Summary

Sam gets turned into a mermaid and has amnesia.

Notes

I'm not a doctor. I don't know how amnesia truly works. I didn't do research on it either. But this is a fictional story based in a world where magic works *shrug* I can do what I want.

On another note...apparently when I hit full on writer's block for all of my current works in progress I simply start something else. I do intend to finish the others...but I got nothin' right now for them.

See the end of the work for more notes.
I opened my eyes in water.

That part didn’t bother me. It felt right.

What was a problem was I couldn’t figure out if I opened my eyes simply to open them because they were closed or if I had been sleeping or unconscious. Even that was minor to the real problem.

There was nothing before I opened my eyes. I was nothing. No concept of self or before. But I felt no real panic towards that...and that bothered me more.

Once my eyes were opened I started to sense and know...a few things. Head, arms, a torso...that sort of thing. And that I was in water.

Most of my body was submerged actually. There was a part of me that wasn’t and it didn’t feel good not to have that body part submerged. Like at all. It felt dry and uncomfortable.

But there was no place for that body part go. The container of water I was in was too small to hold all of me. It was barely wide enough for the width of my shoulders let alone the full length of me.

Something would hopefully be done about that soon. I was beginning to get quite uncomfortable not being fully submerged in water.

A hand penetrated the water and, before I knew it, laid two fingers on my forehead. Then, as they came, were gone again. I didn't have time to decide if I should get away or not. Not that there was anywhere for me to go.

Except out of the water and see who...or what...the hand belonged to.

So I did.

And regretted it.

I could not breath out of the water!

Before I could dive back to the water there were hands on my shoulders gripping them tight; preventing from going back to the substance that allowed me to breath.

Then a face was in front of mine and his lips were moving, but I could not understand the sounds he was making. A small part of me thought I should be able to. That same small part thought I should recognize the face in front of mine. But it was as foreign as his speech.

As he talked he shook me by my shoulders. As if that would actually help me understand him. I was more able to understand the worry in his green eyes and the demand in his tone then I could the words. But none of that did me any good as my gills struggled to take in water to filter for the oxygen I needed desperately.

Fortunately, my main problem was solved before I began to pass out.

Two fingers once more pressed themselves to my forehead. They might have been the same as before, but this time I could tell that they belonged to a blue eyed man. He had to reach around the
green eyed man.

“Close your gills, Sam, and breath through your nose,” a voice in my head instructed before the fingers were gone again.

In truth it sounded like a bad idea. Since the green eyed man was refusing to let me slip back into the water...well, it was worth a try.

I closed my gills and inhaled through my nose. My eyes opened wide in my surprise. I could breath air through my nose!

Instantly relief washed through the man that still held me by the shoulders. The tension didn’t completely leave him though. He was talking again, more words I could not understand, and that kept the worry I saw in his eyes.

*Why can I read this guy so well? I don’t know him. Maybe...maybe he knows me?*

I opened my mouth to ask...but had to close it again. It wasn’t because I couldn’t talk. I was sure that I could. Sure in the way that I knew I needed water for my gills to work. This was more like trying to speak in a foreign language and not remembering any of it when you want to speak it outside of trying to learn it. The words simply were not there.

The worry deepened in those green eyes and he gently set me in the tub.

…

**Dean**

It was bad enough that some bitch of a witch had decided that they could turn my brother into a mermaid...merman...merperson? Fuck. Whatever! Sammy had a motherfucking tail! And gills! *That* nearly had me in a panic when he came up out of the water and couldn’t breath. Thank fucking God that whatever Cas did got Sam to get him to breath out of his nose rather than those gross fish flaps on his rib cage! My little brother was beginning to turn blue! I woulda let him go back in the water before that...but we needed to talk to Sam and he didn’t seem to be able to hear us when he was under the water.

Then when it finally looked like he was going to say something...nothing came out of his mouth. Not like my brother had suddenly gone mute, but if he just didn’t know the words.

Having my brother turn into a merman was one thing. That, one way or another, will be reversed. But the incomprehension in my baby brother’s hazel eyes…. That hurt me down to my beer rotted core.

Of course, that wasn’t Sam’s fault. ...it was the knowing that the boy, now man, that I raised while our father was off saving people, did not know me...or what I was saying...and couldn’t communicate with me….

After I let him back down to the tub Sam sat there, drew as much of his tail into the water as he could, and watched Cas and I.

I turned to my angel friend and demanded, “What the fuck are we gonna do, Cas? He doesn’t look like he even recognizes me! What the Hell was in that spell that witch cast?! She did something more than turned him into a damned mermaid!”
Cas’ tone, when he replied, was no less angry and worried, but calmer than mine. “I don’t think it was the spell that did that, Dean. Sam did hit his head rather harder than usual.”

“What the Hell is that supposed to mean?”

“Sam, and you, get thrown around a lot.” I nodded. That much was true. The baddies did like to throw us around like ragdolls. It was one of the worst features about our thankless job. Cas was still talking, “I when I checked him over Sam seemed fine.” His eyes cut to where Sam was still watching us from the tub. “The way he is acting though… I think Sam has amnesia.”

That did not sit well with me. At all. “Sure Sam hit his head pretty damned hard this time. But amnesia doesn’t usually make you forget how to talk!” Then it truly hit me. “Sam has amnesia? Fuck!”

“Try to calm down, Dean. It’s fixable.”

There was no way I was going to be calm over this. I gestured to my brother, “Then fix him!”

Cas got a look in his eyes that I did not like. Liked it worse than the idea of Sam with amnesia.

“I, personally, can’t fix it. But we both know someone who can.”

I really didn’t like where this was going. His tone alone told me that I wouldn’t.

“Who?”

“Gabriel,” Cas said simply.

“No.”

“Dean.” He said my name in such a way that it sounded like a parent reprimanding a child. Where the Hell did he learn that tone?

