Sam argued, his cheeks going rosy in his frustration. "Just because you aren't an actual human doesn't mean you aren't good, aren't meant to be part of our lives. Dean just needs to see that."

Sighing, you began trudging your way to the door, Sam following silently behind. As you walked, you took in every aspect of Bobby's house, knowing you were going to miss the old cluttered house. Opening the door, you stood on the porch, knowing you had to go, but not ready to say goodbye quite yet.

"Where will you go?" Sam asked you, leaning against the door frame.

"I have a place. It's not as cool as this, but it works." You told him. "But truthfully, I hope you don't mind if I still continue to check up on you."

Sam glanced behind him, checking to make sure Dean wasn't lurking in the shadows. "Are you sure that's a good thing? I mean, I'm going to talk to him, try to get him to understand, but if he sees you, he might go after you. You never know with Dean."

"I have my ways. If I want I can make it so neither of you can see me." You told him. "But seriously, I hate leaving you." You admitted.

Sam moved suddenly, and you felt yourself wrapped up in his arms, you head pressed tightly to his chest. At first it felt awkward, but then you relaxed into it, letting his body heat and the comfort of his arms ease the pain of leaving him behind. "I hate that you're going. And I'm going to fight Dean on this, I promise. I'll even get Bobby and Cas to help. They know, and they don't think you're a threat."

"Thanks Sam." You said, tilting your head enough that you could look up to his face.

"I'm not just doing it for you. I'm doing it for me too. You've woken up this feeling in me, a feeling that I haven't felt since my days with Jess. I'm not sure what it is right now, but I want to have more time with you." He admitted.

Standing on your tip toes, you pressed a soft kiss to the corner of his lips. "Sam, I'm a Reaper. I'm not supposed to feel. But you have opened this heart of mine, and I think I know what love feels like now."

With that last statement, you pulled yourself from his arms, and started heading down the steps. Reaching the Impala, you turned one more time, admiring the wonderful man you had come to care for so much. He stood there, his arms crossed, his eyes stormy as he watched you walk away. Giving him a comforting smile and a wave, you opened your powers, turning yourself invisible once again, but transporting yourself back to your small little apartment.
Frustration

It had been three days since you had left Bobby house behind. Three days since you had seen Sam's dimpled smile, or argued with Dean. During those three days, you had stayed holed up in your tiny apartment, laying listless on your bed.

You weren't mad at Dean. You couldn't be. He had been burned so many times he had learned not to trust anyone, especially Monsters. It just hurt that he couldn't see past that label and see you for what you really were. As Monsters went you didn't think you were too bad. You had even managed to save him a couple of times.

What hurt the worst was not being able to see Sam, or even be near him. You had kept the cell phone, but so far he hadn't texted you, making you wonder if you had just been a little fling, and he didn't care that you were gone.

It was hard, having all these self doubts. Most Reapers were sure, and full of themselves, but you had been more in tuned to humans, sharing a couple of their emotions. In a fit of frustration, you threw your coffee cup across the room, the shattering porcelain sounding like music to your ears. "Why do I have to get close to humans? Why do I have to be so different from the rest of my kind? It only leads to heart break." You yelled in your empty apartment, letting lose some of your frustration and disappointment.

"Because you are different than the rest of your kind. Always have been, always will be. That's why I kept you with the Winchesters." Death said from behind you, before leisurely walking forward and focusing on your shattered cup. "Pity, I liked that cup." He said before flicking his hand at it, making it as good as new. Leaning down, he picked it up, before handing it to you. "Don't take out your frustration on inanimate objects. They aren't worth your energy."

"Death, hi." You stuttered, more than a little flustered that your creator had seen your little hissy fit. "I'm sorry you had to see that."

He sat down on the chair you kept specifically for his visits. It was old and worn in bought in the 1800s. You had kept it with you as you moved from place to place, making sure that Death's favorite chair was placed in your new home before anything else. Made of brown leather, it didn't match anything else in your place, but you didn't dare exchange it out.

He waved his hand, pointing to the couch across from him. "Sit. And tell me why you are here, and not shadowing the Winchesters."

You sat down, twirling your hair nervously around your finger. You had a hard time reading Death still, and you weren't sure if he was just curious, or angry with you. And an angry Death was not something you wanted to mess with.

"I think I told you that we decided it would be a good idea to not tell Dean what I am." You reminded him, and he nodded. "Well, the subterfuge kept getting worse and worse, and he started to notice things. He's smart, I'll give him that. Well, I used some of my power to heal Sam after dealing with Famine, and I had to tell him. There was no way around it." You explained.

He was quiet for a moment, his fingers steepled as he contemplated your words. "I understand why you did what you did. It was actually following my orders to make sure they stayed safe."

"What do you want me to do? Do you want me to still follow them, but stay invisible?" You knew
you had to ask. You wanted to more than anything. But you were afraid he wouldn't let you, instead putting you on some other mission.

I think I want you to be by my side for the time being. I trust your opinion, and I have a feeling I will need your help sooner rather than later." He said, before standing up.

"But sir, are you sure? Because I can do both. I can help you out while still shadowing them. I'm worried one of them will do something stupid, and I want to be there to try and stop it if it happens." You almost begged to him, forgetting your place.

He turned to face you, his hand resting securely on the cane he carried with him everywhere. "Y/N, my mind is made up. I trust the Winchesters will be able to survive. I know for a fact that I will be seeing Dean soon. But I think the best place for you to be, is by my side. I will give you ten minutes to gather any items you want, and get your place ready for your departure. You will be staying with me."

You nodded, knowing there was no way you could go against his wishes. Taking a deep breath, you headed into your bedroom, looking around. You pulled a bag out, grabbing some clothes. You didn't have much in the way of possessions, and you didn't need to take much with you.

Taking the phone and the charger from your nightstand, you decided to text Sam a quick message. You weren't sure if he would read it, or even cared, but you wanted to let him know where you would be. "Sam, Death came visiting, and requested that I stay by his side during this time. I hope everything is well with you and Dean. If you need anything, please text and I will try to make my way to you. I miss you." The last part of the text was sent on a whim. You truly did miss your tall, kind hunter, and the smile he seemed to reserve just for you.

Sighing, you tossed the phone into your bag, before grabbing it and heading back out into the main room. Death stood at the door, glancing down at his watch as he waited for you. "Nicely done Y/N. You were done in seven minutes. I do love being punctual."

"Aren't we transporting?" You asked Death.

He shook his head, pulling out a set of keys. "No, I've decided I like driving. And I'm not too far away."

You followed him out the door, making sure it was locked. Turning around, you were surprised to see a long, gleaming white classic car with huge fins. "Really?" You asked him.

Death gave you a rare smile. "She's a beauty isn't she?" He said before climbing into the driver's seat. You tossed your bag behind you before sitting in the passenger seat. Death pulled the car away from the curb, and you watched as your apartment slowly faded away. Your hand on your chin, you wondered what was going to happen now, and what Sam was up to.
"Really? You want to stop in Chicago for pizza? But isn't that like four hours away?" You asked Death as you followed behind him. While you might be helping him, no one walked at Death's side, always behind. It had been a week of being his right hand helper, and it was making you realize that following people's orders day after day was not your strong suit. Death might have a soft spot for you, and made it easier on you, but he was still Death and he ruled with an iron fist.

"Yes Y/N. We are stopping for pizza in Chicago. I've heard their deep dish is beyond amazing. Besides that, Lucifer has ordered me to Chicago." He said, as he climbed back into his gleaming white Cadillac, leaving you no choice but to climb in or be left behind. There was no doubt he would leave you behind, and then you would get a talking to when you finally met back up with him.

"Lucifer again? Why do you have to follow his orders?" You asked before realizing you might be pushing your boundaries just a little too far.

The look he gave you before settling back on the road had you sliding down in your seat, your voice suddenly gone. "Because he was the one who raised me, was strong enough to raise me. But by doing so, I am in his debt."

You knew that was the end of the conversation, so you stayed quiet, not asking any more questions. As he drove closer to Chicago, you pulled your phone out, checking for any messages from Sam. While over a week had gone by since you had seen him, he was still constantly in your mind. When you closed your eyes, visions of his ever changing hazel eyes, or his dimples when he smiled at you, or even the way a lock of his hair fell into his face flashed before your eyes. You missed him terribly, probably more than he missed you, and you couldn't wait for the day that Death let you leave his side.

Frowning when you didn't see any new messages, you tucked your phone back in your pocket. So far, doing the time you had been apart, he had only texted you three times, each one short and too the point. The first one asking if you were coming back, even if it was invisible. The second was a reply to your answer, just an "I see, keep safe." The third one had come two days ago, nothing personal. Just we have Pestilence’s ring. That was it. Nothing personal, or how are you, I miss you. And it hurt, probably more than it should have considering you weren't supposed to have feelings.

"Have you heard from the Winchester's lately?" Death spoke, breaking the silence and surprising you. You glimpsed the sky scrapers in the distance, knowing you had arrived at your destination.

"Not for a couple of days. They have Pestilence's ring." You admitted. Even though Sam would probably be upset you told Death, you figured he had a right to know. Especially since his ring was the only one left for them to gather. In fact, you were actually surprised they, at least Sam, hadn't contacted you yet. They knew you were with Death. You figured they would use that knowledge to their advantage.

"I know. They only need one more, mine." He replied, playing with the ring that was currently on his hand.

"Are you going to give it to them?" You asked curiously.

Dean didn't answer, but pulled to the side of the street. "Maybe." He finally said as you followed behind him.
He strode with a confidence most humans couldn't recognize or imitate, his cane swinging by his side. One man had the gall to run into Death, and you winced, knowing his life was done for.

"Y/N, reap that man then come find me at the pizza parlor. Don't delay." Death said as he kept on walking.

You waited patiently invisible as the man who had ran into Death suffered a heart attack, falling to the ground. Sighing, you reached down, touching the man on the shoulder.

While his body lay there motionless, you turned to talk to his spirit, or soul, that was looking down in disbelief. "Why? What..." He stuttered in disbelief.

"I'm sorry, but when you mess with Death this is what happens. You touched Death. Now it's time for you to move on." You told him, but he just cocked his head and stared at you.

"What do you mean I touched Death? I'm healthy and young, I shouldn't be dead yet!" He exclaimed.

"I'm sorry, but the man you ran into back there. He was Death and when you touch Death you die. Now, are you ready to move on?" You asked, being a little impatient than you normally would be. Usually when you were called to reap you tried to make the going easy for whoever.

"No, I can't. I haven't done anything with my life." He cried, making you feel bad for him.

Sighing, you placed a hand on his shoulder. "It sucks, it really does. But you have two choices now. Either I can help you move on, to the afterlife, or you remain here, as a spirit forever. And most spirits go mad, attacking people."

"I'll move on." He muttered, looking down at his body one last time. You gave him his moment before pressing your hand on his shoulder. Closing your eyes, you imagined the void, where most souls go until they are sorted out. Channeling his energy, you pushed him through before shutting the portal.

"There, that's done." You muttered to yourself, slapping your hands together as if you were cleaning them off.

Facing the direction Death had sauntered off in, you stayed invisible, enjoying the chance to observe but be seen.

The wind was really starting to pick up, howling with a ferociousness you hadn't seen in a while. You looked up, cringing at the dark, swirling clouds overhead. A dark and heady storm was moving in, and fast. And you had a feeling it wasn't being brought on by Mother Nature.

Because of the wind, it took you a little bit longer to reach the pizza parlor, and by the time you did, there were dead bodies strewn everywhere. Still in your Reaper mode, you noticed the souls standing by their bodies, each with a look of confusion and sadness etched into their faces.

Death was sitting in the middle of the room, a plate of pizza in front of him. "Well, don't just stand there Y/N, I've made quite the job for you." He said.

Frustrated, you waved your arms, making all the souls come your way. "Hey guys, listen up." You said loudly. "That man up there is Death. And I'm sorry to say it, but you are all dead now. Now if you will all get in a line, I will help you move on. And no, you can't argue your way out of this. If you stay, you become a spirit, or ghost. If you go, you might be able to reconnect with family or friends." You said, wanting to get it over with.
They all lined up, some whispering to the others, but you didn't care. Using all of their energy, you opened the void, sending one through at a time. It was hard work, exhausting physically and emotionally, especially when you had to send in the mom and her little baby. You gave them a comforting smile, hating your job at times like these. Soon you were on the last person, a sullen sixteen year old boy. "So, you're a Reaper?"

You nodded, not even having the strength to speak. "I didn't know Reapers could be hot. I thought they all wore hooded cloaks and carried scythes."

"Well you thought wrong." You finally managed to mutter, before sending him off and closing the portal. Feeling light headed, you tried to make it to the nearest chair, your invisibility failing you. You felt yourself falling, and you just hoped you wouldn't hit the edge of a table or chair when you landed. What you did feel was a pair of arms wrap around you, catching you in your descent. You landed with a plop in someone's lap, and when you looked up, you looked into a pair of familiar green eyes.
"Dean?" You said breathlessly, staring up at the man you had considered a close friend. You were currently sprawled in his lap, your energy completely zapped from transferring so many souls. Truthfully, you weren't sure you could move from your spot, even if he tried to kill you.

"Hey Y/N, didn't expect to see you here. But then again, you are a Reaper, so..." He said, but he wasn't moving you.

You tried to gather the gumption, hating the fact you were so weak in front of Death, and Dean. "Why? Didn't Sam tell you? He knew I was with Death."

"Yeah, our relationship hasn't exactly been great since that night." Dean admitted, his eyes showing how much that upset him.

Finally, you were able to slide off of his lap, landing on the wooden chair next to him. Death was sitting across from you, and he dished out a slice of pizza, handing it to you. "Eat Y/N. There were too many souls for one Reaper, and you need to regain your strength."

Following orders, you took a bite of pizza, moaning as the flavors floated over your tongue. It was your first time trying pizza, and it tasted amazing. You heard Dean chuckle beside you, making you miss him more than ever. But not as much as Sam. "Is that your first slice of pizza?" Dean asked, but now that you were feeling more normal, you could detect a hint of unease and nervousness in his voice, and in the way he was sitting in the chair, his slice hardly touched in front of him.

"Yeah, but I don't know why I waited so long." You answered, feeling a million times better. "I think I'm in love."

"Hey, no cheating on Sammy!" Dean argued, before turning silent once again, and you looked his way, surprised at his teasing tone. Here it was, over a week after he had kicked you out, and he was acting as if nothing had happened.

"Excuse me, but you two will have plenty of time for catching up later. I think we have something more important to talk about. Like this." Death said, rubbing his ring.

Dean gulped, his nervousness back with the chastising from Death. You stayed off to the side, silent, knowing this wasn't your conversation. "First, can you please call back the storm? These people are all innocent, they don't deserve to die." Dean pleaded with Death, and you waited to see Death's reaction.

Death steepled his fingers together. "Fine. I do think it would be a pity to level a town that makes such amazing pizza." And with that the storm outside slowed down, before sunshine filtered down onto the littered and cracked sidewalks.

"No, about this ring, I think we need to have a talk before I let you have it." Death announced.

You finished off your slice of pizza, and one more, all the while listening to Death's one sided conversation. Dean sat there, quietly taking it all in, but when Death came to his final comment, his main rule, you watched as his entire body tensed up, his face flushed.

"Dean, you need to promise that you won't stand in the way. That when the time comes, you will let Lucifer occupy Sam's body, trapping them both in the cage. That's the only way." Death
ordered, and you gulped. You had known all along that Sam was Lucifer's true vessel, but hearing
Death talk about it so easily made you realize that it was real, and it was happening.

Dean looked Death square in the eyes, and nodded, surprising you. It had never occurred to you
that this would be Death's terms, or that Dean would ever accept these terms. Ever since you had
started following the Winchesters around, Dean had done everything he could to make sure Sam
was safe, including a crossroads deal to bring him back from the dead.

"You better not be lying to me boy. Because nobody lies to Death and lives to tell about it." Death
said, his dark and cold eyes searching Dean's for the truth. He must have seen something he liked,
because before you knew it, he was slipping his finger off, sliding it across the table to Dean.

Dean stared down at it, almost as if it was going to jump up and bite him. While he sat there
staring down at it, Death explained in detail how it worked, how to lock all the keys together to
create the key. You listened carefully, wanting to remember everything in case Dean forgot.

Finally Dean reached down, grasping it in his hands, before standing up. "Thank you." He told
Death.

"No, thank you. I truly believe you and your brother are our main shots at putting Lucifer back in
the cage. He needs to be back in the cage." Death said, before waving his hand, dismissing Dean.

Dean looked at you, a look of indecision on his face, but before he could blurt out what was
bugging him, Death looked up at him once again. "Oh, and Dean? I'm not very happy you threw
out Y/N. Once I found out she had taken a liking to the two of you, I made her stay there to keep an
eye on you. I'm sending her back with you. Do not do it again, understood?"

Dean nodded, his eyes round as he waited for you to pipe up. And you did. "Death, I thought you
wanted me by your side? I..."

He waved his hand, cutting off your comments. "I want you by there side. This is important, and I
need to make sure nothing happens to mess it up. You are my insurance."

Nodding, you stood up, moving to stand by Dean. Giving him a nod, the two of you left the parlor,
heading back out into what was now a glorious day. The Impala was off to the side, and you slid
into the passenger seat, feeling stupid about how much you had missed a simple car.

Dean started the car, driving down the street, heading back towards Bobbys. It was then you
decided to approach Dean, to try and make him understand this wasn't your idea. "Dean, I'm sorry
Death is forcing you to bring me along. I promise I won't get in the way. If you want, I could even
go invisible again, so you don't have to see me. I..."

"Y/N, stop." Dean finally ground out. "It's not that big of a deal."

Your jaw slack, you sat sideways in the seat, peering closely at him. "What?"

He kept his gaze on the road, his jaw a little tense. "Am I still upset that you didn't tell me the truth
from day one? Hell yeah. But after you left, Sam yelled at me, telling me I was being ridiculous.
And he was right. I shouldn't have pushed you away, just because of what you are. So far you've
done nothing to show that you have nothing but good intentions."

A smile slowly built on your face, joyous at Dean's words. "Truly? So this means you're not mad
that you're stuck with me again?" You asked him.

"No, unless you are a really good actor and have some major ulterior motives. But you are pretty
cool, and Sam's been pining for you ever since you left." He answered.

"Speaking of Sam, why wasn't he with you?" You asked, feeling lighter, and happier that you had for a while, a week to be exact.

"Sam, and Bobby are both trying to stop a plague from being spread. That Pestilence was a tricky fellow, and had cases upon cases ready to be shipped out as a vaccination."

"Wow." You muttered. "I hope they were able to stop them in time."

"Yeah, me too." Dean agreed, before the two of you turned silent, each one lost in their own thoughts.

It was hours later, with the sun slowly setting, that Dean finally pulled up into Bobby's old, cluttered junk yard. You kept an eye out, looking for the old battered van that Dean said Sam, Bobby and Cas had driven to the warehouse. Sighing in relief as you spotted it near the house, you jumped out of the Impala before Dean had even come to a complete stop. Rushing up the stairs, you threw open the door, rushing into the study, looking for Sam. When it came up empty, you turned to search the kitchen, stopping when you found the man in question leaning against the door frame, a huge smile on his face.

"Sam!" You exclaimed, running across the room, jumping into his arms, your legs wrapped around his waist as you dug your head into the crook of his neck. "I've missed you so much!"

"I've missed you too." He replied before pulling your head over until he could roughly press his lips to yours.

"Get a room." You heard Dean's tease from behind you, but you were too happy, plastered in Sam's arms to care about Dean's words.
After you reluctantly pulled yourself from Sam's arms, you searched his face, looking for answers to the doubts that plagued you while with Death. But what you saw had you relaxing, a soft smile grazing your face. He couldn't keep his eyes off of you, his smile huge as his hand reached for yours, pulling you down to sit next to him at Bobby's small table. It wasn't that sexy of a move, but it still brought an unknown feeling to your face, something warm and tingly.

He kept his hand in yours as Bobby and Dean both came into the room. Dean grabbed some beers from the fridge, handing them out, before sitting down across from you. Bobby walked by you, patting you on the shoulder. "Nice to see you back kid. Don't worry, I laid into Dean when I found out what he had done."

Dean ducked his head, looking extremely guilty, and even though he had hurt you, you still felt bad for him. "It's alright. I understand where he was coming from. He was just trying to keep his brother safe. They've been burned by the Supernatural before."

Dean swung his head up, his eyes wide as he took in your words, before a sly smile crossed his face, bringing back the Dean you knew. The Dean you considered a great friend. "Well, she's back now, so there's no reason to fuss."

You watched as Sam glared at his brother, showing him he was still upset over the fact. You didn't want to see them get in an argument, so you swiftly changed the subject. "So Sam, Bobby, Dean told me you were trying to stop a deadly virus from hitting. I take it you were successful?"

Bobby nodded, just as Dean finished off his beer, getting up and ready to move out of the kitchen. "Yeah, between Sam, Cas and I we were able to stop it, and rescue the people trapped inside. Dean, where you going?"

Dean just shrugged, "I'll be back in a little bit." He exclaimed, before slamming the door shut behind him.

"He seems different somehow." You thought out loud, noticing how his usual snarky and give em hell attitude had been subdued.

Sam nodded, while Bobby looked down at the table. "While you were gone, he decided that he was going to give in, become Michael's vessel."

"No!" You exclaimed, shocked that he would have given in. "What happened?"

"Cas beat the shit out of him, locked him in my safety room. Took a couple of days before we could trust him again." Bobby explained.

"So, what happens next? Why didn't you guys contact me, ask for my help? I was with Death the entire time." You asked, still a little hurt that you had been cast aside.

Sam gave your hand a squeeze. "I wanted to. But Dean thought you would be upset with us, and not want to help. Or that Death had you completely under his control, and you couldn't have done anything anyways. Or Dean also thought you would turn on us, and we never would have received Death's ring." He explained.

Searching his eyes with your, silently begging for him to see how truthful you were. "I would never turn on you. Truth be told I would double cross Death before I did it to you. And that's
saying a lot."

He leaned forward, pressing his lips softly to yours, as you heard Bobby scoff in the background. "You kids." He muttered, and you found yourself chuckling into Sam's lips, his curling up in reaction to your laugh.

"What is it?" He asked, pulling away a centimeter so his words weren't muffled.

"Bobby called me a kid. Just struck me as funny since I'm centuries older than him." You giggled, watching as Sam frowned. "What is it?"

"I knew you were a Reaper, but it never truly dawned on me how old you were. Am I falling in love with a cougar?" He asked, just as Bobby choked, before you heard him scrape his chair back.

"And that's it for me." He muttered, leaving the room.

"What's that mean?" You asked, confused, making Sam chuckle. He shook his head, before pressing another kiss to your lips.

"It's not important." He answered. "It's just a term some people use for women dating younger men."

You nodded, having a feeling you would never catch up on humanities lingo. "Sam, back to the main topic. What is your plan now that you have the rings?"

You watched as his entire body tensed, and he leaned away from you. A feeling of dread filled your entire body, surprising you at the intensity of it. "Sam?" You pleaded, as he stood up, doubling the distance between the two of you. What had just been a warm and amazing moment was now turning into something you wished you could take back.

"Well, Dean and I've talked about it. And we think the only way to trap Lucifer, is to let him use me as his vessel." He told you quietly, leaning back against the counter, waiting for your reaction.

"Sam, no. There has to be another way!" You pleaded. Out of everything, you had never imagined it would come down to this.

"It's the only way. I'll trap him, Dean will use the rings, and we will put him back in his cage." He told you.

You stood up, wrapping your arms around yourself, needing some sort of comfort after what you had just heard. "And you? You'll be locked in the cage with him?"

He nodded, staying silent. "Well, if that happens, I'll come down and free you! I'm a Reaper. I know we aren't usually allowed in Hell, but there's ways in. I'll find one of them, and bring you back." You started rambling, but he came forward, grabbing your shoulders.

"Y/N, no. I won't let you. It's too dangerous, and I don't want you to risk yourself by trying to save me." He argued with you. "And there's always the fact that by opening the cage, Lucifer could get out. So no."

You felt a tear slipping down your face, despair settling in at the thought of losing Sam. Brushing it away angrily, you stared up at him. "Sam, please."

He shook his head, his face showing he wasn't going to let you argue any more. "Please. You have to promise me this! I can't go into the cage unless I know you will be safe."
You stood there, his hands tight on your shoulders, weighing your options. You wanted, with every fiber in your being to stop him, or at least try and rescue him when he succeeded. Because you had every faith in him that he would. But you also didn't want to send him down in that pit, worrying about you.

"Sam, two times I've let myself get close to humans, to feel emotions that I'm not supposed to. And both times it's come back to bite me. Do you know how much this is killing me? What you are asking is tearing me apart." You sobbed, as he pulled you to him, wrapping you tightly in his arms.

"I know, but it's the only way. Please Y/N. I don't want to spend eternity down there, having to worry about you trying to break into hell." He whispered into your hair, before pressing a harsh kiss to the top of your head.

Taking a deep breath, you nodded, feeling his entire body relax as he felt your answer.
After your emotional talk with Sam, you watched him walk away, making no attempt to follow him. The tears that you hardly ever let fall, dropped down your cheeks, and you hastily brushed them away just as Bobby's voice boomed from behind you. "You're a Reaper." He started but it didn't sound like an insult. "Can't you figure out a way to stop him, to make all of this work without him sacrificing himself. Talk to Death maybe?"

You turned to face the older man, your pain filled eyes answering him when your voice wouldn't work.

"Didn't think so, but it was worth a shot." He said, pulling a bottle of whiskey from a cabinet.

"Bobby..." You started, and he gathered you in his arms, holding you tight, knowing what you needed.

"Shh, girl." He said, rubbing your back before holding you at arm's length. "Dry those tears. We need to put a strong front on, for Sam. And I didn't think Reapers cried, anyways."

You sniffed back your tears, cracking a small smile. "I'm not like most Reapers."

"Yeah, I think I've figured that out." He said, handing you a glass of whiskey.

Taking a sip, you choked at the heat sliding down your throat before settling in your belly. "Wow." You coughed, taking a much smaller sip this time.

"You'll get used to it." Bobby said, as Sam and Dean came back through the door, with equal looks of sadness, but acceptance.

Sam went over and grabbed the keys to Bobby's van. "I'm going to run into town for supplies. Want anything?"

After Bobby had given Sam a list, you went into his study, grabbing a random book, before settling down on the window seat, your legs tucked underneath you.

It was only moments later Dean joined you in the study, grabbing a chair and turning it backwards before sitting down. He didn't say anything, so you concentrated on the book in your hands. It was written in an old forgotten language, but you could still read it. It was something about the apocalypse, but so far hadn't given any new information out.

"Did he tell you his plans?" Dean finally said, making you jump.

Sitting the book down, you turned your full attention on Dean. "Yeah, he just did."

He ran a hand through his hair, making it stand up on end. His lips were puckered and you could sense the unease and frustration rolling off of him in waves. "And, you agreed with it?"

You could tell he was itching for a fight, needing some sort of release, someone else to blame it on. "Not really. I said I would support his decision, but truthfully? It's killing me inside. I don't want him to get locked into the pit for all eternity."

Your words took the fight right out of Dean, you watched his shoulders slump. "Is there anything you can do to stop him?"
You shook your head. "I wish there was. But I can't think of anything, and I know Death would have said something."

He nodded, before standing up and pacing the room. "I told him that I didn't like it, but that I would support his decision. But, I don't know if I will be able to stand by and watch him throw himself in there."

"You can, and you will. Because you will be there, to support him. Because no matter what, you are his big brother."

He nodded, showing you eyes filled with tears. Tears that only brought out the green in them. "Is there any way, once he's gone, to bring him back? To go to hell? You're a Reaper, maybe you have connections? Or maybe you can take me with you, and we can bust him out?"

You hated this, the fact that you would have to break his hope, to let him know that you had made a promise. A promise that you didn't want to keep, but that you knew you had to. "Dean, I want to. In the worst way. You need to know that. I even already talked to Sam about it, telling him I would find a way. But he...he made me..."

Dean nodded, brushing away the tear that slipped down his cheek. "He made you promise you wouldn't do it. That you wouldn't risk yourself for trying to save him. That's Sammy for ya."

You nodded, feeling the tears clogging your throat as the both of you felt the pain of knowing you were going to lose him. "When is this going down?" You asked him, hoping you had at least a little bit of time before you had to say goodbye.

"I don't know. Soon I guess." Dean shrugged.

"I want to be there, through everything. I hope you will let me." You said, wanting him to understand that you weren't just there for the good days. You wanted them, plus anything else you could get, with Sam.

He gave you a tired, half baked smile, before pressing his hand on your shoulder. "I didn't expect anything different. And that's why I feel bad that I kicked you out. You didn't deserve that, and Sammy deserves to be happy. For as long as he has left on Earth."

He left you alone then, and you sat there, chewing on your bottom lip, wishing you would have more time with Sam, wishing he was a Reaper so you didn't have to worry about things like this. But you knew everything always came to an end, after all it was your job to be there in the end.

Hugging your knees to your chest, you wondered what would happen when Sam was gone. Would Dean survive, and if he did would he want to have anything to do with you? Could you even be around him after losing Sam? In reality, you thought if everything went through as planned, then the two of you would want nothing to do with each other.

"Penny for your thoughts?" You heard Sam say from the door frame. He was leaning against the faded trim, his arms crossed against his red and blue flannel. His shoulders bulged, almost bursting through the seams, his jeans faded and worn. He had a tired smile on his face, his hazel eyes unreadable in the darkened room.

"Not even worth a penny." You answered, still hugging your knees to your chest, not wanting to move from your spot on the window seat. He moved forward, and it was then you noticed a bag in his hand. Raising an eyebrow, you waited for his move.

He sat down next to you, taking up the rest of the room of the small seat. He handed you the bag,
and you opened it up, laughing when you noticed the chocolate cupcake. "I thought you might like a treat. I'm not sure if you've ever had cake before."

"I haven't." You said, looking at the sugary confection. It was chocolate on the bottom, with chocolate icing, and an icing heart piped on top. It was larger than those you had seen, in it's own special container.

Opening it, you pulled off the paper wrapper, before looking Sam's way. "Can we split it?" You asked him, and he nodded. Holding it up to his lips, he opened his mouth, taking a bite. Pulling it back, you laughed at the chocolate crumbs coating his bottom lip. You took your thumb, wiping them from his mouth, but he caught your hand, holding your thumb to his lip. His mouth still open, he sucked your thumb into his mouth, licking the crumbs from it. You sat there motionless, the movement of his tongue against your thumb, giving you a weird, tingling sensation low in your belly.

He let go, and you dropped your hand, the cupcake almost completely forgotten in your other. "Aren't you going to try it?" He asked you, and you looked down at it. He took it from you, putting it up to your mouth. "Bite." He ordered, and you did, the chocolate exploding on your taste buds.

"Wow!" You mumbled through a mouth full of cake. "It's really sweet, and rich, and wow." You tried explaining.

He nodded, taking another small bite for himself, before handing you the rest. "I don't do sweets very often. But if I do, chocolate is my favorite."

"Dude, where's the pie?" You heard Dean yelling from the kitchen, breaking the spell that Sam had seemed to have woven around you with the cupcake.

"In the fridge!" Sam yelled back, as you finished off the cupcake. "Do you mind if we head up to my room? I'm beat, but I would like to talk to you, in private."

"Sure." You answered, letting him guide you out of the room, and up the stairs. You made your way into the spare room, where Sam's stuff was sprawled across the dresser. You stood there awkwardly, waiting for more direction from Sam.

"I hope you don't mind, but I was hoping you could sleep here, with me tonight. We don't have much time left together, and I want to spend as much of it with you as possible." He said, handing you one of his t-shirts. Without thinking, you pulled your shirt over your head, just standing there in your plain bra as you started to unbutton your pants. You looked up to see Sam standing there, his mouth hanging open, and it was then you realized that maybe you should be a little more reserved. But as a Reaper, modesty wasn't part of the equation.

"Sorry." You muttered, blushing a little.

"Don't stop on my account." He said, his voice deeper than normal, his hazel eyes darkening.

Pulling your pants down, you stood there in your cotton bra and panties, grabbing his shirt to pull it on, but he grabbed you, pulling you tight to his chest, pressing his lips tight to yours. You grasped his shirt, letting him ravish your mouth.

"Are you okay with this? If we do this, and more?" He asked, rubbing his hands up and down your smooth skin.

You nodded, wrapping your arms around his chest, loving the feel of his hands on you, feeling something pool deep in your belly, a deep yearning for more.
"Have you done anything like this?" He asked, as he nibbled on your lips.

You shook your head, as he gently guided you back to the bed, laying you down softly on it, pressing his body tightly to yours, and you moaned at the new sensations.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of you." He promised, and fulfilled that promise amazingly well.
New Day, New Heartache

Struggling to open your eyes, you tried to figure out why they were closed in the first place. Your entire body felt heavy and disoriented, your brain fuzzy. These were feelings you hadn't had before, and they threw you off.

You were laying in a bed, with the sheet wrapped tightly around you. But it wasn't the sheet that was throwing off so much heat, it was the naked body behind you, and the arm currently wrapped around your waist, holding you tight to him. It was then everything came back to you, how you and Sam had made love throughout the night, him showing you all the different ways you could come apart. It had been magical, nothing like you had ever experienced before, and you remember being exhausted and sweaty after the last bought.

"You fell asleep. I thought you said Reaper's don't sleep." Sam's husky, sleep filled voice said from behind you, startling you. You tried to turn into him, but the sheet held you immobile. Chuckling, he pulled it from you, letting you settle back down on his chest before he let it gently float back down to cover you.

"I fell asleep? I've never slept in my life!" You exclaimed, understanding why you felt the way you did now.

You watched as Sam smiled sleepily down at you, and you resisted the urge to brush the hair back from his face. "You did sleep. For about three hours. And you were adorable. You even snored a little."

"What?" You asked, embarrassed. You started to move, planning on getting up, and dressed, but his strong arms stayed wrapped around your middle, holding you tight to him.

"It was cute. And it was the best sleep I've had in a while, so thank you." He said, brushing his knuckles along your cheek.

Just then the wooden door rattled, someone banging hard on it. "If you guys are done trying to bring the roof down, some of us are doing research!" Dean yelled, before you heard his footsteps heading back down the stairs.

"I guess we have to get up." Sam muttered, but he made no movement to do so. You didn't either, you loved the feeling of Sam's strong body beneath you, and the feel of his hand rubbing up and down your bare shoulder. Seconds ticked by before Sam groaned, and let go of you, sliding out from underneath you. You sat up, holding the sheet to your front as you watched Sam gather his clothes, sliding them on. You enjoyed the way his muscles moved and flexed as he pulled on his jeans, and then his shirt. Once dressed he came back over to you, pressing a light kiss to your lips. "Hurry up and meet me down there."

You nodded, watching as he left the room, before standing up, groaning as muscles you never knew you had protested at the movement. Last night had been a physical and amazing night, and you would treasure it always, no matter what happened next. Slipping on your clothes, you pulled your hair back into a low ponytail, before making your way down the stairs. Dean and Bobby were both in the study still, each one with a stack of books beside them and identical looks of frustration. You walked past them, ignoring the wiggling eyebrow Dean raised in your direction as you headed into the kitchen. Sam was in there, pouring two cups of coffee. When he noticed you in the room, he handed you one before leaning back against the counter. "Dean give you any trouble?"
"Why would he?" You asked confused, before taking a sip of your coffee. You jumped, almost spilling it when Dean came up behind you, slapping your shoulder.

"Because you guys weren't quiet. At all. And I usually do tease Sam on his nocturnal activities. But truthfully? I'm just glad he was able to have one last normal night with you, before today." Dean said, and both you and Sam stared at him, with different reactions. Sam seemed pissed, his jaw clenching as he stared his brother down. You, on the other hand were confused, and more than a little scared to know what he meant. You knew what was coming up, but you hadn't expected it to come around so soon.

"What happens today?" You asked carefully, your hand shaking, the hot coffee spilling over and on to your hand. But you didn't notice, you were too busy glancing back and forth between the two brothers, trying to read their expressions.

"Dean, can you give us a minute." Sam all but growled, not pleased with his brother at all. Dean looked guilty, and left the room immediately. "Y/N, I'm sorry you had to hear it from him. But you knew it was going to happen. That I was going to say yes to Lucifer."

Feeling as if something was stuck in your throat, you tried clearing it, finally taking another sip of coffee to help. "I know. I just didn't realize it was happening so soon." He took a step closer to you, reaching out to wrap you in a hug. But you pulled back, not wanting him to try to distract you.

"Why didn't you tell me it was happening so soon?"

He sighed, running his hands through his hair. "Because, I wanted a little bit of normalcy between us before it happened. Couldn't we just have one night, to ourselves, before I have to do this? I just wanted one night, with you, without you worrying about today. I'm sorry if that was selfish, but I needed it."

You could hear the emotion tainting his words, his voice breaking at the end, and you threw yourself into his arms, wanting to comfort him as much as you needed comfort yourself. "It wasn't selfish. Sam, I don't think there is a selfish bone in your entire body. I just wish I had more time to come to terms, that we had more time to spend together. Please, let me try to find a way to bring you back. Please." You begged, having to try one more time.

You felt his hands circle around you, one pressing tight to your lower back while the other cupped your head, holding you tight to him. "No, I can't. I can't go into the pit knowing you will risk your life to save me. Please. I want to know you will stay safe, while I'm down there. It's my one request. That and you keep an eye on my brother. He's going to have a hard time with this, and he will need someone to look out for him."

You nodded, not wanting to fight anymore. "So, how does today go down?"

He tilted his upper body back, looking down at you, wiping away a tear. "Let's go get Dean and Bobby. Cas should be here any minute too." He grasped your hand, pulling you along with him into the study where Bobby and Dean stood pretending that they hadn't listened in to your conversation.

Bobby gave you a sad, and somewhat wobbly smile, trying to make you feel better. You could see how much Sam's decision was affecting everyone. Each person was trying to act tough, but you could see in the set of their shoulders, or the way their jaws clenched that this was hard on each of you.

As you stood there, your hand still in Sam's, you heard the fluttering of wings, and Cas appeared on the far side of the room. "My apologies for being late." He said, moving forward.
"It's alright Cas." Sam told him. "We were just getting ready to get down to business."

"Where do you think he is?" Bobby asked, holding up a handful of newspapers. "We've got Demon omens in Kansas, a plague starting in Texas, and a ten block cold spot in Detroit."

"Detroit." Dean answered, his voice sure and confident. Everyone looked at him in surprise.

"Detroit? You sure? The cold spot doesn't seem as much of a clue as the rest." Bobby argued, but Dean nodded his head, his mouth in a grim line.

"It's Detroit. Devil always said things would end in Detroit." He argued.

"I could go there, and check to make sure." You offered, wanting to be of service, someway, anyway. Sam grasped your hand tighter, pulling you closer to him.

"No way. I don't want to let you out of my sight yet." He said, and you knew you couldn't resist him.

