Broken Love

by faedrascreator

Summary

Forced to be on Earth against her will, Faedra decides to help the Winchesters fight their battles. Years later, she becomes too attached to her Winchesters to leave them. Now she's helping them fight the Mark of Cain and kill Abaddon. Her problem is that she made a fatal mistake. She fell in love.

Notes

Welcome to the first chapter of Broken Love. So this is a fic about my oc, Faedra. So this basically popped up in my head and I've been writing about it ever since. I know that it starts in the middle of the story, but I'm planning on creating the before events in another story. I also know that some of these things are gonna seem really confusing, so I suggest reading the back story fics on my page. I'm always open to suggestions on how to make the story better, so review as much as you want. I hope you guys stay with me on this bumpy journey.
Never Trust a Demon

Chapter Notes

I don't own any of the characters except for Faedra and a few others that I will add in the future.

Faedra was pacing the bunker's main room. She had her hands behind her back in a regal manner, but her face was scrunched up in a scowl. She growled softly as she muttered something about infuriating demons.

"Fae, you'll be fine. We've all seen how you two act around each other. Its like watching a married couple. Dean even keeps complaining about you two," Sam joked. He was sitting at the bunker table with several papers and books spread before him. He had been watching Faedra pace for several minutes now. Faedra snorted and continued to walk along the length of the bunker living room.

"There are multiple things to worry about, Sam. I am sure that you are aware of the fact that every time I share my emotions with someone, something bad happens. So, if I tell Crowley that I care for him, then who know? Maybe a second apocalypse will happen. Maybe the sky will fall. Maybe my enemies will see it as a sign of weakness and use it as an opportunity to attack. The possibilities are endless," Faedra ended with a huff.

"Jeez Fae. It's just Crowley," Sam muttered before looking back at his book. Faedra just sighed and sat down on the chair across from Sam. Neither of them felt the need to fill the silence that followed their conversation. Suddenly, the door opened to reveal a very annoyed Dean and a smug Crowley.

"All I'm saying Dean is that it's not my fault the bastard is dead," Crowley said with a smirk. "He just got in the way of my hellhound." He noticed Faedra, and winked. She narrowed her eyes slightly and smirked. From across the room, he shrugged, but Faedra shook her head and scowled at his behavior.

"Hey Dean, do you wanna go out and have a beer? I think it's about time for dinner, don't you think?" Sam asked Dean nonchalantly. He closed his book and put all his research into one of the Men of Letter's boxes.

"Yeah, sure. Fae you wanna co-"

"Actually Fae can't come," Sam said quickly, "she still needs to finish translating her book. Right Fae?" Sam said while looking at Faedra. Faedra glanced at Sam and raised an eyebrow at his pathetic excuse for her not joining them.

"Oh yeah, definitely. Gotta keep up with the translations," she sassed. Sam glared at her and kicked the leg of her chair slightly.

"Okay then. Lets go, Dean." Sam grabbed his jacket and began to walk out the door. Dean looked at Sam suspiciously before looking at Crowley.

"Do not kill anyone while I'm gone. Got it?" Dean hissed at Crowley.
"Wouldn't dream of it, squirrel. Bye moose." Crowley smiled innocently, and waved at the two brothers. Once the door closed, he turned to Faedra. "So we have the whole house to ourselves. I could list a few things we could do instead of translations." He wagged his eyebrows suggestively. Faedra rolled her eyes and got up. She jutted out her chin a little and clasped her hands behind her back once more.

Crowley frowned at her lack of responses. She would have definitely responded with a sarcastic comment by now. "Love, what's wrong? Cat got your tongue?" he suggested. Faedra snorted slightly.

"I need to tell you something, Crow," she informed him. She leaned against a chair and looked at him. Crowley's brows furrowed slightly as he crossed his arms and leaned against one of the tables.

"You can tell me anything, love. I thought we established that already," Faedra turned her head and looked at the bookshelf. She took a deep breath and smiled slightly.

"Yes, well, I guess you have proven that you can be slightly trusted- on occasion at least," she added with a small smirk. "You know that I have lived long life. I mean, I have seen empires fall and be rebuilt. I have seen things that most people in this realm wouldn't believe to be true. Elves, fairies, goblins, monsters, and basically everything that you could and can't imagine. I mean I am the Queen of the Realms. Well- former queen, but still," Faedra stopped for a moment as she realized she was rambling slightly. She squared her shoulders and kept her feet apart as she stared at him head on. There was a look of determination in her eyes as she spoke.

"In my time on Earth, I have stayed as distant as possible from humans. I've only interacted with them on occasion and even then I kept myself away. I fought their wars and tended their wounded but formed no further bond. However, it seems that two brothers have changed that. They took me away from my solitude and forced me back into a world that I strived so hard to get away from," She sighed deeply and pursed her lips for a moment. "And it appears that my heart wanted some more torment,"

"What do you mean?" Crowley finally asked. An odd look came upon his face. Faedra thought for a moment as she watched his reaction.

"What I mean," she began slowly. "Is that for some reason, demon, I seemed to have grown very...fond of you. For some reason it seems that I have become rather attached to you, and I wanted to know if you feel the same."

Crowley just looked at her, a shocked look on his face. He said nothing for several minutes. Faedra's slightly smiling lips fell and turned into a scowl.

"What, nothing you want to add?" Faedra asked in a frustrated tone.

"Oh love, I don't really understand..." He trailed off and looked at her with pity. Faedra narrowed her eyes slightly.

"What? It's not a very hard thing to understand," Faedra became a little more defensive as she spoke.

"I don't share the same emotions as you do," Crowley said bluntly. He looked down, obviously trying to avoid her gaze. He stuffed his hands in his pockets and tried to think of something to say. Faedra just stared at him blankly as she tilted her head to the side slightly. She stared at him for a second longer before shrugging. Crowley raised a single eyebrow.
"What, not a single 'But I thought you would feel the same?' or a 'But I truly love you!'" he said in a slightly mocking tone. It was Faedra's turn to raise an eyebrow.

"Oh, so you want me to be heartbroken? You want a reaction?" Faedra questioned. She raised her chin slightly and glowered at him. He shrugged slightly and pushed himself off the table.

"Well, a bit of dramatics would do nicely," he told her. Faedra clenched her jaw slightly and dug her nails into her skin until she felt warm blood come from the palms of her hands. The sharp pain in her hands distracted her from the feeling of complete anger that bubbled within her.

"Well, I'm sorry for the lack of entertainment," she snapped at him. She turned around swiftly and went to the bunker door.

"Where are you going?" Crowley asked impatiently.

"To give the king the proper reaction that he wanted," she shot back. She shut the door and walked towards her motor bike. She looked at her hands and watched as the nail marks began to heal. Anger and resentment filled her as she got on the motorbike. She would show him a proper reaction to his heartless behavior. A reaction that he truly deserved.

As she drove, she realized she wouldn't be coming back to the bunker for a while. She was too annoyed to come back and she already knew the questions that the brothers would pester her with.

She drove past the diner that Sam and Dean were in and drove to the nearest exist that led to the highway. Just because she was leaving the hunters didn't mean that she couldn't hunt. No, she would be hunting all right, and the demons were on the top of her list. When you can't kill the king, you might as well kill the subjects in his place.
Okay so I just wanted to post this because the other chapter is a bit brief. I'm hoping to update the story at least once a week. I have about two more chapter already made and edited so that's good. I'm currently writing the seventh chapter, but chapters 4-6 still need editing. Oh well.

Sam sighed and looked at the unfinished translations that Faedra had written. He had been sitting there for the past seven hours, struggling to understand Faedra's vague notes. Dean walked in with a defeated look on his face. He threw Sam a bag of burgers and placed the drinks down on the table with a heavy sigh.

"Anything?" Sam inquired.

"Nope. I've checked every goddamn credit card, called every phone number, and checked every GPS. She must've changed her license plate, too, cause I can't find that freakin' thing either." Dean huffed. "It's been a month, man. We've been checking these things every couple days, and we've found nothing."

"She could've changed her bike as well," Sam remarked but then remembered that her bike meant the same thing to her that Impala meant to Dean. The chances of her getting rid of her motorcycle were very low.

Dean sighed again and rubbed his eyes. "I don't know man. Are you getting anywhere with the translations?"

"Not even close. It's like she keeps changing languages in the middle of every sentence. She only uses languages that are from Earth like one-fourth of the time. Even then I need to translate the translations, so I can barely make out any meaning from it." Sam picked up one of the burgers and unwrapped it as Dean did the same.

"I still don't understand why she'd run away. So what? She got rejected, it happens to everyone." He bit into his burger and glared at the wall. He felt bad about Faedra's heart being broken, but he also felt mad about her abandoning them. "She left at the moment that we needed her the most."

"Dean, you know Fae. She hates showing that much emotion, and she made herself vulnerable. And we both know that getting rejected sucks," Sam said, defending his friend. Suddenly, the door slammed open to reveal a very pissed off Crowley.

"What's that saying?" Dean asked Sam with a smirk, "Speak of the devil, and he shall appear?"

Crowley growled at Dean and turned to Sam. "CALL OFF YOUR BLOODY FRIEND!" He snarled at Sam. Sam sat up straighter and glanced at Dean

"Your friend has been killing all of my demons. I've had to move my bloody demons to new locations, and she still somehow manages to kill them!" Crowley glared at the two brothers.

"Wait, does this mean that you know where she is?" Sam asked, his interest peaking.
"If I knew, do you think I’d be here talking to you morons?" Crowley pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed in annoyance. He had been running around for the past month trying to figure out where Faedra would target next, so he could move his demons out of that area. He had attempted to talk to her once by sending a few demons to deliver a message, but the next day said demons were on his front porch, headless. He had also managed to find several other dead demons hanging on the trees around his home.

"We need to figure out a way to get her to come back. We'll chain her to a goddamn chair if it means keeping her here," Dean murmured, struggling to form a plan to draw his friend back into the bunker.

Sam looked down at the book. What's something that Faedra would rush over here for? He thought. Suddenly, he snapped his head up and looked at Dean. "Dean! What's one thing that Faedra cares about most?" He rushed, the excitement forming in his voice.

"I don't know Sam. Maybe Demon King over there?" he said while cocking his head towards Crowley.

"No! Us, Dean. We're her family, and you know how overprotective she is of family." Sam smiled proudly, "I know how to get Faedra back."

A blonde woman stood in an alleyway as she wiped her dagger against a dead man's shirt. She turned slightly at a small noise and a pair of gold eyes revealed themselves. They flickered slightly and returned to their normal emerald color as the woman decided there was no real threat. She had a permanent scowl etched on her face and her emerald eyes lacked in luster. She wore dirty clothes that were stained red from all the splattered blood and her hair was cut unevenly.

Faedra sighed and finished cleaning her dagger. She had been tracking demons for the past month, and had killed any that she came near. Her goal was to kill as many demons as she could before going back to the Winchesters. She had killed about a hundred or more in the past month, and she could have killed a lot more if it hadn't been for the fact that a demon was moving his pawns around. It made her job a lot harder than it would have been originally. She wasn't upset about his rejection. No, she was mad about his rude behavior. Since he wanted a reaction from her, Faedra decided that this would be the best way to give it to him.

Her phone began to ring. Faedra sighed. She had been getting calls from Sam and Dean ever since she left. She always let it go to voicemail, since she still wasn't ready to confront them.

"Fae? Please pick up!" Faedra sat up straighter. Dean's voice came from the speaker. She could hear a loud crash in the background. "Fae we're being attacked. I don't know how but the bunker is being attacked we need you to-" Another loud crash. "SAMMY! Oh fuck. Fae please. We need you. Please, Fae. Ple-" The call ended. Faedra got up, a feeling of panic spreading through her. She was about to get on her bike when she looked down and remembered the bodies. Shit. As fast as she could, she threw them into a nearby dumpster. She took out a can of gasoline and lit the bodies. As she walked toward her motorcycle, she tapped her fingers against her thigh. She got on her motorbike and drove as fast as she could to the bunker, a feeling of dread filling her as she drove. The entire time she clutched the handles until her knuckles were bone white.

Faedra walked in the bunker with her dagger in one hand while her other hand hovered over the sword that was strapped on her hip. She had several smaller knives and guns hidden all over her body, but she always kept her favorites out.

"Sam? Dean? You guys okay?" she asked cautiously.
"Hello, darling," a familiar voice said behind her. Faedra was about to turn around when she felt a sharp pain on the back of her head, and then everything was dark.
Faedra woke up on the couch of the bunker. She looked around warily, and the events that happened before she was knocked unconscious played through her mind. She turned her head and saw Sam walk through the doorway. He noticed her staring back, and his face lit up.

"Fae! You're awake!" He smiled widely. Faedra however, frowned. Sam's smile fell as he began to nervously kicked the floor.

"So um… you're probably wondering why we tricked you,"

"Mhmmm. I would also like to know why you knocked me unconscious," She added. Sam chuckled nervously. He turned to his brother as he walked in.

"Dean! Look who's up," Sam said. Dean looked at Faedra, who was currently looking at both of the Winchesters the way a wolf would look at its prey.

Dean gulped, "He- Hey Fae. What's up?" One thing that both of the Winchesters had learned was that when Faedra was mad at someone, they were dead men.

"Oh, you know," Faedra got up and narrowed her eyes, "I was tricked by people who I thought were my family, and then I was knocked unconscious. Just a normal day in the office," she stated sarcastically. Faedra took a step towards the two brothers and they took several steps back.

"Uh… right. I would just like to say that this was all Sam's idea, and if you want to kill anyone it should be him," Dean's voice rose several pitches near the end of his sentence. Sam looked at Dean.

"Dude, really?" Dean shrugged his shoulders. He had learned the hard way about how mad Faedra could get.

Faedra looked at the two brothers before sighing. She pinched the bridge of her nose and placed a hand on her hip. "What I'd like to know is what you two dumb asses were thinking. Why did you trick me into coming here?"

"Fae, you've been gone for weeks." Sam said gently he scooted closer to Faedra, but moved backwards at her gaze. Faedra looked up and glared at him. "We need you here to help us. Neither of us can figure out any of your translations. And it's not healthy for you to go on a killing rampage just because you got your heart broken."

Faedra snorted in disbelief. "Is that what Crowley told you?" she asked. "He told you that I was heartbroken? Oh please. Pissed yes, but heartbroken? Over what?"

Sam shifted slightly. "Well, I mean you did kinda spill your heart to him and you did go on a killing rampage when he said that he didn't feel the same. That kinda does sound like you were heartbroken,"
Faedra rolled her eyes. "Anyway, shouldn't you two be glad I'm killing them? I mean you guys are hunters, right?"

Sam and Dean glanced at each other. Sam started, "Well, yeah, but.."

"But they're my demons that you're killing," a cocky, accented voice came from behind her. "Hello love."

Faedra stiffened at his voice. She clenched her jaw as he felt him walk in front of her. He went and stood in front of Sam and Dean. In his hand was his usual glass of Craig.

"I must admit, Moose, I didn't expect your plan to actually work. Bravo for you," He smirked and turned toward Faedra. He moved one of his hands behind his back and clenched it until his knuckles were white. Sam and Dean noticed this action and shared a look.

"Well hasn't someone been a naughty girl? Someone needs to punish you." He enjoyed the fact that he made everyone in the room uncomfortable with the comment.

His eyes raked down Faedra's appearance. Like usual, her long hair was down, and it looked as if it hadn't been washed for awhile. She had what looked to be oil smeared on her left cheek, and underneath her nails seemed to be a mixture of blood and dirt. Under her brown leather jacket she wore a dirty white shirt with blood splatters on it, and her boots were covered in mud. He moved his eyes back onto her face.

Faedra placed her hand on her dagger and growled as she took a defensive position. Her green eyes turned into a terrifying shade of gold. Crowley raised an eyebrow.

"Is that how we're going to play now, love?" He raised his glass and took a sip. His eyes turned red as he smirked. "Now, I would like to know why the hell you would KILL MY BLOODY DEMONS?!" his voice raised and he smashed his cup in his hands. His face turned red as the vein in his forehead popped out. It was Faedra's turn to smirk. She stood straighter, but kept her hand firmly on her dagger.

"When you can't kill the king, kill his subjects." She stated. Her smirk grew as she watched the anger grow in his eyes. She was leading him into a mental trap. Faedra knew him too well. She knew how angry he could become. His emotions would get the best of him, and he would be exactly where she wanted him. She was a spider, and he was a small bug about to fly into her trap. She raised her head and stared at him head on.

"YOU!" He walked forward and stood a foot away from her as he bared his teeth. To anyone else he would have looked terrifying, but Faedra wasn't scared. He was too weak to scare her.

"What is it, Crow?" She puffed her chest out and straightened her shoulders. "Did someone out-match the King of Hell?" Crowley snarled and lunged to grab her neck as Faedra drew her knife. Sam and Dean jumped towards them and pulled the two apart. Sam held Faedra back as she struggled against him, and Dean just kept a hand on Crowley's shoulder. When he had made an advance towards Faedra, Dean shook his head.

"Listen you two." Dean held onto Crowley's chest to make sure he wouldn't try to attack Faedra again. "You need to stop fighting. This is ridiculous, I mean really, you guys? You two were friggin' besties a few months ago. Are you really gonna try to kill each other because of what Faedra said?"

Faedra broke free from Sam's grip. "Don't you dare pin this one on me! HE'S THE BASTARD WHO ACTED LIKE A TWAT!" Faedra's face flushed with anger.
"ME! OH SO YOU'RE GOING TO BLAME ME! I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO BLOODY FALL IN LOVE WITH ME!"

Faedra stopped for a second and gave him an odd look. "Who the hell told you I was in love with you? I simply said that I was fond of you!" Faedra said with a snort. Out of habit, she began to rock back and forth, shifting her weight from her toes to her heel and back again.

"Look, it doesn't matter," Sam said reassuringly, "you two just need to stop trying to kill each other. We have bigger fish to fry."

"Whatever," Faedra grabbed her sword and walked out of the room. Sam sighed and ran his hand through his hair. Sam listened to see if the front door would open or not, but all he heard was a door in one of the halls slam shut and the shower begin to start. He was sure that she wouldn't leave the bunker, but he was still cautious. He looked at Dean and both their eyebrows went up. This was going to be their own personal hell.
The Time for War Has Come and Gone Again

Chapter Notes

So close to not posting this chapter today. I've been so busy lately that I barely had time to edit the chapters in time. So, I am in love with Jorah from Game of Thrones and so you all shall see him. However it's mainly just a name and appearance thing. Also, no, Faedra isn't dany from GoT either. I made Fae like 5 years ago, WAAAAAYYYY before i knew what GoT was. Be sure to read the back story fic before this. Thanks fot the kudos guys. Keep 'em comin. Also be sure to review. Love y'all.

Faedra got out of the shower and changed into her pajamas. She didn't care if it was 2 in the afternoon, she was going to sleep. She jumped on her bed and buried her face in the pillow. She was pissed off at Sam. And Dean. And that dick bag of a demon. She knew that the moment she fell asleep, she would have the same nightmare as before. The same things would play in her mind every night. Faedra sighed and drifted off.

When Faedra and Avalon were reunited, they refused to separate. The two spent that day telling each other their stories. Avalon told Faedra of how he spent years with the gypsies and traveled the realms with them. Faedra in return told him about all the things that their father did, how she defeated him, and everything that happened afterwards. She couldn't help but feel jealous over the fact that her brother had such an adventurous, innocent childhood while she was being tortured and raped. He was currently telling her of how there had been an ambush from an enemy gypsy tribe.

"They came out of nowhere! We were just sitting there, eating dinner, and all of the sudden we were under attack. I used the first weapon I could reach, which was a club by the way, and beat the assholes up!" He gestured his hands wildly as he explained. As he spoke he would fidget with everything. He would jump and tap his feet and pull on the string of his clothes. "I guess I was a bit cocky to think I could help. I was still a bit untrained, but the thought of fighting was awesome. Problem is, though, I got hurt. I wasn't paying that much attention to my surroundings. So you could say that I was a bit shocked when three arrows were in my chest." He smiled a little as he said that. Faedra stared at him in shock. "I woke up about two days later, fully healed."

"How is that possible?" she exclaimed. "Our mother only had one arrow and that was enough to kill her." Avalon flinched. Faedra had forgotten that not everyone was as adjusted to death as she was.

"Yeah… it got me thinking as to why that happened. I mean, Mom was supposed to be incredibly powerful. She could heal anything. She was one of the most powerful creatures in all the realms. How could one little arrow hurt her?" Faedra looked at her hands. She had never thought of that. She herself had been in several fights in which she was badly wounded, but she always healed. So why didn't Galadiel?

"The amount of power it takes to kill one of us is, well, a lot. I mean you've been tortured and all
that other stuff and you're still alive. I've been shot with arrows and stabbed and even electrocuted. So the arrow that killed Mom must've been loaded with some really powerful stuff." Faedra sighed and closed her eyes. "Okay, you know what. Enough with all this sad crap. Let's go meet some of my friends." Faedra glanced at her boots.

"I don't make friends." She said stiffly. Avalon jumped up from the bench.

"Nonsense! Come on!" He grabbed Faedra's hand and pulled her towards the camps. He dragged her to a group of people surrounding a map.

"Hey everyone! I'd like for you to meet the Protector of the Realms, otherwise known as MY SISTER!" he jumped a little as he said that. Faedra rolled her eyes and looked at everyone with a cold expression. Some of them looked at her with distrust and fear while others were kind and open. One of the women who was looking at her warily came up to her.

"Hi, I'm Nika. I'm your brother's girlfriend." Faedra raised an eyebrow and a nodded. Nika had tan skin and dark hair with coffee brown eyes. She had plump pink lips and was fairly curvy. A small woman came up behind Nika. She had medium length, curly blonde hair and a kind face with twinkling blue she stood in front of Faedra, she smiled brightly.

"Hi, my name is Lily." She held out her hand for Faedra to shake. Faedra hesitated before taking it.

Avalon smiled before pointing at a tall bald man with a large mustache and clipped beard.

"That grumpy man over there is the strong warrior and semi-leader of the rebellion… Amory."

"So this is the mighty Protector of the Realms that everyone in camp is talking about?" she heard a deep voice behind her. She turned her head to see a tall man walking up to the table. He had messy dark brown hair and bright blue eyes with stubble on his chin and a large smirk on his face. His clothes were covered in dirt and had several rips in them. Avalon smiled and embraced the man.

"Kiran! Dude, I'm glad you're alright. I started to think that you were caught by your dad." Avalon patted Kiran on the back and pulled him towards the others. Faedra looked at him in shock.

"This is the prince? Why would he rebel against his own father?" Faedra looked at the man with distrust. Kiran narrowed his eyes and stuffed his hands in his pockets.

"Why did you rebel against your father?" he replied curtly.

Faedra raised an eyebrow and crossed her arms. She turned to fully face him. "So your father tortured you and killed everyone around you? Did he also force you to become his own personal slave? Or did he force you to use your powers to torture innocents?" Faedra and Kiran began to glare at each other. Avalon cleared his throat awkwardly and flickered his eyes between the two. Amory walked over and placed a large hand on Kiran's shoulder.

"Come tell us of what happened, lad." Everyone began to move towards the large building behind Faedra. Faedra, however, was still standing by the table.

"Aren't you comin' Fae?" Faedra looked at him warily. He may be her brother, but she still didn't know him well enough to go completely on his word about the rebellion.

"I'm going to go to the king and see his side of the story." She said simply. Avalon looked at her with disbelief.
"What? Why?"

Faedra clenched her jaw and dug her nails in her sides. "Because I do not trust a man who I just met this morning. Just because you are my brother doesn't mean that I can trust you." Avalon gave her an exasperated sigh. If she was anything like how he remembered her, there was no use in fighting. Even as a five year old she was stubborn.

"Fine, but when you find out who the real good guys are, you can come back." He turned around and began to walk towards the large house.

"We'll see." Faedra muttered.

Faedra walked into the castle, her boots barely making a noise as she walked into the throne room. Her sword was attached to her belt, and she kept her hand on the hilt. The king sat on his throne. Surrounding him were his advisors and several others. When the king saw Faedra approach, he rose. Faedra noticed that he and Kiran barely looked alike. The king had blonde hair and a long face. The only similarity was their same ice blue eyes.

"I am glad that you came at my request." When he reached Faedra, he bowed. He looked at Faedra as though he was expecting her to do something similar, but Faedra just stared at him coolly.

"I want to know why the people would rebel against you."

"Ah, right. Well it is simple. They are a bunch of young teenagers who believe they rule the world. The idea of a rebellion is an exciting prospect. That is the only reason why-"

"I've seen their camps. There are several 'rebellious teenagers,' but there are even more elders to help. Even your son is helping them." He clenched his jaw. Faedra stopped and crossed her arms.

"You don't think that one of the reasons they're rebelling is because you have banned the shape shifters from your kingdom?" Faedra raised an eyebrow as he became pale.

"No. No, obviously not. My banning of shape shifters was not without cause," he said quickly.

"And what is that cause?" Faedra was becoming highly irritated with this man.

"They are monsters. Beasts. They are both human and animal. Do you really believe that I would allow them to taint my kingdoms?"

"Alright. How about banning interspecies relationships?"

"It is to keep each and every species in this realm clean and untainted."

Faedra just nodded. "Well, your terrible ideologies have been accounted for. I will be leaving now." Faedra went to leave but three guards stood in her way.

"You didn't really think I'd let you go that easily?" Faedra slid out the dagger in her sleeve.

"Nope." Faedra grabbed the nearest soldier and slammed her head against his, knocking him out. She tossed his body at the other two and sprinted out of the room. Faedra stabbed the guards who were in her way, effectively cutting their throats. She ran into the village, a trail of soldiers behind her. She shoved a villager out of the way while running into the stables, and grabbing the nearest
Faedra swung herself onto the horse.

"GO! GO, GO, GO, GO!" The horse sped off. Faedra looked back at the fleeting forms and smirked. She leaned forward, clutching the horse hair, and headed toward the rebellion camps.

Faedra got off her horse with a sigh. She landed on the ground with a thud. She could feel another presence behind her.

"So, how did talking to my father go?" Kiran asked. He was leaning against one of the wooden columns of a house. She could practically hear the smirk in his voice.

"Fantastic," she snapped. She pulled the horse along with her as she walked over to the large house that she had seen the others go into the other day. Kiran jogged to catch up to her. He met her stride and stuffed his hands into his pockets while he walked.

"So, where are you going?"

"To the large house to speak with my brother." She said impatiently.

"Um… are you bringing the horse too?" he smiled a little when he saw Faedra's forehead crease.

"Where else would I put it?" Faedra stopped and looked at him.

He reached out and touched the horses head. "How about the stables. You know. That place where all horses are kept." He teased. Faedra glared.

"Well since you know where the stables are, you take the bloody creature." With that, she began to walk toward the house. Kiran looked at the horse and smiled a little. He already liked the woman.

Faedra entered the large building. She walked down the hall to where all the noise was coming from. She entered a large room with several maps displayed on the far walls. There was a large table with a battle map on it. Amory and Avalon were looking at it intently. Nika and Lily were staring at the maps on the walls. A dark haired man had his arm wrapped around Lily's shoulders. Lily turned her head when Faedra walked in and smiled brightly. Faedra nodded slightly and walked up to the table. She examined the plans and ignored the stares that she was getting.

She pursed her lips. "That's going to get a lot of your men, assuming you even have any, killed." Amory looked at her.

"We have men." Avalon murmured, slightly offended that his own sister would think he would be that unprepared for a battle.

"What do you mean, lass? I made this plan by myself. It's foolproof." Faedra raised a single eyebrow. She reached over and moved several of the pieces around, ignoring Amory's protests. When she was finished, she moved her hand away and smirked. Amory looked at the new plans and gasped. He removed the hat that he was wearing and ran his hand over his bald head.

"Blood of the demon." he muttered. Avalon smiled and grabbed Faedra's face. He smacked a kiss on her cheek before looking down at the map again. Faedra became pink at the show of affection. She rubbed her cheek a little.

Kiran walked in through the door. He rubbed his hands together and walked toward the table.
"So, do we have our battle plan all set up?" He looked at the maps.

"Well, we thought we did. And then Faedra changed it and made it perfect. Now there's no way we can lose." Avalon tapped his fingers at a rapid pace on his thigh.

"That depends." Faedra leaned on the very edge of the table and crossed her arms. She was facing away from the plans so she could see Avalon a little better. "How skilled are your warriors?"

Avalon scratched the back of his neck. "We have a couple thousand men and women and anything in between who are willing to fight for the rebellion. They're good people an-"

Faedra raised an eyebrow. "I did not ask for how many. I asked if they were trained. I have taken only a few dozen men into battle, and we won because of their skills. You can have thousands of men and still lose due to inexperience."