“Fine,” I stabbed my finger into the angel’s chest. “But I want to make it clear that I don’t like your douchebag brother, none of them really. And while he’s around he better behave himself or I’ll shiv him with a shiny angel blade where the sun don’t shine.”

Cas gave me a look that I didn’t want to interpret just then.

Instead I turned away completely and turned my face towards the ceiling and prayed to the son of a bitch. “Dear Gabriel, archangel of mischief and just desserts. Get your winged ass down here and help my brother.” Then in afterthought, “Please.” I took a breath and continued with, “Cas can’t fix him and we need your help.”

Not a minute went by before I heard the sound of wings. “What did you muttonheads do now?”
Sam gets more water to stretch out in and Dean and Gabriel argue.

**Gabriel**

Before anyone could reply, or I could truly take note of where we were, much of my left side was suddenly soaked.

What?

I turned to check why and I didn’t have too far to turn. I was standing next to Dean and a bathtub. One way too small to hold the being inside.

One very startled and freaking out Sam Winchester.

Who was sportin’ scales as blue as the Caribbean Sea on a sunny day.

Again, what?

There really isn’t much that can catch me speechless. But this had.

While I stood there a moment blinking and trying to make heads and tales (pun mostly intended) of the situation Sam was looking back at me. Okay. More like trying to see behind me. He had these wide eyes like he’d seen something he’d never seen before. And it wasn’t my pretty mug.

Speaking of…. I squatted down so I could get a look at his mug. It’s always been pretty, but now there was something that’s not supposed to be there. Something entirely too otherworldly. Inhuman. It was something in his eyes. Of course, the scales completely gave that one away. Heh.

There is changed and there’s Changed. This one was looking like the latter. A human can be turned into a werewolf or vampire. Both of those were once human. A human can’t be turned into a mermaid (or in this case, merman). Either you are or you aren’t. But a human can be Changed into one. Say by a powerful spell.

I don’t need to be told that that was exactly that happened to Sam. *Unless there’s merfolk blood in their bloodline no one’s bothered to mention.* Knowing the Winchesters’ screwed up destinies…or what they used to be meant for…that scenario is impossible.

Sam was still trying to get a look at my back. But there is nothing there to see. Not like there had been the moment I arrived.

I snapped my fingers in front of those ever changing hazel eyes to get the scaled hunk’s attention.

His eyes met mine. With no flinch or recognition.

From behind me I heard what could only be Dean jumping an inch off the linoleum. *At least one of them remembers what me snapping my fingers normally means.*
“We need to get you out of this tiny tub and into something more comfortable. Whaddya say, Sammy-boy?”

No response or look of comprehension. Nothing, but a blink. I actually expected that. Everything fit in with the scales, fins, and...yup, those were gills. Everything fit the new look, except for the fact that that Sam didn’t recognize me.

Which he should have. Until I saved the boys at that Father be damned hotel (sacrificing my life in the process) I was persona non grata.

With the examination over I stood back up.

“Well?” Dean demanded.

I eyed him. “Well what?”

“Aren’t you going to fix him?”

There were two things I could say to that. Neither of which Dean was going to like. Too bad for him. “Yeah,” I told him as I snapped my fingers.

This time there was power in the gesture. I transported all of us, including the Winchesters’ belongings and Deans precious car, to one of my houses. I have a few, but this one was the only one with a pool. Sure, I could have made a pool in any of the other locations, but eh, it was simply easier to turn the chlorinated water into salt water.

In a blink Cassie, Dean, and myself arrived beside the pool.

As soon as Sam realized he was in a larger body of water his eyes widened, looked up at me, then pushed off of the pool ledge in a graceful maneuver I was sure he would never have been able to do with a human spine. Merfolk had always been so much more flexible than humans.

Right then it was a merman, really, more than it was Sam in my pool.

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Sam

I only made a few laps around the pool; just to get a feel for how big it was. As much as I wanted to stretch out soak in the water there was a part of me that wanted, needed, to know what was going on with three men standing near the pool. Despite my lack of understanding of their language I had a need to try. To know.

Which I didn’t. There was so much that I didn’t know.

I knew roughly a handful of things:

That my name was Sam. That was what the voice in my head called me; the one that told me how to breath air.

That the green eyed man had concern for me and some part of myself held that same feeling for him in return.

That the golden haired man had wings, but somehow could hide them. Those six golden wings
fascinated me to no end. I really wanted to see more of them!

And lastly, that I was a merman with no memories. Nothing about those two things felt right. Of course, the one was more obvious than the other as to why I felt like it wasn’t right….

When I returned to the pool ledge, the same spot I started at, the man with the green eyes was arguing with the one that brought us here. For some reason I wasn’t surprised.

The more I watched the more I wished I knew what was being said.

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**Castiel**

It’s no surprise that Dean and Gabriel are arguing. The two, despite one being human and the other an archangel/pagan god, are very much alike. But that wasn’t the cause of this argument. At the same time it was.

The both believe they knew how best to solve what had happened to Sam.

Speaking of which…Sam had just swam back and began watching the argument. It is clear he didn’t understand the words. However, even a deaf man could read the tense body language and a man in a foreign land could still understand tone of words he does not understand.

“He needs to be fixed!” Dean was just shy of yelling as he gestured towards the pool, and Sam.

“A spell like that can’t be fixed, Deano. You of all people should know that. Either it will play itself out or it’s permanent,” Gabriel was calm. And amused. My older brother was rarely not.

Gabriel’s words made Dean angrier than he already was. But it wasn’t only anger that was there. I’d spent too many years, profound bond aside, with Dean and his brother not to see the anger for what it really was. Dean was concerned and afraid for his younger brother.