"Okay, Devil's in Detroit, let's get this show on the road." Bobby agreed, and the five of you filed out of Bobby's house, Team Free Will ready to battle for the good of the world.
The road trip was quiet, and awkward, the impending fight weighing heavy on everyone's minds. Bobby and Cas had chosen to ride in his van, leaving just you, Sam and Dean alone in the Impala. You had made the move to ride with Bobby, wanting to give the brothers time alone, but Sam had grabbed your hand, pleading with his eyes for you to stay with him. You couldn't say no to him, so you were currently in the back seat of the car, leaning forward so you could thread your fingers through his. You couldn't stop touching him, knowing you had a time limit before he was gone for good, and you would no longer be able to feel his callused hands holding yours. Or to be able to run your fingers through his hair. You only had hours left to mesmerize every thing about him, every line, every scare, every speck of gold in his eyes.

He was currently arguing with Dean about something, but you weren't listening. You were watching the way his lips moved, the way his eyes narrowed when he was getting annoyed with his brother. His hand tightened on yours as he tried to make his point. "Y/N, don't you agree?" He asked, and you just continued to stare at him, lost in the moment of drinking him in.

"Y/N?" He said again, his hand tugging on yours.

"Sorry." You muttered. "What were you saying?"

He gave you a soft smile, before turning back to his argument. "I've already made you promise not to try to save me. And Dean's promised. But I want Dean to go try to live a normal life. To go find Lisa and try to be happy with them. Do you think you could help with that? To steer him in that direction?" He asked.

You looked towards Dean who was white knuckling the steering wheel, his jaw clenched tight. You could tell he wasn't happy with Sam's last request, and was trying to find a way out of it. "Sam, please. I don't want to argue with you, not today. But please let me try to get you out. I'm a Reaper. There has to be a way for me to go down there, and rescue you. At least let me look!" You pleaded with him, and Dean's eyes flashed towards the two of you, a tiny glimpse of hope in his eyes.

Sam sighed, turning more in the seat so he could see you, and his brother. He seemed sad, defeated almost. "Y/N, I would give anything to have more time with you. These last weeks have been amazing. I never thought I'd find another woman I loved after I lost Jess. But you came along, and stole my heart. And I can't be down there, in the pit, knowing that you would endanger yourself for me. I need to know you, and Dean are both safe. Living good lives up here. That's all I ask."

You couldn't help the tear that slipped down your cheek then, and with a gentle finger, Sam wiped it away. "Y/N, you and Dean, you're the reason I'm doing this. I mean, yeah, I want to save the world. But it doesn't matter as much as making sure you're safe. And I'll do anything to make sure of that."

"Sam, I've lived a long life, longer than you can imagine. I've done things, seen things. I don't care if I'm safe or not. I just can't imagine you in that cage, being tortured for the rest of your life. I'm not that easy to kill, please give me a chance." You tried one more time, but he shook his head, adamant in his decision.

"No, I don't want you to. I know I won't be up here to stop you, but this is my request. Can't you please honor it? Let me do this, and you can go on with your life. Just make sure my brother doesn't drink himself off a cliff or something." He said, his big hazel eyes pleading with you to
You stared into his eyes, seeing how he was scared, but ready, to give everything up to help the world. He didn't seem to realize it, how selfless and brave he was being. You could tell he thought it was just part of his job, something that he had to do, that fell on his shoulders. And that's one of the things you loved most about the man, how he always wanted to help no matter what it meant for him. "Okay." You breathed, seeing Dean frown out of the corner of your eye, knowing he was hoping you could talk his brother out of it. "I don't like it, and I might not agree, but I promise. I won't try to save you, and I'll take care of your pain in the butt brother."

You could see some of the tension melt off of him, and you knew that no matter how much it hurt you, it was the right thing to do. He squeezed your hand tightly, and you gave him a forced smile, your heart shattering inside.

"Dean, we need to make a quick stop before Detroit." Sam said, and you both stared at him. "If I'm going to become Lucifer's vessel, I'm going to need some Demon blood to prepare me."

You had known he had done it in the past, but the thought of him drinking all that Demon blood, blood that was a cousin of yours, had you reeling back, your stomach churning. "You do?" You asked, and he ducked his head, ashamed of what he needed to do.

You stayed back, with Bobby as Sam, Dean and Cas went into the warehouse, one that had a couple of Demons hiding within. You felt a sort of nervous energy in your body, making the tips of your fingers shake. Bobby stood next to you, a grimace on his face. "Bobby, do you think it will work?" You asked.

"I don't know." He answered truthfully. "If anyone can do it, it's that boy. But Lucifer is tough, the biggest bad we've come up against, and I'm just not sure."

"If it does work, he promised me I couldn't try to save him." You told Bobby. "Out of all of us, I have the best chance of pulling him out of Hell, but he said no."

"That's Sam for you. Always worrying about everyone else first." Bobby agreed just as the three men came out their hands full of Gallon sized containers full of blood. Sam saw you standing there, watching, and he glanced down at the container of blood in his hands, and a look of disgust crossed his face. You could tell it wasn't directed at you. No, it was directed at himself. He was disgusted with himself, for what he had to do.

You walked forward, taking the blood from his hand, handing it to Dean who put it in the trunk. Placing your hand on his chest, you waited until he was looking at you. The look in his face, that he was waiting for you to be disgusted with him, to push him away, had you reaching your hand up to cup his face.

"Sam..." You started, but he grasped your hand by the wrist, turning his face more into your palm. "Y/N, I know. I'm a freak. You don't have to stay and watch this. I know it's disgusting, and..." He started babbling, his eyes portraying his hurt that you might tuck tail and run.

"Sam, stop." You said, and he did, his hand still holding your wrist. "I'm not going anywhere. I think you seem to forget the fact that I'm a Reaper. I've seen things, done things, that make this seem normal. I'm going to with you, until the very end." You promised, and he pulled you forward, until your body was flush against his. His lips sought yours, pressing against yours with a burning
need. You wrapped your arms around his waist, letting him take what needed, letting him thread his hands through your hair as he tilted your head, nibbling on your bottom lip.

You heard Dean clear his throat next to you. "Not that I want to break this up. But we do have a pending apocalypse on our hands."

Sam's lips left yours, but he tilted his forehead down, resting it against yours. Seconds later, he walks away, sliding into the front seat of the Impala, and you were off once again, this time no more stops until you met the Devil in Detroit.
Detroit. It was a city you had never been to, and never really had thought about visiting. It housed some history, but now with the appending apocalypse it just seemed dark, dirty and sad. As Dean drove through the streets, you saw broken window after broken window, young kids huddling under street lamps, and thugs selling drugs on the corners.

Dean pulled to a stop in an alley way, and you stayed inside the Impala, afraid to get out of the car. You were scared for more than one reason. You knew there were probably threats out there, like gangsters, and those down on their luck, but it was also the thought that this was it. You were here, and now Sam was going to say yes to Lucifer, and you would never see him again. The moment you stepped out of this car, your life would change, and you weren't ready for it. You might have lived thousands of years, but this moment scared you more than anything else you had ever seen or done.

"Y/N?" Sam said, and you turned to see he had already opened your door, and was holding his hand out. Taking a deep breath, trying to calm yourself down, you placed your hand in his, paying careful attention to how it dwarfed yours completely. He gently tugged on your hand, and you slid out of the car, and into his arms. He seemed stronger, bigger somehow, the Demon blood pumping through his veins, turning him into a dangerous killing machine. You laid your cheek on his chest, listening to the deep thud of his heart, wishing you could stay in this spot forever.

Seconds ticked by, and you knew you were being selfish. Prying yourself from his arms, you stepped back, wiping a stray tear away. You hadn't even realized you were crying. Sam's eyes showed his inner turmoil, but before he did something about it, he turned to Bobby. Bobby pulled him in tight for a hug, roughly patting his back. "Be careful, you hear me Boy? You were like my own son to me, remember that." You could hear Bobby say gruffly, and you closed your eyes for a second, trying to keep the fresh wave of tears from falling.

Sam then turned to Cas, clasping his hand. "Keep an eye out for these guys. Please?" Sam begged him.

"You know that's not possible right?" Cas said, being utterly clueless to what Sam was asking. Sam tilted his head, and it was then Cas realized his mistake. "Yeah, I'm sorry. Don't worry, everything will be fine." He tried saying, but the moment was broken.

It was Dean's turn next, pulling Sam in for a tight hug. It broke your heart to think that these two brothers, closer than any other humans you had ever seen, would be broken up in a couple of minutes. It didn't seem right, and it didn't seem fair. Dean reached up, wrapping his hand around his little brother's neck, and you could see it was killing him, eating him alive. It went against everything he knew, to let his brother do this, and not step in and stop him.

Finally, it was your turn. As he came striding over your way, his gaze started at the tip of your toes, moving slowly up your body, as if trying to memorize every line, every curve, every single inch of your body. You let the tears fall freely, and he crushed you to his chest. "Why couldn't I have met you sooner?" He muttered into your hair as he held on for dear life.

"I'm sorry I didn't show myself sooner. But I never thought that this would have happened. That I would have felt love for the first time. Thank you for that Sam." You told him, feeling his arms
tightly around you even more at your words.

"I never thought I’d love again, after Jess. But you opened my heart, and I will gladly go into the pit with that as a reminder of what I’m saving." He said, tilting your head up, and claiming your mouth. It was a goodbye kiss. You felt him searching, as if he was mapping you out so he wouldn’t forget your taste, or the way your lips felt against his. You let him take what he needed, but it felt like it was too soon when he was pulling away.

He cupped your cheek, a tear leaving his eye as he gazed down at you. "Please, remember my request. Stay safe, make sure Dean doesn't drink himself to Death. Take care of yourself too."

You nodded, your tears causing you to hiccup. He leaned down, pressing one more kiss to your lips before turning and walking over to Dean. He gave a slight tip of his head to his brother, and they both walked off.

You stood there, tears streaming down your face, watching them until you could no longer see them. Once they disappeared from sight, all your energy left you, and you fell to your knees, letting the sobs and the sad emotions take over. Your shoulders shook, and you ignored the pebbles digging into your knees. You couldn't catch a breath, and you had never felt like this before. You never wanted to feel like this again. As a Reaper, maybe there was a switch inside you, a way to shut off these emotions. Emotions that hadn't been there until you had fallen for a certain hazel eyed hunter.

"Y/N, come on sweetie. Let's get you into the van." Bobby comforted you, wrapping an arm around your shoulder, helping you off the ground. You let the older man help you, but when he started to move towards his van, you froze.

"No, the Impala." You muttered, needing the comfort of familiarity. He sighed, but moved you over, and you slid in the front seat. At your feet was a waddled up plaid, and you grabbed it, bringing it to your face. It was one of Sam's, one of your favorites. Maybe he left it by accident, maybe he left it for you, but it didn't matter. Cuddling it to your cheek, you leaned against the door, your eyes trained to the opening of the alley, watching and waiting. Waiting to see if he had succeeded, or if there was the slightest possibility that he might be coming back to you.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it's a little short, but this is a crazy week, and I thought shorter was better than no update!
Waiting

It could have been minutes. It could have been hours. You had no idea, and you really didn't care. Your life could have slipped through your fingers, turning you old and gray, but you wouldn't have known.

Your entire being was focused on something you couldn't even see. You ached to be there with him, to give him some sort of solace in the end. To let him know that you would never forget him, that you would always be by his side no matter what.

But you had promised him, and everyone else that you would stay here. That you wouldn't watch your boyfriend hand himself over to the devil. That you wouldn't fight to bring him back. And it frustrated you. Screaming in frustration, you slapped your hand on the dash, before curling back into a ball and letting the tears fall.

You weren't sure how much more time passed before you heard the door of the van squeak open. Rubbing your red and sore eyes, you looked out the window, watching as Bobby climbed out of the car, walking towards the front of the alley. His shoulders were stooped, an air of defeat making him seem older. Without thinking, you climbed out, quietly shutting the door behind you. Following Bobby, you saw a lone figure standing at the edge of the alley. He stepped closer to you, and you choked back a sob.

It was Dean, and he was alone, which meant that Sam either had succeeded, or had fallen prey to Lucifer. Either way tore your heart in two. But, you were hoping for the first, wanting nothing more for his sacrifice to not be in vain. You saw Bobby pull Dean into his grasp, pounding his back, trying to comfort Dean in a masculine and rough way. Dean's eyes connected with yours, and even in the darkened light, you could see the pain, the loss that had turned his usual shimmering green orbs into nothing but a dull green shell.

"Y/N." He muttered, and Bobby pulled back, tears shining in his eyes. Dean stepped around him, grabbing you roughly by the shoulders, pulling you tight to him. You clung to his flannel shirt like it was a lifeline, letting your tears fall freely into it. He rested his head on the top of yours, and you could feel his warm tears soaking into your hair. "He fought, he fought so hard. I thought he had won,..." He sobbed, and you pulled back, trying to grasp his meaning through your emotional haze.

"What do you mean you thought?" You asked him through your sniffles.

He stared down at you, such sorrow filling his eyes. "It seemed like he had Lucifer in control. I opened the cage, and he was forcing his body that way. But then he turned, and his eyes were so cold, so unlike Sam's. He laughed, before closing the portal, and vanishing out of the room. It didn't work. And now it's the end of the world."

You closed your eyes, trying to get a hold of yourself, knowing you needed to be strong for Dean. "What do we do now?" You asked, hearing Bobby scoff at your words.

"Well, I guess you can go back to your boss, while us humans wait out the end of the world." Bobby muttered, taking out his frustration on you. It hurt, badly, but you weren't going to argue with him about it. You understood that he felt as if he had just lost one of his sons.

"I suggest we imbibe copious amounts of alcohol." Cas said next to you, startling you. You had forgotten the Angel was still around.
"I agree with the Angel for once." Bobby said, and both turned to go back to Bobby's van. You turned towards Dean once again, who was standing there, his hands shoved in his pockets, his shoulders slumped. Looking nothing like the strong, willful hunter you called your friend. And you knew exactly how he felt, because you felt the same way. He had just lost his brother, and you, a piece of your soul, at least if you had one.

"Dean..." You started, but then your voice quit. It was alright, because you weren't sure what you would have said anyways.

Dean turned his green eyes on you, his face etched with pain and a need for someone to help him, to have his back in what was possibly the worst moment of his life. "Dean, what are we going to do?" You asked him, not wanting to put more pressure on him, but unsure where to go from here.

"Cas, wait!" Dean yelled, grabbing your hand and pulling you with him as he rushed off after the Angel. "What do you think happens next?"

"You mean with Lucifer?" Cas asked as he turned back around. "Lucifer and Micheal will meet on the battlefield, and the end of the world will happen."

"Do you know where that will happen?" You asked, but the Angel shook his head sadly, and Dean's shoulders fell.

"Listen, even if I did, what could we do? It's going to happen, and there is nothing we can do to stop it." Cas said, before turning back to Bobby. Dean grumbled something under his breath, before turning to his car. You followed him, knowing he shouldn't be left alone. He pulled out his phone, and you sat there quietly, waiting and watching.

"Hey Chuck." He said, and your eyes widened. You hadn't met this Chuck yet, but you've heard of him, the prophet. You listened to Dean's conversation, watching as a grim smile spread on Dean's face before he hung up. He turned back to Bobby, who was standing there uncertainly by the edge of his van.

"Chuck knows where. It's all going down at Stull Cemetery." Dean explained, but Bobby's eyebrows just narrowed in confusion.

"Boy, if you go down there, all you're going to see is Michael killing your brother." Bobby argued, but Dean just shrugged. He had already made up his mind, and you could see the wheels turning.

"Bobby, he's my brother. I can't just let him die alone." Dean choked out, before sliding into the seat of the Impala. You glanced between the two men, before opening the passenger door and sliding in. Dean looked over at you, surprised. "You do know if you're coming with me, you're pretty much signing your own death warrant, right?" Dean pointed out.

You nodded, your heart beating erratically, but you had made your decision. "I know. But I'm with you Dean. Sam means a lot to both of us, and I don't want him dying alone either. Even if I die, at least I'm there for him, in the end."

Dean stared at you thoughtfully for a moment, before grasping your hand quickly. "I'm so sorry you and Sammy didn't have much time together. You two were perfect together."

Without another word, Dean gunned the vintage car down the alley, pulling out on the busy road, and you heard a menagerie of horns honking behind you as Dean made his way back to where it all began. Back to Lawrence, Kansas.
The scene in the Impala was quiet, probably quieter than she had ever been in her life. No classic rock was blaring through the speakers, no arguing happening between brothers. There was just silence, and not the comfortable kind either. There was no Sam to argue with his brother, to yell at him to turn down the music. Or to turn around in his seat and give you an exasperated smile, or a smile promising of things to come later.

Instead you sat there, curled up in your unfamiliar place in the passenger seat. Your head rested in the palm of your hand as you stared outside, letting the scenery pass by you unnoticed. The darkened skies had soon turned to pinks and oranges, but you didn't pay much attention, your mind too busy thinking about what you would see in a couple of hours at a small cemetery. You were so caught up in your own thoughts you didn't see Dean clenching and un-clenching his grasp on the steering wheel, his jaw locked tight as he sped down the highway. You didn't notice the way he would occasionally glance towards you, a stern frown on his face before he once again looked at the road.

You didn't know that he was trying to keep tears at bay, thinking about his little brother being ridden by the devil. That he was wondering what the hell he was going to do when he pulled into the cemetery. It was a fool's mission, a for sure death warrant, but he couldn't think of anything else. He needed to be there, for Sam, at least one more time.

Both of you kept your thoughts silent, your throats thick with unspoken words, and you let the scenery fly by. Your eyes finally slipping close, you weren't surprised to feel the familiar tingling of being summoned by Death. You had wondered about him, wondering if you should have gone to him straight away, to ask for help. But you remembered his words, his promise that Sam would be the one to end it.

"Dean, I have to go. I will be back as soon as possible." You said, before you let the summoning take over. "Don't do anything without me."

Each time you were summoned by Death it felt different to you. Maybe this time, because you were emotionally exhausted, it was harder on you. But when you landed in Death's apartment, you felt yourself wobbling, before you felt backwards into one of his plush leather seats. Taking deep breaths, you tried to gather yourself, as Death waited patiently in the other seat. He had a glass of whiskey in one hand, and a fire burning in the fire place.

"Y/N, I feel as if something big has happened. Something with Sam, and Lucifer. Please explain." He said, waving his hand towards you to have you start.

"Sam did it, he said yes to Lucifer." You started.

"But didn't they use the key? Even though I've been hidden away in my apartment, I didn't feel the rift of the cage opening." He said slowly, taking a sip.

You shook your head, even the thought of what happened dampening your spirits. "No, they tried. They opened it, but Lucifer was too strong, and now he is going to be fighting his brother Michaell in Kansas."

He nodded, steepling his fingers against his chin. "And what were you doing?"

"I was driving with Dean. We were heading to the cemetery, to be there for Sam. Please let me go
back." You pleaded, forgetting your place for a moment.

He stayed silent, and your heart broke, thinking you wouldn't be able to be there for Sam. "Fine, you can go back. But a word of caution. Michael and Lucifer are old, and very strong. Probably the strongest Archangels. They can probably kill you, with a snap of their finger, even though you are a Reaper. If you go back, there is a great possibility you won't be able to help Sam, you will just die trying. Can you handle that?"

You nodded, your answer instant. "I know there is a good chance that I will die, and I accept that. I just can't let Sam be alone for this."

He stood up, raising his hand to have you stand up also. A little unsure, you did as told, surprised when you felt Death's bony arms wrap around your body, pulling you into an awkward hug. "Then go, be with Dean and Sam. But I will miss you. You were my favorite of the Reapers, and I had hoped for great things for you. But this must happen, and I won't stand in your way."

You returned the hug before letting yourself be pulled back to the Impala. Dean was still driving, and he only slightly jumped as you plopped back down in your seat. "I wasn't sure you would come back."

"I told you I would." You said as you took stock of your surroundings. "Are we close?"

"About fifteen minutes away. What happened? Was it Death?" He asked.

"Yeah, he wanted an update on what happened." You explained, feeling goosebumps on your skin as you remembered his words. As a Reaper you had been around for a long time, and you were willing to die on this day. But it still didn't mean you were quite ready for it to happen. "He doesn't think you and I going there will do anything except get us killed."

Dean's jaw tensed as his fear was confirmed. "Yeah, that's what I expect. But it has to happen. Sam's not going to die alone."

You reached over, grasping his hand in yours. "I understand Dean. That's why I made Death let me come back. I want to be there. Not just for Sam, but for you too."

"Yeah, but you're a Reaper. You can't die." He scoffed.

Squeezing his hand, you released it. "Not true. Death said I'm signing my own death warrant by doing this. That Michael and Lucifer both have enough juice to kill me off."

Dean didn't say another word, but turned onto a dirt road that had an old iron arch over it, stating Stull Cemetery. You had reached your destination, but it didn't make you feel anything but dread. Dean gave you a half cocked smile, before grabbing a cassette and popping it into the deck. "Here goes nothing." He said, before Rock of Ages started blaring through the radio, and he navigated the pitted road to uncertainty.
Together

You looked over at Dean in shock, as the music pounded through the speakers. The road jarred you, and you had to hold on to the arm rest as you looked ahead. And what you saw had you tense your jaw, ready to fight for Sam, no matter the consequences. Sam, or Lucifer wearing Sam, was standing with his legs spread wide. His hands were at his side as he watched Dean driving up, his gaze one of wonder and boredom. Michael, who had shown up in Adam's body, who you had found out was their brother, stood on the other side, staring at you also.

It looked like you had surprised them, stopping them before they had started. Dean shut the engine off, shrugging his shoulders at you. "What the hell." He said, before climbing out of the car. Closing your eyes, you took a deep breath, before opening your door and stepping out. You crossed to the front of the Impala, standing next to Dean as both Lucifer and Michael strode forward a little.

"Dean, you're too late. I chose your brother." Michael told him, but Dean's attention wasn't on him. His eyes were glued to Lucifer, who was looking at the two of you with cool indifference. It pained you to see that look of disdain, and nonchalance from Sam's face.

"I'm not here for you." Dean spouted off at Michael. "I'm here for Sam."

"Me too." You interjected, letting them know you were ready and willing to fight too.

"How sweet. Sammy's little slut and his loser of a brother came to say goodbye." Lucifer said, before looking you up and down. "Hmm, if we weren't getting ready to battle, I would take you out for a ride. I don't think Sam would mind."

"Shut up you humgruffin!" You yelled back, stopping everyone in their tracks.

"What the hell?" Dean whispered from the corner of his mouth. You shrugged. It was the best you could come up with, something you had heard a long time ago.

"Listen, I'm sorry to stop this interesting conversation, but Lucifer and I have an appointment. Now please remove yourself, and let us finish this." Michael ordered, and Dean just glared at him.

"Not until I have a chance to talk to my brother. Sam, can you hear me?" Dean insisted, and you had to admit, he had some balls to argue with Archangels like that.

"Can't you listen boy?" Michael sneered, becoming pretty angry with Dean. Before either of you could answer, a familiar voice yelled from across the cemetery.

"Hey, assbutt!" Cas yelled, and you watched as he threw a flaming bottle at Michael, who exploded in a furious yell.

"What's with you supernatural beings and your crappy insults?" Dean muttered, before turning his attention to Lucifer. But Lucifer's attention was on Cas who seemed extremely nervous.

"You just molotoved my brother." Lucifer growled, and with a snap of his fingers, Cas exploded in a million pieces, covering Bobby with blood.

Satisfied that he had revenged his brother, Lucifer turned his attention to you and Dean. "You guys are really annoying. You knew this was going to happen. Sam's in here fighting, I can feel it. He's been fighting ever since I took residence, but it hasn't been this strong until he saw you two. Especially Y/N. And I can't have that."
He raised his hand to strike you, but a couple of shots rang out, Sam's body getting peppered with bullets. Even though it was Lucifer, it still was hard to see Sam getting shot. Lucifer glared at Bobby, before swinging his head and snapping his neck like it was a twig.

Holding back a sob, you turned back to Lucifer, waiting for him to hit you, or snap your neck just like he did the man you looked up to. He was staring at you, a strange expression on his face. "Do it. I dare you. But when you snap my neck, it's only going to piss Sam off, and he's going to fight even harder."

Dean took a step forward, trying to wedge himself in between you and Lucifer, wanting to protect you while trying to get through to his brother. It was a hard battle, and you stepped around him, not wanting him to fight your battle. "You are interesting, especially for a Reaper. I thought Death would have pushed that out of you by now."

"I'm not like most Reapers." You said. "Sam? Can you hear me? Dean and I, we're here for you. We aren't going to let you go alone. You can fight this."

Lucifer laughed. "I can see why you get along so well with the Winchesters. You are as hard headed as they are. Let's see what we can do to fix that."

"Y/N, go!" Dean yelled, but before you could do anything, Lucifer had you in his grasp, pulling you towards him. Dean rushed forward, but Lucifer snapped his hand forward, smashing it into Dean's jaw, knocking him to the ground.

"Wait your turn." He said, before snapping his fingers, and Dean couldn't move. Lucifer turned to you, running his hand down the side of your face. "What should we do? What can I do that will knock you off of that high pedestal you've put yourself on?"

"You can go back to hell! Sam, please fight him!" You pleaded, and Lucifer's grip tightened on yours.

He moved his hand from your shoulder, placing it around your neck, holding you a foot off of the ground. "You are aggravating." He said, squeezing your neck.

"Y/N!" Dean yelled, just as Lucifer twisted Sam's face into a smile.

"I know." He said, before chanting in Enochian. You might now most languages, but you did not know the Angel's language, and you could only wait, wondering how bad your punishment was going to be.

"Sam, if you can hear me, know this. I love you. More than I ever thought possible. You are so strong, so brave, I couldn't help but fall in love with you. No matter what happens here, don't blame yourself." You gasped, as you felt a burning warmth spread from your toes, getting hotter and hotter as it spread up your body. By the time it hit your chest, you couldn't breathe, feeling as if you were being burned from the inside out. You heard someone screaming, and it took seconds for you to realize it was you.

"There, that should do the trick." He said, pleased with himself, before dropping you on the ground. You had no energy left in your body, and you could only watch as he began to pummel Dean.

Dean refused to fight back, letting Lucifer use his brother to pound him into a pulp. All the time pleading with Sam, letting him know he wasn't alone. You were curled tight in a ball, your entire being tight and on fire.
Panting, you were able to make it to your knees, just as Lucifer seemed to lose his balance. Dean fell to the ground, bloody and almost unrecognizable, as Lucifer held his hand. Through your tears, you could see his whole Demeanor change. He went from confident and assured, to fighting, his movements rough and uneven. But it was the voice that broke through your pain. "Dean, don't worry. I've got him." Sam assured his brother, before turning a guilty gaze your way.

"Y/N, I love you!" He yelled as he tossed the key behind him, chanting the Enochian code. He turned to jump in, just as Michael reappeared.

"Sam, no!" He yelled, grabbing a hold of Sam as he fell backwards into the pit. You could only watched as he pulled them both down, before closing. The pain bearable, you crawled your way to Dean, scared he would be unconscious, or dead when you came to him.

He had one eye swollen shut, but the other eye was open, staring at the hole his brother had just been swallowed up in. His face was a mash of bruises, probably more broken bones than you could count.

"Dean, let me help you." You said, reaching out to try to heal him. While Angels could fully heal, a Reaper could only do a little, at great cost to themselves. But you had to help him. Pressing your hand against his cheek, he winced but stayed still. Concentrating hard, you tried to force some of your energy into his body. When nothing happened, you tried again, closing your eyes and concentrating.

Once again, the usual tingling didn't happen, and Dean didn't heal. "It's not working. Why's it not working?" You whispered, before the two of you just stared at the hole, your mind full of questions.
What Now

You wiped away another tear that had managed to sneak it's way down your cheek as you stated at the ground that had swallowed Sam whole just moments before. It was hard to realize that he was gone, and that you would never see him again.

Then there was the fact that you hadn't been able to heal Dean. Had Lucifer made you human? Or were your powers dormant, and would slowly return. You hadn't tried anything else, and you weren't ready to quite yet.

"Dean." You heard a familiar raspy voice say from behind you, as Cas leaned down to touch his hand gently to Dean's battered face. Quickly his cuts, bruises and broken bones vanished, leaving the handsome face unblemished once again.

"Cas, you're alive." You muttered, amazed to see the Angel walking around once again.

"Yes I am. And better than ever." He answered as he held a hand out to help you to your feet.

"Are you God?" Dean asked as Cas helped him to his feet. You studied the Angel, how well he looked, and knew Dean's question was a good one.

"That's a nice compliment, but no." Cas answered, as he walked over to where Bobby laid dead on the ground. He pressed fingers to his neck, and soon the older man was once again breathing.

Dean rushed over to Bobby, crushing the old man in a hug, leaving you and Cas alone. "Cas, I couldn't heal Dean, and I feel different. What's wrong with me?" You asked the fellow supernatural being, afraid of the answer.

He studied you carefully, his hand resting on your shoulder, his blue eyes staring at you intently. "Y/N, it seems..." He started, just as Bobby and Dean came walking over.

Both men looked better, even with the long, sad looks on their faces. "Cas, Y/N, come on. Let's head back to Bobby's." Dean ordered, and you followed him to the Impala, sliding into the backseat next to Cas.

"I need to explain." Cas whispered to you as Dean headed down the highway. "I will ride to Bobby's with you, then we can talk there."

You nodded, your eyes glued to the road as it sped past. It was a three hour drive to Bobby's, and everyone was silent for the complete trip, each lost in their own thoughts.

You were almost asleep, leaning against Cas when Sean finally pulled into the crowded and familiar driveway. Pulling to a stop, he waited for Bobby and Cas to climb out before reaching out and stopping you.

"Y/N, wait. Can we talk?" He asked, and you nodded, settling back into the seat.

"Sure Dean, you know you can talk to me about anything." You told him.

"Well, this is tough." He started, and your heart plummeted. "I know we've both been through a lot, and lost someone we love. But I promised Sam something, and I just don't see a place for you in that life."
"I, uh..." You started, boy knowing what to say. You hadn't considered the fact that Dean would send you on your way as soon as Sam was gone.

"Listen Y/N, I like you. More than I ever thought I would. I consider you a close friend. But Sam made me promise I would go live an apple pie life with Lisa, and I just can't have you coming with me. I'm sorry."

"I understand." You reassured him, even though your heart was breaking on the inside.

You slid out of the seat, slowly moving towards Bobby's house, your body feeling heavy and constricting, something you weren't used to. You passed by a confused Bobby and Cas, before stepping onto the porch and collapsing into the rickety old rocker that sat there. Your eyes downcast, you didn't watch as Dean said his goodbyes.

But when you did hear the roar of the Impala, you looked up, seeing Dean pulling out of Bobby's driveway, leaving you behind in the dust. Bobby walked by, muttering something about Idjits, leaving you alone on the porch.

You weren't alone for long, soon Cas came to stand next to you, awkwardly. "I don't know what to say." He started, and you looked up at him through scared and tear soaked eyes.

"How about what you were going to tell me earlier? Dean's gone, Bobby's inside." You told him.

"Well, I'm not sure what Lucifer did to you, but you are basically human. I'm not sure if your powers are dormant, waiting to come back, or if they are gone forever. But you no longer feel like a Reaper to me."

"So what does that mean? Am I going to start aging now? Will I not be able to heal as quickly from cuts and bruises?" You asked mostly to yourself, but Cas still heard you.

He shrugged his shoulder. "I'm not sure what it means. I wouldn't mind sticking around and helping you out, but I really need to get back to heaven, to see how it's been since I've been down here. Can I help you, maybe transport you somewhere? To Death? He might know what to do."

You considered his offer, but the more you thought of it, the more a life of a human intrigued you. You were still reeling from Sam's jump into the cage, and you weren't sure you were ready to go back and deal with Death quite yet.

"Thanks Cas, but I think I'm going to try to find my own way right now." You told him.

He smiled down at you. "Of course. But if you need anything, just pray to me. I want the best for you." He said, before vanishing.

You sat out on the porch, watching as the sun slowly sunk behind the big garage on Bobby's land. The air started growing cooler, and you felt goosebumps growing on your skin for the first time ever. You heard the squeak of the screen door, before Bobby's voice broke through your dreamy haze. "Hey girl. You gonna sit there all day, or are you gonna come in for some grub?"

You slowly stood up, turning to Bobby who was standing there with a beer in one hand, a heart broken look etched on his face. But he was still trying. For his sake, and yours, he was trying, not wanting to break down at the loss of his foster son. "Grub sounds good right about now." You told him, following him inside.

"I put on a pot of chili. Hope you don't mind." He said, reaching into the fridge and grabbing another beer. Handing it to you, he dished you out a heaping bowl of chili, and you sat down at the
table, stirring the steaming food around in the bowl.

"I'm sorry Dean just left you like that. But you have to understand him. He won't take the loss of Sam well, and he copes different than the rest of us." Bobby tried explaining.

"I understand where he was coming from. He promised Sam that he would try this out. There's no place for me in that life." You said.

Bobby sat down across from you, and the two of you spent a few moments in silence as you tried to force down the chili. "So, what are your plans now? Heading back to your life as a Reaper?"

"That won't be happening." You started to explain to Bobby, wondering why your heart felt heavy, and tears started forming in your eyes again. You weren't used to these human emotions, and ever since your run in with Lucifer, they were running rampant within you, confusing you. "Lucifer somehow took my powers away from me."

"That idjit." Bobby said. "Well, you can stay here with me as long as you want. I don't mind."
"Thanks Bobby. No that's it for now. I think I've got this one all figured out." You said before popping another fry into your mouth. Listening to him for another moment, you said your goodbye before hanging up.

Dropping your phone onto the table beside you, you chewed on your french fry as you stared at the wall across from you. The cheap hotel wallpaper of birds and flowers were covered with newspaper clippings, notes scribbled by your own hand, pictures and police reports. It was messy, but you were able to follow it, proud of your own case board.

"If Bobby could only see me now." You muttered to yourself as you popped another french fry into your mouth. It had been about a month since you had seen the man, and about three since you had officially moved out of his house, confident enough to start hunting by yourself.

The first few months after Sam had captured Lucifer had been tough. Not only were you mourning the loss of a man who had captured your heart, but you were trying to figure out how to be a human. There had been multiple times in the first month you had found yourself trying to transport, or snap your fingers and get whatever you wanted. The first few times you had tried, and failed, had brought tears of frustration to your eyes, and your heart to ache. And then, when you had cut yourself on one of Bobby's knives, you had felt a pain unlike anything you had ever known. And the healing process, it was nothing short of torture. You had to wear bandages, and stitches, and it took forever to heal. And it itched, and you felt like a baby for complaining.

But now, here you were, six months later, acting as a normal human hunter. You ate greasy fast food, slept in horrible motels, and drank beer and whiskey. Your last attempt at using your powers had been over a month ago. It didn't come as naturally as it used to, the urge, and you were grateful for that. Death hadn't tried to contact you, and you weren't sure if he was even around. Dean hadn't called either, and Bobby didn't talk about him quite as much as he used to. Last you had heard, he was still living with that Lisa woman, working in construction. It didn't seem like Dean, but you hoped he was happy.

The toughest thing you had learned, was the nights. Learning that humans have to sleep if they wanted to function. And you quickly found out that insomnia was a thing, but not a good thing. Each night you found yourself thinking about Sam, your heart aching, wanting nothing more than to have him wrap you in those strong arms of his. You had read somewhere that time heals all wounds, but that person must have been on crack. Because even though it was still six months later, your heart still hurt, and you found yourself often waking up with a wet pillow, and red eyes.

Some lady in a bar a couple of towns back had tried to give you a pep talk, saying there was nothing better than getting back up on the horse, and any horse would do. She even pushed you in the direction of a handsome man, but you couldn't stomach the thought of being with any other man besides Sam. You had waited hundreds of years to be with a man, you weren't going to rush to the next one just because you could.

So you found yourself sitting in your motel room once again, another case to be solved. Your meal of a burger and fries was cooling on the table in front of you, as you thought about your case. People had been dying, being found drained of their blood, a needle stuck in their neck. Usually found weeks after they had gone missing, dropped off in weird places, there clothes torn and dirty, smelling like old factory machines. You had pieced the puzzle together, calling Bobby to confirm
your suspicions that it was a djinn. He agreed with you, suggesting that he drive out there and help you with the case. But you didn't want his help, you needed to do this on your own.

You had done a good job hunting so far, sticking mainly to salt and burns, simple things that wouldn't get you into too much trouble. And they reminded you of your previous life, of being a Reaper. But you had heard about this one, and had been willing to tackle it, proving to yourself that you could take on any job. Bobby had made you promise to check in every night, and if things became to tough, to call him. After agreeing, you double checked your facts, forgetting about your dinner in your haste to finish the hunt.

It hadn't been easy, finding lambs blood, and you felt horrible after you did, but you were now ready. Making sure your knife and the blood was tucked safely beside you, you drove your Oldsmobile 442 to the factory on the edge of town. The car had been a gift from Bobby, one of the cars that had been littering the junk yard. He had helped you rebuild it, teaching you how to take care of it, painting it a dark forest green. It was your pride and joy, and you loved driving it everywhere.

Parking it on the side of the lot, you climbed through a broken window, giving your eyes a moment to adjust to the light. You were in some sort of office, the floor covered with ripped and scrunched papers, a broken desk on one side. The door hung off it's hinges, and you walked through, your knife held in front of you. Through the dusty hallway you walked, peering into each room, your heart beating furiously with each movement. You could hear the dripping of water far away, and the creak of a door moving slightly with the wind.

After the third door with no victims or djinn, you wondered if you had picked the wrong warehouse. Deciding to finish looking through the entire place, you turned to climb the stairs when a hand reached out, grasping your ankle.

You squealed in shock, before raising your knife to slash at the hand. Before you could swing it down, his hand glowed blue and you knew no more.

You weren't sure how much time had passed, but you slowly came to, a huge headache pounding in your temple. Groaning, it took you a few moments to open your eyes, but when you did, a pair of dazzling hazel eyes were staring down at you in concern.
"Sam?" You breathed out, drinking in the sight of him. It had been so long, and you thought you would never have the chance again, but here you were, with his hazel eyes staring down at you. With the little specks of brown, and the mixture of blue and green, it was a comforting sight you never thought you would see again. Your gaze traveled farther down, to his blue and gray flannel shirt, the sleeves rolled up and his arms flexed on either side of you on the bed. Bed? Ignoring Sam's questioning stare, you slid out from under him, resting your back against the headboard.

"Bad dream?" He asked you, sitting down on top of the soft blue blanket on top of your bed, completely different from the scratchy tan one your motel room had thrown onto your bed. Besides that, there was the soft golden light from a lamp next to the bed, not that of a florescent above your head. It was those, plus the fact that the walls were painted a light, airy blue that had you realizing something was most definitely wrong.

"Sam, what's going on?" You asked, as he laced his hands with yours, seeking out a way to comfort you. You relished in the touch, but you were wondering if this was some strange dream, and you would wake to find yourself once again alone, with no one to comfort you in your cold, strange motel room.

"What do you mean? It's Monday. I always get up this early to go to work. Are you okay?" He asked.

"Work? You were in hell." You said, and his head reared back as he took in your words.

"Hell? Honey, no more wine for you. I like this job, remember." He assured you, and you could only stare at him. "Why don't you get some more sleep, and I'll call you during my lunch break."

You nodded, thinking maybe if you fell back to sleep in this dream, you would wake up in real life. But if that was the case, than you wanted this to be real, at least for a little bit longer. Because, even if it was just a sham, it still felt nice to have Sam there, with his hand in yours, and his beautiful eyes staring down at you.

