Blinded by Truth

by Needle_In_A_NeedleStack

Summary

On the drive back to the bunker after a normal salt'n'burn case, the brothers stop in Colorado for a night. And shit hits the fan real fast. Demons grab them from the diner and torture them. Sam ends up in a coma and Dean is, honestly, a mess.

I am really bad at summaries. I'm so sorry. This has a lot of feels.

Notes

Let me know what you think because I'm not really sure about this one. If you all really like it then I might continue but heads up I re-wrote this first chapter almost fifteen(15) times before I felt anywhere near confident enough to post it.

Please comment!
Lost


A faint buzzing could be heard over the beeping of the machines.

"What?" The man asked into the phone impatiently.

"Dean. I may have a lead on Kelly Kline. I am on my way to Ohio, where she was last—" Castiel was interrupted by Dean

"I don't care about Kelly Kline, Cas, Sam is hurt. Bad, like hospital bad. He's been in a coma and he hasn't woke up." Dean shouted into the phone. "I have no idea what the damage is and it's been three days, the doctor isn't sure what is causing it and he's not telling me a whole lot. I don't know what to do Cas, I just don't know what to do." Tears started streaming down Dean's face.

"Where are you?" Cas demanded.

"Colorado, we were passing through on our way back from a hunt and some demons saw us at a diner and got the jump on us. Cas... the doc said there was permanent damage, they don't know what kind yet but they're thinking eye damage because he was bleeding... gasp Cas, he was bleeding into his brain, really badly. The docs are surprised he's alive after that."

"Dean, I'll be there as soon as possible. You need to be strong for Sam." Cas said before he hung up leaving Dean to listen to the dial tone.

"I don't know if I can..."

After a few moments of sitting listening to the beeping of the monitors that Sam was hooked up to, Dean leaned forward, left hand grabbing his right in a tight fist.

"Chuck, if you can hear me, please, let my brother survive. Please you gotta help him outta this, he doesn't deserve this. He has done so much for everyone and he just keeps getting the shitty cards. Please give him some good cards this time and fix him..."

"There's not much I can do, Dean," said Chuck from behind Dean, with sorrow in his voice.

"Then what kind of God are you?!" Dean shouted.

"A merciful one, Dean. There are two ways this can go. Two choices for a member of Team Free Will. Not you, these are Sam's choices. I am going to send a messenger to speak to him soon. Now he needs to heal." Chuck stated.

"Heal?"

"Yes, heal. His soul is damaged, not from anything physical."

"His soul ain't damaged! He said the trials fixed him!" Dean objected.

"The trials partially healed his soul. The trials 'cured', if you will, the tainted part of his soul that was tortured by soulless Sam and the demon blood. The healing that he needs now is a lot more intensive than those."

"Yeah? What does he need healed now?" Dean growled, angry that Sam had kept something else
“Sam has been suffering from a severe form of depression. He has been since you sold your soul. He couldn’t tell you. John ingrained it into both of you to ignore feelings and push through.”

“Depression?” Dean asked.

“Yes, depression, it slowly eats away at the soul and is devastating to witness.”

“What are you going to do to help my brother?”

“Like I said earlier, Dean, I am going to send a messenger. You’ll know what I’m talking about when he gets here. And don’t worry about Kelly Kline. I’ll make sure that she is safe and the Nephilim is trained properly.”

And with that, Chuck vanished.
Gabriel woke in a living room, it was littered with empty whiskey bottles and packets of paper strewn about. He picked up a packet and read from it; Sam was lying in a hospital bed. A continuous beep playing in the background keeping pace with his heart and breathing.

“What?” Gabriel breathed, looking around again and seeing a very disheveled man lying on the sofa.

“Um, hello?” Gabriel questioned. He slowly walked towards the man, and poked his shoulder.

The man lurched forward with a low scream. “AH! What, oh crap, did I fall asleep writing, again?!” dropping his head into his hands he let out a muffled moan.

