When Angels Fall

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Summary

Metatron's spell to cast the angels from Heaven has unexpected consequences. Gabriel and Raphael are resurrected and Lucifer and Michael are freed from the cage. Four pissed off Archangels are joined together in one common goal, restore Heaven before the demons overrun the Earth.
Chapter 1

Metatron had been patiently waiting. Hiding and waiting for the opportunity that had now presented itself. He was not stupid, he knew that the Archangels would have put aside their differences to smite him into atomic particles if he had attempted this while they still held power.

This was the one thing that could have gotten them all on the same page. Lucifer would have given up his hatred of humanity, Michael would have put his duty to father on the back burn, Raphael would have gone completely on the warpath and Gabriel would have barreled through the pearly gates with enough force to flatten them. And Metatron had witnessed first hand what happened when four Archangels focused their power on a single goal. Just ask anyone who had been around before the Great Flood. Oh that's right you couldn't, because those folks had been the recipients of all that power.

But now Metatron had his chance. Michael and Lucifer were both locked up tight in the cage and Raphael and Gabriel were as dead as the proverbial doornail. There was no one in heaven that could stand up to him. Naomi had tried but in the end, even with the authority of Michael's office behind her she had fallen and fallen hard.

And Castiel? Poor gullible sap was putty in Metatron's hands. It was easy enough to convince Castiel that he was undertaking some great cause and closing the gates of Heaven. Only Metatron could read those tablets. Well Metatron and the prophet Kevin Tran. It was why Metatron had to move so quickly; the prophet would soon find out the truth, that what Metatron had just done was a spell.

Thank Father for the Winchesters who provided the perfect distraction with their determination to close the gates of hell. Of course Metatron knew that Sam Winchester would die when he succeeded. The Angel tablet and demon tablet outlined trials that were meant to be undertaken simultaneously. The two who undertook the trials together would shield each other from the effects of undertaking the trials. Metatron had seen how close the brothers were and he was sure that Dean Winchester would be devastated by the death of his brother.

Yes, Metatron considered all of these things as he watched the angels fall. What he didn't consider was the effect of the grace of thousands of angels being stripped from them at the same time. No more than he considered the power of human belief so as he smugly watched the last angels fall to Earth he turned his attention to other things, like preparing his library where he would store all of the stories of mankind.
Chapter 2

Father Reynolds looked down from the pulpit at a church bursting at it's seams. The Meteor shower had terrified people who flocked to churches in the middle of the night, desperate to pray for deliverance, forgiveness or just plain comfort. Many new faces stumbled into the sanctuary swelling the numbers ever further. They were well dressed and fear and confusion dominated their faces.

The congregation called out begging for mercy from God, from St Michael and St Gabriel. They cried out to the Archangel Raphael. A few even invoked the name Lucifer reminding Father Reynolds that even the devil once dwelt in heaven. It was a scene that was taking place in thousands of churches around the world.

Castiel had watched as his brothers and sisters fell to Earth. Difficult as it was he forced down his guilt to assist those who fell near him. Castiel had often been on the cusp of becoming human but now he really was human. As fragile and mortal as the Winchesters.

He looked around realizing that he could recognize the landmarks and the terrain. He sent up a prayer of gratitude that he had retained his knowledge even though his grace was gone. Like all angels he had known the geography of the Earth as well as he knew the back of his own hand as the humans would say. That had not changed.

He was several miles from the batcave as Dean called it but it was still within walking distance. A long walk but still reachable in a few hours. He turned toward the gathered angels feeling sorrow and grief as he saw the despair on their faces. They huddled together grasping each other desperate for the connection that they once had through grace.

"We must find shelter." He told them. "I know of a place but we must walk."

Dean struggled to get Sam into the Impala. This last challenge had left the younger Winchester weak and practically helpless. Dean was shocked when a bloody Crowley took Sam’s other arm to help ease him into the back seat.

As soon as he had Sam in the car, Dean grabbed a flask of holy water and tossed it on the former King of Hell looking at him in confusion as Crowley simply sputtered.

"You're human." Dean squawked.

"Wasn't that the whole point of the Moose sharing his blood with me?" Crowley snarked. "Cure a demon? Well I'm cured and Hell is now ruled by the last surviving Hell Knight. Abaddon has the power of hell now, not me. And I can pretty much guess what her first order of business will be. Open the doors and let all those demons out to play. If I were you I'd be calling that angel of yours."