Pressing his lips against your forehead, he stood up, and you watched as he moved into the bathroom. It was then you were able to take in more of the room, and how different it was from your motel room, or even your one at Bobby's. It was nicely decorated, with fluffy rugs covering the oak wood floors, and vintage pieces of furniture gracing the walls. The bed itself looked to be made out of old pallets, stained a nice deep color. The walls were adorned with pictures, and you slid out of bed to look at them. The first one was a beautiful black and white shot, with only two hands in the frame, showcasing a shining ring. The second one was of you, laughing hysterically as Sam pushed you on a tire swing hanging from a tree that was beginning to change colors. The last one, big and in the center of the far wall, was of you and Sam. Sam was dressed nicely in a tux, while you were wearing a lace wedding dress. There were pine trees in the scenery behind you, along with Aspen trees that had just changed to a magnificent showing of yellow and orange. It was a beautiful picture, but drew you to it was the look of utter adoration on Sam's face as he stared down at you.

"Y/N?" Sam's voice rang out from the bathroom door, and you saw him standing there, just a towel wrapped around his waist. It was a very enticing view, and if you hadn't been so confused about what was going on, you would have gone over there and run your hands down his bare chest. Instead, you turned your attention back to the picture on the wall, wishing it had been real, and not some dream you were still stuck in. "Y/N." He said again, this time coming closer to you, and you
almost flinched when he placed his hand on your shoulder. "You're not acting like yourself and it's worrying me. Please, sweetie, talk to me."

"This just all feels like a dream. Where's Dean, and the Impala? And our crappy motel rooms. But wait, last I saw of you, you were falling into the hole with Lucifer. Any minute now I'm going to wake up in my motel room, with another hunt to do." You turned on him, frustrated that your mind would play a trick on you like this. You had never considered yourself one for wanting a regular life, so why would you dream one up? You were a Reaper, or had been until Lucifer had taken that from you too, and Reaper's weren't supposed to dream about human lives.

"Hunting? Dean? Sweetie, you've never even met Dean. How do you even know he drives an Impala?" Sam asked, grabbing his phone from the nightstand.

"What are you doing?" You asked him, as you wrapped your arms around yourself, hugging yourself tightly.

"Calling in to work. I have no pressing cases today, and I would rather be here with you. So we can figure this out."

You shrugged, but then his previous words hit you. "What do you mean I've never met Dean? He's your brother, you two were inseparable. In fact, he tried to kill me when he realized I was a Reaper!" You shouted, your hands on your hips. Sam came forward, pressing his hand against your forehead, checking for a fever.

"Wow, that's one weird dream you had. Are you sure you don't want to sleep it off, see if it makes you feel any better?" He suggested, and you could tell he was at a loss.

Feeling defeated, you slouched back on the bed, covering your face with your hands. "Fine. If my story isn't making since, tell me. How did we meet?"

"You mean you don't remember?" He asked, hurt lacing his voice. "Fine. I was at Stanford, and I met you at my friends party. You were there as the bartender, and I fell for you the instant you handed me a beer."

"So, no supernatural beings? How about your parents?" You asked cautiously.

He raised an eyebrow at you. "No, there's no such thing as ghosts, or other things that go bump in the night. And yes, you've met my Mom and Dad. They were both at our wedding. They're back in Kansas."

"But why not Dean?" You asked him, as he pulled you tight into his chest, running his hand up and down your arm. You let him, the movement comforting you.

"Because Dean, well. Dean's different, and he travels the county, doing different jobs. He was on the other side of the country, and couldn't make it back." Sam told you, and you could tell how much it bothered him that his brother hadn't made it.

The two of you stayed silent for a moment, the movement of his arms lulling you into a sense of comfort, and you felt your eyelids growing heavy. Letting sleep overtake you, your last thought of how nice it was to be in Sam's arms, for at least the moment.
Dreams Upon Dreams

Feeling the shift of the bed beneath you, you mumbled in your sleep, snuggling deeper into the warmth below you. A faint chuckling was heard, as the bed moved again, and your eyes popped open to see a smiling Sam staring down at you. "Sam?" You questioned, trying to remember where you were, and what was going on.

"Hey sleepyhead." He said, as he brushed back a lock of hair that had fallen in his face. "Thought you were planning on sleeping the day away."

"Where are we?" You muttered, but it was all starting to come back to you. The hunt, the confusion, and waking up here. "Wait, this isn't real." You said, and Sam frowned.

"Of course it's real. Do you think you're still asleep?" He asked you, rubbing his thumb gently along your cheek, and you leaned into the movement. "Listen, why don't you stay here, I'll go make us some lunch."

You watched as he walked away, his sweat pants hanging dangerously low on his narrow hips. He caught you staring at him, flashing you a smile before exiting the room. Once you were alone, your thoughts turned sour. This Sam was sweet, with hope and life still in his eyes. You could instantly tell that he hadn't been pulled from a burning house when he was a building. That he hadn't grown up traveling across the country, killing monsters. And you wanted to stay, to get to know this man better. But you also knew this wasn't the place for you. Even though your powers were drained, and Sam was long gone, you knew you couldn't stay in this dream land forever.

It was the djinn who created this dream for you. You understood that now. You remembered hunting it, and the tattooed monster grabbing your leg. It was all coming back, and the thought that you couldn't stay here with Sam was killing you. If you stayed, you would die. If you went back, you might die too. But at least that would be real. All of this was a pretense, and no matter how amazing it was, it wasn't right.

"Wow, Y/N, what's wrong?" Sam asked, dropping the tray full of sandwiches and fruit on the edge of the bed, before sliding in next to you, pulling you once again into his arms. "Why are you crying?"

You reached up, touching the wetness on your cheek. You hadn't even realized you had been crying, not until he said something. "I wish this was real. That you were with me again." You cried into his chest.

"What are you talking about? This is real." He tried to assure you, his large hand holding you tight to his chest, where you could smell his unique scent. And it wasn't the scent you were used to. This Sam smelled of Old Spice, something clean and normal. Your Sam had been a mixture of Gun Powder, musk, and old books.

"No, it's not. It's the djinn. And while I want to stay, while it felt so nice to be with you again, it's not right. You're not the Sam I fell in love with." You said, but as you tried to describe why this wasn't real, you felt a weird sensation deep down in your soul. It was hard to explain, but it was like your soul had been detached from your body, and now someone was trying to put the two of them back together again. It was uncomfortable, and this dream Sam noticed your discomfort.

"Djinn? What are you talking about? Y/N, you're scaring me." He said, tilting your face up so he could stare into your eyes. His own hazel eyes were full of worry and concern, shimmering with
unshed tears for you.

Closing your eyes, you went to take a deep breath, when you saw it. It was the same pair of eyes that were staring down at you, but these were still different somehow. There was a darkness, a sense of loss, but also a sense of righteousness that wasn't in dream Sam's eyes. You could see him staring down at you, oddly detached, but trying to gain your attention. "Y/N, wake up now." He kept saying it over and over again.

Opening your eyes, you gave dream Sam a soft, and sad smile. "I think it's time for me to go." You told him, grabbing the knife that laid next to the apple.

"Y/N, no!" He argued. "Why do you want to go back there? Sam's gone, your powers are gone. There's nothing left for you there. Why not stay with me. We can be happy."

"I'm sorry. But it doesn't feel right." You told him, before raising the knife and bringing it down.

Gasping for air, you opened your eyes, glancing frantically around. You were no longer in the beautiful blue room, with the happy pictures of you and Sam. You were back in the warehouse, the room dark and gloomy, with cobwebs in the corners, and trash all throughout the floor. You took stock of your body, feeling how dehydrated and weak you were. You were hanging by your hands, and you had long lost feeling in them.

You could hear fighting and thrashing in the distance, and you tried to turn your head to see what was going on, but it just lulled against your neck, too tired to even follow your simple commands. You could feel a needle stuck in your skin, and the rough rope against your skin, but your feet just tingled, and your elbows and shoulders felt as if they were being ripped out of their sockets.

A loud crash sounded next to you as your eyes threatened to close again, before a sickening thud, and the gasping of a dying man. Seconds later, hands were on your cheeks, gently patting them until your eyes opened once again. But instead of the hazel eyes you had wished to see, you saw a pair of emerald green ones, full of worry. "There she is." His deep voice sounded, and he raised his knife, sawing against the ropes holding you up. "Hold in there, I'll get you down."

You could feel the rope being sawed away, and your weight was the final thing that snapped it, Dean's strong arms holding you tight to his chest as he gently laid you on the ground. "Over here!" He yelled, and two sets of footsteps vibrated on the floor.

"You had us worried." Bobby said as his grizzled face came into view, a relieved grin on his face. You weakly smiled, but inside you had wished, just for a moment, that those eyes you had seen when you had closed your eyes were there, and real. But you knew that couldn't happen. That Sam was in the cage, locked up with Lucifer.

"Hey Y/N." Rang out another voice, one that shocked you to your core, and you tilted your head just enough so you could see the long, lanky body, and the shaggy mahogany hair that kept falling into a familiar pair of hazel green eyes.

"Sam?" You asked, wondering if the djinn was really that mean, and you were still trapped in another sort of dream.
The eyes seemed the same. A dark green ring on the outside, with gold, blue and green colors swirled throughout, creating a brilliant hazel that you had never seen before. Eyes that usually showed so much emotion, so much caring for the world he was always trying to save. Eyes that shined with love for you before he went to battle Lucifer. There was an old saying that eye's were windows to the soul and Sam was the perfect specimen for that.

But these eyes that stared down at you seemed a little different than normal. They still had their beautiful colorings, made a little darker by the bad lighting in the room. And maybe it was a trick of the light. But his eyes seemed to have lost that spark that made them so special.

"Y/N, how are you feeling girl?" Bobby asked you as Dean helped you to sit up. You took stock of your body, just feeling tired and drained, something you were slowly getting used to without your powers.

"I'll survive." You insisted, and both Dean and Bobby helped you stand up, Dean keeping his arm around your waist to stabilize you.

"Good. Now let's get the hell out of here. Place like this, gives me the heebie jeebies." Bobby said, and without a word, Sam turned and started to lead the way out. Bobby fell behind, leaving Dean to help guide you out.

You felt hurt at the fact that Sam hadn't said hardly a word to you. Maybe he was mad that you got yourself in this predicament. Or he was waiting until you were alone to pull you into his arms.

"Dean, how is this even possible?" You asked as Sam pulled farther ahead.

"Let's get out of here. Then I'll explain everything." Dean said, but you could sense an edge to his words. Leaving it alone, you let him guide you outside, into the blinding sun. Your car sat where you had left it, with two other cars behind. One was the familiar Impala, while a newer Dodge was beside it.

"Who's car is that?" You asked.

"Sam's." Was all Dean replied. You moved to slide in the driver's seat of your car, but Bobby placed a hand, stopping you.

"Maybe you can let an old man drive?" He offered, and you gratefully accepted, knowing you were in no position to be behind the wheel. Sliding into the passenger seat, you watched as Sam peeled out of the graveled lot, Dean close behind.

"Bobby, what's going on? How long was I out?" You asked as you leaned your head back against the seat, closing your eyes.

"Maybe a couple days total. When you didn't check in, I did some digging around, and grew concerned. Then Sam and Dean came onto the hunt, and called me in." He explained.

"But, Sam's back! How did that happen?" You asked.

"Not sure I should be the one doing the explaining. It's complicated." Was all Bobby would say on the short drive to the hotel. You let it go, but as you sat there, your eyes closed, you wonder what had happened to Sam, and if his time in Hell had changed his attitude towards you.
After pulling up in front of your room, you took your key, unlocking the door, but leaving it open for the rest to pile in. Grabbing a change of clothes, you hurried into the bathroom, changing out of your musty and dirty clothes, leaving them in a pile on the floor. Stepping into the scalding hot water, you let it soothe your aching shoulders.

Feeling much like yourself, you slipped into a pair of simple leggings, along with an oversized flannel shirt, tossing your hair up into a messy bun. Opening the bathroom door, you stepped out, seeing Bobby at the table, and Dean lounging on the couch. But Sam was nowhere in sight.

Dean noticed your looking around. "He's not here. He had things to do." He muttered, not sounding too happy with his brother either. "But maybe it's better that way. Sit down, and Bobby and I will try to explain things."

Nodding, you sat down next to Dean, taking the soda can and crackers from him. Your stomach started growling at the thought of food, and you took a bite. "So, how long has he been back?" You asked, your mouth full of crackers.

"He said he's been back for a long time. Like a day after Stull Cemetery went down." Dean said.

"But why didn't he say anything to me? Or Bobby?" You asked, feeling a little hurt at being left out.

Dean sighed, rubbing his hand along his mouth, a sure sign of being frustrated. "He didn't even let me know. Not until a couple of weeks ago."

You sighed. The Sam you knew and loved would have never pulled something like that. Being in hell, for even that short period of time must have really changed him. "I'm sorry Dean. That must have really hurt, because you would have done anything to save him."

Dean gave you a weak smile. "It did rub me the wrong way. He showed up at mine and Lisa's place to stop these Monsters."

"So, you and Lisa?" You asked Dean, finishing off your crackers.

"It's complicated. We're still together, but with me hunting, it's really straining things." He admitted.

"So, he's been back, all this time. And he didn't let anyone know, until recently. But at least he's back, right?" You said, wondering if things would ever be the same between the two of you.

"Yeah, he's back. But Y/N, he seems off. I know Hell can do that to a person, but just be careful around him, okay?" Dean warned you, and you nodded.

"It's nice having the gang back." You said as you stood up, fishing a dollar out of your pocket, needing another soda to fight off the headache you felt forming. "Listen, I'm going to hit the vending machine."

Heading outside into the dusk, you stared up into the sunset for a while, enjoying the small things now that you were more human than Reaper. You were starting to become accustomed to the feelings and moods of being human, and you were truly starting to embrace it. Everything could be perfect, especially since Sam was back. Maybe if you worked slow, your Sam would come back to you, and things could slowly fall back into place.

Day dreaming about what could lay ahead, you didn't notice the two figures in front of you at first. But when the girl let out a heavy moan, your eyes drifted down from the sunset, to the two
writhing figures pressed against a door ahead of you. Not wanting to be caught staring, you moved to go around them, when you noticed the man seemed familiar. His long, tall body which was bent down so he could nibble on the girl's neck, and the long lock of hair that kept falling in front of his face.

"Sam?" You whispered, not wanting to believe what you were seeing.

He pulled back from the woman, for one moment, to give you a bone chilling smile. "Hi Y/N." He said, before he reached behind her, opening the door and pushing her inside. You watched as he slammed the door shut, tears streaming down your face. Willing yourself to move, you could still hear the moans from behind the door as you opened the door to your room.

Both Bobby and Dean turned to look at you, their faces full of concern as they took in your tear stained face. "Y/N, what's wrong?" Dean asked, rushing forward, pulling out his gun.

"Are you sure that's really Sam?" You asked, sniffling. "Because the Sam I knew would have never made out with another girl in front of me."
Crumbling down onto your bed, you sniffled, wiping at your eyes with your arm. "If that is my Sam, then something's wrong with him. Because the Sam I knew and loved wouldn't make out with a girl, and smile at his girlfriend at the same time."

"Yeah, he's not that kinky." Dean said, earning a glare from Bobby. "Listen Y/N, we know something's up with him, we just aren't sure what yet."

"Not to play the devil's advocate, but maybe that's just Sam. Maybe he changed. Hell can do that to a person." Bobby argued, but Dean just shook his head.

"No, I won't accept that he's fully my brother. Something is off, more than just a joy ride in hell." He was adamant.

"I hope it's something. Because I'm not sure I can handle seeing the man I loved, the man I lost my powers for, how I was, just treat me as if I am nothing." You said. "I would rather go back to thinking he was back in the cage."

"Well he's not. So we need to keep an eye out, see if we can figure out what's going on." Bobby said, always the voice of reason.

Just then the door creaked open, and Sam walked in, a satisfied look on his face. One look at him, and you got up and locked yourself in the bathroom. There was no way you could look at him, act like everything was okay. Because it was most definitely not. And right now you weren't sure you could face him without crying, or decking him.

You heard Dean's voice, raised with anger as he shoved his brother out the door, and you peeked out the bathroom door. "Coast is clear, girl." Bobby said. "Dean's trying to talk some sense into his brother."

"Bobby, what would you do if you were me?" You asked, as you could hear the muffled voices of the brothers.

Bobby rubbed his graying beard with his hand, a tired expression on his face. "I'd probably punch the man. But that's me. I can't tell you what to do. You're going to have to go with your heart."

You took a deep steadying breath as the door opened back up and Sam and Dean walked back inside. Dean still looked annoyed and angry, while Sam just seemed, off. "Y/N, can I talk to you outside?" Sam asked, and your heartbeat sped up.

"Okay." You muttered, walking past Bobby and Dean, Dean giving you a comforting smile. Once outside you leaned against the pillar, wrapping your arms around your waist. The darkening sky was cool, and you hated how much it seeped into your human skin.

"Y/N, I'm sorry. That was careless of me, and it shouldn't have happened." Sam said smoothly, standing there with his hands on hips. His apology seemed rehearsed, like it didn't totally matter to him, but he was trying to save face.

"Sam, I'm captured by a Djinn, only to find out you're back from Hell. And before you even mutter so much as a hi to me, your shacking up with some bimbo?" You stutter out, your emotions making it hard to talk.
"I don't know what came over me. But I promise it won't happen again." He said, and you looked up at him through tear stained lashes.

"Do I just mean that little to you? Before you went to Hell, you would have never done something like that. Hell, you would have pushed Dean out of the way, wanting to make sure I was okay." You continued on, but he didn't seemed fazed at all.

"What can I say Y/N, besides being in the cage changed me. Made me realize that my time with you was fun while it lasted, but it's over. A relationship between a human and a Reaper was never meant to happen!" He said, his voice raising, and you flinched.

"Okay it's over. I kinda figured that out when you didn't check to see if I was okay before you were finding your next pair of legs to fall in between. And I'm not sure what Bobby or Dean has told you, but I'm no longer a Reaper!" You cried. "Haven't been since I tried to save your Ass. I'm as human as you are, but at least I care about people!"

"You're not a Reaper?" He asked, and you nodded.

"Yep. Lucifer's form of torture. So, I don't know where we go from here, but for right now I can't see your face." You said, going back into your room and slamming the door.

"Well?" Both Bobby and Dean asked you.

Falling face first onto the bed, your next words were muffled. "Banging that woman was his way of braking up with me. He said that during his time in the cage he came to a realization that we weren't mean to be together. That he didn't want to date a Reaper."

"That's bullshit." Dean argued, but you just lifted your shoulders.

"Maybe it's for the best. I've never been good around humans, why should a relationship with Sam be any different." You said, trying to make light of it, even though you were hurting like crazy.

"Y/N, I'm leaving this up to you. But I would like to have you hunting with us again. I'm not a full time hunter again, but I would like someone with me to keep an eye on Sam. And Bobby needs to be back at his place, making sure everything runs smoothly. But I will understand if you don't want to, if you want to stay out on your own." Dean said, sitting down next to you on the bed.

You thought about his offer. Did you really want to give yourself the torment of traveling with the brothers again, being near Sam but not being with him? Watching as he turned to other women, giving them the smiles you wanted for yourself. But then you thought about your life now. living alone, learning how to be a human while you waited to see if your powers would ever come back. It was a lonely existence, and you knew what you would choose. Even if it hurt, on a daily basis, you knew it would be better for you in the long run.

"No, I would like that." You said, surprising Dean. "I know it won't be fun, especially if Sam keeps the act up. But I would rather be with you and him, then by myself."
Starting Over

After you had made your decision to stick with Sam and Dean, Bobby had given you a big hug, needing to head back home. "Those idjit's can't do anything without me." He said, meaning the phone lines he took care of.

"Bobby, do you think I'm doing the right thing?" You asked him as Dean had left to get another hotel room for him and Sam. Because there was no way you could spend the night with him in the room.

"I do. Dean needs help with his brother. And I know he doesn't trust that grandpa of theirs. And you are still learning to hunt on your own. Hell, you're still learning how to be human. Pairing back up with those boys will be the best thing for all of you, Sam included. Just don't let the idjit get to you too much." He said, before leaving the room.

As soon as he was gone, you collapsed on the bed, emotionally exhausted. You hadn't even had a chance to recuperate after your ordeal with the djinn, and you were feeling it. You were still weak, and tired and who knows how long it's been since you've had a good meal. It was something you were still getting used to.

Tossing around the idea of getting up to get food, you heard a knock at your door. Opening it a crack, you stepped back when you noticed it was only Dean. He came inside, shutting the door behind him. "Where's Sam?" You asked.

"Out getting food." He replied, setting down at the table, making himself at home. "So, while it's just you and me, how about we come up with a plan?"

"A plan?" You asked him. "What type of plan?"

Thumbing through one of the books you had left open, he kept his eyes down, a sure sign that he was a little nervous. "Well, a plan to deal with Sam. I'm still trying to figure things out between hunting and my relationship with Lisa. And I know that if I leave the two of you alone, you might end up killing him. So I was thinking about a plan on how to deal with him."

"I won't kill him. He might have broken my heart, but no matter how much of a dick he is, it won't come to that." You admitted, as Dean finally looked your way.

"Okay then. Well, we just need to make sure to keep an eye on him, see if we can figure out what's going on." Dean announced awkwardly just as Sam returned with a couple bags of food in his hands. He tossed one Dean's way, and one to you before sitting down at the table.

"Where's yours at?" You asked him, and he just shrugged carelessly. "I ate on the way back. But hurry up, I just found us a case."

Taking a huge bite out of your burrito, you waited for him to go on, staring closely at Sam, trying to figure him out. He had just made out with a women in front of you, broke up with you, and was sitting here as if it was all okay. While it was taking everything you had not to chuck your food at him, or cry. Both strange feelings to you.

"What is it?" Dean asked, his mouth full of food. Shaking your head at him, you turned your attention back to Sam.

"Vampires, I think. Luring young girls." He said. "We leave in ten." You watched as stood up,
heading to the room Dean had just booked.

Sighing, you faced Dean. "So Vampires, huh? And not even a night to relax."

"I'm sorry. If you want I can take this one with him, you can meet up with us later. I know you're probably exhausted." Dean suggested, but you shook him off.

"No, I'll come with. But maybe we can leave my car in storage here, and I can ride with you. That way I can sleep on the way." You said, moving to pack up your items. You didn't own much, just a duffel bag full of clothes, and some books that Bobby had loaned you.

"That sounds good. Meet outside in ten minutes?" He asked you, and you nodded. "We can drop your car off, and hit the road."

As soon as he was gone, you collapsed back onto the chair, your forgotten burrito in front of you. Placing your head in your hands, you tried to take deep, steadying breaths. So much had changed in such a short period of time, and you hoped you were doing the right thing going with Sam and Dean again. Maybe being around Sam will make him see how much of a dick he had been to you. Or, if not, at least it could help you get past him, and back on with your life.

With one minute to spare, you were shutting the door to your motel room, your bag thrown over your shoulder. Tossing it into your car, you followed the Impala, stopping at a storage place just outside of town. It was harder than you thought, leaving your car, but soon you were back in the backseat of the Impala, with Dean driving down the interstate.

Your exhaustion caught up with you, and even with your staring at the back of Sam's head, you found yourself falling asleep, lulled by the gentle rocking of the Impala.

"Y/N, we're here." Sam's voice sounded close to your ear as he roughly shook you awake. You jumped, almost forgetting where you were for a moment, and that Sam was back from Hell.

"Sam?" You asked groggily, rubbing your eyes.

He stepped back, just as Dean came back with two room keys in his hand. "We're at the hotel. Hurry up and get out so we can get to researching."

You watched as he grabbed a key from Dean, before turning and heading to the bright yellow painted wall of doors. You slid out of the Impala, grabbing the other key from Dean. "Let me know when you need me." You told him, shutting the door behind you. It was an old, smelly room, but you had quickly become used to that fact. Throwing your bag on the table, you pulled out your laptop, getting to work. You wanted to show Sam and Dean how much you had learned while on your own.
"So what's the story?" You asked Sam, trying to maintain a business like approach to this hunt. But at the same time, you couldn't help but hurt while looking at the man who meant so much to you.

"I'm pretty sure it's Vampires. According to the police reports the missing girls were last seen at this gothic club, with pale men." Sam said, looking at his computer, not even noticing the wistful look you were sending his way.

With a gentle pat on your back, Dean came around, handing you a beer before sitting down next to you at the table. Giving him a relieved smile, you turned back to Sam. "So, we're going to this club then?"

"Yeah. Why don't you see if you can wear something like those girls would wear. Maybe we can lure the vamp to us." He said, shutting his laptop.

"Woah, as much as I want to catch these vamps too, I'm not sure that's the greatest idea." Dean argued. "Y/N's still recovering from her incident with the Djinn."

Sam turned on his brother with a frown, acting so much different than the Sam you had known. He was careless, almost cruel, and it scared you. "It's not like I'm asking her to take out the whole nest by herself. We will be there, so nothing will happen. She just has to try and attract them."

"I still don't like it." Dean said, frowning.

"It's alright, I'll do it." You said softly. "If it will help stop those vamps I don't mind."

"Good. Now go change so we can go." Sam said, before heading out the door. Grabbing your bag, you walked past Dean, who still wasn't happy but was staying quiet for the moment. Tossing your bag on the chipped and peeling vanity, you began rummaging through it, looking for something that might work. Taking out a black tank top, along with your black skinny jeans, you dressed in them, leaving your hair down. Adjusting your make up so it was a little darker, you felt as ready as you would ever be. Sighing, you went back out into the now empty room. Pulling out your small, just in case purse, you stuffed some dead man's blood, along with a knife in it, wanting some sort of protection. Shutting the door behind you, you noticed Sam already in the Impala, while Dean was sitting behind the steering wheel.

"Ready?" He asked you, and you nodded. "You know, if you don't want to do this, you don't have to. We can find another way."

"No, it will be the easiest." You replied, and he pulled the Impala out of the parking lot, pointing it towards the main part of town. It was a silent ride. Dean kept sending worried glances Sam's way, and you sat huddled in the back seat, feeling more than a little unsettled. Staring out the window, you watched as the buildings and houses grew closer and closer together, before Dean was finally pulling over in a somewhat shady part of town. As you stepped out of the car, you wrapped your arms around your middle, the cool night air making you shiver in your light tank top.

A neon sign sat on top of a rusty door, showcasing a pair of fangs with blood dripping. "Well, that's a little obvious." You said, as you made your way towards it.

"It's not run by vamps. I already looked into it. It just caters to those who have fantasies about the stupid bloodsuckers. All thanks to that one story." Sam said.
It was decided you would walk in first, then they would follow a couple minutes later. You would act as if you were by yourself, hoping a vamp would take the trap. As soon as the door was opened for you, you wanted to cough. There was a dry, musty smell, full of smoke and alcohol. The room was darkened, with sconce lights upon the walls, and red velvet booths lining the walls. A cherry wood antique bar was on one side, full of people, some way too young to be inhabiting such a place. You considered your options. You could sit at a booth, but your visibility wouldn't be the greatest. But sitting at the bar might seem like your too desperate.

Finally deciding on the bar, you ordered a fancy cocktail, sipping at it while you casually observed the people around you. You noticed Sam and Dean enter the establishment, sitting at a booth a little ways from you. A couple of women sat off to the side. Or, more like girls to be honest. They seemed nervous and unsure, their gaze constantly behind them, as if they were searching for someone.

The only men you could see didn't seem like the type of douche vampires to lure girls to their death, but you hadn't really dealt with vampires much yet. It would have just been so much easier if your Reaper powers had been back. Then you could have sensed the vampire, and that would have been that.

"Hey pretty lady." A smooth but young voice said next to your ear, too close for comfort. Trying to resist the urge to turn around and deck the new person, you smiled.

"Hey yourself." You answered, as a young, lanky man slid onto the stool next to you.

"Nice drink." He said, licking his lip as he stared at you. "How about I get you a new one?"

You nodded, and he raised his hand, holding up one finger. "How about you? Aren't you going to drink?" You asked him, watching him carefully for any signs.

"No, alcohol is not my drink of choice." He answered mysteriously as your new drink was delivered.

Trying to play along, you took a sip before looking at him over the edge of the glass. "Oh? And what is your drink of choice?"

He leaned forward, making a good show of glancing around. "I don't think I want to tell you. It might distress you." He said.

"I'm a big girl. I think I can handle it." You said, and he slid closer, his lips whispering over your ear.

"Blood." He said softly. "I prefer to drink blood. Especially the sweet, succulent blood that I can smell in your veins. Bet you didn't know vampires were real, did you?"

"I had an inkling." You said. "Does it hurt?" You asked, wracking your brain on how to keep his interest. This man, or vamp, did nothing for you, and you couldn't wait to draw him away.

"No, I've heard it's quite, pleasant." He said, staring at your neck. "Women have begged for it, for the pleasure."

"What do I have to do?" You asked, placing your hand on his forearm, squeezing gently.

"I don't usually do this. But there's something about you. Come with me, and I can show you things you've only imagined." He said, holding his hand out. Taking it, you slid off of your stool, glancing to where Sam and Dean were both watching you. Instead of the jealousy you had hoped to see in
Sam's eyes, you only saw minor curiosity. And it made you frustrated as the vampire guided you out of the door, and you could only hope that Sam cared enough to follow through with the plan. And at least Dean was there to back you up if he didn't follow through.
As soon as you were out of the club, the Vampire wrapped his arm tightly around you, almost dragging you through the alley. As soon as you were far enough away from the club, he pressed you against the wall, pressing his body tightly to yours.

"What are you doing?" You asked him as he nuzzled your throat. You held back the wave of nausea that swept through you.

"Trying a little bit now. You smell so sweet, so different. I can't help myself." He whispered next to your ear, before licking a line up your throat. You shuddered, wishing Sam and Dean would hurry up and help you out.

"I thought you were going to introduce me to your friends. This is all so sudden." You said, trying to pry your way past him, but he was strong, and you were weak, something that irked you considerably.

"First, I need a taste. You smell way too sweet to pass up. Then, you will meet my boss." He said, his teeth scraping at your neck before plunging in. You waited for the pleasure that he had promised you, but all you felt was a burning sensation, then stinging as if your neck was going to be separated from your head.

"Stop!" You screamed, and he finally pulled back, his mouth covered in your blood, a heady smile on his face.

"What are you? You taste so different. So amazing. It's like a mixture of sin and death, so sultry." He said, just as another voice sounded from behind him.

"And you were just going to keep her to yourself? You know the rules, David." Another male voice said and David stepped back, keeping a hand on your shoulder.

"I'm sorry, it's just her blood is so intoxicating. I couldn't help myself." The vampire you now knew as David said, his head down in remorse. You could only watch as the other man, short and pudgy came forward. Your body tense, you wondered what was keeping Sam and Dean as the man leaned forward, sniffing the wound on your neck.

"You're right, it's amazing. You aren't human, are you? At least not completely." He said, his fangs popping down.

"Leave her alone!" Dean yelled, striding forward, his machete ready in his hands. He only saw you and the older man, didn't even notice David hiding off to the side.

"Dean, watch out!" You screamed, but it was too late, David had his arms around him, the machete laying on the ground. Bringing him closer to you, the older Vampire slammed your head into the wall, before letting you drop limply to the filthy ground.

"She won't go anywhere." He said. "Now, what do we have here?"

He grabbed Dean, holding him up to the wall. "You will do perfectly."

"For what? I'm not your type." Dean spat into the man's face.

"No, but women probably through themselves all over you, don't they?" He asked, and you could
only watch with double vision as the Vampire force fed Dean his blood. You knew what that meant.

"Stop!" Sam's voice yelled, before you saw David's head go flying past you.

"Guess it's time for me to go." The vampire said, leaning down and roughly grasping your arm. "I have a feeling I'll be seeing you again." He told Dean, before hauling you over his shoulder. Before Sam or Dean could do anything, the Vampire ran away, his speed inhuman, and you felt each movement jarring your body.

You weren't sure how long he ran, or even the route he took before he was pounding on a door. Upon entering, he dropped you into the arms of another man, a beautiful man with shiny black hair and brown eyes. "Here, take her and lock her up somewhere safe. No one touches her, except me. Do you understand?"

"Yes Mason." The handsome vampire agreed, before walking down a dark and chilly hallway. Past coolers full of blood, and cells with girls chained to beds. Their screams haunted you, and you wanted nothing more than to break out of the man's hold and help them. But his grip was strong, and soon he was pushing open a pair of wooden doors, tossing you onto a plush chaise.

"Please, let me go!" You pleaded, but the man just leaned down, sniffing the wound in your neck.

"I see why the master has such an interest in you." He said, his eyes closed as he savored your scent. "Pity he won't share."

With that he turned around, shutting the door and locking it behind him. Frustrated, you looked around, at the small room you had been locked into. Stained glass lined one wall, way up high, while warm wooden cabinets lined the other. At one time it had been someones office, but now it was the lair of a vampire master.

Shivering, you made your way to the door, pushing on them, hoping that they hadn't locked you in. When that didn't work, you went back to the chaise, knowing you would have to wait. And then hopefully something would come to you.

Hours passed, and you were left alone. You could hear sounds outside the door. Sounds of girls screaming, of men arguing. Footsteps pounded in front of your door, but no one came to check on you, or bring you food.

When you finally started nodding off, with nothing else to do, you heard a familiar voice outside of your door. "Dean?" You whispered, fearing the worst if he was there. Standing up, you stood next to the door, trying to listen in.

"I knew you would find your way. They always do." Mason said.

"This place was a beacon, one I couldn't resist. But where is the girl?" Dean asked, his voice sounding different, strained.

"Safe. She's mine, and mine alone." Mason told him. "But for you, I will show you she is safe. Then, we talk about your job."

The door was pushed open, and seeing you so close, Mason grasped your hair, pulling you out into
the main lobby of the building. You could see the curious glances of the vampires around you, and you could hear the pleading of the girls for help.

"Dean!" You said, wanting to rush towards him, but Mason pulled you back.

"Isn't she amazing? Tell me, do you know what she is? Because she's not completely human, and it's intoxicating." Mason asked Dean.

"She's a Reaper. Or she was, until her powers were taken." Dean responded, as if he was a puppy, ready to do anything Mason asked.

"I could sense a bit of death to her. But how can a Reaper lose her power?" Mason asked, before sinking his teeth into your neck. The pain was worse than before, and your knees wobbled as you had nothing to hold on to.

"Dean!" You exclaimed, wanting his help, but he just stood there, his fangs down, blood lust in his eyes.

After you felt like you could pass out, Mason finally pulled away, his lips red with your blood. "That was amazing. I'm going to have to keep you around for a while."

Before you knew it, he was tossing you back into the room, locking the door behind you. Weak with blood loss, you pounded on the door, pleading with Dean to help you.

After your hands were bruised from hitting the door so many times, you collapsed onto the chaise. Leaning your head back, you waited for a wave of dizziness to pass. As you took deep calming breaths, you heard screaming and thuds from outside the door.

With nothing to use as a weapon, you just sat there as the screams came closer and closer before suddenly stopping. Seconds ticked by, and the silence was large and deafening. Your heart pounding with the little blood you still had in your system, you waited anxiously, before you heard someone trying the handle on your door.

A couple of shoves later the lock broke, and Sam almost fell in, his chest heaving with the exertion. "Are you okay?" He asked, casually looking you over, moving past the wounds in your neck.

"I'll live." You muttered, standing up quickly before almost falling back down. He came forward, picking you up in his arms as if you weighed nothing. It felt good, and right to be back in his arms, but it only lasted for a moment before he sat you back down in an office chair. Dean was still in the main lobby, covered in blood, a head at his feet.

"Did you?" Sam asked, and Dean shook his head. Nodding, Sam took a syringe, filling it with blood from the dead body of Mason. "Can you walk?" He asked you, and you nodded. Without even acknowledging you, he walked up and out the stairs, not even waiting for you and Dean.
"Why isn't my spell working on either of you!" Veritas, the goddess of truth screamed at you and Sam. Both you and Dean were staring Sam's way, wondering the same thing.

"Well, you see, I used to be a Reaper. So that's probably the reason." You said calmly, but it only pissed her off more.

Sighing, you thought back to the last couple of days. Ever since Sam and his grandpa had saved Dean from becoming a Vampire, things had not stopped spiraling down. Catching wind of another hunt, Dean had jumped on it, while keeping a careful eye on his brother. Now, here you were, tied up by a Goddess, who wanted to cut your tongue out, and slowly munch on your body.

"Ugh, getting sacrifices used to be so simple. People would throw their children at me. And now, there are more liars than ever. But people missing go noticed." She said, swinging her knife dangerously close to your face. "Then there's you three. Two of you don't even work against me spell!" She screamed, just as Sam rose up from his spot on the ground, tackling her in one move.

Sitting there helplessly, you watched as Sam fought her, and Dean struggled against his ropes holding him down. Finally he was free too, and he went to help Sam, and they soon killed the Goddess. With one final hiss, her body stopped moving and Sam slumped to the ground, breathing heavily. Dean, on the other hand wasn't done, and he grabbed Sam, making him stand back up.

"Damn it Sam, what the hell was that?" He growled, as you continued to struggle against your restraints. Neither man noticed, being too caught up in the fight that was begging to happen.

"I killed her! Isn't that what we wanted?" Sam answered back, letting Dean slam him against the cold, tiled wall of the Goddess' basement.

"Fine, it's true. I've been different since I've come back. I don't feel, hell half the time I don't care about anything. I don't have to sleep. I don't know what's wrong with me." Sam finally admitted, and you could see the tension leave Dean's body once Sam said what Dean knew to be true all along.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Dean asked, and Sam just shrugged.

Without warning, Dean punched Sam again. "I can't believe you didn't think you needed to. You let them turn me into a vampire! You've hurt Y/N over and over again. You can't go around doing that!"
It was then they both seemed to realize you were still in the room, and Dean came striding over to you, picking the knife up on the way. Quickly slicing through the rope, he helped you stand up, as Sam stayed off to the side, knowing that he still needed to be careful.

"How do you want to handle this?" Sam asked, his eyes warily watching Dean's movements, as he dabbed at his bloody lip.

"I really don't know." Dean said, holding on to you tightly, even though you didn't need the support. "Sam, right now I don't even want to be in the same room with you."

Sam nodded, another movement to show you how far away from the old Sam he really was. The old Sam would have had tears in his eyes, looking like a kicked puppy. This one just seemed a little put out that things weren't running smoothly.

"Why don't we go to Bobby's?" You suggested.

They both agreed, and soon you were on the road to Bobby's, the tension thick in the Impala. Unable to take it any longer, you slid your headphones on, leaning against the window as the dark, starry night passed by in a blur.

You were almost asleep when Dean stopped the car in Bobby's front yard, and you stretched as you climbed out. Bobby came racing out the door, a shotgun in his hands until he noticed it was just the three of you.

"Ya idjits. Scared me to death." He grumbled, before turning and heading back inside, leaving you to follow. Dean was already walking in too, leaving Sam behind with you. He hadn't said one word to Sam since the incident in the basement, and neither had you.

"Y/N." Sam said, grabbing your arm and stopping you.