Which was completely understandable. After all Dean was trained since early childhood to hunt down supernatural beings (and his brother might now be a merman, supernatural being, permanently). It was only more recent years that Dean had come to see more shades of grey when it came to the supernatural world, like Sam already did. After all it’s hard to see things clear cut when you’ve worked with the self proclaimed King of Hell more than once to save the world; and ‘good guys’ aren’t always good guys.

That was one lesson I’ve had to learn more than once.

My attention was drawn back to the conversation at hand when Dean asked, “What about the fact that Sam can’t speak? Can’t you do anything about that?”

Sam swiveled his head towards Dean at the mention of his name. *That’s a good sign*, I hoped.

Gabriel was already shaking his head before Dean finished the first sentence. “If we were dealing with just the spell effects or the amnesia? Maybe. As it is I can’t even touch the amnesia without risking making things worse.”

“Why the Hell not?” Dean was still shy of yelling…but there was a threatening edge to it this time.

When Sam flinched away from that tone, more than the others so far, I knew I needed to say
I put a hand on Dean’s shoulder as I told him, “Dean. I think you need to calm down a bit.” Those fierce green eyes met mine, but I had nothing to fear. “You are scaring Sam. Who, although can’t understand your words, can understand your tone and body language.”

It was more than Dean’s tone that had that threatening edge. Dean’s whole body would become a weapon if he thought he needed it to be to defend or otherwise protect his brother. I’m all too familiar with it. You don’t have to be around the Winchester brothers very long to see it happen. At this point in time I’m more than certain that most of the things the two of them have done to save the world was because they were trying to save or protect their brother.

It’s their strength as well as their weakness.

In this case the witch simply, or so I believed, picked a brother at random. It very well could have been Dean with the tail instead of Sam.

The tension in Dean’s shoulder, the one under my hand, eased a bit, but not much.

Gabriel answered Dean’s question with a bit more calm and a bit less smirk. “To begin with, the brain is a complicated organ on a good day. The most complicated one, in fact.”

Dean argued the point with, “Cas has altered people’s memories. So I don’t see the big deal.”

Who Dean was referring to without saying their names directly was Lisa and Ben Breaden. I’d only altered their memories at Dean’s request. That whole incident...let alone that whole year.... Well, I’ve also learned that angels can have regrets. Not that I regret doing what Dean needed me to do.

Gabriel brushed Dean’s point a side with a wave of his hand. “Altering a few memories is child’s play. We’re talking complete memory loss.” My older brother’s eyes shifted to Sam a moment before returning to Dean. “And by the look of that sizable goose egg on his noggin Sam came by his the old fashion way.”

Again I watched as Sam looked to the person who had spoken his name. I would like to think that it was the amnesia receding, but I know it’s not. I told Sam his name when I told him to breath through his nose. I had taken a risk when I’d spoken to Sam in his mind like that, mind to mind. As Dean would say, the risk paid off.

I missed whatever Dean replied to Gabriel, but I caught what Gabriel said next.

“Enough, Dean. I know you’re worried about your brother, and with reason. But I’m not messing with any of it. We, you and I, are going to have to wait and see how things turn out.”

Dean opened his mouth to argue, but he couldn’t with the duct tape that suddenly appeared on his lips. He had to settle for glaring at my brother.

I squeezed Dean’s shoulder in a gesture I hoped was reassuring before dropping my hand. I’d seen many humans do it to others. “All is not hopeless, Dean.” The hunter turned his focus on me. “Sam,” I pause and gestured to the younger Winchester in the pool, who was now, too, looking at me, “knows his name.”

The tape disappeared and Dean was able to ask, “How?”

“In the bathroom when he was struggling to breath,” Dean nodded telling me he was following what I was saying. “I spoke to him, mind to mind. I used his name. So he knows that now. And he has
been turning his head towards whoever speaks it. Clearly Sam understands that much.” Dean and Gabriel also turned towards Sam. Who was now staring, silently of course, at all three of us. To Dean I said, “He can be taught speech again.”

Gabriel was nodding, “It might take time and he might be a little slow learning, but I agree with Cassie.

Now that Dean had hope in regards to his brother’s ordeal the hunter smiled and scoffed. “Dude’s a nerd! One of the fastest learners I know! Sam’ll be talking our ears off in no time.”

I wanted to reassure him that it would be so, but couldn’t bring myself to do so. Gabriel had no such compunction.

“Not so fast, Deano. Learning a new language as an adult is harder than a child.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Dean waved off the concern this time. “Maybe. But this is Sammy. If he can learn Latin he can relearn English.”

Gabriel gave Dean a look while the hunter refocused on Sam.
Dean

I sat at the edge of the pool watching Sammy swim. I wasn’t even sure it could be called a pool anymore. After some modifications, all Gabriel’s doing, the pool now resembled something closer to a zoo exhibit. But Sam seemed to enjoy the additions.

Not like I could ask him or anything. With a sip of beer I tried to ease away some of my disgruntled feelings. It’s hard not being able to talk to my brother. Which should be funny. Sam was the one that was always up for talking about feelings. Now I couldn’t even hold a simple conversation with him.

I took another sip of the beer I’d helped myself to. After our...discussion...about what to do with Sam and his current state, and after Gabriel had made his alterations to the pool, Gabriel had popped off with Cas in tow, but not before letting me know that I could make myself at home and that the kitchen was fully stocked. At the time I wasn’t particularly hungry. When I found the beer I decided I’d at least try to relax some...since there was no hunt I would be taking any time soon.

Besides...there really wasn’t anything I could do right now...except maybe research mermaids...and well...I just wasn’t ready to do that yet.

So here I was with a beer by the pool and watching Sam swim.

The pool was actually a pretty decent size. Okay, so it was huge. Certainly way bigger than any of the motel pools I’ve ever seen. Which was a good thing. It was bad enough that Sam was stuck in it. Though Gabriel’s additions did make it look more mermaid/man friendly. Where the steps leading into the shallow end had been was now a gentle incline of sand. Sand covered the entire bottom as well, but in such away that it looked...well...natural. The irregular clumps of seaweed or grass...or whatever helped that illusion too. As did the fish and other creatures that had been added.

