Season 3

by ohlookshiney
A week after the showdown at the cemetery. Dean managed to pick up a set of twins at a bar and took them back to a Motel. Sam, Y/n, and Y/f/n sat in the Impala in the dark, each reading a book with a flashlight. The header at the top of Sam’s book page reads Dr. Faustus, and there's information about Crossroads Deals. Sam looks up to see Dean inside the house across from him. He is wearing only an undershirt. Dean grins and gives Sam a double-thumbs up, at which Sam shakes his head, smiling fondly. A girl comes into the window frame from off right, and Dean shuts the sheer curtains. They can be seen undressing each other in silhouette. Sam smiles affectionately and is turning back to his book, when his phone rings.

“Hello.” He answers putting the phone on speaker.

“Hey, Sam,” Bobby replies.

“Hey, Bobby,” Sam responds.

“Hey Bobby,” The girls call.

“What's up?” Bobby asks.

“Oh, same old, same old,” Sam replies.

“You buried in that book again?” Bobby asks. There is a pause and Sam grimaces, “Sam, you want to break Dean free of that demon deal, you ain't gonna find the answer in no book.”

“Where, Sam?” Sam asks.

“Kid, I wish I knew. So where's your brother?” Bobby asks.

Sam and the others glance up to see Dean frolicking in silhouette through the curtains, “Polling the electorate.” Sam replies.

“What?” Bobby asks.

“Never mind,” Sam responds quietly.

“Well, you boys better pack it up. I think I finally found something.” Bobby says before hanging up the phone.

As Sam hangs his own up, both Y/n and Y/f/n call out, “Not it.”

“What, oh, come on guys,” Sam pleads not wanting to get his brother.

Sullenly Sam heads for the motel room. Sam knocks on the bedroom door and opens it slowly. “Dean?” He calls slowly entering the room, “Dean, you – you conscious? Bobby called, and he thinks that maybe we—” Sam looks on in horror as feminine moans and Dean's whoo-hoo are heard, “Oh, God.”

Sam quickly retreats to the car, “I hate you both,” he says. Y/n and Y/f/n both start laughing as
Sam pouts in the front seat. Half an hour later the Impala is back on the road, with Dean behind the wheel grinning widely.

“Let me see your knife,” Sam says looking to his brother.

“What for?” Dean asks.

“So I can gouge my eyes out,” Sam replies.

“It was a beautiful, natural act, Sam.” Dean retorts.

“It's a part of you I never wanted to see, Dean.” Sam grumbles.

Dean chuckles then slaps Sam on the thigh, “Hey, I appreciate you giving me a little quality time with the Doublemint Twins.” He says.

“Yeah, no problem,” Sam replies quietly.

“Really? Well, I got to say, I was expecting a weary sigh or an eye roll, something.” Dean asks seriously curious.

“No, not at all. You deserve to have a little fun.” Sam replies.

“Well, I am in violent agreement with you there.” Dean responds with a chuckle, “What's Bobby got?”

“Not much. A crop failure and a cicada swarm outside of Lincoln, Nebraska. Ahh, could be demonic omens –” Y/f/n answers.

“Or could just be a bad crop and a bug problem.” Dean comments.

“Yeah, but it's our only lead,” Sam replies.

“Any freaky deaths?” Dean questions.

“Nothing Bobby could find – not yet, anyway.” Y/f/n reports.

“It's weird, man. I mean, the night the devil's gate opened, all these weirdo storm clouds were sighted over how many cities?” Dean asks.

“Seventeen,” Sam replies.

“Seventeen. You'd think it would be Apocalypse Now, but it's been five days and bubkis.” Dean responds. Sam looks at him, confused and Dean pauses. “What are the demons waiting for?”

“Beats me,” Sam replies.

“You ok back there, Y/n? You've been really quiet,” Dean asks looking in the rearview mirror at her.

“M’Fine, Dean,” Y/n huffs crossing her arms and looking out the window.

“Ok then,” Dean says looking at Sam who shrugs his shoulders. Dean returns to the original topic, “It's driving me crazy. I tell you, if it's gonna be war, I wish it would just start already.” Dean responds.
“I don't know, man. Be careful what you wish for.” Sam replies.

The quartet reaches the outskirts of Lincoln, Nebraska by the next morning. They pull up outside a farmhouse, and Dean climbs out munching on a burger from a fast food restaurant he stopped at in town. The air is filled with the sound of cicadas.

“Hear those cicadas?” Sam asks as he climbs from the car.

“That can't be a good sign,” Dean replies.

“No. No, it can't.” Sam says looking around. They close the doors to the Impala and head for Bobby.

“So, we're eating bacon cheeseburgers for breakfast, are we?” Bobby asks in greeting.

“Well, I sold my soul. Got a year to live. I ain't sweating the cholesterol.” Dean replies around a mouthful of burger.

“So, Bobby, what do you think? We got a biblical plague here or what?” Sam asks.

“Well, let's find out. Looks like the swarm's ground zero.” Bobby responds heading toward the front door of the house.

“Candygram!” Dean calls out pounding on the door.

No answer but cicadas chirping. Dean picks the lock and opens the door. Covering their noses in disgust, they move further into the house.

“That's awful,” Sam says.

“That so can't be a good sign.” Y/n says trying not to gag.

They creep through the house guns drawn, stopping in the second room, they can hear what sounds like panicked screams.

“You hear that?” Sam asks.

The boys move closer to the door and kick it open; the sounds turn out to be coming from a TV set playing, an episode of Dallas. The family of three is seated on the couch, several days dead, the group of hunters recoil at the increased stench.

“Oh, my God,” Y/f/n mutters.

Bobby enters the room through the side door and also recoils in horror.

“Bobby, what the hell happened here?” Sam asks.

“I don't know,” Bobby replies.

“Check for sulfur.” Dean commands.

“Yeah.” Bobby agrees. The group moves to investigate the room. As they are searching Dean hears a noise out front and whistles quietly, then signals to the others that he's going to go check it out. The other four circle the other direction.

Out front, Dean exits cautiously, gun drawn, and looks around. As he comes around the house, he
is knocked to the ground by a man with a shotgun. His wife comes up behind him.

“Isaac? Tamara?” Bobby asks coming around the corner.

“Bobby. What the hell are you doing here?” Tamara asks.

“I could ask the same,” Bobby replies.

“Heya, Bobby.” Isaac greets.

Dean raises his arm pitifully from the ground and waving for attention, “Hello. Bleeding here.” He calls.

Y/n moves forward to help him up laughing at him the entire time.

Isaac and Tamara invite the group back to their place, where Bobby goes over the signs.

“Jenny! That is a beautiful name. That's my sister's name, actually.” Dean says into his phone trying to find more information.

“Honey? Where's the Palo Santo?” Isaac asks looking around their various ingredients.

“Well, where'd you leave it?” Tamara inquires.

“I don't know, dear. That's why I'm asking.” Isaac replies.

“Palo Santo?” Sam questions.

“It's holy wood, from Peru. It's toxic to demons like holy water. Keeps the bastards nailed down while you're exorcising them.” Tamara explains.

She digs into a bag and pulls out a large, pointed stake. She hands it to Isaac with an affectionate smile.

“Thank you, dear,” Isaac says.

“You'd lose your head if it wasn't for me,” Tamara says lovingly.

“So, how long you two been married?” Sam asks.

“Eight years this past June.” Tamara replies.

“The family that slays together...” Isaac begins.

“Right. I'm with you there.” Sam says looking over to Y/f/n who is with Y/n helping Bobby, “So, how'd you get started?” he asks. There is an awkward silence as Tamara and Isaac look at each other, with hard memories, “I, uh, you know... I'm sorry. It's not – that's none of my business.”

“No, no. It's – it's all right.” Tamara comforts.

“Well, Jenny, if you look as pretty as you sound, I'd love to have an ... appletini.” Dean says finishing up on the phone. He makes a face at the others at the word appletini, “Yeah. Call you.” He hangs up and addresses the group, “That was the coroner's tech.”

“And?” Sam asks.

“Get this – that whole family, cause of death? Dehydration and starvation. There's no signs of
restraint, no violence, no struggle. They just sat down and never got up.” Dean replies.

“But there was a fully stocked kitchen just yards away.” Bobby comments.

“Right. What is this, a demon attack?” Sam inquires.

“If it is, it's not like anything I ever saw, and I've seen plenty.” Bobby declared.

“Well, what now? What should we do?” Y/n asks.

“Uh, we're not gonna do anything,” Isaac replies.

“What do you mean?” Sam asks.

“You guys seem nice enough, but, this ain't Scooby-Doo, and we don't play well with others.” Isaac answers.

“Well, I think we'd cover a lot more ground if we all worked together,” Sam opined.

“No offense, but we're not teaming with the damn fools who let the Devil's Gate get opened in the first place.” Isaac retorts.

“No offense?” Dean scoffs.

“Isaac. Like you've never made a mistake.” Tamara admonishes.


“All right. That's enough.” Y/n growls stepping forward.

“Guys, this isn't helping. Dean, Y/n—” Sam says quietly.

“Look, there are a couple hundred more demons out there now. We don't know where they are when they'll strike. There ain't enough hunters in the world to handle something like this. You brought war down on us – on all of us,” Isaac scolds.

“Okay. that's quite enough testosterone for now.” Tamara says pulling Isaac away and out of the room.

In Lincoln at a Department store A redheaded man approaches a blonde woman.

“Excuse me.” He says.

“Yes?” She asks.

The man places a hand on her shoulder and nods towards a shoe display across the room, “Those are... nice shoes.” He says.

The woman looks over and nods “Oh, yeah. They are nice.” She replies she turns back to the man and smiles before approaching the display, where a brunette woman is looking at a pair of green pumps. She stares at them covetously.

“Those are nice shoes.” The blonde says.

“Aren't they?” The brunette asks.
“I want them.” The blonde replies.

“Sorry. Last pair.” The brunette responds. She takes them and goes to the register. The blonde woman stares after her intensely. As the brunette woman leaves the store, the blonde follows.

“Excuse me. I want those shoes.” The blonde calls.

“What, are you crazy? No.” The brunette responds.

The blonde attacks, and grabs the brunette.


The Blonde viciously slams the Brunette’s head into the windshield of her car. She cracks open her head and blood gushes out of her eye socket, staining the window. The Blonde takes the shopping bag and walks off, unconcerned. A short time later after police arrive, Sam and Y/f/n watch as they begin to take forensic evidence at the murder scene. They look around then head into the store. Where Dean is chatting up a witness, a young blonde woman.

Resting a hand on her shoulder, he says, “What happened outside makes you realize how fragile life really is. You got to make every second count.”

The woman nods in understanding. Sam approaches, clearing his throat.

“Excuse me a minute, would you?” Dean asks looking at the woman.

“Sure.” She replies leaving.

“Dean, what are you doing?” Sam asks.

“I'm comforting the bereaved. What are you doing?” Dean retorts.


Dean coughs pathetically “Guys, I'm sorry. It's just, I don't have much time left, and, uh ...” He says before he does some more theatrical coughing, “got to make every second count.”

“Yeah, right. Sorry.” Sam says apologetically.

“Apology accepted,” Dean replies with a bright smile.

Bobby and Y/n both enter the store in fed clothing. Bobby’s hair is slicked back. Dean and Sam look at him, impressed.

“Whoa,” Dean says whistling at the pair. “Looking spiffy, Bobby. What were you, a G-man?”

“Attorneys for the D.A.'s office. We just spoke to the suspect.” Bobby replies.

“Yeah? So, what do you think? Is she possessed or what?” Sam inquires.

“Don't think so. There's none of the usual signs – no blackouts, no loss of control. Totally lucid. Just, she really wanted those shoes. Bobby spilled a glass of holy water on her just to be sure and nothing. But they were really nice shoes too bad they don't have a pair in my size.” Y/n replies.

“Maybe she's just some random whack job,” Dean suggests. Trying to be discreet in checking Y/n out.
“If it had been an isolated incident, maybe, but first the family, now this? I believe in a lot of things. Coincidence ain't one of them. Did you three find anything around here?” Bobby inquires.

“No sulfur, nothing.” Y/f/n says watching Dean shift uncomfortably.

“Well, maybe something.” Dean replies nodding to a security camera in the ceiling, “See? I'm working.” He looks to Sam almost proud of himself.

Inside the security room, Sam situates himself at the desk and begins watching the security footage, as the others hover awkwardly.

“Anything interesting?” Dean inquires.

“I don't know yet. Might just be a guy...” Sam replies as they watch the redheaded man approach the blonde woman, “Or it might be our guy.”

They watch as the man on the video nods his head toward the shoes. Sam and Y/f/n leaves and walks up the street, One hand brushing Y/f/n’s the other stuffed in his pocket. A mysterious young woman slips onto the street several paces behind them and follows. Sam senses that they are being followed, He stops and turns. But the woman is gone, and he sees nothing out of the ordinary.

That night, Dean, Y/n, and Bobby are staking out a bar, sitting in Bobby's car.

“What time is it?” Bobby yawns.

“Seven past midnight,” Dean replies looking at his watch.

“You sure this is the right place?” Y/n asks.

“No. But I spent all day canvassing this stupid town with this guy's stupid mug, and, supposedly, he drinks at this ... stupid bar.” Dean snaps.

There is a loud pounding on the window. Bobby and Dean both jump. Sam and Y/f/n grin at their discomfort and slip into the back seat with Y/n.

“That's not funny!” Dean exclaims.

“Yeah. Uh, all right, so – so, John Doe's name is Walter Rosen. He's from Oak Park, just west of Chicago. Went missing about a week ago.” Sam says.

“The night the Devil's Gate opened?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah.” Y/f/n replies.

“So you think he's possessed?” Dean asks.

“Well, it's a good bet. So, what, he just walks up to someone, touches them, and they go stark raving psycho?” Sam replies.

“Those demons that got out at the gate – they're gonna do all kinds of things we haven't seen.” Bobby puts in.

“You mean the demons we *let* out,” Sam replies.

“Guys,” Dean says noticing something. The redheaded man gets out of his car and walks towards the bar. “All right. Showtime.” He says going to get out of the car.
“Wait a minute,” Bobby says.

“What?” Dean asks looking over at Bobby.

“What'd I just say? We don't know what to expect out of this guy. We should tail him till we know for sure.” Bobby replies.

“Oh, so he kills someone and we just sit here with our junk in our hands?” Dean snaps.

There is muffled giggling from the back from Y/f/n and Y/n, Sam looks at them confused and shakes his head.

“We're no good dead! And we're not gonna make a move until we know what the score is.” Bobby replies.

“Hey, Bobby? I don't think that's an option.” Sam responds.

“Why not?” Bobby asks. Sam nods, indicating another car that has just entered the lot and Isaac and Tamara are heading towards the bar. “Damn it!” Bobby says hitting the steering wheel.

Inside the bar, A woman puts a song on the jukebox as the bartender slides a beer towards Walter, who is sitting at the bar. At a table, a waitress sets down drinks for Isaac and Tamara.

“Thanks a lot,” Isaac says.

“You're welcome,” The waitress replies.

Isaac pulls out a flask of holy water while Tamara eyes him. Walter stands from the bar and walks past them towards the bathroom.

“Pull the car in back. We'll be right out.” Isaac whispers to Tamara.

“I love you,” Tamara replies taking Isaac’s hand.

“I know,” Isaac replies. He stands and makes his way to the restroom as he does the bartender grabs his arm and stops him. Tamara stands up quickly on alert.

“What do you think you're doing?” The bartender asks.

“No.” The bartender retorts grabbing the flask of holy water and tossing it aside, “I mean, what do you think you're doing here?” His eyes flash black. Tamara stands behind Isaac, and they both recoil in fear, “I don't like hunters in my bar.”

The hunters turn to see the waitress stalking towards them, and see that the rest of the employees and patrons have turned towards them. Walter walks back out of the bathroom. He and everyone else in the bar close in around them all with black demon eyes. There is a loud pounding on the door, and everyone turns towards it.

Outside the bar Bobby and Dean slam themselves repeatedly against the door, trying to force it open.

“Man, you really walked into the wrong place,” Walter says looking at Isaac and Tamara.

“Hold on. I like the girl.” The waitress says stepping toward Tamara.
“Wish I had me a girl like that,” Walter says.

“I can think of about a thousand things I'd like to do to her.” The waitress says.

“You're not gonna lay one filthy finger on her!” Isaac growls.

“I got something for you.” A plaid shirt demon says walking toward Isaac. He lifts a large bottle of drain cleaner, “Here. Have a drink on me, hmm?”

“Isaac?” Tamara asks panicked.

“On the house!” Walter cheers.

“Isaac!” Tamara screams. Trying to get to Isaac but the waitress restrains her. Isaac takes the bottle and begins pouring its contents down his throat, as Tamara screams in the background, and the demons cackle wildly. “Isaac, no! Baby, please!” Tamara pleads.

Isaac drains the bottle, shaking, and drops it to the floor. He gags in agony, foamy liquid and blood bubbling out through his mouth. He chokes and collapses to the floor, dead.

“Oh, he's down!” Walter cackles. He looks up at Tamara still laughing, “All right, honey. Your turn!”

With a screech of tires, Bobby’s car bursts through the front door of the bar. Dean, Y/n, Y/f/n, Sam, and Bobby get out, armed with holy water, which they fling violently into the crowd of demons. They back up and Sam grabs Tamara, who is still screaming frantically for Isaac.

“Come on, we got to go! He's dead! Get in the car!” Sam says pulling Tamara towards the car.

Y/f/n sees Dean and Y/n still immersed in the fight, and she yells at them, “Dean, Y/n, come on! Guys! COME ON!”

Dean is fighting hand to hand with Walter. Dean opens the trunk just as he runs out of holy water Walter realizing this grins thinking he has the advantage. Dean overpowers him and stuffs him in the trunk, which has a Devil’s trap inscribed on the roof. Walter screams as Dean tumbles into the front seat of the car pulling Y/n in on his lap.

“Go, go, go, go, go, go, go!” Dean demands. Bobby drives the car back out of the bar. The demons stare after them, black-eyed and panting.

Bobby and the rest of the hunters return to Isaac and Tamara’s hideout, where they pull Walter from the trunk and tie him to a chair under a Devil’s Trap on the ceiling. In the next room, an argument is ongoing.

“... And I say we're going back – now!” Tamara demands.

“Just hold on a second!” Sam pleads.

“I left my husband bloody on the floor!” Tamara shouts.

“Okay, I understand that, but we can't go back.” Y/f/n argues.

“Fine. Then you stay. But I'm heading back to that bar.” Tamara argues.

“I'll go with her,” Dean replies stepping forward.
“It's suicide, Dean!” Sam argues.

“So what? I'm dead already!” Dean snaps.

“How are you gonna kill them? Can't shoot them. You can't stab them. They're not just gonna stand patiently in line to get exorcised!” Y/n argues.

“I don't care!” Tamara screams.

“We don't even know how many of them there are!” Sam barks.

Bobby and Y/n enter the room, “Yeah, we do. There's seven. Do you have any idea who we're up against?” Bobby says heavily.

“No. Who?” Dean inquires.

“The seven deadly sins, live and in the flesh!” Y/n replies.

Dean goes to answer pauses then grins, “What's in the box?!” Y/n cracks a smile but other than that there is an awkward silence, “Brad Pitt? Se7en? No?” Bobby slams the book he was holding shut and thrusts it into Deans' arms, “What's this?”

“Binsfeld's Classification of Demons. In 1589, Binsfeld ID'd the seven sins – not just as human vices but as actual devils.” Bobby replies.

“The family – they were touched by Sloth. And the shopper...” Sam starts.

“That's Envy's doing – the customer we got in the next room. I couldn't suss it out at first, until Isaac. He was touched with an awful Gluttony.” Bobby finishes.

“I don't give a rat's ass if they're the Three Stooges or the Four Tops! I'm gonna slaughter every last one of them!” Tamara growls.

“We already did it your way. You burst in there half-cocked and look what happened! These demons haven't been topside in half a millennium! We're talking medieval, Dark Ages! We've never faced anything close to this! So we are gonna take a breath...” Bobby shouts, “And figure out what our next move is!” Tamara and Bobby stare at each other toe to toe. Bobby breaks and softly says, “I am sorry for your loss.” Before and leaving the room.

Tamara looks at the others before she too walks out of the room. Dean and Sam look at each other before walking to the demon holding room.

“So you know who I am, huh?” Envy chuckles.

“We do. We're not impressed.” Bobby replies.

When envy doesn't respond Sam asks, “Why are you here? What are you after?”

When there is still no response Dean steps forward threateningly, “He asked you a question. What do you want?”

Envy chuckles condescendingly and Dean opens a flask of holy water and splashes him.

“Ya! Ahh! Ungh .... We already have ...” Envy says panting, “what we want.”

“What's that?” Y/n asks arms crossed.
“We're out. We're free. Thanks to you, my kind are everywhere. I am legion, for we are many.” Envy says chuckling, “So, me, I'm just celebrating. Having a little fun.”

“Fun?” Y/f/n inquires.

“Yeah. Fun. See, some people crochet. Others golf. Me? I like to see people's insides ... on their outside.” Envy replies.

“I'm gonna put you down like a dog,” Tamara growls.

“Please.” Envy laughs, “You really think you're better than me. Which one of you can cast the first stone, huh? What about you, Dean? You're practically a, a walking billboard of gluttony and lust, Y/n green with envy over there,” Dean nods, in acknowledgment but then looks at Y/n questioningly only to see her glaring at the demon. “And Tamara. All that wrath. Oooh.” Envy clicks his tongue, “It's the reason you and Isaac became hunters in the first place, isn't it? It's so much easier to ... drink in the rage than to face what really happened all those years ago.” Face twisted in anger, Tamara smacks him, hard, twice, until Dean and Bobby pull her back. “Aah! Whew!” Envy chuckles, “My point exactly. And you call us sins. We're not sins, man. We are natural human instinct. And you can repress and deny us all you want, but the truth is, you are just animals. Horny... greedy... hungry... violent animals. And you know what? You'll be slaughtered like animals, too.” He pauses looking around at everyone, “The others – they're coming for me.”

“Maybe. But they're not gonna find you... cause you'll be in hell.” Dean replies. Envy looks shocked, “Someone send this clown packing,” Dean says as he walks away.

“My pleasure,” Tamara says stepping forward and reading from a book, “Exorcizamus te, Omnis immundus spiritus, omnis satanica...” As she continues, the others leave and Envy screams.

“I don't think we're gonna have to worry about hunting them,” Bobby says.

“What does that mean?” Sam inquires.

“I think maybe this joker's right. They're gonna be hunting us. And they're not gonna quit easy,” Bobby replies.

“You guys, why don't you take Tamara and head for the hills? I'll stay back, slow them down, buy you a little time,” Dean suggests.

“You're insane, Dean. Just forget about it, okay?” Sam replies.

“Sam's right,” Bobby responds. Dean looks to the girls for support but gets none.

“There's six of them, guys. We're outgunned. We'll be dead by dawn,” Dean argues.

“Maybe, but ... there's no place to run that they won't find us,” Bobby replies.

“Look, if we're going down, we're going down together, all right?” Sam says as Y/f/n reaches over and clutches his hand.

“Well let's not make it easy for them,” Dean concedes.

From the other room, Envy gives a final scream; the house shakes and a gust blows out the candles. Tamara slams the book shut and comes into the other room.
“Demon's out of the guy,” She says.

“And the guy?” Y/n asks already suspecting the truth.

“He didn't make it,” Tamara replies coldly.

Dean is seated on the floor with a row of candles behind him, loading a shotgun. Sam is across the room with Y/f/n filling flasks with holy water. He looks over at Dean, who is looking back at him. They watch each other silently for a moment until the lights begin to flicker. They look around. An old radio sparks to life, playing the beginnings of a scratchy recording of We Shall Not Be Moved.

“Here we go,” Dean says cocking the gun and standing.

“Showtime,” Y/n says walking into the room.

The music continues to play faintly until ...

Outside, a demon in Isaac’s body approaches.

“Tamara! Tamara! Tamara! Tamara! Help me! Pleeese ease!” It yells. Anguished, she looks back at Bobby, and out the window again. “Tamara! I got away, but I'm hurt bad! I need help!” The demon taunts her.

“It's not him. It's one of those demons. It's possessing his corpse,” Bobby says to her.

Isaac pounds on the door.

“Baby! Why won't you let me in? You left me behind back there. How could you do that? We swore ... At that lake in Michigan. Remember? We swore we would never leave each other!” Isaac’s body pleads.

“How did he know that?” Tamara sobs.

“Steady, Tamara. Steady, Tamara, steady, steady....” Bobby says comfortingly.

“You just gonna leave me out here? You just gonna let me die?! I guess that's what you do, dear! Like that night those things came to our house... came ... for our daughter! You just let her die, too,” The demon yells.

“You son of a bitch!” Tamara screams rushing to the door.

“Tamara, no!” Bobby yells. Tamara pushes the door open, breaking the salt line, and tackles Isaac down the steps. She lands on top of him and raises the Palo Santo stake.

“You're not Isaac!” She screams plunging the wooden stake deep into his chest; it sizzles, and he screams. The other six demons cross the broken salt line and enter the house. One, an overweight, balding guy, corners Bobby, who backs up slowly. He stalks Bobby confidently, smiling until he stops as if he's run into an invisible wall. He looks around, confused. He is under another ceiling devil's trap. He looks at Bobby, pleading. Bobby smiles.

“Fat, drunk, and stupid is no way to go through life, son,” Bobby says.

In another hallway, Dean is cornered by the waitress. They fight and she advances on him.

Meanwhile, Bobby begins reading the exorcism for the demon he has trapped, “Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus spiritus, omnis satanica...”
The demon screams.

Dean is backed into the bathroom.

“I suppose you're Lust,” He says.

“Baby, I'm whatever you want me to be,” She coos.

“Sorry sweetheart she’s in another room,” Dean sasses. Lust moves toward him, and he backs up, “Yeah, all right, just stay back.”

“Or what?” Lust inquires.

“Good point,” Dean nods.

“I'm not gonna hurt you – not yet. Not unless you want me to,” Lust tempted seductively. She runs a hand along his shoulder, and he looks down at her, then falls into her embrace. They kiss passionately. Upstairs, a demon kicks a door in clear across the room. Sam looks around as the demon - a young man in a business suit - enters.

“Here's Johnny!” The suited Demon says. He advances confidently as Sam backs up; then stops, holding up a hand to hold back the two demons flanking him. He looks up to the devil's trap on the ceiling and smirks. “Come on. You really think something like that is gonna fool someone like me? I mean, *me*?”

“Let me guess – you're Pride,” Sam says.

Pride grins and gestures to the ceiling. A long splitting crack appears, destroying the symbol.

“Hmm. The root of all sin. And you ... are Sam Winchester. That's right, I've heard of you. We've all heard of you. The prodigy. The boy king. Looking at you now, I got to tell you – don't believe the hype. You think I'm gonna bow to a cut-rate, piss-poor human like you? I have my pride, after all. And now with your yellow-eyed friend dead, I guess I don't really have to do a damn thing, now do I?” Pride inquires Sam looks nervous. “You're fair game now, boy, and it's open season.”

Back in the bathroom, Dean is backing up, still kissing Lust, until he hits a shower curtain. In one move he flips them around, pulls open the shower curtain and plunges her face-first into the bathtub filled with holy water; she screams in agony.

Upstairs, Pride knocks Sam to the ground, then pulls him up with an arm wrapped around his throat and begins strangling him. Y/n and Y/t/f/n burst into the room tackling the other two demons. As they are wrestling, the mysterious young woman appears, a knife strapped to her right thigh. She pulls the demon from Y/n and pulls the knife out, grits her teeth, and slashes the throat of the demon. Fiery light appears in the cut, and he goes down - dead.

The demon fighting Y/t/f/n turns towards the other woman and says in recognition, “You!”

Ruby turns to the second demon, who punches her twice; Ruby is knocked away, then rushes towards the demon and plunges the knife into her chest, pulling upwards towards her chin. The demon goes down. Pride lets Sam go to tackle the mysterious woman; Sam pulls him away and punches him in the face, putting him right into the path of her knife. She plunges it into his neck and upward into his mouth through his neck; he gargles, opening his mouth and showing the knife in it; and then collapses in a shower of sparks and demonic energy.

“Who the hell are you?” Sam pants.
“I’m the girl that just saved your asses,” She replies.

“Well, I just saved yours, too,” Sam replies.

“See you around, Sam,” She chuckles leaving the room.

“Wait!” Sam calls following her into the hall, but she is already gone. He returns to the room to Y/n helping Y/f/n from the floor while holding her arm.

The next morning, Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n, and Dean pile the corpses of the demons that didn't survive into a shallow pit and begin pouring salt and fuel over them. Several yards away, Tamara is standing in front of Isaac’s funeral pyre.

“Think she's gonna be all right?” Sam asks looking over at her.


“You try exorcising all night and see how you feel,” Bobby replies.

“Any survivors, Bobby?” Sam asks.

“Well, the pretty girl and the heavy guy, they'll make it. Lifetime of therapy bills ahead, but, still...” Bobby trails off.

“That's more than you can say for these poor bastards,” Dean replies inclining his head to the pit.

“Bobby, that knife – what kind of blade can kill a demon?” Sam asks.

“Yesterday, I would have said there was no such thing,” Bobby replies.

“I'm just gonna ask it again – who was that masked chick? Actually, the more troubling question would be, how come a girl can fight better than you?” Dean sasses.

“Three demons, Dean. At once,” Sam chuckles.

“Y/n and Y/f/n were there but, hey, whatever it takes to get you through the night, pal,” Dean replies clapping Sam on the shoulder.

“Yeah, well, if you want a troubling question, I got one for you,” Sam replies.

“What's that?” Dean asks.

“If we let out the seven deadly sins, what else did we let out?” Sam inquires.

There is a pause before Dean answers, “You're right. That is troubling.” Y/n and Y/f/n nod their agreement while Dean lights a matchbook and tosses it onto the pyre. Several hours later, the bonfires have settled down, and they prepare to leave.

“See you gents and ladies around,” Tamara says.

“Tamara?” Bobby calls and Tamara stops to hear him, “The world just got a lot scarier. Be careful.”

“You too,” She replies before climbing into her car and taking off.
“Keep your eyes peeled for omens. I'll do the same,” Bobby says.

“You got it,” Dean replies.

“Wait, Bobby. We can win this war. Right?” Sam questions.

There is a pause, not answering the question, during which they all look uncomfortable and worried, before Bobby says, “Catch you on the next one.” Bobby climbs in his car and drives off.

“I really like that car,” Y/n says longingly watching Bobby’s car. “She’s no Baby, though.”

Dean smiles before asking, “So, where to?”

“Uh, I don't know. I was thinking Louisiana maybe,” Sam replies walking toward the Impala.

“Little early for Mardi Gras, isn't it?” Dean asks.

“Yeah. Listen, I was talking to Tamara, and she mentioned this hoodoo priestess outside of Shreveport that might be able to help us out. You know, with your – with your demon deal,” Sam responds.

“Nah,” Dean says shaking his head.

“Nah?” Sam questions, “What does that mean, nah?”

“Sam, no hoodoo spell's gonna break this deal, all right? It's a goose chase,” Dean replies.

“Yeah, but we don't know that Dean—” Sam begins to argue.

“Yes, we do. Forget it. She can't help,” Dean says cutting him off.

“Look, it's worth—” Sam tries.

“We're not going, and that's that. What about Reno, huh?” Dean asks talking over Sam. Dean smacks Sam on the arm lightly and turns to walk away. Sam grabs his sleeve and turns Dean back to face the three of them.

“You know what? I've had it. I've been bending over backward trying to be nice to you, and ...” Sam shrugs, “... I don't care anymore.” Sam snaps.

“That didn't last long,” Dean comments.

“Yeah, well, you know what? I've been busting my ass trying to keep you alive, Dean, and you act like you couldn't care less. What, you got some kind of death wish or something?” Sam replies.

“No, it's not like that,” Dean counters.

“Then what's it like, Dean?” Y/n asks.

“Guys—” Dean starts.

“Please, tell us,” Sam pleads.

“We trap the crossroads demon, trick it, try to welch our way out of the deal in any way?” Dean says, “You die. Okay? You die. Those are the terms. There's no way out of it. If you try to find a way, so help me God, I'm gonna stop you.”
“How could you make that deal, Dean?” Sam sighs.

“Cause I couldn't live with you dead. Couldn't do it,” Dean replies.

“So, what, now I live, and you die?” Sam asks.

“That's the general idea, yeah,” Dean replies.

“Yeah, well, you're a hypocrite, Dean. How did you feel when Dad sold his soul for you? 'Cause I was there. I remember. You were twisted and broken. And now you go and do the same thing. To me,” Sam snaps. He pauses and looks at Dean, “What you did was selfish.”

“Yeah, you're right. It was selfish. But I'm okay with that,” Dean replies.

“I'm not,” Sam retorts.

“Tough. After everything I've done for this family, I think I'm entitled,” Dean replies. He pauses as he looks out over the field. “Truth is, I'm tired, Sam. I don't know; it's like there's a, a light at the end of the tunnel.”

“It's hellfire, Dean,” Sam retorts.

“Whatever. You're alive; I feel good – for the first time in a long time. I got a year to live, Sam. I'd like to make the most of it. So what do you say we kill some evil sons of bitches and we raise a little hell, huh?” Dean asks. When no one says anything he smiles and nods to them and walks on to the car.

“You're unbelievable,” Sam scoffs.

“Very true,” Dean replies with a smile.

Dean opens the driver side door and climbs in. He starts the car as Sam and Y/f/n walk, frustratedly, to the passenger side and gets in. Y/n stands there a moment to watch her friends before walking to the back door and climbing in.
Hey Guys! I know it's been awhile I had some trouble writing this one and with the holidays it was hectic for me. Not to mention I'm not a fan of Lisa's something about her rubbed me the wrong way. Anyway getting off track here is episode 2. I hope you enjoy it and let me know if you want to see something or just let me know what you think.

Sam, Y/F/N, and Y/N were sitting at a table in a generic diner. Sam was working on his laptop and talking on his phone, Y/F/N and Y/N arguing over the menu. Dean is out looking through newspapers.

“What do you mean you don't think it will work, Bobby? It's a demon-dispelling ritual.” Sam says frantically. Dean, appears outside and raps on the front window while waving waves a packet of papers, “Well, maybe we got the translation wrong.” The door to the diner jangles as Dean walks in, “Look, we can't just let Dean fry in hell while we—” Sam pauses to listen to Bobby, While looking at his screen shows another translation in process, “… Well, there's got to be something that w—.” Seeing Dean approach the table he cuts off, “Oh, ah, yeah, no, ah, I I gotta go. Uh. Okay. Never mind.”

He stammers before hanging up the phone quickly.

Dean looks suspiciously at Sam. “Hey. Who was that?” He asks.

“Ah, I was just ordering pizza.” Sam replies quickly.

Y/F/N and Y/N both look at Sam eyebrows raised and he finches at the bad lie.

“Dude, you do realize that you're in a restaurant?” Dean asks looking around.

“Yeah. Yeah. Oh, yeah. I ... just felt like pizza, you know?” Sam replies with a tight lipped-smile.

“O-kay, Weirdy Mcweirderson.” Dean replies sliding into the seat next to Y/N. Clearing his throat he opens the papers, “So, I think I got something.”

“Yeah?” Sam asks.

“Cicero, Indiana. Falls on his own power saw.” Dean replies tossing the paper to Sam.

“And? What, that's it? One power saw?” Sam asks.

“Well... yeah.” Dean replies nodding his head.

“And you think that this is a case?” Y/F/N asks leaning over Sam to read the paper.
“Well, I don't know. Could be.” Dean responds.

“I don't know, Dean. I – I –” Sam begins.

“All right, there's something better ... better in Cicero than just a case.” Dean admits.

“And that is?” Sam questions.

“Lisa Braeden,” Dean replies.

“Should I even ask?” Sam sighs.

Y/N takes a deep breath and turns to look out the window.

“Remember that road trip I took, uh... gosh, about eight years ago now? You were in Orlando with Dad wrapping up that banshee thing.” Dean replies.

“Yeah. Yeah, the five states, five-day –” Sam begins.

“Yeah. Well, kind of. Although I spent most of my time in Lisa Braeden's loft.” Dean chuckles.

“So let me get this straight. You want – you want to drive all the way to Cicero just to hook up with some random chick?” Y/F/N asks glancing at Y/N.

“She was a yoga teacher. It was the Bendiest weekend of my life. Come on. Have a heart, huh? It's my dying wish.” Dean pleads.

“Yeah, well, how many dying wishes are you gonna get?” Y/N scoffs.

“What’s wrong with you? And As many as I can squeeze out. Come on. Smile, guys! God knows I'm gonna be smiling after 24 hours with Gumby girl.” Dean says. He chuckles to himself and Sam laughs too, a little. “Gumby girl.” Dean frowns thinking about it, “Does that make me Pokey?”

After finally giving in to Dean’s pleas they climbed back into the Impala and made the trip to Cicero. Pulling up outside the Cicero Pines Motel, Dean stops long enough to let us out.

“Don't wait up for me, Sammy.” Dean says. He starts to drive off as Sam is still pulling his bag out of the car, teasing Sam.

“Wait, Dean. Dean, you... Dean!” Sam calls.

Dean drives off. Sam, Y/F/N, and Y/N are left standing there. Dean drives through a suburban development, past houses being newly constructed and a sign for the Morning Hill neighborhood that notes SOLD OUT! Outside a nicely kept suburban house, with festive balloons, Dean pulls up and parks the car. Walking to the front door Dean stops and rings the doorbell. The door opens to reveal Lisa. Dean smiles awkwardly and Lisa stares at him in confusion for a moment, then recognizes him.

“Dean!” Lisa say with a big smile.


“Wow. So, uh, how long has it been?” Lisa asks.

“Eight, going on nine years now. Crazy, right?” Dean responds.
“Yeah. So, what are you doing here?” Lisa asks.

“Oh, I was just – I was passing through, and, uh, I couldn't resist. I remember that you love surprises.” Dean replies.

“Yeah.” Lisa chuckles awkwardly, “Dean Winchester. Wow. Just... wow. I'm – I'm sorry. You kind of came at a bad time. We're having a party.”

“A party? Well, I love parties,” Dean hints, with a smile.

Lisa leads him through the house out into the back yard. Children are running around in the back yard, which is decorated for a kid's birthday party.

“So, uh, who's the party for?” Dean asks looking around.


“Oh. You have a –” Dean begins.

“Yep,” Lisa replies gesturing across the yard to a young boy, wearing a black jacket and jeans, who is opening presents, “That's him.” The boy opens a gift to reveal a CD.

“Yes! AC/DC rules!” He exclaims.

“How old –” Dean begins watching the boy.

“Eight,” Lisa replies. She notices another mom enter the yard, “Oh, Dean, could you excuse me a minute?”

“Yeah, sure. Don't mind me,” Dean replies stunned. He turns back to watch Ben, who's eating a sandwich with gusto. Lisa walks over to the other mom and they embrace.

Dean turn to look at the birthday cake, which has a racecar theme. Two women sitting in lawn chairs are watching Dean from behind. They're whispering to each in gossiping tones.

“Did you hear Lisa call him Dean?” The first woman asks.

“Yeah. Why?” The second responds.

“You don't know about Dean? The Dean. Best-night-of-my-life Dean?” The first woman replies.

“No! Tell me,” The second exclaims.

“Oh, my god, so, they had this crazy, semi-illegal –” The first woman begins. She cuts off as she sees Dean approach and the second woman gasps.

Dean, seeing them staring at him, “Hi.”

The women continue to stare at him with a certain lascivious intensity.

“Hi,” The first woman responds.

“Hello,” The second replies before crunching a piece of celery, loudly and somehow suggestively. Dean looks very uncomfortable, smiles nervously, and flees. The women turn to look at each other. Dean finds Ben watching a bounce-house and eating a piece of cake.
“What's up?” Ben asks noticing the man.

“What's up with you?” Dean replies. A woman and her little girl walk by and in unison, Dean checks out the mom as Ben checks out the girl. Then they each take a bite of cake.

“So, it's your birthday,” Dean says.

“Guilty,” Ben replies.

“It's a cool party,” Dean

“Dude, it's so freakin' sweet. And this moon bounce – it's epic,” Ben replies.

“Yeah. It's pretty awesome,” Dean responds nervously.

“You know who else thinks they're awesome? Chicks. It's like hot-chick city out there,” Ben replies. Ben smacks Dean on the chest bro-to-bro before heading off. Dean watches bemusedly as Ben sets his cake down and follows a girl into the moon bounce.

“Look out ladies, here comes trouble!” Ben calls.

Dean watches him, rolls his eyes up in his head as he does mental arithmetic, then darts toward the house, knocking things over as he goes.

Inside the house Lisa is talking to the other mom, who is looking very frazzled.

“So... how you holding up?” Lisa inquires pouring tea for the other woman.

“Fine,” The mom replies with a shrug.

“Really?” Lisa inquires.

“Well, you know. ... I just... never mind,” The mom responds.

“What?” Lisa pushes.

“It's just ... I'm worried, about Katie. I think there might be something ... wrong with her,” The mom replies

“Of course there is. The poor girl just lost her dad. She's devastated,” Lisa says.

“No. That – that's not what I'm talking about. There is something really ... wrong ... with her,” The mom replies pausing while she looks out at her daughter, “I'm not sure that Katie is... Katie.”

“What?” Lisa inquires.

“I'm not sure that's my daughter.” The other woman admits.

“I know you're grieving, but you can't talk like that. Katie needs you right now,” Lisa advised.

“No, you don't understand –” The woman begins.

“Seriously. We're gonna get you help. It'll be okay,” Lisa interrupts. The mom shakes her head and turns to leave.

“Katie? Come on, we're leaving,” She says walking outside to her daughter.
Lisa watches the woman leave as Dean enters the kitchen.

“Hey. So, I, uh ... met Ben,” Dean says somewhat awkwardly while leaning against the counter, Lisa looks at him and nods absent-mindedly. “Cool kid.”

“Yeah,” Lisa replies looking out the window at Ben.

“Yeah. ... You know, I couldn't help but notice that, uh, he's turning eight. You and me ... you know,” Dean says trying to subtly ask if Ben is his.

“You're not ... trying to ask me if he's yours?” Lisa chuckles realizing what Dean is trying to get at.

“No. Nah, of course not,” Dean replies. Dean and Lisa both chuckle, as it quiets down dean pauses before asking, “He's not, is he?”

“What?” Lisa asks startled, slamming the oven door in her surprise, Dean raises his eyebrows, so she continues, “No.”

“Right,” Dean replies. He watches Ben outside, gesticulating in a mini-Dean fashion, “Yeah...” He finishes before clearing his throat.

The Mom Lisa was talking to earlier is outside talking to her daughter, Katie. Katie and her Mom turn and walk past the kitchen on their way out.

“Come on, Katie,” The mom says glancing at Lisa briefly.

Dean turns to watch her leave then turns back to Lisa, “Something wrong with your friend?” He inquires.

“She's been through a lot. Her ex just died in this horrible accident,” Lisa replies stepping closer to Dean.

“Oh, yeah. Didn't I just read about that? The, uh, the power saw,” Dean nodded.

“Yeah. Guess there's been a lot of bad luck in the neighborhood lately,” Lisa replies.

“What kind of bad luck?” Dean inquires.

Y/F/N, Y/N, and Sam settle into the motel rooms they had gotten before heading to a nearby diner. All three looking into the possible case, Sam with his laptop open, pen and paper nearby, Y/F/N and Y/N covering newspapers. A young woman sits down across from Sam and Y/F/N, next to Y/N it's the blond girl from Lincoln.

“Hello, Sam, girls,” She says closing Sam’s laptop.

“You've been following us since Lincoln,” Sam says.

“Not much gets by you, huh?” She sasses stealing a fry, “Mmm. These are amazing. It's like deep-fried crack. Try some.”

Sam scoffs and changes the subject back to her, “That knife you had. You can kill demons with that thing?”

“Sure comes in handy when I have to swoop in and save the damsel in distress,” The blonde replies.
“Where'd you get it?” Y/F/N inquires.

“Skymall,” The blonde replies grabbing a plate and squeezes ketchup onto it.

“Why are you following us?” Sam asks eyeing the woman.

“I'm interested in you,” She replies pointing a finger at Sam.

“Why?” Y/N asks.

“Because he’s tall. I love a tall man,” She says looking at Y/N then turning back to Sam, “And then there's the whole antichrist thing.”

“Excuse me?” Sam splutters.

“You know, generation of psychic kids, Yellow-Eyed Demon rounds you up, celebrity death match ensues. You're the sole survivor,” She responds snappily.

“How do you know about that?” Sam asks.

“I'm a good hunter. So, Yellow Eyes had some pretty big plans for you, Sam,” The blonde replies sitting back in the seat. Y/N looks over to Y/F/N eyebrows raised as if to ask is this bitch serious.

“Had being the key word,” Sam responds.

“Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. That's right. Ding-dong, the demon's dead. Good job with that. It doesn't change the fact that you're special ... in that Anthony Michael Hall E.S.P. visions kind of way,” The blonde retorts.

“No. No, that's stuff's not happening anymore. Not since Yellow-Eyes died,” Sam replies firmly.

“Well, I'm thinking you're still a pretty big deal. I mean, after all that business with your mom,” She says. Sam’s attention had begun to wander but snapped back to the woman.

“What about my mom?” Sam inquires.

“You know, what happened to her friends,” She says trying to get a rise out of him. Sam maintains a poker face so she continues, “You ... don't know. You've got a little bit of catching up to do, my friend. So, why don't you look into your mom's pals…” She leans forward and scribbles a number on his palm, “…and then give me a call and we'll talk again?” When finished she stands to leave, “And, by the way, you do know there's a job in this town, right?”

As she turns to leave Sam’s phone rings.

“Hello,” Sam answers.

Dean in the car outside Lisa’s.

“Dude, there is a job here,” He replies quickly.

“Really?” Sam inquires.

“Yeah. You know that one freak accident we read about in the paper? Turns out there's four more that never even made the paper, all in this ... Morning Hill gated community. People falling off of ladders and drowning in their Jacuzzis all over the neighborhood,” Dean responds glancing around
the neighborhood.

“That is weird,” Sam replies. Y/F/N and Y/N both look up at him questioningly.

“Yeah, something’s up. Something these nice, big gates can't protect them from,” Dean replies. The boys make a plan to head back to the motel and start questioning the families of the victims the next morning.

The next morning Sam dresses in his suit and heads to the other room to wake Y/F/N to go with him. The two pose as insurance agents to speak to a young mother.

“So, once again, I'm very sorry to disturb you. We just really want to expedite that life-insurance policy,” Sam apologizes following the woman out of the house.

“Of course,” The woman replies.

“Okay,” Sam says. She takes him around back, where a ladder leans against the wall beneath a boarded up window.

“This is, um, where he fell,” She says gesturing toward the ladder.

“Now, how exactly did he –” Y/F/N begins to ask. Her and Sam step closer to the ladder

“He was just inside changing a light bulb. Must have lost his balance,” She says.

“Were you here when this happened?” Sam asks.

“No. I was out. Uh, the only one here was our daughter, Dakota,” She replies.

Inside, a Little Girl is looking out at them. Something dark red is smudged on the window and railing.

“Okay,” Sam says, while he looks around, from the daughter to the red smear, “Well, uh, I think that's all we need.”

“Okay,” The woman replies.

“We'll get out of your way now,” He continues.

“Thank you.” The woman responds as she turns and goes up the steps with Sam and Y/F/N behind her. He sees a strange oval injury, with multiple dots around it, like the mark from a sucker or teeth on the back of her neck. The woman shows the two hunter out and as she closer the door Y/F/N turns to Sam.

“Did you see that weird ass mark on her neck?” Y/F/N asked.

“Yeah,” Sam replied turning to look back at the house and noticing the little girl watching them.

“What do you think caused it?” Y/F/N inquired.

“I don’t know but we’re gonna find out,” Sam replied climbing into the car.

At a nearby park Dean is walking back to his car, when he notices Ben sitting on the bench. Noticing how sad Ben looks Dean goes over.

“Hey, Ben,” He says walking up to the boy.
“Hey. You were at my party,” Ben replies looking up at the older man.

“Yeah. Yeah, I'm Dean,” He introduces himself before sitting next to Ben. “Everything okay? Something wrong?” Ben shrugs his shoulders and looks down. Noticing that Ben is holding an empty case Dean looks out at the field and sees a group of four boys playing with a Gameboy-type thing, “Is that your game they're playing with?”

“Ryan Humphrey borrowed it, and now he won't give it back,” Ben replies not looking up.

“Well, you want me to go—” Dean begins starting to stand up.

“No! Don't go over there! Only bitches send a grown-up,” Be hurriedly say grabbing Dean arm.

“You're not wrong,” Dean says oddly proud.

“Dean!” Y/N exclaims walking up behind the bench.

“What he’s right,” Dean defends himself.

“And I am not a bitch,” Ben continues.

“Is that Humphrey? The one that needs to lay off the burgers?” Dean asks. Den nods, smiling slightly. “Hm.” Dean leans over and whispers into Bens ear. Listening intently Ben begins to smile before nodding and standing. Ben walks across the park to the group of boys all bigger than he. He turns once to look back at Dean, who gives him a thumb's up.

“What did you tell him?” Y/N questions sitting on the bench.

“Watch,” Dean replies with a smirk.

“Ryan,” Ben begins and the kid looks up, “I'd like my game back, please.”

“Fine. Take it back,” Ryan replies threateningly. The other boys laugh. Ben looks nervously at the other kids, sighs, then turns as if to leave. “See? Told you guys he was a—”

Ryan cuts off mid-sentence as Ben turns back suddenly and knees Ryan hard in the balls, twice.

“Oh,” Y/N exclaims clapping a hand to her mouth as she watches the other boy crumple to the ground in pain. Dean looks around, smirking. He runs back to the Bench and a grinning Dean.

“Dude, that was awesome!” Ben exclaims happily high fiving Dean.


“He stole my game,” Ben defends.

“So you kick him? Since when is—” Lisa begins but breaks off when she notices Dean who is still grinning, then turns her wrath on Dean “Did you tell my son to beat up that kid?”

“What? Somebody had to teach him how to kick the bully in the nads,” Dean defends.

“Who asked you to teach him anything?” Lisa inquires.

“Just relax,” Dean begins.
Lisa grabs Dean roughly and pulls him away, “What are you even still doing here? We had one weekend together a million years ago. You don't know me. And you have no business with my son.” She growls out before stalking over to Ben and grabs him to walk off with him.

“Lisa,” Dean calls.

“Just leave us alone,” Lisa replies over her shoulder. She and Ben begin to leave, but Ben pulls out of her grip and runs back to give Dean an impulsive hug. “Ben!”

“Thanks,” Ben says looking up at Dean. He runs back to Lisa and they leave. Dean watches them speculatively, until Y/N nudges him indicating three children with creepy stares watching.

Back at the Motel, Sam and Y/F/N are doing research. They are sitting close together laughing about something when Dean and Y/N enter.

“Something's wrong with the kids in this town,” Dean says after looking at the two.

Sam clears his throat awkwardly before replying, “Yeah. Tell me about it.” He is looking at a website on changelings, “So, what do you know about changelings?”

“Evil monster babies?” Y/N asks.

“No, not necessarily babies,” Sam replies.

“They're kids. Creepy, stare at you like you're lunch kids?” Dean realizes.

“Yeah. There's one at every victim's house,” Sam replies.

“The only way to kill them is fire,” Y/F/N says turning a book towards Sam. Sam stands from the table and paces a bit before sitting on the end of the bed, as Dean prepares a kerosene torch.

“So what do we know about them?” Y/N asks.

“So, changelings can perfectly mimic children. According to lore, they climb in the window, snatch the kid. Y'know, there were marks on the windowsill at one of the kid's houses. Looked to me like blood,” Sam replies.

“The changeling grabs a kid, assumes its form, joins the happy fam just for kicks?” Dean inquires.

“Not quite. Changelings feed on the mom: synovial fluid. The moms have these odd bruises on the back of their necks. Changelings can drain them for a few weeks before mom finally croaks,” Y/F/N replies.

“And then there's dad and the babysitter,” Y/N adds.

“Yeah. Seems like anyone who gets between the changeling and its food source ends up dead,” Sam nods.

“And fire's the only way to waste them?” Dean confirms holding up the torch.

“Yup,” Sam confirms.

“Great. We'll just bust in, drag the kids out, torch them on the front lawn. That'll play great with the neighbors,” Dean says.

“What about the real ones? What happens to them?” Y/N asks.
“According to lore, they stash them underground somewhere. I don't know why, but if it's true, the real kids might be out there,” Y/F/N says standing and pacing.

“We better start looking,” Dean says taking the lighter Sam hands him, “So, any kid in the neighborhood is vulnerable?”

“Yep,” Sam replies.

“We gotta make a stop. I want to check on someone,” Dean says grabbing his jacket and heading for the door.

“Well Dean, if the real kids are still alive, we don't have time. We—” Sam begins standing.

“We have to,” Dean replies.

“Let’s just do this and then kill the damn things,” Y/N grumbles grabbing her jacket and following Dean out the door.

Dean rings the doorbell to Lisa’s house. Lisa opens the door looking bewildered.

“Dean? What a—” Lisa begins.

“I was thinking... Ben's birthday. I didn't even bring him a present,” Dean cuts in.


“No. No, no, I feel terrible, so, uh...” He begins handing her a credit card, “Here. Take a long weekend – just the two of you – on me.”

“What?” Lisa inquires.

“Yeah, I hear Six Flags is great this time of year. Go now. Avoid the traffic,” Dean responds.

“Siegfried Houdini. Whose card is this?” Lisa asks reading the name on the card.

“Mine,” Dean replies. Lisa nods skeptically so he continues, “Never mind. It'll work. I promise.”

“You should leave,” Lisa says handing the card back to Dean.

“Lisa...” Dean begins.

“Mommy, what's wrong?” Ben asks coming down the stairs.

“Nothing, Ben. It's cool,” Dean says.

“Make him go away, mommy,” Ben says tonelessly.


“Lisa... I don't think that’s a good idea,” Dean says looking at Ben.

“Get out!” Lisa yells slamming the door in Deans face. Dean watches Lisa and Ben from outside the house. Lisa is reading a book. Ben is sitting with an open book, staring at his mother. Dean notices a damp red mark on a couple of window frames. He runs back to the others in the Impala.

“They took Ben. He's changed,” He exclaims running around the Impala.
“What?! Are you sure?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, I'm sure. I checked his windowsill,” Dean replies climbing into the car.

“Blood?” Y/F/N asks leaning over the front seat.

“I don't think it is blood, and I think I know where the kids are,” Dean responds starting the car.

Dean drives down dark deserted road towards a house under construction. There's a large mound of dirt outside the semi-finished home, with a Cicero Realty For Sale sign. Sam picks some up and inspects it on his fingers.

“Red dirt. That's what was on the window,” Sam says.

“Ah, you and Y/F/N take the front. Y/N and I'll go around,” Dean says looking at the house.

Dean and Y/N make their way around to the back of the house and make their way inside. Inside, Dean and Y/N wander about with flashlights. Dean hears a noise in the basement and signals to Y/N. Both making their way down the steps to inspect. Down stairs they find a series of cages, each containing the abducted kids. In one Dean finds Ben.

“Ben... Ben... it's okay. I'm gonna get you out of here, okay?” Dean says to the scared little boy.

Out of the Shadows the Cicero Real Estate lady enters and sees Sam and Y/F/N.

“What do you think you're doing?” She asks. Sam looks over and notices her monster-like reflection in a pane of glass. “This is private property. I'm calling the police.”

Dean and Y/N begin moving around the cages looking to make sure all the kids are alive. In one of the last ones Dean finds the real version of the Real Estate Woman.

“You heard me! Get out!” The monster yells advancing slowly towards Sam and Y/F/N.

“Ah, we could — just let me get my bag. We’re going. I, We don't mean to cause any trouble,” Sam says reaching for his bag. Sam grabs his bag and pulls out a flame-thrower which he aims at her. There is a whooshing noise and she has disappeared. Sam and Y/F/N looks around trying to find her. Reaching into his bag he pulls out another flamethrower and hands it to her.

Back at Lisa’s Ben starts acting like a Creepy Child, standing stiff-armed in the living room. Lisa is deeply engrossed in her book not noticing Ben.

“Mommy?” Monster Ben calls.

“Ben...” Lisa replies startled.

“Play with me,” Ben pleads.

“This isn't funny anymore. I put you to bed three times already,” Lisa replies.

“I don't want to go to bed,” Ben replies hugging her.

“That's sweet, hon,” Lisa responds rubbing his back.

In the basement of the construction house Dean and Y/N have begun opening the cages. Dean pulls
ben out of the cage and hugs him tightly.

“Come on. Let's go,” He says. Dean sets Ben down and ruffles his hair. “All right, come on.”

“I'm hungry,” Monster Ben says to Lisa.

“Mini pizzas okay? Deluxe is all we've got,” Lisa replies.

“Oh okay,” Ben responds.

“That's funny – I thought we were anti-olives this month,” Lisa says turning back to face Ben. She looks down and sees Ben's reflection in the glass table.

Dean and Y/N break open cages as he and Ben help children out.

“It's okay. You're gonna get out of here, all right? Hurry!” Ben says.

“Come on, girls! Come on! Keep moving, keep moving.” Dean and Ben get all the kids gathered by a window. “Okay, everybody back! Everybody back!” Dean clears off a windowsill and prepares to smash the glass, Ben and Y/N help to usher the other kids away, “Cover your eyes!” He breaks the window with a plank of wood, and begins to brush the glass off.

“Here. Use this,” Ben says handing Dean his jacket.

“All right. All right, Ben. Come on. Come on,” Dean says gesturing for Ben to go up.

“Him first,” Ben replies pushing another kid forward.

“Hey! Dean! There's a mother,” Sam calls running into the room.

“A mother changeling?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah. We got to get these kids out quick,” Y/F/N responds.

“Right there, right there. There's one more. You got to break the lock!” Dean says pointing at a cage that was missed.

“I guess that's why the changelings are keeping the kids alive – so the mom can snack on them,” Dean says.

Sam frees the real realtor. “There. Come on, I gotcha.”

The real Katie screams as she sees the mother changeling behind her.

“What's wrong, Mommy?” Monster Ben asks looking at Lisa.

“You're not my son,” Lisa responds.

“Yes, I am,” Ben replies.

“Where's Ben?” Lisa asks.

“I'm Ben. I love you, Mommy,” Ben replies. Lisa runs out the front door, grabbing her keys along the way. On the front lawn, a line of three Creepy Kids has formed, blocking her exit. They start to advance towards her. She runs back inside and slams the door, turning around to see Ben. “They don't want you to leave me, Mommy.”
Dean goes flying and lands on his back, groaning in pain as the mother changeling throws him across the room. The Changeling Mom turns around as Sam raises the flamethrower and a lighter. She kicks the lighter out of his hand, then roundhouse kicks him again, then throws a few punches and generally kicks his ass, before throwing him across the room. Dean has gotten to his feet, and lunges after her with a 2x4. She punches and knocks Dean down again.

“Y/N, get them out of here!” Dean calls. Y/N and Ben help the other kids out. Dean, on his knees, grabs a brick and surges to his feet again to clock the Changeling Mom. Y/N boosts Ben up to help him climb out. Then Y/F/N to defend the kids if any more changelings show up. Dean fights with the Changeling Mom. Eventually she faces Dean and Sam to see Sam with the torch; Sam burns her to a crisp with Dean's homemade torch. As she goes up in flames, Ben, Katie, and all the other changeling kids, also disappear in flames, screaming.

The four hunters drive Ben back home. As they pull up to the curb, Dean climbs out followed by Ben who runs to hug his mom.

“Ben?! Ben! Baby, are you okay?” She sobs.

“I'm okay, Mom,” Ben replies.

“Oh, my god,” She sobs “What the hell just happened?”

“I'll explain everything if you want me to, but, trust me, you probably don't. The important thing is, is that Ben's safe,” Dean says.

“Thank you,” She cries hugging Dean, “Thank you.”

“I'm gonna give you guys some time,” Sam says turning back toward the car.

“Come on,” She smiles at her son. She leads the way back into the house and Dean follows. Ben is sitting at the kitchen table, listening to something on his portable CD player. Dean and Lisa talk in the hallway.

“Changelings?” Lisa asks.

“You know how I never mentioned my job? This is my job,” Dean replies.

“I so didn't want to know that,” Lisa responds. Looking at Ben she asks, “Do you think he'll be okay?”

“Yeah. I think he'll be fine,” Dean replies. He pauses and then asks, “Okay, seriously... I mean, you're a hundred percent sure that he is not mine, right?”

“You're off the hook. I did a blood test when he was a baby,” Lisa replies with a smile.

“Oh,” Dean replies sadly.

“There was this guy – some bar back in a biker joint,” Lisa continues noticing the look on Dean’s face. “What? I had a type. Leather jacket, couple of scars, no mailing address? I was there. Guess I was a little wild back then.” She looks back to Ben, “Before I became a mom.” She turns back to Dean and finishes, “So yeah. You can relax.”

“Good,” Dean replies with a nod. He looks at Ben a little wistfully.

“I... I swear you look disappointed,” Lisa says.
“Yeah, I don't know. It's weird, you know your life... I mean, this house and a kid... it's not my life. Never will be. Some stuff happened to me recently, and, uh... Anyway, a guy in my situation – you start to think, you know. I'm gonna be gone one day, and what am I leaving behind besides a car?” Dean responds.

“I don't know. Ben may not be your kid, but... he wouldn't be alive if it wasn't for you. That's a lot if you ask me,” Lisa answers.

“You know, just for the record... you got a great kid. I would've been proud to be his dad,” Dean looks back at her as he heads for the door. Lisa rushes forward and kisses him.

“Look, if, um... if you want to stick around for a while... you're welcome to stay,” Lisa says laughing a little.

“I can't. I got a lot of work to do, and it's not my life,” Dean replies looking out the door at the Car. Lisa smiles in acknowledgement and nods. Dean returns the smile and leaves Lisa watching after him.

Back at the Motel, Sam and the others are calling various places after the encounter with Ruby.

“Hi. I needed to check some facts with your, uh, with your secretary about a fire that occurred on November 24, 2006 in Lawrence, Kansas. Hardecker was his name. Okay. Great. I was just trying to find out the date he died. This is police chief Phil Jones. July 13th.” Sam spoke into the phone.

“Hi this is Special Agent Amy Lee, Can you check your records for a Robert Campbell? Yeah the date of death is July 19, 2001. He was Dead on arrival? Ok What I'm after is cause of death. Heart condition? Wasn't he a cardiac surgeon? Wouldn't he have known about that?” Y/N asked the person.

“I'm looking for information on Mrs. Wallace's death. Two deaths. Who was the other? ... Ed Campbell. Any survivors? No, that’s all I needed. Thank you very much.” Y/F/N spoke hanging up the phone.

“Thank you,” Sam finishes tossing the phone onto the bed and putting his head in his hands.

“Ok so this was the information I got,” Y/N said dropping a note book on the bed next to Sam. Sam picks it up and begins looking over the facts, “Oh, my god.” He breathes out before rushing from the girls room.

In another room at the same motel. Sam meets with Ruby.

“They're dead. All of them. All of my mom's friends. Her doctor, her uncle – everyone who ever knew her, systematically wiped off the map one at a time. Someone went through a hell of a lot of trouble trying to cover their tracks,” He laughs.


“So, what's your deal? You show up wherever I am. You know all about me. You know all about my mom,” Sam inquires.

“I already told you. I'm –” She begins.
“Oh, right, right. Yeah, yeah. Just a hunter. Just some hunter who happens to know more about my own family than I do.” Sam says pausing to let his statement sink in, “Just tell me who you are.”

“Sam, it –” She begins again.

“Just... tell me who you are,” Sam states stepping toward her.

“It doesn't matter,” Ruby laughs.

“Just tell me who you are!” He shouts in her face.

“Fine,” She replies. She closes her eyes and when she opens them again they are black. Sam backs up fumbling in his bag for a weapon and Ruby closes her eyes again returning them to normal.

“Think twice before going for that holy water,” Ruby comments.

“Just give me one reason I should,” Sam replies holding the flask in front of him.

“I'm here to help you, Sam,” Ruby responds cocking her head.

“Is this some kind of joke?” Sam asks.

“God's honest truth... or whatever,” Ruby returns.

“You're a demon,” Sam states.

“Don't be such a racist. I'm here because I want to help you. And I can if ... you trust me,” Ruby says walking towards Sam.

“Trust you?” Sam asks holding out the flask of Holy water.

“Sam, calm down,” Ruby demands.

“Start talking. All those murders... what was the demon trying to cover up?” Sam inquires.

“I don't know,” Ruby answers.

“What happened to my mother?” Sam questions.

“I honestly don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. All I know is that it's about you,” Ruby responds.

“What?” Sam inquires.

“Don't you get it, Sam?” Ruby laughs, “It's all about you. What happened to your mom, what happened to her friends. They're trying to cover up what he did to you. And I want to help you figure it out.”

“Why would you want to help me?” Sam asks.

“I have my reasons. Not all demons are the Same, Sam. Not all of us want the Same thing. Me?” Ruby replies with a shrug, “I want to help you from time to time. That's all. And if you let me, there's something in it for you.”

“What could you possibly—” Sam begins but Ruby cuts him off.

“I could help you save your brother.”
A man named Kubrick is swept with a metal detector before he enters the visiting area of a state prison. He sits down on the other side of a window in front of Gordon and picks up the two-way phone.

“It's true. A Devil's Gate was opened in Wyoming. Big. St Helena's big. There's no solid fix on how many demons got out, but it's in the hundreds. An army.” Kubrick informs Gordon holding a picture of the map up to the window.

“Sam Winchester was there. Wasn't he?” Gordon inquires.

“Talked to a guy who knows a guy who knows Bobby Singer, and yeah, it looks like the Winchesters were at ground zero when the gate was popped, but Singer said they went in there to stop it,” Kubrick explained.

Gordon shakes his head in disagreement before replying, “Bobby's edge ain't what it used to be. Sam could have him believing anything by now.”

“Listen, Gordon, as far as talk goes? Sam Winchester checks out. He's a hunter, that's all,” Kubrick claimed.

“That's all?” Gordon inquires.

Kubrick nods and Gordon laughs.

“Kubrick, I'm not even sure he's human,” Gordon says. Kubrick laughs nervously. “You think I'm crazy? I told you there was a war coming – six months ago. Take a look around. It's here. Now I'm telling you this boy is a part of it. Track him down, Kubrick. You'll come to see it too. Sam Winchester must die.” Gordon finishes hanging up the phone.

The Impala is traveling along a quiet, dark road. Sam and Dean are arguing.

“Because Demon, that's why. I mean the second you find out this Ruby chick is a Demon you go for the holy water! You don't chat!” Dean exclaims.

“No one was chatting, Dean,” Sam replies exasperated.

“Oh yeah? Then why didn't you send her ass back to Hell?” Dean inquires.

“Because - Because she said she might be able to help us!” Sam defended.

“How?” Dean inquires. Sam pauses unsure how to answer. “No really, Sam, how? How could she possibly help us?”

“She told me she could help you, OK?” Sam huffs. Dean looks confused not understanding what Sam is getting at. “Help you out of the crossroads deal.”

Dean looks at Sam incredulously. “What is wrong with you, huh? She's lying, you gotta know that, don't you? She knows what your weakness is – it's me,” Dean pauses, “What else did she say?”
Sam doesn’t respond. “Dude?”

“Nothing,” Sam mumbles. “Nothing, OK?! Look I'm not an idiot Dean, I'm not talking about trusting her, I'm talking about using her. I mean we're at war, right? And we don't know jack about the enemy; we don't know where they are, we don't know what they're doing. I mean, hell, we don't know what they want. Now this Ruby girl knows more than we will ever find out on our own. Now yes, it's a risk, I know that, but we need to take it.”

“You're okay right, I mean you're feeling okay?” Dean asks.

“Yes, I'm fine, Why are you always asking me that?” Sam inquires. As Dean goes to answer a phone starts ringing. Sam heaves a sigh before reaching for his. “It's not mine,” He says.

Dean checks his and shakes his head no, “Nope,” He looks in the rearview mirror at the two in the backseat.

“No here,” Y/f/n says.

“No mine either,” Y/n replies going back to using Y/f/n as a pillow.

“Check the glove compartment, it's Dad's,” Dean says.

“Dad's?” Sam asks.

“Yes, I keep it charged up in case any of his old contacts call,” Dean replies.

“That’s why my charger keeps coming up missing,” Y/n huffs.

Sam opens the glove compartment, finds John’s phone and answers it.

“Hello? Yes... this is Edgar Cayce...” He answers he listens for a moment then hurriedly replies, “No! No, no, no, don't – don't call the police, I'll handle this myself. Thanks. You know, can you just uh, can you just lock it back up for me? Great. Uhm, I- I uh, I don't have my - my book in front of me,” He gestures to Dean for a pen, “do you- do you have the address so I can... Sure, OK. Go ahead. Right, thanks a lot.” Sam ends the call then turns to Dean, “Dad ever tell you he kept a container at a storage place?”

“What?” Dean questions.

“Outside of Buffalo?” Sam inquires.

“No way,” Dean responds.

“Yeah. And someone just broke into it,” Sam says.

Dean makes the drive in just under a day and the four hunters head into the storage facility.

“Man...” Dean says in disbelief as he starts the elevator.

“What?” Sam asks.

“Just Dad. You know him and his secrets. Spend all this time with the guy, and it's like we barely even know the man,” Dean replies.

“Well, you're about to learn something,” Y/f/n replies as the Elevator stops and they step off. Sam and Dean exit the elevator behind Y/f/n and Y/n and find the storage container. Dean unlocks the
padlock and opens the sliding door, all four with flashlights at the ready. On the dusty floor of the container is a symbol drawn in red, along with several bloody footprints.

“No demons allowed,” Sam says looking at the devil's trap drawn on the floor.

“Blood,” Dean says crouching down to get a closer look, “Check this out,” he finishes holding up a tripwire which is attached to a shotgun hidden in a large animal skull.

“Whoever broke in here got tagged,” Sam says.

“Dear old Dad. I got two sets of boot treads here, looks like it was a two-man job. And our friend with the buckshot in him looks like he kept walking,” Dean informs the others.

“So what's the deal? Your Dad would do work here or something?” Y/l/n asks stepping further into the storage container. Y/n steps around the boys and heads to the left of the container to check things out.

“Living the high life, as usual,” Dean replies following the girls farther into the room.

Dean aims his flashlight on the skull and shakes his head, laughing. Sam heads to the right and looks over a desk while Dean picks up a trophy from a shelf, scraping the dust off.

“1995,” Dean says reading the inscription on the trophy.

“No way! That's my Division Championship soccer trophy. I can't believe he kept this,” Sam says excitedly.

“Yeah... It was probably about the closest you ever came to being a boy,” Dean teases before wandering over to another find, “Oh, wow! It's my first sawed-off. I made it myself. Sixth grade.” Dean laughs and pumps the shotgun.

Y/l/n moves to the back of the container and stops in front of a door to a back room, the chain on the door has been cut so she opens it slowly. The girls enter and pass their flashlights over the scene, followed by the boys only moments later.

“Holy crap. Look at this; he had land mines... Which they didn't take. Or the guns. I guess they knew what they were after, huh?” Dean says at the vast array of weapons.

Sam walks over to a shelf filled with boxes of various sizes and shapes and inscribed with symbols, “Hey guys, check this out. See these symbols? That's binding magic. These are curse boxes,” he calls.

“Curse boxes? Th – they're supposed to keep the evil mojo in, right, kinda like the Pandora deal?” Dean asks moving closer.

“Yeah. Yeah, they're built to contain the power of the cursed object,” Sam replies.

“Well Dad's journal did mention a whole bunch of stuff, you know? Dangerous hexed items, fetishes ... He never did say where they ended up,” Dean contributed looking around the room.

“Yeah. Well, this must be his toxic waste dump,” Sam finishes. He notices a rectangular shape in the dust and runs his finger along the dust. “One box is missing... Great.”

“Well, maybe they didn't open it,” Dean supplies hopefully.
“Yeah, that’s likely,” Y/n snorts.

The group closes up the storage box and heads to the front desk. Sam and Dean both try to get the security tapes from the manager but are unsuccessful.

“Watch and learn boys,” Y/n says before pushing her boobs up and unbuttoning a few buttons on her top.

“Oh, Y/n’s bringing out her special talent,” Y/f/n laughs. Y/n shoots her a wink before heading over to the manager. She leans over the desk giving the man a decent view down her shirt as she chats away.

“What the hell’s she think she’s doing?” Dean huffs watching Y/n flirt with the guy.

“You’ll see,” Y/f/n replies watching Y/n work her magic. The manager looks up at the others as Y/n gestures at them before turning his attention back to her chest and nodding.

Y/n returns to the group moments later, Dvd case in hand along with a piece of paper.

“There you go,” Y/n smirks handing the case over to Sam. “Here you want this?” Y/n asks handing the paper to Dean.

“What is it?” He asks.

“His phone number,” Y/n replies with a laugh walking out to the Impala. Y/f/n smirks at her best friends back before following her out the door. Sam laughs at Dean’s dumbfounded expression then follows the girls.

Grumbling under his breath and mocking Y/n, Dean crumples the paper and tosses it in a nearby trashcan before following them to the car.

Sam is able to get the plate number of a car that was at the storage facility around the time the container was broken into. Y/f/n then makes a call to the local DMV to get the address of the owner.

Dean pulls the Impala up in the alley beside the apartment block, next to another car. Dean leans out the window and checks the car's plates.

“Connecticut. Last three digits 880,” He says.

“Yep, that's it,” Sam confirms.

“Should've blacked out their plates before they parked in front of the security camera...” Dean singsongs.

Inside the apartment, Wayne and Grossman are playing Poker and do not notice when the four hunters sneak inside the apartment, armed.

“Royal Flush. Grossman, that's the second Royal Flush in eight hands,” Wayne gloats grabbing Grossman by the face, “I can't lose. I mean really, I - I can't lose! Maybe this thing really works? You know what I'm saying? Ah – I tell you something there's no way in Hell we are handing it over to that stuck-up bitch now, not after all we've been through. Uh uh. Let's go, huh? Let's get out of here, let's go have some fun.”

Dean and Sam burst into the room, guns drawn, Y/f/n and Y/n not far behind.
“FREEZE, FREEZE! NOBODY MOVE!” Dean demands.

“Don't move!” Sam calls.

“DON'T MOVE!” Dean yells.

“What is this?” Wayne questions.

“STOP!” Sam yells.

“All right, give us the box. And please tell me that you didn't—” Dean begins.

“Oh, they did,” Sam states noticing the empty box.

“You opened it?!” Dean shrieks.

“I told you they woulda opened it,” Y/n pointed out.

Dean shoves Wayne against the wall.

“Are you guys cops?” Wayne asks.

“Huh?” Dean questions.

“ARE YOU GUYS COPS?!” Wayne repeats.

“What was in the box?” Dean inquires gun pointed at Wayne. Wayne glances over at the coffee table where the rabbit's foot sits and Dean follows his gaze. “Oh, was that it, huh? It was, wasn't it? What is that thing?”

Wayne uses Dean's distraction to knock the gun from his hand. It falls to the floor, causing it to fire. The bullet ricochets off a radiator and hits Sam's gun, causing him to drop it. The same bullet then ricochets again hitting Y/n’s gun causing her to stumble back into Y/f/n knocking both to the ground before finally, it breaks a lamp. Sam and Grossman both go for Sam's gun. Grossman pushes Sam into Dean. Dean falls back on the coffee table, launching the rabbit's foot into the air.

“Sorry!” Sam apologizes as Y/n and Y/f/n climb to their feet and look for their guns.

Grossman throws himself at Sam, sending them both to the floor, and then starts punching Sam in the face. Wayne goes for Dean's gun. As he picks it up and aims for Sam, he hits Dean, who has just gotten up, square under the chin, knocking him down again. Grossman is now trying to strangle Sam. Sam desperately tries to reach for the rabbit's foot, which is almost out of reach. Sam just manages to grab it, then knocks Grossman's hands away from his throat and kicks him back into a corner. Sam gets up.

“Dean! I got it!” Sam calls.

Wayne moves forward and cocks Dean's gun in Sam's face.

“No, you don't,” Wayne replies.

Grossman gets his hands on Sam's gun while Wayne pulls the trigger on Sam. Dean’s gun jams and Wayne panics trying to clear the chamber, while Dean gets up and tries to stop him. Wayne is surprised and stumbles back, tripping over a rug and falling back over the couch knocking himself out. Sam and Dean look at each other, confused. Grossman gets up and tries to point the gun at Sam.
“Sam!” Dean calls in warning. As Grossman moves, the books on the bookshelves behind him suddenly fall off and onto his head, knocking him out cold. Sam’s gun flies out of his hand, and Sam catches it. Dean looks astounded, “That was a lucky break!”

“Is that a rabbit's foot?!” Y/f/n questions finally locating her gun partially under the couch. Sam holds it up. “I think it is,” He replies.

“Huh,” Dean responds.

“Uh.. a little help guys,” Y/n calls out, “I can’t find my gun.” Stuffing the rabbit's foot into the pocket of his jacket Sam begins to help the group look around for Y/n’s gun.

Spotting it under the kitchen table Y/f/n points it out to her friend, “Kitchen table.”

“Oh ha,” Y/n exclaims happily before rushing to the table and crawling underneath.

“Anybody hungry?” Dean questions.

“Oh fuck yes,” Y/n replies crawling out from under the table and tucking her gun away.

The four hunters look around again at the two men on the floor then turn and leave the apartment. Dean parks the Impala in a Biggerson’s then looks at Sam.

“Wait here,” He says grinning mischievously before climbing from the car leaving the others confused. Sam pulls Johns journal from his bag and begins to look for anything on the rabbit's foot. Dean returns to the car moments later paper bag in hand. He climbs in and pulls something from the bag.

“I'm not finding anything on it in Dad's journal,” Sam says not looking up. Dean holds up several scratch cards in front of Sam, “Dean, come on.”

“What?! Hey, that was my gun he was aiming at your head, and my gun don't jam. So that was a lucky break. Not to mention them taking themselves out, also a lucky break. Here, scratch one. C'mon Sam, scratch and win!” Dean presses. Dean hands over a coin and a card, the girls lean over the seat to watch as Sam scratches the card.

“Dean, it's gotta be cursed somehow. Otherwise, Dad wouldn't have locked it up,” Sam argues handing the card back to Dean.

Dean looks the card over, “$1200... You just won $1200! I don't know, man, it doesn't seem that cursed to me!” He laughs handing Sam another card expectantly. Sam gives in and begins scratching the other cards. Once all six cards are scratched Dean lays them out on the hood of the Impala, him and Y/n calculating their winnings.

“Oh, man!” Dean laughs looking up at Sam who is on the phone with Bobby.

“Now look Bobby, we didn't know,” Sam says.

“You touched it? Damn it, Sam!” Bobby huffs.

“Well, Dad never told us about this thing. I mean you knew about his storage place at Black Rock?” Sam inquires.
“His lockup? Yeah, I knew. Hell, I built those curse boxes for him,” Bobby replies, “Listen, you have got a serious problem.” Sam notices something shining under a newspaper on the ground. He walks over and moves the newspaper to the side revealing a gold watch. “That rabbit's foot ain't no dime store notion.” Bobby continues. Sam picks up the watch, turns and shows it to Dean and Y/n. Dean mouths awesome. “It's real Hoodoo, Old World stuff. Made by a Baton Rouge conjure woman about a hundred years ago.”

“It's a hell of a luck charm,” Sam comments.

“It's not a luck charm; it's a curse! She made it to kill people, Sam!” Bobby exclaims. “See, you touch it, you own it. You own it, sure, you get a run of good luck to beat the Devil. But, you lose it, that luck turns. It turns so bad that you're dead inside a week.”

“Well, so I won't lose it, Bobby,” Sam replies.

“EVERYBODY LOSES IT!” Bobby yells.

“Well, then, how do we break the curse?” Sam inquires.

“I don't know if you can,” Bobby sighs. Sam places the rabbit's foot back in his jacket pocket. “Lemme look through my library and make some calls. Just sit tight.” Bobby finishes ending the call.

“14,” Dean counts finishing.

“15,” Y/n replies.

Dean does a quick recount before calling out excitedly to Sam, “Dude! We're up fifteen grand!” Sam gives a half-smile, looking worried. Dean tucks the tickets away in his jacket pocket then turns towards the restaurant.

“Don't worry; Bobby'll find a way to break it. Until then I say we hit Vegas, pull a little Rain Man. You can be Rain Man,” Dean chuckles entering the restaurant.

“Look, we just lay low until Bobby calls back, OK?” Sam replies. He turns to the man behind the podium, “Hi, uh, table for four please.”

“CONGRATULATIONS!” The man behind the podium exclaims happily as an alarm begins blaring.

“It's exciting, I know,” Dean giggles.

“You are the one millionth guest of the Biggerson's Restaurant family!” The podium man continues.

Balloons and streamers fall from the ceiling as the staff start singing and taking photographs. Sam looks embarrassed while Dean looks ecstatic. Y/n and Y/f/n are smiling widely trying not to giggle.

A waitress see’s the four to their table and hands them menus. “What can I get you to drink?” She asks politely looking at Sam.

“Just a coffee please,” Sam requests.

“I'll have a coke,” Y/l/n says.
“Same for me thanks,” Y/n responds looking over the menu.

“Uh yeah, same,” Dean replies.

“Alright, I’ll get that out to you,” She replies turning away. The waitress comes back with their drinks and gets their order.

“Nothing thanks,” Sam says.

“You’re gonna waste away on just coffee, Sam,” Y/n quips. She then turns to the waitress, “I’ll have the bacon cheeseburger and fries please.”

“Your gonna have a heart attack before you hit 40, Y/n,” Sam replies.

“Please, we all know with what we do I’ll be lucky to make it past 35,” Y/n replies.

Once the food arrives and is eaten the waitress returns to get the dishes. “Can I get you anything else?” she asks looking at Sam.

“No thanks,” Sam replies.

“Can I get a bowl of vanilla ice cream please?” Y/n asks looking up to the waitress.

“Nothing for me thanks,” Y/f/n says.

“A slice of apple pie for me sweetheart, thanks,” Dean says winking at the waitress.

Sam pulls out his laptop and begins searching for lore on the rabbit’s foot. The waitress returns with the ice cream and pie and smiles at Sam as she does. Dean finishes his pie in record time and is eyeing Y/n’s ice cream while Sam rambles off random facts about the rabbit’s foot. Finishing half of the bowl Y/n slides the rest towards Dean who digs in eagerly.

“Bobby’s right. This lore goes way back. Pure Hoodoo. You can't just cut one off any rabbit. Has to be in a cemetery, under a full moon, on a Friday the thirteenth,” Sam mumbles.