Nika spoke. "They were all villagers before, common people who have never seen battle. Most know how to use magic, but only a few of them know how to properly use a weapon." Faedra smiled with a bitter expression. She pushed herself off the table and shook her head.

"So you are sending your people to their deaths." Faedra stated before turning back and looking at them. Kiran glared at her.

"Hey, we are trying our best. How many times have you had to lead a rebellion?" he demanded.

"Tell me, are you naturally stupid or is it just something that you've acquired from being the son of an imbecile?" Faedra retorted. Kiran growled softly.

"Enough." Amory interrupted. "Faedra has a point. We cannot go into battle with a group of inexperienced villagers. Magic or not, they have no idea how to fight a war. Avalon, I want you and Kiran to start training as many men as you can to fight with swords and bows." Kiran and Avalon nodded. Avalon may have been the leader of the rebellion, but Amory was the one who had more knowledge of these things. "Lily, Talbot, Nika, I want you three to go help the people with magic. Talbot, you're a titan. You know how to properly train the others with magical combat. Lily, help them understand shapeshifters. Nika, try not to hurt anyone with magic again."

Nika smirked.

"I'll try, but no promises." Amory smiled at that and nodded. He turned to look at Faedra.

"You, lassie, can stay here with me and give me a rundown of the battle plans." Faedra pursed her lips but nodded. "All right then, what are you all waiting for? Off you go." They left the room, leaving Faedra and Amory in the room.

He chuckled a little. "Nika is a fairy who is very willing to punish others with her magic." Faedra just nodded her head before looking back at the map.

"You can't win this, you know." Faedra stated offhandedly.

Amory sighed. "We have to try." Faedra looked at him curiously. She tucked some of her short blonde hair behind her ear. She often had trouble keeping it chin-length, for her hair grew like weeds.

"Why do you care? What is this rebellion to you? Other than a possible suicide mission." she inquired. Amory grabbed one of the figures on the map and twisted it in his hand. He wrapped his hand around it and squeezed, a small blue glow surrounding his hand momentarily. When he
opened his hand, the small figurine was now a small otter.

"My wife, she was a shape shifter. When the king put the law banning all shapeshifters, she defied him. She went into his palace and told him he was being unfair. As a result, he killed her. She had been four months pregnant at the time…" He drifted off slowly. Faedra pursed her lips. She hesitated before reaching out and touching his shoulder lightly. Amory looked at the hand in surprise. Every story that he had heard about the Daughter of the Realms stated that she was cold and emotionless. This contradicted all of those stories.

"I'm truly sorry for your loss." She said softly. He nodded. "Let's work on the battle plans." She removed her hand and cleared her throat awkwardly.

Faedra got up from the cushioned chair. She and Amory had spent the past three days going over every possible outcome of the battle. Most of them ended with the rebellion losing to the king. They are too weak. Most of them can't even hold a knife properly. This is supposed to be the army that defeats a king? Faedra sighed and rubbed her eyes. She walked over to Avalon. He was currently trying to show an older man how to properly hold a sword without dropping it.

"No, no. Like this." Avalon showed him the proper grip. The man attempted to copy it but the moment Avalon tested it by hitting their swords together, the sword fell from the man's hand. Kiran, who was sitting on a small step by the open area, laughed. Faedra rolled her eyes and walked toward her brother.

"Move." She pushed him toward Kiran. "Let me handle this." Avalon shrugged and sat next to Kiran.

"How much do you want to bet she can't teach the man how to do it?" Kiran whispered.

"Ten gold coins that she can." Avalon replied quietly. He had faith in his sister. She seemed a little cold to him, but he expected that from everything that she has been through. Faedra had heard everything that the two had said and smiled a little at her younger brother's answer.

Alright then, old man. Tell me something. What makes you fight in the rebellion?" Faedra placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Uh. Um. I do not want my wife and kids to be banished from their home." Faedra raised an eyebrow.

"So you are a shapeshifter

"Aye."

"Tell me, what are your children's names and how old are they?"

He hesitated. "One of 'em is a three year old named Trish. The other is a fifteen year old named Jacob, but he can't fight. He lost his legs to one of the soldiers of the king. I'm here in his place." Faedra thought for a moment. She placed her other hand on his other shoulder and looked him in the eye.

"When you hold that sword, pretend you are holding on to the destiny of your children. Would you want to barely hold on to it, or would you want to grip on to it? When you fight, fight for your son. A boy who lost his legs too soon simply because of the prejudice of a king. Fight for your three year old daughter. Fight because your children depend on your bravery to survive."
She tapped his cheek with the palm of her hand lightly and stood straighter. "Now, show me your grip." Faedra watched as he placed his fingers in the formation that Avalon had showed him. Faedra drew out her grandfather's sword, and swung. Metal hit metal. Faedra didn't hit hard enough to break his sword, but only enough to test his grip. The sword was still in his hand.

Faedra sheathed her sword again and smiled. "You will make your children proud." The man smiled. Faedra turned and walked towards the two men who were gaping at her.

"I believe you owe my brother ten gold coins, your majesty." Faedra sassed. Kiran looked at her with shock, a light blush on his face from being overheard. He reached in his bag and tossed Avalon ten coins. Avalon smirked and pocketed it.

"How did you do that?" Kiran asked. This woman seemed to amaze him more and more everyday. Faedra sighed and looked at the man. He was currently swinging his sword at practice dummy.

"You showed him the technique, but you didn't give him a proper reason to learn it. Your men need to be motivated. Simply telling them that it is for a fight won't make them want to learn how to train. Give them something to fight for," Faedra turned to see the man cut off the dummy's head, "and you'll get your dream army."

After that, Faedra spent her time working with her brother and Kiran. She realized how different she and Avalon were. Would I be like this too if I hadn't been raised by Asmodeus? This was something that plagued her mind. Would she have been this kind and energetic? Would she smile instead of glare? Would she be weightless instead of constantly feeling the pressure to protect the realms? Many of the people in the rebellion camps were scared of her. Whenever she would come near, they would scurry to get out of the way, afraid of what she would do to them. Nika had been very cautious around Faedra. Kiran seemed fine with Faedra, though he did sometimes act a little distant. The only ones who openly invited her in, other than Avalon and Amory, were Lily and her husband Talbot. Talbot was a tall, shy man with a kind smile. He rarely spoke, but he was always making sure Faedra was alright. Faedra could already tell that Lily and Talbot were very much in love. Faedra liked Lily the best. She would never pressure Faedra about the battles, and whenever Faedra was around Lily, she felt calm.

Lily had an infectious laugh. When she laughed, it was like the world was brighter. Her laughter was soft and sweet. One night over dinner, Kiran had told a silly joke that made everyone laugh. Faedra had barely heard the joke, but simply by sitting next to Lily, Faedra felt herself latch onto some of her glow. Faedra laughed softly and tossed her head back as it grew louder. She didn't notice the several stares of shock. Her laugh wasn't like twinkling bells. It wasn't the most beautiful sound in the world. No. It was a bit too loud and obnoxious and she snorted a little when she laughed, but that was what made it beautiful in its own way. The laughter of a person who usually didn't have a reason to laugh was incredible for the mere fact that it was a laugh. For the rest of the evening, Faedra had a small smile on her face. She hadn't laughed like that in a very long time.

When the others began to depart into their own homes, Faedra got up and walked towards the forest. She found a large tree and climbed it easily. Faedra found a good branch on top that was both sturdy and allowed her to look at the sky. She lay for awhile, drifting into sleep. Suddenly, she heard a soft rustle and her name was called out.

"Faedra!" she heard Kiran's voice call out from below her. She sighed and slipped down. She decided to scare him a little for bothering her and positioned herself.
"Faedra, where ar- BLOOD AND BONES WOMAN!" Faedra appeared upside down in front of him. She used her legs to keep her on the branch and she crossed her arms over her chest. She had taken off her long jacket so that it wouldn't bother her as much. She now wore a brown corset that left her shoulders exposed, and a lighter brown leather belt. Her pants were a black leather that clung to her skin. She smirked as she watched him try to calm down.

"Did you have to scare me like that?" Faedra rolled her eyes and did a small flip so she could land on the ground.

"Oh you poor thing. You got scared." She pouted her lips a little as she said that. "What do you want?" she snapped, irritated by his presence already.

"I wanted to talk. I couldn't sleep, so I decided to bother you." He teased. Faedra sighed. She herself couldn't sleep, though it was mainly because she feared the nightmares about Zed's burnt body, and Arya's broken neck, and Kennreth without his head.

"Fine. How about we walk, and you can talk." She didn't even wait for him to answer before walking towards a small trail. The moon was vibrant as always. Faedra enjoyed looking at the night sky of every realm. In Alydil, the night sky was a dark red with flecks of white as the stars. Here in Soleyn, the night sky was black with streaks of pink stars and clusters of gold. In the new realm that she had recently visited, Earth as it was now called, the sky was a little similar. It was black with very small streaks of color, but there were stars everywhere in the sky. Faedra had enjoyed her small time in Earth, but she hated the rulers. The being who called himself God. He claimed he created the realm and owned it. And his little worshippers, the angels, were the worst. They refused to believe that they were the descendants of the faeries. They claimed that their god had made them. Faedra hated the angels, for who could like a person who refused to believe the truth?

"So, what is your favorite color?" Faedra broke out of her train of thought and looked at him with confusion.

"What?"

"I asked what your favorite color was." When he saw Faedra looking at him blankly he sighed. "It's a question to start a friendship. If we are going to be friends, we should know more about each other."

"What does knowing my favorite color have anything to do about friendship?"

"It lets me know what you like. So if I want to get you a dress, I could get you one in your favorite color."

Faedra thought for a little while. This was something she had never thought of. "Light purple." She said simply.

"Light purple… hmmm. Mines yellow by the way. Okay, next question, what's your favorite food?"

She sighed. "The food that's in front of me after not eating for a couple days."

"That's not what I meant."

"Fine… I like anything with sugar. If it's sweet then I will instantly like it. Although my favorite type of sweets though are the small dough buns with cream in them and powdered sugar on top."
Kiran smiled. She was slowly becoming a little more open with him. "Those are good. My favorite food is freshly made bread."

"Can I ask a question now?" Faedra asked. Kiran nodded as they stopped by a large boulder. He sat down on the ground and Faedra sat a few feet in front of him. She stretched out one of her legs. "Why do you want to be my friend?" He shrugged and began to play with Faedra's foot. He examined the dirty leather and began to poke at her toes.

"I don't know. I guess it's just because you look like you never have anyone to talk to." Faedra pulled her foot away and rolled her eyes.

"That's not the reason why you want to be friends with me, so don't use that on me. I know when I'm being lied to." Kiran sighed.

"Fine, yeah. The reason why is mainly cause, I don't know, I like you." Faedra snorted and raised an eyebrow.

"What are we? Little children saying we like each other?" Kiran's head perked up.

"So you're saying that you like me too?" Almost at once Faedra's face became hard and emotionless. She got up and walked away. "Wait. Wait!" he grabbed onto her arm. "Come on Fae, I didn't mean to upset you I-" Faedra looked at him and he gasped. Her eyes were glowing bright gold.


For the next few weeks, Faedra ignored Kiran. She pretended as if he didn't exist, though he always seemed to be on her mind. Instead, she tried to focused on the upcoming battle. The villagers had been trained, though they weren't as good as Faedra hoped.

And then the day came.

Faedra had chosen not to wear any armor. Instead, she wore her usual black leather jacket. Her long sword was strapped to her side, and she had a new bow and dozens of arrows on her back. She also hid several daggers and knives throughout her body. Avalon and Amory were speaking together quietly. Faedra liked Amory. He was a good man. Lily wore a light armor while Talbot had chain armor made from dragon scales. Faedra had recently learned that Lily's animal was a large white tiger. Nika wore an armor that easily allowed her wings move around. Faedra looked around and saw Kiran. He was struggling to pull the strap on the back. Faedra sighed.

She walked towards him and began to adjust all of the straps of the armor. "For a prince, you can barely put on armor properly."

"The armor in the palace is different than this." He defended himself. Faedra sighed. He turned to look at her. "Fae, I'm sorry about a couple weeks ago. I know that it was foolish and I mean it was a bi-" Faedra grabbed him from the neck and smashed her lips to his. He froze momentarily before welcoming the kiss.

Faedra pulled away after a while. "You talk too much. Try not to get yourself killed out there, Prince Kiran Kendrickson." Kiran nodded his head vigorously. Faedra walked away to check on her horse. When he moved to pick up his sword, he forgot that there was a wooden column to his right and slammed into it. Nika and Lily giggled as he rubbed his head in shock. Talbot smiled and shook his head.
Faedra looked at the other army. Bones. We're dead. Faedra sighed. There were too many well-trained men with better weapons. Faedra would fight as best as she could, but she didn't know if that was enough. I could use magic, she thought. Faedra decided that if the circumstances were bad enough, she would use her powers. They stopped about a few hundred feet away from the King's army. The King himself was in the front, wearing a golden helmet and armor. In the corner of her eye, she saw Kiran glare at his father. Avalon rode to the front of the army and began to deliver a speech about bravery. Faedra zoned off through most of it. She was preparing herself for battle. And then she heard the horn signifying battle.

Faedra drew her sword and gave a loud battle cry. She hacked off one of the enemy soldier's heads and used his body to throw it at another of the king's men. She fought on the horse until a large arrow punctured the horse's head. Faedra fell off and cursed. She began to kill her enemies on foot. Her bow shot arrows constantly, and when she lacked them she would yank them out of the heads of the fallen. She showed no mercy. If a soldier was weaponless, it was his fault. In one swift movement she would kick a man and break his nose. In another, she would use her hands to break their arms and their necks. She was a killing machine. One of the men came running at her. She jabbed her knee into the weak spot of his armor and used her elbow to slam it into his neck. Suddenly, she was being pinned down. A gruesome looking man was on top of her. She heard a fierce roar and saw a white tiger tackle the man and rip his throat out. The tiger looked up and smiled while licking her lips. The tiger's blue eyes stood out from its white and black coat. Faedra smirked and nodded once. She picked up her sword and began to fight again.

"FAEDRA! HAVE YOU SEEN KIRAN?" Avalon's voice called out.

"NO! WE SHOULD GO LOOK FOR HIM!" Faedra slammed her head into the soldiers nose. She, Avalon, and Lily began to look for Kiran. Nika was overhead with the other faeries. She ripped one of their wings off and used her powers to blast a hole into one of the other's skull. Blood and bones this woman is terrifying. How is Avalon in love with that? Though, she does seem like my kind of woman. Talbot and Amory were fighting side by side. Kiran was nowhere to be found. She closed her eyes. She began to use her magic to look for his energy, and then she found it.

"THERE!" Faedra grabbed Avalon's arm and dragged him towards the energy. She broke through a line of soldiers and saw Kiran and his father fighting. Faedra and Avalon began to come and aid him when his father knocked him to the ground, but he raised his hand.

"N-no..." he croaked, "this is my fight." He struggled to get back up. Avalon grabbed onto Faedra's arm.

"We cannot just let him kill himself." Faedra snapped while looking at Kiran. His father slammed the end of his sword against Kiran's face, and Faedra heard a crack.

"Fae, this isn't our fight." Avalon struggled to hold on to her. He could feel the power surging through her skin. Faedra watched as the king knocked Kiran to the ground and raised his sword. Faedra broke free and ran in front of Kiran. The sword went through her stomach before any of them could register what happened. Kiran opened his eyes in shock. No the only thing that was running through his head. He looked over at Avalon and saw him smiling slightly. WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU! He wanted to scream. And then he saw it.

Faedra had her hand clutched around the handle. Slowly, she brought it out and smirked as the wound healed. In one swift kick, she knocked the king to the ground. She turned and placed the sword in Kiran's hands. She winked before helping him up. She held one of his arms around his shoulder as she helped him move to his father. He looked at Faedra in shock before turning his attention to his father. He raised his father's sword and pointed it at his neck.
"For too long, you have restricted our freedoms. When you pass, we will have a world of freedom and peace. The kingdoms will be justly ruled." He raised the sword but stopped when his father laughed.

"You don't understand, do you? You will be just as "evil" as me. One day you will realize that all my actions are justified and that I was right all along. You and I aren't that different. You are my son after all." Kiran looked at him in horror. His lip twitched and slowly became a snarl. In one swift movement he brought the sword down and cut of the king's head off. He let the sword drop. Faedra squeezed his hand, but he hugged her and buried his face in her neck. Faedra hesitated before wrapping her arms around him. She looked over his large shoulder and saw the enemy soldiers slowly retreat and surrender. Nika was currently passionately kissing Avalon and the same went for Lily and Talbot. Kiran pulled away from her neck and sniffed. Faedra reached up and wiped away his tears as he looked around.

"We could be doing that too, you know." he tried to joke. Faedra followed his gaze and looked at Lily and Talbot before looking back at him. She rolled her eyes, blushing slightly.

"Yeah, good luck with that, Prince. We may have gotten out of this alive, but I didn't feel that near death." She turned and saw Amory walking towards them. He had a bad limp, and he was leaning on his sword for support as he walked. Faedra pulled away from Kiran and ran straight to Amory.

"Are you alright?" Faedra wrapped one arm around him and Kiran got the other side.

"I'm fine, lass. I just need a good night's rest," he hissed a little at the pain of one of his wounds. "I may need a good drink as well." Faedra pursed her lips and looked around. There were a lot of injured, and she was the only one who could properly heal them.

She grabbed a nearby soldier. "I want you and a few other men to make a tent so I can tend to the injured. Move. Now." She pushed him off and he scurried to find others to help. Avalon walked over to her and wrapped his arms around her. She hugged her little brother back and rested her head on his shoulder. "I'm glad you are okay." She whispered. She felt him nod softly. He pulled away and kissed the top of her head. He moved to Amory. The soldier who she had asked to make a tent came towards her.

"Your majesty, the tent has been built." Faedra nodded and grabbed Amory's arm again.

"Tell all of the others to come to the tent so I can heal them." Faedra began to pull Amory towards the large rock tent. Inside was a large empty room. Well this won't do at all she thought. She moved away from Amory and stood in the middle of the room. In her mind, she imagined several beds surrounding the room. She raised her right foot and slammed it to the ground. She felt the vibrations of the earth as the beds began to form. She slowly raised her hands, her palms facing upwards. The beds rose and became still when they were at the proper height. Faedra opened her eyes. She watched as Amory sat on one of the rock beds.

"It's not the most comfortable bed, but it'll do for now." He joked. Faedra nodded. She began to remove his armor. She let her hands move around his wounds and closed them. She saw that his leg was bent oddly, and in one swift crack it was in place again. The entire time, Amory was clenching his jaw and digging his nails into the rock. Kiran and Avalon were helping move injured men and women into the tent and placing them on the beds. When Faedra was done with Amory, she moved to the next bed. She spent the entire day healing the others. She had to fix several bones and stop infections. As she healed, she would often find other things wrong in their bodies. Whether it was a sickness or a misplaced bones, Faedra fixed it so it wouldn't bother them later. As she healed more and more, she became exhausted. She rarely used magic, so healing several hundred men was draining.
When she healed the last person, she plopped onto one of the beds. She laid down and allowed her muscles to relax. She felt Kiran enter the room and she sighed a little. He sat on the bed next to her and stared at her. She opened her eyes slightly and looked at him. He had a split lip and several large bruises. He claimed that he healed all of his own large wounds and refused to let Faedra, or anyone else for that matter, heal him. Faedra got off the bed and stood in front of him. She hesitated before reaching out and placing a hand against his cheek. He leaned into her hand. Faedra slowly began to heal his face, the bruises disappeared and the cuts closed. He turned his head and kissed the palm of her hand. Faedra leaned down and rested her forehead against his.

"You know, your loving shows of affection and kindness is really going against all of your legends." Faedra smiled. He had a point though. Before she saw her brother again, she was hard and cruel. But now she was kind, and she cared for those around her. Was it because she wanted to show her brother that she wasn't the monster that everyone claimed her to be? Was she tired of being alone all the time? All she knew was that she could no longer think of a life without her brother and her new friends.

The next few months were chaotic. Kiran had taken over his father's place as king, and he was struggling to restore the kingdoms. Faedra helped him the best she could, though every time they were alone they would become distracted from the topic of discussion.

Faedra had allowed her hair to grow longer, finding it too much of a problem to cut it every few weeks to keep it short. Nika and Lily were trying to get Faedra to wear dresses more often. They would often force Faedra to spend an hour in the morning styling her hair and picking a new dress for her. Avalon would make fun of her for becoming girly and that usually resulted in Faedra chasing him around the castle.

"Come here, you little skunk!" Faedra held up the front of her skirt. She wore a long light pink dress that flowed down her body. The top had designs and the sleeves just barely covered her shoulders. She wore matching flats, and Lily had twisted little flowers in the top half of her hair and let the rest flow down her back. She chased him out of the town and into the forest. She broke through a large clearing when she felt another arm wrap around her waist and pulled her down onto the soft grass. Avalon laughed and continued to run, knowing that he had done his part. Faedra sat up and glared at Kiran. He smirked before pulling her down for a long kiss. He leaned back and pulled her down. Faedra pulled away and rested her head on his shoulder. He was wearing a loose white shirt and dark pants. She looked up at the blue sky.

"So, tell me. Why did you have my brother trick me into coming here?" He thought awhile before answering.

"Well, I decided to bring you out for a small break from the palace. I also need to tell you something..." Faedra sat up and he did the same. He reached out and began to play with her soft hands. He knew that she was covered in scars, but she used her powers to hide them from view. He felt upset that she would believe that her scars affected her beauty. He continued, "My advisors have informed me that I need to marry soon. They have chosen a list of princesses that they believe I should marry. But, I don't want to marry any of them. I want you, Faedra. All I need to know is, will you have me?" He stopped and leaned in to kiss her softly. Faedra felt shocked. The idea of marriage was just a childhood dream. She never believed that she was good enough for someone to marry. Yet, here was a man who loved her for who she was. She pulled away and nodded her head. Kiran smiled.

"Really?" Faedra nodded again.
"Yes. Yes." He laughed and picked her up and began to spin her around. He set her down and kissed her again.

"We must to throw a large feast in honor of our engagement!" Together they laughed. Little did they know of the darkness that was beginning to spread in Kiran's heart.

Kiran was a good man who truly did love Faedra. However, there was still darkness in his blood. It ran in every Kendrickson's blood. Their hunger for power ran in every single one of them. And that would be Kiran's destiny.

Faedra glared at Kiran. "You can't be so stupid-

"I am your king! You cannot speak to me like that!" Faedra clenched her fists and dug her nails into them.

"Actually, I have no king. I am the Daughter of the Realms, you idiot! And in about a month you'll be my husband! You shouldn't speak to ME like that!" Kiran sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Why can't you see that I want to do good?" He tried to reason with her.

"By forcing the Fae out of their land? That is good to you?" Faedra spat out.

"Soon I'll be the King of the Realms and it won't matter. They'll have to do as they're told." Faedra raised a single eyebrow. She placed her hands on her hips.

"And who told you that you'll be king? It is my decision to allow you to be the King of the Realms. And, at the moment, I do not believe you're suited for the job!" Kiran looked at her with pure anger.

"You can't stop me from getting what I want, sweetheart." Faedra felt a shiver down her back. She turned around and stomped out of the room. She went to the large balconies and glared at the setting sun. A soft breeze rustled her hair and pushed her long white, sleeveless dress. She closed her eyes and tried to calm herself down when she heard someone clear their throat. She turned and saw Lily and an older man looking at her. The man had the same blonde hair as Lily and a tanned face. He wore battered armor and a long cloak. Lily brought him closer.

"Fae, I'd like for you to meet my older brother, Jorah." Faedra nodded her head in his direction and he bowed.

"Your majesty." His gruff voice said.

"He's a bit of an early wedding gift." Lily joked.

Faedra raised an eyebrow. "You're giving me your brother?" she teased. Jorah chuckled and took out a small bundle of cloth.

"Um… no your majesty. I offered to be your personal guard." Faedra pressed her lips together.

"Thank you, but I don't need protection. I know how to protect myself." Jorah smiled a little and looked down.

"Yes, well I'm just here to help you in whatever way possible. I brought this dagger for you as a
gift. Anything else would not seem appropriate for the Daughter of the Realms." He handed her the cloth and Faedra looked at it with curiosity. She moved the cloth away to reveal a handcrafted golden dagger with a large green jewel in the middle of the hilt. It was fashioned so it could easily be held and thrown.

"Thank you, Jorah." She kissed his cheek and walked off to her room. Jorah touched his cheek. From the corner of his eyes she saw Lily walk away as well. The stories were true. She carried a grace around her, and she could easily make a man fall to his knees with her stare. He had only spoken to her shortly and he was already taken by the Daughter of the Realms.

Faedra brushed through her long hair, a feeling of excitement in her stomach. Tomorrow she would be married. She smiled to herself and continued to brush her hair when Avalon and Amory walked in. Amory leaned against the banister of her bed while Avalon walked towards her. Faedra got up.

"What's wrong?" Avalon and Amory exchanged a look. Avalon started.

"Fae, we don't think you should marry Kiran." He waited for her reaction. Faedra narrowed her eyes.

"Why not? What has he done?"

Amory pushed off the banister and grabbed her shoulders. "Lass, he isn't the same man that he used to be. He's becoming like his father. And I know you've seen it too." Faedra brushed off his hands and glared at the two.

"I don't know what you two are talking about! Kiran is nothing like his father. He has good in him." Avalon tried to talk again, but Faedra glared at him, her eyes turning bright gold. "Enough, I don't want to hear anymore of the matter. I am getting married tomorrow." With that, she crawled into the bed. Avalon and Amory shared a look. Avalon sighed and walked over to her. He kissed the top of her head.

"Love you, big sis." Faedra just huffed in response. He rolled his eyes and walked out of the door with Amory. Amory looked back at her sleeping figure. This stubborn woman had become his daughter. She reminded him of his wife in many ways. They were both stubborn and spoke their mind about everything. He hoped that when their child would've been born, this is what they would be like. He smiled a little. Though he didn't approve of the marriage, he couldn't wait to see her in her dress, surrounded by light.

Faedra looked around. She couldn't find her brother or Amory anywhere. Did they oppose the marriage that much? No. They wouldn't leave her alone like this. Something was wrong. She sighed and looked at the mirror as Nika and Lily finished. In the side of the mirror, she saw Jorah. He shook his head. He had no luck finding them either. Faedra sighed. She wore a beautiful white dress. The top had a thin gold lace over a white corset that was wrapped around her and gave her dress designs. The thin sleeves were small and fell a little to expose her shoulders. She had flowers pinned to the side of her hip, right above the slim bow. Her long bangs were pulled out of her face and were twisted into her tiara. The rest of her thick hair fell down her shoulders. Her cheeks were rosy and her lips were plump. She looked stunning, for a soft glow surrounded her from the happiness that she felt. She smiled, excitement forming in her.
Lily came back in the room. "It's time, Fae." Faedra frowned a little.

"Shouldn't we wait for Avalon and Amory?" She asked.

"Kiran says that they had to go out and do something, but that they'll be back soon." Faedra nodded a little. She began to exit the room. Lily, Nika, and Jorah went to go take their places, leaving Faedra alone. She took a deep breath. She couldn't understand the feeling of dread filling her, so she decided to ignore it. She walked into the balcony room. The balcony room was a large platform that overlooked the entire town. It would allow the people to witness the marriage. Kiran stood tall, with his crown on his head. As Faedra walked towards him, he smiled before taking her hand. Lily stood beside the large arc of roses and smiled brightly. The high wizard began to speak. Faedra began to drift off when a strange feeling of pain began to overcome her. She felt as if she was being ripped to shreds. She shut her eyes and saw Avalon in the same field that Kiran had proposed to her. He was being ripped to shreds by a large white wolf with terrifying blue eyes. When Faedra opened her eyes, she was covered in blood. She screamed and moved back. She looked down again to see she was completely fine, but now she knew. Kiran looked at her with concern.

"Faedra, are you alright?" Faedra looked at him before running towards the edge of the balcony. She jumped off and landed on her feet. She pushed past the people and ran into the woods. She sprinted through the forest and came upon a groaning body with several arrows protruding through it's chest. Faedra's eyes widened as she knelt before Amory.

"Amory?" Faedra felt tears pour down her cheeks as she looked at him. He gasped a little and turned his head to see Faedra. He saw how beautiful she was in her wedding dress and smiled. "At least, I got to see my lass one last time..." he drifted off. Faedra looked at him and sobbed. She got up, her shoulders shook. She wanted to mourn, but she had to find Avalon. She ran towards the clearing and saw three wizards chanting while her brother was being torn to shreds. The sight was terrifying. It shook her to the core. Her little brother was being killed. She ran and tried to stop it but there was a magical barrier in the way. She tried to break through, but for some reason she couldn't. She screamed as she hit the barrier with her fists.