Dean grabbed the former demon and pointed up to the sky. "Those aren't falling stars, Crowley. It's angels."
"Heaven is falling." Crowley said fearfully. Then he laughed hysterically. "Sam threw himself in the cage with Lucifer, you and Castiel ended up in Purgatory and it was all for nothing. Absolutely nothing. This is the end of the road Squirrel. The Grinch couldn't keep Christmas from coming and you couldn't keep the Apocalypse from coming."

"What you think this is funny?" Dean asked.

"It's laugh or cry Winchester. Abaddon letting all the demons out of hell and the angels are falling from Heaven. The Winchesters are left with no angelic rabbit to pull out of their ass and one of them is at death's door. Not even a sometimes demon ally to give you a hand since I'm cured. The great Winchesters are finally well and truly screwed."

Dean drew back his fist.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you. Luckily I do still have all my demonic knowledge even if I don't have any power." Crowley snarked. "And like it or not Winchester, that's the only plus you've got going for you right now."

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The first thing Gabriel became aware of was that he was no longer 'scattered' for lack of a better word. He was aware of himself as a separate entity. The second thing he became aware of was that he was not alone. He sensed Raphael.

"Oh great. I die helping the Winchesters save the world and the is my reward? The first thing I wake up to is your ugly mug." Gabriel grumbled.

"Waking up to you is not exactly paradise either little brother." Raphael responded.

"Wait, what do you mean waking up to me? I'm the one who got stabbed with his own angel blade." Gabriel said.

"Yes, I heard Lucifer decided to help you join your pagan friends." Raphael said the word pagan as if it was the epitome of vulgar. "Castiel decided to set himself up as the new god and exploded me throughout the cosmos."

"Castiel?" Gabriel snorted. "You let an almost fledgling smite you? I think that requires you to turn in your Archangel card bro. At least I got taken down by another Archangel."

Gabriel and Raphael sat quietly floating together somewhere out in the cosmos. After some time Raphael spoke. "Do you notice the quiet brother?"

"Now that you mention it, I'm so used to tuning out the chatter I didn't realize it." Gabriel frowned. "I should be hearing the entire host. I only hear you, Michael and Lucifer."

"As do I." Raphael said. "Michael and Lucifer are in the cage. But Heaven is silent."

"It shouldn't be, something has happened." Gabriel said. "I think we should visit the cage, maybe Mikey or Luci will know what happened."

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In the cage, two Archangels that were normally at each other's throats sat quietly alarmed. Each
pondering the mystery of why they could no longer hear the song of the host. But more importantly each gathered strength from the prayers of humans.

"I can't believe that they are actually praying to you." Michael finally said. "If they knew what you thought of them they would damn you instead."

"How many of them were you willing to sacrifice again?" Lucifer said. "Just so you could tell Father what an obedient little asskisser you are."

"Shut up and listen, do you hear that?" Michael asked. "Is that...Gabriel?"

"And Raphael. But Gabriel is dead." Lucifer said. "How?"

"Father must have brought him back." Michael answered. "But they can't hear them either. Something is not right Lucifer."

"We should hear them Michael. The whole time I was stuck in here, I could hear the song of my siblings." Lucifer said. "What could have happened up there to end it so abruptly. We have to find out and fix it."

"How do you suggest we do that?" Michael asked.

"Come on Mikey, you've been getting more prayers than I have. Don't tell me you don't feel stronger." Lucifer asked.

"Well yes but..." Michael answered.

"No buts. I'll bet if we put our will together we could bust out of here." Lucifer said looking around at the cage. Father built this cage to hold me, not both of us."

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Gabriel and Raphael had made their way down through the many levels of hell unmolested. "Looks like no one is home." Gabriel said as they finally reached the lowest level where the cage was. "Except the contestants behind door number three." He said nodding at the cage.

Raphael looked at the cage and the many spiderweb cracks along it's surface. As the two Archangels watched another crack appeared.

"It would seem that our brother's presence is putting an undue amount of stress on the structure." Raphael noted.

"Why don't the two of you shut up and give us a hand." Lucifer's voice carried through the cage.

"Let you out so you can stab me again? No thanks." Gabriel said.

