

Pyromania Supernatural Virtual Season 1, Episode 15

Sam stood outside in the cold night. He turned to face the back of a large house and saw orange and red flames scatter up to the second story.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Oh, yeah!”

Sam heard a group of guys laughing and carrying on. He spun around but didn't see anyone. Then a girl screamed out of fear, out of pain. Sam looked back at the white house. He could see flames smoldering inside through the first floor window. He heard the scream again but couldn't see anyone in the window. Maybe she was towards the front of the house. Maybe she was on the second floor.

“Help!”

This time Sam clearly heard the voice. It was close to him, and he was sure she was right inside the house.

“Help me, please!”

Sam felt the room grow warmer, but he didn't wake. He rolled over in the bed instead. Then he began to cough and woke up to see bright orange light through the window. Eerie shapes of gold and orange danced on the motel room walls as smoke drifted through the air. “What's going on—” he began to ask himself when he heard a noise. A loud sound entered the room, breaking, shattering, like the sound of smashing glass...exploding glass.

Sam stood up and glanced at Dean, who was still asleep. Sam slipped on his shoes and walked to the door. He reached for the doorknob but hesitated. He could definitely feel heat coming through the door and tapped the doorknob twice, checking its temperature. It was warm but not too hot to touch, so Sam twisted and pulled the door open. A wave of heat rushed over him and into the room. Sam looked out at the blazing fire briefly and then brought his arm up across his face, shielding himself from the flames' intensity. He heard screaming, a girl screaming, and moved his arm down to see if anyone was out there. Sam shook his head. It couldn't be. “Jess?” He whispered the question, not able to summon her name louder.

Sam saw a large face in the flames, vague and undistinguished. Somehow, though, he knew it was Jessica. The screaming had grown quiet and now he heard a series of whispers.

“Why, Sam? What happened? Why?”

The face swirled away from him and back into the fire. Sam watched as it faded.

“Why, Sam?”

After Sam wiped a tear from his eye with the back of his sleeve, he saw a glowing mass in the distance coming towards him. The ball of fire spun faster and grew brighter as wind whipped around him. Sam slammed the door shut and turned back towards the room. “Dean!”

He ran to Dean's bed and shook him. “Dean, get up!” Dean murmured and swatted the air with his hand. “Come on, wake up!” Sam shouted. He pulled the bed covers off of Dean, and again Dean swatted at the air.

“Just a couple more minutes, Sammy...”

Sam gasped as the wall cracked in front of him. “Dean!” Sam bent and covered Dean's body with his own as the window shattered and the door burst open.

“Dean! Dean!” Sam twisted his body under the covers.

“Sam, I'm here.” Dean stood over Sam with a hand on his shoulder. “Sammy, it's okay.” Sam opened his eyes and gasped. He sat up in bed and looked at Dean.

“It's okay,” Dean said. “You were having another nightmare.”

Sam scratched his head. “Nightmare?” He sighed.

Dean sat on the other bed and faced Sam. He bent forward with his elbows in his lap. “Dude, it better be good. You got me up at 3 a.m.”

Sam took a breath.

"Dream or vision?" Dean asked, concerned.

Sam thought for a moment. "Both, maybe. I sort of had a double dream. I saw a girl in a burning house and then I woke up in my dream. We were in a hotel room and there was a fire outside."

"Wait, back up a minute. The girl in the burning house, was that a vision?"

Sam rubbed the back of his neck. "I don't know. I mean, it didn't feel like other visions I've had. I don't think it's something that's going to happen soon. I think-" He glanced at Dean and then looked to the floor without finishing his sentence.

"What?" Dean asked.

"I-I think it's something that already happened in the past.

"You're having visions of the past again?"

Sam shrugged. "I don't know. I mean, it felt different. Real, but not like my other visions. I just have this feeling that it already happened."

Dean shook his head. "Just tell me there weren't any U-Boats or crazy sea captains."

Sam chuckled. "No, none of that." He narrowed his eyes. "A lot of fire, though.

Dean looked up. "Well, we can deal with fire. What happened in the second part of your dream?"

"We were in a motel room-"

"This one?"

"No, I don't know where it was. I woke up and there was a huge fire outside with explosions. I opened the door and saw..." Sam debated how much he should tell Dean. *Skip Jess for now*, he thought. "I saw a huge ball of fire coming towards me. I slammed the door shut and then tried to wake you up. Whatever was coming shattered the window and the door. That's when I woke up." Sam shrugged his shoulders.

"Hmm, so do you think that was a vision?"

Sam shook his head. "No, that was a dream, intense nightmare.

"You're sure?"

"Yeah." Sam smirked a little. "And I really hope so, anyway. We were both about to die when I woke up."

Dean grinned, shook his head, and continued, "Okay, so you had one possible vision and a dream. Both about fire."

Sam nodded his head.

"You've been having nightmares about fire for the past two weeks," Dean said.

"Yeah, I know." Sam rubbed his forehead with his fingers.

Dean stood up and paced the room.

"What's it mean?" Sam asked.

Dean paused in front of the window and crossed his arms over his chest. He looked out into the clear night. "I don't know, Sam. Maybe nothing."

Sam didn't mention that Jess was in his dream, something that hadn't happened in a few months. He didn't describe how he felt when he saw the girl's house on fire. He didn't say anything about the feeling he woke up with daily for the last week, like something horrible was going to happen. Dean would say it was nothing to worry about. Horrible was a fact of their lives and they were always around bad things that happened. They were hunters, after all.

Dean's cell phone rang, and he walked to the nightstand to check it. "Text message," he told Sam.

"What's it say?"

"Kurt Rogers."

"Who's that?" Sam asked.

"Don't know. We'll have to check it out in the morning. I need a few more hours to snooze first."

~*~

Dean opened his eyes and heard clicking.... typing. He glanced at the alarm clock, and it displayed 8:30 a.m. "Fair enough," he said to himself. He sat up in bed and saw Sam sitting at the kitchenette table in front of his laptop. "How long have you been up?" Dean asked as he ran his hand over his head.

Sam glanced up at Dean and slightly shook his head.

"Never went back to sleep?"

"Nope." Sam hit a few keys and then leaned down to read the screen.

Dean nodded. He stood up and walked towards the table. "What are you looking at? Find out anything about Kurt Rogers?"

Sam looked up. "Yeah. Twenty-five years old. He died in a fire last week."

"Fire, hmm." Dean leaned on Sam's chair and read the obituary. "What caused it?" He moved his eyes down the screen.

Sam shook his head. "The police don't know. It was only in his room."

"Well, we should go check it out. Where'd he live?" Dean walked around the table and faced Sam.

Sam rubbed his eye with one hand. "Uh, Epsom, Indiana."

Dean squinted his eyes and grinned. "Epsom? Like the salt?"

Sam smirked. "Yeah, but the town."

"Nice name." Dean reached across the table and picked up a map. "So how far is that from here?" He unfolded the map on the table, glanced at it, and looked over at Sam. "You already have it marked. Man, you really didn't go to sleep."

Sam furrowed his eyebrows. "No, I didn't." He closed his laptop and looked up at Dean. "It'll take us about four hours to get there, so we should get going."

~*~

Dean shifted his glance from the road for a moment. He looked over at Sam sleeping and sighed. Sam hadn't been sleeping much at all in the past week, but Dean was glad his brother could sleep on the road. Sitting in the Impala wasn't the most comfortable way to rest, but Sam seemed to prefer it.

Sam stood behind the white house again. Flames licked the building's exterior as they turned orange and then brighter, red. He turned to see a young man, maybe of high school age, run towards the house. Sam jogged around to the front. The boy ran up the front steps and banged on the door. He knocked harder and shouted. "Emily! Emily, can you hear me?" He hit his fist against the door and leaned against it out of desperation. "Emily!"

