

UNSUPER, NATURALLY

A totally unauthorized fan fic of Supernatural

BY

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Dedication

As always

For Captain Tamara Long, USAF

Born: May 12, 1979

Died: 23 March 2003, Afghanistan

You fly with the angels now.

This one, especially, is for you.

TWO MEN AND A BABEY

"If Amazons ever figure out how to shoot, the world is over," Dean said, wiping blood out of his eyes. For some reason, he using the hand which held a knife, thus putting his entire face in danger of being cut off. Like usual. It was a Hunter thing.

With Castiel on the run from a legion of de-graced and very angry angels, Kevin among the missing, again, Bobby dead, Garth MIA and the world generally in its usual state of total insanity, Sam and Dean were back to doing what hunters do best: Not saving the world one destroyed monster at a time.

Or, in this case, twenty-five.

They'd picked up a tip that Amazons were breeding again. They'd naturally chosen a small mid-Western town cause that totally made sense. Cause mass killings were absolutely unnoticeable if it wasn't New York or LA. Instead of Peoria, Kansas, like usual, the evil bitches decided to be sneaky and set up shop in Minot, North Dakota. It was so out of character, not being in Kansas and all, the two elite Hunters had nearly missed it despite over forty blogs dedicated purely to tracking 'supernatural events', a facebook page specifically set up to direct the famous two-some at any potential spiritual activity and both tweets on the subject and retweets. For two days the number one trending story on Twitter had been 'Sam and Dean, those Amazon bitches are breeding in Minot.'

But neither Bigersons nor their new lair had WiFi so it really wasn't their fault. Really.

Ten Air Force missileers, including a colonel who 'wasn't married, I'm TDY', had had their arms ripped off and cryptic symbols carved on their faces and chests. A dozen more Air Force personnel, including two NCO sexual harassment counselors, had just had their arms ripped off in what police were reporting as 'sexual assaults gone really totally wrong. They were just supposed to get a reprimand and a transfer to Okinawa...' Amazingly, the torture and death of nearly two dozen people with security clearances and nuclear weapons codes had failed to attract the attention of FBI, CID, DHS or even OSHA. Less amazingly, a report had already noted an increased efficiency in nuclear preparedness and found four W88s that had been lost behind a couch cushion for *years*.

The pair had tracked the Amazons to an abandoned warehouse because a group of hot-chicks going in and out of an abandoned warehouse at all hours for two weeks was totally unnoticeable in a small city. Probably people figured it was a super-model shoot and *nobody* ever gathered around to watch those. Minot had very few single males and those who were there had all sorts of other interesting things to do. Okay, so the ratio of hetero-sexual males was low, but... Just work with me here...

There they had confronted the female super-warriors who had no training in combat except ripping off arms. After some quippy reparte, using only pistols and one double barrel sawed-off

shotgun, the twosome had done for those evil Amazon bitches in a bloody battle that had amazingly failed to attract attention from the police.

"They're bad enough as it is," Sam said, stretching one of his already hyper-stretched arms while holding his pistol with the hammer back and finger on the trigger, his exaggerated arm movements sweeping repeatedly across his brother's back. Fortunately, the two were more elite than the finest Delta trooper, the proof being that they had never AD'd each other while doing similar bone-headed moves in every single encounter. "You could almost feel sorry for them. They are bound into this life by the deal the ancient Amazons made with the Greek god ///."

"Wish you'd felt that way when you killed my kid, Sam," Dean said, angrily, his face working like a constipated puffin. "She was just a baby!"

"She was a monster, Dean," Sam said, his face turning as lugubrious as Lon Chaney at a funeral. "She was going to kill you."

"She was just going to rip my arms off!" Dean said. "I've had worse!"

There was an odd squelching sound and thin wail. The two looked around in idle curiosity since just having fought for their lives they'd been keeping no security posture whatsoever.

Standing in the shredded corpse of one of the Amazons was a toddler.

"Well, I'll be damned," Dean said.

"Been there, done that," Sam quipped. "How in the hell...?"

"I think that's one of the preggers I gutted," Dean said.

The battle had not just been with guns. Despite the Amazons having the strength of ten men, the two had repeatedly gotten into hand-to-hand where they were thrown across the room and into concrete walls. While the velocity necessary to do that, approximately twenty-five miles per hour, would have killed the average human, they were still walking and talking without so much as a subdural cerebral hematoma which they only seemed to sustain at the beginning of summer or sweeps week.