"He won't. He's just as worried as I am why we can't hear the song of heaven anymore." Michael said. "And how is it you are here? You should be battling with demons, not holding childish conversations with Lucifer."

"We did not encounter any demons. Hell appears to be empty." Raphael answered.

All the more reason to hurry up and help us get out of here then." Lucifer said.

"He's right." Michael added, "Help us bring down these walls."
Chapter 3

The cage was built to last, it could contain the grace of a single Archangel for all eternity. It was however not designed to withstand the concentrated force of four determined Archangels. "I think we can call that a design flaw." Gabriel said as he waved a hand through the sulphur dust created by the crumbling walls of the cage.

Michael was the first to climb his way over the rubble. He stretched his six pairs of wings to their fullest span. "Gabriel, Raphael, go. Lucifer and I will meet you at the gates."

The two younger archangel's obeyed Michael's order as Lucifer made his way over the rubble. "Are you going to order me to stay away from our little brother like you did when he was a fledgling?" Lucifer asked. "Save your breath, Michael. We have far more important concerns right now."

"I'm just making sure that you realize it." Michael said as he and Lucifer headed to the gates of heaven to find Gabriel and Raphael standing there frowning.

"Why are we just standing here?" Lucifer asked as Gabriel and Raphael continued staring at the gates.

Michael snarled as he realized that the gates were sealed. "We are locked out of Heaven, that's why."

"There is someone in there." Raphael said. "I can sense their presence although they are very being quiet."

"Maybe they know what happened and they're trying to avoid the same fate." Lucifer suggested. "Our siblings didn't just fall silent, they were struck mute somehow."

Gabriel turned to Michael "Luci is right, something happened to them. Before we go barging in there not knowing we need to find out what happened."

"And how do you suggest we do that, Gabriel?" Michael asked exasperated. "There's no song to gather intel from."

"Mikey, Mikey, Mikey;" Gabriel shook his head fondly exasperated. "You need to get out more big bro. All these prayers getting tossed our way some human will let something slip in a prayer sooner or later. But until then there are a couple of humans who may know something."

"You speak of Sam and Dean Winchester? Castiel hid them from us." Raphael said.

"And even if we could find, them I don't think Heaven and angels are on their "Must Save' list." Lucifer said. "After all Sam was stuck in the cage along with me and Michael."

"And of course you two had nothing better to do than torment him." Gabriel sighed. "You know Sam and Dean are exactly like the two of you. I used to think that it was that way so that you two could play out your hissy fits down here. But I watched them long enough to realize that no matter what, they have each other's back. They may fight like Ali and Frazier but let someone else threaten one of them and they will have to deal with both of them. They forgive each other time and time again. Funny how the human vessels can do that while you two hold a grudge for eons."

"We won't harm the vessels or try to get them to say yes." Michael said. "Now can we go find the Winchesters?"
"No, you guys are staying here. I'm going to find the Winchesters." Gabriel said. "Out of all of us, I'm the only one who has a small chance of actually getting them to talk to me before they try to turn me into holy extra crispy hot wings. I mean I died for them after all, but if you want your feathers singed with Holy Oil, be my guest. It may not kill us but it still hurts like a mother."

"Go, find the vessels but take Raphael with you." Michael ordered.

"That would not be wise, Michael." Raphael said. "My presence would be detrimental, they like me about as well as they like you and Lucifer."

"I'm not a fledgling Michael, I'm a grown-up Archangel. I don't need my big brothers to hold my hand while I cross the jet stream." Gabriel said. "I'll let you know when I find them." Gabriel said as he snapped his fingers and disappeared.

Castiel had never been so tired in his entire eons of existence. Although he had walked great distances while falling, the little bit of grace he had managed to retain had kept him energized. And along with his own exhaustion he was also dealing with a dozen complaining angels suffering from their own first experiences with exhaustion. Castiel made his way down to the bunker door and knocked.

Two things happened simultaneously. The door opened and Castiel was hit in the face with a stream of holy water. As a matter of fact, the collected angels behind him were also sputtering and Kevin Tran, Prophet of the Lord stood there holding a now empty Super Soaker..

"Why are there a dozen angels on the doorstep?" Kevin asked Castiel as he looked at the soaked men and women standing outside of the bunker.

"They have fallen. Metatron cast down all the angels." Castiel replied.