“I think from now on; we only go to places with Biggerson's,” Dean replies with a mouth full. Dean grasps his head as he is struck with brain freeze from the ice cream. Sam laughs as a different waitress approaches their table with more coffee.

“Put your tongue on the roof of your mouth,” Y/n instructs.

“Can I freshen you up?” The waitress asks smiling sweetly.

“Yeah, yeah sure. Thanks,” Sam replies smiling up at her.

The waitress pours Sam more coffee but, smiling at him, spills some, “Oh!” She exclaims.

“Oh! Oh I uh-” Sam stutters.

“Let me mop up here,” The waitress says beginning to wipe up the mess.

“No, no don't worry it's okay, It's okay- I got it, uh...” Sam mutters.

“It's no trouble, really,” She smiles clearly flirting with Sam.

“OK,” Sam replies allowing her to finish cleaning the mess.
“Sorry about that,” The waitress apologizes again.

“It’s all right,” Sam replies giving Dean a look. The waitress finishes cleaning up and walks away, looking over her shoulder as she goes and smiles. All four lean towards the middle of the table both lean in and watch her retreating for different reasons.

“Dude. If you were ever gonna get lucky...” Dean begins.

“Shut up,” Sam says with a smirk reaching for his coffee. As he picks up the cup, he knocks it over and manages to spill it all over the table, himself, and Y/f/n. Sam jumps out of his seat muttering, “Oh! Oh Geez, uh...” Sam turns and a waiter with a full tray crashes straight into him, sending things flying and causing a scene. Dean looks shocked while Y/n giggles quietly and Y/f/n cleans herself off.

“Sorry!” Sam apologizes to the waiter before turning back to Dean.

“How was that good?” Dean questions.

Sam searches his jacket pocket and comes up empty.

“Son of a bitch,” Dean mutters realizing what has happened he stands from the booth and the four rush from the building.

“Come on!” Dean calls jogging out into the parking lot looking for the waitress. Sam and the others begin to follow, but Sam slips in his attempt to right himself he grabs hold of Y/f/n taking her down in the process. Dean slows down and turns around. “Wow! You suck!” He comments. Dean reaches down and picks Sam up off the ground while Y/n helps Y/f/n while trying to hold in the laughter.

“It’s not funny,” Y/f/n grumbles.

“I’m sorry, but he looked like a baby moose trying to walk for the first time,” Y/n giggles.

“Ow...” Sam says looking down at his ripped pants and bloodied knees.

“So what, now your luck turns bad?” Dean inquires.

“I guess,” Sam replies.

“I wonder how bad?” Dean mutters.

“There’s one way to find out,” Y/f/n says.

“Wayne and Grossman,” Y/n states getting herself under control.

The four head to the apartment complex of the two men and make their way inside. Dean slowly pushes open the door to the apartment and walks in followed by Y/n. Y/f/n hangs back with Sam to keep him from hurting himself.

“Oh, man. What do you want?” Grossman asks as they enter the room.


“Piss off,” Grossman responds.

“Well that was rude, and here we just came to talk,” Y/n sasses.
“We know someone hired you to steal the rabbit's foot. A woman,” Dean continues.

“Oh yeah? How do you know that?” Grossman asks.

“Because she just stole it back from us,” Y/n says.

Grossman begins to laugh.

“Listen, man, this is seri-” Sam begins taking a step forward he trips on a wire on the floor, pulling a CD player off a shelf and sending it and Sam crashing to the ground. Grabbing the lamp next to the couch to steady himself he takes it down with him as he goes.

“Sam, you OK?” Dean asks calmly with a roll of his eyes.

“Yeah, I'm good!” Sam replies.

Sam pulls himself up with help from Y/f/n and Grossman smirks.

“I want you to tell us her name,” Dean says.

Grossman looks between the two hunters in front of him, “Screw you,” He replies.

“It wasn't a freak accident that killed your partner,” Y/n says stepping closer.


“It was the rabbit's foot,” Y/n continues.


“You know she’s not. You saw what happened, what it did. All the flukes, all the luck. When you lose the foot that luck goes sour. That's what killed your friend. And my brother here is next. And who knows how many more innocent people after that. Now if you don't help us stop this thing, that puts those deaths on your head,” Dean finishes. Grossman begins to look worried so Dean continues, “Now I can read people... and I get it. You're a thief, and a scumbag, that's fine. But you're not a killer. Are you?”

“No,” Grossman whispers before finally cracking and giving us a name, “Lugosi, the chicks name was Lugosi.”

“Thank you, Grossman,” Y/f/n says as she pulls Sam out the door.

The four hunters exit the apartment building just as Dean phone starts ringing. “Hello?” Dean answers, as he does, he steps over a large wad of pink bubblegum on the ground. Y/n follows also missing the bubble gum.

Sam follows, and there is a squishing sound. Sighing in frustration Sam lifts his shoe off the bubble gum.

“Dean, great news. Wasn't easy but I found a heavyweight cleansing ritual that should do the trick,” Bobby says happily.

“Bobby, that's uh, great, 'cept Sam, uh...” Dean begins and looks over at Sam. He grimaces when he notices the gum on Sam’s shoe. “…Sam lost the foot.” Dean finishes turning away from Sam.

“He WHAT?” Bobby asked.
“Bobby, Bobby, listen. This, uh, this hot chick stole it from him. I’m serious. In her mid 20's, and she was sharp you know, good enough at the con to play us,” Dean explained.

Y/f/n and Y/n watched as Sam tried desperately to scrape the bubblegum off his shoe using a broken storm drain grating.

“You’re gonna lose that shoe,” Y/f/n commented.

“Then come get the gum off the bottom of it for me,” Sam responded still scraping his shoe.

“And she only gave the guy she hired a name, probably an alias or something,” Dean continued turning to Sam he inquires, “Uh, Luigi or something?”

“Lugosi,” Sam replied still trying to get the gum off.

“Lugosi,” Dean repeated turning back away.

“Lugosi? Lugos - Aw crap, it's probably Bela,” Bobby concludes.

Moving his foot too hard Sam dislodges his shoe, dropping it into the drain with a splash. Crouching down he tries to retrieve it but is unsuccessful.

“Stop laughing and come help me, please,” Sam pleads looking up at Y/f/n.

“Fine,” Y/f/n replies moving towards the grating, “Step aside.”


“Bela Talbot's her real name,” Bobby replies, “Crossed paths with her once or twice.”

“Well, she knew about the rabbit's foot. Is she a Hunter?” Dean asks.

“Pretty friggin’ far from a Hunter, but she knows her way around the territory. She's been out of the country,” Bobby replies, “Last I heard she was in the Middle East someplace.”

“Ah, I guess she's back,” Dean responds.

“Which means seriously bad luck for you,” Bobby informs.

“Great,” Dean mutters.

“But, if it is Bela…” Bobby begins, “At least I might know some folks who know where to find her.”

“Thanks, Bobby. Again,” Dean says finishing up the call.

“Dude you’re not gonna want this shoe back,” Y/f/n says pulling it up toward the grating as it gets closer there is a foul stench from the sewer water.

“Gross,” Y/f/n exclaims dropping the shoe back into the grate, “Oops.”

“Just ... look out for your brother, ya idjit,” Bobby says to Dean before hanging up the phone.

Dean looks back at Sam who looks thoroughly dejected.

“What?” Dean inquire.
“I lost my shoe,” Sam says morosely.

Dean looks down at Sam’s sock-clad foot and sighs in annoyance. He rolls his eyes and turns away as Sam hangs his head.

“Come on Sam let’s get you in the car and hopefully out of trouble,” Y/n says stepping forward and directing Sam to the car.

Dean watched as the two girls helped his brother to the car. Making up his mind he climbed in the front and headed for a motel. Pulling into the lot of a motel and stopping just inside the entrance. Dean finishes his second call to Bobby, “All right, Bobby, thanks. Hey, we owe ya. Another one.” Turning in the seat Dean informs the others what Bobby told him, “All right, Bobby's got it on pretty good authority that this Bela chick ... lives in Queens. So it'll take me about two hours to get there.”

“So what are we doing here?” Sam inquires.

“You, my brother, are staying here 'cause I don't want your bad luck getting us killed. Y/f/n and Y/n are babysitting.” Dean replies with a little smirk. Starting the Impala Dean drives into the main lot, passing Kubrick's RV on the way. He stops outside room number 2 and climbs from the car. Unlocking the door he leads Sam and the others inside, turning on a light as he goes.

“What am I even supposed to do, Dean?” Sam inquires.

“Nothing!” Dean exclaims, then calmer, “Nothing. Come here. I don't want you doing anything. I want you to sit right here,” He pulls a chair into the middle of the room, “and don't move, OK? Don't turn on the light, don't turn off the light. Don't even scratch your nose.” He finishes.

Turning to the two girls, he says, “Watch him, same rules.” Before turning and walking out the door. Sam sits in the chair and watches Dean leave, locking the door behind him. Sam wrinkles his nose a few times before risking a scratch.

“Screw that I’m not staying here,” Y/n replies before following Dean out the door. Hearing the door close behind him Dean turns, “I told you to stay here and watch him,” he snaps.

“Screw that. Sam is a walking disaster right now. I ain’t staying anywhere near his calamity ass right now.” Y/n replies climbing into the front seat.

“Y/n-” Dean begins trying to find some excuse.

“No Dean, Look, I love Sam, He’s like a brother to me, let’s get the foot back and get him safe, yeah?” Y/n interrupts.

“Yeah alright,” Dean conceded starting the Impala.

“Ya know, That sound never gets old,” Y/n sighs. Dean looks over a small smile playing on his lips before pulling away from the curb.

In the early hours of the morning just as the sun was coming up Dean snuck quietly into Bela’s richly decorated apartment.

“Because you shook on one point five. Well, maybe I should just take it somewhere else?” Bela threatens. She listens a moment, stroking her cat lovingly, as the other person speaks. “Don’t threaten me, Luke. Despite your reputation, you don’t scare me.” She snaps there is a lull in the
conversation. “Well, I'm glad you see it that way. I'll see you at the airstrip in an hour.” She finishes ending the call. Bela picks up the rabbit's foot with kitchen tongs and the Siamese cat hisses.

Bela pauses in front of the security monitors as Dean slinks off-screen; when she glances at the monitors, he is no longer on screen.

Putting the rabbit's foot down, Bela moves to the wine cooler and opens the door reaching in she extracts a gun from it before moving through the living room toward the front door that is ajar. As she approaches, she notices a beeping noise. The alarm system panel is flashing Error. A bright yellow Post-It stuck to the panel reads TURN AROUND. Dean appears behind Bela; his gun is drawn. Bela turns and draws her gun.

“You left without your tip,” Dean sasses.

Bela smirks and Dean raises his eyebrows questioningly.

Back at the Motel, Sam rocks back and forth on the chair, bored stiff, while Y/f/n lays on the bed staring at the ceiling. Suddenly, the AC unit in the wall in front of Sam starts making a clunking, grinding sound. As Y/f/n sits up to look at it, smoke begins to pour out.

“Oh come on, I- I didn't- I wasn't...” Sam sighs despairingly. Sam gets up and cautiously approaches the unit.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Y/f/n comments just as the unit catches on fire; Sam grabs the comforter off one of the beds and attempts to put out the fire with it. When Sam thinks he's got it, he gets up, only to find his jacket sleeve is now on fire. Sam panics and uses the curtain to put it out Y/f/n steps forward and in Sam’s panic to put the fire out pushes Y/f/n into the fall knocking her unconscious. The curtain rips and falls away, revealing Kubrick and Creedy staring in through the window. Sam falls back, knocking himself out on the floor. Kubrick smiles and looks to the sky in thanks.

Dean and Bela are engaged in a stand-off.

“You're gonna give it back,” Dean says.

“Sweetie. No, I'm not,” Bela laughs.

“Yeah, we'll see. Bela, right?” Dean replies backing further into Bela’s living room.

“That's right. Dean,” Bela replies.

“You know the thing's cursed, don't you?” Dean inquires.

“You'd be surprised what some people would pay for something like that,” Bela responds.

“Really?” Dean asks.

“There's a lucrative market out there. A lot of money to be made.” Bela replies with a chuckle, “You Hunters with all those amulets and talismans you use to stop those big bad monsters. Any one of them could put your children's children through college.”

“So you know the truth, about what's really going on out there, and this is what you decide to do with it? You become a thief?” Dean inquires.
“I procure unique items for a select clientele,” Bela retorts.


“No, a great thief,” Bela responds.

Back at the motel, Creedy is busily restraining Sam to a chair with Duct Tape. While Kubrick makes sure, Y/f/n is bound to another. Sam slowly comes to.

“Oh, he's awake!” Creedy says.

“Back with us, eh?” Kubrick asks walking toward Sam.

“We didn't even have to touch you. You just went all,” Creedy says doing a wiggle, “spastic, and knocked yourself out? It was like watching Jerry Lewis try to stack chairs!”

“Who are you, What do you wa-“ Sam begins, but Kubrick snaps his fingers in Sam's face. Sam looks up at him confused.

“I used to think your friend Gordon sent me,” Kubrick says.

“Gordon? Oh, come on!” Sam groans.

“Yeah, because he asked me to track you down, and put a bullet in your brain,” Kubrick finishes turning away from Sam.

“Great. That sounds like him,” Y/f/n grumbles.

Kubrick looks over to her but ignores her comment and keeps talking, “But, as it turns out ... I'm on a mission from God.” He reaches over and strikes Sam across the face.

“Look Bela, my brother, he ... touched the foot. And when you took it from him, his luck went from-“ Dean begins.

“I know how it works,” Bela replies.

“So then you know he's gonna die unless we can destroy it,” Dean concludes.

“Oh... You can have the foot,” Bela says insincerely. Dean looks surprised thinking she was giving it up willingly. “For one point five million.”

“Nice. Yeah, I'll just call my banker. How'd you even find the damn thing? Stuck in the back of some storage place, middle of nowhere,” Dean sasses.

Bela looks over her shoulder to her mantle. Dean follows her gaze to an Ouija Board and Planchette.

“I just asked a few of the ghosts of the people that it killed. They were very attuned into its location,” Bela informs Dean.

“So you're only out for yourself, huh? It’s all about number one?” Dean inquires.

“Being a Hunter is so much more noble? A bunch of obsessed, revenge-driven sociopaths trying to save a world that can't be saved?” Bela snaps.

“Well, aren't you a glass-half-full?” Dean comments.
“We're all going to Hell, Dean. Might as well enjoy the ride,” Bela replies.

“I actually agree with you there. Anyhoo, this has been charming but uh, look at the time. Oh and ... this?” Dean replies holding up his other hand to reveal the rabbit's foot. “Looks like you're not the only one with sticky fingers. If it's any consolation I think you're a truly awful person.”

Pissed off, Bela fires at Dean and misses completely. She fires again, the bullet ricocheting around breaking several objects and hitting the Ouija Board. Dean chuckles and holds out the rabbit's foot to taunt Bela and makes a run for the door. Bela fires again at Dean's retreating form, the bullet again ricocheting around and destroying more objects. The Siamese cat runs off and Bela ducks as Dean escapes. “See ya!” Dean calls over his shoulder closing the door behind him.

“Didja get it?” Y/n asks as Dean slams the driver’s side door.

“Yep,” He replies giddily holding it up for her to see.

“Awesome let’s go save your brother,” Y/n says. Dean nods in agreement before speeding away from Bela’s apartment building.

Back at the motel, Creedy throws a glass of water in Sam's bruised and bloody face. Sam sighs as he shakes the water off while Kubrick watches, sitting on one of the motel beds.

“You were a part of that demon plan to open the gate weren't you?” Kubrick asks standing from the bed and making his way to Sam.

“We did everything we could to stop it,” Sam replies.

“Lie lie lie! You were in on it. You know what their next move is too, don't you?” Kubrick accuses.

“Leave him alone you ass hole,” Y/f/n growls struggling against the duct tape.

“No, I don't, okay? You're wrong about all of this,” Sam says.

“Where are they gonna hit us next?” Kubrick asks.

Sam sighs and stays silent. Kubrick strikes Sam across the face again.

“He said he doesn’t know, Asshat,” Y/f/n shouts.

“Gordon told me about you, Sam. About your powers. You’re some kinda weirdo psychic freak?” Kubrick continues ignoring Y/f/n squirming in the seat.

“No, not anymore. I – no powers, no visions, nothing, it just—” Sam begins.

“LIAR!” Kubrick cuts him off with another punch to the face. “Now no more lies. There's an army of demons out there pushing at a world already on the brink. We're on deck for the endgame here, right? So maybe, just maybe you can understand,” Kubrick pauses and draws his gun pointing it at Sam, “why we can't take chances.”

“Whoa, okay, okay, no, do— hold on a minute! —” Sam pleads.

“Hey, Kubrick just-” Creedy tries to intervene.

“No, you saw what happened, Creedy. Ask yourself, why are we here? Because you saw a picture on the web? Because we chose this motel instead of another? Luck like that doesn't just happen,”
Kubrick replies.

“Look, I can explain all of that if-” Sam tries.

“Shut up!” Kubrick says pointing to Sam without turning around, “It’s God, Creedy. He led us here for one reason. To do His work. This ... is destiny.”

“It’s not God numb nuts if you’d shut the fuck up and listen we’d tell you,” Y/f/n says.

“You’re getting on my last nerve little girl,” Kubrick says pointing his finger in her face.

“Whoa...” Dean mutters walking into the room and drawing his gun.

Kubrick aims the gun point blank at Sam's forehead. Y/f/n turns her head away as Sam squeezes his eyes shut waiting for the shot. The sound of another gun being cocked is heard in the room. Y/f/n’s eyes snap open to see Y/n and Dean in the doorway of the room.

“Nope. No destiny. Just a rabbit's foot,” Dean says gun aimed at Kubrick.

“Put the gun down, son, or you're gonna be scraping brain off the wall,” Kubrick replies.

“Oh, this thing?” Dean inquires holding his gun up.

“Yeah, that thing,” Kubrick replies, “You too sweetheart,”

“Okay. But you see, there's something about me that you don't know,” Dean says laying his gun down on the table with a smug look, as he picks up a pen. Y/n lays her gun next to his with a small smirk.

“Yeah? What would that be?” Kubrick asks.

“It's his lucky day,” Y/n replies. As Dean tosses the pen toward Kubrick. It lodges itself in the barrel of Kubrick's gun, and Sam looks impressed.

“Oh my God, did you see that shot!?” Dean laughs turning to Y/n next to him.

Creedy lunges at Dean and aims a punch. Dean easily side-steps pulling Y/n with him, and Creedy runs straight into the wall, falling backward and hitting the floor. Kubrick stares at the pen in the barrel for a few moments before trying to dislodge it.

“I'm amazing,” Dean chuckles. Dean picks up the TV remote from the table and throws it hard at Kubrick, who is just about to aim for Dean. It hits Kubrick right between the eyes, knocking him out cold. He drops like a stone.

“I'm Batman,” Dean says suavely.

“Yeah. You're Batman,” Sam replies sarcastically.

“Come on, Batman, Let’s get the damsels in distress untied and burn that thing,” Y/n says moving toward Y/f/n and pulling out a knife.

“That was pretty awesome,” Y/f/n says as Y/n cuts through the tape.

“Shut up like he needs more reason to have a big head,” Y/n replies pulling the tape around her friend.
Dean finishes pulling the tape around Sam before heading out the door.

“Who were those guys?” Y/n asks making her way to the back seat.

“Some friends of Gordon’s who believe Sam’s the Antichrist,” Y/f/n replies.

“Ah fun stuff,” Y/n says sliding into the backseat before Sam can give her a bitch face.

“Alright so Bobby says the only way to destroy this is to burn it with some herbs,” Dean says holding up the foot.

“Ok where to then?” Y/f/n inquires shutting the door.

“Cemetary,” Sam replies climbing into the car gently.

Dean starts the car and points it in the direction of the cemetery. On the way there he stops at a gas station to purchase more scratch tickets.

The group of hunters make their way to the back of the cemetery away from prying eyes and get to work building a fire. Sam is crouching and sprinkles something onto the embers of a small fire. Dean is checking over more scratch cards.

“All right. Bone ash, cayenne pepper that should do it,” Sam says replacing the lid on a jar as he stands.

“One second,” Dean says continuing to scratch a card.

“Dean, you—” Sam begins.

“Hey, back off, Jinx. I'm bringing home the bacon,” Dean replies. Sam sighs and Dean smirks before stashing the cards in his jacket he has slung over a gravestone.

“All right, say goodbye "wascawy wabbit,"” Dean says holding up the foot.

“God you're a dork,” Y/n comments watching Dean affectionately.

As Dean moves to throw the foot in the fire, the sound of a gun cocking is heard. Dean turns around, as Y/f/n and the others look up.

“I think you'll find that belongs to me. Or, you know, whatever,” Bela says, “Put the foot down, honey.”

“No. You're not going to shoot anybody. See I happen to be able to read people. OK, you're a thief, fine, but you're not—” Dean begins trying to use the same speech he used on Grossman.

Ignoring Dean Bela aims at Sam and fires shooting him in the shoulder. Sam goes down, groaning.

“Son of a—” Dean begins stepping toward Bela.

“Back off, tiger. Back off. You make one more move, and I'll pull the trigger,” Bela demands.

Sam gets up, clutching his shoulder.

“You've got the luck, Dean. You, I can't hit. But your brother? Him I can't miss,” Bela says.

“What the hell is wrong with you?! You don't just go around shooting people like that!” Dean
growls.

“Relax. It's a shoulder hit; I can aim. Besides, who here hasn't shot a few people?” Bela inquires.

“Me, I haven’t shot anyone,” Y/f/n says raising her hand, “But I’m real tempted to right now.”

“Put the rabbit's foot on the ground now,” Bela demands.

“All right! All right. Take it easy,” Dean says holding up his hands in defense. Dean moves to drop the rabbit's foot but instead throws it at Bela. “Think fast.”

Bela catches the foot in her uncovered hand. Dean smiles in satisfaction.

“Damn!” Bela curses.

“Now, what do you say we destroy that ugly-ass piece of dead thing?” Dean asks.

Bela sighs in annoyance but makes her way to the fire dropping the rabbit's foot in the embers.

“Thanks very much. I'm out one and a half million and on the bad side of a very powerful, fairly psychotic buyer,” Bela complains.

“Wow. I really don't feel bad about that. Guys?” Dean asks looking at his brother.

“Nope. Not even a little,” Sam replies and the girls shake their heads.

“Hmm. Maybe next time I'll hang you out to dry,” Bela says laying her hands on Deans jacket.

“Oh don't go away angry, just go away,” Dean says.

Smirking Bela turns to leave, “Have a nice night, boys,” She calls.

“What are we invisible?” Y/f/n asks turning to look at Y/n, who shrugs her shoulders in response.

After the foot is reduced to ashes and the fire has gone out the four hunters make their way out of the cemetery.

“You good?” Dean asks Sam.

“I'll live,” Sam replies.

“I guess we're back to normal now, huh? No good luck, no bad luck. Oh! I forgot we're up $46000. I almost forgot about the ... scratch tickets,” Dean says as he begins searching his jacket pockets but comes up empty. Bela's car roars in the distance. Sam and Dean look at each other, then watch her drive away.

Bela smirks to herself, a pile of scratch cards laying beside her. Bela picks up the pile and laughs.

“SON OF A BITCH!” Dean shouts.

“Calm down she only got a few,” Y/n says pulling several scratch offs from her back pocket, “You really need to learn how to count you were up $61000, not 46. I got the ones Sam won on earlier.” She finishes handing the tickets to Dean and sauntering back to the car.
Bobby is busily working on the Colt, while Dean melts metal into bullets. Bobby looks through a magnifying glass at the Colt and then looks at a diagram of parts.

“Hey,” Sam says walking into the room.

“Hey, what's up?” Dean asks looking up from his project.

“Might've found some omens in Ohio. Dry lightning, barometric pressure drop,” Sam says.

“Well, that's thrilling,” Y/n comments dryly as she files the sharp edges of the bullets.

“You’re just a ray of sunshine aren’t you?” Y/l/n asks sarcastically.

“Pretty much,” Y/n replies with a shrug.

“Plus, some guy blows his head off in a church, and another goes postal in a hobby shop before the cops take him out. Might be demonic omens,” Sam finishes.

“Or it could just be a suicide and a psycho scrapbooker,” Dean shrugs.

“Yeah, but it's our best lead since Lincoln,” Sam replies.

“Where in Ohio?” Dean inquires.

“Elizabethville. It's a half-dead factory town in the rust belt,” Sam responds.

“There's got to be a demon or two in South Beach,” Dean comments.

“Sorry, Hef. Maybe next time. How's it going, Bobby?” Sam says with a smile.

“Slow,” Bobby replies gruffly.

“Eh, I tell you, it's a little sad seeing the Colt like that,” Dean says looking at the various pieces.

“Well, the only thing it's good for now is figuring out what makes it tick,” Bobby responds.

“So what makes it tick?” Sam inquires. Bobby looks up at him unamused, and Sam holds his hands up in amusement.

“So, if we want to go check out these omens in Ohio…” Dean says teasingly while standing, “...
you think you can have that thing ready by this afternoon?”

Sam chuckles and Bobby stares at him incredulously.

“Well, it won't kill demons by then,” Bobby replies there is a moment before he continues, “but I can promise you it'll kill you.”

“All right, come on, we're wasting the daylight,” Dean says with a smile. Y/n and Y/f/n stand from the desk and stretches

“See you, Bobby,” Sam says as they start to leave.

“Hey!” Bobby calls, and the boys turn back, “You boys run into anything — anything — you call me.”

The boys nod and turn to head out.

Taking the Backroads Dean manages to get the four hunters to Ohio in 8 hours instead of the 12.

“Ok so drop Y/f/n and me at a motel, we’ll get rooms, and you two can head to the church where the latest death occurred.” Y/n stated just as Dean pulled into town.

“Ok,” Dean replies making a left at the stop sign and pulling into a motel parking lot. The girls climb from the car and grab their bags from the trunk before making their way into the office. Sam and Dean watch the girls until the door closes blocking them from view.

“Dude, What’s wrong with Y/n? She’s been weird since the changeling case,” Dean says pulling the car away from the motel.

“She seems fine to me,” Sam replies.

“Huh,” Dean huffs before making their way to the church. The boys don their fed suits and make their way up the steps and into the church.

“Alright Dude, You gonna tell me what’s wrong or am I gonna have to beat it out of you,” Y/f/n asks closing the door to the room behind her.

“Nothings wrong,” Y/n replies taking in the room.

“Yeah ok you never miss a chance to see Dean in the suit, and now you are so what’s up?” Y/f/n puts in.

“Ugh, I hate you sometimes you know that,” Y/n sighs flopping onto the bed.

“I know now spill,” Y/f/n replies sitting down on the other bed.

“I Just thought that maybe Dean would want me ya know? But no still trying to hook up with Lisa, I don’t know man, I thought maybe things would be different.” Y/n finishes before standing and heading to the bathroom and closing the door behind her ending the conversation.

“There's not much left for the insurance company. It was a suicide - I saw it myself,” Father Gil informs the boys as they make their way between the pews toward the back of the church.

“Well, this shouldn't take long, then,” Dean replies.

“That's where Andy did it. It's the first time I'd seen him in weeks. He used to come every Sunday,”
Father Gil sighs looking up at the seats in the top of the church.

“When did he stop?” Sam asks.

“Probably about ... two months ago? Right around the time, everything else started to change,” Father Gil replies.

“Change how?” Sam urges.

“Oh, let's just say this used to be a town ... you could be proud of. People ... cared about each other. Andy sang in the choir, and then one day, he just ... wasn't Andy anymore. It was like he was ...” Father Gil says trailing off.

“Possessed?” Sam supplied.

“You could say that. Gambled away his money, cheated on his wife, destroyed his business. Yes, like a switch had flipped,” Father Gil states.

“Father, did you know the man who killed those folks in the hobby shop?” Sam asks.

“Sure, Tony Perkins,” Father Gil replies with a nod.

“Tony Perkins,” Sam repeats.

“Good man,” Father Gil says.

“Would you say that his personality suddenly changed one day, too?” Sam inquires.

“I never thought about it that way, but... yes. about the same time as Andy — about two months ago,” Father Gil concurred.

“Well, thank you, Father. Appreciate your time,” Dean says putting away the notebook he had been writing in. Sam and Dean start to leave.

“Two months ago, we open up the devil's gate, all of a sudden this town turns into Margaritaville? It's no coincidence,” Sam whispers to Dean.

“Yeah something's definitely going on here,” Dean replies, “Are you sure there’s nothing wrong with Y/n?”

“Dude if you're that worried ask her, she hasn’t been any different to me,” Sam replies making his way down the step to the car. Sam’s phone chirps with a text message as he climbs in. “Girls are in room 9.”

The boys head back to the motel, and Sam knocks on the door. Y/f/n answers but keeps the door mostly closed.

“Oh hey Sam, Here’s your guys’ key,” Y/f/n says handing the key to him and then looking back over her shoulder into the room.

“Everything ok?” Sam asks.

“Yep, everything's fine gotta go,” Y/f/n finishes before closing the door in his face.

Sam turns confused just as Dean makes his way to him. As they go to enter their room, Dean looks up and chuckles at the mirrors on the ceiling, the door across the hall opens.
“Dude what are you doing?” Y/f/n asks watching Y/n tear through her duffle bag.

“I know I packed it.” Y/n mumbles ignoring Y/f/n. There was a shriek of victory as Y/n held up a short jean skirt.

“Oh god, what are you planning?” Y/f/n asks.

Y/n grabs the skirt, a shirt, and her make-up bag before rushing back into the bathroom.

“Richie,” Dean says recognizing the other guy, “I don't believe it.”

“Hey, Dean... Winchester, right?” Richie asks.

“Yeah,” Dean replies as a tall scantily dressed girl appears from Richie’s room.

“This is my sister, uh, Cheryl,” Richie says introducing the girl.

“Hey,” Cheryl replies.

“Cheryl,” Dean nods in greeting.

“There,” Richie says handing the girl some money.

as Cheryl leaves, he says to Dean and Sam, “Well, you know... stepsister.”

“Come on in. This is my brother, Sam,” Dean says introducing Sam.

“Hey. How you doing?” Richie greets.

“Not too bad. How do you two know each other?” Sam asks.

“You were in school,” Dean replies taking off his jacket.

“It was that succubus, in Canarsie right?” Richie asks.

“Yeah, yeah,” Dean agrees.

“Oh, man. You should have seen the rack on this broad. Freakin' tragedy when I had to gank her,” Richie says.

“Whoa, whoa. Wait. Who killed her? If I remember, your ass was toast until I showed up,” Dean chuckles.

“Oh, I forgot what a comedian this guy was,” Richie laughs.

“Richie, Richie, know what? I told you then, and I'll tell you again — you're not cut out for this job. You're gonna get yourself killed,” Dean says.

Richie’s phone rings and he answers, “Talk to me,” to Dean, he says, “FYI, Winchester — words hurt.” Then he goes back to the caller, “Yeah? No, it's not a good time, babe. Later.”

“So you find anything in this town, anyway?” Dean inquires as Richie hangs up the phone.


“Yes,” Dean responds.

“No, I got nothing,” Richie answers.
“Typical. What about your sister back there?” Dean asks inking his head toward the door.

“Oh, honestly? She definitely had the devil in her, but she wasn't no demon, you know what I'm saying?” Richie replies. When Dean looks at him he continues, “Right. Seriously. Church guy, hobby shop guy — they were lunch meat by the time I got there. Hey maybe they were possessed, but I can't prove it.”

“Yeah, that's where we are, too. You know, let's just say that demons are possessing people in this town. You know, raising hell—” Sam begins.

“Yeah, but why would a demon blow his brains out?” Dean inquires.

“Well, for fun? You know he wrecks one body, moves to another. You know, like taking a stolen car for a joyride,” Richie supplies.

“Anybody else left in the town that fits the profile — you know, nice guy turned douche, still breathing?” Dean inquires.

“Dean, don’t you think we should have Y/f/n and Y/n over here too?” Sam inquires.

“Nah, they’re fine we’ll fill them in later,” Dean replies turning back to Richie.

“There's Trotter,” Richie says.

“Who's that?” Sam asks.

“Well, he used to be head of the Rotary Club. And then people say he turned bastard all of a sudden? Brought in the gambling, the hookers. ... Ah, he practically owns this whole town,” Richie says.

“Know where we could find him?” Sam asks.

“Oh, he'll be at his bar in a few hours,” Richie supplies.

Sam makes his way back to the girl's room to tell them the plan. He knocks several times, but there is no answer. Heading back to his and Dean’s room he walks in worriedly.

“Hey that was quick did you tell them the plan?” Dean asks pulling on his boots.

“They weren’t there,” Sam replies looking at his brother.

“What do you mean they weren’t there?” Dean asks.

“I knocked no one answered, even if they’re sleeping one of them answers,” Sam says.

Dean quickly finishes pulling on his boots and makes his way to the office of the motel.

“Excuse me,” He calls getting the attention of the guy behind the counter.

“What can I do for you?” The man asks.

“Two girls came in here earlier, got two rooms, 7 and 9, have you seen them?” Dean inquires.

“Not since they checked in,” The man replies turning away from Dean and going back to his computer.
Dean’s phone buzzes as he makes his way out of the office, looking down he see’s a text from Y/f/n.


Dean calls Sam, and they head for the bar. The town is buzzing; it looks like Mardi Gras — people wandering around with cocktails, sexy girls, lots of action.

“I thought you said this was some boarded-up factory town,” Dean says looking around at everything.

“It is. At least, it's supposed to be,” Sam replies.

“Well, what are we waiting for? Let's do some research,” Dean says looking at a group of attractive women. From a car, a woman in a miniskirt watches him, then gestures for him to come. Dean approaches the car and looks at her, smiling; Sam comes back to fetch Dean and smiles embarrassedly at the woman as he pulls Dean away.

Sam and Dean thread their way through the crowded bar. People are drinking and dancing and seem to be having a good time. Dean is at ease, moving through the crowd like he's trying to pick out the best action. Sam is getting bumped into and seems to feel a little awkward and overstimulated.

Richie brushes past a woman and approaches Sam and Dean. He's wearing a somewhat shiny orange short-sleeved shirt halfway unbuttoned to reveal a white t-shirt underneath.

“Oh, Richie. Look at you,” Dean comments.

“Hey,” Richie says as they shake hands.

“Bringing satin back,” Dean says.

“Oh, you like this? Try Thai silk — Canal Street. You'd have to pay $300 for threads like these, easy. Cost to me — fuggedaboutit,” Richie replies.

“How much is "forget about it"?” Sam inquires.

“Ah, forget about it. That's Trotter over there. He sits there all night. Can't touch him,” Richie says pointing to a man in the corner.

“So, what do we do now?” Sam inquires.

“I don't know about you guys, but I'm gonna do a little investigating with that bartender,” Dean says.

“Easy. Me and her, we got a little ... somethin'-somethin' lined up for later,” Richie says.

“Yeah, right,” Dean replies.

“Stings, don't it? All right, I got to hit the head, release the hostages. Be back in a few,” Richie replies heading for the bathroom.

Sam laughs at Richie’s cheesiness.

“No way he gets a girl like that. I mean, look at her. You could fit that ass on a nickel,” Dean says still checking the bartender out.
“You think so?” A voice asks. The boys turn to look, and there sits Father Gil.

“Oh. Sorry, Padre,” Dean laughs.

“Knew you boys would find your way here. They all do,” Father Gil replies.

“No offense, but what are you doing here, Father?” Sam inquires.

“Like it or not, you go where your flock is,” Father Gil replies.

“Plus, the clergy drinks for free,” The bartender says stepping forward and pouring Father Gil another drink.

“True, and a certain bartender owes me a confession,” Father Gil says.

“Not in this lifetime, Father,” The bartender replies.

“I better see your butt on Sunday,” Father Gil says standing from his seat. He turns to Dean and continues, “Nickel or no nickel.”

“What can I get you, boys?” The Bartender asks.

“What’s your specialty?” Dean flirts.

“I make a mean hurricane,” She flirts back.

“I guess we’ll see about that,” Dean replies. The bartender turns to make his drink, and Dean looks around the room again.

“You drink hurricanes?” Sam laughs.

“I do now,” Dean replies his eyes land on a girl across the bar leaning against a pool table, “You seen Y/n or Y/f/n yet?”

“Well Dean you keep staring at her ass,” Y/f/n says walking up behind the boys.

“What?” Dean asks looking away from the girl at the pool table.

“Girl against the pool table that your undressing with your eyes,” Y/f/n says, “That’s her.”

Dean looks back at the girl just as she turns around. Y/n catches his eye as she scans the bar and throws a smile his way. Dean smiles back as a man walks up to the pool table.

“Hi, John,” The man says emotionlessly.

“Reggie. Everything okay with you?” John asks.

“I don’t know. I’m just not feeling myself today,” Reggie replies.

Noticing that Reggie has a gun Sam slaps Dean getting his attention, “Hey.”

“Hey, what are you doing?!” John asks

Reggie raises his gun and shoots John point-blank in the forehead. The crowd erupts in chaos as people begin to scramble out of the way. Trotter and his hench guy stand up. Reggie brings the gun up to his own head.
Dean rushes around the bar and tackles Reggie to the ground. Sam surreptitiously splashes holy water on him while Dean pins him down. Reggie seems really surprised and outraged by being splashed with water but doesn't sizzle.

“What are you doing?!” Reggie asks before repeating to himself, “He slept with my wife. That bastard slept with my wife!”

“Somebody call 911!” Sam yells looking around the bar. Sam exchanges a look with Trotter. Dean and Sam keep Reggie restrained until police arrive. Cuffing Reggie the police begin to lead him away.

“Too many cops here. I say we roll,” Sam mutters as Y/n walks over.

“Just be cool. Poor jerk. Only thing possessing him was a sixer of Pabst,” Dean replies. Dean eyes Y/n a moment before he stands and takes off his jacket. “Put that on, bunch of perverts looking at you,” he says handing her the coat as he glares around the bar at the other men.

“So, what's the deal, then? People in this town getting possessed or not?” Y/f/n asks.

“I don't know. Maybe it is just what it is — town full of scumbags,” Dean suggests.

“Yeah, Maybe,” Sam replies.

“Aw, Dean you fit right in,” Y/f/n says.

Before Dean can retort one of the officers asks, “You boys ready for your mug shots?” Sam and Dean look nervous, and the cop hastens to reassure them. “The photographer's gonna be here in a few, and ... take your picture for the local paper.”

“Be an honor, Officer. What a thrill!” Dean says with false enthusiasm.

“Yep, time to go,” Sam says rising from his seat.

“Wait a second. Wait a second,” Dean says holding up his hand to stop his brother

“What?” Sam asks.

“Where's Richie?” Dean inquires. The others look around trying to spot him.

“Guys, I don’t see him anywhere,” Y/n says.

“Maybe he went back to the motel?” Y/f/n suggests.

“Alright, well, let’s head back to the motel and check it out, Maybe, get some shut eye and come back tomorrow,” Dean says motioning for Y/n to walk first.

The four hunters return to the car and make their way to the motel. Dean makes his way to Richie’s room and knocks. Dean pulls out his lock pick set and opens the door. Taking a quick peek down the hall to make sure no one was watching the four make their way inside.

“His bags are still here,” Y/n calls from the corner of the room. Dean and Sam look at each other before leaving the room with the girls close behind.

“Here’s you jacket back Dean,” Y/n says taking it off to hand it back as Y/f/n makes her way into the girl's room, “Thanks.”

“Anytime Y/n,” Dean replies with a small smile.
“Night,” Y/n says closing the door behind her.

The next night the group makes their way back to the bar. Dean and the two girls sit at a table, and he orders a burger. One of the waitresses brings it back and sets the burger in front of him smiling at him trying to get his attention. Cell phone in hand he’s been trying to reach Richie since he disappeared.

Sam is at the bar grabbing beers for the table, “Thanks,” He says heading back to the table. “You do realize there’s red meat within striking distance, right?”

“That Y/n keeps stealing fries from,” Y/f/n quips.

“Dude, Last time I steal fries for you,” Y/n replies shoving the fries in her mouth.

“How many times I got to tell Richie, he's gonna get himself in trouble?” Dean replies.

“Dean, you're assuming he's missing. I mean, maybe he just bailed,” Sam responds.

“Sam you seen his room his stuff is still there,” Y/n argues.

“He's a moron. I mean, he's a sweet moron, but he's not a coward. He wouldn't just bail. I got to go find him,” Dean states.

“All right. Meanwhile, I think I'm gonna trail this Trotter guy,” Sam says looking around the bar.

“Yeah?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah. I don't know. Something about the way he looked at me last night,” Sam says, “Maybe there is something going on here.” Sam finishes his beer and stands, looking at Y/f/n he asks, “You coming?”

“No she’s just breathing heavy,” Y/n mutters giggling. Y/f/n slaps her on the arm and stands.

“Yea,” She says finishing her beer and standing as well.

They wave at the other two before heading to Trotter’s office.

“So check out Richie’s room again?” Dean asks.

“Yeah alright,” Y/n replies snagging another fry from the plate,

In a corridor outside the office, where Trotter is talking his Henchman, Sam waits trying to listen in. Sam's phone rings, startling him.

“Dean,” Sam answers in a hushed voice.

“Sammy,” Dean replies.

“Yeah. Hey. I can't talk right now," Sam whispers.

“You okay?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah, I'm fine. Just, uh ... meet me at the bar in 20 minutes, okay?” Sam finishes, and the hangs up.

“Sam!” Dean says pulling the phone away from his ear as he speeds down the road.
Back at Trotter’s office the Henchman comes out of the office and makes his way down the hall. He pauses where the two halls meet and look around for a moment, but Sam and Y/f/n are nowhere to be seen.

Back at the Bar as Dean waits a woman’s shiny nails trail along the bar as she makes her way towards Dean.

“I got to tell you — every woman in this place? They want to eat you up,” The woman says huskily.

“Well, hey. Anybody could have tackled that guy … and wrestled the gun away … prevented mass murder,” Dean replies.

“Here’s what I’m gonna do,” The woman says, and Dean smiles in anticipation, “Normally, I charge $400 a night,” She leans close and whispers in Dean’s ear, “Why don't we call it an even deuce and get the hell out of here?”

“What do I look like?” Dean asks incredulously.

“What do I look like?” The woman scoffs. As she walks away, she says, “Cheapskate.”

“Did I just see you strike out with a prostitute? How's that work?” Casey laughs.

“Well, I just told her I had a thing for the bartender. It was pretty easy,” Dean replies.

“Who says the bartender's available?” Casey inquires.

“That's a good question. You got something going with some guy, you know, about yea tall, wears a sweatsuit ...?” Dean asks.

“Who?” Casey inquires.

“Naw. My mistake. What do you say you and me grab a drink after your shift?” Dean responds.

“Stupid Dean and his stupid plans,” Y/n mutters dragging a rug into the middle of the room.

“I say why wait ... when we can go right now?” Casey replies. Dean smiles and stands from the bar as him, and Casey leave together.

Trotter and his Henchman walk out of Trotter's office. Sam watches for a second from the hallway, then heads into the office gesturing for Y/f/n to follow. Sam starts rifling through the desk, looking at calendar, keys. While Y/f/n searches the filing cabinets. Suddenly the Henchman is there, taking a swing at Sam. Sam punches him hard, repeatedly, when he feels a gun to his neck.

“What are you doing here?” Trotter asks.

“I think maybe you know,” Sam replies.

“Yeah? Well, I think I'm calling the cops!” Trotter replies.

“Cops?” Sam asks surprised.

“Breaking and entering, assault — you and your girlfriend are in a peck of trouble, my friend,” Trotter replies.

“Uh, wh-, uh ... I think I could probably explain it—” Sam stutters. Sam suddenly twists around,
grabs the gun from Trotter, and points it at both men. “All right, back up! Get back.” He says pushing Y/f/n behind him.

“Money's in the safe! Take it and go,” Trotter pleads hands in the air.

“We don't want your money. We just got to be sure,” Sam replies pulling a flask of holy water from his jacket. Sam splashes both men, they flinch and sputter from the sudden spritz of cold water, and look outraged, but nothing else happens.

“What kind of psychos are you?” Trotter inquires.

“Oh, god. Uh ... I'm sorry,” Sam chuckles and shrugs, “Heh ... I ... think this was just a minor misunderstanding?” Sam continues to smile nervously as he backs toward the door, “Yeah, okay, umm .... How 'bout I just ... I just leave, 'cause ...” He chuckles as he pulls the bullets from the gun, “I'll take these.” He shrugs sheepishly and puts the gun down, “Okay, I'll, uh, I'll leave this for, uh ... you, uh ... ... Have a nice day?”

Sam turns and walks rapidly out of the office pushing Y/f/n along as he grimaces in embarrassment, and leaving Trotter and his Henchman staring in bewilderment.

“Looks like the maid's day off,” Dean comments looking around the basement of Casey’s house. Casey seems surprised at something as she looks at a closet.

“Everything okay?” Dean inquires.

“Make yourself comfortable,” Casey replies kissing Dean.

Strolling casually around the room Dean comments, “Oh, I forgot to mention ... Richie was a friend of mine. When I realized I could track the GPS in his cellphone, I swung by earlier. Give him a proper burial. It's better than rotting in some skank's basement.” Casey launches herself at Dean but is stopped by an invisible barrier, “Oops.” Dean kneels down and peels back the corner of the rug, which is covering a devil’s trap he has drawn. “Tsk, tsk, tsk. Isn't that a buzz kill? Sorry, sister, but you're going back to where you came from.”

“I don't think so,” Casey laughs.

Dean takes out a book and begins to read in Latin. “Spiritus immunde, undolara. Pasonitote ...”

Casey closes her eyes as if meditating, and suddenly a breeze is blowing into Dean's face, and spinning the chandelier above Casey. Dean recollects himself and begins reading again. “Spiritus immunde, undo—” The pages from Dean’s book are pulled off by the mystical breeze. As he looks down at the book all the pages fly off and the book as well. Casey opens her eyes and smiles. Underneath the book, now on the floor, a giant crack forms. Suddenly the bricks around the door cave in. Dean looks shocked and turns to look at Casey, who looks pleased.

“What are you laughing at, bitch? You're still trapped,” Y/n says stepping from the closet.

“So are you... bitch,” Casey responds turning to face Y/n.

“Dammit, Y/n, I told you to get out of here after painting the Devil’s trap,” Dean growls.

“And leave you here alone with a demon not likely,” Y/n sasses.

“I’m a hunter, Y/n, I hunt demons, I think I can handle one on my own,” Dean scoffs.
“Oh for fuck sake, we’re a team Dean or did you forget that? Just because you can handle a demon on your own doesn’t mean you have to,” Y/n growls walking around the demon trap and stepping up to Dean, “you don’t have to do everything yourself.”

“Do you two want me to turn around while you have your little lovers spat?” Casey inquires.

“Fuck off,” Y/n and Dean snap both turning to look at Casey. Dean turns back to Y/n and huffs with a roll of his eyes. He steps away and begins to light candles before turning to examine the rockfall.

“You two need to fuck and just get it over with already,” Casey smirks.

“Shut it bitch,” Y/n growls.

“Lose something?” Casey inquires.

“All you demons have such smart mouths,” Dean laughs.

“It's a gift,” Casey replies.

“Yeah, well. Let's see if you're smiling when I send your ass back to Hell,” Dean smirks.


“Spiritus immunde ... un, guh ...” Dean begins but stops thinking over the words.

“Having a little trouble there, sport?” Casey mocks.

Dean clears his throat and begins again, “Spiritus immunde, undolare, Pasonitote.” He takes a breath, tries and fails to remember the next phrase.

“Nice try, but I think ... you just ordered a pizza. Guess you should have paid more attention in Latin class,” Casey replies.

“A little help here,” Dean grumbles to Y/n.

“Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus spiritus, omnis satanica potestas, omnis incursio infernalis adversarii, omnis legio, omnis congregatio et secta diabolica. Ergo,” Y/n begins confidently as Casey begins to look panicked, “Ergo…. Ergo…. Fuck.”

“I didn’t know fuck was Latin,” Casey smirks.

“Hey, I don't know what you're smiling about. You're not going anywhere,” Dean replies.

“And, apparently, neither are you,” Casey responds.

“Yeah, but we got somebody coming for us, and, uh... he did pay attention in class,” Dean replies.

“Oh, right — Sam. Everyone says he's the brains of the outfit,” Casey remarks.

“Everyone?” Dean inquires.

“Sure. You Winchester boys are famous. The girls are too. Not Lohan famous, but, you know...” Casey shrugs.

“Well, that's ... flattering. I'll be sure to let Sam know when he gets here,” Dean replies.
“If he shows up first,” Casey replies, “What, you thought I was flying solo? You shouldn't underestimate, Dean, it might be the death of you. You can give me hard eyes all you want, but the fact remains, we just have to wait and see who shows up first —” She pauses, “The cavalry ...” She smiles slowly, “or the Indians.”

Back at Trotter’s Bar prostitute who tried to pick up Dean earlier, sits next to Sam with a smile.

“You look kind of tense.” She says. Sam looks around to see if she's talking to him. “You know, I know a surefire way to relax.”

“Maybe later,” Sam replies.

“Move along lady,” Y/f/n says looking around Sam at the woman.

“Excuse me. Hi,” Sam says signaling the bartender.

“What can I get for you?” The Barman asks.

“Um, you remember the guy I was with last night? We sat right here. Umm....” Sam begins.

“... The big hero who jumped on Reggie,” The Barman replies.

“Yeah, yeah. The — the big hero. Right. Um, have you seen him around at all today?” Sam inquires.

“Maybe. Depends,” The Barman replies.

“D-depends on what?” Sam asks. The Barman raises an incredulous eyebrow and Sam catches on.

“Oh my — ! Does everyone around here have their hand out?” He sighs, and pulls out some money and hands it to the Barman.

“He left with Casey about an hour ago,” The Barman informs.

“Any idea where they went?” Sam asks.

“Her place... for Bible study,” The Barman responds.

“All right, you got an address?” Y/f/n asks.

“What's wrong with you? You think I'm gonna give you a co-worker’s address, just so you can go over there and get your freaky peeping-tom rocks off?” The barman inquires,” Sam hands more money over, without pausing the Barman continues, “Corner of Piermont and Clinton. Have fun.” Sam sighs. The prostitute licks a cherry lasciviously. Sam walks around her, avoiding her gaze but Y/f/n openly glares as she walks by.

“Hey, you heard from Y/n at all?” Y/f/n asks as they make their way out of the bar.

“No why?” Sam inquires.

“She went with Dean earlier, and I haven’t heard from her since, and he left with that Casey chick, so I don’t know man,” Y/f/n replies.

Dean moves a wine cask over to an opening in the basement. He holds out his cell phone to try to get a signal.

“Why don't you relax?” Casey inquires.
“Why don't you kiss my ass?” Dean replies.

“Why, Dean, you're a poet. I had no idea,” Casey sass as Dean closes his phone, “Look, we won't have any effect on the outcome of this. We might as well be civil.”

“Civil, huh? Killing Richie — that was, that was civil? The guy was harmless,” Dean scoffs.

“That knife he pulled on me? Didn't look so harmless,” Casey replies.

“A demon with a heart. Wow,” Dean laughs as he steps down from the wine cask.

“Well, you know, there's a bunch of dead people in town that might disagree with you,” Y/n says to Casey as she returns to the room, then to Dean she says, “Can’t get a signal anywhere down here.”

“Hey, I didn't pull any triggers,” Casey replies.

“Yes? You did something,” Dean responds looking around the room.

“You want to know what I did — what I really did? I had lunch,” Casey sasses.

“Lunch?” Y/n inquires.

“Me and Trotter. He had a cheeseburger, I had a salad, and I just pointed out the money that could be made with a few businesses that cater to harmless vice. So Trotter built it, and, man, did they come. Supposedly God-fearing folk, waist-deep in booze, sex, gambling. I barely lifted a finger,” Casey comments.

“That's it?” Dean inquires.

“Lift me up,” Y/n says pointing to the opening Dean was just at.

“You don't get it. All you got to do is nudge humans in the right direction. Some whiskey here, a hooker there, and they'll walk right into hell with big, fat smiles on their faces. Your kind is corrupt, Dean. Weak,” Casey smirks, “Our will's stronger. That's why we'll win.”

“And that's how it ends?” Dean inquires lifting Y/n up to the grating.

“No. That's how it begins,” Casey replies.

At Casey’s home, Sam and Y/f/n knock on the door. The door swings open eerily by itself. Sam looks at it then Y/f/n but steps through it anyway.

“Dean?” Sam calls.

“Y/n?” Y/f/n also calls. Both step farther into the apartment and look around. Checking out the place Sam steps on little pink piggy slippers that make an oink sound. By the window on a table is a picture of Casey with a guy, and a cross necklace hanging on top of it, On the window sill behind it, Y/f/n notices a yellow powder. Y/f/n points it out to Sam who runs his finger through it and sniffs it.

“Sulfur,” He whispers.
“So, demons take over. I thought the meek shall inherit the earth,” Dean inquires sitting on the floor across from Casey.

“Oh, according to your Bible. It's only a book, Dean,” Casey scoffs.

“No one would agree,” Dean replies.

“Because it's God's book?” Casey inquires, She pauses before asking, “Do you believe in God, Dean? I'd be surprised if you did.”

“I don't know. I'd like to,” Dean replies.

“Well, I don't see how you and your God, have done such a bang-up job. War, genocide — it's only getting worse. I mean, this past century, you people racked up a body count that amazed even us,” Casey replies, “It's our turn now, and we're gonna do it right this time.” Hearing a noise Dean looks up towards grate. “Don't be hopeful, Dean. You're not delivered. It's only the wind.”

Back at Trotter’s bar, Sam calls Bobby, While Y/f/n tries Y/n.

“Bobby, It's Sam. We got a big problem. I found some sulfur, and now I can't find Dean or Y/n. Call me as soon as you get this.” He hangs up the phone and turns to Y/f/n, “Anything?” He asks when she shakes her head he huffs out a breath and then walks up to the bar, “Hey, excuse me. Um, they weren't there.”

“I guess you got to catch your jollies another night. Here. Why don't you have a drink ... and relax?” The barman replies grabbing a bottle of vodka and a shot glass.

“Yeah, I don't want to relax! What is it with the people in this town?” Sam states angrily.

“Suit yourself — Princess,” The Barman replies taking the shot he had poured.

Sam turns around and sees Father Gil sitting at a booth in the bar.

“Father,” Sam says approaching the man.

“Yes?” Father Gil replies.

“Um... can we, can we talk to you for a sec?” Sam asks gesturing to the table.

“You know, you're piling it pretty high there, sweetheart. I'm not sure I'm buying,” Dean says.

“Why would I lie?” Casey inquires.

“Maybe because you're a demon. Demons lie,” Y/n says pacing the room.

“Some do. Some are true believers,” Casey replies.

“Believers in what?” Dean asks.

“What, you think humans have an exclusive on a higher power?” Casey inquired mockingly.

“You have a God?” Dean asked surprised.

“Sure. His name's Lucifer,” Casey responds.

“You mean the Devil?” Dean asks.
“Your word, not ours. Lucifer actually means light bringer. Look it up,” Casey replies.

“It’s actually light bringing or Morning Star, Lucifer Lux is light bringer,” Y/n says.

Casey rolled her eyes and continued her speech, “Once he was the most beautiful of all God's angels, But God demanded that he bow down before Man, and when he refused, God banished him, Tell me, Dean. How do you like bowing before lesser creatures?”

“Lucifer's really real?” Dean inquires.

“Well, no one's actually seen him, but they say that he made us into what we are, and they say that he'll return,” Casey replies.

“Oh, yeah? And, uh, you believe that?” Dean asks moving among the wine racks.

“I've got faith,” Casey replies.

“Mmm,” Dean hums with a nod.

“So, you see? Is my kind really all that different than yours?” Casey continues.

“Well, except that, uh, demons are evil,” Dean responds.

“…and humans are such a lovable bunch,” Casey mocks. She pauses as she thinks before finishing with a name, “Dick Cheney.”

“He’s one of yours?” Y/n inquires eyebrows raised.

“Not yet. Let's just say he's got a parking spot reserved for him downstairs,” Casey replies.

“Hey, speaking of downstairs ... what's it like down there?” Dean asks.

“What, Hell?” Casey responds.

“Yeah,” Dean replies leaning against a pillar. Y/n looks over to him sadly before turning away.

“That's right. You booked a one-way ticket with that deal,” Casey says. Dean laughs and nods his head. “You're not gonna like it, Dean. And, um, judging from the trouble you've caused, I don't think you'll be getting the presidential suite. No, it's a pit of despair. Why do you think we want to come here?”

“So, the, the bartender the other night, Casey. You know her pretty well?” Sam inquires.

“Since she was in pigtails,” Father Gil nods.

“Well, um, she and my brother, they, uh…” Sam begins pausing, thinking how to say it.

“They... left tonight. Together,” Y/f/n blurts.

“Ah. Well ... not that I approve, but they are consenting adults,” Father Gil replies.

“Right,” Sam nods.

“I, I'm sorry. You said, brother. I thought the two of you were insurance investigators?” Father Gil inquires.

“Right, right. Well, well we are. Um, it's like, it's like a family business, you know?” Sam fixes
quickly.

“Ah,” Father Gil nods.

“Anyways, um, so, so, I went to Casey's apartment, and they weren't there. I, I, I just have this feeling that they ... that they might be in trouble,” Sam finishes.

“What kind of trouble?” Father Gil inquires.

“Just ... trouble. Look, please, Father, I, We need your help. Is there anything you could tell me about Casey — anyplace she'd go, maybe ...?” Sam pushes.

“Yes, there is a place. Let me get my jacket,” Father Gil says going to stand.

“No, wait, wait, wait, Father. We can do this by ourself,” Sam says gesturing between Y/f/n and himself.

“Son, if Casey's really in trouble, then there's nothing to talk about,” Father Gil replies standing to put on his coat. With his back to Y/f/n and Sam he allows his Black Demon eyes to show a moment before returning them to their natural blue, “Shall we go?”

“Kind of funny, don't you think? You two and me sitting here like a couple of regular folk,” Casey comments.

“Yeah, it's hilarious, you know, in that ... apocalyptic sort of way,” Dean snarks.

“You're all right, Dean, you too,” Casey says looking at the two, Dean scoffs. “The others don't describe you that way. But, you know, you're — you're likable.”

“A demon likes me,” Dean chuckles, “Sorry, I don't know how to respond to that.”

“You could say thanks,” Casey replies. She pauses just looking at Dean, “That deal you made to save Sam — a lot of others would mock you for it, think it was weak or stupid. I don't.”

“It's been kind of liberating, actually. Y’know, what's the point in worrying about a future, when you don't have one?” Dean inquires.

“Still, a year left. You're not scared?” Casey inquires.

“Nah,” Dean replies.

“Not even a little?” Casey urges.

Hesitating before he replies, “Of course not.”

Y/n looks at him and scoffs.

“So, insurance investigating. You enjoy the work?” Father Gil asks looking at Sam.

“Yeah. Yeah, yeah, I ... like being able to help people,” Sam replies.

“Ever think about doing anything else?” Father Gil inquires.

“Like what?” Sam asks.

“Mmm, anything. You seem like a pretty smart kid. Somehow I see you out in front of the pack,”
Father Gil replies, “You could do some great things.”

“I don't know. I like doing what I'm doing, I guess,” Sam responds.

“Well, it's your life. Does, um ... Dean?” Father Gil asks.

“Yeah, Dean,” Sam nods.

“Does he find trouble often?” Father Gil inquires.

Y/f/n snorts a laugh from the backseat as Sam replies, “Yeah. Yeah, Dean finds his fair share.”

“Well, it's a good thing he has you — his brother's keeper,” Father Gil responds looking over to Sam.

Casey is stretching languorously on the floor.

“Why, Dean, if I didn't know better, I'd say that was lust in your eyes,” Casey says, “Well, it would be one way to spend the time ... but I don't think you'd respect me in the morning. Besides your little girlfriend might get jealous.”

“That's okay. I mean, hey, I barely respect you now. Hey, can I ask you a question?” Dean inquires.

“I'm an open book,” Casey replies.

“So, the gate opened. The demon army was let out. What now, huh? I'm not seeing a big, honking plan here,” Dean asks.

“Honestly, there was a plan. Azazel was a tyrant, but ... he held us all together,” Casey replies.

“Azazel?” Dean inquires.

“What, you think his friends just called him yellow eyes? He had a name. After you did him in, it all fell apart,” Casey replies.

Dean smiles as he replies, “Sorry about that. So, what? No chain of command?”

“There was. It was Sam. Sam was supposed to be the grand pooh-bah and lead the big army, but ... he hasn't exactly stepped up to the plate, has he?” Casey responds.

“Thank God for that,” Dean mutters.

“Again with God. You think this is a good thing? Now you've got chaos, a war without a front, hundreds of demons all jockeying for power, all fighting for the crown. Most of them gunning for your brother. For the record, I was ready to follow Sam.”

Father Gil pulls up in front of Casey's home. Father Gil, Y/f/n, and Sam get out of the car and start walking towards the home.

“Dean?!” Sam yells.

Hearing his brother, Dean looks up.

“Looks like you win,” Casey says as Sam and Y/f/n begin pounding on the door.

“Dean! Y/n!" Sam yells again. He turns to Y/f/n, “Check that way,” he says gesturing around the
side of the house. Sam walks off in the other direction around the house.

“Sam!” Dean yells.

“Dean?” Sam inquires.

“Sammy, down here! The basement caved in!” Dean says looking up through the grating Y/n tried to move earlier.

“Dean. Hey, hold on, okay? We're coming,” Sam says through the grating.

“Who's we?” Dean asks.

“I'm here with the Father and Y/f/n,” Sam replies

Dean glances back to Casey, whose lips part — with excitement. Dean turns back to his brother.

“Sammy, be careful,” Dean says.

Sam makes his way back around the house to see Father Gil going black-eyed. A shot is fired just past Father Gil's head, destroying a small statute. Father Gil whips around to see Bobby and then uses his powers to fling him aside. He then throws Sam into the front window of the Impala. Father Gil leaves, and blows off the door of Casey's home, entering it. Sam, groaning, rolls off the hood of the car and rushes to where Bobby lies on the ground.

“Bobby, you all right?” Sam asks.

“Yeah,” Bobby nods.

“Y/f/n!” Sam yells looking around the dark yard. “How did you know where we—”

“Go!” Bobby says handing Sam the colt.


Loud, forceful bangs shove the stones aside. Dean looks nervously towards Casey who seems anticipatory. Father Gil smashes in through the cave-in. Dean and Y/n rush him. Father Gil points a finger and Dean goes flying backward, and Y/n flies into a wall. Casey looks at Father Gil, who approaches her. “Stop!” She says pointing to the devil’s trap. Father Gil kneels, and slams his fist down, cracking the floor and breaking the devil's trap. They step out of the circle, and they embrace and kiss passionately.

Dean struggles to his feet, and gestures to the two of them, looking revolted. “You two?” he asks.

“For centuries. We've been to hell and back, literally,” Father Gil replies.

“Leave him be,” Casey pleads looking at Dean. Father Gil grabs Dean by the throat and lifts him up. “Don't kill him. Let's just go. Please.”

Sam appears and shoots Father Gil with the Colt. Lightning emits from and circles Father Gil who twitches and dies. He points it at Casey.

“Sam, wait!” Dean calls. But Sam shoots her, and the bodies of Casey and Father Gil, no longer possessed, lie dead on the devil’s trap. Dean stares at his brother as he slowly lowers the Colt, and the bodies bleed out.
Not much appears changed since the demons were killed. Bobby and Dean are walking outside on a busy sidewalk.

“Well, what do you think, Bobby?” Dean asks looking around the town. “About what we did here, you think it made a difference?”

“Two less demons to worry about. That's not nothing,” Bobby replies.

“Yeah, but Trotter's still alive,” Dean comments.

“Humans ain't our job,” Bobby replies.

“Yeah, but you think anything's really gonna change? I mean maybe these people do just want to really destroy themselves. Maybe it is ... a losing battle,” Dean responds.

“Is that you or the demon girl talking?” Bobby inquires.

“Ohhhh, it's me. Demon is dead, and so is that hot girl it was possessing,” Dean replies.

With a sigh, Bobby responds, “Well, had to be done. Sam was saving your life, Y/n’s too.”

“Yeah, but you didn't see it, Bobby. It was cold,” Dean replies. He stops and turns to look at Bobby, “Bobby.”

“Yeah?” Bobby inquires looking back at him.

“Back in Wyoming, uh, there was this moment. Yellow Eyes said something to me,” Dean begins.

“What'd he say?” Bobby inquires.

“That maybe when ... Sam came back from,” Dean begins then shrugs, “well wherever, ... that maybe he came back different.”

“Different how?” Bobby asks.

“I don't know. Whatever it was, it didn't sound good. You think ... think something's wrong with my brother?” Dean worries.

Bobby pauses thinking it over, “No. Demons lie. I'm sure Sam's okay.”

“Yeah. Yeah, me too,” Dean replies.

Back at the motel Sam and the girls are busily packing up their things, from the rooms.

“You know the other day you were telling me how you just thought Dean would want you…” Y/f/n begins stuffing clothes into her bag.

“Yes, and,” Y/n replies smelling a shirt before pulling it over her head.

“You didn’t see the way he was looking at you in the bar the other night,” Y/f/n continues.

“Yeah, well, he didn’t even know it was me,” Y/n replies pulling her boots on.

“He gave you his jacket,” Y/f/n protests.

“Yeah cause all the perverts were looking at me,” Y/n scoffs picking up her duffle and heading to the car, “Let's go.”
Y/f/n follows with a sigh.

“Hey uh, how come you let the demon knock you out?” Y/n asks pausing on her way down the stairs of the motel.

“Uh… I forgot the priest was a demon,” Y/f/n replies.

“Huh,” Y/n nods and continues down the steps.

“Leaving so soon? We haven't even had a chance to celebrate,” Ruby mocks walking into the guy’s room.

“Yeah, well you can celebrate without me,” Sam replies.

“You're not gonna get all pouty on me now, are you? Come on! You killed two demons today,” Ruby scoffs.

“Yeah, well, maybe you don't care, but I killed two humans, too,” Sam snaps.

“Sam, you know what happens when demons piggyback humans. They leave them rode hard and put up wet. Chances are those two would have died a slow, sticky death. You probably did them a favor,” Ruby replies.

“Did them a favor? You're a cold bitch; you know that?” Sam grumbles.

“Yeah, and this cold bitch has saved your ass a couple of times now. Some respect might be nice. Especially if you want me to help you out with Dean and his little problem,” Ruby sasses.

“You know what? You keep dangling that, but last I checked, Dean's still going to Hell,” Sam replies turning to look at the demon.

“Everything in its own time, Sam. But there’s a quid pro quo here. We're in a war,” Ruby responds.

“Right. But for some reason, you're fighting on our team. Now, tell me, why is that again?” Sam inquires.

“Go screw yourself, that's why ” Ruby replies.

“Oh, I see,” Sam chuckles.

“I don't have to justify my actions to you, Sam. If you don't want my help, fine. Then give me the gun, and I'll pass it on to someone who will use it,” Ruby replies.

Sam raises the colt and points it at her, “Maybe I'll just use it on you.”

“Go ahead, if that makes you happy. It's not gonna do much for Dean, though,” Ruby shrugs, “So, what's it gonna be, hmm?” Sam lowers the Colt, so she continues, “Ah hah. That's my boy. This won't be easy, Sam. You're gonna have to do things that go against that gentle nature of yours. There'll be collateral damage... But, it has to be done.”

“Well, I don't have to like it,” Sam replies turning back to the bed.

“No. You wouldn't be Sam if you did. On the bright side, I'll be there with you,” Ruby says, Sam swallows nervously, looking unhappy. “That little fallen angel on your shoulder.”
Chapter Notes

I'm not gonna lie i really liked this one... as i was writing it i was giggling so hard. If you want to see something feel free to Email me at Chipmunkdw79@gmail.com. As alway Enjoy and let me know what you think!

The Impala races along the deserted highway spraying water as it hits a puddle. Inside the car Sam and Dean are arguing heatedly.

“I don't understand, Dean. Why not?” Sam inquires.

“Because I said so,” Dean replies shortly.

“We got the Colt now!” Sam responds.

“Sam...” Dean says warningly.

“We can summon the Crossroads Demon...” Sam interrupts. The boys begin to shout over each other’s words, getting louder each time.

“We're not summoning anything,” Dean says.

“...pull the gun on her, and force her to let you out of the deal!” Sam continues.

“We don't even know if that'll work!” Dean replies.

“Well then we'll just shoot her! If she dies then the deal goes away!” Sam argues.

“We don't know if that'll work either, Sam! All you're pitching me right now is a bunch of "ifs" and "maybes" and that's not good enough, because if we screw with this deal, you die!” Dean counters.

“And if we don't screw with it, you die!” Sam snaps.

“Sam, enough! I am not going to have this conversation,” Dean growls.

“Why, because you said so?” Sam questions.

“YES, BECAUSE I SAID SO!” Dean shouts.

“Well you're not Dad!” Sam replies.

The boys silently stare at each other before Dean responds fiercely, “No, but I am the oldest. And I'm doing what's best. And you're going to let this go, you understand me?”

Sam and Dean stare at each other angrily. Sam turns away and looks out the window. He’s angry but doesn't saying anything.

“Tell me about the psychotic killer. C'mon, Sam, tell me about the psychotic killer,” Dean pleads.
Sam angrily grabs the newspaper from his lap and reads monotonously, “Psychotic killer... rips victims apart with brute-like ferocity.”

“Okay, any mention of his razor sharp teeth or his four-inch claws? Animal eyes?” Dean inquires.

“How they can go from yelling at each other to work like that gives me whiplash,” Y/f/n whispers to Y/N.

“I know dude, I’m getting a headache just watching it,” Y/N whispers back.

“No. But the lunar cycle's right. Look, if it is a werewolf we don't have long, moon's full this Friday and that's the last time it changes for a month,” Sam replies.

“Two days, no sweat,” Dean responds.

The Impala and the four hunters arrive in Maple Springs, New York, 20 minutes after midnight. Pulling in to the motel Dean parks and makes his way to the lobby and gets two rooms.

“We’ll find a way to stop him from dying Sam,” Y/f/n said gently placing her hand on his shoulder.

“Thanks, Y/f/n,” Sam replies.

“Alright so we hit the hay and go talk to the witness first thing got it,” Dean says opening the car door and pulling around the motel to the two rooms.

“Got it,” Y/N and Y/f/n reply grabbing their bags from the trunk and making their way to the room.

The next morning the four hunters dressed in their fed suits and made their way to the hospital to talk to the victim. The four hunters held up their badges introducing themselves. “I'm Detective Plant, this is Detectives Page, Wilson, and Tyler we're with the County Sheriff's Department.” Dean said. The hunters close their badges and return them to their suit pockets. lies in a hospital bed with bandages and scrapes.

“Yeah, uh, I've been expecting you,” Kyle replies.

“Yeah,” Sam responds.

“Yeah. That is exactly who my partner is. The things he can do with a pen...” Dean continues with a laugh. Sam glares at Dean, who pays him to mind and continues talking to Kyle, “But listen before we get started on that, I wanted to ask you, uh, how'd you get away?”

“I– I have no idea. I was hiding, and he found me. He was coming right for me and then he just... stopped. Staring at me with this blank look. And after that he just took off running,” Kyle replies.

“Kay,” Sam sighs pulling a small notebook and pen from his pocket and starts sketching, “Um, I'm
going to need as much physical detail as you can remember.”

“Uh yeah. Uh, he's about six feet tall...” Kyle begins to describe the man.

“Six feet...” Sam repeats.

“Dark hair ...” Kyle continues. Dean peeks over at Sam’s sketch.

“Uhm, what, what about his eyes, what color eyes did he have?” Y/f/n asks.

“Maybe….blue?” Kyle responds.

“Blue?” Sam inquires.

“It was dark,” Kyle replies.

“Did they seem...” Dean begins pausing to clear his throat, “Uh, animal-ish?”

“Excuse me?” Kyle asks.

“What about his teeth? You notice anything ... strange about 'em?” Sam prods.

With a shake of his head Kyle replies, “No, they were just teeth.”

“Teeth, okay,” Sam replies continuing to sketch.

“How about his fingernails?” Dean asks.

“OK look he- he's just a- a normal guy, with normal eyes a-a-a-and teeth and fingernails!” Kyle says getting frustrated.

“Look sir, it's okay if-” Sam begins.

“No. No. Those were my brothers. This guy, he- he killed my brothers. How would you feel?” Kyle interrupts.

There is silence before Sam replies, “Can't imagine anything worse.” Dean glances at Sam, and nods minutely.

“I know this isn't easy but if you could remember any more details...” Y/N starts, “Any tattoos, scars, distinguishing marks.”

“Th-there was one more thing he had a- a tattoo on his arm of a cartoon character. Umm... it's, uh, it's the guy who's chasing the Roadrunner—” Kyle recounts.

“Wile E. Coyote!” Dean exclaims happily.

“Yeah, that's it,” Kyle responds.

“Kyle?” A man in a lab coat inquires stepping into the room.

“Dr. Garrison,” Kyle responds.

“How you holding up?” Dr. Garrison asks.

“Okay, considering,” Kyle responds.
“You're Kyle's Doctor?” Dean inquires.

“Yes?” Dr. Garrison responds.

Dean holds up his badge, “Can we just ask you a few questions?” he says gesturing between himself and Y/N.

“Sure,” Dr. Garrison replies with a nod.

Sam turns to watch them leave the room. Kyle points at Sam’s notebook and asks, “Don't I get to see it?”

“Uhh” Sam begins chuckling nervously, “yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Uhm, yeah, it's a, you know… work in progress.”

Sam hands his notebook over to Kyle. On it is a badly drawn stick figure of a man, like a child's drawing.

“Hm. It— it's really... huh.” Kyle responds at a loss of words at how truly awful Sam’s drawing is.

“He’s just joking around this was my first time sketching for someone and he was trying to help me be less nervous,” Y/f/n says stepping forward with a nicely drawn picture of the suspect.

Outside on the street as the four hunters are making their way back to the car Dean looks at Sam’s drawing.

“Boy, this is a piece of, uh, art. Really,” Dean chuckles.

Sam snatches back the notebook from Dean, replying, “Yeah, like you could've done any better. So what did the Doc have to say about Kyle's brothers?”

“Not much, they were D.O.A. at the scene. He did give us the lowdown on the coroner's report,” Y/N says.

“Lemme guess, their hearts were missing,” Sam replies.

“Nope,” Dean sighs, “But chunks of their kidneys, lungs and intestines.”

“That's just gross,” Sam comments.

“Yeah, also definitely not werewolf behavior,” Dean responds.


“Why would a Demon stop halfway through an attack?” Dean inquires.

“I think that, uh.. Could've... Yeah, I got nothing,” Sam puts in.

“Me neither,” Dean responds.

“20 bucks says it’s a ghost,” Y/N says.

“You’re on,” Dean replies turning and shaking her hand.

Sam and Y/f/n shake their heads in exasperation and continue walking.

In the nearby woods a couple are hiking. The man searches his backpack, “Man I am starving.
Hey, where are all the Power Bars?” He asks.

“You ate them all. And we're lost,” The woman replies.

“We're not lost! The path is… right here,” The man responds gesturing ahead of them as they continue to walk. At a break in the trees they suddenly spy a quaint house, smoke rising from the chimney.

“Look, there,” The man says pointing out the house.

“Oh, civilization,” The woman sighs happily.

“Yeah,” The man replies curtly walking away.

“Thank God!” The woman mumbles.

Following the wide path to the house the couple make their way to the front door. The front door opens and a cheerful Old woman steps out with a cane, “Are you two doing okay?” She inquires.

“Hi! Actually, we're, uh—” The man begins.

“Lost,” The young woman finishes.

“Oh it happens. The trail gets twisty and my house is the only one left up here. Um, I could point you in the right direction, but I'm afraid it'll take a while to get back,” The Older woman responds. Spotting a pie cooling at the open window, the man stares at it avidly. “You're really deep into the woods.”

“Nice work, Ken,” The young woman says looking at her boyfriend and clapping him on the back.

“Would you like to come in and rest a bit?” The old woman inquires.

“Yes please,” Ken replies taking a seat at the table.

”Um, no thanks,” Julie responds.

As Ken finishes his piece of pie the Old Woman asks, “You sure you don't want more?”

“No, thank you it's, uh, uhm…” Ken begins looking uncomfortable as his stomach begins to growl, “I'm full.”

“We should go,” Julie says. Ken nods and stands from the table, “We really can't thank you
“Enough,” Julie finishes looking at the old woman. Ken grabs the chair and falls to the floor in pain, gasping. “Ken?” Julie stands up, then doubles over in pain as well. “Ah! Ah-Ah! What’s going on?!”

“Julie!” Ken exclaims.

The Old woman blurs in Julie’s vision.

“Did you... drug us?” Julie asks.

The Old woman gets up from the table and takes a large carving knife from the drainer. She begins checking its sharpness with her thumb, smiling. “Julie, run!” Ken whimpers. The Old woman walks over to the pair. Ken is propped against a padded chair.

“Stop. Please, you have to stop,” Julie begs.

“Don’t worry. Everything’s fine. You just hold still now dear,” The Old woman says making her way toward Ken with the knife. The Old woman slashes at Ken with the knife splattering Julie with blood. The Old woman laughs, changes grip on the knife and leisurely stabs Ken repeatedly.

“NO! STOP! STOP! PLEASE STOP! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?! NO!” Julie screams.

Outside the window A little girl with long black hair in a white dress, red sash and red headband watches as the Old woman continues to stab Ken.

“NO! NO!” Julie continues to scream.

After hearing about the attack on Julie and Ken the four hunters make their way back to the hospital. Sam and Dean, still in their suits, approach the station. Two Sheriff's deputies exit a patient's room. Sam and Dean hastily alter course and focus on a set of flowers on the counter. While Y/f/n and Y/N continue walking smiling at the officers as the pass. The deputies pass by Sam and Dean who turn and continue down the corridor to the room where the girls were standing.

Inside the room Julie is pleading with Dr. Garrison, “Please, please.”

“Shh. Hey, we need to observe you while the drugs still might be in your system,” Dr. Garrison replies.

“I have to go. I have things to do, arrangements I need to make!” Julie pleads tearfully.

“It can wait. Now you need to rest. Stay. I'll be back in a few minutes,” Dr. Garrison responds gently.

Dr. Garrison turns and walks toward the four hunters in the doorway.

“Detectives,” Dr. Garrison sighs.

“Dr. Garrison,” Dean replies with a nod of his head.

“What the hell is going on here? My whole town is going insane,” Dr. Garrison inquires.

“We'll let you know as soon as we do,” Sam responds.

Dr. Garrison moves past the four and down the hall as the four hunters make their way into the room.
“Miss Watson? Hi. We just need to ask you a few questions,” Dean says as the produce their badges.

“Do we have to go over this again? Now?” Julie inquires.

“We understand you’re upset so, we’ll try to be brief. Miss Watson, can you tell us how you got away?” Y/N asks.

Julie nods and begins her story, “I didn't eat as much as Ken did, so I wasn't as out of it. And, when the old woman was... carving up Ken, I shoved her, and she fell. Cracked her head on the stove,” Julie paused looking at the four, “She's dead, right? I- I killed her?”

“D'you have any idea why she'd do this to you?” Dean inquires.

“No! One minute she was a sweet Old woman and the next she was, like, a monster,” Julie replies.

“Can you remember anything else?” Y/f/n asks gently.

“Um, yeah,” Julie sniff, “Did you find a little girl there, by any chance?”

“A ... little girl? At the house?” Sam asks.

“I thought I saw her outside the window. She, she just disappeared. Just vanished, into thin air,” Julie replies. Sam and Dean look at each other. “It m-must've been the drugs.” Julie finishes.

“This disappearing girl — what, what'd what did she look like?” Dean asks.

“Does it matter?” Julie sobs.

“Yes. Every detail matters,” Sam responds.

Julie sighs before describing the little girl, “She had this dark, dark hair and really pale skin. She was around eight. She was a beautiful child. It was... odd to see her in the middle of something so horrible.”

“Thank you for talking to us, Miss Watson,” Y/N says gently making their way out of the hospital room.

The four make their way to the Impala and to the house in the woods.

“Ha my ghost theory isn’t sounding so crazy now is it?” Y/N inquires searching the old woman’s house.

“Well, there's no sulfur anywhere. How about the EMF?” Dean asks.

“Yeah, it's going nuts. When I went over here by the window .... There's definitely a spirit here.” Sam responds.

“Who stood outside the crime scene and watched,” Dean includes.

“Ha, Pay up Winchester,” Y/N giggles holding her hand out. Dean huffs out a breath before pulling out his wallet and handing Y/N the money.

“Looks like,” Sam replies watching the interaction.

“What the hell do you make of that?” Dean inquires.
“Actually I do have a theory. Uh, sort of,” Sam responds.

“Hit me,” Dean replies.

“Well, thinkin’ about fairy tales,” Sam says.

“Oh that’s — that's nice. You think about fairy tales often?” Dean inquires.

“No, Dean, I'm talking about the murders. A guy and a girl? Hiking through the woods, an Old woman tries to eat 'em?” Sam says.

“Hansel and Gretel,” Y/f/n supplies.

“And then we got three brothers, arguing over how to build houses, attacked by the Big Bad Wolf,” Y/N puts in.

“Three Little Pigs,” Dean concludes.

“Yeah,” Sam nods.

“Actually those guys were a little chubby. Well, wait, I thought those things ended with, uh, everybody living happily ever after?” Dean inquires.

“No, no. Not the originals. See the Grimm Brothers' stuff was kinda the folklore of its day, full of sex, violence, cannibalism. Now, it got sanitized over the years, turned into Disney flicks and bedtime stories,” Sam informed.

“So you think the murders are uh, what? A re-enactment? That's a little crazy,” Dean scoffs.

“Dude have you seen our lives? We hunt monsters, most people would think we’re crazy,” Y/N says pulling her jacket back on.

“Touché,” Dean nods, “How's the creepy ghost girl involved?”

“Uhm ... Well, she must've been here for a reason. I'm willing to bet you top dollar she was at the construction site too,” Sam says.

“No more betting for me I just lost my last 20 to Y/N,” Dean grumbles.

“We gotta do research now, don't we?” Y/N groans.

Sam shrugs in response. Dean closes his eyes and sighs.

Dean exits the Cumberland county library, not looking happy.

“So?” Sam inquires.

“Checked every record they had. Found the usual amount of violent childhood deaths for a town this size,” Dean says walking towards the park across the street.

“Okay,” Sam pressures.

“Wanna know how many how many were little girls with black hair and pale skin?” Dean asks.

“Zero,” Sam concludes. As the boys make their way to the girls sitting in the park.
“Zero! You wanna know how many how many little girls with black hair and pale skin that have gone missing? Right again. Zip. zilch, nada. Tell me you've got something good 'cause I've totally wasted the last six hours,” Dean grumbles.

