



# *Phony fairytale love*

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Supernatural

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## Fake Fairytale love

The sun peaks atop the roofs in Trent. Illuminating the clouds, the sun spreads an array of pink, yellow and blue across the sky. Lily turns her head to the window that kindly welcomed the sun into her room at six forty five this morning. Laying on her left side with most of her face still devoured by her pillow, she turns her head just far enough so that her nose is still stuffed inside her pillow but she can open her right eye. She opens her eye slowly just to make out the numbers on her digital clock on her bedside.

\*inhale\* [barely a whisper] Lily says aloud

“six forty five?” Confused, she blinks her right eye. Again, “six forty five.” She stuffs her head back into her pillow only to be woken up (what felt like only moments later) by the sound of her mother.

“Wake up!” She exclaimed. Lily groans

“What time is it?” lily

“One thirty. Get up.”

“Oh shit.” Lily sits up rapidly. “I missed lunch.”

“Don’t say shit” her mother replies as she walks throughout her room picking up dirty clothes and dishes.

“There’s food in fridge. Come on, let’s go. It’s time to get up.”

Her mother leaves her room, leaving the door wide open.

“MOM!” Lily lays back down and pulls the covers over her face. “MOM! You left the door

open!” She yells through the covers.

Her mother laughs from the other room.

“You’ll have to get up to close it then.”

Lily whines “I won’t get out of bed until you close it.”

\*silence\*

Lily rolled around in bed a bit, staring at the ceiling. It was two thirty before she got up. Lily groaned and rolled out of bed. She undressed, grabbed her still-damp towel off the floor and walked into the bathroom. She stood for a minute, or five. And then turned on the shower and got in. She got out dried off and went back to her room. She brushed her hair, threw on some clothes, grabbed her phone and went downstairs.

“Good morning beautiful” Lily’s dad and brother walked in the door with their golf equipment.

“Did she just wake up?” Will asked.

“Shut up, Will” Lily walks towards her younger brother and picks him up.

“TICKLE FIGHT” Lily yells while she is holding him over her head.

“NO” Will screams while Lily puts him down. Will runs and Lily chases him. Their dog,

Blaze, starts to get excited so he tackles Will giving Lily the perfect chance to tickle him.

“Hahahahaha gotcha!!” Lily says. She uses her powers to tickle him.

“Stop Lily stop” Will whines

“I’m not even touching you, stop whining” Lily laughs.

“That’s not fair!” Will cries.

Lily’s powers began to develop when she was about twelve years old. She would have episodes where she felt as though she wasn’t in reality, everything was ‘fake’. Her first ability was levitation. She would sneeze and her coffee mug would be floating in front of her. She couldn’t control them even a little, but as these episodes became more and more frequent she had to figure out how to control them. Now, she’s nineteen. And she is more powerful than you could ever imagine. She can do everything from blinking her eyes to turn off the lights, to blowing out a candle and the whole world loses power. Every day she learns new things about herself.

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It is 6:15. The Sun has yet to rise in Trent. Dean is already back from his morning run and blending a smoothie in the kitchen.

“Hey ma? ....we got anymore bluebs?”

“No, sorry sweetie, we ran out of blueberries yesterday. I will pick some up this afternoon on my way home from work.”

“Okay ma” Dean pours the smoothie into a glass.

“Crap, I forgot to grab breakfast.”

“Here ma” Dean pours his smoothie from the glass into a to-go cup and hands it to his mother.

“You’re so sweet, thank you honey.”

“Love you ma, drive safe” Dean hugs his mother as she walks out the door for work.

Dean watches his mother pull out of the driveway. He snaps his fingers and there he has a case of bluebs for his breakfast. Dean grabs his Ipad and his bluebs with gurt (yogurt) does a cool thing with his finger and next thing he knows he’s in his room.

“Woah” “I have never done that before” “that is so sick”

Dean does the same cool thing with his finger again, and once again, he has teleported. This time he went to New York City.

“Ew” Dean says. As he does the cool thing with his finger again.

“I hate new york” Dean says as he arrives in his room.

\*sighs\* “man, that was dope.”

Dean lays down in his bed and stares at the ceiling. He hears a slight knock on the door.

“Hey dean, you in here?” says his mother

“Yeah Ma come on in”

Dean sits up in his bed, anticipating his dad arrival.

In walks an exact replica of Dean. It’s Dean!

No it's not.

"What the heck?!?!" Dean says with astonishment and confusion.

"What the heck?!?!" Fake Dean says back. Fake Dean begins to look weird.

Fake Dean morphs into his mother .

"Hello Dean" says Fake Dean's mother.

"This is so weird what are you?"

"I am a shapeshifter Dean." Says the shapeshifter. "I was your uncle. But I can not shift into him anymore because the remanentes of his presence has faded."

"Wow. That's so cool"

"Do you have anything that used to belong to him?"

"I might. I will look."

Dean rummages through a tin box in the back of his room for anything that might have been his uncles. He stumbles across an old switchblade.

"What about this knife?"