When I asked about those Gabriel had replied with a shrug and a, “Self sustaining.”

When I then pointed out the large area covered in tall seaweed and asked about that the archangel lifted a brow and replied, “Sam might have a tail now and amnesia, but he still deserves some privacy. What he decides to do with his new environment is up to him. I’m simply trying to make things as comfortable as I can for him.” Gabriel shrugged again, “Well, short of letting him free into...
the ocean, but I really don’t think any of us would agree that that would be good for Sam right now.”

I really couldn’t argue the point. Still couldn’t. As large as the modified pool was it was still an
enclosed space and it still looked like a zoo exhibit.

I sighed and took another sip of my beer. I really didn’t know what else to do.

All of a sudden Sam’s brown mop popped out of the water and he laid his head on his arms, about a
foot or two from where I sat, his face towards me.

He stared at me and I stared back. That went on for a minute before my silent brother hoisted himself
out of the pool to sit with fin still in the water.

Sam lifted a corner of his mouth up in an awkward sort of friendly smile. Then he pointed at the
bottle in my hand with inquisitive eyes. The same exact look when he was excited to learn something
knew. It made me kinda happy just to see that my brother was still a nerd.

“Beer,” I told him as I hoisted the bottle up a bit and then brought it to my mouth to take a sip.

When I looked back at my brother he had a hand out, palm up, “Beer?”

Was it a good idea to give my amnesiac turned merman brother beer? Probably not. Was I going to
hand over the bottle because Sam wasn’t repeating the word in such a way that he was asking if he
said it correctly, but was actually asking for the beer? You betcha!

Sam took the bottle, took a sip, and made the exact same face of disgust he made the very first time
he tasted beer.

I couldn’t help myself. I busted out laughing! I couldn’t even care that I was given a bitchface for it.
It just made me laugh all the harder. Amnesia or no, tail or legs, Sam was still Sam. It was the best
thing to happen since this mess began!

It was a few minutes later, after Sam had finished off my beer, that first mine, then his stomach
grumbled; in immediate succession. That’s when it occurred to me that neither of us had eaten since
maybe breakfast the day before. Now it was past noon. Between tracking down and taking out the
witch, and then worrying about Sammy...well, there simply hadn’t been time to worry about
anything else.

I stood up and gestured Sam to wait there, which looked liked he understood when he nodded in
reply. When I came back a few minutes later with the sandwiches I’d made and a beer for each of us
Sam was right where I left him. After I retook my seat I passed him a plate with a sandwich on it and
beer I’d already opened.

Sam took them and set them down between us. He pointed to the sandwich and looked at me with
that question in his eyes again. I should have felt stupid for having to teach my little brother this all
again as if it was the first time...but I just couldn’t find the cares. My brother needed me and that was
all that mattered.

To the sandwich I pointed and enunciated, “Sandwich.” Then did for the same for the plate. Sam
repeated and I nodded that he had the words correct. Then I pointed to the sandwich and told him,
“Food.” Pointing to the beer I told him, “Drink.”

I figured that if my little brother had caught on pretty fast when he was a tyke that he would now,
too.
I wasn’t wrong.

Sam pointed to the sandwich and said, “Sandwich, food,” then to the beer, “beer, drink.” Then he met my eyes and nodded firmly. He understood.

Without further ado we ate our food and sipped our beer in silence.
Teach A Man To Fish

Chapter Summary

Sam is can see and is obsessed with Gabriel's wings. But Gabe has a surprise for Sam.

Chapter Notes

I realize that nothing looks like it's going very fast, or anywhere, but I'm just taking a bit of time setting a few things up.

Gabriel

I sat at the edge of my - or rather Sam’s - modified pool with my bare legs in the water. It wasn’t really my pool anymore. Not like I used it much of late. I was pretty sure Sam was getting more use out of now in the past day and a half than I ever had over the past few decades.

It was the second night Sam spent in the pool. I thought he would be asleep when I came out here to check on him. But he wasn’t. Nor had he slept long the night before. As he had the night before Sam was swimming lazily around the pool. I wasn’t sure, not having spent much time among the merfolk, but I was pretty sure even they slept more than a few hours or so a night.

Maybe it’s a holdover habit? Father knows neither of these boys seem to sleep much. Not now or when I met them for the very first time years ago.

I snorted humorlessly. When I first met the Winchesters posed as a janitor and as nameless trickster it was… Was it really only ten years ago? Somehow it felt longer. And that’s saying something coming from an…well...normally I would have said immortal being.

I kicked my legs in the water gently to, hopefully, help dispel my thoughts.

I’d like to say it worked. But all it really did was draw Sam’s attention. Not what I was trying to do, but I’d take it.

Who needed words to communicate?

I didn’t.

Sam, this Sam, didn’t.

Sure he’d learned a few handfuls of words in the past day and a half. Honestly, more and faster than I expected. But I found we communicated together better without words.

Sam pushed up out of the water and sat next to me. He didn’t blink an eyelash at the fact I wasn’t wearing a single stitch of clothes. I had the night before, but tonight. Tonight I wouldn’t need them.

Tonight, like the night before, Sam looked towards my back and then back at me with a hopeful
puppy look. It was clear as crystal what Sam wanted.

Same as the night before I gave him a smile and spread my wings in all their glory. Same as the night before Sam’s eyes shone brightly in his happiness. It warmed something in me to see it.

Very few beings other than angels could see an angel’s wings. Oh, sure, it was common knowledge that we had wings, but angels weren’t exactly a common occurrence before the Apocalypse.