“Well you ever hear of Lillian Bailey? She was a British medium from the 1930s,” Sam asks.

“She got a thing for fairy tales?” Dean inquires.

“Nah, trances. See she'd go into these unconscious states where, uhm, get this, her thoughts and actions were completely controlled by spirits,” Sam says.

“A ghost puppet master,” Y/N says falling into step behind the boys.

“Well,” Sam replies.

“Think that's what this kid is doing? Sending wolfboy and grandma into trances, making them go kill-crazy?” Dean inquires.

“Could be. You know, kinda like uh, uh, spirit hypnosis or somethin',” Sam suggests.

“Trances I get, but fairy tale trances? That's bizarre even for us,” Dean responds.

Sam and Dean stop walking and look down. A bullfrog sits in their path, croaking.

“Well, you're right. That's completely normal,” Sam sasses. The bullfrog croaks again.

“All right, maybe it is fairy tales. Totally messed-up fairy tales,” Dean responds looking down at the frog, “Hey Y/N, you wanna find a prince?” Dean smirks.

“I'm not kissing a damn frog, I’d kiss you before kissing that frog,” Y/N replies.

“Hey. Check that out,” Sam says pointing to a house across the street where, a pumpkin sits on the porch.

“Yeah? It's close to Halloween,” Dean replies.

“You remember Cinderella? With the pumpkin that turns into a coach, and the mice that become horses?” Sam asks.

“Dude, could you be more gay?” Dean asks looking at his brother. Sam looks at Dean, baffled, his jaw working speechlessly for a moment. “Don't answer that,” Dean finishes.

The group of hunters make their way across the street to the house where Dean picks the lock and Sam opens the door.

“Well who knows, maybe you'll find your fairy godmother?” Dean smirks while Sam looks annoyed.

They split up and begin to search the house. Hearing a noise in another room they draw their guns. Closing the front door behind them they begin to search.

At another noise, Dean motions for Sam to head toward it. While Dean and the others follow.

“Help I'm in here!” A voice calls out.
“Hey! Hey,” Sam says rushing into the kitchen where a teenage girl is handcuffed to the oven. “It's okay. We're here, we're here. We got you.” Sam continues and he crouches in front of the girl.

“You have to help me. She's a lunatic,” The girl cries.

“What happened?” Dean inquires crouching next to his brother.

“My step mom, she just freaked out, screamed at me, beat me. Chained me up,” The girl replies as Sam pulls his lock pick set from his jacket.

“Where is she now?” Sam asks.

“I don't know,” The girl replies.

Feeling a tapping on his shoulder Dean looks up at Y/N who inclines her head toward the kitchen door. Dean looks through the kitchen door and spots the little dark-haired girl peeking out.

“Sam,” Dean says getting his brothers attention. Sam looks up and sees her as well. The little girl turns away and Dean stands to follow her. He walks through the house to the entryway and sees the little girl standing in the living room. She walks out of sight around a corner into the living room. Dean follows her through the doorway to the living room, and looks around, but the girl is gone. Pausing he looks around a moment, then turns around. The little girl has reappeared.

“Who are you?” He asks.

The little girl remains silent just watching Dean. She flickers and vanishes leaving behind a red apple sitting where she stood. Dean looks down at the red apple on the rug in surprise.

Sam and the girls get the girl loose and taken outside where Y/f/n dials 911. Dean makes his way back to the Impala and leans on the hood of the Impala, playing with the apple. Once the girl is put into the ambulance Sam and the others make their way back to the car.

“Paramedics picked up Cinderella,” Sam says once he's close enough.

“That's good,” Dean replies tossing Sam the apple.

“Yeah,” Sam replies catching it.

“So... Little girl, shiny red apple. I'm guessing that means something to you, fairy tale boy?” Dean asks.

“I think it's Snow White,” Sam replies.

“Snow White? Ah I saw that movie. Or the porn version anyway, 'cause there was this wicked Stepmother? Woo, she was wicked,” Dean replies grinning turning to get in the car.

“There is a wicked Stepmother. And she tries to kill Snow White with a poison apple,” Sam says.

“But the apple doesn't actually kill the girl, right?” Dean inquires.

“No. Puts her into a deep sleep, so deep it's almost like she's dead,” Sam replies tossing the apple back to Dean over the top of the car.

“You guys head back to the hospital Y/f/n and I will stick around town see if anymore fairy tales come to life,” Y/N says as the boys begin to climb into the car.
“Alright, be careful,” Dean replies looking at her softly.

“Always,” Y/N replies, “Careful, is my middle name,”

Y/f/n snorts a laugh before following Y/N back into town. The guys get into the Impala and head towards the hospital.

“Excuse me, Hi Detective Page, this is Detective Plant. We're with the County Sheriff’s Department. Could you tell me if you have any young girls in a coma?” Sam asks holding up his badge to the young nurse behind the counter.

The nurse smiles and stands from her seat turning to look through the files. “No, sorry. We don't have any comatose little girls,” The nurse replies coming back.

“You sure?” Sam inquires.

“Totally. It's mostly old guys. And, well... Callie. She's been around since before I started here,” The nurse replies.

“Callie?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah, it's so sad. And poor Dr. Garrison, he just ... won't give up on her,” The nurse responds.

“Is Callie one of his patients?” Sam asks.

“No. His daughter,” The nurse replies.

“Could you tell us which room she’s in?” Sam asks.

“Sure,” The nurse replies going to look for Callie’s room number.

The two men make their way to Callie’s room where Dr. Garrison sits at Callie's bedside, glasses perched on his nose, reading to her from The Brothers Grimm Complete works & tales. Callie is lying completely motionless on the bed with monitoring equipment.

“Ah, here we are. ‘'Just press the latch,' called out the Grandmother. 'I'm too weak to get up.’” Dr. Garrison says as he begins to read from the book.

Outside a supermarket a grandmother holds two full grocery bags in her arms, crossing the lot and heading toward her car.

“The Wolf pressed the latch, and the door opened. He stepped inside, went straight to the Grandmother, and ate her up,” Dr. Garrison read.

The grandmother opens the door of her van with her remote key when a tall, dark man appears, catching a falling bag.

“Oh! Thank you so much,” The grandmother exclaims.

The man puts the bag on the back seat and smiles at the woman. The grandmother puts the other bag on the seat. The man shoves her in the van and attacks her, hitting and punching wildly. The little girl in white watches from a distance. After another blow, the man moves into the driver's seat and drives out of the parking lot as the little girl observes.

Outside the doorway to Callie’s room Sam and Dean watch as Dr. Garrison reads to Callie.
“...and the Huntsman stepped inside, and in the bed lay the Wolf. So the Huntsman took a pair of scissors and cut open the Wolf's belly,” Dr. Garrison read.

The two hunters share a look and Dean raises his eyebrows and tilts his head inquiringly. Noticing the two men in the Doorway Dr. Garrison puts down the book, stands and walks to Sam and Dean.

Clearing his throat Dr. Garrison inquires, “Detectives. Can I help you?”

“We just... heard that Callie is your daughter,” Dean supplies.

“And we wanted to say how very sorry we are;” Sam finishes.

Nodding Dr. Garrison replies, “Well, uh. Thank you. If you'll excuse me.” He goes to move past the four and down the hallway.

“Oh, heading this way? We'll walk with you. How long's Callie been like that?” Dean inquires walking alongside Dr. Garrison.

“We don't mean to intrude. We can't possibly understand how hard it must be for you seeing her like this,” Sam says trying to apologize for Dean.

“It's not easy. She's uh, been here since she was eight years old,” Dr. Garrison replies.

“That's when she was poisoned?” Sam asks.

“Yeah. Swallowed, uh, bleach. Never figured out how she got her hands on the bottle. My wife found her, uh, brought her to the ER here and I was on call,” Dr. Garrison replies.

“You're wife was uh, was that Callie's stepmother?” Dean inquires.

Dr. Garrison stops walking and looks at Dean questioningly, “Actually, yes. How'd you know that?” He asks.

“Lucky guess,” Dean shrugs.

“Well, Julie was the only mother that uh, Callie ever knew. My wife passed away last year and, uh ... it's just my daughter and me now,” Dr. Garrison says, pausing as tears threaten to spill, “She's all I've got left,” He pauses again to get himself under control, “Uhm, excuse me. I've gotta get back to work.”

“Yeah,” Dean nods allowing Dr. Garrison to pass by them. Sam and Dean share a meaningful look before starting down the hallway in the other direction.

“Well you're right. It's Snow White in spades,” Dean says looking in the rooms as he passes.

“Yep. Step-mom poisons the girl, puts her into a deep sleep. What's the motive you think?” Sam inquires.

“Could be like Mischa Barton,” Dean replies. Sam looks at him in confusion so he elaborates, “Sixth Sense not the O.C.”

“What?” Sam asks even more confused.

“Hey, you know fairy tales, I know movies. She played the pasty ghost. You know the, uh, remember the mom had that thing you know, where you keep the kid sick so you get all the attention?” Dean explains.
“Oh yeah yeah yeah, uh, Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy. Huh, could be,” Sam says a smile on his face for his brother figuring it out.

“So say all these years, Callie's been suffering silently because nobody knows the truth about what mommy dearest did?” Dean inquires. The boys make their way to the reception area of the hospital.

“And after all this time her spirit just gets angrier and angrier, until it finally just starts lashing out,” Sam concludes.

“Right. Meanwhile she has to listen to Dad tell her these deranged stories about a rabid wolf or a cannibalistic Old woman. It's enough to drive anybody nuts,” Dean responds.

“OK, but how are we gonna stop her, I mean Callie’s stuck here, her father's keeping her body alive,” Sam replies.

“It does make it a bit hard to burn the bones,” Dean mused.

“You think?” Sam snarks.

The emergency doors open and Sam and Dean watch as EMTs bring in a Grandmother on a stretcher.

“OK, what's her status?” A doctor inquires rushing up to the stretcher.

“Seventy-two year old female, sustained multiple lacerations and puncture wounds. BP is eighty over forty and falling. Sinus tachycardia,” An EMT replies.

“Is that a bite?” The doctor asks noticing a laceration on the woman’s neck.

“Looks like she was mauled by a mad dog or, maybe a wolf?” The EMT replies.

“What was the last story Dr. Garrison was reading Callie?” Dean inquires.

“Little Red Riding Hood,” Sam responds eyes not leaving the scene in front of them.

“Call the girls tell them to get here now,” Dean demands. Sam pulls his phone and calls Y/f/n.

“Hey Sammy what’s up?” Y/f/n answers.

“We got another vic,” Sam replies, “Where you guys at Dean wants you here, now,”

“We’re on our way back, we’re outside this cute little antique shop, like 10 minutes from you,” Y/f/n replies.

“Alright get here as soon as you can,” Sam replies.

“Got it,” Y/f/n responds hanging up her phone, she turns to Y/N, “Guys want us back at the hospital,”

“Ok,” Y/N responds walking past the various antiques outside the shop.

“Oh cool,” Y/f/n says approaching a charkha sitting on a table.

“Y/f/n I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Y/N says as Y/f/n approaches the items.
“Relax, dude, it’s just a bunch of antiques,” Y/f/n replies as she approaches the charkha.

“Seriously, Dude, don’t touch it,” Y/N says beginning to panic.

“But it’s cool look,” Y/f/n says stretching a hand out to touch the box.

“NO!” Y/N shouts diving forward to stop her friend but it’s too late as Y/f/n’s hand touches the spindle. Y/N manages to catch her friend before she slumps to the ground, “Fuck fuck fuck, ok, shit, it’s gonna be ok,” Y/N mutters looking around and quickly pulling out her phone. From the shop across the street Callie’s ghost watches Y/N frantically dial 911.

The doctors do everything they can to save the elderly woman but it is no use. Sam and Dean watch on as the Doctor pulls a sheet up to cover the woman.

“Excuse me,” Sam says making his way towards one of the EMT’s who brought the grandmother in. Sam and Dean show their badges to the man, “Was she the only victim?”

“She was found by the side of the road, barely alive. Alone,” The EMT replies.

“We need to find her next of kin,” Dean says.

“She has a granddaughter,” The EMT replies looking through the paperwork of the old woman.

“Do you have an address?” Dean inquires. The Man pulls a sheet of paper from the clipboard and hands it to Dean. “Thank you.”

“Thanks,” Sam says just as there is commotion outside another set of ambulance doors.

Another Doctor comes rushing around the corner, “We got a female mid-20’s collapsed outside of an antique shop,” The main EMT says wheeling Y/f/n in on a stretcher. Y/N follows close behind them as they wheel her into a room. Seeing Sam and Dean across the room she makes her way to them with tears in her eyes.

“What happened?” Dean inquires pulling her into his arms.

“W-we had just gotten the call from S-Sam and were on our way here, she seen this thing setting outside the shop and thought it was cool, I told her not to touch it,” Y/N sobs. Dean pulls her closer and runs a hand soothingly up and down her back.

“She’s gonna be alright,” Dean whispers. It takes several minutes before Dean and Sam manage to calm Y/N down just as she’s getting her sobs under control the doctor comes out.

“Ms. Tyler?” The doctor calls.

“That’s me,” Y/N says standing from the seats Sam had lead them to, and moving toward the doctor.

“Physically there is nothing wrong showing up on the tests we ran on your friend, you say she just collapsed?” The doctor inquires.

“Yes,” Y/N nods.

“We’re not sure why she isn’t waking up but we’ve moved her to another room you can wait with her there,” The doctor says.

“Thank you,” Y/N replies. The doctor moves away from Y/N and she turns back toward the others.
“Hey, you find a way to stop Callie, all right?” Dean says heading down the hallway for the main doors.

“What about you?” Sam inquires.

“I'm gonna go stop the Big Bad Wolf,” Dean replies, “Which is the weirdest thing I've ever said.” Dean starts to walk away and turns back to Y/N, “Go wait with Y/f/n we’ll stop this, I promise,” He says Y/N nods and he turns to leave.

Sam stares after him in disbelief.

Y/N makes her way to the nurses station for Y/f/n’s room number. Once she has it she tells Sam and then leaves making her way to the room. Sam begins searching the corridors, looking for Dr. Garrison, when he sees him ahead.

“Dr. Garrison! I need to speak with you,” Sam calls out rushing toward the man.

“Detective. What can I do for you?” Dr. Garrison inquires stopping to talk to Sam.

“Well, uhm ... it's about Callie,” Sam replies.

“My daughter? What about her?” Dr. Garrison inquires.

“You know maybe, maybe could we sit down for a minute?” Sam says nervously looking around.

“No. What about her?” Dr. Garrison asks annoyed.

“Kay. Well um,” Sam begins pausing to think over his words, “All right, Doctor, this isn't gonna be easy. What happened to Callie was not an accident.”

“Excuse me?” Dr. Garrison asks.

“I'm sorry, but it's true,” Sam replies.

“You have no idea what happened to my daughter,” Dr. Garrison snaps turning to walk away.

Sam follows trying to explain, “There are things you don't know, Doctor, about your wife.”

“My wife?” Dr. Garrison inquires.

“Doctor, your wife poisoned Callie,” Sam states.

Dr. Garrison stops and turns back to look at Sam. He pauses a moment before asking, “Why would you say something so horrible to me?”

“Because I need your help,” Sam replies.

“You stay away from me, and from my daughter, you understand?” Dr. Garrison demands turning and walking away from Sam.

“Doctor, this isn't... Please, uh—” Sam begins.

Dr. Garrison ignores Sam’s pleads and enters Callie's room, shutting the door in Sam's face. Sam sighs, opens the door, enters and closes it behind him.

“I'm calling Security,” Dr. Garrison says walking toward the internal phone. Sam clamps his hand
over it to stop him.

“No, listen. I don't have time to do this gently. If you don't listen to me more people are going to get hurt, because Callie is going to hurt them,” Sam says.

“What the hell are you talking about?!?” Dr. Garrison exclaims.

“You're gonna think I'm crazy, but just understand me. Your daughter Callie is still here. She's a spirit,” Sam replies.

Dr. Garrison looks over at Callie sadly. He sits at the end of her bed, turning back to Sam he says quietly, “So you've seen her too.” Sam looks surprised.

Dean kicks open the door of the old woman’s house and moves through the house, gun drawn. He crosses the doorway again and pushes the door closed. Moving into the house, Dean sees the Little Girl in the red hoodie crying in the living room, her face smeared with blood. He moves to her and crouches down.

“You okay?” Dean asks.

“Yeah,” The little girl begins. Looking over Dean’s shoulder the little girl begins to scream. The man appears and attacks Dean, knocking the gun out of his hand.

Dean throws a punch directly at the man hitting him in the face. The man responds by throwing Dean across the room against the dining table. Dean moves toward the man, but the man throws Dean over the table and into a china cabinet, smashing the glass. Dean falls to the floor.

“I sensed her .... Callie. Her presence, her scent. I even saw her standing at the foot of my bed but I never...” Dr. Garrison explains, “believed it, I thought I was dreaming, I—”

“It wasn't a dream. She looks like she did when she was eight. White dress. Red ribbon in her hair. She's been trying to talk to you,” Sam replies gently.

“You're not a cop are you?” Dr. Garrison sighs.

“No,” Sam responds.

“Then who are you?” Dr. Garrison inquires.

“Someone who knows a little bit about this kind of thing,” Sam replies.

“But what you said about my wife poisoning Callie, that's—” Dr. Garrison begins.

“Sir. Callie told us,” Sam informs.

“What?!?” Dr. Garrison questions.

“Not in so many words, but in her own way. She told us,” Sam replies.

Shaking his head Dr. Garrison refuses to believe what Sam is saying, “My wife loved Callie. So how is – how is that possible?”

“I don't know. But it is,” Sam replies.

“No. No I – I don't believe you,” Dr. Garrison says.
“Look, Callie is killing people. She's angry. She's desperate, because nobody will listen to her. So you have to listen to her. Please, listen to your daughter,” Sam pleads.

Dean and the man continue to fight. Callie's spirit looks on, smiling slightly. Dean grabs a pair of scissors from a nearby knitting basket and swings at the man. Dean punches the man making him stumble back hitting a bookshelf and collapsing.

Pacing the length of Y/f/n’s room Y/N tried to think of anything that could cause this to happen to her friend, pausing to look out the window she noticed it was blocked by large bushes, “Oh you gotta be kidding me,” she muttered turning to look back at her friend in the bed, “Seriously?”

Callie’s spirit is distracted by Dr. Garrison’s voice calling out to her, “Callie? Callie, it's Daddy.” Callie's spirit flickers and disappears from the room reappearing back to the hospital. “It's me, Daddy. Is it true? Mommy did that to you? I—I know I wasn't listening before, but I'm listening now. Daddy's here. Please honey, is – is there anyway that you can tell me?”

“Doctor...” Sam begins noticing Callie standing behind Dr. Garrison. Dr. Garrison looks up to Sam, who nods his head at the figure behind the Doctor.

“Is it true?” Dr. Garrison asks turning to look at his daughter. Callie’s spirit nods.

The man pushes into Dean and throws him to the floor. Both struggle for the scissors.

Racing down the hallway Y/N looks in room after room for Sam all while trying to reach him on the phone.

“Oh – I’m so sorry, baby. But listen to me. You gotta stop what you're doing, okay? You're hurting people. I know everything now. I know the truth. It's time for you to let go. It's time for me to let you go,” Dr. Garrison pleads tearfully. Dr. Garrison turns back to Callie's body in the hospital bed. He caresses her face and kisses her forehead tenderly. Callie's monitors buzz and flatline.

Sam looks down, saddened.

The man struggles on top of Dean. Dean pushes him off and rolls on top of the man and begins to punch the man. He raises the scissors overhead to plunge them down into the man's chest.


Dean lowers the scissors, exhausted.

Dr. Garrison weeps and strokes his daughter’s hair. He turns, but her spirit is gone.

Y/N bursts through the door to Callie’s room breathing heavily she manages to huff out, “Sam, I need you.”

“What why?” Sam inquires stepping forward to keep Y/N from collapsing.

“I figured out what’s wrong with Y/f/n,” Y/N replies.

“What?” Sam inquires.

“Call your brother and meet me back at Y/f/n’s room and I’ll explain,” Y/N responds turning to head back to Y/f/n’s room.

“Alright,” Sam says confused.
Dean is the last to arrive to Y/f/n’s room, “Alright, Sweetheart, Sammy said you figured out what’s wrong with Y/f/n, Wanna share with the class?” Dean asks closing the door behind him.

“Ok just listen to everything before interrupting,” Y/N starts.

“Alright,” Dean nods sitting in the chair next to the bed.

“Ok so this entire case was based off Fairy tales right?” Y/N begins. The boys nod and she continues, “Y/f/n and I were out in the town looking for other signs of the fairy tales coming to life when we came across an antiques shop that had some pretty cool stuff out front. On one of the tables sat what’s called a Charkha which in an Indian version of a-”

“Spinning wheel,” Sam inturrupts.

“Right,” Y/N confirms, “I told her not to touch it that I thought it was a bad idea.”

“What’s this Charka got to do with Y/f/n?” Dean inquires.

“Charkha,” Y/N corrects, “after she touched it was when she collapsed. Now this is just a hunch but…” Y/N turns to look at Sam, “Kiss her.”

“What?” Sam asks incredulously.

“Kiss her,” Y/N repeats.

“Why?” Dean asks.

Moving over to the curtains Y/N pulls them back to reveal the blocked window. Sam looks at the window understanding finally dawning on him.

“Yeah so,” Dean says the entire thing confusing him.

“What Fairy tale has a girl passed out after touching something she shouldn’t have?” Y/N asks.

“Sleeping Beauty,” Sam concludes moving closer to Y/f/n. Leaning down closer to her Sam gently places a kiss upon her lips. As he pulls away the heart monitors go haywire and her eyelids begin to flutter.

“Son of a bitch,” Dean says standing and moving closer.

“True loves kiss,” Y/N mutters as Y/f/n’s eyes flutter open. Sam stood staring at her in shock.


“We’re gonna leave Sam to explain everything,” Y/N giggles pulling Dean from the room.

Y/N and Dean stand with Dr. Garrison in front of the nurses station.

“And the girl's okay?” Dr. Garrison inquires, “And your friend?” Dean nods. “So. It's really over.”

“Yeah. All thanks to you,” Y/N says.

“Callie was the most important thing in my life. But I should've let her go a long time ago,” Dr. Garrison sighs.

“See ya ‘round, Doc,” Dean says.
Sighing shakily Dr. Garrison replies, “I sure hope not.”

Dr. Garrison pats Dean on the shoulder and walks away. Y/N and Dean watch him go.

“You know what he said? Some good advice,” Dean comments.

“Is that what you want us to do Dean? Just let you go?” Y/N asks watching as Sam and Y/f/n come around the corner hand in hand.

Dean doesn't answer, but raises his eyes and looks at Y/N for a long moment, then turns to leave. Y/N watches him walk down the corridor alone.

Dean turns over in his sleep. Sam's bed is messy and empty. Sam picks up a backpack from the bed. He heads for the door, looks back at Dean briefly before he silently departs. He steals a car and heads to a crossroads. Sam crouches at the center of the roads holding an open box. Exhaling, he adds a photo ID to the contents, closes the box, and buries it with his hands. Sam dusts off his hands and stands, surveys the four routes of the crossroads. As he turns his back, a woman in a black dress, with red eyes, appears.

“Well. Little Sammy Winchester. I'm touched. I mean... your brother's been to see me twice, but you? I never had the pleasure,” The Demon says. Sam glares at her but says nothing. “What can I do for you, Sam?”

Sam draws the Colt and points it at the demon.

Smiling tightly Sam replies, “You can beg for your life.”

“We were having such a nice conversation. Then you had to go and ruin the mood,” The Demon pouts.

“If I were you, I'd drop the wisecracks and start acting scared,” Sam snaps.

Still smiling the Demon replies, “It's not my style.” Pausing she inspects the gun, “That's not the original Colt. Where did you get that?” Sam doesn't answer. So the Demon continues, “Ruby. Had to be. She is such a pain in my ass. She'll get what's coming to her...you can count on it.”

“That's enough,” Sam growls, “I came here to make you an offer.”

“You're gonna make ME an offer? That's adorable,” The Demon responds incredulously.

“You can let Dean out of his deal right now. He lives, I live. You live. Everyone goes home happy. Or...” Sam responds cocking the colt, “You stop breathing. Permanently.”

“Oh. All this tough talk. I have to tell you, it's not very convincing. I mean, come on Sam. Do you even want to break the deal?” The Demon laughs walking around Sam.

“What do you think?” Sam asks.

“I don't know. Aren't you tired of cleaning up Dean's messes? Of dealing with that broken psyche of his? Aren't you tired of being bossed around like a snot-nosed little brother? You're stronger than Dean. You're better than him and now you've got your little girlfriend to play house with.” The Demon responds.

“Watch your mouth,” Sam growls.

“Admit it. You're here, going through the motions. But truth is … you'll be a tiny bit relieved when
he's gone," The demon says.

"Shut up," Sam snaps.

"No more desperate, sloppy, needy Dean. You can finally ... be free." The Demon continues.

"I said shut up!" Sam yells.

"Huh. Doth protest too much if you ask me," The demon mocks.

"All right, I've had enough of your crap. You let Dean out of his deal right now," Sam demands.

"Sorry sweetheart, but your brother's an adult. He made that deal of his own free will, fair and square. It's iron clad," The Demon says.

"Every deal can be broken," Sam counters as the demon turns her back on him.

"Not this one," The demon responds turning to face him again.

"Fine. Then I'll kill you. If you're gone, so's the deal," Sam decides.

"Guess again," The demon laughs.

"What?" Sam inquires.

"Sam, I'm just a saleswoman. I got a boss like everybody. He holds the contract, not me. He wants Dean's soul, bad. And believe me. He's not going to let it go," The demon informs.

"You're bluffing," Sam responds.

"Am I? Shoot me, if it'll get you off. But the deal still holds, and when Dean's time is up, he's getting dragged into the pit," The demon smirks.

"Then who's your boss? Who holds the contract?" Sam demands.

"He's not as cuddly as me, I can tell you that," The demon replies.

"Who is it?" Sam questions.

"I can't tell you. I'm sorry Sam. But there's no way outta this one. Not this time," The Demon says.

Sam looks upset, and worried before he sighs and shoots the demon between the eyes. She goes down with a groan, body flashing as she dies. Sam watches, jaw tight.
Hey guys! Lookie I got another one done!! Yay! Enjoy!

There is a tense silence in the car as Dean maneuvers the Impala along the Dark Highway. Y/n and Y/f/n share concerned glances every few minutes before Dean finally breaks the silence, “So, I've been waiting since Maple Springs. You got something to tell me?”

“It's not your birthday,” Sam says playing dumb.

“No,” Dean says.

“Oh thank god I was not prepared for that,” Y/n says sighing dramatically in the backseat.

“... Happy Purim?” Sam tries laughing at Y/n’s antics, “Dude, I don't know. I have no idea what you're talking about—”

Dean cuts him off before he can finish, “There's a bullet missing from the Colt. You want to tell me how that happened? I know it wasn't me. So unless you were shooting at some incredibly evil cans...”

“Dean ...” Sam begins.

“You went after her, didn’t you? The Crossroads Demon. After I told you not to,” Dean demands.

“Yeah, well...” Sam shrugs.

“You could have gotten yourself killed!” Dean growls.

“I didn't,” Sam replies.

“And you shot her,” Dean says.

“She was a smartass!” Sam defends himself.

“Nice,” Y/n says reaching over the seat for a high five. Sam looks at her but doesn’t respond, “C’mon man don’t leave me hangin,“ Y/n tries waving her hand around. A beat passes before she pulls into the back seat, “He left me hangin,“ Y/n pouts looking at Y/f/n.

“Shut up you dork,” Y/f/n chuckles.

“So, what? Does that, does that mean I'm out of my deal?” Dean inquires.

“Don't you think I might have mentioned that little fact, Dean? No. Someone else holds the contract,” Sam responds.

“Who?” Dean asks.
“She wouldn't say,” Sam replies.

“Well, we should find out who. Of course, our best lead would be the Crossroads Demon. Oh, wait a minute...” Dean says.

“That's not funny,” Sam mutters.

“No, it's not! It was a stupid freaking risk, and you shouldn't have done it,” Dean grumbles.

“I shouldn't have done it?” Sam inquires incredulously, “You're my brother, Dean. And no matter what you do, I'm gonna try and save you. And I'm sure as hell not gonna apologize for it, all right?”

Dean remains silent and Sam shakes his head in exasperation.

Climbing out of the car outside the house of the witness dressed in fed suits the four stop to go over the facts of the case.

“Young woman late 20’s drowns in the shower,” Sam says pulling out the file and laying it on the hood of the car.

“How does someone drown in the shower?” Y/n asks walking around to look at the file.

“You got me,” Y/f/n shrugs. Sam moves closer and throws his arm around her waist.

“You know,” Y/n says watching the two, “When we go in there you're gonna have to act professional.”

“Awe sweetheart is someone jealous?” Dean chuckles putting his arm around her shoulders.

“No I'm not jealous, I'm just thinking about the case,” Y/n grumbles. Y/f/n starts to giggle at Y/n’s slowly reddening cheeks, “Shut up,” Y/n mutters shaking Dean’s arm off and stalking up the walk to the house.

Inside the four hunters introduce themselves, “Hi I’m Detective Nicks, these are my partners, Detective McVie, Welch, and Green. We’d like to ask you a few questions about a Ms. Sheila Case, May we come in?” Y/n states holding out her badge. The Woman introduces herself as Gertrude Case the victim’s aunt. Making her way through the house she leads the other to the living room where she pick up a framed photo of Sheila. Gert is an elegant and well-groomed, approximately 70 year old woman. As the boys continue to question her, she begins to flirt shamelessly with Sam.

“But I don't understand. I already went over all this with the other detectives,” Gert says.

“Right, yes. But, see, we're with the Sheriff's Department, not the police department – different departments,” Dean replies.

“So, Mrs. Case...” Sam begins.

“Please,” Gert interrupts looking intently at Sam, “Ms. Case.”

“Okay. Um, Ms. Case,” Sam corrects himself then asks, “um... you were the one who found your niece, correct?”

“I came home, she was in the shower,” Gert replies.
“Drowned?” Dean asks.

“So the coroner says. Now, you tell me, how can someone drown in the shower?” Gert responds.

“How would you describe Sheila's behavior in the days before her death? I mean, did she seem frightened? Maybe she said something out of the ordinary, or ...?” Y/f/n asks stepping forward.

“Wait a minute. You're working with Alex, aren't you?” Gert inquires.

“Yep. Absolutely. That's,” Dean chuckles nervously, “Alex and us, we're like this.” Dean holds up his crossed fingers.

“Why didn't you say so? Alex has been such a comfort. But I’m sorry. I thought the case was solved,” Gert exclaims sitting down in an ornate chair.

“Uh... Well, no. No, not yet,” Sam replies.

“I see,” Gert responds.

“So, anyways, we were talking about your niece,” Sam says turning the subject back to the case.

“Well, yes. Sheila mentioned something quite strange before she died. She said she saw a boat,” Gert informs.

“A boat?” Dean inquires.

“Yes. One minute it was there, then it was gone. It just disappeared right before her eyes. You think it could be a ... ghost ship? Alex thinks it could be a ghost ship,” Gert replies addressing all her comments to Sam, staring at him intently.

Shifting uncomfortably at Gert’s intense staring Sam replies, “Well, um ... Could be.”

“Well. You let me know if there's anything else I can do for you,” Gert says tracing one of Sam’s fingers slowly. Sam looks uncomfortable, and Dean clears his throat, smirking broadly, “Anything at all.” Gert finishes seductively.

Y/n holds a hand over her mouth trying to hold in the laughter while Y/f/n scowls at the older woman. Leaving Gert’s home the four make their way along the docks. Y/f/n and Sam hand in hand while Y/n laughs loudly behind them, “That was great,” She giggles, “Sammy she wanted you something fierce, man.”

“What a crazy old broad,” Dean chuckles smiling at his brother.

“Why? Because she believes in ghosts?” Sam inquires.

“Look at you, sticking up for your girlfriend. You cougar hound,” Dean laughs.

“Bite me,” Sam replies.

“Oh, I bet Gert would love to,” Y/n teases.

“So, who's this Alex? We got another player in town?” Y/f/n says trying to change the subject.

“Maybe, maybe not. Doesn't change our job,” Sam replies pulling her a little closer.

“And what looked like a ghost ship, right?” Dean asks.
“Yeah. It's not the first one sighted around here, either,” Sam explains.

“Really?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah. Every 37 years, like clockwork, reports of a vanishing three-mast clipper ship out in the bay. And every 37 years, a rash of weirdo, dry-land drownings,” Sam informs.

“So, whatever's happening is just getting started,” Dean concludes.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“What's the lore?” Y/n asks looking out at the various ships on the water, “Damn that’s a big boat.”

“Well, there are apparitions of old wrecks sighted all over the world. The S.S. Violet, the Griffin, the Flying Dutchman – almost all of them are death omens,” Sam informed.

“So, what happens? You see the ship and then a few hours later, you pucker up and kiss your ass goodbye?” Dean inquires.

“Basically,” Sam responds.

“Awesome,” Y/n breaths.

“What's the next step?” Dean inquires looking at Y/n.

“I gotta I.D. the boat,” Sam replies.

“That shouldn't be too hard. I mean, how many three-mast clipper ships have wrecked off the coast?” Dean inquires.

“This coast?” Y/l/n asks.

“Yeah,” Dean nods.

“I checked that too, actually. Over one hundred and fifty,” Sam supplies.

“Wow,” Dean responds.

“Holy shit,” Y/n comments.

“Yeah,” Sam says.

“Crap,” Dean finishes.

The four climb the steps to the road where Dean parked the car. As they approach an empty parking space; Dean looks around, confused.

“This is where we parked the car, right?” Dean inquires.

“I thought so,” Sam says looking around.

“Where's my car?” Dean asks.

“Did you feed the meter?” Y/l/n asks.

“Yes, I fed the meter. Where's my car? Somebody stole my CAR!” Dean replies voice rising in
panic.

“Hey, hey, hey! Calm down. Dea—” Sam begins.

“I am calmed down!” Dean shouts, “Somebody stole my ca—” Dean begins hyperventilating, bending over to clutch his knees to calm down.

“Whoa there,” Y/n says rushing over and placing a hand on his back.

“Dean. Hey, hey, hey. Take it easy,” Sam says rushing over as well.

“The ‘67 Impala? Was that yours?” A voice asks.

“Bela,” Sam says curtly.

“I'm sorry. I had that car towed,” Bela responds.

“You what?!” Dean growls.

“Well, it was in a tow-away zone,” Bela responds.

“No, it wasn't!” Dean snaps.

“It was when I finished with it,” Bela replies.

“What the hell are you even doing here?” Y/n asks gently rubbing Dean’s back to calm him.

“A little yachting,” Bela responds flippantly.

“You're Alex. You're working with that old lady,” Sam concludes.

“Gert's a dear old friend,” Bela replies.

“Yeah, right. What's your angle?” Dean scoffs.

“There's no angle. There's a lot of lovely old women like Gert up and down the eastern seaboard. I sell them charms, perform séances so they can commune with their dead cats,” Bela responds.

“And let me guess, it's all a con, none of it's real,” Dean grumbles.

“The comfort I provide them is very real,” Bela replies.

“How do you sleep at night?” Y/l/n asked harshly.

“On silk sheets, rolling naked in money,” Bela responds turning to look at her. “Really, Y/l/n. I'd expect the attitude from him, but you?”

“You shot Sam!” Y/l/n exclaims.

“I barely grazed him,” Bela retorts. Sam looks exasperated, while Dean shrugs in mute acknowledgement of Bela's point. Bela turns to look at the other two, “Cute. But a bit of a drama queen, yeah?”

“You do know what's going on around here. This ghost-ship thing, it is real,” Y/n states.

“I'm aware. Thanks for telling Gert the case wasn't solved, by the way,” Bela sasses.
“It isn’t,” Dean replies.

“She didn’t know that. Now the old bag’s stopped payment and she's demanding some real answers. Look... just stay out of my way before you cause any more trouble. I'd get to that car if I were you... before they find the arsenal in the trunk,” Bela says turning to walk down the road, “Ciao.”

“Can I shoot her?” Dean questions watching her leave.

“Not in public,” Sam responds.

“If he doesn’t I’m gonna,” Y/n huffs.

“Y/n, you can’t just go around shooting people you don’t like,” Y/f/n says.

“Says who?” Y/n asks she the four start for the city impound lot.

“It’s kind of illegal,” Y/f/n replies.

“Only if I’m caught besides I really like that car and someday Dean’s gonna let me drive her,” Y/n responds.

“In your dreams sweetheart,” Dean scoffs, “No body drives baby but me.”

“That’s what you think,” Y/n smirks.

Once the Impala is safely back in Dean’s custody the four make their way to the latest victim’s house. Outside, Bela, impersonating a reporter, is interviewing a distraught man who turns out to be the victim's brother.

“No. The police said that he drowned, but ... I don't u-understand how...” The man sobs.

“I am so sorry for your loss, Mr. Warren. Now, if you could just tell me one more time about the ship your brother saw,” Bela pushes.

Dean and Sam approach, wearing suits and flashing badges.

“Ma'am, I think this man's been through quite enough. You should go,” Dean says looking directly at her.

“But I just have a few more questions,” Bela says sweetly.

“No, you don't,” Sam replies firmly.

“Thank you for your time,” Bela says to the man while shooting daggers at Dean and Sam.

“Sorry you had to deal with that. They're like ROACHES,” Dean says raising his voice so that Bela can hear.

“So, we heard you say your brother saw a ship,” Sam says leading Mr. Warren back toward his house.

“Yeah, that's right,” Mr. Warren responds.

“Did he tell you what it looked like?” Dean inquires.

“It was, uh... like the old Yankee clippers. A smuggling vessel. The rakish topsail, uh.. barquentine
rigging. Angel figurehead on the bow,” Mr. Warren responds.

“That's a lot of detail for a ship your brother saw,” Sam replies.

“My brother and I were night diving. I saw the ship, too,” Mr. Warren responds. Sam and Dean look at each other.

Noticing Bela talking to one of the real cops and pointing in Dean and Sam's direction, Sam nudges Dean and they wrap up their questioning.

“All right. Well, we'll be in touch,” Dean says smiling and nodding at the man.

“Thank you,” Sam says.

“Call up your girlfriend and tell her what Mr. Warren told us. See if they can I.D. the boat before something happens to him,” Dean says walking back to the Impala.

“Okay,” Sam replies pulling out his phone and Dialing Y/f/n.

“Hey Sammy,” Y/f/n answers.

“Hey,” Sam replies smiling at hearing her voice, “We got some info on the boat think you and Y/n can do some digging and I.D. the boat?”

“Sure,” Y/f/n replies pulling Sam’s laptop toward her in the living room of the house, “Alrighty tell me what you got.”

Sam relays the details to Y/f/n.

“Ok I’ll let you know if I find anything,” Y/f/n says.

“Alright Dean and I are gonna hang around the brother’s house he says he seen the ship also,” Sam replies.

“Be careful,” Y/f/n says, “Bye”

“Alright,” Sam smiles, “See ya.”

“You are disgustingly cute you know that,” Y/n comments throwing a bag of food at her friend.

“Shut up, jerk,” Y/f/n replies.

“Bitch,” Y/n responds.

Dean and Sam are loading shotguns at the trunk of the Impala preparing for anything.

“I see you got your car back,” Bela comments coming up behind the boys.

“You really want to come near me when I got a loaded gun in my hands?” Dean inquires.

“Now, now. Mind your blood pressure. Why are you even still here? You have enough to I.D. the boat,” Bela retorts.

“That guy back there saw the ship,” Sam says as if it were obvious.

“Yeah? And?” Bela responds.
“And, he's going to die, so we have to save him,” Sam replies.

“How sweet,” Bela scoffs.

“You think this is funny?” Dean snaps.

“He's cannon fodder. He can't be saved in time, and you know it,” Bela retorts.

“Yeah, well, see, we have souls, so ... we're gonna try,” Dean growls.

“Yeah, well, I'm actually going to find the ship and put an end to this. But you have fun,” Bela responds.

About to get in their car, Sam and Dean pause.

“Hey, Bela, how'd you get like this, huh? What, did Daddy not give you enough hugs or something?” Dean inquires moving back around the car towards her.

“I don't know. Your daddy give you enough? Don't you dare look down your nose at me. You're not better than I am,” Bela responds.

“We help people,” Dean replies.

“Come on. You do this out of vengeance and obsession. You're a stone's throw from being a serial killer. Whereas I, on the other hand, I get paid to do a job and I do it. So, you tell me – which is healthier?” Bela scoffs.

“Bela, why don't you just leave? We've got work to do,” Sam remarked.

“Yeah. You're 0 for 2. Bang-up job so far,” Bela responds turning to leave.

Sam and Dean are in the Impala staking out the home of Peter Warren. Sam is looking through everything they have on the two Warren brothers.

“Anything good?” Dean inquires.

“No, not really. I mean, both brothers are Duke University grads. No criminal record. I mean, a few speeding tickets. They inherited their father's real estate fortune six years ago,” Sam responds.

“How much?” Dean asks.

“$112 million,” Sam informs.

Dean lets out a low whistle before commenting, “Nice life.”

“Yeah. I mean, nice, clean, above board. So why did they see the ship? Why Sheila, too? What do they all have in common?” Sam inquires.

“Maybe nothing,” Dean responds.

“No. There's always something,” Sam replies.

“Hey, you!” Peter yells noticing the guys sitting in the car.

“I think we've been made,” Dean comments. They get out of the car and approach him.
“What are you guys doing?! You watching me?” Peter inquires.

“Sir, calm down. Please,” Sam says.

“You guys aren’t cops! Not dressed like that. Not – not in that crappy car,” Peter challenged.

“Whoa, hey. No need to get nasty,” Dean says eyeing the man.

“We are cops, okay? We’re undercover. We’re here because we think you’re in danger,” Sam lies.

“From who?!” Peter inquires.

“If you just settle down, we'll talk about it,” Sam tries.

“Look, you guys just stay away from me!” Peter says running to his car.

“Wait!” Sam calls rushing toward the gate.

“Hey, you moron! We're trying to help you!” Dean yells.

Peter starts his car and begins to pull it toward the gate. As Peter’s car approaches the gate, the car shudders, coughs, and dies.

“That can’t be good,” Dean says.

“No. Get the salt gun,” Sam replies shaking the gate to open it. Dean runs back to the Impala for the guns as Sam gets the gate open and dashes to help. Inside Peter's car, a spirit dressed in old seaman's clothes and a navy coat, his long hair dripping into his eyes, appears in the rear seat. Peter turns to look but the spirit is gone; then it re-appears in the front passenger seat. It turns to Peter and glares, then reaches out to touch his cheek. Peter convulses, choking on water that spills out of his mouth and struggling to get a breath. He scrabbles for the door, which locks itself, and he slumps over. Sam rushes up to the car, “Peter!” He yells.

Peter doesn't respond, but the spirit glares straight at Sam. Dean arrives on the other side and aims the salt gun at the spirit.

“Sam!” Dean calls.

Sam ducks as Dean fires the gun directly at the spirits head. The spirit disappears, and Dean reaches through the shattered glass to unlock the car doors. Sam yanks the driver-side door open pulling Peter back and checking for a pulse after a few seconds his shoulders slump and he sighs, shaking his head at Dean. Dean kicks the door in frustration.

Sam & Dean are headed back to the house with the radio going, talking about the incoming weather.

“When what started out as a mild storm has turned into a severe weather front headed in from the Northwest. Expect heavy lightning and thunder, with sudden rainfall—” The male voice on the radio says.

Reaching forward Dean clicks off the radio then looks at Sam, “Do you wanna say it or should I?” He asks.

“What?” Sam inquires.

“You can't save everybody, Sam,” Dean says.
“Yeah, right, so – so what, you feel better now or what?” Sam asks.

“No, not really,” Dean replies honestly.

“Me neither,” Sam responds.

“You gotta understa—” Dean begins.

Cutting him off Sam says, “It’s just lately, I feel like I can’t save anybody.”

“You saved Y/f/n,” Dean says.

Back at the house the four have been staying in Sam is sat at the table reading while Dean plays on his phone. There is a loud knock at the door and both sit up quickly.

Dean checks the door and sees that it is Bela. Sam & Dean share a long look while Sam puts his gun away before Dean opens the door.

“Dear ... God,” Bela begins and Sam sighs, “Are you actually squatting? Charming.” Noticing the girls coming down the stair Bela looks up at them, “I’d have thought you two had better taste,” She pauses a bit then looks back to the boys, “So how’d things go last night with Peter?” Sam and Dean don't respond so she continues, “That well, huh?”

“If you say ’I told you so’, I swear to God I'll start swinging,” Dean grumbles.

“Look, I think the five of us should have a heart-to-heart,” Bela says looking around at the others.

“That's assuming that you have a heart,” Dean replies.

“Dean, please... I'm sorry about what I said before, okay? I come bearing gifts,” Bela replies.

“Such as?” Sam inquires.

“I've ID'd the ship,” Bela replies as she begins to unzip a portfolio file.

“It's the-” Bela begins.

Y/f/n cuts her off, “Espírito Santo, a merchant sailing vessel. In 1859 a sailor was accused of treason. He was tried aboard ship in a kangaroo court and hanged. He was 37,” Y/f/n says.

“You’re not really needed,” Y/n comments taking a seat at the table.

“Which would explain the 37 year cycle,” Sam replies.

“Aren’t you a sharp tack?” Bela responds, “There's a photo of him somewhere ...” she begins flipping through file, “… here.” She hands the photo to Dean.

“Isn't that the customer we saw last night?” He asks looking over to Sam.

“You saw him?” Bela inquires.

“Yeah, that's him, except he was missing a hand,” Dean responds.

“His right hand?” Bela asks.

“How'd you know?” Sam inquires.
“The sailor's body was cremated, but not before they cut off his hand to make a hand of glory,” Bela replies.

“A hand of glory? I think I got one of those at the end of my Thai massage last week,” Dean laughs.

“You’re a pervert,” Y/f/n says.

“Dean, the right hand of a hanged man is a serious occult object. It's very powerful,” Sam explains.

“So they say,” Bela replies.

“And officially counts as remains,” Dean concludes.

“But still, none of this explains why the ghost is choosing these victims,” Sam responds.

“I'll tell you why. Who cares? Find the hand, burn it, and stop the bloody thing,” Bela says.

“I don’t get it. Why are you telling us all of this?” Dean inquires.

“Because I know exactly where the hand is,” Bela responds.

“Where?” Dean inquires.


“What kind of help?” Sam inquires.

Bela smiles and begins to explain.

That evening Bela fills the house with candles and lights them all. Bela is waiting in the living room of the house, wearing an evening gown.

“What is taking so long? The girls are already there. Sam's halfway there... with his date and I'm still waiting on you,” Bela calls out to Dean.

“So not okay with this!” Dean grumbles.

“What are you, a woman? Come down already,” Bella calls.

Dean descends the stairs and Bela sighs in appreciation.

“All right, get it out – I look ridiculous,” Dean grumbles.

“Not exactly the word I'd use,” Bela says.

“What?” Dean asks wondering why Bela is eyeing him.

“You know, when this is over, we should really have angry sex,” Bela comments.

“Don't objectify me,” Dean says crossing his arms, “Let’s go,” he grumbles walking toward the door.

Dean pulls the Impala into the Sea Pines Museum parking lot and climbs out making his way to the door. Handing over an invitation to the Doorman, Bela and Dean walk in, arm in arm.

“Are you chewing gum?” Bela inquires, “Try to behave as if you've lived this life before, yeah?”
Dean looks around, takes out his gum, and sticks it under the flowing champagne fountain. Bela looks appalled and rolls her eyes. Dean gives her a thumbs-up and walks past her into the gathering.

Gert hands her invitation to the doorman. Her hair is down, and she walks over to Sam, also in a tux, lacing her arm through his.

“This'll get their tongues wagging, eh, my Adonis?” Gert asks.

“Just remember, we're on business,” Sam sighs.

“Ooooh, but sometimes business can be pleasure, hmm?” Gert replies sliding a hand up his chest seductively.

“Right,” Sam responds pulling her arm off his chest. They walk arm-and-arm into the room. Gert runs a hand over Sam's back possessively. Sam chuckles nervously. “You know, uh, could you excuse me for a moment?” He says.

“Of course,” Gert replies.

“Great. Thanks,” Sam says patting her on the hand before making his way to Dean and Bela, “Exactly how long do you expect me to entertain my date?” He asks.

“As long as it takes,” Bela replies.

“Look, there's security all over this place, all right. This is an uncrashable party without Gert's invitation, so…” Dean states.

“We can crash anything, Dean,” Sam responds.

“Yeah, I know, but this is easier and it's a lot more entertaining,” Dean replies.

“You know there are limits to what I'll do, right?” Sam responds, “I can’t believe my girlfriend was okay with this.”

“Ah, he's playing hard to get, that's cute. Come on,” Dean sighs, “I want all the details in the morning! Speaking of which where is your girlfriend?”

Sam smiles tightly before looking around the room.

“Thank you,” Bela says standing from her seat.

Dean and Bela walk off and Sam adjusts his tuxedo considering his next move. Two glasses of champagne appear before him, followed by Gert's hand, offering him a glass and a toast. “To us,” Gert says. Sam looks at the champagne reluctantly than swigs the whole glass. Gert looks excited by his enthusiasm.

Bela and Dean are walking through to a less crowded room, talking in undertones to each other.

“Private security?” Bela inquires.

“I don't think so—” Dean begins trailing off as he spots Y/n, dressed in a red gown, in the crowd dancing with a good-looking man.

Snapping her fingers in front of his face to get his attention Bela comments, “She looks beautiful doesn't she.”
Clearing his throat Dean gets back to what he was saying, “Look at the way they're standing. They're pros. Probably state troopers moonlighting.”

“Posted to every door, too,” Bela responds.

“Yeah, I don't think we're just going to be able to waltz upstairs,” Dean says.

“What do you suggest?” Bela inquires.

“I'm thinking,” Dean responds.

“Don't strain yourself,” Bela scoffs, “Interesting how the legend is so much more than the man.”

“You got any bright ideas, I'm all ears,” Dean grumbles.

“Okay,” Bela replies before she groans and falls into Dean's arms toward the floor. Dean, holding her, kneels down next to her.

“Honey? Honey, are you all right?” He calls shaking her gently, Dean looks around and calls a waiter over. “Waiter! Hi. Uh, my wife has a severe shellfish allergy. Th-ere's no crab in that? Is there?”

“No, sir,” The waiter replies.

“No?” Dean responds taking an appetizer from the silver tray and shoving it in his mouth. “Oh they're excellent, by the way,” He says talking with his mouth full.

“What seems to be the trouble?” A guard asks approaching them.

“Ah ... champagne! My wife, she's a lightweight when it comes to the sauce. Is there somewhere I can lay her down till she gets her sea legs back?” Dean inquires.

The guard looks around then up toward the stairs, “Follow me,” He says.

“Right,” Dean responds handing Bela’s purse to the guard. “Thank you,” He groans as he lifts Bela from the floor, “Come on, you lush.”

A few moments later, Dean lays Bela down unceremoniously on a red leather couch.

“You think she's a pain in the ass now, try living with her,” Dean says to the guard, “Thank you very much.” Dean sees the guard to the door, and shuts it behind him as Bela sits up.

As he tosses her black bag to her he says, “Hey maybe next time give me a little heads up with your plan?”

“I didn't want you thinking. You're not very good at that,” Bela replies. Dean exhales and Bela mocks him, “Oh, look at you. Searching for a witty rejoinder.”

“Screw you,” Dean replies.

“Very Oscar Wilde,” Bela sasses. Dean turns to leave to go look for the hand, “Room 235. It's in a locked glass case wired for alarm, I'm sure that won't be a problem.”

“I'm sure that won't be a problem.” Dean mumbles mockingly as he leaves. Dean walks out the door, leaving Bela on the couch looking smug.
Downstairs, something almost tango-esque is playing while Gert and Sam dance.

“Where's Alex and your friend? They're missing a great party,” Gert comments.

“Umm, ah, I'm sure they’re entertaining themselves,” Sam replies.

“Oooh, naughty. Then I guess we'll just have to entertain ourselves as well,” Gert responds sliding her hand down Sam's back and gooses his ass causing Sam to jump.

“Whoa, uh …” Sam begins as Gert giggles, “Ha, y-you know, Mrs. Case, I— I'm sorry, Ms. Case ... I don't wanna give you the wrong idea.”

“Call me Gert,” Gert corrects. Sam clears his throat awkwardly and Gert lays her head on Sam's broad chest, “You remind me of my late husband... He was shy too ... till we got below deck.” Gert grabs at Sam's butt again.

“Whoa-oa! Unh....” Sam says.

“Mmmm, you're just firm all over, ooh, mmm,” Gert moans.

Sam looks freaked out by how rapidly this date is escalating beyond his control, but sighs in relief when he see’s Y/f/n making her way toward him, Looking stunning in her Blue gown.

“Sam, may I have the next dance?” She asks.

“Yeah,” Sam nods thankful for her.

Upstairs Dean is doing high-tech burglary and retrieving the hand of glory. In the original room, Bela is moving around and looking at a ship in a bottle. There's a knocking on Bela's door.

“Sir? Ma'am? Everything all right?” The guard asks.

Bela answers the door clutching at her dress, gasping, and smiling as if caught in the act, “Hi,” She says.

“Feeling better, I see,” The guard says with a smile.

“Yes, much. Thank you,” Bela responds holding her dress up.

“So, if you're done with the room...?” The Guard urges.

“Well... not exactly. Could we have a few more minutes?” Bela asks.

“Uh.... Yes ma'am,” The guard replies.

Bela closes the door and giggles loudly, "Stop it! That tickles!"

Walking around the corner the guard bumps into Dean, coming from downstairs.

“Whoa. Sorry! It's, uh ... nature called,” Dean says.

“Ah huh,” The guard responds.

“Thanks for looking after my wife,” Dean says.

“Oh, she's ... being looked after, all right,” The guard replies. He wheels around and walks off with a smile at Dean's expense. Dean looks puzzled and then goes to Bela's room. Opening the door, he
sees Bela adjusting her sleeve.

“Any trouble?” Dean questions.

“Nothing I couldn't handle. The hand?” Bela replies, Dean pulls a wizened human hand out of his pocket. Bela approaches and holds out her own hand. “May I?” She asks.

“No,” Dean responds pulling it back away from her, then unfolds a handkerchief to wrap it.

“It might be more inconspicuous in my purse,” Bela responds.

“Nice try,” Dean replies.

“You’re in love with her aren’t you?” Bela inquires with a smirk as Dean fumbles with the hand.

“What?” Dean asks as if nothing happened.

“Y/n, You’re in love with her,” Bela repeats watching Dean for a reaction, “She’s in live with you too you know.”

Dean eyes her warily but says nothing. “Just trying to be helpful,” Bela says watching Dean tuck the hand in his jacket pocket.

“Well, sweetheart, I don't need your kind of help,” Dean responds.

Downstairs Gert is leaning drunkenly into Sam's chest, clutching an empty champagne flute.

“Man, this is one long song,” Sam comments still dancing with Gert.

Gert sighs before replying, “I hope it never ends,” Sam looks around the room upset eyes landing on Y/f/n, “How's the investigation going?” Gert inquires.

“These things take time,” Sam replies.

“People are talking about the Warren brothers’ deaths. Strange. Do you think it’s connected to Shelia’s?” Gert asks.

“Yeah. Yeah, we think so,” Sam responds.

“I think they had it coming, you know. In a Biblical sort of way,” Gert replies drunkenly.

“What do you mean?” Sam asks.

“You know about their father?” Gert inquires.

“No?” Sam replies questioningly.

“Come here, I'll whisper it to you,” Gert responds pulling Sam down by his neck, “People say that the old man didn't die of natural causes.”

“Then how?” Sam grimaces.

Caressing him, as she whispers into his ear, “Rumor is the boys did it. Nothing was ever proved, but, uh, people still whisper.”

“Okay, okay, okay,” Sam replies with a wince as he pulls away, “Um, um, so did, did, did Sheila have any connection to them?”
“Well, none that I know of,” Gert responds.

“Did Sheila have any kind of tragedy in her life?” Sam inquires.

“Yes. As a matter of fact there was a ... car accident when she was a teenager,” Gert admits.

“What happened?” Sam asks.

“Her car flipped over. She was okay but her cousin Brian was killed. Why, is that important?” Gert inquires.

“Uh...” Sam begins. Bela and Dean approach and Bela cuts him off, “Well! Having a nice time?”

“He’s delightful!” Gert responds kissing Bela on the cheek, lowering her voice she says, “He wants me!”

“Oh!” Bela exclaims. Dean has a look of surprise on his face and Sam looks mortified. Leaning closer to Sam and Dean, Bela whispers, “I’m going to get Gert into a cold shower.”

“Great idea,” Sam nods.

“See you at the cemetery,” Bela says as she escorts Gert out the door. Dean checks his pocket, then turns to Sam.

“You stink like sex,” Dean says, “What would your girlfriend say?”

“Shut up,” Sam replies scanning the room for her before heading toward her.

“Where you going?” Dean asks.

“I promised her a dance,” Sam replies, smiling.

“I’ll just wait here then,” Dean mutters.

“Or you could take advantage of the open bar,” A voice says from behind Dean. Spinning Dean spots Y/n sitting at the bar glass of whiskey in hand.

“You look great,” Dean says taking the seat next to her.

“Well thanks, Dean you don’t look bad yourself,” She laughs.

“You’re not gonna objectify me too, right?” Dean inquires ordering a glass of whiskey as well.

“I would never,” Y/n says in mock offence, “I know you’re a classy lady Dean, I’d buy you dinner first.”

Dean chuckles then looks around the room, “Not sipping Cristal with the rest of these rich snobs,” Dean inquires.

“Not really my thing,” Y/n replies taking a sip of her drink.

“What’s your thing?” Dean ask taking a drink of his as well.

“I’m more of a biker bar, leather jackets, whiskey kind of girl,” Y/n replies. Dean opens his mouth to say something but doesn’t get a chance.

“Ready,” Sam asks walking back toward Y/n and Sam hand in hand with Y/f/n.
Yep,” Y/n replies picking up her purse from the bar top and walking toward the door. Dean sighs before following her.

Outside the Sea Pines Museum, in the parking lot. The four are getting into the Impala.

“You got it, right? Tell me I didn't get groped all night by Mrs. Havisham for nothing,” Sam asks shutting the door behind him and taking off his tie quickly.

“I got it... Mrs. Who?” Dean replies.

“Mrs. Havisham, from Great Expectations,” Y/f/n says.

At the blank looks from both Dean and Y/n Sam responds, “Never mind. Just let me see it,”
Dean pulls something out of his pocket and starts unwrapping it, looking agitated.

“What?” Sam inquires.

Dean holds up the ship in the bottle that Bela had been looking at in the office.

“I'm gonna kill her,” Dean growls.

In Bela’s car she tosses her purse onto the seat and shuts the door. Picking up her purse she looks through it at several stacks of bills with $10,000 wrappers on them. She pulls one out and flips through it with a satisfied expression on her face, then stares out into at the ocean. A look of consternation passes over her features.

“Oh, no,” She mutters. Bela climbs out of her car to look more closely at the ghost ship, which is approaching with thunder and lightning.

Back at the house, Dean is examining the ship-in-a-bottle by the light of one of the candles.

“You know what, you’re right. I'm not gonna kill her. I think slow torture's the way to go,” Dean comments.

“I'm with Dean on this,” Y/n says walking back into the room in her normal clothes.

“Guys, look, you gotta relax,” Sam replies shutting the book he was looking through.

“Relax! Oh yeah, yeah, I'll relax. I can't believe she got another one over on us!” Dean growls.

“You,” Y/f/n says looking up at Dean.

“What?” Dean questions looking directly at her.

“She means, Bela got ... one over ... on you, ... not us,” Sam explains.

“Thank you! Sam. Very helpful,” Dean says loudly.

Y/n goes to say something but the rapid knocking at the door stops her. All four turn to look at the door.

“Hello? Could you open up?” Bela’s voice pleads, Dean walks over and opens the door glaring at the woman, “Just let me explain.”

The boys let Bela into the house where she takes a seat on the moth-eaten couch. Dean leans over
her shoulder, looking like, "I knew it!" Sam is leaning against the mantel, with serious bitchface. Y/f/n and Y/n sit in chairs across from her.

“I sold it. I had a buyer lined up as soon as I knew it existed,” Bela explains.

Dean, furious, walks around her and makes a shooting motion with his fingers.

“So the whole reason for us going to the charity ball was...?” Sam inquires.

“I needed a cover,” Bela answers, “You were convenient.”

“You let my boyfriend get groped because we were convenient?” Y/f/n shouts standing from her seat.

Sam steps forward and puts a hand on her shoulder to calm her, “Look, you sold it to a buyer. Just go buy it back,” He says.

“It's halfway across the ocean. I can't get it back in time,” Bela replies.

“In time for what?” Dean inquires.

Bela looks down, without answering right away.

“What's going on with you, Bela? You look like you've seen a ghost,” Y/n says a small smirk playing on her lips.

“I saw the ship,” Bela mutters.

“You what?” Dean asks he pauses a moment thinking over what we know about the ship, “Wow, you know, I – I knew you were an immoral thieving con artist bitch, but just when I thought my opinion of you couldn't get any lower—”

“What are you talking about?” Bela inquires.

“We figured out the spirit’s motive,” Sam responds stepping forward and handing Bela a photo, “This is the captain of our ship. The one who hung our ghost boy.”

“So?” Bela replies.

“So they were brothers. Very Cain and Abel. So now our spirit, he's going after a very specific kind of target – people who've spilled their own family’s blood,” Y/f/n explains Bela looks stunned.

“See first there was Sheila who killed her cousin in the car accident, and the Warren brothers, who murdered their father for the inheritance. And now you,” Y/n says.

“Oh my God,” Bela mutters.

“So who was it, Bela? Hmm? Who'd you kill? Was it Daddy? Your little sis, maybe?” Dean inquires.

“It's none of your business,” Bela responds.

“No? Riight. Well, have a nice life – you know, whatever’s left of it,” Dean replies slapping her on the back, “Guys, let’s go.” Dean walks towards the door, picking up his jacket. Bela stands up.

“You can't just leave me here,” Bela says.
“Watch us,” Dean replies.

“Please,” Bela pleads looking around at the others, “I need your help.”

“Our help? Now how could a couple of serial killers possibly help you?” Dean scoffs.

“Okay, that was a bit harsh, I admit it, but it doesn't warrant a death sentence,” Bela responds.

“That's not why you're gonna die. What'd you do, Bela?” Sam pushes.

“You wouldn't understand. No one did. Never mind. I'll just do what I've always done, I'll deal with it myself,” Bela responds. She picks up her things and turns to leave.

“Fuck I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Y/n mutters. Louder she says, “Bela stop.”

“What are you doing?” Dean questions.

“If you won’t help her I will,” Y/n snaps grabbing her jacket.

“Why?” Dean growls stepping closer to Y/n.

“Because we save people, Dean, even the shitty ones, that’s what we do” Y/n replies now standing toe to toe with the man and looking him in the eye.

Dean looks and her for a long time before sighing, “You do realize you just sold the one thing that could save your life,” He asks turning to look at Bela.

“I'm aware,” Bela replies sadly.

“Well ...” Sam sighs, “maybe not the only thing.”

Dean looks at Sam questioningly.

“Come on, we’ve got to get to the cemetery,” Sam says grabbing a book and some candles before heading out the door.

Once arriving at the Cemetery, Sam begins setting up a kind of ritual circle: five candles, a pentagram, a bowl into which he pours a jar of red liquid. Another jar is on the opposite side of the circle, with what appear to be herbs in it. Sam places something else into the center of the circle.

Huddling in her jacket Bela asks, “Do you really think this is going to work?”

Next to her leaning on a tombstone, with a gun across his shoulder, Dean replies, “Almost definitely not.”

Thunder crashes and wind whistles while rain starts pouring. Sam zips up his jacket but doesn’t pull up his hood. Dean stands up, looking around as the girls come running back to the gravesite.

“Sammy! You better start reading,” Dean says over the storm.

“Aziel, Castiel, Lamisniel, Rabam.
Ehrley, et balam, ego vos conuro, per deum verum, per deum vivum,” Sam chants pausing he looks up as one of the candles blows out, “cuivos cuiaves eos supermontes et per eum, qui adam, et avum formovit. Et per eum.”

“Stay close!” Dean shouts to Bela and the others.
“Behind you!” Bela yells seeing the spirit approaching Dean.

Not turning fast enough Dean is thrown through the air, hitting a headstone with a painful thud he crumples to the ground. Sam looks up and continues reading Latin. The phantom reaches out to Bela and places his hand on her face. Y/n shoots the phantom and he disappears. Searching around for him he reappears behind Y/n and throws her. He reaches towards Bela once again and places his hand on her cheek, Bela begins coughing up water as the spirit watches. Falling to her knees, Y/n makes her way to help support her through her heaves.

Dean stumbles toward Y/n and helps her stand once again shouting at his brother, “Sammy, read faster!”

Bela continues to cough spluttering out water. Suddenly the rain dies down. Bela is coughing but it isn’t as bad. A creaking sound is heard. The spirit’s head slowly turns toward the source of the noise. He sees his brother.

“You... hanged me!” The sailor’s ghost growls teeth gritted.

“I’m sorry,” His brother replies.

“You own brother,” The Sailor continues.

“I’m so sorry!” The Brother apologizes. The Sailor charges his brother’s ghost, and the two dissolve into screams, and a splash of water ending the curse.

The four hunters head back to the house and crash for the night. The next morning they begin packing, getting ready to leave their squatted residency. The door opens and Bela walks in.

“You four should learn to lock your doors. Anyone could just barge in,” She comments.

“Anyone just did. Did you come to say goodbye or thank you?” Sam inquires placing his laptop in his bag.

“I've come to settle affairs. Giving the spirit what he really wanted, his own brother – very clever, Sam. So here,” She says tossing them each a packet of money, “It's ten thousand – that should cover it,” The boys look at the packets of money and then at Bela, “I don't like being in anyone’s debt.”

“So ponying up ten grand is easier for you than a simple thank you?” Dean asks. Bela smiles faintly and Dean shakes his head, “You're so damaged.”

“Takes one to know one. Goodbye lads and ladies,” She says turning and leaving.

“She got style. You gotta give her that,” Sam says.

“I suppose,” Dean shrugs.

“You know, Dean, we don't know where this money's been,” Sam comments.

“No, but I know where it's going...” Dean says slapping Sam on the shoulder then laughing.

Loading up the Impala, the four head out of town. Pulling out a map Sam looks it over.

“Seriously? Atlantic City?” He questions.

“Hell yeah! Play some roulette. Always bet on black,” Dean replies, “Hey listen, I've been doing
some thinking. Um ... I want you to know I understand why you did it. I understand why you went after the crossroads demon.” Sam sighs but Dean continues, “You know, situation was reversed, I guess I'd've done the same thing. I mean I'm not blind, I see what you're going through with this whole deal, me going away and all that. But you're gonna be okay.”

“You think so,” Sam says tonelessly.

“Yeah, you'll keep hunting, y'know, you live your life, You got a girl. You’re stronger than me. You are!” Dean says, “you are... you'll get over it. But I want you to know I'm sorry, I’m sorry for... putting you through all this, I am.”

“You know what, Dean? Go screw yourself,” Sam snaps.

“What?” Dean questions.

“I don't want an apology from you! And by the way, I'm a big boy now, I can take care of myself,” Sam replies.

“Oh, well, excuse me,” Dean huffs.

“So would you please quit worrying about me? I mean that's the whole problem in the first place. I don't want you to worry about me, Dean, I want you to worry about you! I want you to give a crap that you're dying!” Sam says voice growing louder. Dean says nothing but smirks annoyingly.

“So, that's it? Nothing else to say for you?” Sam inquires.

“Keep your voice down, You'll wake them up, I ain’t dealing with Y/n,” Dean responds, Sam looks at him incredulously, “I think maybe I'll play craps.”

Sam stares at him, outraged then shakes his head and sighs in exasperation. Dean's smile fades as they continue down the road.
I think this is where i'll tell ya'll what the next episode/ chapter is supposed to be.. so the next one will be A Very Supernatural Christmas... If ya'll want to see anything or have any Ideas let me know! Enjoy!

Walking quickly through an alley, shining flashlights around Sam and Dean spot a pool of blood and walk over to it, to find a man lying bleeding but conscious on the ground. Crouching over they notice the bite in his neck.

“Hey, hey. Don't worry. We're gonna call you some help, okay?” Sam says soothingly as the man struggles to breath.

“Where is she? Where'd she go?!” Dean questions.

The man gestures vaguely down the alley. Sam stays with the man as Dean runs off in that direction. Stopping in the middle of another alley, he looks around but sees no one. Raising his machete, he pulls his sleeve up, and slowly draws the machete across his left forearm, drawing blood.

Holding the bleeding arm up, He yells, “Smell that?! Come and get it!” A young woman emerges from a side alley and stares at him; her chin is covered in blood. “That's right. Come on. I smell good, don't I? I taste even better.” the vampire approaches cautiously. He holds up the machete, then drops it, luring her in. “Come on! Free lunch!”

The vampire charges as she grabs him and tries to sink her teeth into his neck, Dean pulls out a syringe and plunges it into her neck. She convulses and falls to the ground, unconscious.

“Whoo!” Dean pants.

Coming down a set of steps to the left of Dean is Sam who looks at the girl on the ground, and back at Dean, frowning.

“What?” Dean inquires.

“Cutting it a little close, don't you think?” Sam asks.

“Ah ... that's just chum in the water. Worked, didn't it?” Dean replies.

Looking concerned Sam watches his brother. Dean looks down at his arm.

“Ow.” He says.

Back at the motel in a much dingier room than the Winchesters usually occupy; old mattresses line
the walls, blocking out all external light.

“By far one of the stupidest things you’ve ever done,” Y/n exclaims as she wraps Dean’s arm with a bandage.

“I don’t know, Y/n, I’ve done some pretty stupid things,” Dean replies. Standing from the table she slaps him on the back of the head before making her way to the stirring vampire. Sam and Y/f/n are just finishing tying her to the chair when she sighs and begins to look around.

Dean leans closer and says loudly, “You with us?,” The vampire wakes up fully and starts to struggle with her bonds, “Oh, yeah, sorry. You're not going anywhere.”

“Where's your nest?” Sam inquires.

“What?” The vamp asks looking at Sam in confusion.

“Your nest... where you and your bloodsucking pals hang out,” Dean snaps.

“I don't know what you're talking about,” The woman says. Sam and Dean look at each other and roll their eyes. “Please! I don't feel good,” She pleads.

“Yeah, well, you're gonna feel a hell of a lot worse if we give you another shot of dead man's blood,” Dean growls picking up a syringe and waving it in her face.

“Just let me go,” The vampire pleads.

“Yeah, you know we can't do that,” Sam laughs.

“I'm telling you the truth. I'm just... I took something. I'm freaking out! I don't know what's going on!” The vamp tries to explain.

“You took something?” Y/f/n inquires.

“Yes! I can't... come down. I just want to come down,” The vampire cries.

“What's your name?” Sam asks.

“Lucy. Please. Just let me go,” She responds.

“All right, Lucy, how about this? If you tell us what happened, we'll let you go,” Y/n says making a deal with the woman.

“You will?” She asks looking toward Dean, who nods and smiles in a completely insincere way, then shoots a confused look over her head, “Uh, I don't really... um, it's, it's not that clear. I was at Spider.”

“Spider?” Dean inquires raising his eyebrows.

“The club, on Jefferson. And there was this guy... he was buying me drinks,” Lucy continues.

“This guy... what's he look like?” Sam asks.

“He was old, like thirty. He had brown hair, a leather jacket... uh, Deacon or Dixon or something. Said he was a dealer... he had something for me,” Lucy explains.

“Something?” Dean inquires.
“Something new. ‘Better than anything you've ever tried.’ He put a few drops in my drink,” Lucy says shaking her head.

“Was the drug red and thick?” Dean inquires. Lucy nods and Dean shoots Sam a look, Sam shakes his head in disbelief, “Well, genius move there. That was vampire blood he dosed you with.”

“What?” Lucy questions.

“Yeah, you just took a big steamin' shot of the nastiest virus out there,” Dean says.

“You're crazy! He gave me roofies or something! No... The next thing I know, we're at his place, and he says he's gonna get me something to eat, just wait. But I get so hungry,” Lucy says.

“So you busted out?” Y/n asks.

Lucy nods as she answers, “But it won't wear off... whatever he gave me.”

“Lights are too bright? Sunshine hurt your skin?” Dean questions.

“Yeah... And smells. And I can... hear blood pumping!” Lucy responds.

“Well, I hate to tell you this, sweetheart, but your blood's never pumping again,” Dean replies. Shaking her head Lucy explains, “Not mine... yours. I can hear a heart beating from half a block away. I just want it to stop.”

Sam looks at her in sympathy.

“All right, listen, Wavy Gravy. It's not going to stop. You've already killed two people, almost three,” Dean says.

“No, I couldn't. No-! I was hallucinating!” Lucy sobs.

“You killed them, all right? We've been following a sloppy trail of corpses, and it leads straight to you,” Y/n snaps.

“No. No, it wasn't real! It was the drug! Please! Please, you have to help me!” Lucy pleads looking from one hunter to the next. Sam jerks his head at Dean, and grabs Y/f/n’s hand pulling her behind him, the four hunters step into another part of the room. “No, no,” Lucy pleads.

“Poor girl,” Sam sighs.

“We don't have a choice,” Dean replies. Sam sighs, and shakes his head. Dean picks up his machete and heads back into the room.

“No... please!” Lucy pleads as Dean brings the machete up. Her scream is cut short and there is a thump.

After nightfall Sam and Dean dispose of the vampire’s body and head to the club the girl mentioned to try and find the head vamp.

“I still think we should have let Y/n and Y/f/n come with us,” Sam says as they make their way through the club.

“For what as bait?” Dean asks, “I don’t think so.”
“No not as bait, I’d never put Y/f/n in danger like that,” Sam replies. Sam and Dean exit Spider, a club with red lights and beautiful young people drinking things. They look frustrated.

“That was a big, fat waste of time,” Dean grumbles.

“Look, three blondes have gone missing, including Lucy, all last sighted here. I'm telling you, Dean, this is the hunting ground,” Sam replies. Across the road, Dean sees a 30-something man duck into an alley with his arm around a young blonde.

“Hey,” Dean says pointing it out to Sam.

In the alley across from the club, the man holds up a dropper full of red liquid, and the girl giggles.

“You're sick,” She laughs.

“You ready, sweetie? One taste of this, you'll never be the same,” The man says raising the dropper. The girl opens her mouth and sticks her tongue out to catch the drops. Before any can fall in, Dean grabs the man's arm, pulls it down, and clocks him in the face. Sam pulls the girl away and shoves her towards the mouth of the alley.

“Get out of here. go! go!” Sam says.

The vampire hurls Dean into a brick wall, then takes off at a run.

“Dean!” Sam exclaims helping his brother from the ground.

“I'm good. Come on,” Dean groans breaking into a run to follow the vampire. As they hurtle around the corner, the vampire is nowhere in sight. But facing them, guns at their sides, are Gordon and Kubrick. Gordon raises his gun and begins firing bullets. Gordon and Kubrick advance on the boys as they run down the alley. Sam and Dean dive behind parked cars and manage to entirely avoid getting shot. They duck behind a wall and crouch, panting, as Gordon and Kubrick reload.

“Still want Y/f/n and Y/n here?” Dean inquires breathing heavily.

“No,” Sam replies.

“All right. Run. I'll draw them off,” Dean says peaking around the corner.

“What?! No, you're crazy!” Sam replies.

Ignoring him, Dean darts out into the line of fire, leaps on top of a car and uses it to get over a second-story parking lot entrance with Kubrick following. Gordon stays behind and heads for where Sam had been hiding. As he rounds the corner, a figure leaps down on him from above, sending him sprawling. The vampire kicks Gordon in the face several times and knocks him out.

Back at the motel Sam is pacing the room, worried, as Y/f/n and Y/n watched.

“He’s ok Sammy, calm down,” Y/f/n says gently.

“Guys does this no smoking sign look like a joint to you,” Y/n asks looking at the sign in the corner of the mirror.

“Sit down, Y/n, between you and Sam pacing the floor there isn’t going to be any carpet left,” Y/f/n snaps. Y/n sits at the table while, Sam looks out the window before sitting on the dresser in front of the mirror.
“There you are!” Sam exclaims as Dean closes the door behind him.

“Yeah. Sorry, I stopped for a slice,” Dean replies patting his stomach, unconcerned that Sam was worried.

“Nice move you pulled back there, Dean running right at the weapons!” Sam growls.

“Well, what can I say? I'm a bad-ass,” Dean remarks continuing to ignore Sam’s face, “So, I guess Gordon's out of jail.”

“Uh, yeah, I guess so. You know, how the hell did he know where to find us?” Sam responds.

“That bitch,” Dean growls. Realizing they had been ratted out, he reaches in his pocket and pulls out his phone, “Hi, Bela.”

“Hello, Dean,” Bela responds.

“Question for you. When you called me yesterday, it wasn't to thank me for saving your ass, was it?” Dean inquires.

“No. Gordon Walker paid me to tell him where you were,” Bela responds unapologetically.

“Excuse me?” Dean asks.

“Well, he had a gun on me. What else was I supposed to do?” Bela responds.

“I don't know, maybe pick up the phone and tell us that a raging psychopath was dropping by?!!” Dean retorts voice rising in anger.

“Ah. I did fully intend to call, I just got a bit sidetracked,” Bela replies.

“He tried to kill us!” Dean growls.

“I'm sorry. I didn't realize it was such big deal. After all, there are four of you and one of him,” Bela responds annoyed.

“There were two of them,” Dean snaps, And the girls weren’t there.”

“Oh,” Bela responds face falling.

“Bela, if we make it out of this alive, the first thing I'm gonna do is kill you,” Dean says seriously.

“You're not serious,” Bela replies worriedly.

“Listen to my voice and tell me if I'm serious,” Dean responds hanging up the phone and throwing it on the table.

Heading over to his duffle bag Dean pulls out his machete and begins to sharpen it. Sam and the others watch him silently before picking up their weapons and taking care of them.

Sam sits at the table next to Dean and begins cleaning a gun. “That vampire's still out there, Dean,” He says.

“First things first,” Dean replies.

“Gordon,” Y/f/n says.
“Sammy man he’s got it bad for you,” Y/n comments.

“About that. When we find him, or if he finds us...” Dean begins.

“Yeah,” Sam respond.

“Well I'm just saying he's not leaving us a whole lot of options,” Dean finishes.

“Yeah, I know. We've got to kill him,” Sam replies calmly.

“Really? Just like that? I thought you would have been like,” Dean starts then switches over to whiny mocking voice, “‘No, we can't, he's human, it's wrong.’”

“No, I'm done. I mean, Gordon's not gonna stop until we're dead... or till he is,” Sam shrugs.

Dean's cell phone rings where it is sitting on the table, looking down at it he scowls, and picks up angrily, “What?!”

“I don't like it when people hold grudges against me, and more to the point, I'd rather you didn't kill me, so I went ahead and found Gordon's exact location for you,” Bela’s voice says through the speaker.

“You're a hundred miles away. How the hell did you—” Dean begins.

“Hello? Purveyor of powerful occult objects? I used a talking board to contact the other side,” Bela interrupts.

“And?” Dean inquires.

“Warehouse. Two stories, riverfront, neon sign outside,” Bela relays.

“Thanks,” Dean says.

“One more thing. The spirit had a message for you. "Leave town, run like hell, and whatever you do, don't go after Gordon." For whatever that's worth,” Bela responds before hanging up the phone.

Dean pulls it away from his ear and looks at it thoughtfully before standing and packing away his gear.

“You coming on this one?” Dean asks turning to look at Y/n and the others.

“Yes,” Y/n says standing and grabbing her duffle.

“I’ve been wanting to punch that ass hole since he sent Kubrick after us,” Y/f/n responds.

The four hunters climb into the car and make their way to the riverfront looking for the warehouse.

“There,” Sam says pointing at it.

Dean pulls the car to a stop down the street and shuts it off.

“If you get the chance take him out,” Dean says eyes not leaving the building, “He’s made this and us or him situation.”

“Got it,” Y/n replies climbing from the car.

“Don’t go alone,” He grumbles.
“I’ll stick with her,” Y/f/n says climbing from the car as well.

Dean grumbles some more before climbing from the car and heading around to the trunk. Making their way into the warehouse the four hunters split up. Y/f/n and Y/n make their way up to the next floor and the boys make their way down into the room where the bodies of the missing girls are still hanging, headless, and the vampire is kneeling in front of them, tears running down his face. Dean takes a knife from the table and approaches him slowly. He hears Dean coming but doesn't move.

“Go ahead. Do it. KILL me,” He says.

“What happened here?” Sam inquires.

“Gordon Walker. I never should have brought a hunter here. Never. I just... I just wanted some kind of revenge. Stupid... exposing him to my family,” The vampire sobs.

“Oh, yeah, you're such a family man,” Dean scoffs.

“You don't understand,” The vampire sighs.

“I don't want to understand, you son of—” Dean begins.

“I was desperate! You ever felt desperate?” The vampire pleads walking around the room, “I’ve lost everyone I ever loved. I'm staring down eternity alone, Can you think of a worse hell?”

“Well, there's Hell,” Dean shrugs.

“I wasn't thinking. I just ... I didn't care anymore. Do you know it's like when you just don't give a damn? It's like ... it's like being dead already. So just go ahead,” The vampire says looking down at Dean's knife, “Do it.”

“Dean. Head wasn't cut off, it was ripped off. With someone's bare hands. Dixon, what did you do to Gordon?” Sam says looking at the headless bodies. There is a clatter behind them as Y/n slips down the stairs landing hard on her ass.

“Ow, Sorry,” Y/n mutters standing and dusting off her pants. Y/f/n is following behind trying not to laugh. Dean brings his machete up and back down swiftly through Dixon’s neck.

“Come on,” Dean says putting the machete away and turning to head up the stairs.

Outside the warehouse, as the sun was rising, Dean makes his way towards the car with the others following.

“Dean,” Y/n begins watching the man angrily storm toward the car, when he doesn’t answer she calls out again, “Dean.”

“What?” He growls turning to face her.

“We’ll cover more ground if we split up,” Y/n suggests.

Dean grunts an acknowledgement before turning back to the car and slamming the door.

“You go with the grump,” Y/n says looking at Y/f/n.

“No way I’m going with Sam,” Y/f/n argues.
“Please he’s all grouchy and I don’t want to deal with that,” Y/n begs. Y/f/n says nothing just holds up her hand in rock, paper, scissors. “Ah come on man, you know I suck at this,” Y/n says holding up her hands as well. Y/f/n counts to three before throwing scissors.

