

All Hell Breaks Loose

A collaborative supernatural tale based on the television shows
Supernatural, Buffy the Vampire Slayer, and Angel and developed in an
RPG storytelling format

Chapter 1

It had taken a couple of hours before the hospital would let Sam up out of the bed. Not that he went far; he paced between his father's room and that of his brother. Neither of whom had woken up. Dean was who Sam was really worried about. With the tube down his throat, and that he overheard the nurse say that he was in a coma, he spent the majority of his time watching over Dean. John was sedated, but didn't look nearly as bad off as Dean.

Chapter 2

She'll find me and when she does... came the thought from a small place in Dawn's mind before she was abruptly cut off.

I am counting on it little girl. was the reply followed by a malevolent laugh that echoed across Dawn's synapses.

The demon currently in control of Dawn's form could feel the surprise from Dawn even though the young woman tried to hide it. Of course it was almost impossible for the pathetic human hosts to shield their thoughts from the fiendish being invading their body. Humans were not accustomed to sharing their minds with other entities so they had no idea how to prevent it or protect even their deepest thoughts. A great many demons on the other hand were quite adept at building mental walls of protection.

*What do you want from me? * Dawn demanded not for the first or likely the last time.

Plan A has failed so now it is on to Plan B and you, stupid human, are a big part of plan B. the demon taunted in a snarky tone.

You. Dawn replied in recognition, *You're the one who took me. What happened to the other girl?* she asked referring to the demon's previous host body. She both hoped that something happened that the girl escaped and also worried that if something terrible had happened to her that the same thing would not be her own fate.

Dead. Which is the same thing that will happen to you if you don't shut up. the demon threatened.

You're going to kill me anyway. Dawn answered with growing certainty.

True, but if you don't stop yammering it will be sooner rather than later.

Who are you? Dawn demanded anyway despite the threat.

You can just call me... Meg. the demon replied and quirked a dark smirk upon Dawn's lips.

Chapter 3

Ever the fighter, John pushed his way through the dark and fog to regain consciousness. He had to make sure his sons were alright and even a bullet in the leg followed by a serious car accident wasn't going to

keep him from them for long. He felt the constant tug of the enveloping black but finally he managed to break free and open his eyes.

He noticed right away that he was in a hospital bed and took quick stock of his surroundings. There was pain and a lot of it, particularly in his leg which was bandaged heavily but his need to know where Dean and Sam were was overpowering. He spied a wheelchair near the wall and a pair of crutches. Forsaking the chair he struggled out of bed, tearing the various wires and tubes from his body and grabbed the crutches. The only reason he even grabbed those was that the moment he put weight on his leg his vision began to dim again and he wasn't going to allow that. He was just about at the door when a nurse came in probably to check on him.

"Sir, you need to lie down and rest your leg." She said putting a hand on his shoulder ready to guide him back.

"Where are my sons?" he asked gruffly in return and shook off her hand. "Are they okay?"

She paused, looked at him sympathetically and sighed as if she was going against her better judgment by sharing the not so good news.

"Mr. McGillicutty you really do need to rest." She tried again, "The doctor can fill you in as soon as he gets here."

"My sons." John demanded in a no nonsense tone.

"Your younger son Sam seems to be fine, just some cuts and abrasions but I am afraid your other son, Dean, he is in a coma and there was a lot of blood loss." she said sympathetically and trailed off.

John nodded resolutely, taking stock of the information, "What room?"

The nurse hesitated again since this was all against protocol but she finally relented and nodded in the direction of a room across the hall and down two doors. "Room 209."

John headed for Dean's room as quickly as the crutches would allow and as soon as he entered he saw Sam keeping vigil over his brother who was pale, bruised and had a nasty cut on his forehead that had been stitched.

"You okay?" he asked Sam his expression neutral as usual.

Sam hadn't been so lost in his own troubled thoughts, that he would allow someone entering his wounded brother's room escape his notice, but he wasn't expecting his father still bruised and battered, limping in on a pair of too short crutches.

"Dad!" Sam exclaimed, shooting his feet, sending the chair he'd been using over onto its back. He'd been holding one of Dean's limp cool hands in his own, and didn't release it, but he did take care not to pull on it.

Sam took a long look at his father, laid Dean's hand on the bed, picked up the chair and carried it to John.

Chapter 4

It all happened so quick. One minute they were driving along the road after one hell of a fight with the demon Azazel and some of his minions, the former having taken control of his father's body. They succeeded in saving their father, and Dean had thought that the worst part of that particular chapter of

their life was over. Then everything went black and he woke up in a hospital.

"What the hell?" he said quietly to himself as he blinked a few times, as the view of the room was a bit of a haze. Looking over to his right, sat his brother Sam who seemed to be relatively unscathed, barring a few cuts and bruises. Dean made a sigh of relief on seeing him, and then his Father, who hobbled into the room on a pair of crutches. He looked a bit worse for wear, but he was alive and that was the main thing.