Even before I left Heaven it was a rare occurrence to see another’s wings. It hadn’t always been that way. But wings were a huge give away as to how an angel feels. When Luci began his rebellion against Dad…. Let’s just say that no one wanted their feelings so read anymore.

Now that I was the only one with a usable set there was no way I was going to show mine off. That would be rude. Besides...I’m too used to keeping mine hidden.

I’d only brought my wings out now and last night because I couldn’t resist showing them to Sam.

Tonight, unlike last night, Sam didn’t try to reach out to them. If wings were a huge tell on emotions then touching them was something done with those you were either very close to or intimate. And Sam and I were neither of those.

After several minutes I shook my wings and put them away. As good as it felt to have them out for awhile it wasn’t what I had planned for the night.

Sadly the happiness on Sam’s face dimmed. But I hoped not for long. Tonight I had a surprise for the hunter turned merman. I wasn’t sure how Sam would feel about it, but he’d be surprised without a doubt.

I caught Sam’s eyes, smirked, and very deliberately lifted my legs out of the water together. I brought up one hand and snapped my fingers.

The look on Sam’s face as my legs fused together and sprouted scales was priceless.

…

Sam

My eyes were ready to bug right out of my head as I watched gold scales, the exact same color as his wings, sprout and grow all over Gabe’s legs.

I learned Gabriel’s name the same time I learned that the blue eyed man was called Castiel. Or Cas for short. Dean, the green eyed man, was the one that called Castiel Cas the most. Gabe called him Cassie sometimes. I also had a nickname. Though I wasn’t sure how I felt about it. Sometimes Dean would get this look on his face and call me Sammy.

But none of that seemed very important as I watched the scales grow up Gabe’s legs, past the knees, over the hips, and then thinned out as they reached his stomach. There was a light sprinkling of scales dusted all the way up the man’s neck. Just like there was on me.

Then suddenly with a flourish a beautiful transparent fin appeared.

The transformation was complete. Because that was what it was. Gabriel had deliberately transformed himself into a merman. What I had learned what I was. Though I’d been told, with few
words and mostly implications, that I hadn’t always been one. I pieced together that I had been transformed, and recently.

But Gabriel’s was deliberate. I pretty much figure out that he was a powerful being by this point. I mean he did transport himself and three others here. And alter the pool that I spent so much time in to be more comfortable for me. The way I figure it this transformation of his was reversible, while mine may not be. I would have to think about that later.

Right then I was being splashed with water.

After I wiped my face off of excessive water I glared at Gabe, who was, of course, smirking at me. Gabe usually did have a smirk on his lips; that much was easier and quicker to learn in the past day in a half than the spoken language I probably forgot along with the rest of my memories. This time though...there was a playfulness that wasn’t always there.

That was alright. I knew how to play too.

Quick as I could, and hopefully without giving anything away, I pushed myself back into the water, grabbed Gabe by his new tail and pulled him in with me.

I was rewarded by a surprised bark of a laugh that was cut off into a gurgle before Gabe figured out how to use his new gills to breath in the water.

Once Gabe was in the water he let go of the golden tail and waited for Gabe to acclimate to the salt water.

After Gabriel acclimated to breathing salt water and using a tail to keep him upright, something he seemed to do easily, I can’t say that we played in the water or simply swam. Some of it was playing, and some of the time we did just swim, side by side.

It felt like something more though. Maybe a little flirtatious.

Whatever it was it felt good.
Fish In The Pond

Chapter Summary

It's been a full week since Sam was turned into a merman.

Chapter Notes

I think this fic is taking so long to write is because I'm not used to writing in this style, but the style fits the story... so *shrug*

Dean

A week had passed since that witch bitch had turned my little brother into a merman after he’d gotten knocked out hard enough to develop amnesia. The only good thing that happened since then was that Sam had something bigger to swim in than a trashy motel room’s tub and he was now talking in sentences after having lost his speech memories too...or some shit like that.

I wanted to bang my head on the kitchen wall as I waited for water to boil. It had been a full week and there was nothing I could do to help my brother other than keep him company and make food.

In a sudden burst of helplessness and rage I knocked the pot of water, which had just begun to boil, off the stove. In a split second I knew that had to be one of the top ten brainless things I’d ever done. Smooth move, Dean Winchester! The pot landed on it’s side spilling water all over the counter and onto the floor. Boiling hot water washed over my bare feet. With a shout I tried to dance back, but the damage was done and I ended on my ass trying to scramble away from the, cooling, but still, hot water.

The sound of running footsteps came from the other side of the house. Quickly after that Cas showed up.

“Dean! What happened?” the angel called as he entered the kitchen.

I was in too much pain to answer. My bare feet were red and covered in large angry looking blisters. ...

Sam

I looked over to the house at the sound of Dean’s shout. Unable to do anything about it, not even so much as go check if he was alright, I flicked my fin in the water helplessly.

Either sensing my thoughts, or more likely reading my body language, Gabe tried to reassure me with, “Cas is helping him. Your brother will be fine.”

It’d been a full week since we arrived here. Not much had actually happened though. Unless, of
course, if you count the fact that my vocabulary was taking off in leaps and bounds. I had gone from knowing none of the language being spoken to me to quickly picking up whatever word I was being taught to simply needing to hear a word to understand it.

Gabriel surmised that it might have been the first signs that I was getting memories back. Memories, or knowledge, of the first language I learned. When I asked why I couldn’t remember my childhood but could remember that Gabe had no answer.

That thought and Gabe’s words now reminded me of a thought I’d had recently.

“I still don’t have any memories of him as my brother.” My words had Gabriel turning his attention away from the house and towards me. “I can feel…” I trailed off not able to find the word to express myself properly. I flicked my tail again and gestured between myself, where I sat on the edge of the pool, and towards the house. “I know there is something there. Between me and Dean.” I dropped my hand. “Something that I guess only a brother feels…but I can’t remember anything that makes us that.”