“Damn it,” Y/n grumbles before following after Dean.

“Have fun,” Y/f/n sniggers heading towards Sam. Y/n flips her off before climbing in the passenger side.

Hours later, Dean and Y/n enter the room, frustrated, and Dean removes his jacket. Sam is seated at the table, poring over maps, Y/f/n next to him.

“Man, We must have checked three dozen motels, empty buildings, warehouses ...” Dean rambles.

“Yeah, us too. Big city,” Sam replies.

“It's like a giant haystack, and Gordon's a deadly needle. We're running out of daylight. Won't have the sun slowing him down,” Dean says washing his face in the sink.

“Yeah, he'll be unstoppable. Hey, uh, give me your phone,” Sam says looking to Y/n he says, “Yours too.”

“What for?” Dean inquires as Y/f/n and Y/n hand over their phones.

“Well, if Gordon knows our cell numbers he can use the cell signal to track us down,” Sam responds pulling the sim cards out of the phones.

“Oh, yeah,” Dean replies handing over the phone, “Thanks.”

Sam stomps on the phones as Dean looks out the curtains. Turning back Dean walks back with a sense of purpose.

“Sammy, stay here,” Dean says heading towards his duffle bag.

“What? Where you going now?” Sam inquires.

Pulling the colt out of his bag and checking it, Dean replies, “I'm going after Gordon.”

“What?” Sam asks eyebrows raised in confusion.

“You heard me,” Dean replies.

“Not alone, you're not,” Sam responds.

“Sam, I don't need you to sign me a permission slip, okay? He's after you, not me, and he's turbocharged. I want you to stay out of harm's way. I'll take care of it,” Dean argues.

“Well, Dean, you're not going by yourself. You're gonna get yourself killed!” Sam snaps.

“Just another day at the office. It's a massively dangerous day at the office,” Dean responds smirking at his brother.

“So you're the guy with nothing to lose now, huh? Oh wait, let me guess. Because, uh, it's because you're already dead, right?” Sam demands.

“If the shoe fits,” Dean shrugs.
“You know what, man? I'm sick and tired of your kamikaze trip,” Sam argues.

“Whoa, whoa, kamikaze? I'm more like a ninja,” Dean responds.

Y/n snorts as Sam responds, “That's not funny.”

“It's a little funny,” Dean replies.

“I thought it was funny,” Y/n says earning a slap to the arm.

“No. It's not,” Sam argues.

“What do you want me to do, Sam, huh? Sit around all day writing sad poems about how I'm gonna die? You know what? I got one. Let's see, what rhymes with "shut up, Sam"?” Dean snaps.

“Dude, drop the attitude, Dean. Quit turning everything into a punch line. And you know something else? Stop trying to act like you're not afraid,” Sam replies.

“I'm not!” Dean shouts.

“You're lying. And you may as well drop it 'cause I can see right through you,” Sam replies.

“You got no idea what you're talking about,” Dean grumbles.

“Guys can you stop fighting please,” Y/f/n says watching the boys.

“Yeah, I do. You're scared, Dean. You're scared because your year is running out, and you're still going to Hell, and you're freaked,” Sam replies ignoring her.

“And how do you know that?” Dean inquires.

“Because I know you!” Sam responds.

“Really?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah, I've been following you around my entire life! I mean, I've been looking up to you since I was four, Dean. Studying you, trying to be just like my big brother. So yeah, I know you. Better than anyone else in the entire world. And this is exactly how you act when you're terrified. And, I mean, I can't blame you. It's just...” Sam pauses thinking things over.

“What?” Dean asks.

“I wish you would drop the show and be my brother again. 'Cause...” Sam’s eyes tear up and he can’t find the words to finish what he was saying, “just 'cause.” Y/f/n wraps her arms around Sam in a hug and holds him close.

Dean looks at the two a moment before he concedes, “All right, we'll hole up, cover our scent so he can't track us, and wait the night out here.”

“I'm gonna go get new phones before it gets dark,” Y/n says grabbing he jacket and heading for the door.

“Yeah,” Dean says putting the colt away, “I’ll come with you.” Dean grabs his jacket and follows Y/n out the door.

“It'll be ok babe, we’ll find a way,” Y/f/n says pulling Sam closer and looking up at him.
“I know we will,” Sam responds kissing her gently.

Later that night, Dean barricades the doors, while Y/n and Y/f/n get the windows as Sam lights a bundle of sage.

Sitting in one of the chairs Dean is examining his machete when his phone rings.

Turning from the window Sam asks, “You’ve had that phone two hours, Dean. Who’d you give the number to?”

“Nobody,” Dean replies. Sam pulls another chair over and sits in front of his brother. Dean looks at the number on the screen before picking up the call he answers, “Hello?”

“Dean,” Gordons voices says.

“How’d you get this number?” Dean inquires.

“Your scent's all over the cellphone store, So is your pretty little friends. Of course, I can't smell you now. Where are you?” Gordon replies.

Dean glances up at Y/n before replying, “Well, I guess you'll just have to find us, won't you.”

“I'd rather you come to me,” Gordon replies.

“What's the matter, Gordo? You're not afraid of us, are you? We're just sitting here. Bring it on!” Dean antagonizes.

“I don't think so,” Gordon responds there is some shuffling before a woman’s voice comes over the line pleading, “Please. Please.” Y/n starts forward like she’s gonna start yelling at Gordon when his voice comes back on, “Factory on riverside off the turnpike. Be here in 20 minutes or the girl dies.”

“Gordon, let the girl go,” Dean demands.

“Bye, Dean,” Gordon replies.

“Gordon! Don't do this. You don't kill innocent people. You're still a hunter,” Dean tries.

“No. I'm a monster,” Gordon responds hanging up the phone.

Standing from the chair and looking directly at Sam, “Stay here,” Dean orders.

“No Dean, you're not going by yourself,” Sam responds standing as well.

“We go as a team or not at all,” Y/f/n says.

“He’s after Sam,” Dean snaps.

“Yeah and what better way to make sure he’s okay than to have him with us?” Y/n inquires.

Dean watches her a moment before nodding his head.

At the warehouse the group splits up Sam and Dean make their way left while the girls go right. The boys make their way into what looks like a boiler room. There they find the hostage and untie her.
“Hey, we got you. Don't worry. We're gonna get you out of here,” Sam says reassuringly as he helps her from the ground, “Get up. Watch your head. Watch your head.”

The woman is sobbing and can barely walk, so Dean slings her arm over his shoulders and picks her up.

“Sam, stay close,” Dean says. Sam follows Dean and the woman closely but not close enough, a mechanized door suddenly slides down in front of Sam, cutting him off from the others.

“Sam!” Dean yells setting the woman down and turning back to face the door. Sam and Dean both pound and kick at the door, to no avail.

“Dean!” Sam yells.

“Damn it, Sam!” Dean shouts. Sam pounds the door one last time in frustration, then turns and walks away from it, eyes darting around. “Sam, be careful!”

The lights go out and Sam freezes, brings his machete up, and starts creeping around with his other arm held out blindly.

“Gordon! You got me where you want me. You might as well come out and fight!” Sam yells into the darkness.

“I'm right here, Sam,” Gordon’s voice says from behind Sam. Sam swings his machete and it swishes through the air and doesn't make contact. Gordon chuckles, “What's the matter, Sammy?”

“So, this is really the way you want to do it, huh?” Sam inquires searching blindly through the building.

“Damn right I do,” Gordon replies, “You have no idea what I faced to get here. I lost everything. My life. But it's worth it, 'cause I'm finally gonna kill the most dangerous thing I ever hunted. You're not human, Sam.”

“Look who's talking,” Sam responds.

“You're right. I'm a bloodthirsty killer,” Gordon responds. Gordon continues to stalk Sam, Sam whirling about in the dark.

“Don't talk about it like you don't have a choice,” Sam calls.

“I don't,” Gordon replies.

“Yes you do, Gordon. You didn't kill that girl,” Sam responds.


On the other side of the door Dean is still hacking away. As he tosses the tool away in frustration, the girl vamps out and attacks, knocking him to the ground. Dean digs in his pocket and pulls out the Colt, the vamp knocks it from his hand and goes to bite his neck before she is tackled off of him. Dean watches from his place on the floor as Y/n and the vampire scuffle.

Y/f/n makes her way over to him and helps him up just as Y/n manages to get the vampire pinned, “Not today bitch,” Y/n says bringing her machete up slicing off the vampires head.

“Where’s Sam?” Y/f/n asks.
Sam is still feeling around blindly as Gordon taunts him, “I got to hand it to you, Sam. You got a lot of people fooled. But see, I know the truth. I know what it's like. We're the Same now, you and me. I know how it is walking around with something evil inside you. It's just too bad you won't do the right thing and kill yourself. I'm gonna ... as soon as I'm done with you. Two last good deeds. Killing you, and killing myself.”

While Gordon has been talking, Sam has been backing into a corner, facing Gordon.

Gordon attacks, sending them both flying through the wall separating them from Dean and the others.

“There he is,” Y/n says.

The impact briefly knocks the machete out of Sam's hand. Gordon swipes the machete away before picking Sam up and flings him across the room. Dean comes up from behind and points the colt at Gordon's head, but Gordon is too fast for him. He grabs Dean's gun-arm, flings him across the room, then pins him against the wall and sinks his teeth into Dean's neck. Sam picks himself up in time to see this.

“No!” Sam yells. Sam charges Gordon and clocks him across the back of the neck. Gordon turns away from Dean and knocks Sam down, then slams him across a worktable. Y/n and Y/f/n crouch next to Dean. Y/n pulls a rag from her jacket pocket and presses it to Dean’s neck once she is sure the blood in being staunched she turns back to the fight. Sam manages to grab a piece of cloth and an end of razor wire in each hand, as Gordon pins him down again Sam wraps the razor wire around Gordon's neck and pulls. Gordon begins to choke out a death-rattle, and Sam glares, grits his teeth and pulls harder. Blood drips from his hands where the razor wire is cutting in, but he pulls harder, until he cuts all the way through Gordon's neck and sends his head tumbling. He pants from the effort, stares down at Gordon's head on the ground, and examines his bloody hands.

Dean staggers to his feet with help from Y/n, groaning and coughing and clutching his neck in pain. He's still holding the colt. He looks down in surprise at the headless Gordon, then back up at Sam, who shrugs. Y/f/n make her way to Sam and helps him outside. The four stumble off neither of the boys moving well.

“You just charged a super-vamped-out Gordon with no weapon. That's a little reckless, don't you think?” Dean inquires.

The four head back to the motel and the girls patch Dean and Sam up, before grabbing a few hours of sleep and getting out of town.

There is a rattling in Baby’s engine off some back country road so Dean pulls over and begins to work one her. Dean is under the hood of the Impala, poking at something. While the girls sit in the grass. Sam opens a cooler and pulls out four beers, handing off the two to the girls he turns back to the cooler and shuts the lid then sits on it. He opens one bottle and passes it to Dean. The stereo is playing Bad Company's "Crazy Circles".

“Here you go,” Sam says.

“Thanks,” Dean responds.

“Figure out what's making that rattle?” Sam inquires.

“Not yet. Give me a box wrench, would you?” Dean replies.

“Yeah,” Sam says digging through the tool box and handing Dean an wrench, “There you go,”
“Thanks,” Dean responds taking the wrench. Dean looks at Sam deep in thought, before calling out to his brother, “Sam.”

“Wrong one?” Sam asks.

“No no no, come here for a second,” Dean responds.

Sam climbs from the coolers and leans over the car with Dean, “Yeah,” He says.

Gesturing towards the car Dean begins to tell him what could be wrong with it, “This rattle could be a couple of things. I'm thinking it's an out-of-tune carb.”

Confused Sam responds, “Okay.”

“All right, see this thing? It's a valve cover. Inside are all the parts that are on the head. Hand me that socket wrench,” Dean says. Sam hands him the wrench and Dean continues teaching Sam, “All right, you with me so far?”

“Yeah, uh, valve cover covers the heads,” Sam repeats.

“Very good. Now this is your intake manifold, okay, and on top of it?” Dean points out.

Smiling Sam tries to remember, “It's, uh, uh, a carburetor.”

“ Carburetor?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“Very good,” Dean nods.

“What's with the auto shop?” Sam inquires.

Dean says nothing just holds out the socket wrench, “What, you don't mean you want——”

“Yeah, I do. You fix it,” Dean replies.

“Dean, you barely let me drive this thing,” Sam scoffs.

“Well, it's time. You should know how to fix it. You're gonna need to know these things for the future,” Dean replies the boys look at each other both acknowledging the deal but not saying it aloud, “And besides, that's my job, right? Show my little brother the ropes?”

Sam nods and takes the wrench, swallowing with some emotion, and leans in and starts unscrewing. Dean sits on the cooler and turns slightly to watch Sam.

“Put your shoulder into it,” Dean says.
“So get this,” Sam begins sitting at the table in the most recent motel room, “Ypsilanti, Michigan, Man disappears while decorating the Christmas tree.”

“Maybe he just bailed didn’t want to deal with all this Christmas crap,” Y/n replies taking a huge bite of her burger.

“Oh come on guys Christmas isn’t that bad,” Dean says.

“Either way I think we should look into it,” Y/f/n says.

Dean grumbles his agreement and finishes his burger before packing up the car and making the 10-hour drive to Michigan.

“Alright so tell us about this case,” Dean says as he maneuvers the Impala down the highway.

“Mike Walsh, 38, was decorating the Christmas tree his wife says she heard a scream, came downstairs and he was gone,” Sam says looking over the file in his lap.

Dean pulls into a motel parking lot that boasts free HBO and gets two rooms. Once they get settled the foursome dresses in their FBI gear and heads to the victim’s house.

Inside, A girl is looking out through the glass door while her mother is being interviewed.

“Um, my daughter and I were in our beds. Mike was downstairs decorating the tree. I heard a thump on the roof, and then I heard Mike scream. And now I’m talking to the FBI,” Mrs. Walsh recalls.

“And you didn't see any of it?” Dean inquires writing everything down on a notepad.

“No, he was… he was just gone,” Mrs. Walsh responds.

“The doors were locked? There was no forced entry?” Y/n inquires.

“That’s right,” Mrs. Walsh nods.

“Does anybody else have a key?” Dean asks.

“My parents,” Mrs. Walsh says.

“Where do they live?” Dean inquires.

“Florida,” Mrs. Walsh informs.

Sam and Y/f/n walk out of the house after looking for any evidence that the police may have missed.

“Thanks for letting us have a look around, Mrs. Walsh. I think we, uh, got just about everything we need. We’re all set,” Sam says stopping next to the other two.
“We’ll be in touch,” Dean says closing his notepad and turning toward the steps.

Mrs. Walsh nods, and as the four walk down the steps she calls out, “Agents…” Stopping and turning back they look at her questioningly, “The police said my husband might have been kidnapped.”

“Could be,” Dean confirms.

“Then why haven’t the kidnappers called? O-or – or demanded a ransom? It’s three days till Christmas. What am I supposed to tell our daughter?” Mrs. Walsh inquires.

“We’re very sorry,” Sam apologizes before they turn and walk back to the car. The four hunters walk away, and Mrs. Walsh turns to go inside.

“Find anything?” Dean asks as the four walk down the steps.

Sighing Sam replies, “Stocking, mistletoe… this,” He hands Dean something out of his pocket as they continue toward the car.

“A tooth? Where was this?” Dean inquires looking closer at the tooth.

“In the chimney,” Sam replies.

“Chimney? No way a man fits up a chimney. It’s too narrow,” Dean responds.

“No way he fits up in one piece,” Y/n says.

“Gross,” Y/f/n mutters scrunching her nose in disgust.

“Alright, so, if dad went up the chimney—” Dean continues.

“We need to find out what dragged him up there,” Sam concludes as they turn toward the car.

Back at the Motel, Sam is searching the internet for information on different demons. Across the room, Y/f/n is searching through books as Y/n pins different pictures of demons to the walls.

“So, was I right?” Dean inquires walking into the room, “Is it the serial-killing chimney sweep?” Closing the door behind him, he sets a brown bag on the table and turns to the others.

“Yep. It's, uh, it’s actually Dick Van Dyke,” Sam replies turning to face Dean.

“Who?” Dean asks confused.

“Mary Poppins?” Sam responds.

“Who’s that?” Dean questions.

“Seriously?” Y/f/n says looking up from the book.

“Oh come on—,” Sam begins looking at his brother in disbelief, “never mind.” He finishes waving his hand dismissively.

“Well, it turns out that Walsh is the second guy in town grabbed out of his house this month,” Dean says scratching the back of his head and heading toward the beds.

“Oh yeah?” Sam inquires turning as Dean walks past.
“Yeah,” Dean replies.

“The other guy get dragged up the chimney, too?” Y/n asks walking over to dig through the bag Dean brought in.

“Don’t know. Witnesses said they heard a thump on the roof,” Dean responds pulling off his jacket. He looks at Sam and both shrug before he continues, “So, what the hell do you think we’re dealing with?”

“Actually, I have an idea,” Sam responds turning back to the computer.

“Yeah?” Dean inquires.

“Uh, it's gonna sound crazy,” Sam chuckles.

“What could you possibly say that sounds crazy to me?” Dean laughs.

“Um… evil Santa,” Sam replies with a smile.

Dean pauses and then nods, “Yeah, that’s crazy.”

“Yeah… I mean, I’m just saying that there’s some version of the anti-Claus in every culture,” Sam begins showing Dean various pictures of evil Santas, “You got Belsnickel, Krampus, Black Peter.”

“Actually Black Peter was one of Santa’s helpers,” Y/n interrupts sitting on the couch beer in hand. Y/f/n looks at her in shock. “What?”

“You know who Black Peter is?” Y/f/n inquires disbelievingly.

“Yeah, I know who Black Peter is, I know how to pick up a book,” Y/n grumbles taking a drink.

“Whatever you want to call it, there’s all sorts of lore,” Sam continues.

“Saying what?” Dean inquires taking the pictures from Sam.

“Saying ... back in the day, Santa’s brother went rogue, and now he shows up around Christmas time, but instead of bringing presents, he punishes the wicked,” Sam informs.

“By hauling their ass up chimneys?” Dean asks walking back toward the tables.

“For starters, yeah,” Sam replies.

“Awesome,” Y/n breaths thinking about the case.

“So, this is your theory, huh? Santa’s shady brother?” Dean inquires turning one of the pages back towards Sam.

“Well, ah – I’m just saying, that’s what the lore says,” Sam defends.

“Santa doesn’t have a brother. There is no Santa,” Dean responds.

“Yeah, I know. You’re the one who told me that in the first place, remember,” Sam replies looking at Dean. Dean looks down feeling a little guilty. Sam turns back to his computer and sighs, “Yeah, you know what, I could be wrong. I ...” Sam sighs again, shutting his laptop, “gotta be wrong.”

“Maybe, maybe not,” Dean responds.
“What?” Sam asks.

“I did a little digging. Turns out both victims visited the same place before they got snatched,” Dean responds.

“Where?” Y/n and Sam ask at the Same time. Dean smirks at the two before turning around a grabbing his jacket on his way out the door. The other three watch him go.

“Does he ever tell you anything?” Y/n asks.

“No, not really,” Sam replies before taking after his brother.

Dean and the others made their way to Santa’s village. Christmas music plays, children are playing, and people wearing Christmas costumes are walking.

“Wow,” Y/n says looking around at the town.

“It does kind of lend credence to the theory, don’t it?” Dean asks.

“Yeah, but anti-Claus? Couldn’t be,” Sam replies.

“It’s a Christmas miracle. Hey, speaking of, we should have one this year,” Dean says.

“Have one what?” Sam asks.

“A Christmas,” Dean replies.

“No, thanks,” Sam scoffs.

“No, we’ll get a tree, a little Boston market, just like when we were little,” Dean tries.

“Dean, those weren’t exactly Hallmark memories for me, you know,” Sam responds.

“What are you talking about? We had some great Christmases,” Dean argues.

“Whose childhood are you talking about?” Sam inquires.

“Oh, come on, Sam,” Dean pleads.

“No! Just… no,” Sam demands.

“All right, Grinch,” Dean replies surprised. Dean walks away, and Y/n follows leaving Y/f/n with Sam. Sam notices a reindeer’s statue is staring at him and looks uncomfortable. Taking Y/f/n’s hand, he thinks over the Christmases he’s had and gets lost in the memories.

“Wow real nice Dean, Did you even stop to think about why he wouldn’t want a Christmas?” Y/n snaps before storming away. Dean stares after her contemplating following her before he turns back to Sam.

FLASHBACK: BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA. CHRISTMAS EVE, 1991

Reindeers pull Santa’s sleigh across the sky on the TV, which is playing ‘A Year Without Santa Claus.’ 8-year old Sam is wrapping something with newspaper.

“What is that?” Dean asks.

“A present for Dad,” Sam replies.
“Yeah, right. Where’d you get the money? Steal it?” Dean inquires.

“No. Uncle Bobby gave it to me to give to him. Said it was real special,” Sam replies taping the newspaper together.

“What is it?” Dean asks turning from the window.

“A pony,” Sam replies sarcastically.

“Very funny,” Dean scoffs. Sam continues to wrap the present. Dean sits on the couch next to him and picks up a magazine.

“Dad’s gonna be here, right?” Sam asks.

“He’ll be here,” Dean replies.

“It’s Christmas,” Sam says.

“He knows, and he’ll be here. Promise,” Dean responds.

“Where is he anyway?” Sam inquires.

“On business,” Dean replies vaguely.

“What kind of business?” Sam asks.

“You know that. He sells stuff,” Dean replies.

“What kind of stuff?” Sam pushes.

“Stuff,” Dean responds.

“Nobody ever tells me anything,” Sam grumbles.

Rolling his eyes Dean responds, “Then quit asking.”

Dean leaves Sam and walks to the bed. He shoves garbage and food wrappers off of it and opens the magazine.

“Is Dad a spy?” Sam asks.

“Mm-hmm. He’s James Bond,” Dean replies.

“Why do we move around so much?” Sam asks.

“’Cause everywhere we go, they get sick of your face,” Dean replies.

“I’m old enough, Dean. You can tell me the truth,” Sam says.

“You don’t wanna know the truth. Believe me,” Dean replies.

“Is that why we never talk about… Mom?” Sam asks.

Tossing the magazine away angrily and stands up Dean snaps, “Shut up! Don’t you ever talk about Mom. Ever!”

“Wait, where are you going?” Sam asks as Dean heads for the door.
“Out,” Dean responds shutting the door behind him with a snap, leaving Sam alone.

The flashback ends, and Sam is still lost in his memories.

“You’d think with the ten bucks it costs to get into this place, Santa could scrounge up a little snow,” Dean says walking back towards the others.

“What?” Sam asks coming back to himself.

“Nothing. What are we looking for, again?” Dean inquires.

“Um…” Sam replies looking around, “lore says that the anti-Claus will walk with a limp and smell like sweets.”

“Great. So we’re looking for a pimp Santa. Why the sweets?” Dean asks.

“Think about it, Dean. If you smell like candy, the kids will come closer, you know?” Y/f/n says.

“That’s creepy,” Dean comments Sam chuckles, and Dean continues, “How does this thing know who’s been naughty and who’s been nice?”

“I don’t know,” Sam responds.

A man wearing a Santa Claus costume sits outside a small barn. A woman and boy walk up to him.

“So, Ronny, come sit on Santa’s knee,” The Santa says, The boy sits, and he continues, “Ah, there you go. You been a good boy this year?”

“Yeah,” Ronny replies.

“Good. Santa’s got a special gift for you,” The skeevy Santa cackles creepily while rubbing the boy's shoulder.

Dean watches the Santa and the boy speculatively, “Maybe we do,” He says.

Ronny’s mother takes his arm and leads him away from the Santa. “Come on, honey, let’s go,” She says urging her son away.

A woman in an elf costume walks up to Sam and Y/f/n.

“Welcome to Santa’s court. Can I escort your child to Santa?” She asks looking between the two.

“Uh…” Sam begins nervously.

Dean chuckles before answering, “No. No. Uh, but actually my brother here,” He slaps Sam on the shoulder and pushes his forward slightly, “… it's been a lifelong dream of his.”

Looking at Sam like he’s a freak the elf replies, “Uh, sorry. No kids over… 12.”

“No, he’s just kidding. We only came here to watch,” Sam responds.

The Elf looks at Dean, who shakes his head.

“Eww,” She says as she backs away.

“I-I didn’t mean that we came here to w— Y—” Sam tries to defend, “Thanks a lot, Dean. Thanks for that.”
Laughing and his uncomfortableness Dean looks around then becomes suddenly serious, “Check it out,” He says. Sam and Dean watch the Santa leave his chair. Santa walks with bad limp right past the three. “Are you seeing this?”

“A lot of people walk with limps, right?” Sam asks.

“Tell me you didn’t smell that. That was candy, man,” Dean whispers.

“That was Ripple. I think. Had to be,” Sam responds looking at Santa again.

“Maybe. We willing to take that chance?” Dean inquires.

Sam chews his lip thinking.

“Stupid Christmas trees and their stupid pine needles getting everywhere,” Y/n mutters walking back to the others trying to get all the pine needles off.

“Hey, you okay?” Dean asks stopping her and pulling pine needles from her hair.

“Yeah Dean, I’m fine,” Y/n responds giving him a small smile.

The two watch each other before Sam clears his throat, causing the two to jump apart, “We think we might have found him,” Sam says.

“Alright,” Y/n says with a nod.

Inside the Impala, Sam and Dean are spying on a simple house that is decorated with Christmas lights.

“So what was that earlier between you and Y/n?” Sam asks.

“What was what?” Dean asks eyes not leaving the house.

“Come on man; You know what,” Sam replies.

“What time is it?” Dean asks changing the subject.

“Same as the last time you asked. Here…” Sam replies handing Dean a thermos, “caffeinate.”

Dean takes the thermos from Sam and tries to pour coffee into the cup, but the thermos is empty.

“Wonderful,” Dean scoffs, “Hey, Sam.”

“Yeah?” Sam replies.

“Why are you the boy that hates Christmas?” Dean inquires.

“Dean ...” Sam begins.

“I mean, I admit it. You know, we had a few bumpy holidays when we were kids,” Dean continues.

“Bumpy?” Sam asks incredulously.

“That was then. We’ll do it right this year,” Dean says, “Man you got Y/f/n, and I’ve got…. All of you.”
“Look, Dean. If you want to have Christmas, knock yourself out. Just don’t involve me,” Sam says.

Looking at Sam in disbelief, “Oh, yeah, that’d be great. Me and myself making cranberry molds,” Dean comments. They return to watching the house. Santa, still in his red cap, but in a dirty white tank top, looks outside, then closes his curtains.

“What’s up with Saint Nicotine?” Dean asks.

“Oh, my God!” A woman’s voice screams out. Sam and Dean jump out of the car and run to the house with their guns drawn. Dean looks inside the window of the front door.

“Huh,” Sam hums.

“What?” Dean whispers.

“Nothing. It’s just that, uh… well, you know, Mr. Gung Ho Christmas might have to blow away Santa,” Sam replies.

Back at the Motel, the girls are doing more research on the case.

“So what was that back there at Santa’s village?” Y/f/n asks sitting at the table next to Y/n.

“What?” Y/n asks looking up from her laptop.

“You took off from Dean then had a moment,” Y/f/n replies.

“I just don’t want to think about this Christmas okay?” Y/n replies.

“Is it because of Dean?” Y/f/n asks. Y/n looks down sadly before nodding and going back to the computer, “You know he’ll be back.”

Y/n scoffs before replying, “He’s supposed to come back, doesn’t mean he will.”

“Wha-?” Y/f/n begins.

“Just because he’s supposed to don’t mean he will what if us being here changes everything? What if he doesn’t come back? How am I supposed to deal with that? I find out he’s my soulmate now I have to watch him die how is that fair?” Y/n shouts slamming the laptop shut she grabs her jacket and storms out slamming the motel door behind her.

Dean opens the door to Santa’s house. Santa is sitting on the couch, holding a giant bong and a bottle of whiskey. Santa stands up, and Dean and Sam quickly hide their guns.

“What the hell are you doing here?” The Santa asks looking between the two. Looking around Dean realizes Santa’s only watching porn.

“I’m really not interested, okay?” The Man on the TV says.


Dean looks at Sam, who shrugs, and stutters, “Ah, w—”

“Jingle my bells?” The woman continues.

Dean starts to sing – badly, “S-silent night… Holy…” He looks at Sam, who follows him, shrugging, and smiling, “…night,” Santa chuckles and sits down to enjoy the show, “All is
The Santa also begins singing along. “…all is dry.”

“Bright…” Sam says.

“Round and round…” The boys continue to sing although they don't remember the lyrics.

“The table…” Sam sings putting a hand on Dean’s shoulder to pull him away and out the door.

The boys head back to the Motel and enter the girl's room.

“Wait, so you went after the wrong guy and had to sing Christmas carols?” Y/f/n laughs.

“It’s not funny I had no idea what I was singing Dean started us with Silent night,” Sam defends.

“It’s what came to mind first okay?” Dean grumbles taking a seat on the couch, “Where’s Y/n?”

“She left about an hour ago I think she needed to calm down and take a walk,” Y/f/n replies.

“Why’d she need to calm down?” Dean asks.

“I upset her,” Y/f/n replies, “I asked why she left at Santa’s village earlier and she told me.”

“Yeah, why did she leave?” Sam inquires.

“She doesn’t want to celebrate this Christmas either,” Y/f/n replies.

“Why is everyone against Christmas?” Dean asks.

“This is your last…” Y/f/n says as Y/n stumbles through the door drunkenly.

Looking around at her friends she smiles brightly, “H-hic-ey guys, how was, hic, the stakeout?”

“Are you drunk?” Dean asks helping her to the bed and pulling off her jacket.

“No, I’m drunk,” Y/n giggles.

“Alright go to sleep you lush,” Dean says pushing her onto the bed and pulling off her boots.

“Thanks, De,” Y/n murmurs rolling over and snuggling under the blankets. Dean watches her sleep a moment a small smile forming before clearing his throat awkwardly and walking out the door.

Sam and Y/f/n watch the entire interaction silently, and Sam kisses Y/f/n before heading out the door as well, “Night,” he says.

The next morning the four hunters head to the house of the victim that was attacked the night before.

“So, that’s how your son described the attack? Santa took daddy up the chimney?” Dean inquires.

The woman, who has a bruise on her right eye, replies, “That’s what he says, yes.”

“And where were you?” Dean inquires.

“I was asleep and all of a sudden,” She sniffs, “… I was being dragged out of bed, screaming.”
“Did you see the attacker?” Sam asks.

Shaking her head, the woman responds, “It was dark, and he hit me. He knocked me out.”

“I’m sorry. I know this is hard,” Y/f/n apologizes.

“Yeah… um, Mrs. Caldwell, where, where did you get that wreath above the fireplace?” Sam inquires. Dean looks around at the wreath and blinks, a little puzzled.

“Excuse me?” Mrs. Caldwell asks. Dean looks at Sam, also waiting for an answer.

Shrugging, smiling, feeling embarrassed Sam responds, “Just curious, you know.”

“Wreaths, huh? Sure you didn’t want to ask her about her shoes? I saw some nice handbags in the foyer,” Dean comments.

“We’ve seen that wreath before, Dean,” Sam comments.

“Where?” Dean asks.


“I know. I was just testing you,” Dean responds.

Sam scoffs as they climb back into the car.

“You’re awfully quiet back there sweetheart,” Dean comments looking in the rearview mirror at Y/n.

“Why is the sun so loud?” Y/n asks closing her eyes behind her sunglasses.

“How many drinks did you have?” Y/f/n asks.

“I don’t know I wasn’t counting… I remember two,” Y/n replies.

“Two you only remember two?” Y/f/n asks.

“Yeah,” Y/n nods, “The first one and the last one.”

Dean chuckles before pulling the car away from the curb and heading back to the motel.

Closing the door behind them to the room the four hunters start over with research. Sam is on the phone with Bobby while Y/f/n looks through the lore on her computer. Y/n and Dean are looking over newspaper clipping of other victims.

“Yeah, all right. Well, keep looking, would you? Thanks, Bobby,” Sam says hanging up the phone. He turns back to the table and sits before saying to the others, “Well… we’re not dealing with the anti-Claus.”

“What did Bobby say?” Dean inquires.

“Uh, that we're morons. He also said that it was probably meadowsweet in those wreaths,” Sam replies looking back at his laptop.

“Wow! Amazing,” Dean replies, “What the hell is meadowsweet?”

“It’s pretty rare, and it’s probably the most powerful plant in pagan lore,” Y/f/n says turning her
“Pagan lore?” Dean asks.

“Yeah. See, they used meadowsweet for human sacrifice. It was kind of like a… Chum for their
gods. Gods were drawn to it, and they’d stop by and snack on whatever was the nearest human,”
Sam explains reading from the page.

“Why would somebody be using that for Christmas wreaths?” Y/n asks. Dean stands and makes
his way to the coffee pot.

“It's not as crazy as it sounds. I mean, pretty much every Christmas tradition is pagan,” Sam
responds.

“Christmas is Jesus’s birthday,” Dean replies taking a drink of coffee.

“No, Jesus’s birthday was probably in the fall. It was actually the winter solstice festival that was
co-opted by the Church and renamed Christmas. But I mean, the Yule log, the tree, even Santa’s
red suit – that’s all remnants of pagan worship,” Sam explains.

“How do you know that? What are you gonna tell me next? Easter bunny’s Jewish?” Dean asks
pacing the room. Sam says nothing and turns back to his computer, “So you think we’re gonna
dealing with a pagan God?”

“Yeah, probably Hold Nickar, God of the winter solstice,” Sam replies.

“And all these Martha Stewart wannabes, buying these fancy wreaths…” Dean mutters.

“Yeah, it’s pretty much like putting a neon sign on your front door saying Come kill us,” Sam
explains sitting on the couch.

“Great,” Dean replies sarcastically.

Reading one of the open books, Sam says, “Huh… When you sacrifice to Hold Nickar, guess what
he gives you in return.”

“Lap dances, hopefully,” Dean comments playing with Sam’s Laptop.

“Y/n would do that for you Dean,” Y/f/n quips.

“Dude,” Y/n exclaims throwing a paper ball at her.

“Mild weather,” Sam replies ignoring the two.

Looking out the window Dean comments, “Like no snow in the middle of December in the middle
of Michigan.”

“For instance,” Sam responds.

“Do we know how to kill it yet?” Dean inquires sitting at the table.

“No, Bobby’s working on that right now. We got to figure out where they’re selling those
wreaths,” Sam says.

“You think they’re selling them on purpose? Feeding the victims to this thing?” Dean asks.
Exhaling Sam replies, “Let’s find out.” Closing the book he stands and grabs his coat heading for the door.

Pulling up outside a very gaudily decorated shop. The four hunters eye it warily.

“Wow way to much going on there,” Y/n mutters.

The four climb from the car and head towards the shop. Sam and Dean head to enter Y/f/n following close behind.

Grabbing her friend and holding her back, Y/n mutters, “Wait a second.”

Deck the halls is playing over the sound system as the boys enter.

“Help you, boys?” The shopkeeper asks.

Looking around for the girls and not finding them Dean rolls with it, “Uh, hope so. Uh, we were playing Jenga over at the Walshes’ the other night, and, uh… well, he hasn’t shut up since about this Christmas wreath, and,” He says turning to Sam, “I don’t know, you tell him.”

The bell over the door chimes again as the girls walk in.

Giving Dean a look, Sam continues, “Sure,” turning back to the shopkeeper, he explains, “It was yummy.”

“I sell a lot of wreaths, guys,” The Shopkeeper explains.

“Right, right, but – but you see, this one would have been really special. It had, uh, it had, uh, green leaves, um, white buds on it. It might have been made of, uh… meadowsweet?” Sam tries.

“Well, aren’t you a fussy one?” The Shopkeeper admonishes. Sam looks taken aback, embarrassed.

Smiling Dean laughs, “He is…” Sam turns and gives Dean a bitch face. The girls chuckle quietly in the corner watching the interaction.

“Anyway, I know the one you’re talking about. I’m all out,” The Shopkeeper says.

“Huh. Seems like this meadowsweet stuff’s pretty rare and expensive. Why make wreaths out of it?” Dean inquires.

“Beats me. I didn't make them,” The Shopkeeper replies.

“Who did?” Dean inquires.

“Madge Carrigan, a local lady. She said the wreaths were so special, she gave them to me for free,” The Shopkeeper explains.

“She didn’t charge you?” Sam inquires.

“Nope,” The Shopkeeper responds.

“Did you sell them for free?” Dean questions.

“Hell no. It’s Christmas. People pay a butt-load for this crap,” The shopkeeper responds.

“That’s the spirit,” Dean replies, smiling tightly. the boys turn to leave noticing Y/n and Y/f/n
huddled in the corner snickering quietly. Shooting them dirty looks the boys leave the shop and walk towards the car.

“Alright let’s go,” Y/n says still giggling at the awkward situation the boys had been put in.

“Wait I want to check out some stuff,” Y/f/n says looking around the shop.

“No dude I’m not all Christmas spirit this year I’m over it I just…,” Y/n says trailing off.

“I know,” Y/f/n says taking her friend and steering her towards the door.

“That wasn’t funny, babe,” Sam says pulling Y/f/n into his chest.

“It wasn’t my fault your brother decided to pretend you were a gay couple,” Y/f/n replies.

“I couldn’t find you or Y/n I had to do something,” Dean grumbles shutting the door with a snap.

Back at the Motel, Dean opens the door and turns on the light. Sam and the others following him in.

“How much do you think a meadowsweet wreath would cost?” Dean asks closing the door behind them.

“A couple hundred dollars, at least,” Sam replies.

“This lady’s giving them away for free? What do you think about that?” Dean asks taking his jacket off.

“Well, sounds pretty suspicious,” Sam replies.

“Sounds very suspicious,” Y/n says throwing herself onto the nearest bed.

Dean and Sam take off their jackets. Pushing Y/n’s feet over Dean sits on the end of his bed.

“Remember that wreath Dad brought home that one year?” Dean asks.

“You mean the one he stole from, like, a liquor store?” Sam inquires.

“Yeah, it was a bunch of empty beer cans. That thing was great. I bet if I looked around hard enough, I could probably find one just like it,” Dean says with a chuckle.

“All right. Dude… What’s going on with you?” Sam asks.

“What?” Dean asks.

“I mean, since when are you Bing Crosby all of a sudden? Why do you want Christmas so bad?” Sam inquires.

“Why are you so against it? I mean, were your childhood memories that traumatic?” Dean asks.

“No, that has nothing to do with it,” Sam replies.

“Then what?” Dean asks.

“I-I mean, I-I just… I don’t get it. You haven’t talked about Christmas in years,” Sam explains.

“Well, yeah. This is my last year,” Dean says.
Sam pauses then releases a small sigh, “I know. That’s why I can’t.”

“What do you mean?” Dean asks.

“Did you ever stop to think that maybe, just maybe, Sam and I don’t want to celebrate because it’s your last year?” Y/n exclaims standing from the bed. Dean looks at her dumbfounded opening and closing his mouth several times trying to find something to say, “That we have to continue without you? That..” Y/n chokes off on a sob, “next year you won’t be here?” She turns grabbing her jacket from the chair by the door and slams the door so hard the window rattles, Y/f/n following behind to comfort her friend.

“I can’t just sit around, drinking eggnog, pretending everything’s okay when I know next Christmas you’ll be dead,” Sam says, “I just can’t, Dean.”

Dean nods, realizing the sadness in Sam’s voice. Both of them are silent recalling memories.

Sam is on the couch reading a comic book. Dean walks into the room, holding a bag of groceries.

“Thought you went out,” Sam says looking up from the comic.

“Yeah, to get you dinner,” Dean replies tossing Sam a bag of packaged food, “Don’t forget your vegetables,” He finishes. Tossing him another bag of snack food.

Dean takes off his jacket, sits down on his bed and opens a drink can. Sam sits on the other bed.

“I know why you keep a gun under your pillow,” Sam says.

Lifting his pillow and sees his gun Dean replies, “No, you don’t. Stay out of my stuff.”

“And I know why we lay salt down everywhere we go,” Sam continues.

“No, you don’t. Shut up,” Dean grumbles.

Sam turns around and grabs something under his bed tossing it onto the nightstand between the beds.

Standing up Dean inquires, “Where’d you get that? That’s Dads! He’s gonna kick your ass for reading that.”

“Are monsters real?” Sam asks.


“Tell me,” Sam demands.

Looking away Dean hesitates before he answers, “I swear, if you ever tell Dad I told you any of this, I will end you.”

“Promise,” Sam replies.

Sitting back down Dean looks at John’s diary, “Well, the first thing you have to know is we have the coolest dad in the world. He’s a superhero,” Dean explains.

“He is?” Sam asks.

“Yeah. Monsters are real. Dad fights them. He’s fighting them right now,” Dean says.
“But Dad said the monsters under my bed weren’t real,” Sam replies.

“That’s ‘cause he had already checked under there. But yeah, they’re real. Almost everything’s real,” Dean says.

“Is Santa real?” Sam asks hopefully.

Smiling Dean shakes his head, “No.”

“If monsters are real, then they could get us. They could get me,” Sam says sadly.

“Dad’s not gonna let them get you,” Dean says.

“But what if they get him?” Sam inquires.

“They aren’t gonna get Dad. Dad’s, like, the best,” Dean explains.

“I read in Dad’s book that they got Mom,” Sam says.

“It’s complicated, Sam,” Dean sighs.

“If they got Mom, they can get Dad, and if they get Dad, they can get us,” Sam says.

“It’s not like that,” Dean says moving to sit next to his younger brother, “Okay? Dad’s fine. We’re fine. Trust me,” Sam says nothing just looks down sadly, “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Sam replies looking away.

“Hey, Dad’s gonna be here for Christmas. Just like he always is,” Dean tries.

Holding back tears Sam responds, “I just want to go to sleep, okay?”

“Yeah, okay,” Dean nods. Sam lies down on the bed and cries quietly. Dean stays sitting on the edge of the bed, “It’ll all be better when you wake up,” Dean says gently. But Sam only cries harder, “You’ll see. Promise.”

The next morning the four hunters gather by the car. Nothing is said about the argument last night as they slip into their places in the car.

Dean pulls the car up to a big white house with Christmas decorations on the lawn.

“This is where Mrs. Wreath lives, huh? Can’t you just feel the evil pagan vibe?” Dean inquires making his way up the walkway.

“You can’t judge a book by its cover,” Y/n says quietly. Dean looks at her softly before knocking on the door.

“Yes?” The woman answers.

“Please tell me you’re the Madge Carrigan who makes the meadowsweet wreaths,” Dean says.

“Why, yes I am,” Madge smiles.

Turns to Sam with a smile Dean exclaims, “Ha! Bingo.”

“Yeah? Uh, well, we were just admiring your wreaths in Mr. Sylar’s place the other day,” Sam says.
“You were? Well, isn't that meadowsweet just the finest-smelling thing you ever smelled?” Madge says excitedly.

“It is, it sure is. But the problem is, is that all you wreaths had sold out before we got the chance to buy one,” Sam says sadly.

“Oh, fudge!” Madge curses.

“You wouldn’t have another one that we could buy from you, would you?” Y/n asks sweetly.

“Oh, no, I’m afraid those were the only ones I had for this season,” Madge says sadly.

“Aww…” Sam says sadly.

“Tell me something, why did you decide to make them out of meadowsweet?” Dean inquires.

Mr. Carrigan comes down the staircase just inside the front door. He has an old-fashioned pipe and a cardigan. The two of them together are very 1950’s.

“Why, the smell, of course! I don’t think I’ve ever smelled anything finer,” Madge says.

“Yeah… um, you mentioned that” Sam replies clearing his throat.

“What's going on, honey?” Mr. Carrigan asks pulling the pipe from his mouth.

“Well, just some nice folks asking about my wreaths, dear,” Mrs. Carrigan responds.

“Oh, the wreaths are fine. Fine wreaths. Oh, care for some peanut brittle?” Mr. Carrigan asks offering the four hunters a tin of peanut brittle.

Dean reaches out to take some, but Sam slaps Dean’s arm away. Sneaking her hand in Y/n grabs a couple of pieces.

“We’re okay,” Sam says pulling his brother away from the house and toward to car. Climbing in loud crunching is heard from the backseat.

“Holy shit this is some awesome peanut brittle,” Y/n exclaims. Dean turns to look at her pouting slightly. Looking up she sighs before handing him the other piece.

Later that night back at the Motel, Dean is carefully sharpening a wooden stake, while Sam uses the laptop. Five other wooden stakes are on the bed and floor near Dean.

“I knew it! Something was way off with those two,” Sam exclaims clapping his hands.

“What’d you find?” Dean asks.

“The Carrigans lived in Seattle, last year, where two abductions took place right around Christmas. They moved here in January. All that Christmas crap in their house – that wasn’t boughs of holly. It was vervain and mint,” Sam says.

“Pagan stuff?” Y/n asks sitting up on the couch.

“Serious pagan stuff,” Sam confirms.

“So what, Ozzie and Harriet are keeping a pagan god hidden underneath their plastic-covered couch?” Dean asks.
“I don’t know. All I know is we gotta check them out. So, what about Bobby? He’s sure evergreen stakes will kill this thing, right?” Sam replies.

Looking at the stake in his hand Dean replies, “Yeah, he’s sure.”

Outside the Carrigan’s, Sam and Dean walk toward the front of the house. Christmas music is playing as Dean picks the lock. Making their way around the back of the house the two girls slip silently in through an unlocked window.

Each holds a wooden stake the four hunters make their way through the house looking for the God.

Looking at the couch that still covered with plastic, Dean whispers, “See? Plastic.” Sam touches it as Dean shakes his head disapprovingly.

Dean moves into the living room and looks at all the Christmas decor, while Sam goes to the hall, which is also decorated with ornaments and snow globes. Sam goes into the kitchen and sees plates of cookies and cakes. He shines his flashlight on the lock of a door.

“Hey, Dean,” Sam says.

Looking around Dean makes his way over to Sam, “Y/n and Y/f/n should have met up with us by now right?” Dean asks.

Looking around Sam replies, “Yeah.”

Sam and Dean make their way downstairs to the basement still looking for the girls. Dean points his flashlight and finds bones covered with blood in a large bowl. They check the room and realize the whole basement looks like a butchery room rather than a storage room. Sam finds a leather bag covered with blood. He looks disgusted and moves to another spot. Sam pokes a bag that is hanging from the wall and the bag moves – someone inside is struggling. Madge grabs Sam’s neck from behind and lifts him off the ground as he yells in surprise.

Hearing him Dean comes running, “Sam!”

Madge pushes Sam against a wall and holds him by the throat. Dean runs to him and tries to stake Madge, but Mr. Carrigan grabs his arm and hits his head against a wall. Dean falls to the ground, unconscious. Madge looks at her husband, who smiles and nods and looks back at Sam, who is struggling to breathe.

“Gosh, I wish you boys hadn’t come down here,” Madge smiles sweetly.

Sam moves his flashlight to the Carrigan’s faces, which appear monster-like when in the beam of the flashlight but turn back to normal out of the light. Madge slams Sam's head hard against the wall and lets him drop to the ground.

A number of bowls and a knife are set out on a kitchen island. Coming to Y/n looks around the kitchen her and Y/f/n are tied back to back next to the boys.

A groan sounds to her left as Deans head rises from his chest.

“Dean? You okay?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, I think so,” Dean replies.
“You ok babe?” Sam asks looking over and Y/f/n and grabbing her hand.

“Yep,” Y/f/n nods.

“Sweetheart, you good?” Dean asks.

“Peachy,” Y/n replies.

“So, I guess we’re dealing with Mr. and Mrs. God,” Sam sighs behind him Dean nods.

“Looks like it,” Y/f/n says.

“Nice to know,” Sam responds.

“Yeah,” Dean replies.

The Carrigans come into the kitchen, dressed in colorful Christmas-themed sweaters.

“Ooh, and here we thought you lazybones were gonna sleep straight through all the fun stuff,” Mrs. Carrigan giggles.

“Miss all this? Nah, we’re partiers,” Dean says sarcastically.

Smoking his pipe, Mr. Carrigan looks at his wife asking, “Isn’t he a kick in the pants, honey? You’re hunters, is what you are.”

“And you’re pagan gods. So, why don’t we just call it even, and go our separate ways?” Y/n snaps.

“What, so you can bring more hunters and kill us?” Mr. Carrigan laughs, “I don’t think so.”

“Maybe you should have thought about that before you went snacking on humans, now, huh?” Sam asks grumpily.

“Oh now, don’t get all wet,” Mr. Carrigan admonishes.

“Shut up Y/n,” Y/f/n says as Y/n snaps her mouth shut.

“I didn’t say anything,” Y/n pouts.

“You were thinking it,” Y/f/n replies.

“Oh, why, we used to take over a hundred tributes a year, and that’s a fact,” Mrs. Carrigan explains putting a napkin on Dean’s lap, “Now what do we take? What, two? Three?” She continues placing napkins on the others getting to Y/f/n and Sam she says happily, “We’ll aren’t you just the cutest.”

“Scooby gang here make seven,” Mr. Carrigan says.

“Now, that’s not so bad, is it?” Madge inquires.

“Well, you say it like that – I guess you guys are the Cunninghams,” Dean sasses.

“You, mister, better show us a little respect,” Mr. Carrigan scolds.

“Or what? You’ll eat us?” Sam asks.

“Shhh, Sammy don’t give them any ideas,” Y/n says.
“Not so fast,” Mr. Carrigan says looking Madge who looks excited, “There’s rituals to be followed first.”

“Oh, we’re just sticklers for ritual,” Madge says.

“And you know what kicks off the whole shebang?” Mr. Carrigan inquires looking lovingly at his wife, who smiles.

“Let me guess… meadowsweet,” Dean guesses.

“Oh!” Madge exclaims coming around the island.

“Oh shucks, you’re all out of wreaths. I guess we’ll just have to cancel the sacrifice, huh?” Dean says.

“Oh, don’t be such a gloomy Gus,” Madge replies putting wreaths around the hunter's necks, “There. Ohh… Don’t they just look darling?”

“You couldn’t give me like a flower crown or something?” Y/n inquires, “This thing is itchy.”

“Good enough to eat,” Mr. Carrigan replies smacking his lips, “All righty-roo,” He continues pulling out a knife, “step number two.”

Mr. Carrigan walks to Sam carrying a knife and a bowl. He holds the bowl under Sam’s arm and prepares to cut him with the knife.

“Sammy?! Sammy?!” Dean calls.

Mr. Carrigan slices Sam’s arm and collects his blood in the bowl.

“D-Don’t!” Sam pleads.

“Leave him alone, you son of a bitch!” Dean growls.

“Hear how they talk to us?” Mr. Carrigan inquires moving towards Y/f/n with the bowl and cutting her arm as well, “To Gods?” Madge takes the knife and bowl and moves around the island, “Listen, pal, back in the day, we were worshiped by millions.”

“Times have changed!” Dean snaps.

“Tell me about it. All of a sudden, this Jesus character is the hot new thing in town. All of a sudden, our – our altars are being burned down, and we’re being hunted down like common monsters.”

“But did we say a peep? Oh ho ho, no, no, no, we did not,” Madge pipes up. Mr. Carrigan adds something to Sam’s blood in the bowl, “Two millennium,” Madge continues as her husband picks up a set of pliers, “We kept a low profile; we got jobs, a mortgage. Wh-What was that word, dear?”

“We assimilated,” Mr. Carrigan says.

“Yeah, we assimilated. Why, we play bridge on Tuesday and Fridays,” Madge says like it explains everything, picking up a large knife she looks at the four, “We’re just like everybody else.”

“You’re not blending in as smooth as you think, lady,” Dean snaps.

“This might pinch a bit, dear,” Madge replies, moving closer to Dean she slices his arm just like
Mr. Carrigan did to Sam and Y/f/n.

“You bitch!” Dean screams as Madge moves towards Y/n, “Don’t you fucking touch her.”

“Oh, my goodness me! Somebody owes a nickel to the swear jar,” Madge says pulling the knife across Y/n’s arm, “Oh, do you know what I say when I feel like swearing?” Madge inquires. Dean looks Madge in the eyes, as she gestures with her sharp knife in cheesy emphasis, “Fudge.”

“I’ll try and remember that!” Dean pants.

“You boys have no idea how lucky you are. There was a time when kids came from miles around, just to be sitting where you are,” Mr. Carrigan says standing in front of Sam with the tool.

“What do you think you’re doing with those?” Sam asks panicked.

Mr. Carrigan smiles and leans closer to Sam.

Looking at Madge Dean exclaims, “You fudging touch her again and I’ll fudging kill ya!”

“Very good!” Madge says waving the knife in his face.

Madge slices Y/n’s other arm and she cries out in pain, while Mr. Carrigan grabs Sam’s hand.

“Hey, Hey, Sweetheart look at me ok?” Dean says gaining Y/n’s attention, “I’m gonna kill her for you ok?” Looking over at him with tears in her eyes, she nods.

“No. No. Don’t,” Sam pleads as Mr. Carrigan begins to pull the nail of Sam’s index finger and Sam screams.

“Oh, we got a winner!” Mr. Carrigan exclaims happily holding up the nail.

The Carrigan’s put all the ingredients in the bowl and stir them.

“What else, dear?” Madge inquires.

“Well, let’s see. Uh, fingernail, blood. Oh…” Mr. Carrigan exclaims hitting himself on the head, “sweet Peter on a popsicle stick… I forgot the tooth.”

“Oh, dear!” Madge says.

Breathing hard Dean says, “Merry Christmas, Guys.” Sam groans in acknowledgment.

Mr. Carrigan picks up the pliers and grabs Dean’s chin.

“Open wide… and say, Aaah.” Mr. Carrigan says putting the pliers into Dean’s mouth. Dean groans in pain just as the Doorbell rings.

“Somebody gonna get that?” Dean questions pliers still in his mouth. Madge and Mr. Carrigan look each other. Sam looks relieved.

“You should get that,” Y/f/n says holding Sam’s hand tightly.

Rolling his eyes Mr. Carrigan sighs, “Come on.”

Dean sighs in relief and runs his tongue around his teeth. Quickly getting out of the ropes tying them to the chairs Sam and Dean untie the other two. Pulling a bandana from his pocket Dean ties
it around Y/n’s still bleeding arm. Moving into the living room the four hunters wait.

Madge and Mr. Carrigan open the door to the kitchen and hurry inside.

“Now, where were we?” Madge says. The Carrigan’s stop in their tracks noticing that the four hunters are no longer in their chairs. The Carrigan’s see one of the doors to the living room close and turn around to see the other door close too. Sam and Dean are each standing behind one of the doors, as the Carrigan’s try to open them. Dean pulls out a drawer to hold his door closed and goes to help Sam.

Leaning one hand against the door Dean asks, “What do we do now? The evergreen stakes are in the basement!”

“Well, we need more evergreen, Dean!” Sam says.

“You think that things real?” Y/n questions looking at the Christmas tree.

“I think Y/n just found us some more.” Sam sighs. Looking around he notices a large china cabinet next to the door, “Help me get this.”

Sam and Dean move the cabinet in front of the door and push the Christmas tree over breaking branches from the tree to use as stakes. All is silent when they approach the kitchen door. Suddenly Mr. Carrigan tackles Dean to the ground. While Madge walks up to Sam.

“You little thing,” Madge says her face momentarily distorting, “I loved that tree.”

Sam raises his stake but Madge hits Sam hard, and he crashes into the couch and onto the floor. While Sam is down Madge moves toward Y/f/n. Mr. Carrigan punches Dean a number of times in the face. Madge walks closer to Y/f/n, and Sam hits her with the branches. Madge is about to attack Sam when he stabs her with the Christmas tree stake.

Mr. Carrigan looks at his wife and screams, “Madge!”

Sam pushes the stake deeper and Madge groans, while Dean takes the opportunity and hits Mr. Carrigan with his branches. Sam pushes the stake in further, and Madge falls to the ground, dead. Y/n rushes over and stabs Mr. Carrigan, who screams in pain, Dean pulls it out and stabs him again. Mr. Carrigan lies dead, next to his wife. Sam breathes heavily, while Dean sighs in relief. They look at the dead bodies.

“Merry Christmas,” Sam says looking at Dean.

“I told you I’d kill em for you,” Dean says breathing heavily.

“Technically Sam killed her for me,” Y/n replies, “But thanks, De.” Smiling at him she turns and heads for the front door.

Y/f/n steps up to Sam’s side and wraps and arm around his waist helping him out to the car.

Back at the motel Dean checks over Y/n’s arms before cleaning and bandaging them. Once everyone has been taken care of Dean returns the Medical kit to the car and heads to the store to get more beer. The others sit in silence and Sam recalls more memories.

FLASHBACK, 1991

It’s snowing outside. Sam is asleep, and Dean shakes him.
“Sam, wake up!” Dean exclaims happily, “Dad was here. Look what he brought.”

Dean looks around at a little Christmas tree, decorated with a few lights.

“Dad was here?” Sam inquires.

“Yeah. Look at this. We made a killing,” Dean says.

“Why didn’t he try to wake me up?” Sam yawns.

“He tried to, like a thousand times,” Dean replies.

“He did?” Sam inquires.

Nodding Dean responds, “Yeah. Did I tell you he would give us Christmas, or what? Go on, dive in.”

Sam jumps out of his bed and hurries to the Christmas tree. He finds two presents wrapped with Christmas-themed gift wrap. One of them has a shiny green bow. Sam sits on the couch and unwraps his first gift. Dean sits on the other end of the couch and watches, excitedly.

“What is it?” Dean asks smiling.

“Sapphire Barbie,” Sam replies confused.

“Dad probably thinks you’re a girl,” Dean chuckles.

“Shut up!” Sam exclaims throwing the Barbie onto the ground.

“Open that one,” Dean says nodding toward the other present.

Sam opens the other present and finds a cheerleading stick. He looks at Dean.

“Dad never showed, did he?” Sam asks dejectedly.

“Yeah, he did, I swear,” Dean tries to defend.

“Dean…. Where’d you get all this stuff?” Sa asks not buying Deans lie.

Realizing he can’t lie anymore Dean looks down and sighs, “Nice house up the block. I swear I didn’t know they were chick presents. Look, I’m sure Dad would have been here if he could.”

“If he’s alive,” Sam says.

“Don’t say that. Of course, he’s alive. He’s Dad,” Dean responds.

Sam nods, and Dean looks sad. Sam takes the present he wrapped from the pocket of a jacket that is lying over the arm of the couch and holds it out to Dean.

“Here, take this,” Sam says.

“No. No, that’s for Dad,” Dean replies.

“Dad lied to me. I want you to have it,” Sam replies still holding out the gift.

Dean looks at it and then at Sam before inquiring, “You sure?”
Nodding Sam replies, “I’m sure.”

Dean looks at the gift again and takes it. He unwraps the gift, revealing a gold amulet on a black string.

“Thank you, Sam. I—I love it,” Dean says putting the necklace on.

The flashback ends.

Sam looks touched with his own memory. Ella Fitzgerald’s Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas plays as Dean walks into the room. He looks surprised because the others have decorated the room with a Christmas tree and Merry Christmas sign.

“Hey! You get the beer?” Sam inquires while holding a cup of eggnog.

Looking around amazed at the decorations in the room Dean asks, “What’s all this?”

“What do you think it is? It’s – it’s Christmas,” Sam responds. Dean looks at Sam, who lets out a deep breath.

“What made you change your mind?” Dean inquires.

“Here, uh … try the eggnog,” Sam responds ignoring the question. He hands Dean a cup and continues, “Let me know if it needs some more kick.” He holds out a bottle of whiskey.

Dean sips it, coughs, and looks surprised at the taste.

“No, we’re good,” Dean replies.

“Yeah?” Sam asks happily.

“Yeah,” Dean replies smiling.

When Sam looks away, Dean changes his expression, indicating it’s very strong.

“Good. Well, uh, have a seat. Let’s do… Christmas stuff, or whatever,” Sam says turning back to Dean.

Dean looks at the Christmas tree, which is decorated with lights and car air fresheners.

“Here guys,” Y/f/n says handing the boys each a present wrapped in newspaper.

“All right, first things first,” Dean replies with a nod. Sam sits on the couch and pulls Y/f/n down next to him. Y/n sits at the end watching as Dean pulls up a chair and takes two packages wrapped in brown paper from a plastic bag and holds them out to Sam, “Merry Christmas, Sam.” He reaches back into the bag and hands Y/f/n a wrapped package as well.

Smiling, Sam takes the gifts and asks, “Where’d you get these?”

“Someplace special,” Dean replies. Sam looks at him questioningly, “The gas mart down the street,” Sam laughs, and Dean continues, “Open them up.”

“Well, great minds think alike, Dean,” Sam chuckles reaching under the couch for two packages wrapped in newspaper, which he gives to Dean.

“Really?” Dean inquires surprised. He takes the gifts.
“There you go,” Sam says.

“Come on,” Dean says excitedly.

Sam opens his first gift, to reveal two porn magazines.

Laughing Sam exclaims, “Skin mags!” Dean nods, satisfied with Sam’s reaction, “and…” Sam continues opening the other gift, “Shaving cream.”

“You like?” Dean inquires.

Smiling Sam nods, “Yeah. Yeah.”

Y/f/n opens her present to reveal a pair of sunglasses and a bottle of iced coffee.

Laughing she looks at Dean, “Thanks Dean,” She says.

Dean nods and it’s his turn to open his presents. He chuckles and unwraps the gifts.

“Look at this,” He says lifting his presents, it’s a candy bar and a bottle of oil from Sam and a bottle of whiskey from Kirsten, “Fuel for me and fuel for my baby.” Sam nods happily, “These are awesome. Thanks,” Dean says.

“Good,” Sam replies. Suddenly there’s a bit of sadness in his face.

Lifting his glass of eggnog says, “Merry Christmas, Guys.”

“Yeah. Yeah,” Sam says lifting his eggnog and makes a toast with Dean’s glass, “Here, Merry Christmas.”

Sam and Dean are silent.

“Um I uh got you guys something too,” Y/n says quietly. The others look at her in shock before she stands and makes her way over to her jacket, “I-It’s not much, but, uh, here,” She finishes handing the boys each a small photo of them laughing together.

“Wow,” Dean breathes clearing his throat gently, “Thanks, Y/n.”

Dean reaches back into his back and pulls out a few more items and hands them to Y/n.

Opening them she smiles at the two small candles and mood ring.

The room returns to silence as the boys look at the picture. They each take a drink of their eggnog. Dean whistles softly at the taste.

“Hey, Dean, y–,” Sam begins looking sad like he’s going to say something and thinks differently. Sighing he asks instead, “Do you feel like watching the game?”

Smiles in relief Dean replies, “Absolutely.”

Nodding Sam chuckles, “All right.”

Sam stands up and turns on the TV. They watch the winter football game. Sam glances at Dean and Dean smiles. He glances at Sam and takes another drink of his eggnog. Outside the room, snow is gently falling.
A/n: Hey guys! Check out my poll [here](#) and let me know what you'd like to see.

“Janet Dutton, the wife of Paul found dead in her bathroom,” Y/f/n says setting the paper on the table of the diner.

“Okay?” Y/n asks skeptically.

“Husband claims the bathroom door locked itself from the inside,” Y/f/n replies.

Looking up at Y/f/n questioningly she raises her eyebrows, “This the witch case?” she asks.

“I think so,” Y/f/n replies looking around the diner.

“Alright well lets get back to the motel and see what the guys think,” Y/n says grabbing the bag of food from the table and heading for the door.

Letting themselves into the boys’ room Y/n and Y/f/n set the food on the table while Sam searches his laptop for possible cases.

“So get this,” Sam begins as Y/n throws her coat over a chair, “Janet Dutton, from Sturbridge, Massachusetts…”

“Found dead in her bathroom,” Y/n and Y/f/n finish at the same time.

Dean looks at the two eyebrows raised. Shrugging at his unasked question Y/n replies, “We were just talking about it being a possible case, husband claims door locked itself then unlocked itself.”

“So what poltergeist?” Dean inquires digging through the bag for his food.

“Maybe we’d have to check it out,” Sam says.

Nodding his head Dean digs in.

The four hunters climb from the car outside The Conquistador Motel in Sturbridge, Massachusetts. Dean made his way to the office to get the rooms. The four hunters settle into their rooms before changing into their suits.

Dean, Y/f/n, and Y/n begin questioning Paul about Janet, While Sam searches the bathroom for clues as to what happened.

“She was so scared. I couldn't help; I couldn't do anything to stop it. And I've talked to the police, and I've talked to the medical examiner and no one can explain it,” Paul says.

“Well that's why they put the call in to us Mr. Dutton,” Dean says.

“But the CDC, that's disease control right? What do you think; it's some kind of virus?” Paul
inquires.

“That’s what we’re here to find out, Sir,” Y/n replies.

Sam closes the door to the bathroom and looks more thoroughly through things.

“What do you think it was?” Pau asks.

“We're not ruling out anything yet. Mr. Dutton did Janet have any enemies?” Dean asks.

“I'm sorry?” Paul asks.

“Anyone that might have a reason to hurt her?” Y/f/n says.

“Wait, what are you saying? That somebody poisoned her?” Paul asks standing from his chair.

Sam looks under the sink in the bathroom and finds something. The questioning continues in the bedroom.

“I'm just saying we have to cover every base here,” Dean replies.

“Well, I mean, what kind of poison? You think a person could have done this?” Paul asks.

“Would anyone want to?” Y/n asks.

“What?! No, no, there's just no one that could've-” Paul begins cutting off as Sam opens the bathroom door.

“Mr. Dutton?” Dean says gaining Paul’s attention.

“Uh, everyone loved Janet,” Paul replies.

Sam nods at Dean over Paul’s shoulder letting the others know he found something.

“Okay. Thank you very much; I think we've got everything we need. We'll get out of your way now,” Dean says turning and leaving the house.

It's raining as the four hunters make their way out of the house toward the Impala.

“That dude seem a little evasive to you?” Dean inquires.

“He was definitely hiding something,” Y/n says.

“I don't know I was under a sink, pulling this out,” Sam replies pulling a hex bag from his pocket and handing it to Dean. The four stop as Dean takes the bag from Sam and opens it.

“Hex bag,” Sam says looking over Dean’s shoulder.

“Awww gross,” Dean says opening the bag up further.

“Yeah, there are bird bones, rabbit's teeth. This cloth is probably cut from something Janet Dutton owned,” Sam says.

Dean looks back at the house for a second and turns back handing the bag to Sam and walking towards the Impala again.

“So we're thinking witch?” Dean inquires.
“Uh, yeah, and not some new age wicked water douser either. This is Old World black magic Dean, I mean, warts and all,” Sam explains.

Dean and Y/n walk around the car and climb in turning to face Sam.

“I hate witches,” Dean mutters. Sam chuckles as Dean continues complaining, “They're always spewing their bodily fluids everywhere.”

“Pretty much,” Sam agrees.

“It's creepy, you know, it's down right unsanitary,” Dean finishes.

“Yeah, well someone definitely had it out for Janet Dutton,” Sam says.

“Yeah, someone who snuck into that house and planted the bag. So what are we thinking, we're uh, looking for some old craggy blair bitch in the woods,” Dean asks.

“No it could be anyone. Neighbor, coworker, man, woman that's the problem Dean, they're human, they're like everyone else,” Sam replies.

“Great. How do we find 'em?” Dean asks.

“This wasn't random; someone in Janet Dutton's life had an ugly axe to grind. We find the motive-” Sam says.

“We find the murderer,” Dean finishes.

“Yeah,” Sam nods.

Dean starts the Impala and pulls away from the curb, driving off in the rain.

“20 bucks he was banging a neighbor and it’s one of them,” Y/f/n says leaning over the seat.

“No I learned my lesson betting with Y/n,” Dean says pulling into the motel parking lot.

“What about you Sammy? Wanna take my bet?” Y/f/n inquires sweetly a Dean climbs from the car.

“Not for just $20,” Sam replies looking over at her.

“Ew gross, did not want to hear you proposition my friend,” Y/n grumbles climbing from the car and heading towards the girl’s room. Y/f/n giggles before leaning further over the seat to kiss him.

Heading in to their room Y/f/n finds Y/n sprawled across the bed napping.

“Dude we gotta research,” She says slapping Y/n’s foot.

“Nope I know what’s gonna happen I’m gonna nap,” Y/n replies not opening her eyes, “Dean’s gonna show up in like 2 hours wanting to go eat and were gonna find Paul.”

Y/f/n looks at her friend, then sets an alarm before falling into the other bed. An hour later Y/f/n wakes to find Y/n dressed in distressed blue jeans with a black tank top underneath a red and black checkered flannel, sitting at the table drinking a bottle of water. “Dean and Sam will be over in 30 mins,” She says not looking up from the newspaper.

Y/f/n groans and climbs from the bed to change from her fed clothes.
On the way to the nearest bar Dean spots Paul’s car, doors open, with Paul falling out onto the pavement hunched over.

Dean runs over to Paul and yells to Sam, “Check the car!” Sam searches under the dashboard and steering column as Dean tries to help Paul.

“Sam!” Y/f/n calls.

“Got it!” Sam yells removing the hex bag he found as Dean pulls Paul up from the pavement.

“Come on,” Dean says pulling Paul to his feet.

Sam lights the hex bag on fire and drops it to the ground as it glows with blue and green flames. As the Hex bag burns, Paul recovers from choking and leans back against his car panting heavily.

“You okay?” Dean asks.

“What the hell is happening to me?!” Paul inquires.

“You pissed someone off,” Y/n says looking at the man.

“What?” Paul asks.

“Someone murdered your wife and now they're trying to kill you, that's what's happening to you,” Dean explains.

“That's impossible! There's no way-” Paul begins.

“If we hadn't have been following you, you'd be a doornail right now. Now who wants you dead?” Dean interrupts.

“I-uh...” Paul begins.

“Come on think,” Dean growls.

“It could be anyone,” Y/f/n says.

“There's a woman-uh,” Paul says.

“A woman, okay?” Dean replies.

“An affair- a mistake,” Paul explains, earning a scoff from Y/n, “she was un-balanced, she was blackmailing me and I put an end to it a week ago.”

“What's her name?” Sam asks.

“Wha–What could she have to do with-?” Paul questions.

“Paul! What is her name?” Dean demands.

“Amanda Burns,” Paul replies, “She lives in our neighborhood.”

“Go home she’s going to try again,” Y/f/n says.

Dean nods and turns toward the car.

“What was that about?” Dean questions looking in the mirror at Y/n as he drives toward Amanda’s house.
“That man was a douche,” Y/n replies, “What kind of man cheats on someone he claims to love what’s the point knowing it’s gonna screw things up.”

Dean nods turning back to the road.

Pulling up outside Amanda’s Dean looks up at the house.

“A witch lives here?” Dean inquires.

“They’re still human,” Y/n replies climbing from the car and making her way towards the door.

Dean picks the lock and the four hunters make their way through Amanda’s house, guns drawn. They enter one of the rooms and find the flames for the candles are still burning giving just enough light to show Amanda lifeless on the table covered in blood. Dean reaches around the door locating the light switch and switches on the light.

“That’s a curveball,” Dean comments.

“Yeah,” Sam agrees.

They approach Amanda’s body, and Dean lifts her right arm with the barrel of his gun then looks at the other as well.

“Three per wrist, vertical. She wasn't foolin' around,” Dean says.

“Ding Dong the witch is dead,” Y/f/n mutters.

Sam puts his gun in the back of his jeans and bends down to look at the scattered remnant of the altar holding his nose to the smell of the burnt rotten food.

“Yeah, looks like she was working some heavyweight evil here,” Sam says.

“Yep,” Dean replies. Dean turns around, then jumps back, startled – he nearly walked into a rabbit, hanging from the ceiling, dead. “Oh god! Freakin' witches! Seriously man, come on!”

“Guess we know where she got the rabbit's teeth from,” Sam says.

“Well, Paul sure knows how to pick 'em huh? It's like Fatal Attraction all over again,” Dean replies.

“Yeah,” Y/n says.

“And why does the rabbit always get screwed in the deal?! The poor little guy,” Dean continues.

“You know what I don't get, Dean? If she was so bent on revenge, why do this?” Sam asks.

“Well, she got Janet Dutton, thought she finished off Paul, decided to cap herself and make it a spurned lover's hat-trick,” Dean guesses.

“Maybe,” Sam says leaning down to look under the glass table that Amanda is on.

“I mean, this doesn't exactly look like the TV room of a bright and stable person you know?!” Dean says looking around the room again.

“No, but then...” Sam responds pulling another Hex bag from under the table and tossing it to Dean, “There's this.”
“Another hex bag? Come on!” Dean grumbles opening the bag to find similar contents of the bag they found in Janet's bathroom and he tosses it on the table reaching for his phone.

“Looks like we got a hit, huh? A little witch-on-witch violence?” Dean says looking through the contacts on his phone.

“I guess,” Sam shrugs.

Dean dials the phone and hold it up to his ear, “I'd like to report a dead body, 309 Mayfair Circle. My name? Yeah, sure my name is—” Dean says clicks the phone shut cutting himself off.

“Why are witches killing each other?” Y/f/n questions.

“I don't know, but I think maybe we got a coven on our hands,” Sam responds.

“Get ahold of Paul find out who Amanda hangs out with,” Y/n says making her way towards the door, “We gotta go before the police show up.”

Sam makes the call to Paul getting the names of three other women that Amanda was friends with, as they head back to the motel.

“In the morning. You two take Elizabeth, Y/f/n and I will talk to Renee,” Y/n decides climbing from the back of the Impala and heading for the girls room followed by Y/f/n.

“Why don’t we go straight after Tammi?” Y/f/n inquires as the door closes.

“Ruby’s gotta show up and tell Dean there’s no saving him from hell. This starts his fight, this is the beginning of him deciding he doesn’t want to die,” Y/n replies pulling off her boots and stripping off her pants before falling into the bed, “Now shhh it’s sleepy time.”

The next morning the four hunters dress in the fed suits and head back to Mayfair circle.

At Renee’s house the girls walk up to the door and knock.

“Morning I’m Detective Wilson, this is Detective Wilson, no relation, We’d like to ask you a few questions about the death of Amanda Burns do you have a few minutes?” Y/f/n says holding out her badge.

“Sure come in,” Renee responds opening the door wider allowing the two women to step inside.

Elizabeth is turning the soil of her garden with a small shovel when Dean and Sam walk up her driveway to question her.

“You must have a green thumb,” Sam comments.

“Excuse me?” Elizabeth inquires turning towards the two men.

“Getting these herbs to grow out of season like this, quite impressive. I'm sorry; I should have introduced myself first,” Sam responds pulling out a badge from his suit jacket, “I'm uh, Detective Bachman, this is Detective Turner.” Dean takes his own badge out of his jacket pocket and flashes it at Elizabeth.

“Hi-ya,” Dean says.
We're following up on Amanda Burns' death, going around the neighborhood and talking to neighbors and stuff like that,” Sam explains.

“But didn't she- I mean she killed herself right?” Elizabeth inquires.

“Maybe, maybe,” Sam replies nodding his head.

“We heard you were friends with the deceased right?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah, I guess so,” Elizabeth responds.

“Did you have any idea about her practices?” Dean inquires.

“I'm sorry, what kind of practices?” Elizabeth questions.

“Well see, her house was littered with Satanic paraphernalia,” Sam explains.

“A regular Black Sabbath,” Dean says.

“No, the- but she was an Episcopalian,” Elizabeth defends.

“Well, then we're pretty sure she was using the wrong Bible,” Dean chuckles.

After questioning Renee the girls leave and make their way back to the Impala and watch Renee’s house. Several minutes after they leave Renee makes her way out of the house and next door to Tammi’s. Minutes go by and Tammi leads Renee out of her house and the two women make their way towards Elizabeth’s. The two women walk up unseen, and Renee speaks causing the brothers to turn and take notice of their arrival.

“Elizabeth, you all right?” Renee questions.

“I'm fine uh Renee, these are detectives. They say Amanda was- she was practicing—” Elizabeth says.

“I'm sorry detectives; you can tell that Elizabeth is a little bit upset,” Renee interrupts.

“Of course, Miss ... ?” Dean begins.

“Missus. Renee. Van Allen,” Renee says. Saying it slowly and emphatically, like it's significant and she's important, “Would you like me to spell it for you?”

“I'll get by, thanks,” Dean responds.

“This Amanda business has been hard for Liz. For all of us,” Renee continues.

“Yeah. I mean, you think you know a person,” Tammi puts in. Sam looks between the three women suspiciously.

“Well, I guess we all have secrets don't we?” Dean says.

“Well, thanks, um, we'll be in touch,” Sam says turning and heading back to the car.

“Have a nice day,” Dean nods.

“Bye,” Tammi says as the pair depart.

The guys make their way back to the car and climb in.
“Well, I'm already sold on that Elizabeth chick. Did you see that victory garden of hers? Belladonna, wolfsbane, mandrake, not to mention that little flinch she threw when we mentioned the occult,” Dean comments maneuvering the car down a dark country road.

“Well, she's definitely had a good run lately, gone up a few tax brackets; won almost too many raffles. Kinda thing a little black magic always helps with,” Sam replies looking through some news articles.

“Well,” Dean nods.

“I don't think she's alone. Looks like 'MRS. Renee Van Allen' has won almost every craft contest she has entered in the past three months,” Y/n puts in.

“Yeah, a regular Martha Stewart, huh? Except for the devil worship, I'm thinking that was the coven we met back there, minus one member,” Dean says.

“Amanda was clearly going off the reservation. What do you think, they killed her to keep up appearances?” Sam questions.

“Seems like an appearance kind of crowd, don't you think?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah,” Sam confirms.

“If they killed the nut-job, should we uh, thank them or what?” Y/f/n asks leaning over the seat and resting her head on Sam’s shoulder.

“They're working black magic too, babe. They need to be stopped,” Sam replies.

“Stopped like stopped?” Dean questions. Sam gives him a look that says 'of course'. “They're human, Sam.”

“They're murderers,” Sam replies. Dean looks at Sam for a second with surprise and then shrugs in agreement.

“Burn witch, burn,” Dean comments. The Impala continues to cruise down the road before it stutters and starts to choke up, “What the hell?” The head lights of the Impala flicker on and then back on again as it slowly comes to a stop in front of a figure sanding in the middle of the road. Sam gets out of the car first and the others follow.

“Ruby,” Sam says in acknowledgement.

“Sam, listen to me, there's no time,” Ruby responds.

“For what? What are you talking about?” Sam inquires.

“You have to get out of town,” Ruby replies.

“So this is Ruby, huh?” Dean questions pulling the colt from his jacket, aiming at her, and cocking it, “Never had the pleasure.”

“Dean!” Sam exclaims.

“I was hoping you'd show up again,” Dean continues ignoring Sam.

“Point that thing somewhere else,” Ruby demands.
“Hahahaha! Right,” Dean chuckles sarcastically.

“Sam please. Go. Get in the car and don't look back,” Ruby pleads.


“Hey hot stuff we can take care of a few kitchen witches, thanks,” Dean sasses.

“I'm not talking about witches, you jackass. Witches are whores. I'm talking about who they serve,” Ruby snaps.

Dean and Sam both look confused for a second, but then it dawns on Sam, “Demons. They get their power from demons,” he says.

“Yeah. And there's one here, now,” Ruby reveals.

“Oh, what, you mean besides you?” Dean questions.

“Sam, it knows you're in town and it's gonna come after you and its way more than you can handle,” Ruby says continuing to ignore Dean.

“Oh come on, what is this huh? Please tell me you're not listening to this crap!” Dean asks looking at his brother.

“Put a leash on your toy, if you wanna keep him,” Ruby snaps at Y/n.

“Dean, look, just chill out,” Sam says looking over to Dean.

“No! No! She's messing with your head, God knows why, that's who they are!” Dean snaps.

“I'm telling you the truth,” Ruby growls.

“And I'm telling you to shut up bitch,” Dean grumbles.

“I'm sorry, why are you even a part of this conversation?!” Ruby snaps at Dean.

“Oh, I don't know maybe because he's my brother, you black eyed skank!” Dean replies.

“Oh, right, right. You care about your brother so much. That's why you're checking out in a few months, leaving him all alone?” Ruby replies.

“Shut up,” Dean snaps stepping forward.

“At least let me try and save him, since you won't be here to do it anymore,” Ruby responds.

“I said shut up!” Dean yells drawing the gun up to shoot Ruby.

“Dean no!” Sam yells pushing Dean's arm away from Ruby as he fires the Colt, and Dean tries to fight against Sam's hold and they lock arms and both look to where Ruby was standing to see that she has vanished.

Dean gives Sam a look of disappointment and goes back to get in the Impala, as Sam looks around in vain for Ruby.

Dean walks in first and switches on the light and Sam follows right behind him.

“What the hell were you thinking?” Dean growls walking further into the room.
“What?! What the hell was I thinking?” Sam asks incredulously.

“She's a demon, Sam. Period. All right? They want us dead, we want them dead,” Dean responds turning to face his brother.

“Oh, that's funny; I remember that demon chick in Ohio, Casey? You didn't want her dead,” Sam snaps.

“Yeah, well she wasn't stringing me along like a fish on a hook,” Dean responds pulling his jacket off angrily.

“No one's stringing me along! Look, I know it's dangerous, that she is dangerous, but like it or not, she's useful,” Sam replies.

“No! We kill her before she kills us,” Dean responds.

“Kill her with what? The gun she fixed for us?” Sam asks.

“Whatever works,” Dean shrugs.

“Dean, if she wants us dead, all she has to do is stop saving our lives,” Y/n says stepping towards him.

“You two just stood there while everything happened don’t even get me started,” Dean growls.

“Yeah because like Sam said like it or not she’s useful,” Y/n snaps pushing Dean away from Sam.

Dean turns away from Sam and goes to the sink turning on the water.

“Look, we have to start looking at the big picture Dean, start thinking in strategies and – and moves ahead,” Sam says. Dean says nothing just splashes water on his face so Sam continues, “It's not so simple, we're not – we're not just hunting anymore. We're at war.”

Dean turns off the water and looks at Sam in the mirror above the sink, grabs a towel to dry off his face and turns back around to Sam.

“Are you feeling okay?” Dean inquires.

“Why are you always asking me that?” Sam sighs sitting at the foot of one of the beds.

Dean moves back into the room, “Because you're taking advice from a demon for starters. And by the way, you seem less and less worried about offing people. You know, it used to eat you up inside,” Dean replies.

“Yeah, and what has that gotten me?” Sam questions.

“Nothing, but it's just what you're supposed to do okay? We're supposed to drive in the freakin' car and freakin' argue about this stuff. You know, you go on about the sanctity of life and all that crap,” Dean responds rubbing his stomach uncomfortably.

“Wait, so – so you're mad because I'm starting to agree with you?” Sam questions.

Dean looks at Sam and exhales, “No, I'm not mad, I'm- I'm- I'm worried, Sam –” Dean replies moving toward the other bed, and sitting, “I'm worried because you're not acting like yourself.”