"Sammy! Dad!" Dean said happily, but neither of them appeared to hear him, as Sam went to leave the room and they talked something about a coma, and brain damage. Dean was still getting his senses together, not too sure who they were talking about until he looked behind him to see...himself, in a bed with a tube down his throat. Dean moved his hand, which went straight through the bed as if he wasn't really there.

"This can't be good." He said to himself, before following Sam out of the room.

"Sammy!" he shouted, as Sam was getting some coffee. "Come on man, I'm stuck there in bed and you're getting coffee! Go out! Find some voodoo priest to lay some mojo on me, or something! I ain't cut out for this Casper crap!" Dean moaned, as Sam turned, pretty much walking right through him to go back to the room. Sighing, Dean followed him, standing there with his father and brother, looking down on his fallen limp body.

"Help! Somebody help me!!" A voice came from down the corridor.

"Oh what fresh hell is this?!" Dean said irritably, making his way out of the door before making a furtive look at what was left of his family.

Dean did not have to go far, to find a pretty dark haired woman standing in a doorway. "Woah!" he exclaimed on seeing her. She was smoking hot. The woman turned to him, with tears on her face and a frown.

"You...see me? Hear me?" Dean said. The woman nodded at him, before looking back into the room. Dean walked over to her so that they were side by side, both looking into the room. The woman's body was lead on a bed with doctors and nurses racing around, one of them using a set of paddles attempting to get her heart working again.

"What does this mean?" the woman sobbed.

"I guess it means you're close to death." Dean said matter-of-factly. "Join the club."

Chapter 5

"You should sit down dad." Sam said gently. That John would come down here seconds he'd guess after awakening to check on them washed away some of the resentment he'd felt for his tough as nails father.

"Dean's going to need us both. Please... Sit down. Can I get you anything? Cup of caffeine maybe?"

John leaned his crutches against the wall and took the chair offered by his younger son with a nod of acknowledgement and thanks. Unless he was instructing the boys on hunting techniques or demons and other supernatural creatures or giving orders he tended to be a man of few words.

"Some coffee." He said in answer to Sam's offer but before he could leave John asked while looking at Dean, "The doctors say anything?"

Just looking at Dean he could tell the news wasn't good and it was quite possible that his eldest son would not make it. Seeing him lying there bruised, bandaged and hooked up to numerous machines made him think about Dean as a child and how John would sometimes sit in his room while the boy was sleeping. He would simply watch him take one breath after another; Dean's face the picture of innocence and carefree youth.

Now he was a man, rugged and sturdy, but no less fragile when it came to battling the things that nightmares were made of. Not when it came right down to it anyway because no matter how skilled and resilient a hunter, they were still merely flesh and bone.

Sam had been heading out of the room, to fetch his father a cup of coffee, when the quietly spoken question stopped him dead in his tracks. His throat tightened up as tears burned the back of his eyes, so it took Sam a moment to be able to speak. "Just that, he's got youth and strength on his side. And that he's in the coma so his body can heal. But the longer he's comatose..." Sam trailed off, shaking his head, "His cat scans look good. They don't think there's brain damage, but they don't really know."

Outwardly appearing stoic, John simply nodded at the information. Inwardly though it lit a fire in him. There was no way in hell his son would die not while John Winchester lived and breathed. He would do whatever it took, make whatever sacrifice was required, and would breathe his last breath if he had to, to make sure that Dean and Sam were okay.

Sam choked, and fled the room, determined not to break down before either his father or his brother. Especially when Dean could slap his shoulder or head and quip, "No chick flick moments."

While Sam was gone John grabbed the phone from the nightstand beside the bed Dean lay in and made a long distance call. The conversation only took a few minutes but it gave him a sense of purpose and direction.

"Okay, thanks Ash. We'll get there as soon as we can. I owe you." John said finishing up the call and hung up. He replaced the phone to its spot on the stand just as Sam returned.

Sam got his dad the biggest cup of coffee he could find, using the time to compose himself before returning to Dean's room. "Here Dad." Sam passed John the cup, then circled Dean's bed, perching on the edge since he'd given John his chair.

"Did you get Bobby to take the car to his place?" he asked although right now he was more concerned about the contents of the Impala than the car itself.

Chapter 6

"Here." Eve said sliding the bottle of Corona beer across the bar, "You look like you could use this." She had a teasing grin and her hazel eyes were lit up in amusement as the blond man on the stool opposite grabbed up the offered drink and took a long swallow.

"You're going to gloat about this all night aren't you?" Justice asked with a roll of his eyes before taking another welcome drink.

"All night? Oh no, buddy, this one I am going to stretch out for at least a week." Eve mocked.

"You are such a brat. You know that don't you?" he sighed but couldn't stop himself from a small grin as well. He deserved her ribbing he knew it so he would take it with grace.

"Who's a brat?" enquired Jade as she joined her twin brother at the bar. "And how come you're bartending tonight?" she asked Eve with a curious wrinkle of her brow.