"Several of the Amazons were pregnant," Dean added. "As you know, Amazons go through the entire period of pregnancy in just one day. It only takes three days for the baby to grow to full adulthood. When they reach adulthood, they track down their fathers and rip their arms off. Like my daughter you ganked."

"I know all this, Dean," Sam said, still looking at the baby. Despite the ability to stand, it still had the umbilical cord attached to its dead mother. "Why are you telling me?"

"I'm recapping for new viewers," Dean said.

"They covered that in the intro piece," Sam pointed out. "Remember?"

"Oh, right," Dean said, walking over to the baby. "Here you go, honey. Daddy's got you."

"Dean!" Sam said. "What are you doing?"

"Want to gank a baby, Sam?" Dean said, holding the girl toddler out at arm's length. "It's a monster. Just like my daughter you killed, you bastard. Go ahead."

The child had a sudden growth spurt, grew three inches and the umbilical cord dropped off of its own accord.

"M'st'r?" the still blood-covered baby said, holding out her arms to Sam. "M'st'r?"

"Dean!" Sam said, holding one hand out placatingly. "This isn't like you. I'm the one who has the kind and gentle side. What's gotten into you?"

"I think we have a fill-in writer this week," Dean said, pulling the baby back and tucking her under his arm like a football. "And you're not ganking my baby. Maybe it's hormones. Are my ankles swelling? Son of a bitch! They are, aren't they?"

"What are we going to do with it?" Sam said as the baby began to wail. Loudly.

"First, I think we need to figure out how to feed it," Dean said, pulling out a strip of blood-covered jerky. "You want some jerky, little baby? Huh? Does that taste good? I've got some beer in the car..."

"J'k'y," the baby said, holding and gumming the strip of dried meat. Then she started shredding it. The wail had been a teething cry.

"We'll take her back to the Flea Bag Motel and raise her," Dean said. "We'll raise her right. We'll teach her right from wrong."

"And when she grows up?" Sam said. "And tries to rip your arms off?"

"We'll figure that out on... Tuesday?" Dean said. "Sam, what if Amazons can change? What if they could help? Wouldn't it be awesome if we had a Hunter with all the strength and ability of an Amazon on our side? None of our recurring cast got renewed, damnit! We've got no back-up!"

"Dean," Sam said, waving around. "We just killed twenty-five Amazons by ourselves."

"We can teach this one to shoot," Dean pointed out.

"Which you just said would end the world," Sam replied.

"Technically, a world populated by nothing but Amazons would be awesome!" Dean said. "They'd probably keep the best of the best around as breeding stock and..."

"I get it, I get it," Sam said, rolling his eyes.

"I believe that if we teach her right from wrong, she won't be a monster."

"M'st'r?" the baby said, pointing at herself.

"No, you're not," Dean said, kissing her on the top of her blood covered head. "Your name is... Mary. You're our little angel..."

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"Wait!" Castiel said from somewhere in Peru. "I just felt a disturbance in the force. As if a million voices cried out at once and then were silenced..."

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"The Illiad in the original Greek is totally cooler than the translation," Mary said. The black-haired, blue-eyed, muscular, apparent six year old was sitting on the floor of Room Seven of the Flea Bag Motel, wearing an AC/DC t-shirt, a PBR in one hand and a Bigersons turducken burger, all the way, in the other. The Sands of Iwo Jima was playing in the background. After Aliens, it was her favorite. "I wanna be Achilles..."

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"I wanna be Davy Crockett..."

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"That was so sad," Mary said, sniffing. "I wanna be Lieutenant Dahlquist..."

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"I wanna be John Wayne..."

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"I wanna be Jane Smith..."

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"I wanna be Lancelot..."

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"I wanna be Roland..."

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"I wanna be Mike Harmon," Mary said, closing the sixth book in the series. "But I think the author was off his meds when he wrote this one."

"Who?" Sam said. He'd picked up a load of books at a used book store. Anything with a gun on the front was her favorite. She read by simply flipping through the pages, had learned to read after a couple of runs through Doctor Seuss after six hours, picked up the internet at the age of ten hours, had 'don't go to Daddy Dean's websites' explained to her at the age of ten hours, three minutes, picked up any language in a book in about six minutes and her lips were constantly shaped in the word 'Why'?

"He's like this former SEAL who goes around tying up hot chicks..."

"Gimme that!"

