

The Ghosts that sell Memories

Supernatural / Queer as Folk (US) crossover

Von abgemeldet

Part 07: ...He just barely remembers not to slam the door shut.

He's expecting... something.

It happens... nothing.

It's just instinct that makes him anticipate the worst, he thinks. Experience.

But all they do is grasp each other's hands and... that's it. They hold hands, or no, they are clinging to each other, looking at him and Sam, waiting. Just waiting. For what, Dean's not sure, but then the boy's lip move. There's no sound coming out of his mouth, but he's good enough at reading lips that he gets what he's saying. Or wants to say.

"You want... *help?*" and fuck if he isn't surprised at how befuddled he sounds, "*our help?*"

The boy nods, jerky movement squeezing more black, blubbery blood out of the cut. That is something new. The help part, you know. "You two were leading us to the other--" Dean stops himself before he actually says it. But they did lead them to the kid in the alley. He's sure of it. The boy mouths a few more words, and Dean shakes his head. "No, it wasn't your fault. It would have been to late anyway."

Dead eyes stare at him, sad, and so much pain in them that Dean wonders if he's still drunk. Or maybe he's going nuts. Or both. Dead eyes can not look sad or pained or anything else. Nope. Only he's not. Not really.

"Hurts."

Dean's eyes snap to the girl. She's not looking at him, head bowed, and he can't be sure if she really said it. "Hurts?" he questions. The boy nods. "What hurts?"

"Her. Killings. To punish."

"Who?"

Oh right, Sammy's here, too.

"She."

He looks at his brother. "You killed... Someone... *uses* you to kill these people? You killed that kid?" Sam asks, baffled.

"Yes."

"How?"

The ghosts stay silent.

"You don't know." No, of course they don't, how could they?

"Others."

"You killed all the others?"

This time, it is the girl who shakes her head no. Her head wobbles like one of these odd bobble-head dolls, and his stomach does a little flip flop. "More. Of us." More ghosts, of course. Even though his heart beats loud in his ears, he doesn't miss the soft noise coming from across the room. It's barely a whisper, more like a sharp intake of breath, but it echoes louder than a clap of thunder in a storm.

Just standing at the top of the stairs, the blond looks like he's about to cry, a dozen emotions flashing through shining blue eyes. Maybe he already is. Dean can't tell. In spite of being dark in here, he very well notices that the boy trembling like a leaf, though. If it's fear or something else, well, Dean has no way to tell. Conversely, Brian looks as expressive as a stone wall. Approachable like Fort Knox, and for Dean, it's almost like looking into a mirror. At himself, and Christ, that's a scary thought, isn't it?

Considering he's facing two ghosts, not to mention everything else that came before, it's a very queer thing to say.

Or even think.

But hey! It's his job, something he's done almost as long as he can think. So if you look at it from that angle, it's really not. Strange, that is. But now that he thinks about it, neither man flinches or screams their head off at the two spirits flickering in and out of existence in their very own living room. And yes, Dean has to give them credit for that. There are not a lot of people who wouldn't run screaming from a ghost or two or faint.

Dean clears his throat "So, uh..."

"Do you know anything about the woman who controls you?" Sam cuts in, cutting *Dean* off in the process. "Why she does it? Something that could help us find her? Uh,

help you," Sam adds, and yeah, that is probably a good move considering they asked for their help and all that...

The two children look at each other, then back at them. "Hurt."

"Daddy."

Dean frowns. "What?"

The girl's eyes shimmer with unshed tears when she whispers, "So much pain." *Huh? Can ghosts cry?*

"She's in pain? Someone's hurting her?"

The boy nods, blood freely pouring from his mouth now as well as his cut throat. Dean wonders if there is a puddle of blood on the floor by now. Which is insane, of course, but the whole *thing* is insane. Ghosts do not come to them for help. They usually try to kill them or manipulate them – *thank you Dr. Ellicott*. Friendly ghosties, well, that happens every once in a blue moon. In fact, he can count those rare occasions on the fingers of his two hands and still have fingers left.

Plenty, at that.

"Someone... hurt you too, didn't they?"

Dean turns to look at his brother and what the hell is he talking--wait. Oh shit. He can't be serious. He can't be talking about what he thinks he is talking about. But the kids nod and some wheels start to turn in his head. And he comes up with something. Something that burns in his chest. Something he really doesn't want to examine more closely. He doesn't want to, but he has to. Licking dry lips, he asks, "Who did this to you?"