"Sasha can't come in, her son is sick." Kate replied and automatically got the gorgeous blond girl a gingerale with one lemon wedge and two lime ones.

"Eve here is gloating over the fact that I didn't listen to her and bring Oritz's guide book on our job." He explained with a slight wave of his hand as he looked down at the smooth surface of the counter.

"Well, she was right you know. Nobody knows the environment like our Evie here." Jade said with a nod in Eve's direction.

"Thank you Jade." Eve responded conspiratorially and laughed just a little at Justice's expense.

"Honestly, who on Earth would think that there would be quicksand in North Dakota?" he asked nobody in particular.

"Well you would if you had taken my guide book like I told you." Eve couldn't help but point out and brushed a loose strand of her brown wavy hair out of her face. She usually kept it tied back but tonight she let it hang loose.

"Yes, yes, point taken, oh mighty goddess of the woods." Justice kidded in return acknowledging her superior knowledge of all things nature related by saluting her with his beer. Having taken his lumps he swivelled on his stool to look at the half filled dance floor of the club. In about half an hour the place would be jam packed.

"Where's Harley, isn't she supposed to be monster watching tonight?" he asked Eve while still watching the leather, velvet, and lace crowd. To this day he still found it ironic that Gabe would run a goth style club that attracted the vampire wannabes when he was actually a hunter of the real deal. Ninety-nine percent of the patrons of course knew nothing about the actual supernatural world and that vampires and demons were in fact real. Most of them just liked to play make believe and fancy themselves edgy and dangerous, dark and enthralling.

"She'll be here shortly. She's just got to take care of something first." Eve answered vaguely but they all knew what she meant. Harley was a vampire, but a good one, and a friend of Gabe's. Taking care of business usually meant she was feeding, although unlike most vampires she fed on animal blood acquired from a nearby butcher's shop. Not only was she a friend but she was also an employee and her job was to make sure that none of the patrons were authentic vampires and demons. She had an unusual gift of being able to sense them even if she couldn't actually see them.

The DJ switched from a slower alluring set to something with a little more bass and drive which brought more of the crowd onto the floor. Justice decided he would go up to the training room for a bit to clean and put away the weapons he and his sister had used on their hunt since they had pretty much dumped them in the middle of the room when they got back.

"I'll catch you ladies later." He said taking the last drink from the bottle and adding jokingly, "Thanks barkeep." Before setting it down and taking off across the room.

Eve watched his muscular back and shoulders as he manoeuvred gracefully through the crowd which seemed to part for him like the red sea. When you were as ridiculously good looking as he and his sister were it wasn't that unusual.

"He likes you, you know." Jade said knowingly.

"Yeah like a buddy or one of the gang." Eve responded and glanced away with a light flush to her cheeks.

Jade didn't respond immediately. She couldn't deny that her brother treated Eve like another sister and not like a woman. After a moment she offered, "Who knows, things might change. Besides you never know who might walk through the door."

Chapter 7

"We need two more cases of Corona Extra, one Heineken, and one Labatt." Gabe cited off to Eve as they headed up the stairs that led to the Training Room which was also where they stored the alcohol for the club.

"Kyle said he needed another bottle of vodka." She replied thankful that one of the other regular bartenders had been willing to come in on his day off to cover for Sasha which freed Eve from mixing drinks.

Eve reached the top step first and proceeded towards the opposite corner where the hard liquor was stored. She saw Justice had made himself at home on one of the leather couches along the far wall and was fast asleep with a book open on his chest. Taking a detour she approached the couch and gently retrieved the book, smirking in amusement when she saw it was Oritz's Guide. She headed towards the stacks to reshelve it before grabbing the alcohol. She passed by two rows of bookshelves and in the third row was startled to see Harley lying on the ground unmoving.

"Harley?" she queried as she slowly reached for the back of her waistband and grabbed the large knife that was tucked in there. The muffled pounding of the music coming through the wall from the club covered any noise she might have made.

"This better not be one of your surprise training attacks 'cause this is my night off and I am going to enjoy it." She said uncertainly.

"You say something?" she heard Gabe call from beer lockup near the doorway. Justice of course slept on. The man could sleep in the busiest train yard and not even blink, Eve thought to herself as she moved a few steps closer and bent over Harley. She would certainly have a heart attack when the vampire would no doubt pounce and laugh at Eve for her jumpiness.

"Nice touch but I'm not falling for it." She said when she noticed a thick red puddle seeping from under her friend. Straightening up to see what Harley might have used to fake the macabre scene she was startled when she saw a pair of blue eyes looking at her from between a couple of books in the next row. She was embarrassed to have let out a noise of surprise before she stumbled backwards into the shelves behind her knocking a few of the books onto the floor.

She had little time to do anything else when the stack in front of her began to tip towards her sending an avalanche of books cascading on top of her.