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"I wanna be John McClane..."

"Not a cop, Mary," Dean said, tiredly. He'd been awake for nearly four days and Mary's 'Why' period had lasted twenty-six hours. "We don't get along with cops."

"Where's *my* mommy?" Mary said, suddenly. "Doesn't *everybody* have a mommy?"

"I'm your daddy," Dean said then pointed to the sleeping Sam. "He's your mommy..."

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"Mommy, why are you a boy and not a girl...?"

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"Daddy, I'm bleeding from my wu-wu!"

"Sam! This one's yours!"

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"Dean, we're going to have to tell her sooner or later," Sam said, wearily. He was leaning up against the side of the motel, having the conversation outside to keep it away from Mary.

They'd used a fake credit card to get Mary a subscription to Encyclopedia Britannica. Which had, so far, consumed her for a record six hours. They'd also had to make two more trips to Goodwill for clothes. The ladies there were starting to get suspicious of a guy in his thirties coming in and buying clothes for a female toddler, a female child, a female pre-teen, a female teenager... One more run and they were liable to call the cops on potential child serial predators.

"We'll tell her after she's done with..." He stopped as the door opened and Mary stepped out.

After seventy two hours of growth, the Amazon was now five foot eleven inches, lithe, muscular, beautiful and a shoe-in as the next Tomb Raider body-double. She had their father's diary in her hands and was perusing one of the pages.

"Says here I'm supposed to rip your arms off, Dad," Mary said, looking up in puzzlement.

"You've got a choice," Dean said. "You're your own person, Mary."

"I *am* an Amazon, right?" Mary said. "I was wondering about the growth rate. It appeared to be abnormal according to the child physiology texts I read. So I got to looking on the internet and the only thing with similar growth rates were Amazons. Since there was limited details, I decided to recheck what I'd read in here."

"When did you read Dad's diary?" Sam asked.

"When 'Dad' was asleep and you were in the bathroom jacking off," Mary said. "By the way, your parental control software sucks. Is porn at all realistic? Cause I know I wouldn't act that way..."

"We weren't planning on needing parental controls," Sam said. "And I wasn't... that."

"So... Do I rip your arms off?" Mary asked.

"For one thing, he's not, technically, your biological father," Sam said. "And that's what we're trying to figure out. Do you *feel* like ripping Dean's arms off?"

"Don't encourage her!" Dean said.

"Not really," Mary said. "I take it my mother is no longer with us?"

"Sorry," Dean said. "But, yes."

"Well, she was a monster, I'm sure," Mary said, shrugging. "She got what she deserved. What I really feel like is a Bigersons Big Burger, all the way, a bottle of cheap beer and to rip the arm off of a..." she flipped through some pages for a second and then back. "Probably a wendigo would do for a start..."

"I may not be your biological father," Dean said, sniffing. "But you are the child I never had. Let's head to Bigersons then find some monster's ass to kick."

To be continued

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The Woman is Smarter

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7DK_qqDC1VE

"This job is starting to get a little boring," Dean said. He'd tried to gank three of the vampires in the nest and Mary had beaten him to all three. "Leave some for the rest of us!"

"You were the one that said we needed back-up," Sam said. For once he was remarkably uncovered in blood and did not have a minor abrasion on his forehead on his good side.

"So, question for the pros," Mary said, walking over while wiping the blood off her knife right away so it didn't rust. "Dead man's blood sort of knocks these things out. Right?"

"That's right," Dean said. "Good girl. Learning her lore."

"If you keep treating me like I'm ten hours old I *will* rip your arms off, Daddy," Mary said, smiling brilliantly. "And the only way to get it into them is to walk up and stab them with a syringe?"

"That's the way we do it," said the guy who got a full ride scholarship to Stanford.

"Ever heard of a dart gun?" Mary said. "Dart them. Walk up. Cut off their head. You're done."

"You only get one shot with a dart gun," Dean protested.

"And you get exactly how many shots from a syringe?" Mary asked, curiously, her eyes wide and batting.

"Uh..." Dean said. "Son of a *bitch!*"

"Besides," Mary said. "All the stuff they do with paint ball these days, you think some guy can't make a semi-auto dart gun?"

"Uh..." Dean said.

"If you say son-of-a-bitch again, I'll rip your arms off," Sam said. "Where are we going to find a brilliant inventor who specializes in air guns?"