"That's perfect Dean, I knew you'd be able to help me. Thank you"

"Of course, let me just out the rest of this back."

Dean turns around to put everything else back in to his box. As Dean is rummaging through to put everything back he cuts his finger on the edge of his tin box.

"Ah damn, I cut my finger" Dean goes to the bathroom to rinse out his finger. It's stings. His box was made out of graphite. Graphite is like acid to a demon.

Dean hears mumbling coming from his bedroom. He steps back in to his room to see the shape shifter kneeling on the floor reading aloud Deans journal. Dean grabs the journal rapidly from his hands and puts it back on the shelf. As he's putting it back he says:

“Hey uh, what should I call you? You know since you keep like shifting and stuff. You are not like one person.”

“Call me Mike.”

“Mike. Okay. I can do that.”

“Hey, Dean thanks for this, I will try to come visit once I get all of this under control. See ya around.”

“See ya, Mike”

Mike and dean walk down the stairs and to the front door. Mike hops in deans uncles old truck and drives off. Dean sits on the porch to enjoy this nice summer day.

“Wow, what a day.”

Dean closes his eyes and takes a nap. He wakes up hours later and realizes it's the afternoon.

“Damn, that was a good nap.” Dean says as he is stretching his body and re settling into his chair.

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Lily takes blaze for a walk in the afternoon. She looks about the neighborhood at all the houses and anyone who's outside. She walks past Deans house

‘He looks about my age’ Lily thinks to herself. ‘Should I say hi?’ ‘Should I wave?’ ‘Should I just keep walking?’  
‘He's kind of cute’

Lily turns around, touches her nose with her pinky. Instant makeover. She turns back around to keep walking. She is looking at Dean and they lock eyes. Lily smiles and waves.....And keeps walking.

“Hey” says Dean “You live in that big house on the corner?”

Lily panics. She starts talking really really really fast. “Yeah, that's me” “well not just me I live with my family, and dog” “well of course we don't make him live outside”

Dean smiles. "I'm Dean" he puts out his hand.

"I'm Lily" "oh..hah" she shakes his hand with with her left hand because her right hand was holding the dogs leash.

"I like your tattoos" "they're pretty rad"

Lily tucks her hair behind her ear and looks at the ground "thanks"

"I uh, have to keep walking"

"It was nice to meet you, Lily. Maybe I'll see you around?"

"Yep, I'll see you" says Lily

Lily keeps walking blaze up the street. Blaze barks. "He's cute huh?" Lily says to Blaze pretending that he could understand.

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The next morning Lily is woken up by a thumping sound. She sits up. There's a tennis ball being thrown at her window. Again. Again. Again. Lily looks out her window. It's Dean.

"Oh shit" she whispers to herself as she's pushing her hair out of her face. She holds her hair back. Instant perfect messy bun. She grabs her boobs. Instant bra. She crawls back over to the window and opens it.

"What the hell it is like nine thirty?"

"I brought you bluebs"

"You brought me what?"

"Blueberries" "come downstairs and let me in"

Lily pulls her head back inside and closes the window. She smiles so big. And scurries down the stairs.

\*inhale....exhale\* she lets him in.

“Wow this is a nice gig you got here”

“Hah yeah” Lily coughs.

The two of them eat blueberries together and hangout. They go outside to her backyard with Blaze so he can run around. Lily picks up a football.

“Let’s pass”

“Hahaha no way you can throw a football” Dean says with malice

“Oh yeah?”

Dean scoffs “yeah”

“Alright, Go long”

Dean runs to the other side of the yard.

“C’mon princess let’s see what you got”

Lily throws a phenomenal ball. Perfect, tight, three hundred and sixty degree spin, perfect aim, amazing speed. And it gets Dean hard in the chest. Dean falls down gasping for air. Lily walks over to him.

“I am not a princess.” She says as he’s dramatically lying on the ground.

Lily puts her hand out to help him up and he grabs it and pulls her down with him.

“Wow” he says, “your eyes are so beautiful”

“That’s so cliché” Lily says as she’s smiling so hard.

Dean leans in to kiss her. Their lips touch.

“You’re supposed to say thank you” Dean says right as he kisses her.

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Dean goes home. Lily goes up to her room.

Lily is in her room, she is smiling so hard she thinks her mouth might split in half. She looks at herself in the mirror and laughs. She touches her bed and there she has a bouquet of roses. She holds them and looks up to the ceiling.

“Wow. I’ve never felt like this before.” She says softly to herself.

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Dean goes home to make dinner for his mother.

He goes into the kitchen to grab some ingredients. He grabs spinach, noodles, olive oil, garlic minced, and ginger beer. He grabs a pot to boil water for the noodles and a skillet for the rest. He brings the pot to a boil and puts the olive oil in the skillet with the spinach and garlic. His mother comes down.

“Mm something smells good.”

“It is almost done Ma, sit down I’ll be right there.”

“Okay sweetheart, I’ll wash up.”

Dean brings the meal to the table and pours two glasses of ginger beer. Dean is at the table with his mother.