“Uh, guy? Are you ok?” Gabriel asked, a little spooked by the sudden actions of the man.

“Gabriel? It’s really you! That’s good, I wasn’t sure if it would work.”

“Who are you? Would what work?”

“Bringing you back. It took a lot out of me. I brought you back for a reason though.”
“Who are you?!” Gabriel asked, confused, this man had the power to bring him back? The only being who had enough power to bring an archangel back was—

“Dad?!” Gabriel blurted.

“That took you longer than I thought it would.” God, disguised as Chuck, said.

“Dad, what the heck! Why did you just ditch? We needed you. I needed you.” Gabriel shouted.

“Gabriel, I was guilty. I didn’t want to send Lucifer in the cage, and I didn’t want to have Michael look to me for direction after that. So I left before after Lucifer was in the cage. But Gabriel, I was always there for you, my son, you just never looked hard enough for me. But we are not here to sort out our familial issues. That can be another day. I brought you back because the Winchesters need your help.”

“And why should I help them? The last time I tried to help them it got me killed.” Gabriel snorted, “I don’t even know how long I’ve been dead.”

“Almost eight years. You’ve been in the void for almost eight years.” Chuck sighed, “Up until recently I didn’t have the power to pull you back into this world. Let me catch you up on recent events though.” Chuck touched a hand to Gabriel’s cheek and pushed the memories into the youngest archangel’s mind.

Gabriel watched as the Winchesters struggled and the world fell apart and came back together because of those boys. He felt a small sense of pride, being able to help them save the world.

“Gabriel, I brought you back to help the Winchesters, not save the world but save one of them from himself.” Chuck stated after Gabriel had combed through the memories.

“What do you mean 'save one of them from himself',' Gabriel inquired.

“Sam Winchester. What do you know of his mental health?”

“Last I saw he was fighting for hope, he was holding onto the last strings of happiness and
forgiveness. His soul did not look well, dad.” Gabriel mused.

“I feared this. I am going to send you to him. He is blind. Dean will be there and will question you. Castiel is almost there. But you are there for Sam. You will tell me how he improves. And remind him that he is forgiven for all sins. No matter how big or small. I am also going to send a gift with you. He will need a seeing eye dog. This dog is special though, he is just a young pup but he is good for hunting, and is fully trained for any type of situation Sam may end up in.”

“Dad, why are you doing this for Sam?” Gabriel interjected.

“Because Sam has had faith, this entire time. And it is time he was given something good in his life for all of the bad that he has been through.” Chuck said, sounding exhausted.

Gabriel nodded, as if in agreement.

“You know Gabriel, this would be a good time to apologize and set some things straight between you and Sam.” Chuck smirked, before snapping his fingers.

Gabriel blinked and found himself in a hospital room with a panting dog at his side.

“Gabriel?!“ Dean yelled, shocked.

“Hey there Dean. How’s it hanging?” Gabriel asked, looking a little guilty.

“We thought you were dead! You were dead. Sam was upset for weeks.”

“Well I’m back now?” Gabriel said with more question then statement and a small shrug.

“How are you back?”

“Dear old daddy.”
“You’re the messenger!?” Dean exclaimed.

“Uh, yeah, that is kinda my title. Gabriel, Messenger of God, all that you know. I thought you knew this already. We meet years ago.”

“No, Chuck said he was going to send a messenger to help Sam. That’s why you’re here right?!” Dean asked.

“You sure that’s a dog? Looks more like a wolf.”

“It’s what dad chose. Said it would be good for Sam.”

“What’s good for me?” Sam whispered, throat sore for lack of use.

“Sammy!!” Dean crowed, “You’re awake!”

“Why are the lights off?”

Both Dean and Gabriel looked at the dog that was sitting patiently next to Gabriel’s right foot.
Chapter Summary

Dean, Sam, and Gabriel talk. The dog is there for support.

