

SUPERSTITION

The following short stories are mainly a mix of POV's from multiple characters within the story. Each story will be tagged accordingly and with POV's will be separated by character.

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A Day with Uncle Matheus

Background: *After Roe's fifth failed therapist, Uncle Matheus decides that it's time to have some fun.*

"Yea and fuck you too!" Uncle Matheus screamed as he slammed the car door, turning to Roe who sat quietly in their seat, "can you believe them? What are we even paying them for?"

"Are we going to go find another one now?" Roe asks, giving their uncle a wide-eyed look that begged for it not to be so. Matheus scratched his head as he thought the words over. Whoever said that kids didn't go through trauma and had nothing to worry about, lied. This was Roe's fifth therapist, and each of them had quit on them. Trying to explain to Roe that they weren't the issue was getting harder with every denial.

"Do you even want to see these people?" Uncle Matheus asked though he hadn't meant to say it aloud. On the one hand, if he stopped taking Roe, then Roe probably would be much happier though everyone else would call him irresponsible.

"I just want it to stop," Roe mumbled from their spot, playing with their hands nervously. Matheus looked at the child he had adopted, attempting to sort out the whirlwind of emotions rushing through him. His grip tightened around the steering wheel.

"You know what, fuck this."

"Uncle!" Roe gasped, covering their own mouth as if they had dared to utter the curse word instead of he.

"Sorry kiddo, but sometimes you just gotta let one out." He backed out of the parking lot and began to drive, only one destination in mind.

"Uncle? Are we going to find another one?"

"No, Roe. We're going to have some fun." Roe's smile got a whole lot bigger when they realized where they were headed, and that was basically all Matheus had wanted. He watched as Roe's eyes grew wide as they took in the spectacle awaiting them a few yards away. The carnival had recently returned and since Roe was still quite young, had never had the chance to actually enjoy it. Roe was still too young to enjoy some of the crazier rides, but it didn't matter, judging by Roe's face, they were just happy to be here.

"Alright, kiddo. Let's go have some fun for once, right?"

“Right!” Roe shouted.

“We deserve it, right?”

“Right!” Uncle Matheus raised his hand for a high five, which Roe enthusiastically returned, hopping out the car and practically jumping up and down in joy. Matheus allowed Roe to guide him, pulling him to and fro, from what cart to another, one bright sign to the next. The kid was going to run him broke, but in truth, he didn’t mind. Roe truly deserved a break, especially since they were continually being haunted by who knows what.

Matheus watched from the sideline as Roe rode one tame ride, shouting and smiling like never before. Matheus couldn’t help his own smile, though the thoughts of today constantly plagued him. What was the point of finding another therapist? Especially when they would either say that Roe was just severely traumatized or seeing things? He hung his head, wishing he could somehow help the poor child himself.

But sometimes, the things Roe told him that they saw, it scared even him. Goosebumps would race down his spine, and maybe that was why he opted to take Roe to see a specialist. Hurt, pain, the loss of loved ones, that was something Matheus knew and could help with. But Roe was going through, that was something more, and a part of Matheus didn’t doubt Roe’s words, not like the therapists. Maybe it was all in their head, but the way Roe described it all, how they looked when retelling it, there was no way this was just trauma. This was more. And that’s what Matheus feared.

He glanced up and saw the bright smile on Roe’s face. The child waved at him, frantically from their spot before disappearing again. Matheus’s smile stayed this time though. There were definitely monsters out there, but even heroes like Roe needed a break from vanquishing.

Who Let Roe Go?

Background: *Bradley’s POV after Roe leaves in the episode **Who Let the Dogs Out.***

Bradley watched as the car zoomed into the distance, Sydero already inside the motel, leaving him there. Bradley didn’t know Roe well; he had just met the person really. But even Bradley could tell that whatever hatred Sydero and Roe held for one another was elementary. And undoubtedly it was Sydero’s fault, most emotionally charged things were.

“Hey,” Bradley called out, entering the motel and finding Sydero lounging back on the bed she had chosen, appearing like she didn’t have a care in the world. “If your little troupe was just going to break up, then you could’ve left me at my house.”