"What Sam? I'm tired and I want nothing more than to go lay down and sleep for a while." You mumbled, but he wouldn't release your arm.

"What Dean said back there, about me hurting you. Was that true?" He asked, bringing up all sorts of painful memories.

Yanking your arm from his grasp, you turned to walk away, throwing your words over your shoulders. "Really? You want to talk about this now? Well I don't. So good night Sam."

You had only made it a couple of steps when he grabbed your shoulders, turning you around and slamming you against the wooden post of Bobby's porch hard. It stunned you, and you blinked up at Sam. "Yes, I want to talk about it now. Because for some reason, I don't feel anything. Anything at all. And that should be scary, but I don't care. Which means that I don't care that I no longer feel anything towards you."

"Sam, I don't want to talk about this!" You said, trying to brake free, but his fingers were wrapped too tightly around your upper arms, digging in and no doubt leaving bruises.

"So, I'm sorry if my not having feelings hurt you. But not really." He said, before leaning down and pressing his lips roughly to yours.

"Sam, you're confusing me!" You said as soon as his lips left yours to travel down your neck. "You don't have feelings for me, so why are you doing this?" As the words left your lips, a moan followed, your body responding to his touches.
"Just because I don't care for you anymore doesn't mean that I don't want this." He said, before nibbling on your ear and pressing his growing erection into your belly.

You hesitated for a moment. A part of you still wanted this, to be with Sam no matter what or how. But then you knew he was just using you, and would toss you away in a second. "Sam, stop!" You yelled, trying to push him away, but he just slammed your head back into the post before roughly grabbing your breasts with one large hand. "Sam, don't do this!" You yelled, his hands too rough on your skin.

"Sam stop!" Dean yelled, rushing back through the door. Grabbing his brother roughly, he pushed him back away from you. Without Sam's arms holding you up, you fell limply to the ground, your knees and palms scraping against the rocks on the driveway. "She said no."

Sam just looked at his brother like it wasn't a big deal. "But her body was responding. It wouldn't have been to big of a deal."

"It would have been rape Sam." You said, standing up on wobbly legs.

Cussing under his breath, Dean punched his brother hard, hard enough to knock him unconscious. Both of you watch him fall to the ground, before Dean turns his attention to you. "Are you okay?" He asked you.

Wrapping your arms around yourself, you shook your head no. "No, not really. It's so hard. I'm getting used to being human, and now here comes Sam, different and hurtful. Why does he have to be like that?" You asked Dean, but he didn't have an answer for you.

"Come on Y/N, let's get you inside, along with the big blockhead here. Maybe we'll figure something out in the morning." Dean suggested, but you stared at Sam, knowing you wouldn't sleep a wink with him in the same house as you right now. "Oh don't worry." Dean told you, reading your mind. "He's going down in the panic room."
To say the next few days were awkward would be an understatement. Dean had given in the next day, letting Sam out of the panic room, but making sure he was never alone with you. At night, you slept on the window seat, while Dean lay on a makeshift bed on the floor.

It wasn't until the third day that you were tiptoeing around Sam, that Cas finally showed back up. You were sitting at the kitchen table, clutching a cup of coffee in your hands, as you tried to wake up. It had been another restless night, waking up at every creak in the old house, wondering if it was Sam trying to sneak off, or coming to try something again.

"Y/N, where's Sam and Dean?" Cas asked you, startling you enough that hot coffee sloshed over the side, scalding your hand.

"Damn it!" You cussed, wiping your hand off on your jeans, trying to calm your speeding heart.

"I'm sorry, I did not mean to scare you. I came as soon as I could. Heaven has not been easy to deal with." He told you, not moving from his spot by the door.

You stood up, dumping your coffee in the sink before turning your attention back on Cas. Even though it had only been around a week since you had seen him, he looked more tired, with dark circles under his eyes. "They are out working on the Impala. Dean won't let Sam out of his view ever since..." You said, your words trailing off, not wanting to talk about that moment.

"I see." Cas said, tilting his head as if he was reading your thoughts. "Well, let's go talk to them. I only have a short amount of time before I'm missed in heaven."

You followed him outside, staying back on the porch, away from Sam who had turned his cold and darker gaze on you. A gaze that was nothing like your old Sam, and it scared you. You could hear Dean and Cas talking, but not once did Sam join in the conversation, instead he moved away, coming closer to you. You stiffened up, ready to run back into the house, letting Bobby protect you. But then you remembered that Bobby had gone to town, and going into the house would leave you by yourself.

"Y/N." He said, standing next to you. You frantically glanced down at Dean, but he was still busy talking to Cas, not paying any attention to the two of you. "I think you and I need to have a talk."

"Sam, you remember what happened last time we talked." You started, but he reached out, painfully grasping your elbow.

"We need to talk. Alone." He said roughly, before pushing you into the house. You were ready to call for Dean, but Sam clamped his other hand over your mouth, stopping you. Deciding that playing along would be easier for now, you let him push you into the house. But when he tried directing you down the stairs to the panic room, you finally started putting up a fight.

"Sam, no. I don't want to go down there. Please." You begged, trying to turn around and get past him, but he didn't listen. He just picked you up as if you weighed nothing. Carrying you down the rest of the stairs, he tossed you on the small cot in the room, before shutting the heavy iron door.

"Now, this is better." He said, as you scrambled to sit up. He prowled around you, and no matter how much you turned your head, you could never keep him in your line of sight.

"Sam, what did you want to talk about?" You asked him nervously, wondering how long it would
be until they noticed the two of you were missing.

"I know you can't stand me right now. I see you watching me, with a look halfway between hatred and confusion. I know I said some things that hurt you, but Y/N. We were good together, and I miss that." He said, confusing you.

"You miss what exactly?" You questioned. "You told me you don't feel, that you don't care about anything, or anyone. So how can you exactly miss something then?"

He moved forward so fast that it caught you off guard, his upper body pressing against yours, pushing you down into the worn and thin mattress covering the cot. His lips hovered inches above yours, his long hair tickling your forehead. His multi-colored eyes staring down at you, but without the usual sparkle and love that you saw in them. "I miss this." He said, pressing his hardening length against you, and you gasped. It felt good, and you wanted nothing more than for him to fill your aching need, but not like this. Not with a man who wouldn't care about you afterwards, who would probably turn it against you as soon as he was done.

"I missed that too." You said, earning a wicked smile from him. "But, Sam, I can't do it. Not again. You've changed, and you've hurt me. I don't think I can come back from that." You told him, watching as the smile left his face, an angry scowl taking it's place.

"Then I guess I will just take what I want, and you can decide for yourself if you want to enjoy it or not." He growled, sitting up a little bit. You tried rolling away, but with one strong motion he ripped the buttons off of your flannel shirt, and you heard them hitting the room all over the place. You tried fighting, pulling the fabric back together over your breasts, but he was strong, and he grasped it, pulling it off of you and tossing it to the side.

"Sam, damn it, stop!" You yelled, but with another movement he had your jeans unbuttoned, his large hand trying to slide inside your panties.

"Sam! Y/N!" Dean yelled from the door, but Sam didn't hear them. With his other free hand, he reached up, ripping the flimsy fabric of your bra, leaving your upper body bare to the chilly air.

Dean!" You screamed, which angered Sam, and he backhanded you, leaving a metallic taste in your mouth.

Dean was finally able to open the door, and he rushed in, with Cas right behind him. Pulling Sam off of you, Dean swung wildly, hitting Sam as many times as possible, before he fell down onto the cot. Cas had pulled you off to the side, offering his trench coat as coverage. Shivering in the heavy coat, you watched as Cas and Dean handcuffed Sam to the bed, Sam thrashing and yelling profanities.

As soon as they were done, Dean came over to you, a gentle hand touching your lip where it was still bleeding. "Are you okay? He didn't, um... did he?" Dean stumbled, and you shook your head. "Good." He answered.

Cas started rolling up the sleeves to his white shirt, walking back over to Sam. "I see what you mean. Sam would never attack Y/N in that manner." Without any preparation, Cas stuck his hand in Sam's chest, causing Sam to scream in pain.

You winced, wrapping yourself closer to Dean, who had his arm around you. What seemed to take forever was over in a minute, and Cas came back to the two of you while Sam lay unconscious on the cot. "Will he be okay?" You asked.
"He will wake up if that's what you mean." Cas answered. "But as for the other. You are right Dean. Something is different with him. It's his soul, it's missing."
"He's soulless?" Dean reaffirmed with Cas, both of you completely shocked. You had known something was wrong with Sam, but you hadn't expected it to be something like this.

"I'm afraid so. I think when he was pulled out of hell, his soul was left behind." Cas explained, before coming over to stand next to you and Dean. "And as much I want to be here, I need to get back to heaven. Can I have my coat back."

Dean shook himself out of his shock then, taking off his flannel shirt and handing it to you so Cas could have his coat back. Turning your back on them, you switched coverings, your hands still shaking. Glancing down you saw bruises and scratch marks on your chest, and the sight had you hyperventilating. "Woah, Y/N, calm down." Dean said, helping you slide on his coat, keeping his eyes on your face.

Taking deep, steadying breaths, you took your mind off of what had just happened, and back on Cas who was getting ready to leave. "But what does that mean Cas? Can you go down there and get it back?"

Cas tilted his head down, his stance already giving you your answer. "I wish it was that simple. But I cannot go down into the cage. I don't there there are many who could. And even if I did, who knows what shape his soul is in. It could kill him." He said, before vanishing.

After checking on Sam, Dean guided you out of the room, and up the stairs just in time to meet Bobby, who was back with grocery bags in his hands. "What's up?" Bobby asked, immediately noticing the disheartened looks on your faces, and the way you were clutching Dean's shirt to your chest.

"Sam just attacked Y/N, and Cas told us he's soulless." Dean explained quickly, ignoring Bobby's gasp. "And Cas can't get his soul, which is probably being tortured right now by Lucifer. Damn it!" Dean cussed, slamming his fist against the wall.

As he and Bobby continued to talk, you went up to the spare room, pulling out your spare bra along with a sweater. It wasn't cold, but your body was in shock, and you couldn't stop shaking. As you methodically got dressed, your mind was on Sam's predicament, and you knew what you had to do.

Rushing back down the stairs, you heard Bobby and Dean still in the kitchen, Bobby trying to calm down a distraught Dean. "Bobby, can I borrow your car?" You asked, seeing as how yours was still hours away from here in storage.

Both of their heads snapped up, and Dean strode over to you. "Y/N, I know what Sam did wasn't right, but we need you here. Please don't run away." He pleaded with you. "Sam needs you, hell even I need you."

"Dean, I'm not..." You started, just as Bobby joined the two of you.

"Y/N, why in the world do you need my car?" Bobby asked.

"I think I know how to fix this. But I can't do it here." You told them, grabbing your jacket off of the coat hanger, your distress forgotten in your haste to make Sam better.

"Then I'm coming with you." Dean announced, grabbing his coat.
It was your turn to stare at someone in shock. You had expected a fight, especially from Dean, but you hadn't expected him to volunteer to go with you, without even knowing your plan.

"Dean, I can't have you do that. It wouldn't be safe for you." You tried arguing, but he wasn't budging.

"If it's not safe for me, then it's not safe for you. So either I go with you, or you don't go at all." He told you, standing in front of the door, blocking your way.

"What about Sam?" You tried, but he shrugged his shoulders.

"He's safe. He's locked in the panic room. Bobby can keep an eye on him." Dean explained, and you knew you had no other arguments that would work. Sighing you nodded, and with a wave to Bobby you followed Dean out to the Impala. As soon as the two of you were sitting down, the engine running, Dean turned to you, waiting for directions.

"I need to go to a cemetery. A big one." You specified, and he turned the Impala around.

"I know just the place." He answered, heading down the highway, both of you silent in thought.

About fifteen minutes into your road trip, you couldn't handle his silence anymore. "Aren't you even a little curious as to my plan? I told you it wasn't safe for you, and you haven't even said a word about it!"

He turned the radio down, glancing your way before turning his attention back to the road. "Y/N, you were a Reaper. You've lived a long life, seen more things than Sammy or I could ever imagine. And you love him, and I know you will do anything to help him out. So I wasn't worried."

"I'm going to talk to Death." You said simply, and the car swerved for a moment before he gained control once again.

"Really? But he hasn't even tried contacting you ever since the whole showdown at the cemetery. What makes you think he's going to want to talk to you?" He asked, switching his gaze between you and the road.

Fiddling with the button on your coat, you thought out your words carefully. "I've been wondering about that too. For someone who said he cared about me, I figured he would try to find me. But I have no other choice. I figured he would be our best bet, and I need to try."

"Okay. I'll be there to help you." Dean comforted you, and you reached over, squeezing his hand.

"Thank you for that. I know we didn't get along well at first, but you've been a great friend to me, and I don't thank you enough for that." You told him, just as he pulled up in Sioux Falls main Cemetery. Stopping the Impala about halfway through, behind some huge trees, he climbed out, sticking his hands in his pockets.

"Well, you're pretty cool too." He smiled at you, before gesturing around the cemetery. "Now what do we do?"

"I have the supplies here." You told him, pulling out your ever present messenger bag. It had your main weapons and necessities, along with simple herbs and items needed for the spells you still remembered. "I need to mix them together, say the words, and poof, he should show up. But just a heads up, he hates being summoned like this. But it's the only way I can think of."
While you set up the makings of the spell, Dean made himself feel more comfortable by getting different weapons out of the trunk of the Impala, even though none would work against Death. You cracked a smile when Dean pulled out the grenade launcher, a wistful look on his face before he placed it back.

"So what's the plan again?" He asked, pacing around you, the nervous energy too much to keep him still.

You sliced your palm, wincing at the flashing pain. Dripping the blood down in the copper bowl, you turned your attention to Dean. "I summon him here, beg for him to help us bring back Sam's soul."

"Sounds simple." Dean answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Wrapping a bandage around your hand, you frowned. "I wish it was. Maybe you should stay in the car. I really don't want anything to happen to you if this goes awry."

"Hell no. You're doing this for my brother. The least I could do is stand by your side." He argued, giving you no choice but let him stay there.

Taking a deep breath, you chanted the words that would bring Death to you, all the while praying you weren't signing your own death warrant by doing so. As the last words left your lips, you tossed the remaining ingredients into the bowl, watching as it flared up in flames. Turning in a circle, you waited for him to arrive, your hands shaking.

"Did it work?" Dean asked you, as he looked all around.

You turned in a circle one more time before landing your gaze back on him. "I really don't know. Usually he answers right away. But maybe he was able to fight it this time, I don't know."

"Just because I didn't come the split second you called doesn't mean I wouldn't come at all." Death's low and almost monotone voice sounded from closer to the Impala. Dean spun around, his eyes wide as Death ran his hand along the gleaming black side of the car. "Dean, I have to admit, you drive a beautiful car."

"Thanks." Dean stammered, and you didn't blame him. Staring Death in the face was always an overwhelming feeling, and most humans didn't live to tell the tale.

"Y/N, I wondered what happened to you." Death said, surprising you by pulling you into his bony arms. "I didn't think you had died, for I would have felt it. But you were off of the Reaper radar, and I couldn't find you."

"Lucifer turned me human." You explained, and Death nodded before leaning against his cane. "I've never cared for Lucifer." He said casually, as if you were talking about an office coworker and not the devil himself. "Is that what you summoned me for? Because you know how much I hate being summoned like this."

You gulped, his disapproval weighing heavy on your shoulders. "I'm sorry. I know how much you hate being summoned like this. But I had no other choice."
"Yes, I can turn you back into a Reaper. Actually, I really do need you. Every since this bonehead over here started the apocalypse my Reapers have been dying nonstop. I could use the extra hand."

"Actually Death, that's not what we called you here for." Dean said, stepping into the conversation. "You see, my brother went to hell to stop Lucifer and somehow he was brought back. But without his soul, and that's causing some issues."

You heard Death sigh, and you knew that was probably not a good sign. "You Winchesters. I have given the two of you more leeway than any other human on the planet, and yet stuff like this still happens. Whose to say that I won't just put him back in the cage with his soul, and call it good?"

"Please." You pleaded with Death. "You can't do that. Sam's a good person, who has done so much good for this world. Can't you do this one little favor, please?"

You watched as the wheels turned in Death's head, watching as he stared at you while he made his decision. "What you ask is not easy. And even if I do, it could kill him, or cause unfixable brain damage. Is that really what you want?"

"I want my Sam back." You whispered, tears streaking down your face.

You were surprised to see Death's attitude soften as he gave you one of his seldom used smiles. "I suppose there might be a way to put up a wall, to keep his time in hell hidden so it doesn't melt his brain."

"Oh thank you!" You exclaimed, clasping your hands together.

Death raised a hand, stopping your celebration. "But if I was to do this, I need something in return."

"Of course, anything." You started saying, just as Dean reached out and grasped your shoulder.

"Y/N, maybe we should hear his conditions before we blindly accept." He told you, being the voice of reason in place of his brother.

Death turned a shocked look to Dean. "Dean, I never expected you to be the reasoning one. I always thought that was Sam."

Dean shrugged, standing up to Death. "Well, with Sam indisposed at the moment, someone needs to be. And no matter how much I want my brother back, it's not worth jumping right in."

Death tapped his chin with his long, skinny fingers. "Hmm, it's nice to see you growing up Dean. And as for my conditions, it's simple. I will return Sam's soul to him, along with giving Y/N all of her powers back on this condition. That as soon as Sam is back up and running, Y/N becomes my right hand person, leaving you and Sam for good. No more hunting, no more foolish talks of loving a human. I'm in need of my top Reapers by my side, and this is my offer."

Dean pulled you back, away from Death's listening ear, a frown on his face. "Is it really worth it? We can look for another way. You don't have to go back to him, living a lonely life as a Reaper. Sam wouldn't want you to do that for him." Dean argued, but your mind was already made up.

"Dean, neither of us can stand seeing Sam like this. And who is to say there is another way? I'm a Reaper, I've been living among humans for a long time, and I've never heard of another way. It will be hard, not getting to be with Sam, or even you, but it will be worth it, bringing your brother back." You said, wiping a tear back. Truthfully, you weren't even sure you wanted your powers back, you were starting to like being human, knowing that you wouldn't have to watch the people you love die while you never age. But you would do anything to have Sam back, even if it meant
you didn't get to be with him anymore.

Dean roughly pulled you into a hug, pressing his hand tight to the back of your head, his voice thick with emotion. "I won't ever be able to thank you enough for doing this. For sacrificing your life for my brothers."

Stepping back from Dean, you took a deep breath, before facing Death who was starting to look impatient. "I agree. Let's do this."
After you had cemented the deal with Death, you had rushed back to the Impala, needing to get back to Sam. Death had promised to work quickly, and you wanted to be there when he came through with his part of the deal. You didn't want to think about what would happen afterwards, when you would have to leave Sam and never look back. Because if you thought about it, you would crumple up in the seat, the heart ache too much to bear.

"Do you really think he will come through?" Dean asked, hope in his words for the first time since we'd found out about Sam's predicament.

"Of course he will. He's Death. He doesn't promise what he can't pull through." You said softly, watching out the window as Dean drove back to Bobby's.

"I still can't believe you agreed to his terms. We could have figured something else out." Dean started arguing.

"Dean, you would have done the same thing. I would rather have the old Sam back, that way the two of you can continue on. That's what is important. Not what I want." You answered. You felt as if you could cry, a feeling that was still foreign to you.

"Y/N, I can't thank you enough for doing this for him, and for me. I will never forget it." He said, reaching over and grasping your hand before he pulled into Bobby's driveway.

Squeezing his hand back, you slid out of the car, making your way to the front porch where Bobby stood waiting. "Well?" He asked, watching as Dean joined you on the porch.

"It should be taken care of soon." Was all you said, not wanting to let Bobby know anything about the deal you had made. But he was a smart old man, and he could read you like a book.

"Y/N, you silly girl. What did you do?" He asked, as the three of you made your way inside his house.

"What needed to be done. Can we please leave it at that?" You asked, not wanting to go into further details. It made you realize that you weren't only leaving Sam behind, but the two other men who had become like family to you. Bobby was a father figure to you, and it broke your heart that the next time you would probably see him was when you were called to collect his soul.

"Y/N." He said, disappointment lacing his words. That hurt more than you imagined.

Instead of answering him again, you changed the subject, surprised at how long Dean had stayed quiet. "Where is he?"

Bobby huffed, before pointing down to the panic room. Without another word you made your way down the stairs, moving faster when you heard commotion behind the big, iron door. "Dean!" You exclaimed, throwing the door open as you heard his booted footsteps racing down the stairs.

Sam was bound to the cot in the middle of the room, thrashing about wildly as Death stared down at him. You stood in the doorway of the room, Dean right behind you. Death had a briefcase in his hands, and he turned to look at you, his somber face even more so. "I'm really not sure this is a good idea."

"Please." You begged, afraid he would turn back on his commitment.
He sighed, looking past you, towards Dean. "His soul was tormented, very badly. If I put it back in there, it will probably kill him."

"Isn't there something you can do?" You asked, a tear slipping down your cheek.

"I can put a wall up. But if he even scratches at it, it will be catastrophic." Death answered.

"Do it." Dean ordered, pushing you inside the room so he could see his brother clearly. "I can't have my brother walking around without a soul, so I say it's worth a shot."

By this time Bobby had joined you in the panic room, and the three of you watched as Death reached into his briefcase, pulling out a shining blue mass. It was beautiful, as most souls were. There were those, you remembered from your time as a Reaper, that were dull and gray. Too poisoned from a hard, or evil life. But even though Sam had been possessed by Lucifer, and his soul had been locked in the cage, it was still a brilliant blue, pure and kind.

Death pressed it down into Sam's chest, and you winced as Sam arched his back, his entire body tense. Even though he was unconscious, he was still in pain, and you wished you could take the pain away for him.

It took only moments, and soon Death was pressing his fingers against Sam's head. "There, I've done all that I could. It's up to him now if he wakes or not. But if he does, he must not scratch at that wall I've put up. Or he will go insane, and probably die."

"Will he remember his time when he was soulless?" You asked as Death stood up.

"No, and if he tries to remember it, it will bring the wall crashing down. It's your job Dean to make sure that happens." Death said, turning as if he was leaving. "Oh, and Y/N. I didn't forget about you. I will give you a week with Sam, then I will be calling for you."

"What about her powers?" Dean asked, surprising you.

Death walked over to you, pressing his hand to your chest. You felt a freezing pressure pass through your body, chilling your veins and your blood, and you gasped out in shock. As soon as it came, it was gone, and you felt different. Much like you had a year ago, when you were a Reaper. Power raced through you, and you felt disconnected from the world. After being human so long it was a weird feeling. And you weren't sure you liked it.

"Don't even try figuring out a way to get out of our contract." Death warned before vanishing.

"Y/N?" Dean asked, staring you over.

"Yep, I'm a Reaper again." You answered him, before walking over to Sam. He looked pale and tired, with dark circles under his eyes. He was still, sleeping heavily, his long body twisted on the small cot. "When will he wake up?"

"Y/N, what did Death mean?" Bobby asked you.

"What do you mean?" You asked, never taking your gaze off of Sam, knowing that soon enough you wouldn't get the chance.

"Death said he gave you a week. A week for what?" Bobby insisted.

You sighed, reaching out and grasping Sam's cold hand in your own. "A week to be with you, and Dean, and especially Sam. Then I'm gone, never to return. To be a Reaper and nothing else."
"Y/N, you didn't." Bobby breathed out, hurt evident in his words. "Y/N, I know you wanted Sam back, but to do this? Are you sure you want to be a Reaper again? To be under Death's thumb?"

Another tear trickled down your cheek, followed by more, and you couldn't stop them. "It was the only way." Was all you could say. Bobby grumbled as he headed up the stairs, leaving you and Dean alone with Sam, waiting and hoping he would wake up.
Too Much

You didn't leave his side. The entire time he lay there in that cold panic room, on that tiny cot that he didn't even fit on, you stayed by his side. Dean came and went, checking up on Sam, but not wanting to take away your time from his brother. Both of you could hear the ticking of the invisible clock, knowing you had only a short amount of time before you had to leave. He understood that, giving you space.

You used it to memorize every aspect of Sam's face. The way his dark lashes touched the top of his cheeks. How his long locks kept falling down to cover his eyes no matter how many times you reached over to brush back the silky locks. The little mole on the right side of his nose, and the cleft in his chin. You couldn't wait for his eyes to open, so you could memorize the different swirls of colors they were, the marbled blues and greens with brown in between.

You couldn't wait for him to smile at you, to pull you close with his long, strong arms. Even if it meant that you could only feel those arms around you a couple more times before you had to leave.

Feeling a tear trickle down your cheek, you couldn't believe that your time with him was coming to an end. That you would only be able to enjoy these things for a couple more days before he would be out of your life forever.

"Still not awake?" Dean asked, coming to stand next to you, staring down at his baby brother. You could tell how worried he was the longer Sam stayed unconscious, and you didn't blame him. It also kind of made you feel better, knowing you would be leaving Sam in such capable hands.

"Not yet." You said, watching as your time with Sam slowly ticked away. You wanted him to wake up, so you could spend what little time you had together, not watching him and waiting.

"So, if this doesn't work, Death's contract is out of the question, right?" Dean asked, leaning against the wall.

"I'm not sure." You answered softly, noticing the small change in Sam's facial expressions. He started frowning, his head slightly moving. "Dean." You said his name a little louder, and he came over, noticing as Sam twitched his fingers.

Both of you waited for baited breath to see if he was going to wake up, and what he was going to be like. Minutes passed, and finally you saw a glimpse of his beautiful hazel eyes, his focus fuzzy. His hand reached out, grasping for anything, and you gave him your hand. Squeezing it, his attention focused on you, a smile on his face.

"Y/N?" He asked, his voice shaky as he slowly moved to sit up. Dean came rushing to his aid, helping him until his legs were over the side of the cot, and he was sitting up. Still Dean kept his hand on his brother's shoulder, as if assuring himself Sam was okay, that Sam was once again awake and there with you.

"I'm here." You said, your voice almost catching on the nagging thought in your mind. The constant reminder of not for much longer. He reached forward, pulling you out of your chair, your legs tangling with his as he held you tight to his chest, almost squishing you in the process.

Dean stepped back then, giving you privacy. "I'll be in the kitchen." He said, and you knew how hard it must have been for him to step away, and you would always be thankful for it.

"Sam." You answered, and you could already feel the difference in him. His touch was kinder, the
way he held himself was completely different than when he had no soul.

"What happened? How am I here?" He asked, leaning back but never removing his arms from you.

"What do you remember?" You asked him, not wanting to say anything that would mess up Death's work.

He scrunched his nose together as he thought. "I remember being in the cemetery. I had taken control of Lucifer, and jumped in the cage. But you, and Dean. Oh, and Cas." He said, his thoughts torn, and you could see how dismayed he was at what had gone down that fateful day.

"Dean and I are okay. So is Cas, and Bobby. Everyone's good." You assured him. Cas came back, somehow, and saved us."

"But how am I here? Please don't tell me you went down to hell." He started, and you stopped him.

"We aren't sure what got you out." You said, telling the truth. "And right now, I don't care. You're here with me, and that's all that matters."

Sam's mouth was on yours before you had even finished talking, his hands wrapping tightly in your hair. You let him take what he needed, while you tried to memorize the feel of his lips against yours. The way he would nip and lick, his hands forcing your head to tilt the way he liked it. It was a forceful kiss, one that had you gasping for air as soon as he pulled away.

"Come on, let's go see Bobby. Get you some food in you. I know your brother is itching to spend some time with you too." You said, even though you could have stayed down there in that small room with him, by yourself, for the rest of the week.

He agreed, following you up the stairs, where Bobby and Dean were sitting at the table waiting. "Aren't you a sight for sore eyes." Bobby said, pulling Sam tight for a quick hug. "Made you a sandwich."

Sam sat down, eating the sandwich while talking to the two most important men in his life. You watched them for a moment, before everything hit you at once, and you started to feel overwhelmed. "Excuse me." You muttered, before rushing outside. Past the Impala, and Bobby's beat up car you ran, until you hit the end of Bobby's junk yard. Falling to your knees, you let the tears fall, surprised you could still cry since you had your powers back.

Maybe you shouldn't have taken Death up on his offer. Maybe you should have gone with him right away. It probably would have been easier than this. Having Sam back, but knowing you only had a short time before it would all be over with, and you would be back to your emotionless life. It was too much to handle, and you felt as if your chest was going to rip itself open it hurt so bad.

"Y/N?" Dean yelled, making his way around the beat up car, stopping in his tracks when he saw you. "What's wrong?"

"I don't think I can do this." You sobbed, and he came forward, dropping to his knees, a comforting hand on your shoulder.

"What do you mean?" He asked.

Trying to snuffle back your tears, you explained. "It's too much. Seeing him, feeling so happy with him. I love him so much, and it's killing me that I have to leave! That I will never be able to be back here with him. And with you."
He pulled you in for a tight hug, rubbing your back. "It's only temporary. It has to be. We have Sam back now, and we will work on a way to get you away from Death, back to us where you belong."

"But, he's Death. No one can go against him." You said, trying to calm down.

"Have you met us? We're the Winchesters. If anybody can go against Death, it's us." He promised, making you feel a little bit better about your future.
Sweet Sorrow

Letting Dean calm you down for a couple more minutes, you finally made your way back inside Bobby's house, trying to keep your emotion battened down. Sam glanced up immediately as you walked in, his eyes full of concern, directed completely at you. He stood up, leaving his empty plate behind him as he came striding forward, his long legs eating up the ground in between you. Without a word, he pulled you into his embrace, your body fitting tightly to his, exactly as it had been before he had gone to Hell.

"Shh, whatever it is, you can talk to me about it." He whispered against your hair as you heard Dean shuffling by. Just hearing Sam's comforting voice had the tears welling up again, the sense of hopelessness and despair overwhelming you enough you felt your knees start to buckle. "Y/N!" Sam exclaimed, before reaching down and picking you up in his arms. Without a word to anyone, he carried you up the narrow stairs, to the guest bedroom the two of you had spent so many wonderful times in.

Laying you down on the bed, he quickly climbed up after you, pulling you back in his arms. You tried to control your breathing, not wanting to have a melt down when you had just gotten him back. Pressing your head tightly to his chest, you let him run his hand up and down your shoulder, the movement calming.

He didn't press for words, he just laid there, letting you relax. It worked, just being in his arms, and you could feel your heart beat slowing, your hands weren't as shaky as they had been. Taking a deep breath, you kept your gaze focused on his chest as you talked to him. "Thank you Sam. I needed this."

"Of course." He answered, leaning down and kissing your forehead. "I don't know what went on while I was in hell, and I knew it must have been emotional for you today."

There was your Sam, the one you had fallen in love with. Full of love and compassion for other people, always worrying about your feelings even when he was the one being tortured or resurrected. He had just gotten his soul back, or come back from hell like he thought, and yet he was here, comforting you.

"Sam, here I should be worrying about you..." You started, but his hand squeezed your shoulder, stopping you.

"Y/N, I'm back from being in the cage. I'm holding the girl I love in my arms, when I never thought it would happen again. So I'm good. Better than good in fact. So, I want to worry about you."

"It was just a lot. Never thinking I'd see you again, and then here you are. I never thought I'd know the feel of these arms around me, or those lips pressed against mine. When it did sink in, I couldn't control the overwhelming emotions running through me. So, I'm sorry." You admitted, keeping as close to the truth as you could. You hated lying to Sam, but you knew it was for the best. Otherwise the wall could come crumbling down at any moment, and you didn't need that.

"You don't have to apologize. Never apologize for something like that. I understand completely. While I was in Hell, there was one thing that I could look back on, and make me sane. And that was you. Your smile, the sparkle in your eyes, the way everything seemed new to you even though you had been around for a long time. You were my rock, even when Lucifer got creative, and I'm still in disbelief that I can hold you in my arms once again. That this isn't one of his more creative
tricks."

You tilted your head up, your lips meeting his. They were warm, while being a little chapped, but exactly what you had remembered. Letting him pull you tighter to him, you wrapped your hands through his silky hair, letting the locks slide through your fingers before you gently tugged on them, pulling his lips closer to yours.

You could feel his hands moving along your back, sliding over your shirt before slipping underneath the flannel fabric, the calluses a stark contrast to your smooth and soft skin. Running them up your body then down, he slid them over your butt, squeezing tight before lifting so you were laying on top of him.

Sitting up, you pulled your shirt off, leaving you in just your plain black bra and jeans. Sam's hands slid up, undoing your bra, letting it drop, before they came around to your front, cupping your breasts. "I never thought I would be able to run my hands along your body again." He whispered, before leaning forward and pressing open mouthed kisses to the top of each breast, lathering them with attention.

Moaning, you arched your back, pressing your breasts tighter to his mouth, when there came a knock at the door. "Hey, sorry to interrupt the two lovebirds, but I just found a hunt." Dean's voice came muffled through the heavy wooden door.

Sam rested his forehead against your chest for a moment before answering Dean. "Give us ten minutes at least. Then we'll be down."

You could hear Dean grumbling as he walked down the stairs, but your attention was turned away from that as Sam tossed you from his lap and you landed on the bed with a plop. He leaned over you, his hair framing his face and tickling your nose. He had a knowing smile on his face, as he leaned down and pressed his lips to yours once again. "We have just enough time to finish what we started." He said.

What was more like a half an hour later, you found yourself getting dressed, your body a little sore and lethargic after your frenzied lovemaking with Sam. Sam had already gone down to meet his brother, giving you a little more time to yourself. Needing it, you sat down on the bed, pulling your socks and shoes on, lost in thought. You weren't sure how you felt about spending your last days with Sam on a hunt, but you understood the reasoning behind it. Dean was trying to keep Sam occupied, so he wouldn't begin to wonder about the missing time. But still, you would rather spend the last couple of days up here, just the two of you.

Pulling on a sweatshirt, you carefully made your way down the stairs, seeing your two favorite men standing by the door, waiting for you. Sam had a huge smile on his face, it still flushed from your earlier activities. Dean shook his head as he looked between the two of you, before giving you a sympathetic pat on the back. "Let's get this show on the road."

Yelling bye to Bobby, you followed them to the Impala, climbing into the backseat. As Dean started out of the long driveway, Sam turned his attention on you. "So Y/N, what did you do while I was stuck in hell?"
Dragons

Sam's question rang in your head, as you furiously tried to come up with an answer that wouldn't give too much away. "I started hunting on my own." You finally answered, as Dean's eyes carefully watched you through the rear view mirror.

"Seriously? I thought you would have gone back to being a Reaper." Sam exclaimed. "What made you change your mind."

Sticking as close to the truth as possible, you answered. "During the showdown at the cemetery, Lucifer zapped my powers away from me. So it wasn't plausible for me to return to my duties as a Reaper. Instead, Bobby took me under his wing, teaching me everything he knew."

"Bobby? Does that mean you followed through with me request Dean?" Sam turned his attention to his brother.

"Yeah, for a while but it didn't pan out. Lisa is an amazing woman, but I couldn't quite leave the life behind. Especially when I had to come save this girl." Dean teased you, but you could detect a hint of sadness behind his words.

"At least you tried." Sam answered, before giving you one of his amazing smiles. A smile that no longer brought you as much joy as it had. Instead it was a constant reminder that your time with him was dwindling down.

Soon Dean was stopping at a motel, and Sam went inside to book a room for the three of you. "Dean, what would you do? Would you tell him if you were leaving in a couple of days? Or would you pretend like nothing was wrong, and vanish without a word? Both ways are killing me."

Both of you were standing at the back of the Impala, Dean ducking low to grab each of your bags. You could hear his sigh as he leaned back up, nibbling on his lip as he thought. "Y/N, what I would do is different than what most people would do. I'd probably pretend like nothing was wrong, because I know Sammy would try to fix things. But it's your choice, not mine."

"I just...I've even thought about leaving now. Because as much as I want to be with him, it hurts like hell, knowing our time together is coming to an end." You admitted, and Dean patted you on the back.

"Stay. I say don't say anything yet, just enjoy being with him. But if you leave now, you'll always be kicking yourself for missing these last moments with him." He answered just as Sam came back out with a key in his hand. A curious frown on his face, he looked between you and his brother, knowing he had missed out on an important conversation.

"What's up?" Sam asked, as Dean tore the key away from his brother's hand. Without another word, Dean left the two of you as he made his way to your room at the end of the motel.

"It's nothing." You answered, even though you could sense the annoying feeling of tears close to falling. Turning your back to him, you shrugged your bag on your shoulder, ready to get into the room and forget all about your conversation with Dean.

"No it's not. I can tell." Sam insisted, turning you so you faced him. With his hands on your shoulders, he bent his neck down so he could gaze into your somber eyes. "Please, you know you can talk to me."
"No, I can't." You whispered quietly, throwing yourself against his chest and holding on tight. If you told him what you wanted to, which was everything, there was a very real possibility of the wall in his head shattering, and you couldn't have that. No matter how much you were hurting, it wasn't worth it.

"Y/N, you're scaring me." He whispered, holding you tight, giving you the comfort of his arms that you needed.

Taking a deep breath, you gazed up at him. "I'm sorry. I'm just tired I think. I'm so glad to have you back, that I'm still kind of emotional. It was hard without you here."

Seconds later you felt the press of his lips against yours, a sweet tender kiss, meant to get your mind off of things. It worked, a little bit, and you felt yourself melting into his arms. "Come on, let's get in the room. We've got a case to solve." He said softly after he broke the kiss. Keeping his arm around your shoulders, he guided you into the room, where Dean already had his laptop booted up and ready to go.

After checking to make sure you were okay, Dean turned his attention towards his brother. "So, I've been going through the files, and all of the victims are young, and female."

"Has any of the victims survived?" Sam asked as you walked through the open door of the bathroom, planning on splashing some water on your face to calm yourself down.

"Yeah, one girl. She's at the hospital." Dean read off as you came back in the room.

"Let's go!" Sam exclaimed, ready to be back and in the swing of hunting. Dean stood up, gathering his coat, while you just stood there. "You coming?" Sam asked, and you nodded.

Soon, the three of you were opening the door to room 215, where the latest victim was healing from her attack. As soon as you walked into the room, you could feel the magical power reeling off of the girl, and you took a step back, almost overpowered by it.

"What is it?" Sam asked, his hand holding you steady while Dean went forward to talk to the girl.

"You can't feel that?" You asked, his shake of his head your answer. "It's ancient, and powerful. I've felt it before, but not for a long time. Not since my time in the..." You said, but your words trailed off as you took in the long scratches on the girls back.

"Not since when?" Sam insisted.

"My time at the castle. I know what we're dealing with here." You whispered, pulling on Sam's hand, not wanting to be in the room any longer.

"So, you say we're dealing with a dragon? Seriously? I thought they were just myths." Dean argued once the three of you were safely back in your motel room.

"I have to agree with Dean. There's been nothing about them in hunter lore, and I've searched through it." Sam answered.

"That's because everyone thought they were extinct. Even us Reapers did. If there's one Supernatural being Reapers hate more than anything, it's Dragons." You said, a shiver running through your body as you remembered your first and only run in with one.
Threading his fingers through yours, Sam squeezed your hand. "Why is that?"

You shrugged. "I'm not sure, the hatred started before I was made. But I do know that we hate each other, and many Reapers took personal pleasure in killing off Dragons. It became a thing, which species could kill off the other. They almost got to me once."