"Gabe!" she shouted but the noise had already alerted the older Hunter who came running, gun drawn. She dove out of the row before it crashed down knocking the next two rows like dominoes. With the 7 foot high shelves out of the way she could clearly see the figure that had pushed them over. It was a young woman who looked to be about 18 or 19 with long, straight brown hair and she wasn't alone. She was flanked by two tall, barrel-chested men, both of which were bald and covered in tattoos.

"Get out of my club." Gabe demanded, practically snarling at the intruders, while still training the gun on them.

The girl laughed as though he had told an enormously funny joke and with a short wave of her hand Gabe went flying backwards landing with a thud half way across the room.

Eve had forgotten Justice was in the room until he was helping her up off the floor.

"Demons." She said matter-of-factly when she noticed the men's eyes were completely black. Without hesitating she threw the knife she still held but it too went off course as the girl motioned like she were swatting away a fly. Eve felt herself jerked backwards and tossed like a rag doll.

Justice had managed to charge one of the men, grabbing him around the waist in a wrestling move to try and unbalance him while Gabe gained his footing gun still miraculously in hand and fired a shot at the other. The bullet tore through the demon's shoulder producing a spray of blood but did little to stop him.

Instead of charging them like the others Eve raced for the weapons cabinet. She had just gotten a hand around a bottle of holy water when she was tossed again this time landing on her back on one of the desks. The old fashioned reading lamp crashed loudly to the floor and the assorted books, papers, and pens were scattered. Eve rolled off the other side and landed in a crouch. She pulled open the closest drawer to see if there was anything inside she could use as a weapon and snatched up a letter opener. Unscrewing the cap to the holy water she dumped half of the contents on the dull blade.

Peering around the corner of the desk she saw Justice's opponent had him pinned to the wall by his neck but the blond hunter lifted a booted foot and slammed it into the demon's knee. Gabe had somehow managed to grab one of the long wooden staffs from the wall and swung it at the other demon's head catching him in the temple with a sharp whack.

As quickly as Gabe and Justice had gained the upper hand, they lost it again to their opponents. As Gabe swung the staff again at the demon the creature managed to grab it and shove the end sharply into Gabe's chest knocking him down and winding him. The hit had looked hard enough to crack a rib but Gabe was pretty resilient from his pro wrestling days and knew how to take a hit to minimize the damage. Hopefully it would just end up in bruising.

Justice had managed to knock the legs out from under his attacker and was about to swing a fist into the figure's temple to hopefully put him down but the girl stepped in and the desk Eve had been crouching behind was flung in Justice's direction. He had no time to move before the wood and steel thing crashed into him pinning him to the wall.

Eve held onto her knife this time and charged rather than flinging it. She hoped the girl was too distracted by Justice to realize what Eve was doing.

The thin, delicate looking girl though shocked Eve when she swung her leg up and knocked Eve to the floor with a painful round house kick to the shoulder. The hunter started to scramble back to her feet but she was grabbed by her hair from behind and dragged to a stand. She felt the sharp edge of a knife at her neck and a thick trickle of blood seep down to the hollow of her throat.

"Enough!" the female demon shouted and forced her hostage to face Justice who was still stuck against the wall. "Stick out your hand!" she ordered the handsome blond hunter.

Justice hesitated for a moment to take stock of the situation but realized he didn't have a choice and submitted to her odd demand.

"Now take that letter opener and cut him." The demon ordered Eve.

"What?" she asked startled, in return she felt the knife dig in further.

"Just do it." Justice said trying to sound nonchalant but she could read his eyes and knew he was deeply concerned for her.

"It's dull, it won't cut." She tried to reason and think of a way out of their predicament. The demon's request seemed to be minor and non-life threatening but she wouldn't have gone to all this trouble if it was.

"Then you'll just have to try a little harder, kind of like this." The demon hissed and opened the wound on Eve's neck even further until she felt her skin was slick with blood.

"Dammit Eve, just do it!" Justice barked.

Eve looked at him apologetically before raising her hand and jabbing the blade into the palm of his hand which quickly produced a pool of blood that began dripping to the floor.

When Eve withdrew the knife the demon grabbed it from her hand and shoved Eve forward.

"What about the other one?" one of her brutish companions asked.

"Later." The female answered sharply.

Chapter 8

Faith would never forget the first time she laid eyes on 'The Devil's Trap.' She'd started laughing almost immediately. A startlingly precise and perfect metaphor for her life. She was trapped- misleading freedom aside- bound by the bad decisions and 'devil influenced' mistakes of her past, still unable to shake the consequences that came with them despite her seemingly unnoticed acts towards redemption.

She remembered with clarity the moment she'd known she would be returning to a life as a drifter. A life on the run. It was as the bus raced away from a collapsing Sunnydale. She could almost feel herself collapsing along with it. She thought she'd found a home there after everything that had happened with her watcher. Friends and maybe even a new family. Everything had been so great. Staying with Buffy and her mom, going out on patrols with her. Finally meeting someone who understood being a slayer. Life had started to get better for her after years of... well... not better.

Then apparently Faith's novelty had worn off.