Sam turned around as he heard sirens approaching. Fire trucks pushed into the front lawn and firemen jumped off, rushing to the back of the house with hoses.

"Emily! Emily!" The boy continued to shout the name, now nearly in tears. He banged on the door again and took a step back to look up at the house.

One of the firemen walked up to him and put a hand on his shoulder. "Come on, son," the fireman said. "We need you to clear away from the house."

The boy looked up at the fireman and then pointed at the front door. "But she's in there! Someone needs to save her!"

The fireman turned the boy and faced him. "Okay, okay. We'll get to her. Come on, off the porch."

The boy wiped his hand across his nose and followed the fireman back to the truck. He still watched the house, the black smoke rising from the back. He shifted his weight from foot to foot and glanced at the firemen. All of them were towards the back of the house. He had a clear run to the front door, if he dared to take it. He looked at the door again, and his eyes darted once more to the other men. The boy shook his head, took a breath, and ran back up to the house. He kicked down the front door and jumped inside, moving his arm up to shield his eyes. "Emily!"

Sam jumped in his seat, and Dean glanced over. "Hey, you okay, Sammy?"

Sam looked out the window and over at Dean. He rubbed his eyes and sat up. "Yeah, another nightmare. Where are we?"

Dean pointed out the windshield to the right side of the road. "I was just about to wake you up."

Sam read the sign, "Welcome to Epsom, Indiana." He cleared his throat. "We should probably check out his house first, and maybe we can find someone who knew Kurt."

Dean nodded. A few minutes later, they were downtown. Epsom was a relatively small city, definitely no bustling metropolis. He pulled along the sidewalk near a phone booth. Sam got out first, and Dean followed him.

Sam picked up a phone book and flipped through the white pages. "Rogers...Rogers...Kurt Rogers..." he said to himself as he scanned the names. "Here it is." Sam held his index finger at the entry. "Apartment 3C, 275 East Folly Road...now, we just need to know where that is..."

Dean turned around and looked up and down the street. It was late afternoon, and a few people walked outside. "Hmm. Any maps or directories in there?" He turned back to Sam.

Sam glanced up for a moment. "Yeah, already there." He moved his finger along the map. "Okay, here's Folly Road. We're on..."

"Third Street."

"Right." Sam turned the book so Dean could see the map too. He moved his finger along the page as he spoke. "We have to go to the end of this block, make a right, go about a mile and a half, and make a left."

Dean looked down the street. "Okay, that's not far."

Sam nodded. He closed the phonebook and placed it back on its shelf. Dean walked back towards the Impala and tossed his keys in the air on the way. He caught them and grinned. "Time to find out if there's anything weird about Kurt."

Less than ten minutes later, Dean slowed the Impala in front of the apartment complex. Dean parked the car and reached over Sam to get to the glove compartment. He opened it and grabbed two police badgers. He gave one to Sam and stepped out of the car. When Sam got out and closed the passenger door, Dean said, "Let's see what's happening in Epsom. After you, officer."

Sam grinned and walked ahead to the apartment building. They walked up to 3C and Sam knocked on the door. Dean turned around briefly to look at the street.

A young woman answered with dark hair and eyes. "Hi, can I help you?" she asked from the half-opened door.

Sam nodded. "Hi, did Kurt Rogers live here?"

"Yes," the woman replied slowly.

Dean turned to face her. "Ma'am, I'm Officer McCoy." He nodded towards Sam. "And this is Officer Spock. We'd like to ask you a few questions about the accident."

The woman wouldn't open the door any farther. "I've already talked to the police about it."

Sam nodded. "We know. We're just doing a follow-up, checking facts. It'll only take a few minutes."

The woman hesitated but then fully opened the door and gestured for them to enter. Dean stepped in first. After she closed the door behind them, Dean said, "Okay, so you're..."

"Tracy Hamilton," the woman replied. "Kurt's girlfriend."

Dean nodded. "How long were you together?"

"About five months."

Sam walked around the apartment, checking the walls and ceilings. "Where were you during the fire?" He turned around to face Tracy.

"I was working the night shift at my job. I came home at about 3 a.m. and saw an ambulance and fire trucks outside. Then I found out that the fire was in our apartment—actually, just in the bedroom—and Kurt had died in it."

"I'm sorry," Sam said apologetically.

Tracy nodded. "Thank you."

Sam stood in front of the bedroom door with police tape stretched across it. "You said the fire was only in the bedroom?"

Tracy took a step towards him. "Yeah, that's what a firefighter told me. You can see there's no damage outside the room." She gestured to the rest of the apartment.

"Yeah," Dean said, moving to face her again. "Do you know what caused it?"

"No." Tracy shook her head. "They didn't find a cause. I don't know, it's really weird."

Sam nodded. "It's hard to lose someone and not have all the answers."

Tracy looked at him and sighed. "But that's not even the weirdest part."

"What do you mean?" Sam furrowed his eyebrows and tilted his head to one side.

"Kurt had dreams about fire for the past week, like, really intense dreams."

Dean glanced at Sam, and when he made eye contact, Sam slightly shrugged his shoulders.

Tracy continued, "He'd wake up in the middle of the night and think he was on fire and that the room was burning." She looked at Dean. "I'm sorry, this must sound crazy. But it's true. He was creeping me out. It was like..." She looked at both of them now. "He knew what was coming."

Dean nodded as he checked his watch. "Well, thank you for your time. My partner and I should be getting back to the station."

Tracy stood up a little straighter. "You're welcome. I should start getting ready for work anyway."

Sam shot Dean a glance as they walked towards the door. He turned back to Tracy. "Again, sorry for your loss."

She nodded as she closed the door behind them.

After Dean pulled out of the parking space, Sam sighed and looked out the window.

Dean stole a glance over at Sam. "What is it?"

Sam shook his head but didn't move his gaze. "I just hate playing this game all the time. We go in for the facts and don't pay any attention to the people. I mean, she just *lost* someone..."

Dean took a breath as he stopped at a traffic light. "Look, we can't spend a lot of time with all the people we help. We come and fight off the bad thing and move on. That's how it has to be."

Sam breathed out through his nose and turned towards Dean. "I know. I just wish that sometimes we could do more..."

Dean focused on the road ahead of them. "Sometimes I do too, dude."

~*~

After Sam and Dean checked into a hotel room, Dean lied on the bed and watched TV while Sam did more research on his laptop. Dean held the remote in his hand lazily as he flipped through the channels. He glanced over at Sam. "Find anything interesting?"

Sam didn't move his eyes from the computer screen. "Well, Tracy mentioned that Kurt had dreams that he was on fire for the past week."

"Yeah." Dean shut off the TV and sat up on the bed.

"So I've been looking for any information on that, if anyone else has reported something similar."

Dean squinted his eyes and scoffed. "That's pretty random to research. Get anywhere?"

Sam clicked and then typed a few words on the laptop before looking up at Dean.

"Yeah, actually. Plenty of people wake up in the middle of the night and think they're on fire."

"Really?" Dean stood up and walked next to Sam. Dean looked over Sam's shoulder at the screen.

Sam sat back in his chair. "They're called phantom fires, and the people really do feel like they're burning. There have been reports from men, women, even kids sometimes."

"Have any of them died in a fire a couple of days later?" Dean scratched the back of his neck as he continued reading the article.

Sam shook his head. "I haven't found any. Most of them find out that the house they live in burnt down before, or someone that lived there before died in a fire. The dreams are sort of like a connection to someone else."

"But Kurt's situation is different." Dean thought for a moment. "Well, I guess if someone went through the same thing as Kurt, they wouldn't exactly be able to report it, would they?" Sam looked up at Dean, and Dean grinned. "They'd be dead."