"A Dragon can kill a Reaper?" Dean asked. "I didn't think much could kill off a Reaper."

"A Dragon's claws are deadly to a Reaper. One little swipe won't kill us, but will make us very sick. But if we get the full paw, then we're gone for." You explained, holding out your arm where you still had the nasty looking scar.

"Then you will stay in this room and let us take care of the hunt." Sam insisted, the serious look to his face booking no argument.
The Truth Comes Out

Following Sam's orders, you paced the small motel room as Sam and Dean went to find out more about the Dragon you were facing. It made you nervous, and you were actually glad that you had been left behind. While they were out trying to locate the mythical being, you called Bobby, asking for his help.

"A dragon? Those things really exist?" Bobby asked as you heard him banging around in that kitchen of his.

"Yeah, they do. And do you have any idea on what kills them? Because I'm sure what I used way back when isn't easily found." You explained as you stared out the window, waiting for Sam and Dean to return.

"I have no clue. I've never really come across much in my studies. But I do know someone that might." He said after a moment.

Just then you saw the Impala pulling back into the parking lot. "Great. Can you give me the phone number?"

After getting the woman's address, you hung up just as the door was opened, and a frustrated pair of brothers walked in. "You guys find anything?"

Shaking their heads simultaneously, Sam sat down next to you while Dean headed straight to the fridge for a beer. "I might have something to help us. I just got off the phone with Bobby, and he knows a person who is interested in Dragons."

"Great! I'll head down, talk to her, see if she has a way to kill the Dragon. You two stay up here, see if you can find out where it's hanging out." Dean said, setting his beer down before he grabbed his coat, leaving the room.

"So, that leaves the two of us." You said awkwardly, making Sam chuckle lightly.

Leaning back on the bed, he stretched out his lean legs. "When you dealt with dragons before, did they gravitate toward any particular sort of hiding hole?"

You thought back to that horrid time. It was during the plague, when you had been trying your hardest to help people. It had used that time to go after the weak and pure, and you tried to stop it. "The ones I've dealt with, well mainly I've dealt with one, liked dark, hidden places. Places that weren't really used anymore."

Sam climbed off of the bed, heading towards the wall where he had a map along with all of the newspapers hanging up. Chewing lightly on his lip, he searched all over, as you came up behind him. Helping him look, you pointed to a spot that seemed right. "There. How about the closed subway station?"

Turning, he placed his hands on your cheeks, pressing his lips soundly to yours. "You are brilliant!"

Blushing slightly, you pulled back. "Thanks. Do you want a drink? I'm gonna head out to the vending machine?" You asked, needing to get some fresh air.

Messing with the change in your hand, you walked the short distance to the vending machine,
searching through the items, trying to figure out what you wanted. After making up your mind, you walked slowly back to the room, where you heard voices.

Opening the door, you were happy to see Cas in the room. "Cas!" You exclaimed, sitting down your can before enveloping the awkward man in a hug.

"Hello Y/N, how are you? You seem different." He said, tilting his head to the side, studying you carefully.

"I've got my powers back." You explained to which he nodded. "I thought so. But why? What happened? Sam and I've been talking, and he seems okay now that his soul is back."

With your breath caught in your throat, you stared up at Sam, seeing him waiting for your reaction. Of course Cas didn't know the repercussions for talking to Sam about his soul, but you couldn't believe he hadn't been more careful.

"Cas, what did you do?" You whispered, watching as the Angel narrowed his eyes.

"Y/N, why didn't you tell me?" Sam asked you, his eyes searching yours for an answer. You could tell he was hurt, and you didn't blame him. But it scared you, knowing he could go itching at that wall any moment. "Was I truly soulless? Cas said..."

"Cas shouldn't have said anything!" You blurted out, missing the way the Angel reeled back. "It was imperative that you didn't find out! There's a serious chance that it could turn your brain to mush!"

Sam stepped forward, his movements hesitant and unsure. "Y/N, Cas said that when I was soulless, I was ruthless. That I said things to you, that were horrible. Is that true?"

"Sam, I don't want to talk about it. I don't want you even thinking about that time. Please." You begged, but he wouldn't drop it.

"How did I get my soul back Y/N?" He continued pushing you.

"Can we please wait until Dean gets back?" You asked, not wanting to have to deal with this by yourself.

Taking your hand, Sam pulled you until you were sitting on the bed beside him. "Y/N, I need to know, please."

Your hands trembling, you knew he wouldn't give up until he learned everything. "Sam, please. First things first, no matter how much you want to, you cannot think about that missing time chunk."

He nodded, his face serious as he waited for you to continue. "After you...the whole battle with Lucifer, I lived with Bobby for a while. I was hurting, Dean was gone, and Bobby took me in. Taught me a lot about hunting, and about being human. Because all of my powers were gone. I could age, and die. Then, I finally went hunting on my own. And when I got overpowered by a Djinn, you and Dean saved me."

"A djinn?" Sam interrupted.

"Yeah, I was almost a goner, but truthfully, I wouldn't have minded. I was with you, and we were happy." You said sadly. "But then, both Dean and I noticed you were different. You broke my heart, and let Dean turn into a Vampire. But then, I made a deal with Death, and now, here you
are." You finished explaining, skipping the part of what the deal actually was.

"I'm so sorry." Sam said, pulling you in tight for a hug. "But Y/N, you never said what the deal was."

Closing your eyes, you took a deep breath. Of course it had to come down to this. Sam was too smart not to want to know, and you weren't sure you were ready to tell him yet. "Can we please leave it alone?"

He shook his head, squeezing your hand as you felt a tear slip down your cheek. "Please Y/N, I need to know."

"I promised I would go back to Death. Leave you and Dean alone, never to contact you again." You sobbed, pressing your head to Sam's chest.
"I promised I would go back to Death. Leave you and Dean alone, never to contact you again." You sobbed, pressing your head to Sam's chest. Saying the words out loud to Sam, actually relieved the pressure from your chest, while at the same time breaking it. By saying them out loud, it made them true, reminding you your time was almost up.

Crushing you to him, he held you tightly, pressing a kiss to your temple, before pulling you away. "Y/N, how could you?"

With tears pouring down your cheeks, you tried to answer. "I thought I had no choice. Leaving you soulless was not an option, and all of our other ideas were futile."

He shook you slightly, his face full of disappointment. "Y/N, does this mean you want to go back to death? You missed being a Reaper that much?"

"No, Sam, no! That's not it at all. It's killing me knowing that I'll have to go back to that life, especially since I have to leave you behind!" You blurted out, before you realized those probably weren't the right words to use. They would make Sam feel guilty that you had brought him back.

"Y/N, then why did you? I would rather rot in hell than see you unhappy, and at the command of Death again." He exclaimed, pacing the small room as Cas stood by, silent and unsure how to help.

"Because I felt the same way for you. I would rather be stuck with Death for eternity than watch you become some sort of monster, your soul tortured forever." You answered him, just as Sam's phone rang.

Giving you a look that told you this was far from over, he answered his phone. "Hey Dean, what's up?"

You listened to his side of the conversation as Cas came up to you, his face contrite. "I'm so sorry Y/N, I didn't realize that you hadn't told him yet."

"Cas, it's not your fault. It would have come out sooner or later. At least this way I don't have to lie to Sam for five more days." You said softly, watching Sam as he paced back and forth, his face scrunched as he listened to what his brother had to say.

"Y/N, I wish there was a way for me to help you." Cas consoled you as Sam hung up on his brother, a silly smile on his face.

"Well, he did it. Dean found a way to kill the dragon. He's gonna meet us at the entrance to the subway station." Sam explained, pulling his coat on before turning to you and Cas. The both of you were still standing there. You from the fact that you didn't want to deal with a dragon, but you weren't sure why Cas hadn't moved. "Why aren't you guys moving?"

"Do I really have to go?" You asked, as Cas was shaken out of his stupor.

"Y/N, we really do need your support on this." Sam stated, as he took his duffle bag off of the dresser.

"I can't stay. I'm needed in Heaven." Cas sputtered quickly before vanishing from sight.

Not wanting to try and argue with Sam, you pulled on your coat, following behind him, hoping that
once Dean showed up you could stay back at the entrance. Because you didn't want to get close to a Dragon, never again.

With Dean taking the Impala, you had no choice but to walk the distance to the subway entrance. It was a good thing it was at the edge of the city, close to where you were staying. Staying close to Sam, you let him lead the way as your thoughts drifted to what lay ahead. Not just with the dragon, but with the short amount of days left for you. And what would happen to you when Death pulled you back.

"Y/N, I still can't believe you would trade your life for mine." Sam brought up your conversation earlier. "I wish there was a way for you to take it back."

"I wouldn't take it back." You admitted quietly. "My life isn't worth as much as yours. You were needed out here. Not just for Dean, but because you do so much good for the world."

Sam stopped, grabbing your shoulder to stop you too. "Y/N, you do good for the world too!"

Smiling softly, you cupped his cheek. "I guess I'll do more good when I'm back to my Reaper duty. I'll have a new look on things."

"I don't want you to leave me." Sam pleaded, leaning in to your touch. "We just got back together. You were the only thing keeping me sane when I was in the cage. And now you're telling me I only have a couple of days with you. How many?"

"Five." You answered softly, before turning and walking back down the road. "And can we please stop talking about it? There's nothing we can do to change it, and I would rather enjoy the time we have left."

You felt Sam's large hand grab your shoulder, turning you, and you figured he was going to argue some more. What you hadn't expected was to be pushed against the alley wall, his long and lean body caging you in. Tilting your head up so you could gaze into his eyes, you licked your lips as you saw how much his eyes had darkened with lust. "I want to enjoy it too." He whispered, before leaning down and nibbling the sensitive spot just behind your ear. "But I promise you this, I won't ever stop looking for a way to bring you back to me."

"Sam." You mewled, just as his lips captured yours. There was nothing soft or sweet about this kiss. His lips were pressed hard to yours, moving before taking your bottom lip, pulling on it with your teeth. His hands were everywhere, running along your hips before grasping your butt, pulling you tighter to him. Raising your hands, you wrapped them in his silky locks, moaning into the kiss before he quickly pulled away.

"If I continue we will never make it to meet Dean." He said breathlessly.

Taking a moment to gather your breath, you let him grasp your hand, holding tightly as the two of you continued the rest of the way to your meeting point.
"I can't believe I beat you guys here!" Dean exclaimed, leaning against the side of the Impala as he waited for you. "Actually I can. The two of you probably had each other's clothes off as soon as I left the room."

"Dean..." Sam started, but your hand placed gently on his shoulder stopped him from continuing his sentence.

"Dean, I'm sorry. We had a bit of a delay. Cas showed up." You answered, and you could see Dean's teasing turn to concern as he looked his brother's way.

"And? What did he want?" He asked carefully, trying to read you.

"Dean, why didn't you tell me?" Sam inquired, giving Dean his answer.

"Damn it Y/N, we promised we weren't going to say anything! Why couldn't you have stopped Cas?" He asked, blaming you.

"I wasn't in the room!" You argued. "By the time I came back it was too late, and Sam found out everything. But maybe it's better this way. We won't have to lie to him anymore."

"Yeah, no more lying is a good thing." Sam agreed.

Dean walked over, poking his taller brother in the chest. "Fine. But do not go digging for the memories of when you were soulless. Understood?"

"Dean, I..." Sam started, but the look on Dean's face booked no argument.

"No Sam. That is what Death said. If you even itch at the wall, the memories could come back, and turn your brain to mush. We can't risk it!" Dean ordered.

"Can we get back to the case at hand?" You interrupted, not wanting the two brothers to get into a fight while you had a dragon that needed taken care of. "There are damsels in distress, and a dragon that needs to be slayed."

"Can I be the knight in shining armor?" Dean asked, his attitude changing from frustrated and ticked off to amused and silly.

"Of course you can Dean. But to one of the girls you rescue. Sammy here can be my knight." You answered, earning a groan from Dean.

"None of that sickeningly sweet crap." He grumbled, before leaning into the Impala and pulling out what used to be a sword. Only now half of it was gone, leaving a jagged piece of steel sticking out of an ornate handle.

"What the hell happened to that sword?" Sam asked Dean, who looked a little sheepish.

"I might have blown it into bits." He muttered. "It was stuck in stone, and I used dynamite."

"Of course you did." Sam grinned.

"Shut up." Dean sputtered, holding the sword up. "At least there's some of it left."
You stayed a step behind Sam and Dean as they made their way to the old, closed off entrance to the Subway. With overgrown weeds and a rusted lock, it took some elbow grease before Sam had it open enough the three of you could go inside. As soon as you stepped inside the damp, dank and dark interior of the unused Subway, you could feel the greed and power of the Dragon, and shivers ran through your body.

"You okay?" Sam asked, noticing your trepidation.

Taking a deep breath, you nodded, even though you truly weren't. Dragons scared you, and you could still vividly remember your last run in with one. And those memories made you want to tuck your tail between your legs and run back to the Impala.

Reaching out, Sam grasped your hand, letting the two of you walk behind Dean who held his flashlight out, illuminating the way. As you passed through the damp hallway, you saw something shiny in the corner of your eye. "Dean, wait!" You whispered, stopping and bending down. As soon as his flashlight hit it, you saw a huge pile of valuables. All made out of gold, there were watches, bracelets, and necklaces. A small fortune sat on the floor in front of you.

"We're in the right spot." You informed them.

"So it's true? Dragon's do hoard gold?" Dean asked, picking up a gold Rolex watch, slipping it into his pocket.

"Yes, it is true." You answered, before the three of you continued on. Soon you could hear the cries of women, and once you rounded the corner, you saw a long iron bridge, with cages underneath. Each cage held at least four women, all in various states of neglect.

"Please, help us!" They exclaimed as soon as they noticed you.

"I'll go help them. You find the Dragon." You told Sam and Dean, not wanting to get anywhere close to the scaly man. Kneeling down, you grabbed the lock, thinking fast on how you could break it.

"There is a key, over there!" One of the girls, a young brunette said, pointing to the far edge of the bridge.

"Stay quiet." You ordered, rushing over and grabbing the set of keys. Frantically you slid back down to your knees, going through each one, your hands shaking as you tried to fit it into the first lock.

"Hurry!" Another girl, at least fifteen begged, her face bloody and terrified.

"We're going to get you out of here. Just stay calm." You told them, before they all quieted down, except for the first one. Her eyes got huge as she stared at something behind you, before frantically pointing.

"The dragon! He's back! Run!" She exclaimed, but before you could move, a large hand reached out, grabbing your shoulder and pulling you to your feet. In your frantic moves to get away from him, you dropped the keys, landing in the cage.

"What are you doing here?" He asked, his voice deep and rough, from years of staying in his dragon form.

"Saving these girls!" You answered, looking for Sam or Dean to come and help you. Your fear of Dragons had you frozen to the spot, knowing if you moved wrong, his claws would rip into your
skin, hurting you, or even killing you.

"Just one puny human against a Dragon?" He laughed, before leaning forward, and sniffing your neck. "Wait, you aren't human, are you?"

"Please, let these girls go." You pleaded, just as Sam and Dean came back, stopping when they noticed you were at the mercy of the Dragon.

"Interesting. A Reaper who begs to save the life of humans?" He uttered as you looked Sam's way. Sam's hands were clenched at his sides, knowing one wrong move from him could end your life.

"Let her go." Dean ordered, holding the sword in front of him, his grip surprisingly true and accurate.

The Dragon's hand reached out, grasping your chin and forcing you to look at him. His eyes were golden, his pupils reptile like slits. As he held you, his fingers digging into your face but not slicing, yet. "I heard rumors that a Reaper can die from a Dragon's cut. Shall we see?" He asked, before slicing one down your cheek.

The pain was worse than anything you had felt before. Your face burnt and your skin bubbled. Screaming, you felt yourself falling backwards, as the Dragon let go of you.

"Y/N!" Sam’s scream echoed through the small room, as you fell to the ground, your hand coming up to your face, your vision fading in and out as the Dragon's poison moved quickly into your bloodstream.
During your life as a Reaper, you had experienced a lot of things. The supposed love of a knight, plagues and wars. You had felt heartbreak and sorrow, along with pain and weariness. Nothing that you had felt in your thousands of years could compare to the agony rushing through your system right now.

The flesh on the side of your face was burning, and in between your cries of agony you wondered if your skin was actually burning off, or if it was just your imagination. Blood seeped out of the wound, sizzling as it came into contact with the wound, and you could smell something putrid and disgusting.

"Y/N!" Sam screamed, or at least you thought he did. It was hard to tell what was happening when you were so lost in the pain and fear that came with being poisoned by a Dragon. What was worse than the pain was the fear of leaving Sam, knowing this was much more permanent than heading back to Death.

With his arms around you, your head rolled back, laying against his shoulder as your eyes fluttered shut. Your entire body started to spasm, your legs and arms twitching as the poison moved it's way into your bloodstream.

"Oh my god, Y/N." Sam mumbled, his words barely making it past your pain induced fog that was clouding your brain. "What can I do? How can I fix this?"

"You can't." You heard the Dragon spat, before the sounds of his death filled your ears as Dean ran the severed blade through his heart.

"Sammy, you need to get her out of here, now!" Dean ordered his brother, who sat on the iron bridge, his arms wrapped around your slightly shaking body. "I will get the prisoners free, then meet you. But you need to find Cas, get his help!"

Sam stood up, picking your body up as he went, the movement sending another wave of pain through your inflicted body and you moaned. "Sam, I can't." You stuttered, the words hard to get past your parched and peeling lips.

"Y/N, please you have to hold on. Fight for me please. I can't lose you!" He pleaded with you, as you let your head lull back, hoping that by letting the darkness win you would be free from the pain.

"Cas, what do you mean you can't help her? Look at her, she's dying!! Reapers don't die!" You could hear Sam begging as you fought against the darkness, against the pain lacing through your system.

Your face felt swollen and heavy, heated throughout. Your entire body ached, with shivers running through your body. "Sam." You muttered through cracked lips as you tried to crack your eyes open.

"Y/N!" Sam exclaimed, and you felt the bed sag as he sat down next to you. Wondering how long you had been out, realizing Sam had carried you back to the motel.

"Y/N, how are you feeling?" Cas asked, as Sam held a glass to your lips and you greedily drank the cool water, thinking it tasted even better than the pizza you adored.
"Like I'm dying." You admitted, before you gasped as your heart clenched painfully, like a heart attack, creating black spots in your vision.

"What can we do? I know of nothing." Cas asked you, placing his fingers against your temple. He was able to take the pain away, for a second, and you were finally able to open your eyes, and stare up into a pair of blue and hazel eyes, both filled with concern.

"I don't know. It's usually deadly." You sputtered, the pain quickly returning, the side of your face turning numb. It was then you realized that this time was deadly too. Enough of the poison had moved into your system, and you were too far along that if there had been the slightest hope it was long gone.

"Damn it Y/N, there has to be something!" Sam yelled, just as the door opened, and Dean walked inside, coming to stand next to his brother. Leaning your head back against the pillow, you felt weak and helpless.

"Sam..." You said, before another round of shivers had the words stopping as your entire body took hold. It was several seconds later, with Sam's hand on your shoulder that you were able to stop. "I've only heard of death between reapers and dragons. I'm sorry. But maybe it's better this way."

Covering your mouth, you coughed hard, the movement making your head feel as if it was going to split open. Looking down at your hand, you saw blood splattering your palm, the poison slowly killing your inside.

Grasping your hand, Sam's eyes filled with tears, his face contorted in pain. "No, there has to be something! I will find it, and I will save you, like you've saved me!"

Leaving your side, you watched as he went to his laptop, leaving you alone with a concerned Dean and Cas. "Dean, please. You have to watch him, make sure he doesn't blame himself." You begged as your eyes slowly started to close again.

The bed sagged once again as Dean sat down next to you, his hand lightly shaking you so your eyes. "Y/N, I know we've never seen eye to eye. At the beginning I didn't trust you and actually thought about killing you. But I'm glad I didn't. You became the sister I never knew I needed, and you are good for Sam. So we are going to do everything in our power to save you."

A tear slipped down your cheek, landing on the cracked and bloody wound. "Thank you Dean. Even if you can't save me, it was nice hearing that."

Another racking cough had you groaning in pain, and you felt your grasp on consciousness slipping away. As your vision turned black, you glanced one more time at Sam, sitting hunched over, his hair flopping down in front of his face, a frown showcasing how much he was concentrating. If this was the last time you were awake, you wanted him to be the last thing you saw. "Tell Sam I love him." You whispered as you let the darkness take you once again.
The next couple of hours were agony for you. Sliding in and out of consciousness, you could do nothing but wish the poison would hurry up and finish its job. Anything was better than lying there, feeling as if your entire body was being flayed from the inside out.

All three men stayed by your bedside the entire time it seemed like. When you were lucid enough to see them, you always saw Sam first, sitting beside you, his hand on yours, his eyes full of pain and heartbreak. It was eating him alive that he could do nothing to help you. Cas and Dean paced the room, always coming to stand behind Sam when you woke. Dean's hand would rest on his brother's shoulder, giving him comfort, knowing how hard it was for him to watch you like this and do nothing.

"Sam." You muttered, your lips parched and peeling, your throat like a desert.

"Shh, Y/N. Cas is trying to find a way. You need to hold on, please." He begged you, a tear slipping down his cheek.

"It hurts so bad. Please, make it stop." You pleaded, screaming as another round of pain ripped through you, and you wanted to do nothing more than curl up in a ball, but your body was too weak, and you couldn't move it.

"Y/N..." Sam cried, wishing he could do something, anything to help you.

Slipping once again into unconsciousness, it was unsettled and full of dreams. Dreams of the Dragon coming after you. Nightmares of Sam dying in front of you, or of him never making it back from Hell. Death showed up, and you couldn't tell if it was a dream, or if this was another of his tricks.

"Help me." You pleaded with him, as your dreamscape turned into his living room, and you know longer felt the agonizing pain you were going through.

"Sit." He ordered, and you glided over to the chair, perching on it, still confused. This felt like a dream, but it also reminded you of the times you would disconnect from your body, visiting death from far away.

"Sir, what is going on?" You asked him, feeling yourself floating in and out of the scene, like a ghost.

"You're dying." He stated matter of factly. "There's nothing I can do to stop it, but I wanted to see you before you went."

"But you're Death. You can't figure something out?" You asked him, wanting nothing more than to be able to spend more time with Sam.

"There are something beyond even me." He stated, before handing you a glass of his finest whiskey. "Now, drink and relax. The next few moments won't be that easy for you I'm afraid."

Taking a sip of the smooth, burning liquid, you felt a tear sliding down your cheek. After all the years you had lived, you didn't want to die.

"I called you here to tell you how much you mean to me. You've always been my favorite Reaper, like a daughter to me. I will never forget you."
His words startled you, but before you could say anything, he was fading out of sight, your mind going blank, your body going rigid as the pain consumed you once again. Taking deep, gasping breaths, you opened your eyes, your vision fuzzy.

Sam was still in the seat by your bed, his head resting on your chest, his long, silky locks hiding his face from your view. Focusing all of your strength on your hand, you raised it, the movement shaky as you gently brushed the hair back. "Sam." You whispered, his head shooting up, his eyes red and blotchy.

"Y/N." He answered, his hand grasping yours. Slowly the pain vanished from your body, leaving you blissfully numb, and you knew your time on this planet was almost over. With a tear rolling down your cheek, you smiled at the love of your life.

"I love you." You whispered, your eyelids feeling heavy.

"I love you too Y/N. But please, you need to fight. I need you." He pleaded, his tears falling on your hand as your eyes closed, your body giving up its fight.

With a sharp breath, you shot straight up, your chest heaving as you tried to catch your breath. Taking stock of your body, you realized you no longer hurt. You felt as good as new, stronger than before. Back to your normal Reaper body. Standing up, you made a circle, finding yourself in a new and unfamiliar place. It was dark, nearly dusk. "Sam?" You called out, seeing nothing but the silhouette of trees and bushes around you.

"Dean?" You tried when Sam didn't answer. Reaching into your coat, you pulled out your knife, backing up until your back hit one of the gray trees, its limbs leaveless. Wherever you were, it was bleak and dreary, with no sign of life anywhere. Realizing that Sam and Dean were no where close to you, you began walking, hoping you could figure out where you were. As you walked along the foreign forest, you began to see eyes staring back at you. Eyes of red and yellow, following you as you moved along. Sounds began to reach your ears, heavy breathing along with grunts and growls. Feeling the hair raising on your arms, your steps became quicker, the scenery never changing.

"Where the hell am I?" You muttered, as you came to a clearing. Bones lay scattered throughout, and you knew that wherever you were, it wasn't good.

As you stood there, trying to figure out your next move, wondering how you could have moved from your death bed, the eyes came closer, morphing into different monster bodies. That's when you realized you had heard of this place. It had been talked about in story books meant to scare young Reapers. To let them know not everything went on into the void. This was the resting ground for monsters, a place called Purgatory. And being a Reaper, of course you had been brought there when you died. Which brought tears to your eyes as you realized you were dead. Sam was no doubt getting ready to burn your body, giving it a hunter's funeral while you fought for your life in this strange and scary land.
That night, if it was night, you weren't sure if the sky would ever change from the dark teal blue. But that night you found a small hollow in a tree, big enough for you if you crouched down, hugging your knees to your chest. Rocking back and forth, you watched as shadows crept by your, their eyes glowing strange colors in the night sky as they howled or screeched. Often times you would hear the agonizing cries of a monster that was taken down. Making you wonder where Monsters went when they died in Purgatory. Were they reborn in Purgatory, meant to live a hellish life over and over. Or is there a void for Monsters, where they know no more?

As you pondered these things, you wished for any sort of weapon. While those monsters out there had sharp teeth and claws, you had nothing. Not even a knife hiding in your pocket to protect you. It was a scary thought, knowing you were defenseless in a weird, hopeless land.

Reapers didn't need sleep, and for once you were grateful for that fact. That way your guard wouldn't be lowered, and you could make sure that nothing overtook you in the night. By the time an orange morning light filled the small clearing in front of you, your nerves were frazzled, your hands shaky, making a weapon the first thing on your mind. Checking to make sure the coast was clear, you began searching through the bushes along the forest floor, looking for anything that would help defend yourself.

Coming upon the remains of some poor monster, you picked up a couple of the bones, thinking they would be your best best. Taking a vine, you wrapped it tightly around them, making some sort of knife that you held tight in your hand as you figured out your next step. While all the time wishing that Sam was there to help you. Even though you wouldn't wish a trip to Purgatory on Sam, it would be nice to have his support, and his brains.

A tear slipped down your cheek, and you hastily wiped it away. Crying at what could be's wouldn't get you anywhere. You were gone, and Sam was still topside, no doubt missing you but trying to move on with his life. And that's what you needed to do to. Purgatory was your home now, and you needed to make the most out of it. And making the most out of it meant surviving without becoming a Monster's breakfast.

Trudging through the thick brush, you couldn't believe how quiet it was, as if most of the other inhabitants were asleep, leaving you out there on your own. Step by step, you started to feel a little safer, a little more relaxed that maybe you could become used to your new surroundings before you would have to fight anyone.

In the silence of the forest you could just make out the sounds of water rushing. Making your way towards the sound, you heard footsteps behind you, but it was too late. A pair of arms reached out, wrapping around your shoulders, throwing you back until your back connected with the forest floor. A couple with gleaming sharp teeth stared down at you, licking their lips in anticipation. "What are you?" They hissed, as the female knelt down on top of you, her knees pinning your arms to the ground.

"A reaper." You answered back, fighting against her hold, but she was too strong, and your makeshift weapon fell to the ground beside you.

"Reaper? I didn't think Reaper's ever died. They did the reapin." She said, sniffing your neck. "But you smell like a human. Maybe you'll be better to eat than all these others around us."

"I'm not going to be breakfast for a pair of werewolves." You answered bravely, even though at the
moment you felt anything but brave. Especially since the girl werewolf had quite the hold on you, and your weapon wasn't made of silver.

"Oh honey, I actually feel a little sorry for you." She said, licking the side of your neck, grossing you out. "But you taste so good!"

As her mouth opened and you saw her fangs, you closed your eyes, knowing this was it. You were going to become food for a pair of werewolves. Never finding a way out of Purgatory. You felt embarrassed actually. As a Reaper you had lived centuries, and you couldn't even survive one day in Purgatory. Maybe you would be better off being werewolf meat, then living the pathetic life you seemed to be living. As you waited for the pain, Sam's hazel eyes flashed in your memory, and you kept a hold on it, wanting him to be the last thing you would see.

"Step away from her." A deep southern voice drawled, and you peeked your eyes open to see a handsome man standing at the far side of the small clearing, another homemade weapon in his hands. He was bloody and dirty, but had a smile on his face and a twinkle to his blue eyes. His black coat was tattered, and his clothes reminded you of those you had seen in the 1800's. It was the fangs in his mouth that had you reconsidering his help. Maybe the vampire was fighting the werewolves so he could have you for himself.

"Back off fang boy." The male werewolf snarled. "We found her first. She is ours."

"How about I just head over there while the three of you talk this out?" You suggested, trying to move away from the woman holding you down, but she turned and snarled out you, her face feral.

Before you could make another move, the vampire was striding over, swinging his wicked looking weapon at the male werewolf who had nothing but his claws and fangs to protect him. You lost track of their fighting as they moved around, while the woman held you down, watching the fight with interest. When you heard a yip, you tilted your head back, watching as the Vampire pulled the werewolf's heart from his chest, dropping it to the ground before stomping on it.

"Nathaniel!" The lady screamed, reaching down and grasping your head she smacked it down on the ground where it connected with a rock. On the verge of passing out, you felt her weight lift off of you, before she ran towards the vampire, screaming the entire time. It was over in a flash, she was no match for the vampire.

You knew that now was your chance. The Vampire was licking the blood off of his hand, and both werewolves were dead. If you were going to live and leave, this was your only opportunity. But your body refused to follow your mind's orders, and you lay there, your head pounding.

Footsteps came closer to your head, and you closed your eyes, waiting for the vampire to finish you off. "Please. Make it quick." You whispered.

"Make what quick?" He asked in a southern accent. "Ma'am, I'm not going to eat you. Reaper's blood tastes horrible to Vampires. A thank you would be appreciated."

Reaching down, he grasped your hand, pulling you up into a sitting position. Sitting down next to you, he smiled over at you. "How did a Reaper make it to Purgatory anyways? I've been around for a long time, and you're the first one I've ever seen."

"Got killed by a dragon." You answered. "And thank you for saving me."

"The name's Benny." He said, holding his hand out. "Maybe we can work together, save each other's hides."
A Way Out

Running into Benny had been the best thing to ever happen to you. Not just because he saved your ass, but because he helped you, in so many ways. He was sweet, with his southern drawl, keeping you company through the never ending nights. He kept your mind off of things, like the fact that this was going to go on forever, that you would never see Sam again. He kept you moving, hoping that you would someday find your way out, and back to Sam.

At night the two of you would sit around in the dark, talking about anything and everything to pass the time. Benny had lived a crazy, magical life, and he wasn't shy about sharing any of it. There had been many nights you couldn't stop laughing at one of his stories. That was okay with you, because it kept the negative thoughts at bay.

During the day the two of you would continue moving on, usually getting ambushed at least once a day by some sort of monster. Benny could handle himself well, and you were doing pretty good with your handmade knife. He kept pushing you, telling you he had heard of a way out. With nothing else to go on, you followed him, knowing a flimsy plan was better than no plan at all.

Life in Purgatory was animalistic and harsh. Even though you didn't need to eat, you missed the taste of food. You wanted nothing more than to relax under the hot spray of a shower, to sleep on a soft mattress. To feel Sam's lips against yours, to feel his body move against yours.

On nights like tonight, when your feelings were even harder to push to the back of your mind, Benny was there for you, holding you tight to him, letting you cry on his shoulder. "Hush darlin." He would call you. "We will find a way out, so you can make it back to that man of yours."

It was a vicious cycle, day after day. After weeks had turned into months, and the way out had still not been found, you began to lose hope that it ever would. Each day it was harder to drag yourself up, to make yourself keep moving. Benny tried his best, but with nothing to look forward to, you didn't care if the monsters killed you that day, or the next.

Your nights were no longer full of tears. With your back against a tree, you would stare off into the darkness, keeping your mind blank, staying away from the thoughts and feelings that had hurt you so badly to begin with.

After six months of being stuck in Purgatory, with nothing but Benny as company, you couldn't recognize the person you had become. You no longer cared about anything. Your appearance, whether you lived or died. You didn't even think about Sam anymore. Each day it was the same, get up, kill the Monsters and move on. Killing other monsters was the only thing that brought you joy anymore.

"Y/N, darlin, are you sure you're okay?" Benny asked one night, on a day you hadn't spoken a single word. "Don't give up hope. We'll find the way out."

Without saying a word, you turned your back on him, sharpening your knife. You weren't sure what hope was, or if you still had any. Those foreign emotions had left you a long time ago, and you didn't want them back.

The next morning you were up before Benny, rinsing off in the stream. Ignoring the sounds of Monsters moving about the forest, you stood in the water, your head thrown back as you listened to a weird sound nearby.
Benny came to stand next to the river, his sharp Vampire hearing no doubt picking up the same sound. "What is that?" You asked him.

Suddenly he smiled. "That, darlin, is the way out of here. It's not the portal I was looking for, but it's a back way into Hell."

That's when it hit you. The sounds you were hearing were those of souls being tortured. Screams, and cries, human sounds you hadn't heard for such a long time. Stepping out of the creek, you began following the sound, Benny right behind you. It wasn't easy to spot where they were coming from, but you could just make out a tiny sliver in between a hill and a rock.

"That's it! We've found the way out!" Benny exclaimed, moving forward, but you just stood there, staring at it. Did you really want out of here? You knew what to expect here. If you made your way topside again, would you go back to Sam? If he had even waited for you. Or maybe Death would want you back under his thumb. Either way, your options didn't sound any better than life down here.

"No thank you." You whispered, turning to leave the spot but Benny's arms stopped you.

"Y/N, no. I won't let you do this." He argued. "You've changed, but I know when you get back up there, things will turn out okay. You can't just shut yourself off."

"I did, and it's worked out fine so far. Life down here is simple, and emotionless. Maybe that's what I need." You told him, but he was stronger than you, and he pushed you back, towards the entrance.

"Go. There's nothing here for you." He told you again, pushing you through the opening. Giving up, you glanced up at him.

"Aren't you coming?" You asked him, but before he could answer, a british accent answered for him.

"I'm sorry Y/N, but Hell is no place for Vampires." The voice told you, and the rock slid shut, leaving Benny behind in Purgatory.

Turning, you faced the man who had denied your friend. He was wearing a dark black suit, fancy made. He had two Demon's with him, ready to grab you at a moment's notice. "You're Crowley."

"At your service. And you're the Y/N the Moose is in love with." He answered you, before offering you his arm. Carefully taking it, you let him guide you past rooms filled with horrid faces, up a flight of stairs, before he opened a door. Inside was a study, with a large wooden desk in the center. Heading to a table off to the side, he poured himself a glass of whiskey before offering you one. Taking it, you sipped the smooth liquid, coughing as something stronger than water slid down your throat for the first time in you didn't know how long.

"I had a feeling I would be seeing you soon. You see, I knew that you would be going to Purgatory. And as a friend of the Winchesters, I knew you would try to find your way out. Sooner or later, I knew you would find that little back door." He explained. "I didn't expect it to take that long, but oh well. Now I can get Moose and squirrel off my back."

"But what if I don't want to go back to them?" You asked, taking another sip of the burning liquid. His glass paused halfway up to his mouth, he gave you a curious glance. "And why wouldn't you? I heard you and Sam were deeply in love, if I believe in that garbage."
Setting your glass down, you faced him. "While in Purgatory, I learned how much emotions can mess with you. How they change you, make you weaker. I know if I go back to Sam, that will happen, and I'm not sure I want to feel again."
After your declaration that you didn't want to feel again, Crowley was silent. Sipping his whiskey, he cocked his head as he looked at you. Sitting in his chair, feeling like you were being judged, you waited for his answer.

"Y/N, don't know what you went through in Purgatory. I've never been fond of the place myself, and I stay away from it. But I do know what happened topside, and I know that Sam has torn the place apart trying to get you back."

"But what if I don't want to get back to him? Don't I have a choice?" You asked angrily, hating how everything was always taken away from you. First, as a Reaper Death had always been your first thought. Never really given a choice to be your own person. Then, when you had found out about Sam and Dean, you immediately fell for Sam. And now, here you were, being pushed back towards a man that you used to love. But that had been a long time ago, and you weren't sure after your time in Purgatory that you even had feelings anymore. "Maybe I should go back to being a Reaper. There's no feeling, no emotions involved in that."

"If you like that sort of thing." He answered before standing up. "Now, it's time to get you out of Hell. It's certainly no place for a Reaper."

"You aren't going to hand me over to Sam and Dean are you? I want time, to figure things out on my own." You told him, but he just shrugged, before opening the door. With no choice but to follow him, you walked up the stone stairs, following him as Demon's gave you a wide berth. Finally he came to an old, weathered door. "This is the door to the outside. You are free to go wherever you want, but I do encourage you to make your way back to Sam and Dean. Sam's been rather annoying with you gone, and I can't have him bugging my demons anymore."

Opening the door, you stepped out into the blaring sunshine. Guarding your eyes against it, you took a deep breath of the air that was so real, unlike the heavy, putrid air in Purgatory. The door had opened up next to a cemetery, with nothing but a beautiful field and trees across from it. The sun hurting your eyes after being in the twilight of Purgatory for so long, you kept your hand shading them as you began to walk down the long, empty road. Glancing behind you, you saw nothing but the cemetery and a small stone cottage.

With nothing left to do, you walked. Sure, you could have called on your powers, seeing if they worked, or if dying had zapped them permanently. But walking is what you needed at that moment. There was something about being by yourself, surrounded by nature that cleared your mind. You were still jumpy, used to the ever present danger that had been lurking behind trees in Purgatory. Trying to tell yourself that you were no longer there didn't work.

You weren't sure how long you walked. Through trees and valleys, past empty broken down houses and barns, you kept your legs moving. After being in Purgatory for so long, always on the move, your body didn't mind the long walk. Soon, you came to a small town, big enough to house a gas station, small diner and a motel. Reaching into your pockets, you found that you still somehow had cash left in them. Maybe Crowley slipped it to you, maybe it was from before you died. But you didn't really care, because at least it meant you would have a place to spend the night.

Ignoring the diner, you went to the motel first. An older lady was running the front desk, and her eyes widened when she looked at you. You hadn't seen your appearance since that fateful day the dragon killed you, but you knew you must look a fright. There had been no brushes in Purgatory, no mirrors to make sure all the blood and grime was off of your face. "Oh sweetie." She exclaimed.
"What happened to you?"

Thinking fast, you came up with a story, knowing the truth would make you look crazy. "It's my boyfriend. He...uh...he hit me...and I ran, through the forest, trying to get away from him." You sobbed, watching as she bought it easily.

"You poor girl. We'll get you fixed up. Room 10 is yours, free of charge. You go clean up, and I'll try to find you some clean clothes and some food." She ordered you, handing you a key. Thanking her, you went straight into the room. It wasn't anything fancy, with one double bed in the middle of the room, covered in a colorful quilt, but it was much better than some you had stayed in with Sam and Dean.