Gabe cocked his head and seemed to analyze me. I’d seen the look before. Most recently on Cas. Whereas it looked normal on Cas, like a habit I’d begun to remember Cas having, it didn’t feel right on Gabe…but it wasn’t out of place either.

“You feel the connection, or bond, with your brother, but don’t remember him yet.” It wasn’t a question, but a statement meant to confirm what I was trying to say.

I considered the new words. Either one would fit what I was trying to say. “Yeah.”

“Do you feel a similar connection between yourself and Cas or me?”

I’d been told that I knew Gabe and Cas and Dean. That Dean was my brother, the only family I had. That I’ve known Cas for a long time and that Dean and I had met Gabe a few years before we met Cas, but that Gabriel wasn’t always our friend. I’d been told very little else. It seemed to be general consensus that I needed to let my memories come back rather than be told what I should be remembering.

I couldn’t say if I agreed or disagreed.

All I truly knew was the person I was now. …and maybe a few emotions that were probably tied to memories that refused to surface.

I refocused back on Gabe, who was still waiting for a reply. I nodded. “Yeah. I do feel a similar connection to you and Cas. The one I have with you is a different than the one between Cas and I.”

There was something in the angel’s eyes. It didn’t match the light expression on the rest of his face. What was in his eyes conflicted with tone and body language, light, playful, and relaxed. “Oh? How is the connection different?”

He was trying to come off like he didn’t care about whatever answer I would give, but I’d gotten real good at reading Gabriel in the past week. I was going to have to answer carefully if I wanted to keep whatever I had…whatever might be developing between us.

I looked at the angel from lowered eyelids. With a soft smile I told him, “You are the one that spends time with me when I can’t sleep at night.”

As I pushed myself off the pool’s edge and into the water I heard a smile in Gabe’s voice as he said, “Damn right!”
Castiel

I healed Dean’s red and blistered feel with a gentle touch of my Grace. When that was done I stood and looked at the steaming water on the kitchen counter and floor. That, too, was easily dealt with with a small bit of Grace.

When I turned around Dean was already pushing himself off the floor.

“Thanks, Cas. That was really stupid of me.”

I wasn’t going to argue, but I did want to know why. “What happened?”

Dean rubbed his face with a hand and sighed before dropping it, but began gesturing as he talked. “I was just so frustrated. It’s been a full week since Sam was a turned into a merman and yeah, he’s talking now...but he still doesn’t have his memories and we are no closer to giving him legs again!”

“Gabriel did say it would like take time for Sam to regain any memories after receiving such a hit to the head,” I tried to mollify the older Winchester. “And as for Sam being a merman I have been looking into a counterspell. You know that.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Dean grunted. “But in the meantime the only help I’ve been has been to keep Sam company and make food.”

I walked over to the hunter, placed a hand on either shoulder, and said, “That’s what Sam needs from you right now.” When it looked like Dean would protest I squeezed his shoulders gently. “Sam needs his brother, Dean. He may not have any memories of being your brother, which means he needs you all the more. He needs the type of support only you can give him. Even if that means being by his side and making food.” I tried to smile, but it felt flat. “Dean, I know his transformation is hitting you harder than it’s hitting anyone else, including Sam, and I have no reassurance for you, but you have to have some patience.”

Dean blew a gust a air that was likely meant to be a sigh, but sounded rather defeated. “You’re right. I just…” The hunter brought one hand up and laid it on one of mine. “Thanks, Cas. As you said, I need to have patience and be strong for my brother.” Dean straightened his shoulders and stood a little taller. I took that as my cue to drop my hands down.

Dean gave me a weak smile and asked, “Can you tell Sam I’ll have food ready soon? And ask him if he needs anything to drink?”

I replied that I could do that and left Dean in the kitchen.

…

Gabriel

I looked up from where I sat watching Sam swim when a shadow fell over me. It was Castiel in all his trenchcoated glory. He was the only one who hadn’t made some sort of concession to the heat. Being an angel neither he nor I needed to, but I liked to blend in. Unlike some of my siblings it would appear. When asked Cas had simply stated that he didn’t see a need to change his clothes when he didn’t feel the heat.

Even Dean had taken off a few layers. These days the hunter only dressed in a t-shirt and shorts
while lounging near the pool or in the house.

“Hey, Cassie! Pull up a seat.” I gestured to one of the nearby pool side lounge chairs only half expecting Cas to actually sit in one.

Cas sat, but said nothing. Not right away at least. So we sat in silence and watched Sam swim.

Which was more than fine by me.

Over the week since I’d been prayed to by Dean for help and found the oversized Sam Winchester, with a tail, in a tub that was too small for him (even if he’d still had his human legs), and brought the Winchesters and Cas to this house and placed Sam in my pool I’d wondered why I hadn’t spent more time watching and interacting with the merfolk. After all they were beautiful and graceful beings.

Or that might have been purely Sam.

After all I’d never actually spent all that much time with the merfolk or Sam Winchester before.

Unless one counted the six months of Tuesdays where I had Dean killed over and over to, hopefully, prove a point and teach a lesson. Which...given the extensive history of the pair of brothers...that was one lesson that neither brother was ever going to learn.

Let’s just say that I was none too happy with anyone after I learned about the course of events that took place between my death and resurrection. Honestly...I should have turned my back on these three…. But I couldn’t.

And now I had merman Sam in my pool, Dean in my house, and one of my many brothers hanging around. Of course, these days Cas was rarely far from the Winchesters, and the Winchesters could be very very rarely found the one without the other.

Over the past seven days I actually didn’t mind having them for company. Even without pulling any pranks it had been a rather nice week.

The only real downer were the emotions rolling off of Dean, regardless of how he suppressed them in front of his brother.