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"So... you're wildlife researchers who are going to Africa to study animals and you need to dart a bunch so you need a semi-auto dart gun, preferably with a drop magazine?"

"That's right," Mary said, smiling brightly.

"Totally makes sense to me," Doc said.

The paint ball specialist looked remarkably similar to a polar bear. And his female assistant had a vague resemblance to a cheetah. While the polar bear made sense, cheetah not so much. Given that they were both in, well, ALASKA.

The drive to Alaska was long. Very, very long. There were trees. And mountains. And... wow was it fucking LONG. And their gas-guzzler car had eaten up four fake credit cards all by itself. Great scenery, though.

The group of hunters had almost turned around when they got there but they realized that the National Guard and Hazmat were just leaving. Probably had something to do with the tentacle sticking out of the back of the garbage truck. Good to see that in Alaska, at least, the authorities were able to find and dispatch supernatural entities. Unlike the rest of the world.

"And we hear you're the best paint ball guy in the world," Mary said, batting her eyes again and wondering if she should have worn a furry outfit. "We're *sure* you can do it!"

"Oh, I can *do* it," Doc said, leaning forward on the counter and looming over her. "Question is can you *pay* for it?"

"Take a credit card?" Dean asked.

"From you?" Doc said. "Oh, hell, no. I know Hunters when I see them. You guys go around, preying on small businesses like they're some sort of evil cult. Do you know how small of margins small businesses run on? You guys stay for a week in a Flea Bag Motel, the single business owner thinks, 'Hey, some business for a change. I might be able to eat something other than Ramen.' Then your card's no good. Some poor schlub somewhere has his credit record trashed but he's not directly out of money on your scam. The small business owner, who has provided you with goods and services on the basis of a trust you have violated, is now out capital and has no income because the credit card company sure as hell won't pay him. You've probably left a trail of broken people behind you while you've been failing to save the world, one monster at a time."

"We prevented the apocalypse," Sam said.

"Which one?" Doc said. "So far I've prevented three. And, okay, two of those were my fault but the third one totally wasn't! And I've never scammed anybody. Cash on the barrel."

"I suppose we could go do some pool hustling..."

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"Son of a bitch!" Dean said as Mary dropped all the solids on the break. "I might as well get a house in Florida and retire!"

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"Just got an email from Doc," Mary said, looking at her smart phone as she beheaded a demon. "Dart guns are ready."

"Son of a bitch!" Dean said, standing by the door with his arms crossed. "Now we've got to drive all the way back to Alaska!"

"We could have stayed there, you know," Sam said, tossing Mary a spare magazine. They'd learned to just keep out of the way of the blood splatter. He hadn't had an abrasion on his forehead on his good side in months.

"There were monsters to gank!" Dean protested.

"We could have sent Mary back," Sam pointed out. "We could have stayed in Alaska. It's not like we're doing much these days."

"What are you doing?" Dean asked as Mary turned the corpse of the demon over and started going through his pockets.

"Ever heard of looting the dead?" Mary asked, pulling out the credit cards and cash from the demon's wallet. "These guys have money. They have houses and cars. Might as well use that. And getting to Doc's place in a 1964 Impala takes approximately the same amount of fuel as doing it in an M-1 Abrams. Okay, let's go," Mary said, whipping blood off her katana. "Alaska's not going to come to us..."

The drive to Alaska was long. Very, very long...

On the other hand, there were a few stops this time.

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"AAAAAARRRRRRRRGH..." the demon screamed as the holy water IV drip started.

"Tell me your ATM code and I might not follow it up with holy oil," Mary said, solicitously. She was holding up an injector filled with a yellow substance. "The oil... lingers."

"You know we're torturing a human body, right?" Sam said.

"Which we just injected with, let me see if I've got this right, *water*," Mary said. "Actually, blessed saline water. Assuming the host is still alive, never can quite tell, if we exorcise the demon they'll need to go to the hospital. Where they will get... I think it's something called a 'saline drip'. Oh noses! It's dihydrogen monoxide!"

"All this reading is going to your head," Dean said.

"Has to go to somebody's. Seriously, ATM code. Now. You don't want me to get out the teddy bear..."

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"You guys found a printer, right?" Doc said, holding each bill up to the light carefully. "The only thing that's making me think this is real is the blood stains."

"I introduced them to the novel concept of looting the bodies," Mary said, smiling winsomely. "And guys think a girl who looks like me who has had ten bottles of beer can't *possibly* shoot pool."