Sam grinned and shook his head. "Ha ha." He closed the laptop. "What time is it?" He glanced up at Dean.

Dean nodded. "Oh, right, Tracy's apartment." He checked his watch. "Seven thirty. Yeah, we should get over there."

~*~

Dean and Sam stood outside of Tracy's apartment. After checking the hallway, Dean nodded to Sam. "Okay, do your thing."

Sam pushed his hand into his coat pocket as he kneeled down in front of the doorknob. He slipped two wire picks out of his pocket and inserted them into the keyhole. "Still clear?" he asked Dean as he started working.

Dean took another glance. "Yeah."

Sam narrowed his eyes in concentration as he moved the picks back and forth in the lock. He held one at a wide angle and tinkered with the second one. After a click, Sam held the doorknob with one hand as he removed the picks with his other. He stood up and gently leaned into the apartment. "Okay," he said, "we're in."

Dean hefted his usual duffle bag and followed his younger brother into the apartment. He pulled out two flashlights and handed one to Sam. Scanning the room, they walked up to the bedroom door. Dean tilted his head as he shined his light up and down the door. He reached between strips of police tape and opened the door. He looked over at Sam with a grin. "Duck and step in, Sammy."

Sam raised his eyebrows in amusement and followed Dean into the room. *Someone's in a good mood.* With their flashlights scanning the floor and walls, Dean walked towards the window and Sam walked to the opposite wall. Dean stopped next to the window and traced the charred carpet with the flashlight's beam. He whistled and said, "Whoa, Sam, check this out."

Sam turned and walked over to Dean. He looked at the floor as his brother moved the flashlight. "What is it?"

"Look," Dean pivoted on his heel. "The line starts at the window, goes down the wall, and then straight ahead on the carpet to the bed. The line's almost perfectly straight..." Dean looked at Sam. "What could have done that?"

Sam shrugged. "You're the one who wanted to be a firefighter."

Dean shook his head. "Ha ha." He sighed and walked over to the bed. "The police report said there was no sign of a break-in, so it's not like someone came in and poured gasoline in a line like that to burn. Unless Kurt did it himself."

"Suicide?" Sam looked out the window. "Something tells me he didn't kill himself."

"Oh," Dean turned to face Sam. "Are you getting vibes, Psychic Wonder?" He smirked.

"Now who's funny?" Sam said as he walked towards his brother.

"Hey, man, you started it." Dean opened the duffle bag. "Here." He tossed Sam a black light. "You check for any markings. I'll check the EMF levels."

Sam caught the black light and switched it on in one fluid motion. He walked back to the window and ran the light along the sill.

Dean turned on his Walkman EMF reader and watched the display as he walked around the room. "Well, electricity's at normal levels."

Sam had moved to the closet and turned back to Dean briefly. "Pick up anything else?"

Dean shook his head but then he squinted his eyes. "Actually, yeah." Dean looked around and tilted his head. He took a step forward and checked the display. Then he walked a few more steps around the room. "EMF is weird in here. Keeps going up and down."

Sam nodded. "That's weird."

"Yeah." Dean switched off his reader and placed it back in the bag. "Did you find anything?"

Sam shook his head. "All clean."

"Hmm." Dean checked his watch. "Well, we've got a weird burnt line and screwed-up EMF. Call it a night?"

"I guess so." Sam looked around the room once more and shrugged. He tossed the black light back to Dean. Dean caught it and placed it back in the bag. He walked out of the bedroom first and out into the hallway.

"So, any theories?" Dean asked.

Sam shook his head as he locked the door and pulled it shut. "Not really. Maybe a ghost, some other kind of spirit?" They walked down the hall together. "I'll do some research when we get back to the motel. Maybe there's a local legend or something."

"Huh." Dean held the main door open for Sam.

"What?" Sam asked.

Dean gestured out the door. "Ladies first." His eyes sparkled.

Sam held back a smirk. "Shut up, man," he said as he took a step back.

Dean shook his head. "Fine, whatever. Don't say I didn't offer, though." He laughed as he walked out the door.

Sam walked out after him. "Not funny..."

Dean flashed his brother a smile and then sat behind the Impala's steering wheel. After Sam sat and closed the door, Dean clicked his tongue. "Someone's a little touchy tonight."

Sam sighed. "Just drive."

~*~

As soon as they entered the motel room, Sam took his laptop out and sat at the kitchenette table. Dean shrugged, took the duffle bag off his shoulder, and placed it on the bed. He took a shotgun out and put it on the bed before starting to clean his handgun.

After a few minutes of typing and clicking, Sam glanced up at Dean. "Hey, I don't think it's a ghost."

"What?" Dean stopped cleaning his gun for a moment. "EMF readings were weird but off the scale. You were there when I tested it."

Sam nodded. "I know. I'm not saying there's no ghost at all, but I think something else started that fire."

"Like what?"

Sam shrugged and sighed. "I don't know. Have you ever heard of a ghost that could start fires?"

"I don't think so." Dean frowned. "That doesn't mean—"

"I think we're dealing with something else here. I just don't know what."

"So we don't know what it is."

Sam shook his head. "Not yet."

"Hmm..." Dean sat on the bed. "Well, I don't know. We'll work on it more in the morning. Maybe it has to do with this Kurt Rogers guy. Whatever killed him waited until he was alone. Maybe he did something." He put the guns back in the bag.

"There isn't much in the Epsom newspaper archive..."

Dean shrugged. "Maybe we missed something. I don't know about you, but I'm done for the day. Lights out."

~*~

As usual, Sam was the first one up. He didn't have any problems sleeping that night, but he was used to waking up early. Or just not trying to get some sleep after 7 a.m. He sat down in front of his laptop and yawned.

Some time later, Dean rolled out of bed. "What are you checking now?" Dean asked as he walked over to the table.

"Well," Sam started but didn't move his eyes from the screen, "Kurt didn't grow up here. He was born in Odon, Indiana, and went to high school there. Big football player."

"Odon?" Dean asked, looking bored. "These town names just keep getting better."

Sam smirked. "Yeah, well, I don't know if it's important that he lived there." He looked up at Dean. "We could check it out, though. It's only about a half hour away."

"Okay," Dean nodded, "but we need to stop somewhere for coffee and breakfast first. I'm starving."

~*~

After breakfast, Dean walked to the driver's side of the Impala. He narrowed his eyebrows and pointed to a blue piece of paper on the windshield. "Hey, what's that?"

Sam glanced down and peeled the paper back. He held it and skimmed the text. "It's a flyer."

Dean pursed his lips. "No one touches my baby..."

Sam chuckled and read aloud, "Save the Drusser House, an important piece of Odon history. Please join us for a rally this Saturday from 1 p.m. until 4 p.m." Sam raised his eyebrows. "Pretty big house." He flipped the paper over for Dean to see the photo. "So the rally's today."

Dean nodded. "Yeah, we'll at least drive by. If we're stuck on this gig, we might as well do some sight seeing." He opened the car door. "Hell, who knows, the house might even be haunted. It looks so friggin' old."

~*~

Dean looked out of the Impala's window. "Sam, what's the address again?"

Sam unfolded the flyer on his lap. "Twelve Sunset Drive."

"Sunset...." Dean turned left onto the road. At the end of it stood a large, white house. A young man walked around the front, checking his watch. Dean eased the Impala to the side and parked along the grass. When the brothers stepped out of the car, Dean noticed Sam's Adam's apple move as he slowly swallowed. "Dude, you okay?"

Sam blinked his gaze away from the house and looked at Dean. "Yeah, I'm fine." He shook his head and looked up again at the house; the house which was undoubtedly the same as the one from his dreams.