"NO! NO! LET HIM GO! STOP!" The wizards began to chant louder and louder. A white glow began to leak from Avalon's wounds. She knew that glow. It was similar to their mothers, but hers was gold. She knew what was going to happen next, and she screamed. Avalon looked up at her and struggled to smile. She heard his voice in her head. It filled her every being and she felt the weakness of it. "It's going to be okay, Fae." The wolf lunged and ripped off his head. Faedra screamed again as a blinding light came from his body. The barrier broke as the wizard finished their chant. Faedra ran and knelt by her shredded brother. Blood soaked through her dress and she began to wail.

"I'm sorry it had to come to this, Faedra." Faedra turned and saw Kiran with several of his guards behind him. "I never wanted to hurt them. I loved Avalon like a brother, but they were holding me back. Now we can rule the realms together! Just the two of us." Faedra felt a growing anger in her body that filled her with rage. She felt another's anger as well. It was the wolf's. It was not a shifter, but instead it was a wolf that had its cubs killed in front of it. It had been forced to kill others as well as her brother. The wolf hated its wizard owners. It hated them and wanted to rip them limb from limb. Faedra reached out and placed a hand on the wolf's nose. The two's anger began to merge. Faedra was fueled by betrayal and loss. She felt herself join with the wolf. Kiran and the guards shielded their eyes from the blinding light. When it subsided the wolf was there by itself. It was at least twice the size it used to be, and instead of blue eyes, they were now an emerald green. Faedra moved around in the new body. She and the wolf's anger became one.
She lunged at the nearest wizard and ripped off its head. She tore through the wizards, and the guards fled. Kiran was the only one who stayed. He looked at her with shock and disbelief. When Faedra was done, she turned back into a human, her dress covered in fresh blood. Kiran felt fear as he looked into her eyes. They weren't hers anymore. Her eyes became black and were rimmed with red. She had black veins under her eyes as she stared at him. Darkness surrounded her. She raised her hand, but he disappeared before she could kill him.

Faedra screamed in anger. She was no longer the woman that she used to be. Now she was made of pure anger and hatred. She didn't care who she killed, but she wanted blood. She teleported herself into the town and began to slaughter all those around her. She would use her powers to force them to kill themselves or each other. She would rip out their throats and break their bones. She went from town to town, killing everyone around her. But slowly, her anger began to fade until she collapsed onto the ground from exhaustion.

Faedra woke up in a small room. She was on a cot, and she was wearing separate cuffs. She moved her hand and brushed her hair out of her face. She didn't remember anything after she merged herself with the wolf. She looked around confused as to where she was. Kiran must've locked her up. She felt an immense sadness as she remembered her brother. She curled up and began to weep for her lost brother and Amory. The door opened, and she looked at Kiran. She felt anger as she looked at him. Her hands began to shake, but for some reason she felt no magic. She realized that the cuffs must be restricting her magic.

"Faedra..." he stopped himself. "Did you have too kill all of those people?" Faedra looked at him with a confused expression.

"What do you mean? You were the one who killed Avalon and Amory, not me."

Kiran looked at her with sudden realization. "You don't remember, do you?" he began to walk towards her. Faedra scuffled back and pressed her body against the wall. He sighed. "After you killed all those wizards, you became a monster. You slaughtered three villages. People are starting to realize how similar you are to your father. They want you dead, Fae." Faedra gasped and looked at her hands. No. She couldn't have killed all those people. No. She began to shake. Kiran walked towards her and took her hands. She struggled to push him away, but she was too weak from guilt and sadness. "Shh. It's alright. They'll love you again. Once you birth me a heir, they'll realize that you aren't the bad guy." Faedra tried to pull away in shock. What did he mean? They hadn't… she paled. He grabbed her arms and pinned her against the wall. Faedra began to scream and push him away, but he used his powers to hold her still.

Faedra fell to the ground and sobbed. "No…no..." Kiran began to leave the room.

"Shush, I did this for us. I'll have a healer come check you in about a month." Faedra gasped and crawled onto her cot. She felt dirty. She sobbed into the pillow.

Faedra sat still on her cot as Kiran traced her swollen belly. She was now five months pregnant with his child, soon they would find out if it was a boy or a girl. Faedra kept her face emotionless as he told her of his big plans for their child.
"It won't matter if it's a boy or a girl, just as long as they're strong. They'll obviously be good looking," he said while tracing her belly through her thin dress, "and they'll be cunning. I'm going to teach them how to properly rule the realms." Faedra stiffened. Kiran had become the King of the Realms, stating that he should be king since he was married to Faedra. Though they still weren't married, Kiran lied through his teeth and stated that they were married in private. She didn't know if the others were okay or not. Lily, Talbot, Nika, Jorah… Kiran could've already killed them for all she knew. And now her child would have him as a father. It would become corrupt and evil. Faedra balled her fists.

The door opened, and a servant came in to give Faedra her food. Ever since Faedra had become pregnant, Kiran had made sure she was well fed. Kiran got up as the servant handed Faedra her food. "Alright then, sweetheart. It's time for me to leave you in peace to eat. I'll be back tomorrow. I love you." He leaned down and kissed her head before exiting the room and closing the door. Faedra looked at her food and threw it aside in disgust. She suddenly saw the silver butter knife under the slowly got up and grabbed it. She walked back and sat down, examining it. It was dull, for Kiran didn't want her to cut herself with it. It was too big to pick the lock of her door or her cuffs with and too small to properly attack anyone with. She turned the knife over. She needed a plan to stop Kiran. She looked at her swollen belly and then back at the blade.

It was a dark thought. One that she would regret forever. She could try to give herself time, but that would require the life of her unborn child. Was she willing to do it? To kill her own blood. She began to cry softly. She knew she had to. If she didn't, Kiran would destroy the child. It would become dark and evil. She would never know if it was a boy or girl. She wouldn't see what it looked like. If it was good with magic. She wouldn't even know her own child's name. She made up her mind with a sob.

Slowly, she raised the dull knife. With enough force, it would do the job. She sobbed and brought the knife down. Pain. It spread through her as she fell forward. She was on her side and the butter knife protruded out of her stomach. Faedra closed her eyes as pain absorbed her.

Faedra woke up on a soft bed. She opened her eyes and looked around. She was in a large tent with a small bookcase on the side, and there were pillows on the ground for chairs. The flap of the tent opened, and Jorah walked through the opening. He smiled when he saw her awake and rushed to her side.

"Jorah? You're alive!" she tried to get up but a pain in her stomach stopped her. She looked down at her now flat stomach and gasped. It was bandaged tightly.

"Careful, Faedra. The first couple layers have healed, but the rest hasn't yet." Faedra just looked at her stomach.

"How am I here?" she asked stiffly. Jorah knelt on the ground by her bed and sighed.

"We came and rescued you from imprisonment. It was no easy task, but we managed," he replied.

"How long have I been here?"

"Three weeks, your majesty." Faedra nodded her head. Three weeks. She struggled to get up, but Jorah tried to keep her down. "I don't think that'd be wi-"

"It doesn't matter." She angrily replied. She got up and clutched her stomach. She was wearing a
loose maroon shirt and brown pants. She walked out of the tent while clutching onto Jorah's arm. When she exited the tent, everyone stopped to look at her. Faedra looked around warily.

"Welcome to the second rebellion camp. A group of people and creatures who want Kiran Kendrickson off of the throne."

"Where are Lily, Talbot, and Nika?" she asked.

Jorah sighed and looked at his feet. "They were killed, Faedra. They tried to fight Kiran, and he killed them." Faedra just nodded. She refused to cry. She couldn't afford to cry, for she wouldn't be able to stop. She had lost too much in such a short period of time. She couldn't help but think of what it would have been like if she had never came to this realm in the first place.

She sighed, heavy hearted. She began to walk into the forest. When Jorah asked if he should come, she just shook her head. When she was far from the camp, she collapsed. She gasped for air, struggling to find something to hold onto. "WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO!" she screamed. She shook and gripped the grass. The pain of her stomach kept her going. The cuffs dug into her skin. She had forgotten to tell Jorah how to take them off. She screamed again loudly. She had no will to keep going forward. What was the point? She had gotten out of one rebellion only to jump into another. She was betrayed and lost her only family. She screamed again, struggling to grasp onto something that would keep her stable. She didn't know Jorah well enough to rely on him. She needed Avalon. She needed Lily. She needed Nika. Even shy Talbot. Her shoulders shook as she tried to catch her breath.

She suddenly heard an annoying sound in front of her. She looked up and saw on a black crow on a small rock, pecking at the moss. It cawed again. Faedra grabbed a rock and threw it at the crow. The crow flew off for a while before coming back. She tried again, but it still came back. It faced Faedra and tilted it's head. It cawed again and Faedra narrowed her eyes. She stared at the crow before reaching out slowly. The crow jumped onto her finger. Faedra pulled it closer and sat down. She began to pet the strange bird. There will always be stuff like this in the realms to protect. She stared at the bird and suddenly, she felt her strength grow. She would fight because she had to protect creatures like this. The crow flew off her finger and into the trees. Faedra got up and began to walk to the camp. What a strange thing, an annoying crow had given her the strength to have courage again.

Faedra stood in front of the large crowd with Jorah and crossed her arms as they yelled at her.

"YOU KILLED OUR PEOPLE! YOU ARE WORSE THAN THE KING! WE WON'T HAVE YOU LEAD US!" they yelled. Faedra sighed, guilt creeping up on her. Jorah placed a hand on her shoulder before stepping before the crowd.

"Please! Calm down, my friends!" Jorah had such a calm voice that the entire crowd calmed. Jorah nodded at Faedra and she stepped up. She wore a black dress that clung to her body. It had a hood and was cut in certain parts of her legs to allow easy movement. She and Jorah had spent a day removing the magical cuffs from her hand. Jorah had returned her sword to her, and Faedra had strapped it to her back. She sighed as she stood in front of the people.

"I know that you all are mad at me for what I did-

"YOU'RE BLOODY RIGHT WE'RE MAD!" a male voice came from the crowd. Faedra took a deep breath.
"Yes, thank you for interrupting me in the middle of my sentence just to tell me something that I already knew. What I mean is that I didn't have control over my own actions. I know I killed a lot of people, but we have bigger problems right now. Kiran will not stop at just taking away people's lands. He will also destroy any that get in his way of total control. You all need me to lead you if you want to beat him." She finished with a huff. Jorah nodded in approval. Suddenly, one of the people walked out of the crowd. She was a fairy with large wings and dark skin.

"I will follow you into battle." Another person walked out. "As will I." Slowly, more people began to join them. Jorah smiled. Faedra turned around and walked into her tent. Jorah hesitated before following her. Faedra had taken off her sword and was polishing it.

"Is something wrong? I thought you would be happy."

Faedra sighed. "It's not enough. We will need hundreds more to fight Kiran. His army is too large." She set her sword aside and rested her head in her hands. Jorah sighed and sat next to her on the bed. He patted her back. "Why have you stayed?" Faedra finally asked. Jorah looked at his shoes. "Don't you have a wife? Children?" Jorah sighed.

"No, my wife left me for a man with more gold in his pockets. And I have never had children. Not any that I know of at least." Faedra snorted and rested her chin on her hands.

"You've stayed this entire time. Even though I killed all those people, even though I was a fool. You stayed. I can never thank you enough," Jorah looked at her.

"There is one way you can." Faedra narrowed her eyes slightly. "You could grant me immortality so that I could remain your advisor." Faedra sat up straighter.

"Immortality is not as great as it seems. You watch everyone around you die and you watch great kingdoms fall. I'm the best example of what it does to you." Jorah nodded. This was something that he had thought of greatly, but he knew what he wanted. He wanted to keep Faedra safe and he wanted to make sure she would never be alone again.

"I understand this, but that doesn't make me want it any less." Faedra nodded and rose. She stood before him and placed her hands on either side of his head. A moment later she removed them. Jorah narrowed his eyes. "That's it?" Jorah asked skeptically. Faedra snorted.

"Welcome to immortality, my friend," was all she replied with.

Faedra and Jorah spent the next week thinking of how to defeat Kiran. They couldn't get aid from the other realms, for Kiran had closed the portals. All over the realms, there had been several battles. People began to try to fight the new King of the Realms as he took away their homes and killed their neighbors. The battles were always unsuccessful due to the strength of Kiran's army. The war was now being called the War of the Realms.

Faedra knew from the beginning that the only way to win the war was to find a way to cut off the head, but she now had to find out how.

"We could try to sneak into the castle." Jorah suggested. Faedra sighed and nodded. That was the only possibility at this point.

"It's going to be dangerous. Who knows how many guards he'll have there."

"We could create a distraction to draw out the guards." Faedra nodded. They began to plan out
Faedra and Jorah covered their faces with their cloaks. They stood by the castle as they waited for the distraction to set off. Suddenly a large ball of fire shot in the air and landed on an empty house. Several others came and landed in random locations. Faedra watched as the guards began to run to help the civilians. She, Jorah, and their small team began to climb the walls of the castle. Faedra was the last to make sure everyone got up safely. Jorah grabbed her arm and pulled her the rest of the way.

Faedra straightened her black dress. "Alright, I'm going to confront Kiran, you lot make sure we aren't interrupted." The others nodded before leaving. Jorah hesitated. He looked at his queen before leaning down and kissing her forehead.

"Stay safe, your majesty." Faedra nodded.

"You too, my knight in dented armor." Jorah chuckled before running off with the others. Faedra drew out her sword and took a deep breath. She walked towards the throne room and threw the doors open. Kiran was sitting on the throne with his chin on his hand. He looked at Faedra in shock when she came in and rose immediately. Faedra looked around and saw no guards.

"What, no guards?" she asked innocently. Kiran ignored her comment and walked towards her before he hugged her. Faedra stiffened in disgust.

"I'm so glad you came back to me." Faedra realized that he thought she came back to be with him. He pulled away and looked into her eyes. "I'm sorry about how I treated you, sweetheart. I just want you to know that everything that you do is for us. I love you." He picked up her hand and kissed her palm. The thoughts of her imprisonment came flooding back. She wanted to laugh at how stupid he sounded. Like a mad man. Faedra smiled.

"I know you do. You took away everything I had for love. And that's exactly why I'm doing this." In one swift movement, she stabbed him with her dagger in his chest. He gasped and fell to his knees. Faedra stared at his bright blue eyes and watched the light leave them. She didn't feel pain. She didn't feel guilt. She was too tired to care that she had just killed the man that she had so greatly loved before. All she wanted to do was sleep. To never wake up.

Faedra woke up to someone shaking her. She opened her eyes and saw Sam looming over her.

"Sam?"

"Hey, sorry. You were having a nightmare." Faedra just nodded. She moved to the side so he could have room to lie with her. It was something that they did whenever either of them had a nightmare. They would wrap their arms around each other and protect each other. Sam wrapped his arms around her and smoothed her hair down.

"Hey Fae, can I ask you a question?"

"You just did." She muttered into his chest. Sam sighed. "Fine, but I won't promise to answer it."

"Okay… why are your powers restricted. I mean, I know about Kiran and the cuff thing, but you aren't wearing cuffs." Faedra sighed.
"A couple thousand years ago, there was this king that a part of the Council of known, the council of the most powerful creatures that took my place since I didn't want to rule. This king was a total dick. One day, he decided to talk about how much of a disgrace I was for Kiran and for my entire past in general. I just got so mad that I shot him with my arrow, and as a punishment I had my powers restricted. They sent me to this shit hole of a realm and I've been here ever since."

Sam snorted. This did sound like something Faedra would do. He wanted to ask another question, but she was already fast asleep.
Faedra groaned as she got up. Sam had left around an hour ago. She sighed and got dressed, dreading the day before her. She put on a black jacket with a leather vest, and underneath she wore a ripped black tank top. She pulled on a dark pair of worn-out jeans and a pair of old army boots. Faedra put her hair in a high ponytail, but several strands fell out. Faedra sighed and left her room. As she walked towards the living room, she heard several whispers. She stopped by the entry way and hid herself.

"Can't you, I don't know, beg for forgiveness?" Dean asked.

"Sorry boys, but I did nothing wrong. It's not my fault she's out of her mind." Crowley replied coolly. Faedra clenched her jaw.

"Don't you have any sympathy for Faedra? I mean, she poured her heart out to you, and you just rejected her. Do you know how much courage it took for Faedra to admit that? She's not even open to me that much." Sam said. She heard Crowley sigh. Faedra decided that she had enough. She walked into the living room. Everyone became quiet. Faedra walked over to the table and grabbed a piece of toast, ignoring the stares. She turned to Sam.

"Any new cases?" she asked after swallowing a bite of toast. Sam hesitated.

"Yeah, we got one about a poltergeist, but it isn't something that you need to handle." Sam replied. Faedra raised an eyebrow.

"What do you mean?"

"We mean that we don't trust you enough to let you back outside again." Dean replied stiffly. He looked Faedra in the eye. "We're keeping you in lockdown until we know you're not just gonna go on another killing rampage. So," he grabbed the book in front of Sam and slammed it on the table beside Faedra," while we're out hunting this son of a bitch, you can finish translating this thing. The sooner we find Abbadon, the better." Faedra glared at the book.

"You can't order me around. May I remind you of who I am." Faedra spat.

"Sure we can, Fae. You're our responsibility, just like we're yours. So get to it." Faedra glared at Dean before sitting down. There was no point in getting into a fight. She opened the book and began to translate. Sam and Dean began to prepare their stuff for the hunt. Crowley was sitting on the chair farthest from Faedra and was drinking a glass of Scotch.

The front door opened to reveal a worn out, dirty man. His blonde hair was covered in dirt in sweat, and so was his blue tunic. He carried a large sword on his side and a shield on his back. In his hands were a large pile of scrolls. Faedra got up immediately and embraced her friend. Sam and Dean had come in to see who had shown up and nodded at Jorah.
Jorah pulled away from Faedra's embrace. "It's good to see you again, my queen." Jorah said with a soft smile. Faedra snorted.

"Same with you, but you really need to start taking baths before you come over. You smell terrible." She waved her hand over nose, exaggerating his odor. He chuckled before moving to the table and laying out the scrolls. Sam walked over and examined them out of curiosity. They were several maps depicting several different realms, the kingdoms within the realms, and the major towns within the kingdoms. Faedra began to look over them with a deep look of concentration. Crowley stared at her focused expression. When she was concentrating, she would occasionally rub her bottom lip with the side of her forefinger or she would tap her fingers in a fast rhythm.

"These are the maps of the realms that are currently falling apart and asking for war. The Council of Elders has no idea how to properly control them, so they've taken to public executions."

Faedra's head snapped up at this. She stared at Jorah with disbelief.

"Who are they executing?" Sam asked.

Jorah glanced at Sam. "Mainly innocents. They want to try to send a message to the people, but all it seems to be doing is making them angrier." He turned his gaze back on Faedra. The two seemed to have a silent conversation whenever they looked at each other. Sam liked to believe that if Faedra had a true love, it would be Jorah. They fit together perfectly, like two puzzle pieces. The problem was, they were from two different puzzles. No matter how flawlessly they fit together, they would never be apart of the same puzzle.

"They want a leader," Jorah finally said. "They want a queen." Faedra growled and looked away. "They want you, Faedra. You are the only one who can properly lead the realms. You have been putting off your duty for billions years." Faedra glared at the table. Billions of years. Sometimes it felt as though she could feel the billions of years that she was alive. But other times, she would be so detached from the realms that years felt like days to her.

"What do you fear? Why won't you take your place and end the realm's suffering?" Jorah finished with a huff. He looked at Faedra, hope in his eyes that she would realize how badly she was needed in the realms. Faedra looked at the maps and dug her nails into her palms.

"Don't you understand?" she asked tensely while gritting her teeth. "I can't be queen. I have the same evil in me that my father had. He made me the monster that I am. Do you really think that the realms would want me as their queen if they knew what I was really like? None of them saw me when I attacked those villages. None of them saw me torture all those girls. None of them saw how much I enjoyed the taste of blood." She let her head hang in shame. Dean looked at Sam and they shared a look. They knew this was something that Faedra had always felt guilty about, and it would be something that would always haunt her. Jorah reached out and placed his hand on her shoulder.

"Faedra, you attacking the villages were three billion years ago. And that's three billion years in only a few realms. In some of the realms that is over billions of years."

"And in realms like Earth, where time moves slower, it's only been a few thousand." She sighed and glanced at the Winchesters. "Shouldn't you two be hunting a poltergeist?" Sam nodded and the two began to leave. Dean stopped by the door and turned to give Faedra and Crowley a scolding look.

"If you two fight again or even break one thing in this household, I swear I'll kill you," he pointed at Crowley, "and I'll stick you in a locked room." He pointed at Faedra. Faedra sighed and rolled her eyes.
"Doesn't matter, boys. I'm leaving right now." Crowley snapped his fingers and he was gone. Sam and Dean waved a goodbye to Faedra and Jorah and left. Jorah glanced at Faedra.

"What was that about?" Faedra sighed. She began to explain to him everything from telling Crowley her feelings, to her killing spree, and finally the argument that she had yesterday. Jorah listened and pursed his lips.

"So that's why they won't let you go hunt with them?" Jorah asked. Faedra nodded absentmindedly. Jorah knew that she didn't want to talk about it anymore, so he changed the subject.

"Faen and Jocelyn miss you, you know. And, Kira and Mo miss their godmother." Faedra smiled a little.

"I miss them too. But going back into the magical realms would mean that I would have to confront the Council."

"Faedra, you cannot hide forever. One day they will force you to come back." Faedra looked at the maps.

"Why? Shouldn't they want to keep their position as the leaders of the realms? Why would they force me to come back?" Jorah sighed.

"When the situation gets bad enough, you'll be the one who they'll expect to fix it. They'll blame you for everything that is going on by placing you in power. The moment you fix the realms, they'd take you off again." Jorah finished and leaned back in his chair. Faedra sighed, knowing that he was right.

"We could just try to kill them." Faedra jokingly suggested. Jorah chuckled.

"We'd have better luck starting the War Among the Realms with Kiran again."

Chapter End Notes

YEP! JORAH IS BACK IN TOWN!
Okay, so I have been flooded with tests and assignments. I used to be 7 chapters ahead and now I am barely one chapter ahead. So, I decided to take one TINY ITSY BITSY week off so I can sorta catch up. My wonderful, beautiful, magnificent, BETA has been working her ass off and we both are drowning in work. So that is all. Also, I'm going to start soon on canon episodes. It'll start at the episode Captives. That also means the chapters are gonna be a lot longer. Hope you all enjoy this chapter. Love ya.

Faedra had been finishing a chapter of the translations when she heard Dean's phone buzz.

"Hello, angel. How's your hunt for Metatron?" Faedra inquired as she picked up the phone.

"Where are Sam and Dean?" he asked.

"Hello to you too, Cas." Faedra said, raising an eyebrow. Castiel sighed. "They were on a hunt, but they called about a few hours ago and said that they were coming back." Sam and Dean had gone and killed the poltergeist. They had only been gone for about a week, claiming that it was an easy case. The front door opened and Dean walked in with a bag of burgers, and Sam came from behind with the drinks. Faedra looked back down at her book.

"Speak of the devils, and they shall appear." Faedra sassed. She tossed the phone to Dean and he caught it swiftly.

"Actually, love, I'm the real devil." Crowley's voice came from behind her. Faedra clenched her fists and dug her nails into her palms. Crowley moved so he was behind Faedra and looked at her work. "Have you gotten anywhere with that book of yours?" he asked before taking a sip of his drink. Faedra slammed the book shut and got up, shoving the back of the chair into Crowley's stomach. She heard him grunt as she walked towards the boys.

"You know, Crowley. Just because we took off some of the markings to let you come in the bunker, it doesn't mean you can come and go as you please," Faedra stated calmly.

Sam sighed and handed Faedra her food. Faedra leaned against the counter and made sure that Sam and Dean were eating before starting on her own food. She swallowed.

"How was the hunt?" she asked before taking another bite from her burger.

"Pretty good. Like I said before, easy huntin'." Dean said with a full mouth. Faedra nodded thoughtfully. She set aside her food and rested her head on the counter. Sam chuckled a little.

"Rough few weeks?" he asked.

Faedra looked up at him. "You think? It's like it gets harder and harder for me to translate that damned book everyday. And I also have Jorah coming every other day to tell me that I need to take responsibility and lead a rebellion against the Council of Elders," she huffed. She stood up straighter, struggling not to fall asleep right there and then.
"Pardon my asking sweetheart, but why don't you go back to your precious realm?" Crowley asked while gesturing at Faedra. Faedra narrowed her eyes at him. Her stance became rigged as she clenched onto the sides of the table.

"Shouldn't you be looking for the First Blade?" she asked curtly. Crowley raised an eyebrow.

"That doesn't answer my question, love."

"Well, demon, I haven't gone back to the realms because the moment I step on magical ground, I've declared war," She walked so that she was a few feet away from him. Her tone was cold, and her face was emotionless. She hid how scared she was of going back. She was terrified of facing all those people. She was terrified of leading a rebellion. And most of all, she was terrified of letting them all down. "And what a war it would be," she continued. "The Council of Elders against the Daughter of the Realms. It's not going to be like the small war you humans had on Earth during the apocalypse. No, more creatures would be killed than all of the human race, dead and alive. Every realm will be forced to pick a side. Even Earth, though you lot will be oblivious to it all. And I would be forced to lead it all. Lead men and women and anything else to their deaths. And if we do manage to win, which is highly unlikely, then I'd be forced to become Queen, and that is something I refuse to do." Faedra finished with an edge to her voice. Crowley smirked a little.

"Isn't it a bit selfish to refuse to help win a war?" He brought his drink up to his lips and sipped as he watched her eyes turn gold. He felt bad for bringing it up, but he wanted to see her reaction.

"By being selfish I'm saving peoples lives," she spat. Sam finally chose to speak.

"But I thought that the Council of Elders was executing people." Sam looked at the others for reassurance. Crowley glanced at Faedra and smirked.

"I win this one, love."

As the weeks went on, tensions grew in the bunker. Faedra was struggling to translate the book, help Jorah with strategies, help Sam and Dean, and attempt to sleep for more than an hour a night. Nightmares plagued her dreams as she slept. She would watched her brother be torn to shreds as she felt the wolf's teeth sink into her skin and tear another part of her almost as if she was the one who the wolf hungered for. She watched Kennreth lose his head, causing a loud thump, before rolling to her feet. Arya's neck would snap, the sounds would shake Faedra's every cell as the sound became louder and louder in her ears. Zed would burn and the light of the fire would burn into her eyes as the smell of burning flesh hit her nose. Amory would bleed and the blood would cling to her skin as she struggled to save him. Andromeda would sleep, but never wake up. Her mother would grab onto her as if Faedra could do something to make the arrow go away. But the worst death was always Jorah's, for he was still alive and she had formed a bond with him that she never formed with anyone else. In her dreams she would imagine every sort of possible death for her dear friend. She would hold onto him as his face became blue from poison. His limbs would be torn off, the sound of the breaking bones echoed in her ears. He would be tortured until there was nothing left. He would die in his sleep and refuse to awaken again. She would drag him out of the waves, but she would always be too late to save him. Every night Faedra would wake up sweating and crying. Sometimes she would spend the rest of the night with Sam, but in others she would curl up in a ball and cry quietly.

To those who she never opened up to, they would believe that she was strong and cold. That she felt no pain when she was tortured or no sadness when a life was lost. And sometimes it was true. She would be too tired to care. Too absorbed in her own world to care for others. But there would
always be nights where she would weep for the lost soldiers. For the widowed mothers. The orphaned children. The loss of the lives that could have impacted the world in even the smallest ways weighed Faedra down. She would feel the weight on her shoulders, and she would only blame herself because of it. If she had done something differently then maybe they would have survived.

Faedra shook and wrapped her arms around her stomach. She dug her nails into her sides as she pulled her legs to her chest. She began to rock back and forth, struggling to calm herself down. She heard a small creek to the left, and she jumped while grabbing her dagger from under her pillow. She pointed it at the intruder's chest.

Crowley looked at the knife in slight shock and held up his hands before studying Faedra's face. She had bags under her eyes and her blonde hair was a mess. Her cheeks had hollowed out a little more, and she looked utterly exhausted. "No need to keep that thing pointed at me, sweetheart. I'm only here to propose a deal."

"What do you want?" she spat while continuing to hold the dagger to his chest. Crowley sighed and let his hands fall.

"I would like to propose a little ceasefire between the two of us." Faedra narrowed her eyes and tilted her head a little. "Listen love, you need a break. And fighting with me all the time isn't helping. So, I've decided to forgive you for 'confessing your love' and pretend like nothing happened." Faedra raised an eyebrow in disbelief and let her hand drop.