It didn’t take mindreading powers, and I didn’t have to ask Cassie, to know that Dean wasn’t taking Sam’s transformation, and coincidental amnesia, well. I was simply grateful that the older Winchester wasn’t a downer in front of Sam.

Because, honestly, Sam the merman was the most relaxed being of the four of us. That was saying something. Granted, the amnesia helped majorly in Sam’s ability to relax. Which was sad if one thought too long about that.

Normally I would label myself a very relaxed being. Apocalypses aside I rarely had much to worry about these days.

But there was something about the merman in my pool that me very much not relaxed. And I was thinking it might be a good thing.

When Sam pushed himself up out of the water, sat beside me again at the edge of the pool, and turned his smile towards me...I wondered if Sam getting amnesia wasn't such a bad thing.
Starfish Gazing

Chapter Summary

Sam wakes up from a dream feeling sad. Who is there to keep him company the rest of the night? Gabriel, of course.

Chapter Notes

That title is bad and I feel awful for it!

Sam

I woke up in the night with a feeling of overwhelming sadness. I could not say what made me sad. The images of my dream were completely gone by the time my eyes were fully open.

This was the second time this had happened so I already knew I wasn't getting back to sleep. It was still a few minutes though before I left my spot among the tall kelp. It wasn’t like there was anything to do. Swimming alone was boring. Besides, it was the middle of the night. Dean would be, should be, asleep. And even if angels didn’t need to I couldn’t expect Gabe and Cas to be around to keep me company when I couldn’t sleep.

Though...every night that so far that I hadn’t slept all the way through Gabriel always showed up at some point.

Tonight seemed no different. Not really. Although when I pushed myself onto the sandbank the archangel was already there.

I didn’t let my momentary surprise show on my face. The happiness however….

“One would think that you were watching me sleep if it weren't for the large, tall, dense kelp patch I sleep in,” I teased Gabe as I settled in the sand.

It was hard to tell in the dark, but I was almost certain that was a hint of pink on his cheeks. I had a sudden desire to see that color there in the daylight. For now I flicked my tale to help settle my thoughts.

Gabe made a sound of dismissal and waved a hand like he was waving something away, but there was a faint smile on those lips and a twinkle in his eyes. “Nah, I just thought this was a nice spot to watch the stars.”

I hummed at that. It was a nice spot to watch the stars. But I’d seen the way that the angel watched me when he thought I wasn’t looking. Cas didn’t look at me like that. And Dean certainly didn’t, being my brother and all. Gabe also didn’t look at Cas and Dean like that. But I’d seen Cas look at Dean a few times like that when he thought no one was watching him; especially Dean. The look was what I’d imagine anyone would have when they looked at something precious.
It wasn’t all looks though. As I’d told Gabriel yesterday, he was the one that spent the night with me when I couldn’t sleep. He was the one that transformed his legs into a tail most of those nights and swam beside me. It was how close Gabe would sit next to me when I sat on the edge of the pool or on the sandbank.

None of the attraction is one sided. I’ve quickly become aware that that’s what this is. Attraction. I was fascinated with Gabriel’s wings. All six golden glorious feathered appendages. I was attracted to that smirk he gets when he talks about the pranks he pulled. The twinkle in his golden honey eyes. Even the way the sun shines on Gabe’s hair and turns it gold.

But I didn’t know what to do with my attraction.

Gabriel’s an angel and I was a merman. (Regardless of what Dean says the tail and gills was all I knew.)

What did I know about being a merman? Absolutely nothing. Using my tail and breathing underwater had come instinctively. So I had no idea what sort of relationships merfolk had. Did they have short casual ones? Or mate for life? I knew even less about angels. Did they even mate at all? Even if we admitted our attraction to one another could we even do anything about it?

When I thrashed my tail in frustration Gabe looked over with a raised brow.

“You alright there, Sammy?”

I huffed. “Yeah. No. Well, not really.” I flicked just my fin that time.

“Ya wanna talk about it?”

I shrugged a shoulder. There was no way I was going to tell him what my frustration was about. Then I realized I could tell about I wasn’t sleeping tonight.

“I woke up feeling overwhelming sad, but I can’t remember why I would feel that way or what my dream was.”

Gabe frowned. He wasn’t surprised.

…

**Gabriel**

I wasn’t surprised.

I didn’t know the details of the events of more recent years nor the full list of people he might mourn. I knew enough though.

Whatever Sam read off of my face caused him to sigh. “I didn’t have a happy life before.”

It wasn’t a question, but I answered anyway. “No. Neither you or your brother did.” I didn’t have to have the full details to know that much. Maybe it was all the manipulating and maneuvering over centuries between Heaven and Hell to have the True Vessels born, but even after the Apocalypse was diverted the Winchesters were like lodestones for world ending events.

It wasn’t really there fault that they were made that way.
“So what,” I told the hunter turned merman. “So what if you didn’t have a happy past. Not all of my own past is happy.” Dad, that was certainly the truth! “But you don’t see me dwelling on it. There were good times, too, but I don’t live in nostalgic memories either. There simply no point. Life is happening right now.” I gave Sam a reassuring smile. “Even if all you have right now are feelings from memories it’s okay to have them, but don’t let them eat at you. You gotta let it go.”

When Sam shrugged casually with an easy, “Sure, alright,” I realized that the hunter turned merman’s frustration had nothing to do with his new emotion memories. But since the topic had been diverted I had no way to figure out where the real frustration laid. Not without pushing. And I really didn’t want to that. I liked Sam enough to push, but I didn’t feel like I had that right.

It wasn’t like Sam and I were, or ever had been, in a relationship.

That hit me so hard between the eyes, metaphorically, that it nearly sent me reeling physically. Breath i didn’t need got caught in my throat.

I wanted a relationship with Sam Winchester.

Not just with this version of Sam, the amnesic merman, but the hunter as well.