“Ugh, that wasn’t a house Bradley. And do you not recall your house being totally wrecked by werewolves?” she questioned, already showing how much she didn’t want to have this conversation.

“I could’ve rebuilt.”

“Sure. If you’re so keen on returning then bye, call yourself a taxi and get the fuck on,” Sydero growled, leaning up and narrowing her eyes on the young man.

Bradley was taken aback, if only for a minute. With rebellion in his eyes, he grabbed his bag and walked outside, slamming the door behind him. Both him and Sydero knew he wasn’t going anywhere, but he’d rather not be near Sydero when she was moments away from exploding. He shivered at the memories of what she did to those werewolves when he was younger, at what she could become. Just how much did Roe know?

It was a few minutes later that Sydero came by and sat beside him, looking up and down the road lazily.

“Where’s the taxi?”

“Stuck in a traffic jam, he said he’ll be here soon.”

She yawns, lying back on the dead grass behind her, “well when he gets here tell him he came for nothing. I’m not letting you go without a fight.”

“A fight between you and me, or you and the driver?” Bradley questioned, fighting a smile.

“You’d probably kick my ass, so I’m going to say the driver,” Sydero replied with a broad smile, a rare thing for her to conjure up. The two sat quietly, Bradley looking the way Roe had gone.

“Think Roe will be alright?”

“What do you care? You don’t even know them like that.”

“Yea, but they seemed cool. And that was kinda your fault back there.”

“Roe is in over their head. Them getting out right now is the best decision they made since I’ve known them.”

“So, that’s what this is? That was your twisted way of sending them off to get out of this life?”

“Don’t act like you don’t know about this life, Bradley. Someone like Roe isn’t built for it, and I refuse to watch them get torn apart by it. Especially if everyone’s just going to blame me.”

Bradley sat quietly, going over the few things he did know about Roe. Determined, ambitious, seemed far stronger than Sydero gave them credit for. He shook his head, “no. I think you’re wrong. Not about sending them away, but Roe not being built for it. I think they are, but you just refuse to see it.”

“Whatever. Doesn’t matter now.” Sydero stood and walked away, leaving Bradley on the curb by himself. Sydero wasn’t a fan of looking into the future, Bradley knew that. She would rather see the next few days than envision the next few weeks or months. But Bradley had a strong feeling, one he thinks she had too, that this wasn’t the last time they’d be seeing Roe.

Just One Chance

Background: *Key moments from the episode **Wanted** from Morgan’s POV. Default her pronouns used. *Note that Roe also gave Morgan a fake last name, Delano.*

After the interview:

Morgan watched as Delano walked through the doors, no less confused about what had happened and how they had gotten the job. She gazed back down at the resume she was handed, sloppily put together, obviously done by someone who had just thought at the spur of the moment to make it. If she were going off of instinct, then it would be a no. If she were going off of how the resume looked, even with all the credentials, it was still a no. So, what changed it to a yes?

Morgan was ready to tell Delano, but then they started talking. She immediately saw someone who had been put through the grinder, not all their parts returned to them as the cruel world swallowed the best parts. Morgan saw a fading light in Delano’s eye, a faint light that didn’t have the strength to shine anymore. And on top of all that, Delano asked to do kitchen work. A college student, practically graduated, with experience at operating registers and tending bars, had asked her to be on dish duty. If that wasn’t enough to change her mind, then nothing was.

And so, she gave Delano the job. Mostly because her best bartender was going on maternal leave, and her backup bartender was leaving for training. Leaving her with only one bartender and that just wouldn’t do. She was curious to see what Delano would do with this information, even more, curious to see Delano in action. Everyone deserved a chance, this was Delano’s.

First night with Morgan:

As Morgan gathered a few glasses and ingredients, she occasionally stole glances at Delano, who was reading over the menu, much like a student would a study guide. She followed every curve on Delano's face, observed every sharp intake of breath, and couldn't help but wonder what Delano's story was. A good-looking person like them, it was perhaps foolish of her to think, but what problems could they have?