The lights start to flicker harder yet again, the boy's eyes almost glowing. "Mommy."

Dean closes his eyes. This just can't be. "And this chick, she's using you to kill other victims because..."

"...You got away," Sam finishes for him. "To punish you because you died and she had to live through it all."

The boy merely stares back, calm and cold and not moved at all. It's all the confirmation they need. Dean can't hold back a shudder. It's gotten freakin' cold in here, freezing even, and it's good to have that as an excuse for his reaction. He wants to ask how she did it, how that chick got them to take her orders, but Dean knows that they don't know. They have to find out how it started to know how to end this. The only thing he does know for sure is that there are ways to do it if one just bothered to look close enough.

Apparently, that chick did.

As did Sue Ellen LeGrange.

She had found a way to bind that Reaper, something so many people didn't even believe to exist. But desperation can push decent, everyday people to do things they'd never consider under normal circumstances. Forced to go down a road they don't think exists, just to discover that, yes, it so does. Maybe this chick has been just as desperate. The motivation for such desperation was surely different, no doubt about that, but that's all the difference there is.

He wants to say something to those poor kids, to comfort them or something, - anything really - only there's nothing *to* say. They are dead, and there's nothing to say or do to make that all right ever again.

Then he blinks, trying to force away the hot burn in his eyes, and they are gone.

Oh fuck.

This little encounter, though, explains a part of this freakin' puzzle that gave him the never ending headache from hell, and with it one set of the killings. Now they just have to figure out what the rest means, who the chick is, how they can stop this madness once and for all... And isn't that the *oh* so simple part? *Ah hell.* Sighing, he briskly rubs his hand over the back of his neck. *One step at a time*, he tells himself. One step at a time.

And the next step brings him to yet another line he really doesn't want to cross. Not that there is much of a choice. They saw too much already, the million dollar question merely is: How *exactly* are they to explain the two late-night visitors to their hosts?

Brian oh-so-gracefully gives them an opening: "That wasn't a fucking dream, was it?"

Dean's gaze involuntarily snaps to his brother, though, and the two share a long look. "I wish," they both mutter. And oh yeah, this is going to be a long, long day. Dean has no idea if he should laugh or cry. Only this is nothing to joke about so laugh is out of the picture. He doesn't do crying either, so might as well opt for door number three.

Anger.

Because, hell, it could have been different. The two ghosts *could* have been their typical vengeful spirits out to kill them or whatever and... "Why the hell didn't we think about bringing shit up here?" he growls. All of a sudden extraordinarily pissed, he stalks over to the designer stools in front of the fucking designer kitchen, starting to put on his fucking not designer boots.

"Cause we're not in a motel? How the hell did you want to explain it?" Sam reasons. "And you were drunk out of your mind *and* we had no idea they were gonna show up here? It's not like they go around killing each night, Dean."

Dean angrily waves the excuse away. "Doesn't matter. I should have fucking

remembered that.”

“Dean.”

“Shut up Sam. I’m gonna get our shit up here.” He’s already half out of the door, when he adds a curt, “You stay here”, as an afterthought, pissed at himself and the world.

Justin’s quiet voice floors him a bit, albeit it does nothing to stop him. “Should you, I don’t know, just go out there? Alone?”

“I can take care of myself,” he snaps, opening the door.

“You don’t even know where I--”

“Damn it, Sammy. Just freaking *stay* here,” he barks.

He just barely remembers not to slam the heavy door shut like he wants, ‘cause duh. It’s still early, and he doubts the neighbors would take very well to that interruption of their sleep. And why the hell would they?! He takes the stairs downstairs, two at a time, burning off some of the anger clawing right under his skin and turning his stomach. His trusty car is waiting for him, that is after he finally finds it one fucking street over. Making sure no ones is watching, nosy neighbors and all, he pops opens the trunk.

Dean works effectively as always, hands moving fast and direct, putting together a mix of what they need. Shotguns, salt, the EMF meter, two guns, their dad’s journal. Just to be on the safe side. He goes for some holy water and silver bullets, too. It might come in handy, you just never know with this job. Some clothes can’t hurt, either.

All done, he’s back inside the building and up the stairs before he knows it. The heavy door is still open enough to slip through and just like he left it. Brian and Justin are sitting on the barstools. Or rather Justin is sitting, Brian is more or less leaning against the counter next to the blond. On the further side of the loft, back against one of the poles, his brother is inspecting the floor. All three turn when he shuts the door. Not loud, but loud enough to get their attention. Not one of them looks especially pleased.