"Turns out she's like, totally resistant to alcohol," Sam said.

"Maybe because the only liquid I was raised on was *beer*!"

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"Sweet," Dean said, putting five darts into a silhouette with five pulls of the trigger.

"Yeah, it is," Doc said. "The first prototype came in real handy last week when we had an interdimensional portal open up in the basement. Which was so *totally* Rog's fault..."

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As Mary was darting a huge nest of vampires left and right, Dean leaned on the wall of the abandoned warehouse, looking at the dart he was holding with a furrowed brow.

"You're thinking, Dean," Sam said, grabbing his arm in worry. "I can see you thinking. Are you sure you're alright?"

"We could..." Dean said, slowly. "We could... We could put... Holy water in one of these! And it would work on demons! We wouldn't have to get our asses kicked fighting them all the time!"

"Like this one?" Mary said, walking over and holding up a dart with black puff on the end. "Holy water and pangaro root. Holy water burns them, pangaro root paralyzes them. Don't start chopping heads, yet, I need to question the leader. He's an old one. Which means he probably has money stashed somewhere..."

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"Son of a *bitch*!" Dean said, holding up the hex bag. "I *hate* witches!"

"The worst part is they're human," Sam said. "There's no way to sort them out from all the other humans."

"But we're sure these are ancient, right?" Mary said.

"Pretty sure," Dean said. "Ancient coins. Ancient witches."

"And it's one of six suspects," Mary said.

"Right," Sam said.

"Okay, let's do lunch," Mary said.

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"That one," she said, carefully. "Don't look but the dark complected man at the table near the back. The woman with him, too."

"Why?" Sam said.

"They haven't spilled one drop of food," Mary said. "Every single movement is perfect. Too perfect. Only old people are that particular but they don't look old. So... They're immortals. Easy enough to spot."

"Time to gank those sons-of-bitches," Dean said, reaching for his waist.

"They'll enspell you before you have a chance," Mary said. "Even I'm not fast enough. Poison's the way to go."

"They're probably invulnerable to any poison," Sam said. "They take poisons over the years to build up resistance."

"*Really?*" she said, pulling out her phone. "Hey, Doc, you still got that stash of VX...? Cool. Is it still good...? Well, yeah, good as a horrible poison gas not 'good' in any global sense..."

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"Wait," Mary said as Sam and Dean were loading the thrashing body of the male witch into his oversized oven. Again, Mary's suggestion on an improved way to get rid of the body. "Why dig a hole when you can just put it on 'clean'?" "I need a lock of hair. And go through his pockets, first."

"Black card," Dean said, his voice muffled by the gas mask. The VX had been sprayed on the handle of the door from the garage of the mansion into the house. It had only contaminated the witch's hand and had enough delay of effect the witch had opened up the door and turned off the alarm before it hit. But they weren't taking any chances on getting any on themselves.

"Sweet. Why the hair?"

"Well, we'll want to recall his ghost, won't we?" Mary said. "We can't question him *this* way."

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"Nice," Mary said, looking up at the painting, one of an extensive collection. "Rafael. I bet it's the original, too, not the one in the Louvre. Get a few bob for that..."

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"Don't want to talk?" Mary said to the two ghosts trapped in the circle of salt. The circle was a pre-prepared metal ring that was filled with rock salt. No way it was getting blown away under any circumstances. "Fine, I'll just dip these locket in a glass of water. Oh, noseys! It's *salt* water! Bet that stings!"

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"This had better be the right combination for the safe," Mary said. "Or I'll break out the peanut butter. You do *not* want to know what I can do to you with peanut butter..."

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"Son of a bitch!" Dean said, his eyes wide at the contents of the safe. There were stacks and stacks of hundred dollar bills. "We're rich!"

"Amateur," Mary said, pulling out a black velvet bag and opening it. "Diamonds. Uncut. Look like lowest is three carats. Want to bet they're all perfect blue white D grade or higher?"

"Which means?" Dean said, his brow furrowing.

"And this is just their bug-out money," Mary said. "There's more stuff in the vault in the basement. Probably ten million dollars. If we can find the right fence. Know any really good fences?"

"Not... alive," Sam said.

She pulled out her cellphone with a sigh.

"Hey, Doc...?"

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"Thank you," Mary said, taking the very large case of money.

The Mayflower truck was just pulling out and the house was stripped to the foundations.