The young man walked over to them and smiled. "Hi," he said, "are you two here for the rally?"

"Uh, yeah..." Sam managed a small smile. He tried to keep his face from betraying the surprise in his mind. This young man was the same as the one in his dreams, although a few years older now.

"Well," the young man held out his hand, "I'm Matthew Teller." He shook Sam's hand and then Dean's. "You can call me Matt. Thank you for coming."

"Yeah, sure," Dean replied. "I'm Dean." He nodded towards Sam. "This is my brother, Sam. We were just passing through and saw a flyer. Thought we'd stop by."

Matt nodded. "Excellent."

"So, um, Matt," Sam asked, "what's special about this house? Why have a rally?"

"The Drusser house is the oldest building in Odon, the first home built here." Matt briefly turned to the house. "A few months ago, the town council decided to tear it down, so I've been working to save it since then."

"Uh huh," Dean said. "Why do they want to tear it down? Just looks old to me."

Matt nodded. "The front of the house is fine." He beckoned to them. "Here, I'll show you." Dean glanced at Sam and they followed Matt to the back of the house. "The back of the house was damaged a few years ago."

Sam slowly nodded. "By a fire."

Matt looked at them. "Yes, actually." He stopped when they reached the back of the house and pointed up. "See, you can see the damage all the way up to the second floor. Emily, one of the Drussers, actually died in the fire. She was an only child and her parents moved away afterwards, so the house was never repaired. No one will buy it; the town council sees it as a waste of space."

Sam watched Matt's face as he spoke. On the name "Emily," Sam noticed that Matt's green eyes watered and shifted downwards. "That's horrible," Sam finally said. "I'm sorry, but did you know Emily?"

Matt gave them a small smile. "Yeah, we were best friends." Matt looked back at the house. "She was our high school's best newspaper reporter and I took photos for the paper, so we hung out a lot. We were good friends, but she never knew...." He turned back to Dean and Sam and blushed a little. "Well, I was going to ask her to prom our senior year, but she died the November before."

Sam nodded. "I am so sorry."

"Thanks."

"What caused the fire?" Dean finally spoke up.

Sam looked at his brother. "Dean—"

Matt shook his head. "No, it's okay. The police never found a cause. They chalked it up to faulty wiring since the house is so old."

"But you don't believe that?"

Again, Matt shook his head. "No, because I saw what really happened that night."

Sam narrowed his eyes. "What happened?"

Matt looked at Sam and Dean and then nodded towards the front of the house. "I set up chairs on the front lawn for the rally. We can have a seat and I'll tell you."

Dean nodded and walked after Matt. Sam paused at the corner of the house and looked at the charred and cracked window. In his mind, Sam could hear the girl screaming, *Help! Help me, please!*

"Dude, you comin'?"

Sam shook his head and blinked. He turned to see Dean waiting for him a few steps away.

Dean looked at Sam, at the house and then back to his brother. "Sammy, you okay?" Dean asked.

Sam could hear genuine concern in Dean's voice, but he shook it off. "Yeah, I'm fine." He walked forward to meet up with Dean. "Let's hear what Matt has to say."

The three young men sat down and after Matt took a breath, he told his story.

"Four years ago, Emily and I were high school seniors. I already told you she worked on the school paper. She was the editor, and one of the best writers. Even won a few awards on the national level. She could find a story in anything and no matter what, it was good writing. Towards the end of the football season, she investigated a couple of the players, and she found what she suspected, too. The quarterback and two of our best players were into steroids, and she found proof that they had cheated on a few tests. She was going to nail them in a front-page article. All three jocks had full rides to college, and they'd lose them, but that didn't stop Emily. It shouldn't stop anyone who wants to get the truth out." Matt took a deep breath. He sat back in his chair and stared at his hands on his lap. "But they stopped her. Somehow, they found out what she knew. They showed up here that night really drunk. They set fire to her house and that was it."

"Where were her parents?" Sam asked with obvious sadness in his eyes.

"As if it's not bad enough." Matt looked up with watery eyes. "That night was their wedding anniversary. They went out to dinner, and Emily stayed at home to finish up the article. Her parents came home after a nice dinner and found out that their daughter had died."

Sam shook his head and looked down at the ground.

Dean shifted in his seat. "How do you know all this and the police don't?"

Matt turned and pointed down the street. "I live in that house down there, with the balcony facing this way."

Dean nodded.

"I was outside on the balcony doing some homework that night. Everything was quiet and then I saw their car pull up and the jocks got out, laughing and yelling. I went inside for a couple of minutes and when I came back out, I saw the back of house in flames. I called 911 and got there as fast as I could. I couldn't save her, though."

Matt sniffled and continued, "The firemen couldn't save her." An angry tone entered his voice. "She was doing her job, exposing the truth, and they killed her for it."

Sam kept his voice soft. "Do you know for sure that those three did it?"

Matt rubbed one eye and nodded. "Yeah, I know they did it. I recognized the car. Steve Pleden, Brian Flemming, and the quarterback, Kurt Rogers."

Sam glanced at Dean and Dean nodded back.

Matt took a deep breath and sighed. "But they never got caught. Never went to jail."

Dean sat up in his chair. "Why not? Didn't you go to the police?"

"Of course I did. But this is a small town, and football is the most important thing. The only thing some people can cling to is our state champs. I didn't have solid proof, so it was their word against mine. No one's going to believe the geeky photographer over the all-American football heroes, especially when the biggest football fans work at the police station."

"Wow, I am so sorry," Sam said. "That really is horrible."

Matt nodded. "Yeah, and now they want to knock down the house, the only thing of Emily's that's left." He turned to look at the house again.

"And her parents moved away?" Dean asked.

Matt turned back, "Yeah, they left right after the funeral and no one's heard from them since."

Dean nodded. After a moment, he said, "Well, I am sorry, but we have to get going." He stood up. "And we don't want to keep you from starting the rally."

Sam shook hands with Matt and then also stood up. "It was nice meeting you, Matt. Again, I'm sorry about what happened."

Matt nodded and stood with them. "Thank you," he said to them.

"Maybe we'll see you around later." Sam nodded and walked after Dean.

When they were back in the Impala and heading for the main road, Dean looked over at Sam and said, "You seemed a little freaked out back there."

Sam tilted his head, but didn't say anything.

"Sammy..." Dean glanced over. "Come on, what's up?"

Sam sighed. "It's my dreams. The house, the fire, Matt...I dreamed it all." He turned to face Dean. "I saw them right before we knew anything about Kurt Rogers."

Dean raised his eyebrows and nodded. "And now we know the connection to fire." He swallowed and kept his eyes focused on the road for once, not wanting Sam to see how concerned he was about the dreams. "Time for more research?" Dean thought changing the subject would be best.

Sam licked his lips and kept his gaze ahead on the road, too. "Yeah. Guess we're staying in Odon.... hey, there's a motel up ahead on the right."

Sam looked out the window as Dean pulled into the parking lot. Going to the house and meeting Matt did freak him out. A lot. And Dean had just brushed it off as if it were no big deal. As if it weren't weird that he was having dreams about things in the past that related directly to the present. Sam shook his head and stepped out of the car. He had had visions about something right before it happened, and the most jarring vision was watching a bullet kill Dean last year. But now he was having visions of the past...again. Their U-Boat gig was scary enough, but what would happen now? Somehow, he knew the answers he needed were there, but he didn't know if Dean cared enough to talk about it. Every time Sam talked about his visions, Dean quickly ended the conversation. He showed concern, but nothing beyond that.

~*~

After checking into a room, Dean hopped on one of the beds and started flipping channels on the TV. Sam slid his laptop out of the bag and lifted the screen. Dean looked over at him. "Dude, you can take a break, you know."

