

Supernatural - Doesn't Matter

By : Hell R

Two girls overhear a strange conversation by everyone's two favourite hunters. What happens when a certain song gets pulled into the mix? Based on a scene from Mystery Spot.

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"I told you that song was addictive," I laugh, grinning at my best friend.

"Yeah great, another thing you got me addicted to," she rolled her eyes playfully, giving me a mocking glare.

"What can I say?...Ya knowâ besides 'doesn't matter had sex'," I laugh again, this time a little louder than the last which resulted in me shocking myself a little.

We were happily sat in a small diner on the street corner in a small town that our latest case was taking place in. Needless to say this case had come to a bit of a stand still and traipsing around in circles really works up your appetite, we had hit a dead end and that ended up with us listening to pointless songs online that made us in a weirdly giddy mood.

The diner wasn't empty but wasn't overly occupied either, customers were scattered around the seats as if trying to avoid any contact with each other. Besides the waitress who had no choice but to come up to us the nearest human contact I had was from the guys who were sat at the table behind me.

Occasionally I would catch small snippets of their conversation and needless to say it sounded very interesting, it's a good thing one of my top skills is eavesdroppingâ not that it's hard in this quiet zone diner. In the hushed atmosphere of the diner I could only hear two conversations going on, one was between the waitress and one of the male customers in a corner closest to the door, the more interesting one was definitely the one going on behind me.

"Sam Winchester wears make-up," I hear both male voices say in unison.

Spluttering on my drink slightly I set my glass down, letting the straw slip from between my lips as an impish smile flashed across them.

"Doesn't matter had sex," I mutter, snickering softly.

Blacky glanced up from her plate, flashing me a curious look "What?"

I grin childishly at her whilst gently nudging my head back to indicate for her to pay attention to what's going on over my shoulder.

"Sam Winchester cries his way through sex."

We both shared the same glorious expression as we, without hesitation, happily sang "Doesn't matter had sex," a little louder than my previously mumbled statement.

"Sam Winchester keeps a ruler by the bed and every morning when he wakes up he- okay enough!"

Practically bouncing with joy we stared at each other smiling widely whilst crying "Still counts!"

We both began laughing madly in our seats, the world around us completely dissolving as we rejoiced in our happiness, that lasted all of two seconds before a clearing of someone's throat brought us back into the present.

There was no need to look around to know what was happening, the entire diner had gone completely silent. I gave Blacky a slightly sheepish look before shifting in my chair to look over my left shoulder, unsurprised to find both males staring at us with two separate expressions.

The one with the longest hair, who was closest to me, had a slightly irritated but also exhausted expression whilst his company, who was leaning to his side to obviously get a better view of us, had a look of amusement plastered all over his face.

I felt my cheeks heating up slightly as I looked away from them both, embarrassment washing over me.

"Sorryâ lit just slipped out," I mutter quietly before spinning around to face Blacky again.

I heard the one furthest from me give a light laugh and without looking around I could tell everyone was looking at usâ a quick bit of lunch just got very awkward.

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