"Yousa welcome," the man said, flashing a mouth full of gold teeth. "Youse a just call us any time you need somet'in. Really appreciate the... moving business."

"Speaking of which," Mary said. "My clients also need their villa on Lake Cuomo moved..."

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"Interesting," Mary said, turning the pages of the ledger slowly.

"What?" Sam asked, carefully counting the bills. He was getting bored. He never thought counting money would be boring.

"Seems they own a significant share of AT&T," Mary said. "And every other telecom company on earth. And Microsoft, which explains sooo much! I need to go talk to our ghost friends again..."

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"So you can just transfer as much money as you want from an overseas numbered bank account?" Dean asked. "As much as you want?"

"As much as is there," Mary said, tapping at the keyboard rapidly. "These two were six hundred years old. Even if they'd put one Swiss franc in the account when the bank first opened in 1632 and just left it there it would be worth millions today on interest alone. In fact there is... two hundred and four million, four hundred and eighty-seven thousand euros in the account. Which I just transferred to a *new* account which automatically transfers it to a *third* reserve account previously set up not-online so nobody can follow the money trace. You said something about retiring to Florida...?"

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"Hello? Yes, I'm inquiring about that old missile silo you're selling in Kansas...?"

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"The symbol has to be laid in across the entire area," Mary said, pointing to the plans. "Stainless steel pipes filled with heavy salt-laced concrete. The open center will be the missile silo. In between each of the symbols, put the pre-fabricated ones so that every square *inch* is covered in them. Now, *in* the silo, it gets *really* interesting..."

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"You can't summon Yosephet!" Dean said. "As your father, I forbid it! He's the most powerful demon in hell! He makes Abaddon look like a wimpy chick who can't act!"

"That's what I'm counting on," Mary said. "Trust me on this one."

"And you need his true name," Sam pointed out.

"You know all those grimoires we got from the witches...?"

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The sound was a low, constant, thrum.

"I was expecting screaming," Dean said. "Where's the screaming? Where's the battle against evil forces?"

"First of all, any demon who tries to get within a mile of this place is going to hit a demon trap," Mary said, pointing to the plans. "Made out of steel so it's nearly impossible for them to break. Dozens and dozens of them. As is every inch of the interior including the ceiling. Poured into the extra concrete. The ones on the floors and walls, in chalk, are there just to make them think we're stupid enough to use something that can wash away."

"As to Yosephet, he's in a pressurized container in the equally well warded silo itself. Basically, it's the same design as a pressurized water nuclear reactor. Which is filled with holy water. Which is burning off him and heating into steam. Which goes through the turbines, which drive the generators which are currently producing enough electricity to power all five of the surrounding towns. Fuck wind power, demon power is the bomb. Oh, and, by the way? We're getting paid for it. Retail not wholesale. If he can keep this up for three months we'll have made enough of a profit to pay for all the renovations..."

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"What you're going to do," Mary said, in a kindly voice, to the Arch Duke of Hell, "is provide me a scroll with the name of every subordinate demon for which you have the contract and every human who has sold its soul to you. But wait, there's more..."

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"And we're done," Mary said, pulling the defeated Archduke of Hell out of the host and placing it into a stainless steel container. The container had demon trap symbols inscribed into the top and bottom as well as warding magic inscribed all over the outside. It had been expensive to make. They'd ordered ten thousand from China and gotten a break. At current rate, they were going to need it.

"Right," she continued, handing the jar to a minion. "Seal that in lead and have the ship take it out into the middle of the Pacific and drop it at a totally random spot. Turn off their GPS two days before and sort of cruise around randomly before dropping. So much for the revolving door on hell..."

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"It's like Amway," Dean said.

The scroll wasn't, exactly, a scroll. It continuously unfolded showing the entire 'tree' of the demon's subordinates, all one million six hundred and twenty-seven thousand of them. And change.

It turned out that demons got their power from human souls. When a person sold their soul to a demon, upon death a portion of the power transferred to the demon. But there was an 'upline' which also got power. So demons got power not only from the souls they bought but also from all the souls their subordinates bought. Some of the 'upper' level subordinates had limited trees and were relatively unpowerful. One subordinate, Machalachaich, was more powerful than Yosephet. Serious salesman apparently.

"Who do you think invented it?" Mary said. "Right, while Father Tierney and the rest start working on summoning all of these, we've got another job. And, Father, start with the Diamond Sellers. We need the power for the reactor..."