Sam nodded. "Yeah, but I want to check out stories from Odon."

"That's why you went to college." Dean sighed as he sat up against the wall. "Always want to work."

Sam smiled as he connected to the Internet.

Dean continued flipping through channels. "Man, I really hate daytime TV." He looked over at Sam again. "So what kinds of things start fires...?"

Sam ignored his brother and continued skimming through articles.

"Poltergeist would fit." Dean looked around the room, bored.

Sam didn't lift his eyes from the computer but responded this time. "Yeah, I guess so. Attached to what, though? Matt?"

Dean pursed his lips and tilted his head. "Because he wants revenge?"

Sam nodded and leaned forward in his seat a little. "That makes sense." He looked at Dean. "When he was telling us about Emily's death, he sounded really upset but almost angrier that no one was punished."

"So we've got a fire-starting poltergeist in Odon, Indiana." Dean scratched his head.

Sam glanced back at the computer screen and his eyes suddenly grew wide. "Hey, Dean, come look at this."

Dean stood up and walked over to the table. Sam turned his laptop so they could both read the article.

"We wanted a story in Odon." Sam pointed to the screen. "Check this out. William Hackler farm, just outside of Odon. April 1941."

Dean leaned down and skimmed through the article. "Twenty-eight fires broke out in the house in one day.... random things too.... books, a bedspread, clothes...."

"Yeah, and there wasn't any electricity in the house. They couldn't find a cause." Sam scrolled down the page.

Dean looked up from the screen. "So what did they do? How'd they stop the fires?"

"William tore down his house." Sam shrugged and looked up at Dean. "I guess they couldn't stop it so his family just moved away."

"So maybe a poltergeist started those fires."

Sam nodded. "Yeah, it's possible."

"And after all these years, it's back. They never got rid of it, so now it's our problem." Dean sighed and began to pace the room. "So if it's attached to Matt..."

Sam narrowed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. "We know who the victims will be."

Dean turned to face his brother. "Right, Matt wants revenge on the other two jocks. What were their names? Steve...."

Sam nodded and stood up. "Steve Pleden and Brian Flemming. We should find out where they live." Sam walked over to the desk and pulled a phonebook out of the drawer.

"Right, and talking about the fire probably got Matt worked up. Think the next fire will be tonight?"

"Maybe." Sam stopped on a page and ran his finger down the columns. Sam wrote down the addresses on a slip of paper. He looked up at Dean. "We should try talking to Matt. He might give us a clue about where the poltergeist will strike next."

"Yeah, okay." Dean walked over to the desk and looked at the addresses. "That'd be good if we had a way to contact him. I don't know about you, Sam, but I don't make it a habit to ask guys for their phone numbers."

Sam shook his head and pulled out the flyer. "Matt organized the rally, so I'm guessing this number is his." He pointed to the bottom of the paper, where a contact number was listed.

"Oh."

"That's all you have to say? No smart-ass comments?" Sam's eyes lit up. It was rare that Dean didn't have some lightning-fast comeback.

Dean shook his head. "Sorry, not this time."

"Huh." Sam pulled out his cell phone and flipped it open, laying the flyer on the nightstand and squeezing the bridge of his nose with his free hand. "Ah..." He closed his eyes for a moment.

"Sam, you okay?" Dean moved next to him.

"Yeah, I think I'm just getting a headache." He glanced down at his phone but then grimaced against the pain. He put the phone on the bed and leaned against the wall, gasping.

"Sam?" Dean put his hand on Sam's shoulder. "What's going on?"

"Ah!" Sam shut his eyes against the pain. He clamped his hands around his head as images rushed through his mind, flames and houses swirling around. Sam's breathing grew quicker. "It's getting hotter. It's so hot!" he yelled.

"Sam, come on, sit down over here." Dean pulled Sam away from the wall and helped him sit on the bed. "What are you seeing?"

Sam's body stiffened, and he pulled his head down towards his chest. Images of Matt flickered into his mind. Sam felt the pressure in his head build and the temperature increased,

but his vision continued.

Matt stood outside of Kurt's apartment building. He muttered to himself as he counted the windows on the back of the building. "3C...Apartment 3C..." He pointed to a window on the third floor. "Gotcha."

Flames burst at the bottom of the building and quickly moved upwards. Matt stared at the fire, almost mesmerized by it. "Kurt, then Steve, then Brian," Matt said to himself. "You killed Emily, and now you're all gonna pay." He smirked as the fire spread faster. It reached the third floor and Sam could hear the crackling of the windowsill as the flames destroyed it.

Then the flames, the building, Matt, all faded to darkness.

Sam took deep breaths until the pain subsided and finally opened his eyes to see Dean's concerned face in front of him.

"Dude, what the hell was that?" Dean asked, squatting in front of Sam. "You okay?" He nudged Sam's knee.

Sam ran his hand through his hair and nodded. "I think so." Sam thought for a moment and then added. "We don't have to talk to Matt, though. Steve's next."

Dean leaned back on his heels. "What, you had a vision?"

Sam nodded. "Yeah, and it was really weird. Matt was there when Kurt died."

"Matt?" Dean stood up and sat on the other bed.

Sam shrugged. "I saw him there."

"Huh." Dean checked his watch. "Well, Kurt's fire was at night, so I think it's a safe bet that Steve's will be too. We could still grab dinner before going over to Steve's."

Sam stood up and headed for the door. "You always think about food...but I am hungry."

Dean sighed as he walked behind Sam. Sam was in so much pain seconds ago, but he seemed to be okay now. Dean shook his head. He didn't like that Sam's visions were getting stronger, but at least the after effects didn't seem to last as long.

~*~

Dean and Sam walked into a Wendy's, ordered food, and sat down.

"So is your head okay?" Dean asked Sam before taking a bite of his burger. Dean had wanted to get the question out sooner, but he wasn't sure he could tell if Sam was telling the truth

Sam nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine now." He bit into his chicken sandwich and grabbed two French fries.

"Good." Dean nodded. Sam having an appetite was definitely a good sign. "So, what exactly did you see?"

Sam tilted his head. "You really want to know?" He took another bite into his sandwich.

"Yeah, why not?" Dean nodded.

Sam shrugged and swallowed. "Okay. I saw Matt at Kurt's house, and then the fire started."

"That's it?"

"Well, basically."

"Huh." Dean ate a few fries and then asked, "Was it like your other ones?"

Sam narrowed his eyes at Dean. "Yeah, I guess so...Hey, Dean, why do you want to talk about—" Sam lowered his voice, "my visions all of a sudden?" He spoke at a normal volume again. "You usually don't want to know details or anything."

"I don't know." Dean shrugged and hoped he wasn't showing too much concern. He was supposed to be the big brother. Protector, guardian. He didn't want Sam to see him

worried. "They always seem so painful, so I was just wondering. Besides, we've got this gig figured out, so there's not much else to talk about."

"Topic by default, thanks."

Dean grinned at the opportunity to lighten the mood. He threw his straw wrapper at Sam. "No problem."

"Hey, guys."

Both Winchesters turned up to see Matt.

"Oh hi, Matt," Sam said and smiled.

Matt glanced around. "Mind if I join you?"

Dean shrugged. "No, go ahead."

Matt pulled up a chair to the booth.

"So, uh, how was the rally?" Sam asked, taking a sip of Coke.

"Ha," Matt laughed bitterly. "Four other people came after you guys left. Some rally." He sighed.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that."

"Yeah. I'm guessing this is your first time in Odon..." Dean nodded and then Matt continued, "Yeah, I thought so. You two showed more interest in Emily's house than people who have lived here all their lives. No one cares anymore."

"So what are you going to do now?" Sam asked.