Heading straight for the bathroom, you looked at yourself in the mirror, wincing when you finally saw yourself for the first time in months. No wonder that old woman seemed startled. Your hair was nothing but a birds nest atop your hair, with twigs and dried blood. Your face was scratched, covered in blood and so much grime you couldn't even tell what your skin color was. Your clothes were torn and disgustingly filthy. Tossing them into the trash can, you noticed all the bruises covering your chest and stomach area. Purgatory had not been kind to you, but at least it had seemed true. No lies, no emotions. Just killing to live.

Just as you went to turn the shower on, to scrub the grime and blood from your skin, there was a knock at the door. Grabbing one of the large fluffy towels, you wrapped it around yourself, thinking it was the motel lady with a change of clothes for you. "I'm coming!" You exclaimed, hurrying through the room. Throwing open the door, you stepped back, ready to let the woman in so she could be gone and you could get back to your shower.

"Y/N?" Came a smooth, familiar voice, your breath catching as you looked up into a pair of familiar hazel eyes.
A Hard Conversation

"Let me guess, Crowley told you." You grumbled as you stepped back, knowing he wouldn't leave until he had the chance to talk to you. "Didn't take you very long."

"We were close by, dropped everything as soon as he called." Sam explained, his eyes searching over you, trying to take in all of you. "It's been so long, I never thought I'd see you again."

Watching as his arms moved forward, like he was going to pull him to you, you stepped back, out of his reach. Not missing the way his face fell, or the way his hands dropped lifelessly at his side. "Where's Dean?"

"At the diner, giving us some privacy." Sam answered, his forehead wrinkled in confusion. You were willing to bet he was expecting you to jump in his arms, to be overjoyed at seeing him again. And while it did make your heart flutter, you didn't want to open that part of yourself again. You liked the way you were, with no emotions or feelings clouding your judgement. And your judgment was telling you that getting back together with Sam was going to lead to nothing but pain.

"Well, thanks for stopping by, but as you can see I was about ready to get in the shower." You told him, gesturing to your towel clad body.

Instead of leaving the room like you hoped, Sam sat down on the bed, grabbing the TV remote. "Didn't you hear me?" You asked him, and he looked up at you with those hazel eyes that were still trying to draw you in.

"Yeah, I heard you. Figured I'd watch TV until you were done." He insisted. With a sigh, you left him sitting there, wanting to get clean for the first time in months. Slipping into the shower, you forgot about the fact that Sam was out there, waiting for you to renew your love for him. To get back together and make everything as it had been. Instead you concentrated on the feeling of the warm water sliding over your skin, washing away months of built up dirt and grime that you hadn't been able to rinse off in your rare trips to the creek in Purgatory. Washing away blood from all sorts of monsters, including some of your own. There were new scars covering your skin, some jagged and angry while others were just white lines. Your healing skills hadn't worked in Purgatory, but truthfully, you didn't mind. Each scar was a prize won in battle, showcasing that you had fought to live just one more day.

Taking your time in the shower, you had the fleeting hope that Sam would give up and leave, but you knew that wouldn't be the case. Sam was too kind, too considerate to leave as soon as he had found you again. Sighing, you shut the water off, sliding the towel around you once again. The bathroom door was slightly open, a new outfit sitting on the counter. It was nothing fancy, just a pair of sweatpants, along with a plain white t-shirt, but it felt nice to be in something different.

Grabbing the brush that had been left for you, you made your way back into the main room, seeing Sam sitting at the table, looking down at his phone. A plate with a sandwich, along with a glass of milk and a cookie were placed on the table, and you knew they were from the kind, older lady.

"Hi." Sam said, sitting his phone down and giving you a dazzling smile. Saying nothing in return, you moved to the food, picking up the sandwich. In Purgatory, you had never grown hungry, or thirsty, and you looked at the sandwich with interest. Would you be hungry? Or would food taste like nothing? Taking a small bite, you thought you had tasted nothing finer. Forgetting that Sam was there, watching you, you finished off the sandwich in a couple of bites, moving on to the glass
of milk. Within minutes the meal was gone, including the delicious chocolate chip cookie.

"Must have tasted good after....Crowley said you were in Purgatory." Sam finally spoke as you sat down at the table.

"It did. I had forgotten how good food tasted." You told him. "And yes, I was in Purgatory."

Sam seemed like he wanted to reach over, to grasp your hand in his, but he stopped himself. "For us, Purgatory had just been a myth, not even sure if it really existed. But Crowley told us what it was like. I'm so sorry you had to spend months there."

"I had a friend. His name was Benny, he was a Vampire. He taught me how to protect myself. I just wish he could have come with me." You said softly, missing the look of jealousy that crossed Sam's face.

"All that matters is you're back where you belong. I've missed you so much. Dean has too." Sam promised you, as you tilted your gaze to the table, and not those eyes you had missed so much at first.

"Sam, about that." You started, just as a knock sounded on your door. Sam stood up, opening it without a glance, and Dean pushing his way inside.

"Y/N!" Dean exclaimed, rushing forward to give you a hug. Frowning when you stepped back, away from him.

Pointing to the table, you let him sit down, before you began the hardest task you had ever thought about doing. "Sam, Dean, I think we need to talk."

"Do I need to come back?" Dean offered, hearing the serious tone of your voice, looking between you and his brother, wondering what was going on. You knew he had thought he would be walking into a celebration, not an awkward and tense scene.

"Y/N, I know you're still reeling from being back. But it will all be okay." Sam assured you, and you could tell be the set in his shoulders he already knew your talk would hurt him. You didn't want to hurt him, but you also didn't want yourself hurt. And you were afraid if you went back to him, that would happen. It might take a while, but being with Sam Winchester was like walking around with a live grenade in your pocket. Always the possibility of it blowing up.

Pacing the small room, you tried to think of the right words to say. It was surprisingly harder than you thought it would be. "Sam, you were the first person I truly loved. Even before I met you, I think I loved you."

He smiled at that, relaxing a little at your mention of love. "We had some good times, even when the world was out to get us, which was a lot."

"That only made our love stronger." He insisted, which was probably true.

"But I can't do it again." You told him, watching as his eyes widened in confusion. "In Purgatory, there was no room for emotions, or feeling. There was just survival, and pure instinct. And I liked that. Knowing I didn't have to worry about you, or how things could hurt you, it was freeing."

"Y/N, what are you saying?" He whispered softly, looking like a kicked puppy. Dean was just sitting there, taking in your conversation, his eyes dark and guarded.

"I'm saying I can't do this anymore. I can't be with you, because it brings all these emotions I don't
want to have anymore. I'm sorry Sam, but we're over."
"You know, I think I'm, uh...Sam, can you give Y/N and I a minute?" Dean asked, surprising you. Sam glanced between you and Dean, before sighing and heading outside. As soon as he was gone, Dean moved, sitting down next to you at the table.

"Y/N, are you sure this is the right thing to do?" Dean asked you, and you nodded.

"I know it will be hard for him, but I think it's in my best interest." You explained, even though you still felt a pang in your heart at the thought of it. "I'm not meant to feel love, or any of the other emotions, and I think I need to head back to my roots."

You could see the wheels turning in Dean's head as he tried to figure out his next words. "Y/N, I just don't think it's a good time for this. Hearing that you were back, while the most coherent he's been. Sam hasn't been the same since you were gone, especially since..."

It wasn't surprising that Dean was trying to talk you into staying. He would always be there for his brother, no matter what. But what he was saying had you wondering if he was making things sound worse, just so his brother wouldn't be heart broken.

"Dean, he's tough. It's not like I've been back that long. Let me go, and pretend you never saw me." You tried, but he wasn't having any of it.

Standing up, he walked over, pulling a beer from the bag he had brought in. Offering it to you, you declined, watching as he downed a large drink in one shot. "While you were gone, a lot of stuff happened." He started. "We had our hands full, trying to keep Crowley from opening the portal to Purgatory. Which was so hard, because Sam wanted nothing more, hoping that you would be able to make it through."

"Well, I take it you succeeded." You told him. "There was never any talk of something that big opening."

"We succeeded. But during that time, the wall in Sam's brain crumbled to dust, and now he remembers everything." Dean continued on. "At first, it was bad, but then he seemed to come out of it. Little did Bobby and I know, but he started seeing things, and it's gotten worse."

"How worse?" You asked quietly, not sure you wanted to know. Because if you knew, then it would mean you would probably stick with them, forfeiting what you wanted.

"He keeps seeing Lucifer, everywhere. He won't sleep, he'll barely eat. He's been in a stupor, until he heard you were out. That was the first time I've seen him perk up for anything. So, I know you said you wanted to get away from emotions. But can't you stay with us until I can get him some help?"

"Dean..." You pleaded, but both of you knew he had won. There was no way you would leave them to cope with this on their own. Even if you wanted to shut off all your emotions, you couldn't leave them alone now.

"Once we figure out a cure, then you can be on your way if you still want to." He insisted, peeling the label off of the empty bottle.

"Fine." You answered. "But I get my own motel room. And it's just business. I'm not going to get back in a relationship with him just to make him feel better."
Dean nodded enthusiastically. "Thank you so much!" Dean went and pulled open the door, whistling to Sam. When he came back in, you took the time to finally look him over, and what you saw had you frowning. His hair was dull, the healthy gleam long gone. Dark circles were under his eyes, the sparkle gone from within. His skin had a yellow tinge to it, and he looked exhausted and about ready to give up.

Watching him, you saw him glance at Dean hopefully, who nodded slightly. "I'm going to go get Sam and I a room." He explained, leaving you alone with Sam. As soon as he was gone, you felt awkward, unsure what to do, and you didn't like it. During your last months in Purgatory, you had been confident, and unafraid, ready to kill at a moment's notice. But now, here with Sam, you weren't sure what to say, or do.

"Dean must have told you." He said softly, plopping down on one of the chairs as if his legs weren't strong enough to hold him up.

"He explained most of it." You answered, grabbing one of the beers that Dean had offered early. Taking a sip, you almost spat it out, forgetting what the bitter liquid tasted like after not drinking anything for so long. "So, are you seeing Lucifer right now?"

He nodded, looking towards the bathroom, and your heart broke for the gentle giant. He had already endured so much, and yet there was always something else for him to live through. It didn't seem fair. "He's standing there, talking about how hot you are. How bad ass you seem even in the simple clothes. I won't say the rest."

Frowning, you wished there was some way you could help him. Walking over, you pressed your hands to his chest, ignoring the current that ran between the two of you. Concentrating hard, you were surprised when you felt your powers igniting deep from within. Transferring some of your spark into him, you gave him more than you should have. Wobbling on your feet, you weren't surprised when he grasped you by your arms, guiding you back to the bed.

"What did you do?" He asked you, looking no different while you felt peaked and exhausted.

"I tried to heal you." You stated simply. "But I don't think it worked."

He shook his head. "So, what are your plans? I know what you said, and even though I don't want you to go, I want you to do what's best for you."

Even when he was hurting and in need, Sam was always kind in heart, thinking of others first. "Sam, I'm going to stay. But there has to be some ground rules."

You didn't miss the flash of hope in his eyes, the way he sucked in a breath, or the way his bandaged hand trembled, like he wanted to reach for you but he stopped himself. "I'm listening."

"I can't do a relationship again. At least not yet. This has to be strictly as friends, or even colleagues. You and Dean share a room, I get one of my own. And then, when we find a cure for you, I can walk away if I still want."

"I agree." He answered simply, surprising you. "I wont' pressure you, I promise. But it will be nice to have you with us again. I missed you more than you could imagine."

"There, that's settled." You announced, just as Dean came walking into the room, a new key card in his hands. "But have you tried Cas? Maybe he could fix this?"

"About Cas." Dean hedged. "Cas is gone."
"What?" You asked, shocked. You had come to care for the Angel, who had helped you when he didn't even know you.

"But at least the three of us are back together." Dean exclaimed, and you wondered if you had made the right choice. If you would be able to keep your emotions at bay.
After you had agreed to stay with them, Sam and Dean had left you alone, retreating to their room, giving you the space and privacy you had requested. With them gone, you settled onto the bed, trying to relax. It was hard, with the gentle buzzing of the electronics, the sounds of the boys moving about in the room next to yours. You were used to the silence of Purgatory. It had been quiet, even with monsters moving about. There had been no wind, no wild animals to break the silence. Here, there was sound even in silence, and you still felt on edge.

The bed was too soft, something you were no longer used to, the light extremely bright. Shutting it off, you sat down on the floor, wondering how long it would take you to get used to the normal things once again. How long before you would forgive yourself for leaving Benny behind. He had been a nice monster, and you hated that you hadn't helped him more than you did.

As you closed your eyes, you could hear arguing coming from the other room, before the door slammed shut, and footsteps passed your room. Standing up, you peeked out the window, watching as Sam strode away. Wondering if you should head over to Dean, to check on them, you decided not to. You needed your space, so much had happened in the last 24 hours. Sam and Dean had to figure things out on their own, without you stepping in.

"Y/N." Your name sounded from the back of the room. Letting the curtain drop, you turned in your spot, surprised to see Death standing in the back of your darkened room. "It's good to see you."

"Are you sure? Because if it was maybe you could have gotten me out of Purgatory a long time ago." You sassed back, surprised at your attitude towards the man who had once been such an important figure in your life. But now, with everything that had happened, you were tired of being yanked one way or the other, never knowing if he was just using your or if he actually cared for you.

"Y/N, sit." He ordered, and you could do nothing but comply. "I am sorry that you were in Purgatory. But there was nothing I could do to save you, even though I wish I could have."

"Are you sure? Because if it was maybe you could have gotten me out of Purgatory a long time ago." You sassed back, surprised at your attitude towards the man who had once been such an important figure in your life. But now, with everything that had happened, you were tired of being yanked one way or the other, never knowing if he was just using your or if he actually cared for you.

"Y/N, sit." He ordered, and you could do nothing but comply. "I am sorry that you were in Purgatory. But there was nothing I could do to save you, even though I wish I could have."

"You're Death. You can't tell me that you couldn't have gone to Purgatory, and pulled me out." You argued.

Sitting down on the chair, acting as if it was his own personal throne, he wrapped both of his hands around his ivory headed cane. "You've got me. I could have pulled you out, and actually went down there once to do so. But I saw the way it was changing you, turning you into something different, something stronger. I decided that it was good for you, and I stayed back, always watching, ready to step in if I needed to. But you never needed me. You became something powerful, better than any of my other Reapers."

"So what? Now you want me to become your top Reaper? To do whatever you want?" You asked him, knowing that you didn't want to go back to that life style. You liked where you had been before you left. Hunting things, making the world a better place so Reapers didn't have so many souls to Reap. Even if you were shying away from a relationship with Sam, you still wanted as much of that life back as possible.

"Yes. You are more powerful than even Tessa, and she is my number one. I want you by my side, forever." He answered, and you quickly wracked your brain, knowing this was not what you wanted.
"Give me a minute." You answered, and he nodded. Heading into the bathroom, you pulled out a knife, slicing your hand open. Working quickly, you used an ancient spell, creating a vague symbol on the wall near the door. "Okay, I've thought about it, and what happens if I say no?"

"You still come with me. On your own terms, or as my pressured guest." He stated, exactly as you knew he would.

"No." You told him, acting braver than you felt. "I'm sorry, but I can't go back to that." Pressing your hand to the wall, you spoke in Latin, and with a cloud of red smoke, Death vanished.

Rushing around the room, you grabbed the meager belongings you had, before heading straight for the room you knew they were in. Knocking on it, you waited impatiently for Dean to answer, not sure if Sam had made it back yet. "I'm coming!" Dean yelled, and you heard his booted footsteps as he strode over to the door.

As soon as he pulled it open, you were rushing through, relieved to see they hadn't even brought their stuff into their room yet. "We need to go. Now." You ordered. "Please?"

"Whoa, calm down. What happened in the ten minutes you were alone?" He asked you, trying to place his hand on your shoulder, but you stepped back, still not used to friendly gestures. In Purgatory if a hand was coming your way it meant it was trying to kill you.

"Death came. He wants me to go back to work for him. Says I'm even more powerful than I was before, but I told him no and banished him. He might come back, mad. So we need to leave."

"Okay. I'll text Sam, and we can meet up with him, and move on out." He agreed, grabbing his coat and keys. Sliding into the backseat, you glanced around, making sure that Death hadn't returned. Dean stepped on it, sending pebbles flying as he burned rubber. Seeing Sam standing on the side of the road, Dean stopped long enough to pick him up before leaving the town in the dust.

"So, Death wants you back?" Sam asked you, looking a little spooked, and extremely tired.

"Yeah, but I told him I didn't want back in." You answered. "I like being a hunter. It feels right. Being a Reaper never felt right."

You could see the indecision crossing Sam's face. How much he wanted to reach back, to have that physical contact with you. But he wanted to respect your decision no matter how much he disagreed with it. Making you realize you weren't sure how much longer you could hold on to that decision before his puppy dog eyes, and his caring nature broke through the walls you had built.

"You're a good hunter. Especially since you're a Reaper, and know so much about the Supernatural. Don't worry, Dean and I will do whatever we can to help you out."
"Dean, he's gone!" You exclaimed, rushing from your room, pounding on Dean's door. "Hurry up!"

"I'm coming, I'm coming!" Dean yelled. You could hear his footsteps coming closer to the door before it was yanked open and Dean stood there wearing nothing but boxers and a black t-shirt. "What do you mean he's gone?"

"I mean we were both sound asleep. At least I thought we were. Then I woke up this morning, and his side of the bed was cold. He's been gone for a while, and he's not answering his phone!" You shouted at Dean, your fear for Sam making your emotions out of wack.

"Y/N, calm down. Hysterics aren't going to bring him back." Dean grumbled, pulling his own phone out, cursing when he saw he had a voicemail. "Wait, maybe this is him."

Taking a deep breath, you stood their impatiently as Dean listened to the voicemail, feeling a deep pit in your stomach as Dean's jaw clenched and his mouth turned down in a frown. "Damn it." He muttered, hanging up his phone before turning his attention to you.

"What is it?" You asked, fearing the worst. "Sam's been taken to a hospital. I guess he was running around last night, was hit by a car."

"Is he okay?" You questioned, watching as Dean ran a hand along his mouth.

"Besides a couple of bruises and scratches, not really." Dean told you, and you froze. You knew Sam wasn't doing well. You couldn't help but see the dark circles under his eyes, the utter exhaustion turning his skin pale. "Y/N, they've admitted him to a special wing. One for mental patients. They say he's severely sleep deprived, to the point where it could kill him. They want to keep him there for a while, run some tests, see if they can figure things out."

You could see this was killing Dean. Not being able to help his brother, to take away his pain and suffering. Forgetting your own heartache, you walked up to Dean, wrapping your arms around him, resting your head against his chest. "Dean, we will figure this out. Maybe having Sam in the hospital is the best thing at the moment. He can't hurt himself there, and maybe they will be able to stop Lucifer's control where we couldn't. And we can concentrate on finding a cure."

"What if there isn't one? What if he's too far gone?" Dean whispered both of your biggest fear.

"Dean, don't talk like that. You're not one to give up. We will dig, and fight, and let Sam know where here for him. That's the least we can do." You insisted, even though you felt like cuddling into a ball, and crying until you couldn't cry anymore. "Now, let's go see him."

After promising to meet up at the Impala in thirty minutes, you went back to your room, staring down at the empty spot in your bed with tears in your eyes. Saddened that you hadn't been able to help Sam, and that you had opened your heart up again to get it tossed right back at you. It was easy to say that Sam wasn't himself, that he needed help. But it hurt that you hadn't been able to be there for the once person who meant the world to you.

Heading straight through the room, you went straight for the shower. Stripping as you went, you stepped into the scalding hot water, not caring that your skin was turning red from the heat. Leaning against the wall, you let it pound against you as your tears mixed with the water drops. You could count the number of times you had felt this down, and it wasn't a feeling you liked. You hated this feeling of sadness mixed with an inability to help the one person who needed it.
You weren't sure how long you stayed in the shower, letting your tears mix with the water sliding down the drain, but finally you pulled yourself away. Shutting the water off, you towel dried your body, slipping into jeans and a simple black shirt. Tossing on a blue and gray flannel, you piled your hair up into a bun. Sliding on your boots, you were lacing them up just as Dean knocked on the door. "Ready?" He asked, and you nodded. Following him to the Impala, you stayed quiet as he began the short drive to the hospital.

Pulling up to it's stark white outside, you hated knowing that Sam was in there, no doubt exhausted and all alone. "Dean, I'm not sure I can do this." You whispered, not wanting to see Sam in a place like this.

"You can. Because he needs to see you, both of us. He needs to know that we haven't given up on him. That we still think there is hope." Dean ordered, and you knew he was right. No matter how hard this was on you and Dean, it had to be that much harder on Sam. After all, he was the one locked in this place, on the verge of dying because Lucifer wouldn't let him sleep.

"I wish Cas was here." You said softly. Dean must have heard you, because he reached over, grasping your hand with his large, callused one.

"I do too. That awkward Angel might have known how to help Sammy." Dean answered wistfully. Heading into the bleached hallway, you were immediately stopped by an orderly.

"Can I help you?" She asked, looking the two of you up and down.

"Yes. We're here to see my brother." Dean told her, giving off another one of their fake names. With a nod, she had you follow her down the quiet hallway to a door in the back of the place. "Dr. Steinwick will be here momentarily."

Sitting down at the desk, you glanced around the room. Certificates hung everywhere, proclaiming that he was one of the best at his job. You hoped that was the case, that he could help Sam out.

"Hello. I heard that you're our new patients brother. Nice to meet you." An older man, with a receding hairline said as he came into the room.

"Yes. We received a call, and came straight away. How is he?" Dean asked, as the doctor sat down behind his desk.

"Your brother is a very sick man." Dr. Steinwick told us. "He's lucky that he didn't receive any more injuries from being hit by a car. But it's his lack of sleep that has us worried. We've tried pills, everything. And still he hasn't slept a wink."

"Can we see him?" You asked, wanting to at least Sam once.

"I think that can be arranged. But only for a moment. We wouldn't want to upset your brother too much. And he's already been moved up to the high security ward." The doctor explained.

"Why?" Dean asked, about ready to pommel the Dr.

"He attacked one of our orderly's. Said something about Lucifer and it took three men to pull your brother off. He's in a very dangerous predicament right now." The Dr told you, but he still stood up, holding the door open. Stepping outside, you followed yet another nameless orderly down the hall, to a room off to the side. Stepping inside, you felt your knees grow wobbly, and you wanted nothing more than to rush forward and wrap your arms around the shell of a man in front of you.

"Hey Sammy." Dean said from the doorway. Both of you were looking at Sam. His hair hung limp
and dull, his face a mixture of bruises and cuts, with the dark circles under his eyes. The white clothing they had placed him in doing nothing for his already pale skin.

"Y/N, Dean?" He asked, his attention moving from where the two of you stood to the corner of the room before coming back again. "Is it really you?"

Taking a chance, you moved forward, placing your hands on his cheeks. "It's really us. And we are working to get you help." Pressing your lips to his, you waited for his recognition. To realize that you were real, that you had truly come to visit him.

It took a couple of moments before his hands reached up, wrapping in your hair as he deepened the kiss, almost painfully. "I was hoping you would come. They keep telling me to sleep, but Lucifer won't let me. I don't know how much more of this I can take." Sam babbled once his lips finally left yours.

Pressing a hand to your swollen and sore cheeks, you glanced back at Dean. "Sam, this is the safest place for you right now. Dean and I have been scouring everything we can find, trying to find a cure. We will find one, don't you worry."
"Y/N, don't you think I'm doing everything in my power to find a cure!" Dean yelled at you, his mouth in a pout as he stared down at you. With his hands running through his hair, he paced the small motel room, his long legs eating up the short distance between the walls.

"Dean, I know you are." You told him softly. "It's just, I was wondering if I maybe went back to Death, gave him a bargain, maybe he could..."

Slamming his hand into the wall, you could hear the couple next door yelling angrily back. "Damn it Y/N, no! That is out of the question. We've been trying to hide from him already, and he has to be pissed. There is no way he would fix Sam, and not take something huge in return!"

You knew Dean was right, but you felt like you were running out of options. Just like when Sam had been soulless, you were willing to do anything to help him out. Your neutral feelings from when you had been in Purgatory were long gone, and you wanted nothing more than to have Sam back with you, healthy and normal once again. "Okay. I won't do it." You said, stopping Dean in his tracks.

"No more arguing?" He asked you, staring at you warily.

"Nope. We need to work on this together, or we won't be able to help Sam. And he's what matters." You answered. "Have any of your Father's contacts gotten back to you?" You asked him, while wondering if you could maybe reach out to a Reaper or two. Those that seemed to run with their own rules.

"Not yet. But there's still hope." He said. "Are you going to visit Sam again today?"

Nervously chewing your on your lip, you weren't sure. Last time you had gone to visit him, it had only broke your heart. He was even worse now, with his hair limp and greasy. His lean body was even leaner, and the nurses had told you he wasn't eating hardly at all. His eyes were bloodshot, with deep, dark circles underneath. When you had been there, his gaze had never fully been on you, but off to the left. Multiple times he caught himself talking to Lucifer, not you, and once he actually jumped forward, pulling you behind him like he was protecting you from somebody.

It had been heart wrenching to watch, and you hadn't been back since. Dean had, only once, coming back with a grimace on his face.

"I'm not sure." You admitted. "I hate showing up with no news, watching as Lucifer torments him. Reminding me that if we don't do something, and soon, it will all be over for Sam."

"I know how you feel. But he needs to know we haven't given up on him yet. That you and I are still by his side, still trying to figure things out." Dean told you.

"Maybe later. I want to do more research first." You hedged, just as his phone rang.

"Dean here" He answered, and you tried to listen to his side of the conversation. Watching as first his face was hesitant, but as the person on the other end talked, a glimmer of hope appeared on his face.

"Yeah sure. I can meet you. Let me know when and where." Dean said, and you held out a piece of paper and a pen. Quickly writing onto the paper, Dean hung up the phone, giving you a hesitant smile.
"We might have a lead." He told you, and for the first time in weeks you let your hope get up.

"That's great!" You exclaimed. "When do we meet this person?"

It was later that day that you found yourself back in the passenger seat of the Impala as Dean gunned it down yet another highway. "Are you sure we can trust this guy?" You asked, thumbing through his dad's journal.

"I don't know." Dean sighed. "But it's worth a shot."

With that, Dean was pulling up behind a beat up pickup truck. A man stepped out, looking like a younger version of Bobby. He was wearing a beat up truckers hat, his coat peppered with holes. "Hey Dean, it's been a while."

"Yeah Steve, it has." Dean answered, shaking his hand while you stood off to the side, just watching.

"So I heard your looking for a miracle." He said, sticking his hands in his pockets.

"We are." Dean answered, sounding much like a standoff between the two men.

"Well, all I can say is I found a man. Didn't believe in him myself first. But I was loosing my vision, and I couldn't have that. Weird type of guy, but he was able to heal me up. My visions 20/20, and I never thought that would happen ever again."

"No funny business?" You finally spoke up, not sure you trusted this man's story. A miracle worker seemed too good to be true. And you had been around long enough to know. There had to be some sort of catch.

"None." He said, shaking his head emphatically. "Listen, I like you and Sam, and you've done me a favor in the past. At least I can do is return the favor."

"Thank you." Dean told him.

"The guys name is Emmanuel. Lives about three hours from here. His wife takes his calls. Here's her number, hopefully they can help." Steve said, handing Dean the card before climbing into his truck and pulling away.

"Are you sure we can trust him?" You asked Dean as the two of you climbed back into the Impala. "I don't mean Steve, but the Emmanuel guy. A man who can heal with the touch of his hand? Those have always been myths about those type of people, but they have always been just that. Myths. I don't want us to get our hopes up just to have them dashed again."

With his hands gripping the steering wheel, you could see the wheels turning in Dean's head. "I don't really trust this either. It reminds me of that rogue Reaper we met a long time ago, was being contracted by a lady. But I can't just let something like this pass by without checking it out. If it's a hoax we can stop it. If it's true, then we will ask them, by gun point if necessary, to save Sam. Because we're running out of time."

Reaching over, you patted his shoulder. "I know we are. And I'm with you every step of the way."
Emmanuel

The house loomed in front of you. There was nothing about it that should be scary. It was in a normal subdivision, with children playing next door. A white pillared porch was welcoming and friendly, the house painted a warm tan. But as Dean pulled up in front of it, you couldn't help the fact that your palms were sweaty, your heart rate picking up. Nervously nibbling on your lip, you glanced over at Dean who just sat there, his hands on the steering wheel as he stared up at the house.

"Here goes nothing." He said, making no effort to leave the safe confines of the car.

"Dean, even if this doesn't work, we will keep looking. There will always be another way." You assured him, trying to believe the words yourself.

"I sure hope you're right." He muttered, climbing out of the car. Joining him, you slowly walked up the stairs, each step hesitant and unsure. Not knowing what you would find in this house, if it would even help Sam.

Dean raised his hand, knocking on the door. Glancing at you, you could see how nervous he was. When the door opened, you looked up, surprised to see a beautiful brunette standing there. Dressed in khaki's and a cardigan, she glanced at you. "This is Y/N, I'm Dean. We called you earlier."

"Oh yes." She agreed. "Won't you come on in?"

As she backed up, letting you into her house, you couldn't believe how clean, how perfect the house seemed. Not an item was out of it's spot, the floors polished and the furniture looking like it was straight out of a magazine ad. "Sorry for the mess. It's been so busy lately, I haven't had much of a chance to clean."

"Ma'am, not to be rude, but where is your husband?" You asked, Dean glancing nervously your way. "Isn't he the one we were scheduled to meet with?"

"Why yes, of course he is. But he isn't here at the moment, and I screen all his possible customers first. To make sure they aren't trying to scam him or something. My husband Emmanuel is a very unique person, and he could get hurt easily."

"We understand that, but time is of the essence." Dean argued.

Reaching over, she grasped his hand. "I understand. And as soon as I think you two are okay, then he will agree to meet your brother. It is your brother, isn't it?"

"Yes it is. He's in a bad spot right now, and if we don't get him help as soon as possible..." Dean tried explaining, but she stood up, letting you know your meeting was at an end.

"As soon as Emmanuel get's home, we will go with you to this brother of yours. I can see the truth in your eyes and I want to help." She started to say just as her doorbell rang. "Excuse me."

Watching as she turned and walked away, you turned to Dean. "This still seems like a trap."

"It could be." Dean agreed. "But it's our best shot. So we will keep our guns at our side, and our eyes on her."

"Shouldn't she be back by now?" You asked him. Frowning, he glanced around the corner, and you
saw his shoulders tense before he reached for his knife.

Suddenly two men came rushing out of nowhere, and Dean slammed one to the wall. The other one came rushing after you, and with a couple of quick muttered words you sent him sprawling on the ground. With one Demon taken care of, Dean stabbed the other. "We need to go, now!" He said, and you stepped over one Demon's body, moving fast as you made your way to the front door.

With a heavy heart you glanced down at the woman who lay dead on the floor. He pristine yellow cardigan now stained with red, a startled expression forever etched onto her face. "Whoever this Emmanuel is, he has to be pretty powerful if Demon's are wanting him." You thought out loud.

"I still don't like this whole thing." Dean muttered, striding out the door. Following behind him, being careful not to touch anything, you quickly ran straight into his back.

"Dean, what is..." You started, just as you glanced around his corner. Your words caught in your throat, you blinked your eyes, wondering if you were seeing things. At the foot of the porch stairs stood a man, narrowing his eyes as he stared up.

"Cas?" Dean whispered, not believing his eyes either. "Y/N, are you seeing this?"

"Yeah. Are you sure that's Cas though?" You asked even though you weren't sure it could be anyone else. He wasn't wearing his traditional trench coat and suit. Instead he was dressed quite similar as the woman laying dead on the floor. With khaki's and a polo shirt, he looked every inch the normal suburban male. It just seemed wrong.

"Excuse me. But what are you doing here?" He asked, not exactly what you were expecting him to say.

"We're looking for help. Sam's getting worse." Dean explained, carefully walking down the stairs to his old friend.

"Who is this Sam you are talking about? Where's my wife?" Cas continued on, his stance defensive.

"Cas, what are you talking about? You know who Sam is." Dean argued, but you placed a warning hand on his shoulder. Leaning close, you whispered in his ear.

"Dean, I would tread carefully here. He's acting like he doesn't remember us. Like he's ready to run. Maybe dealing with the Leviathan really messed with him." You suggested.

"Listen, you're in danger." Dean blurted out. "We need to get you away from here before they come back for you."

"Who? What about my wife?" Cas argued, and you stepped forward, trying your luck.

"Listen, Cas." You started but he interrupted you.

"Why do you call me that? My name is Emmanuel. Unless you knew me before..." He thought, squinting closely at you.

"We did. You were our friend, and we were heartbroken when you were lost. But your wife is Dead, and you're in danger. So Emmanuel, if that's what you want to be called. We need to get you out of here as quick as possible and then we can answer all of your questions then."

Glancing up at the house, you could sense his weariness. "Okay." He replied. "I don't know why,
but for some reason I trust you.”

Following behind you, he slid into the backseat of the Impala, seeming pretty calm for someone who just found out his wife had been murdered.
This ride in the Impala was nothing like your usual rides in the Impala. Dean was in his usual spot, with you in Sam's passenger seat. Cas was sitting in the back, like he sometimes did, staring out the window as the scenery passed by. But it was awkward, and weird. The Cas you knew had always been awkward, but it was even more so when he didn't remember you or Dean, or even the fact that he was an Angel.

"So, your brother. The one I'm going to try to heal. What is wrong with him again?" He asked, and you glanced at Dean, wondering how truthful he was going to be.

With a sigh, Dean's gaze meet yours for a moment. "Someone, with false hopes, messed with his brain. Now, he can't sleep. If he doesn't get help soon, he's going to die."

"And you think I can heal this?" He asked, and you shrugged.

"We don't know, but your our last hope." You whispered, just as Dean pulled over next to a gas station.

"I need to check on something. Stay here." He ordered both you and Cas, and you raised your eyebrow at him, hating that he was ordering you around.

"Y/N please. Keep an eye on him." Dean whispered, and with a sigh you leaned back in the seat.

"Fine. But you're bringing me back a snack." You insisted, and he nodded as he walked away.

As soon as he was gone, Cas was leaning over the seat. "So, you and Dean. Are you...?" He started asking, and you shook your head emphatically.

"Nope. Dean and I are friends. I'm in a relationship with Sam." You explained, and he nodded.

"Oh, I see. That's why you're so invested in getting Sam back to normal. And me? Did you know me before I became this version?"

Nodding, you kept your gaze on the convenience store, swearing you could hear the sounds of a tussle. "What was I like? Did I do good then too?"

"You did good. But truthfully? You were awkward, and weird, and we didn't spend much time together." You told him, your eyes widening when you saw Dean walking out of the store with someone in tow. He didn't seem very happy about his new companion, and you could understand why. It was a Demon, one that you had heard stories about, but had never actually met her before. It was Meg, the Demon who had caused them so much trouble when you had first started getting interested in the lives of Sam and Dean Winchester.

"Son of a bitch." You whispered, using Dean's trademark curse as you saw the frown on his face, the set of his shoulders.

Striding towards the car, Dean stopped by your window, leaning down. "I see you picked up a friend." You said, nodding towards Meg who stood back a little ways, her hands in her pockets.

"I wouldn't say friend." He answered gruffly. "She heard about Emmanuel, and wanted to see him for herself. Wouldn't take no for an answer, but she knows what's going on."

"So, she's coming with?" You asked, and he nodded curtly.
"Unless she annoys me. Then she's tossed out of the car." He warned over his shoulder, and she tossed her hair back, smiling at him.

"Love you too Deano." She sassd back. With a groan, he walked around the car, climbing into the driver's seat, banging his head on the steering wheel.

"Kill me now." He muttered, and you patted him on the back.

"Nope. I don't want to be Reaping you." You told him, just as she climbed into the back seat, a huge gloating smile on her face.

"Hey, I don't think I've met you yet. The Winchesters finally pick up another hunter?" She asked, poking you in the shoulder. Turning to glare at her, you were proud when your glare had her sitting back in her seat. "You aren't human. Wait, Sam and Dean have their own personal Reaper? Wow!"

"You're a Reaper?" Cas asked you, more interested than freaked out.

"Yep. We've got a Demon, a Reaper, a hunter and a..." She started, but Dean's glare had her stopping what she was going to say. "And a healer." She finished off lamely.

"I always knew there were Supernatural beings. I just never imagined being around them." Cas whispered, and you couldn't help but shake your head at the irony of it all.

Mumbling under his breath, Dean turned on the Impala, pulling away from the convenience store. It was at least an hours ride to the hospital Sam was at, and you knew it would seem much longer with the company in the car.

By the time you finally made it to the hospital, you were ready to bang your head against the window, hoping to knock yourself out. The ride had been full of nothing but tension, Meg doing nothing to help. She had worked hard to confuse Cas, hinting at the past without actually giving anything away. Dean had continually looked like he wanted to kill her, and Cas just became more and more confused. You tried your best to keep the situation as calm as possible, even thought it was hard.

As soon as Dean pulled the Impala to a stop at the top of the hill overlooking the hospital, he was stepping outside. Taking a big breath of the fresh air, he placed his hands on the trunk of the car, trying to calm down from the car ride. Stepping out of the car, you made sure Meg wasn't giving anything away to Cas before walking back to Dean. "So, we have Cas. But do we have a plan?"

"Hey, i hate to interrupt your two little lover's talk, but did you know there are Demons crawling all over the place, right?" Meg asked, standing next to you. "At least five of them, maybe more. What's so important in there that they are guarding it. Wait. Is it Sam, because he's not with you? I heard that he wasn't doing well."

"Will you just shut up!" Dean finally lost it. "We have Cas, but he's not his normal self. We have Demon's down there, and who knows how Sam is faring. I don't need your sarcasm along with it!"

Opening the trunk, he began going through his items, when Cas reached in and grabbed a folded up bundle of clothes. "What is this?"

Sighing, you took over for Dean. "Cas, it's yours. It's what you used to wear, before you were taken from us."

Rubbing his finger over the blood, he glanced up at you, confusion in his eyes. "What are you guys not telling me?"
"You're an Angel. Not the tree topper kind, but the actual winged type. You just need to remember." Meg said, ignoring the death glare Dean sent her way.
Squinting his eyes, Cas glanced between the three of you. Not saying a word, you could tell he was processing what he had just heard, trying to make sense of it all.

"An Angel?" He reiterated. "I guess that makes sense, with my ability to heal, but I didn't feel Angelic."

"It's there. Buried deep down. All you have to do is concentrate on it, then your Angel mojo with come rushing back." Meg insisted, as Dean glared at her. You could easily see he was not happy with Meg and the way she was handling the situation.

"It might not work that way." He argued, but you were busy watching Cas. He had his hands clenched around his trench coat, his eyes tightly closed. You were hoping that he was reaching deep into his mind, finding his memories. Because you knew time was running out for Sam, and you hoped you weren't already too late.

"Dean, wait." You said, your hand on his shoulder, forcing him to look over at Cas.

"Well, would you look at that." Meg started to say, but a glance from you had her stopping.