Delano was attractive, smart, had a good work ethic, and the most mysterious background ever. At first, Morgan thought Delano watched too much Batman and just forgot that they were supposed to summon some deep dark voice to go along with the act. But it was in Delano's eyes. They were running from something; Morgan knew that much. She had stared at her reflection far too many times not to know that look.

"Why did you ask for kitchen duty when you know how to actually work the bar? This pays so much more." Delano prepared to answer when Morgan cut them off, raising a finger before continuing, "also, you came to me begging for this job when you can easily get a better one with that resume of yours. What gives?"

"It's a long story, alright. Can we just get to you showing me those tips you talked about?" It wasn't the first time that Delano had shifted the conversation in such a rude way, and so Morgan wasn't shocked. But damnit, if it didn't make her just want to learn more. To learn what this young person had been through to get them to this point. If anything, she really just wanted to give them a hug. She knew what it felt like to crawl from a hole after thinking that was going to be her deathbed, and she wanted anyone feeling like that to know it wasn't. That better days could come.

Second night of training:

"I know what you mean," Delano said, taking Morgan from her thoughts, her heart beating rapidly.

"You know where I'm coming from?" she asked them, raising a brow. So, was this it? Were the two of them in the same boat? Floating along a draining river wondering when the boat would finally scrape across the bottom and where it would deposit them? Was this the moment where she would learn more about the elusive bartender?

"Any truth to the story?" Delano questioned.

"Ha, no!"

“Sure about that? You could’ve picked anything, any problem, and any choice of words and those were the ones you chose.” Morgan’s smile faltered, her eyes traveling down to the drink resting between her hands. Images of the one she loved surfaced, memories that had no right. She had buried them so deep, deeper than any memories she had before.

“There’s a little truth. About two months ago, I dated someone and, well ... I thought they were all I could ever want, ended up being everything I *didn’t* want. It amazes me how we can put our all into someone and then learn that it didn’t matter. That they could just throw it away.” She held back the tears, remembering her promise to never cry over that person again. Those tears were useless and made her feel equally so. She didn’t want to imagine that beautiful face, those soft hands, or that alluring smile that always managed to send her over the moon.

How could people do that? How could they toy with your heart, knowing that they held every aspect of it, and then just do what they want? Was it some kind of superiority thing? Something that made them feel like in control? She would’ve given them all the power if it only meant that they wouldn’t play with her heart like they did. They didn’t trample her heart, they mauled it, ripped it in pieces like a rabid dog. She still had yet to find the parts.

“Well, I think you’re pretty amazing, Morgan, and anybody would be lucky to have you and stupid to let you go.” Morgan’s cheeks reddened at the words, her attempt to hide it from Delano, failing. How was this random stranger making her heart feel like this? Wasn’t this a bad sign? And yet, even with those words echoing through Morgan’s head, when she looked into Delano’s eyes, she wasn’t scared. She knew close to nothing about this mysterious person who had walked through her restaurant for a job, and yet she felt safe with them. Maybe ... just maybe ... she could give them a chance ...

Morgan’s last moments:

“Morgan, get out of here,” Delano screamed at her, grabbing her shoulders and yanking her backward. Morgan couldn’t feel her feet though, one moment she was on cloud nine, and the next, she was in a twisted sort of reality. She stared at the ... skin that now sat at the feet of this unknown stranger. A minute ago, this man was Burt, and now Burt lay at his feet. Or was it not Burt? Her head was aching, and every instinct residing with her told her that she was in danger.

The world was going by in a flash, Morgan speaking and not even knowing it. Her focus only slightly came back at the sound of the horrid man’s voice, he had called Delano something

else, something that wasn't his name. Morgan raised her gaze to meet Delano's, staring into their hurt eyes.

"Wait you took on a fake name?" the man laughed, leaning on the door to keep himself upright. "Really, Roe? Come on?"

"Roe?" Morgan asked. She wanted to throw up. She wanted that hole. That hole she never thought she would want to see again, suddenly she did. Because whether or not that hole was a memory and a constant reminder of every horrible thing to take place, it was safe. It protected her.

"What the hell is going on?" she cried.