“Why are the lights off?”

“Sam, the lights aren’t off….” Dean croaked.

“Dean? Where are you? Where are we?” Sam whispered. “Why is it so dark?”

“Sam,” Gabriel spoke, “It’s not dark. It’s just after 2 in the afternoon.”

“It can’t be.” Sam denied, anxiety bubbling in his chest, “It’s dark and I can’t see anything so it has to be dark.”

“Sam…” Dean whispered, “I’m so sorry. I couldn’t protect you…”

BEEP BEEP BEEP

A nurse rushed in just as Sam’s heart rate monitor started wildly beeping.

“Mr. Campbell? You need to take a deep breath for me.”

“Sam, Sam!” Gabriel rushed to Sam’s unoccupied side and put a calming hand on his left wrist, covering the IV tube, “Sam, listen. I know you’re freaking out but you need to listen to the nurse. They’re here to help you, ok?”

“Gabriel?” Sam rasped, “are you really here?”

“Yeah kiddo, I am.” Gabriel leaned over and whispered in Sam’s ear, “Dad brought me back just for you. And he got you a special present.”

“H-he brought you back?” Sam hiccupsed through a deep breath.

“Yup. And I’m here to stay if that’s alright with you.” Sam rotated his arm and squeezed Gabriel’s wrist.

“Thank you.”

The nurse, Susan- going by her name tag- looked at Gabriel and whispered “I’m going to give him some anxiety medicine until the doctor can come and speak with you.” She looked at Dean, “Is he going to be alright?”

Gabriel looked at Dean and whispered “his significant other is on his way from Utah right now. He should be ok then. Until then is there any way he could get some anxiety medicine too? He needs it.”

“I’ll speak with the head doctor about it, but I should be able too.”
“Thank you.” Gabriel nodded at Susan and then looked back at Sam who had started to doze.

Gabriel watched as Nurse Susan walked down the hall to the nurse’s station and then turned and helped Dean into a chair.

“Dean? Will you drink some water? I need you to call Castiel and see where he is.”

“Gabriel? Will Sam forgive me?” Dean whispered out.

“He has already forgiven you. You need to forgive yourself.”

The wolf-dog that Chuck had sent with Gabriel huffed from the foot of the hospital bed that Sam was asleep on.

“I forgot about the wolf.” Dean marveled, finally getting a good look at the creature.

The wolf-dog was huge, his shoulders coming up to Dean’s knee. And judging by the looks of him, he was only a puppy so he would only get bigger. Sam would finally get the puppy he always wanted.

“Will the wolf help?” Dean hesitated. He wasn’t a big fan of dogs, let alone their wild ancestors.

“Yes. Chuck already gave him the training and information he needed before we came. That’s why he is so well behaved.”

“But will he help?”

“The blindness is permanent. Chuck even said so. Not that he can’t fix it. But he won’t until some other things start getting better.”

“What does the mean?!” Dean demanded.

“It means that when Sam’s soul starts healing and he starts actually feeling better his eyes will slowly heal.”

“But what about hunting? What about the family business?” Dean snapped.

“You and Castiel can still hunt, Sam and I and the wolf can funnel cases and information to you.” Gabriel stated, “besides was hunting all Sam ever wanted to do?”

“Of course it was!” Dean scoffed, “It’s the Family Business.”

“Dean,” Sam hesitated, “Hunting was never what I wanted. I wanted to get out, remember?”

“What?” Dean whispered.

“That was why I left for Stanford, Dean. I wanted to get out.” Sam whispered, tilting his head forward, as if to look at his lap.

“Sam, wanting to get out is ok. Hunting isn’t for everyone. This is your chance to figure out what you want. You can take your recovery time to think about doing something not hunting related and you can still help your brother with his hunts if he wants. I am here to make sure you heal, body, mind, and soul. And Dean will help in whatever way he can.” Gabriel interjected, bodily stepping in between the brothers, the dog following and jumping up onto the hospital bed, laying across Sam’s legs as comfort.
Dean slumped heavily into the chair he had occupied for the past several days. “Why didn’t you ever saying anything?”