Faith didn't want to resent Buffy. Or any of them. But the truth was, she'd never been one of them. Never been their friend. Willow had tried to end the world and they treated her as if nothing had happened. Even Spike and Angel who had done horrible things in their endless life spans had been more or less forgiven and accepted. Faith was the bad one. The screw up. Every time she made a mistake- like when she'd lead the party of potentials right into a trap and nearly gotten them all killed- they expected it. Waited for it.

And Faith was done with it. There was only one other person on this planet that gave a crap about her and he wasn't even part of the little field trip to who knew where. There was no reason to stick around. Faith had learned over and over again that the only person she could ever count on was herself. That she was better off alone.

As soon as that bus had rolled to a stop somewhere they'd planned to set up camp, Faith had taken off- feeling kindred to Hermey the elf who didn't want to make toys in Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. A misfit. She didn't bother with goodbyes. No one was going to miss her. All the potentials had the slayer powers now. She went from being special, being one of two to being one in... who knew how many. And unlike the others who might have family or friends or lives to get back to, she didn't.

She had jail to get back to. And though part of her had thought she might go back there, finish serving her sentence, the truth was the rules WERE different for her. They had to be. She'd just helped save the

world fighting a battle that saved countless lives. Maybe it would never make up for the lives she'd taken- the lives she'd enjoyed taking then- but she deserved the chance to live didn't she?

And she wanted to live that life away from people who had already solidified their opinions of her. Away from people that were always going to compare her to their princess slayer Buffy. Faith tried to keep her bitter feelings towards the other slayer repressed but she couldn't help feeling that way. Buffy wasn't perfect. She had her moments of selfishness and pettiness and arrogance just like everyone else. Buffy made mistakes too. Not to mention that she enjoyed taking out her own insecurities on other people. Faith herself had shadows of bruises from where Buffy had punched HER in the face just because she'd called her out on her BS- and been right.

Faith had now made her way all the way from California to Colorado. What had pointed her in that direction? She couldn't say. She hadn't really even been paying attention to how many days had passed since she struck out on her own. She'd just sort of hitchhiked in whatever direction she could go and if she settled in a town that seemed to be getting too interested in her past, she'd just take off again.

Denver seemed nice enough and Faith hoped her cover would last. Well, nice enough considering she'd encountered quite a few vamps along with other various demons and it always felt good letting off some steam. She'd been able to handle all of them pretty easily on her own- one of them leaving a nasty cut on her upper arm that was now wrapped in a makeshift bandage. She thought it was strange that there were so many supernatural creatures in the area considering the previous haunts had been quiet but didn't think much more into it.

It had almost been a month since she'd arrived in Denver, which was already significantly longer than the other places she'd visited up till then and it was a relief to have a haven where she was able to take a breather without worrying about the cops or other unwanted company. Unfortunately she was starting to run out of money and was quickly realizing that was going to be a problem. She refused to go crawling back to Giles or any of the others and she didn't want to bother Angel with her problems.

Getting a job was going to be tricky given the fact that her background check wasn't going to come up as squeaky clean as she might like. Not that she wanted to get a job but she didn't have a lot of options.

The Devil's Trap was a club that she'd started going to whenever she needed to let off some steam- using non-violent methods. She tried to keep a low profile there as best as Faith Lehane was able to keep a low profile. She liked the place a lot and though part of her would rather keep the place as a hangout, she knew that she would fit in better there than most other jobs. Faith was not the 'serving pie at a diner' type.

A cynical smile had spread across her lips at that thought as she stared up at the bright sign proudly displaying the club's name. Faith was dressed pretty simply for her in jeans and a black tank top, her hair down and styled, make-up on her face for the first time in a while. She was hoping that maybe she could get some job in the back or something. Anything that might allow her to be paid in cash. She had an at best flimsy cover story but it might be enough. If not... well there were other less glamorous avenues she could traverse as a last resort. Very last.

Taking a deep breath Faith crossed the street and made her way inside. The club was already pretty busy given the time. The dance floor seemed to be actually calling Faith's name, the sound of it pulsing to the beat of the music. She gave the floor a longing glance before turning and heading towards the bar, looking for someone that worked there.

The pretty girl behind the counter swooped over to her after only a short wait, "What can I getcha?" She inquired expectantly.

"A job," Faith responded, placing both of her hands on the edge of the bar and wagging her fingers a little uncomfortably. Her feet also refused to stay still beneath her as she shifted her weight from one leg to the other.

"Oh," The girl started to frown but seemed to remember she was still 'on stage' and caught herself, keeping her expression neutral. "I'm not sure if Gabe's even hiring but you could ask him. I think he's back in his office." The girl hitched her head in the direction of a door off to the side of the bar. "Second door."

Faith thanked her and followed the girl's directions back through the side door and moved down the hallway towards the office. As the door that lead back to the club swung closed, the sound of music muffled significantly, the hallway now feeling still and quiet compared to the loud music and dancing lights. She reached up a hand to knock on the office door and then stopped, peering through the glass. There was no one in there.