"You're going to forgive me? Are you kidding me?" she hissed. Crowley narrowed his eyes.

"Well, yes. You are the one who ruined everything." Faedra sighed in disbelief. She grabbed the chair next her bed and in one swift motion she slammed it against Crowley. The chair shattered and Faedra picked up her sword. She was tired of the bastard. She'd kill him and rid herself of the problems that she caused.

She was about to stab Crowley when she felt someone wrap their arms around her and pull her back.

"Woah there, Fae." Dean said, trying to calm her down. "I don't think that'd be the best idea." Faedra growled softly as Crowley got up and left.

"Bastard! I'm putting the protection spells back up!" she snarled at him. She had been so close to finally getting rid of him, but she was stopped by an idiot in a pair of heart boxers.
Faedra sat by herself on the couch as she watched Sam shuffle through the file that was sent to him. Sam narrowed his eyes at one of the pages and called for Dean. Faedra looked back down at the book in her lap. She had found it in one of the large bookshelves in the bunker. The Hobbit it was called. Faedra had heard Charlie talk highly of it, so she decided to read it herself. She was shocked at how accurate it was to a realm that she had once visited.

Dean walked in with a scowl. He looked as if he hadn't slept in weeks, which wouldn't be that surprising. "What's up, Sam."  

"Hey, Dean, did you know there's a vampire nest up in Michigan?" Sam said offhandedly. Dean sighed and dragged his hand over his face.

"Guess we're goin' huntin' again," he muttered. Faedra looked up from her book. Dean noticed this from the corner of his eye and turned to her. "No. You're still on hold for the whole 'hunting with us' thing." Faedra glared at him.

"Does that mean you idiots are leaving me alone again?" she groaned.

"You were alone for most of your life, Fae. This shouldn't be a big deal," Dean retorted. Faedra stiffened. Sam glared at Dean, showing his disapproval of the comment, though Dean simply shrugged.

"I thought you two were still fighting over the fact that Sam doesn't want to hunt with you anymore," Faedra spat back harshly. Dean's jaw clenched as he stared at her.

Sam picked up all his papers. "Well, there's no use in wasting anymore time here," He turned to Faedra. "We'll be back soon. If Crowley comes over, try not to kill him again like last night." Faedra said nothing, instead choosing to ignore the comment and read her book. Sam sighed and left the room. After a while, Dean did too.

Faedra stretched as she got up. She couldn't understand why, but she felt happy. The Winchesters had been gone for a few days which meant she had the bunker to herself. She had decided to take a break from translating and wanted to do something else for a change.

After eating breakfast, Faedra went to Sam's room. Unlike Deans, his wasn't as organized or as homely. On top of the desk that was pushed to the side of the room, there were several pictures. Faedra walked over and inspected them. One was of his mother and another was of him, Dean, and Bobby. Faedra couldn't help but smile when she saw Bobby's grumpy face, for it was one that she missed dearly. Beside the older pictures was a newer one. It was of Sam, Dean, and Cas
standing side by side, much like soldiers. However their faces told a different story, for both Sam and Dean had an arm around Faedra, who was standing in front of them all. Sam and Dean were smiling and Cas had a proud smirk on his face. Faedra had a single eyebrow raised, though it was obvious she was trying not to smile as well.

Faedra moved on from the pictures and went to Sam's movie drawer. She began to sift through the movies until she found one that she had seen previously with the boys. She walked out of Sam's room and went to the TV. She jumped on the couch and wrapped herself in blankets as the movie began.

After Faedra had returned the movie back to its proper place, she walked into the kitchen.

"Dammit, boys. Would it kill you to stock up the bloody fridge?" she hissed under her breath. She groaned as she grabbed her wallet and walked out of the kitchen. She walked to the garage and got on her motorcycle. The engine purred as she drove out.

Faedra looked around the aisle as she grabbed several different snacks and dumped them in the shopping cart. She sighed as she walked to the cereal aisle. She stopped and groaned at the number of different cereals. What is the point of giving children sugar for breakfast? she thought. She ran a hand through her hair as she tried to think of what kind the boys would like. Faedra grabbed the Lucky Charms and tossed it in the cart.

Suddenly, Faedra's phone began to ring. She looked at the caller ID and smiled as she saw her friend's name before answering. "Well, hello there, Sherriff. How's it goin'?" she asked as she looked at different vegetables to make for dinner when the boys returned.

"I'm doing good, sweetheart. We haven't talked in a few months. Is everything okay?" she ended with a hint of concern in her voice.

"I'm all good," Faedra said while picking out tomatoes. "Why do you ask?" She heard Jody snort.

"Fae, Sam and Dean told me what happened. You're acting like a teenager who got rejected, you do realise that? It's just plain silly," Jody said in a motherly voice.

"If the reason why you called me was to lecture me, I'm just gonna hang up now-"

"No, no. Sorry, it's just I had to put that out there," Jody said hurriedly. Faedra snorted as she placed some asparagus in the cart and moved to the meat section.

"So, sweetheart, where are the boys?"

"Out on a hunt. Vampire nest in Michigan," she replied curtly. She examined the steak before placing it in the cart. She began to walk to the candy aisle.

"They didn't take you?" Jody said in shock.

"Apparently, I'm on house arrest," she sighed. Faedra grabbed several bags of sweets and candy bars. She examined the cart and nodded. She got everything she needed.
"So, what are you doing then?"

"Nothing. I've been cooking for the idiots and reading books."

"Sounds fun- oh sorry, Fae. I gotta go. You take care of yourself, okay?"

Faedra smiled, "You too, Jody." She hung up the phone with a sigh.

Faedra placed all the new food in the cupboards. She left all the ingredients that she needed for tonight's dinner out. Sam had called and told her they would be there in a few hours.

She began to peel the potatoes. She hummed while she peeled them, her mind in a completely different world. Once she was done she put them on the stove to boil and started on the pie dough. She mixed the ingredients together and began to knead the dough with her hands. She placed the dough in the pie mold before beginning to cut bananas for the pie. When she was done, she placed the pie dough in the oven and patted her now dirty clothes. Might as well change she thought.

She walked to her room and tossed her dirty clothes in the hamper. She looked in her closet and tried to find some clothes. Dammit, still haven't done the laundry. She groaned and walked over to Dean's room. She knelt by his drawer and looked for a decent sized T-shirt. She grabbed his AC/DC shirt and snatched a pair of his jeans. She pulled them on before grabbing his dirty laundry basket. She went in Sam's room and grabbed his as well before pulling her's out of her room. Faedra placed them all around her as she began to fill the washing machine. When she was done, she went to check on the food.

She still had a few more minutes before the pie crust was ready. She looked at the clock. 6:20, Sam said they'd be home by 7:30. Faedra began to start working on the steak and the other vegetables.

At 7:10 she had everything done. The table was prepared, the banana cream pie was on the counter, the steak and the vegetables were on the table, and the laundry was in the dryer. Faedra was sitting down on the couch and was finishing The Hobbit.

Faedra heard the garage door open, and she got up. She walked towards the garage to welcome the brothers. When she saw them, she ran. Dean was covered in blood and cuts while Sam was in similar shape.

"What the hell happened!" she screamed. Dean groaned.

"Bigger nest than expected." he muttered. Faedra looked between them and narrowed her eyes.

"And you didn't think of calling me!"

"It's fine, Fae." Sam hissed. Faedra placed her fists on her hips and started at the two. She wanted to be mad at them, but she couldn't. She sighed and gently grabbed both of their hands. "Come on, boys. Let me look at you idiots." She led them downstairs and sat them on the couch. Dean sniffed the air while Faedra got supplies to clean their cuts.

"Did you make steak?" he asked hungrily. Faedra nodded.
"You can eat when you're all cleaned up." She knelt in front of Dean, who seemed the most beaten up. She began to clean his cuts and gave him stitches wherever he needed it. After she was done, she moved on to Sam.

"Okay," she tossed the needle in the bowl of dirty water. "I'm all done. Go eat up." Sam and Dean nodded and went into the kitchen. She went to the bathroom and began to clean the needles and bowls. Faintly, she heard Dean yell out "She made pie, Sammy!"
Kevin's Back

Chapter Notes

I'm a terrible author. I'm so sorry that I didn't update on Sunday! I have been so utterly exhausted and I've had a crap ton of homework, so I haven't had time to do anything. I swear I'll post on time this Sunday! Thanks for the reviews and the followers! It makes me so happy that there are people who actually enjoy this story. Well that's all for now. Until next time, loves.

All the characters except Faedra are from the minds of the Supernatural creators. I only own Fae.

Faedra was sitting by herself in the living room of the bunker. She had just finished eating the last slice of the pie she had made a couple days ago, and she was finishing her cup of tea. In her lap was a new book that she found on one of the shelves. This one was about a girl falling through a rabbit hole and landing in a new world.

Her peace was disturbed by Dean's yelling. "Sam!" Faedra jumped up and grabbed her dagger. Sam came running in the room.

"Where's Dean?" he asked.

"I don't know," Faedra replied softly. Sam grabbed one of the swords and they put their backs together. Suddenly, a faint outline of a person showed. It was about to come closer when a shot fired. The ghost disappeared and the two turned to see Dean holding his gun.

"So..." Sam started.

Dean looked around before replying. "Yep. Bunker's haunted."

Faedra and Sam had been making rock salt bullets for the past hour when Dean finally came in.

"How is this possible? I thought you said this was the safest place on the planet," Dean asked Sam.

"Look, I know nothing got in. I mean, the bunker is warded and sigiled from top to bottom. There's no way something came in from the outside," Sam replied. Faedra pursed her lips and nodded.

Dean sighed. "Okay, so whoever's haunting us died here."

"What, dead man of letters?"

Faedra finally spoke. "No, that doesn't make any sense." She set down her rock salt rounds and looked at Sam and Dean. "I mean, we're the first people to occupy the bunker in 50 years. Why would a ghost wait so long to show itself?"

"Must have been a more recent death." Sam nodded
"No." Both Dean and Faedra said in unison. Kevin's death had it both of them hard. They both blamed themselves on Kevin's death. Faedra had been preoccupied with trying to get Crowley to tell her the demon names, so when she heard Kevin's screams and Dean's cries, she blamed herself.

"How can you be so sure?" Sam asked while running a hand through his hair.

"Because I burned his body myself, okay? It's not him."

"Okay, so you cremated him. We cremated Bobby, too, and he came back."

"He has a point, Dean." Faedra said gently

"Sam, Fae, I'm telling you- this ghost, it's not Kevin." he assuredly said.

Suddenly, the coffeemaker next to Dean began to make noises as the lights and temperature went off and on.

"Kevin?" Sam asked the coffee maker. The mug next to the coffee maker exploded.

Dean gaped at it. "Oh."

Dean walked in as Faedra and Sam were looking at the coffee maker. Faedra had her head on her arms and was glaring at the coffee maker as if she could scare it into talking.

"Anything?" he inquired.

"Eh, a couple of dings. A little EMF activity, but mostly… silence." Sam reported.

"So, he's back in the veil." Dean announced.

"I guess so. Fumbling to break through. I mean, you got to figure it took Bobby months to make contact."

"Kevin's only… He's new at this."

"Right," he got up and patted Faedra's back. "All right, you're up. Let's go, Fae." Faedra got up and left with him. As she passed Dean, she rubbed his back.

When they were out, Sam turned to Faedra. "Are you okay? I mean, you've been unusually quiet. Like, you haven't said a single sarcastic comment at all today," he teased. Faedra smile briefly.

"Yeah… I'm just tired."

"Have you gotten any sleep?" Sam asked with a slight hint of concern

"Yeah, a few hours. Sam, it's not a big deal, you know. I am a lot older than you, so this isn't a new thing." Sam snorted and nodded.

"Yeah, I guess sometimes I forget you aren't really my little sister." Faedra smiled and was going to reply when the lights began to flicker. She frowned and the two of them ran into the kitchen again.
"Hey, did you see that? The - the lights were…” Sam trailed off when he saw Kevin's form begin to shape.

"No, this is not happening. I didn't spend months struggling to break through the veil just to get stuck listening to Dean Winchester having a self-pity session. Like I didn't hear enough of those when I was alive." Kevin muttered to himself.

Dean stared at Kevin in shock. "Kevin?" he whispered in disbelief.

Kevin looked at the three of them. "You can see me?" He looked at his hands, but he began to disappear again.

"Hey, take it easy, Kevin. You might not hold this form for too long, okay? It-takes a while," Sam said hurriedly, trying to make Kevin's ghost stay.

"Then we should talk fast," Kevin replied

"Wait, why aren't you in heaven?" Faedra asked cautiously.

"I couldn't. I can't. No one can. Heaven's closed for business. Everyone who's died since the angels fell are just stuck inside the veil, waiting. And it's bad in here. Like DMV-line-times-infinity bad." Kevin's ghost was flickering madly as he spoke.

"Well, I mean, what can we do?" Sam inquired.

"I need a favor. A big one."

"Anything, Kevin." Faedra said softly, a feeling of guilt filling her.

"Find my mother."

"Kevin…” Sam started

"Crowley only told you she was alive to mess with you." Dean explained.

"I'm not going off his word. All right? I have my own sources. It's crowded in the veil. All of us are stuck near the sites of our deaths. But I've been able to pass messages spirit to spirit. I made contact with another new arrival. She said she saw my mom just a week ago, alive."

"Okay, this- this spirit that you're playing ghost telephone with, I mean, what do you even know about her?"

"Her name's Candy. Says she's in a forest in Wichita."

"Candy?" Dean asked in shock.

"That poor girl. Who would name their child Candy, unless they wanted their daughter to be a stripper?" Faedra muttered. Dean snorted but Sam gave them a look of disapproval.

"That's it? That's all you got?" Sam asked.

"Long-distance communication within the veil- it's not ideal. That's why I need you to go there, summon her, see what else she knows. You say you want to make it right? This is how." Kevin disappeared.

"If you boys are going to find Ms. Tran, I'm coming with you," Faedra said sternly. Neither of the brothers disagreed. They missed having Faedra with them on hunts.
Sam, Dean, and Faedra were walking together as they treaded through the woods.

"All right, that's the trestle. Candy said her spirit was stuck nearby," Sam said.

"She died here?" Dean asked as he threw his things to the ground. Faedra stopped and did the same while looking around.

"Yeah," she responded.

"Dude, what got her? A bear?" Dean asked. Faedra snorted.

"I'm still stuck on the fact that we're trying to summon a ghost named Candy-"

"Stripper!" Dean interrupted. Sam rolled his eyes before continuing.

"You know, just 'cause Kevin said he heard his mom is alive

Faedra gave Dean a curious look as he hung up a radio on the tree. "What did you bring?" Dean dug in his bag as he spoke.

"Well, she's only been dead a week, right? So I figured she could use as much help as she can get, so…” Dean yanked out a coffee maker from his bag and showed it to them with a goofy grin.

"Really, dude?" Sam said with a smile.

"Whatever works," Dean replied with a shrug.

Sam and Dean were sitting in the dark while Faedra was leaning against a tree. Faedra had her hood up as she looked at the forest ground. She took a deep breath and smelled the forest air. It wasn't as pure as those in the Realms, but it was good enough.

"You feel that? I think I felt a chill," Sam said. He straightened his back and became more alert.

"Yeah. It's 'cause it's cold." Dean sassed while yanking out his phone from his jacket pocket.

"Crowley, it's Dean. Call me when you get this." He sighed and stuffed his phone in his pocket. Faedra raised her head and stared at Dean. He had been trying to call Crowley for the past few days. Faedra knew he wasn't going answer. Even she tried to call him to get some answer about Ms. Tran.

"Really, Dean?" Sam said with a harsh tone.

"What?"

"That's your third unanswered voicemail. You ever think maybe he's just not that into you?" he said sarcastically.

"Boys." Faedra said in a warning tone. She didn't want another fight about Crowley. She herself was too tired to care about him.
"Well, he is our last confirmed link to Ms. Tran. Yes, he is a flaming douche, but at least we know he's real, which is more than we can say for this Candy no-show." Dean replied. The radio suddenly began to make noise. They all jumped and walked over to it.

"Candy? Are- are you there? Is that you, Candy?" Sam asked.

A woman's voice came from the radio. "Hello? Hello?" Faedra began to fiddle with the buttons to make the sound better.


"...in the box. They put me in the box. All of us in boxes, side by side. Me, Jerome, Linda." Candy rambled.

"Linda's-" Dean started.

"Ms. Tran." Faedra confirmed.

"Candy, these boxes, where were they?" Dean pressured.

"I don't know. They were cold. Dark. There- there was a vent. We could talk to one another."

"Okay, and the walls, can you describe them?" Sam asked gently.

"Bare. Cement. Except for the door. That was...metal, but...like, ridged."

"Ridged? You mean like corrugated?" Dean's tone became more urgent.

"Yeah! I tried to lift the door, but I couldn't. Locked from the outside."

Dean looked at Fae and Sam. "Like a storage unit?"

"Maybe." Sam replied while Faedra shrugged.

"Candy, who was holding you there?" Faedra asked.

"Two men. It was so dark in the box. When they came, I could barely see. The- the first guy was British, I think. Kind of short, loved hearing himself talk."

Faedra snorted. "Crowley."

"And what do they want?" Sam asked.

"Said I was worth more alive than dead. But he stopped coming. Then it was just the other guy. We thought with just him...we'd try to escape. I ran so hard, so far, but…" The radio began to become more static.

"Candy? Candy, are you there? What about Ms. Tran? Candy?" Dean pressured.

"I don't know. Maybe she survived."


"I said she was alive. I don't know what happened after. For her sake, I hope she's dead." The radio went silent. Faedra glared at it as the brothers began to pack their stuff. She felt anger course through her body. She no longer felt tired. Instead, she felt a rage build in her stomach at the thought of what Crowley did to those he imprisoned. She wanted Ms. Tran out of there.
Faedra was staring out the back seat window as they drove in the Impala. Dean was staring at the road and Sam was looking up different places where Candy could’ve been held.

"Okay, there are three storage facilities nearby. The closest one is about a mile up the road. Oh, and I, uh- I dug up some stuff on Candy. Turns out she was the kept woman of a powerful congressman. Gossip blog said he worshiped the ground she walked on, literally. He, uh- had a foot fetish.” Sam narrowed his eyes. Faedra looked at him and raised a single eyebrow. He looked back at her and shrugged. Faedra smirked and shook her head before looking back at the window.

"So, Crowley was holding the beloved tootsies of a powerful politician?” Dean asked.

"And the beloved mother of a powerful Prophet." Sam nodded.

Faedra didn't look at them when she spoke. "Human leverage," she said curtly. "It is one the most effective ways to get something." Dean looked at her through the mirror.

"But why kill Candy?"] he asked.

"Well, you heard her. Uh, she tried to make a break for it. Maybe Crowley wanted to make an example," Sam said.

"Crowley didn't kill her. I know him too well, and he wouldn't kill her for escaping. Torture her, maybe, but not kill her," Faedra said offhandedly.

"Fae's right. The guy left in charge must've done it. Crowley wanted the victims alive."

Sam looked at them in disbelief. He didn't expect any of them to want to stand up for Crowley. "So, what, you want to give him a medal? I mean, Crowley's the one who put them in the cells in the first place."

"Yeah, I know. I'm just talking it out. You know, working the case. Businesslike," Dean retorted. Sam grunted and rolled his eyes at that. Faedra pursed her lips. The two of them had been fighting like that forever. It would come and go. One moment they would be the brothers who loved each other with all their hearts and the next they would be as distant as two strangers.

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Faedra, Sam, and Dean walked into the storage facility together. They had changed into their FBI suits and were ready to check another storage unit.

"Let me guess- 5'5, pasty white, black-rimmed hipster glasses- just like the last place," Dean said with a smirk as he told them about what the man they were about to meet would look like. Dean rang the bell and a boy that matched Dean's description walked up to counter.

"Nailed it," Dean said smugly.

"Can I help you?" the man asked.

"Yeah, hi. Agents Nicks, McVie, and Donald. We need to take a look at your, uh, rental records." Sam said while showing his badge. Faedra and Dean pulled theirs out and did the same.
"Uh, my manager's not here. I really don't think I should-" Faedra looked at him at glared. She read his name tag and spoke.

"Listen, Del, my partners and I don't have time for your shit. We're on a bit of a tight schedule, so if you would kindly give us the damn records, I promise I won't use any force." She finished with a look that made Del as white as snow. She was tired of dealing with the storage clerks. One in the last storage unit had tried to flirt with her, and Faedra had nearly broken his nose.

"Y-yeah. Barry! B-bring out the rental binder!" he stammered.

Barry came up with a large binder in his hands. Faedra noticed that he as well looked just like Dean's description. Sam and Dean looked at each other and Dean smirked smugly. Barry handed Faedra the binder.

"There you go, agents," Del said quickly.

Faedra and Dean began to thumb through the binder. Faedra looked up and saw Sam looking at a map.

"Hey. Okay, check it out. Corridor "Q." Three adjacent units separate from the others. I mean, Candy said there were three hostages, right?"

"Yeah." Dean took the binder from Faedra as she walked over to stand by Sam.

"Okay. It's all leased by the same guy. A D. Webster." Faedra looked at Dean in disbelief.

"D. Webster? Wait. As in, like, Daniel Webster?"

"Well, I know a lame Crowley in-joke when I see one." Dean murmured.

"You guys say 'D. Webster'?" Del asked.

"Yes, have you seen him?" Faedra asked.

"Uh, no, just... I know his name from the records. He's leasing another unit on the other side of the facility. I could show you."

"Yeah. That'd be great." Dean said. He turned to Faedra and Sam.

"All right, why don't you two take corridor "Q"? I'll go with, uh, Del the funky homosapien." Faedra nodded and placed a hand on Dean's shoulder.

"Take care, dumbass. I don't have a good feeling about this."

Faedra and Sam were walking together through corridor Q. They stopped at one of the doors and Sam took out his lock pick. Faedra helped open the door. Almost at once, Ms. Tran began to scream. Faedra ran up to her.

"Ms. Tran! Ms. Tran! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey, it's us. It's Sam. It's Sam."

"Linda, it's all right. I've got you." Faedra placed a hand on her cheek and looked her in the eye.

"Faedra...Sam..." Ms. Tran murmured.
"Oh, my gosh." Sam said.

"Sam? We have to get out of here before it comes back. Is Kevin with you?" Neither of them answered. Sam removed the cuffs from Ms. Tran as Faedra rubbed her dirty hands.

"Here we go. All right." Sam said when he finished.

"Oh. There's a- there's an electrical line, leads to the control panel." Together, the three of them moved to the box. Sam removed the lid and revealed the mess of wires.

"Okay, this might take a while." Sam reported.

Ms. Tran snatched the swiss army knife from his hands and began to work on the wires. Faedra smirked at the look of determination on her face. Sam took out his flashlight and steadied it to allow Ms. Tran to see.

"We have to unplug the ground wire first. If this is standard U.S. color coding, it should be the green one," she muttered.

Sam looked at her in shock. "Okay…"

"Helping Kevin with his engineering-club assignments, I picked up a thing or two. I'm sure he insisted, but I trust you weren't foolish enough to bring Kevin along on this mission. That you left him someplace safe?" Faedra stiffened and looked up at Sam. He looked at her and sighed.

"Of course," he said quietly.

"Good. Now all we have to do is get this door open, get the hell out of here, and you will bring me to my son." She ended with a tone of determination. Faedra felt guilt fill her every bone. She reached out and touched Ms. Tran's hand.

"Listen, Ms. Tran," she began. Ms. Tran looked at the two. Their eyes told the story of Kevin's death. Ms. Tran looked absolutely heart broken.

She suddenly stiffened and turned to the wires. "You will take me to my son," she insisted coldly. "Now, point the flashlight on these wires." Neither of them moved. "FLASHLIGHT!'" Sam instantly raised the flashlight.

Faedra and Sam sprinted through the corridors with Ms. Tran right behind them. Faedra ran through the door just as Del was about to kill Dean. She lunged and slammed his head against a shelf.

After Dean had gotten out, they woke Del up again. Faedra had him on his knees and she had a tight grip on his hair.

"Do it. Kill me," he hissed.

"No, we're saving you for someone else," Sam said.

"Crowley," Del said in fear. Faedra snorted.
"Much worse," she said smugly. Sam held out the demon blade as Ms. Tran walked through the door.

"Do the honors, Ms. Tran," Dean said.

"With pleasure," Ms. Tran hissed.

"Hey, lady. I swear. I was just following ord-" Del begged. Ms. Tran stabbed him in the heart. She watched as the lights in his body stopped glowing, her expression cold. She easily pulled out the knife and handed it to Dean.

"Take me to my son."

Faedra was sitting in the main room. Standing in front of her was Kevin.

"We got her. She's alive. She's here. But we wanted to give you a moment to... You know, process." Dean announced. Kevin nodded.

"Oh. I, uh... Does she know?" Ms. Tran walked in.

"Kevin? Hello, son."

"Hey, Mom," Kevin said gently.

"Oh." Ms. Tran sobbed.

Faedra and Dean were helping Ms. Tran go through Kevin's things. "So, this is, uh- this is all of it. You know, hunter's tools - notebooks, papers, pencils, P.S.A.T. results. Perfect score. Way to go, kid." Dean told Ms. Tran. Ms. Tran picked up one of the boxes and looked inside. She nodded as she picked up a ring.

"This. This is it. His father's. Mr. Tran died when Kevin was a baby. It's the only piece of his father Kevin ever had. If Kevin's spirit is bound to some object here... This is it."

"Listen, Ms. Tran. There's a lot that we don't know about this heaven situation. There are risks to taking Kevin home with you. Now, spirits, the longer that they're in the veil, they have a way of... Well, it doesn't end up well."

"He's right, Ms. Tran. Even Bobby, our friend, ended up bad. You have to be prepared for it to happen," Faedra said gently.

"He's my son. It's my job to keep him safe for as long as I can." Dean nodded and Faedra rubbed Ms. Tran's back gently. Together, they walked to the front. Kevin was talking to Sam.

"She was held and tortured for a year because of me. Now that I found her, I'm not letting her out of my sight. She's my responsibility."

"And you were ours. And we failed you. I-" Sam started.

"Sam. I know that wasn't you. Go put a blade in that asshat who possessed you and we'll call it square." Kevin retorted. Faedra sighed and patted Sam's back. He finally had proof that Kevin
didn't blame him.

Kevin looked at his three friends. "Guys. Thank you."

"You can thank us when we get you to heaven where you belong. Okay, until then, enjoy your time with your mom. The, uh, uninterrupted, 24/7, no-escape quality time."

"Dick," he smirked.

"Hey, before I go... Will you guys promise me something?" Faedra stood up straighter.

"Of course." She smiled.

"Yeah," Dean said.

"Anything." Sam agreed.

"Can you two... Get over it? Dudes, just 'cause you couldn't see me doesn't mean I couldn't see you. The drama, the fighting... It's stupid. My mom's taking home a ghost. You two... You're both still here. And Fae, I know about the whole Crowley thing. I hate the bastard, but I mean. Even I can't say that I didn't see something. He's a goddamn asshole and I want you to make sure to beat the crap outta him... but don't give up. Okay? Oh, and sleep. Like seriously. 2 hours a night isn't healthy. Not even for someone as powerful as you." Faedra pursed her lips but nodded.

"Of course. Promise." Sam nodded.

"Yeah." Dean grunted.

Kevin breathed a sigh of relief. "Good."

"You've always been a good friend, Kev. Take care of your mom for me," Faedra said earnestly.

"Come on, Fae. Don't get all soft on me." Kevin joked. Faedra's lips raised slightly.

Kevin and his mother went up the stairs and left. Dean turned to look at Sam and Faedra.

"Well, that was..." he trailed off. They had both left. "Yeah, okay."

Faedra walked in her room and closed the door. She sighed and snatched the book of translations. She looked at her notes. Ever since Dean had gotten the Mark of Cain, Faedra had been researching how to get rid of it. She had lied to him and told the brothers that she was searching for a way to get to Abbadon and stop her without the First Blade. She knew that Dean would refuse to get the mark taken off once he felt the true power of the blade. He had no idea how dangerous it was. Faedra had seen what it could do. It made even the best man into a killer, and she refused to allow Dean to be taken by it. If it meant lying to the brothers, then so be it.
OKAY I AM INCREDIBLY SORRY FOR NOT POSTING FOR SUCH A LONG TIME I SWEAR IT WAS NOT ON PURPOSE. I have had so many tests and assignments these past few weeks that I had zero time to write. I am super duper sorry that I haven't updated and I'll try to keep updating regularly. No Crowley in this chapter, but he will be in the next one! I promise! Also, I am going back and changing the first few chapter (when i have the time to change them of course) because when I had originally started this story I had absolutely no plan for it. Now that I do have a plan, though, I have to go back and change all the stuff that I made up. Okay, thank you all for reading. Until next time, loves.