"Um, yeah. You guys had better get inside before something sees you." Kevin said opening the door wider and grabbing on to Castiel's sleeve and dragging him inside. "Angels aren't the only thing showing up on Earth right now." Kevin quickly gestured the others inside. "Hell gates are bursting open all around the world." Kevin gestured at the numerous blinking lights on the console he had been watching.

"It would be advantageous for them to abandon hell now." Castiel said. "All angels have been made human. We have no grace, only our knowledge." Castiel looked around. "We should strengthen the warding around this place."

Kali spun around feeling a presence behind her. Her eyes widened as she watched Loki's form coalesce in the center of the glowing silver light.

"Now that's more like it." He said rolling his shoulders as if he were working out kinks in his muscles.

"Loki, or should I say Gabriel." Kali asked warily.

"I really don't care what you call me Kali. I'm only still here because you have one more thing that I want. Or rather two more. The vials of blood belonging to Sam and Dean Winchester." Gabriel
said. "I just helped myself to my own as you can see." Gabriel shook the empty tube.

"You gave your life for me." Kali said as she slinked forward to place her hand on the Archangel's chest.

"Kali, the only difference between you and Lucifer is that he succeeded. You tried to kill me and would have if it had been my real sword. You were so determined to prove to them that they could kill an Archangel." Gabriel snorted. "All you managed to do was get them all killed at Lucifer's hands. You don't know how to listen or to keep your nose out of what doesn't concern you. You were the one who pushed for that little gathering, because you couldn't accept the fact that you are not the strongest thing out there."

Gabriel held out his hand palm up in a silent demand for the vials. When Kali placed them in his palm he curled his fingers over them using his grace to confirm that it was the blood he wanted. "Out of a sense of nostalgia I will give you something to consider Kali. There is a reason that Pride is a cardinal sin. Think about it." Gabriel snapped his fingers and disappeared.

Dean had barely brought the Impala to a halt before he was launching himself out of it and opening the back door. Sam was still unconscious in the back seat.

"Well Crowley, you just going to stand there or are you going to give me hand?" Dean said as he started trying to Sam out of the back seat.

"I don't think Castiel would like that." Crowley croaked drawing Dean's attention. The angel had Crowley pressed against the car, angel blade tight enough against the former demon's neck to draw blood.

"Whoa Cas." Dean said. "Let's hold off on smiting Crowley until he helps me get Sammy inside okay."

"I will assist you with Sam as soon as this abomination is dead." Castiel said still glaring at Crowley.

"Cas, he's human!" Dean said finding it hard to believe that he was defending Crowley of all people.

"I would venture to say there's an epidemic of that going around right now Angel." Crowley said as Castiel released his collar.

"How?" Castiel demanded.

"The Sleeping Moose over there 'cured' me. Not that I wanted to be cured mind you. Strictly against my will and now Abaddon has claimed the vacant throne of hell." Crowley said studying Castiel. "Of course with all the angels having their wings clipped she gets to have free run of the entire world!"

"Look you guys can fight later. Help me with Sammy." Dean reminded.

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Kevin sat at the long table with Castiel and Dean. "Metatron asked specifically about the Archangels when we met him." Dean said. "He said the Archangels wanted to take over and run
things when God left."

"There would be no reason to fear them taking over because they were given assigned tasks by our Father." Castiel said with a frown. "God had already given them the authority."

"It wasn't about the authority of the Archangels." Kevin said. "It was because Metatron knew that the Archangels wouldn't let him carry out this spell. What Metatron did stripped the grace from every angel with a connection to heaven."

"So what happened to all the grace?" Dean asked.

"It will seek to attach itself to any angel with a speck of grace it can find. Since Metaron not only cast us out but sealed heaven behind us; there are only two angels left who were not connected to heaven." Castiel said.

"Are you saying Lucifer and Michael could become even more powerful?" Dean asked as he put two and two together.

"At this moment, it's the most probable outcome." Castiel answered.
Chapter 4

Metatron sat in the building he had constructed to house his heavenly collection. He looked at the empty shelves that surrounded him. It had been a long wait but one well worth it he thought. He settled into one of the two easy chairs and picked up the book that he had sat on the table earlier.

Instead of opening it, he snuggled back into the chair and thought back to when this idea has first taken root in his mind.