“Yeah, you're right, I'm not. I don't have a choice,” Sam responds.
“What is that supposed to mean?” Dean inquires.

“Look, Dean, you're leaving – right? And I gotta stay here in this crap hole of a world. So the way I see it, if I'm gonna make it, if I'm gonna fight this war after you're gone, then I gotta change,” Sam replies.

Dean has been looking increasingly uncomfortable during Sam's last speech, and is now clutching his stomach in discomfort and leaning forward slightly.

“Change into what?” Dean asks.

“Into you. I gotta be more like you,” Sam replies.

Dean shakes his head, then tightens his face in pain, and leans further over still clutching his stomach and side with his left hand.

“What's going on with you?” Sam asks.

Dean moves around in pain still clutching his stomach, and he can barely force words out.

“I don't know,” Dean replies bending and gasping in pain, “Oh- Sam something's wrong- bunch of knives inside of me-”

“Dean?” Sam questions moving off the bed and kneeling in front of Dean who is leaning all the way forward with his head almost between his legs.

“Son of a bitch-” Dean groans.

“Dean, hey,” Sam continues.


“The coven man, it's gotta be the coven,” Dean says looking around the room.

“God dammit,” Y/n mutters watching Dean groan in pain before tearing things apart looking for the bag.

“Don't worry,” Sam says standing and rushing to the bathroom opening the cupboards and searching for the Hex bag.

Dean yells in pain and lies back on the bed, his face still twisted in pain. Sam pulls things out of the cupboard throwing them aside. Dean leans forward again falling to his knees in front of the foot of the bed, spitting out blood, choking and sputtering. Sam is still looking for the hex bag, in another cupboard pulling out pillows and when he finds nothing, he moves to the bed while Dean is still choking on blood and spitting it out of his mouth. Sam pulls off the covers to the bed tearing back the sheets and slices the mattress open with his knife and still cannot find the hex bag.

“Dean, I can't find it,” Sam says worriedly. Dean falls over sideways and looks weak and hurt and still in pain. “No.”

As Dean continues to cough blood more weakly now, Sam rummages through his bag and pulls out the Colt and opens it to make sure there are bullets in it.

“Sam, what are you doing?” Y/f/n questions as the girls continue to search for the hex bag. Sam ignores her just gets up and moves toward the door.
“Sam!” She calls out, as he closes the door behind him. “Sam!”

Dean continues to groan in pain.

Sam climbs into the Impala and speeds down a dark country road, a look of determination on his face, headed for the witches.

Sam kicks in the door and the women scream out of fear getting up from the altar raising their hands in surrender. Sam enters the room with the colt drawn.

“Let him go,” Sam demands.

“Let who go? What are you doing? You're insane, get out!” Renee exclaims.

“Look, if you know about me, then you know about this gun. You're killing my brother. Now let him go. Get away from the altar,” Sam responds.

“What?” Renee questions.

“Now!” Sam snaps.

They all move away from the altar with their hands still up as Sam keeps the Colt trained on them.

Dean is leaning over a pool of blood he has spit out gasping and coughing blood still. There are quick footsteps outside and the door is kicked open and Ruby steps in and finds Dean who looks up and sees her.

“You wanna kill me? Get in line bitch,” Dean groans.

Ruby goes over to Dean and pulls him up by the collar tossing him on the bed, leans over him and forces his mouth open with her left hand as Dean tries to push her away. Ruby sprays a dark brown liquid into his mouth from a bag at her side with her right hand while Dean still struggles under her hold. Ruby stands up as Dean chokes on the liquid and spits some back out.

“Stop ... calling me bitch,” Ruby huffs.

Sam is still aiming the gun at Elizabeth, Renee and Tammi.

“Go,” Sam says directing them in front of the fireplace.

The witches move with their hands still up in the air.

“What- we- we weren't hurting anyone,” Elizabeth tries.

“Please, we don't even know your brother,” Renee pleads.

“Stop the spell, or die. Five seconds,” Sam replies.

“What?” Renee questions.

Sam cocks the gun and points it back at them and begins counting down, “Four.”

“No, please, please don't kill us,” Renee begs.

“We were just getting Renee a lower mortgage rate!” Elizabeth explains.

Sam looks confused but still holds the gun ready.
“Next time you point that gun at me, I'm not gonna just disappear, understand?” Ruby questions tossing a sawed off shotgun over to Dean who is back to sitting on the foot of the bed. His face is somewhat cleaned off from the blood and liquid 'cure' that Ruby gave him.

“You ... saved my life,” Dean comments.

“Don't mention it,” Ruby replies.

“What was that stuff? God, it was ass. It tasted like ass,” Dean grumbles.

“It's called witchcraft, short bus,” Ruby responds turning and walk out of the room closing the door behind her and leaving Dean on the bed slightly offended.

“You're the short bus ... short bus,” Dean mutters.

“Okay, maybe it's not you –” Sam says pointing the gun at Elizabeth and then moving on to Renee, “– or you,” He moves on again and points the gun at a sobbing Tammi, “Maybe it's you.”

“I don't even know what he's talking about. What a–re you even talking about?” Tammi asks seemingly scared and upset.

“I mean, all of you, everyone in your little coven, you've all had runs of good fortune. Newsworthy good fortune. Except for you, Tammi. Now tell me, why is that? You didn't want anything for yourself? Or is it because you're already getting what you wanted – like these women's souls,” Sam shrugs.

“I can't- I-I'm not- I-I-I don't...” Tammi begins before giving up with a sigh and putting her hands down, going from looking frightened to calm and her eyes change to black revealing that she is the demon Ruby warned him about. The other women gasp in shock. “Nice dick work, Magnum,” Tammi comments.


“What's wrong? Couldn't find my hex bag? Sorry, sweetheart, but your brother's lungs should be on the floor by now,” Tammi chuckles. Sam fire the Colt at her but the bullet slows as Tammi lifts up her hand. The bullet loses momentum, slows, stops, and falls to the floor. “You're in a lot of trouble, Sam.”

Tammi motions her arm at Sam, and Sam is thrown against the wall behind him, and pinned there.

“Tammi, what's wrong with your eyes?” Elizabeth questions.

Tammi turns her head and attention on the other two women, making her eyes look human again. Sam is still pinned helplessly to the wall.

“Tammi, what are you doing?” Renee asks.

“Renee, shut your painted hole,” Tammi snaps.

“What? I-I will- You can't- Not in my house, Tammi Fenton,” Renee splutters. Annoyed, Tammi, waves her right hand at Renee and Renee's head snaps to the right so far it almost turns completely around, killing her. Renee’s body falls to the floor as Elizabeth shrieks in terror covering her mouth.

“Look. You got me – let the girl go,” Sam panted.
“Wait your turn, young man,” Tammi replied condescendingly.

Tammi turns toward Elizabeth who whimpers, “oh-oh god.”

“Shhh, Lizzie, it's okay,” Tammi tries soothing her.

“You're not Tammi,” Elizabeth responds pulling her hands away from her mouth.

“No, but I'm wearing her meat. I had to break the ice with you girls somehow,” Tammi explains.

“You killed Renee,” Elizabeth cries.

“Renee, Amanda ... That's what happens to witches who get voted off the island,” Tammi responds.

“Who are you?” Elizabeth asks.

“Funny story actually. You remember all those dark demonic forces you prayed to, when you swore your servitude? Just who did you think you were praying to?” Tammi inquires.

“This-this isn't – it can't b-” Elizabeth stutters.

“What did you think it was? Make believe? Positive thinking? The Secret? No, it was me. You sold yourself to me, you pig,” Tammi chuckles. Elizabeth gasps and stares at Tammi in horror, as Tammi continues talking, “All I had to do was bring one good book to Book Club, and you ladies lined up to kiss my ass.”

“No, no, we didn't know-” Elizabeth denies.

“Oh, yes you did. You knew every step of the way, and now your ever livin' souls are mine,” Tammi replies. Tammi turns back to Sam who is still pinned to the wall. “Comments? Questions? Hmm, Sammy Winchester, wow! Right here in our little town. You know, my friends and I, we've been looking for you,” She states.

“Why? Oh, right, 'cause I'm supposed to lead some piss poor demon army,” Sam scoffs.

“No, not at all. You're not our Messiah. We don't believe in you. But, there's a new leader rising in the West – a real leader. That's the horse to bet on, Sam, the one who's gonna tear this world apart. Thing is, this demon? It doesn't like you very much. It doesn't want the competition,” Tammi informs raising her hand, Sam begins sliding up the wall, “Nothing personal, it's a P.R. thing, so, buh-bye.” Tammi keeps her hand raised, and Sam begins to be crushed into the wall, paint and plaster cracking as he is pushed harder into the solid wall.

Elizabeth stands there watching, frozen in fear and the front door to the house slams open. Dean runs in with his shotgun drawn and Tammi turns around easily throwing him over the sofa, and when he gets up, she pins him to the wall behind him.

“Two for one. Lovely,” Tammi says with a sadistic smile.

Ruby's voice cuts in before Tammi can finish what she started, “Wait.” Ruby walks in with her hands raised in surrender, “Please. I just ... came to talk.” Ruby puts her hands down.

“You made it out of the gate. Impressive. That was a bitch of a fight, wasn't it?” Tammi inquires.

“Doors out of Hell only open for so long,” Ruby replies.
“What do you want, Ruby?” Tammi asks.

“I’ve been lost without you,” Ruby says moving toward Tammi, “Take me back. That's why I led the Winchesters here.” Dean looks angry, and mouths *I told you so* to Sam. “They're for you ... as a gift,” Ruby continues.

“Really,” Tammi asks.

“Let me serve you again. I've wanted it – I've wanted you – for so long,” Ruby pleads. Dean lifts his eyebrows at this hot-demon-chick on hot-demon-chick flirtation.

“You were one of my best,” Tammi replies. Ruby and Tammi look at each other, and Ruby pulls her knife out and tries to stab Tammi, but Tammi catches it in mid-air. “But then again, you always were a lying whore,”

The knife is thrown sideways out of their hands across the wood floor. Tammi and Ruby fight, and Tammi throws Ruby into the TV, but she gets up and kicks Tammi and goes to run past her, and Tammi clotheslines Ruby causing her to fall flat on her back. Tammi pulls Ruby up and throws her into a bookcase and gets a fireplace poker from the stand on the hearth, looking at Elizabeth who is still cowering, before she walks back to Ruby with the poker in her hand

“You're really telling me you threw in your chips with Abbott and Costello here?” Tammi inquires.

Ruby, panting, tries to get up, and Tammi hits her across the face with the fireplace poker. Elizabeth, unseen by Tammi, who is still distracted by Ruby, runs to the altar and dumps a bunch of pins out of a bowl onto the cloth with the demonic symbol on it.

“Come on. Get up.” Tammi demands. Ruby is panting and not moving, with blood coming out of her nose. “I said, get up!” Tammi growls tossing the poker aside and crouches over Ruby grabbing her by the jacket and pulling her up. “We've been here before, haven't we?” Tammi says. Chuckling to herself Tammi looks over at Sam, “She didn't tell you?” She inquires. Tammi turns back to Ruby and continues, “Pretty mortifying I guess. She was one of mine. I turned her out a long, long time ago. Ruby here was a witch. Of course that was when you were human.”

Dean and Sam both look surprised even though they are still both pinned to their respective walls. Tammi throws Ruby back down onto the debris of the bookcase she crashed through and stands up.

“Didn't want your friends to know that all those centuries back you sold yourself to me? Embarrassing, I guess. But don't worry love, no secrets where you're heading remember?” Tammi remarks.

Tammi begins to chant and black smoke rises out of Ruby’s mouth curling and hovering inches above her mouth.

“Monyé valack forsa, ulu iri regatt ruac, fieesh nieesh forthsa lé inmist infirum forthsa por un betest a té un fonalles ecclaisee-”

Tammi begins to cough and Elizabeth is chanting under her breath at the altar. As Tammi coughs harder, Dean is dropped from the wall and he falls forward. Sam also falls from the wall and drops to the floor as Tammi brings her hand up to her mouth. Tammi coughs up a handful of long pins into her hand, her mouth bleeding in the process. She looks at the pins and raises her right hand and clenches it into a fist. Elizabeth's breath catches and her eyes go wide as she struggles to breath.

Grabbing the demon knife from where it had fallen to the floor, Y/n comes up behind Tammi and
stabs her stopping her from harming Elizabeth any more. Tammi dies as well as the demon that was inside of her and she falls to the floor. Dean looks at Ruby and goes to help Elizabeth out of the house. Y/f/n helps Sam up and the four move toward the door and stop to look at Ruby.

“Go,” Ruby demands. Ruby looks at them slightly embarrassed and wipes the blood away from her mouth, “I'll clean up this mess.” Dean starts to walk toward the door, helping Sam on his way.

“Come on,” Dean mutters. Dean and Sam stop and look back at Ruby one more time. Ruby turns her eyes black and glares at them.

“Go,” Ruby growls.

Dean, Y/f/n, and Sam walk out the door. Pulling the Demon blade from Tammi’s back Y/n turns to face Ruby, “If you betray us, I will kill you,” She says flipping the knife around and handing it back to the demon before turning and walking out the door.

Back at the motel, Sam is splashing his face with water and looks in the mirror above the sink with a worried expression etched in his face.

“You ok babe?” Y/f/n asks stepping into the room and running a hand soothingly up and down Sam’s back.

Sam turns to her and offers a weak smile.

Outside the motel, Dean is walking back to the room from the vending. The lights flicker, and he looks around, spotting Ruby standing there in the shadows of the hotel parking lot.

“So the devil may care after all, is that what I'm supposed to believe?” Dean inquires.

“I don't believe in the devil,” Ruby replies stepping into the light.

Dean walks toward her. “Wacky night. So let me get this straight, you were human once, you died, you went to hell, you became a...” He trails off gesturing at her.

“Yeah,” She replies turning to leave.

“How long ago?” Dean calls.

“Back when the plague was big,” Ruby responds.

“So all of 'em – every damn demon – they were all human once?” Dean asks.

“Every one I've ever met,” Ruby replies turning back to face Dean.

“Well, they sure don't act like it,” Dean comments.

“Most of them have forgotten what it means, or even that they were. That's what happens when you go to Hell, Dean. That's what Hell is – forgetting what you are,” Ruby retorts.

“Philosophy lesson from a demon. I'll pass, thanks,” Dean scoffs.

“It's not philosophy. It's not a metaphor. There's a real fire in the pit. Agonies you can't even imagine,” Ruby informs.

“No, I saw Hellraiser. I get the gist,” Dean replies with a nod.
Ruby turns and starts walking away calling over her shoulder, “Actually they got that pretty close. Except for all the custom leather.” Dean looks thoughtful and Ruby stops her departure, and turns back to Dean. “The answer is yes, by the way,” She says answering his unasked question.

“I’m sorry?” Dean inquires.

“Yes, the same thing will happen to you. It might take centuries, but sooner or later Hell will burn away your humanity. Every Hell-bound soul, every one, turns into something else. Turns you into us. So yeah. Yeah, you can count on it,” Ruby replies.

“There’s no way of saving me from the pit is there?” Dean asks.

“Only one, someone else would have to go in your place,” Ruby replies nodding toward the door to the boys’ room where the others waited.

“Not going to happen,” Dean responds, “Why’d you tell Sam that you could?”

“So he would talk to me. You Winchesters can be pretty bigoted. I needed something to help him get past the—” Ruby begins.

“The demon thing? It’s pretty hard to get past,” Dean retorts.

“Look at you. Tryin’ to be all stoic. My god, it’s heartbreaking,” Ruby chuckles.

“Why are you telling me all this?” Dean inquires.

“I need your help,” Ruby responds.

“Help with what?” Dean asks.

“With Sam. The way you stuck that demon tonight – it was pretty tough. Sam’s almost there, but not quite. You need to help me get him ready – for life without you. To fight this war on his own,” Ruby states turning and walking away again.

“Ruby!” Dean calls out causing her to pause, “Why do you want us to win?”

Ruby turns back around to face Dean, “Isn’t it obvious? I’m not like them. I don’t know why. I – I wish I was, but ... I’m not. I remember what it’s like,” She says.

“What what’s like?” Dean questions.


Dean looks down lost in his thoughts, and when he looks up Ruby has disappeared leaving Dean alone in the parking lot.
“Hey you two seen Sam?” Dean asks poking his head in the motel room.
“Check the bar,” Y/f/n grumbles looking up at him before going back to packing her duffle bag.
“The bar? It’s a little early to be drinking,” Dean replies.
“Dude, you’re telling that to the wrong people,” Y/n responds throwing one of Y/f/n’s freshly laundered shirts at her.
“Alright,” Dean says backing out of the room and heading for the bar.
“Okay, talk to me,” Y/n demanded walking toward the small table in the room, “What’s going on?”
“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Y/f/n responds not turning from the duffle.
“I heard you two you know,” Y/n says settling into the chair and putting her feet up on the table, “Arguing.”
“I don’t want to talk about it,” Y/f/n huffs.
“Ok but you know you can tell me anything,” Y/n responds, “I may not talk out my problems but I’ll listen.”

Sam is sitting in the bar at a table nursing a glass of whiskey as the Doobie Brother’s Long train running plays in the background. He’s tilting his glass back and forth slowly, deep in thought, almost spilling out the contents, he’s looking sad and all the hope usually in him is gone. Behind him the door opens and Dean walks in. Looking around he sees Sam and walks over, brows furrowed.
“There you are. What are you doing?” Dean inquires.
Sam turns to him, and shrugs before responding, “Having a drink.”
“It’s two in the afternoon. You’re drinking whiskey?” Dean asks.
“I drink whiskey all the time,” Sam replies words slurred slightly.
“No, you don’t,” Dean responds.
“What’s the big deal? You get sloppy in bars, you hit on chicks all the time. Why can’t I?” Sam asks.
Dean looks around and notes that there’s not many people in the bar; just the one woman by the bar, who’s quite a bit older than Sam.
“One, You have a girlfriend, and two, It’s kind of slim pickings around here,” Dean replies, “What’s going on with you?”
Sam shakes his head, and doesn’t say anything for a few moments looking completely lost.
“I tried, Dean,” Sam sighs.
“To do what?” Dean asks confused.
“To save you,” Sam replies dejectedly.
Dean pulls up a stool to sit down next to Sam before ordering a drink from the bartender, “Can I get a whiskey? Double, neat.”
“I’m serious, Dean,” Sam says.
“No, you’re drunk,” Dean replies.
“I mean, where you’re going... what you’re gonna become,” Sam responds close to tears, he scoffs, then shakes his head, “I can’t stop it.” He pauses before continuing, “I’m starting to think maybe even Ruby can’t stop it. But really, the thing is, no one can save you.”
“What I’ve been telling you,” Dean responds.
“No, that’s not what I mean. I mean, no one can save you, because you don't wanna be saved,” Sam argues, “I mean, how can you care so little about yourself?”
Dean takes in all this, and scoffs, and smiles a little.
“What’s wrong with you?” Sam inquires.
Dean looks over to meet Sam’s eyes, but before they get a chance to say anything else, Dean’s cell rings.
“Hello?” He answers, “Yes, this is Mr. Snyderson,” He listens to the other person on the line a surprised look crossing his face, “What?” he looks over at Sam worry evident, “Where?” Standing from the stool he pays for the drink as he listens to the person, “Alright I’ll be there as soon as possible,” Dean hangs up the phone and looks at Sam, “Come on we gotta go,” He says striding out the door. Dean and Sam head back to the motel to get their things and the girls. 20 minutes later the four hunters are on the road headed for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Making their way through the hospital doors they head towards the nurses station to get Bobby’s room number. Opening the door to the room Bobby is in, the boys shuffle inside and stand next to the bed with the girls on either side.

“So, what's the diagnosis?” Sam inquires of the doctor.

“We've tested everything we can think to test. He seems perfectly healthy,” The doctor replies.

“Except that he's comatose,” Dean responds arms crossed.

“Mr. Snyderson, you're his emergency contact. Anything we should know? Any illnesses?” The doctor asks.

“No, he-he never gets sick. I mean, he doesn't even catch cold,” Dean replies.

“Doctor, is there anything you can do?” Y/f/n inquires running her hand across Sam’s back.

“Look, I'm sorry, but we don't know what's causing it... so we don't know how to treat it. He just... went to sleep, and didn't wake up,” The doctor replies.

Dean and Sam share a look and then they look over at Bobby sadly.

Once the doctor leaves the room Sam suggests checking out the motel room he was found in. Dean nods his head not saying a thing before running his hand down his face and leaving the room.

The four hunters make their way to the motel Bobby was staying in and start to climb from the vehicle.

“Wait get two rooms so it doesn’t look sketchy,” Y/n says stopping Dean, “Besides we’re gonna be here until we find out what happened to Bobby, we’re gonna need a place to crash.”

“Yeah alright,” Dean replies heading into the office.

The four hunters make their way to the room Bobby was in to begin searching for clues.

“So, what was Bobby doing in Pittsburgh?” Sam asks opening the door and walking in.

“Unless he's taking an extremely lame vacation...” Dean starts, while closing the door behind them.

“Maybe he was working a job?” Y/f/n suggests looking around the room, “I mean, he must have been working a job, right?”

“Well, you think there'd be some sort of sign of something, you know?” Dean replies.

Sam opens the drawer beside the bed, but it's empty. Dean does the Same to the dresser, and that too is empty. The girls make their way to the closet and open the door.

“Research, news clippings...” Dean continues.

Sam turns to the closet watching the girls.

“Or a frigging pizza box or a beer can,” Dean mutters walking away from the dresser he was looking in, Sam makes his way over to the closet and stands behind them. Bobby’s clothes are hanging inside, Sam reaches in and pulls the string for the light.

“How ‘bout this?” Y/n and Y/f/n say in unison.

Y/n turns to look at her friend, “That was creepy, It wasn’t bad enough when these two did it now we are,” She grumbles.

Y/f/n rolls her eye and pushes Bobby’s clothes to the side, stepping out of the way for Dean to look. On the wall behind them hangs all of the news clippings, maps and pictures they were looking for. There's pictures of roots, mushrooms, seeds and a map where Bobby has written "Pittsburgh" in big letters and underlined it. There's post-its with addresses and numbers. There's a piece of paper about a plant.

“Good old Bobby, always covering up his tracks,” Dean chuckles.

“You make heads or tails of any of this?” Sam inquires.

Dean takes one of the papers about a plant and reads the title of it.

“Silene capensis, which of course means absolutely nothing to me,” Dean replies still looking at the paper.
“Here. Obit,” Sam says pulling a newspaper clipping and reads from it as he skims it. “Dr. Walter Gregg, 64, university neurologist.”

“How’d he bite it?” Dean inquires.

“Um.. actually, they don't know. They say he just went to sleep and didn't wake up,” Sam responds.

Dean snags the clipping from his hand a reads it over.

“That sound familiar to you?” Dean inquires.

“All right, um... So let's say Bobby was looking into the doc's death. You know, hunting after something-” Sam begins.

Dean looks up at him.

“–that started hunting him,” Dean finishes.

“Yeah,” Sam nods.

“All right, stay here. See if you can make heads or tails of this,” Dean says to Sam as he points at the closet.

“What are you gonna do?” Sam asks.

“Y/n and I are gonna look into the good doctor ourselves,” Dean replies heading towards the door.

Dean and Y/n head to the rooms and change into fed gear before making their way to Dr. Gregg’s office. Books and boxes are cluttered over the office, ready to be packed up and removed as the two hunters and Dr. Gregg's assistant comes in.

“So you're Dr. Gregg's lab assistant?” Dean asks.

“That's right,” The woman replies.

“His death must have come as a shock to you,” Y/n says walking further into the room.

“I don't understand. I went over all of this with the other detective,” The assistant nods. Dean and Y/n look around the office, while the Assistant stands behind them. “But, still, go in your sleep, peaceful... That's what you wish for, right?” She asks.

Dean and Y/n share a look before Dean responds, “Yeah. Right.”

Dean leans over the get a closer look at a book on the doctor's desk.

“Dr. Gregg uh.. studied sleeping disorders? Dreams?” Dean inquires picking up the book, holding it up for the others.

“You already spoke to another detective?” Y/n asks.

“Yeah. A very nice older man with a beard,” The assistant replies.

“Well, We'd love to hear it again if you don't mind,” Dean responds with a flirty smile.

“Thing is, I'm sort of busy. Maybe we could do this later?” Dr. Gregg’s assistant responds snappily.

“Sure. Yeah. Just bring you down to the station later this afternoon,” Dean responds, “and get your statement on tape, do it all official-like.”

“Look, okay, I didn't know about Dr. Gregg's experiments. Not until I was cleaning out his files,” The assistant responds.

“His experiments, uh...? The ones he was conducting on ... sleeping?” Dean says confusion lacing his voice.

“No one knew, okay? Not the university, not anybody. I already spoke with a lawyer and he told me I can't be held liable for anything,” The assistant responds.

“Maybe you couldn't, but that was before the new evidence came to light,” Y/n says.

“New evidence?” The assistant inquires.

“Mm-hm,” Dean responds with a nod.

“What new evidence?” The assistant inquires.

“I'm not at liberty to say,” Dean responds.

“It’s an ongoing investigation,” Y/n finishes.

Sighing the assistant responds, “Look, I'm just a grad student. This was a gig to cover tuition.”

“Maybe so. But, uh, still, this- this... this could go on your permanent record. Unless you hand over the doctor's research to me. All of it,” Dean says.
The assistant walks over to a stack of boxes and pulls out a folder handing it to Dean. Dean takes the folder and flips through it before handing it to Y/n.

“Thank you,” Dean says smiling at the woman.

Y/n tucks the folder under her arm and shakes the woman’s hand before leaving.

Climbing into the car Y/n begins looking through the file as Dean walks around and climbs in.

“What’s funny?” Dean inquires as Y/n chuckles quietly to herself.

“I can’t believe you still use classic rock stars as alias’” Y/n replies.

Dean smiles a moment before replying, “You’re one to talk, Stevie Nicks?”

Y/n busts out laughing bringing a bigger smile to Dean’s face before saying, “Ok, fair enough.”

“So who was the good Doc experimenting on?” Dean asks.

“Uh…” Y/n flips back a few pages in the folder and reads the name, “Jeremy Frost, He’s a student here at the college.”

Dean nods his head and heads in the direction of the address on the papers.

The two hunters climb the steps to Jeremy’s dorm and Dean knocks on the door. Holding up his badge, that states he’s a detective for Pittsburgh police department. Jeremy moves away from the door so Dean and Y/n can come in.

“Look, I don't know what the RA said, but, ah, I was growing ferns,” Jeremy says walking farther into the room.

“Take it easy, Phish, that's not why we’re here,” Dean chuckles.

“Really?” Jeremy inquires.

Dean turns around to him with the file in his hands.

“Oh, thank God. Okay,” Jeremy replies relieved.

“We wanna talk to you about Dr. Gregg’s sleep study,” Y/n says.

“Yeah. Dr. Gregg just died, right?” Jeremy asks.

“You were one of his test subjects, right?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah,” Jeremy replies heading toward the kitchen. Jeremy opens his fridge and takes out three beers. He holds them up a bit, motioning as a question. He then holds two out toward the other two.

“Unless you're on... duty or, whatever?” Jeremy says.

Dean looks to the door for a second, then towards Y/n, before deciding to go for the beer.

“I guess I can make an exception,” Dean says taking the bottle.

“No thank you,” Y/n says holding up a hand.

Jeremy returns the third beer before grabbing the bottle opener. He opens his bottle as Dean uses his ring to open his own. They lift their beers to each other and then both take a swig. Dean closes his eyes as he takes in the beer, enjoying the taste.

“Now, Dr. Gregg was testing treatments for a, uh, Charcot-Wilbrand syndrome? Would you mind telling us what that is?” Y/n asks as Jeremy brings the bottle away from his mouth.

“Um.. I, uh.. I can't dream,” Jeremy replies, “I had this bike accident when I was a kid and banged my head pretty good and I haven't had a dream since. Till the study. You know. Sort of.”

“What'd the doc give you?” Dean inquires.

“It's this yellow tea. It.. it smelled awful, tasted worse,” Jeremy responds.

“What did it do?” Y/n asks.

“Just passed right out. And uh, I had the most vivid, super-intense dream. Like a bad acid trip, you know?” Jeremy replies.

Forgetting he's in character Dean responds with, “Totally,” before remembering his role, “I mean, no.”

“That was it. I dropped out of the study right after that. I didn't... like it. To tell you the truth... it kind of scared me,” Jeremy finishes.

Dean looks at him, thoughtful.

“Well thank you for your time Jeremy,” Y/n says. Dean finishes his beer and follows Y/n to the door.

Dean and Y/n finish interviewing the other patients in the sleep study before heading back to the
motel to change then back to the hospital to meet up with Sam and Y/f/n. Dean takes the seat by Bobby's bed, looking at him, thoughtful, while they wait on the others. Sam and Y/f/n walk in a few minutes later, Sam with files in hand and Y/f/n practically vibrating. Dean turns to face them as they enter the room. The boys share a look before Sam walks further into the room.

“How is he?” Sam asks making his way around the bed. Dean rubs his hand over his chin as he turns back to Bobby.

“No change. What you got?” Dean inquires standing from the chair and walking over to Sam.

“Well, considering what you told me about the doc's experiments..” Sam sighs, “..Bobby's wall is starting to make a hell of a lot more sense.”

“How so?” Y/n asks stepping closer to the bed from her spot in the corner.

Sam holds up a picture of a plant from the folder.

“This plant, Silene capensis, is also known as African Dream Root? It's been used by shaman and medicine men for centuries,” Sam explains.

“Let me guess. They dose up, bust out the didgeridoos, start kicking around the hackey,” Dean inquires.

“Didgeridoos are Australian not African,” Y/n puts in.

“Not quite. If you believe the legends, it's used for dreamwalking. I mean, entering another person's dreams, poking around in their heads,” Sam continues.

“I take it we believe the legends,” Dean replies looking up at Sam.

“When don't we?” Sam inquires, “But dreamwalking is just the tip of the iceberg,” He continues picking up a paper from the folder that contains info on the root and a drawing of it.

“What do you mean?” Y/n asks.

“I mean, this Dream Root is some serious mojo. You take enough of it, with practice, you can become a regular Freddy Krueger,” Sam replies turning to look at her, “You can control anything. You could turn bad dreams good, you could turn good dreams bad.”

“And killing people in their sleep?” Dean questions.

Sam nods his head before responding, “For example.” Dean looks at Bobby and sighs. “So let's say uh, let's say this doc was testing this stuff on his patients, Tim Leary-style,” Sam begins.

“Somebody gets pissed at him, decides to give him a little dream visit, he goes nighty-night,” Dean continues.


“Right, I mean, if the killer came after him, how come he's still alive?” Sam finishes.

“I don't know,” Dean responds heading toward the door.

The four hunters leave the room of their friend and walk the down hallway.

“So how do we find our homicidal sandman?” Dean inquires looking in the rooms they pass.

“Could be anyone,” Sam replies.

“Yeah?” Dean asks.

“Yeah,” Sam nods.

“Anyone who knew the doctor, had access to his dream shrooms,” Dean says.

“Maybe one of his test subjects or something?” Y/f/n suggests.

“Possible. But his research was pretty sketchy. I mean.. I don't know how many subjects he had, or who all of them were,” Dean responds.

Sam scoffs and Dean looks at him in response. “What?” Dean inquires.

Sam sighs loudly before replying, “In any other case, we'd be calling Bobby and asking him for help right now.”

Dean looks like he just thought of something. He grabs Sam by his arm to stop him and he looks up at him.

“You know what? You're right,” Dean says almost excitedly.

“What?” Sam asks curiously.

“Let's go talk to him,” Dean suggests.

“Sure. I think we might find the conversation a bit one-sided,” Sam replies confused.

“Not if we're tripping on some Dream Root,” Dean replies.
“What?” Sam says again.
“The African Dream Root,” Y/n says helping Sam along.
“What?” Sam repeats.
“You heard her,” Dean replies a smug smile forming.
“You wanna go dreamwalking inside Bobby's head?” Sam asks incredulously.
“We have no idea what's crawling around in there,” Sam responds.
“But if we all go together, how bad could it be?” Y/n retorts.
“Bad,” Sam replies flatly.
“Dude, it's Bobby,” Dean responds trying to persuade Sam.
Sam considers it a moment, “Yeah, you're right,” He says then scoffs, “One problem though. We're fresh out of African Dream Root, so unless you know someone who can score some ...”
“Crap,” Dean mutters closing his eyes.
“What?” Sam asks.
“Bela,” Y/n grumbles.
“Bela?” Sam asks, “Crap,” He scoffs looking between the two, “You're actually suggesting we ask her a favor?”
“I'm feeling dirty just thinking about it, but yeah,” Dean replies walking around the two standing in the middle of the hall. Sam looks down at Y/n questioningly, Y/n just shrugs and follows after. Sam sighs before shaking his head and grabbing Y/f/n’s hand and follows after them.
The hunters head back to the motel, and Sam and Y/f/n get to work on research.

Sam is sitting doing research on his laptop when a knock on the door sounds. Sam closes the lid on the computer, sighs and then walks over to the door. He cautiously only opens it a few inches and then when he sees who it is, sighs, and opens it up completely, holding it open, allowing Bela to walk in.
“Hey, Sam,” Bela says sweetly.
Sam closes the door as Bela stops in the room, turns around, and then faces him.
“Bela, I didn't think there's a chance in hell you’d show up,” Sam says annoyed standing across from her, hands on his hips.
She just smiles at him before replying, “Well, I'm full of surprises. Though, truthfully...” She takes hold of the belt of her trenchcoat, and advances slowly towards Sam, “You wanna know why I'm here?” Sam takes a few steps back as Bela comes up in front of him.

“Okay,” Sam says nervously.
She opens and takes off her coat, revealing a lacy nighty, “Because of you,” She says.
Sam looks to the side, unsure and a bit embarrassed, as the coat falls to the floor, “Uh.. What are you doing?” He looks down at her and she puts her hand on his cheek, her eyes on his lips.
“I can't stop thinking about you,” Bela says leaning closer.
“What?” Sam asks confused. Bela leans in and kisses him. Grabbing her by the arms Sam pushes her away, “I have a girlfriend,” he says.
“Okay,” Sam says nervously.
She opens and takes off her coat, revealing a lacy nighty, “Because of you,” She says.
Sam looks to the side, unsure and a bit embarrassed, as the coat falls to the floor, “Uh.. What are you doing?” He looks down at her and she puts her hand on his cheek, her eyes on his lips.
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“I can't stop thinking about you,” Bela says leaning closer.

“Sam! Wake up,” Dean snaps trying to get his brothers attention. Sam’s head is on his arms at the desk sleeping deeply. The other three hunters are scattered around the Motel room is various sitting positions, all watching Sam. Dean is sitting in a chair, looking up at Sam and holding some of the papers from Dr. Gregg’s research, that he'd been reading through. Sam smiles a little and then realizes it was just a dream. His smile disappears and he sits up, wiping his face with the back of
his hand, smearing the drool that had run down. Dean chuckles, watching him, “Dude, you were out. And making some serious happy noises.”

Sam looks very uncomfortable and doesn’t look over at Dean or the others.

“Who were you dreaming about?” Y/f/n inquires an eyebrow arched skeptically.


“C’mon, you can tell me. Angelina Jolie?” Dean asks.

“No,” Sam replies.

“Brad Pitt?” Y/n asks a knowing smile threatening to show.

Sam turns around, almost looking at Dean, but keeping his eyes slightly downcast, “No. No! Dude, it doesn’t matter.”

“Whatever,” Dean shrugs.

“Whatever,” Sam shrugs to himself turning back away.

“I called Bela,” Dean informs.

Sam’s back straightens in the chair, not going unnoticed by his girlfriend. Trying to cover his voice when answering, Sam awkwardly inquires, “Bela? Yeah? She- What'd she.. you know, say? She.. gonna.. help us?”

“Shockingly, no, which puts us back to square one. I’ve been trying to decipher the doctor’s notes. Unfortunately, he has worse handwriting than you do,” Dean responds. Sam is still in his chair at the desk, back to the others, looking around a little, nervously. “You gonna come help us with this stuff?” Dean asks looking over at Sam. Sam looks around, and then down to his lap. He shifts uncomfortably and looks up, still keeping his back to Dean.

“Yeah, yeah. Just give me a sec,” Sam replies moving around a bit in his seat and stretching. A knock on the door sounds. The four turn in its direction. Sam stays seated keeping his erection hidden. Dean gets up to open the door, opening it only inches, just like Sam did in his dream. When he sees who it is, he looks annoyed and opens up the door, walking with it.

“Bela. As I live and breathe,” Dean says annoyed.

Sam swallows nervously as Bela enters, wearing a similar trenchcoat to the one in Sam's dream. Sam reacts to her right away due to the dream, and tries to cover up his situation, while glancing guiltily at Y/f/n.

“You called me. Remember?” Bela inquires.

“What? I can’t do you a little favor every now and again?” Bela responds slipping her coat off her shoulders, causing Sam to tense again.

“No. You can’t,” Dean responds flatly. The coat falls away and reveals her in a regular long-sleeved blue shirt, and not as naked as Sam had been half-anticipating. He lets out a breath silently, visibly relaxing a bit more. “Come on, I wanna know what the strings are before you attach them.”

“You said this was for Bobby Singer, right?” Bela inquires. Dean nods not saying anything. “Well, I’m doing it for him. Not you.”


“He saved my life once,” Bela responds, “In Flagstaff,” Dean throws a look Sam's way and Sam just shrugs. He looks back at her, still not responding to her statement, so she continues, “I screwed up and he saved me, okay? You satisfied?”

“Maybe,” Dean replies looking at the jar in his hands.
“So when do we go on this little magical mystery tour?” Bela inquires.

“Oh, you’re not going anywhere. I don’t trust you enough to let you in my car, much less Bobby’s head. No offense,” Dean responds making his way toward the safe in the closet. Bela watches closely as Dean places the Dream root next to the colt.

“None taken,” Bela responds. Sam looks up at her quickly then away to his girlfriend before down to the floor and Dean closes the safe, locking it. He walks into the room again, where Bela is looking a bit annoyed now. “It’s 2 am. Where am I supposed to go?” She asks.

“Get a room. Ah, they got the Magic Fingers, a little Casa Erotica on pay-per-view. You’ll love it,” Dean responds snarkily.

“You...” Bela huffs before grabbing her bag and heading toward the door, retrieving her coat on the way.

Sam jumps out of his chair calling after her, “Nice to see... Seeing you...” he finishes awkwardly. She slams the door behind her, ignoring him, “…Bela.”

Dean who was smiling after her, takes that in and he turns to Sam, a bit confused, before it dawns on him.

“You dreamt about Bela?” He asks incredulously.

“No,” Sam says quickly shifting uncomfortably and looking at his girlfriend.

“OH MY GOD,” Y/n exclaims giggling looking at Sam’s facial expression, “It wasn’t just Bela was it, Sammy?”

Sam shifts nervously, sneaking a glance at his now blushing girlfriend, and turns away from the others, “Shut up.”

“Wow Bela and Y/f/n,” Dean chuckles stepping up and clapping his brother on the back, “The happy noises make sense now.”

“Jerk,” Sam grumbles as Dean sits back in the chair.

Sam heads over to the safe and pulls the jar out heading toward the small kitchenette. Making four glass of the tea he walks back over to others handing out the glass cups. Dean is sitting on the bed, waiting for him.

“Uh, should we dim the lights and synch up Wizard of Oz to Dark Side of the Moon?” Dean inquires.

Sam looks over at him, with a smile, “Why?”

Dean looks at him in disappointment, “What did you do during college?”

Sam looks at him with his usual huh reaction to such questions. Dean goes to drink the liquid but Sam stops him, “Wait, wait, wait. Whew. Can't forget this,” he says. Dean puts down the cup and looks over at him as he pulls out a little envelope from his shirt pocket. He pulls something out and as Dean reaches out his hand, he puts it in it. “Here.” The girls hold out their cups allowing Sam to put the hair in the cup.

“What the hell is that?” Dean asks looking down at the brown strands in his hand.

“Bobby's hair,” Sam replies.

“We have to drink Bobby's hair?” Dean asks incredulously.

“That's how you control whose dream you're entering. You gotta ... drink some of their... some of their body,” Y/f/n says sitting on the bed next to Sam.

“Well, guess the hair of the dog is better than other parts of the body,” Dean shrugs. They put it in and Sam exhales, getting ready to drink what seems to be a very disgusting drink. They both raise their cups a bit.

“Bottoms up,” Dean says raising the cup to his lips.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“Wait wait wait,” Y/n says quickly, “Scoot over, Dean, We don’t know how this stuff works and I don’t feel like waking up on the floor.”

They clink their cups together in a toast and then drinks it all up. They both grunt, trying to swallow, which seems to be a little hard. They smack their mouths a bit, due to the awful taste. They look quite disgusted and nothing seems to have changed.

“Feel anything?” Dean asks.
“No. You feel anything?” Sam responds looking over at Dean.
“No,” Dean says holding up the cup to look in it, “Maybe we got some bad shwag.”
“I don’t think so,” Y/n says standing from the bed and walking toward the window opening the curtain.
Sam looks up at what she was looking at to see rain pelting the window, “Hey, when did it start raining?” He asks.
Dean looks over at the window as well before climbing from the bed and walking slowly to the window, drawing open the white curtain liners.
“When did it start raining upside down?” Dean inquires. He turns around to Sam and as he does all the colors seems to have drained and the room has changed. The four hunters look around a bit and the window Dean and Y/n were just looking out through, is gone and instead there's a fireplace. The entire motel room has turned into a living room. “Okay, I don't know what's weirder – the fact that we're in Bobby's head ... or that he's dreaming of Better Homes and Gardens.” Dean is looking at Sam while he just looks around the room a bit more.
“Wait. Wait a sec. Imagine the place, uh, without the paint job,” Sam says gesturing around the room, “More cluttered, dusty, books all over the place.” They begin to move around the living room.
“It's Bobby's house,” Dean says realization dawning on him.
“Yeah,” Sam says.
“Bobby?!” Dean calls out.
As Sam walks to the opening of the living room, by the stairs, he turns around and keeps watching.
“What’s going on?” Y/f/n asks coming up next to Sam.
“Felt like someone was watching me,” Sam replies finally turning back around and walking slowly to the stairs. Sam looks up towards the top of the stairs.
“Bobby?” Sam whispers.
“Dean?” Sam says gaining the attention of the others still in the living room, “I'm gonna go look outside.”
“No, no, no, stay close,” Dean whispers back.
“Dude, I'll be fine. Just, look around in here. Look, we gotta find him,” Sam replies.
“Don't do anything stupid,” Dean concedes.
Sam nods and walks to the door.
“Keep an eye on him,” Y/n says nodding at Y/f/n as she slowly starts to follow Sam.
Sam walks out of the door he just opened, and now – instead of a dark rainy, color-drained day, everything is in bright technicolor and the sun is shining. The house is bright blue, with flowers all around, and birds chirping can be heard. Sam walks out on the porch, a confused look on his face. He looks out over the yard, and down to Bobby's car, that looks new, to the walkway, which is well-manicured, and neatly lined with all kinds of bright, beautiful flowers. While Sam takes this in, the door suddenly slams shut behind him. Sam turns around at the sound and goes back and tries to open it but it's locked.
“Dean!” Sam exclaims. He walks over to the window next to the door and bangs on the wall while looking in. “Dean!” He can see Dean through the window, still looking around the house with his back to Sam, but he doesn't seem to react to neither Sam calling his name or him banging on the wall, seeing Y/n walking around the living room in the opposite direction as Dean, Sam tries to get her attention, “Y/n,” still getting no response. Sam walks down the porch out away from the house. Dean open the doors to the kitchen, and walks in, looking around cautiously. He moves through the kitchen towards the hallway on the other side.
“Bobby?” He calls out walking out into the hallway, where there's two doors. One across from the kitchen and one on the left.
“Bobby!” Dean says a little louder.
“Y/n,” Y/f/n says from the front door.
“Yeah?” Y/n calls moving to go u the stairs.
“I can’t get the door opened it’s like it’s locked,” Y/f/n responds.
“Shit,” Y/n mutters rushing as quietly as possible around the steps, grabbing her friend by the arm she begins todrag her toward the living room, “We got to get to Dean and Bobby.”

Dean turns around as if he heard something and looks down the hallway in the other direction, where there’s another closed door.

“Who’s out there?” Bobby’s scared voice calls from the door on the left. Dean turns back to the door and walks closer and sees long scratch marks on it. Dean touches them as he goes for the doorknob.

“Bobby, you in there?” Dean whispers.

“Dean?” Bobby inquires.

“Yeah. It's me. Open up,” Dean responds. Bobby opens the door and looks behind Dean as if searching for something, “Hey,” Dean whispers.

Bobby moves into the kitchen, looking scared and looking around to make sure something isn't there. He has scratches on his cheek and nose. Dean walks up next to him.

“How in the hell did you find me?” Bobby asks.

“Sam and I got our hands on some of that Dream Roof stuff,” Dean replies following Bobby around the Kitchen.


“Dr. Gregg, the experiments?” Dean responds.

Bobby, who's still looking around, throws him a terrified glance, “What the hell are you talking about?” He asks. The lamps begin to flicker. “Hurry,” Bobby urges turning back toward the closet he was hiding in. Dean turns around and grabs him, trying to figure out what's going on.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. What's going on?” Dean questions.

“Bobby, she's coming,” Bobby responds.

“Okay, you know this is a dream, don't you?” Dean asks.

“What are you, crazy?” Bobby asks terrified.

“It's a dream, Bobby! None of this is real!” Dean exclaims.

Behind Dean the door on the other side of the hallway opens slowly. Bobby points in the direction, "Does that look made-up?" He asks.

Dean turns around and sees the woman coming out into the hallway. She's wearing a white dress and there's blood on it, coming from wounds on her neck and chest. Suddenly the closet door slams shut and Bobby turns around, rattling the doorknob to make it open. Dean looks at him and then when Bobby turns around, Dean looks back at the woman, who looks rather normal except for the bleeding wounds on her chest and neck. Even her hair is styled in a regular fashion. She doesn't look happy though.

“Bobby, who is that?” Dean asks watching as the woman advances.

Bobby has tears in his eyes now, but not from being terrified, “She's... She's my wife,” Bobby says sadly.

Dean looks from Bobby to her and back again.

In the motel room, where the four hunters had taken the dream root, the four are lying on the beds, knocked out. Dean even has the cup still in his hand. Sam's is on the floor between the beds and his arm is hanging above it. They're both on their backs. Y/f/n’s arm is thrown over Sam’s waist, even in sleep she snuggles up to him. Y/n’s head has landed on Dean’s chest when she passed out.

Back in the dream, Sam comes around the house to the back yard to see there's a little pond and loads of beautiful flowers. Sam walks further into the backyard, just looking around.

“Why Bobby?” The woman asks, “Why did you do this to me?”

Dean and Bobby are standing in the kitchen, by the living room, and Karen is standing in the doorway leading to the hall. At her words, Bobby turns around, “I'd rather died myself than hurt you,” He replies.

“But you did hurt me. You shoved that knife into me. Again and again. You watched me bleed. Watched me die,” Karen responds.

Dean comes up behind Bobby and grabs hold of him.

“Bobby, she's not real,” Dean says.
Bobby doesn't respond to Dean, his eyes are on his wife.
“How could you?” Karen asks.
Bobby is close to crying now as he answers, “You were possessed, baby. You were rabid. And I
didn't know what I know now. I didn't know how to save you.”
“You're lying. You wanted me dead! If you'd loved me,” Karen begins to scream, “you would've
found a way!”
“I'm sorry,” Bobby sobs.
Dean grabs hold of him again, more forcefully this time, “Come on!” He says dragging Bobby into
the living room with the girls and as he turns to slide the doors closed, Karen runs for the doors,
screaming at them.
Outside the house, Sam is walking by a line of washed sheets, drying in the wind. When he turns
around, Jeremy, is suddenly there, swinging a bat at Sam, and hitting him hard in the chest and
shoulder.
In the motel room, Sam’s body flinches from the hit that his dream-self just took.
Sam falls to the ground with the hit, clutching at his hurt shoulder, Jeremy stands over him.
“Who are you?” Sam asks.
“Who are you? You don't belong here,” Jeremy responds.
“You're one to talk. You're in my friend's head.” Sam replies.
“You got a poor choice in friends. This is self-defense. He came after me. He wanted to hurt me,”
Jeremy retorts.
“That may be because you're a killer,” Sam replies.
“You should be nicer to me. In here... you're just an insect. I'm a god,” Jeremy responds.
Karen is jumping and banging on the doors to the living room, screaming.
Holding the doors closed with his body Dean looks at Bobby, “I'm telling you, all of it. Your
house, your wife, it's a nightmare!” He says.
Bobby is standing across from him, just looking at him. Karen continues to bang and scream. Dean
finally grabs a wire to tie around the door handles.
“I killed her,” Bobby says crying.
“Bobby! This is your dream. And you can wake up. I mean, hell, you can do anything,” Dean
explains tying the doors together just as Bobby walks up behind him.
“Just leave me alone. Let her kill me already.” Bobby says despairingly.
“Look at me,” Dean says grabbing Bobby by the shoulders, “You gotta snap out of this now!
You're not gonna die. I'm not gonna let you die. You're like a father to me. You gotta believe me,
please.” They look at each other for a moment. Bobby looks once at the door his wife is still
banging on and screaming behind, and then he looks back at Dean.
“I'm dreaming?” Bobby inquires looking around at the girls then back to Dean.
“Yes! Now take control of it,” Dean demands.
Bobby looks towards the door once more, and then he closes his eyes tightly and suddenly all the
banging and screaming stops. Dean lets go of him and walks over to the doors. He removes the
cable and slides the doors open, revealing an empty kitchen. Karen is nowhere in sight.
“I don't believe it,” Bobby mutters.
Dean turns around and looks at him.
“Believe it. Now would you please wake up?” Dean says breathing heavily.
Sam is still on the ground with Jeremy standing over him.
“Sweet dreams,” Jeremy says raising the bat over his head. Sam raises an arm to take the impact.
As Jeremy brings the bat down in a hard swing, Sam jolts away in the motel bed. Dean and the
others wake up at the Same time, sitting up on the beds, panting.
The boys are panting and Dean looks down at his cup, then around at the others.
Standing from the bed Y/n takes the glasses from the others and puts them in the sink before
heading to her jacket thrown across the back of a chair.
“Where you going?” Dean inquires.
“To check on Bobby,” She replies pulling her jacket on.
Dean nods in understanding, before standing from the bed and pulling on his own jacket. The two hunters gather Dr. Gregg’s files then head for the hospital, Sam and Y/f/n heading for Jeremy’s dorm.

Bobby is sitting up in the bed, having just been checked over by the doctors when Dean and Y/n knock on the door. Dean takes a seat on the other bed.

“How you feeling Bobby?” Y/n asks.

“Like I was being attacked in my dreams,” Bobby replies snarkily looking over at her.

“Oh so you’re feeling fine then,” She responds just as sassily.

“Good to see you kid,” Bobby chuckles pulling her in for a hug.

“You too old man,” She laughs.

Dean smiles a little watching the two, as Y/n pulls away from the hug Dean pulls the folder out and sets it in front of Bobby. Bobby begins looking over the papers from the investigation.

“Hey, Bobby. That, uh... That stuff, all that stuff with your wife?” Dean begins. Bobby looks over at him waiting for him to continue, “That actually happen?”

“Everybody got into hunting somehow,” Bobby replies.

“I'm sorry,” Dean responds.

“Don't be sorry. If it weren't for you, I'd still be lost in there. Or dead,” Bobby replies, pausing a moment while looking at Dean, “Thank you.”

Dean only responds with a twitch of his lips. Sam comes in after that, seeing the guys sharing a look.

“So, uh, stoner boy wasn't in his dorm. My guess is he's long gone by now,” Sam says.

“His name's Jeremy Frost. Full-on genius. Hundred-and-sixty IQ. Which is sayin' some, considering his dad took a baseball bat to his head,” Bobby replies picking up another paper and handing it to Sam. “Here’s Father of the Year.” The paper was a copy of a drivers license for Jeremy’s dad, Henry David Frost, 3123 Houset Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 15122 ... DOB 12/16/1968, BRN eyes, 5'11". “He died before Jeremy was 10.”

“Looks like a real sweetheart,” Sam replies.

“Injury gave him Charcot-Wilbrand. He hasn't dreamt since,” Bobby explains. Sam puts the paper back on the little side table.

“Till he started dosing the dream drug,” Dean puts in.

“Yes,” Bobby replies.

“How'd he know how to dig up your worst nightmare and throw it at you?” Dean asks.

“Hey, he was rooting around in my skull. God knows what he saw in there,” Bobby replies.

“Yeah. How'd he get in there in the first place? Isn't he supposed to have some of your hair, your DNA, or something?” Sam asks.

“Yeah,” Dean nods.

“Yeahhh. 'Fore I knew it was him, he offered me a beer. I drank it,” Bobby explains, “Dumbest frigging thing.”

Dean, realizing he's done the same thing tries to make it a bit lighter by saying, “Oh, I don't know. It wasn't that dumb,” before nervously laughing.

Sam and Bobby both looks at him with this comment.

“Dean, you didn't,” Sam asks.

“Oh he did,” Y/n says.

Sam and Bobby look at him disbelievingly so Dean defends himself, “I was thirsty?”

“That's great. Now he can come after either one of you,” Sam says angrily.

“Well, now we just have to find him first,” Dean replies.

“We better work fast ... and coffee up. Because the one thing we cannot do – is fall asleep,” Bobby says.

Two days later Dean is behind the wheel of the Impala speeding down the road, Sam is sitting next to him. Dean is clearly pissed over the whole situation.
“I mean, this Jeremy guy's not a friggin' ghost. Where the hell could he be?” Dean says angrily.
“Dean, you sure you don't want me to drive? You seem a little...” Sam begins. Dean looks over at him. “...caffeinated.” He finishes lamely.
“Well, thanks for the news flash, Edison!” Dean retorts angrily.
Dean's cell rings. He tries to get hold of it but he fumbles, muttering indistinctly in frustration. He finally gets it in hand.
“Tell me you got something!” Dean shouts into the phone.
“Strip club was a bust, huh?” Bobby inquires.
“Yeah,” Dean responds.
“That was our last lead,” Bobby replies.
“What the hell, Bobby!” Dean growls.
“Don't yell at me, boy. I'm working my ass off here,” Bobby responds.
“Sorry, I'm sorry. I'm just. I'm-I'm-tired,” Dean apologizes.
Bela is bent over the table using her spirit board and tarot cards to find help from the dead.
“Well, who ain't?” Bobby responds
“Y/n she’s in the back snoring right now, What's Bela got?” Dean huffs.
“I am not you ass, In case you forgot I was the one helping you stay awake two hours ago,” Y/n snaps.
“Sorry. Sometimes the spirit world is in a chatty mood, and sometimes it isn't,” Bela responds.
“She's got nothing,” Bobby tells Dean.
“Great! Well, I'm just gonna go blow my brains out now!” Dean growls flipping the phone closed and throws it in his lap. He hits the steering-wheel grunting angrily.
Bobby flips his phone closed and looks over at Bela, who's still working by the board. Bobby walks over to her, “Let me ask you somethin',” He says. Bela looks up at him and he continues, “What are you doin' helping us?”
She smiles a little before replying, “Bobby, I'm surprised you don't remember,” Bobby squints his eyes a little, trying to think what she means, “Flagstaff?” Bobby looks thoughtful for a moment, not making the connection.
Suddenly Dean turns the car on a side road instead of continuing on. When they get to a clearing in the woods, he shuts off the engine.
“All right, that's it. I'm done,” Dean mutters getting comfortable in his seat.
“What are you doing?” Sam inquires.
Dean slides down a bit in his seat, resting his head on the back of it.
“What?! Dean, Jeremy can come after you,” Sam says.
“That's the idea,” Dean replies.
“Excuse me?” Sam questions.
“Come on man, we can't find him, so let him come to me,” Dean replies looking over at his brother.
“On his own turf? Where he's basically a god?” Sam questions.
“I can handle it,” Dean retorts.
“Not alone, you can't,” Sam responds reaching over to pull out some hair. Dean stops him throwing up and arm.
“Yes alone you're not going in there,” Dean grumbles. Y/n reaches up and grabs a few strands of hair before yanking. “Ow!” Dean exclaims rubbing the spot on his head where Y/n grabbed the hair. He looks over at Sam who is fiddling with the hairs that Y/n handed him.
“What are you doing?” Dean asks.
“Comin' in with you,” Y/n replies for Sam.
“No, you're not,” Dean responds.
“Why not? At least then it'll be two against one,” Sam retorts.
“Four,” Y/f/n pipes up.
Dean doesn't have a response first, opening and closing his mouth.
“Cause I don't want you digging around in my head,” Dean finally says.
“Too bad,” Sam responds going for the items to make the liquid and Dean just looks at him for a moment before getting comfortable in the seat again and falling asleep.
Sam quickly makes a batch of the liquid and adds the few strands of hair finding an empty bottle of water on the floor Y/n helps Sam divide the dream root tea up.
Sam wakes up first, clearing his throat. The car is right where it was before they fell asleep.
“Dean,” Sam says hitting Dean on his arm and Dean wakes up forcefully.
“Jeez,” Dean exclaims, “For the love of God.” Dean looks around a bit, looking extremely tired.
“What are we still doing here?”
“I have no idea,” Sam replies turning in the seat to wake the girls. Outside the car a sound is heard like twigs snapping, “There's someone out there.”
Once everyone is awake they climb from the car, looking around. As they walk in front of the car, music can be heard. Dean looks behind him and then when he turns around, a corner of the clearing lights up, and there sits Lisa on a little blanket and a picnic basket. Dean just looks at her and she smiles up at him.
“Hey. You gonna sit down?” Lisa asks. Dean doesn't move, he just looks at her. She has a glass of red wine in her hand and she reaches for another glass in the basket. “Come on. We only have an hour before we have to pick Ben up from baseball.” She holds the glass for him, giving him another smile. Sam is standing a bit behind Dean, taking this all in as Dean just looks at her. He looks over at Sam then to Y/n.
“I've never had this dream before,” Dean says. He turns back, away from Sam, and we can see that he isn't telling the truth. In the background, Sam takes a few steps towards him, “Stop looking at me like that.”
“Sorry,” Sam says.
“Dean. I love you,” Lisa says. She smiles and suddenly her entire scene shakes and both her, the picnic, the light and the music disappears. Dean looks around, Sam turns around, doing the same. “Where'd she go?”
Another part of the clearing lights up and Dean turns towards it, Y/n is standing there in a sundress waiting on him a smile on her face. Sam turns to see Y/n still behind them in her boots and torn jeans watching herself.
“Come on, Dean, this was your idea,” Dream Y/n giggles holding her hand out to him, “You changing your mind about marrying me?” Dean stands still unable to look away before dream Y/n flickers and disappears like Lisa did. Sam and Y/f/n look around the clearing again waiting for any more dream versions, and then into the woods. Suddenly Jeremy comes out from behind a tree.
“Dean,” Sam says taking off after Jeremy with Y/f/n close behind, who runs off. Dean and the others quickly follow Sam and they run into the woods. Dean loses track of Sam, but keeps running in the same direction. Suddenly he stops and turns, looking around confused.
“Okay,” He mutters before stumbling as Y/n runs into him.
“Ow,” Y/n groans. Looking around at the space before them they see the woods have turned into wallpaper and they are standing in a hallway with doors on both sides.
Sam and Y/f/n are still running through the woods, in pursuit of Jeremy. They come to a clearing, where he stops, panting, looking around.
“Dean?!” Sam calls.
Dean starts walking down the hallway towards a door at the end of it his hand holding tightly to Y/n’s so that they’re not separated. Before they reach it, it suddenly opens up slowly. Dean stops, watching as the door glides open more, revealing a motel room.
Clicking can be heard, as Dean enters the room. As he walks in, the motel room looks exactly as the one they have been staying in. Across the room from the door, sits a man on the chair by the desk. Dean walks further into the room, watching him.
“Jeremy?” Dean asks.

The man keeps clicking the on and off button for the lamp on the desk, his back to Dean.

“I don’t think it’s Jeremy, Dean,” Y/n says trying to pull Dean back toward the door before she can reach it the door slams shut. The man at the desk clicks the lamp back on once more before turning his head back towards Dean, and he doesn't look very nice. Dean sees that the man is himself. Dream Dean slowly stands up, and turns to Dean, who swallows at the sight of himself. Dream Dean doesn't looks so hard anymore.

“Hey, Dean, Y/n,” Dream Dean says looking between the two.

“Well, aren't you a handsome son of a gun,” Dean responds a smirk pulling up the left side of his mouth.

“We need to talk,” Dream Dean says.

Dean nods and begins to walk in a circle pulling Y/n with him keeping her behind him at all times. The two Deans are walking in the same direction just across from each other.

“I get it. I get it. I'm my own worst nightmare, is that it? Huh? Kind of like the Superman III junkyard scene? A little mano y mano with myself?” Dean asks.

“Joke all you want, smart-ass. But you can't lie to me. I know the truth,” Dream Dean replies stopping in the spot that the real Dean had previously occupied, “I know how dead you are inside. How worthless you feel. I know how you look into a mirror... and hate what you see.”

“Sorry, pal. It's not gonna work,” Dean responds with a smile, “You're not real.”

“Sure I am. I'm you,” Dream Dean replies.

“I don't think so. 'Cause see, this is my siesta. Not yours,” Dean replies holding up his left hand, “All I gotta do is snap my fingers and you go bye-bye,” He snaps his fingers once, and nothing happens. Dean's smile fades, and he snaps again, noticing nothing's happening. Dream Dean just watches him. Dean snaps them three more times and then lets his hand fall to his side, eyebrows lifted. Dream Dean gives him an I-told-you-so nod.

“I'm not going anywhere. Neither are you,” Dream Dean says. All the smiles are gone from Dean's features; he's completely serious. “Like I said...” Dream Dean continues raising his right hand, in which he is now holding a sawed-off shotgun, “... we need to talk.”

A bang can be heard, and Sam wakes up, gasping. He looks over at Dean, who's still asleep.

“Dean,” Sam says hitting him on the arm to wake him up again.

“Hey,” Sam says again, “Wake up,” Sam continues hitting Dean on the shoulder again. Jeremy turns around, with a hard, evil look. Sam only has a second to respond and take in that it's Jeremy and not Dean, and then Jeremy hits him hard in his stomach with the tip of the bat he used earlier in Bobby's dream. Sam grunts and opens the door. Sam falls out through the door, face first, still grunting over the pain. Jeremy comes around the front of the car, the bat resting against his shoulder.

“Boy, you just don't know when to leave well enough alone, do you?” Jeremy asks walking towards Sam. As he walks towards Sam, who's reached the back of the Impala still on the ground, he closes the door Sam fell out through and continues walking up to him. Towering over Sam who's now turned over, looking up at him, still moving backwards.

“You're a psycho,” Sam says pained.

“You're wrong,” Jeremy replies.

“Yeah? Tell that to Dr. Gregg,” Sam replies.

“The doc? No, no. The doc's the one that got me hooked on this stuff and then he took it away,” Jeremy responds.

Sam is lying still on the ground, looking up at him. Jeremy leans on the Impala, raising the bat, holding it like he's about to swing, looking down at Sam.

“But I needed it, and he wouldn't let me have it.” Jeremy finishes.

“So you killed him?” Sam inquires.

“I can dream again. You know what that's like, not to be able to dream? You never rest, not really. It's like being awake for 15 years,” Jeremy explains.

“And let me guess. That makes you go crazy?” Sam asks.
Jeremy leans down towards Sam, holding the bat out at him, “I just wanna be left alone. I just wanna dream,” He says.

“Sorry. Can't do that,” Sam retorts.

“That's the wrong answer,” Jeremy responds threateningly. Sam is suddenly pulled flat against the ground. He groans and gasps heavily, suddenly tied to railroad spikes, unable to move. “I'm getting better and better at this. Stronger and stronger all the time.”

He's still standing by Sam’s feet, now examining the bat. Sam looks to the side, and Jeremy looks down at him. “But you and your brother? Your little girlfriends? You're not waking up. Not this time. I'm not gonna let you,” He says.

Sam looks up at him.

“I mean, you're going to hell and you won't lift a finger to stop it,” Dream Dean says as him and Dean once again circle each other. “Talk about low self-esteem,” He chuckles, “Then again, I guess it's not much of a life worth saving, now is it?”

“Wake up, Dean. Come on, wake up,” Dean mutters to himself.

“I mean, after all, you've got nothing outside of Sam, Not even Y/n” Dream Dean says, “You can't even man up and tell her how you feel.” They stop circling each other now back in their original positions. Dean by the door, Dream Dean by the desk. “You are nothing. You're as mindless and obedient as an attack dog,” Dream Dean continues.

“That -That's not true,” Dean denies smiling it out.

“No? What are the things that you want? What are the things that you dream? I mean, your car? That's Dad's. Your favorite leather jacket? Dad's. Your music? Dad's. Do you even have an original thought?” Dream Dean asks. Dean scoffs, not wanting to admit to anything. “No. No, all there is is, Watch out for Sammy. Look out for your little brother, boy! You can still hear your Dad's voice in your head, can't you?” Dream Dean continues motioning with the weapon to his head. “Clear as a bell.”

“Just shut up,” Dean responds still smiling.

Dream Dean lowers the gun. “I mean, think about it ...” He begins walking toward Dean, Who brave smile is fading the closer Dream Dean gets. “... all he ever did is train you, boss you around.” They're now standing face to face. “But Sam .... Sam he doted on. Sam, he loved.”

“I mean it. I'm getting angry,” Dean says.

“Dad knew who you really were. A good soldier and nothing else. Daddy's blunt little instrument,” Dream Dean says getting angry, “Your own father didn't care whether you lived or died. Why should you?”

“Son of a bitch!” Dean growls stepping away from Y/n and pushing Dream Dean hard, knocking him into the wall above the desk. “My father was an obsessed bastard!” Dream Dean tries to get up and Dean kicks him down on the desk again. Dean holds the weapon as a bat and hits Dream Dean once and then pins him to the wall with it. “All that crap he dumped on me, about protecting Sam! That was his crap. He's the one who couldn't protect his family. He-” Dean steps back and swings the weapon again, hitting Dream Dean twice, “He's the one who let Mom die,” Dean pins Dream Dean again, “– who wasn't there for Sam. I always was! He wasn't fair! I didn't deserve what he put on me,” He backs away from Dream Dean, “And I don't deserve to go to Hell!!” Dean shoots Dream Dean twice in the chest. As he lowers the weapon and looks at Dream Dean, blood is splattered on Dream Dean's face and his eyes are closed.

Jeremy is hitting Sam repeatedly on his legs and knees, both with the bat and with his feet. Sam is grunting through the assault, not able to move.

Dean approaches Dream Dean on the desk, looking at him. Suddenly Dream Dean's eyes flickers and they're completely black, as when a demon possesses a human. Dean widens his eyes at that. Demon Dean sits up, looking into Dean's eyes.

“You can't escape me, Dean. You're gonna die. And this? This is what you're gonna become!”

Demon Dean growls hard and angry.

“Dean I'm not going to let that happen to you,” Y/n says walking forward, “You hear me, Dean, you will never become that.” Y/n places her hand on Dean’s back.
Jeremy is now standing over Sam, the bat hovering above Sam's chest.
“You can't stop me. There's nothing I can't do in here,” Jeremy says.
“Because of the Dream Root,” Sam pants.
“That's right,” Jeremy replies cockily.
“Yeah? Well, you're forgetting something,” Sam responds.
Jeremy now holds the bat, ready to swing down on Sam.
“What's that?” Jeremy asks.
Sam looks up at him, “I took the Dream Root too,” Sam responds with a smile.
Jeremy!” A voice yells. Jeremy turns toward the voice, as Jeremy’s father, Henry, walks out of the woods. “Jeremy!”
“No. No ....” Jeremy begins to mutter as Henry begins walking towards him. “Dad?”
“You answer me when I'm talking to you, boy,” Henry growls.
Jeremy backs away from Sam and Henry. The bat no longer in his hands.
“No ....” Jeremy pleads. Suddenly Y/n shows up swinging the bat hitting Jeremy across his face with it.
Dream Dean stands up.
Sam hits Jeremy again.
Demon Dean disappears.
The four hunters wake up, panting. They look around at each other and then look away. Dean is clearly shaken by what just happened. The four sit silently for a few moments before Dean starts the car and heads back to the motel.
Bobby and Sam comes around the corner and walk down the hallway together. Sam has a key to the room in his hands.
“So you did a little dream-weaving of your own in here, huh?” Bobby asks.
“Yeah. I just sort of concentrated and it happened, you know?” Sam responds.
“Didn't have anything to do with... you know, your psychic stuff?” Bobby asks curiously.
Sam looks at him, and they stop walking Bobby turning to look at him.
“No. I mean, I don't think so,” Sam responds.
Nodding Bobby replies, “Good. Good.”
Sam swallows, looking a little worried. They continue walking down the hallway.
Dean is on the phone with his back to the door, hanging up the phone. Hearing the door opening, he turns around, and Sam and Bobby enter.
“Hey, you guys seen Bela? She's not in her room. She's not answering her phone,” Dean asks.
“She must've taken off or something,” Sam responds closing the door behind them.
“Just like that? It's a little weird,” Dean replies.
“Yeah well, if you ask me what's weird is why she helped us in the first place,” Bobby says.
“I thought you saved her life,” Dean says questioningly.
“What the hell are you talking about?” Bobby asks confused.
“The thing in Flagstaff,” Dean replies. Sam turns around and looks at Bobby also curious.
“That thing in Flagstaff was an amulet. I gave her a good deal, that's all,” Bobby replies.
Dean gets confused at that, closing his mouth. Sam turns around and looks at him, confused. He turns back to Bobby.
“Well, the why did y-?” Sam begins.
“You boys better check your pockets,” Bobby interrupts.
Sam reaches into his pockets, as does Dean.
“Not literally,” Bobby snaps.
The boys look at each other confused a moment before Y/n mumbles from the bed where she’s been dozing on and off, “Check the safe.”
Dean stops what he's doing and slowly looks up at Sam and then turns to the safe in the closet. Sam who's looking at Dean, does the same.
“No, no, no,” Dean mutters walking toward the safe. He goes over to the safe and opens it up. It's empty.
“The Colt,” Sam breaths. Dean looks over at him and slams the safe shut. “Bela stole the Colt.”
“Damn it, boys!” Bobby exclaims.
“Pack you crap,” Dean growls at the others. Walking over to his bag on the couch.
“Why? Where are we going?” Sam asks.
Dean turns to him, “We're gonna go hunt the bitch down,” He replies.
The girls move from the bed and head to their own room.
“So that was weird,” Y/f/n says.
“What?” Y/n asks smelling a shirt trying to remember if it is clean before stuffing it in her bag.
“Dean’s dreams,” Y/f/n replies.
“Yeah Lisa on a picnic blanket super weird,” Y/n snorts.
“You know damn well that’s not what I’m talking about,” Y/f/n huffs exasperated.
“Dude, I know exactly what your talking about but I’m not talking about it, don’t really feel like getting my hopes up,” Y/n responds zipping her duffle closed and heading out the door to the car.
The boys are standing by the open trunk, Dean is zipping his bag closed and Sam puts his own in there, Y/n throws her own in before climbing in the backseat.
“Hey, Sam. I was wondering. When you were in my head, what did you see?” Dean inquires.
Dean shakes his head before replying, “Nothing. I was looking for you the whole time.” Y/f/n throws her bag in the back and Dean takes the keys out the lock to the trunk and closes it. They get into the car and Sam sighs as he sits down.
Dean looks thoughtful for a moment. “Sam.”
Sam looks over at him, “Yeah?” He asks.
Dean doesn't look at him but talks anyway, “I've been doing some thinking, and... Well, the thing is... I don't wanna die.” Sam's expression softens, saddens. Still not looking at Sam Dean continues, “I don't wanna go to hell.”
Sam swallows, not answering right away. He nods his head softly and says, “All right. Yeah. We'll find a way to save you.”
Dean looks over at him, and then looks away nodding. He looks back at Sam, a little smile on his lips, “Okay, good,” He says looking in the rearview mirror at Y/n who is smiling at something Y/f/n said.
Sam nods at him, reassuringly. Dean looks to the side remembering what Dream Dean said after he woke up from being shot, “You can't escape me, Dean. You're gonna die,” He says eyes flicking black, “And this? This is what you're gonna become!”
I had a few days off work so was able to get a lot done. And I thought it only fitting that I post this particular episode on a Tuesday.

“Rise and shine, Sweetheart,” Dean exclaims happily tapping Y/n on the leg to wake her up.

“HNNNG… Where’re we?” She asks voice rough with sleep and words slurred.

“Broward County, Florida, Home of the Broward county Mystery Spot,” Dean replies climbing from the car and heading to the trunk to get the bags.

Y/n and Y/f/n share a look before Y/n climbs from the car as well and responds, “M-Mystery Spot?”

“Yeah, some professor disappeared and now Sam thinks this mystery spot crap is real,” Dean scoffs handing her her duffle.

“There have seen several cases where a vortex or something has opened up and snatched people,” Sam huffs coming back to the car with a room key, “They.. uh.. they only had one room left,” Sam finishes apologetically looking at Y/n.

“It’s ok, Sam, We can share a bed right Dean?” Y/n asks sweetly turning to bat her eyelashes at Dean.

Out comes a higher pitched, “Yeah,” before Dean clears his throat and tries again, “Yeah no problem,” as he snatches the key from Sam’s hand.

“Oh no,” Y/n goans looking at Y/f/n.


“I’m gonna have to wear pants to bed,” Y/n pouts.

Hearing her words Dean turns back toward her, “Feel free to not wear them Y/n,” He says a flirty smirk appearing.

“I just might,” Y/n replies taking the key from his hand with a wink at him as she walks past and up the stairs to their room.

“God I Love you,” Dean mumbles watching her walk away.

Y/n is already in the shower by the time the others arrive in the room. Dean throws his duffle on the table before taking off his boots and collapsing in the bed, deciding to shower in the morning.
Knocking on the door to the bathroom Y/f/n calls to her friend, “Don’t use all the hot water.”

15 minutes later Y/n is climbing from the shower and drying off. Digging through her bag she finds a pair of red and black plaid shorts and a thin tank top pulling them on she wraps her hair in the towel and grabs her bag before emerging from the bathroom. Y/f/n darts to the bathroom to shower as Y/n sets her duffle on the table next to Dean’s a grabs her brush from the bottom of the bag allowing some of its contents to spill out. Settling on the other side of the bed Y/n pulls the towel from her hair and begins to brush it out. Y/f/n gracefully exits the bathroom clad in a pair of blue and white plaid shorts and a white tank top. Tossing her brush to Y/f/n, Y/n climbs under the covers of the bed and allows Dean’s soft snores to lull her to sleep.

“Heat of the moment Telling me what your heart meant,” Blares from the radio.

Sam’s eyes snap open and he sits up quickly in bed to look at Dean. “Rise and shine, Sammy!” Dean calls happily, sitting on the bed as he ties his boots.

“Dude. Asia?” Sam inquires still trying to wake up.

“Come on. You love this song and you know it,” Dean replies.

“Yeah, and if I ever hear it again I'm gonna kill myself,” Sam snarks.

Dean reaches over and turns up the volume, “What? Sorry, couldn't hear you,” He responds.

Sam and the girls chuckle as Dean starts singing along to the song while pointing at Sam. Sam shakes his head in amusement as Dean stands and heads for the bathroom to begin brushing his teeth. Y/f/n and Y/n dress quickly while Sam and Dean occupy the bathroom.

“Whenever you're ready, Dean,” Sam says as he watches Dean wander around the room looking for something.

Dean digs through his duffle on the table pulling out a black bra in the process, “This yours?” He asks. Sam glares while Dean laughs.

Grabbing the bra from his hand Y/n hits him in the head with it, “No its mine,” She responds stuffing it back into her bag.

Dean watches dumbfounded a moment before rummaging in the bag some more, and pulling out his gun, “Bingo,” He says walking toward the door while putting his gun in his waist band, “Now who's ready for some breakfast?”

The four hunters make their way to a diner down the street and head inside. The bell above the door chimes as they enter.

“Drive safely now, Mr. Pickett,” The cashier says handing an elderly gentleman his change.

“Yeah, yeah,” The man replies tucking it into his pocket and leaving the diner.

The group makes their way to a booth and sits, Dean looking at the specials board as he scoots over for Y/n.

“Hey. Tuesday. Pig in a poke,” He says happily pointing out the sign.

“You even know what that is?” Sam inquires.

Dean’s smile falters as he looks away back toward the specials. The waitress, an older woman in a
mustard yellow uniform, whose nametag reads Doris, approaches the table, “You folks ready?” She asks.

“Yes. I'll have the special, side of bacon and a coffee,” Dean orders.

“Make it two coffees and a short stack,” Sam says looking at the woman.

“You got it, For you girls?” Doris responds turning her attention to the girls.

“Can I get a Ham and Cheese omelette, with a side of bacon please and a coffee, oh and some hot sauce?” Y/n asks.

“Sure thing, and for you,” Doris says writing the orders on her pad.

“Umm.. I’ll have chocolate chip pancakes, with bacon and a Coffee,” Y/f/n responds.

“You got it,” Doris says again turning to take the slip to the cook.

“I'm telling you, Sam, this job is small fry. We should be spending our time hunting down Bela,” Dean says looking out the window.

“Okay, sure, let's get right on that. Where is she again?” Sam asks snappily.

“Shut up,” Dean retorts.

“Guys, seriously? If you two start fighting in here I’m gonna hurt you both,” Y/f/n interrupts the beginning of the argument.

Sam looks at Y/f/n next to him and sighs at her glare before saying more calmly, “Look. Believe me, I want to find her as bad as you do. In the meantime, we have this,” Sam pulls out some papers.

“All right, so this professor,” Dean begins reading over the news articles. The headline on the newspaper clipping reads "MISSING - DEXTER HASSELBACK LAST SEEN IN BROWARD, FLORIDA”.

“Dexter Hasselback was passing through town last week when he vanished,” Sam says.

“Last known location?” Dean inquires.

“His daughter says he was on his way to visit the Broward County Mystery Spot,” Sam informs pushing a flyer closer to Dean. Dean picks up the flyer, the front has a large question mark and the words "Broward County Mystery Spot". Flipping it over the back says $E=MC^2$, $A=\pi R^2$, and $F=GM1M2/R^2$ below the lines Dean reads aloud, “Where the laws of physics have no meaning.”

Sam shrugs in response from the look Dean gives him. Doris arrives with a tray with two coffees and a bottle of hot sauce.

“Two coffees, black, and some hot sauce for the—” Doris begins but gasps as the hot sauce falls off the tray and smashes on the floor, “Whoops. Crap! Sorry,” She apologizes turning to the back she calls out, “Cleanup!”

The cashier who was running the register comes around the counter with a broom and mop in hand to clean up the hot sauce, while Doris goes to the back for a new bottle of hot sauce. Making her way back to the table she has the groups orders and the hot sauce.
“Looks awesome, Thank you Doris,” Y/n says grabbing her fork to dig in. The group eats in silence, Y/n and Y/l/n remembering what they can of this case. Finishing his breakfast Dean reaches over to snag a piece of bacon from Y/n’s plate.

“Touch my bacon and you won’t have to worry about hellhounds coming after you,” Y/n says seriously.

Y/l/n coughs giving Y/n a dirty look before pushing away her empty plate. Y/n finishes her food then heads toward the restroom with Y/l/n following behind her.

“Oh god why did I say that?” Y/n groans hanging her head, “That was mean and I shouldn’t have said it.”

“Hey he knows you wouldn’t ever hurt him,” Y/l/n says rubbing her friends back as they stand in front of the restroom mirrors.

“Now he’s gonna think I’m an asshole,” Y/n whines.

“You are an asshole,” Y/l/n states.

“I know but that doesn’t mean he needs to know that,” Y/n pouts, “He already thinks he’s no good enough and I’m not helping.”

“Sweetie,” Y/l/n sighs, “He loves you the way you are just like you love him the way he is you two are the most stubborn, idiotic, pain in the asses I have ever met. Which makes you perfect for each other.”

Y/n smiles a small smile at her friend before wiping her damp eyes and heading back to the booth.

“Everything okay?” Dean asks.

“Yeah,” Y/n replies smiling brightly at him, “You guys ready?”

“Yeah,” Sam replies standing from the table and heading to the cashier to pay for the breakfast.

The four hunters make their way out of the diner and down the street discussing the case. Dean grabs the Mystery Spot flyer from Sam’s hands looking it over again. “Sam, joints like this are only tourist traps, right? I mean, you know, balls rolling uphill, furniture nailed to the ceiling, they’re only dangerous to your wallet,” He says.

“Oh, okay, look, I'm just saying, there are spots in the world where holes open up and swallow people. The Bermuda Triangle, uh, the Oregon Vortex—” Sam begins explaining.

“Broward County Mystery Spot?” Dean inquires skeptically.

“Well sometimes these places are legit,” Sam defends.

“All right, so if it is legit, and that's a big-ass if, what's the lore?” Dean inquires.

“Well—” Sam begins. Dean collides with a blonde girl, who is carrying a stack of paper. “Excuse me,” She apologizes.

“The lore’s pretty frigging nuts, actually. They say these places the magnetic fields are so strong that they can bend spacetime, sending victims no one knows where,” Sam says.
“Sounds a little X-Files to me,” Dean responds.

The four hunters pass two movers trying to get a desk in a door.

“Told you it wouldn't fit,” The first man grumbles.

“What do you want, a Pulitzer?” The second man groans trying to push the desk back out of the door.

“All right, look, I'm not saying this is really happening, but if it is, we gotta check it out, see if we can do something,” Sam retorts.

“All right, all right, we'll go tonight after they close, get ourselves a nice long look,” Dean concedes walking ahead.

Later that night the four hunters head to the Mystery spot. Dean picks the lock to the entrance and the four hunters make their way inside. Sam closes the door behind them as they step into a neon green hallway with a black double spiral painted on the walls and door. Using their flashlight the group moves up the hallway, Sam pulling out the EMF reader as he does. Dean shines the flashlight around and up onto a table, lamp, and ashtray attached upside-down to the ceiling.

“Wow. Uncanny,” Dean comments sarcastically.

Sam makes his way to another table and examines it running the EMF reader over it. Getting no reading they move on.

“Find anything?” Dean inquires.

Holding the unresponsive EMF meter out away from his body Sam replies, “No.”

“You have any idea what you're looking for?” Y/n asks.

“Uh ... yeah,” Sam replies unsure. Dean looks at Y/n and raises his eyebrows skeptically, “No,” Sam admits.

Dean shakes his head and begins to shine his flashlight around other parts of the room.

“What the hell are you doing here?” The owner asks from behind the boys.