I don't own any of the characters except Faedra. Everyone else belongs to the Supernatural writers

Faedra and Sam were sitting at the table. Several books were spread out amongst them. Dean walked in with a duffle bag over his shoulder and a reserved look on his face.
“Alright. I'll be back,” he said offhandedly. Both Faedra and Sam looked up and stared at him in disbelief.
“Wait. Where you headed?” Sam asked.
“You want us to come with?” Faedra asked hesitantly.
“Do you want to come?” Dean countered.
“On a hunt? Why wouldn't we?” Sam asked while narrowing his eyes.
“I don't know, man. 'Cause lately with you, up is down and down is sideways, you know? I-I don't know what you want.” Sam glared at Dean, he opened his mouth to argue back but Faedra intervened.
“Boys, enough,” she said sternly. Dean sighed and walked up to them.
“Alright. I'll be back,” he said offhandedly. Both Faedra and Sam looked up and stared at him in disbelief.
“Wait. Where you headed?” Sam asked.
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“I don't know, man. 'Cause lately with you, up is down and down is sideways, you know? I-I don't know what you want.” Sam glared at Dean, he opened his mouth to argue back but Faedra intervened.
“Boys, enough,” she said sternly. Dean sighed and walked up to them.
“Okay. You want in? Fine. Sure thing.” He pulled out a picture from his pocket and slid it in between the pair. Faedra leaned forward to get a better look.
“Photo was leaked from the crime scene. Girl was murdered in her room. Doors were locked, the windows were locked.”
“Who's the wallflower?” Sam inquired.
“That doesn't look like any monster that I've ever encountered.” Faedra said with a look of confusion.
“Does it look like I'm staying?” he said. Faedra, however, was still sitting. Sam stopped by the doorway and looked at her “You comin, Fae?”
Faedra looked up from the picture and nodded.

Faedra looked around the room. She was standing next to Sam while they talked to Mrs. Miles about the death of her daughter. Faedra tapped her finger on the side of her thigh. Sam elbowed her in the ribs to get her attention, for she had been zoning out again.
“I scrubbed for hours. I'll have to rip up the carpet. My daughter, Casey... She picked out the
color herself.” Mrs. Miles told them as she looked at the blood stains. Faedra looked at her and raised an eyebrow.

“We're...very sorry for your loss, Mrs. Miles. You mentioned Casey had no known enemies. What about at home? Anything unusual you may have noticed? Uh...Electricity acting up or lights...flickering, TV on the fritz?” Sam continued with his questions.

“No, no fritzting. No cold spots, either.”

Dean looked at Sam and Fae. “Sorry. Out of curiosity, uh... Why do you mention cold spots?”

“I'm sorry. That must sound strange, but... it's been three days since... And the police have found nothing. I'd h-I'd have to sell my house to afford a private investigator, so when the Supernaturalists called—”

“Supernaturalists?” Faedra asked.

“I know to the FBI it's not exactly orthodox. But these men had answers that no one else had, and I- I owe it to Casey... to listen.” Mrs. Miles drifted off.

“Now, they brought up cold spots in relation to...?” Sam persisted. Faedra sighed and rolled on her feet. Sam shushed her. He couldn’t understand why she was acting so childish and was being so impatient.

“Signs of the paranormal, I suppose. They're coming by today to take a look.”

“And did these Supernaturalists give you a name?” Dean inquired.

Together they went to the diner. Outside, there was a large white van with the word 'Ghostfacers' on it.

"Son of a bitch." Dean muttered. Faedra narrowed her eyes.

“What are they?” Faedra asked. Sam sighed and glanced at her.

“Right, you weren’t there when we met these two friggin’ idiots.” Dean muttered.

“They’re, uh, specialists,” Sam snorted. “Let’s go inside.” Faedra nodded, and the trio walked inside the diner. Faedra followed the brothers and sat in a booth with two other men inside. Both had nerdy appearances and were holding electronics in their hands. The moment the Ghostfacers saw them, their faces mimicked Sam and Dean’s annoyance.

“Ah, the Winchesters. Yay,” said the one with the laptop.

“Says nobody,” the other one muttered.

“All right, shut up and listen. This is how it's gonna go. You two clowns are gonna get into that mystery machine outside, and you're gonna leave town or I'm gonna put holes in your knees.” Dean hissed. Faedra smirked and glanced at Sam. A waiter walked up to them.

“Can I get you guys anything? Something, uh...”

“Uh, we're ready for the bill.” Dean interrupted the waiter.

“Hey. There's still crud on this plate. Now, hit the sinks and do it right,” the manager spat at the waiter. The waiter cringed.

“Hey, that isn’t anyway to treat your employees!” Faedra said as she got up and started to walk towards the manager, her hands balled. Sam caught her arm and yanked her down onto the booth seat again. The manager snorted and walked away. Faedra turned to Sam and growled, but he just shook his head.

“Ahh, first of all, you guys don't scare us,” the brunette sassed. Faedra snarled and glared at him as her eyes turned gold. The two yelped and jumped back. Sam placed his hands on her shoulders and kept her still.

“Say, ‘hola’ to my little p-pistola., the same one gulped as he pulled up his shirt.

“Are I supposed to be impressed with that treasure trail or the lady gun you got hiding in your, uh, pants there?” Dean snorted.

“Uh...Both? Look, whether you like it or not, we are handling this situation.”

“Yup.” His curly haired friend agreed. Faedra groaned and rested her head in her hands. She was already greatly annoyed by their presence.

“Really?” Faedra asked.

“Mm-hmm.”
“All I see a couple of fame whores who are pointing their camera at a mom who just lost her kid.” Dean stated.

“Guys, we are investigators, and we have every right–”

“No. No, you don't. You know why? 'Cause you're just gonna get in our way.” Dean began. “Or you're gonna get somebody else killed.” Sam finally spoke. “That's right. So, you can either walk out of here...or crawl. Up to you.” Faedra said while raising her head. She raised an eyebrow

“Oh, my God, Menudo. Will you guys, and girl, relax? We know what we're doing.”

“Yup.” Faedra looked at the two in disbelief. How could they be so utterly stupid?

“Really? And what about the rest of the Bad News Bears, huh? Where's the- where's the fat one? And- and the girl? There was a girl, right?” Dean asked. Sam nodded and looked at the two while Faedra tilted her head in confusion.

“They- we dropped them. They were- they were dead weight,” Curly stated.

“Well, t-they're still alive.” Brunnette interrupted. Faedra sighed as she realized she was tired of giving them nicknames. She leaned on Sam.

“Sam...What are the idiot's names?” she whispered. Sam snorted.

“The curly haired one is Ed and the other one is Harry,” he murmured in response. Faedra nodded and sat up straighter.

“I see. So, it's just the, uh, the dumpy duo, then. Well, that's great. So, here's the deal. A ghost... Will land you two dead in five seconds flat.” Dean was telling the two.

Harry was laughing. “A ghost? Oh. They think it's a ghost. It's so not a ghost.” he snickered tauntingly.

“No.” Ed smirked.

“Okay. We'll bite. What do you think it is?” Sam said with a sigh.

“Can I- can I do it this time?” Harry asked.

“You got it,” Ed said with a nod. Harry grinned like an idiot and turned to the two brothers and their friend.

“Okay. I've waited all my life for this. Amazon me, bitches.”

Dean narrowed his eyes at Harry. “I will shoot you... Bitches.”

“Like we were saying, you were just going, right? Great,” Sam said while tapping the table. Faedra got up and allowed Sam through.

“Good talk.” Dean said with a grin. Faedra sighed and nodded in the direction of the two before walking out.

Sam was reading from his laptop and Dean was taking off his jacket when Faedra came out of the bathroom. She ran her hand through her wet hair as she began to rub a dry towel on it.

“Uh...Dean?” Sam started.

“Yeah?”

“Ed and Harry wrote a book,” Sam said in disbelief. Faedra snorted and plopped onto one of the beds.

“What?”

“Yeah. Uh, ‘The Skinny on Thinman’, by America's foremost Supernaturalists.” Sam narrowed his eyes as he stared at the screen.

“What’s a Thinman?” Faedra asked as she struggled to remember if she had heard of such a creature.

“I don't know. Um...” He turned the laptop so they both could see the screen. He pulled up a picture with the same creature in the background. “Whoa. Check that out, though. That does kind of look like whatever was behind Casey Miles, right?”

“Or Garth if somebody shaved his face off. Big whoop,” Dean spat.

“Here we go. Uh, ‘Thinman- an urban legend started on the world wide web- lurks in the background of his victims' lives until he's ready to kill them.’” Sam raised an eyebrow and looked at Faedra. “Anything like that in the Realms?” Faedra shook her head slowly.

“Yeah, because everything started on the Internet is true. Like, uh, oh, the shark attacking a
helicopter- they write the book on that one, too?” Dean said in frustration.

“Dude, real or not, thousands of people have posted to the site. It's like Thinman is the new Bigfoot or something.”

“Or Thinman is just a ghost with a brand name.”

“You saying that 'cause you really think it's a ghost or because you don't like the Ghostfacers?” Sam sassd.

“Hey, don't forget- we hit EMF in Casey's room.” Dean tried to convince Sam.

“The house was next door to power lines, which can affect the read,” Faedra interjected. Sam nodded and motioned at Faedra as though that would help her point.

“A girl died in a locked room, guys- spells ‘ghost’ right there.”

“Maybe it got in there before it was locked up. Who knows, Dean? But how can people all over the world see the same ghost? Spirits don’t exactly hop around.” Sam asked.

“I know that. But right now, the veil is all kinds of screwed, okay? Ghosts could be popping up anywhere.”

“Yeah, but, Dean, Thinman sightings date back a couple years. The veil's only been a problem for, what, the last six months?” Dean pulled out a laptop from his bag and sat at the other table.

Faedra sighed and stretched onto the bed. She rested her head on her crossed arms and looked at the brothers.

“Well, you know, people still see Elvis all over the damn place. Look, all I'm saying is those douche wheels ain't experts on crap.”

Sam sighed and rolled his eyes at his brother's stubborn nature. “What are you doing?”

“I'm checking the local deaths to see if there's any candidates for ghosts,” Dean grunted. Sam sighed again.

Dean glanced up from his laptop to see Sam on his own and Faedra lying on the bed, fast asleep.

“Okay. All right, over the past six months...none of them violent.” Deans voice said. Several of their words blurred together as Faedra slept.

“Okay, that's not exactly a recipe for a vengeful spirit. There have...pinned on Thinman. Um, a vic dies... a photo pops up of the vic with Thinman photobombing...” Their voices drifted off as Faedra slept.

“Well, a girl is dead, and that's about as real as it gets.”

“Alright, so, the last thing...her phone. How...online?”

Sam sat up straighter as he looked at his screen. “No clue. It was originally posted... forum, but the I.P. address was blocked…”

“I think we need to head over to the police station.” Sam said bluntly. Dean nodded and got up.

Sam walked over to Faedra and shook her gently. Out of habit, he wrapped his hands around her wrists so make sure she didn’t try to hit him when she woke. He shook her again and she gasped. She flailed slightly, but Sam kept a steady grip on her. After she calmed down, he let her go.

“Come on, Fae. We’re gonna go check out the Sheriff's station,” Dean yelled from across the room while he changed back into his FBI uniform. Faedra sat up and rubbed her eyes.

“Couldn't you two have gone without me?” she yawned.

“Nope,” the two brothers said in unison.

The trio stood together as they waited for the deputy to bring the box for them.

“Is the, uh, sheriff around? There's a couple questions we'd like to ask him,” Dean asked when the Deputy returned.

“Uh, sorry to disappoint. Sheriff's on a hunting trip. But, uh, I appreciate you agents being here. I could use all the help I can get.” he said with a large smile. Sam picked up Casey’s phone and narrowed his eyes.

“Wait a second. Was this cracked when you found it?” he inquired.

“Yeah, man. Maybe she dropped it? 911 call went dead at 11:59.”

“Wait, what time was the photo posted?” Faedra asked.
“Around 2:00 a.m.” Sam responded. Faedra and Dean looked at each other in confusion.
“But the coroner has the death at midnight. How could she have posted the photo from her phone? That- that's impossible.” Dean muttered.
“Or...supernatural.” The deputy interrupted. They all turned to him and gave him strange looks.
“What?” Faedra muttered.
“Why would you say that?” Sam demanded.
“A couple fellas came by, uh, asking questions about the girl's death, suggested they might be able to help. They, uh, gave me a book they wrote about, um…” The deputy looked around as he struggled to remember.
“Thinman?” Dean suggested.
“Yeah. Just…” Dean groaned and walked away. Faedra and Sam sighed and turned to the deputy.
“Not a fan?” the deputy asked.

Faedra walked into the crime scene in the diner. She noticed Harry and Ed leaning over a table, trying to get a better shot as they video taped the scene. Faedra sighed and glanced at Dean’s annoyed expression.

Deputy Norwood walked over to them and smiled. “Agents, thanks for coming.” Dean nodded before looking back at the Ghostfacers.
“What are these two crapshoots doing here?”
Deputy Norwood shrugged. “I figured it wouldn't hurt to go a little ‘Medium,’ you know? Uh...two counties over, folks were combing the place for a poor little dead boy back in August. The cops let a psychic do her thing. Shish, bang, boom- found a body a day later.”
Dean narrowed his eyes. “Uh-huh. Excuse me.” He began to walk towards the two.
“Is there any, uh, security cam footage?” Sam asked.
“Uh, yeah, just…” He led them to a small tv. He placed the tape in and started it. Sam and Faedra watched in shock as the same manager that they saw yelling at the waiter a few days ago was stabbed.

While the two friends stared at the tv in shock, Norwood called for the others. “Fellas, you want to see this.” Dean, Ed, and Harry walked towards them.
Sam looked up briefly to greet his brother. “Alright, check it out,” he said as he began to play the footage again.
Ed and Harry gaped at the footage and murmured a “Whoa” under their breaths.
Dean narrowed his eyes at the screen. “Alright, so, how did he jump from the parking lot to the diner. The doors were locked?”
Deputy Norwood quickly responded. “The footage shows Trey locked them 10 minutes before.”
Harry snorted. “Locked, not locked, it doesn't matter. Everyone knows Thinman can teleport.”
Ed nodded slowly. “I didn't even get a blip on my EMF,” he muttered.
“So, maybe it's not a ghost,” Dean groaned.
Norwood smiled proudly and hooked his thumbs through his belt buckles. “You Feds believers now?” he asked smugly.
Ed looked distracted as he spoke. “Okay, uh... We're gonna go. Uh, good work, deputy, agent. Let's go. Let's go, man.” He and Harry rushed out of the diner. Faedra stared at them curiously while Dean motioned to the tapes.
“Let’s see it again,” he ordered.

Sam and Dean were sitting around the table discussing different ideas while eating dinner.
Faedra was on the ground leaning on the bed. By her side was her untouched food.
“Okay,” Sam started. “Just grasping at straws here, but when I think ‘teleport,’ I think ‘Crossroads Demon.’” Dean shook his head.
“Mm. Demon that likes to stab and watch YouTube. Why not?” he muttered. Sam sat straighter.
“Oh, by the way, speaking of which, the video of, uh, Trey getting knifed… It's already online.
It has, like, 2,000 views. It's like somebody wants people to see Thinman in action.

“It’s because humans are sick. They’ll claim that they hate violence but they all still yearn for it one way or another,” Faedra said while rubbing her eyes.

Sam ignored Faedra’s comment and continued. “And when did ‘viral’ go from that baby chimp falling out of a tree to killer ‘Candid Camera’?” he asked. Dean suddenly smiled.

“You know what video would have gone viral, if we still had it? When you were five and you got dressed up as Batman and you jumped off the shed 'cause you thought you could fly.”

Sam smiled as well and nodded. “After you jumped first.”

“Hey,” Dean said in an attempt to defend himself. “I was nine, and I was dressed up like superman, okay? Everybody knows that Batman can't fly.” Sam laughed and Faedra couldn’t help but smile. She had always enjoyed listening to their childhood stories.

“Well, I didn't know that. I broke my arm,” Sam said while chuckling. Dean tossed his head back and laughed.

“I know you did. Man, I drove you to the E.R. on my handlebars. Hm, good times,” he said with a sigh.

It was as though Sam suddenly remembered that he was supposed to be mad at his brother, for he suddenly sobered. “Yeah, they were,” he said monotonously

A knock came from the door and Faedra rose to get it. Suddenly, Ed walked in without a warning. Faedra rolled her eyes and sat down again.

Dean gave an exasperated sigh. “Come on in.”

“I've got to tell you guys something important, and then the case is yours,” he said. His face was full of guilt, and he looked as though he was about to burst into tears. They sat him down on the bed as they waited for him to start his story.

“All right, either you bleed Ghostfacers red or you don't. If Spruce wanted to start a startup and Maggie's heart was in the roller derby, who am I to stop them? But Harry-I-I couldn't let him give in to his girl. I mean, she -- she called the Ghostfacers stupid. Stupid! Can you -- can you believe that? You know, I-I don't care how much money her daddy's hedge fund has. I just couldn't watch Harry become a corporate stooge.”

Dean rolled his eyes. “Okay, this all sounds like sad times at Bitchmont High. What does this have to do with the case?”

“Harry was gonna leave, so I needed to give him a reason to stay. I-I made up Thinman,” Ed said while scrunching his face as though he was expecting them to suddenly strike him. Sam and Dean were staring at Ed with shocked faces while Faedra looked slightly relieved.

“I knew there weren’t any creatures like that!” Faedra said confidently. Sam glared at her while Dean continued to stare at Ed.

“So you're saying that this crap is actually crap?” he exclaimed.

Ed slouched. “One old photo of a butler, a lot of Photoshop later, and I posted on one of those horror forums under ‘anonymous’. And it blew up. Yeah. I only faked one case for us, and then we're packing up to go home when somebody posted a sighting of Thinman, so...we went after it, and that's how the Thinman became a crowdsourced legend.” He nervously rubbed his hands together. “Look, we were at the front of it. It felt like something. It- it was so awesome to have a following, and Harry- he was just- he was so into it.”

“Ed, you have to tell him,” Sam said calmly.

“You don't get it. We were the Thinman guys. Without the Thinman, we're just...guys- just- we're just puffs.”

“What?” the three friends asked simultaneously.

“If I tell Harry, he's gonna leave the Ghostfacers.” Ed confessed.

“Listen, if you don't tell him, he's gonna leave anyway. Trust me here. Secrets ruin relationships,” Sam said. Dean and Fae glanced at Sam.

“Oh, Ed sighed. “Well, I'll just tell him when the time is right.”

“The time is already right,” Faedra said.

“Well, he's- he's not here. Uh, he's- he's out in the woods, uh, searching for Thinman.”

Sam sighed and looked around. “Okay, because Thinman, or whatever the hell this thing is, has
killed two people, and now Harry is in the woods alone,“ he said in a sarcastic tone.
“Well, actually, it's more like ‘wood,’ um, ’cause I dropped him off by some trees behind a
grocery store. Guys, come on. He's gonna be fine. Guys?” Sam, Dean, and Faedra were already
rushing out the door when Ed followed.

The impala screeched to a halt as Sam dove out of the car and caught Harry. He helped him to
his feet and together they walked to the car. Harry sat on the hood as Sam grabbed some
bandages. He began to inspect the wound as Faedra and Ed watched. Dean had gone out looking
for Thinman.

“Too tight?” Sam questioned as he finished wrapping the wound.

“Nope. No, I'm good. I'm good,” Harry said while grimacing.
“You know?” Sam raised an eyebrow.
“I'm good. All right.” Harry waved his hand nonchalantly. “I think I'm just gonna have to staple
it when we get back to the motel.” He turned to Ed and smiled brightly.
“We were right, Ed! Thinman's real!”
Dean suddenly came running out of the woods. “Some fresh tires tracks back over there. I took
some photos.” Harry gave him a strange look.
“What for?” he asked.
“The car might belong to the person who stabbed you.” Faedra said while nodding at Dean in
agreement.
“Well, whoever cut me was Thinman, and Thinman doesn't drive. It was Thinman, jackass! I
mean, I shouldn't have to connect the dots for you guys. I figured, you know, you three are
intelligent, m-maybe.” Faedra raised an eyebrow at Harry while Sam and Dean glared at Ed.
“Um, Harry…” Ed began.
Harry tried to ignore the look that Faedra was giving him. “What?”

As Ed walked out of the motel room, Sam and Faedra sat by Harry.
“Hey. You okay?” Faedra asked gently.
“I just got punched right in the feels.” Harry sniffled. Faedra furrowed her eyebrows at the
comment.
“Um…”
“None of it was real, guys. Ed was just pretending, and now he wants me to pretend, like this is
just something I could get past,” Harry said. Sam snorted.
“I know what you mean. Look, there are things you can forgive, and there are things you can't.”
Sam patted Harry’s back.
“So, which one is this?”
“That's something you got to figure out for yourself,” Sam said while Fae nodded in agreement.
There was a knock on the door as Dean entered. “Hey. Uh... I got a bead on those tire treads, if
you want to…” Sam nodded and got up, leaving Faedra and Harry to sit by themselves
awkwardly.
Harry cleared his throat. “You know, since we're alone we could-”
“No.”
“Right…” A few minutes passed before Dean peeked his head in.
“Hey, we’re gonna go-”
Faedra rose almost at once. “Good. I'm coming with you.”

They pulled up at the mill and saw Deputy Norwood standing there. They got out of the car and
walked towards him,
“I thought we said my partner and I would take care of this,” Dean said sternly. Faedra tugged on the bottom of her suit jacket. She hated wearing these things.

“Look, guys, my boss is AWOL. We don’t have a warrant. My ass is on the line if this thing goes sideways.”

“All right. Just stay back,” Dean said with a sigh. They all walked to the door and Sam knelt to pick the lock. He narrowed his eyes and rose as the door opened. He looked at Dean and Faedra and the three pulled out their weapons. Before they could move, Sam and Dean crumbled to the ground. Faedra filled a slight tingling, but was not affected. She turned to Deputy Norwood as he pulled out a gun.

“Okay, so you weren’t affected. I still have this.” He pointed the gun at her head as she raised an eyebrow. She glanced behind him before shoving him aside and sprinting away. She ran until she spotted a familiar van. She groaned before walking up to it. Ed and Harry were in the back gathering supplies. Faedra grabbed the two by the ears and yanked them away from the van.

“OW!” they both screamed as they rubbed their ears.

“What the hell are you two doing here?” she hissed.

Ed helped Harry up. “We’re here to help out,” Ed said. Faedra pursed her lips.

“Sam and Dean have been taken. I managed to escape, but…” she struggled to say the next words. “I may or may not need someone…to…” she coughed. “Help out.” She finally finished.

Ed and Harry began to make several hand motions as they walked. Faedra was guessing that they were assigning directions for each other. Ed suddenly pointed at her and motioned to Harry. Faedra rolled her eyes and grabbed Harry by the back of the neck as she walked away from Ed.

“Come on,” she sighed. Together they walk ahead and check the area with their flashlights.

Faedra was a little behind him when she heard Harry gasp in pain. He was clutching his crotch.

“Oh, he got me! He got me back!” he groaned. Faedra rolled her eyes.

“Get over yourself-” She stopped when she saw Thinman raising his knife. Before she could pull out her knife, Ed put his gun behind Thinman’s head.

“It's Scooby-Doo time, douche bag. Take off the mask. I know you're not Thinman. You're just a 'me-me.'”

“Ed, it's pronounced meme.” Harry gasped while still holding his crotch. Ed gave him a weird look.

“It's spelled m-e-m-e, though.”

“The second ‘e’ is silent. Yeah.”

“Harry’s right…” Faedra said. They both looked at her in shock. She shrugged.

Ed shook his head and looked at Thinman again. “You're a me-me- a-a man-meme, and I invented you.”

Deputy Norwood suddenly appeared and knocked Ed over. “Oh! Good to know.”

“Fuck!” Faedra groaned as kicked the crate beside her.

Faedra, Ed, and Harry were walked to where Sam and Dean were chained. She and Dean shared an exasperated look.

Deputy Norwood began to tie them up. “I'm a lover of the classics, Ed. And what we have here is a 'Frankenstein' situation. I'm a lover I mean, wow, the creator. I mean, we- we were gonna let one of you guys live to tell our story but now, once you two are dead, there'll be no proof that Thinman was your brainchild.”

He looked over to where the Winchesters were, but they were gone. As they looked around, Faedra jumped and slammed her feet into Deputy Norwood’s chest, knocking him over. Dean rushed over and grabbed Thinman’s knife before stabbing him. Norwood snatched his gun and pointed it at Sam. Faedra was about to run into the line of fire when Ed stepped in front of the gun.

“Wait, no! No! No! No, look. Look at me. This is all my fault. Okay? It's all my fault,” he tried to reason.
Norwood grinned brightly. “I got enough bullets for both of you.”
A single shot pierced through the air as Deputy Norwood fell to the ground. They all turned to see Harry holding a smoking gun.

Faedra and Dean were loading the trunk of the Impala as Sam walked over. They were still in front of the mill.
“So, are we good in there?” Sam questioned.
“Yeah. With the Thinman footage and the way I set the bodies, there should be enough breadcrumbs to make it look like those two psychos offed each other.” Dean replied.
“They were just people, man. They weren’t... demons. They weren’t monsters. They... were just frickin’ people.”
Faedra snorted. “Most of the time you’ll find that the real monsters aren’t vampires or werewolves, they’re humans,” she finished with a sad smile as she reached up and patted Sam’s cheek. She turned slightly so she could hear Ed and Harry’s conversation.
“No. No. You did this for you,” Harry said. Dean dropped his head slightly and looked at the Impala. “There’s a lot of things I can forgive, Ed, but this isn’t one of them.”
“So, what does this mean about us?” Ed’s voice cracked.
“It means... It’s complicated.” Harry walked towards the three friends. He looked as though he was about to burst into tears.
“Can I get a ride from you guys?”
“Of course,” Faedra said. Dean nodded. They all got in the car as Ed stood by himself. After a while, Dean looked at Harry in the rearview mirror. “Harry, you okay?” he asked.
“Yeah. I mean, no. You roll with a guy so many years, you start to think he’s always gonna be next to you. Like, when you’re old and you’re drinking on the porch, he’ll be in that other rocking chair. And then something happens, and you realize that other chair has gone empty. You know what I mean?” Faedra looked up and saw the look of pain in the two brother’s faces. She sighed as she realized how truly damaged their relationship had become.
A Bloody Reunion

Chapter Notes

Yay! I managed to post a chapter this week! I've been super busy lately with...everything. Finals are happening for the next two weeks and I have a test almost every day of the week, so I have no idea if I'm going to be able to post chapters or not. I'm sorry if I don't, but I promise to update as soon as I possibly can.

CROWLEY IS IN THIS CHAPTER THOUGH SO I MEAN. Okay, well I gotta go now. Until next time, my loves.

Faedra slammed her laptop shut and rubbed her eyes. She yawned as she stretched and looked over to Sam’s research. He was looking up different myths about Cain and Abel.

“Hey, Supreme Queen of Everything, don’t you know anything about Cain and Abel?” Sam asked in frustration. Faedra rested her head on her folded arms.

“Nope,” she lied. “I never cared about Earth so I never followed the major events.”

“Haven’t you lived on Earth for a couple thousand years?” Sam narrowed his eyes and glanced at her.

“Doesn’t mean I care.” She snorted. Dean walked in. He dialed the phone and glanced at Sam.

“Come on, Crowley. Pick up!” he huffed. He addressed them. “Where the hell is he? It's not like he's got a social life.”

“Uh, are you actually worried?” Sam looked up from the computer and cocked his eyebrow. Faedra pursed her lips and began to tap her fingers on the table at a rapid pace.

“Too busy inflicting pain to answer. Leave a message.” Crowley’s voice came from Dean’s phone.

“Guy’s got one job- find the First Blade, bring it back. How hard is that?”

“It's Crowley. He's not exactly a team player,” Sam said.

“Yeah, but his ass is on the line, too. He goes missing for weeks on end without a peep? Well, not one that makes sense, anyway. Listen to this.” Dean placed the phone on the table and started to read the voicemail. Faedra lifted her head up a little.

“Dean. Um…” Crowley began to mumble too quickly to be understood. Faedra let her head drop in disappointment.

“Wait a second. Did he…Drunk-dial you?” Sam asked with a smirk. Dean rolled his eyes and began to call him again.

“Come on.” Once again, he got voicemail. Faedra sighed.

“He’s not going to answer. I’ve tried,” she told him. They both turned to her in shock.

“You called Crowley?” Sam asked.

“Since when did you forgive him?” Dean added.