Heaven just after the dawn of mankind

Michael and Lucifer were fussing once again over what God would have wanted them to do. Raphael was doing his best to ignore them and Gabriel was wasting his breath trying to play the peacekeeper once again. Metatron sat quietly at the base of the stairs leading up to God's throne. Metatron had learned quickly that the best thing to do was to stay quiet and try not to draw attention. Just because God had chosen him to sit among the Archangels as the personal scribe of God, Metatron was nowhere close to being one the eldest sons. The Princes of Heaven, those blessed to look upon the very face of God himself without fear.

No, Metatron was nowhere near in the same league with them. The paragons in Gods eyes but a bunch of spoiled brats as far a Metatron was concerned. Metatron had been on the receiving end of a back hand from all of the Archangels more than once but most often from Michael or Lucifer. Raphael simply ignored him and Gabriel turned a blind eye to what Metatron did unless the others were watching or he thought Metatron had gone far beyond what was allowed, but Michael and Lucifer watched Metatron's every move.

"Oh Please, Dad told us how it would be when he left." Gabriel said pushing his way between Michael and Lucifer. "Michael runs Heaven and You keep an eye on Earth Lucifer. That doesn't mean you get to just exterminate a species becaue you find it offensive."

"They aren't worthy of life." Lucifer said. "Humans are simple a waste of resources."

"That may be so, but it's not your call." Michael said. "Father created them and they are his favorite right now. Like it or not Humans are here to stay."

"If it makes you feel any better, I don't see why he puts such store in those creatures either." Raphael said as he stood up from the couch he had been sitting on and stretched. "They are simply apes with no hair."

"Exactly!" Lucifer waved his hand toward Raphael in full agreement. "So What good is another variety of ape? We've already got gorillas, baboons, gibbons, mandrills, chimpanzees. They are of no value!"

"They are of value to Father and so they are of value to us." Michael said.

"Bah! If Father said that a pile of elephant dung was important," Lucifer argued. "You would wrap your wings around it to protect it and call the smell the most divine thing in the cosmos."

"Guys, Come on." Gabriel interrupted. "Can't we all just get along? Besides you're scaring Metatron. He's been shivering in that corner since you started."

The Archangels all turned to Metatron who was sitting quietly with his head bowed.
"So tell me Metatron." Lucifer said strolling over to tower over the other angel. "What do you think about the humans?"

Metatron kept his head bowed and drew his limbs about himself before answering. "He loves them more than us. They are more powerful than we are."

The Archangels stared at him in disbelief for a moment and then burst into laughter.

"Hairless apes more powerful than angels?" Michael snorted. Lucifer had collapsed to the floor while Raphael and Gabriel were leaning against each other trying to hold themselves up.

When the laughter finally died down Gabriel ruffled Metatron's hair and said "You are such a comedian at times."

The Present

Metatron shivered as he let the memory go and brought himself back to the present. He had been right all those eons ago. Humans were more powerful than the Archangels. The Archangels were either dead or confined. They never understood the potential of the humans. They never recognized how powerful free will and imagination are.

When Metatron first recognized these gifts, he watched the humans and how they used them to grow. Then he looked around him at heaven at the stagnant beauty since God had been gone. Metatron knew that he would return someday but it would be a long absence. Metatron saw the angels and could only compare heaven to an ant hill. The queen hidden away never showing her face while the workers went about their repetitious tasks day in and day out with no variation. That was when he first got the idea. Make the angels human. Let them experience the freedom and beauty of imagination.

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Gabriel stood beside a familiar black Impala and looked at the door in front of him. So the Winchesters were beyond that door. Gabriel could sense the warding around the place and it was a pretty thorough job. What was most surprising was that it was warded specifically against Abaddon.

How in the name of Dad did those two chuckleheads cross paths with Lucifer's Champion. Of all the Hell Knights Lucifer chose that thing two place at his right side. More importantly did Abaddon know who Sam and Dean were?

Gabriel decided that answers were more important than not startling the two Bozos and appeared inside only to be startled by the presence of a familiar trench coat. "Castiel?"

Castiel spun around coming face to face with Gabriel who was looking at him in shock. "Gabriel how, you were dead. After all this time I would not have expected father to bring you back."

"He didn't." Gabriel said. "Seems like all those Christian religions have their uses after all. Michael and Lucifer are out of the cage and Raphael and I are back. But we don't hear you. We should hear the grace of all the Seraphs but the song is silent."