Sam turns to look while Dean points his flashlight and handgun at the voice. The Owner has his own gun aimed at Dean.

Dean holds his gun up in surrender, “Whoa whoa whoa whoa. Whoa. We can explain,” He says looking between the others and the owner.

The owner points the gun at Sam and Y/f/n while asking, “You robbing me?”

“Look, nobody's robbing you, calm down,” Sam says.

The owner points the gun back at Dean who shoves Y/n behind him, “Don't move!” the owner exclaims.

“Just putting the gun down,” Dean replies moving to put his gun down. The owner fires the gun hitting Dean in the chest. Dean falls to the ground bleeding.

“Dean,” Y/n sobs falling to kneel next to him.
“Dean!” Sam says rushing to Dean’s side. Dean struggles to breathe, as Sam lifts him from the floor. Sam looks at the Owner, “Call 911!” He says.

“I—I didn't mean to—” The owner begins to stutter.

“Now!” Y/n shouts tears falling.

The owner turns to leave.

“Hey, hey, oh, no, no,” Sam pleads looking back down at his brother.

“Sh-should have t-told you,” Dean stutters looking at Y/n.

“No ... not like this...,” Y/n sobs holding his hand.

Dean goes still and his eyes close Sam and Y/n watching, devastated.

“Dean,” Sam says shaking him.

“Heat of the moment Telling me what your heart meant,” Blares from the radio.

Sam’s eyes snap open and he sits up quickly in bed to look at Dean. “Rise and shine, Sammy!”

Dean calls happily, sitting on the bed as he ties his boots.

Sam stares at him, then at the clock radio as it continues to play, “The heat of the moment Showed in your eyes.”


Sam keeps staring, breathing hard, “Dean.”

“Oh, come on, you love this song and you know it,” Dean replies turning up the volume and dancing along as he moves toward the bathroom to brush his teeth.

Sam stares after him. Dean gargles loudly and annoyingly trying to get a reaction out of Sam. Sam drinks some water, swishes, and spits, Dean noticing Sam’s lack of reaction spits out his mouthful, “What?” He asks.

“I don't know,” Sam replies.

“You all right?” Dean inquires.

“I think I—” Sam begins the pauses, “Man, I had a weird dream.”

“Yeah? Clowns or midgets?” Dean inquires.

“Neither, Nevermind,” Sam replies turning to leave the bathroom and finding Y/n dressed in the same clothes as his dream but Y/f/n’s different.

The four hunters make their way to a diner down the street and head inside. The bell above the door chimes as they enter.

“Drive safely now, Mr. Pickett,” The cashier says handing the elderly gentleman his change.

“Yeah, yeah,” The man replies tucking it into his pocket and leaving the diner.

The group makes their way to a booth and sits, Dean looking at the specials board as he scoots over
for Y/n. Sam is staring around, bewildered.

“Can't stay unless you order something, Cal. You know the rules,” Doris the waitress says.

Cal passes her some change while Sam stares hard at them.

“Dude you’re staring,” Y/n comments sitting next to Dean in the booth.

“Hey. Tuesday. Pig in a poke,” He says happily pointing out the sign.

Sam glances between Dean and the poster confused he asks, “It's Tuesday?”

“Yeah,” Dean replies.

“All day,” Y/n says.

Doris, the waitress, approaches the table, “You folks ready?” She asks.

“Yes. I'll have the special, side of bacon and a coffee,” Dean orders.

“Can I get a Ham and Cheese omelette, with a side of bacon please and a coffee, oh and some hot sauce?” Y/n asks.

“Sure thing, and for you,” Doris says writing the orders on her pad.

“Umm.. I'll have chocolate chip pancakes, with bacon,” Y/f/n responds.

“You got it, For you?” Doris responds turning her attention to Sam.

“Nothing for me thanks,” Sam replies.

“Let me know if you change your mind,” Doris says turning to take the paper back to the cook.

“I'm telling you, Sam, this job is small fry. We should be spending our time hunting down Bela,” Dean says.

Sam stares after Doris a look of bewilderment on his face.

“Hey,” Dean says snapping his fingers at Sam, “You with me?”

“What?” Sam questions.

“You sure you feel okay?” Dean inquires worriedly.

Sam sighs before he responds, “You don't—you don't remember? Any of this?”

“Remember what?” Y/n asks.

“This. Today. Like it's—like it's ... happened before?” Sam inquires.

“You mean like déjà vu?” Dean asks.

“No, I mean like, like it's really happened before,” Sam responds.

“Yeah. Like déjà vu,” Dean retorts.

“No, forget about déjà vu. I'm asking you if it feels like, like we're living yesterday all over again,”
Sam snaps.

“How is that not dé-?” Y/n asks.

“Don’t, don’t say it! Just don’t even...” Sam growls angrily.

Doris arrives with a tray with two coffees and the hot sauce, “Coffee, black, and some hot sauce for the—oops! Crap!”

Noticing the hot sauce wobble on the tray Y/f/n catches it as it falls. Doris gasps and Sam stares at the bottle in her hand as she gives it back.

“Thanks,” Doris says taking the bottle and setting it on the table before she leaves.

“Nice reflexes,” Dean comments.

Sam swallows, frustrated and confused, and doesn't say anything.

“Looks awesome, Thank you Doris,” Y/n says grabbing her fork to dig in as Doris brings their food to the table. The group eats in silence, Y/f/n and Sam watching skeptically. Finishing his breakfast Dean reaches over to snag a piece of bacon from Y/n’s plate.

“Touch my bacon and you won’t have to worry about hellhounds coming after you,” Y/n says seriously.

Y/f/n coughs giving Y/n a dirty look before pushing away her empty plate. Y/n finishes her food then heads toward the restroom with Y/f/n following behind her.

“Oh god why did I say that?” Y/n groans hanging her head, “That was mean and I shouldn’t have said it.”

“What do you remember about yesterday?” Y/f/n asks.

“Uh we left the motel in Pittsburg, heading straight here after that case with the stoner kid,” Y/n replies confused.

“No that was two days ago,” Y/f/n replies.

“What? No we just got here last night,” Y/n responds.

“No last night was Dean’s first death here,” Y/f/n replies.

“Why don’t I remember it?” Y/n inquires, “Why am I stuck in the loop?”

“Maybe because he finally admitted how he felt about you before he died?” Y/f/n suggests.

“What? That asshole! I swear to chuck if it wouldn’t fuck up the time line I’d go out there and kick that feathery dick’s ass,” Y/n growls.

“Gabe’s?” Y/f/n asks.

Y/n nods quickly at her friend before heading back to the booth.

“Everything okay?” Dean asks.

“Yeah,” Y/n replies smiling brightly at him, “You guys ready?”
“Yeah,” Sam replies standing from the table and heading to the cashier to pay for the breakfast.

A dog barks as the group passes and Sam stares back over his shoulder.

“Sam, I'm sorry, but I don't know what the hell you're talking about,” Dean says.

“Oh, look. Yesterday was Tuesday, right? But today is Tuesday too,” Sam explains.

“You're totally balanced,” Dean says.

“So you don't believe me?!” Sam inquires growing more and more frustrated.

Dean laughs and collides with blonde girl.

“Excuse me,” She says.

“Look, I'm just saying that it's crazy, you know, I mean, even for us crazy. Dingo ate my baby crazy. Hey, maybe it was another of your psychic premonitions,” Dean suggests.

“No, no way, way too vivid. Okay, look, we were at the Mystery Spot, and then—” Sam begins explaining.

“And then what?” Dean inquires.

Sam pauses not wanting to tell Dean anything, “Then I woke up,” He opts for.

The group once again passes the movers trying to move the desk.

“Wait a minute! The Mystery Spot. You think maybe it—” Sam starts.

Maybe what?” Dean asks.

“We gotta check that place out. Look, just – go with me on this, okay?” Sam sighs.

“All right, all right, we'll go tonight, after close, get ourselves a nice long look,” Dean says.

Sam realizing what Dean said whips around, “Wait, what? No,” He says.

At the same time Y/f/n and Y/n both shout, “NO!”

“Why not?” Dean inquires looking around at the others.

“Let's just go now. Right now. Business hours, nice and crowded,” Sam replies not wanting to tell Dean that’s how he dies.

“My God, you're a freak,” Dean responds.

“Dean,” Y/n scolds.

“Okay! Whatever. We'll go now,” Dean grumbles walking a few feet ahead of Sam and the others and looks to his right as he enters the street.

“Shit,” Y/n mutters dashing forward and shoving Dean out of the way before a car slams into her from the left.

“Y/n!” Y/f/n shouts rushing toward her friend.
“Y/n, no, no, no,” Dean mutters turning her over in his arms, “Come on baby stay with me, I need you.”

Y/n lays in Dean’s arms barely moving blood on her face.

Mr. Pickett leans out of the now-stopped car. Dean gently places Y/n in Y/f/n’s arms before starting toward the old man shoulders tense and angry.

“Dean, No,” Sam say grabbing his brother and holding him back.

“Heat of the moment Telling me what your heart meant,” Blares from the radio.

Sam’s eyes snap open and he sits up quickly in bed to look around the room. “Rise and shine, Sammy!” Dean calls happily, sitting on the bed as he ties his boots. Sam stares at him as the radio continues to play, “The heat of the moment Showed in your eyes.”

Dean gargles loudly and annoyingly while Sam watches.

“Stop staring at me,” Y/n’s voice is heard from the other room.

“Hey. Tuesday. Pig in a poke,” Dean says noticing the specials board.

“Okay, would you listen to me, Dean? ‘Cause I am flipping out,” Sam begins.

“Are you folks ready?” Doris asks approaching the table.

“He'll take the special, side of bacon, coffee, black. Nothing for me, She'll have a ham and cheese omlette, side of bacon, coffee, and some hot sauce, Sam continues rambling off their orders as he points turning to Y/f/n, “She’ll have-,”

“Just coffee, thanks,” Y/f/n interrupts.

“You got it,” Doris replies walking toward the kitchen.

“Sammy, I get all tingly when you take control like that,” Dean jokes.

“Quit screwing around, Dean,” Sam growls.

“Ohkay. Okay. I'm listening. So, so – you think that you're in some kind of a what again?” Dean asks.

“Time loop,” Sam responds.

“Like Groundhog Day,” Dean replies.

“Yes, exactly. Like Groundhog Day,” Sam responds.

Nodding Dean replies with an, “Uh-huh.”

“So you don't believe me,” Sam inquires.

Laughing Dean responds, “It's just a little crazy, I mean even for us crazy, you know, like, uh—”

“Dingo ate my baby crazy?” Sam suggests.

“How'd you know I was going to say that?” Dean asks skeptically.
“Because you said it before, Dean, that's my whole point,” Sam explains.

“Coffee, black, and some hot sauce for the—whoops! Crap,” Doris says coming up to the table.

Y/f/n catches the hot sauce and hands it back to Doris without looking.

“Thanks,” Doris says taking the hot sauce from her and setting it down on the table before leaving.

“Nice reflexes,” Dean comments.

“No. She knew it was going to happen,” Sam replies.

“Okay, look. I'm sure that there's some sort of an explanation-,” Dean begins.

“You're just going to have to go with me on this, Dean, you just have to, you owe me that much!” Sam pleads.

“Calm down—” Dean begins.

“Don't tell me to calm down! I can't calm down. I can't. Because—” Sam starts but cuts himself off.

“Because what?” Dean inquires.

“Because you die, today, Dean,” Sam responds.

“I'm not gonna die, Not today,” Dean replies.

“You or Y/n,” Y/f/n says looking up at her friend across the table.

“Twice now I've watched one of you die, and I can't— I won't do it again, okay? You're just going to have to believe me. Please,” Sam pleads looking between the two.

“All right. I still think you're nuts, but okay, whatever this is, we'll figure it out,” Dean concedes.

Sam nods unhappily and the group quiets down as Doris brings the food.

Dean collides with the blonde girl.

“Excuse me,” She apologizes.

The groups of hunter once again pass the movers.

“And you think this cheesy-ass tourist trap has something to do with it?” Dean asks.

“Maybe it's the real deal, you know? The, the magnetic fields bending spacetime or whatever,” Sam says.

“I don't know, it all seems a little too “X-Files” for me,” Dean replies.

“Well, I don't know how else to explain it, Dean!” Sam exclaims.

“All right! All right. We'll go tonight after they close, get ourselves a nice long look,” Dean replies.

“No no no no no, we can't,” Sam says quickly.
“Why not?” Dean inquires.

“Because y–y–ou—,” Sam stutters before stopping unable to finish.

“I what?” Dean pushes.

Sam doesn't say anything.

“I die there?” Dean asks looking between both Sam and Y/f/n.

“Blown away, actually,” Sam replies.

“Huh. Okay, let's go now,” Dean responds starting forward. Sam rushes after him and grabs him before he runs into the street just before Mr. Pickett's car zooms past.

“Stay out of the way!” Mr. Pickett yells out the window.

The four stare after the car and Dean chuckles until he sees Y/f/n's face.

“Wait, did he –?” Dean begins.


“What?” Y/n asks voice high and confused looking at her friend.

“And?” Dean urges.

“And what?” Sam asks.

“Did it look cool, like in the movies?” Dean inquires.

“Don’t answer that,” Y/n growls pushing past the two men.

“Why not?” Dean asks.

“I swear to God Y/f/n if you answer that you are dead to me,” Y/n calls crossing the street.

“She peed herself,” Y/f/n whispers.

Slightly ashamed Dean defends her, “Of course she peed herself. Chick gets hit by a car, you think she has full control over her bladder? Come on!” Dean carefully looks both ways before hurrying across the street after Y/n who is waiting aggravatedly outside the Motel room. The four change into their fed clothes and head to the Mystery spot posing as journalists.

“I can't tell you how much I appreciate this. We could use all the good ink we can get,” The owner says smiling wide.

“How long have you owned the place, Mr. Carpiak?” Sam inquires.

“Well, my family's been guarding the secrets here since you don't want to know when,” Mr. Carpiak replies.

“So you'd know if anything strange happened,” Sam replies.

“Strange? Strange happens here all the time. It's a Mystery Spot,” Mr. Carpiak chuckles.

“What exactly does that mean?” Y/f/n asks.
“Well, uh ... it's where the laws of physics have no meaning,” Mr. Carpiak says.

“Okay, like how?” Sam asks angrily.

“Take the tour,” Mr. Carpiak replies with a grin.

“The guy who went missing, Dexter Hasselback, he take the tour?” Dean inquires.

“Uh, uh, hold on a minute, what kind of article is this?” Mr. Carpiak asks.

“Just answer the question,” Sam snaps.

“The police scoured every inch of this place. They couldn't find that man. I never seen him before. We're a family establishment—” Mr. Carpiak defends.

“Listen to me. There is something weird going on here. Now do you know anything about it or not?” Sam asks getting in Mr. Carpiak’s face.

“Okay. Look. Guys. Um. Give me a break. I bought the joint at a foreclosure auction last March, all right? Hell, I used to sell bail bonds,” Mr. Carpiak explains.

“Oh I could go for some sweet and sour chicken,” Y/n moans hungrily.

Dean starts walking again and gets two steps before being flattened by a falling desk. Y/n screams. The movers, one holding the other end of the snapped rope and the other up in the window, stare at the scene, and Sam, despairing, also looks at his brother.

“Heat of the moment Telling me what your heart meant,” Blares from the radio.

Sam’s eyes snap open and he sits up quickly in bed to look around the room. “Rise and shine, Sammy!” Dean calls happily, sitting on the bed as he ties his boots. Sam stares at him as the radio continues to play, “The heat of the moment Showed in your eyes.” Sam lies back down and tries to breathe evenly. Repeating the same
morning routine they have the last three mornings the four hunters once again make their way to the diner.

Sitting in the booth Sam has a despairing expression on his face.

“I still think you're nuts, but ... whatever this is, we'll figure it out,” Dean says trying to comfort Sam.

“Thanks,” Sam replies crestfallen.

“So, uh ... If you're stuck in Groundhog Day, why? What's behind it?” Dean asks.

“Well, first I thought it was the Mystery Spot. Now I'm not so sure,” Sam replies.

“What do we do?” Y/n asks.

“Well, we keep you both breathing. Try to make it to tomorrow. I mean, that's the only thing I can think of,” Sam suggests.

“Shouldn't be too hard,” Dean replies.

“Yeah, right. Dean, I've watched you die a few times now and I can't ever seem to stop it,” Sam responds.

“Well, nothing's set in stone. You say we order the same thing every day, right?” Dean inquires.


Dean turns to Doris, who is standing by the window to the kitchen, talking with the cook. “'Scuse me, sweetheart?” he calls. Doris turns to look so he continues, “Can we get sausage instead of bacon?” He asks gesturing to Y/n and himself.

“Sure thing, hon,” She replies with a smile.

Dean turns back to Sam and Y/f/n, “See? Different day already. You see, if we decide that Y/n and I are not gonna die – we’re not gonna die,” Dean says.

Doris brings over Y/n and Dean's food and sets it in front of them.

“Thank you,” Dean says.

Dean stabs a sausage link with his fork and bites in. Sam grins watching his brother. With both Sam and Y/f/n keeping an eye on Dean no one notices when Y/n starts to choke.


“Heat of the moment Telling me what your heart meant,” Blares from the radio.

Sam’s eyes snap open and he sits up quickly in bed to look around the room.

“We are not leaving this room today,” Sam grounds out looking between the three other in the room.

Y/n looks to Y/f/n confused a moment before Y/f/n subtly holds up four fingers. Nodding her head Y/n collapses back into the bed as Dean heads for the shower,
Dean yells from in the bathroom, “You mean we can't even go out for breakfast?”

“You'll thank me when it's Wednesday!” Sam shouts back.

“Whatever that means,” Dean’s voice says much quieter.

While sitting in the room the others hear Dean yell out, followed by a thud.

“Heat of the moment Telling me what your heart meant,” Blares from the radio as once again Sam wakes after watching his brother die.

Confined to the motel room once again Dean orders take out to be delivered to the room. Biting into one of the Tacos he ordered Dean begins to chew, He looks at the taco then up to Sam, “Do these tacos taste funny to you?” He asks.

“Heat of the moment” Sam sits up in bed and looks to where Dean normally occupies the other bed. From the bathroom there is muted whimpers as the lights flicker.

“Heat of the moment Telling me what your heart meant,” Once again blares from the radio as Sam’s eyes shoot open and he sits up in bed.

Finally, so fed up with watching his brother or friend die, Sam heads for the Mystery spot. Taking an axe from the emergency fire equipment in the building Sam takes to tearing down the walls while Y/n duct tapes the owner to a chair. Dean grins down at the man reassuringly saying, “Everybody's fine, nobody's gonna get hurt, okay? Sammy?” Sam stops and turns chest heaving, “Maybe you should drop the axe and let this guy go, what do you say?” Dean asks.

“Something's gotta be going on here. I intend to find out what,” Sam replies turning back to the wall and swinging the axe mercilessly.

“Place is tore up pretty good, dude. Time to give it a rest,” Dean tries.

“NO!” Sam shouts halting his rampage to turn toward Dean again, “I'm gonna take it down to studs.”

Standing up Dean makes his way toward Sam, “Sammy, that's enough. Give me the axe,” He says.

“Leave it, Dean,” Sam replies still swinging the axe.

“Give it,” Dean responds.

“Dean I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Y/n says stepping toward the boys who are struggling over the axe.

“No, you give it,” Sam grunts pulling the axe back toward him.

“Let it go,” Dean responds pulling.

“No,” Sam growls.

“Guys seriously stop, Someone is going to get hurt,” Y/n pleads.

“Let it go, come on!” Dean responds teeth gritted.

“Dean, leave it, please—” Sam pleads jerking in the axe one more time it goes flying out of both the boys hands hitting Y/n in the chest.
In his chair Mr. Carpiak is splashed with blood, as Y/f/n shrieks, “Y/n!” there is a thud as she hits the floor, before Mr. Carpiak tries to yell through the duct tape.

“Heat of the moment Telling me what your heart meant,” Blares from the radio as once again Sam wakes from watching someone die.

The door to the diner chimes as the four hunters enter Sam and Y/f/n dragging their feet slowly.

“Drive safely now, Mr. Pickett,” The cashier says handing the elderly gentleman his change.

“Yeah, yeah,” The man replies tucking it into his pocket and leaving the diner. Sam bumps into the mans as he walks past stealing the man’s keys and pocketing them.

The group makes their way to a booth and sits, Dean looking at the specials board as he scoots over for Y/n.

“Did you get them?” Y/f/n asks sliding into the booth behind Sam.

Sam pulls the set of keys from his pocket and sets them on the table. Dean looks at them, then at Sam and Y/f/n questioningly, “What are those?” He asks.

“The old man's. Trust me, you don't want him behind the wheel,” Sam responds sullenly.

“You folks ready?” Doris asks approaching the table.

“Uh, yes, we are. I'll have the special, side of bacon and a coffee,” Dean responds.

“Ham and cheese omlette, with a side of bacon, and a coffee please, oh and Hot sauce” Y/n says.

“Hey, Doris?” Y/f/n interrupts, “What I'd like is for you to log in some more hours at the archery range. You're a terrible shot.”

“How'd you know that?” Doris inquires.

“Lucky guess,” Sam replies for her.

“Okay, so you think you're caught in some kind of what, again?” Dean asks.


“Doesn't matter. There's no way to stop it,” Sam finishes.

“Jeez, aren't you grumpy,” Dean responds.

“Yeah, I am. You wanna know why? Because this is the hundredth Tuesday in a row I've been through, and it never stops. Ever. So yeah, I'm a little grumpy. Hot sauce,” Sam says.

“What?” Dean inquires as Doris returns with the coffee and hot sauce.

“Coffee, black, and some hot sauce for the—whoops! Crap!” Doris says as Y/f/n one again catches the hot sauce only this time she slides it across the table. “Thanks.”

“Nice reflexes,” Dean comments.

“We knew it was going to happen, Dean. We know everything that's gonna happen,” Sam replies.

“You don't know everything,” Dean responds.
“Yeah. I do,” Sam retorts.

“Yeah, right. Nice guess,” Dean and Sam say in unison.

“It wasn't a guess,” Sam responds.

“Right, you're a mind reader. Cut it out, Sam. Sam,” They say again leaning closer they continue, “You think you're being funny but you're being really really childish! Sam Winchester wears makeup. Sam Winchester cries his way through sex. Sam Winchester keeps a ruler by the bed and every morning when he wakes up he—”

Dean throws up his hands giving up, “Okay, enough!”

“That's not all. Randy the cashier? He's skimming from the register. Judge Myers? At night he puts on a furry bunny outfit,” Sam says pointing out the people. Judge Myers, overhears Sam and knocks over his glass of chocolate milk.

“Over there, that's Cal. He's gonna rob Tony the mechanic on the way home,” Sam says looking over his shoulder at Cal.

“What's your point?” Dean inquires.

“My point is I've lived through every possible Tuesday. I've watched you die every possible way. I have ripped apart the Mystery Spot, burnt it down, tried everything I know to save your life, and I can't. No matter what I do, you die. And then if you don’t Y/n does, and then I wake up. And then it's Tuesday again,” Sam sighs.

The group returns to the street and as they pass the golden retriever Sam says, “Dog.” The dog barks.

“There's gotta be some way out of this,” Dean says.

“Where's my dang keys?” Sam responds as they approach Mr. Pickett. They pass Mr. Pickett, searching his pockets for the keys Sam lifted.

“Where's my dang keys?” Mr. Pickett inquires to himself.

“Excuse me,” Y/fl/n says just before Dean collides with the blonde girl.

“Excuse me,” Blonde girl says.

“She's kinda cute,” Dean chuckles. Dean puts out a hand to stop Sam. “Hey. All the times we've walked down this street, I ever do this?” He asks turning back to the blonde girl, “Excuse me, miss!” He calls.

Staring after him Sam mutters, “No.”

The Blonde Girl gives Dean one of her papers and for the first time they see that there is a picture and the word MISSING on them.

“A hundred Tuesdays and you never bothered to check what she was holding in her hands?” Dean asks. Sam shrugs in response as Dean holds up the flyer, “That's the guy who went missing?” he asks.

Sam stares at the name Dexter Hasselback under the picture from the newspaper clipping.
“Yeah?” Sam replies.

“That's his daughter back there,” Dean responds. Sam grabs the flyer and runs after Blonde Girl.

“Ma'am? Ah, Miss?” Sam calls out.

The dog growls and barks at Dean gaining his attention.

Dean looks at the dog, then smiles and leans over to pet it, “Hey buddy! Somebody need a friend?” He asks, “Good boy—aaah!”

“Heat of the moment Telling me what your heart meant,” Blares from the radio.

Sam’s eyes snap open and he sits up quickly in bed to look around the room. Dean and Y/n sit eating their food while Sam is on the laptop.

“So the police report says Dexter Hasselback is a professor, but that's not all he is,” Sam says reading from the laptop.

“What is he?” Dean asks pushing his empty plate away.

“I talked to his daughter. Guy's quite the journalist. Columns in magazines, a blog,” Sam replies, “He writes about tourist attractions. Mystery spots, UFO crash sites—he gets his kicks debunking them. I mean, he's already put four of these places out of business. Here.” Sam turns the laptop to face Dean. Onscreen is the biography of the author of the blog "The Hasselback Report" with a picture of Hasselback and a headline Dean reads aloud, “Dexter Hasselback, truth warrior? More like a pompous schmuck, you ask me.”

“Yeah, tell me about it. I mean, I've read everything the guy's ever written, and he must have weighed a ton, he was so full of himself,” Sam responds.

“When'd you have time to do all this research?” Dean inquires reaching over to grab a piece of Y/n’s bacon.

“Touch my bacon and you won’t have to worry about hellhounds coming after you,” Y/n says seriously.

Y/f/n coughs giving Y/n a dirty look before pushing away her empty plate. Y/n finishes her food then heads toward the restroom with Y/f/n following behind her. Sam watches them go noticing the pink syrup where a man was sitting.

“Oh god why did I say that?” Y/n groans hanging her head, “That was mean and I shouldn’t have said it.”

“Come on,” Sam says packing up his laptop. They get up and Dean chuckles. “What?” Sam asks.

“I just, it's just funny, you know, I mean, this guy spends his whole life crapping on Mystery Spots and then he vanishes into one. It's kinda poetic, you know, just desserts,” Dean responds.

“You're right, that is just desserts,” Sam nods.

The girls come back and Sam points out the man's abandoned plate with a partial pancake and pink syrup.

“What's wrong?” Dean asks.
Sam turns and watches the man walk by the diner windows.

“Guy has maple syrup for the last hundred Tuesdays, all of a sudden he's having strawberry?” Sam asks.

“It's a free country. Man can't choose his own syrup, huh? What have we become?” Dean asks snarkily.


“Heat of the moment Telling me what your heart meant,” Blares from the radio.

Sam’s eyes snap open and he sits up quickly in bed to look at Dean. “Rise and shine, Sammy!” Dean calls happily, sitting on the bed as he ties his boots.

The group returns to the diner where Dean and Y/n order, The man is eating pancakes with maple syrup. Behind him, Dean and Y/n are eating and Sam is watching the man.

“So you think you're caught in some kind of what, again?” Dean asks.

“Eat your breakfast,” Sam snaps.

The man stands and leaves with Y/f/n and Sam following.

“What's in the bag?” Dean asks as him and Y/n slide out of the seat to follow them.

“They acting weird to you,” Y/n asks.

“Yeah real weird,” Dean replies turning the corner after the others. The man walks farther down the street. Sam grabs him, slams him into the fence, and puts the tip of a wooden stake at his throat.

“Hey!” The man exclaims.

“I know who you are. Or should I say, what,” Sam growls.

“Oh my god, please don't kill me,” The man pleads.

“Uh, Sam?” Dean questions.

“It took me a hell of a long time but I got it,” Sam says ignoring his brother.

“You got to be kidding me,” Y/n murmurs realizing her memories of the Tuesdays happening have been erased, but the ones from when it was a show are still there.

“What?” The man questions.

“It's your MO that gave you away. Going after pompous jerks, giving them their just desserts—your kind loves that, don't they?” Sam questions.

“Yeah, sure, okay,” The man nods glancing nervously at the stake, “Just put the stake down!”

“Sam, maybe you should—” Dean begins.

“No!” Sam shouts, “There's only one creature powerful enough to do what you're doing. Making
reality out of nothing, sticking people in time loops—in fact you'd pretty much have to be a god. You'd have to be a Trickster.”

“Mister, my name is Ed Coleman, my wife's name is Amelia, I got two kids, for crying out loud I sell ad space—” The man sobs.

“Don't lie to me! I know what you are! We've killed one of your kind before!” Sam replies.

The man morphs into the Trickster and grins. The boys stare dumbfounded.

“Actually, bucko, you didn't,” He says.

“Why are you doing this?” Sam questions.

“You're joking, right? You chuckleheads tried to kill me last time. Why wouldn't I do this?” The trickster responds.

“And Hasselback, what about him?” Dean asks.

“That putz? He said he didn't believe in wormholes, so I dropped him in one,” Trickster responds laughing, “Then you guys showed up. I made you the second you hit town.”

“So this is fun for you? Killing Dean and Y/n over and over again?” Sam questions.

I swear on your father if you tell them I knew how the deaths were going to happen before they did I will tell them exactly who you are, Gabriel, and how to kill you. Y/n thinks at the man.

Smiling he locks eyes with her, “One, yes. It is fun. And two? This is so not about killing Dean or Y/n. This joke is on you, Sam. Watching your brother die, every day? Forever? And not just actual death either he dies inside every time she dies,” The trickster says.

“You son of a bitch,” Sam growls pressing the steak into the tricksters neck.

“How long will it take you to realize? You can't save your brother. No matter what,” Trickster asks.

“Oh yeah? I kill you, this all ends now,” Sam says.

“Oh-oh, hey, whoa! Okay. Look. I was just playing around. You can't take a joke, fine. You're out of it. Tomorrow, you'll wake up and it'll be Wednesday. I swear,” The trickster responds.

“You're lying” Sam replies.

“If I am, you know where to find me. Having pancakes at the diner,” Trickster retorts.

Sam looks at Dean and Y/n, then back at the Trickster.

“No. Easier to just kill you,” Sam responds.

“Sorry, kiddo. Can't have that,” Trickster replies snapping his fingers.

“Promise me I'll be back in time.” Comes from the radio and Sam's eyes snap open as he sits up in the bed and looks around.

“What, you gonna sleep all day?” Dean asks from the bathroom.
“No Asia?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, I know. This station sucks,” Dean replies coming into the room.

Sam stares at the clock radio that says WED.

“It's Wednesday!” Sam says excitedly.

“Yeah, usually comes after Tuesday. Turn that thing off, will you?” Y/n mumbles face down in the bed still.

Grinning Sam scrambles from the bed with Y/f/n following behind, “What, are you kidding me? This isn't the most beautiful song you've ever heard?” Sam asks making his way to the end of the bed where he begins pulling on a shirt.

“No. How many Tuesdays did you have?” Dean asks.

Sam throws a long-sleeved shirt over his T-shirt, “I don't know. I lost count. Hey, wait. What do you remember?”

“I remember you were pretty whacked out of it yesterday and then I remember running into the Trickster. But no, that's about it,” Dean replies.

“All right. Pack your stuff, let's get the hell out of town. Now,” Sam demands.

“No breakfast?” Dean asks.

“No breakfast,” Sam responds buttoning up his shirt.

“Come on Y/n, get up it’s a beautiful day,” Y/f/n says excitedly jumping on the bed.

“Nggg,” Y/n groans voice distorting as Y/f/n jumps.

Dean pulls a shotgun out of the secret compartment, puts it in a duffel bag, closes the compartment, puts the bag in the trunk, as Y/n sets her duffle in next to his and then he closes the trunk. Hearing someone behind them Dean asks, “You sure we should just let the Trickster go?” They turn to face the person and it’s Cal, not Sam. Cal is pointing a handgun at them.

“Shit,” Y/n says holding her hands up.

“Gimme your wallet,” Cal demands.

“Whoa whoa whoa, buddy, just relax,” Dean replies.

“I am relaxed!” Cal responds clearly not relaxed.

“Okay, all right, nobody wants this to end the wrong way, let's talk about it a sec,” Dean says trying to calm the man.

Sam and Y/f/n are finishing packing when the gunshots go off. Sam’s head snaps up from the duffle and looks to Y/f/n before bolting to the door yelling, “Dean!”

Cal runs around the corner as Sam and Y/f/n hurry down the motel stairs. Dean is on his side on the asphalt in front of Y/n, blood on both theirs shirts.

“No, no, no no no, hey, hey, come on, not today, not today, this isn't supposed to happen today,
come on—” Sam pleads. When he realizes Dean isn't moving he looks to Y/f/n who is holding Y/n. When she shakes her head he closes his eyes and waits. Nothing happens and when he opens his eyes Dean and Y/n are still dead.

“I'm supposed to wake up,” Sam murmurs. Y/f/n begins to sob holding her friend.

Six Months Later, Sam and Y/f/n are tracking the trickster trying to find away to bring back Y/n and Dean. Sam is at the wheel stoney faced as they drive through the night.

Sam checks his voice mail every time he receives one it is usually Bobby, “Sam? It's Bobby. Heard about that demon thing you and Y/f/n took care of in Death Valley. Nice job. Been about three months we talked, though. Be nice to hear your voice. Give a call. I'm here,” one says.

Sam opens the car trunk and pulls a gun out of the secret compartment. All the weapons are neatly placed into precisely-shaped foam slots. Sam opens the room door and he pulls off his overshirt revealing his blood soaked T-shirt. Y/f/n grabs the med kit and cuts the shirt up through the bloodstain to reveal a bleeding wound. She pours hydrogen peroxide on it and goes into the hole with a pair of tweezers, pulling out the bullet then stitching the wound closed.

Sam cleans a gun, facing a wall of maps and newspaper clippings and security-camera stills featuring the Trickster, arranged in neat lines with none overlapping as Y/f/n checks the next voice mail.

“Just tell me you're not sitting alone somewhere obsessing over this damn Trickster. Call me, Sam. We can find it together. No one man should take something like this on alone. You hear me? By the way, that vampire nest in Austin, hell of a job,” Bobby’s voice says.

Waking from sleep Sam sits up stiffly and makes the bed with military precision. Before heading into the bathroom and brushing his teeth. Y/f/n and Sam have drifted apart no longer the happy couple they were but now both are hardened killing machines hell bent on revenge.

“Sam? It's Bobby. I found him,” Is how Bobby’s last voicemail starts before telling Sam and Y/f/n to head back to the Mystery spot.

Bobby is kneeling on the floor turning the pages of a book, which is dead center of a chalked diagram with three candles and three bowls of unidentified substances. Sam and Y/f/n enter the room behind him as he turns and stands.

“It's good to see you, boy,” He says hugging Sam who remains stiff pulling back he turns to Y/f/n, “You two kid,” he finishes pulling her in for a hug.

“What are we doing here, Bobby?” Sam asks.

“Well, it's the last place we're sure the Trickster worked his magic,” Bobby replies.

“So?” Y/f/n inquires.

“So you want this thing? I found a summoning ritual to bring the Trickster here,” Bobby replies moving back to the book.

“What do we need?” Sam asks.

“Blood,” Bobby replies.

“How much blood?” Sam questions.
“Ritual says near a gallon. And it's gotta be fresh, too,” Bobby replies.

“Meaning we have to bleed a person dry,” Sam responds.

“And it's gotta be tonight. Or not for another fifty years,” Bobby finishes.

“Then let's go get some,” Sam responds turning to leave with Y/f/n in tow. Bobby doesn't move and the other two notice and turn back.

“You break my heart, kids,” Bobby says looking between the two.

“What?” Sam asks.

“I'm not gonna let you murder an innocent man,” Bobby replies.

“Then why'd you bring us here?” Y/f/n asks.

“Why? Because it was the only way you'd see me! Because I'm trying to knock some sense into you! Because I thought you'd back down from killing a man!” Bobby shouts.

“Well, you thought wrong. Leave the stuff, we'll do it ourselves,” Sam replies.

“I told you, I'm not gonna let you kill a man,” Bobby says.

“It's none of your damn business what we do!” Sam shouts.

“You want your brother and friend back so bad?” Bobby questions leaning down and pulling a knife out of his bag. He holds it up to Sam, “Fine.”

Sam eyes the knife, “what are you talking about?” He questions.

“Better me than a civilian,” Bobby replies holding the knife out to Sam.

“You're crazy, Bobby. I'm not killing you,” Sam responds looking at the knife.

“Oh, now I'm the crazy one. Look, Sam, I'm old, I'm coming near the end of my trail. But you can keep fighting. Saving folk. But you need your brother. Let me get him back to you,” Bobby responds.

“Bobby—” Sam begins.

“You and Dean, Y/n and Y/f/n, you four are the closest thing I have to family. I wanna do this,” Bobby responds.

Sam takes the knife, “Okay,” He says.

“Good,” Bobby replies turning around and dropping to his knees, “Just make it quick.” Sam stands still waiting. “Do it, son.” Bobby begs.

“Yeah, okay, Bobby,” Sam replies pulling a stake out of his shirt, “But you wanna know why?” Sam questions grabbing Bobby around the throat and shoving the stake through his back. The tip coming out Bobby's chest.

“Because you're not Bobby,” Y/f/n growls leaning down to the man’s ear. Sam twists the stake and blood spurts out of the wound.
Bobby goes still and falls forward as Sam lets go of him, staring at Bobby's corpse.

“Bobby? Bobby! Bobby!” Sam says when nothin happens.

Bobby's corpse suddenly vanishes and the stake falls over, then flies over Sam's shoulder into the hand of the Trickster. Sam and Y/f/n both turning methodically to face him.

“You're right. I was just screwing with you. Pretty good, though, Sam. Smart. Let me tell you, whoever said Dean was the dysfunctional one has never seen you with a sharp object in your hands. Holy Full Metal Jacket,” The trickster laughs.

“Bring them back,” Sam growls.

“What, Dean, Y/n? Didn't my girl send you flowers? They’re dead. Ain't coming back. Their souls are downstairs doing the hellfire rumba as we speak,” The trickster reponds.

“Just take us back to that Tuesday—er, Wednesday—when it all started. Please. We won't come after you, I swear,” Y/f/n pleads.

“You swear,” The trickster asks looking between the two.

“Yes,” Sam replies.

“I don't know. Even if I could—” The trickster begins.

“You can,” Sam responds.

“True. But that don't mean I should. Sam, there's a lesson here that I've been trying to drill into that freakish Cro-Magnon skull of yours,” The trickster informs.

“Lesson? What lesson?” Sam asks.

“This obsession to save Dean? The way you two keep sacrificing yourselves for each other? Nothing good comes out of it. Just blood and pain. Dean's your weakness. Y/n’s his. And the bad guys know it, too. It's gonna be the death of you, Sam. Sometimes you just gotta let people go,” The trickster explains.

“He's my brother,” Sam growls.

*Bring them back Gabriel.*

The tricksters smile falters as he looks over at Y/f/n, “Yup. And like it or not, this is what life's gonna be like without him,” he says still watching her.

“Please. Just—please,” Sam pleads.

Yeah Y/n wasn't the only one who knew who you were. We’re here for a reason now bring them back.

“I swear, it's like talking to a brick wall. Okay, look. This all stopped being fun months ago. You're Travis Bickle in a skirt, pal. I'm over it,” The trickster responds.

“Meaning what?” Sam questions

“Meaning that's for me to know and you to find out,” the trickster replies with a snap of his fingers.
The radio beside the bed blares back in time as Sam and Y/f/n’s eye pop open. Both sits up in bed and stare around.

“What, you gonna sleep all day?” Dean questions standing by the bathroom sink brushing his teeth, when neither one says anything he continues, “I know, no Asia. This station sucks.”

Sam checks the clock radio to see It says WED.

“It’s Wednesday,” Sam breathes out looking over to Y/f/n.

“Yeah, usually comes after Tuesday. Turn that thing off,” Y/n’s voice grumbles from the bed.

Sam throws off the covers and scrambles off the bed as Y/f/n launches herself over to Y/n. Sam pulls Dean into a hug as Y/f/n flings herself on top of Y/n.

“Dude, how many Tuesdays did you guys have?” Dean questions.

“Enough. What, uh, what do you remember?” Sam questions pulling out of the hug.

“I remember you were pretty whacked out of it yesterday. I remember getting up with the Trickster. That's about it,” Dean replies.

Sam nods as he says, “Let's go.”

“No breakfast?” Dean questions.

“No breakfast,” Sam responds.

“All right, I'll pack the car,” Dean begins.

“Wait, you're not going anywhere alone,” Sam says stopping Dean.

“It's the parking lot, Sam,” Dean retorts.

“I'll help you if you guys get her offa me I can’t breath,” Y/n pleads.

“Just—just trust me,” Sam responds

Sam, dressed, zips closed a bag as Dean opens the door, then turns back.

“Hey, you don't look so good. Something else happen?” Dean questions.

Sam says nothing for a moment just looks at Y/f/n before grabbing her hand, “I just had a really weird dream,” He says.

Dean nods, “Clowns or midgets?” He asks.

Sam looks up to see Dean grinning. Sam tries to smile as he picks up his bag. Following Dean and Y/n to the door, stopping at the door to look back at the unmade bed. Sam turns off the light and closes the door.
The door to the motel room slammed into the wall behind it, as Y/n rushed into the room, grinning widely.

“Guess who got a lead on Bela?” She singsonged, holding up what looked like a piece of paper and waving it around.

“Where?” Dean asks from the bed where he was cleaning his gun.

“Monument, Colorado,” Y/n replies gleefully, dancing a little in the doorway, “It’s about a 10 hour drive.”

“Pack up, we can get there in 6 hours,” Dean replies, sliding the slide back into place before checking to make sure everything worked.

“Wait, we don’t even know where she’s staying in Colorado,” Sam protested.

“Why, Samuel I am offended that you would think I’d show up with fragmentary information,” Y/n responds, mocking offense.

“It’s Sam,” He replies rolling his eyes.

“Whatsoever you say moose,” Y/n replies, turning to look at Dean, “Anyway, She’s staying at the Broadmoor hotel, Room 387.”

The guys quickly pack their bags, and head for the Impala with the two girls close behind. Dean is tensed behind the wheel, as he heads toward the thief.

Six hours and some flirting with the valet later, Sam is picking the lock to Bela’s room while Dean and the others keep watch. As the tumblers in the lock click into place, the four hunters are on alert, guns drawn. Dean follows the others into the room and shuts the door. They begin to search the room, checking anywhere the Colt could be.

“Any sign of it?” Dean asks, pulling open the drawers on the dresser.

“Nothing. Are you sure this is Bela’s room?” Sam asks, turning to scan the room.

Holding up two wigs, Dean replies, “I’d say so.”

From its spot on the bed, the phone begins to ring. The four hunters share a look before Dean walks to the phone. Holding out his arms in a silent question, Dean looks to his brother who responds with a shake of his head. Picking up the phone, Dean answers it cautiously.

“Dean? Sweetie, are you there?” Bela’s muffled voice comes from the receiver.

“Where are you?” Dean inquires.

“Two states away by now,” Bela responds.

“Where?” Dean asks again.

“Where’s our usual quippy banter? I miss it,” Bela quips.
“I want it back, Bela… now,” Dean responds.

“Your little pistol, you mean?” Bela asks, “Sorry, I can’t at the moment.”

“You understand how many people are gonna die if you do this?” Dean responds.

“What exactly is it that you think I plan to do with it?” Bela inquires.

“Take the only weapon we have against an army of demons, and sell it to the highest bidder,” Dean growls.

“You know nothing about me,” Bela replies.

“I know I’m gonna stop you,” Dean responds.

“Tough words for a guy who can’t even find me,” Bela sasses.

“Oh, I’ll find you, sweetheart. You know why? Because I have absolutely nothing better to do than to track you down,” Dean states.

“That’s where you’re wrong. You’re about to be quite occupied,” Bela responds, Dean looks at the others, “Did you really think I wouldn’t take precautions?” She inquires.

Dean looks down at the phone confused before the door to the room is kicked in. Several police officers storm in guns pointed at the four. Raising his hands above his head, Dean looks to Y/n to make sure she is cooperating.

“Hands in the air!” One of the officers shouts.

“Down on your knees,” Another says.

“That bitch!” Dean growls.

“Turn around! Now!” One of the officers commands. Forcing the four hunters to the floor, the officers begin to read them their rights, “Y/n Y/l/n, Y/n Y/l/n, Y/n Y/l/n, Sam and Dean Winchester, you have the right to remain silent.” Patent leather black shoes enter the room and step closer. The boys look at each other, then up, “Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to speak to an attorney and have an attorney present during any questioning. If you cannot afford a lawyer, one will be appointed for you at government expense.”

“Hi guys… It’s been a while,” Henriksen says, a smile on his lips.

The boys share another look before Dean turns to look at Y/n, and sees panic written across her face. A whispered, “Fuck,” is heard, as Dean closes his eyes and lays his head down on the floor.

The quartet is cuffed and lead out to the squad cars.

“Keep them separated,” Henriksen says, as he follows the officers.

Walking through the front doors of the police station, Henriksen looks around at the two officers still inside.

“So did you get them?” One asks.

“Where is everyone? I asked for all your men,” Henriksen replies.
“And you got them. They want with you on the raid,” The man responds.

“Four men? That’s all?” Henriksen asks incredulously.

“Everyone I could drum up with an hour’s notice. We’re a small town, Agent Henriksen,” The officer answers.

Henriksen shakes his head and walks towards the holding cells, with the confused officers behind him. He walks the length of the room making sure they are empty, before turning back stopping at the first one. He inquires about the man sleeping inside, “What’s he in for?”

“Drunk and disorderly,” The second officer replies.

“Keys,” Henriksen demands, looking at the two officers. The two men look at Henriksen in disbelief, “Now,” He says.

The second officer reaches for the key in his pocket and hands it to Henriksen.

“What are you doing?” The first officer inquires.

Ignoring the question for the moment, Henriksen opens the cell and taps the sleeping man on the back, “It is your lucky night, sir. You are free to go,” He says.

“What the hell are you doing?” The first officer asks.

Lifting up the man, Henriksen leads him out of the cell, “This way,” He says, handing the man off to the second officer.

“Agent Henriksen, you can’t just release my prisoners,” The first officer protests. Ignoring the man, Henriksen walks away back toward the main office, “Agent Henriksen.”

“Look, I get it… You’re Mayberry P.D,” Henriksen says.

“Excuse me?” The officer inquires offended.

“And this isn’t how I’d do it if I had my choice. But a tip’s a tip, and we had to move fast,” Henriksen replies, walking back to the office.

“Look, Agent, this ain’t my first rodeo,” The officer states.

“You’ve never been to a rodeo like this before. You have any idea who we’re about to bring in here?” Henriksen inquires.

“Yeah, some fugitives,” The officer responds.

“The most dangerous criminals you’ve ever laid your eyeballs on. Think Hannibal Lecter, his half-wit little brother, and their psycho girlfriends. Do you know what these guys do for kicks? Dig up graves, and mutilate corpses. They’re not just killers, Sheriff. They’re Satan-worshipping, nutbag killers,” Henriksen replies. The secretary is silently listening to Henriksen and she reaches up to clasp the cross pendant she wears around her neck, as Henriksen continues, “So, work with me here. I’ll get them out your hair and on their way to Supermax, and you’ll be home in enough time to watch the farm report.”

Nodding, the Sheriff responds, “However we can help.”

Stepping closer to the man, Henriksen says, “Those men of yours… post them at the exits.”
“Yes sir,” The Sheriff responds, moving to talk to his men.

Henriksen lifts his walkie and talks into it, “Reidy?”

“Yeah, Vic?” Reidy responds almost immediately.

“Bring them in,” He says, “I guess we’re ready as we’re gonna be.”

“You got it. On our way in,” Reidy replies.

The secretary looks to the door, as they are pulled open. Shackled together, Sam and Dean are led in, guarded by two officers. As they make their way through, the doors swing open again, as Y/l/n and Y/n are led through.

“Why all the sourpusses?” Dean asks, chuckling slightly.

“Not the time to be making jokes Dean,” Y/n says tightly.

Sam looks at the nameplate on the secretary's desk, which reads ‘Nancy Fitzgerald, Secretary’. Nancy looks at the four, afraid, and grabs her rosary sitting on the desk.

“I’ll show you to the cells,” Reidy says, grabbing Dean by the arm.

“Hey! Hey! Watch the merchandise!” Dean exclaims, pulling away slightly.

“Whoa, Hands off the goodies,” Y/n snapped, as one of the officers moved to drag her along.

“We’re not the ones you should be scared of, Nancy,” Dean says, looking around Sam at her.

“I don’t know, dude. Sam’s a big guy, he’s pretty intimidating,” Y/l/n pipes.

Nancy looks down at her rosary, and holds it.

Dean and Sam are led to their cell, with the girls being put in the one next door. Y/l/n and Y/n make their way over to the single cot in the 6-by-8 room and sit down, watching as Dean heads for the bed and Sam to the door, tripping each other due to the chain between them.

“Dean, come on!” Sam grumbles, clutching the bars to steady himself.

“Alright, alright. Sit?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah,” Sam replies, stepping closer to the bed to awkwardly shuffle around Dean to sit on the bed.

As the boys get situated, Y/n calls over, “So, what you in for?”

Y/l/n shakes her head, “Be serious,” She scolds.

Alright, alright, fine,” Y/n surrenders, “Aw man, why’d they get the window?”

“How we gonna Houdini out of this one?” Dean asks the others.

“Good question,” Sam sighs.

Henriksen grabs the phone from one of the desks and begins making a call, loosening his bulletproof vest as he does.

“It’s me. Steven in?” He says into the phone, pausing to listen to the other person’s reply, “Well
get him out of the meeting.” Henriksen talks to the person on the other end of the line before hanging up the phone and addressing the Sheriff, “There’s a chopper on its way.”

“But we don’t have a helicopter pad,” The Sheriff objects.

“Then clear the damn parking lot,” Henriksen snaps, heading into the holding area, standing outside the two cells and looking in.

Dean looks at Henriksen while Sam glances at him, then away towards his girlfriend.

“You know what I’m trying to decide?” Henriksen inquires.

“I don’t know. What? Whether Cialis will help you with your little condition?” Dean snarks.

“What to have for dinner tonight,” Henriksen replies, getting the attention of the others, “Steak or lobster. What the hell, surf and turf,” He says, getting a cynical smile from Dean, “I got a lot to celebrate. I mean, after all, seeing you four in chains…”

“You kinky son of a bitch. We don’t swing that way. For her I’d be willing,” Dean responds, inclining his head toward Y/n.

“You’re such a flirt Winchester,” Y/n calls.

“Only for you sweetheart,” Dean responds.

“Now, that’s funny,” Henriksen chuckles, looking between the two.

“You know, I wouldn’t bust out the melted butter just yet. Couldn’t catch us at the bank, couldn’t keep us in that jail,” Dean states.

“You’re right. Screwed up. I underestimated you. I didn’t count on you being that smart but now I’m ready,” Henriksen replies.

“Yeah, ready to lose us again?” Dean inquires.

“Ready like a court order to keep you in a Supermaximum prison in Nevada till trial. Ready like isolation in a soundproof, windowless cell, so small that between you and me… probably unconstitutional,” Henriksen replies seriously, “How’s that for ready?” Dean doesn’t say anything, “Take a good look at your friends – you four will never see each other again.” Sam and Dean look at Henriksen, “Aw. Where’s that smug smile, Dean? I want to see it.”

Shaking his head in disbelief, Dean responds, “You got the wrong guys.”

“Oh, yeah. I forgot. You fight monsters. Sorry, Dean. Truth is, your daddy brainwashed you with all that devil talk, and no doubt, touched you in a bad place. That’s all. That’s reality,” Henriksen scoffs.

“Shut your mouth, and don’t talk about John like that,” Y/n growls.

“That’s real cute. Maybe it isn’t Dean you did all this for? Maybe you were banging daddy Winchester, spreading your pretty little legs for him,” Henriksen says, looking at Y/n with a smug smile.

“Don’t you talk about her like that,” Dean growls, standing from the bed.

Henriksen returns his attention to Dean, “Well, guess what. Life sucks. Get a helmet. ’Cause
everybody’s got a sob story. But not everybody becomes a killer. And now, I have four less to worry about.” He responds. Henriksen looks at his watch and smiles. Tapping the watch dial, he laughs, “It’s surf and turf time.” Sam and Dean watch Henriksen leave, both with matching looks of distress.

Out in the office, the doors open once again, as an FBI Agent makes his way inside the office. Henriksen holds out his hand to shake, “Steven!” Henriksen says.

Instead of shaking Henriksen’s hand, Steven hands him some files and walks past him, “Gentlemen.”

Confused, Henriksen asks about the files in his hands, “What’s all this?”

“What can I say? The FBI didn’t invent bureaucracy; we perfected it,” Steven replies turning to look back at Henriksen.

“You want me to do all this now?” Henriksen inquires.

Smiling, Steven responds, “Sorry. Now, Victor.” Nancy smiles at Henriksen being put in his place. “I’m gonna go take a good long gander at our fugitives,” Steven continues, leaving Henriksen to finish the paperwork. Taking a pen from Reidy, Henriksen starts to fill out the forms, annoyed.

Entering the holding cell area, Steven closes the main door to the office area, Dean stands and looks at Steven.

“Sam and Dean Winchester, Y/n Y/l/n, and Y/l/n Y/l/l/n. I’m Deputy Director Steven Groves. This is a pleasure,” Steven says smugly.

“Well, glad one of us feels that way,” Dean quips.

“I’ve been waiting a long time for you four to come out of the woodwork,” Steven continues. Steven pulls out his gun and shoots Dean in his left shoulder. Dean grunts and falls back onto the bed clutching his shoulder. Sam jumps up and grapples with Steven through the bars while Steven fires several more shots, narrowly missing the others. Sam has a grip on Steven, holding his gun arm. Steven’s eyes turn black and Sam begins the exorcism, causing Steven's head to whip from side to side.

“Sorry, I've gotta cut this short. It’s gonna be a long night, fellas,” The demon inside Steven growls before throwing his head back, as the black cloud of demon pours out of his mouth. Dean sits up, still clutching his shoulder, as the demon leaves Steven's body, screaming, and the black smoke disappears into the ceiling air vent.

Hearing Steven’s scream, Henriksen and Reidy turn to look toward the holding area, “What the hell was that?” Reidy inquires, as him and Henriksen draw their guns, running to the cells.

Steven’s body falls to the ground, as Deputy Phil and Sheriff Melvin enter, followed by Henriksen, who points his gun at Sam.

“Alright, put the gun down!” Melvin commands.


“He shot him!” Melvin says, looking at Steven’s lifeless body.

“I didn’t shoot him, okay? I didn’t shoot anyone,” Sam defends.
“He shot me!” Dean grumbles in pain.

“Get on your knees, NOW!” Henriksen commands.

“Okay, okay, okay. Don’t shoot. Please. Look. Here. Here,” Sam says, passing the gun through the bars to the officers, “Look. We didn’t shoot him. Check the body. There’s no blood. We did not kill him.”

“Go ahead, check him,” Henriksen says, gun still trained on Sam.

Reidy lowers himself to the ground and begins to check Steven’s body, “Vic, there’s no bullet wound,” Reidy informs.

“He’s probably been dead for months,” Dean puts in.

“What did you do to him?” Henriksen asks.

“We didn’t do anything,” y/n says.

“Talk or I shoot,” Henriksen responds, turning toward the other cell.

“You won’t believe us,” y/n says, staring down the man.

“He was possessed,” Sam says.

“Possessed? Right. Fire up the chopper! We’re taking them out of here now,” Henriksen scoffs.

“Yeah! Do that!” Dean replies, nodding his head enthusiastically.

Pulling the walkie from his hip, Reidy tries to get the helicopter pilot to respond, “Bill?” nothing but static comes from the walkie. He tries again, “Bill, are you there?”

When there is once again no answer from the walkie, Henriksen nods to Reidy to check outside, while the local policeman continue to point their guns at the four in the cells.

Outside, Reidy discovers two officers whose throats have been cut. Pulling his gun, he walks to the chopper where the pilot and two more officers are dead, “They’re dead. I think they’re all dead,” He relays into the walkie.

There’s a blast of blinding light as the chopper explodes and Reidy is flung backwards.

“What the hell was that?” Henriksen inquires, hearing the explosion,

“Reidy?” He calls into the walkie, “Reidy?!”

Reidy coughs and sits up, looking to the chopper as he does, the walkie next to him buzzing with Henriksen’s voice, “What the hell was that? Come in? Reidy? Reidy?” Reidy walks toward the burned chopper, turning to find one of the dead officers on his feet and looking at him with black eyes. Reidy screams in pain as the possessed officer kills him.

Inside the station, Sheriff Melvin begins filling his rifle with shells while Nancy frantically tries to make a call. “Hello?” she says into the receiver.

“My men? Agent Henriksen—” Melvin questions.
“What the hell’s happening out there?” Deputy Phil asks, when Henriksen doesn’t answer.

“I can’t get a line. All the phones are out,” Nancy says, panicked.

“Henriksen! Four of my men!” Melvin states angrily.

“The Internet, my cell…. It’s all dead. How can it all be dead?” Nancy inquires.

Melvin tosses the rifle to Phil and suddenly the lights go out.

Inside the cells, the four hunters stand looking around, “Oh, that can’t be good,” Dean mutters, as the emergency lights come on.

“Oh my God,” Nancy says, terrified.

“No, it’s okay, it’s okay, it’s okay. We’re gonna go, we’re gonna go… right now,” Melvin states, cocking his gun.

Henriksen turns around, watching the frightened people, “Nobody’s going anywhere. Everybody calm down,” He says.

“Your partner is out there! My men are out there!” Melvin responds angrily.

“I know. We go out there, we’re asking to die too. Don’t you get it?” Henriksen retorts.

“Get what?” Melvin inquires.

“They’re out there and they’re coming in here. This is a siege. So, this might be a good time for you to lock the doors and the windows,” Henriksen explains, “take a breath, and maybe deal with this like trained professionals with some sense in their heads.”

Phil and Melvin look at each other and calm down. Melvin nods and leaves to lock the doors.

Henriksen walks to Nancy, who is panicking,


Sam has a ball of toilet paper pressed to Dean’s shoulder, trying to stop the bleeding. Dean grunts in pain as Sam applies pressure.

“Alright, don’t be such a wuss,” Sam states, pressing harder to the wound.

“What’s the plan? Kill everyone in the station, bust you four out?” Henriksen inquires, walking into the room.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Dean asks.

“I’m talking about your psycho friends. I’m talking about a blood bath,” Henriksen responds.

“Okay, I promise you – whoever’s out there? is not here to help us,” Dean informs him.

“Look, you got to believe us. Everyone here is in terrible danger,” Sam continues.

“You think?” Henriksen asks.
“Why don’t you let us out of here so we can save your asses?” Y/n says.

“From what?” Henriksen inquires, pausing, while the hunters look away, “You gonna say demons?” he asks raising his gun, point it at the ceiling, for emphasis, “Don’t you dare say demons. Let me tell you something. You should be a lot more scared of me,” He states turning and leaving.

“How’s the shoulder?” Y/n asks worriedly, looking at Dean.

Taking away the ball of toilet paper, there is a large blood stain on it, “It’s awesome,” He responds, throwing away the toilet paper, “I’ll live. You know, if we get out of here alive. So, anyone got a plan?”

Sam checks the exit wound on the back of Dean’s shoulder, as Dean grimaces in pain. Looking up and around, Dean notices Nancy peeking around a corner outside the bars.

“Hey,” Dean says quietly to Sam, almost too quiet for the girls to hear, he inclines his head towards Nancy.

“Hey…” Sam says gently. Nancy backs around the corner, trying to stay hidden, scared. “Hey, uh, please. Please. We need your help. It’s… it’s Nancy - Nancy, right?” Sam asks. Nancy doesn’t respond, just continues to stare at Sam, “Nancy, my… my brother’s been shot. He’s… He’s bleeding really bad. You think maybe you could get us a towel? Please? Just one clean towel?” Sam pleads. Unsure, Nancy stays standing, looking at the four prisoners, “Look. Look at us. We’re not the bad guys. I swear.”

Dean gives Nancy a smile that borders on a smirk, and she leaves them.

“Nice try,” Dean says, turning away from the bars.

Sam sighs, then turns around and sees that Nancy is back with a clean towel.

“Thank you,” Sam says sincerely. Nancy steps closer to the boys, carefully, avoiding getting too close to the bars of the girls cell. “It's okay,” Sam continues, holding his handcuffed hands up. Nancy slowly puts the towel inside the bars while Sam smiles reassuringly at her. She smiles back tentatively, and Sam grabs Nancy’s arm, pulling her against the bars. Nancy screams, and Phil runs in with his rifle.

“Let her go! Let her go!” Phil demands, aiming the gun at Sam.

Sam lets Nancy go and she backs away, scared.

Still pointing the gun at Sam, Phil asks, “You okay, Nance?” Looking at Sam, he states, “Try something again, get shot. And not in the arm.”

“Okay,” Sam responds, hands still in the air.

Phil and Nancy walk away, leaving the four hunters alone once again. Hitting Sam in the arm, Dean scolds, “What the hell was that?”

Sam holds up Nancy’s rosary in response, earning a chuckle from Dean. Handing Dean the towel, Sam makes his way to the small toilet in the cell and begins blessing the water within. Dean presses the towel to his wound, as he sits heavily on the bed.

“We’re like sitting ducks in here,” Sam says, sitting on the bed next to his brother.
“Yeah, I know. Would it kill these cops to BRING US A SNACK?!” Dean responds, shouting the last words.

“How many you figure are out there?” Y/f/n asks.

“I don’t know,” Dean shrugs.

“Howver many they are, they could be possessing anyone. Anyone could just walk right in,” Sam chimes.

“It’s kind of wild, right? I mean, it’s like they’re coming right for us. They’ve never done that before,” Dean says, smiling excitedly. “It’s like we got a contract on us. Think it’s because we’re so awesome? I think it’s ‘cause we’re so awesome,” He rambles, smiling again. Noticing the unamused look on Sam’s face, Dean’s smile slowly drops and he turns away.

The sound of heavy boot steps is heard, as Sheriff Melvin makes his way to the cells.

“Well, howdy, there, sheriff,” Dean says.

The boys stand up while Melvin opens the cell door.

“Uh, sheriff?” Sam asks, noticing the lack of other officers.

“It’s time to go, boys,” Melvin responds, stepping into the cell.

“Oh… you know what? We’re – we’re just comfy right here. But thank you,” Dean replies, stepping back and away from the Sheriff.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Henriksen inquires, suddenly at the door to the cell.

“We’re not just gonna sit around here, and wait to die. We’re gonna make a run for it,” Melvin responds, not turning to look at the agent.

“It’s safer here,” Henriksen responds.

“There’s a SWAT facility in Boulder,” Melvin replies.

Walking into the cell, Henriksen replies, “We’re not going anywhere.”

“The hell we’re not,” Melvin yells.

Drawing his gun from his hipholster, Henriksen shoots Melvin in the head. Dean grabs Henriksen’s hand holding the gun and pushes it into the air. The boys grapple with Henriksen, dragging him towards the toilet, where Sam pushes Henriksen’s head into the water and begins an exorcism. Deputy Phil runs around the corner with his rifle while Dean stands and points Henriksen’s gun at him.

“Stay back!” Dean demands.

Henriksen lifts his head out of the water, his face burning as he yells. Sam shoves him back into the toilet bowl, continuing the exorcism. Nancy comes around the corner, hearing the shouting.

“Hurry up, Sammy!” Y/f/n calls, making her way closer to the bars separating the two cells.

Henriksen lifts his head again, this time talking, “It’s too late. I already called them. They’re already coming.”
Sam shoves him back into the water and finishes the exorcism. Henriksen screams, as black smoke shoots out of his mouth and up to the air vent in the ceiling. Henriksen falls to the floor, as Sam breathes heavily.

“Is he… is he dead?” Nancy asks. Henriksen regains consciousness and coughs.

“Henriksen! Hey. Is that you in there?” Sam asks.

Henriksen gets up and sits on the bed, looking haunted. “I… I shot the sheriff,” He says.

There is a pause, as everyone takes in what Henriksen just said, “But you didn't shoot the deputy,” Dean says, smiling at his own joke. Sam turns to glare at Dean in disbelief.

“Five minutes ago, I was fine, and then…” Henriksen explains.

“Let me guess. Some nasty black smoke jammed itself down your throat?” Dean asks.

“You were possessed,” Sam states.

“Possessed, like… possessed?” Henriksen inquires.

“That’s what it feels like. Now you know,” Y/f/n says, moving to kneel behind Sam.

“I owe you the biggest ‘I told you so’ ever,” Dean says, handing Henriksen back the gun.

“Officer Amici,” Henriksen says, standing from the bed and addressing Phil, “Keys…”

Phil gives Henriksen the keys and he makes his way back to Sam and Dean, unlocking their chains and allowing them to fall to the floor.

“Alright. So, how do we survive?” Henriksen asks, handing the keys back to Phil and nodding toward the girls’ cell.

Around the station, the four hunters get to work securing the place from Demons. Sam is busily drawing a devil’s trap on the floor with spray paint in front of one of the doors, while the girls cover the other entrances. Dean is back in the office, looking over the floor plans of the building, while Nancy patches his arm up. Phil and Henriksen prepare as many of the station’s guns as they could find.

“Well, that’s nice. It’s not gonna do much good,” Dean says looking at the guns.

“We got an arsenal here,” Phil replies.

“You don’t poke a bear with BB gun. That’s just gonna make them mad,” Dean responds.

“What do you need?” Henriksen asks.

“Salt. Lots and lots of salt,” Dean replies.

“Salt?” Phil inquires.

“What, is there an echo in here?” Dean snaps.

“There’s road salt in the storeroom,” Nancy says.
“Perfect. Perfect. We need salt at every window and every door,” Dean directs.

Henriksen and Phil leave, heading for the storeroom to place the salt.

“How you holdin’ up, Nancy?” Dean asks.

“Okay,” Nancy replies with a smile. She pauses a moment, thinking over her next words, “When I was little, I would come home from the church and start to talk about the devil. And my parents would tell me to stop being so literal. I guess I showed them, huh?” She adds a last piece of tape to Dean’s bandage, “That should hold.”

“Thank you,” Dean says sincerely.

“Sure,” Nancy responds with a nod.

Phil returns shortly after carrying two bags of salt.

“Hey, where’s my car?” Dean asks.

“Impound lot out back,” Phil responds, setting the salt down on the floor.

“Okay,” Dean replies, grabbing his jacket.

“Wait,” Phil says, stopping Dean, “You’re not going out there?”

“Yeah, I got to get something out of my trunk.” Dean replies.

Phil hands Dean the keys to the lot, and Dean heads out to the car. Opening the gate to the impound lot, Dean looks around, then heads to the trunk of the Impala. He starts putting things into a bag. The lights in the impound lot flicker and crackle. Dean grabs some dreamcatcher amulets, and turns to see the black smoke and blue and pink lightning coming towards him. He runs back inside, as the smoke comes closer.

The three other hunters and the civilians begin to line the windows and doors with the salt.

“They’re coming! Hurry,” Dean yells, closing the door behind him. Black smoke hits the window that Nancy is at, and she screams. Nancy, Sam and Dean run to the main office area, where Henriksen is, Y/l/n and Y/n joining not long after. Dean tosses a gun to Sam, Y/n, and Y/l/n. Outside, the demon smoke hits the building, blacking out all the windows. The lights in the main room flicker and it becomes darker. The smoke engulfs the building. Nancy clutches the cross she wears around her neck. Dust rains down from the ceiling, as the building shakes. The smoke disperses and it becomes quiet again.

“Everybody okay?” Sam asks.

“Define okay” Henriksen responds.

“Not dead,” Y/n replies.

“Alright, everybody needs to put these on,” Dean says, handing out protection necklaces, “They’ll keep you from being possessed. There you go,” He says, handing one to Phil.

“What about you and the others?” Nancy inquires.

Dean and Sam show their matching protection symbol tattoos on their chests.

“Smart. How long you had those?” Henriksen asks.
“Not long enough. Y/f/n and Y/n have this tattoo, too” Sam replies.

Henriksen makes his way over to the Sheriff’s desk and picks up the name plate, he stares at it awhile before setting it back down, while Dean watches him. Nancy is organizing some files by one of the windows when she sees a crowd of people outside.

“Hey, that’s Jenna Rubner,” She says, looking at a woman with long red hair.

“That’s not Jenna anymore,” Sam replies, coming up behind her.

“That’s where all that black demon smoke went?” Nancy inquires.

“Looks like,” Sam replies.

In another room, Phil grabs a chair and stands on it to look out a window, which he wipes with his hand breaking the salt line.

“Shotgun shells full of salt,” Henriksen says.

Filling his shotgun, Dean replies, “Whatever works.”

“Fighting off monsters with condiments,” Henriksen mutters, taking off his tie, “So. Turns out demons are real,” He continues, beginning to fill his rifle with salt shells.

“FYI, ghosts are real too. So are werewolves, vampires, changelings, evil clowns that eat people,” Dean states, looking at Henriksen.

“Okay then,” Henriksen responds.

“If it makes you feel better, Bigfoot’s a hoax,” Dean replies with a smile.

“It doesn’t,” Henriksen responds, “How many demons?”

“Total?” Dean inquires, “No clue. A lot.”

“You know what my job is?” Henriksen asks.

“You mean besides locking up the good guys?” Dean sasses, walking over to Henriksen, “I have no idea.”

“My job is boring, it’s frustrating. You work three years for one break, and then maybe you can save ... a few people. Maybe. That’s the payoff. I’ve been busting my ass for 15 years to nail a handful of guys and all this while, there’s something off in the corner so big. So yeah... sign me up for that big, frosty mug of wasting my damn life,” Henriksen informs.

“You didn't know,” Dean replies.


“Honestly? I think the world’s gonna end bloody. But it doesn’t mean we shouldn’t fight. We do have choices. I choose to go down swingin’,” Dean responds.

“Plus, you got nothing to go home to but your brother,” Henriksen replies.
“Yeah,” Dean nods sadly, “What about you? You rockin’ the white picket fence?”

“Mmm-mm. Empty apartment, string of angry ex-wives. I’m right where you are,” Henriksen chuckles.

“Imagine that,” Dean responds.

“Though, I ain’t got the possibility for more riding around in my car,” Henriksen says. Dean looks at him questioningly, “You can’t tell me you never thought about Y/n like that,” Henriksen responds.

Dean opens his mouth to respond when there is a crash like broken glass. Dean and Henriksen run into the room where the broken salt line is. Sam, Y/f/n, and Y/n walk in shortly after.

“How do we kill her?” Henriksen asks, pointing his gun at the intruder.

“We don’t,” Sam replies, placing a hand on Henriksen’s rifle to lower it.

“She’s a demon,” Henriksen argues.

“She’s here to help us,” Sam informs, stepping forward.

Phil and Nancy peek around the corner to watch the scene. “Are you kidding?” Phil asks. Ruby is standing near the window, breathing heavily, stuck in a demon trap. Dean sighs in exasperation.

“Are you gonna let me out?” Ruby asks. Henriksen looks at Dean while Sam scratches the devil’s trap on the floor with his knife so she can step out of it. “And they say chivalry’s dead. Does anyone have a breath mint? Some guts splattered in my mouth while I was killing my way in here,” She says, walking past everyone into the main office. Dean, Y/n, and Henriksen follow her, while Sam and Y/f/n stay to fix the salt line.

“How many are out there?” Dean asks.

“30 at least. That’s so far,” Ruby replies, taking a seat in one of the chairs.

“Oh, good. 30. 30 hit men, all gunning for us. Who sent them?” Dean asks.

Ruby looks past Dean at Sam, who is now standing in the doorway.

“You didn’t tell them?” She asks. The others turn to look at Sam, confused about what she’s talking about. “Oh, I’m surprised,” She continues.

“Tell us what?” Dean asks the demon.

“There’s a big new up and corner. Real pied piper,” Ruby replies.

“Who is he?” Dean asks.

“Not he. Her. Her name is Lilith,” Ruby responds.

“Lilith? Like first-of-the-demons Lilith?” Y/n asks.

Ruby nods, continuing, “And she really, really wants Sam’s intestines on a stick. ‘Cause she sees him as competition.”
“You knew about this?” Dean questions, looking at Sam. Sam doesn’t answer, “Well, gee, Sam. Is there anything else we should know?!” Dean exclaims.

“How about the two of you talk about this later? We’ll need the Colt,” Ruby states. Ruby looks at Sam, who doesn’t meet her eyes. She then turns to Dean, “Where’s the Colt?”

“It got stolen,” Sam mumbles.

“I’m sorry, I must have blood in my ear. I thought I just heard you say that you were stupid enough to let the Colt get grabbed out of your thick, clumsy, idiotic hands. Fantastic. This is just peachy…” Ruby rants.

“Ruby…” Sam begins.

“Shut up,” Ruby snaps, raising her hand, “Fine. Since I don’t see that there’s no other option... There’s one other way I know how to get you out of here alive.”

“What’s that?” Dean inquires.

“I know a spell. It’ll vaporize every demon in a one-mile radius. Myself included. So, you let the Colt out of your sight and now I have to die. So next time, be more careful. How’s that for a dying wish?” Ruby seethed.

“Okay, what do we need to do?” Dean asks, standing from the desk.

“Aww… you can’t do anything. This spell is very specific. It calls for a person of virtue,” Ruby retorts.

Dean shrugs, “I got virtue.”

Chuckling, Ruby turns to look at him, “Nice try,” She says, “You’re not a virgin.”

Laughing, Dean looks around the room, “Nobody’s a virgin,” He responds, turning back to her. Ruby looks at Dean, then at Nancy, who looks away shyly. “No. No way. You’re kidding me, r–. You’re…” Dean splutters, amazed that someone was still a virgin.

“What? It’s a choice, okay?” Nancy questions.

“So, y-you’ve never… Not even once? I mean not even – Wow,” Dean rambles.

“So, this spell. What can I do?” Nancy asks, smiling at Ruby.

“You can hold still ... while I cut your heart out of your chest,” Ruby replies, standing from the desk.

“What?” Nancy breathes out.

“What? Are you crazy?” Dean inquires, stepping forward to stop her.

“I’m offering a solution,” Ruby responds, turning toward him.

“You’re offering to kill somebody,” Dean replies.

“And it’s not gonna happen,” Y/n says.

“And what do you think’s gonna happen to this girl when the demons get in?” Ruby inquires.
“We’re gonna protect her. That’s what,” Henriksen pipes up.

“Excuse me,” Nancy says quietly, trying to gain everyone’s attention.

“Very noble,” Ruby replies to Henriksen.

“Ex— excuse me,” Nancy tries again, a little louder.

“You’re all gonna die. Look. This is the only way,” Ruby continues.

“Yeah, yeah. There’s no way that you’re gonna—” Dean begins.

“Would everybody please shut up??” Nancy interrupts, making everyone turn to look at her, “All the people out there… will it save them?”

“It’ll blow the demons out of their bodies. So if their bodies are okay… yeah,” Ruby replies.

Nancy thinks about what Ruby said, then nods as if she’s made up her mind, “I’ll do it,” She says.

“Hell no,” Henriksen says.

“No, no, you don’t need to do this,” Dean states.

“All my friends are out there,” Nancy replies.

“We don’t sacrifice people. We do that, we’re no better than them,” Henriksen says.

“Nancy, us four,” Y/n says, pointing around at the other hunters, “We save people, I- I can’t let you do this.”

“We don’t have a choice,” Ruby replies.

“Yeah, well, your choice is not a choice,” Dean responds.

“Sam, you know I’m right,” Ruby replies.

Dean and Ruby turn to look at Sam, who remains silent.

“Sam tell her she’s wrong,” Y/f/n pleads, looking up at him.

Scoffing in the expectation that Sam will agree with them, Dean implores “Sam?” Sam remains silent, just looking at his brother, “What the hell is going on? Sam, tell her.”

“It’s my decision,” Nancy states.

“Damn straight, cherry pie,” Ruby smirks.

“Stop! Stop! Nobody kill any virgins. Sam, I need to talk to you,” Dean states, heading out of the office and down the hall, Sam follows slowly, while Y/f/n and Y/n wait in the office. “Y/f/n, Y/n get your asses out here,” Dean yells.

“Uh oh, Family meeting,” Y/n mumbles.

“Please tell me you’re not actually considering this. We’re talking about holding down a girl and cutting out her heart,” Dean says, stopping and turning back to the others.

“And we’re also talking about 30 people out there, Dean. Innocent people who are all gonna die, along with everyone in here,” Sam replies.
“It doesn’t mean that we throw away the rule book and stop acting like humans. I’m not gonna let that demon kill some nice, sweet, innocent girl, who hasn’t even been laid. I mean, look, if that’s how you win wars, then I don’t want to win,” Dean responds.

“Then what? What do we do, Dean?” Sam asks, holding out his arms. Dean turns away for a moment, thinking. Turning back he’s got a smirk on his face, “I got a plan. I’m not saying it’s a good one. I’m not even saying that it’ll work. But it sure as hell beats killing a virgin,” Dean says.

“Okay, so, what’s the plan?” Sam inquires.

“Open the doors, let them all in and we fight,” Dean replies.

“This place has a P.A. system, right?” Y/n asks, looking between the two brothers. Sam looks at her questioningly, so she explains, “We may not have to fight them all. Play the exorcism over the P.A. while they’re inside.”

“Nancy and Phil can hide out somewhere, and when the demons are all inside, redraw the salt lines so they’re stuck with us,” Y/f/n says.

Sam nods as the plan slowly starts to come together. Once they have a full plan, the group makes their way back to the main office and begins telling the others. Nancy shows Sam the office where the P.A. system and he gets to work.

“Get the equipment to work?” Dean inquires as Sam returns to the main area.

“Yeah,” Sam replies.

“So?” Dean presses on.

“So this is insane,” Sam responds.

“You win understatement of the year,” Ruby quips.

“Look, I get it, you think—” Dean begins.

“I don’t think… I know. It’s not gonna work,” Ruby interrupts, standing from the chair she heads for the door, “So long, boys.”

“So, you’re just gonna leave?” Sam asks.

“Hey. I was gonna kill myself to help you win. I’m not gonna stand here and watch you lose,” Ruby replies, walking closer to Sam, “And I’m disappointed because I tried. I really did, but clearly I bet on the wrong horse.” Sam says nothing as she looks toward the main doors, “Do you mind letting me out?”

Sam walks her to the front door and scratches away at the paint forming the devil’s trap, and then breaks the salt line across the doorway. Ruby walks outside, where the demons are waiting, drawing her knife as she goes. “I’m leaving. Who wants to stop me?” She questions. The demons make way for Ruby to pass.

Inside, Sam kisses Y/f/n quickly on the lips muttering, “Be careful,” as they get ready to head to their positions at different spots in the building. Sam is in the main office, while Dean, Y/n, Y/f/n and Henriksen are near outside doors.
“All set?” Dean yells.

“Yeah!” comes Sam’s response.

“Ready!” Henriksen yells.

“Let’s do this,” Dean shouts breaking the salt line. Y/n scratches away a spot on the devil’s trap protecting the doors. Henriksen throws open an outside door. At first, nothing happens, but then, a demon suddenly swings from the doorway and kicks at Henriksen with his feet. Demons run inside and they begin to shoot. A demon tackles Sam to the ground. One of the demons pins Henriksen against the wall while another tackles Y/f/n to the ground. Sam fights hand-to-hand with the demon who tackled him.

Henriksen reaches for a flask from his pocket. “God, I hope this works,” He mutters, opening the flask to splash holy water on the demon. It stumbles away and he splashes some on the demon holding Y/f/n. He grabs his gun and helps her to her feet. Moving further down the hallway, they back into Dean and Y/n. He and Dean each shoot a demon while back to back.

“Go! Go! Go!” Dean shouts. Henriksen and Y/f/n head down another hallway, while Y/n and Dean move down another. Henriksen swings at a demon with his rifle in a hallway, fending them off while Y/f/n reloads. Sam fights with the demons in the main office. The building is now overflowing with demons.

Nancy and Phil are on the roof, watching as more demons run into the building. “When this is over, I’m gonna have so much sex,” Nancy declares. Phil looks at her, so she continues, “But not with you. We better move.” Nancy closes one of the doors to the building, and lines it with salt.

Y/n and Dean make it back to the main office with Y/f/n, and start to fling holy water at the demons, as Sam does the same. When their flasks are empty, the demons gather around them.

The demon inside Jenna climbs over a desk, and walks towards Sam. She stretches out an arm, which sends the hunters flying against the wall. They gasp in pain, and look at each other.

“Henriksen, now!” Dean shouts.

Henriksen struggles with a demon, as he tries to play the tape. He manages to turn it on, and Sam’s voice speaking the exorcism comes from speakers all over the office. The demons cover their ears.

Nancy is lining a door with salt when a demon bursts out the door. She screams, and the demon looks at her with black eyes before he flees. Phil grabs the bag of salt from her and finishes lining the door.

As the exorcism continues to air over the loudspeakers, demons flail and scream. Jenna reaches up to cover her ears, while the hunters are still pinned to the wall. Demons pound against the outside doors, trying to get out. Black smoke begins to pour from the demons’ mouths. The bodies of the possessed people fall to the ground, as the smoke swirls around the ceiling.

There is an explosion of light on the ceiling, as the demon smoke disappears, then everything goes still. The four slide down the wall to the floor, and look at each other. Groaning, they climb to their feet. Henriksen walks into the office and chuckles slightly, as he wipes blood from his lip. The people who had been possessed start to get up, as the electricity flickers back on.

Nancy and Phil head back inside and begin to help the people outside and to their homes.
“I better call in. Hell of a story I won’t be telling,” Henriksen says.

“So what are you gonna tell them?” Sam inquires.

“The least ridiculous lie I can come up within the next five minutes,” Henriksen responds.

“Good luck with that. Not to pressure you or anything, but what are you planning to do about us?” Dean asks.

“I’m gonna kill you. Sam and Dean Winchester were in the chopper when it caught on fire, along with Y/n Y/l/n and Y/l/n Y/l/n. Nothing left. Can’t even identify them with dental records,” Henriksen replies,

“Rest in peace, guys.” Sam and Dean shake hands with Henriksen. “Now get out of here.”

“Yeah…” Sam nods. The four hunters begin to leave, as Henriksen picks up the phone to place a call.

“Hey, Y/n,” Henriksen calls out.

“Yeah,” She responds, turning around.

“I’m sorry about what I said earlier, about you and John,” He says. Y/n smiles and nods her head before catching up to the others.

The four hunters head for a motel to rest for the night. Sam is lying on his back on a bed when there is a knock at the door. Sam turns on the television.

“Walking into the room, she turns to Dean, “You may want to go get the other two and turn on the news,” she says.

Dean walks to the door dividing the rooms and pounds on it. Y/n and Y/l/n stumble in moments later, as Sam turns on the television.

