

The old salvage yard creaked and groaned as Agent Franks' massive frame lumbered between rusted-out husks of cars. His eyes, cold and calculating, scanned for any sign of movement. He needed help, and discretion was paramount.

Bobby Singer emerged from his workshop, shotgun in hand. "Well, if it ain't the government's pet monster," he growled, aiming the weapon squarely at Franks' chest. "What brings MCB's attack dog to my doorstep?"

Franks raised his hands slowly, an uncharacteristic gesture of peace. "I require... assistance, Mr. Singer. Off the books."

Bobby's eyes narrowed. "And why should I help you? Last I checked, we ain't exactly on each other's Christmas card lists."

"Because the fate of humanity may depend on it," Franks replied, his voice devoid of emotion.

A tense silence hung between them. Bobby's finger twitched on the trigger, but curiosity gnawed at him. "Start talkin', and make it good. I ain't afraid to die, but I'll be damned if I let intimidation work on me."

Franks nodded, choosing his words carefully. "I have information about a threat. Ancient. Powerful. Beyond my capacity to handle alone."

Bobby lowered the shotgun slightly. "And why come to me?"

"Your knowledge is... unparalleled," Franks admitted grudgingly. "And your discretion, assured."

A wry smile tugged at Bobby's lips. "Well, ain't that a compliment. Come on in, ya overgrown idjit. But I'm watchin' you. One wrong move, and I'll fill you so full of buckshot you'll be pickin' it outta your teeth for a century."

As they entered the house, Bobby couldn't help but feel a mix of terror and intrigue. Whatever had Franks spooked was bound to be big, and the potential knowledge to be gained... well, that was worth the risk.

Bobby poured two glasses of whiskey, downing his in one gulp while eyeing Franks warily. The behemoth of a man lifted the entire bottle to his lips. The old hunter couldn't help but wince at the sight, then grabbed the other shot from in front of Franks.

"Alright," Bobby growled, "spill it. What's got you so rattled you're willing to come to me for help?"

Franks set the now half-empty bottle down with a thud. "There's... a situation. Something that could compromise my effectiveness."

Bobby's eyebrows shot up. "You? Compromised? Hell must be freezing over."

"I need you to research something," Franks continued, his voice devoid of emotion. "Ancient. Powerful. Potentially... altering."

"Altering how?" Bobby pressed, his curiosity piqued despite his better judgment.

Franks' jaw clenched. "That's classified. But it's critical we find a solution. Quickly."

Bobby leaned back, studying the MCB agent. "So, let me get this straight. You want me to research some vague, potentially world-ending threat, without knowing what it actually is or how it affects you?"

"Correct."

"Well, ain't that just peachy," Bobby muttered, rubbing his beard. "You know I've got more lore books than the Library of Congress, but even I need something to go on."

Franks hesitated, then reached into his pocket, producing a small, ancient-looking coin. "This symbol. Start here."

Bobby squinted at the coin, his mind already racing through possibilities. "Fine. But you owe me, ya hear? And if this turns out to be some government scheme-

"It's not," Franks interrupted, his tone deadly serious. "The fate of humanity may depend on your discretion and expertise, Mr. Singer."

Bobby sighed, downing his second shot. "Alright, alright. I'll see what I can dig up. But you better be ready to spill more details if I hit a dead end."

As Franks nodded and turned to leave, Bobby couldn't help but feel a mix of dread and excitement. Whatever had the MCB's most formidable agent spooked was bound to be big, and the potential knowledge to be gained... well, that was worth the risk. And if it meant keeping an eye on a compromised Franks, all the better for humanity's sake.