Seconds ticked by, and finally Cas looked up, his eyes shimmering with unshed tears. "Dean, I'm so sorry." Was all he said, and you peered over at Dean, waiting to see how he was going to handle this.

"Sorry for what?" Dean asked, trying to brush it off as Meg walked over to the top of the hill, peering down at the hospital down below.

"I'm sorry for everything that happened. For messing with Sam's mind, and for dealing with those Leviathian to begin with. I don't ever expect you to forgive me." Cas said humbly, just as Meg came back.

"Um guys, I think we have a problem. There are at least four men down there, and they are all Demons." Meg started. "I can't take them all on! Cas, you need to use some of that mojo and take them out!"

"I don't remember how!" He argued, as you stepped up.

"Cas, you just need to think. Because Sam is in there, and if there's Demon's that means he does not have much time!" You yelled, showing much more emotion than you wanted to. It was easy to see that Cas was still reeling, but you need him whole, and you needed him now.

"I will try. That's all I can do." He finally said, as Dean dug around in his car, getting out holy water, and anything else he could think of.

After spending the next five minutes going over a plan, you and Dean moved around the back as Meg and Cas went to take out the main group of Demons. Taking a deep breath, you glanced down, noticing your hands were shaking.

Dean must have noticed it too, as he reached over and grabbed one of them. "Y/N, everything is going to be fine. We're going to go in there, kill the rest of the Demon bastards and get Sam the hell out of there. Then Cas is going to save him."
"That's an unusual amount of hope, even for you Dean." You muttered as the two of you entered through a side door. Walking through the darkened hallway, you glanced curiously at Dean.

"This isn't right. Where are all the other patients? The doctors?" You whispered to Dean as you glanced around the corner.

"Demons must have gotten to them." Dean told you, and you wondered why you couldn't feel the lost souls. Wondering if a Reaper had already been here, or was in the process or reaping the souls.

Walking up to Sam's room, you could hear your heart beating fast, and you wondered if Dean could hear it. Peering around the door, your heart dropped when you saw it empty, with signs of a scuffle. Chairs were overturned, and the bed had been pushed to the side. "Dean." You whispered, unable to say anymore.

"He's okay. He has to be okay." Dean assured you, as much as he was assuring himself.

"Then where is he?" You asked, as the two of you continued down the hallway. Listening carefully, you could just make out the sounds of a fight, and without another thought you raced down the hallway, a confused Dean following along.

"He's in here!" You threw over your shoulder before pushing open the double doors. What you saw in front of you had you stopped for a moment, your heart breaking for Sam. He was tied up on a table, looking even more exhausted and broken down. His hair was greasy and dull, his nails ragged as he fought against the leather straps. He was strapped to some sort of machine, the Demon standing off to the side turning the leather. With a groan, Sam started jerking, as the electricity rushed through his body.

Without another thought you raced up to the Demon, your anger powering you up. Smashing against him, you rammed him into the wall. Placing your hands against his forehead, you concentrated, and soon he began flashing orange, before going limp and falling to the ground. Dizzy, you stood there, your body swaying before you slid to the floor. Dean was over Sam, ripping off the cuffs and helping Sam to his feet. "Y/N, you good?" Dean asked, just as Cas came barreling through the door.

"I will be." You told him, as Cas helped you to your feet. Killing the Demon wasn't something a Reaper could normally do, but your anger at what he had been doing had fueled your power. And now you were completely drained. With Dean holding Sam, and Cas holding you, the four of you made your way out of that room, and into Sam's old room.

"Cas, can you help him?" Dean asked as Cas gently placed you in a chair. Sam was sitting on the chair, not even looking at the three of you. It was like he didn't recognize you, at all.

"Sam?" You asked, and his glazed eyes turned your way. "Lucifer is singing right now. I'm so tired." Was all he said before looking away.

"Oh Sam, I'm sorry I ever did this to you." Cas said solemnly. "I wish I could fix this. But at least I can do this."

You could do nothing but watch as Cas reached over, placing his hand on Sam's forehead. As Sam tried to thrash around, you watched as red veins traveled from Sam, up Cas' arm. Clenching his eyes tightly closed, Cas seemed in pain.

It was over in the blink of an eye, Cas bracing himself against the wall as Sam's vision cleared and he sat up straighter. "Where...What...?" Sam muttered, before his gaze landed on you. "Y/N?"
"Hey ya Sammy." You whispered, wishing you could rush over and jump into his arms. But he was too weak, and so were you.

"Cas, is it done?" Dean asked, glancing between his best friend and his brother.

Cas slowly turned towards Dean, a soft smile on his face. "It's not too bad. I don't see Lucifer, which is a relief." Humming to himself, he began pacing the room, a shell of the powerful angel.

"Dean, he might not be seeing Lucifer, but it's totally messed with his mind!" You exclaimed. "What are we going to do!"

"You should keep him here. I'll keep an eye on him, wait until he heals." Meg suggested from the doorway. "There's no way he should be out there, this vulnerable."

"I don't know." Dean wondered out loud. "What's to say that you don't take him for your own personal use."

"Dean, I thought you knew me better than that. I care for the little tree topper, and want him better. I'll keep an eye on him, you can be assured of that." She insisted, and you could sense she was telling the truth.

"You'll keep in touch?" You asked her, and she nodded. "Then fine."
“I still can’t believe we left him there!” You argued, leaning forward from your spot in the back seat. Sam was glancing back at you, looking exhausted, but alive. “Especially with that Demon!”

“We had no other choice.” Dean argued as he drove the Impala down the highway, far away from the mental hospital, and the Angel you called friend. “He’s safer there than out here with us.”

“I still don’t like it. He seemed so broken. It was so hard leaving him there.” You said softly, leaning back. Sure, you were glad that Sam was back, Lucifer no longer controlling him. But it still didn’t seem right, leaving a part of your team behind with a Demon who could use him for nefarious purposes.

With your arms crossed, you stared out the window, wondering what would become of all of you now. Sure, the major threat of Sam dying was taken care of, but life with Sam and Dean was never dull, and Dean had explained to you about all the Leviathan. Not sure you wanted to take part in dealing with them, but you knew you wouldn’t be leaving Sam and Dean any time soon. Unless Death came back like he promised he would.

Staying silent the rest of the car ride, you could see Sam occasionally glance back at you, his features uncertain, never saying anything. As soon as the car was parking at another motel, you were out of the car, walking down the sidewalk. “Y/N! Wait up!” Sam yelled, and you glanced back, seeing him talk to Dean for a minute before his long legs ate up the distance between you.

“Where are you going?” he asked. Truthfully, you weren’t sure, you just need to walk, and think. To come to grips with everything that had happened since your return from Purgatory.

“I just need to get away, for just a minute.” You told him, moving forward again, but his hand reached over, gently grasping your wrist and stopping you.

“Please. Can I come? I won’t say anything, but I just want to be by your side.” He pleaded with you, and with a sigh you nodded.

Keeping his long stride even with yours, he stayed beside you, silent. With your hands in your pockets, you stayed silent, passing by businesses closed for the evening. Time passed, and soon buildings turned into a park. Leaving the sidewalk, you crossed the grass, stopping in front of a secluded picnic table. Climbing up so you were sitting on the table part, you wrapped your arms around your knees, staring across the grass to the small pond.

Sam came and sat next to you, his shoulder brushing yours, but still he was silent. You knew he probably needed to talk. He had been through so much, and it had been a long time since it had been just the two of you, no Lucifer hanging over his head.

“Sam, I’m sorry. I know I’m being selfish.” You whispered, knowing that whatever you were feeling was probably nothing compared to what he was.

“Y/N, you are the least selfish person I know.” He answered. “You have nothing to be sorry for. Dying and coming back from Purgatory. Having to deal not only with me, but with Death as well. I know you were always by Dean’s side, making sure he didn’t get too far off of the deep end.”

“How can you do that?” You asked him, your eyes full of tears. “How can you always turn things away from you. You were the one being tortured by Lucifer. You almost died, and yet here you are, being there for me. Making sure I’m okay.”

“I care about you. I know that I promised I wouldn’t say anything. That after you came back from Purgatory I wouldn’t push you. But my feelings for you haven’t gone away, and my heart breaks for everything you’ve had to go through.”

Throwing caution to the wind, you wrapped your arms around him, settling into his embrace. As soon as you were pressed against his chest, you could feel the tension start to melt away, as he pressed his cheek to the top of your head. “We’re a good pair, aren’t we?” You mumbled against his chest. “Both of us screwed up.”

“Trials like that can only make us stronger.” He replied. “You stuck with me when I was soulless, and when Lucifer had me by the short and curlys. I’m going to be here no matter what you decide.
If you still want to stay away from emotions and a relationship, I will try my best to understand. But if you want to try to be together again, I am all for it. But I’m not going to push. We’re both still healing, and I don’t want to scare you away too fast.”

“Sam, has anyone ever told you how amazing you are?” You asked him. It was true. Sam was selfless and kind, always willing to be whatever someone needed. You couldn’t imagine pushing him away, not now.

You could tell you had flustered him, the way he didn’t answer. But as the sky darkened with clouds, thunder rolling overhead, you tilted your head up, seeing a crooked smile on his face. Before you knew it, the sky had opened up, a heavy rainfall soaking the two of you in seconds. Laughing heartily, Sam grabbed your hand, pulling you to the small gazebo standing beside the lake. Wrapping his arms around you, he held you tight to his chest as the thunder boomed around you. “Maybe I should call Dean, have him come pick us up.” He suggested, and you nodded. “Sounds better than walking back in this down pour.” You agreed, as another crack of lightning lit up the sky. “But it was worth the walk here. Sam, I’m sorry I ever pushed you away. And I know you just went through so much. So if you ever need to talk, or a hand to hold, I’m not going to leave you. I promise!”

His phone sitting forgotten in his hand, Sam cupped your neck with his other one, pulling you even tighter to him, his lips crashing to yours.
Midnight Conversations

It was a couple of hours later you found yourself relaxed for the first time in a long time. After talking things out with Sam, you felt so much better, back to the old you that had fallen in love with him in the first place. Gone was the skittish, and wild Purgatory you. In its place was something new. You still had a little bit of the wildness, the killer instinct in you. But it was mixed in with the loving, caring side that had out casted you as a Reaper to begin with.

Dean was sitting at the table, hunched over his laptop, while you lounged on the bed. Actually, it wasn’t the bed you were laying on. Sam was propped up against the headboard, his phone in his hand. You were laying in between his legs, your head resting on his chest, your hand splayed across his thigh. It was comfortable, and you continuously found yourself nodding off, comfortable and relaxed. It was a heady feeling, knowing you were where you belonged, with the man you loved. That everything seemed to be working out, even if only for a moment.

“It’s nice.” Dean announced, as he stood up and grabbed his jacket. “Not that I’m into the mushy stuff. But it’s nice seeing the two of you like this. For a while there I was afraid the two of you were done. So, it’s nice seeing you guys happy and together again.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” Sam answered, staring down at you, a smile playing on his lips. “This is all I could think of when I was in that hospital. How I wanted to survive so I could be with Y/N once again.”

“Well, I’m going to give the two of you some space. I’ll be down at that bar a couple blocks away.” Dean said as he shut the door behind him.

“That was nice.” You mumbled, snuggling closer to Sam who sat his phone down on the nightstand.

“Yeah, uncharacteristically nice.” He agreed. “How did it work when it was just the two of you looking for answers?”

“It went really well actually. We worked well as a team, and we did a decent job of calming each other down when we were about ready to give up.” You told him, your hand running up under his shirt to run against the smooth skin of his belly.

“I’m glad. I knew things were rocky with the two of you at the beginning, and I was hoping things were good between you.” He answered as his hand tightened on your hip.

“Well. Everything is great. I’m here, in your arms, your brain isn’t addled with Lucifer thoughts anymore. Dean’s doing what he does best, drinking and flirting with the bar tender. I just wish that Cas was here, and not back at the hospital.” You told him, before yawning.

You could feel his body tense up at the mention of Cas. “I hate that Cas took my place. That he’s suffering because of me.”

Turning your head so you could face him, you made sure he was looking at you. “It’s not your fault. You didn’t ask for the wall in your head to be broken. Cas did it, and he’s trying to fix things. So, no matter how much we hate that he’s back there, we have to respect his wishes.”

Grumbling a response, Sam changed the subject, pulling your body tight against his, his hands cupping your butt. “Shall we change the subject? Dean gave us some time alone, and I can think of some fun ways to fill that time.”

“Sounds great.” You answered, before his lips captured yours, hungry and possessive.

You were nodding off when Dean finally let himself back into the hotel room. All the lights were off, and Sam was snoring lightly as he spooned you from behind. “Hey.” You whispered, not wanting to wake up the man behind you.

“You’re awake?” Dean was surprised, as he leaned down to take his boots off. “I expected Sam would have worn you out by now.”

“He tried. But ever since coming back from Purgatory, I have my Reaper skills back, and that includes lack of sleep. I don’t need that much sleep to function on.” You explained, sliding out of
Sam’s embrace, and pulling his shirt farther down to cover your bare legs. Sitting at the table across from Dean, you rested your head against your crossed arms. “I noticed you seemed fully charged after coming back. Is that why Death wants you?”

Shrugging, you looked back towards Sam. “I don’t know. But I’m not going back. I’d gladly give up my powers, once again. Just so I can stay here, live a life with Sam. And you.”

“I wouldn’t be opposed to that. And you’re so good for Sam. He’s always wanted to get out of this life. Find a nice girl, settle down. At least he’s found the girl. That’s a start.” Dean answered softly, staring fondly down at his brother.

“Do you think he still wants that? To leave hunting behind and start a family?” You thought out loud, wondering if you could give him that. It was rare for a Reaper to have a family, to give birth. Actually, you had never heard of it happening, so you weren’t even sure it was a possibility.

“I think he wants you.” Was all Dean said, leaving you wondering.

“So, what now? Do we go back to traveling across the country, hunting monsters?” You asked.

“We need to deal with the Leviathan that Cas unleashed upon this world. And also see what Death wants with you.” Sam said groggily from the bed. Turning to the bed, you saw him sitting up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

“I’ve heard tales of these Leviathan. They are powerful, and scary.” You muttered, watching as both brothers nodded.

“Yeah, not exactly another walk in the park.” Dean muttered. “But for now, we are just going to take it one day at a time. And that includes me passing out on that bed, sleeping until noon.”

Patting you on the shoulder, Dean made his way into the bathroom, and Sam patted the bed next to him. Slipping under the covers, you let Sam maneuver you so you were pressed against his side, one hand splayed across his chest.

“Y/N, what were you and Dean talking about?” He asked softly, his hand absently running up and down your shoulder.

“Sam, is that truly what you want? An apple pie life away from hunting? With a family?” You asked him, his hand stilling.

“It’s what I’ve always dreamed of. Leaving this life behind. Becoming something other than a hunter, maybe one day having a family.” He answered you, your heart plummeting.

“What if I can’t give you a family?” You asked him quietly.

“That does not matter to me. What matters is having you by my side. Be it hunting, or settling down in some town. As long as you’re with me, that’s what I want.”
Sure, your talk with Sam was supposed to calm all your fears of wanting a new life. A life away from hunting. But you knew he had tried, at least once to leave this life. What if he truly wanted a normal life, a life away from Monsters, and he was hiding that just to placate you. Hell, you were a Monster! How could he expect to have a normal life when his girlfriend was a Reaper, an abomination that he had tried so hard to get away from.

It was a week after your talk with him, and it still was front and center in your thoughts. You couldn’t get away from it. Sam had assured you a couple of times he was being truthful, but you still wondered if a part of him wanted that normalcy that you could never give him. It hurt, knowing that you might not be enough for the man you loved more than anything. Making you wonder if after everything the two of you had been through, if it was time to take a step back and let him have a chance with another human.

It hurt, thinking of yourself that way. Thinking of yourself as the monster you truly were, and not as the human you wished you could be. It hurt enough that you often found yourself sitting outside of the motel room, staring up at the stars while Sam and Dean slept inside. Wondering why you had to be so weird, so different. If you had only been like the other Reapers, you would have never been in this predicament. Wishing you had been born human so you could live and love Sam without these thoughts clouding your love.

Sitting there, you didn’t hear the footsteps behind you, but you felt a pair of strong arms wrap around your waist, pulling you tight to a warm chest. “Y/N, what are you doing out here?” Sam asked you, holding you tight against him.

Leaning back into his embrace, you took a deep breath. You didn’t want to tell him the truth. That you were feeling hopeless and wrong. “Just needed some fresh air.” You mumbled, as he leaned down, his lips brushing your neck.

“Yeah, I don’t think that’s it.” He answered, moving around the bench so he could sit next to you. Pulling you onto his lap, he brushed the hair back from your face, his gaze serious in the moonlight. “I’ve noticed you’ve been acting different for a while now. Ever since our talk, you’ve seemed distant and sad. I’ve given you space, hoping that would help. But Y/N, you’re worrying me!”

“Sam, please just forget about it. Things will get back to normal soon enough, I promise.” You pleaded, but by the way his mouth twitched, you knew it wasn’t going to happen. “Fine. I guess it just hit me, suddenly.”

“What hit you?” He asked patiently.

Standing up, you began pacing in front of him. “That I’m a Monster Sam! I’m one of the things you kill, and why did I think I deserved to be with you in the first place?” Sobbing, you fell to your knees, ignoring the sting of the pavement as you held your head down. All your thoughts and fears came rushing to the surface, and you couldn’t control the wracking cries.

“Damn it Y/N, I don’t think of you that way!” He argued, kneeling down next to you. “Please just calm down so we can talk about this!”

“But Sam, it’s true.” You sobbed. “I’m a Reaper. Death is probably looking for me. I’m not human, not normal. I know you said you didn’t care for a normal life, but I know that’s not true. And I can’t give it to you! I don’t age, and people would notice, and we’d have to move. And I don’t think I can give you kids and I…” You blabbed on and on, only stopping when Sam’s lips met yours.

“And I don’t care about any of that.” He insisted. “None of that matters to me as long as you are beside me. Sure, at one point I wanted a normal life. But that dreams been over for a long time, and I don’t want it back. I want you. You are not a monster. Sure, you’re a Reaper, but that doesn’t make you a Monster. You are sweet, and kind and smart and good. That’s what matters.” Grabbing
your hand, he placed it over his heart. “This beating heart? It’s full of nothing but love for you. That’s what matters.”

“Are you sure?” You whispered. “You mean so much to me, I don’t want to push you away from the chance at a normal life. With a woman that can give you all of that and so much more.”

Pulling you back into his lap, he held you tight against him. “I am sure. You are what I want. I love you, not the thought of a normal life. Please believe me this time.”

Nodding through your tears, you moved your head up, your lips searching for his in the darkness. Your kiss was searching and powerful, need affirmation of his answers. He responded in kind, his kiss hard and fast, promising he loved you. Standing up with you still in his arms, he made his way to the Impala, pulling out the spare keys. “Won’t Dean be mad?” You asked, knowing exactly what Sam had in mind.

“I don’t care.” Sam answered, laying you down gently on the backseat. It was a tight fit, the two of you on that small bench seat. But in your frenzy, it didn’t matter. Clothes were strewn across both seats, your limbs tangled and the windows fogged up. Sam showed you in so many ways how much he loved you, how much he wanted you more than anything else, and by the time you were cuddled against his chest, both of you were exhausted and covered in sweat.

“Well, that was amazing.” He mumbled against you, his chest still heaving.

“It was…I don’t think I have the words to describe it.” You answered, stretching your sore body. But you had a smile on your face, your earlier doubts fading with the steam.

“Does it make you realize I’m being truthful? That I want you above all things?” He asked you, his hand running up and down your bare arm.

“Yes. I’m sorry for doubting you Sam. But I just want you to be happy. I’ll do anything to make sure you’re happy.” You insisted, giggling slightly when his teeth tugged gently on your lip.

“I am happy. Having you by my side makes me the happiest man.” He answered as the sun started rising over the hotel. A watercolor of orange and yellow, it was spectacular. It seemed perfect that you had come to agreement at the start of a new day. A fresh start all around.

“Damn it guys!” Dean roared, smacking his hand on the roof of the car. “You have to detail it now Sam!”

Laughing, you reached over the seat, grasping your shirt and slipping it on while Sam slipped into his pants. “It was worth it.” He told you, his smile as magnificent as the sunrise.
After your night spent in Dean’s car, it seemed like you and Sam were back on track. Maybe even better than that. The two of you had come to an understanding, and while you still knew there would be ups and downs, you knew that your relationship was at a turning point. That it was stronger than ever, and you were happy. Happier than you think you’ve ever been in your life. Sure, there were still the threats of Death, and the Leviathan you were currently chasing, but they didn’t seem as drastic as before. Sure, they were life altering, but not to sound too cheesy, you felt as if the three of you could take on anything, especially with Sam by your side.

You could easily tell that his trials with seeing Lucifer and being locked in the mental hospital had taken a huge toll on him. At first, he slept a lot, making up for all the sleepless nights listening to Lucifer drone on and on. Slowly, his hair turned shiny and thick again, the black circles under his eyes vanishing. Making sure that he had plenty of opportunity to sit and relax outside, getting some much needed sunshine. Oftentimes, Dean would drop you off at the motel room, taking off for the bar while the two of you would find a local park. Bringing a blanket, the two of you would sit out, relaxing under the sun. Each with your own book, the two of you would enjoy each other’s company.

Those were the times you loved the most. Just being by his side, knowing that he was there for you, and you were there for him. Never needing more than a slight smile, or the brush of a hand. It was probably the most relaxing time of your entire relationship, which was weird considering the horrific monsters you were facing.

As a Reaper, you had heard of the Leviathans before. Heard rumors and tales, but had never actually seen them. They had been before your time, and you had always been grateful for that fact. They had always scared you, with their sharp teeth, the way they could become anyone. How easily they could take over the human race if given the chance.

So far, the three of you hadn’t gotten close enough to figure out more about them, or how to stop them. A couple of weird cases had come your way, sending you to battle a God who thought he was better than himself. That had been an interesting hunt, one that made you feel sorry for Dean, who always seemed to blame himself for everything.

He seemed a little off after that hunt, especially when he saw Jo, who you had seen briefly before her demise. You had stepped back, letting Sam care for his brother, knowing that their relationship would see Dean through yet another troubling time.

The three of you were holed up in a small cabin. Supposedly belonging to an old friend of Bobby’s, it had definitely not been used in years. As soon as you had arrived, you had made your way around the small building, cleaning the dust off the counters and furniture.

“Tell me, why do we have to stay in this cabin again?” You had asked, glancing through the cupboards, frowning when you noticed one dented can of chili. That was all the entire cupboards contained, and you knew it was only a short matter of time before one of you had to run to the nearest town.

“Because the Leviathan know our faces. We need to get off the grid for a while.” Dean answered, plunking down on the couch, and you sighed. Sam was already sitting at the table, his laptop spread out in front of him.

“Dean, we need to go get food.” You sighed, knowing he would be much more interested in it than Sam. “Either Sam and I can go, you can go, or I can go by myself.”

Sighing, he glanced at Sam who seemed lost in whatever was on his laptop. “Fine, I’ll go with you.”

As the two of you made your way to the car, you heard pounding footsteps, and you saw Sam bounding up behind you. “Hey, I’ll come to!”

“Looks like it’s a party.” Dean grumbled, opening the door to the Impala.

The closest town was about half an hour drive away, and Dean spent the entire time humming
along to the radio. Sam was still lost in his research, which left you to stare out the window. Your thoughts full of concerns. Wondering how you were going to deal with the Leviathan, wondering when Death was coming back, because you knew he wouldn’t stay gone for long. But there was a more pressing concern, one that kept coming back no matter how many times you pushed it to the back of your mind.

For the past couple of days, you had been feeling a little off-centered. Which frightened you immensely. As a Reaper, you didn’t get colds, or anything. Sure, when you had been human, you had gotten a cold, which had turned into one of the worst weeks of your life. But this didn’t feel anything like that time, and you were worried. Your entire body felt different, but you couldn’t exactly pinpoint it. So far, you’ve kept your problems hidden from Sam, but if you continued to feel this way, you might have to suck it up and tell him.

“Y/N, everything okay back there?” Dean asked you, and you watched as Sam dropped his phone, turning to glance back at you.

“Sure, everything’s fine.” You answered, watching as Sam’s gaze swept across you, making sure you weren’t lying. Taking your words for what they were, he sat back in his seat, and you pulled out your cellphone. Needing to know what was going on with you, you began typing in the symptoms in the search engine, knowing it probably wasn’t the most reliable place for health questions, but you had no other choice.

As you searched through the answers, Dean pulled up to the grocery store. With a pale face, you climbed out, taking a couple of deep breaths as you stood there. “Y/N, are you sure you’re okay, you’re pretty pale right now.” Sam asked you, his hand wrapped around your elbow as he glanced down at you.

“I think so.” You answered, even though you were far from okay. If the search engine was correct, you knew what needed to be done. “I’m heading into the store. There’s a couple of things I need.” Without another word, you took off into the grocery store, heading straight to the back. As you passed the aisles of band aids, and vitamins, you came to the section you needed. The thought terrified you, you never expected this to happen. You were a Reaper, and things like this didn’t happen to Reapers.

“Can I help you honey?” The worker asked you, seeing you standing there pale and shaking.

“This doesn’t happen to my kind. Why did it happen?” You blurted out, missing the fact that she raised an eyebrow at you. “Which one is the best?”

“Honey, it can happen to all of us. Hell, my second kid was born while I was on birth control.” She answered, before reaching down and grabbing the box. It was a small white box, with pink lettering on the front, but to you, it was the scariest thing you had ever seen.

“Sweetie, being pregnant isn’t the worst thing in the world.” She assured you. “You seem like you’ll be a good mom.”

Walking away, she left you standing there, standing down at the box, wondering if this was really happening. If you, a Reaper, was actually pregnant.
With the bag clutched tightly in your hand, you waited at the front of the store for Sam and Dean to finish their shopping. If you hadn’t been so concerned about the tiny little box in your hand, you would have chuckled at the sight in front of you. Dean was pushing the cart, looking extremely domestic as the two men argued about the items they wanted to purchase. Each time Dean grabbed something unhealthy, Sam would frown at him. The same thing happened every time Sam grabbed fruit or veggies. But at least there was a healthy mixture in the cart.

Seeing you standing in the front of the store, Sam whispered something to his brother, before jogging over to you. Seeing the bag clutched in your hand, and the frown upon your face, he searched your face for answers, not liking what he was seeing. “Y/N, honey, is everything okay?” He asked, reaching to cup your face, but you stepped back. You were a little over the edge, on emotional overload, and you couldn’t stand to be touched.

The movement stung Sam, you could see that, but he let you have your space. “Can we just go?” You whispered, needing to be anywhere but this grocery store.

“Sure. Dean’s paying, and then we’ll be gone.” He answered, just as the lady who had helped you came to the front of the store.

Seeing you standing there, with Sam next to you, she gave you a huge smile, patting you comfortingly on the shoulder. “So, this might be the lucky dad? You two will make lovely parents. Good luck dear.”

With that she walked away, and you looked up to see Sam staring down at you in complete and utter shock. “Y/N, what did she…what??” He stuttered, his mind having a hard time processing what he just heard.

It was all too much, and without a second thought, you took off running from him and the grocery store. Hearing him yelling after you, you thought about transporting for a moment, but you weren’t sure if it would hurt the baby that may be growing inside of you. Rounding a corner, you kept going, wondering if Sam was following behind you.

Running from him, and your problems, was the easy way out, but you were overwhelmed and not thinking clearly. You needed sometime to yourself, where you could come to grips with what might be happening.

It wasn’t Sam you feared. He would be an amazing father, you were sure of that. It was fear for the child that might be growing in your belly. If it would come out as an abomination, if Demons and Death himself would be after it. Taking a deep breath, you rounded another corner, stopping at a beautiful park. Sitting down on the grass overlooking the small pond, you wrapped your arms around your knees, trying to calm yourself.

You knew Sam would be frantic by now, no doubt ready to search the entire town for you, and you felt guilty for causing him that trouble. Pulling out your phone, you sent him a quick text, telling him you were okay, and you would get in touch later.

Sitting there, it took you a moment to realize you were no longer alone. “What do you want?” You asked Tessa, one of your oldest friends, and the Reaper closest to Death.

“I’ve been following you, mainly on Death’s orders. But I’ve had an interest as well.” She answered, sitting down next to you.

“Is he coming to take me back?” You asked, knowing you would fight to the Death so you could stay here, and live this life.

“Not yet. You see, he knows your pregnant.” She started, nodding her head. “The test is unneeded. You are pregnant, a very rare occurrence as a Reaper.”

“I won’t let anything happen to my baby.” You insisted, placing a comforting hand over your belly. A belly that hadn’t even started swelling yet.

“This baby will be very powerful. With the Winchester’s genes, along with yours, it is a great asset.” She continued on. “But for now, Death wants you to live as you have been. Take care of
yourself, and the Baby. Then, we will see what is to happen.”
Before you could answer her, she was gone, and you could hear the rumble of the Impala as Dean pulled in to the parking lot. “Y/N!” Sam yelled, racing out of the car and across the grass. Coming to stand next to you, he knelt down, making sure you were okay. “Why did you take off?”
“It was all too much. I had just found out, and the lady gave it all away, and I couldn’t handle it.” You blurted out, letting him sit down next to you. “This never happens to Reapers, and I didn’t know how to react.”
“Have you taken the test yet?” He asked you, and you shook your head.
“There’s no need. It’s been confirmed.” You said softly, and he grasped your chin, making you look into his hazel eyes. They were full of love and joy, and you could sense that he was excited to become a father.
“I’m going to be a Dad?” He confirmed, and you nodded. With a yell, he had you pulled into his arms, pressing multiple kisses to your lips.
“I take it you’re happy?” You asked him once you could breathe once again.
“Are you kidding? This is amazing news!” He exclaimed, before realizing you weren’t exactly jumping for joy. “Wait, aren’t you happy? Don’t you want this?”
Pulling away from his embrace, you couldn’t help the tears that gathered in your eyes. “But Sam, what if our baby is an abomination? I’m a Reaper, I’m not supposed to have babies! Death is already interested in it, and who knows what else! What if we’re ruining this kid’s life before it’s even started?”
Pulling you close to his side, he hugged you tight. “First of all, this kid is a Winchester, and all three of us will make sure nothing happens to it. He will be protected by more than just us though. Cas will move heaven and Earth to make sure he stays safe. And if he does have powers, you will be there, to help him learn and grow. He will have a good life, we will make it so.”
“We’re going to be parents.” You whispered, your hand still placed over your belly. “This is really happening.”
“It is!” He exclaimed. “Now can we go back to the cabin before your ice cream starts to melt?” He asked, standing up and holding his hand out.
Reaching up, you took his hand, knowing your life had suddenly changed again, and now that you had talked with Sam, you were actually looking forward to this new step. To becoming a Mom.
Arriving back at the cabin, you couldn’t keep the smile off of your face. Now that Sam knew about your predicament, you were beginning to look forward to it. For so long, you had been worried and ashamed that you couldn’t give Sam the type of life he had always wanted. And now, you were pregnant, a thing you never would have dreamed possible. It seemed like such a good omen, a way to bring the two of you even closer together, and you couldn’t wait to go through the next step of your life with him by your side.

“What’s got you in such a good mood?” Dean grumbled, noticing how happy the two of you seemed to be. “Just minutes ago, you were running away from us, and now here you are, the happiest I’ve probably ever seen you.”

“Shall we tell him?” You asked Sam, who stared teasingly at his brother.

“Hmm, I’m not sure.” He answered, earning a glare from his brother.

“Seriously guys? Being childish on top of it?” He muttered, walking over to the whiskey bottle, pouring himself a shot before offering it to the two of you.

“I can’t.” You answered, your hand automatically moving to cover your belly. Even though you had only known for an hour, you were already feeling protective over this precious little thing growing inside of you.

Narrowing his eyes, he glanced down at your hand. It took a couple of seconds for his intelligent mind to process the facts and then his eyes widened as they met your own. “Seriously? Is that even possible?”

“I didn’t think it was.” You answered. “It’s never been heard of. But maybe since I was human for a while? I don’t know, but I’m excited!”

“Sammy, you’re going to be a Dad!” Dean exclaimed, setting his shot down on the counter and racing over to pull his baby brother into a hug. “I can’t believe it, you’re going to be a Dad.”

“Well, this is still in the new stages,” Sam started arguing, looking at you. “A Reapers never had a baby before so we don’t know what will happen. We just need to take things slow, and carefully. But yes, I’m going to be a Dad!”

Dean let go of Sam and came over to you, pulling you into a tight hug. “What’s Death going to do when he finds out? He’ll find out, won’t he?”

Sighing, you looked between the two men. “He already knows. Tessa, his right-hand Reaper, already knows. She’s the one who told me the truth before I even used the tests. I have no idea what he’s going to do, but I don’t want him taking this baby from me. I will do everything in my power to make sure that doesn’t happen.”

“Wish we could get Cas down here, have him set up some sigils.” Dean sighed, rubbing his mouth with his hand. “We’ll do our best, but he’s so much better at it.”

“Yeah, while we work on killing those freaking Leviathan.” Sam muttered.

Just then, Dean’s phone rang, and he answered it quickly. “Hey Meg, what’s up?” Dean asked, letting the two of you know who he was talking to. “He is? We’ll be there as soon as possible.”

“What’s up?” Sam asked Dean as soon as he hung up.

“Cas is awake, but he’s a little different and she needs help.” Dean explained, grabbing his coat. “Alright, let’s go.” Sam agreed, before glancing your way. “Maybe you should stay here…”

“No, I want to go. Cas is my friend too!” You insisted, earning another sigh from Sam.

“I know. But with the Leviathan out there, and your new situation, I just thought it might be safest.” He pleaded, but you shook your head.

“Just because I’m the first pregnant Reaper in the history of Reapers doesn’t mean I’m going to sit in a freaking rocking chair, knitting baby clothes while the men go off to do the important things.” You growled, the wind whipping around you in your frustration.

“Okay, okay!” Sam answered, holding his hands up. “I was just trying to keep you safe!”

“I know.” You mumbled, calming down instantly. “But Sam, I need to stay by your side. With you
and Dean beside me, that’s the safest.”
Without any more argument, you made your way to the Impala, sliding into your normal spot in the backseat. Sam and Dean came out moments later, bags in their hand.
As Dean easily navigated the familiar roads back to the hospital, you stayed quiet in the back, reflecting on your news, and what it meant for your future. Truthfully, you didn’t want to have your baby living up in a life of rotating motel rooms, but you weren’t sure what else to do. Sure, there were the cabins that Sam and Dean frequented. They would be much better than a motel room, and you could work on making one Baby friendly.
What also worried you was your Baby itself. Would it have a normal, human cycle of pregnancy? Or would your Reaper genes speed up the pregnancy? Would your Baby be normal, or would it have powers that you would have to teach him or her to control? There were so many variables that regular people didn’t have to deal with, and as the news of the pregnancy settles in, all of these thoughts worried you more than you wanted to admit.
“Y/N, everything okay back there? You’re awfully quiet.” Sam asked softly, turning in his seat so he could see you.
Smiling up at him, trying your hardest to act as if everything was okay, you nodded. “Yeah, everything’s fine. Just a lot to think about, you know?”
Reaching back, he squeezed your hand. “I know. And I’m right here, if you want to talk.”
“And I’m right here too.” Dean answered, lightening the mood. “Seriously Y/N, you’re not in this alone. You’ve got your Moose of a man, and his brother who would do anything for you.”
“Thanks guys.” You answered, but you didn’t want to voice your worrisome thoughts. Because they were probably running through their minds as well, and you didn’t want to ruin the relief that another friend of yours was up and running, but maybe not on all cylinders. Cas was the important thing to worry about right now. And then, maybe he could help you with some of your questions.
Not the Same

Even as Dean turned off the ignition of the Impala, no one made a move to climb out of the car. Staying silent, the three of you stared up at the hospital, wondering exactly what was waiting you inside.

Sighing, Dean slowly climbed out, and you followed him. Standing beside him, you reached out, squeezing his hand. "It will be okay. Cas is tough." You assured him as Sam came to stand next to you.

A fortified front, the three of you walked into the dark and gloomy front entrance, not surprised to see Meg leaning against the door frame.

"Hello there." She purred, moving forward to come stand in front of Dean. Still dressed in scrubs, she looked every inch the nurse, even down to the white sneakers.

"Meg." Dean answered calmly. "Where is he?"

"Cas? Oh, he's up in his room." She answered, not making a move to take you up there.

"Meg, we want to see him." Sam sighed, annoyed at the Demons antics.

"Fine! Fine." She grumbled. "Not like I matter anyways. You don't care that I've stayed with him all this time, making sure he stayed safe."

"Thank you Meg." You answered for the two brothers, knowing they weren't even thinking of thanking her.

"You're different for a Reaper." She muttered, staring hard at you, before her gaze went down to your belly. "Are you? That can't be....it's impossible."

"Meg." Sam growled, moving to step between the two of you. With wide eyes, Meg stayed silent, turning to guide you to your Angelic friend. The hallways was quiet, most of the patients either gone from the place or so comatose they just laid in their beds. Not passing another nurse as you went, you wondered if the place was still up and running, or if they had just left those patients behind.

"Now, before you go in there, I need to warn you." Meg started, her hand on the door handle. "He isn't the same Cas you remember. Be easy on him."

"It's Cas." Dean grumbled, pushing past her into the room, leaving the three of you to follow him inside. Peering up at Sam, you held your hand out and he grasped it, following his brother into the room. You knew it had to be hard for him, being back in this room. He had spent so much time in this room, wondering if he would ever make it back to his old life once again. And now, his friend was in the same spot.

Sam came to a stop beside his brother, and you wrapped your arms around his waist, comforting yourself as much as him. Raising his arm, he pulled you tight to him, and you pressed your cheek to his chest as you studied your friend in front of you. He was wearing the typical scrubs of a hospital, his favorite trench coat over it making him appear as if he was a kid playing dress up. His vibrant blue eyes were clear and full of happiness at seeing his friends once again. He seemed carefree, happy and very unlike the Cas you knew.
"Hey buddy." Dean said carefully watching his friend.

Sticking his finger out, Cas smiled up at Dean. "Pull it." He exclaimed, and you glanced up at Sam confused.

"Why does he want Dean to pull his finger? Is it broken or something?" You whispered up to Sam who had to hold back a chuckle.

"It's a joke. But I don't understand why Cas is attempting it. He's never understood jokes before." He explained, and you turned back to watch the interaction between Dean and Cas once again.

"Much like me." You whispered, knowing there was still so much you needed to learn about living a life as a human. Especially when you were expecting a child.

"You're a little better." He answered, just as Dean reached forward, pulling Cas' finger. Instantly the lights above you started shattering, glass raining down on you. Sam pulled you tight against him, covering you and protecting you from the shards of glass.

"What the hell?" Dean grumbled once the room was bathed in darkness.

"My powers are back, and more powerful than ever." Cas announced proudly before turning to you and Sam. Staring at you, he took a step forward before his eyes widened and he froze. "You can't be..is that even possible?" He asked you, reaching forward, his hand wavering near your belly.

"Cas, Y/N and I are..." Sam started to explain, but Cas took a step back, wrapping his arms around him, turning into a blubering shell of a man.