He tosses one duffle bag at his brother. “I take this side,” he offers promptly, knowing it’s not the time to fuck with him. Dean nods his thanks, not looking up when he throws the other bag onto the floor right next to the white couch. Then he starts lying out salt line after salt line. The traffic outside is the only noise in the loft for quite a long time.

It’s Justin who finally breaks the silence. “So... ghosts?”

“Yup, ghosts,” Dean says, putting on a false smile. Not that he’s actually looking at the blond.

Brian is – *surprise, surprise* - not as tactful as Blondie, though. "What the fuck are you salting my fucking windows for?"

Dean almost smirks at how scandalous he sounds. The freaking *salt lines*, are what's bugging him, not the ghosts or whatever. Nope. Guy got balls, all right. "It keeps them away."

"The ghosts?" Justin says again, sounding, well, either amazed or disbelieving. Dean can't quite decide.

"The ghosts," he parrots curtly, "yeah." Oh it's not the questions that bother him - even though they totally do – it's the fact that they were never supposed to find out. Not ever. They, him and Sam, and dad too, they don't work like this. In the background, that's where they do the job, drawing only as much attention as needed. "Try not to disturb them."

"But... but..."

"Salt repels ghosts", Sam explains softly, a lot calmer than Dean feels and... that's good. Good, 'cause Dean? Anything but calm. No, see, he wants to scream at his own foolishness. How the fuck could he have forgotten to do this when they came here earlier? He was not that drunk, for fucks sake! *Dad would rip me a new one*. he thinks, and he would be damn right to do so. Jesus Christ. He knows better. "They can't cross the lines. That's why you would do good in trying not to mess them up."

Out of the corner of his eyes, he sees Brian scrubbing his fingers through his thick hair. Hard. "I need a fucking drink. Fuck that. I need a shitload of fucking drinks," he grumbles, already reaching for a bottle filled with amber liquid. And yeah, even though he knows alcohol is not the answer - can't kill problems with it after all – he gets it. He totally gets it.

*_*_*_*_*

Some time later, all four of them hang out around Brian's breakfast bar. Brian, Sam and himself sitting, the young blond furiously cutting away vegetables and whatever else that isn't fast enough to escape the wrath of the sharp cooking knife he's wielding. What they are going to do with the mountain of food, Dean has no idea. Except that if Brian has no problem with what the kid's doing, why should he?

Talk about Brian. He eyes the guy out of the corner of his eye. A half empty, half full, *whatever* glass of Beam in one hand, a lit cigarette in the other, he's staring at the sharp blade ripping into yet another innocent cucumber. Jaw clenched to the point where it's starting to hurt *Dean*. by looking at it. The brunet looks - despite his efforts to appear nonchalant and doesn't give a fuck – quite a bit shell-shocked.

Sam is sitting on his other side, mutely fumbling with the water bottle the blond had fetched for him. Before turning into Jason Vorhees, that is. Dean? Well, personally Dean is just trying not to fall asleep sitting here leaning on the bar in the dark – middle of the night, really - all silent and... well yeah. Silent. It's still some time until

sunrise, so he'd like to get some more shut-eye before he really has to start the day.

"I still can't believe ghosts are real."

They all jump at the sudden break in the thick, stifling silence. Justin never once stops cutting away at the stupid food, attacking it viciously - one after another after another. It's at that point that he sees it, the fine tremors that run through the kid's hand and arm. Looking closer, it's not just his hand. Hell, his whole body is trembling, almost shaking.

The knife soundly clatters to the floor with a loud band, Brian's hand already reaching for the pale wrist before he can move away and pick it up. "Shit. Fuck. Sorry," Justin mutters harshly, trying to pull away anyway.

The brunet doesn't let go, though. Not even when he gets up, around the counter to stand behind the younger man. Free arm curling around the boys waist, pulling him flush against the taller man. Hugging him close, nose buried into the blond mane. "It's okay, Justin, it's okay," he whispers. The words are whispered so softly, so quietly, he's damn sure they are not supposed to reach their ears. Only Justin's.

Averting his eyes, he finds himself observing Sam as he twiddles with the label of the bottle yet again. As intensely as he's focusing on this terribly complicated task, Dean thinks he may be doing the same. Giving the pair privacy, that is. Well, as much as it is possible in a place like the loft. You know, no doors to close, no rooms to hide in. It's hard to find seclusion in such settings.