“The community is still reeling from the tragedy that happened just a few hours ago. Authorities believe a gas main ruptured…” the reporter says, as the scene on the T.V. shows fire crews cleaning up the police station. Dean sits down heavily on the opposite bed, watching the news. “…causing the massive explosion that ripped apart the police station and claimed the lives of everyone inside. Among the deceased, at least six police officers and staff, including Sheriff Melvin Dodd, deputy Phil Amici, and secretary Nancy Fitzgerald as well as three FBI agents, identified as Steven Groves, Calvin Reidy, and Victor Henriksen.” The news shows their pictures, “Four fugitives in custody were also killed. We’ll continue to follow the story here at the scene, but for now, back to you, Jim.”

Ruby turns off the television and looks at the hunters with an “I-told-you-so” look.

“Must have happened right after we left,” Sam says.

“Considering the size of the blast,” Ruby says, pulling hex bags from her pockets and tossing them to the group, “… smart money’s on Lilith.”

“What’s in these?” Dean asks.

“Something that’ll protect you. Throw Lilith off your trail… for the time being, at least,” Ruby replies.
“Thanks,” Sam says.

“Don’t thank me. Lilith killed everyone. She slaughtered your precious little virgin, plus a half a dozen other people. So after your big speech about humanity and war, turns out your plan? was the one with the body count. Do you know how to run a battle? You strike fast and you don’t leave any survivors. So no one can go running to tell the boss. So next time… we go with my plan,” Ruby snaps, leaving the others looking at each other.
“Thank you,” Y/f/n said to the cashier as she handed over the money for the four coffees now sitting on the counter. Grabbing them, she turned around to her friend and handed her two over, as the two made their way back to the motel, “So tell me again why you don’t just go up to him plant one on him, and tell him, hey I’m stupidly in love with you?”

Stopping dead in her tracks, Y/n stares at her friend dumbfounded, “Did you even just hear yourself? Plant one on him? Seriously? Do you even know me?” Y/n asks, “Besides what’s the point in starting something, only for it all to come crashing down in two months?”

“You are just one great big ball of sunshine, aren’t you?” Y/f/n asks sarcastically, continuing towards the motel, “Seize the day, Y/n. At the end of the day, let there be no excuses, no explanations and no regrets.”

Y/n says nothing, just keeps walking down the street. Stopping outside the guys’ room, Y/n turns to Y/f/n, “Did you just motivational poster me?” She asks.

Y/f/n smiles widely at her before opening the door and walking in.

“Come on, those idiots want us to see something before we leave,” Dean grumbles, grabbing his coffee from Y/n and smiling at her as he walks past, duffle slung over one shoulder. Y/n and Y/f/n hurry next door and grab their already packed bags before climbing into the backseat of the Impala. The four hunters pull up outside of a garage where Harry and Ed are both waiting for them.

The two Ghostfacers lead them inside and have them sit at a table laptop in front of them. Ed leans over and presses ‘play’ on the laptop.

On the screen, both Harry and Ed appear, sitting in easy chairs in front of a fireplace, dressed in formal wear and holding brandy glasses.

“Hello. I am Harry Spengler,” Harry introduces, looking directly at the camera.

“And I am Ed Zeddmore,” Ed continues, “Now if you have received this tape, you must be some sort of bigwig network executive. Well, today is your lucky day, mister.”

“Because the unsolicited pilot you are about to watch is the bold new future of reality TV,” Harry states.

“Mmmm. We know you’ve had it hard during the crippling writer's strike,” Ed says.

“Lazy fat cats,” Harry continues.

“Who needs writers when you’ve got guys like us?” Ed questions as Harry gestures and reaches
for... a cheap dimmer switch

“Are these guys serious?” Y/n whispers, leaning closer to Dean. Dean shrugs his shoulders in response as the Ed on the computer continues talking, “Our team faced horrible horrors to bring you the footage that will change your world forever. So strap in for the scariest hour in the history of television.”

“In the history of your life...” Harry corrects.

“Strap in for...” Ed says.

“Ghostfacers!” The two say as one. The Ghostfacers theme song and opening montage begin playing, showing the shots of the group and names.

“That’s a good picture of you,” Dean says as Y/n appears on the screen, glaring at the camera.

“Shut up,” She laughs.

As the opening credits finish playing, Harry and Ed exit an AMC Gremlin with Wisconsin license plate, each carrying a metal briefcase with a Ghostfacers sticker.

“You know, it can get kind of hard balancing our daytime careers with our nighttime missions,” Ed’s voice narrates.

“Yeah, but Ed and I pretty much call the shots at the Kinko's where we work, so we can usually pretty much get off by six every night?” Harry comments.

“Yeah, six o'clock. It used to be just, you know, you and I taking on the cases -- just Harry and me,” Ed explains as the scene cuts to them sitting at a table.

“Two lone wolves,” Harry says.

“And two lone wolves need, uh...other wolves,” Ed finishes.

‘PHASE 1: THE HOMEWORK’ appears on the screen as it cuts to the interior of the building the four hunters are sitting in.

“Morning, ‘facers,” The recorded Ed greets, walking through the door.

“Good morning, Ghostfacers,” Harry says, closing the door behind him.

“It’s seven p.m., dude,” Spruce’s voice says.

“It’s morning to a Ghostfacer,” Harry retorts.

“Corbett, what do we got, buddy?” Ed inquires walking over to the whiteboard the group has attached to the garage door.

“Oh, I’m just putting up some of the –” Corbett begins as he hangs the last picture on the board.

Ed interrupts him and begins pointing where the pictures should be placed, “Yeah, this has got to go up here. That’s got to go here. Got to see the whole field. Markers, eraser -- good job.”

Corbett’s solo interview begins as he walks in carrying two grocery bags, “I first saw Ed putting up flyers down at the -- the outlet mall in Scogan,” He says, setting the bags down on a table, “so I-I
read one, and I thought to myself, ‘Huh. Where do ghosts come from?’ And now here I am.”

The screen cuts back to the entire group doing research as Harry pokes Maggie repeatedly in the side before she turns around and smacks him in the arm. “Ed, your sister's abusing staff,” Harry tattles.

“That's ‘adopted sister’, thank you very much,” Ed responds sitting at the table.

“Ed has been obsessed with the supernatural since we were kids, you know, and then he meets Harry at computer camp... and love at first geek,” Maggie explains as she looks over her equipment.

The camera that has been recording everything turns to face Spruce, “Spruce here. What up, playaaa?”

The scene cuts again to Spruce driving around a cart on a golf course, “I am 15/16 Jew, 1/16 Cherokee. My grandfather is a mohel, my great-grandfather was a talis maker, and my great-great-grandfather was a degenerate gambler and had a peyote addiction,” Spruce introduces himself.

The scene changes again back to the research group. “Okay, people. Let's cut the chatter and get on a mission. Okay? Morton house...” Ed begins the video cuts to exterior shots of the Morton house then back to the group, “...one of our big fish. All right, we all know the legend. Every four years, supposedly, this becomes the most haunted place in America.”

“The leap year ghost, some call it. The ghost returns at midnight just as February 29th begins,” Harry says.

“And no one has ever stayed the night, right?” Maggie inquires.

“Yeah, well, every testimony that we dug up, every eyewitness has cut and run well before midnight,” Harry explains as Corbett passes out coffees.

“Well, that's all about to change, baby,” Ed responds.


Ed takes a sip of his coffee and murmurs, “Mmm. That's good.”

“It's French vanilla, 'cause the other day, you said how much you liked it, so...” Corbett explains.

“Thank you,” Ed responds

“You are welcome,” Corbett responds dreamily at Ed.

“Seriously, Ed, how did you not know he was in love with you?” Y/n asks, turning to face the man.

“I don’t know,” Ed defends, “I guess I was just blind to it.”

“You're not the only one,” Sam mutters, looking between Dean and Y/n as they talk quietly to each other, giggling.

The four hunters return to the video as the scene changes to Harry sitting in the driver’s seat of a car, “I like Corbett. I do. Shows up early, does his job, lot of good hustle out –” Corbett knocks on window and waves, “I think he's got the hots for Ed, and that could spell ‘trouble’ for the whole team.” Harry says.
“Ed's kind of the more rugged, with that really golden...beautiful sort of beard. Definitely nice. Uh, and Harry's nice,” Corbett says, scene switching back to his interview.

“29th is this Friday, facers. We want this mission, we got to move on it now, or guess what -- He's gone for another four years,” Ed explains.

There is a sudden loud noise as Ed's whiteboard crashes to the ground, caused by the garage door it was attached to opening up.

“Oh, watch out!” someone’s voice calls.

“Who is that?” Maggie inquires.

Ed leans down and looks under the door as it rises slowly up, “Dad! Come on!”

“Just cut the cameras. We don't need that. We don't need this part. We don't –” Harry says, blocking the camera.

‘PHASE II: INFILTRATION’ appears on the screen as the scene changes yet again to later that night at the Morton House. Ed and the other Ghostfacers creep along the outside fence of the house.

“Stay low. Follow formation,” Ed whispers as they come up to the gate of the fence, “Okay, as suspected. A lot of people have tried to break into the Morton house. The local authorities have just gotten fed up.”

“Looks like the cops have got this place pretty well fenced off,” Harry says.

“Wait. Didn't you guys get, like, a permit or something?” Maggie inquires as Ed pulls a pair of bolt cutters from his jacket.

“A permit? That's a good idea for next time,” Harry responds.

“Yeah,” Ed nods, turning back to the chain holding the fence closed.

“Car!” Spruce says as the rumble of a car’s engine is heard.

“Car. Shh, shh! Flashlights off,” Harry says.

“Keep totally still,” Maggie whispers.

The loud rumble of a car engine approaches, along with a radio playing ‘We're an American Band’.

Dean slows the Impala to a crawl, with Sam in the passenger seat, shining a flashlight towards the Morton House before they drive away.


“Hicks? Excuse me that is a great song,” Y/n exclaims, turning to glare at Spruce, “Besides that car is badass.”

“Y/n, calm down,” Y/l/n sighs, holding her head in her hand. Dean smiles at Y/n’s defense of his car then turns his attention back to the video.

“Ed's got it,” Harry whispers as Ed opens the gate with wire cutters.
“Guys, let's go! Let's go! Let's go! Go! Go!” Ed and Harry say, rushing in past the gate and up to the house.

“Hear that, people? Let's keep it quiet,” Ed whispers, shining his flashlight around the house.

“There's the kitchen sink,” Harry says, shining his flashlight on the object.

“Copy that. Copy that,” Ed responds.

The Ghostfacers head to the living room to regroup.

“All right, everybody. Ghostfacers, let's line up. Everybody. We'll set up camp right here. This is command center one,” Ed says.

“We're gonna call this ‘The Eagle's Nest’,” Harry puts in.

The facers begin setting up equipment throughout the house.

“Do we have to watch all of this?” Y/n asks.

“Oh sorry,” Harry says, stepping forward and fast-forwarding through the footage of The Ghostfacers setting up the equipment.

“Hallway, cam one: up and running,” Corbett says as the video returns to normal speed.


“Copy that, Ed,” Corbett says, smiling into the camera.

“Uh… Uh, you're welcome,” Ed replies, unsure. “All right, Spruce, how are we doing there, buddy?” He asks into the walkie.

“Checking basement, camera two, Mein Führer,” Ed responds.

“Maggie, I got no visual on you, Maggie,” Ed says.

“This is Maggie. Do you copy?” Maggie responds as the video feed for the camera comes to life.

“There you are. Hello. Harry, are you alive?” Ed asks into the com.

“Upstairs, Ed. Camera one,” Harry replies as the camera turns on.

“Looking good. I can smell syndication. All right, fellas. Let's regroup at the Eagle's Nest,” Ed finishes.

Morton House 10:40PM Base Camp

“All right, Spangler. Battery check, battery check. Check. Okay,” Ed says, checking over the equipment.


“Lookin' good, Corbett,” Harry compliments.

“You're Robocop,” Spruce says.

“Everybody, bring it in. Bring it in,” Ed calls, gathering all of the Ghostfacers together, “We've all been here before. Standard walk-through. Team one, west. Team two, east. Spin the tires, light the fires. Ghostfacers on three. 1, 2, 3...”

“Ghostfacers!” They all say together.

‘PHASE III: FACE TIME’ appears on the screen followed by ‘MORTON HOUSE 10:51 PM 1ST FLOOR: TEAM 1 - ED & CORBETT’.

“Hello! I'm speaking to the restless spirits of the Morton house!” Ed calls out.

“Okay,” Corbett mutters

“Hello! My name's Ed,” He calls out to the house, opening a door to his right. He looks in, “Careful. Watch my back,” he whispers to Corbett before heading into the room.


“What's your name?” Ed asks of the spirits. Glancing down at the EMF meter, he says the readings aloud, “.3, .29.”

“Is there an entity or entities here with us now? Can you give us a sign of your presence?” Corbett asks worriedly.

“You got to breathe, buddy,” Ed says.

“I can't breathe,” Corbett responds.

There is a noise behind them in another room and they turn towards where it came from, “Corbett, night vision,” Ed suggests.

“That was Y/n falling through the window,” Y/f/n giggles.

“Shut up. I told you, the floor was slippery,” Y/n responds.

“Okay. Okay. Yeah,” Corbett nods, switching his camera to night vision.

“Calm down, buddy. Breathe, all right? Calm the whirlwinds of your mind,” Ed says soothingly.

‘2ND FLOOR: TEAM 2 - Harry, Spruce, Maggie’

“We're doing a basic EMF, EVP, temp-flux sweep. Looks like we've got all of our ducks in a row here,” Harry explains. The camera goes fuzzy as white noise appears and there is feedback, “Whoa,” Spruce mutters.

“What?” Harry asks as they continue down the hall.

“I don't know. Camera’s fritzing,” Spruce replies, turning the camera to look in the lens, “It's weird. It's gone.”

“All right. Get this. Get this,” Harry says, excitedly as he goes up to a door and tries unsuccessfully to kick it in.

“Turn the knob,” Spruce says.

“All right...that's a good idea,” Harry responds. Maggie walks forward and turns the knob, opening
the door easily.

Jerky camera movement as Harry runs away yelling, “Oh, my god! Oh, my god!”

“It's just a rat, dude,” Spruce says, turning the camera to face the room where a dead rat lies on the floor.

The scene changes to Harry sitting in the driver’s seat of the car, “I don't really like rats. They're gross. Rats are like the... rats of the world,” He explains.

The scene returns to that of the dead rat as Harry asks, “What -- was that an apparition? Was that a spectral -- was that a .4? What do we got, 'cause the EMP was just off the –” Spruce throws the dead rat at Harry, causing him to shriek, “Oh, god! Oh, that is so not funny, Spruce!”

“Oh, god. Okay, it was just... I think it was just this branch... Okay… In the window,” Corbett says, breathing erratically.

“This is spooky, man. This place...” Ed says.

“Okay. Oh, no!” Corbett whimpers as he spots several figures in the hallway.

“Freeze! police officers! don't move!” Dean demands.

“All right. All right. All right. Take it easy, take it easy,” Sam says.

“Let's see some identification,” Y/n demands.

“Come on. Let's see some I.D.,” Sam urges.

“What -- are we under -- under arrest?” Corbett inquires.

“We are unarmed,” Ed explains.


“Want to explain that weirdo outfit, Mr., uh, Corbett?” Dean asks.

“I know you,” Ed says.

“Yeah, sure you do. Give me some identification,” Dean responds.

“Yeah, ho -- whoa, hold on a second! I know all four of you guys! Yeah,” Ed says more sure.

“What?” Corbett asks.

“Yeah, huh,” Ed responds.

“Holy [Bleep]!” Sam says, recognizing the man.

“Aw, come on, we couldn’t at least watch the unedited version,” Y/n complains, throwing her hands in the air as she watches the screen.

“What?” Dean asks, turning to look at Sam.

“Uh, West Texas... the... the Tulpa we had to take out. Those two goofballs that almost got us killed... The Hellhounds or something?” Sam responds.
“[Bleep] me,” Dean says in realization.

“Yeah, we're not hellhounds anymore, okay? It didn't test that well,” Ed explains.

“Ed, what's going on?” Corbett questions.

“They're not cops, buddy -- no, not at all,” Ed explains.

“Ed, you had a partner, too, didn't you -- A different guy?” Y/n asks.

“Oh, yeah, yeah,” Ed nods.

“Is he around here somewhere?” Dean inquires.

“He's running around, chasing ghosts,” Ed eludes.

“Oh heh, uh, ‘chisel chest’,” Y/n responds, turning back to the recording with a shrug.

“They were here first,” on screen Dean says, turning to Sam.

“Mm hmm,” Ed nods. Dean grabs Ed and shoves him towards the wall, “Oh, god.”

“Yeah?” Ed responds.

“...where's your partner?” Dean asks.

‘INT. 2ND FLOOR MORTON HOUSE - NIGHT’

“10.6. 10.7, guys. The EMF is really spiking here,” Harry says excitedly.

“Temperature's down, like, 11 degrees,” Maggie informs.

“All right, all right, keep your eyes peeled. This could be it. Maggie, can I get a reading in here, please?” Harry asks from another room.

“Something keeps messing with the chip. I don't know what's going on here,” Spruce says as there is interference on camera again. Suddenly a man in 50s-style suit and hat appears. “Guys. Guys. Guys,” Spruce calls.

“Look, buddy, I'm sorry. That's it. I'm telling you, that's all the money I –” the apparition says. Gunshots ring out, and the apparition of the man falls and disappears.

“What are you doing in the Morton House, Ed - on leap year -- what are you thinking?” Dean asks as they make their way back into the living room.
“We're here to spend the night, okay? It's for our TV show,” Ed explains.


“Yeah, nobody's ever spent the night before,” Corbett says.

“Uh, actually, yeah, they have,” Y/n replies, looking around the room with her flashlight.

“Uh, we've never heard of them,” Ed replies.

“Yeah, you know why? 'Cause the ones that have haven't lived to talk about it!” Dean growls.

“Oh, come on, I don't believe you,” Ed retorts.

“Look,” Sam says, setting his bag down on the desk and pulling out files, “-- missing-persons reports going back almost a half century. John Graham stayed on a dare -- gone. Julie Wilkerson -- gone. There are tons more. All of them came to just stay the night through, always on a leap year. The only body they ever found was the last owner, Freeman Daggett.”

“These look legit,” Ed says.

“They are legit. Look, Ed, there ain't much time here. Starting at midnight, your friends are going to die,” Y/f/n says.

Harry, Maggie, and Spruce run down the stairs and into the living room.

“Oh, my god! Oh, my god! Oh, my god! Oh, my god! Guys! Guys! Oh, my god! Oh, my god! We got one! Corbett! Corbett, we saw one! We saw one!” Harry calls out excitedly.

“Get outta here!” Ed responds.

“It was a full apparition! It was like a class four. It was a spectral illumination! It...” Harry cuts off, noticing the four hunters now in the room, “Hey, aren't those the [Bleep] from Texas?”

“Yes,” Ed responds, “And the hot girls are back.”

“All right, let's have this reunion across the street, guys,” Dean says, trying to usher the group out the door while glaring at Ed.

“Crap. What are you guys doing here?” Harry asks.

Ignoring the question, Dean continues trying, “Come on, come on. We'll get you ice cream -- our treat. What do you say? Let's go.”

“Yeah, I say no,” Harry replies.

“Look at this. Look, look. Ed, Ed. No. No. Look at this. Okay, honest-to-god proof, all right?” Maggie says, showing the group their footage on the laptop.

“Are you kidding me?” Ed asks, watching the apparition.

“Yeah. no, not kidding,” Harry responds.

“What kind of reading did we get?” Spruce inquires.

“Uh, it was a 10.9,” Harry says.
“10.9?” Ed asks.

“Yeah, it was 10.9. It was almost 11. I came out, and I was like, what's going on? And I was like -- wait, watch this. Oh! He got blasted. It was crazy,” Harry rambles.

Sam, Y/f/n, Y/n and Dean walk away from the group and talk amongst themselves. Spruce follows them, still recording them on his camera.

“Think we were off on this? I mean, that was just a death echo,” Sam says.

“Yeah, but what's it doing here? Did anybody get shot here?” Dean replies.

“No, not that we could find,” Y/f/n responds.

“What's a death echo?” Spruce questions.

Turning to look at him, Sam ignores the question, “Look, we got a problem here. That ghost ain't it.”

“What's a death echo?” Spruce repeats.

“Echoes are trapped in a loop, okay? They keep replaying how they died over and over and over again, usually in the place where they were ganked. It's about as dangerous as a scary movie,” Dean replies.

“So maybe the echo's not dangerous, but maybe something else is,” Sam surmises.

“You're right. All right, we need to get out of here, guys. Come on. Let's go. Let's go. Let's go. Pack it up,” Dean urges.

“Guys, time is running out!” Sam states.

“We're moving!” Dean demands.

“What about all of our equipment? What are we gonna...” Maggie inquires.

“You can get it on March 1st,” Y/f/n replies, herding Maggie towards the door.

“Lots of fun. Let's go,” Dean responds.

“We got more material. We got all kinds of stuff. We'll make you guys recurring guest stars,” Harry pleads.

“Wait! Wait!! Where's Corbett?” Ed inquires, looking around the room for the missing member of the group.

‘INT. 2ND FLOOR MORTON HOUSE - NIGHT’

“I wish to communicate with the restless spirits here,” Corbett calls. “Uh, lights out? Oh, I think I got night vision here.” Corbett switches to night vision. As he points the camera to himself, a tall ghostly figure appears suddenly behind him. “That's better.”

‘INT. LIVING ROOM MORTON HOUSE - NIGHT’

“No man left behind,” Ed says, standing his ground. An anguished scream is heard in the distance. “That was Corbett.”
Ed, Harry, and Maggie run upstairs while the others protest.

“We’ll get him! Go back!” Dean yells.

“Guys! [Bleep]!” Sam says.

“If I die because of these idiots, I’m going to haunt them all,” Y/n grumbles, following them up the stairs.

‘INT. 2ND FLOOR MORTON HOUSE - NIGHT’

The scenes change between Corbett being drug through the house and the rest of the group looking for him, “Let me go!! Guys!!!” Corbett screams.

“Corbett, you need to come back, Corbett,” Ed yells.

“No!” Corbett yells.

“Hey! Hey! Hey! Come on,” Dean says.

Corbett's screams continue, slowly fading away as the clock ticks over to 12 a.m. February 29.

“Corbett's... He's not here. Let's go. Let's go,” Sam says, trying to get the group back downstairs and outside.

“No. No. No. But that's Corbett. No, that was Corbett. Didn't you hear that?” Harry responds.

“Go, go, go, come on,” Dean says, pointing the group out of the room.

“Guys. Guys. Guys. He's that way,” Y/f/n says, ushering them out to the stairs.

“Here we go. Here we go. Keep it moving. Keep it moving,” Sam ushers.

“Corbett?” Ed calls.

“Hey, hey, hey. Watch him. Watch him,” Sam says as Harry tries to make his way back to the room.

Dean thumps Harry with his flashlight as he pushes him towards the stairs.

‘MORTON HOUSE 12:04 AM FEBRUARY 29TH’


“Okay, let's just go through all the angles. Let's go through all the cameras we have,” Harry says.

“Well, it's 12:04, Dean. You good? You happy?” Sam inquires as the boys try to get the door open.

“Yeah, I am happy,” Dean responds sarcastically.

“‘Let's go hunt the Morton house,’ you said, ‘it's our Grand Canyon’,” Sam grumbles.

“Sam, I don't want to hear this,” Dean retorts.

“You got two months left, Dean. Instead, we're gonna die tonight,” Sam replies, picking a chair off the ground and smashing it against the sealed front door.
“Now is not the time Sam,” Y/n snaps, trying to open a window.

“Whoa! what the hell is going on guys?” Spruce inquires.

“I'll tell you what's going on. Every door, every window, I'm guessing every exit out of this house - they're all sealed,” Sam replies.

“But w-why are they sealed?” Maggie asks.

“It's a supernatural lockdown, okay? Whatever took Corbett doesn't want us to leave, and it's no death echo. This is a bad mother, and it wants us scared,” Dean responds.

“Or it just wants us,” Maggie suggests. Sound of the EMF detector going off. More camera interference as Harry sidles up to Maggie as they secretly hold hands.

“Uh, guys, the camera's fritzing again,” Spruce says.

“Whoa. Whoa. Guys, the EMF's starting to spike. This is a big one!” Ed says.

“Everybody, stay close. There's something coming,” Sam states, looking around the room.

Another specter appears.

“Is this the same echo you guys saw earlier?” Dean asks.

“No, it's a different guy,” Harry responds.

“Multiple echoes? What the hell's going on?” Dean asks.

“Beats me,” Sam shrugs.

“Okay. All right. All right. All right,” Dean nods, making his way to the apparition he starts to yell at it, “Uh, hey, buddy! Hey. Hey. Wake up. You're dead! Hello!”

“What's he doing? What's he doing?” Harry asks.

“It's rare, but sometimes you can shock an echo out of its loop if you can talk to the part of the ghost that's still human, but usually you have to have some kind of connection to the deceased,” Sam explains.

“Come on! Wake up! Be dead!” Dean shouts.

Camera interference as the apparition flickers and turns around.

“You guys hear that?” Harry asks.

“What's that sound?” Ed inquires.

“You guys hear that?” Harry wonders.

“A train,” Y/n says.

“Snap out of it, buddy, huh? Come on, what are you waiting for? You're gonzo! You're dead!” Dean yells.

Bright light shines on the apparition and the sound of a train horn approaching. The apparition flies backwards, as if hit by an invisible vehicle.
“Where the hell did it go?” Harry asks.

‘INT. 2ND FLOOR MORTON HOUSE - NIGHT’

The group follows the four hunters down the hallway.

“Dude, there’s no records of any of this here. No one got shot here. Obviously, no one got run over by a freaking train,” Dean grumbles.

“Stay close,” Sam says, turning to look back at the group.

“Did the echoes take Corbett?” Maggie asks.

“Yes. No. I don’t know. We don’t know what’s doing what here; that’s what we’re trying to figure out, okay?” Dean responds.

“All right, stay close. Okay, look, um, death echoes are ghosts, okay? Now, ghosts -- they usually haunt places where they lived or where they died,” Sam explains.

“Except these mooks didn’t live or die here,” Dean responds.

“Right,” Sam agrees.

“So, what are they doing here?” Maggie asks.

“Hey, give the lady a cigar,” Dean says, “All right, seriously, does looking at this nightmare through that camera make you feel better or something? I mean...”

“Um...I, uh... Well, yeah. Uh, yeah. I think so,” Maggie responds.

“Oh,” Dean nods shocked.

The group continues to walk through house and they enter a room full of stuffed animal heads on the walls, as well as file cabinets.

Sam walks over to one of the cabinets and picks up a broken picture frame, “Freeman Daggett, house’s last owner, officially commended for 20 years of fine service at the Gamble General Hospital,” He reads from the certificate.

“He was a doctor?” Dean asks.

“Janitor,” Sam replies.

“This looks like his den. When’d you say he died -- ’64?” Dean inquires.

“Yeah, heart attack,” Y/l/n nods, looking around the room.

“What are these, c-rations?” Maggie asks, looking at boxes stacked in the corner.

“Yeah, army-issued, three squares -- like a lifetime supply,” Dean responds.

“God, is that all he ate?” Maggie questions as Harry picks up a can of peaches.

“One-stop shopping,” Dean responds.

“They were usually pretty cheap and last years, You could open that can of peaches and the color probably faded but they’d be okay to eat,” Y/n says, walking by the table holding the boxes.
“Ew,” Maggie responds.

“Hello, locked,” Dean mumbles, trying to open a safe.

“Oh, come on, guys. This is ridiculous. I mean, how the hell is this supposed to find Corbett, huh? We should be digging up the friggin' floorboards right now,” Ed complains.

“Huh,” Sam breathes, holding up a dust covered pamphlet from the desk, “‘Survival Under Atomic Attack’. An optimist.”

There is a loud bang as Dean pries open the safe door and begins digging through it.

“Crap. Crap. Taxidermy,” Dean mutters, riffling through the metal case that was in the safe, “Okay. You said Daggett was a hospital janitor?” he asks, pulling something from the box.

“Yeah,” Sam replies, leafing through the taxidermy booklet.

“Eww. Got three toe tags here -- one, death by gunshots, train accident, and suicide,” Dean says, throwing the tags back in the box after reading them.

“Ewwww!” Sam groans.

Y/n and Y/f/n wrinkle their noses in disgust as Harry inquires, “What?”

“Well, that explains why all the death echoes are here. They're here because their bodies are here, somewhere in the house,” Sam explains.

“Daggett brought the remains home from the morgue. To play,” Dean responds as Harry and Ed are still confused.

“Ewwwwwwww!!!!! Ugh!!!!” They groan together.

“That's nasty, dude,” Spruce comments.

“Right,” Y/f/n nods.

“Wait a minute,” Dean says, looking around.

“Corbett,” Maggie calls as she wanders through the house away from the group. Maggie startles herself by coming across her own reflection in a mirror. “Okay, Maggie,” She mumbles. There is a bit of camera interference before Maggie swings the camera around, frightened, to reveal Dean.

“Closer to the herd, okay?” Dean says, shepherding her back to the group.

“Maggie? Maggie?” Harry calls worriedly.

“She's fine,” Dean responds.

“Harry. Harry, I got an 8.6 and climbing fast. Something huge is coming. Look. Something big is coming,” Ed says, rushing towards Ed with the EMF reader.

“It’s past 11, you guys,” Harry exclaims looking at the meter.

There is more camera interference, then suddenly Sam and Y/n both, standing next to the desk, disappear into thin air.

“It’s really cold in here,” Ed says as everything stops and returns to normal.

“Harry?” Maggie asks, looking around for him.

“Y/n?” Y/f/n says, looking towards the desk.

“Sam?” Dean says.

“Some kind of surge,” Ed’s voice says.

“Sam? Y/n?” Dean says louder.

“Where’d they go?” Spruce asks.

“Oh, no,” Maggie whimpers.

Looking around the desk, Dean finds Sam's dropped flashlight and picks it up, “Sam!” He yells, “Y/n!” When there is no answer from either of them, Dean begins to search the house, yelling for them as he does, “Sammy! Y/n!”

“Corbett! Sam!” Ed yells.

“Corbett! Talk to us!” Harry shouts, following behind Ed and Dean.

“Sam! Y/n!” Y/f/n shouts.

The group continues to make their way through the house, looking for the three missing people.

“Sam!!” Dean shouts.

Spruce swings his camera around to a wall that has holes in some places on the other side of the wall is Maggie and Harry.

“God, I am so scared. I'm so scared,” Maggie whimpers.

“It's gonna be okay. It's gonna be okay, Maggie,” Harry replies softly. Harry steps closer to Maggie as she lowers the camera.

Out in the Hallway Dean, Y/f/n, and Ed are still yelling for the missing people.

“Bow-chicka-bow-wow,” Spruce says quietly, still watching the two kiss, hearing footsteps beside him he turns to see Ed “… Woah.”

Ed shines his flashlight into the room to find Maggie and Harry. Noticing they are no longer alone the two break apart quickly.

“My best friend... And my best sister,” Ed says.

“Ed,” Harry starts, trying to stop anything from happening.

“Harry,” Ed replies.

“Ed,” Harry says again, holding his hands up.
“Harry,” Ed says, stepping into the room.


“Are you banging my sister?” Ed inquires.

“No! No!” Harry replies quickly.

Ed pulls his glasses from his face and hands them to Spruce with a quiet, “Hold my glasses.”

“You got it,” Spruce replies.


“Guys!” Spruce says bored.

The two men are clutching at each other, fighting like little kids. Dean and Y/f/n return to the room and Dean breaks up the fight, “What the [Bleep] are you doing?! Cut it out! We're down by three people. Sam! Sammy!”

“Y/n!” Y/f/n yells, following Dean out the door back into the hallway.

“Great,” Maggie mutters.

“Sorry,” Harry apologizes, wiping his nose on the back of his hand.

“I'm sorry,” Ed replies. Turing to Spruce he says, “Give me my glasses. Did he knock my -- my tooth there?”

“Oh, no,” Spruce replies.

“I won that, right?” Ed asks.

“Yep. You're good,” Spruce responds with a nod as Ed walks from the room.

“Thanks, Spruce,” Harry says, walking past Spruce on his way out the door.

“Yeah, it's my fault,” Spruce scoffs.


“Are you ever gonna tell Y/n how you feel, Dean?” Y/f/n asks, catching up to him in the hallway.

“Come on not you too,” Dean complains.

“Too?” Y/f/n asks.

“Stupid Sam keeps telling me that it’s obvious I’m in love with her and I need to tell her,” Dean grumbles.

“Aren’t you?” Y/f/n responds questioningly.

Dean stops walking and turns to look at her, “I got two months left.” He sighs, turning to look back the way they were heading, “No point in tellin’ her if I don’t even get to be with her.”

“We’ll find you a way out of this, Dean,” Y/f/n says as Dean starts back down the hallway.
The Y/n watching the video in the office of the Ghostfacers says nothing as she reaches over and laces her fingers with Dean’s. Dean looks up in surprise but says nothing just smiles a little and holds her hand a little tighter.

The scene cuts to the room in which Sam, Y/n, and Corbett are seated at a table with a cake and confetti while ‘It's My Party’ plays in the background.


“Wake up, Corbett,” Y/n demands from Corbett’s left

“Sam?” Corbett inquires, slowly waking up.

“Corbett, hey, you got to keep listening to my voice, okay? I'm right here. Stay awake,” Sam says.

“Don't listen,” Daggett responds, picking up a knife, “It stops hurting, so don't worry.”

“Corbett, stay with me. Stay with me, you got it? I'm right here. Hey. Stay with me,” Sam pleads, trying to keep Corbett’s focus on him.

“Don't. Don't,” Y/n says to Daggett, jerking in the chair to keep him from hurting Corbett.

Daggett stabs Corbett through the throat in response.

“No. Corbett! No! Corbett!” Sam yells.

Back in the hallway of the house, the group of six continues the search for their friends, Dean leading them back to Daggett’s den.

“Corbett! Where'd you guys go?” Harry yells.

“Where are you guys?” Maggie asks.

“Dean, what are you doing?” Harry asks as Dean begins rifling through the desk.

“Okay, so Daggett was a cold war-nut, okay? He was -- he was an amateur taxidermist. He liked to slow dance with cadavers, and all he ate were c-rations, so what the hell are we looking for?!” Dean responds.


“Yeah, a lonely life...A cold war life. He was scared. He was scared… He was scared,” Dean says, repeating the last bit as he turns and bolt for the door.

“Scared of what? What? Dean, where are you going?” Harry asks following Dean from the room.

“Wait, don't leave me in here, you guys,” Maggie responds, taking off after the others.

“Get away from her,” Sam says as Daggett moves towards Y/n.

“This won't hurt. It's okay. It's okay. Relax. Relax,” Daggett replies, strapping a party hat onto Y/n, who is tied to a chair, while Corbett slumps dead at the other end of the table. Daggett pulls another party hat out and places it atop Sam’s head haphazardly.

“You okay, Y/n?” Sam asks.
“Yeah, I think I twisted my ankle when he grabbed us though,” She replies. “Sammy,” She begins seriously, looking at him, “That hat really doesn’t go well with your shirt.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where are you going?” Maggie asks.

“Guys like Daggett, the ones who were really scared of the Russians -- they built bomb shelters,” Y/f/n replies, “Dean’s guessing he’s got one.”

“I'll bet you it’s in the basement,” Dean responds, starting down the stairs to the basement. Y/f/n and Spruce follow and the door slams shut behind them, cutting them off from Harry, Ed, and Maggie.

“Woah!” Harry and Ed say at the same time.

“That is not funny!” Ed continues.

“Um, who closed the door?” Spruce inquires.

“It did. It wants to separate us,” Y/f/n responds as Dean makes his way back up the stairs.

“Ed! listen to me!” He calls through the door.

“What?” Ed replies.

“There's some salt in my duffel. Make a circle and get inside,” Dean responds.

“Inside?” Ed questions, turning to look at Harry.

“That's stupid,” Harry mutters

“Inside your duffel bag?” Ed questions.

“In the salt, you idiots!” Dean responds.

“Oh, okay. Yeah. Yeah,” Ed and Harry say, moving back towards the den and Dean’s duffel bag.

Dean, Spruce, and Y/f/n continue down the basement stairs and begin looking around. While Harry makes the circle with salt.


“Guys, guys, I don't want to die, okay, and I don't want you to die,” Harry whispers.

“Harry, listen -- listen to me, okay? Listen. If we don't die... It's totally okay if you, uh, do my sister,” Ed says.

Maggie shoves Ed and responds, “Nice.” There is camera interference and Maggie says, “Hey guys, hey guys, it's coming again.”

“Oh, god. Oh, OK. Guys. Get in close,” Ed says, pulling the others away from the edges of the salt circle.

“Oh, god,” Harry whimpers.

The lights continue to flicker, and the group sees Corbett standing in front of them, bloody, unable
Oh, Oh, C-Corbett,” Ed whispers.

“Hey, can I ask you something?” Spruce says.

“What?” Dean grumbles, continuing to search the basement.

“Earlier, you and Sam -- he said you had two months left?” Spruce says.

“Yeah, it's complicated,” Dean responds, trailing off, “A while ago, Sam... No. No. No. I'm not gonna whine about my [Bleep] problems to some [Bleep] reality show. I'm gonna do my [Bleep] job.”

“Is it cancer?” Spruce asks.

“Shut up,” Dean responds, walking towards the back wall of the basement, “You hear that?”

“I've been waiting for some more friends. I get lonely. But you're coming to my party, aren't you?” Daggett asks as Sam struggle to get out of the ropes.

“Is that music?” Spruce asks.

“Yeah, it's coming from behind this wall,” Dean replies, shoving a cabinet away from the wall.

“What's behind door number one?” Y/f/n says, imitating a game show announcer.

“Wow, you're strong.” Spruce comments.

Dean flips a middle finger to the camera which the Ghostfacers have blurred out.

“You'll stay a good, long time,” Daggett says, moving closer to Sam with the knife.

“Get away from him,” Y/n growls.

Dean breaks the door open to the bomb shelter. “Sam!” He yells, shooting Daggett, then rushing to untie Sam.

“Miss me, sweetheart?” Dean asks, looking at Y/n as Y/f/n unties her.

“My hero,” Y/n replies sarcastically.

“Oh god,” Spruce mutters, looking around at the ghastly scene before him. The whole birthday table, with the party guests of old corpses and one new one, Corbett. “Oh, no, Corbett.”

Ed, Harry, and Maggie are still in the salt ring.

“Oh god, what have we done? Oh god,” Ed mutters, sitting in the circle rocking back and forth.

“Ed. Ed,” Harry says, shaking his friend

“Yeah?” Ed replies, still rocking.

“Corbett's a -- he's a death echo. He's reliving his own murder,” Harry continues.

“Over and over forever,” Maggie finishes, causing Ed to stop rocking.
“What's this Daggett guy's problem anyway?” Spruce asks.

“Loneliness,” Sam replies as they make their way out of the bomb shelter.

“What, he's never heard of a Real-doll?” Dean asks.

“No, no, no, Daggett was the Norman Bates, stuff-your-mother kind of lonely. I mean, that's why he lifted these bodies from the morgue, threw himself a birthday party, except they were the only ones who would come. Anyway, so, at midnight, he sealed them in the bomb shelter and went upstairs and O.D.-ed on horse tranqs,” Sam explains.

“How do you know this?” Dean asks.

“He told us,” Y/n replies, leaning on Y/f/n, limping slightly.

“Oh, yeah. Okay, so now that he's dead, what? Same song, different verse, trying to get people to come to his party?” Dean asks.

“Pretty much, yeah. Stay forever,” Sam replies.

“Are those real bullets?” Spruce inquires as Dean reloads his gun.

“It's rock salt,” Dean responds.

“Ghostfacers... We go to places the others will not... Ghostfacers... Stay in the kitchen when the kitchen gets hot,” Harry sings the Ghostfacers song quietly to himself.

The lights begin flickering and there is camera interference again.

“Oh, no,” Ed whispers.

“Guys? Corbett...” Maggie says, looking to where Corbett has appeared again.

“Guys, it's -- it's Corbett. He's -- he's -- he's trapped. He's in a lot of pain, you know? We got to try and... We got to try and pull him out of his loop. We have to,” Ed says, standing and facing Corbett.

“Ed?” Harry questions.

“Corbett. Corbett, it's -- Oh, god,” Ed says, moving to cross the salt line.


The lights flicker again and Harry crosses the line to grab Ed, “Get back!” Corbett's ghost starts flickering, Ed quickly retreats.

“Oh, god. Whoa. Oh, I can't, okay? He's not hearing me, okay? He won't stop dying,” Ed says.

Dean is attempting to break down the basement door that still separates Dean, Sam, Y/n, Y/f/n, and Spruce from the others.

“Seriously -- you're still shooting?” Sam asks, looking at the camera.
“It makes him feel better. Don't ask,” Dean replies.


Holding the camera Spruce swings around, revealing the ghost of Daggett, who throws Spruce and his camera across the room. Daggett approaches Spruce, but is shot and dissipated by Sam.

“I… I know how we can get through to him,” Harry says looking at Ed.

“How?” Ed questions.

“Ed... He had feelings for you,” Harry replies.

“Huh?” Ed says confused.

“He wanted you,” Harry tries again to get Ed to understand.

“Wa-- wanted me to what?” Ed questions.

“You know,” Harry replies, thrusting his pelvis and grunting softly, “And you know what you've got to do. You can do it, Ed. You've always been the brave one. Yes, you can. You make us brave - - Maggie, right?”


“Ed...You got to go be gay for that poor, dead intern. You got to send him into the light,” Harry says, pointing at Corbett.

Ed looks between Harry and Corbett a few times before approaching the ghost of Corbett again, “Corbett,” He calls.

“Maggie, no. No,” Harry says, holding her in the circle.

“Corbett, look. Hey, it's just Ed, buddy. It's just me. Hey, hey, Corbett, listen to me. Listen to me. I -- we... Okay. You meant... Corbett, you meant a lot to the team. You meant... You meant a lot to me. You know, never back down… Never say a bad word, okay? I remember that, Corbett. I-I remember that. I remember because I love you, Corbett. I really, truly love you. Do you remember that? Do you?” Ed says trying to break Corbett out of the loop.

“Hey. Ed?” Corbett questions.

“Yeah. Yeah, Corbett, it's... Corbett, yeah, it's me. It's me. Look at me. You got to help us, man. You have to help us, Corbett. Please. Please. Please, help us right now,” Ed pleads.

“Take it easy. You all right?” Sam questions, helping Spruce up.

Daggett appears behind Dean who is scanning the room for the ghost. “Uh, guys...” Spruce says.

Daggett throws Dean and Y/f/n, then Sam and Y/n against the wall, then is about to attack Spruce.

“This is bad -- very bad,” Spruce mutters, backing away from Daggett.
The lights flicker again and Daggett turns to see Corbett has appeared behind him.

“Corbett?” Spruce inquires. Corbett’s ghost attacks Daggett and they both disappear in a blinding flash of light. “You all right, dude?” Spruce inquires, looking at Dean.

Sam and Dean pick themselves up off the floor, while Y/f/n helps Y/n up.

“You all right?” Spruce turns to Sam.

“God,” Sam mutters, moving towards Y/f/n and kissing her.

Dean looks back at the camera, covering the lens with his hand.

As the sun rises, the door to the Morton House opens, and Ed, Sam, Dean, Y/n, Y/f/n, Harry and Maggie exit. “Leap year, February 29th, the Morton House. A tragic day. A day of souls bound in torment, of lives held in cruel balance. But the Ghostfacers, they did the best that they could,” Ed’s voice says as they make their way down the steps of the house. Harry and Maggie stop and hug.

“We lost a beloved friend, but we gained new allies,” Harry says as Sam gives Ed his phone number on a scrap of paper before the four walk to the Impala.

The scene cuts back to Ed and Harry sitting in the easy chairs in a living room, “We know this much: that every day, including today, is a new beginning. We learned more than we can say in the brutal feat of the Morton House,” Ed says.

“The Ghostfacers were forced to face something far more scary than ghosts. They were forced to face themselves,” Harry says, looking directly at the camera.

“War changes Man,” Ed says, holding his fist out with a thumb in the air.

“And Maggie,” Harry corrects.

“War changes man. And one woman... You know Corbett, we just... Ah gosh, we just like to think that you're out there, watching over us,” Ed says.

“As far as we're concerned, you're not an intern anymore. You have more than earned full Ghostfacer status. Plus, it would be cool to have a ghost on the team,” Harry says.

Ed chuckles before responding, “Yeah. And here we were thinking that, you know, we were teaching you and all this time you were teaching us, about heart, about dedication, and about how gay love can pierce through the veil of death and save the day. Thank you, Alan J. Corbett.”

“Go well into that starry night, young Turk. Go well,” Harry finishes.

The scene changes again to the back of the Ghostfacers’ van where Corbett is packing up the equipment, “Come on, Spruce, I gotta get all this stuff packed up!”

“So, pack and talk!” Spruce replies.

“I don't know what to say,” Corbett responds.

“Say what comes to mind. This is one of our confessional moments, Corbett, so confess. What did you think was going to happen tonight? What do you think is going to happen on this trip?” Spruce urges.

“I think tonight, I really do, I think all of our dreams are going to come true. Does that sound
“stupid?” Corbett inquires.

“Kind of does, yeah,” Spruce responds.

The screen fades to black and ‘In Memory of Alan J. Corbett, 1985-2008 King of the Impossible’ appears on the screen.

“So, guys, what do you think? Are you all right?” Ed asks.

Dean wipes his eyes while chuckling, “You know, I kind of think it was half-awesome,” He says while turning in his seat to look at them.

“Half-awesome? That - that's full-on good, right?” Maggie asks excitedly.

The guys share a look and nod before Sam turns to the Ghostfacers, “Yeah, um, I mean it's bizarre how you all are able to honor Corbett's memory while grossly exploiting the manner of his death. Well done,” He says.

Dean slips his hand into his backpack under the table and turns on a device.

“Yeah. It's a real tightrope you guys are walking there,” Dean says, standing and helping Y/n up.

“Yeah, all right guys,” Sam says, standing as well.

“Nah, that's reality, man. Yeah, Corbett gave his life searching for the truth, and it's our job over here to share it with the world,” Ed responds.

“Right. Well, um, our experience, you know what you get when you show the world the truth?” Y/f/n asks.

“A straitjacket. Or a punch in the face. Sometimes both,” Dean informs.

“Right,” Sam nods.

“Oh come on, guys, don't be 'facer-haters just because we happen to have gotten the footage of the century,” Harry scoffs.

“Oh yeah,” Ed responds.

“You got us there,” Dean concedes.

“Yeah,” Sam agrees.

“Yeah, well we'll see you guys around,” Dean concluded.

“Peace out,” Spruce calls as the four hunters leave Ed shutting the door behind them.

“Dicks,” Harry grumbles.

“Oh yeah,” Ed agrees.

“Totally,” Maggie nods.

“The girls were still hot, though,” Ed shrugs.

“Let's start laying off some DVDs,” Spruce suggests.
“Sounds like a good idea, Spruce,” Ed nods.

“You know guys, I think we’re gonna need a bigger office here, you know? Because we’re going to go national, and then it's going to go international, and then—” Harry says moving stuff around.

Ed finds the backpack Dean left under the table and picks it up. “Hey, Menudo left their dance bag behind. What's inside, huh?” he inquires, opening the backpack and pulling out a large magnet strapped to a very large battery. The computer video playback starts to break up.

“Woah. What the hell is this?” Ed questions, turning the magnet around.

“Uh… Seem to be having some technical difficulty over here,” Spruce says.

“Wait a minute. Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait,” Harry says, trying to get their equipment to work.

“No, no!” Ed repeats, setting the electromagnet down.

“Wait, wait!!! No operating system found?!?!?! Wait a minute!!” Harry shrieks as a blank screen pops up.

“We clean?” Sam asks as the four hunters make their way hurriedly back to the car.

“Nooooooooo!!!!!!! Are you kidding me?!?!?!?!” Ed yells.

“Electromagnet wiped out every tape and hard drive that they have,” Dean states starting the car.

“The world just isn't ready for the Ghostfacers,” Sam says.

“It's too bad. I kinda liked the show,” Dean replies with a smile.

“It had its moments,” Sam agrees.

“You only liked it cause you got to play the hero,” Y/n says, looking at Dean in the mirror.

“Well, you did call me your hero,” Dean replies with a smirk.

“Drive,” She retorts, laughing at the look on his face.
03x14 Long Distance Call

Dean and Y/n sat outside of a university on a park bench waiting for Sam and Y/f/n to come back.

“Think they’re hooking up in the library?” Y/n asks stuffing one of the potato chips into her mouth. Dean considers it a second before his phone rings.

Pulling it out he looks at the screen on the front, “It’s Bobby,” he says looking at Y/n questioningly. She shrugs her shoulders in response as he answers the phone.

Sam and Y/f/n make their way back across the quad toward Dean and Y/n. “Yep. I got it. Okay, bye,” Dean replies hanging up the phone. Then in one smooth motion picks up and throws an unopened can of Diet Coke to Sam, stands up and shoves the last of the food he is eating into his mouth. “So?” He asks around the mouthful of food.

“So, the professor doesn't know crap,” Sam responds.

“Shocking. Pack your panties, Sammy, we're hitting the road,” Dean replies.

“What? Where we going?” Y/f/n asks taking her coffee from Y/n.

“That was Bobby. Some banker guy blew his head off in Ohio and he thinks there's a spirit involved,” Dean replies.

“So you two were talking a case?” Sam asks.

“No, we were actually talking about our feelings. And then our favorite boy bands. Yeah, we were talking a case!” Dean sasses.

“So a spirit, what?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, the banker was talking about some sort of electrical problems at his pad for like a week. Phone was going haywire, computer was flipping on and off,” Dean explains.

“Uh-Huh...” Sam says quietly.

“This is not ringing your bell?” Dean inquires.

“Well, sure, yeah. But, Dean, we're already on a case,” Sam responds.

“Whose?” Dean asks confused.

“Yours,” Sam replies.

“Right. Yeah. Well, you coulda fooled me,” Dean says turning to walk away.

“What the hell else have we been doing lately other than trying to break your deal?” Sam asks.

“Chasing our tails, that's what. Sam, we've talked to every professor, witch, soothsayer and two-bit carny act in the lower 48. Nobody knows squat! And we can't find Bela, we can't find the Colt. So until we actually find something, I'd like to do my job,” Dean replies turning back to face Sam.

“Well there's one thing we haven't tried yet...” Sam suggests.
“No, Sam,” Dean responds.

“We should summon Ruby,” Sam urges.

“I'm not gunna have this fight with you,” Dean replies.

“She said she knows how to save you,” Sam continues.

“Well, she can't,” Dean snaps.

“Oh really, you know that for sure?” Sam asks.

“I do,” Dean nods.

“How?” Sam inquires.

“Because she told me, okay!” Dean confessed.

“What?” Sam inquires.

“She told me. Flat out. She can't save me, nobody can,” Dean says.

“And you just somehow neglected to mention this to me? To us?” Sam asks gesturing at the others.

“Well, I really don't care what that bitch thinks and neither should you, so...” Dean replies turning to walk away again.

“So what, now you're keeping secrets from me, Dean?” Sam asks.

Dean stops and turns back towards Sam, “You really wanna talk about who's keeping secrets from who?” He questions. They stare at each other in silence for a long moment before Sam walks past angrily.

“How where you going?” Dean asks.

“Guess I'm going to Ohio,” Sam snaps throwing the full can in the trash can.

Dean pulls the Impala into the driveway of the house where the banker died and cuts the engine.

“You gonna be okay to do this?” Dean asks looking at Sam.

“Yes,” Sam replies shortly.

Dean sighs before climbing from the car and making his way to the front door with the other behind him. A woman answers the door and allows them into the house leading them to where she found her husband, “I found him there,” she says pointing to an area on the floor.

“Why don't you tell us everything you saw, Mrs. Waters,” Dean says looking around the room.

“You mean besides my dead husband?” She asks.

“Just everything else you saw. Please,” Sam responds.

Mrs. Waters sighs before going into what she had seen, “Blood. Everywhere. The phone was ripped from the wall, his favorite scotch on the desk, what else could you possibly want to know?”
“Why was the phone ripped from the wall?” Y/n asks.

“I don’t know,” Mrs. Waters responds.

“You mind if I take a look?” Sam asks.

Mrs. Waters gestures towards the desk as if to say be my guest, “I already went over this with the other detectives,” She says.

“We’ll be out of your hair in no time, ma’am,” Dean replies with a nod of his head.

Sam begins pressing buttons on the phone looking over the call log, noticing a strange number he looks up and asks, “Ma’am, what time did your husband die?”

“Sometime after 11,” Mrs. Waters sighs. Sam waits until the others are looking at him, then taps the phone display.

“What about strange phone calls? Receive any of those lately, weird interference, static, anything like that?” Dean asks.

“No,” Mrs. Waters replies defensively. Dean raises his eyebrows questioningly at her. “No!” She repeats.

“Mrs. Waters, withholding information from the police is a capital offence,” Dean threatens.

Sam noisily clears his throat and Dean glances at him and receives a bitchface.

“In some parts of the world I’m sure,” Dean mutters under his breath.

Sighing Mrs. Walters begins, “A couple of weeks ago, uh....there was this...”

“This what?” Y/n asks.

“I woke up one morning, I heard Ben in his study. I thought he was talking to a woman,” Mrs. Waters explains.

“What made you think that?” Y/f/n inquires.

“Because he kept calling her Linda. The thing is, I picked up the other line and nobody was there, Ben was talking to nobody,” Mrs. Waters replies.

“There was nothing?” Sam asks.

“Just static,” Mrs. Waters responds.

“Did you ever speak to Ben about this phone call?” Sam inquires.

“No,” Mrs. Waters sighs, “I should have but...no.”

“Did he ever say who Linda was?” Y/f/n asks.

“What difference does it make, there was nobody on the other end!” Mrs. Waters responds growing more upset.

The four hunters thank Mrs. Waters and return to the motel.

The next morning the four hunters begin to dig up what they can. Dean pulls out the laptop, to
begin searching who Linda was. Sam and Y/f/n are lounging on the bed flipping through channels.

“Linda's a babe. Or, was,” Dean corrects.

“Did you find her?” Sam asks sitting up.

“Yeah, Linda Bateman. She and Ben Waters were high school sweethearts,” Dean reads from the webpage.

“So what happened?” Sam asks.

“Drunk driver hit them head on. Ben walked away,” Dean informs.

“So, what then? Dead flame calls to chat?” Sam inquires.

“You would think, but Linda was cremated,” Dean replies standing from the table.

“So why's she still floating around?” Y/f/n asks.

“You got me,” Sam replies.

“What about that, uh, caller I.D?” Y/n asks sitting up from the other bed.

“Turns out, it's a phone number,” Sam informs.

“No phone number I've ever seen,” Dean responds.

“Yeah, 'cause it's about a century old, back from when phones had cranks,” Sam clarifies.

“So why use that number to reach out and touch someone?” Dean inquires.

“Got me there too, but we should put a trace on it,” Sam responds.

“Well, how the hell are we going to put a trace on something that's over 100 years old?” Dean asks.

Sam and Y/f/n share a look before standing from the bed. Y/f/n gives Sam a quick kiss before pushing Y/n out the door. Shuffling next door Y/n and Y/f/n don their fed clothes and meet the boys back at the car. Sam directs Dean to the phone company’s office, where they follow the manager of the phone company, Clark Adams, down the stairs and along a hallway.

“We don't get many folks from HQ down here,” Clark says.

“Yes well the main office mentioned that there would be a lunch,” Dean replies.

Sam gives Dean bitchface behind Clarks's back and Dean shrugs in response.

“Well I'm sure we can arrange something. The Clark you wanna be speaking to is right this...” Clark replies pointing toward a door at the end of the hallway. Sam swipes at a fly that has flown into his hair. “I know, sorry. We've got something of a hygiene issue down here if you ask me,” He says. Entering the basement office, he calls out “Stewie? What did I tell you about keeping this place clean.”

Stewie sits at a large console with multiple screens and keyboards. Various packets of junk food are strewn about and the office is filthy. Stewie jumps at their entrance and desperately tries to close down the multiple screens in front of him showing advertisements for porn sites. Quickly
clicking away the Porn sites while muttering to himself, “Spam mail...spam mail...”


Still clicking Stewie mumbles, “I don't know how all this got here...”

Clark reaches out and flicks the back of Stewie’s head, making him jump again and grunt.

“From headquarters,” Clark says sternly. Stewie spins around in his chair, then quickly crosses his legs and places his hands together on his lap. “Give these ladies and gentlemen whatever they need.”

“Yeah,” Stewie agrees.

“Thank you,” Dean says to Clark as he leaves the office.

“Thanks,” Sam nods.

“So...can I help you?” Stewie asks.

Dean checks to make sure Clark is gone, then gestures toward the screen with a smirk, “Is that, ahhh, BustyAsian Beauties.com?” he asks.

“No,” Stewie replies quickly just as the computer blares, “Oh, me so horny.” Quickly closing the window he corrects himself, “Maybe.”

“A word to the wise? Platinum membership? Worth every penny,” Dean advises with a knowing nod.

“Right, anyway. We're here to trace a number?” Sam interrupts pulling a paper from his pocket and handing it to Stewie.

“Where did you get this?” Stewie inquires looking at the number.

“Off caller I.D.” Sam replies.

“Oh no, that's impossible,” Stewie responds.

“It hasn't been used in a few years, we know,” Dean says.

“A few years? It's prehistoric. Trust me, nobody is using this number anymore,” Stewie responds.

“Sure. Could you run it anyway?” Sam asks.


Dean and Sam glance at each other. Dean smiles as Y/n and Y/f/n step forward.

Smiling sweetly Y/n begins, “Listen, Stewie. You got like-” She looks to Y/f/n, “what? Six?” She asks Y/f/n nods so she continues, “Six kinds of employee code violations down here, not to mention the sickening porn that is clogging up your hard drive.” Y/n looks pointedly at the screen showing an advertisement to enlarge penises, “Now when my partner says run the number, I suggest you run the fucking number!” She finishes slamming her hands on the table.

Jumping Stewie looks between the two girls then turns back to his console quickly closing the ad.
“Okay, whatever, jeez!” Stewie mutters clicking away on the keyboard. One of his screens fills with a long list of numbers. “Holy crap,” He murmurs.

“What?” Sam inquires.

“I can't tell you where the number comes from, but I can tell you where it's been going,” Stewie responds printing off the list of numbers and standing for his chair.

“What do you mean?” Sam asks.

Stewie makes his way to the printer and hands some papers to Sam. “Ten different numbers in the past few weeks, all got calls from the same number,” Stewie replies. He looks at the two brothers as they stare at each other, then sighs and walks between them back to his console. He sits and stares at it for a moment, then looks back. “So, are we done here? Cause I was....sort of...busy?”

“Right,” Dean responds with a smirk.

The four leave the phone company and decide to split up. Sam and Y/f/n head to a residential part of town to a nice suburban neighborhood. Sam gets out of the rental car they aquired, and walks around the car meeting Y/f/n as she steps out. The couple makes their way up the footpath of a nice two story home and knocks on the door. It is opened by a middle-aged man who’s young son comes to stand beside him.

“Yeah?” The man answers.

“Hello sir, we’re with the phone company?” Sam introduces.

“We didn't call the phone company,” The man responds.

“Oh no sir, we're calling you. We've had a lot of complaints from the neighborhood lately,” Y/f/n responds.

“Complaints?” The man inquires.

“Yes sir. Dropped calls, static, maybe even strange voices on the other end of the line?” Sam explains as a teenage girls steps into the hallway, looking startled.

“No, we haven't had any of that here,” The man replies.

“Nothing?” Y/f/n asks.

“No,” The man replies.

“Okay. Great, just thought we'd check. Thanks,” Sam responds.

“No problem,” The man replies before looking down at his son, “Come on, Simon.” As they turn to close the door Y/f/n sees the girl staring at them, looking scared, nudging him gently she inclines her head quickly toward the girl. Sam looks up to see the girl just as the door swings closed. Leaving the two hunters staring after her.

Sam and Y/f/n return to the car. As Sam opens the door the girl appears, “No way you work for the phone company,” She says.

“Sure we do,” Sam defends.

“Since when does a phone guy drive a rental or wear a cheap suit?” She retorts.
Huffing a laugh Sam replies, “Yeah, well. Maybe we're both keeping secrets.”

“Why did you ask my Dad if he's hearing strange voices on the phone?” The girl inquires.

“Why, did you hear something?” Y/f/n asks quickly.

“No,” The girl responds defensively.

“My mistake, I thought maybe you did,” Y/f/n apologizes going to climb into the car.

“Well I didn't, okay?” The girl replies.

“Okay. Sorry to bother you,” Sam responds with a smile.

The girl remains in place looking uncomfortable. Sam looks down at his keys then back up to her as he says, “Because you know...if you did...then I would have told you that I've been right where you're standing right now. Hearing things, even seeing things that can't be explained. Maybe I would have been able to help out a little bit. Anyway...” He trails off going to climb into the car.

“Hey wait. Maybe....maybe I've been talking on the phone...with my Mom,” The girl confesses.

“Well that's not so strange,” Sam responds.

“She's dead. Like three years now,” The girl replies.

“How often does she call you?” Y/f/n asks softly.

“A few times. It started a week ago. I thought I was like, crazy or something,” The girl confides.

“Well I can tell you one thing for sure, and you're going to have to go with me on this, okay? You're not crazy,” Sam responds.

The girl nods before her father’s voice calls from the house, “Lanie.”

“I've got to go,” She says turning to head back to the house.

“Hey Lanie,” Y/f/n says stopping Lanie, “If you ever need anything,” She hands Lanie a card with Sam’s number on it, “Call us.” Lanie flips the card over to see Y/f/n’s number scrawled across the back.

The two hunters climb into the car and start to head back to town. As they’re driving along the highway Sam’s phone rings.

“Yeah,” He answers putting the phone on speaker.

“Dude, stiffs have been calling people all over town,” Dean says as him and Y/n hurry down the busy street.

“Yeah, tell me about it,” Sam replies.

“I just talked to an 84-year-old grandmother who's having phone sex with her husband, who died in Korea!” Dean responds.

“Eww,” Y/f/n groans scrunching her face up in disgust.

“It redefined my understanding of the word ‘Necrophilia’,” Dean comments. A young woman
walking past Dean overhears and gasps, giving him a dirty look as she passes. He pauses, grimacing, then turns to check her out as she continues walking. Slapping him on the arm and gaining his attention, Y/n and Dean continue down the street.

“So what the hell's going on here, Dean?” Sam inquires.

“Beats me, but we'd better find out soon. This place is turning into spook central,” Dean replies reaching the Impala.

“Yeah. All right, I'll call you later,” Sam says hanging up the phone.

Opening the door Dean responds, “Yeah,” and hangs up. As he goes to climb in his phone immediately rings again. “Yeah, what?” There is nothing but static. “Sam?” He tries.

“Dean?” John's voice says. Dean is frozen in place as he looks up across the car at Y/n in shock.

“Dean, who is it?” Y/n asks.

“Dad?” Dean asks into the phone. Dean waits a few minutes before pulling the phone away and looking down at it.

“It was John?” Y/n asks.

“Sounded like him,” Dean sighs, “Come on let's head back to the motel.” The two hunters climb into the car and head back to the motel in silence.

Back at the Motel Sam sits at the table with Y/f/n, While Y/n sits on the couch watching as Dean paces.

“Dad? You really think it was Dad?” Sam asks.

“I don't know, maybe,” Dean replies.

“Well, what did he sound like?” Sam inquires.

“Like Oprah! Like Dad, he sounded like Dad, what do you think?” Dean exclaims.

“What did he say?” Sam questions ignoring Dean’s outburst.

“My name,” Dean responds walking back to the table.

“That's it?” Sam asks.

“Call dropped out,” Y/n pipes in.

“Why would he even call in the first place, Dean?” Sam asks.

“I don't know, man. Why are ghosts calling anybody in this town? But I mean, other people are hearing from their loved ones, why can't we? It's at least a possibility, right?” Dean asks.

“Yeah, I guess,” Sam replies.

“Okay, so what if....what if it really is Dad?” Dean asks sitting next to Y/n on the small couch, “What happens if he calls back?” He looks around questioningly.

“What do you mean?” Sam asks.
“What do I say?” Dean asks.

“Hello,” Sam retorts.


“Uhh...” Sam begins.

Grabbing his jacket and heading for the door, “Hello!” Dean grumbles walking out. Sam looks after him, concerned. He shakes his head.

“I’ll get ‘em,” Y/n sighs standing from the couch and pulling her jacket on.

“Come on babe, let’s see what we can find,” Y/f/n says pulling out her laptop and booting it up.

“Yeah,” Sam says.

“Hey, Dean, wait up,” Y/n calls as he starts to climb into his car.

“I don’t want to talk about it Y/n,” Dean replies as she shuts the car door behind her.

“I don’t expect you too,” She responds, “Let’s go get a drink.”


“It’s 5 o’clock somewhere,” Y/n shrugs.

Three hours later, Sam is sitting on the couch in the motel room with his laptop in front of him, Y/f/n’s head resting in his lap, when Dean and Y/n return.

“Find anything?” Dean questions entering the room and standing in front of the couch.

“After three hours, I have found no reason why anything supernatural would be going on here,” Sam sighs as Y/f/n sits up.

“Well, you know, you think a Stanford education and a high school hook up rate of zero point zero would produce better results than that,” Dean sasses.

“Hilarious,” Sam deadpans.

“Sammy, you're just looking in the wrong places, pal,” Dean replies unaffected.

“And what are the right places, Dean?” Sam inquires turning back to the computer.

Reaching into his jacket pocket, “Motel pamphlet rack,” Dean replies dropping a pamphlet on the coffee table.

“Milan, Ohio. Birthplace of Thomas Edison,” Y/n says gesturing toward the coffee table.

Flipping through the papers, “Yeah, right. So what?” Sam asks.

“Keep reading,” Dean replies.

Sam scoffs slightly and keeps looking. He sighs, but after a few moments his eyebrows go up and he looks at Dean. “You're kidding,” he mutters.

Dean raises his eyebrows back, smiling.
Sam and Y/f/n stand to head to the museum of Thomas Edison. As Y/f/n makes her way past Y/n, Y/n raises and eyebrow questioningly, “You stink like sex,” She says. Y/f/n turns around quickly eyes wide as she looks at her friend, “We can’t leave you two alone for five minutes without you two going at it like bunny rabbits.”

“Shut up, jerk,” Y/f/n mumbles walking quickly around Dean, who’s grinning like an idiot, and out to the car.

“Bitch,” Y/n calls skipping gleefully from the room.

“Atta boy, Sammy,” Dean chuckles clapping Sam on the back as he follows the two girls from the room.

The four hunters head to the museum just as a tour is about to begin. The young female guide shepherds the tour through several rooms and finally to the room the four hunters want.

“And we're walking. And, here we have one of the museum's most unique and treasured possessions. Thomas Edison's spirit phone. Did you know that Mr. Edison, as well as being one of America's most beloved inventors, was also a devout occultist? Ooh!” The guide explains standing next to what looked like an old gramophone.

“What's with the quote-y fingers?” Dean whispers.

“He spent years working on this, his final invention, which he was convinced could be used to communicate with the dead. Pretty spooky, huh?” The guide continues.

“She thinks that's spooky?” Y/n questions, “She'd have a heart attack with some of the shit we've seen.”

“She’s just a civvie, Y/n, Not everyone is used to the life like we are,” Y/f/n responds.

The guide checks her watch, twirls her fingers in the air and begins leading the group into the next room. “And we're walking. We are walking. We're walking. And we're not touching that. And we're walking. And stop.”

The four hunters hang back in the room as the group moves on and Sam quickly gets out his EMF and holds it over the spirit phone.

“Anything?” Dean asks looking around to keep watch.

“Nothing,” Sam replies.

“What do you think?” Y/n asks.

“Honestly? It kinda looks like an old pile of junk to me,” Sam responds looking down at the thing.

“It's not even plugged in,” Dean comments.

“Maybe it didn't work like that,” Sam replies.

“Okay. Maybe it's like a radio tower, broadcasting the dead all over town,” Dean suggests.

“Could be,” Sam nods.

“You know, this caller I.D. is 100 years old, right? Right around the time this thing was built,” Dean begins.
“Yeah, but why would it all of a sudden start working now?” Sam inquires.

“I don't know. But as long as the moldy are calling the freshers around here it's the best reason we've got,” Dean replies.

“Yeah, maybe,” Sam responds.

“So maybe it really is Dad,” Dean says hopefully.

“I don't think it is Dean,” Y/f/n says gently.

“Then what else could it be?” Dean defends.

“I don’t know but I just think it’s a little weird,” Y/f/n replies.

That night as everyone sleeps, Dean sits at the table, a large take-out coffee cup in his hand, his phone beside him, staring into space. His phone rings, the display showing 'SHA33'. Dean grabs it quickly and heads into the bathroom.

“Dad?” Dean answers the phone in a whisper.

“Dean,” John's voice responds.

“Is it really you?” Dean asks.

“It's me,” John replies.

“How can I be sure?” Dean questions.

“You can't. Dean, how could you do it?” John’s voice asks.

“What?” Dean inquires.

“Sell your soul,” John replies.

Concerned Dean replies, “I was looking after Sam, like you told me to.”

“I never wanted this. Never. You're my boy, I love you. I can't watch you go to hell, Dean,” John’s voice says.

“I'm sorry. I don't know how to stop it,” Dean responds.

“'Cause if you break the deal Sam dies, right?” John questions.

“What?” Dean asks.

“Well, I know a way out. For both of you,” John replies.

“How?” Dean inquires.

“The demon who holds your contract. He's here. Now,” John responds. Dean and his father continue to talk as John give Dan an exorcism that can kill demons. Dean falls into an uneasy sleep after the phone call with his father.

The next morning as Sam and Y/f/n come back from talking to Lanie, Dean is typing furiously on the laptop while Y/n eats the breakfast Dean bought.
“What's up?” Dean greets as the two enter the room.

“That girl Lanie, her Mom's ghost spooked her out pretty bad last night,” Sam replies.

“That sucks,” Dean responds eyes not leaving the laptop.

“Yeah, it does. What are you doing?” Sam asks.

“I think Dad's right. I think the demon is here. Check it out,” Dean replies shuffling through the papers on the table and handing Sam several papers before going to his bag.

“What is this, weather reports?” Sam asks looking at the papers.

“Omens. Demonic omens. Electrical storms everywhere we've been for the past two weeks,” Dean replies looking up at Sam.

“Ahh...I don't remember any lightning storms,” Sam responds.

“Well, I don't remember you studying meteorology as a kid either. But I'm telling you, that bastard's been tailing me...wearing some poor dude's meat,” Dean snaps going back to digging through his bag.

“And it's following you because...” Sam inquires.

“I guess I'm big game, you know. My ass is too sweet to let outta sight,” Dean replies.

“You got that right,” Y/n mutters watching the man in front of her.

Y/f/n gives her an exasperated look but goes back to looking at the papers Sam had handed her.


Snatching the papers back from Y/f/n, Dean sasses, “Don't get too excited, Sammy. Might pull something.”

“Dean, look, I wanna believe this man, I really do...” Sam says.

“Then believe it! if we get this sucker, it's Miller Time,” Dean replies.

“Yeah, that's another thing. Dad rattles off an exorcism that can kill a demon? I mean not just send it back to hell, but kill it?” Sam questions.

“I've checked it out. This is heavy duty Dark Ages. Fifteenth century,” Dean replies walking around Sam to the coffee table, where he picks up another paper.

Quietly Sam replies, “Yeah, I've checked on it too Dean. And so did Bobby.”

“Okay, and?” Dean questions.

“It's definitely is an exorcism, there's just no evidence it can kill a demon,” Y/f/n says.

“No evidence it can't,” Dean retorts.

“Come on man...” Sam begins.

“Hey, as far as I'm aware the only one of us who has actually been to hell is Dad. And maybe he picked up a couple of tricks down there, like which exorcisms work,” Dean interrupts.
“Maybe it does. I hope it does too, but we gotta be sure,” Sam replies.

“Why aren't we sure?” Dean questions.

“'Cause I don't know what's going on around here Dean! I mean, some guy blows his brains out, a little girl is scared out of her wits,” Sam starts.

“Wow, a couple of civvies are freaked out by some ghosts. News flash Sam, people are supposed to be freaked out by ghosts!” Dean snaps.

The boys stare at each other for a long moment, as Y/n glances back and forth between them, before Sam sighs and Dean drops his head in frustration.

“Dad tell you where to find the demon?” Sam asks quietly.

“I'm waiting on the call!” Dean shouts still angry.

Sighing again Sam looks at his brother, “I told Lanie I'd stop by,” he says as he moves toward the door.


Sam keeps moving toward the door. “You're unbelievable, you know that? I mean for months we've been trying to break this demon deal. Now, Dad's about to give us the freaking address and you can't accept it? The man is dead and you're still butting heads with the guy!” Dean shouts.

“That is not what this is about,” Sam replies.

“So what is it!” Dean yells.

“The fact is we've got no hard proof here, Dean. After everything, you're still just going on blind faith!” Sam responds just as loudly.

“Yeah, well maybe! You know, maybe that's all I got, okay?” Dean shouts.

“Enough!” Y/n says standing from the couch, “I've had it up to here,” she continues gesturing with her hands toward her head, “with you two arguing, Dean we don't know if this will save you. Sam, we don't know that it won't why don't we focus on the FUCKING case in front of us.” They stare at each other again and Dean looks down.

“Please. Just please don't go anywhere until I get back. Okay, Dean? Please,” Sam pleads.

Dean remains silent. Sam shakes his head and turns toward Y/n pleading with his eyes, when she nods, he turns and continues for the door. Dean watches him and Y/l/n go and stares at the door for a long moment. He shakes his head and moves to sit heavily at the table.

“Hey sweetie, We'll figure this out,” Y/n says rubbing Dean’s shoulders as she steps up behind him.

At Lanie’s house, Sam and Y/l/n talk with Lanie in her room about what happened. “Have you told your father about any of this?” Sam asks.

“And bother him at work?” Lanie replies, “No. He wouldn't believe me anyway, he'd just chuck me into therapy.”

“So what did your mother say?” Y/l/n asks.
“She wanted to see me. So at first, I thought I was supposed to go to the cemetery,” Lanie explains.

“Did you?” Sam asks.

Nodding Lanie replies, “Nothing happened. But then she started asking me to do other things.”

“What sort of things?” Sam asks.

“Bad things,” Lanie replies tearfully.

Dean sits at the table, silently, while staring at nothing. His phone rings and he snatches it up before Y/n can grab it.

“Dad?” Dean asks.

“Yeah,” John's voice replies.

“Where's the demon?” Dean inquires.

“Lanie, please. Tell us what happened, it's very important,” Sam pleads.

“Mom told me to go to Dad's medicine cabinet,” Lanie sobs.

“And?” Sam pushes.

“She wanted me to take his sleeping pills, take all of his sleeping pills,” Lanie replies.

“She wanted you to kill yourself?” Sam asks incredulously.

Lanie nods as she cries, “Why would my Mom want me to do that?”

“I don't know,” Sam replies.

“I mean, just so I could come to her?” Lanie continues to sob.

“What'd you say?” Sam asks quickly.

“She wanted me to come to her,” Lanie repeats.

“No, how'd she say it?” Sam urges.

“'Come to me.' Like a million times,” Lanie says.

“Lanie. That's not your mother,” Sam says seriously.

Dean pulls up and gets out. He grabs his weapon's bag from the trunk, looks around and moves toward a house.

“Dean this is a bad idea we should just wait for Sam and Y/l/n,” Y/n pleads following him toward the house.

“No, Y/n, If I can get out of this deal by killing this son of a bitch I’m going to try,” Dean snaps picking the lock on the door.

Sam and Y/l/n make their way out into the hallway of Lanie’s house moving toward the stairs.

“Listen to me. Don't answer the phone. Don't use the computer. Don't do anything unless I say to, all right?” Sam says. As they start down the stairs Y/l/n notices Lanie's not following.
“Lanie,” Y/f/n says grabbing the girls attention.

Lanie stands in the doorway of another room looking in, “Where’s Simon?” She asks.

Dean and Y/n quietly enter the house and move down the hallway, listening. A floorboard creaks on the second floor.

“Hello?” Dean calls out.

“We don’t even know if this is really the demon, Dean, You’re going off the word of some voice on the phone,” Y/n whispers.

“It was my dad, okay?” Dean whispers back angrily.

“Do you know that for sure, Dean? It could be something imitating his voice,” Y/n replies following behind Dean with her gun drawn.

Simon walks as if in a trance across the road as car horns blare and screech to a halt.

Dean drops a rosary into a large bottle of water. While Y/n spray paints a devil’s trap on the floor.

“This is stupid prepping for a demon that’s not even really here,” Y/n grumbles pulling a rug over the dry paint.

Simon keeps walking across the next road as a large truck barrels toward him. In the cab, the driver glances away from the road to check his delivery list. He looks back to see Simon in front of him. The truck horn blares and tires squeal as the brakes lock up trying to stop the truck. Simon seems to awaken and throws his hands up to protect himself. Sam rushes the road, grabs Simon and dives for the verge landing safely in the grass. They lay panting as the truck roars past.

“I tried calling Y/n,” Y/f/n says as Sam returns to the outside of the house with Simon, “No answer.”

“I’ll try Dean,” Sam responds handing Simon off to Lanie.

“I wanted to see mommy,” Simon sobs as Lanie clutches him to her.

Sam and Y/f/n climb into the rental car to return to the motel. Sam pulls out his phone as they race back, “Dean, it's not Dad,” Sam says finally getting someone to answer.

“Then what is it?” Dean’s voice asks.

“A crocotta,” Sam replies.

“Is that a sandwich?” Dean asks.

“Some kind of scavenger. Mimics loved ones, whispers 'Come to me', then lures you into the dark and swallows your soul,” Sam explains.

“A crocotta, right, damn that makes sense,” Dean sighs.

“Dean, look, I’m sorry man, I know...” Sam begins.

“Hey, don't these things live in filth?” Dean interrupts.

“Yeah,” Sam agrees.
“Sam, the flies at the phone company,” Dean says.

Realizing what Dean is getting at Sam hangs up the phone and steers the car toward the phone company determined to stop the crocotta. The two hunters creep along an alley and Sam peaks in a window at Stewie, sitting at his console. Above them, a banging noise distracts them. When he looks back Stewie is leaving the room and the two hunters run back up the alley the way they came.

As Stewie leaves the building, Sam hides behind a van, holding his phone to his ear. Y/f/n across the street keeping an eye out.

“This is Herman Munster. Leave a message,” Dean’s voice mail plays.

“Dean, I'm in the parking lot. He's here. Hurry,” Sam says to the machine while watching Stewie.

Stewie unlocks his car and Sam rushes him, pushing him into the car and holding a metal spike to the back of his neck.

“What the hell!” Stewie grunts.

“I know what you are,” Sam growls.

“Wait, mister,” Stewie pleads feeling the spike against his neck.

“And I know how to kill you,” Sam continues.

“Please. Okay, wait, wait. If we're overcharging you for the call waiting or something I...I can fix that. I am your friend!” Stewie begs. Sam looks confused as Stewie continues to plead, “Please. Please just don't kill me!” The manager from earlier sneaks up behind Sam. “Don't kill me, please!” Stewie continues. The manager hits Sam over the head with a bat and Sam slumps to the ground. Stewie turns around, sees the manager, grins and starts bouncing up and down. “Yeah! That's what happens when you mess with the phone company, dillweed!” Stewie exclaims, “Thank you, Clark!”

Lifting the bat again, Clark replies menacingly, “Forget about it.”

“Clark?” Stewie inquires. Clark smashes Stewie with the bat.

In the basement of the phone company, Clark has Stewie, Y/f/n, and Sam tied to chairs.

“I'm sorry, Clark. I'm sorry for whatever I did to you. I'm sorry...please...” Stewie cries.

Coming to Sam watches as Clark approaches Stewie, “Wait! Don't do it.” He says.

“You're awake,” Clark says looking directly at Sam then turns his head to Y/f/n, “We were waiting for you to join us.”

Clark leans over Stewie and places the tip of a knife against his thigh, eyes on Sam and Y/f/n the entire time.

“You're not a killer Clark, no! There's a good Clark inside of you, I know it,” Stewie sobs.

“What do you think, Sammy, am I a good man?” Clark asks.

“Just let him go,” Sam pleads.
“I would. I really would. If only I'd had more than a salad for lunch. You see, I'm starving,” Clark responds lifting the knife above his head.

“No!” Y/f/n shouts before Clark plunges the knife down into Stewie's chest.

Clark moves in front of Stewie's body opening his mouth wide, to reveal a blood red interior and razor sharp spikes. He crouches slightly, holds Stewie by both shoulders and unhinges his jaw, his mouth becoming impossibly wide. Placing his mouth close to Stewie's face he sucks in his energy. Sam shudders and looks away as Clark stands, wiping his mouth.

“My last call with Dean. That was you. You led me here,” Sam concludes.

“Some calls I make, some calls I take, but you have to admit, I had you fooled for a while. All that Edison phone crap,” Clark laughs and moves over to the telephone exchange cabinet. He places his hands against the glass and leans back in ecstasy.

“What are you doing?” Y/f/n asks as she slowly tries to get out of the zip ties binding her hands together.

“I'm killing his brother. Or maybe I'm killing your friend or maybe another guy. We'll just have to see how it goes,” Clark replies. Clark pulls the knife out of Stewie's chest.

“You know, mimicking Dean's one thing. But my Dad. That's a hell of a trick,” Sam comments.

“Well once I made you four as hunters, it was easy. I found Dean's number, then your number, then your father's numbers. Then emails, voicemails, everything. You see, people think that stuff just gets erased, but it doesn't. You'd be surprised how much of yourself is just floating out there, waiting to be plucked,” Clark explains.

“Dean's not going to fall for this. He's not going to kill that guy,” Sam snaps.

“Then the guy kills him,” Clark responds.

“Y/n won’t allow that to happen,” Y/f/n says.

Car headlights shine across the window into the room where Dean and Y/n lie in waiting. Dean silently moves toward the hallway as a car door slams. Dean removes the lid from the bottle of holy water. He hears a noise toward the back of the house and frowns, moving down the hallway toward the back door. He pauses, then looks from the back to the front door.

The back door slams open and the man appears, raising a rifle and firing. Dean leaps out of the way, dropping the bottle of holy water. The man begins reloading. Dean glances at the holy water it is draining away. He waits to hear the bullet shell being removed and runs for the man, using his forward movement to slam him back into the wall. He hits him a few times, then knees him viciously. Letting him drop, Dean moves toward the rifle but the man follows, grabbing Dean and slamming him backward onto a table. He gets in a few hits before Dean headbutts him. As the man falls backward to the ground Dean kicks him in the stomach. He kicks him four times, pauses, then kicks him once more, even more viciously, grunting as he does so.