“I thought it would be obvious, me trying to leave to life, by going to a “normal” college.” Came a watery sarcastic reply.

“Sammy, I would have let you go. You could have done anything.”

“I could have. And now I’m going to find that dream that I had when I was younger and make it a reality.” Sam said with a sad smile. “But I’m also going to help you with your life because hunting is your life and you’re my brother there’s no changing that. Besides, I think I want to teach now. I could work as a professor and then when you need help I can help find what you’re hunting. I may not be able to actually go with you now but I can make sure you are ready for whatever you hunt.”

“We’ll get through this, Sam. We will.” Dean said, grabbing Sam’s hand and pulled him into a hug.

“Yeah, Dean, we will. And now we’ve got a little extra help.” Sam said turning to where he thought Gabriel was. “Right, Gabriel?”

“You got it, kiddo.”
Adrift

Chapter Summary

Sam goes through some feelings.

THEN

“Yeah, Dean, we will. And now we’ve got a little extra help.” Sam said turning to where he thought Gabriel was. “Right, Gabriel?”

“You got it, kiddo.”

NOW-a few days later

“Gabriel?” Sam whispered, “What time is it?”

“It’s almost two in the afternoon. What’s up, Sammo?”

“I just, I can’t get used to it, you know?” Sam slowly moved his left-hand down Raynor’s back, the dog sitting across Sam’s lap as he lay in the hospital bed.

“Get used to what Sam? Me? I know I’m fabulous.” Gabriel joked, grabbing Sam’s other hand and giving it a supportive squeeze.

“well, that, I guess. But being blind. Are you sure you can’t heal it?”

“Yeah, Sam. I’m sure. It looks like the blindness is a curse. Those demons really did a number on you.” Gabriel said solemnly; Gabriel had even asked Chuck to heal Sam, after the first day of watching the hunter stare blankly into space, and Chuck had said it was for the best that Sam get this chance to fully heal before being thrust back into the world.

“Ok Gabriel.” Sam said, slowly removing his hand from Gabriel’s grip.

“Sam.” Gabriel started, then stopped himself, Sam’s soul was darker. Ever since the hunter had woken up in the hospital his soul had slowly become darker and darker. Gabriel needed to do something, fast.

“Let’s go get some fresh air, Sammy!” Gabriel exclaimed.

“Gabriel, no, I’m tired and I’m not in the mood to sit in a wheelchair and go to the fake garden that the hospital has.” Sam argued.

Nope, we’re not going anywhere near that disaster. What do you think about Iceland?”

“Iceland?”

“Yeah, island in the middle of the ocean, volcanos, good food, nice people. Iceland.”
‘I don’t really know why a blind person would go somewhere that they can’t see.’

“I won’t be able to see anything.”

“You don’t always have to see things to experience them. You can still smell, hear, and touch things, right? Let’s go. It’ll be fun!”

“I don’t know why you’re doing this. You don’t have to sit with me all the time. I know I’m going to be a burden for the rest of my life, so why are you trying?”

“Sam,” Gabriel’s grace hurt from Sam’s words and tone, “I will never think of you as a burden. Dean will never thing of you as a burden.”

“I will never think of you as a burden, Sam Winchester, you are my friend.” A gravelly voice behind Gabriel spoke up. Gabriel had felt Castiel enter the hospital room but didn’t say anything because he didn’t want Sam to freak out.

Sam jumped slightly and Raynor huffed at the sudden movement but continued his snoring while he slept.

“Castiel, when did you get here?”

“I have been here for several moments, Sam. I would have been here sooner, but I was in Illinois.”

Sam seemed to sink in on himself as Castiel spoke.

“You didn’t have to come, Cas, I would have been fine with Dean and Gabriel.”