"I don't know." Matt shook his head. "I was hoping the rally would go well and Town Hall would realize they shouldn't knock the house down. Now there's nothing to stop them."

"Well, sorry it didn't work out," Dean said.

"Thanks." Matt checked his watch. "I should get going. It was nice seeing you guys again." He stood up.

"Yeah," Sam said. "Maybe we'll see you around later."

Matt nodded and walked away.

"You can count on it," Dean muttered.

~*~

Back in the Impala, Dean turned on the ignition and said, "So, Matt's a little..."

"Intense," Sam finished.

"Yeah."

Sam shrugged. "He's in a bad mood. The rally didn't work out; he's probably getting upset about the house and Emily."

Dean pulled out of the parking lot. He didn't have the music turned up as loud as usual, but they could still hear the lyrics to Def Leppard's *Rock of Ages*.

Rise up, gather round

Rock this place to the ground

Burn it up let's go for broke

Watch the night go up in smoke

The Impala raced down the street, but Dean still turned his eyes toward his brother. "I know all that, but other people have problems too." Dean shook his head and focused on the road again. "I thought we had anger issues..."

Sam sighed and looked out the window.

Rock on, rock on

Drive me crazier, no serenade

No fire brigade, just pyromania

~*~

Part 5

Sam looked around and saw gravestones stretching out in every direction. The sun was setting below the horizon, and he pulled his coat around himself as a breeze blew and stirred dried, brown leaves across the grass. **I must be dreaming**, Sam thought. He heard a voice behind him and turned to see Matt crouched in front of a headstone.

"Don't worry, Emily," Matt said. "I'll get them back. The police won't do anything, but I'll..." Matt wiped his tearing eyes with his sweatshirt's sleeve. He placed a white rose on the headstone and stood up. "They'll be sorry they did this to you," Matt said in a quieter voice. He looked up and glanced across the cemetery. Then he walked to the path and picked up his bike. Matt looked back at the headstone one more time and then pedaled down the road.

Sam took a step towards Emily's headstone and leaned down to see her photo. He looked at it, and the ground suddenly shifted below his feet.

Light filled his vision until Sam squinted his eyes against it. He gasped and shook his head, waking up in the motel room. Sam heard Dean's voice across the room.

"Extra rock salt shells, fire extinguisher..."

"Rock salt for the ghost," Sam said as he sat up on the bed, "but how are we going to stop the poltergeist?" He rubbed his eyes as they adjusted to the light.

Dean turned around. "Ah, Sleeping Beauty's awake!" He grinned. "Have a nice nap?"

Sam raised his eyebrows. "Yeah, whatever, the usual."

Dean nodded and turned back to his duffel bag. "I'll take that as a no."

Sam stood up and began pacing the room to stretch his legs. "Dean, the poltergeist? It's not attached to a house this time, so—"

"I thought we'd just put the fire out." Dean shrugged and zippered the duffel bag. "Then we can talk to Matt again tomorrow and get him to let this go."

Sam furrowed his eyebrows and he walked over to Dean. "Your plan is to stop the poltergeist by talking to Matt?"

Dean looked up at Sam and smirked.

"Oh," Sam chuckled. "Okay, so you have no idea what we should do."

"Hey," Dean opened the door to go outside. "I just thought we'd take care of things as they come."

"Uh huh." Sam walked after Dean. "So you wanna wing it."

Dean flashed his smile at Sam. "Yeah, that's the idea."

~*~

As Dean pulled up to Steve's house, *Fight Fire With Fire* by Kansas played on the radio.

*Oh there's nothing to lose
'Cause it's already lost
In a runaway world
Of confusion
I'm not gonna take it*

Dean parked the car but let the engine run.

"Okay," Sam said, taking off his seat belt. "I'll go check out the back of the house. You keep an eye on the front."

Dean nodded. "And if I don't hear from you in a few minutes, I'll come find you."

"Okay."

Sam exited the car and moved towards the house. He didn't smell any smoke, and there were no signs of flames. Sam walked close to the house's exterior, sliding across the wall to stay out of sight. He took a few steps away from the house as he neared the backyard and saw a person standing there, facing the house. As Sam walked nearer, he saw that it was a man holding his arm out in front of him, with his palm facing the house. Sam narrowed his eyes in confusion as he slowed his walk. The man lifted his arm higher and Sam watched as smoke rose from the bottom of the wall. Small, orange flames appeared and quickly traveled upwards in a straight line. Sam took a few steps forward and yelled, "Hey!"

~*~

Dean kept his gaze on the house but saw no change. "I wonder if Sam found anything..." He glanced at the car stereo, distracted by the music blaring out. "It just has to be about fire, doesn't it?"

Fire with fire

Never gonna lose this flamin' desire...

~*~

The man lowered his arm and turned toward Sam, who stopped as he recognized who stood in front of him. "Matt?" Sam approached him cautiously, glancing up at the house. The flames had disappeared. "What are you doing?"

Matt sounded as if it were obvious. "Steve has to pay for what he did to Emily." He looked sideways at the house and turned back to it.

"No, wait." Sam put his hand on Matt's arm and turned to face him. "Did you go after Kurt, too?"

Matt sighed and looked annoyed. "How'd you find out about Kurt?"

Sam shook his head. The conversation definitely felt awkward. "I...read about it in the newspaper. Was that you?"

"Yes, Sam, it was. They have to be punished."

Sam shook his head. "But you...you killed Kurt." Sam pointed to the house. "And you're about to kill Steve."

Matt nodded his head and raised his arm. "Yeah, and don't get in my way." He focused his eyes toward the bottom of the house.

Sam stepped in front of him. "Matt, listen. Emily wouldn't want you to do this, would she?" Sam bent down a little to look into Matt's eyes. "She wouldn't want you to become a murderer."

Matt shrugged, resignation apparent in his voice. "You're probably right. I don't know what I was thinking..."

Sam took a breath, relieved. "C'mon, you should get away from here to cool off," he said, turning and taking a few steps towards the front of the house.

As soon as Sam's back was turned, however, Matt made a sudden swing for Sam's head, striking him behind his ear. Sam fell to the ground and Matt nudged him with his foot. When he was sure Sam was knocked out, he muttered, "I'm sorry, Sam, but something has to be done." before grabbing Sam's arms and dragging him to the house. "I can't have you getting in my way again."

~*~

*Oh I'm burning inside and
my heart is a-cryin'
Fire with fire!
I don't want to lose this
flamin' desire*

Dean pulled a rock-salt loaded shotgun from the duffle bag and checked the handgun inside his belt. He switched off the radio and engine and got out of the Impala. "Too long, Sammy. I'm coming in." He cocked the shotgun and walked towards the house.

Dean pushed his back against the side of the house and walked slowly towards the back, in soldier mode. He peered around the corner into the backyard. *No Sam*, he thought. *But who's that?* Dean saw a figure facing the house and watched as he raised his arm. Dean heard a crackling sound, like wood in a fireplace. "Definitely not a ghost," he quietly said to himself. He held the shotgun down and slowly moved towards the figure.

Sam blinked his eyes and felt a bruise growing on the side of his head. He turned towards the yard and tried to stand up but felt dizzy. Instead, he sat against the wall. He looked to his left, and saw a few flames licking at the bottom of the house.

Dean advanced carefully, recognizing Matt in front of him. "Hey, Matt, what are you doing here?" he asked, surprised to find Matt there, of all people, of all places.

Matt turned towards Dean. "Um, hi, Dean." *Great, I have to deal with both of them*, Matt thought.

"Dean!" Sam called out. "Watch out!" Sam leaned against the house and tried to stand, but he wobbled, still off-balance from the injury.