Then another metaphorical blow it me.

Could Sam Winchester forgive me for all that I did to him? Mainly the lesson I tried to teach him at the Mystery Spot that was little more than torture…. Not that I saw it as torture, but I knew that was how Sam saw it.

I focused back on the stars above with a sigh. There was just no way of know. Not until Sam got his memories back.

A few silent minutes passed before either of us spoke again.

Sam asked almost shyly, “Can I see you wings, Gabe?”

I gave the merman a smile. If I had any chance at all I could give things a shot with this Sam. Because either way Sam was still Sam.

“Sure thing, Samshine,” I told him even as I brought my wings out. I was happy to note that the term of endearment made the merman blush.
No Bait On The Hook

Chapter Summary

Cas does some thinking while watching Sam and Gabe (in a completely non-creepy way).

Castiel

From my vantage point of the double doors that lead to the back of the house and the pool I watched Gabriel spread his wings for Sam.

It made me happy and sad at the same time. Mostly sad. Sad for all my brethren, the way we were before the Great Fall, and after. And yes, sad for myself as well. But more sorry for myself than sad.

I’d been such a fool to trust Metatron. And it was right before Metatron came to me for my ‘help’ that I last remember manifesting my wings. I’d been so...flustered...that day. I’d gone to the small store to, in my hope, appease Dean with some supplies. I wanted to be useful to Dean, but truly knew little about human needs regardless of all the time I’d spent on Earth; and with Dean and Sam in particular. (I now knew that Naomi’s constant brainwashing likely had something to do with that. Much of what I once knew about humans had likely been washed away by her tortuous techniques.) I hadn’t even paid any attention that I’d upset the clerk when I’d carelessly knocked down a display with my wings. At the time the only thing that mattered was finding items that I knew would please Dean.

Now I watched as Gabriel’s wings fluffed up in a way that indicated that he was pleased with the attention he was getting from the one he was with. Even given how dark it was I could easily see both Gabriel and Sam smiling at each other.

It wasn’t forbidden for an angel to be with a human. Looked down upon by many of their brethren, yes, but not forbidden. What was was the creation of an angel/human offspring called nephilim. But I didn’t think Gabriel would go that far. ...although I wasn’t a hundred percent certain on that….

If Sam and Gabriel could be happy together...I could be happy for them. The both of them, my brother and the one that I’d come to care about almost like a brother, they deserved to be happy. Especially Sam. Like his brother Dean, Sam had been through more than any normal human should ever have gone through in one lifetime, no, more than several lifetimes.

“I guess that’s a thing,” Dean’s voice came from beside me. It was an unexpected sound, as I had been focused on what was before me and not what was coming up behind me.

I looked over at the hunter to gauge his reaction. Dean’s voice had been bland, but that didn’t mean that he didn’t feel deeply about it. But the hunter’s face was as blank as his voice had been.

“Would it be a problem for you if they are, Dean?” I asked.

His head whipped around towards me. “What? No!” Dean sounded defensive. “I mean I didn’t...well...I didn’t know that Sam was attracted to guys! Let alone that he was attracted to Gabriel !” His tone had risen by the end, but kept his voice low as not to attract attention. The only
one that we had to be careful about hearing us was Sam. Gabriel knew we were here, I hadn’t been hiding my presence from him, the archangel was simply ignoring us.

Dean let out a gust of breath and ran a hand across his face. When he dropped it he looked at me and said, “I’m just worried is all. Even if Sammy can’t remember it there is history between them. Bad history.” He looked away towards our brothers. “If Sam gets attached now, like I think he will, before his memories come back, then when they do...well...it could all go badly. And Sam deserves something good for a change.”

“You do too,” I told Dean, my voice suddenly going soft. There was a part of me, that I rarely acknowledged, that had been soft towards the human since I laid my hand on his soul to pull him out of Hell. That softness had gotten me in trouble time and time again. Over and over.

The shock and surprise was clear on his face when he turned back to me. It wasn’t what I’d said, but how said it. I might have been shocked at me too for letting the softness show, but I’d just been watching our brothers together when I realized that I wouldn’t mind having something like that for myself.

Maybe not exactly like what I was certain would develop between Sam and Gabriel, but something...

...Dean

My mind stuttered to a halt. “Wha-?” There was no way I could have heard correctly. I mean Cas’ words were innocent enough. Who wouldn’t want something good for themselves after all my brother and I have been through?

Doesn’t anyone understand that’s why I go out and pick up chicks? Not just because a guy’s gotta get laid now and again. It’s because I know I can’t have anything permanent. Lisa and Ben showed me that. The Domestic Life simply had no place in a hunter’s life. At least not the way civilians lived. And there was no way I could ever truly stop being a hunter. I would either die while on a hunt or take a bullet to the brain.

But Cas’s tone was soft. And that was plain freaking me out. In all of my experience angels, in general, didn’t do soft.

From day one Cas, and every freaking winged dick since, had been hard. Hard as granite and as immovable. The only thing remotely soft about Cas was that he had progressively gotten more human. (Not counting any of the times the angel had actually been human.) But being human or human-like didn’t make one soft!

This was soft like laying on a bed with memory foam with your significant other for a few hours...just laying there enjoying each other without needing to make it sexual.

And if Sam, Before MerSam, had heard those thoughts and knew they were mine I’d never hear the last of it! Hell! I would give him grief if I’d heard Sam say something like that!

I must have taken too long to respond...or something on my expression put him off, cause the next thing I knew something in Cas’ own expression changed and he was turning and striding into the house.

...which wasn’t what I wanted to happened at all.... And I had to fix it.
With long strides I went out after the angel calling his name.

End Notes

I haven't decided when this whole thing is set. Certainly after the tvland episode. Other than that I'm undecided. I hate Gabriel being dead and I'm not likely to write a fic without him in it in some way.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!