“I didn’t forgive him. I just don’t care,” she yawned. She buried her head in her arms. “Right now I have bigger problems than being mad at the demon who rejected me.” Sam looked at her in shock before shrugging. Dean glared at her.

“You know how to track a demon, right?” he inquired offhandedly. Faedra raised her head and narrowed her eyes.

“Yeah, why?”

“Well, since you’re okay with Crowley, you can track him for us. Find him, bring him here. You can give us a call if you need help.” Faedra raised a single eyebrow.

“Dean…” Sam began. Faedra raised a single hand.

“No, it's fine, Sam. Dean has a point. I’ll get right on it.” She got up and left the room. She made
sure that when she passed Dean, their shoulders slammed together. Just for a bit more of a
dramatic flare.
She began to change her clothes. She pulled on an old maroon shirt and her black jacket with a
leather vest on top. Faedra then grabbed a pair of dark jeans and yanked on her old mountain
boots. She groaned as she got up. Faedra snatched a duffel bag and threw some weapons into it
while strapping on her dagger and hiding a few knives. She sighed as she left the room.
Sam and Dean hadn’t changed their positions since she left. She didn’t let them talk. Instead, she
just patted Sam’s back before jogging to the garage. She walked up to her motorcycle and smiled.
“Let’s do this.”

Faedra quietly unlocked the hotel door. She had spent the past few days tracking Crowley, and
she finally found him. She held her breath as she opened the door as quietly as she could. She
heard a female’s voice scream in another room.

“No! No.”
“Do you really think some other lowlife wouldn't sell you out? I thought you were a smart girl- a
girl I could’ve helped!” Crowley shouted. His voice hit her like a hammer. She both missed it and
hated it. A sudden rush of jealousy rushed her as she realized what he’d said. Who exactly was
this woman? She walked closer to the room and peered in. The woman was gorgeous and
Crowley was a mess. She wasn’t even surprised anymore.
“You're joking, right? You help me? Look at yourself. You couldn't help anyone.” The woman’s
voice became harsh and cold. “I’m sick and tired of dealing with a pathetic,” she knocked him to
the ground, “excuse of a demon. You’re supposed to be a king?” Faedra watched as she drew out
an angel blade. She waited for Crowley to get up and fight back, but he remained on the ground.
“Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me,” Faedra muttered. She drew out her knife and lunged at the
demon. She threw her against the wall and crouched in front of Crowley, her body blocking him
from the demon. Faedra growled as her eyes flicked a weak shade of gold. She lunged at the
demon and raised her knife. The demon knocked it out of her hand and shoved her aside. Faedra
jumped at the knife, but it was kicked out of view. She hissed as she was shoved to the ground by
the demon. She held the demon’s hands away from her face as she struggled to reach for
something to hit her with. Suddenly, the demon glowed.
Faedra groaned as the demon landed on her. She shoved it off. Crowley held out his hand to help
her up, but she ignored it and got up by herself. She walked over to her knife and picked it up.
Faedra stood up straighter and looked at Crowley. A wave of emotions suddenly hit her as she
realized how much she had missed him. She ran into his arms. Anger and pride left her as she
finally hugged her friend for the first time in months. Faedra buried her face in his neck as she felt
him rub her arms. She took a deep breath and sighed into his neck. She finally came back to
reality after standing with him for a few minutes.
Faedra pulled away and looked him in the eyes. “What the hell happened to you?” she asked as
she looked at his haggard appearance.
“Human blood,” he muttered. Faedra pursed her lips.
“Go clean yourself up,” she told him. She stepped away from him and left the room. She walked
through the halls and went into the lobby of the hotel. She pulled out her phone from her pocket
and dialed Sam’s number.
“Fae?” Sam’s voice came from the other side. Faedra sighed and walked towards her
motorcycle. She leaned on it.
“Yeah.”
“What’s up?” There was a hint of concern in his tone.
“I got Crowley. He’s a mess and he was in a bit of a situation when I came, but he’s fine, I
guess.”
“Where are you? We’ll be there soon.” Faedra gave him the address before hanging up. She
groaned as she got on her bike.
Faedra walked in the room with a bag of fries and burgers in one hand and their drinks in the other. She suddenly noticed the other dead bodies in the room, and she rolled her eyes. She walked over and set the food down on the coffee table. She rolled on her feet and looked around.

“Crowley?” she asked. No one replied. She looked around nervously. “Crowley?” she asked again. She walked into the bedroom and looked around. She stepped over the demon and walked to the bathroom. She knocked before opening the door. Empty. She growled in frustration. He must have left while she was getting food. Faedra ran her hand over her face. She drew out her knife and began to look around the room. She walked up to one of the drawers and opened it up. She grimaced. It was full of different lingeries.

“So this is what you’ve been up to with that demon.” She couldn’t help but feel a little sick at the idea. She shut the drawer close and walked over to the food, not wanting to see what other things she would find in the drawers. Faedra sat down and began to eat.

It had been a few hours when the door suddenly opened. Faedra had been lying on the couch waiting for someone to show up. She sat up.

“What’s up, Fae?” Dean asked. Faedra just sighed and layed down again.

“What the heck happened here?” Sam said while looking at all the dead bodies.

“Two of them happened before I was here. I killed the pretty one though,” Faedra replied. Sam pulled up a chair and sat down while Dean leaned on the edge of the doorway to another room.

“Where’s Crowley?” Dean asked while raising an eyebrow.

“He left while I was out getting food. Hasn’t shown up since.”

“And you didn’t go after him?” Sam narrowed his eyes.

“He’ll come back,” she muttered.

“If he isn’t back within an hour, we’re leaving.” Just as Dean finished the door opened. Crowley walked in holding a paper bag. Faedra noted that he had cleaned up a little, though he still looked like a mess. She sat up and rested her head in her hands. She felt exhaustion sweep over her. Her shoulders slouched and her eyes drooped. She raised her head and looked at Crowley’s shocked face.

“Hello, boys,” he said cautiously. He glanced at Faedra before looking at Sam and Dean again. Dean kicked the dead body he was nearest to.

“And what do you call this?” he questioned. He sounded like a mother questioning her child.

“Refreshments?” Crowley said lamely. Sam got up and moved to him. Faedra got up as well and rested her hand on her dagger.

“What's in the bag, Crowley?” she asked sternly.

“Nothing,” he muttered. Faedra snorted.

“Really? Maybe I can, uh…” Sam reached out and quickly tore the bag before Crowley could pull it away. A blood bag showed. AB Negative.

“What, are you knocking over blood banks?” Dean snorted. Faedra glanced at the blood bag and narrowed her eyes. Sam grabbed Crowley by the arm as Dean turned a chair. Together, they shoved him onto the chair and handcuff him to it. Faedra pursed her lips.

“Come on, guys.” Crowley whined. Dean bent down to be eye level with him.

“Look at you. You're a mess. You know, we were counting on you. You let us down.” Dean started.

“Your slimy followers were counting on you to kill Abaddon, and you let them down,” Sam continued.

“The man with all the mojo- Captain Evil.” Dean taunted.

“Oh, it's pathetic.”

“Boys, enough!” Faedra exclaimed. They all turned to her in shock. Crowley gave her a grateful look while Sam and Dean narrowed their eyes.

“Fae, come on. He’s pathetic. Just because you’re in lo-” Dean was instantly cut off by a chill that swept through his entire body. Faedra was looking at him the way a predator would with its prey. He had hit a sour note, and he knew that if he continued on with the sentence, he wouldn’t be there for much longer.
“What is this? An intervention?” Crowley sputtered. Dean broke his eye contact with Faedra and breathed a sigh of relief. Sam gave him an odd look before looking back at Crowley.

“You need to focus, Crowley. Get a grip!” Faedra said sternly. 

“What, you just gonna let Hell go to hell?” Dean asked, finally regaining his voice.

“You don’t know what it’s like to be human!” Almost at once Crowley regretted what he said. Faedra couldn’t help but snicker and share a look with Sam. Dean kept his gaze solely on Crowley.

“It’s your DNA. It’s my addiction, my cross, my burden!” Crowley spat. 

“All right, take it easy.” Dean motioned for Crowley to calm down.

“I see the darkness of it now, the Anthony Weiner of it. It makes you needy. I needed her. Lola used me. She reported everything I did back to Abaddon.” Faedra froze.

“You needed her?” Faedra asked. She yanked out her dagger.

“Of course I needed her. I needed someone to help me!”

“Why didn’t you come to me?” Faedra asked. She began to pace the room while spinning the dagger in her hand. She felt anger and disbelief at his words.

“You tried to bloody kill me! You’d have left me to die if I came to you!”

Faedra stopped. She turned to him, her expression cold. “Crowley, there are a lot of things that I have done that I’m not proud of, but one thing I will never do is refuse to help someone who needs help, even if it is a demon. You should have come to me instantly if you knew that you were in trouble.” She moved so she was by Dean. “And what the hell did you think a demon would do? Care for you? Did you really expect this...Lola to actually take care of you without betraying you?” she ended with a huff. Crowley was looking at his hands like a child being punished. Dean gave her a sidelong glance and Sam sighed.

“Crowley... Did you tell her about the First Blade?” he asked. Crowley raised his head and gave a sheepish look.

“I don’t know. Things get a trifle blurry when I'm medicated.”

“If he told Lola, she definitely told Abaddon,” Faedra murmured. She glanced at Dean. A sudden panic swept through her. She still hadn’t found an answer to how to remove the Mark of Cain. She feared that if he touched the First Blade then he’d be too sucked into the mark.

“I guess that means that Abaddon's in the hunt for this thing, too. All right, you know what? This crap ends now. You're cut off. Okay? Kicking it. Cold turkey.” Dean looked at Crowley with a fierce look of determination.

Faedra and Dean tied Crowley to the chair. “Back in this fetid pit. Could at least have added some throw pillows.” Crowley whined as they finished. Sam looked up from his laptop.

“Focus.”

“Okay. You swept the Mariana Trench. And...?” Faedra trailed off.

“And the First Blade was not, as hoped, in the Trench. It had, in fact, been scooped up by an unmanned sub, from whom it was stolen by a research assistant, who reportedly sold it to Portuguese smugglers who, in turn, lost it to Moroccan pirates in a poker game.” Crowley said while looking at the ceiling. Faedra narrowed her eyes and tilted her head as she thought of what he had said.

“What?” Sam questioned in confusion.

“Poor moose. It's always a little tricky keeping up, isn't it?” Faedra smacked Crowley in the back of the head and went to stand behind Sam. Sam looked up to find Crowley looking at him oddly.

“What are you doing?”

“I'm still a little tainted by humanity. Makes me sentimental.” Crowley responded offhandedly.

“Well, stop.” Faedra couldn’t help but snort at how uncomfortable Sam seemed.

“You and I both know we shared a mo back in that church. And on some level, we are bonded.” Crowley pestered. Sam leaned forward in his chair.

“Crowley, the only reason you are alive is that we need your help to deal with Abaddon 'cause she is an even worse pile of crap than you are. And that is the extent of my concern for you. Got
“What happened after the pirates?” Faedra inquired.

Sam, Dean, and Faedra were sitting on a bench outside of the park while they waited for someone to come. Faedra was resting her head on top of her hand as she stared at the empty, dark park. Sam looked up around and saw Crowley with his hand in a vending machine that was placed a few yards away.

“What is Crowley doing?” he asked exasperatedly.

Dean looked up. “Stealing candy,” he said offhandedly. Faedra looked up in disbelief.

“He is- he's- he's stealing candy,” she murmured in shock.

“You know, at least when Cas was human, he was an okay guy. Should've known Crowley would be a douche version.” Dean sighed. Faedra nodded in agreement.

Dean got off the bench and began to shout. “Hey. Hey! Cut it out, man! Image! You're the king of rotten. Act like it.” Crowley pouted and sat on the other bench.

“You really think this guy's gonna show up? I mean, this isn't exactly a place where million-dollar deals go down,” Dean inquired.

“Look, word is, this André Develin character bought the Blade from the pirates, and he's been shopping it around. That's all I know,” Sam sighed. Faedra looked up to see a figure approaching.

“Hey, heads up.” Together, they stood up and met the tall man.

“Mr. Develin, we spoke on the phone,” Sam started.

“You said you represent a serious collector with an interest in a private transaction.” Develin spoke calmly. This was obviously not a new thing for him.

“Did he? Oh. Well, what he meant to say was, is that we are with... The FBI.” Dean pulled out his badge.

“Then good evening.” Develin began to walk away, but Sam grabbed his arm.

“Wait a second. We just want some answers,” he said quickly.

“Read Sartre. Jean-Paul Sartre. I'm merely a facilitator between the buyer and the seller- a conduit. So, unless I'm being detained-” Suddenly, red smoke entered Develin’s body. It stayed for a few seconds before leaving again. Sam and Dean looked startled while Faedra merely smirked and glanced at Crowley.

“So, am I? Being detained?” Develin asked as if nothing had happened.

“Not at the...moment. No, but we've got our eyes on you,” Dean said, flustered. Develin nodded and walked away. Crowley walked toward them with a large grin.

“National Institute of Antiquities.”

Faedra was crouching by the two security guards on the ground. She pursed her lips as she looked at the girl who lay beside them. Slowly, she got up and looked at the brothers. They had been talking to the head detective about the case.

“Security camera shows a research assistant caught them breaking into vault number one,” the head detective told the brothers. Dean pointed at the girl.

“That's her?”

“Gets weirder.” The head detective showed them the security footage of one of the guards shooting the other. The man who was shot rose and shot the other guard right before the two guards shoot the camera together.

“Like I said.”

“Anything special about the particular vault they opened?” Sam questioned.

“Vault number one is where they keep rare, new acquisitions while they're being examined.”

“So, what was stolen?” Faedra asked while walking up to them.

“That's the kicker- nothing. The curator, Dr. McElroy, said the vault's been empty for weeks.” The head detective nodded as he was called away. The three huddled together.

“Okay, so, just connecting the dots here- the Blade was likely put in there when it first got here.”

“The guards were obviously demons, so... What? When the vault turned out to be empty, they
killed their guard meat-suits and smoked out?” Sam said.
“And reported back to who? Abaddon?”
“She's closing in, boys.” Faedra said with a sigh.

“So, the First Blade was never on display?” Sam asked the curator.
“No authenticated item by that name was ever on these premises,” Dr. McElroy said while narrowing her eyes.
“'Authenticated.' Dr. McElroy, this blade was stolen and smuggled into the U.S. in violation of treaties with several governments. We can compel you to speak.” Dean finished with a smile.
“'Compel'? And what might that involve?” she asked while raising an eyebrow and looking at Dean. Faedra cleared her throat awkwardly as she struggled to fight her laughter. Dean looked shocked as he shifted in his position while Sam merely looked at Dr. McElroy.
“Alright, look, I did acquire the so-called First Blade. And carbon dating did peg it to biblical times, but the authentication proved unreliable,” she said with a sigh.
“So it was in the vault.” Faedra muttered.
“I removed it myself. The guards didn't know.”
“And where is it now?” Sam questioned.
“Several weeks ago, a confidential offer was made to purchase it,” Faedra couldn’t help but groan. “I was afraid we would never authenticate the thing, so-
“Who was the buyer?” Dean cut her off.
“Sorry. The buyer insisted on absolute secrecy,” she ended with a huff.
“Well...federal statutes trump your little deal. So...the buyer?” Dean smiled.
Dr. McElroy smiled flirtatiously and looked at Dean. “And you'll get it out of me one way or another, won't you, Agent?” Dean smirked a little.
“Hmm. I never did know his real identity. He called himself ‘Magnus.’ Don't ask me where he lives. I have no idea. But I do have a meeting. So, here is my number, should you need anything else.” Sam reached to grab her card, but she pulled it away. Again she holds it out, but this time towards Dean. Dean took the card as Dr. McElroy winked before walking away. Faedra and Sam both raise their eyebrows at him.
“What?” Dean shrugged. Sam shook his head and chuckled.
“Did you lot catch that? ‘Magnus’? ‘Albert Magnus’? The name the Men of Letters used when they went incognito?” Faedra said almost to herself.
“Yeah, but we know that all of the Men of Letters are dead.” Dean said.
Sam looked at Fae. “Do we?” he asked.

Faedra walked into the dungeon as Sam and Dean continued their interrogation. She was wearing one of Sam’s old plaid shirts, which almost hung like a skirt on her, and a pair of baggy jeans. She picked at the threads as she sat beside Sam. “What do you know about the Men of Letters massacre of 1958?” Sam asked Crowley.
“We know Abaddon missed our grandfather and Larry Ganem,” Dean added. “Was there anybody else?”
Crowley looked at Faedra as he spoke. “Let me get this straight. You keep me locked up in this closet, ignore my suffering, and then come barging in here and demand my help?” he inquired while raising an eyebrow. Faedra stuck out her chin and squared her shoulders.
“More or less, yes,” she said.
“Did I or did I not keep my end of the bargain the other night? Quite brilliantly, I might add. We are partners! And you owe me!” he shouted. Faedra narrowed her eyes.
“'Owe' you?” Sam snorted.
“I wouldn't be in this mess if it wasn't for you two. You shoot me up. You make me a junkie. You keep me stashed away for months while my kingdom falls apart!”
Dean rolled his eyes. “What do you want?”
Crowley sat in the Bunker library, drinking a scotch, while Sam and Dean looked through different boxes that contained the Men of Letter’s old files. Faedra walked in wearing a white tanktop and a ripped pair of Dean’s jeans. Her hair was wet and she was holding her hiking boots in her hands as she sat down on one of the chairs.

“How many showers have you taken in the past twenty-four hours, Fae?” Sam joked. Faedra snorted as she pulled on one of her boots and began lacing it.

“They calm me down. And, you’ve got to appreciate plumbing considering most realms think bathing in your own dirt water is clean,” Faedra said while tying her shoe. Sam smiled and looked back at the files.

“It’s not a very good scotch, is it?” Crowley broke the silence. Faedra narrowed her eyes at him as she snatched one of the files.

“Okay, Crowley, we have gone through the records for the entire membership in 1958. Every single name matches the men who were killed.” Sam said, ignoring his previous comment. Crowley was only half paying attention as he found one of Dean’s copies of Busty Asian Beauties and began leafing through it.

“That would be the active membership, correct?” he muttered. Sam looked up briefly and rolled his eyes. Faedra concentrated on the files and only half listened to the conversation. She could tell that Dean was doing the same.

“Were you two dropped on your heads a great deal?” Crowley asked while looking up briefly. “Like I told you, rumor has it that a rogue member was tossed out on his arse. Does that make him ‘active’? Seriously, boys, how did you ever function without me?”

“Well, hello, Miss Ichigatsu.” Crowley muttered under his breath. Faedra raised her head in confusion before seeing the magazine. She rolled her eyes and got up.

“For the love of the gods, Dean,” she said while snatching the magazine. “I thought I told you to stop leaving your porn everywhere,” she groaned while tossing the magazine at Dean.

“Hey, let me appreciate my porn,” Dean retorted. Faedra rolled her eyes and leaned against the wall.

Dean picked up one of the files. “‘Infamati et obliterati,’” he muttered.

“Dishonored and forgotten,” Faedra and Crowley said in unison.

They continued to look over the files for several more hours. Dean finally broke the silence.

“Wow. This guy was something.” He handed the paper to Sam and Faedra stood over Sam’s shoulder to get a better look.

“Tough name,” Sam muttered.

“Yeah, Cuthbert Sinclair. I would have just gone with ‘Magnus,’” Dean said.

“Looks like he designed most of the warding that keeps the bunker safe,” Faedra murmured.

“Says here he was named ‘Master of Spell’, right after he initiated,” Dean said while pointing at the paper.

“I guess his work got a little crazy. The leadership called it ‘eccentric’ and ‘irresponsible’”

“Ok, so these are the projects that he proposed the last two years he was here. Look at this- ‘rejected.’ ‘Rejected.’ ‘Rejected,’” Dean said while handing them another file. Faedra took it and began to scan through.

“So difficult- brilliant, ahead of your time, despised for it. Trust me, I know,” Crowley quipped while drinking his scotch. Faedra looked over her shoulder.

“Don’t get too big of a head, sweetheart,” she snorted before looking back at the files. Crowley narrowed his eyes at her back.

“‘Formal separation from Men of Letters- April 1956,’” Dean read from one of the files.

“He missed the massacre,” Faedra said.

“I never knew his name, but I heard someone was out. Did my damndest to find him. Thought he might be my way inside this joint,” Crowley said while waving his hand.

Sam turned towards Crowley. “So where’d you look?”

Crowley led them through the forest until they reached a large clearing. “So this is where your
demons tracked him to?” Dean asked while looking around the clearing. Faedra was twisting a
knife in her hand.
“Exact spot. My boys never could find him. I'm sensing nothing, so if he's here, he's warded up
to the gills,” Crowley responded.
“Well, he was a genius at it, right? Sure as hell ain't gonna be found by a bunch of demons,”
Sam commented.
“Oh, like he's gonna open his heart to you lot, because you're such prizes?” Crowley sassed.
Dean smirked. “Better- we're legacies.”
“All right, if he's so bent on hiding, maybe he's watching. Give it a shot,” Dean said while
motioning to Sam.
“Cuthbert Sinclair- uh, Magnus- whatever,” Sam began speaking to the air. “We're Sam and
Dean Winchester, Henry Winchester's grandsons.”
“And Men of Letters, ourselves,” Dean added. Faedra looked around, struggling to sense
anything.
“We know what happened back in the day. We don't necessarily agree with it. We
figured...Maybe you want to tell your side of the story,” When nothing happened they turned to
Crowley. Suddenly, a large smoky door rises from the earth. Sam and Dean stared at it in shock
before walking through. Faedra ran.
“Hey!” She skidded to a stop as she ran through the smoky door and caused it to disappear.
“Damn,” she muttered. Crowley snorted behind her. She turned and glared at him.
“Did the boys leave you behind, love?” he teased. Faedra huffed and walked to a large rock that
was in the clearing. She sat beside it and leaned her head against the wall.
“Wow. I must say I am surprised at you, sweetheart. We're all alone with the Winchesters gone
and you’re all calm and peaceful. I was half expecting you to rip off my head the moment they
left.”
“If you continue to talk, I will.”
“You wound me, love. Now tell me, that show of affection from when we were in the hote-”
“Was just me being glad that you were actually alive. It changes nothing,” Faedra interrupted.
“Right...” Suddenly, Sam bursted through the trees and ran towards them. Faedra got up.
“Magnus has Dean,” he rushed. Faedra’s eyes widened.
“He hasn’t touched the Blade, has he?” she asked in a hurried tone. As Sam dug into the trunk of
the Impala, he looked up and gave her an odd look.
“No...why?” he said. Faedra sighed in relief.
“We need to get him out of their before he can.” Sam narrowed his eyes at her.
“Fae, isn’t the whole point of getting the knife for Dean because he can use it to kill Abaddon?”
Sam questioned her. “What aren’t you telling me?” Faedra tugged at the bottom of her shirt and
rolled on her feet.
“Sam...”
“No. You’re hiding something. What is it, Fae?” Sam asked as he pulled out his supplies.
“I’ll tell you later, but right now we need to find Dean,” she said sternly. Sam didn’t look like he
agreed with the answer, but he nodded. He turned back to the trunk and continued to search
through it. Crowley leaned over to get a better look. Sam drew Ruby’s knife on him.
“You mind?” he said with an annoyed look. Crowley held up his hands in defeat and backed
away.
“Who would have thunk it, eh, moose- you and me, same team, in the trenches. When this is
over, we can get matching tattoos,” he joked.
Sam sat down in the car and grabbed the file box. Faedra stood by the door. “Just to be clear,
Crowley, we are not on the same anything. By the way, since the place is warded, your powers
are useless, which means you are useless, even more so than usual,” he said while pointing the
knife at him.
“You're gonna need another set of hands when you get in there, unless you have other volunteers
in mind.”
“What am I? Dead meat? I could do better in a fight than you ever could.” Faedra spat.
“Sorry, love, but you can’t go in there. If you do, you’ll get trapped. All that bloody magic in you gets a bit attached.” Faedra frowned and looked at Sam.

“And if memory serves me, I'm the one who helped your brother find Cain so that we could find the Blade, so that Dean could receive the Mark. I’m the one who flushed that lout Gadreel out of your noggin. So, lately, big boy, I've seen more playing time than you.”

“Crowley, will you please shut the hell up?” Sam said in exasperation.

It was now dark and they were still looking at the files using a lantern. Faedra sat on the hood of the car with several files spread around her.

“Here’s something. Apparently, he wanted to make the entire Men of Letters bunker invisible. All physical points of entry were to be eliminated, ‘and entrance would only be gained by spell.’ Oh. We’re gonna need some things,” Sam said while looking at the file. Faedra snorted.

“You actually might turn out to be useful, Crowley,” she quipped.

It was an hour before Crowley returned with all the materials. Sam began mixing the spell and Crowley was watching from a few feet away. Faedra was pouting on the rock due to the fact that she couldn’t come.

“I did good, eh, moose? Everything on the list. You're welcome.” Sam ignored him and stood up.

“Remember- stay close, do what I say, and shut the hell up.”

“I'm growing on you, aren't I?” Crowey teased.

“Wait!” Faedra hopped off and walked up to Crowley. She grabbed him and pulled him into a hug. “Listen here, demon,“ she hissed into his ear just loud enough for him to hear. “I want you to protect Sam and Dean with your entire pathetic life. If any of them have a single scratch, I will give you the same wound. An eye for an eye, got it?” She pulled away. Sam was giving her an odd look but Crowley just smiled.

“I swear to bring back moose and squirrel intact, love.” Sam narrowed his eyes but Faedra just shook her head.

“Okay, then. Ingressum domi dona mihi.” The smoky door appeared again and the two walked through. Faedra walked around the clearing a little until she found a good branch on the ground. She picked it up and took it to the car where she began carving it while sitting on the hood. She had not been sitting there for long when she felt a sudden pain in the back of her head before everything went dark.

The sun was rising when the Winchesters and Crowley finally appeared. “Brilliant, I must say. I'm speaking of myself, of course. All you two managed to do was get trussed up. Combine a little derring-do on my part, a little dumb muscle from squirrel, a little bleeding from moose…” Sam and Dean looked shocked as Crowley continued to talk. “Happy ending. Roll credits.”

“No, no! Come on. What the hell?” Dean exclaimed as he saw the mess of the Impala. It looked as though someone had tossed the entire car in an attempt to find something.

“That's sulfur- demons. Where the hell is Fae?” Sam asked. Dean shut the door only to find several markings on it.

“Oh, come on! Oh, now they're keying cars?!”

“It's Enochian. The message isn't for you. It's for me. ‘Be afraid. Your Queen.’ Abaddon's getting more brazen. She thinks I'm losing my grip.” Sam looked around.

“Guys...where’s Fae?” he asked again. Crowley and Dean looked around. Suddenly, Dean spotted her underneath the car.

“Fae!” he shouted as he dragged her out. He put two fingers on her throat to see if she was still alive. “She’s still here, just unconscious. Crowley, do your thing and wake her up.” They were both suddenly frozen.

“You know, boys, I'm in debt to you. You forced sobriety on me, and now I can see the situation for what it is. Dean, you are quite the killing machine. And it occurs to me that Abaddon is not the only name on your list. My name must be up there, as well.”

“What the hell are you doing, man! Come on and help Fae. The blade isn’t any good without me.”
“Yes, but as long as I have it, it's no good to you.” Crowley drew the blade and held it in his hand. “Now, this is the way it's going to go- I'll hang on to old donkey teeth here until such time as you locate Abaddon. Then you'll destroy her. You're right, moose. You can't trust me. But, sadly, I can't trust you, either.” He looked at Faedra. He moved the two brothers away and walked closer to her.

“Hey! Don’t touch her!” Sam struggled to fight Crowley’s powers. Crowley rolled his eyes and caressed Faedra’s face lightly. Almost at once, her eyes opened and she gasped for air. Crowley disappeared and Dean and Sam were released.

Dean let out a growl of frustration, “Dammit!” he yelled as he kicked the tire of the Impala. Sam rushed over and helped Faedra up.

“Fae, what happened?” he asked while checking for any injuries.

“I don't know...I was on the hood of the Impala when everything went black,” she muttered while rubbing her head. Sam looked at her with concern.

“Crowley took the First Blade. That son of a bitch!” Dean said in frustration. He ran a hand over his face as he looked at Faedra. Faedra tensed as she realized she was too late.

“You touched the Blade didn’t you?” she asked in a quiet tone. Dean nodded. Faedra looked away and dug her nails into her fists. She was too late.
Okay so I am the WORST person in the entire world. I thought I would be able to post the chapter last week BUT I COMPLETELY FORGOT. Plus, this entire week has been a mess for me. But, on the bright side, I am almost done writing Broken Love. There are 18 chapters in this story, so there are going to be 6 more updates, not including this one. BUT FEAR NOT! Faedra's adventures are not over, they never are. When I am done writing Season 9, I am going to start from the first moment Fae met the Winchesters and so on. I'll explain this better later, but for now enjoy the story. Also, there's a surprise at the end. Happy holidays guys!