Dean turned his head towards Sam's voice and turned back to Matt just in time to see Matt's fist swinging at him. Dean ducked and dove for Matt, tackling him to the ground. Dean pinned Matt's arms down and crouched over him. "Dude, calm down." Dean turned to look at Sam. "Hey, Sam, you okay?" he called out.

Sam pushed himself off the wall and stood cautiously. "I'll be fine." He slowly made his way to Matt and Dean.

When Sam joined him, Dean tilted his head towards Matt. "Did Matt hit you?"

Sam sighed. "Yeah." He rubbed his head. "Caught me off guard."

Dean looked down at Matt. "You're lucky I don't hurt you more."

"No, don't." Sam knelt down next to Dean. "I need to talk to him." Sam looked at Matt. "How long have you been able to control fire?"

"What?!" Dean's eyes grew wide.

Sam quickly explained. "Matt started the fire that Kurt died in. He was starting a fire here when I saw him."

"But, like, without matches."

Sam nodded. "Yeah." He looked back down at Matt. "So, Matt, how long?"

Matt looked up at Sam but didn't answer.

"Fine, how about this? Dean's not gonna let you go unless we talk a little."

Matt let out a breath. "About a year and a half."

Sam nodded. "Does anyone else know? Your parents?"

Matt shook his head. "No one else knows. My dad's always away on business trips and my mom died when I was a baby."

Dean looked over at Sam. "How old were you when she died?" Dean asked Matt. Dean released his grip on Matt and rolled back on his feet.

"Six months." Matt sat up and took a deep breath.

Sam swallowed. "And...she died in a fire?"

Matt squinted his eyes. "Yeah, how'd you know?" he shifted his gaze between Dean and Sam, wondering how they could have guessed the cause of his mother's death.

Sam kept his voice steady. "That's how our mom died, too, when I was six months old."
"Weird..."

"You have no idea," Dean said. "Listen." Dean twisted his head to look at the house and then looked back to Matt. "We need to talk about this but not here. How about we go back to the car or something?"

"Come on, Matt." Sam encouraged, looking directly into Matt's eyes. "You can't do anything here to change what happened." Sam nodded toward the house. "Punishing them won't bring Emily back." Sam kept his voice quiet but stern.

Matt looked at Sam for a moment but then nodded. "Okay." Matt agreed to go back to the hotel and talk, following Dean as he headed toward the street as Sam paused to look up at the house. Someone was moving in an upstairs room. The window curtains moved, and Sam saw a girl lean on the windowsill and look out at him. He gasped as he recognized that it was Emily. *But how? Is she the ghost we picked up on?*

Reluctantly backing away from the house, Sam approached the passenger side of the Impala, opening the car door automatically, absentmindedly, as he remembered Emily's picture on her gravestone.

"You okay?" Dean asked.

Sam looked across the Chevy at Dean. "What? Oh, yeah, I'm fine." He nodded and slid down into the car.

In the motel room, Sam invited Matt to sit at the kitchenette table. Dean glanced at Matt and then decided to ask the question he had been thinking about since they left Steve's house. Dean moved so he faced Matt and then asked, "So what exactly do you think you were doing out there?"

Sam sent Dean a warning glance, but Dean ignored him and continued, "I know you lost your friend, and I'm sorry, but killing these guys won't change anything."

Matt shrugged his shoulders. "I wanted to punish them. When I realized I could control fire, I thought it was fate. The tables turned and I could finally get them."

Sam shook his head. He expected Matt to be upset or angry, but Matt spoke calmly, almost without emotion.

"But whatever," Matt added. "What now? What's the important thing we need to talk about?"

Dean sighed. He had expected more of a reaction too, but at least Matt was okay to talk. "We should tell you how your mom really died."

"Dean..." Sam said.

Dean looked over at his brother. "Hey, he deserves to know."

Matt looked at both of them, confused. "I just met you guys today. How could you know anything about my mom's death?"

Dean nodded and slowly paced the floor. "Because her death wasn't an accident. It's part of a pattern."

Matt straightened in his seat. "What, you're saying she was *murdered*?"

Sam nodded solemnly.

"She died in an accident!" Matt shook his head. "That's all it was!"

"Like Emily's accident?" Dean narrowed his eyes. "Or Kurt's? You should know fires can seem like accidents when they're not."

Matt's expression went blank for a moment. "So do you know who did it?"

Sam corrected Matt. "Not who. What. Our mothers were killed by a demon, one of the most powerful." Sam looked directly into Matt's eyes. "We don't know how many there have been, but it goes after infants with special gifts and it kills their mothers."

"Special gifts?" Matt looked at Dean and then Sam. "So what can you do?"

Sam tilted his head. "I...uh, I have these visions sometimes."

Matt nodded. "So my mom died because of me? It's my fault..."

"No," Dean said. "Don't blame yourself. You couldn't do anything about it." He glanced at Sam, but Sam avoided Dean's eyes by looking at the floor.

Matt's voice was quieter now. "Why? What does it want?"

Sam shook his head. "We're not sure."

"Listen," Dean said, "there's people out there hunting it." He began pacing the room again. "We got close last year and almost killed it, but the son of a bitch got away." Dean took a sharp breath, remembering the chest injury that nearly killed him. *If it wasn't for my necklace, then maybe...*

Sam added, "We don't know where it is now, but it's dangerous."

Matt rubbed his forehead with his fingers. "Whoa, this is so much to take in. What am I supposed to do?" He propped his arms on the table and cupped his face in his hands.

"Keep your head low, for starters," Dean said.

"And maybe take a vacation," Sam added as a side thought.

Dean scrunched his face and turned to Sam. "Why?"

"Well, we know the Demon has a lot of sources. If it finds out, somehow, that Matt started Kurt's fire..." Sam shrugged one shoulder.

"Then he should get out of here." Dean picked up on Sam's thought. "Yeah, that's a good idea."

"But what about Kurt's death?" Matt asked. "I was really angry when I did it, and it's my fault. I would have killed Steve tonight if you hadn't stopped me. I should be going to jail for what I did. I can't just leave."

Sam and Dean exchanged glances and then Sam said, "Well, even though you killed Kurt—"

"You've gotta stay on the move," Dean finished. "You can't be sitting in a jail cell just waiting for the Demon to get to you, if that's what it wants. You need to be able to pick up and leave."

"So I just leave," Matt said. "Probably be better to disappear."

"Exactly."

Sam took out a piece of paper, quickly wrote on it, and handed it to Matt. "Here are our cell numbers, if you need to call us. If something happens or you need help, whatever."

Matt nodded. "Thanks." He glanced at the paper, slid it into his pocket, and stood up. "I'll get a few things together and take care of stuff. I'll leave by the end of the week. I've got a cousin in Wisconsin I might be able to stay with."

Sam nodded and stood up to shake hands with Matt. "Well, good luck."

"Thanks," Matt said and shook Dean's hand too. "This demon thing?"

Sam nodded. "Yeah?"

"It's definitely freaking me out. Never saw this coming."

"Neither did we," Dean said. "Take care of yourself,"

"I will." Matt walked to the door.

"And remember you can call us anytime," Dean added.

Matt nodded and walked out of the motel room.

After a few minutes, Dean looked at Sam and said, "Dude's got issues."

Sam shook his head and sighed. "Didn't he seem a little off?"

"Yeah," Dean replied and walked over to the TV. "Like he should have been mad or something."

"Yeah..." Sam looked at the window and then back at Dean. "Hey, Dean, could we drive by Emily's house one more time?"

Dean nodded and turned the TV off. "Sure. Something you thought to check out?" Dean pulled on his jacket and grabbed his keys off the counter.

"Sort of." Sam followed his brother out to the car.