Gabriel reached out and placed two fingers against Castiel's temple. As Castiel pulled away and hung his head. "We have been cast down, all of us. And it's my fault."

"What do you mean it's your fault?" Gabriel asked sharply.
"Metatron asked me to undertake a set of trials to close heaven much as Sam Winchester has done to close hell. I did as he asked and Metatron was able to cast all the angels down." Castiel said and took a step back seeing Gabriel's face twist with wrath.

"Metatron has finally crawled out from under his rock? I need to tell the others. We've all been waiting for this day for a long time." Gabriel raised his hand to snap himself away.

"Wait Gabriel! Would you? Will you look at Sam first. He's dying and there's nothing that I could for him even before Metatron's spell." Castiel asked his head hung in shame.

Gabriel placed a hand on Castiel's shoulder. "Take me to Bullwinkle. Just keep that flying squirrel of yours under control."

"I'm not sure if I can. Dean is angered with me for keeping the Angel tablet from him." Castiel said suddenly being drawn to a stop when Gabriel grabbed him.

"The angel tablet has been unearthed?" Gabriel asked.

"And the demon tablet." Castiel nodded.

"And Abaddon is on the loose?" Gabriel added.

"Yes. Is there some importance to these things." Castiel questioned.

"It means that Metatron is about to be on the receiving end of one serious smiting. You had better prepare Deano, Because he's about to have four fully powered Archangels on his hands. We have to figure out how to reverse this spell and get you and the Seraphs powered up before Abaddon makes a move." Gabriel said.

"She already has. She opened the gates of Hell." Castiel said.

"That's not the move we need to worry about." Gabriel answered. "It's her making a move on heaven we need to worry about. With all of you fallen, there's millions of unprotected souls sitting in heaven for the taking."
Chapter 5

As soon as Gabriel and Castiel entered what was considered the living space of the bunker, the fallen angels reacted, gathering around the two and reaching out to touch Gabriel. Gabriel instead of drawing away from them encouraged them to come closer. Touching each one and realizing that they were all now human but with a spark of grace buried deep inside.

Castiel stopped in front of an open door letting Gabriel enter the room in front of him. Dean sat beside the bed, exhaustion evident in the set of his shoulders. Not to mention he wasn't trying to kill the Demon in the room. Gabriel stepped into the room.

"Oh great another fallen angel." Crowley said.

"Get him out of here Castiel before I smite him on general principles." Gabriel said pointing at Crowley. He then went to Sam's side holding his hand over Sam's chest. "Let me guess, Metatron fed you some bullshit line about Sam resonating with the word of God, right."

"Gabriel?" Dean figured that he had finally lost his mind. Somewhere along the line the camel's back had finally...broken.

"Did Metatron tell you he was resonating or not." Gabriel said.

Dean was staring at Gabriel and blinking like an owl. Gabriel was dead.

"Gabriel is indeed here Dean. He needs to know what has happened with the trials if he is going to help Sam." Castiel said as he rested his hand on Dean's shoulder.

"You can help him?" Dean asked the apparition in front of him.

"I can try but I need to know, did Metatron say he was resonating with the word of God." Gabriel said reaching out and giving Dean a little shake.

"Yeah he said Sam was resonating but Sam says he's being purified, by the trials." Dean replied.

"Okay Deano, we're going to take care of Sam but you need to rest." Gabriel said poking two fingers to Dean's temple and trusting that Castiel would catch the older Winchester.

"Keep him away from here Castiel, until I tell you otherwise." Gabriel said.

"Dean will not hesitate to fight his way back to Sam's side when he awakens." Castiel pointed out.

"Well then I guess I'll just get Raphael to put him under for the duration. It's going to take all of the Archangels to fix Sam's condition. It's going to hard enough dealing with Sam when he sees Michael and Lucifer. We don't need Dean running around threatening us with Holy Oil." Gabriel said. "Tell those Seraphs to see if they can find sage and Rosemary in whatever passes for a kitchen around here. I want them to place the herbs around the outside of the building and then kneel at each compass point and pray."

"Gabriel you can't be planning to bring them...here." Castiel gasped.

"I can't do anything for Sam alone. If Sam is going to recover it's going to take Raphael's skills as a healer and it's going to take Lucifer to provide the blueprint for us to rebuild his cells." Gabriel said. "Please tell me that you have the tablets." Gabriel added.
"Kevin has the Angel tablet." Castiel said.