"Your employee has been lying to you," another voice added in, five more men entering the room with him. There was no way she was going to make it out of this building alive, was there? Morgan looked back at Del-, Roe. It would seem that once again, she was wrong. She was always foolish when it came to hurt eyes, never looking deeper. All she had to do was look deeper. Those eyes showed hurt, yes, but they also held danger. They carried guilt, and above all, she saw little remorse.

"I just want to get out of here," Morgan begged, "please just let me go."

"Of course," the man behind her says with a good-natured smile, raising his hand and then twisting his wrist. She felt the pain, and then she felt nothing. The last thing she saw was her hole, her warm and dark hole.

Pour One Out

Background: *Langston is gone, and Petri mourns his close friend.*

If Langston was sacrificed:

Petri sat with his back to the wall, two packs of beers to his side, and Langston's phone in one hand. Langston didn't have any relatives that cared for him, so, therefore, no one would mourn his death. In fact, Petri was probably the only person who truly cared for him. Which said a lot since he always teased Langston about having him as his emergency contact. The day they became partners was the day both of their lives changed, for the better they thought. Petri had a horrible temper, and Langston made too many jokes and was sometimes forgetful. Their superiors thought it was a good idea, that and since both of them never seemed to be able to keep a partner, this was their last chance.

As soon as the two met, they knew the other was different. Petri hadn't been around many other supernatural beings besides his own, and Langston just thought he was some radiated freak. Together, the two of them realized that the world was much bigger than they initially presumed. Together.

Petri rubbed at his eye, was he really crying over this? He gulped down the contents of the bottle before grabbing another. He heard the sounds of movement inside the police station, his police station. He had to tell them about Langston, and thanks to Raum, he had an airtight story. Raum, that snake. He didn't have enough demons, and so he used Langston. He didn't know why he was surprised, he always heard warnings that working with demons was suicide. But then, not working with them when asked was as well. But he honestly thought that Raum had looked at them differently, not just as some pawns that could be discarded when he saw fit. Petri thought they were allies. Foolish of him. He had a choice to go after Raum or distance himself. The wolf in him told him to go after the man, to slit his throat and make him suffer. But everything else had common sense, and he knew that before he even placed a hand on Raum, he would be dead.

Part of him had genuinely hoped that Sydero would have gotten the better of him at the house, that she would just let her demon side go and that she would tear him limb from limb. Obviously, that didn't happen. She taught him a lesson though, friends were a hindrance. You couldn't do what was needed to be done if they were around. He looked down at the phone in his hand and allowed the tears to flow. He stared back at a picture of him and Langston, the two goofing off in uniform. With his current bottle not yet downed, he tipped it over and let the contents soak the grass and dirt.

"For you," he whispered, grabbing another. If he didn't wake up tomorrow, then that was okay too.

If Roe killed Langston:

Petri sat with his back to the wall, two packs of beers to his side, and Langston's phone in one hand. Langston didn't have any relatives that cared for him, so, therefore, no one would mourn his death. In fact, Petri was probably the only person who truly cared for him. Which said a lot since he always teased Langston about having him as his emergency contact. The day they became partners was the day both of their lives changed, for the better they thought. Petri had a horrible temper, and Langston made too many jokes and was sometimes forgetful. Their superiors thought it was a good idea, that and since both of them never seemed to be able to keep a partner, this was their last chance.

As soon as the two met, they knew the other was different. Petri hadn't been around many other supernatural beings besides his own, and Langston just thought he was some radiated freak. Together, the two of them realized that the world was much bigger than they initially presumed. Together.

Petri rubbed at his eye, was he really crying over this? He gulped down the contents of the bottle before grabbing another. He heard the sounds of movement inside the police station, his police station. He had to tell them about Langston, and thanks to Raum, he had an airtight story. He knew they couldn't put Roe's name down as the killer, but Petri couldn't lie and say that he didn't want to. He wanted everyone to be on Roe's ass, to catch the notorious killer and bring them to death. But it was fine, that just meant more for him. He would tear Roe limb from limb, dig his claws into every suitable place, make Roe beg before mauling out their throat. That is what he would do. And lucky him, Roe didn't have Sydero to protect him anymore.