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"This is just... wrong," Dean said into the state of the art radio his 'daughter' had provided for the 'op.'

He, Sam and several other hunters were crouched in the bushes around a deserted crossroads, just short of midnight.

"Shut up, Dad," Mary said. "I need to concentrate."

"Well, if it isn't the Amazon who has been helping out the Winchesters. I'm going to enjoy this kiss at least..."

The crossroads demon was a middle aged man with thinning brown hair in a business suit. He could have been a corporate computer salesman. Which was par for the course for crossroads demons who promised people all their wishes would come true then shortly thereafter they went horribly wrong.

"If wishes were kisses, demons could fly," Mary said, smiling charmingly. "What I wish for is for you to be full of darts!"

Seven Hunters opened fire on semi-auto. Given that pangora root was a hallucinogen, if the host was still alive, when the demon was exorcised he was going to be tripping for *days*.

"And bag and tag," Mary said, making a note in her book. "We'll interrogate it when we get it back to the silo..."

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"So..." Mary said, turning up the drip on the IV. "Where's your earthly lair...? And *please* tell me you use Cayman accounts. I'm tired of flying to Switzerland every month and I could *use* some Caribbean time..."

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"Wait," Dean said. "That was a black eyed demon! Crossroads demons are *red-eyes*..."

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Somewhere in hell...

"I don't *want* to go to the crossroads," the demon begged. "They never come back!"

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"You cannot do this to me!" the demon bellowed. Of course, nobody heard cause it was inside a pressurized container with six inch thick steel walls reinforced with carbon nanotube. The container, alone, had cost fifty-two million dollars including all the 'special etching'. They were making so much off the electricity they were generating, that was chump change. "I am Xichichprtlblumb! Prince of H... What the..." he continued as water started to pour in. "AAAAAAAAAAAAA..."

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"Power holding steady at four hundred and twenty six megawatts," the reactor operator said. He was being paid nearly six times as much as at his previous job and, being a former Navy nuke, was used to not asking questions.

Besides, he knew how nuclear subs were really powered. But he wasn't going to tell his new bosses that.

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"Hello, I understand you own an old Atlas silo..." Mary said, spinning around in her chair and looking out at the Hudson. The Evil Demonic Power Corporation's brand new high rise was

right on the water, the former owners of Chelsea piers having signed over the property for a song and disappeared in mysterious circumstances. Much like the Trump Tower which the corporation also now owned. It was a 'totally green' facility that used 'excess human body heat' and 'recycling conversion' so efficient it not only used zero electrify it actually *produced* power.

"Really...? I'm so glad. That being said, how much would you want to sell it? I understand totally. Yes, I really like all of mine, too... Yes... Well, there's always a price... Five million dollars, cash... No, seriously... Yes, it weighs a lot. I can also offer it in gold if you prefer... I thought so..."

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"These things must be selling like sticky rice in America," the Chinese machinist said, taking the newest demon trap out of the CNC machine. "*Another* order of ten thousand!"

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"Nothing?" Dean asked. "Thanks," he added, taking his Bahama Mama from a super-model.

He was sitting by a pool in a mansion in the Keys overlooking Florida bay. The sun was setting, turning the bodies of naked supermodels playing splash into the pool a deep red that was almost nostalgic. All this scene needed was some vamps or something to make it like old times. Ah, the good old days...

"Nothing," Sam said, pouring over the antiquated laptop computer. "I can't find one single instance of demonic activity anywhere in the world. Ditto anything else 'weird'. No vamps. No wendigo. No odd plagues. Nothing. The murder rate is at the lowest rate since 1869. New York had twenty murders last year. Even Detroit had only fifty. Drug use has dropped so far, dealers are turning themselves in to the police to have someplace to sleep. The price of oil has dropped to a dollar a gallon. The Federal Budget is balanced. There's not a single war, famine or plague. Anywhere. Kony just got freely elected president of Congo in a fair election and spent the first day hanging rapists. AIDs rates in Africa have dropped to nothing. Dean, there is *nothing* for us to do. Period."

"Saving that kid was the worst mistake I ever made," Dean said, grumpily. "Hey, honey, did I ever tell you about the time I saved a bunch of hikers from a wendigo...?"

"Really?" the supermodel said, batting her eyes. 'Try not to look bored' was the first thing she'd been told when starting the gig.

"There we were, deep in the back woods..." Dean said, taking a sip of the drink.

The End