Then again, Dean and Sam share a motel room not much bigger than the bedroom day in day out, so privacy is a word they don't write in capital letters. Can't write in capital letters, it's not feasible. The brothers cannot afford the luxury of two rooms, let alone the risk of opening themselves up to danger on a job. The loft, on the other hand, would be like bliss. They could go out of their way if they want to before blowing the other's head off.

Sadly, nothing gold can stay and all that. Hence they will leave come morning.

Once he thinks it's all right to risk a glance, he smiles at what he sees. The mask Brian is usually wearing so tightly, it's almost nonexistent right here. Holding his young lover to him, lips gracing the blond curls and one hand still holding the kid's right. The other arm curled around him protectively. The affection in that small gesture alone is so freakin' obvious it's almost physical. Dean's sure all he has to do is reach out and he can touch it. Why people still say it's wrong, or a sin, he doesn't get it.

After a second or an hour or a week, it doesn't really matter, they finally notice him watching them. Smiling softly, Dean snags a piece of carrot from the mountain of food resting on the countertop and, not looking away, stuffs it into his mouth, grinning mischievously while he chews it. Thoroughly. It makes Justin laugh. Yup, that's exactly what was supposed to happen. They need to lighten the fuck up. So getting rid of this damn gloomy mood resting upon them like a wet, weighty blanket is the first logical step.

"Uh, sorry," Justin says, blushing slightly. "I just... I tend to cook when I get nervous. And this kinda... uh, sorry."

"I may feel like a broken record after this is over", Sam chuckles, finally putting that water bottle down, "but we've seen people flip out a lot worse and with a lot less grace than you two, Justin. It's all right. It's not like it's an everyday thing to have a ghost show up in your home in the middle of the night, so we understand."

"I just, I can't believe they are real. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes...", he trails off, shaking his head. "And even though I did, I still don't really *believe* it, you know?"

"We know."

"Yeah, don't we know..."

"How? I mean you don't learn about... stuff like this in school and shit, or whatever..."

"No you don't. It's, well, family business."

Brian's eyes burn into Dean's. "What, like becoming a cop or a firefighter or a doc like your daddy and mommy?"

Sam scoffs. "Yeah, something like that." Oh yeah, that's a question one should ask little, normal-craving Sammy. *Ouch*.

Justin shakes his head again. It's written over his pretty face that he just can't believe it. Like all of this is so far out of his grasp. And hell, it is. It really is. Dean doesn't blame the kid. He can't. "And that's your... job? Getting rid of these... these *things*?"

"If you leave out that the pay is crap, then yup. Pretty much."

"And it's always like this?"

"Nope. Usually that's not how it goes."

Dean snorts. "That's right." Getting up and wandering over to the sofa, he elaborates. "*Usually* we walk into a house, a cave, whatever, get thrown across the room into walls, do research, get thrown around some more, do more research, get strangled, cut, stabbed, bitten, drowned, burnt, shot at – take your pick – just before we manage to torch those fuckers. Literally." Spreading his arms wide, he says, "The. End."

Sam nods, visibly biting back a smile. Okay, so what if he's rambling?! He's tired. "Right. *This* was particularly harmless."

"Yeah, a freaking walk in the park."

Later, they all go back to bed, or in his case, the couch – make that a sofa, thank you, Brian. Dean's not sure if Brian and/or Justin are able to go back to sleep after what

happened, but it's worth a try anyway. And as far as he's concerned, hell yes he's going back to sleep. And this time, he got rid of his clothes before he crawled under the sinfully soft blanket. Snuggling – and no way in hell is he ever going to admit to even think that word – into the welcoming warmth. Taking a deep breath, he lets his eyes fall shut.

Later, oh so much later, when the sun is finally up, when the day starts to wake up along the rest of the city, he and Sam will go out to do research, do what they always do. They will sort through numerous files and tips and probably get thrown into some walls along the way. Only for now he is okay with just lying here. For now he'll just listen to the soft voices murmuring somewhere around him, streetlights painting dancing shadows on walls and ceiling. He'll watch the sun come up from the designer cou--er, sofa that must have cost a fortune, but no one complains about him sleeping on it.

Yeah.

He'll worry about the case in a few hours, when he's not so damn tired that he's dead on his feet or his whole body feels like it weighs a ton, sinking right into and through the soft upholstery. Sam will mess with the laptop, drag him to libraries, they will call some people, ask around and whatever the hell else, but for now, he's just happy to just... lie here and breathe. Just breathe.

Everything else can just go away or hold its breath until they're blue in the face.

For now, that's perfectly fine for Dean.

- TBC