Something So Right

by LeotheLionathefootofOrion

Summary

Things finally come to a head, and Gabriel realises that keeping his lips sealed forever won’t do any good.

Notes

The final work in this series! Thank you, dedicated readers, for your support!

Songs mentioned are:

Kodachrome by Paul Simon
https://youtu.be/qRHRhoS3KFk

Something So Right by Paul Simon
https://youtu.be/3x-SXYRZBYk

See the end of the work for more notes

‘If you took all the girls I knew
When I was single
And brought them all together for one night
I know they'd never match
My sweet imagination
Everything looks worse in black and white...

Gabriel had been watching Sam for months now. It had become a habit, then an addiction - and now he found that he just couldn’t stop. Several times, he’d let Sam catch him - but every time, he’d just turned away. Gabriel guessed he thought he was hallucinating. He just wished there was something he could do to help.

He wanted to go back to the bunker. He wanted to be a part of the little Winchester gang - but he knew he wasn’t really welcome there. He didn’t blame them for not wanting him around. Even Sam ignored him now. Didn’t search for him, didn’t pray. They’d all realised that they were better off without Gabriel in their lives.

Gabriel worried about Sam, though. He didn’t seem well. He was spending less and less time at the bunker, going off on his own for days. Between the driving and the drinking, he didn’t seem to be sleeping all that much. Several times Gabriel had seen him crying. He’d wanted to step in then, to take the hunter into his arms and comfort him. But he wasn’t a part of Sam’s life now. It wasn’t his business.

He drifted behind Sam now, mingling in crowds, sitting in dark corners. Wherever Sam went he was sure to follow. It wasn’t like he had anywhere else to go or anyone else to watch over. He did little things to put his mind at rest, to keep Sam safe. He helped him sleep a couple of times, drove away nightmares and monsters. But never showed his face.

Until one night, when Sam prayed to him.

Sam had picked out a motel room set back from the highway, and the night was quiet. The room was nothing special, it rarely was. Sam didn’t seem to see it, though, as he walked quietly inside and locked the door behind him. He lay down on the bed and closed his eyes, seeming exhausted. Gabriel hovered in the corner of the room, invisible but watchful, and waited for the sound of Sam’s sleeping breathing. He looked so worn down and tired that Gabriel expected him to fall asleep right there, on top of the bed and still wearing his clothes. Instead, though, after a few minutes Sam opened his eyes, and half sat up. He stared right at Gabriel - unblinking, for several moments.

It was very disconcerting and for a moment Gabriel wondered if he’d made some mistake in his disguise. He checked - and found himself completely invisible. So Sam couldn’t possibly see him after all. It was a coincidence. Gabriel breathed a sigh of relief - relief that didn’t last very long, when Sam began to speak.

“Archangel Gabriel - if you can hear me, or if you chose to listen.” He began. The familiar tingle of a direct, heartfelt prayer went through Gabriel. Sam’s voice was husky but in Gabriel’s mind and grace, it rang out as clear as a bell. Gabriel listened.

“I know I’m probably the last person you want to hear from. I know we drove you away when you needed us most. I’m truly sorry for that. I wouldn’t be doing this if it wasn’t important.” Sam chewed his lip then spoke again. “I keep seeing you. In places where you shouldn’t be. In the street, in bars.... I saw you last night. I need to know...” his voice splintered for a moment. “I need to know if I’m crazy. If I’m hallucinating. Or if... If this is some sort of punishment.”

Gabriel’s mind spiralled. Why on earth would Sam think he was being punished? Gabriel wasn’t punishing him. He was looking out for him - giving him the opportunity to interact, if he wanted to.
Gabriel had assumed not, since Sam had ignored him for all this time.

“It doesn’t feel like it did when I was hallucinating about Lucifer.” Sam instinctively curled up on himself at this memory. “But it can’t be real. Why the hell would you be following me? Why would you bother? I’m not worth the trouble, even to torment.” He laughed bitterly. “So I’m going mad, or you’re haunting me. Either way... I wish you’d make it stop. I’m truly sorry for what we did to you. I wanted to be there for you. I would’ve been, given half a chance. You understood better than Dean. Or at least you seemed to. We could’ve... helped each other. That’s what I hoped anyway. I know it’s too late now.”

Sam swallowed hard and looked up at the ceiling. “Anyway, if you are listening. Please know that I’m sorry. And please... please at least consider helping me. I’m not sure how long I can deal with seeing you in dark corners. It breaks my heart every damn time.” He swiped at his face tiredly and shook his head. “Sorry for taking up your time, Gabriel. I... I hope you’re ok.”

Gabriel watched Sam lay down on the bed again, and close his eyes. He looked ridiculously small, all curled in on himself. It was hard to watch. Even harder, knowing what Gabriel knew now. Long after Sam was fast asleep and dreamless, Gabriel continued to watch, thinking about everything he’d heard.

And after minutes of staring at Sam, he crossed the room in a few short steps and climbed onto the bed. Tucked himself up against Sam’s back and closed his eyes.

It felt like moments, but the hours passed and morning light poured through the thin fabric of the curtains, waking Sam from his sleep. Sleep always left him fresh and rested these days, but it didn’t last so long. His brain soon got him back on the programme and the depression settled in. Sam decided to suck up a few more minutes of rest before he swung himself out bed and faced the inevitable. He tried to turn over and rest his face on the other cool pillow. But something blocked his path.

He blinked his eyes open. Dean probably would have killed him for his slowness, but he was still half asleep. And he found himself eye to eye with another person. Golden brown orbs. A slightly crooked nose. A thin lipped mouth, dotted over with white scars. Sam nearly fell backwards off the bed, but Gabriel’s hand tightened on his leg and kept him in place.

Gabriel.

Not a shadow of Gabriel, not a mirage. Not a half formed thought, nothing like the ghostly figures he’d found himself face to face with time and time again over the past few months. A real, flesh and blood Gabriel, with a warm hand and worried eyes. Sam’s breath caught.

Gabriel didn’t say anything. His hand moved slowly up Sam’s leg, over his hip and up to his chest. It didn’t stop moving until it found Sam’s cheek. Small rough fingers cupped the side of his face and stroked over his cheek bone. Sam had forgotten how to breathe.

“It was never a punishment.” Gabriel said softly, barely above a whisper. “I wasn’t haunting you. I was looking out for you.” His thumb brushed Sam’s lip. “I thought you’d see me, I thought you’d speak to me. I didn’t realise...”

Sam managed to drag his voice up from wherever it had been taking its vacation. “You... It was really you, all that time?” And Gabriel nodded.
“I’m sorry Sam.” He murmured. Sam nodded slowly. He reached out his hand and mirrored Gabriel’s position, cupping his cheek. Stroking over the white scars around his mouth.

“Come home?” He asked, barely daring to hope. Gabriel seemed surprised and his lips parted slightly, forming a question. Sam pressed his finger to Gabriel’s lips gently.

“Don’t fight me. We want you to come home. We all do.” He leaned forward, moving his finger out of the way, and kissed Gabriel softly. Gabriel obeyed, didn’t fight him. His hand tangled in Sam’s hair, and in the background of the room a song began to play.

‘You've got the cool water
When the fever runs high
You've got the look of love light
In your eyes
And I was in crazy motion
’Til you calmed me down
It took a little time
But you calmed me down
When something goes wrong
I'm the first to admit it
I'm the first to admit it
But the last one to know
When something goes right
Well it's likely to lose me
It's apt to confuse me
It's such an unusual sight
I can't get used to something so right
Something so right...’

End Notes

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