She stood there for a moment unsure if it would be a mark against her if she went in and sat down to wait for this 'Gabe' when it suddenly didn't matter. She heard a crash from somewhere above her and looked up as if she could somehow see through the ceiling. Her chest contracted and instinct kicked in. Faith tore off down the hallway and up the stairs.

Faith didn't know how to react to the scene that met her eyes. A dark-haired girl on the floor, blood pooling around her. A very attractive man with tanned skin and shoulder-length black hair crouched on the floor, seemingly clutching at his side. Off to the other side of the room was a desk pinning another extremely attractive blonde man against the wall- lucky desk- and another girl with wavy brown hair near him that seemed to be bleeding. Everyone looked pretty beat up.

In better shape were the three others in the room. Two goony looking men flanking... "Dawn!" The girls' name was out of Faith's mouth before she could stop herself. Astonishment was putting it mildly. She was supposed to be with Buffy. What was she doing here? Had she been kidnapped by these men? By the other people in the room? From the dark expressions on the two men still standing's faces Faith was going to go with her initial assessment that they were the threats and the others must have been trying to help Dawn.

She didn't know what they were but her slayer sense told her that they weren't vamps. She sighed, knowing that if 'THE' slayer's little sis died on her watch, Buffy would probably kill her too just on principle. She sighed, wondering why trouble continued to find her as her eyes flicked swiftly around the room. Plenty of weapons but nothing within arms reach. Of course. "Dawn come to me." She said evenly, staying alert to any movement around her though her eyes were trained on the men she deemed the threat. She could handle two idiot men- though the injured parties around the room weren't reassuring- but she wanted to get Dawn out of the equation first.

Eve was surprised by the arrival of the fierce looking woman and even more so when she called the demon by name, although more likely it was the host body that the demon was squatting in that she was calling to. Not too many demons she knew of going to the name 'Dawn' after all... more like Chaos, or Abaddon of the Fiery Abyss, or Krull the Destroyer even... but Dawn, not so much.

"Stop!" she yelled out to the woman before she got herself maimed or killed. One of the demon's minions grabbed her by her shoulder and dragged her up off the floor where she had landed after being shoved. His fingers dug into her flesh and bruised the bone. When she struggled to try and fight him off he twisted her arm behind her until she heard a very distinctive crack followed by her yelping in pain.

Justice was still trapped despite trying to push the immovable desk away from him and Gabe's resistance was treated just as harshly when the other minion picked up a broken, twisted piece of metal and shoved it into Gabe's stomach.

All the while Dawn looked serenely at Faith as though nothing out of the ordinary was happening.

Sam had moved around the bed, and taken Dean's limp, unresponsive hand in his own, squeezing it gently, willing strength to his big brother. His gut was in knots, since he'd been driving at the time of the accident, and felt like he should've seen the big rig coming.

"Yeah Dad." He said flatly, not because he was angry with his father for once, but because his attention was wholly focused on his comatose brother. "Bobby's coming to get the car."

Sam leaned forward, his lips inches away from Dean's ear, "Your baby's going to need lots of TLC. And no one loves her the way you do Dean. She needs you." The unspoken 'I need you.' hung in the air as Sam straightened, keeping his gaze averted from John, blinking away the tears that stung his eyes. John gave Sam his moment with Dean but if they wanted to save him they needed to act now.

"Get your things Sam, we need to get the Colt and then go to the Roadhouse." John said without betraying any emotion or his thoughts and giving Sam only a vague explanation, "We're meeting with Ash."

It had been many years since he'd brought the boys with him to the Roadhouse and with very good reason. Ellen Harvelle, the owner and proprietor, would likely shoot him on the spot for daring to show his face again after what had gone down. It was a hunt gone bad and it led to the death of her husband leaving her to raise her young daughter alone. John couldn't blame her if she did but he would do anything to save his son even face his own mistakes which given Ellen's temperament could be harder than facing the Yellow Eyed Demon himself.

"We'll grab a car from the hospital parking lot." He added grudgingly grabbing for the crutches only because time was critical.

Chapter 10

Faith's eyes flicked momentarily over to the dark wavy-haired girl, her own stomach tightening. Ok definitely a victim here. She kept her face even, though she flinched inwardly at the sound of breaking bone. Damn. Somewhere in the back of her mind she heard the question 'what would Buffy do?' She immediately told that voice to shove it, abruptly deciding she didn't care what Buffy would do.

Looking away from the wavy-haired girl now seemingly injured enough to be out of the game, she glanced around the room noting the blonde guy still trying to free himself and the other dark-haired guy who didn't seem to be doing so well.

Ok, she thought to herself, she needed to do something- fast. But she still desperately wanted to get Dawn out of the fight.

At least, until she quickly realized that Dawn WAS the fight.