For now, Petri was free to do what he wished. His superiors gave him some time off, knowing what Langston meant to him. Petri would arrange the funeral but then after that ... He chugged down the contents and then threw the bottle harshly to the side, watching it shatter. After that, Roe would die.

Raum the Bounty Hunter

Background: *Raum is hired for the bounty of a lifetime.*

"Raum," the receptionist says, causing the demonic figure to look up, sweat dripping down the side of his face at her voice, "they will see you now." He avoided eye contact with her as her shape turned into the most seductive specimen he had ever laid eyes on. The need to ravish her right then and there clawed at him, tearing away instinct and common sense. He thanked her with a brisk nod and walked past her, feeling her gaze.

He hated this place for several reasons, one of them being how everyone would immediately shift into what one desired the most. Another reason was that he didn't belong here. The Kingdom of Desire was meant only for mortals who accepted the sin in life and death, and then for the many succubus and incubus demons that fell under the leader of the kingdom, Asmodeus himself, Prince of Hell.

He stepped into the large office that had a mix of modern and hellish architecture about. Raum wasn't a young demon, but he wasn't the oldest, far from that. He could recall when most of the architecture around was Egyptian and Greek, though each Prince was able to choose what

they wished for their kingdom to look like. Asmodeus was the first to transition to modern, though his modern was closer to the Indian architecture than the western modern.

Raum jumps as he heard someone clear their voice, looking at the large office chair to see Asmodeus staring at him. To the side, he saw a dozen demons staring at him, giggling as their hands continued to wander the bodies pressed up close to them. The area smelled like smoke and sex. But that didn't surprise him either, Asmodeus's entire palace was comprised of nothing but gambling and places for others to get high, drunk, and have sex.

"My Lord Asmodeus," Raum began, bowing and attempting to stop his shaking. He failed.

"Calm down Raum. You're shaking like a priest in a room full of temptation," the man chuckled, motioning to the chair that sat at his table. Raum took the seat but calming down wasn't something he could do. Raum was an Earl, powerful enough to scare lower ranked demons, but this demon here could make Raum disappear without even thinking it. He was second to no other but his brothers and Lucifer himself.

"Raum, I heard you were a talented bounty hunter, is this true?"

"I ... I don't like to brag, but I do believe I am."

"Hmm," Asmodeus pondered, "then here is a scenario for you. If I tell you to track down someone and bring them to me in a prompt manner, how long would you say it would take you?" Raum feared this was more of a test than a general question, the glare that Asmodeus sent him told him as much.

"I would say that His Excellency would need to provide me more information."

A broad smile appeared, "good answer. A cambion though. Better yet, my daughter, Sydero. You teach her one thing, and she learns five additional lessons that she uses against you."

"She's warded from your sight?" Raum questioned further, and Asmodeus nodded through a growl.

"I have no understanding how she got her hands on something powerful enough to ward her from me, or who she spoke to, but it is done, and I need her found and brought back to me." Raum would never say it, but he didn't understand how Asmodeus believed he could find his daughter. She had top-level warding, Raum would be lucky if he could even spot her. The only beings that could possibly get past that warding were...

Raum sat straighter, "I'll take the bounty." Asmodeus's eyebrow shot up as he looked over at the man.

"Truly? Because failure is not an option."

"I've never failed, and I don't plan on doing that now."

"I like you," Asmodeus grinned, "your reward will be anything you ask for. You just have to bring her back here."

"I'm guessing in one piece."

"Eh," Asmodeus starts with a shrug, "a few broken bones are expected but do understand she is a cambion. You fighting her is not a question of who will win, but how fast will it take for her to kill you." Raum gulped, somehow forgetting that part. He had never met a cambion, and the legends surrounding them were not kind. Entire legions could fall to their might, and here he was, attempting to bring one back. Raum stood silently and bowed, turning and leaving the area without a second word. Indeed, it probably would've been smarter to say no, but no one said no to a Prince of Hell. No one living anyway.