Faedra was in the garage underneath one of the old cars when Dean came in. He kicked her leg gently to signal his arrival. Faedra slowly came out and glanced at him before picking up a rag and cleaning off the oil that was smeared on her cheek.

"Hey, we need to talk," Dean said. He held out his hand and pulled Faedra up.

"What do you want to talk about, Dean?" Faedra mumbled. She looked at the car as she spoke.

"You've been acting off lately. Now, I know it's not because of Crowley and Sam hasn't done anything, so what's up? Is something wrong with the Realms? Jorah hasn't visited in a few months." That was true. Faedra was very worried about her friend. She constantly feared as to what had happened to him that would make him stop coming. His sudden disappearance also kept Faedra from knowing what was going on in the realms. Everyday, she was becoming even more restless about it.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Dean," Faedra said offhandedly while grabbing her tools and putting them away. "I'm fine-"

"Oh, don't give me that crap, Fae. If anyone here isn't fine, it'd be you."

Faedra slammed her tool box on the wooden table and turned to face him. "What about you, Dean? When was the last time that you slept? Or let's talk about how the First Blade affected you?" Faedra moved so she was a foot away from him. "I can see it in your eyes that you want to have it in your hand again. Don't deny it, Winchester." Dean rolled his eyes and looked away.

"Okay, how about the translations?"

"What?"

"You know. You're magical book that is going to lead us to Abaddon? Have you found a friggin' answer yet?" Dean asked impatiently. Faedra looked back at the tool box and pursed her lips.

"Dean, there's something I need to tell you-"

"Hey guys, what's up?" Sam asked as he walked into the garage.
Faedra sighed in relief. "Hey Sam, what's up?" Dean narrowed his eyes at her before shrugging and turning to his brother.

"I caught wind of a case online. A 1st-grade teacher came home and killed her husband," Sam announced. Faedra raised an eyebrow in shock.

"Well, maybe she snapped. Ankle biters can do that to you," Dean retorted.

"Dude, she pounded him, into ground chuck."

"So, what are you thinking?" Faedra asked.

"Best guess: possession."

Dean looked at the two and nodded. "Why don't you two go?"

"Dean, look. I want to find Abaddon, too, but we've been combing through the files for days. And Fae can't find anything in her book." Dean glanced at Faedra.

"Well, maybe we missed something!" Dean spit out. Faedra sighed and sat down on the hood of the red car that she had been working on.

"And maybe there are better ways to spend our time than just spin our-"

"Maybe we don't have time!" Dean shouted while slamming his hand against the table. Faedra stood up straighter and squared her shoulders.

"Dean. Stop." Faedra ordered.

"What's up with you?" Sam snapped at Dean.

"Nothing," Dean said before leaving the room. Sam followed him but Faedra stayed behind. She leaned against the car again and dropped her head. She hugged herself as though she was holding her body parts from falling into pieces.

A few minutes passed before Sam walked back in the room. He shrugged and sighed before walking up to her and giving her a hug.

"Hey there, blondie. What's up?" he whispered into her hair. Faedra sighed into his chest.

"Sam, I'm going to tell you something that you have to promise not to tell Dean."

Sam narrowed his eyes and pulled away slightly. "Okay…"

"The book that I've been translating. It doesn't have anything to do with finding Abaddon or her followers," she muttered. Sam pulled her away to look her in the eyes.

"Then what have you been doing?" he questioned.

"I've been trying to find a way to get rid of the Mark of Cain. I knew from the start that it would affect Dean, so I wanted to get rid of it."

"Is that why you kept asking if he had touched the First Blade?"

Faedra nodded. "I wanted to keep Dean and the Blade as far apart as possible until I could find a cure, but I guess I was too late. Now that he's touched the Blade, it's going to consume him. I am truly sorry that I lied to you bo-" Faedra was cut off by Sam smashing her with another hug.
"It's fine, Fae. I would've done the same." He pulled her away again. "Now, we've got some work to do."

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Sam and Faedra were wearing their FBI suits as they walked through the police station in Milton, Illinois. They were both questioning the sheriff about the recent murder.

"It says here in your report that you were the first on the scene?" Faedra asked while looking through the file.

"Yes, ma'am. I found Mrs. Young sitting next to her husband covered in his blood."

"Was her husband abusive?" she asked.

"Ric? Oh, no. Not at all. I mean, he could be a stubborn S.O.B., but can't we all?" the sheriff laughed slightly. Faedra rolled her eyes when he looked away.

"Ah. Anything else, uh, weird that maybe you felt was too odd to include?" she asked while turning to the sheriff.

The sheriff narrowed his eyes. "Like?"

"Like, did you smell sulfur?" Sam interviened.

"Why would I smell sulfur?"

"Of course. Uh, thank you. What about Karen's eyes? You notice anything strange?" Sam said while trying, and failing, to sound normal.

"Actually, agents, they, uh, pretty much looked like eyes." Faedra snorted at this. As they rounded the corner into one of the cells, the sheriff stopped.

"Oh, lord," he gasped. Faedra looked up from the case files and raised her eyebrows. Karen Young was hanging on the ceiling. She was covered in blood and on the walls there was writing.

"I-I don't get this. Karen and Ric were two of the most ordinary people you'd ever meet," the sheriff murmured.

"Did she go anywhere on the day of the murder?" Sam asked.

"It was Saturday. Uh... A quick trip to the grocery store. That's about it."

"Thank you, Sheriff. That's all we need for now," Faedra said with a brief smile before dragging Sam away.

When they were outside, Sam decided to call Dean to fill him in. As Sam talked, Faedra looked around. From the corner of her eye she saw a familiar face. Faedra turned quickly, only to find that the person was gone. She jumped slightly when Sam put a hand on her shoulder.

"Hey, you okay?" he asked with a hint of concern.

"Uh, yeah. Fine. Let's go get something to eat."
Faedra took off her jacket and put it on the chair next to her. Sam had already ordered and now they were just waiting for their food. The music from the radio was drowned by the sounds of the people and the staff of the diner.

"Order up. Here you go," the cook called out.

The waitress grabbed the two plates of food and smiled. "Thanks, R.J." She walked up to Sam and Faedra's table and placed the two salads in front of them.

"Can I get you anything else, honey?" she asked Sam.

"We're all good, thanks," Faedra replied with a sarcastic smile.

"Order up!" the cook called again.

The waitress threw Faedra a sour look before walking away. "Be with you in a minute, Bill." Faedra zoned out as she began to eat. It was Sam's voice that made her focus again.

"Hey. Take it easy. She's working hard," Sam said.

The waitress walked over to the boy that Faedra had seen walking in. "What's eating you?" she asked.

Billy shoved a glass cup off the counter and turned to her. "You. My mom," he motioned to their table. "Him."

Sam narrowed his eyes. "Buddy...Give it a rest," he reasoned. Sam and Billy were glaring at each other when the waitress attempted to get Billy's attention.

"Billy? Billy. I'm gonna call your mom, have her come fetch you."

Billy turned to her and stared her down. "No, you're not." He quickly grabbed a table knife and stabbed it into the waitress' hand. He pinned it to the counter and she began to scream in agony. Faedra and Sam were up in an instant. Faedra grabbed Billy and threw him away from the waitress while Sam knocked him unconscious.

Faedra was walking ahead of the sheriff and Sam as they went through the cell blocks. Faedra noticed that there were several people with writing on the walls painted in blood. A few of them were humming madly while others were banging their heads against the cell doors. Faedra stepped up to one of the cells and reached out to comfort a woman who was crying. Faedra jumped back when the woman jumped up and tried to attack her hand. She sighed.

"So, tell me what's happening here," Sam questioned the sheriff. The sheriff merely shrugged.

"I was hoping you'd tell me. You're the one that mentioned weird."

"Now, where did they all come from?"

"Oh, they're all locals. Four of the straightest arrows you'd ever meet. Apparently, they've been acting like this for days."

"Do they share anything in common? Church? School? Uh, book club?"
"Not of my knowledge. Oh, I met the kid's girlfriend. She said he was hitching a ride when a van picked him up, and that's the last she heard of him. Whatever that's worth." The sheriff was called away and Sam walked up to Faedra. He nodded once and she took out a small container of holy water. She shook it on him, but nothing happened.

"What are you, Billy?" Faedra muttered. Billy looked at them and smiled slightly.

"Clear," he replied.

"Of?"

"Everything."

"Why are you doing this?" Sam questioned.

"You think there's a 'why'? No. It's because I want to. And I can." Sam motioned for Faedra to leave. Faedra hesitated before following him. Together they sat down in the police station. Faedra began to look through the case files while Sam dialed his phone. While it was ringing, the sheriff handed him some pictures. Faedra leaned over the table to get a better look.

"Grocery store surveillance pics," the sheriff said before walking away. Sam looked away as Dean finally answered. He raised his hand to show Faedra how many rings it took this time. Faedra rolled her eyes and looked down at the case files again.

"Well, that took forever," Sam spoke into the phone. Pause.

"Not sure. But, um, a handful of other people have started acting out, too." Pause.

"Well, same as the woman- aggressive, violent, impulsive." Pause.

"Yeah. Except it's less steroid-induced, and more... basic instinct. It's like the littlest things can set them off." Pause. It suddenly hit Faedra. She looked up and noticed that Sam seemed to come to the same result as Faedra.

"Kind of like me," Sam murmured.

"Yeah, uh, soulless me. Remember that?" he retorted to whatever Dean had said.

"Yeah, well, maybe everyone has a different reaction to losing their soul."

"No, I don't think so. I mean, it's not as if these people are winning the lotto."

"I hope not, Dean. I- we could really use your help down here... Dean?"

He sighed. "All right. Be safe." He pulled the phone away and rolled his eyes. He reached out and grabbed the surveillance pictures from the grocery store.

"How's Dean?" Faedra asked.

"I don't know anymore, Fae. Do you... Do you think that if you could find the cure, that you could get rid of the mark?" Sam inquired. Faedra looked up and stared at him sadly.

"Sam, I don't think he can be cured from it anymore. Not with my methods, at least. Maybe Cain could remove it, but I can't. Especially not with the little power that I have." Sam nodded slightly. He looked down at the pictures and noticed something.
"Hey, Fae. Check this out." Faedra got up and leaned over his shoulder. He pointed at the van with the words 'St. Bonaventure' on it. Faedra nodded before directing her attention to an old woman talking to an officer.

"Now, listen to me, young man. Those demons are back. I'm telling you, it's happening all over again," she urged.

"Demons?" the officer snorted.

"Yes! Demons. Are you deaf?" she snapped.

The officer gave a patronizing nod. "Yes, ma'am. You know what? We're gonna take care of those demons right away. Now, do you need a ride home or something?"

"Don't patronize me, you little turd." The old woman threatened. Faedra smiled slightly and walked up to them.

"Hey, you know what? I can take it from here. Um, Agent Kali." She flashed her badge as she spoke. When the officer nodded, Faedra motioned for the old woman to follow her to where she and Sam were sitting. Faedra flicked Sam in the back of the head and gave him a look to keep the old woman busy while she was making some tea.

When Faedra returned, she handed the warm tea to Ms. Wilkinson, the old woman.

"Here you are." Faedra smiled.

She nodded gratefully. "Thank you." Faedra flashed a brief smile before sitting down next to Sam.

"Now, why don't you tell me all about these demons, Ms. Wilkinson?" Sam asked.

"Please, call me Julia. It's very simple, Agents. They... they came to Milton."

"And?" Faedra implored.

Julia paused in shock. "I say 'demons', and you both didn't bat an eye, when everyone else around here thinks I'm nuts on toast," she murmured.

"Maybe we're just a bit more open-minded than most." Sam smiled.

"Maybe. You're one of them, aren't you?" Ms. Wilkinson asked Sam.

"Sorry. One of who?"

"Men of Letters." She turned and addressed Faedra. "And you must be a Woman of Letters." Faedra and Sam looked shocked.

"They came here in 1958," she added.

"Men of Letters... came here?" Sam murmured,

"Oh, yes." Julia nodded. "It was different then. I was different. They were a lovely couple." Julia began to tell them about the couple who came to her convent long ago.

"They gave false names, but later I learned that the man's name was Henry," Julia continued.

"Henry Winchester?" Sam questioned.
Julia shrugged. "Never got a last name."

"What about the woman?" Faedra asked.

"Josie. Did you know them?" She narrowed her eyes.

"Yes, uh... Sort of. It's complicated." Sam admitted.

"I'm an ex-nun, sweetie. Complicated is my middle name."

Sam nodded slightly. "Now, what were they here to investigate?"

"Sister Mary Catherine. She killed two people before jumping from the bell tower. So I took them to see Mother Superior and Sister Agnes," she explained how she showed Josie and Henry around the convent before showing them a bloody room where 'The Knights of Hell' was written in pre-Enochian.

"Knights of Hell? What were they doing there?" Sam questioned. He glanced at Fae and she shrugged.

"I'm not sure of anything I saw that night. We couldn't leave our room after ten. Mother Superior forbade it, but I still went to look when I heard footsteps in the hall. Mother Superior was dragging a girl down the steps and... Her eyes. They were black. I tried to leave but I was knocked out." Faedra reached out and held Ms. Wilkinson's hand when she saw how shaken she looked. Julia smiled in gratification.

"I woke up in a dark place, tied to a chair. There were others. They were taken. They were taken one-by-one until I was the only one left. I was so scared. I prayed and prayed, but God didn't answer my prayers. Henry and Josie did."

"They came in and banished two of the demons, but the third must have been stronger since it wouldn't leave. It tried to take control of Henry, but Josie sacrificed herself to protect him. Afterwards, the demon pretended to be Josie and Henry believed it."

"Abaddon. Did you ever see exactly what she was doing down there?" Sam insisted.

"No, but whatever it was she was doing at St. Bonaventure, it seems to be happening again."

"The convent's name was St. Bonaventure?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

Julia looked at Sam and Faedra. While Sam seemed to be taking in every word that she said, Faedra was deep in thought. "On the outskirts of town. It's been closed for years." Sam nodded and got up. Julia reached out and grabbed Faedra's hand.

"Thank you," she said while squeezing Faedra's hand. Faedra nodded slightly.

The Impala stopped at the ruins of the St. Bonaventure convent. Faedra and Sam got up. Faedra walked ahead as they began to search the grounds together. She drew out a long dagger as she looked for any signs of danger.
"Hey, Fae! Check this out," Sam called out. Faedra walked into a hallway where Sam standing by stairs. He motioned the flashlight towards it and together they began to walk down it. Sam gasped when he saw a shelf of five bottles. Inside them were brilliant blue lights.

"Human souls," Faedra whispered in awe as she got off the last step. Sam went to pick one up when he was attacked by Mr. Richie. Faedra was thrown against a wall and was held there. Sam quickly killed him with Ruby's knife before being thrown into a pile of boxes. Sister Agnes walked in the room.

"Souls are a very precious and fragile thing. Break one of those, and them little buggers fly right back home. We can't have that, now can we?" she hissed. Faedra fought against the spell as she watched Sam struggle to stand up.

"So, after all these years, you're still doing Abaddon's dirty work, huh, Agnes?" Sam groaned as he clutched his side.

"Would you believe it's gotten even dirtier?" she complained. "Used to be folks believed in the church. Heck, the way they would come strolling in here, looking for God. It was like fish in a barrel, really. But times change. You can blame your perverts for that. Now I'm riding shotgun in some smelly van with a handyman and tricking any half-wit I can lay my hands on. But it's worth it."

"Because stealing innocent souls is so noble!" Faedra shouted as she continued to release herself.

"Stealing souls is winning!" Sister Agnes said with a triumphant smile.

"Winning what?" Sam questioned.

"Hell's crown, nimrod. You think Abaddon is just gonna sit there while those pantywaisted demons refuse to pick a side?! And so she made a plan- if you can't convince 'em, make 'em," she declared. Faedra froze momentarily as she realized what that meant.

"She's turning souls into demons?" she gasped.

"Hmm. A demon army, unbeatable, loyal only to her."

"Well, uh... At this rate... Should only take a couple million years. Have fun with that," Sam sassed.

Sister Agnes snorted. "You think I'm the only one doing this? We have factories spread throughout. Worry not, though. Victory is nigh. And we'd like you to to be on our team. Recruitment is easy. I just have to rip your soul out of your body. Oh, and I'd also have to kill Little Miss Sunshine over there," she said while tilting her head at Faedra. Sam glared at her.

Faedra began to exorcise the demon. "Regna terrae, cantate deo-" Faedra stopped when she started choking on her own blood. It felt like her lungs were being filled with liquid as she coughed. Sister Agnes was holding out her hand towards her while choking Sam with her other hand.

Sam yanked out his phone and started to play an exorcism that he had previously made. He threw it on the ground away from them.

"Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus spiritus omnis satanica potestas, omnis incursio infernalis adversarii, omnis legio, omnis congregatio et secta diabolica. Ergo, Draco maledicte et omnis legio diabolica, adjuramus te. Cessa decipere humanas creaturas, eisque aeternae perditionis venenum
propinare. Vade, satana, inventor et Magister omnis fallaciae, hostis humanae salutis. Humiliare sub potenti manu dei-

Faedra gasped as she spit out all the blood in her mouth. Sister Agnes fell to the ground as she tried to get to the phone before the exorcism completed. She reached out and smashed Sam's phone.

Sam lunged and stabbed her with the demon knife. Almost at once, Faedra fell to the ground and groaned. She got up and walked to Sam while clutching her side in pain.

Together they released the souls into the air and watched as they floated away.

Faedra was leaning over the motel sink wiping away all of the blood on her body. Sam knocked on the door and leaned in. "Hey, you okay?" he asked in concern. Faedra gripped the edges and nodded. "Okay, I'm going to go talk to Ms. Wilkinson again before we go. I'll tell her you said goodbye." Faedra nodded again. He left the bathroom.

Faedra groaned and lifted up her shirt to reveal a long jagged cut.

"Why aren't you healing?" she whispered. Slowly, she began to bandage it. She looked up at the mirror again and narrowed her eyes. She turned swiftly and looked around, but saw no one in the room. Faedra pursed her lips and began to get dressed.

Dean was sitting at the bunker table when Faedra and Sam entered.

"Still plugging away?" Sam asked his older brother. Faedra leaned on the doorway as she watched the two.

"Like a dog with a bone. How 'bout you two?" Sam grabbed some of the files and sat at the other table. He began to read over them.

"You were right," he finally admitted.

Dean sipped his beer and looked up. "About what?"

"Finding Abaddon ASAP. She's mining souls."

Dean looked incredibly concerned now. "Why?"

"To create an army," Sam replied. Faedra sighed and walked out of the bunker again. She clenched her jaw and leaned on one of the railings.

"Something troubling you, love?" a familiar voice said behind her.

"You were the one who was following me around, weren't you?" Faedra asked as she turned to Crowley. She crossed her arms and glared at him slightly.

"I had to make sure you were okay after what happened in the clearing. It seems as though I had every right to be concerned," he said while motioning to her side. She was wearing a dark shirt, but she was beginning to bleed through the bandages. Faedra sighed.

"May I?" Crowley gestured to her torso. Faedra hesitated before nodding. He reached out and
placed a hand on her cheek. She felt a sharp jab before the pain ebbed away. She let out the breath she was holding. Crowley was still holding his hand to her cheek and he let his thumb rub slightly on her cheek.

"Thanks, Crowle-" Crowley leaned in and kissed her. Faedra jumped a little in shock. Quickly, she contemplated whether or not to shove him away, but she chose against it and leaned into the kiss. She placed the tips of her fingers on his cheeks as he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her closer. They stood there for a long time before Faedra pulled away slightly and let her nose rest on his.

"I need to go back before Sam and Dean wonder where I am..." she muttered. Crowley nodded once. She leaned in as if to kiss him again, but she hesitated and pulled out of his grasp. "Don't follow me again," she warned before walking back into the bunker.
Faedra sat next to Sam while he talked on the phone. They were reading the Men of Letter's files together.

"Yeah. All right. Thanks, Carlos. Listen, you, uh, if you catch wind of any other demon activity, give me a holler, all right? Appreciate it," Sam sighed. He glanced up when Dean walked in and tossed his phone on the table.

"Hey," Sam greeted. Faedra looked up from the file and nodded.

"Anything?" Dean asked.

"Yeah. A dozen demon-related cases, people without souls acting out, but…" Sam trailed off.

"But no sign of Abaddon," Faedra interrupted.

Sam nodded. "Right. Looks like she's vanished."

"You haven't found any answers in your book?" Dean asked Faedra. Faedra cleared her throat awkwardly and glanced at Sam. They shared a look. Dean rolled his eyes. He knew that they were hiding something but he was too tired to pry.

"Well, we just got to keep digging," he said.

"Right." Sam nodded. He noticed that Dean was rubbing the Mark of Cain on his arm.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah. I'm fine. Let's get to work."

An hour had passed when Castiel called them. Dean sat up straighter as Sam put the call on speaker. Castiel explained to them what he had recently found out.

"Gadreel? Gadreel is working for Metatron? For how long?" Sam asked. Faedra was balancing her chair on the back two legs as she listened.

"I don't know." Castiel's voice came from the speaker.

Dean's jaw clenched as he looked at the phone. "So, Metatron made Gadreel kill Kevin?" he concluded. Faedra dropped her chair on the floor.

"It would explain a lot, and there have been no new prophets, which Metatron could have fixed to his advantage," Faedra murmured.
"And Gadreel said that angels are returning to heaven? How? I thought that the spell was irreversible," Dean added.

"That's what Crowley said. Look, let's just find Gadreel and... and beat some answers out of him," Sam said.

"Yeah, here's something to start with that. Uh... Hold on, I'm, uh... Sending you a photo of the symbol that drew all the angels in." Sam nodded to Faedra. Faedra rolled her eyes and opened the laptop.

"We got it." Faedra said.

"It's acting as some kind of... angel siren. It's a spell. The ingredients used to create it aren't usually found in this realm... Griffin feathers, bones of a fairy. I've never heard of anyone using the spell though."

"All right. Let me see what I can find," Sam told Castiel. it was silent for a while before Castiel finally spoke.

"'Honor bar.' What's honorable about a miniature bar in a motel room?" he asked.

Dean glanced up. "Everything," he said. Faedra snorted.

"How are you, Dean?" Castiel asked in a dreamy voice. Faedra rolled her eyes slightly.

"I'm fine, Cas. How 'bout you?" Dean responded with a smile.

"I miss my wings," Castiel said wistfully. "Life on the road... smells." Dean chuckled softly as he looked at the phone.

"Yeah. Listen," Sam interrupted the moment, "I got a match, and it's not from the lore... it's from police records. Looks like that symbol you found was spotted at a handful of crime scenes the last couple days, all multiple homicides." Faedra leaned on the back legs of the chair again. She glanced at her phone and glared slightly. Crowley was supposed to text her about an hour ago, but he still hadn't.

"And where were these crime scenes?" Castiel's voice broke her from her thoughts.

"Uh, Utah... Baker, Hill Valley." Sam replied.

"And I'm in Bishop's Falls, Utah."

"Also looks like most of the crime scenes were in industrial areas."

"Looks like Gadreel is heading north."

"What's the next big town?" Faedra asked.

"There are two. It could be Auburn or Ogden," Sam said.

Dean nodded. "Alright, you take Auburn, we'll take Ogden... meet in the middle," he reasoned. Sam hung up and cleared his throat.

"Didn't we work a case in Ogden?" Dean asked Sam.

"Yeah. It was a... it was a witch situation, right?" Sam hesitated.
"Yeah. There was that kid in town that helped us, wasn't there?"

"Yes. We should call him, see if he's still in business."

"Yeah. What was his name?"

Faedra gave a frustrated sigh. "Continue to not tell me what you two are talking about," she spat. Sam and Dean snorted.

"We'll tell you on the way," Dean said while getting up.

The Impala pulled up to the front of Ian's shop. It was dark outside as they got out their flashlights. They went inside the shop and looked around.

"Got an open box of feathers over here," Dean called out. Faedra walked up to the closet and opened it. A man, probably Ian, was dead inside. His eyes were burned from his head.

"Boys," she said. Sam and Dean walked to stand behind her.

"We got to find Gadreel before he lights up the bat signal," Dean muttered.

As they set up their trap for Gadreel, Dean looked at Faedra.

"Why, do you keep lookin' at your phone every two seconds?" he asked while leaning against the wall. Faedra narrowed her eyes as she stuffed her phone in her pocket.

"This is the second time I've taken it out in the past hour, Dean." She gave an exasperated sigh. She finished the circle and tossed the jug aside. She nodded to Sam before scaling up the wall.

"Show off!" Dean yelled while shaking his head. Faedra leaned over the ledge and smiled as he went to take the stairs. When he appeared again, he saw her looking at her phone again, but he chose not to comment. He tapped her shoulder and motioned for them to move away from sight.

Finally they heard Sam's voice. "Cas, it's Sam again. Call us. We need your help." Dean and Faedra moved forward quietly and Dean took out his lighter. He dropped it on the ground below them, causing a ring of holy fire to burst around Gadreel.

"Hey, douchebag," Dean said with a slight wave.

Sam was staring daggers at Gadreel. "Remember me?" he spat. Faedra jumped down from the ledge and walked up to Gadreel. She reached across the flames and snapped the cuff on before yanking her hands away. Burns and blisters covered her hands, and she brought her sleeves down to hide them. Sam and Dean were too focused on Gadreel to notice the action, but Gadreel narrowed his eyes at her hands.

Sam extinguished the fire and grabbed Gadreel roughly. They dragged him into an open room and tied him to a chair.

"If this is like looking into a funhouse mirror for me, I cannot imagine what it is like for you," he said smoothly. Sam was practically shaking with rage.
"How long have you been working for Metatron?" he demanded.

"I will not talk, and you cannot make me," Gadreel said calmly.

"Yeah?"

"I have been you, Sam Winchester. Your insides reek of shame and weakness." Sam jumped forward and slammed his fist into Gadreel's face. He raised his hand to do it again but Faedra jumped in front of him and Dean held his arm back.

"Sam, Sam! enough!" Faedra ordered.

"Come on," Dean said while dragging his brother away. Faedra balled her fists and grimaced at the pain that came from them. Gadreel looked at her curiously.

"Your hands... they are hurt," he stated. Faedra glanced at him briefly.

"I'm fine," Faedra said bluntly as Dean walked in.

"Hey, you go with Sam and make sure he doesn't do anything stupid, okay?" he said briefly. Faedra hesitated.

"Are you sure I should leave you alone with the angel that possessed your brother? Do you understand why I'm hesitant?" Dean pursed his lips.

"Blondie, I'll be fine," he lied. Faedra narrowed her eyes at him. She nodded and walked out of the room.

Faedra walked out of the old factory. Sam was leaning against the car door while he waited.

"He told you I was coming?" Faedra asked.

"Yeah, he said he wanted to make sure I had backup in case something happened."

Faedra snorted as she opened the door and climbed in the passenger seat. "More like he was trying to get himself alone with Gadreel," she muttered. Sam narrowed his eyes slightly before going in the car.

They pulled up to Cas' motel when Faedra's phone began to ring. Faedra pulled it out and saw Crowley's name. Sam looked over her shoulder and squinted his eyes slightly. Faedra had put on a pair of black gloves after the first stop at a gas station so Sam wouldn't notice the burns.

"What's Crowley doing calling you?" Sam asked. Faedra pursed her lips.

"I'm about to find out. You go inside and I'll talk to him." Sam nodded and got out of the car. Faedra hesitated before answering.

"Crowley, what an honor to have the King of Hell call me. It's not like we agreed you'd call me much earlier or anything," Faedra said sarcastically.

"Where's Dean?" he asked. Faedra sighed irritably and narrowed her eyes.

"Well hello to you too, bastard." She heard him sigh on the other side.
"Yes, hello sweetheart, now please tell me where the Winchester is," he said impatiently. Faedra rolled her eyes.

"He's at an old factory probably torturing an angel. Why?"

"No reason. Thank you by the way, goodbye love." He hung up. Faedra looked at her phone and raised an eyebrow. She muttered to herself about the rudeness of demons as she got out of the car and walked into Cas' room.

Metatron was in the room negotiating with Sam. Faedra drew out a dagger as her eyes faintly flashed gold.

"Fae, it's okay," Sam told her. Faedra stared at him.

"Okay? He killed Kevin!" she shouted in anger. Metatron smiled slightly.

"It is an honor to be in the presence of the Queen of the Realms once again," Metatron said. "Oh, forgive me. Where are my manners? We may have met before, but you still are the Queen of everything." Slowly Metatron went to his knees and bowed before her. Faedra glared at him as she clenched her jaw.