"Faith." Meg stated pulling the name from Dawn's memories. "So glad you could join our impromptu soiree. I had been hoping for Buffy but you'll do nicely." She added her voice sounding somehow both sweet and malevolent at the same time.

The look on the girl's face when she turned to address her was... alien. Even in Faith's worst moments like when the potentials had mutinied and overthrown Buffy her expression had never looked so... cold. She didn't know her face even bent that way. Faith considered that this might be some sort of...fake Dawn but quickly disregarded that option when Dawn called her by name. She then had a brief flashback to her body swap experience with Buffy, but didn't think that seemed very plausible option either.

"Sorry to disappoint," Faith commented with a snarky quirk of her head. She was trying to think and Dawn's eerily calm expression was doing nothing for her nerves.

Lazily tucking the bloodied letter opener away in the deep pocket of her peasant skirt like it was of no importance Meg tightened her grip on the other bloodied knife that had been at Eve's throat only minutes ago. She then launched herself forward and swung the knife towards Faith's jugular.

Then again Faith had always preferred the direct approach. Oblivious to whatever Dawn was doing with the letter opener, Faith braced herself. She had been expecting an attack though initially it hadn't been Dawn that she thought would be the assailant. She didn't want to give up the only easy exit out of this room but she couldn't fight the whole fight in the doorway or risk being pushed out. She'd be even less help in the hallway.

The knife came at her and her first instinct was to dodge. Instead she changed tactics at the last minute. Faith dropped to a crouched position, allowing Dawn's momentum to put her off balance leaning slightly over her. "You shouldn't play with knives," Faith commented offhandedly-more concerned about her next move than delivering the sarcasm- before she grabbed hold of Dawn's ankle and gave a sharp jerk hoping to knock her off her feet. Using the same momentum she launched herself across the room dropping Dawn's ankle so as not to drag the girl along with her.

Meg hadn't been expecting the sudden change in tactics by the... Slayer... another name she pulled from Dawn's memories. She grunted as she landed on her back but gracefully rolled over backward and was on her feet again in seconds.

Hoping she maintained the element of surprise, Faith slammed her fist into the face of the man that was holding the wavy-haired woman and quickly yanked the desk away from the wall hoping to maybe even the odds even a little bit. She spun back around assuming that even if she had managed to knock Dawn down that she wasn't going to stay down.

Eve who had a broken arm and had lost a lot of blood crumpled to the floor near Gabe who was conscious for the moment but immobile with the piece of metal protruding from his torso. His breathing was shallow and laboured and his complexion had gone from tanned to ashen. She could see blood on his lips which meant that at least one of his lungs had been punctured in the process.

Faith probably should have tried to take out Dawn first but something about hitting little Dawn-y didn't sit right with her. Faith tried to keep her back to the wall so she could keep an eye on everything. This felt like a very violent game of chess though faith still didn't have a very clear idea of how she was going to win aside from taking out the big guns so to speak. She'd worry about what was wrong with Dawn when that threat was done.

Behind them, nearly forgotten and half-buried under the pile of books, Harley began to stir. The wounds had been deep but not enough to kill her so her body had begun to heal. The noise around her sounded as though she were under water while she started coming to. She could smell blood, lots of it and not just her own. Someone was seriously hurt and was going to need help fast. A face entered her mind, the face of someone she had noticed in the club. A woman in fact, someone that Harley had sensed had supernatural gifts. Another image came to mind, that of a ring with a willow leaf on it. It was a gypsy symbol she had thought and had been in fact looking for it in one of the books in the library to confirm when she had been attacked from behind.

Ever vigilant, out of the corner of her eye Faith thought she saw the girl that had been on the floor stir and she wasn't sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

Come on guys take a break from training and come dance with me." A female voice said from the staircase leading up to the upper floor. A few seconds later a strikingly beautiful woman appeared in the doorway looking momentarily perplexed at the scene she had walked in on. It only took seconds for her to assess the situation and shift to full alertness, ready to fight.

Meg looked at the newcomer she knew to be Jade with a thoughtful intensity but came to the conclusion that it was too risky at the moment and she would have to retreat for now. She had what she came for on this trip anyway and there would always be a next time.

With a short meaningful nod to her henchmen she sprinted for the window and dove through shattering the glass in the process but landed safely on the fire escape. Her minions followed suit and together they fled into the night leaving the chaos behind them.

Without a word to the others Harley, who had finally regained enough strength, pushed herself up and headed for the stairs. Fortunately she was wearing all black which covered the blood that was soaking her clothes. Jade stepped out of the way and rushed over to Gabe while Justice ripped off his shirt and tossed it to his sister to try and staunch the blood flow.

"Thank you." He said quickly and sincerely to the dark haired woman who had intervened in the fight before kneeling beside Eve to see how badly injured she was.

Eve felt her heart sink a little when she saw Justice look at the woman the demon had called Faith. It was a brief look but she saw something there, a spark, an interest, just something that wasn't there when he looked at Eve.