“Y/n a little help here would be nice, Sweetheart,” Dean grunts.

“I'm not going to help you, Dean, you don't even know if this is really a demon,” Y/n replies stepping from the shadows of the dark room.

Standing over Sam, Clark explains, “Technology. Makes life so much easier. Used to be I'd hide in
the woods for days, weeks, whispering to people, trying to draw them out into the night. But they had community, they all looked out for each other, I'd be lucky to eat one or two souls a year. Now when I'm hungry, I simply make a phone call,” Sneering he continues, “You're all so connected. But you've never been so alone.”

Clark opens his mouth and begins to unhinge his jaw while raising his knife. While he has been speaking both Sam and Y/f/n managed to escape their ties, Sam’s wrists bloody. He erupts out of the chair and they fall to the ground, Clark losing the knife. They struggle for it, Sam rising first. Clark grabs Sam's jacket and swings him around into a metal grate. Clark picks up the knife, running at Sam.

Dean and the man slam through a glass door. The man is groggy. Dean quickly reaches for the man's belt and pulls out a handgun, flicking the cartridge out and tossing it aside. As the man struggles to get to his feet, covered in glass, Dean pulls back the rug, showing the devil’s trap sprayed onto the floor. He turns away, pulling the exorcism out of his pocket. The man, confused, stares at the markings on the floor.

“What is this?” The man asks.

“Your funeral,” Dean replies. As he begins the exorcism in Latin. The man glares at him and slowly moves forward out of the circle.

“You do this to my daughter too?” The man asks.

Staring at the devil's trap, Dean asks, “How the hell did you get out?”

Shouting the man moves toward Dean, “Did you do this to my daughter too?”

“Wait, this is a mistake,” Dean says backing away.

“You killed her!!” The man shouts.

“No, wait,” Dean tries.

The man leaps at Dean.

Sam and Clark struggle for the knife, exchanging blows as they move about the room. Sam finally manages to pull the knife away and hits Clark, forcing him backward into the wall. A spike, one of many on a corkboard, jams into the back of Clark's neck, killing him.

The man falls on Dean as he lies on the ground, laying into him.

“She was 9 years old!!” The man sobs.

“Stop! I didn't! You gotta believe me!” Dean pleads.

The man keeps hitting him.

Dean manages to twist around and grab the rifle, smacking the man in the forehead with the butt. He falls backward. Dean rises, standing over him.

“Why did you kill her?” The man cries.

“I'm sorry. I didn't kill your daughter,” Dean says.

“Then what are you doing here?” The man asks.
“I don't know,” Dean replies anguished.

“This was all a misunderstanding,” Y/n says moving towards the man and Dean.

Back at the motel, later that night, Dean groans as Y/n holds a facecloth to his cut eye. Sam enters the room and comes to the door of the bathroom.

“Knock it off you big baby,” Y/n grumbles.

“I see they improved your face,” Dean comments noticing Sam in the doorway.

Sniggering Sam replies, “Right back at ya.”

Y/n throws the washcloth in the sink as Dean moves past Sam into the main room.

“So, crocotta, huh?” Dean asks moving toward a bed.

“Yep,” Sam replies.

“That would explain the flies,” Dean says sitting on the bed.

“Yeah, it would. Hey, um...look I'm sorry it wasn't Dad,” Sam says.

“Nah, I gave you a hell of a time on this one,” Dean huffs out, “You were right.”

“Forget about it,” Sam replies.

“I can't. I wanted to believe so badly that there was a way outta this. I mean I'm staring down the barrel at this thing. You know, Hell. For real, forever, and I just...” Dean says.

“Yeah,” Sam agrees.

“I'm scared, Guys. I'm really scared,” Dean says tearing up.

“I know,” Sam replies tearfully.

“I guess I was willing to believe anything. You know, the last act of a desperate man,” Dean says.

“There's nothing wrong with having hope, Dean,” Sam responds.

“Hope doesn't get you jack squat. I can't expect Dad to show up with some miracle at the last minute. I can't expect anybody to, you know. I mean the only person that can get me out of this thing is me,” Dean replies.

“And me,” Sam says earnestly.

“Us,” Y/f/n says moving toward the bed and sitting next to Sam.

“And me?” Dean inquires.

“What?” Sam asks confused.

“Deep revelation, having a real moment here, that's what you come back with? And me? Us?” Dean says looking at the others.

Raising his eyebrows, Sam inquires, “Uh...do you want a poem?”
“The moment's gone,” Dean responds.

Sam smiles slightly as Dean flicks the TV on, reaches between the beds, grabs a few bottles of beer and holds two out to Sam without looking at him. Sam takes them and hands one to Y/f/n. Y/n makes her way to the bed next to Dean and takes the beer from him. The four hunters open their beer and take a drink while watching the TV as she swallows Y/n lays her head on Dean’s shoulder.
Hey Guys! I have another poll for ya'll check it out [here](#).

"Where'd you get this one?" Y/n grunts helping Sam put the body into a chair.
"Crossroads trap," Y/f/n replies tying the demon to the chair.
Dean steps forward and throws holy water on the demon. The Demon screams and thrashes from side to side.
"You ready to talk?" Dean asks.
"I don't know. I don't know anything!" The demon screams.
"Oh, you hear that, Sam? He doesn't know anything," Dean says looking at his brother.
Smirking Sam replies, "Yeah, I heard."
"I'm telling you the truth," The demon pleads.
"Oh, you are? My god, then I owe you an apology. Allow me to make it up to you," Dean sasses.
He steps closer and forces the demon's mouth open pouring holy water down his throat, "I'm gonna ask you one last time...Who holds my contract?!" Dean demands.
The Demon goes quiet, head hanging. When he looks up his eyes are black and he is smiling.
"Your mother. Yeah, she, uh, showed it to me right before I bent her over," He taunts.
Leaning closer Dean growls, "I want a name. Or else..."
"Or what? You're gonna squirt your holy water in both ends? Please. Brother, that's like a fleabite compared to what's coming to me if I tell you jack. Do what you want. The only thing I'm scared of is the demon holding your ticket," the Demon replies.
Dean stares at the Demon then looks at Sam and the others, Sam nods and begins reciting an exorcism.

"How does that feel? Does that feel good?" Dean questions.
"Go ahead. Send me back to hell... 'Cause when you get there, I'll be waiting for you...with a few pals who are dying for a nice little meet and greet with Dean Winchester," The demon chuckles.
"Should I?" Sam asks.
"Send him someplace he can't hurt anyone else," Dean replies.
Sam continues the exorcism and the Demon begins screaming.
After the demon is gone the man's body slumps in the seat clearly dead. Dean and Y/n carry the body outside and begin digging a hole. When they get back Sam is talking on his phone, "You ran the prints twice? Are you sure? Okay. Yeah, just chalk it up to lab error. Don't I know it. Okay. Thanks. Yeah, I'll tell the lieutenant."
"Bury the body?" Y/f/n asks noticing they have returned.
"Yeah. Poor schmuck, Looks like these demons ride 'em hard just for kicks," Dean replies picking a beer up off the table and opening it. He takes a large swing before sitting tiredly on the couch, "What was the phone call about?" He asks.
"Remember that thing in the paper yesterday?" Sam asks.
"Stripper suffocates dude with thighs?" Dean inquires.
"The other thing," Sam scoffs.
"Right, the guy that walks into the E.R. and kneels over dead. His stomach's ripped out?" Dean responds.
"His liver, actually. Anyways, I just found out something pretty damn interesting," Sam says.
"What?" Y/n asks sitting in the chair across the room.
"The dead body covered in bloody fingerprints, not the victim's," Sam responds.
"Okay, great. My man Dave Caruso will be stoked to hear it," Dean sasses.
"Those fingerprints match a guy who died in 1981," Sam replies.
"Really. So, what are we talking? Uh, walking dead? Walking, killing dead?" Dean asks.
"Maybe," Sam shrugs.
"Zombies do like the other-other white meat. Huh. Speaking of, what do you care about zombies?" Dean asks.
"What do you mean?" Sam inquires.
"Well, you've been on soul-saving detail for months now. And we're three weeks out, and all of a sudden, you're interested in some hot zombie action?" Dean responds.
"Hey, man, you're the one who's been all gung ho to hunt. I just thought I'd be doing you a favor," Sam defends.
"Hey, no, no, no, no, no. I didn't say I didn't want to do it, okay. I mean obviously I want to hunt some zombies," Dean replies quickly.
"Okay, fine, whatever," Sam retorts shrugging.
Dean nods his head quickly before heading out the door.
"Let's go hunt some zombies," Y/n says clapping her hands and heading out the door behind Dean.
The four hunters make their way to the coroner's office to talk to the man about the body.
Dean and the others stand listening to the coroner talk, "Yeah, the rest of the body was intact. The liver was the only organ missing." He explains.
"Now, where the liver was ripped out, did you happen to notice any...ah...teeth marks?" Dean inquires.
Giving them an 'are you insane' look the Coroner asks, "Can I see your badges?"
"Of course, sure," Sam replies as the four hunters pull their badges from various pockets.
"Fine. So you're cops and morons," The coroner comments.
"Excuse me? No, no. We're very smart," Dean defends.
"The liver was not ripped out. It was removed. Surgically. By someone who knew their way around a scalpel. Didn't you read my report?" The coroner asks.
"Of course we did. Oh, it was riveting. It was a real page-turner, just delightful," Dean sasses.
"You done?" The coroner asks looking directly at Dean.
"I think so," Dean replies.
"Please go away," The coroner asks.
"Okay," Dean replies.
"Sure," Sam nods as the two turn to leave. Y/n and Y/f/n follow behind them chuckling quietly.
Sam is smiling as they walk down the hallway of the hospital.
"What?" Dean asks noticing the smile.
"Nothing. So, that kind of punches a hole in our zombie theory, huh, that scalpel thing?" Sam replies.
"Yeah, zombie with skills, 'Dr. Quinn, medicine zombie'," Dean responds with a laugh.
"Maybe we're on the wrong track, Dean, looking for hacked-up corpses," Sam replies.
"What should we be looking for?" Dean inquires.
"Survivors. This isn't zombie lunch. This is organ theft," Sam replies.
The four hunters make their way to another patient's room.
"I told the cops all of this yesterday. I don't want to talk about it anymore," The man says.
"It's just a couple of questions, sir," Sam replies.
"Hey, man. I just got my kidney stolen. I'm tired," The man snaps.
"We'll be out of here quick. Don't you want to get the guy?" Dean asks.
"Will it get me back my kidney?" The man replies.
"It will help stop him from doing this to anyone else," Y/n says.
"So, what's the last thing you remember?" Sam asks holding a notepad.
"Feeding my meter," The man responds with a sigh, "I got jumped from behind...and then I wake up strapped to a table. And then the worst pain you could possibly imagine, only worse. And then I black out again. Thank God. And then I wake up screaming in some no-tell motel in a bathtub full of ice."
"Do you remember anything about the surgery – you know, what the guy looked like, any details about the room?" Dean asks.

"Let me think about that. Yeah...one thing is coming back to me. You know what I remember? Getting my kidney cut out of my body!" The man yells.

"Thank you for your time, Sir, we'll be leaving now," Y/f/n says ushering the others out of the room.

"Wow you are just all about pissing people off today," Y/n says looking at Dean.

"It's a gift," Sam responds for him.

Dean drives the four back to the motel to begin research. Sam and Dean sit at the small table. Sam and Y/f/n are using the laptop and Dean is happily eating a burger, while Y/n lounges on the bed.

"So, I got a theory," Sam says.

"Yeah?" Dean asks taking a huge bite of his burger.

"Yeah, I talked to Mr. Giggle's doctor. Turns out his incisions were sewn up with silk," Sam explains.

"That's weird," Dean responds around the mouth full of food.

"Yeah, nowadays it is, but silk used to be the suture of choice back in the early 19th century. It was really problematic. Patients would get massive infections. The death rate was insane," Sam informs looking over the screen at him.

"Good times," Dean comments.

"Right, so doctors, they had to do whatever they could to keep infections from spreading. One way was maggots," Sam continues.

"Dude, I'm eating," Dean says holding up the burger.

"It actually kind of worked because maggots, they eat bad tissue, and they leave good tissue. And get this. When they found our guy, his body cavity was stuffed full of maggots," Sam continues ignoring Dean.

"Dude, I'm eating!" Dean repeats, "Alright, let me get this straight. So, people are getting ganked, right?"

"Yeah," Sam replies.

"A little 'antiques roadshow' surgery, some organ theft. But why is this all sounding familiar?" Dean inquires.

"Because you heard it before. When you were a kid... from Dad," Sam says closing the laptop and setting Johns open journal on top, Y/n sits up from the bed and makes her way over to the table looking at the book over Dean's shoulder, "Doc Benton...real-life doctor, lived in New Hampshire, brilliant and obsessed with alchemy, especially how to live forever. So, in 1816, Doc abandons his practice and..." Sam trails off.

"Right, yeah, nobody hears from him for like 20 years, and all of sudden, people start showing up dead," Dean continues.

"Dead or – or missing an organ or the hand or some other kind of part," Sam finishes.

"Cause whatever he was doing was actually working. He just kept on ticking. Parts would wear out, he'd replace them. But I thought Dad hunted him down and took his heart out," Dean replies.

"Yeah, I guess the Doc must have plugged in a new one," Sam replies.

"Creepy," Y/n mutters.

"All right, where's he doing the deed?" Dean asks setting the journal back down and picking up his burger.

"According to this, Benton's picky about where he sets up his lab. He likes dense forest with access to a river or stream or some kind of freshwater," Sam says pulling the journal back to him. Taking another huge bite of his burger Dean asks, "Why?"

"Because that's where he likes to dump the bile and intestines and fecal matter," Sam replies chuckling at the grossed out look on Dean's face. "Lost your appetite yet?"

Dean considers the question, looking at the burger and then at Sam, then back at the burger.

"Oh baby, I can't stay mad at you," Dean replies looking directly at the burger. Dean takes a huge bite, staring at Sam as he chews.
Sam heads out to the impala and returns with a map of the area. The boys spread it out over one of the beds as the four look it over. Pointing at the map where some areas are circled in red Sam says, "So these are all old hunting cabins. Most of them have been abandoned for years."

"So what the hell are we waiting for?" Dean asks as his phone begins to ring. Looking over he grabs it from the table and reads the caller I.D., Bobby.

"Hey. Think I finally got a bead on Bela," Bobby says.

"I'm listening," Dean replies.

"Rufus Turner," Bobby responds.

"Who's that? Like a Cleveland steamer?" Dean inquires.

"Seriously?" Y/n asks looking at Dean, "that's gross."

Dean looks back at her and shrugs his shoulders.

"He's a hunter, or he used to be," Bobby explains.

"And now?" Dean asks.


"And he thinks it's Bela?" Dean asks.

"British accent went by the name Mina Chandler," Bobby replies.

"She's used that before. Well, it's kinda of a sloppy move, isn't it? Getting in contact with one of your old friends," Dean replies.


"Thanks, Bobby. We're on our way," Dean responds.

"One other thing. Take a bottle of Johnnie Walker Blue," Bobby suggests.

"Okay," Dean responds hanging up the phone. He turns toward the others and grabbing his things, "Come on. We're going after Bela."


"Come on. Get your stuff. The clock's ticking," Dean replies.

"Look, I think we should stay here and finish the case," Sam says.

"You insane?" Dean asks.

"Dean, there's no way she still has the Colt! That was months ago! She probably sold it the second she got it," Sam replies.

"Well, then I'll kill her. Win-win," Dena shrugs.

"Dean..." Sam begins.

"Sam. We're going!" Dean snaps grabbing his duffle from the floor.

"No!" Sam replies.

"Why the hell not?" Dean inquires.

"Dean, this, this here. Now. This is what's gonna save you," Sam replies.

"What? Chasing some Frankenstein?" Dean inquires.

"Chasing immortality," Sam responds. Dean stares at him, startled, "Look, Benton can't die. We find out how he did it, we can do it to you."

"What are you talking about?" Dean asks.

"You have to die before you go to hell, right? So, if you can never die, then..." Sam says.

"Wait, wait, wait. Wait a second. Did you know that this was Doc Benton from the jump?" Dean inquires.

"No," Sam replies. Dean stares at Sam, tilting his head in a question, "Look, I was hoping."

"So the whole zombie thing, it was lying to me?" Dean asks.

"I didn't wanna say anything until I was sure, Dean. All I'm trying to do is find an answer here," Sam defends.


"I was just trying to help," Sam replies.

"You're not helping! You forget that if I welch on this deal, you die. Guess what, living forever is
welching," Dean responds.
"Fine! Then, whatever the magic pill is, I'll take it too!" Sam replies.
"Oh, what is this? Sid and Nancy? No. It's just like Bobby's been saying. We kill the demon who owns the contract and this whole damn thing wipes clean. That's our best shot," Dean retorts.
"Even if you had the Colt, Dean, who are you gonna shoot? We have no idea who holds the ticket," Sam responds.
"Well, I'll shoot the hellhounds then before they slash me up. Now, you coming or not?" Dean growls zipping up his duffle.
"I'm staying here," Sam replies quietly.
"No, you're not. 'Cause I'm not gonna let you wander out in the woods alone to track some organ stealing freak," Dean replies.
"You're not gonna let me?" Sam asks.
"No, I'm not gonna let you," Dean responds.
"How are you gonna stop me?" Sam asks. Dean again looks startled, "Look, man, we're trying to do the same thing here."
"I know. But I'm going. So if you wanna stay...stay," Dean replies.
Dean watches Sam, who continues to stare at the wall. Dean shrugs putting his bag on his shoulder and heads over to open the door. Sam doesn't move.
Hesitating Dean stops before turning back, "Sammy, be careful."
Sam finally turns to face Dean, "You too," Sam replies.
The boys stare at each other for a long moment, then Dean turns, "You comin'?" Dean asks looking directly at Y/n. She grabs her jacket and heads for the door Dean follows her out closing the door behind him. Sam lets out a huge sigh.
"We'll save him, babe," Y/f/n says looking at her boyfriend. Sam nods before sitting back at the table to go over the plan with Y/f/n.
Dean and Y/n make the almost 11-hour drive in a little under 9, Arriving in Canaan in the early morning hours. Dean and Y/n climb the tall stairs onto the porch where a handwritten sign says 'No solicitors, that means you! No asking for donations. No selling ANYTHING!'
"A ray of sunshine isn't he," Y/n comments looking at the sign.
Dean rings the buzzer, then bangs on the security door. He hears a noise and looks up to see a lets camera moving to train on him.
"What?" A voice calls through the intercom.
"Hi, uh, Rufus?" Dean questions looking at the intercom.
"Yeah, even if I am, the question is still the same. What?" The voice replies.
"Uh, I'm Dean Winchester this is Y/n Y/L/N. We're friends of Bobby Singer's," Dean responds.
"So?" Rufus replies.
"You called him this morning," Dean tries.
"So?" Rufus repeats.
"Uh..." Dean tries grinning at the security camera, "...you told Bobby about a British chick who made contact with you."
"And so?" Rufus responds.
"You know where she is?" Dean asks.
"Yeah," Rufus replies.
"Great. Could you tell me where I could find her?" Dean inquires.
"No," Rufus responds.
"Course not," Dean mutters to himself, "Look, Rufus, man..."
"Dean just let it go come one we'll find her some other way," Y/n says turning to walk back down the steps.
Opening the door quickly Rufus looks at the two, "Look, let me point something out to you. You are knocking at my door, so don't 'Look, man' me. I'm not your man." Rufus says.
"I'm sorry, sir," Dean says apologizing.
"All right, let me tell you a little story. See, once upon a time, Bobby called me, asked me to call
him if I got a whiff of this Bela Talbot. I got a whiff. I called. The end," Rufus responds.
"Okay, yeah, if you could just tell me where she is, I mean, that would be great," Dean says.
"Dean Winchester, right?" Rufus inquires.
"Yeah," Dean nods.
"Dean, do I look like I'm here to help you?" Rufus asks.
"I'm gonna say no?" Dean responds.
"Good answer let's go," Y/n tries again.
"Then get the hell off my property," Rufus replies.
"All right, yeah, fair enough. I got one more question for you, though. See, I got this, uh, this bottle
of scotch, and... uh, is this considered good?" Dean asks pulling the bottle from his duffle.
Rufus eyes the bottle, eyes Dean and Y/n, and starts smiling.
Dean, Y/n, and Rufus sit at the table with glasses in front of them. The bottle of scotch on the table
three quarters empty.
"Bottoms up," Dean says raising the glass. The three clink glasses and drink.
"You know, I don't even bother drinking unless it's this stuff. Nectar of the Gods, I'm telling you," Rufus says pouring more into the glasses.
"Yeah, it's a nice change, you know. Most of my whiskey comes from a plastic jug," Dean responds earning a laugh from Rufus.
"So, Bela was here because..." Y/n pushes noticing Rufus easing up on the hostility.
"She wanted to buy a couple of things, which is gonna take me some time to round up," Rufus replies.
"Where's your restroom?" Y/n asks standing from the table.
"Down the hall and first door on the left," Rufus replies
"Where is she now?" Dean asks.
Rufus watches Dean closely before speaking, "Can I ask you something?"
"Sure," Dean shrugs.
"You got three weeks left. Why are you wasting your time chasing after that skinny, stuck-up
English girl? Why not spend the time you got with the ones that care about you?" Rufus asks looking pointedly down the hall.
"How do you know about that?" Dean inquires suddenly on guard.
Leaning forward Rufus responds, "Because I know things. I know a lot of things about a lot of
people."
"Is that so?" Dean asks.
"I know ain't no peashooter gonna save you," Rufus replies.
"What makes you so sure?" Dean asks.
"Cause that's the job, kid. Even if you manage to scrape out of this one, there's just gonna be
something else down the road. Folks like us...there ain't no happy ending. We all got it coming," Rufus responds.
"Well, ain't you a bucket of sunshine?" Dean sasses.
"I'm what you've got to look forward to if you survive," Rufus responds with a smirk raising his
glass in salute, "But you won't."
"Did I miss anything?" Y/n asks coming back into the room.
Sam pulls over his rental car and turns off the engine. He checks his map again, gets out of the car
and starts walking into the forest with Y/f/n.
"So, Bela..." Dean tries as Y/n sits back at the table.
By now Rufus is very drunk and begins to tell Dean what he wants to know, "Hotel Canaan. Room
39. But watch your back."
"I think I can handle Bela," Dean replies.
"Oh, don't be so sure about that. There are things that you don't know about her," Rufus responds.
"Oh, and you do?" Dean scoffs, "Right. Because you know things."
"Yep," Rufus retorts superiorly.
"And let me guess...you lift her fingerprint?" Dean inquires.
"Yep," Rufus responds.  
"And that got you jack," Y/n continues.  
"Yep. She burnt them off. Probably years ago," Rufus replies.  
"Yeah, so you're right where we are," Dean says swallowing a large gulp of whiskey.  
"Nope," Rufus responds smugly, Dean and Y/n look at him in confusion, "You do her ear?"
"Sorry?" Dean inquires.  
"You do her ear?" Rufus asks.  
"Hey, man, I'll try anything once, but I don't know. That sounds uncomfortable," Dean responds earning a disgusted look from Y/n.  
"Ears are as unique to humans as fingerprints," Rufus replies.  
"No kidding," Dean responds.  
"Of course, that don't fly in the courts over here, but in England, they're all over it. A friend of a friend...of a friend faxed me 10 pages of confidential files within a day. All I had to send him was one clean shot off the security camera," Rufus explains.  
"Right. One clean shot of her ear," Dean says with a nod and taking another drink of whiskey.  
Rufus stands and walks over to the coffee table to pick up a manilla folder. He returns to the table and hands Dean the folder, "The so-called Bela Talbot," he says.  
Y/n grabs the folder from Dean and begins to read it. Dean looks up from the folder directly at Rufus who sips from his glass.  
Sam and Y/f/n make their way into one of the cabins believed to be Doctor Benton's, each with a flashlight. Sam finds a journal on a table and pockets it for later. Both make their way toward the cellar door and down the stairs to find a man's dead body lying on the operating table. Sam continues to look around before he hears a slight noise and through ragged curtains sees another body. He slowly moves closer to find a woman is strapped down on another operating table, her arm stretched out beside her missing skin and covered in maggots. Sam leans in to place his fingers on the pulse point of her neck. The woman gasps and her eyes spring open startling Sam.  
"Shh! Shh! Shh! It's okay. I'm here to help you. I'm here to help you. I'm gonna help you. I'm sorry. I'm sorry," Sam says soothingly, grabbing a cloth and wrapping it around her arm, shhing her the whole time, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."  
Upstairs a door opens and the woman starts crying, unable to help herself. Sam covers her mouth but Doc Benton hears and starts down the stairs with a lamp to investigate. Y/f/n and Sam help the woman out a small window and hurry away from the cabin toward the car with Sam carrying the woman.  
Gently placing her in the passenger seat, he talks quietly to her, "Okay, watch your head, watch your head. Sorry."  
Y/f/n clambers into the backseat as Sam runs around and gets into the driver's seat.  
"Sam!" Y/f/n shouts as Doc Benton comes out of nowhere smashing the car window. He grabs Sam's head and slams it against the wheel. Sam throws the car into reverse and speeds back, knocking Doc Benton to the ground. He changes gear and floors it, driving straight over Benton. As the car speeds away Benton rises and looks after them, his head at a crazy angle.  
Dean and Y/n quickly and quietly make their way into Bela's room and hide in wait for her. Bela arrives shortly after and as she turns to close the door behind her, Dean pushes her back against the door, laying his arm across her throat and pointing his gun at her face.  
"Where's the Colt?" he growls.  
"Dean," Bela responds calmly.  
"No extra words," Dean snaps.  
"It's long gone, across the world by now," Bela replies.  
"You're lying," Dean says pulling her purse from her hands to look through it.  
"I'll call the buyer. Speak Farsi?" Bela inquires. Dean grabs her around the waist, pulling her against him, "What the hell are you..." Bela struggles as Dean quickly frisks her and finds her gun. Holding it up to show her Dean retorts, "Don't flatter yourself."  
Dean uses the point of his gun to snap on the room's lights, then points it at her again, "Don't
move," He says as he begins helping Y/n search the room.
"I told you I don't have it," Bela says standing against the wall.
"Oh, yeah, I'm definitely gonna take your word for it," Dean snaps turning back to continue riffling through her draws. Bela slides along the wall toward the door. A bullet goes through the door, inches from her head. She freezes.
"He told you not to move," Y/n says lowering her gun back to her side as she continues to search.
"It's gone. Get on a plane if you must. Track down the buyer. You might catch up to him eventually," Bela tries again. Dean finishes searching and returns to Bela, taking a stance and pointing his gun at her head. "Are you going to kill me?" Bela inquires.
"Oh, yeah," Dean responds.
"If he doesn't I will," Y/n says moving around the room toward the two.
"You're not the cold-blooded type," Bela replies looking between the two angry hunters.
"You mean like you? That's true. See, I couldn't imagine killing my parents," Dean responds.
"I don't know what you're talking..." Bela replies taken aback.
"Yes, you do. You were, what, 14? Folks died in some shady car accident. Police suspected a slashed brake line, but it was all too crispy to tell. Cut to little Bela...Oh, I'm sorry, Abby...inheriting millions," Dean retorts.
"How did you even..." Bela begins.
" Doesn't matter," Y/n interrupts.
Bela looks hunted before she snaps out of it and replies, "They were lovely people. And I killed them. And I got rich. I can't be bothered to give a damn. Just like I don't care what happens to you."
Dean pushes her roughly against the door with his arm across her throat again. A strand of woven herbs is dislodged from the ledge above the door but goes unnoticed. Staring for a long tense moment Dean finally growls out, "You make me sick."
"Likewise," Bela replies.
Dean takes a step back and again points his gun at her head, smirking. She stares back, then closes her eyes. Dean is distracted and looks up, spying the herbs hanging over the ledge. He looks back at her, thinking. Bela opens her eyes as Dean drops the gun, "You're not worth it," He says shoving her to the side and walking out the door. "Come on, Y/n," He yells walking down the hallway.
"Why'd you just let her go?" Y/n asks following Dean down the hallway and toward the Impala.
"She had herbs hanging over her door," Dean replies walking around the car to the driver side, "She's trying to keep something out."
"Demons?" Y/n inquires climbing into the car.
"Maybe," Dean replies shutting the door behind him and starting the car.
Back at the Motel Sam's phone rings from the bedside table. "Dean," He questions answering the phone.
"Yeah," Dean replies.
"Did you get the Colt?" Sam questions as the door to the bathroom slowly opens. Looking up he watches as Y/f/n makes her way further into the room and sets her towel over the chair.
"Dean?" She inquires noticing Sam on the phone. Sam nods a quick yes before listening to Dean.
"What do you think?" Dean snaps.
"So, does that mean Bela is, uh..." Sam trails off.
"No, no, she deserves to die a dozen times over, but I couldn't do it," Dean replies.
"Dean..." Sam begins.
"What's going on?" Y/f/n asks sitting next to Sam on the bed.
"They found Bela, didn't get the Colt, and Dean couldn't kill her," Sam relays quickly.
"And Y/n let her live?" Y/f/n asks incredulously.
"I'm really screwed, Sammy," Dean sighs.
"No, you're just..." Sam begins.
"But you were right. Bela was a goose chase. The Colt's gone, and this time I'm really screwed, Sam," Dean interrupts sadly, looking over at Y/n sleeping peacefully in the passenger seat.
"I'm gonna go get some food babe," Y/f/n says slipping on her shoes and grabbing her wallet.
"Alright," Sam replies kissing her as she leans over him. "Maybe not. Look, Dean, I found Benton's cabin," Sam explains as Y/f/n closes the door behind her. "You okay? Was he there?" Dean questions. "Yeah," Sam replies. "Did you kill him?" Dean questions. "No," Sam replies moving from the bed to the table. "What do you mean, 'no'?" Dean questions irritably. "Dean, please just listen for a second. I found his lab book, and it has the formula," Sam explains. "What, the live-forever formula?" Dean questions. "Yeah," Sam replies. "Great, let me guess. I got to drink blood out of a baby's skull?" Dean inquires. "No, that's the thing. It's not black magic. There's no blood sacrifice or anything. It's just science, Dean. Very, very extremely weird science, but..." Sam informs. "Wait, wait, wait. What are...What are you saying? You think..." Dean questions. "Dean, I think it might be doable. I mean, I know we've hit a lot of walls, but I...I think this formula, I think it might be it. This could save you," Sam replies. "Okay, so, this formula..." Dean begins. "Well, I mean, look, look, we're not in the clear yet. There are still things that I don't get..." Sam says. An arm comes from behind Sam and covers his mouth with a rag causing him to drop the phone in surprise. "Sam?" Dean says into the phone when there is no response he calls louder, "Sammy!" Deans, yelling rouses Y/n from her sleep, "'s goin' on?" She asks rubbing the sleep from her eyes. "I was on the phone with Sammy about Doc Benton when the line went dead. See if you can get Y/f/n on the phone," Dean responds pressing down on the gas. Y/n quickly pulls out her phone and dials her friend. Dean takes a corner sharply sending the car sliding as Y/n grabs the handle to keep from sliding across the seat, "Shit," She curses phone still to her ear, "Y/f/n? Fuck. Where are you?" She asks quickly, "Get back to the motel now Dean and I are almost there something's wrong," Y/n says hanging up the phone as Dean pulls the Impala into the parking lot of the Motel with a screech of tires. Sam comes to strapped to an operating table, eyes are taped open. "You can relax. It's all gonna be okay. Ain't nothing gonna happen here that you got to worry about, Sammy. Your chances of coming out of this procedure alive? Very, very high," Doc Benton tries to say reassuringly. "How do you know my name?" Sam inquires. "Oh...I know," Doc Benton responds heating up a melon baller to sterilize it, "You think I'm some kind of monster, don't you? Well, I got to tell you, I have never done one thing that I did not have to do," he continues turning to face Sam strapped to the table, "This whole eternal life thing is very high-maintenance. If something goes bad, like my eyes here...you got to replace them." Doc Benton runs a hand over Sam's forehead, "And sometimes things get damaged, like when your father cut out my heart. Now, that...That was very inconvenient," Benton turns away and picks up John's Journal bringing it closer to Sam, "So, I'm sure that you can understand all the joy I felt when I read all about myself here in his journal. Kind of makes this whole thing just feel like some kind of family reunion, don't it? Well, I guess it's about time that we get this thing started." Doc Benton brings his scoop very close to Sam's eye when three shots ring out, shooting Doc Benton from behind. He turns and sees Dean standing there. "You ok, Sammy?" Y/n whispers quickly unstrapping Sam from the table with help from Y/f/n. "A knife?" Doc Benton laughs, "What part of immortality do you not understand?" He asks
standing from the floor, "Pity about the heart, though. It was a brand-new one."
"Good," Dean replies, "It should be pumping nice and strong..." He continues holding up a bottle of chloroform, "Sending this stuff throughout your whole body. See, I picked up your little bottle upstairs and dipped the knife in it."
Doc Benton collapses to the floor, unconscious.
Dean stands from the floor and makes his way to Sam and the others, "You okay Sammy?" Dean asks clapping his brother on the back.
"Yeah," Sam nods.
Dean and Y/n make their way over to Doc Benton's body and pull him up strapping him to the table. Dean and the others stand over him as he wakes.
"Oh, hiya, Doc. Wakey, wakey, eggs and bac-y," Dean quips noticing the man's eyes flutter.
"Please," Benton says looking at Dean.
"Please what? You've been killing poor bastards for over 150 years and now you got a request? Shut up," Dean snaps.
"No, you don't understand. I can help you. I know what you need," Benton replies.
"We might have to cut him up into little bits. You know this immortality thing is a bitch," Dean says to the others ignoring Benton.
"I can read the formula for you. You know... immortality... Forever young, never die," Benton tries.
"Dean," Sam says.
"Sam," Dean responds looking up at his brother. Sam walks out of the room, indicating Dean and the others should follow. "What?" Dean asks once out of earshot.
"I mean, we're talking hell in three weeks. Or needing a new pancreas in like half a century," Sam says.
"Yeah, well, you can't exactly get those at a Kwik-E-Mart," Dean responds.
"It's not perfect, but it buys us more time to think of something better. We just need time, Dean. I mean, please, just...just think about it," Sam pleads.
Dean looks away from Sam a moment, looking to Y/n while he thinks, "No," he responds turning to look back at Sam.
"Dean, don't you want to live?" Y/l/n asks.
"What he is, isn't living. Look, this is simple," Dean retorts.
"Simple?" Sam asks.
"To me, it is, okay. Black or white; human, not human," Dean responds walking back to stand in front of Benton, "See, what the Doc is, is a freakin' monster. I can't do it. I would rather go to hell."
Benton looks to Dean and calls out, "You don't understand. I can help you!"
Dean covers a rag with more chloroform and places it over Doc Benton's mouth.
"Now, I'm gonna take care of him. You can either help me or not. It's up to you," Dean says looking up at Sam.
"Find something to put him in," Y/n says to Y/l/n as she starts to look around for something large enough for Benton's body. "The boys can dig a hole for him." Sam stays still for a while lost in thought before starting to search as well.
"Will that work?" Y/l/n asks pointing at a large object hidden in the corner of one of the rooms.
"That'll do," Y/n says standing next to her friend as they high five. The two girls get Doc into the box while the boys dig the hole.
Doc Benton wakes and lights a match to find he is in a box unbar to get the lid open. The four hunters look down on the box from outside the hole. The refrigerator is chained closed with Benton's book lying on top.
"No! No! Don't! Stop it! I can help you! No!" Benton shouts trying to get the door open.
"Enjoy forever in there, Doc," Dean says. The boys begin shoveling dirt back into the hole.
"Let me out! I can save you! No. Don't," Benton's shouts are slowly muffled as the dirt begins to cover his tomb.
Bela slowly walks down the hallway of a motel and picks the lock on a door. She removes a gun
from her jacket and quietly enters. She raises the gun and puts two bullets into the bodies lying under the covers on each bed, then moves closer, turning on a bedside lamp. A clock beside the lamp shows it is 11:56 pm.

Bela pulls back the covers to find a blow-up doll slowly deflating. She checks the other bed, another blow-up doll. The phone rings and she quickly picks it up.

"Hiya, Bela. Here's a fun fact you may not know. I felt your hand in my pocket when you swiped that motel receipt," Dean says into the phone from the front seat of the Impala.

"You don't understand," Bela responds.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure I understand perfectly. See, I noticed something interesting in your hotel room. Something tucked above the door. A herb. Devil's shoestring? There's only one use for that. Holding hellhounds at bay. So you know what I did, I went back and I took another look at your folks' obit. Turns out they died ten years ago today. You didn't kill them. A demon did your dirty work. You made a deal, didn't you, Bela. And it's come due," Dean responds, "Is that why you stole the Colt, huh? Try to wiggle out of your deal, our gun for your soul?"

"Yes," Bela responds tearfully.

"But stealing the Colt wasn't quite enough, I'm guessing," Dean continues.

"They changed the deal. They wanted me to kill Sam," Bela replies.

"Really! Wow, demons untrustworthy. Shocker. That's, uh, kind of a tight deadline too – what time is it?" Dean inquires looking at his watch, "Well, look at that, almost midnight."

"Dean, listen, I need help," Bela sobs.

"Sweetheart, we are weeks past help," Dean replies.

"I know I don't deserve it," Bela cries.

"You know what, you're right, you don't. But you know what the bitch of the bunch is? If you would have just come to us sooner and asked for help we probably could have taken the Colt and saved you," Dean responds.

"I know and saved yourself. I know about your deal, Dean," Bela continues.

"And who told you that?" Dean inquires.

"The Demon that holds it. She holds mine too. She said she holds every deal," Bela explains.

"She?" Dean asks.

"Her name's Lilith," Bela says.

"Lilith? Why should I believe you?" Dean questions looking at Sam.

"You shouldn't but it's the truth," Bela replies.

"This can't help you, Bela, not now. Why are you telling me this?" Dean asks.

"Because just maybe you can kill the bitch," Bela responds.

"I'll see you in hell," Dean replies hanging up the phone.

Bela sits on the bed listening to the dial tone. She hangs up and takes a deep breath just as the clock clicks over to midnight. A deep howling starts in the distance, then closer vicious growls begin.
Dean sits up quickly pulling his head off the book he had fallen asleep on. Breathing heavily from the terror of his dream he blinks a few times and then looks down at the book he had fallen asleep on. It's open to a page about hellhounds, with a picture of them, and they're not the prettiest things ever seen with faces made of human bodies.

“Dig up anything good?” Sam inquires walking into the room.

Dean closes the book and shakes his head a bit, not looking up at him, “No,” Dean replies voice strangled. He pauses to clear his throat before continuing, “Nothing good.”

“Well, Bobby has. Finally,” Sam replies.

“Yeah?” Dean questions.

“Yeah. A way to find Lilith,” Sam explains.

“Oh. With just uh,” Dean pauses looking at his watch, “thirty hours to go,” Dean pauses again then looks up at Sam smiling, “Hey, why don't we just make a TJ-run, yeah? Grab the girls. You know... some senoritas, cervezas, uh, we could... What's Spanish for ‘donkey show’?”

“Show de Burro,” Y/n says walking into the room holding a book and sitting at the table.

“So, if we do save you... Let's never do that,” Sam snickers.

“I second that,” Y/f/n says leaning against the wall.

“Yeah...” Dean trails off looking down on the books as Sam sits next to him.

“Hey, Dean,” Sam begins then sighs, “Look, we're cutting it close, I know. But we're gonna get this done. I don't care what it takes, Dean. You're not gonna go to hell. I'm not gonna let you.” Dean looks over at him doubtfully, “I swear. Everything's gonna be okay.” Dean’s facial expression changes as he looks at Sam. He suddenly looks very scared as if he’s seen something.

“Yeah, okay,” Dean replies.

Y/n and Y/f/n lay out a map of the United States as Bobby brings over a tracking device. The device has three wooden legs coming out from a crystal ball at the top. The ball has a flat, metal piece going around it with symbols on it. Further down the legs, there's another metal piece, only bigger. From the ball hangs pendulum device that is sharp on the end so that it can pinpoint a specific place. Bobby places the device over the map.

“So you need a name, that's the whole kit and caboodle. With the right name, right ritual, ain't nothing you can't suss out,” Bobby explains.

“Like the town, Lilith's in?” Sam questions.

“Kid, when I get done, we'll know the street,” Bobby replies.

He begins the ritual, starts the swing of the pendulum and then chants in Latin. As Dean and the others watch, the pendulum begins to search over the map until it suddenly stops.

“New Harmony, Indiana,” Bobby says. Dean looks up at him from the map. “And we have a
winner,” Bobby finishes.

“Alright,” Sam nods pushing the pendulum away and looking at Bobby, “Let's go.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on. Let's all shut up there, Tex,” Dean says holding out a hand and stopping Sam.

“What's the problem?” Sam inquires.

“What's the problem? Come on, where do I begin? I mean, first of all, we don't even know if Lilith holds my deal. We're going off of Bela's intel? Now when that bitch breathes, the air comes out crooked. Okay. Second, even if we could get to Lilith, we have no way to gank her. And third, isn't this the Same Lilith that wants your giant head on a pike? Should I continue?” Dean sasses.

“Ain't you just bringing down the room,” Bobby responds.

“Yeah, well, it's a gift,” Dean shrugs.

“I'm sorry, so then what are we supposed to do, Dean?” Sam questions.

“Just 'cause I gotta die doesn't mean you have to, okay. Either we go in smart or we don't go in at all,” Dean responds.

“Okay, fine. If that's the case I have the answer,” Sam replies.

“You do?” Dean and Y/n ask in unison.

“Yeah. A sure-fire way to confirm it's Lilith and a way to get us a bona fide demon-killing ginsu,” Sam responds.

“Damn it, Sam, no,” Dean retorts.

“If he suggests Ruby one more time I’m gonna hurt him,” Y/n mutters.

Dean turns his back to Sam and walks a few steps.

“We're so past arguing. Dean, I am summoning Ruby,” Sam states.

Dean turns around, facing him. “The hell you are! We have enough problems as it is,” Dean responds loudly.

“Exactly,” Sam replies walking up to Dean, “And we've got no time and no choice either.”

“Come on man, she is the Miss Universe of lying skanks, okay. She told you that she could save me, huh – lie. She seems to know everything about Lilith but forgot to mention, oh right – Lilith owns my soul!” Dean retorts.

“Okay, fine. She's a liar. She's still got that knife,” Sam replies.

“Dean,” Bobby begins.

“For all we know, she works for Lilith,” Dean interrupts.

“Then give me another option, Dean. I mean, tell me what else,” Sam pleads.

“Sam's right,” Bobby puts in.
“NO! DAMN IT!” Dean shouts. Bobby looks at him, surprised. They all look at each other for a few seconds. Calmer Dean continues, “Just no. We are not gonna make the same mistakes all over again,” The four other hunters look at him, shocked, “You guys wanna save me, find something else.”

Sam and Bobby look at him as he walks back to the table he was sitting at before and sits down with a contemplative look. As Sam looks at him, sighing, Bobby grabs his jacket.

“Where are you going, Bobby?” Sam asks.

“I guess to...” Bobby begins throwing out his arms, “find something else.”

Sam sighs, looking into space.

Y/n and Y/f/n go back to looking through books for some way to help Dean. Sam makes his way to the basement of the house. Sam drops to his knees and draws a triangle on the floor with symbols in every point and puts candles outside every point. In the middle is a circle with a bowl of a green, dry substance in it. It is obvious that he is ignoring Dean's decision to not summon Ruby.

“Ad construendum ad ligandum eos pariter Et solvendum,” Sam begins chanting in Latin. Behind Sam, there is a noise. He turns around but there's no one there. He turns back, looking up at the roof, sighing. “Et ad congregantum eos coram me,” he continues. He takes up a box of matches and strikes one. He watches the flame for a second and then throws the match into the bowl. The content ignites and fire flares up and then it calms down and burns out. Sam climbs from the floor and slowly turns to look behind him as the floor creaks. There's still nothing there.

“You know, phones work too,” Ruby says. Sam turns back and sees her leaning against the doorway smiling at him. “Hey, Sam. How's tricks?” She inquires

Sam doesn't look happy to see her, instead, he looks angry. “How do you get around so fast?” He asks.

“I got the Super Bowl jet pack,” She quips beginning to walk toward him, “So. You called?”

“Did you know?” Sam inquires glaring at her.

“Um – gonna need a tiny bit more,” Ruby replies.

“About Dean's deal. That Lilith holds the contract,” Sam explains.

“Yes, I did,” Ruby retorts.

“And... what? You didn't think that was important?” Sam inquires.

“You weren't ready,” Ruby responds with a shrug.

“For what?” Sam asks.

“If I told you, you two yahoos would have just charged after her half-cocked, Y/n and Y/f/n would have tried to stop you, before following anyway, and Lilith would have peeled the meat from your pretty, pretty faces,” Ruby replies.

“Well, we're ready now,” Sam responds pausing a second, “I want your knife.”

She looks at him for a moment and then begins walking around him, slowly.
“You're right about one thing. You are ready. And now's the time, too. Lilith's guard's down,” Ruby responds.

“Is that so?” Sam asks.


“The hell's that mean?” Sam questions.

“Trust me, you don't wanna know. You didn't lose those hex bags I gave you?” Ruby asks.

“We've got 'em,” Sam responds.

“Good. Then she won't sense that you're coming,” Ruby says continuing her walk around Sam. Sam turns around and looks at her as she's gotten behind his back while walking around him.

“So you'll give us the knife?” Sam asks hopefully.

“No,” Ruby replies.

“But you just said—” Sam begins.

“You wanna charge in with one little pigsticker? It's a waste of a true-blue window. Like getting Hitler with that exploding briefcase. Forget it,” Ruby retorts.

Getting angry Sam growls, “Okay, then how?”

“I know how to save your brother, Sam,” Ruby replies.

“No, you don't! You told Dean you couldn't! You've been lying to me all along, so just give me your damn knife!” Sam shouts.

“You're not the one I've been lying to,” Ruby replies.

“Oh, so you can save him?” Sam questions.

“No. But you can,” Ruby replies.

“What?” Sam questions.

“Sam, you've got some God-given talent. Well, not ‘God'-given but you get the gist,” Ruby replies.

“All that psychic crap? That's gone ever since Yellow-Eyes died,” Sam retorts.

Shaking her head Ruby replies, “Not gone, dormant. And not just visions either. Why do you think Lilith is so scared of you?”

“Right... she's scared of me,” Sam scoffs.

“If you wanted, you could wipe her off the map without moving a muscle,” Ruby explains.

“I don't believe you,” Sam replies.

“It's the truth,” Ruby retorts.
“And you decided to tell me this just now?” Sam asks.

“Um... demon. Manipulative's kinda in the job description. Fact is, is that you would have never considered it. Not until you were –” Ruby begins.

“Desperate enough?” Sam asks.

They exchange a look, and she shrugs as he looks away.

“You don't like being different. You hate the way Dean looks at you sometimes. Like you're some kind of sideshow freak. But suck it up because we've got a lot of ground to cover, and we've gotta do it fast. But we can do it.” Ruby replies. Sam clenches his jaws, looking at the floor. After a beat, he looks up at her. “Look. Call me a bitch, hate me all you want, but I have never lied to you, Sam. Not ever. And I'm telling you. You... can save your brother, and I can show you how” Ruby finishes.

“So that's you, huh? Our slutty little Yoda,” Dean asks stepping up behind her, not looking very happy.

“Dean,” Ruby says turning toward him, all her softness in her voice that she directed at Sam is gone replaced with sarcasm, “Charming as ever.”

Dean begins walking towards her and Sam. “Aw, I knew you'd show up. Because I knew Sam wouldn't listen,” Dean says. Sam looks at him but looks away quickly. “But you're not gonna teach him anything, you understand me? Over my dead body.”

“Oh. Well, you're right about that,” Ruby replies.

“What you are gonna do is give me that knife. And then you can just go crawl back into whatever slop you came from and never bother me or my brother again. Are we clear?” Dean questions.

“Your brother is carrying a bomb inside of him and we'd be stupid not to use it,” Ruby replies.

“Dean, look, just hold on for one –” Sam begins.

Angrily Dean interrupts, “Sam! Don't. Come on man, what, are you blind? Can't you see that this is a trick?”

“That's not true,” Ruby replies.

“She wants you to give into this whole demonic psychic whatever, okay. I mean hell, she probably wants you to become her little anti-christ Super Star,” Dean continues.

“I want Lilith dead. That's all,” Ruby replies.

“Why?” Y/n asks walking into the room.

Ruby turns to look at her as she and Y/l/n make their way further into the room, “I've told you why!” Ruby snaps.

“Oh, right, yeah. Because you were human once and you liked kittens and long walks on the beach,” Dean mocks.

“You know, I am so sick of proving myself to you. You wanna save yourself, this is how. You dumb, spineless dick,” Ruby responds.
Dean looks at her, and then turns around as if to leave but instead comes back swinging his right hook and punching her in the face, looking pissed. Sam backs away a bit, surprised by the hit. Ruby takes a few steps back with the hit, looks up at him as she wipes the blood from her lip and after a beat hits him once with her right fist and then her left.

“Ruby, hey!” Sam shouts trying to get her to stop.

She spins around and hits Sam in the stomach causing him to double over. She then knees him in the face, sending him into a beam and sliding to the floor. As she turns around to Dean he hits her in the face once with his left and as he's about to hit with his right she ducks out of the way and going with his momentum knees him in the stomach. Y/n starts forward and lands a few punches to Ruby causing her to stumble back before getting the upper hand and landing a punch to Y/n’s mouth. Dean is back up and in the fight but losing as Ruby kicks him in the face causing him to fall to the floor. He tries to get up but she walks over and kicks him hard in the stomach sending him rolling over the floor. He starts to get up and she comes over and takes hold of him, helping him up, face to face, only to head-butt him so he falls backward to the floor again. As she stands looking at him, he grins mouthful of blood and slowly rises to his feet.

“The hell are you grinning at?” Ruby asks.

“Missing something?” Dean asks pulling the knife up in front of his face.

Angrily Ruby snaps, “I'll kill you, you son of a bitch,” as she rushes towards him but midway there she is stopped by an invisible wall. She tries to walk past it once as Dean just looks at her. She looks at him and then looks up at the roof. Showing the roof where there is a painted Devil's Trap. Ruby looks back at Dean again, pissed. He smiles a little, looking at the trap and then he looks at her, still holding up the knife.

“Like I said....” Dean begins putting the knife down, “I knew you'd come.” He walks away from her, towards the staircase. She follows him with her eyes.

“Wait! You're just gonna leave me here?” Ruby yells.

Dean stops, waiting for Sam and the others and ignoring Ruby.

“Let's go, Sam,” Dean calls. Sam comes over as Dean takes a deep breath, blinking hard and then he starts up the steps followed by Sam.

“Oh, oh you – so you're just too stupid to live, is that it? Then fine! You deserve hell! I wish I could be there, Dean. I wish I could smell the flesh sizzle off your bones! I WISH I COULD BE THERE TO HEAR YOU SCREAM!!” Ruby shouts. Y/n draws back her fist and sends it flying at Ruby again knocking her to the floor.

“And I wish you'd shut your pie hole, but we don't always get what we want,” Dean responds.

Dean and the others spread their weapons out on the table Among them is the gun Dean’s been using over the years. Dean picks up a clip and loads it into one of the guns. The other three are there as well loading weapons in silence.

“We're just gonna let Ruby rot down there?” Sam inquires with a sigh.

“That's the idea,” Dean replies.

“Dean, what if, uh... What if Ruby's right? What if I can take out Lilith?” Sam asks. Dean looks up at him with an angry, doubting look. “Quit looking at me like that,” Sam says.
“What, are you gonna give her the Carrie-stare and Lilith goes ‘poof’?” Dean asks.

“I don't know what Ruby meant. You know, maybe we should just go ask her,” Sam suggests.

“Sam, you wanted the knife – I got you the knife,” Dean retorts walking over to another table.

“Dean, just listen to me for a second. Last time Lilith snapped her fingers and put thirty demons on our ass, and all we got's one little knife? I mean, like you said, we go in smart or we don't go in at all,” Sam replies.

“Well, this ain't smart,” Dean responds.

“C’mon Y/f/n,” Y/n whispers setting her gun down, “Let’s give ‘em a minute.”

“We got one shot at this, Dean. Just one. So if there's a sure-fire way then maybe we should just talk about it,” Sam tries.

Dean walks up closer to him as he speaks, “Sam. We are not gonna make the Same mistake all over again.”

“You said that but what does it even mean?” Sam asks.

“Don't you see a pattern here? Dad's deal, my deal, now this? I mean every time one of us is – is – is up the creek the other is begging to sell their soul. That's all this is, man. Ruby's just jerking your chain down the road. You know what it's paved with and you know where it's going,” Dean replies.

He turns around, sits down against a table and picks up the weapons again. Sam shakes his head a bit and walks around to the other side of the table.

“Dean,” Sam sighs sitting down next to Dean, looking at him as he continues to assemble the weapon.

“What do you think is gonna happen? This is me, I can handle it,” Sam replies. Dean stops what he's doing, looking at the floor and shakes his head. “And if it'll save you...”

“Why even risk it?” Dean asks quietly looking up at Sam.

Sam looks away for a beat and then back at him with the obvious answer. “Because you're my brother. Because you did the Same thing for me,” Sam replies.

“I know... and look how that turned out,” Dean scoffs. Dean looks at Sam and Sam looks away, “All I'm saying..” Dean begins getting choked up, “Sammy, all I'm saying is that you're my weak spot.” Sam looks over at him at this. “You are. And I'm yours.”

“You don't mean that. We're... we're family,” Sam replies choking up.

“I know. And those evil sons of bitches know it too. I mean, what we'll do for each other, you know, how far we'll go? They're using it against us,” Dean replies, “They’ll try to use Y/f/n and Y/n against us.”

“So what? We just stop looking out for each other? Leave them?” Sam asks.

“No, we stop being martyrs, man. We – we – we stop spreading it for these demons,” Dean replies. Picking up Ruby's knife he holds it up. “We take this knife, and we go after Lilith our way. Just you and I. The way Dad taught us to. And if we go down, then, uh... then we go down
swinging.” Sam just looks at him. “What do you think?”

Sam looks down on the floor, thinking, then he looks up at Dean.

“I think you totally should have been jamming ‘Eye of the Tiger’ right there. So what you just want to leave the girls here?” Sam replies.

“Oh, bite me. I totally rehearsed that speech, too. And yes safe here,” Dean retorts standing from the floor.

Sam smiles, “So, Indiana, huh?” He asks.

“Yeah, where Lilith's on shore-leave,” Dean replies.

“Yeah, I guess,” Sam responds.

“Tell me something,” Dean says causing Sam to look up at him, “The hell's a demon do for fun?”

“Finish with the weapons and we’ll head out,” Dean says standing and going back to loading weapons.

“I don’t know man, Y/n, and Y/f/n are gonna be pissed we left without them,” Sam says shifting uneasily in the seat of the Impala.

“Better pissed off than dead,” Dean replies turning over the keys in the ignition. When the car refuses to start both he and Sam look a bit worried. Suddenly Bobby shows up outside Dean's door, scaring the boys with his sudden appearance. Sam looks out the windshield to see Y/f/n and Y/n standing there, arms crossed.

“Where do you think you're going?” Bobby inquires.

Dean looks at him and then to the distributor cap he holds in his hand. After a moment, he and Sam get out of the car and walk up to Bobby who's not looking happy.

“We got the knife,” Dean states.

“And you intend to use it without us,” Bobby asks gesturing to the girls and himself. Sam comes from around the car and stands in the middle next to Dean and Bobby, watching them.

“Do I look like a ditchable prom date to you?” Bobby inquires.

“No, Bobby. Of course not,” Sam replies.

“This is about me... and Sam. Ok? This isn't your fight, any of yours,” Dean responds. Bobby walks up to Dean, furious by those words.

“The hell it isn't!” Bobby shouts. Dean looks at him, taken aback. “Family don't end with blood, boy. Besides, you need us.”

“Bobby,” Dean begins.

“You're playing wounded. Tell me, how many hallucinations have you had so far?” Bobby inquires.

Sam looks at him, a bit confused by this. He looks over at Dean who turns to look at him, tilts his head one time and then turns back to Bobby.
“How’d you know?” Dean asks.

“Because that’s what happens when you’ve got hellhounds on your butt. And because I’m smart,” Bobby replies. Dean looks down on the ground, as Sam watches him. Bobby hands Dean the distributor cap. “I’ll follow.”

Bobby walks away from the boys, over to his own car. After a moment, Dean walks over to the hood of his car, ready to put back the part.

“Don’t be stopping to pee every ten minutes either,” Bobby hollers from the window.

Dean stops in his tracks, shakes his head a bit with raised brow. Y/f/n and Y/n step closer to the car and Y/n climbs in the back silently. Sam reaches out to grab Y/f/n’s hand but she shrugs him off and climbs in the car slamming the door behind her. He turns around looking back at Sam who looks at him and sighs.

Dean puts the distributor cap back on the Impala and climbs in. For several hours, the ride to Indiana is silent, until Sam finally breaks it, “Babe are you going to be mad at me the whole way?” He asks.

Y/f/n looks at him a long time before sighing, “You tried to leave us.”

“It was to keep you safe,” Sam defends.

“We in this all together or none of us,” Y/f/n responds.

“I’m sorry, Okay,” Sam replies despondent, “I’m sorry I love you and want to keep you safe.”

“I love you too, Babe,” Y/f/n chokes out throwing her arms around his neck and hugging him from behind.

“Y/n, I-,” Dean begins.

“Not now Dean,” Y/n sighs turning to look out the window.

“Hey, Dean?” Sam asks.

“Yeah?” Dean inquires.

“You know if this doesn't uh... this doesn't go the way we want, I want you to know –” Sam starts.

“No. No, no, no, no,” Dean says shaking his head.

“No what?” Sam asks.

“Hey, Dean?” Sam asks.

“Yeah?” Dean inquires.

“You know if this doesn't uh... this doesn't go the way we want, I want you to know –” Sam starts.

“No. No, no, no, no,” Dean says shaking his head.

“No what?” Sam asks.

Dean looks over at Sam before replying. “No, you're not gonna bust out the misty goodbye speech, okay? And if this is my last day on earth, I do not want it to be socially awkward.” Sam looks down and out the window and Dean turns back to the road. “You know what I do want?” He asks reaching down to turn on the radio and Bon Jovi’s ‘Wanted Dead or Alive’ begins to play.

Sam looks a bit ‘eh?’ as he asks, “Bon Jovi?”

“Bon Jovi rocks, on occasion,” Dean defends looking over at Sam. When Sam looks away Dean turns back to the road and begins to sing along with Bon Jovi. “And I walk these streets

A loaded six-string on my back I play for keeps,” he sings turning to Sam and nudging him, “Come
on,” He says before going back to singing, “Cause I might not make it back
I've been everywhere.”

“Oh yeah,” Sam sings.

“And I'm standing tall,” Dean continues.

Sam laughs and sings along with him, “I've seen a million faces
And I rocked 'em all.”

Two new voices join in, “Cause I'm a cowboy On a steel horse I ride I'm wanted,” Dean looks
over at Sam who's really getting into it. Then in the rearview at Y/n who catches his eye and gives
him a small smile.

“WANTED!” Sam sings.

Dean looks back to the road and Sam smiles as he sings with him, “Dead or alive.”

“Dead or ALIVE,” Sam continues.

Dean begins to lose the will to sing and his smile is beginning to fade. Sam just continues to sing,
laugh and smile, not noticing how Dean is suddenly taking in the lyrics, realizing how much they
actually fit him and what is about to come.

“Dead or alive Dead or alive Dead or alive,” Sam sings.

All traces of Dean's smile are completely gone now.

When the song’s over Dean turns the radio back down. Over the rumble of the Impala’s engine,
police siren’s behind them are heard. Dean looks up in his rearview mirror as Sam looks over at
him. The flashing lights from the police car are reflecting inside the car and over their faces.

“We getting pulled over?” Sam inquires.

Dean looks in his side view mirror as he replies, “I've got a busted tail-light. It's not like we're in a
hurry or nothing.”

Dean pulls the Impala to the side of the road and the police car stops behind it. Dean rolls down his
window as Sam hands over the license and registration from the glove box. The police officer
walks up to his window, flashlight in hand.

“Problem officer?” Dean inquires.

“License and registration, please,” The officer replies.

Dean, not looking at him, hands out the needed papers. The Officer takes and looks at it as he's
talking to Dean, “Do you realize you have a tail-light out, Mr. Hagar?” he asks.

Dean looks up him and after a beat, his face falls as he's looking at him. The Officer tilts his head
and shines the light on him.

“Yes… yes, sir. Uh… you know I've been meaning to… take care of that,” Dean replies stumbling
over his words. Dean slowly turns his head back towards the road in front of him, his eyes dodging
back at the officer during that. “As a matter of fact...” He begins suddenly opening his door fast,
hitting the officer in the stomach with it. Dean rushes out of the car at him.

“Dean!” Sam shouts opening his door, surprised by Dean's actions.

“Dean, what the hell?” Y/n inquires throwing open the door and tumbling out in her haste as Dean punches the officer three times in the face as Sam and Y/n try to stop him. He quickly reaches down and takes out the knife from his belt and thrusts it into the jaw of the officer. Bobby pulls up behind the police car, as the officer begins to flash with light. Dean pulls out the knife and lets go of the officer, who falls dead to the ground. Dean stands over him, arm behind him, panting after the fight. Sam and Y/n both, shocked, move up behind him. Bobby quickly runs over to them and looks down at the dead demon officer. He looks back up at Dean and Sam, surprised and shocked.

“What the hell happened?” Bobby asks.

“We got pulled over… Dean got stabby,” Y/n quips.

“Dean just killed a demon,” Sam replies with a roll of his eyes, “How'd you know?” he asks Dean. Dean still breathing heavily looks around on the ground and then turns to Sam who's still looking shocked. Dean looks worried.

“I just knew,” He replies turning back and looking down at the officer, “I could see its face. Its real face under that one.”

Bobby who was looking down on the officer looks up at him by these words. Dean looks up at him and meets his gaze for a second.

“Alright well let’s get this thing hidden,” Y/n says gesturing to the police car that’s lights are still flashing. Climbing into the car she begins flipping switches to find the one that turns off the lights, “Ah ha,” she exclaims finally shutting them off. Starting the car she closes the door behind her and heads toward the woods. Once she’s driven it a ways in she wipes down everything she touched and climbs out. The boys drag branches over the police car, to hide it from plain sight and so that nobody can find it.

“So what, now you're seeing demons?” Sam asks.

“I've seen all kinds of things lately but... nothing like this,” Dean replies.

“Actually it's not all that crazy,” Bobby informs.

“How is it not that crazy?” Dean inquires.

“Well, you've got, just over five hours to go? You're piercing the veil, Dean. You're glimpsing the B-side,” Bobby explains.

“A little less new age-y please,” Dean replies.

“You're almost hell's bitch. So, you can see hell's other bitches,” Bobby retorts.

Dean looks first surprised and then his mock-face comes on.

“Thank you,” Dean replies.

“Well, actually it could come in pretty handy,” Sam puts in.

“Oh, well, I'm glad my doomed soul is good for something,” Dean responds.
“Damn right it is. Lilith's probably got demons stashed all over town. We can't let them sound the alarm. She knows we're here, we're dead before we're started,” Bobby comments.

“Well, this is a terrific plan. I'm excited to be a part of it. Can we go, please?” Dean grumbles walking away and the others follow. The car is as hidden as they could manage, with branches all over it.

The two cars continue their journey to New Harmony, Indiana, where they pull up to a house with a For Sale sign in the yard. The house is completely dark.

From the second floor, the group is gathered around a window looking through binoculars to the house across the street where Lilith is smiling while Mrs. Fremont is serving her a plate of cake and Mr. Fremont is getting out of his chair, probably to get ice cream. An old man is sitting dead at the end of the table with his head on his plate.

“It's the little girl. Her face is awful,” Dean says.

Sam, Bobby, Dean and the girls are standing by a window, looking over at the family. Sam is the one with the binoculars currently looking across the street.

“Alright then, let's go. We're wasting time,” Sam says lowering the binoculars and brushing past the others moving for the door. Dean grabs hold of him, stopping him from leaving.

“Wait!” Dean says.

“For what? For it to kill the rest of them?” Sam asks.

“Yeah, and us too if we're not careful. Look. See the real go-getter mailman on the clock at nine PM?” Dean responds. Sam holds up the binoculars and looks out to see the mailman sorting mail at the back of his car. “And Mr. Rogers over there,” He continues pointing at another man sitting in front of his window reading a book.

“Demons?” Bobby inquires.

“Yes,” Dean responds.

“Ok, fine. We – we – we – we, we ninja past those guys, sneak in,” Sam replies.

“Then what? Give a ‘Columbian necktie’ to a ten-year-old girl, come on!” Dean exclaims.

“Look, Dean, I know it's awful,” Sam begins.

“You think?” Dean sasses.

“This isn't just about saving you, Dean. This is about saving everybody,” Sam retorts.

“She's gotta be stopped, son,” Bobby puts in.

“Is there some way to get her out of the girl and into another body?” Y/n inquires.

Dean, who looks contemplative, turns around and looks at Bobby and then out the window, “Oh, damn it,” He sighs.

Dean heads outside and stands by the fence of the dark house and makes a noise causing the mailman to look up. The mailman's eyes turn demon-black and he takes off after Dean. Dean runs back the way he came from, closely followed by the demon-mailman. Dean rounds a corner of the
house the fence belonged to, and when the mailman comes around the Same corner a second later he runs right into Sam holding Ruby's knife. Sam struggles with him as he turns around and Dean comes up behind the mailman and puts a hand over his mouth so his death doesn't alarm the rest of the demons. Sam pulls out the knife and the demon-mailman flashes with light a few times and then Dean drops him to the ground.

Bobby sits outside the for sale house, holding a rosary while he blesses the water, “Exorcizo te, creatura aquae. In nomine dei patris omnipotentas.” He drops the rosary into an opening of the water pipes and it's carried away by the stream.

Back across the street, Y/n makes her way across the lawns toward the boys with Mr. Rogers behind her. As she rushes past a bush Sam steps out and plunges the knife into the demon's belly. Grabbing the knife that is located in the demon Sam pulls it out and stands up next to Dean, wiping it off. Dean grabs Mr. Rogers' feet and drags him out of view. He then comes back and takes off in another direction while Sam stands still, looking around.

Dean runs through some trees and comes up by a fence, where Ruby suddenly appears and shoves him into the fence, holding him there.

“I'd like my knife back, please. Or your neck snaps like a chicken bone,” She demands.

Sam comes up behind her and holds up her knife to her throat.

“He doesn't have it. Take it easy,” Sam replies.

She backs away from Dean, releasing him from the fence. Sam stands still next to Dean who turns around to face her.

“How the hell did you get out?” Dean inquires.

“What you don't know about me could fill a book,” Ruby replies.

Dean suddenly reacts to her face, moving his head back just a bit with wider eyes, “Whoa,” He says

“What?” Ruby asks.

Dean looks to the side, not wanting to look at her anymore. He glances at her once or twice but that's it.

“Nothing. I just – I couldn't see you before, but you're one ugly broad,” He replies.

“That’s not very nice, Dean,” Y/n says coming out of the woods to their left with Y/f/n behind her.

“Sam, give me the knife before you hurt yourself,” Ruby says ignoring Dean and turning toward Sam.

“You'll get it when this is over,” Sam replies.

“It's already over. I gave you a way to save Dean, you shot me down. Now it's too late. He's dead. And I'm not gonna let you die too,” Ruby replies.

“Try and stop me, and I'll kill you. Bitch,” Sam responds.

“Hit me with your best shot, baby,” Ruby retorts.
Dean, who's been looking in the direction he was running, turns around to them.

“Guys, guys! Hey. Have your little catfight later,” he says gesturing toward the two figures standing outside on their porch looking at Dean, and the others. At the next house, a man with a briefcase is standing, staring at them. “So much for the element of surprise.”

“Go. Go. Run. Run!” Sam exclaims opening the gate and running, aiming for Lilith's house. As they do we see a lot more people running after them.

“Oh God more running,” Y/n huffs dodging the demons.

Sam reaches the house first and starts picking the lock on the door. Ruby, Dean, and the others come up behind him, looking towards the lawn as more people are running after them.

“What the hell is taking Bobby?” Dean asks as the demons get closer.

Sam is having problems picking the lock and more people are running for them.

“Hurry up Sammy,” Y/f/n says turning to look back at him.

“I'm trying!” He replies.

Suddenly when one demon reaches the lawn, the sprinklers turn on and she begins to flail, screaming, as the water burns her. Another demon is caught in the water and he screams and flails as well. Dean lets a small smile start to show on his lips as the possessed people stand outside the lawn, a few people in the water. Sam is still working on the lock and Dean begins to really smile at the barrier. Sam gets the door opened and as he and Ruby go inside Dean laughs at the demons and then walks inside the house followed by the girls.

Just inside the house on the floor lies the body of an elderly woman. Ruby, Sam, and Y/f/n are looking at it in disgust as Dean closes the door, not having seen it yet. He turns around and sees it, and his serious game face is on again.

“You think Lilith knows we're here?” He questions.

“Probably,” Ruby replies.

“Definitely,” Y/n says walking back into the hall from a side room. The four hunters and the demon look around a bit and then walk into the living room. Sam is first, holding the knife out as if it was a gun. Ruby is behind him, then Y/f/n, and finally Y/n closely followed by Dean.

The creak of a door is heard and Dean quickly turns around, putting up one hand and grabbing Mr. Fremont. Placing a hand over his mouth, turning them around to Sam and the others. Dean makes ‘shushing’ sounds to make Mr. Fremont be quiet and calm down.

“We're here to help. Ok? I'm gonna move my hand, and we're gonna talk nice and quiet, okay?” Dean whispers.

Mr. Fremont nods his head, yes and Dean slowly removes his hand.

“Sir, where is your daughter?” Sam inquires.

“It's not... it's not her anymore,” Mr. Fremont responds.

“Where is she?” Y/f/n presses.
“Upstairs. In her bedroom,” He replies.

“Okay, okay, okay. Listen to me. I want you to go downstairs to the basement. Put a line of salt at the door behind you. Do you understand me?” Dean asks.

“Not without my wife,” Mr. Fremont responds shaking his head.

“Yes, without your wife,” Dean replies with a nod.

“No,” The scared man says.

With no time to argue Dean punches the man knocking him out cold. Dean hoists the man up and puts him over his shoulder and gives the others a look. He then starts walking.

Sam, Y/f/n, and Ruby make their way upstairs, backs against the wall and as stealthy as possible. Sam in the lead with the knife in front of him. Reaching the top of the stairs the group looks around a bit and then Ruby walks to the door to their right. Sharing a look with Sam, he nods at her and then she goes in, closing the door behind her. Sam starts slowly for the door to the left, while Y/f/n moves further down the hall. Sam leans in against the closed door, trying to listen to any sign of life or Lilith. After a second, he opens the door as quietly as possible and slips in.

Sam makes his way slowly into the room, knife out in front of him. Sam slowly makes his way around the bed while keeping his eyes glued to the two figures lying in it. As he rounds the corner of the bed he shifts the knife in his hand so it's now in a stabbing position. As quietly and slowly as possible, he removes the drapes and Mrs. Fremont looks up at him, scared, with Lilith still nuzzled into her shoulder, asleep.

Quietly so as not to wake the girl Mrs. Fremont says, “Do it!”

Sam slowly raises the knife, looking down on the child who stirs a little in her sleep.

“Do it,” Mrs. Fremont pleads.

Sam continues looking at Lilith, trying to collect himself to stab a child.

“Do it!” Mrs. Fremont repeats sobbing.

Lilith stirs starting to wake up and Mrs. Fremont gets more and more afraid and panicked. Sam is staring at Lilith, pulling himself to the point of stabbing her.

“Do it! Do it!” Mrs. Fremont demands.

Lilith wakes up and starts to rise on the bed, eyes hardly opened.

“Hurry!” Mrs. Fremont pleads.

Lilith screams when she opens her eyes and sees Sam who lunges for her. At the last moment, he's stopped by Dean who grabs hold of his arm.

“It's not her!” He exclaims. The girl is breathing fast and heavily from what was just about to happen. “It's not in the girl anymore,” Dean continues.

Sobbing and scared the little girl clings to her mother, “Mommy!”

Across the street, Bobby is standing in the window watching the house and the demons out front. Bobby picks up his pocket watch and checks the time, “Damn it.” He says turning to look out the window.

Dean leads Mrs. Fremont and her daughter back down the stairs to the main floor, “Alright, no matter what you hear. You, your husband and your daughter stay in the basement,” He instructs guiding her to the basement door. Mrs. Fremont and her daughter walk through the door to the basement and Dean follows. Sam and Ruby walk past them further into the house.

“Well, I hate to be a ‘told you so’,” Ruby says.

“Alright Ruby, where is she?” Sam asks.

“I don't know,” Ruby replies as they enter the living room.

“Could she get past the sprinklers?” Sam asks.

“Her pay grade, she ain't sweating the holy water,” Ruby responds.

“Ok, you win. What do I have to do?” Sam asks.

Ruby looks at him questioningly, “What do you mean?” she asks.

“To save Dean,” Sam replies. Dean comes up behind Sam. “What do you need me to do?” He continues.

Dean grabs him from behind, trying to turn him, “What the hell do you think you're doing?” He inquires.

Sam pulls loose from Dean, “Just shut up for a second,” He snaps turning back to Ruby, “Ruby!”

“You had your chance. You can't just flip a switch. We needed time,” Ruby replies.

“Well, there's gotta be something. There's gotta be some way, whatever it is, I'll do it,” Sam replies.

“Like hell, you will,” Y/f/n says stepping into the room. Dean comes up behind him again, grabbing him.

“Don't, Dean! I'm not gonna let you go to hell, Dean!” Sam says shrugging him off.

“Yes, you are!” Dean shouts. The boys stare at each other a moment, before Dean says more calmly, “Yes, you are.” Sam just stares at him, breathing. “I'm sorry. I mean this is all my fault, I know that. But what you're doing, it's not gonna save me. It's only gonna kill you.”

Sam looks away for a second, tears building in his eyes.

“Then, what am I supposed to do?” Sam asks.

“Keep fighting. Take care of your girl. Take care of my wheels. Sam, remember what Dad taught you... okay?” Dean replies. Sam nods, holding his tears back as Dean continues, “And remember what I taught you.”

Y/n takes a step towards Dean and throws her arms around his neck pulling him down and kissing him deeply. Dean’s arms wrap around her pulling her closer.
“Shoulda done that a long time ago,” She says pulling away and pressing her forehead against his.

“Yeah well, we’re both kinda stubborn,” Dean replies with a chuckle running his hand across her cheek.

“I’ll find a way to get you out, Dean,” She breathes.

“If anyone can do it it’ll be you and Sammy,” Dean replies kissing her again.

As tears build in Dean's eyes the grandfather clock in the room ticks and then begins to strike midnight. Dean looks over at it then back to Sam and Y/n, who's also watching the grandfather clock. He turns his head, tears spilling down his cheeks, and looks at Dean. Dean gives him a little smile as he tries to keep himself calm and hold back his tears.

“I'm sorry, Dean. I wouldn't wish this upon my worst enemy,” Ruby says. Hellhounds begin to growl and Dean’s face falls as he turns around to where he heard them. Sam looks at him and then looks in the same direction understanding that something's up.

“Hellhound,” Dean says.

“Where?” Sam asks.

“There,” Dean replies nodding towards the dining room.

Ruby’s face falls as she sees it. Dean bolts out of the room, followed by the others, and the hellhound quickly behind them. They run into another room and close the doors fast in the face of the hellhound.

Dean takes out the bag with goofer dust as Sam and Ruby stand against the doors, holding them shut while the hellhound is pounding to get in. Dean runs over and throws himself down on the floor by the door and frantically starts pouring out the dust. The pounding suddenly stops and for a second they all stand still, then Dean bolts for the window and pours out the dust on the windowsill.

“Give me the knife, maybe I can fight it off,” Ruby says looking at Sam.

Sam looks at her, a bit confused before replying, “What?”

“Come on! That dust won't last forever,” Ruby responds holding out her hand for the knife.

Dean turns around and looks at them from behind Sam. After a few seconds, Sam takes out the knife, about to hand it to Ruby.

“Wait!” Dean exclaims. Sam turns around to Dean, looking at him.

“You wanna die?” Ruby asks.

“Sam, that's not Ruby. It's not Ruby!” Dean shouts.

Sam turns back to Ruby who, without touching him, flings him hard up against the wall, pinning him. He drops the knife and it falls to the floor. She then hits Dean, without touching him, and flings him on top of the table, pinning him. Y/n darts for the blade but is flung against the wall, Y/f/n moves as if to go for the blade but is slammed against the wall next to Y/n. Dean grunts as he holds up his head so he can look at Ruby. Sam looks from Dean to Ruby.

“How long you been in her?” Dean inquires.
Ruby's entire facial expression changes and becomes childlike. Lilith has taken over the body Ruby possessed.

“Not long,” Lilith replies looking down at her new body, “But I like it. It's all grown up and pretty.” She looks up at Dean again, her eyes turning white.

“And where's Ruby?” Sam asks.

Lilith's eyes turn back to normal as she replies, “She was a very bad girl, so I sent her far, far away.” She tilts her head step by step and her neck crunches with each tilting motion.

“You know, I should have seen it before... but you all look alike to me,” Dean says.

After a beat, she snaps her head to Sam, who looks over at her, and she starts walking slowly towards him.

“Hello, Sam. I've wanted to meet you for a very long time,” She says grabbing him by the chin, forcing him to face her. Against his will, she gives him a kiss and their lips sizzle upon meeting.

“Your lips are soft,” Lilith comments.

Sam moves his head up and to the side, trying to get loose from her hand. “Right, so you have me. Let my brother go,” He demands looking down at her.

“Silly goose. You wanna bargain, you have to have something that I want. You don't,” Lilith says.

“So, is this your big plan, huh? Drag me to hell. Kill Sam. And then what? Become queen bitch?” Dean asks.

“I don't have to answer to puppy chow,” Lilith responds.

Dean is struggling to hold himself up against her restraint. Lilith moves from Sam, as she looks at Dean, and walks over to the door while Dean follows her with his eyes.

“No please, don’t,” Y/n pleads watching the demon, “I’ll go in his place take me instead.”

Lilith looks at her long and hard before replying, “No thanks,” in a childlike voice. She grabs hold of the door handle and while looking at Dean exclaims, “Sic ‘em, boy.”

Sam snaps his head to Dean at this and Dean looks over at him and then at the door. Lilith opens the door and the goofer dust blows away as the hellhound attacks. Lilith just laughs and smiles. The hellhound grabs him by his legs and pulls him down as he screams. It begins to rip him as Sam stands against the wall, helpless, scared and panicked.

“No! Stop!” Sam demands. Lilith just watches with a little smile on her face as the hound slashes

"STOP IT!” Sam demands. Lilith just watches with a little smile on her face as the hound slashes
Dean on his back and his shoulder. “No!” Dean flips back over to his back and the beast slashes him over his chest, blood gushing out. Every slash the Hellhound makes Y/n cries out in pain. Sam just watches in horror, “No. Stop it.” Dean’s breathing is labored as he takes his last breaths, “STOP IT!” Blood pours out of Dean's chest and he's not screaming anymore, but still not dead. “NO!” Sam shouts again.

Lilith smiles at Sam, “Yes,” She responds. She holds out her hand and suddenly white light erupts from it. As it builds up the three remaining hunters turn their heads, eyes closed. Suddenly her white light is retracted, her eyes are still white but slowly turns back to normal, and she looks confused and shocked. Sam is on the floor, huddled in a corner next to a cabinet, holding his hands up in front of his face. When he notices nothing happened and the light is gone he slowly takes down his hands, looks up at her and rises up to a standing position. She looks at the floor, afraid and holds out her hand, looking at him.

“Back,” She demands. Sam takes a breath and starts walking towards her. “I said, back.”

Sam, with a determined look on his face, bends down and picks up Ruby's knife. Lilith looks very afraid of him now, as he just looks determined and hateful.

“I don't think so,” Sam replies. He pulls back his hand, and motions to stab her but suddenly Lilith exits Ruby's body. The black smoke leaving her body as she collapses to the floor and slowly crawls toward Dean’s lifeless body. Y/n pulls his head into her lap as she sobs. Sam looks down on both breathing heavily. With tears building up quickly Sam slowly walks over to Dean. He begins to cry as he bends down next to him. He pulls Dean and Y/n close to him, holding them. “No... no... Dean...” Sam cries, “Dean...”

Minutes after midnight, Bobby makes his way into the house all the demons outside are gone. Y/f/n and Bobby gently wrap Dean’s body in a sheet and carry him to the car.

“We should head back to the house,” Bobby says, “Give him a hunter's funeral.”

“No,” Y/n demands standing from her spot on the floor.

“He’s going to need a body for when he comes back,” Sam continues.

“We’ll bury him,” Y/n says, “We’ll find a spot on the way back to Bobby’s. And we’ll bury him.”

“Kid-,” Bobby begins.

“No,” Y/n snaps climbing onto the Impala and slamming the door.

On the way back to Sioux Falls, Sam passes a field outside of Pontiac, Illinois, “There,” Y/n says pointing to the field. Sam pulls the car over and grabs a shovel from the trunk to begin digging.

“You wanna tell me what that was back at the house?” Y/f/n asks sitting next to Y/n in the field and watching Sam.

“I could feel everything,” Y/n replies, “It’s like the hellhounds were attacking me.”

Ten hours later Sam pulls the Impala into Bobby’s yard and shuts it off. Y/n slowly climbs from the car and heads inside to bed. Not long after she drifts off she begins to dream. Dean behind the wheel of the Impala as it cruises down the road, Sam in the passenger seat and Y/f/n beside her. Smiles on everyone’s faces at something that was said. A scream rips through the air and Y/n looks around in panic before the scene slowly starts to change. The sky darkens and clouds roll in.
Lightening splits through the air and thunder clashes before another scream is heard, “HELP!” Y/n looks around again for the source of the scream, “NO! SOMEBODY HELP ME!” The voice screams again and she takes off running in the direction it is coming from. As she gets closer to the source of the screams she notices chains crisscrossing the area in front of her. Carefully picking her way through the chains she moves closer.

“Dean!” She shouts seeing him suspended in the air a hook through his right shoulder, he's bloody and sweaty. There's blood in his mouth and he looks completely terrified.

“Sam!” Dean shouts pleading, “Y/n.”

“Dean!” She shouts again making her way closer.

“Y/n,” Dean breathes out seeing her.

“I’m here Dean,” Y/n sobs reaching out to help him from the chains. Before she is able to help him, she sits straight up in bed breathing heavily.

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