“Sam, I came because you are my friend and I wanted to be here.” Cas said, and Sam felt Castiel step closer to the hospital bed.

“Cas…” Sam whispered, voice cracking.

“You are not a burden and we get that through your thick skull.” Gabriel said grabbing Sam’s hand again and bring it up to his chest, so Sam could feel the pulse of his grace.

“You are never getting rid of us, Sam Winchester. We are here because you believed in us. Now let us believe in you.”
"You are never getting rid of us, Sam Winchester. We are here because you believed in us. Now let us believe in you."

Sam and Chuck have a talk.

Chapter Notes

I AM SO SORRY. THIS CHAPTER IS LITERALLY SADNESS. FORGIVE ME. I CRIED WHILE I WROTE IT. I'M SORRY.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

THEN

“You are never getting rid of us, Sam Winchester. We are here because you believed in us. Now let us believe in you.”

NOW

Dean peeked into the hospital room Sam was in, looking at how the dog, Raynor, had taken over the foot of the bed and was partially covering Sam’s legs. Gabriel was sitting in a chair directly next to Sam’s bed holding his left hand. Castiel was standing vigil, glancing at the door every so often, keeping watch so Sam could sleep peacefully. Dean made eye contact with Cas and nodded his thanks. Dean then made his way down the hall towards the elevators, so he could get a breathe of fresh air.

“Dean.”

Jumping and almost pulling out his gun, barely managing to stop himself, Dean spun around.

“Chuck!” Dean whisper shouted.

“Hey Dean. I see you got my message.” Chuck smiled, glancing back at the hospital room Sam was in.

“Yeah, we got the message. The dog certainly was a surprise to the hospital staff. Gabriel managed to whip up some story that our step-uncle trains dogs to be service dogs and when he heard about Sam he gave Gabriel his best trained dog, so you’re our step-uncle if anyone asks.”

“I always considered you guys family.” Chuck smiled.

“That before or after your actual family tried to kill us?”

“Neither Dean, I knew you, before, to use your words, the rest of my actual family. I was what created your souls, and watched them grow throughout their lifetimes.”
“Lifetimes? As in a lot of lifetimes? How long have mine and Sam’s souls been on earth?”

“Almost since the beginning. Not Cain and Abel, but a little after that. And your souls are starting to grow weary. Tired. This lifetime is so much harder than the others.” Chuck sighed, like he wished it wasn’t the way it was.

“Can’t you just fix them?” Dean asked, “They’re your creations, you can do what you want.”

“I could, but you and Sam wouldn’t like that, would you?”

“I guess not, but why can’t you just fix Sam? You could talk to him about it and see what he thinks.”

“You think I should? I do need to apologize for a lot. Do you think he would accept me ‘fixing’ him as an apology?”

“I don’t know. Maybe, maybe not. He’s weird like that. Won’t let anyone do anything for him that he thinks he deserves.”

“HE thinks he deserves to be blind?”

“Yeah, he’s till guilty about a lot of things, I’ve forgiven him, man, but he just holds that and doesn’t show that he still feels guilty but he is. He’s tearing himself up on the inside, even for the small things. One time when we were younger, dad had gone out on a hunt and we were in the hotel room and we were almost out of food, and he really wanted cereal. He told me a few years ago that he was still guilty about taking the last bowl when he knew I wanted it.”

“I think I know what might help. But I need Gabriel and Castiel out of the room.” Chuck was already walking to the hospital room, Dean trailing behind.

“Cas, Gabriel, let's go get coffee. Chuck can watch over sleeping beauty for now.” Dean said, giving each angel a strong look, telling them don't argue.

“M not sleepin’ De’n.” Sam mumbled, “Chuck is here?”

“Hey Sam, how’re you doin’?” Chuck said walking closer to the hospital bed.

“You probably know how I’m doing.”