Chapter 11

Tawny sat in a small booth near the back of the bar, finishing up her dinner and sipping the cocktail she'd ordered. The tall, slim blond had been in the bar for the last hour or so, but thanks to her empathic ability had been bothered. She had a knack for blending into the woodwork when she wasn't in the mood for company. And tonight, all she'd wanted was a quiet meal before she headed back to the motel where she was spending the night.

Down in the club Harley scanned the crowd which was hard given her height and the activity all over. Changing to her other senses made it a lot easier to find who she had been looking for, the honey blond haired woman with the willow ring.

Tawny was about to signal for her check, when a strange woman, young, with dark hair and big blue eyes darted up to the table, looking distraught.

"I need your help." Harley pleaded when she finally found her.

"What's the matter?" Tawny asked quietly, flexing the hand that bore her Rom ring. She looked Harley over quickly, her amber eyes narrowing when she found no sign that this woman was of the people. "I'm afraid you have me mistaken for someone else. I'm just passing through. Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like to pay my check and be on my way."

Harley resisted the vampire urge to use intimidation to coerce the young woman into doing what she wanted. It was a tactic that her sire had used often on her to keep her under his control. She took a breath and fought those instincts that came with being what she was.

"I know who you are and what you are. There are injured upstairs in need of help right now or they may die." She said swiftly trying to appeal to the woman's healing nature. She knew it was a long shot given the deeply ingrained instincts of secrecy and self-preservation the Gypsies possessed but Harley could sense her gift, she had an idea of what she could do and she would grovel for this woman's assistance if that was what it would take.

While Harley was gifted with the ability to sense other supernatural beings or metahumans she did not have the gift of healing blood as many vampires did, otherwise she would have simply healed Gabe, Eve and Justice herself. Her body would only heal itself and no other.

Chapter 12

Given Faith's own unexpected arrival, she supposed it shouldn't surprise her that there might be others stopping in. This one also didn't seem to be a threat. Well, to her anyway. Faith could tell from the look in her eye and stance that she could probably hold her own in a fight.

There were too many people for her to try and keep an eye on all at once though she was going to continue to do her best. She wished she could figure out what was going on with Dawn. She knew that the 'Scooby Squad' didn't really like her all that much but they didn't seem to want her dead.

...well anymore.

The room stood in some tense silence for only a few moments that seemed to stretch out forever until Dawn finally gave a nod to the other men. Faith waited for another attack to come...but it didn't. Instead the younger girl sprinted right at the window... And dove right through it. "Dawn!" Faith cried again starting to run after her but was shoved aside by one of the other goons with a strength she hadn't expected.

She steadied herself and glanced instinctively back at the others who seemed to be tending to the wounded and regrouping. Faith felt horrible, like this was somehow her fault. She knew it wasn't but she was supposed to be able to handle vampires and demons without blinking. She should have been more prepared. Why couldn't she do it? Why couldn't she ever be the hero?

Because she was sitting here having a pity party.

Still on high alert, Faith gave a brief absent nod of acknowledgement to the voice that addressed her, not really in the moment. Her mind was racing and as she tried to decide what to do. They couldn't have gotten that far yet, she could still catch them.

"I'm going after her," She said decisively, more to herself than the strangers around her. She bolted to the window they'd jumped out of and though she couldn't see them exactly, she couldn't just let Dawn get away like that. There had to be a way to get her, restrain her, find out what was going on. She prepared to launch herself out the window after them.

Before Faith could make as dramatic an exit as she did an entrance Justice grabbed her forearm lightly with his uninjured hand, not in a restraining way but in a cautionary way. The fact that she hadn't freaked out when the girl she had called Dawn had turned on her made Justice believe she was either a fellow Hunter or someone else familiar with the supernatural.

"Whoever you think she is, it's not her." He said hoping to give the dark haired brunette pause enough to think and to listen. "It's wearing her body but it's not her in control and that thing that is using her is dangerous and deadly."

Gabe, barely conscious now, moaned from the pain through gritted teeth with Jade tended both him and Eve now. "We need help, now!" She declared to her brother and to the new girl. She didn't care where help came from but she wasn't going to let Gabe die. Eve was in pain and a lot of it no doubt but her injuries weren't as life threatening.

Chapter 13

Tawny's eyes narrowed further as she studied Harley for a long moment. Then she blinked, pressing her lips together, as her gaze unfocused, her body language that of someone listening intently for the faintest of sounds. "Prin tot ceea ce este sfânt!" Tawny muttered, under her breath her gaze again sharp on Harley's face. "Zeita, nu lasa acest lucru sa fie o greseala. Where are they?" Tawny rose quickly, unable to turn her back on people who needed her help. She'd sensed that there was something not quite right about Harley, but she was a healer. And the pain she'd sensed wouldn't let her alone.

Forgetting the check and the money'd owed, Tawny nodded for Harley to lead the way, and followed hard on the other woman's heels. When she reached the room, her gaze swept it quickly and she crossed immediately to the worst injured, her hands already shimmering with the greenish gold light.