"This is not good." He kept muttering over and over.

"Cas, what's not good?" Dean asked, moving to step closer to his friend, and Cas peered up at him with wild eyes.

"A reaper cannot be pregnant." He answered. "It's unheard of, and that child is going to be a monster!"

With those parting words, he vanished, leaving you clinging to Sam, his words echoing in your ears.
"A reaper cannot be pregnant." He answered. "It's unheard of, and that child is going to be a monster!"

With those parting words, he vanished, leaving you clinging to Sam, his words echoing in your ears.

“Sam, do you think?” You started to ask, your face pale, your hands shaking. You hadn’t expected that reaction from Cas. Not at all, and it had shaken you to your core. Sure, you knew that as a Reaper your child would not be normal, but you hadn’t expected it to be named a Monster before it had even been brought into this world.

Placing your shaking hand over your slight bump, you moved over to the small, twin bed, sinking down. Tears filled your eyes, anxiety rushing through your body, sending horrible thoughts running through your mind. What if your baby grew up to be evil? Or was so twisted when it was born it didn’t even survive? Or if Death took it from you, molding it into the perfect monster?

“Y/N, don’t.” Sam pleaded with you, crouching down in front of you. “Do not let his words poison your mind. This child growing inside of you will not be a monster. You are good, and kind, and we will make sure it knows nothing but love from the moment it is born.”

Looking up at him, you could see how hard he was trying to believe his own words. How he had been stricken by Cas’ words as well. But he was trying to stay brave, and strong for you. “We will make sure that Cas’ words never come true.” You said, saying them out loud to comfort you as much as to comfort him.

“Hey guys, I know this was a tough moment for you guys, but I need to go find Cas. We need to get out of here.” Dean threw over his shoulder, leaving the room behind. Meg stood by the door, glancing between you and the hallway, trying to make up her mind.

Sighing, she came over, standing in front of you and Sam, her arms crossed over her chest. “Listen, I know what Cas said was hard to hear. But you should have realized all along that this child will not be human. A Reaper and a human? I don’t think it’s ever been done. I’ve never heard of a baby Reaper, and there has to be consequences.”

“You’re not making this better.” Dean grumbled, standing up and towering over her.

“What did you expect? Me to throw a rainbow over your head and deny the Angel’s words?” She scoffed. “I’m a Demon. But what I am trying to say is that just because your baby will be unusual and rare, doesn’t mean that it’s going to become a monster. Especially with you two as parents.”

With those parting words, she turned and left, leaving you sitting there with Sam standing above you. “Sam, I think we should head down…” You started to say when a flash of lightning and thunder shook the entire building. It was hard enough that Sam almost fell onto the bed with you, completely lighting the darkened room for a couple of seconds.

“Well, that didn’t seem ominous.” You muttered, before turning to Sam. Wonder what that was all about.

“Sam, Y/N!” Dean yelled, racing into the room, a strange looking piece of stone in his hands. “Did you feel that?”

“Yeah, but why are you so…” Sam started to ask him when you doubled over in pain. Holding tight to your belly, you groaned, the pain tearing through you. “Y/N!”

“It’s the tablet.” Cas explained simply. “It’s creating a change in the world, and Y/N’s pregnancy is detecting that. If she’s not careful, she could go into early labor, losing her baby. Which might be the best for everyone.”

“Cas, you’re not helping!” Sam yelled at his friend, kneeling down next to you, trying to calm you down. With fear of losing your baby running through your mind, you tried to fight the pain. Seconds ticked by, and slowly it began to ebb away. Weakened and tired, you took deep, steadying breaths, relieved when the pain finally stopped. “Why did that tablet do that?” You asked.
Truthfully, you had forgotten all about the pile of clay. Sam and Dean had taken it from the Leviathan while you had stayed at the cabin, away from people who might want your baby for nefarious purposes.

“Because it’s the Leviathan tablet which hasn’t been opened on Earth for thousands of years. It woke things up, including the prophet who is the only one who can read it.” Cas explained, before striding forward and bopping you on the nose.

“So, you can’t?” Dean asked him, and Cas shook his head.

“Of course not. I just know this is the Leviathan tablet, one written by Metatron himself.” Cas muttered.

“The transformer?” Dean blurted out, earning a blank stare from both you and Cas.

“No, he was the scribe of God.” Cas grumbled.

“So, what do we do know? This tablet could tell us how to end the Leviathan, and we don’t know how to read it!” Dean bellowed.

“Y/N, could you read it?” Sam asked you, and Cas handed over the tablet.

“I’ve never heard of a Reaper even touching the tablet, let alone being able to read from it.” Cas marveled as you stared down at the huge hunk of stone in your hands. The words were written in one of the oldest languages out there, a language you had come across a time or two.

“I can make out a couple of words.” You surprised them. “Like Leviathan, and prophet. But not much more, I’m sorry.”

“It was worth a shot.” Sam told you, as you handed the tablet back. It had been weird, holding it in your hand. A heavy weight, almost crippling as you held something that ancient and powerful.

“So, now we try to find that prophet.” Dean fumed, his arms crossed over his chest. “That’s like finding a needle in a haystack.

Just then, the door to Cas’ room opened, and the three of you turned to watch as Meg dragged a young Asian Man into the room, who looked scared and extremely out of his comfort zone.
Meeting the Prophet

“I found this boy creeping around outside, muttering to himself. Thought you might be interested.” Meg muttered, tossing him into the room. Grumbling under her breath, she walked away, no doubt double checking to make sure that no one else was trying to enter the hospital.

“Who are you?” You asked him, watching him closely. He seemed different to you. There was something, like a spark, that made him more than human, but you couldn’t quite place your finger on it. “Or, what are you?”

“Just a student!” He stuttered. “Please don’t kill me!”

“We’re not going to kill you.” You assured him, not missing the scoff Dean let go behind you.

“But why are you here?”

“I… I have no clue.” He tried to tell you, fear completely controlling him. “Lightning cracked, and I couldn’t seem to control myself. I climbed into my mother’s van, and drove here.”

“You were coming for this, weren’t you?” Cas asked, suddenly back to himself as he held out the tablet. The scared man took one look at it, and nodded.

“But what is it?” He mumbled into his coat with his arms wrapped around him.

“It’s a tablet. The Leviathan tablet. I bet you’re a prophet, aren’t you?” You spoke softly, not trying to scare the man any more than usual.

“A prophet?” He squeaked as Sam came to stand behind you, his hand resting on your shoulder. Seeing the tall man behind you, the scared guy started scooting backwards, quickly running into the wall.

“But first, who are you?” Sam asked him.

“K… Kevin.” He sputtered. “But I’m not a Prophet! I’m just in Advanced Placement!”

“This is too much.” Cas muttered, flashing out of the room, leaving the tablet laying on the bed.

Groaning, Dean ran his hands through his hair.

“Great. Just great.” He muttered. “I’ll go try to talk to him.”

Dean left you and Sam with Kevin, the supposedly new prophet. Glancing at him, you grabbed Sam by the hand, pulling him into the corner of the room, away from Kevin’s ears. “What do you think?”

“I do think he’s a prophet.” Sam thought out loud. “He doesn’t seem to be faking his fear, and you would have sensed if he was a Demon or Angel.”

“Yeah.” You agreed. “But showing up as soon as you pulled out the tablet? Do we trust him, or … Sam!” You exclaimed, watching as Kevin grabbed the tablet, throwing it into his bag and running out the door. “He’s gone! With the tablet.”

Without a word, Sam raced out of the room, his long legs eating up the distance between him and Kevin. Racing behind him, you almost slipped as you flew down the stairs, holding onto the railing to balance yourself. Coming around the corner, you ran into Dean, almost knocking the two of you onto the ground. Sam was behind him, as was Meg, everyone looking utterly confused. “What’s going on?”

“Kevin took the tablet and ran off. Sam’s chasing him.” You answered, before turning to the doors left open in Sam’s haste to get Kevin. Racing outside, you tried to find Sam in the dark of the night. Even with your heightened vision it was hard, but you could hear their footsteps as they raced through the trees.

“This way!” You exclaimed, racing after them. As you made your ways into the trees, you saw Sam running a straight line to get to Kevin, while Kevin ran frantically, weaving his way through the trees in an effort to lose Sam. Moving off to the side, you raced ahead, your Reaper skills making you faster than both of them. Coming to a stop in front of Kevin, you placed your hands up, ready to stop him when he barreled into you, knocking both of you to the ground. Out of breath from the collision, you couldn’t move with Kevin on top of you. Seconds passed by before Sam was there, easily pulling Kevin off you, handing him to a winded Dean who had just
caught up. Reaching down, Sam pulled you to your feet, checking you over to make sure you were okay. “Listen, we’re not going to hurt you.” Sam started to say, just as two people showed up. A male and a female, it was easy to see they were Angels as they lowered their blades.

“We’re here for the prophet.” The woman explained. “Let him go with us, and the rest of you will be unharmed.”

“Hester.” Cas announced as he came forward. “It’s been a while.”

“Castiel. I wish I could say it was good to see you.” She answered, as the other Angel took a step towards Kevin.

“Inias, leave him alone.” Cas muttered, once again acting like the powerful Angel he used to be.

“Castiel, you know this is our job. We will take him somewhere safe, to the desert, where it will become his life’s work to protect and translate the tablet.” Hester started to say, but just then Dean spoke up.

“I don’t think so lady. We don’t trust Angels.” Dean exclaimed before pressing his hand to the back of the tree, where he no doubt had placed an Angel banishing sigil.

Everyone vanished, including Castiel, which made you nervous. He was nowhere near being able to care for himself in the real world. “Dean, was that the best idea?” You asked him, as Sam made sure to stand by Kevin. Making sure the prophet didn’t try to bolt once again.

“It was our best shot. I don’t trust those Angels, and they sure as hell aren’t getting their hands on him.” Dean muttered. “Cas will be fine. Even though his eggs might be scrambled, he’s still Cas. He’ll find his way back to us.”

Sighing, you knew it was the best that could be done. “I think we need to leave. This place isn’t safe anymore.”

Nodding, Dean reached over, grabbing Kevin and dragging him along behind him. Sam came over to you, wrapping his arm around your shoulder. “Are you okay?” He asked you softly, his hand resting softly against your barely swollen belly.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” You assured him.

“And the baby?” He insisted, and you took a moment to feel deep within yourself. Everything seemed okay, even though you had never been pregnant before. You had no idea how this really worked. “I think the baby’s fine too.”

“Good.” He breathed out. Keeping you close to him, you followed Dean to the Impala, where he shoved Kevin into the backseat. You went to take the other side, but Meg beat you to it. Glancing quizzingly at her, she shrugged her shoulders.

“I took care of your Clarence, I deserve to come with you.” She muttered.

“You can sit up front with us.” Sam suggested, and you slid into the front seat, keeping close to Sam as Dean started the car. It was a weird mixture of people inside, a Demon, a Reaper, a Prophet, and two hunters. Hopefully soon, an Angel would get added to the mixture once again.

“Where to?” Sam asked Dean.

“I know a place off the tracks. Should keep us hidden, at least for a while.” Dean explained, turning the Impala onto the highway.
Pain

As Dean drove through the night, you cuddled against Sam, resting a protective hand on your belly. That fall had been scary, the thought of losing this baby upsetting you more than you expected. You wanted to have this baby. To have a chance at some normal resemblance of a life with Sam.

Secretly, you wished this baby was completely normal. That it would take mainly after it’s father, leaving the special powers to you. It didn’t need to grow up, hunted by hunters and the supernatural alike. You wanted her to grow up, knowing she was loved by her two parents.

“Y/N, everything okay? You’ve been pretty quiet.” Sam whispered before pressing his lips to your temple.

“No, everything’s not okay.” Meg muttered from her backseat. “Cas is MIA, we’ve got a freaked-out prophet, and we’re hiding from Angels and Demons alike.”

“He’s not talking to you.” Dean sassed back.

“I’m okay.” You assured Sam, smiling as his hand rubbed soothingly against your arm.

The next couple of hours in the car passed silently. Meg staring out the window, a dark frown on her face. Kevin curled into the far corner, holding the tablet tight to his chest, fear tensing his entire body up. Dean had a frown on his face, his fingers tight on the steering wheel. Sam kept his arm around you, holding you as tight against him as he could, his hand resting on top of yours on your slight bump.

There was complete silence in the car. Not even the radio was on, leaving the car eerie and still, as the trees blurred past. It lulled you into a sense of security, a sense that your small group was all alone in this big world.

As quiet as the car was, the unmistakable pop as Castiel appeared in the car had all three of you moving fast. Dean swerved the car, grateful there was no oncoming traffic. Kevin cuddled even tighter against the car door, his hand reaching for the handle. Sam gently pushed you away, so he could turn and see the new threat, all the while making sure you stayed safe behind him. And Meg? She didn’t move, didn’t flinch. Just smiled as the familiar Angel plopped into the seat beside her.

“Cas!” You exclaimed, grateful to see that your friend had made it back unharmed.

“You okay man?” Dean asked him, his eyes using the rear-view mirror to glance back at his friend.

“I am.” Cas answered, reaching over and bopping Kevin’s nose, which frightened the poor kid even more.

It was only about an hour later Dean was pulling in front of a rustic cabin, shutting the engine off. No one made a move to climb out, and you were seriously wondering how it was going to hold all of you. Sighing, Dean climbed out of the car, heading to the porch where he knocked over the old wooden statue sitting on the side. Pulling the key from its hiding spot, he opened the door and went inside, not even waiting for the rest of you. “Let’s head on in.” Sam muttered, gently pulling you out of the car.

Kevin followed close behind, with Meg staying by Cas’ side. Stepping into the small cabin, your nose wrinkled at the smell of dust and mildew. “Well this place could use a cleaning.” You muttered, raising an eyebrow at the lumpy couch placed in front of an old TV. The kitchen was small, the Formica counters peeling at the corners. Opening a cupboard, you frowned at the small can of beans covered in cobwebs at the back. “And a supply run.”

“There’s a bedroom in the back, a basement down below.” Dean explained, coming through the back door with a pile of wood in his hands. “Y/N, why don’t you stay here with Kevin and Cas, while Sam and I go on a supply run?”

Nodding, you grabbed a strip of paper off the counter, wanting to make sure they picked up the right things. “What am I, chopped liver?” Meg complained, her arms crossed as she stood at the door.
“Meg, I know you helped out Cas, but now I really don’t care what you are.” Dean grumbled.
“You can leave anytime.”
“I’m coming with you.” She argued, making Dean roll his eyes.
“Make sure you get all of this.” You insisted, handing Sam the list.
“Pickles and ice cream?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.
“Hey!” You argued. “I can’t help my cravings.”
“Might as well buy the whole store.” Dean muttered. “Who knows what she’ll be craving next.”
Slapping his shoulder, you watched as the three left the cabin, leaving you with a freaked-out
prophet and a clueless Angel. Sighing, you finished the task of starting a fire, needing to ward off
the chill of the cabin. As soon as it had started warming up the small space, you turned to Sam and
Kevin. “Okay, this place is a mess. I need your help cleaning.”
Ordering Cas down the stairs to see what items were in the basement, you put Kevin in charge of
sweeping. The easy household chore seemed to calm the younger man, and he started humming as
he worked. You turned to the kitchen, cleaning the counter top and the cabinets, trying to search
for anything that was salvageable.
The time passed, and the sun filtered through the windows Cas was currently attempting to clean.
You had made your way to the little bathroom stall, which consisted of a tiny shower, a toilet and a
chipped sink. Getting down on your hands and knees, you began scrubbing everything you could
reach. As you reached into the shower, you felt a sharp pain in your lower abdomen, making you
double over and cry out.
“Y/N?” Cas called out, as you took deep breaths, trying to relax. Another sharp jab made you cry
out again, letting go of the rag to hold tight to your belly. With tears in your eyes, you saw Cas race
into the bathroom, Kevin close behind him. “What is it?”
“I don’t know. A pain, right here.” You mumbled as another sharp pain wracked your system.
Helping you to your feet, Cas guided you to the bedroom, where a large antique frame bed stood in
the middle. “Kevin, pull off the quilt.” Cas ordered, seeming partly back to himself. Kevin
complied, dust flying everywhere before Cas gently laid you down. Frowning, he noticed where
your hand pressed, right against the side of your belly.
“Y/N, is the pain still there?” He asked, his hand coming to rest beside yours.
“Not as bad. Maybe I overdid it.” You wondered out loud, missing the worried glance in the
Angel’s eyes.
“That could be.” He answered, but you could tell he wasn’t buying it.
Just then you could hear the Impala pulling up out front, Sam and Dean’s voice carrying through
the wall. “Let’s not tell…..” You tried saying when another pain hit you, making you fold in on
yourself.
“I don’t like this.” Cas muttered, wringing his hands together, before disappearing all together.
“Y/N, what do I do?” Kevin started freaking, just as Sam’s voice echoed through the hall. “I’m
going to go get Sam!”
Before you could gather the strength to speak, Kevin was gone, yelling for Sam. Closing your eyes,
you wished you had some sort of manual for this. Wondering if a Reaper’s pregnancy was meant to
be so painful. Knowing that as soon as Sam stepped through that door, his worry would be on you,
and not on stopping the Leviathan. Or figuring out how to keep Kevin safe.
Kevin’s voice could be heard through the entire cabin as he yelled for Sam. Cas stayed by your side, as another pain wracked your body. “Cas, what do you think is happening?” You whispered, extremely scared.

“Do you want the truth? Or as I’ve been told to say, the sugar-coated truth?” He asked. Trying to take deep, calming breaths, you groaned your answer. “The truth. The whole truth, no matter how painful it might be.”

“In my opinion, it’s your Reaper’s body reacting to the pregnancy. A Reaper is not supposed to be pregnant, and your body might be fighting it.” Cas answered, exactly as you were afraid he would. “Y/N!” Sam yelled, rushing through the door, his chest heaving as he came to stand next to you. “Kevin said that you’re in pain. Is it… the baby?”

“Sam, I don’t know.” You answered truthfully as another pain erupted in your lower abdomen, and you winced in pain.

“Cas, can’t you do something?” Sam pleaded with his friend as he kneeled next to the bed. “I’m afraid there’s nothing I can do. We just need to wait and see what’s causing this.” Cas spoke softly, before leaving you and Sam alone.

Reaching out, he grasped your hand, squeezing it gently. “Y/N, I…” Sam started, coming to a stop. His words seemed to vanish, and you totally understood why. After all, this was his baby too.

“Sam, I don’t know what’s happening. It’s not like there’s a guidebook to pregnancy as a Reaper.” You spoke softly. “There’s a good chance that one of us, the baby or I will not survive this pregnancy. But I’m willing to take that chance, to start a family with you.”

“But I don’t want to lose you. If it comes to that…” He cried, his hazel eyes filling up with tears. “Then you’ll raise our daughter. Cas will help you, I know he will. If she has any sort of powers, he will be the one to turn to.” You insisted, both of you hating the way this conversation was going.

“Maybe this is just growing pains, and you’ll both be okay.” Sam whispered, both of you hoping that was the case.

Feeling exhausted suddenly, you reached up, cupping Sam’s cheek. “Can we talk about this later?” You asked him. “I feel like taking a nap.”

Leaning forward, he pressed a gentle kiss to your forehead. “Rest. We’ll figure this out later.”

You had fallen asleep quickly, the nerves and pain exhausting you. Sleeping fitfully, you dreamt of ghosts and hospital rooms. Death and black windowless rooms. They weren’t reassuring dreams, and you woke up even more tired than before.

Darkness had fallen outside, your room chilly and dark. Wrapping the blanket around your shoulders, you slowly rose from the bed, nervously waiting for the pain to come back. When seconds ticked by and nothing happened, you decided to leave the room, and find the rest of the group.

Heading down the hallway, you heard hushed whispers coming from the main room. Just murmurs, nothing you could understand. As you started to round the corner, the entire cabin shook, lightning cracking outside the window.

“What the hell?” Dean grumbled. Taking the short strides to stand next to Sam, you held onto him as the cabin shook once again.

Sam’s arm came to wrap around your shoulders, just as the wind picked up outside. Blowing hard enough to whip the trees around outside, the wind was strong enough to blow the windchime from the porch. With a sinking feeling in your gut, you knew exactly what this meant.

“Sam, you guys need to run. Please.” You begged, but it was too late. The front door slammed open, breaking off it’s hinges with the force. “Sam, go!” You tried again, pushing against him, but it was like pushing a brick wall. He wasn’t leaving you there.

Dean pulled his gun from his back pocket, holding it in front of him as a familiar lean figure strode
through the front door, his cane entering before him. “Hello Y/N.” Death spoke with authority as he came to stand in front of you. “It’s been a while.”

“Death.” You tried to speak calmly, even though you had no idea what was going to happen.

“I see you have some unique company. Two hunters, an Angel and a prophet. Not to mention the life growing inside you.” He stated, tapping his cane, making a chair scoot over behind him. Perching on the edge of the chair, he nodded his head towards you. Sitting down on the couch, you watched as Sam moved to sit next to you. “I don’t think so Sam Winchester. This is between Y/N and I.”

With another tap of his cane, the rest of your group were gone, leaving you alone in the room with the formidable Death. “Y/N, I was very disappointed when you ran from me. For a while I wanted nothing more than to smite you.”

“I’m sorry.” You hung your head, hoping he wouldn’t take it out on you now.

“Don’t be.” He surprised you. “Because you stayed with Sam, we have some interesting new developments. Mainly that girl growing inside you. She’s the reason I came to visit you.”

“Please, don’t take my baby.” You pleaded.

“Nonsense. I’m not here to take your daughter. At least not yet. The best place for her to grow up is in your company, with hunters and an Angel to teach her the ways of the world. But she is powerful, more powerful than even you can imagine.” He answered, seeming back to his old self, the one that favored you.

“Sir, if it’s not too much, can I ask a question?” You asked him, and he nodded his head. “Well, today I’ve had some severe pains, and I’m scared.”

“My dear, we have nothing to go on. You’re the first Reaper to ever be pregnant, and we won’t know if these pains are normal or not.” He spoke as he stood up. Coming over to you, he placed his hand on your stomach. Normally, his touch would kill a normal human, but it did nothing to you. It was almost comforting. “Ooh, that’s interesting.” He spoke, more to himself than you, but it made you nervous all the same.

Seconds ticked by, before he stepped away, steepling his fingers together. “I think I know what the problem is. Your daughter as I said is very powerful. She wants to be born, and I have a feeling your pregnancy will not be as long as a normal person. These pains are your body trying to accommodate her. The next weeks will be hard on you, but I have a feeling you’re strong enough to overcome them. And as an honorary grandfather, I will be stopping by to check on you.”
“You…. you will be stopping by?” You stuttered, Sam’s hand tightening painfully around your arm as the words sank in. “But…”
“This is too important for me to sit in my apartment, twiddling my thumbs. I will take an active role in this child’s life, just to make sure she grows up the way I want her to.” Death insisted. Peering to the side of you, you could see both Sam and Dean’s jaws clenching, and you knew they weren’t happy about this turn of events. “Interesting…” Death muttered, surprising all of you.
“You’ve even made friends with a prophet. Maybe he can write down your story. After all, this is the first of its kind.”
“I don’t even know how to be a prophet yet, let alone write…” Kevin started to argue, but a glance from Sam had him shutting up. You could see Cas off to the side, literally shaking as the conflict in front of him unnerved him.
“Hmm, interesting. A prophet who is useless, and an Angel who has lost all of his nerve.” Death spoke softly as he tilted his head. “Y/N, you’ve found quite the lopsided family. I sure hope they don’t lead you astray.”
“I’ve never felt more at home.” You muttered, wincing as your daughter kicked hard against your stomach. Death noticed your discomfort, his hand wavering in front of you. “I must go. But your daughter, she’s growing fast. Be careful, don’t push yourself too much. She will be joining our world soon. Sam, come here.” Death ordered. Sam, with wide eyes stepped up to Death, who leaned forward to whisper in his ear. But with your wonderful Reaper hearing, you could still hear Death’s words, and they were exactly what you had feared. “I just hope your daughter doesn’t send Y/N to her death.”
Before Sam could react, Death vanished from the cabin. “What the hell just happened?” Dean exclaimed, everyone letting out the deep breath they didn’t know they were holding.
“That was awkward.” Kevin muttered, as Cas came bounding up to you.
“I don’t like this, not at all. I’m going to…to…” He stuttered before vanishing from the room as well.
“Well that sucks.” Dean muttered. “The main one that could have helped us vanished because his screws are loose.”
“Y/N, did you hear…” Sam mumbled, his eyes wide as he glanced your way. “Did I hear that there is a good possibility I won’t make it out of this pregnancy alive?” You said darkly, a tear slipping down your cheek. “Yeah, Death didn’t quite hide that from me.”
Cursing under his breath, Sam pulled you into his arms, pressing a rough kiss to your forehead. “It’s not gonna happen.”
“But Sam, we don’t know that for sure. And Death is usually scary accurate.” You argued. “No, we will figure out a way to stop it. I’ve lost you before, I’m not going to lose you again.” He insisted. “And you heard him. This has never happened, ever. So he has no idea what he’s even talking about!”
“It’s just so scary.” You whispered, as the other men found themselves in other places in the cabin. “I was more than ready to spend a lifetime with you. To have our own family. But there’s always something ready to ruin it, isn’t there?”
“We will have all of that, and much more.” Sam tried to assure you, but you could hear the crack in his voice, and you could tell he was trying to talk himself into it just as well. “We’re just going to take things easy. You’re going to take it easy. No arguing.”
“But Sam, there’s so much going on right now. You and Dean are trying to end the Leviathan. There’s Kevin and the tablets to worry about. How can I just lay in bed and let you guys take care of it?” You argued, but he placed his hand on your lower back, guiding you down the hallway, towards the bedroom.
“We will take care of it. If nothing else, Kevin can spend time with you, the two of you working on
the Tablet, together. As long as you don’t wear yourself out.” He continued. Sighing, you let yourself be guided back into the bedroom, staring with dismay at the small, lumpy bed that you were going to be spending quite some time in.

Settling the pillows up, you climbed onto the bed, frowning when you realized you had nothing to occupy your time. No TV in the room, no radio to listen to. Not even books to read. “Sam, I’m going to need something, anything to occupy me or I will literally go insane.”

His eyes widened when he realized what you meant. “Dean and I will head to town, see what we can scrounge up. But for right now, why don’t you just try taking a nap?”

“Seriously?” You grumbled. “It wasn’t too long ago that I slept. And I’m a Reaper, remember?”

“I know, I know!” He apologized. “We’ll figure this out, I promise.”

Rushing out of the room, he left you lounging there, wondering exactly how long you would have to be in this predicament. If it was a normal human pregnancy, that would mean months. Horrible, long months that would go on for ever and ever. But since you were a Reaper, it could end soon. Or go on longer.

As you contemplated your future, you felt a tear trickling down your cheek as frustration and fear set in. There was nothing but uncertainty in the future, and it scared you. Turning on your side, you wrapped your arms around your swollen middle, your daughter finally quiet.

Staring out the window, you watched as the trees gently moved in the breeze, the day slowly turning to dusk. Taking a deep breath, trying to calm yourself, you closed your eyes when your entire body tensed and froze. Unable to blink or control your body in anyway, you were a passenger in your own body. The black faded away into gray, before turning a bright white, almost too blinding for your eyes. As quickly as the white came, it faded, turning into a vibrant green field, full of yellow daisies that waved in the slight breeze. The sun felt warm on your face, the wind ruffling your hair. Even though you knew this was a figment of your imagination, you had a tough time believing it wasn’t real.

“Mommy?” Came a small voice, innocent and childlike. As you slowly turned around, your bright blue skirt swirled around you, a piece of clothing you had never owned. Standing in front of you was a little girl, no older than four. Her mahogany colored hair, so similar to Sam’s was braided into two pigtails, slightly curly at the end. Her eyes were exactly like Sam’s, and you just knew, deep down in your heart that this was your daughter. Somehow, you were meeting your daughter for the first time, in some sort of dream.

“Are you…” You stuttered, overwhelmed by the need to pull her to you in a hug. She took care of that, running towards you, throwing herself into your arms. She smelled of sunshine and hope, and you couldn’t control the tears of happiness that slipped down your cheek.
"Are you..." You stuttered, overwhelmed by the need to pull her to you in a hug. She took care of that, running towards you, throwing herself into your arms. She smelled of sunshine and hope, and you couldn't control the tears of happiness that slipped down your cheek.

"Mommy it’s me, you're daughter," she giggled, holding tight to me, and I never wanted to let her go.

"Sweetheart, where are we?" you asked her, as you snuggled her deeper into your arms.

"Our dream," she exclaimed. "I wanted to meet you, I couldn’t wait."

Sounding a lot older than she looked, your daughter pressed her tiny little palm to your cheek.

"Sweetie, I love this, but why?"

"Because I know what’s gonna happen," she mumbled against your neck.

"What? What's going to happen?" you tried asking her, but you could feel the dream slipping away, and you didn’t want it to. Not yet. You wanted to spend a couple more moments basking in the sun, holding your daughter, your perfect little daughter.

Peering up at you with beautiful eyes so like her Dad’s, you were scared at the fear and sadness already in them. "I can’t save you," she whispered, before the sunny valley slipped from your mind, bringing back the dingy cabin walls as you sat straight up in bed.

"Whoa Y/N, what is it?" Sam asked, jumping up from his seat beside you, coming to stand next to your bed. His eyes searched your face, trying to gauge what was going on.

"I saw her," you whispered, a tear slipping down your cheek. "Our daughter, she came to me, in my dream!"

Most people would have been sceptical about your statement, not believing it. But Sam had seen too much, knew there was still so much out there he didn’t understand. Instead of blowing it off, he sank down onto the bed beside you, grasping your hand with his. "Tell me about her," he asked.

"She’s beautiful," you started. "In my dream she was about four years old. She had curly brown hair, so close to yours in color. Her eyes were mirrors of yours, so beautiful. Her nose was mine, as were her lips, but she looked so much like you."

"She sounds beautiful," he agreed. "Did she have a purpose for the visit?"

"She seemed frightened, and sad," you started to tell him, her last words scaring you as well. "Sam, she said she knows what’s going to happen!"

His hand tightened against yours, as he took a deep breath. "And what? What’s going to happen?"

"She said she can’t save me," you mumbled, before lifting your gaze to meet Sam’s once again.

"Sam, what does that mean? Am I going to die?"

You could see his mind working fast, his jaw clenched with the weight of your news. Your dream had seemed so nice at first, actually getting to meet your baby daughter. But the last part had been ominous, scaring you. "Sam, what if I never get to meet her? What if she was trying to warn me?"

"Y/N, you’ll get to hold your daughter," he assured me. "She’s just a baby. Sure, if you believe Death, she’s a very powerful baby. But that doesn’t mean she knows what’s going to happen."

"But Sam, she seemed so upset, so worried," you cried, letting him pull you into his arms, your swollen belly making the movement awkward.

"Maybe she’s just feeding off of your fear and uncertainty," he tried again, and you had a feeling you wouldn’t get anywhere else with him.

"Maybe," you conceded, letting yourself be comforted by being in his arms.

It was almost a full three days later, and you were going out of your mind. Almost everyone else in the small little cabin came and went as they pleased, often stopping at a grocery store, bringing you back little sweets, or things that you might enjoy. You were stuck inside the cabin, hardly ever moving from your bed in that tiny little bedroom. It was enough to drive any person crazy.

You had pleaded with Sam to take you to town on his last trip. Promising to stay in the car,
needing to get away. No matter how much you pleaded with him, he still refused, not wanting to risk it.

So, you were stuck in the cabin, along with Kevin who always had to stay behind as well. He had made his own little spot at the table in the corner, away from any windows, just an old fashioned lamp to light up the stone tablet in front of him. Night and day he studied that thing, often ignoring everything around him as he worked. He wasn’t much company, and you had given up trying to get him to talk.

Sam and Dean had been gone for much longer this time, almost a full day, and you were beginning to worry. Laid up on the couch, a blanket covering your belly, it had been peaceful so far. No horrendous pains shooting through you. Your daughter was quiet, and had been ever since that dream.

“Kevin, do you think they’ll be back soon?” You called out, wishing that Cas was here to help you. But as soon as Death had shown up, he had vanished, and had yet to return. A hum was your only response, exactly as you had figured. Sighing in frustration, you wished your cell phone would work out here, but no reception. You had no way of checking in with either brother, making sure they were okay. Asking them to bring back a book, or something to pass your time with.

About ready to give up and walk down the long, overgrown driveway, you breathed a sigh of relief when you heard the familiar rumble.

It was only minutes later Sam and Dean were struggling inside, their arms full of boxes. “What did you guys buy?” You asked them, struggling to move off the couch when Sam fixed a glare your way, stopping you from moving.

“We know you’ve been going crazy in here, stuck inside, unable to move around much, with not a lot to do. We stopped at the local thrift store, and found this.”

Dean began taking movies out of one of the box, while Sam pulled out an old TV, the DVD player built into it. “I know we don’t have TV reception in here, but they had their movies on sale. I know it’s not much, but it’s a start,” Sam explained, moving to set up the TV.

“It’s wonderful! You exclaimed, clapping your hands together. “Anything’s better than sitting here, letting my mind wander!”

It was only a short time later, the four of you were crowded around the TV, Kevin finally pulled away from his tablet by Dean. There was a bucket of chicken in front of you on the coffee table, along with all the fixings, and a huge pie that Dean promised to share with you. Cuddled up against Sam, you watched the old Western. Westerns had never really been your thing, but it felt nice, all being together, having something to do besides going crazy.

“I hope this makes it a little better,” Sam whispered. “I know you’re upset, and I want to do more, but my hands are tied. We’re being hunted by the Leviathan, and Angels. And you were told to stay on bed rest. I can only do so much.”

“This is a start Sam. And thank you for it,” you assured him, just as Dean moved to slice up the pie. “And Dean, I want a big piece!” You exclaimed, your daughter kicking as you spoke. “Guess my daughter is taking after her uncle. She seems to love pie.”

As everyone laughed, you couldn’t help the frown that wouldn’t seem to leave your face. You still couldn’t shake the statement made by your daughter, even though it didn’t seem to worry Sam.
Almost two weeks later, you stood on the front porch of the cabin, a frown on your face, as you watched Sam and Dean pack up the car. Even Kevin helped, as you stood by, the buzz of excitement coming from everyone but you. Placing a hand on your swollen belly, you couldn’t believe how fast your baby had grown. It seemed like you were three quarters of the way through your pregnancy, your daughter extremely active, often keeping you away at night.

“You okay?” Sam asked, his hand on your side as he peered down at you.

“No Sam, I’m not okay,” you muttered, keeping your voice low and away from Dean and Kevin who were busy at the car. “You’re leaving, along with Dean and Kevin, and I have to stay behind!”

“You, we’ve talked about this,” Sam sighed. “You know it’s too dangerous. I need you here, where you can be safe.”

“Safe? Sam, I could give birth at any moment. To a daughter that said I die, if you don’t remember. I’m not safe anywhere!” You argued, but the look in his eyes told you he wasn’t going to give in.

“Y/N, we’re going to face the Leviathans. Who knows what’s going to happen. I need to know you’re safe here, as safe as you can be, given the circumstances.”

Sighing, you tensed when your daughter kicked, not happy with her Dad either. “Just please be safe. I don’t have a good feeling about this, and I…”

“I’ll be safe,” he promised. “And I’ll call you as soon as it’s over. And you’ll call me if anything happens.”

“Yeah, because our signal is amazing out here,” you muttered.

“Can you please just give me a kiss before I leave?” He pleaded. “I don’t want to leave with you mad. I know you’re not happy, but I’m just trying to keep you and our baby safe.”

Giving in, you stood up on your tiptoes, your stomach awkward enough it brushed against his lower stomach as you pressed a quick kiss to his lips. “Sam, if you don’t come back, I will literally pull every string I know to get you back.”

“I know you will,” he muttered against your lips before Dean called him away. Kneeling down, he lifted your shirt, pressing his lips to your skin, his hands on each side. Wishing you had your phone to take such a picture, you were shocked to see Dean had his phone out, a soft smile on his face.

“Couldn’t miss the sweet moment,” he muttered before walking past you.

“You take care of your mommy,” Sam whispered to your unborn daughter. “I need both of you to safe, so I can come back to you.”

Standing up, you could see the emotion in his eyes as he walked to the car, sliding into the passenger seat as Dean turned the car around, heading down the long driveway, leaving you on your own.

It was scary, being left behind, with no way to contact people. No way to head to town, in case something happened. You were completely stranded, and that thought was not comforting at all. Not wanting to go into the confines of the cabin quite yet, you took a blanket from the couch, settling down into the rickety rocking chair on the front porch. It was quiet, so much more quiet than normal. Sure, there were the birds chirping, the stream gurgling off to the side. But there was no Dean grumbling as he walked around, or Kevin muttering to himself as he tried to make out the words on the tablet. Cas wasn’t even around, with his sweet gestures and awkward tendencies. You were by yourself, and you didn’t care for it.

Hours passed, the sun starting to set, and you finally made your way inside, away from the mosquitoes starting to swarm you. Turning the main light on, you went to the well stocked pantry, ready to fix dinner and call it a night.

Sam had gone all out before he had left, buying everything you had been craving lately, along with anything that was good for your and your baby. Including these disgusting vitamins you were
forced to take in the morning.
Deciding on some comfort food, you went straight for the mac and cheese, knowing Sam wouldn’t be happy with your choice. But he was gone, off to save the world once again, and you were going to do what you wanted to do.
As you stirred the macaroni, you thought you heard the front door open, but when you turned around, you were still alone. Frowning, you continued to stir, wishing you could have a glass of whiskey to calm your nerves.
With your attention back on your food, you forgot about the strange sound, humming to your daughter, one hand resting on the swell of your belly when your hair was lifted in a breeze.
“What the…” you muttered, turning around, the spoon still in your hands. But you were still alone, the breeze gone. “Okay, this is weird,” you spoke to yourself, heading towards the front table where Sam’s knife had been left for you. “I’m not going crazy,” you whispered to yourself.
“No, you’re not.” A voice spoke up, making you jump high, the spoon falling from your grasp as you swirled around to face the couch.
With the knife out in front of you, you stared at the man sitting there as if he owned the place. His foot was propped on the coffee table, his finger tracing the whole in the couch. “I’ve been wanting to meet you for quite some time,” he spoke up, standing up to come closer to you.
“Stay there!” You threatened.
“That little knife isn’t going to do anything to me,” he literally purred, taking another step closer to you. Glaring at him, you began to think about your options. You could try transporting yourself from the room, but you had no idea how your unborn daughter would handle that.
“Y/N, I’m a leviathan. Everything you’re thinking about is going to do nothing but piss me off,” he explained. “If you just do as I say, nothing will harm your daughter.”
“What are you planning?” You asked cautiously.
“I’m planning on stopping your friend’s plans before it gets too far. And I need you to do that,” he answered, grabbing your hand, making you drop the knife. “Now we need to hurry. I promised I wouldn’t do anything to hurt that unborn child of yours, so we’re traveling in my car.”
Pulling you along with him, he dragged you down the driveway, almost a mile away to where a sleek black muscle car was parked. “You better buckle in,” he told you. “We’ve got a long ways to go, and we need to get there before Sam and Dean.”