Gabriel, Dean, and Castiel, glanced between Sam and Chuck before leaving the room and closing the door behind them.

“Sam~” Chuck started before stopping himself, he was God he could do this, he could forgive Sam Winchester, The Boy who literally gave up his life several times to stop his Children. He would do this and He would watch over this child, this human, his Son, and make sure nothing else bad happened.

“Chuck, it’s okay. I know you won’t heal my eyes, Gabriel said it was some kind of curse that needed time to dissolve. I know you could probably fix it and I know you’re not going to for some reason. But it’s okay. I’ll live until my eyes get back to normal.”

“I know you will Sam, you always seem to bounce back. You’re so strong.” Chuck lamented, “Your soul Sam, it’s so beautiful, but sad. It looks like a hurricane, there’s so much happening to it and around it and it hasn’t had a break, it just goes and goes, spinning continuously, and wearing itself out. It’s tiring, isn’t it? Getting up in the morning? Wearing a mask, telling everyone you’re fine?”
“I knew something was different after I tried to close the gates, but I never could find the words for it. Hurricane fits how I feel. But I just can’t seem to push past it. I can’t fight it anymore.” Sam mumbled, “I’m not sure I should, I already know where I’m going when I die, so why prolong the inevitable.”

Tears welled in Chucks eyes, how dare his children, how dare Michael and Lucifer and all of the angels who tried to lead the world to ruin do this to this human. This human whose soul and mind are so beautiful, ever evolving and everlasting, this human is beautiful. If they all weren’t already dead, Chuck would go and show them what God’s wrath really looks like.

“Sam, you’re not going to hell. Death, Myself, Gabriel, Dean wouldn’t let you.”

“How can you be so sure? My soul is a disaster waiting to happen, Dean barely talks to me anymore and Gabriel and Castiel are only trying to stay on your good side!” Sam was furiously brushing tears away, Raynor woke, and moved closer to Sam’s torso, situating himself where Sam could feel the comfort oozing from the dog.

“Oh, Sam. Gabriel and Castiel, they love you. They’re not trying to stay on my good side. They never left, They’re staying because they want to. I thought they already told you this. Dean, he loves you. You know this. Hellhounds, literally, couldn’t drag him away from his baby brother. Sam, they’ve all forgiven you. It’s time you forgive yourself.”

“I can’t!” Sam sobbed openly, “I’ve tried! I’ve gone to confession, I’ve prayed, I’ve done everything I could think of to forgive myself. I was hoping that closing the Gates of Hell would absolve me, but I’m still here!”

“Sam, would you like to tell me your sins? I, your Almighty Father, will listen and grant forgiveness, if I choose.” I forgive you when I create your soul, Sam Winchester, my son.

“Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned*, so much in my lifetime, I don’t know where to start. How could I ever receive forgiveness from you?” Sam wept.

“Sam Winchester, I have known you since before you were born as Sam Winchester. You have done what you have thought was right all your life. I forgive you when I created your soul. I forgive you now, I forgive you in the past. I’ve granted my forgiveness. You, my son, must now realize that you are forgiven, and must move forward from here.” Chuck said authoritatively, grabbing Sam’s hand and pulling it to his vessel’s chest.

Sam was openly sobbing, reaching for chuck, like a small child reaches for a parent.

“Sam,” Chuck comforted, “I forgive you. Now it’s time for you to forgive yourself.”

All Sam could do was nod into Chuck’s shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

* I am not religious so this “Forgive me Father for I have sinned” scene is literally coming from what I’ve seen in movies and read in books. I'm not trying to offend anyone if I did it wrong, let me know I will try my best to fix it in future fics. But the way it flows in this one will stay the same.
THEN

“Sam,” Chuck comforted, “I forgive you. Now it’s time for you to forgive yourself.”

All Sam could do was nod into Chuck’s shoulder.

NOW

“Sam,” Gabriel chirped, “You never answered me about Iceland. What do you think about a field trip?”