“Ma, I met this girl today”

“Oh really, where?”

“She lives next door, in that big house”

“What’s her name?”

“Lily.”

“Is she nice?”

“Yes ma, she’s very nice... I think I really like her”

“How can you like her? You just met her didn’t you?”

“Yeah, but I want her. I want her to be mine, you know?...the way you wanted dad to be yours.”

“Your father and I were together for twenty years”

“But didn’t you feel that thing inside? Right when it started?”

Deans mother gets up to clear the dishes.

“Yeah I did... just be careful Dean. Now help me with these dishes.”

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Lily and Dean start to hang out more and more. And Dean wants her more and more. But as months go by he gets these feelings when he's with her. He thinks that he loves her. But he doesn't want to scare her off. Dean feels so strongly for lily. Every time he's with her he can't help but stare at her face. He studies every single detail of her.

“You're so perfect” Dean says to lily as she's painting in her studio.

“I just love watching you, you're beautiful”

“Haha thanks Dean”

“Hey Lil?”

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

Lily laughs nervously

“Love is a strong word.”

Dean smiles.

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Lily thinks about Dean for days. She can't stop. She's devoured by this feeling that he presented to her. She can not stop. She hates the way he makes her feel but she loves it at the same time. It is insane. She feels insane. She thinks she's going insane. How could one person take over every single emotion in her body? How is this possible? She stares at her phone for hours waiting for a text from him saying he's coming over. She cannot control how he does this to her, but she loves it. But she hates it. She doesn't know what to feel or to think.

“He's so perfect” she says to herself in the mirror. “....so perfect”

Her phone vibrates from across the room and she pounces. She can't help but smile and smile and smile and smile.

She read his text: 'Hey, I'm coming over, I want to talk to you.'

Lily panics. 'Kk' she texts back.

Dean walks into her house, Lily snaps her fingers to turn all the lights on since the house was dark.

"Lil, I want to take you away."

Lily laughs "you're serious?"

"Yeah lil, I want to spend my life with you."

"What?" "Where?" "What does that mean?" "Dean we are so young."

"I am old enough to know that I love you. And old enough to know that I want to run away with you"

"Dean I —."

"Lily, we are meant to be together."

Tears come to Lily's eyes. She smiles. "Okay."

"Let's do this, Lil. Let's run away together."

"We're gonna run away together." Lily says to Dean

"We're gonna run away together." dean says back

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Lily and Dean begin to pack, just the essentials: T-shirt's, jeans, jean shorts, and converse. Lily brings her favorite Patagonia trucker hat. And Dean brings his sunglasses. They're ready to go.

Dean pulls his truck around to the front of Lily's house.

"We're doing this." Dean says with a huge smile across his face

"Lets do this"

Lily gets in the passenger side of the truck with her bag.

“Here we go” she says

“I love you so much, Lily.”

“I love you too.”

Lily sees love in his eyes. She can see the love in his eyes. They both smile as they drive into blissfulness. Dean and Lily take off. They have no idea where to go. But they have a full tank of gas and they intend to use it. Lily and Dean drive for hours. It's turning dusk.

“Hey do you have anymore power on your phone?” Dean asked

“No mine died, just turn left up there we can spend the night in this park.”

“No what's your problem? Why would I do that”

“What do you mean? We are not going to drive all night, let's rest. You're tired”

“No Lily buzz off. I'm not sleeping in a park. You're so dumb sometimes.”

“What did I do? I'm just trying to help.”

“You're so stupid. You're literally gross, why would you suggest that?”

Something changed in Dean's eyes. The love that Lily saw in his eyes was gone. It vanished.

Dean slams on the brakes. Lily falls forward.

“Get out.” Dean says

“What? No.”

“Get out of my car Lily.”

“Why?”

Lily gets out of the car and stands outside

“Dean, what did I do wrong?”

Dean rolls up the window and drives away.

Lily is left on the side of the road with nothing. She sits down and cries. 'What is happening to me right now?' She thinks to herself 'how did this happen?' She sobs on the side of the old road in the seemingly endless dark. Where the unknown is all that there is to see.

"He used my heart." She says to herself "he hurt my heart."

Lily cries for hours on the side of the road. She stands up and starts to walk. She walks and walks. She walks until she sees light. She's over it. Totally over it. She uses her powers to transport herself back home. She finds her mother and father crying downstairs. She walks down the stairs to see what's wrong. They look amazed. They're so angry but so happy to see her.

"Where did you go?" Her mother asks

"I'm okay mom." As tears begin to form in her eyes. Lily walks back upstairs. She pulls out her journal and starts writing aggressively. 'I will never let another boy hurt my heart again. All that matters is that I love myself' she circles her words. Tears it out of the book and tapes it to her wall.

"Never forget this, Lily." She says to herself. "Never."

Lily recovers from this 'breakup.' And she flourishes. She is strong and independent and more than anything else, she loves herself. She builds walls around her heart. No one will ever break those walls down unless SHE lets them.

Dean is never seen again. He probably got his karma. Lily has a happy ever after.

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