Chris's POV

Abandoned

Background: *Chris is on the road to the small town to meet up with Roe.*

Chris rubbed the sleep from his eye, checking the GPS to see how long it would be until he had pulled into the town. Hopefully, Roe was there, and they weren't just pulling his leg. But why would they? Why wouldn't they? None of this made sense. Chris liked to think he knew Roe, knew them enough to be able to at least think of what might've happened for the cops to be wanting to find them so bad. Roe wasn't a criminal though, or maybe Chris just didn't know that much about his so-called best friend. Maybe Roe had gotten caught up with some unsavory characters?

He sighed heavily; he could speculate all day, but that wouldn't bring Roe back. It couldn't be that bad if they were still using their phone and was able to call Chris for this meeting. Unless this was a trap and Chris wasn't going to make it out of this town alive.

"Stop being stupid," he chided himself, his grip tightening on the steering wheel. At the end of the day, Roe needed his help or at least needed a friendly face. Chris would give that to them, and in return, hope that Roe would explain what the hell was going on. He looked into his rearview mirror, spotting a lone car a few yards back. There really weren't that many people on

this road, and that car was making him feel slightly more grounded. If he ended up getting stuck out here, then at least someone else would see. This whole predicament had him on edge, and the closer he got to the town, the faster his heart was beating.

Sydero's POV

Highway to Hell

Background: *Takes place right after Raum tells Roe that they are not human.*

Sydero moved her eyes from Roe to Raum to Bradley. Three people who were each making her feel a starkly different feeling right about them. With Raum, she wanted to kill him, simple as that. She wished to grab his neck and inflict on him each and every horrible thing she could think of. She would let him live, only so that he would walk around with a broken spirit. Then there was Bradley, that stupid little boy who she cared for like a little brother. Every day on the road, she regretted bringing him along, knowing that if anything happened to him, then it would be her fault. And it had. He sat before her, cradling himself and she could see that he was broken, that Raum and everyone who visited him had each took a piece of his spirit, crushing it in his face.

Then, well, there was Roe. They stared back at her with eyes begging for Raum's words to be false. She could look at them and tell them that Raum was lying and Roe might just believe her if only to not feel the horrendous sting of betrayal. But she had lied enough to them. If she knew that Roe would still be kicking after all this time, maybe she wouldn't have lied to them in the first place.

Their first conversation in the hospital told her that Roe was no simple human. They were something she had yet to come across, and that thought terrified her.

She straightened up, listening to Raum before suddenly shooting forward. She could do little in her life right. Every step she took was another mistake, every decision was a foolish one. But this, this she could at least try to make right. And it started with eliminating Raum and giving the others a way out.

Her body connected with Raum, and the two of them flew through another part of the wall. Like before, she ignored the feeling of cement crumbling down on her. She ignored the protest of her bones. She instead listened to the rage in her heart, the one thing that was keeping her going. She never liked letting the demonic side take over, it always felt ... dirty, like a mistake waiting to happen.

Raum grabbed her by her shirt and threw her into the wall before she could get her bearings back, she heard Raum's annoying voice and the screams of Bradley. Her heart pounded, inches away from ripping open her chest and fleeing her body. She sped forward, just in time to see Bradley falling towards the open maw of the hell hole. She had one chance, and she took it. She felt Bradley in her arms, relief flooding through her for half a second before she felt her foot hit something that wasn't the floor.

She threw Bradley with all her might before hitting the ground, digging her nails into the wooden floorboards as the portal dragged her into it. She heard Raum's chuckle, knowing that at the end of all of this, he had just won. She growled, staring at the dirty floor, refusing to look up at the faces that were gazing at her. This was truly it. This is what it came to. After all her fighting and trying to stay off the radar, it ended with her being dragged back to where she started. It was no one's fault but her own. Who the hell did she think she was to survive this? To finally be free of this fate? She wanted to believe that fate wasn't cruel, but it wasn't doing a good job of pleading that particular case.

She heard a snuffle, and her eyes looked up into the eyes of Bradley, tears rolling down his face, scars and fresh bruises decorating his face. She did that to him.

She released her hold, allowing the portal to take her as she fell inside.