“I’ve never been to Iceland so I would love to go, but I’m not really sure about airplanes. Being blind is really throwing me off.” Sam replied, turning his head to the sound of Gabriel’s voice.

“Who said anything about airplanes? I’ll be taking you of course, Cas can take Dean and we can make it a vacation. When was the last time you had a vacation?” Gabriel talked at Sam, “Like, never? Got it, so it’s happening, I’ll send Cas a message to get Dean to pack you a bag, and pack himself a bag.”

Sam smiled. Over the past couple of weeks, since Gabriel showed up and his talk with Chuck, he had slowly forgiven himself, and allowed others to care for him. Gabriel, realizing Sam had zoned out while he planned a trip for their little family.

“Sam, I love you, you know.” Gabriel said, the words slipping out. He didn’t regret them, they were true, but he had wanted to wait until Sam was healed to tell him.

“I know.” Sam smirked a little, at his reference and at Gabriel’s sarcastic affronted gasp.

“You nerd! You would do that to me wouldn’t you!” Gabriel reached over and ruffled Sam’s hair.

“Yeah I would, but in all honesty, I love you too, Gabe.”

Gabriel smiled and placed a small kiss on Sam’s lips.

“Gross dude. If you wanna make out do it where people won’t walk in.”

“Dean. I’m literally in the hospital, in a bed, with a broken leg. I’m not going anywhere to make out. So next time knock.” Sam deadpanned and pulled an epic bitchface in the general direction of Dean.

“Dean, I told you we should respect them by knocking.” Castiel’s voice came from the same area as Dean.

“Hey Cas.”

“Hello Sam. How are you today?” Castiel asked, stepping closer to the bed.
“I’m not saying now is the best time to make out, which means you shouldn’t have been making out, anyway. Besides when were you and Gabriel a thing. Do I have to do the ‘Older sibling speech’? Because I will. Gabriel- “

“Dean, you already know that Gabriel will not do anything purposeful to harm Sam. So, shut up.” Cas interrupted Dean.

Sam snorted, then turned to where Gabriel normally was, “DO you want to tell them or should I?”

“You tell them Sambo. I’ll take pictures so you can eventually see the shock on Dean’s face.”

“Tell me what?”

“We’re going on vacation.”

“The bags are in the trunk.” Castiel spoke up before Sam could finish his surprise.

“Vacation? You and Gabriel? But you have a broken leg!”

“Not just me and Gabriel. All four of us. A Family Vacation!” Sam smiled; it had been a while since he was this excited.

“The four of us? Awesome. Where to? I’m driving!”

“Nope,” Gabriel grinned, popping the P, “Where we are going you can’t drive.”

“Well I’m not getting in an airplane!” Dean exclaimed.

“You won’t have to, Gabriel and Cas are taking us.” Sam assured.

“Fine, then where are we going?” Dean sulked.

“Iceland!” Sam cheered.

“Shall we get going?” Gabriel hummed, snapping his fingers, giving Sam a new outfit, besides the hospital gown.

“Wait, what about Sam’s leg?” Dean wondered, “He can’t do anything with it broken.”

“You’re right, Dean.” Cas stated, before leaning towards Sam. Sam felt Castiel’s presence get closer to him, and out of natural reaction he flinched.

“I apologize, Sam, I did not mean to startle you. I just wish to heal your leg and any lasting physical damage from the attack. It will make our vacation more exciting for you.” Cas said as he stepped away from Sam’s bedside.

“No, it’s ok Cas. I know you didn’t mean to startle me. Thank you for healing me.” Sam said, closing his eyes and allowing Castiel’s comforting grace flow through him from head to toe.

“It is alright Sam, you will adapt, like you always do.”

Gabriel snapped again and Sam could feel the cold air on his previously cast-covered leg.

“Let’s get this show on the road!” Gabriel crowed, “Iceland, here we come!”
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