"Dude..." Dean said, glancing over at the stereo. Sam had turned the radio on.

Sam chuckled. "Relax, Dean. I just want to hear something besides mullet rock in this car." He turned the dial through a few stations and leaned back in his seat after he found "My Immortal" playing.

Dean grimaced. "Evanescence? Some of their stuff is okay, but..."

Sam shook his head. "Just for a minute or two. I think you can handle it."

"Fine." Dean sighed.

As the song ended, Dean parked the Impala on Sunset Drive. Before he turned off the radio, Sam had already exited the car. *You'd think he was heading into the library. Geek Boy on another research mission...* Dean got out of the car and jogged to meet Sam. "Dude, what do you wanna see so bad?"

Sam didn't answer but moved faster to the right and towards the back of the house. He stopped in front of the corner window on the first floor. If it weren't for the clear night and full moon, they would have needed a flashlight to see where they were going.

"Sam, what's going on?" Dean asked again. He followed Sam's gaze to the window. "What are you looking at?"

"This is gonna sound crazy," Sam finally said.

"You're already acting it," Dean muttered.

Sam ignored Dean's comment and said, "When we were at Steve's house, I saw Emily's ghost standing in an upstairs window."

Dean tilted his head. "How'd you know it was her?"

"I saw her in one of my visions."

Dean looked at the window and then back at Sam. "So, do you see her now?"

Sam looked at Dean and smirked. "No, not now. The house is empty." He took a step backwards and glanced up.

"Why would Emily be at Steve's house?"

"That's what I've been thinking about." Sam turned to face Dean. "Remember when we were talking to Matt and I said Emily wouldn't want him to kill people?"

Dean nodded his head.

"That's when I realized something. Matt's been holding onto the house, onto Emily, since her death. Maybe that's why her ghost is still around. Because Matt won't let go."

"Okay, so Emily's ghost is still here..."

"And maybe she's been warning people that Matt's after them."

Dean lifted his eyes and pointed at Sam. "Kurt's dreams?"

Sam nodded. "Yeah, that's what I was thinking. You picked up a lot of EMF interference in his room. Maybe Emily made him dream he was on fire so that he would be more careful. A little freaked out, but more alert."

Dean nodded that he understood. "Yeah, that makes sense. And maybe she was too late the night that Kurt died."

"And she was trying to warn Steve tonight."

"Whoa..." After a moment, Dean turned his head. "Do you smell that?"

Sam shook his head. "Smell what?"

Dean held up his hand and walked towards the front of the house. Sam followed, but even when they reached the front of the house, Sam didn't notice any change in smell.

"It smells like smoke," Dean said as they crossed the front lawn. He stopped before turning the corner of the house to the other side and held out his arm to stop Sam from walking past. "Hey, wait," Dean whispered. He peered around the corner and then turned back to Sam. "Matt's over there, sitting on the grass," Dean whispered. "I'm guessing he's starting a fire..."

"What?" Sam took a step forward.

"No, let him go." Dean held his hand out on Sam's chest, preventing him from taking another step forward. Dean glanced over his shoulder quickly. "Let's go back to the car."

Sam narrowed his eyes at Dean but turned back to the car. When they were both inside the Impala again, Sam asked, "Why do you want to leave him alone?"

Dean looked away from the house at Sam. "I think he wants to burn the place down."

Sam huffed, "Uh, yeah. So why aren't we stopping him?"

Dean held up his hands. "Hey, let me explain. He found out a lot tonight. His mom was killed, other people have gifts like him, and there might be a demon coming after him. It's a lot to hear all at once, and he needs time to process it."

Sam nodded. "Okay, and that's the reason we're letting him burn a house down?"

"No, no I didn't mean that." Dean looked up at the house. Smoke was now rising from the left side, where Matt was. "You said yourself Matt was holding on to Emily and the house. Maybe this is his way to let go, to move on. Town hall's going to knock it down anyway, so what difference does it make if Matt burns it down first?"

"And this way it's on his terms..." Sam looked at the house now too. "I didn't think of it that way." Flames stretched to the front of the house. "I guess that's why he seemed off back at the room. He was probably planning this." A moment later, Sam sat up in his seat and pointed to the right side of the house. "Dean, do you see her?" he asked excitedly.

Dean looked to where Sam pointed. "Who?"

"Emily." Sam moved his finger across the car window. "Do you see her walking in the front yard?"

Dean looked again but still saw nothing. "No, dude, don't see her."

Sam looked at Dean and tilted his head. "Really? You don't?"

Dean shook his head. "Trust me, I wouldn't miss a girl out there."

"Oh..." Sam looked again. "Emily's on the porch. She just walked into the house."

Sam continued talking.

"Ghost Watch," Dean muttered as he looked around to make sure no one else was outside. "Brought to you by Psychic Wonder..."

"Dean, are you listening?"

Dean turned towards Sam. "No, not that time." He smirked.

Sam pointed to the house again for what seemed like the thirtieth time. "Emily's ghost is in the house, and it's burning again. Kind of like a replay of the night she died. So, if Matt burns the house to the ground, I think it'll be over. No more house, no more ghost."

Dean nodded. "Okay, so we're done here?"

Sam looked at the house one more time. The flames had spread all around the first floor and quickly moved up to the second story. "Yeah, I guess so."

Dean turned the key in the ignition. "Good. Then we're outta here." He pulled back onto the street. "And don't touch the radio. No Sammy picks 'til we're out of Indiana. I don't know if she can take it."

Sam shook his head and smirked.

~*~

The next morning, Dean checked out of the hotel while Sam loaded the Impala with their luggage. Dean walked to the car as Sam closed the trunk.

"All set?" Dean asked and opened the front door on the driver's side.

"Yeah," Sam said as he walked around the car.

Dean nodded. "Good." He sat in the Impala and pulled the door shut. After Sam entered, Dean started the engine.

"So where are we going now?" Sam asked.

Dean shrugged. "Back on the road 'til we pick up another gig." He pulled out of the motel's parking lot.

"Hey, Sam?" Dean said a few minutes later.

"What?"

"Remember when Matt said his dad went on a lot of business trips?"

Sam nodded. "Matt said his dad wasn't home a lot."

"Do you think they were really business trips?"

Sam narrowed his eyes. "What else?"

Dean shrugged. "I don't know how many trips you remember going on with Dad when we were kids, but he used to make up a bunch of stories for the neighbors, for work...He'd make up a disease that grandma had or a nephew's wedding...they weren't really detailed."

"What are you getting at, Dean?"

Dean glanced over at Sam and then returned his gaze to the road. "Maybe Matt's dad doesn't really go on so many business trips. Maybe he has a few gigs of his own."

"You think he's a hunter?" Sam scoffed.

"Maybe. I don't know." Dean tilted his head. "That'd be kind of cool, though, wouldn't it?"

Sam shook his head. "What, to know, there's another family as messed up as ours?"

Dean looked over at him. "No. To know we're not in this alone. To know there are other people on our side."

Sam nodded his head and thought for a moment. "I guess so. But still, it's a stretch." Sam slid down in his seat and laid his head back on the headrest.

Dean sighed. "You tired?"

"Yeah, I didn't really fall asleep last night."

"Well, rest up. We don't know what's coming up. 'Life is like a box of chocolates.'"

Dean turned the steering wheel and smoothly guided the Impala around a bend.

Sam laughed. "Yeah...wake me up in an hour or so. Wouldn't want you get bored without someone to talk to." He closed his eyes.

"Okay." Dean smiled. "Thanks for the consideration, Sleeping Beauty." He looked over at Sam for the comeback remark, but Sam was already asleep, breathing deeply with his mouth open.

Dean looked back at the road. *He's lucky I don't have a spoon with me this time.*

The End