"Get up you pathetic piece of-"

"Fae," Sam warned. Metatron got up again and smiled.

"As I was saying, we'll meet here at 6-ish. Don't be late." He turned and winked at Faedra. "You might want to get those burns checked out," he commented before disappearing.

"What was he talking about, Fae? What burns?"

"How about I drive this time?" Faedra changed the subject. "You need sleep."

Faedra shook Sam as she pulled up to the factory. Pain engulfed her hands at the action. Sam jumped slightly before nodding and getting out of the car. Together they walked through the factory until they reached the room that Dean and Gadreel were in. Dean was covered in blood as he leaned against the wall. Metatron was lying beside him in a bloody mess.

"Dean? Dean!" Sam called out as he rushed to his brothers side. He shook him slightly. "Dean. Hey! Are... are you okay?" he asked.

Dean cleared his throat slightly. He looked up at Faedra before looking at his brother. "Yeah. Yeah, you got to stop asking me that."

"It's a bit hard not to ask when you're covered in blood and slightly unconscious," Faedra sighed.

"I've been calling you. I mean, w-why didn't you, uh..." Sam stammered. Sam noticed Gadreel, who was lying unconscious.

"He won't talk," Dean announced.

"I figured," Sam murmured. He looked at Faedra who was staring at Gadreel blankly.

"He wanted to die, and I was gonna kill him," Dean said. He looked at the two desperately. "I
was. But then I stopped 'cause I know we need him to talk."

"Dean, listen. Metatron has Cas. He's offering up a trade," Sam told Dean.

"We can't trust Metatron."

"I-I know that. Obviously. But look, this is the first time we're gonna know for sure where Metatron is. Let's take Gadreel to the meet-up, make the exchange, and then trap Metatron," Sam justified his actions.

They were at Castiel's motel again. The Winchesters stood next to the Impala and Faedra was a few feet away from them.

"He's late," Sam said impatiently.

"Or he's not gonna show," Dean replied.

"Of course I'm gonna show. I was just waiting for you two to finished setting up your little trap for me," Metatron said as he appeared. He looked around a little and smiled. "Uh... Am I hitting my mark? Well, come on. Let's go. I'm waiting." Metatron shifted a few inches and held out his hands. Dean glared before throwing his lighter. A ring of holy fire appeared around Metatron. He gasped in pain and went on one knee. Sam and Dean looked at each other in confusion but Faedra simply rolled her eyes. He choked for a few seconds before looking up and chuckling.

"Either of you bring s'mores?" he asked while getting up. "Holy Fire always gives them a delightful minty aftertaste. Make a wish, boys." Metatron blew out the circle. The Winchesters grabbed their angel blades, but Metatron threw them at the Impala. Faedra was still standing a few feet away with a scowl on her face. Metatron looked at her and waved.

"Fae, what the hell are you doing?" Dean shouted at her. Faedra didn't even glance at him before walking to the trunk and opening it. She took out a pen and crossed out the angel warding.

"A deal is a deal," she said. "Now, where's Cas?" Gadreel got out of the trunk as a car pulled up. Cas exited the car and walked to the Winchesters.

"Why are you doing this?" Dean spat.

Metatron looked at them innocently. "Because I can. Because you and your little brother and your 'Queen of the Realms' and your fine, feathered friend and all those secrets you've got locked away in your bunker can't stop me. But I am gonna enjoy watching you try. It's gonna be a hell of a show. I'll see you around, Castiel. Never forget I gave you a chance." Metatron disappeared. Gadreel hesitated before reaching out to Faedra and placing a finger on her forehead. Warmth flooded in her hands as they glowed slightly. Gadreel nodded once before disappearing like Metatron.

"Somebody want to tell me what the hell's going on here?" Dean questioned.

"Metatron is trying to play God," Cas replied quietly. Faedra was standing next to Sam as she rubbed her now healed hands.
"Play God? Cas, he friggin' blew out Holy Fire. He is God. He's powering up with the angel tablet. How the hell are we supposed to stop this guy?" Sam asked helplessly. Faedra looked at Sam and sighed.

"Alright, so what if there is a stairway to heaven? We find it and get a drop on the guy," Dean suggested. Sam snorted slightly.

"You want to sneak onto the Death Star, take out the emperor?" he joked.

"Okay I... I'm not sure what a fictional battle station in space has to do with this, but if taking out the emperor means taking out Metatron, I'm on board," Castiel said while nodding. Sam, Dean, and Faedra looked at each other in shock.

"Wait, did you... did you just understand a Death Star reference?" Dean asked.

"Yes, I think so. But I don't understand what that has to do with heaven."

"It's halfway, I guess," Sam said with a shrug.

Dean narrowed his eyes slightly. "You sure you're all right?"

Castiel nodded solemnly. "Yes. Are you? There's something different about you." Dean reached out and patted Cas on the shoulder.

"I'm fine," he lied. Castiel grabbed his arm and pushed up the sleeve to reveal the Mark. Castiel's looked at Dean in shock and anger.

"What have you done?" he questioned in a threatening tone. Dean yanked his hand back and pulled his sleeve down.

"It's a means to an end."

"Damn it, Dean," Cas muttered. He looked at Faedra. "You let him do this?" he asked.

"I wasn't there when it happened," she muttered.

"Look, you find heaven, you drop a dime. Meantime, I got a knight to kill." With that, Dean stomped to the car and got into the driver's side.

"Be safe out there," Sam said.

"You, too... Both of you be safe," he said while looking at Faedra and Sam. "You two keep an eye on him."

Faedra sat down on her bed as she looked at her hands. She sighed and stretched herself out. A knock came from the door and Sam entered. "Hey," he said. He had changed into his grey shirt and his hair was still wet from his shower.

"We need to talk," Sam told her cautiously. Faedra sighed and sat up.

"What about, Sam?" Sam walked to the side of her bed and sat down next to her.

"Fae... are you okay?" When Faedra opened her mouth to respond, he quickly interrupted. "Before you say your usual 'I'm fine', I wanted to say I know you're not okay mentally, but I really
meant physically. Fae, you haven't been healing, you've had trouble with fighting back magic, you haven't even been able to translate some of the languages that you used to be able to translate… What's going on?" Sam asked while looking at her in concern.

Faedra couldn't look at him, so instead she looked at her mirror. Her blonde hair had become less shiny and was thinner than before. She had lost a lot of weight, and her cheekbones were more prominent. Sleep deprivation gave her dark circles under her eyes and overall she looked like an exhausted mess.

"Honestly, Sam," she began. "I don't know. If it was from losing my powers, I don't know why it took so long for this to happen since I haven't had them for thousands of years. I haven't been able to heal for the past few months, so maybe I'm dying, maybe I'm just tired. Who knows? I haven't seen a magical creature since that one convention with Charlie and maybe that's why because magic is my life source. Maybe it's just a reaction to not seeing Jorah for such a long time," she said with a soft smile. Finally, she looked at him. "But, that doesn't mean that I won't stop trying to help you boys. Right now, our biggest goal is getting Abaddon. Afterwards, we can start figuring out what's wrong with me, got it?" Faedra took his hand and squeezed it tightly. She rose and grabbed a book from her shelf before sitting on the bed again. Sam laid down and fell asleep as she began to read it.
Faedra was tapping her feet quickly in the Impala as they pulled up next to a Sioux Falls Sheriff cruiser. The woman leaning against it smiled as they stopped. Faeda jumped out of the door and hugged her. Jody laughed as Faedra buried her face into her neck. She pulled Faedra away slightly and the two smiled brightly at each other. Jody looked at the Winchesters.

"You boys are a sight," she greeted them. Sam smiled and nodded.

"Jody. How's the shoulder?" he asked. Jody shrugged.

"Eh, only aches when it rains. How you boys been?"

"Peachy," Dean said.

"Touch and go," Sam added.


"I know the feeling," Jody sighed.

"So, what you got for us?" Dean asked. Jody motioned for them to follow her as she opened the trunk of her car. Inside was a head, and Sam reached out to press the gum of his mouth. Vampire teeth came out.

"Yeah, uh, that's a vamp, all right," Sam confirmed. Faedra rolled her eyes.

"I don't know, Sammy. Looks like Jody might not need our help anymore," Dean said with a prideful smile. Faedra smirked.

"Oh, they grow up too fast," she cooed.

"Don't they?" Sam agreed. Jody chuckled.

"Yeah, joke all you want. There's more where this came from," she finished darkly. Dean looked at her in shock.

"More?" he asked.

"My men brought in a runaway last night. There's no I.D. on her- nothing on her, actually, except for a bus ticket out of Nebraska. Total Jane Doe. She won't even give me her name. Girl's basically feral. She's got zero manners, didn't even thank me for saving her. Anyhow, this thing went to plenty of trouble to get at her. And to hear him tell it, the 'others' will want her at least as bad as he did."

"Sounds like a nest," Sam told Faedra and Dean. Faedra nodded in agreement.

"Nest? I'm guessing that's not half as cute and cozy as it sounds."

"Oh, I'm afraid not," Faedra said with a sigh.

Together, they walked into the station. Jody led them to a jail room and they saw a young girl sitting in it. Sam nodded once at Faedra and Dean.

"I'm Agent Wilson," he said while taking out his badge. "These are my partners, Agent Kali and
Agent Fisher. We need to do a quick uh- dental I.D." The girl glared but nodded once. Sam walked over and pulled on a pair of gloves as he knelt in front of her. He began to check her gums as Dean and Faedra watched. Sam got up and shook his head.

"Wilson and Fisher? If you three are FBI, then I'm Taylor Swift. That wasn't a dental I.D. It was a fang check. You're hunters."

"And you're alive because, uh, hunters trained the sheriff. I think the first words out of your mouth should be a thank you. So, who were you to this vamp, anyway? Hmm? What's so special about you? Is there a nest?" Dean questioned the girl. She clenched her jaw and turned her head. Faedra noticed scars on the side of her neck. She walked up to the girl, but she noticed Faedra staring and pulled the collar of her shirt higher. Jody popped her head in through the doorway.

"Sorry to interrupt. We got a match on her DNA," she said briefly. They nodded and walking into the hallway.

"Annie Jones. Reported abducted outside of Kenosha in '06. Raised by an elderly grandparent. No living kin," Jody told them. "You think the vamps are the ones who took her?"

"Eight years is a long time for a human to live with vampires without getting killed or turned," Dean murmured.

"Jody's right," Faedra said with a nod. "And she had scars on her neck, feeding scars. They're layered, as if they'd been built on for years." Dean sighed and rubbed his forehead.

"So she's a blood slave. We've seen it before- vampires keeping people as pets, human feedbags. Sometimes these slaves-"

"Stay loyal to their captors," Sam finished.

"So...This girl's not talking 'cause she's got a case of...what? Vampiric Stockholm syndrome?" Jody asked as she looked at the three.

"She's protecting the nest," Faedra replied. She turned around and walked back into the cell.

"So," Faedra said as she grabbed another chair and sat down in it. "You feel a debt. This nest of yours gave you a home and even raised you."

"Annie, we get it. Loyalty is a very powerful thing," Sam told her sympathetically. Annie glanced up sharply. "My name is Alex."

"No, it's not. Your name is Annie Jones," Faedra said. Dean moved closer now.

"Those vampires stole you. They're monsters, Annie," he explained gently.

"Alex," Annie spat back.

"And they didn't love you. They loved your blood. They fed on you," Dean continued. Faedra looked at Annie for any signs of pain or any twitches that would suggest that Dean's words were a trigger, but she found none.

"I fed them," she preached. "My choice. My brothers- they brought me food when I was hungry."
"Okay, you care about them, but, Alex there's a reason you decided to run away," Sam reasoned with the girl. An- Alex, Faedra corrected herself, shifted in her chair slightly.

"It was time... to move on and get out on my own."

Dean snorted and smiled bitterly. "And how do you think that decision is gonna sit with the rest of the nest? One of them already pursued you. You think when the rest of them find out that you left that they're just gonna shrug and cut their losses?"

"You lived with them for years. They've tasted your blood. They have your scent down cold. How far can you run and for how long?" Faedra said coolly. She noticed a tear run down her face, and Faedra couldn't help but feel some remorse for the girl.

"You didn't think this out, did you?" Faedra murmured. "What would happen, who might get hurt- your 'brother,' for one." Alex turned to Faedra with fury in her eyes.

"His name's Cody. And she killed him!" she wailed as she motioned to Jody who was standing by the door.

"Because of a choice you made. These are the consequences," Dean replied with equal force.

"You got two options- them or you. And we can help you. We can keep you safe. But you have to help us," Sam told her.

"Where's the nest?" Faedra asked.

Alex began to cry. "I can't. After what's happened... mama finds me, she'll kill me." She began to cry harder. The Winchester looked at Jody and shared a look while Faedra reached out her hand to comfort the crying girl. Alex pulled away in fear and Faedra sighed. She got up and left the cell.

A few minutes past before the others came out of the cell and joined Faedra at one of the desks. Sam went to one of the computers and began to do some research while Dean went to get some coffee. Faedra looked at Jody and saw her lost in thought.

"Mills, you okay?" Dean asked as he came back. Jody looked at him and sighed deeply.

"No wonder she didn't thank me. That creep was her brother. I'm fine. You know, mostly, I'm just- I'm hung up on the name. Alex and Annie- they're so close already. Why'd they change it?"

Sam motioned for them to listen. "Okay, so, we know from her ticket that Alex hopped a bus out of O'Neill, Nebraska, right?"

"Mhmmm," Faedra said while leaning back in her seat.

"Obviously, it'd be better to go in with a firm location, but the town ain't that big. There are no caves or other natural hiding places," Sam continued.

"All right, so go in, canvass it cold," Dean said simply. He sat down on the desk and balanced his coffee on his knee.

"Well, I worked together a short list of possible nest locations. Uh, there's an empty fire station, four or five derelict homes. Nothing we couldn't hit in a day."
Dean nodded as he finally managed to balance the cup without it dropping. "Okay," he said. Faedra snorted and kicked the table. Dean jumped and the coffee fell to the ground. He glared at her but Faedra feigned innocence. Sam rolled his eyes at their antics and got up. As they began to leave, Jody followed them.

"You sure you're all right to babysit by yourself?" Sam asked.

"Oh, well, girl's a flight risk, not exactly friendly, but I think I can handle babysitting detail," she replied with a smile. Faedra hesitated slightly.

"Jody why don't I stay with you?" Faedra suggested. "I mean, you boys can handle yourselves. Why don't I keep my friend some company?" Faedra said as she stepped closer to Jody. Sam nodded slightly.

"The station's been made. It might be worth heading upwind for a while. I mean, vamps are trackers And with Fae there you guys'll be protected."

Jody smiled slightly. "Terrific. Well, I've got an old family cabin outside of town."

Dean nodded. "That'll work."

"Okay. Well, shouldn't raise too many eyebrows, me being gone for a day."

"Maybe, but you, uh, sure you don't want any other backup?" Dean asked. Faedra narrowed her eyes at him, but he didn't look at her.

"You want me to enlist my men in a protection detail against vampires? Frank's still in the dark about what hit him last night. The guy still has nightmares about the barn episode of The Walking Dead. They're good cops. They're not ready for this," Jody argued. Her tone was final.

"Jody, in your late-night reading, did you ever come across anything about Dead Man's blood?"

"Mnh-mnh."

Faedra smiled. "It takes vamps down like a horse tranq," she informed her.

"I would not say no to some of that. I mean, not that I'll need it. You guys are gonna get the jump on these vamps and be back here before they even realize their kin's missing, right?" Jody asked the boys. Faedra sighed and patted Jody's shoulder as she gave a single nod to the Winchesters. They walked out of the station.

Faedra had changed out of her pantsuit and she now sat in the passengers side of Jody's car. She looked at the rear view mirror and saw Alex glaring at the window. Jody pulled up at a cabin and parked. She turned as saw Alex looking at it darkly.

"What? Too rustic for your taste? Well, I have a lot of great memories. Used to come up here all the time- first as a kid with my parents and then with my…" Jody cleared her throat and Faedra reached out and rested a hand on her shoulder. Jody reached up and patted it.

"Anyhow, it's a lot nicer than it looks from the outside." They got out of the car and began to walk towards the cabin. Faedra's phone buzzed as she received another text, but she didn't look at it. "F.Y.I. The woods around here- really easy to get lost in if you don't know your way around."
Me, I know them like the back of my hand. And Fae's an expert tracker." Alex rolled her eyes.

"I got it. 'Don't try running. You won't get far,'" she sighed. Faedra groaned. Just what she needed, a teenaged girl. When they were inside, Jody began to unpack the groceries that she had brought. Faedra leaned against the doorway and rested her head back.

"You know this doesn't work, right? On vampires? It's useless," Alex's voice broke through Faedra's thoughts. She opened her eyes and saw that Alex was holding a cross in her hand.

"That's not why I have it," Jody said offhandedly. Alex shrugged and placed it back. She reached out and picked up a family picture as Jody walked in.

"This your family?" Alex asked.

"Yes," Jody replied briskly.

Alex hesitated before continuing. "Where are they?" Jody said nothing. Faedra pursed her lips and stood straighter.

"Oh. Dead." Jody snatched the picture out of Alex's hands.

"You know, there are about a thousand more polite ways you could say that. I'll give you a pass on account of the whole raised-by-monsters thing," she muttered. Alex didn't seem to get the hint that she was crossing a line.

"How'd they die?" she asked. Jody looked at her, and Faedra could see her remember that night.

"Horribly…" she said, her voice masking the horror that she felt. Jody cleared her throat slightly. "You must be exhausted. I know for a fact you didn't sleep last night."

"I'm fine," Alex said.

"It's no problem. I can make up a bed."

"I'm fine!" Alex spat. Faedra tensed slightly and she saw Jody shift.

"Suit yourself." Jody turned to Faedra and motioned for them to sit down together. Alex sat far away and looked out the window and Faedra and Jody sat on the couches. Again, Faedra's phone vibrated.

"Who the hell is texting you so much? That's like the tenth time in the past hour," Jody asked. Faedra rolled her eyes and finally pulled out her phone. She scrolled through the texts and sighed.

"Crowley's been keeping me up-to-date with Abaddon and Hell in general," Faedra replied. Jody nodded slightly.

"It's weird to think that I went on a date with the King of Hell… I even thought he was hot," Jody drifted off. Faedra looked up in shock at the new information. Jody nodded to the silent question in Faedra's eyes. Faedra couldn't help but laugh.

"You actually thought that!" she laughed. Jody's cheek burned a bright crimson as she looked at her hands sheepishly.

"Well it was before he tried to kill me. Speaking of Crowley, how are you two? You don't have the urge to kill him anymore?" Jody questioned lightly.

"Ah, I always had that urge, but right now he's necessary in our fight, so unfortunately, I can't act
upon it," Faedra responded with a slight smile.

"What about that good looking knight of yours?" Jody asked with a mischievous smile. Faedra sighed and looked at Alex who was still staring out the window. She felt a pang of pain at the thought of Jorah. Where had he gone? Was he finally tired of her? Was he captured on a mission? Fear of the worst haunted Faedra.

"I don't know… Where's the restroom?" Faedra changed the subject. Jody pursed her lips.

"Down the hall, third left," she said. Faedra nodded and got up.

She walked into the bathroom and sat against the door. Faedra sighed as she looked at the wooden bathroom. She got up and leaned against the counter. Faedra turned on the faucet and began to splash water on her face. When she was done, she sat down on the edge of the tub and sighed. A rapid knocking on the bathroom door caused her to jump slightly.

"Fae! We've got company!" Jody shouted. Faedra was up in an instant and she threw the door open. She pushed past Jody and went to grab her bag. She pulled out her daggers and put them into her boots. She then grabbed a large machete and balanced it in her hand. Faedra heard a crash where she had seen Jody go to. She ran towards the room and saw Jody struggling to open it. Alex was screaming from inside.

"Jody, help!" she cried out. Faedra motioned for Jody to move away as she began to push the door.

"Alex?! Alex! Alex!" Jody cried out. Jody began to help push the door. It took great effort, but they managed to get the door to open. When they entered the room, Alex was gone and so was her captor. Together, Faedra and Jody ran towards the truck as Alex's captors struggled to shove her into the car. Jody was knocked out, and before Faedra could fight back, she was too.

Sam jumped out of the Impala and ran towards his two unconscious friends. Dean followed closely and began to wake up Jody as Sam did the same for Faedra. Jody was the first to wake up and she looked around groggily.

"Jody?" Dean said in relief.

"Hey, you okay?" Sam asked while holding Faedra's head.

Jody began to get up. "Whoa, whoa, whoa," Dean steadied her and helped her up.

"Where's Alex?" she groaned.

"You tell us," Sam said.

"They came and we tried to stop them…" Jody suddenly noticed the still unconscious Faedra.

"And you got knocked out. Well, happens to the best of us," Dean said. Sam shook Faedra again. Faedra groaned and opened her eyes slowly. Pain engulfed the back of her head as she looked around.

"Welcome back to the land of the living, Fae," Jody greeted. Faedra slowly got up with the aid of Sam.
"You think they went back to the nest?" Dean asked.

"Of course they did. Why wouldn't they? Question is- what are they gonna do when they find their brother dead?" Sam responded. Faedra was assuming that they were talking about Alex, but her brain was still a bit foggy.

Dean sighed. "So we go back now."

"Okay. I'm coming," Jody told them.

Faedra nodded and moved forward like a drunkard. "I'm with Jody-" she stumbled slightly as the ground spun.


"I'm coming," Jody repeated.

"Jody, we can handle the nest on our own."

"I don't give a fig about the nest. That girl was under my- our protection." Jody looked at Faedra and saw her nod slightly.

"Okay, that 'girl' can't be trusted. She's a lure. She's a-a honey trap. She's been feeding people to those vamps!" Dean tried to reason.

"I don't care. Whatever she did, she did because they made her," Jody said. Dean looked at her in shock.

"Oh, and that's a reason?"

"She's a child, Dean!" Faedra argued. She may not have liked the girl, but she had to side with Jody. "What more would she know? She was taught at a young age that this was her purpose. Of course its a reason!" Faedra responded fiercely. She now stood straighter without the aid of Sam.

"Fae, Jody, he's right. A-at best her loyalties are… Screwed," Sam defended his brother. Faedra yanked herself away from Sam and glared at him.

"And how do you even know she wants to be saved? For the past eight years, she has been baiting the hook for an entire nest. She's got more blood on her hands than most monsters we kill-"

"Are you saying she's on your list?" Jody hissed at Dean.

Sam hesitated. "No, we're not saying that."

Dean sighed and rubbed his forehead. "Well, not yet. Look, it sucks, okay? It does. But with hunting monsters comes harsh truths. This is a clean-up mission. It's not a rescue."

"What is this even really about?" Sam asked Jody. "You barely know the girl." Jody glared at the boys before moving to the car.

"I'm coming. And if either one of you lays so much as a hand on Alex… You'll have to go through me… and Faedra," she added when she looked at Faedra. Faedra sighed and nodded once before following Jody into the car.
They pulled up a road away from a shabby house and began to discuss how they would raid the house. Jody leaned against the hood and looked at the house while Sam and Dean pulled out the necessary weapons. Faedra was running a perimeter around the house to make sure there would be no surprise visits from other vampires.

"Well, their truck's in the driveway," Jody stated with a small tilt of her head.

Sam sighed as he closed the trunk of the Impala. "So we're walking right into it,"

"Come now, boys. We've faced worse odds," Faedra said as she jogged up to them. Dean snorted at her and tossed her a machete.

"Since when have you been the optimist? I thought that was Sammy's job," Dean teased. Faedra rolled her eyes and smirked slightly. Dean suddenly became serious and turned to Jody. "Jody, this is a raid, so tread lightly, stay close. Priority is clearing the nest. Alex comes second. You got it?"

Jody gave him an annoyed glare and grabbed a machete. "Got it,"

They began to walk towards the house. Faedra scanned the area once again as she walked next to Sam. They entered the house and began clear the first floor. Sam and Dean motion for Faedra and Jody to stay put as they began to ascend onto the second floor. Faedra was too distracted listening for any sounds of struggle from the second floor to make sure Sam and Dean were alright that she did not notice Jody go to investigate the groaning that came from another room.

Suddenly, Faedra heard a floorboard creak beside her. She did not move to stop the vampire from placing a gun to her head. "Drop the weapon, sweetheart," he told her. Faedra turned slightly and smiled at him. In one swift movement she knocked the gun from his hands and snapped his wrist. He fell to his knees and clutched his hand and Faedra used his position as an opportunity to behead him. Blood splattered on the front of her shirt as she kicked the vampire's head away. She looked around and finally noticed Jody's disappearance. A string of curses came out of her mouth as she bounded up the stairs. She entered a room to find that Sam was being tied to a chair and Dean was unconscious. She quickly drew back and hid in the shadows as she watched the scene.

The man beside Sam rammed the butt of the gun into his stomach. Sam groaned and began to struggle to get out of the rope. "No idea it was a Winchester that had done it. So… Which one of you was it? Which one of you took off my brother's head?! Was it you? Was it him? Pretty fitting-brother for a brother. This place has been a good home to us. But since you two had to come around and ruin it, we're gonna have to to hit the road and find a new one. And when we hit the road… we like to pack a lunch."

The vampire grabbed a bucket and some tubing before walking to Sam with a dark look. Faedra growled as she realized what he was going to do and lunged. She easily tackled the vampire and she raised her machete for the final blow. Another vampire came out and knocked Faedra off of him. She got up and growled as the two vampires circled around her, hissing and showing their sharp, elongated teeth. Faedra scooted next to Dean and kicked him. One of the vampires threw himself at Faedra and knocked her down, bit Dean jumped up and buried the needle of a hidden syringe of dead man's blood into the vampire's neck.

Faedra used her legs to roll on top of the vampire and she brought down her machete. Dean grabbed his own and faced the remaining vampire. Faedra quickly got up and went to Sam. She began to use her knife to cut through the ropes as Dean fought the other vampire. Finally, Dean shoved him up to the wall beside them and pressed the machete to the vampire's throat. Faedra looked up from the ropes as saw the look of pure rage in Dean's eyes.
"Look at me. Look at me, bitch!" Dean snarled. The vampire glared at him and raised his chin a little. Dean gave an animalistic growl severed the vampire’s head with the blunt side of the machete. Slowly, he turned to his brother.

"Dean," Sam said urgently.

"Yeah, I know. You wouldn't have done the same for me," Dean replied bitterly. Faedra cut the last rope and helped Sam up.

"No. Jody," The three looked at each other in shock before rushing down the stairs.

Faedra was the first to reach the last step of the stairs and she watched as Jody decapitated Alex’s mother.

Faedra was leaning on the Impala door as the two brothers talked and Jody spoke on the phone. "Nice work back there. 'Look at me, bitch?" Sam commented. Dean huffed and rolled his eyes.

"Well, hey, you got another snappy one-liner, I'm all ears," he retorted.

"What I'm saying is- it looked to me like you were enjoying it. Maybe too much," Sam finished with a slight hint of concern. Faedra looked up and pursed her lips. She had to agree with Sam, for she had seen the look on Dean's face herself.

"And? Well, sorry for not putting on a hair shirt. Killing things that need killing is kind of our job. Last I checked, taking pleasure in that is not a crime," Dean spat back. Before Sam could reply, Jody walked up to them. Dean looked away from his brother, obviously not wanting to continue the conversation.

"How's things back at the station?" he asked Jody. Jody sighed.

"Well, they beat Frank up pretty bad, but at least they left him alive. He kept apologizing for spilling the beans about the cabin, but I told him that one's on me," she told them.

Sam shifted slightly. "Well, speaking of apologies, um… We owe you and Fae a big one,"

"We were wrong about the girl," Dean agreed. Faedra smiled slightly, but Jody frowned.

"No. You were right- about me. My judgment was clouded. You know, working this case, it brought… feelings back. Feelings I've been trying to bury for years, you know, buried it under work, religion… even dating," She glanced at Faedra. Faedra gave her a knowing look. "We know how that worked out. But, you know, it was still there, you know, underneath. The grief. Don't know what that means for me, just that I've been- I've been fooling myself to think that I could ignore it." She coughed slightly and shifted awkwardly. "Anyway, thank you- for coming out, for curing Alex."

"You don't need to thank us. I mean, you're the one who killed her sire, got her blood," Faedra said softly.

"Sure it'll work?" Jody asked.

"Well, speaking from experience, it'll be a rough couple of days, but… She should pull through. You sure you don't want us to stay?" Dean questioned.
"I'm good," Jody reassured them. Faedra smiled again embraced the woman before her. They shared a long hug before Jody pulled away.

"After it's done, you know what to do with her?" Sam asked. Jody merely smiled at him.

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