"Bring it here and then go join the others in prayer. Hopefully we can fix Sam." Gabriel said.

Abaddon had opened all of the hellgates now there was one last thing to do, release Lucifer. Azazel had failed in his mission. He was supposed to release Lucifer and provide him with a suitable vessel and while he did manage to get everything in line to release the Lord of Hell, he had been careless. He had died at the hands of the Winchesters.

Azazel had always had a habit of underestimating people. Humans functioned on a level that was chaotic in the extreme. Azazel had been warned not to underestimate the Winchesters. Men of Letters held knowledge that was highly dangerous, combine that knowledge with free will and those sanctimonious bastards had been able to thwart the best laid of Abaddon's plans again and again.

And when they managed to unlock the final key to sealing the gates of hell once and for all, Abaddon was left with no choice but to destroy them. The last of them with any knowledge had been Henry Winchester and Abaddon had managed to kill him and prevent him from passing his knowledge on to his son, John. Although John had become a hunter and raised his sons as hunters, they lacked that knowledge to be truly dangerous until now.

Sam had almost succeeded, the only reason hell was open at this moment was due to Abaddon's coup. She had wrested power from Crowley before he had been cured. She was now the king of hell or rather it's regent, for the moment. Soon Hell's true king would be freed and those pesky Winchesters would be her first order of business. Presenting their heads on silver platters to Lucifer would be the perfect way to demonstrate her loyalty to the Lightbearer.

With a small smile on her face she rounded the corner to where the cage was. Or rather where it was supposed to be. In it's place was a pile of rubble. Abaddon gasped and rushed forward digging through the rubble looking for some sign of her Lord and hoping that she would not find it.

Raphael withdrew his fingers from Dean's forehead as Castiel stood by gripping his angel blade. Raphael rolled his eyes at the Seraph. "You realize that you are as much of a threat as any other human right?"

"Raphael!" Michael snapped. "Remember why we are here. Sam Winchester is our priority, not your spat with Castiel!"

"We really should get on taking care of Sam." Gabriel said as he leaned against the doorway. "Then there's the matter of our not quite fallen brethren. From what I have seen so far, only Castiel is truly fallen. His grace is completely gone like it was never there. It's like he cut it out. The others are just...drained there's still a spark."

"So we can feed them grace." Michael said.

"But we'll have to be in heaven to establish a link with them." Lucifer said. "And we're locked out. Metatron is in for one serious ass kicking when I get my hands on him."

"Getting in isn't a problem." Gabriel said. "The problem is keeping Metatron occupied while
someone opens the gates."

"Did you miss the part where we stood outside for hours?" Raphael asked. "I thought for sure you were standing right next to me."

"Yeah well, I might just have created a 'back door' and I might have just wanted to keep that a secret." Gabriel mumbled.

"What?!" Michael asked. "A back door?"

"Come on!" Gabriel rolled his eyes. "In all the time I was on Earth do you really think I never came home? I came home whenever the urge hit me. I just never came through the front door."

The Archangels made their way to the room where the prophet and Crowley sat by Sam's bedside. Crowley looked up "Ballocks!" slipped out as soon as he laid eyes on Lucifer.

"Well well what have we here?" Lucifer said with an evil grin. "Crowley, my ambitious, backstabbing little crossroads employee of the century. What's this I hear about you being the King of Hell? I must have heard wrong."

"Me the king of hell? Of course not." Crowley whined. "Abaddon is the King of Hell."

Lucifer's eyebrows shot up to his hairline. "Abaddon, huh? I'm sure that was a recent development. Lucky for you, you're pretty much human right now or I might be tempted to show you what happens to demons who grow too big for their britches."

"Lucifer can we just cure the mud monkey and then turn our attention to more important things?" Raphael said placing one hand on Sam's forehead and another over his heart. After a few seconds Raphael pulled his hands back and looked at Gabriel. "Metatron told him he was resonating? Well that is one way to tell someone that they are dying without telling them that they are dying."

"Can we cure him?" Gabriel asked.

"It will drain all of us but yes, he can be cured. The final trial is incomplete, he failed to completely cure the demon." Raphael answered.

"I guess that's why he's not dead yet." Michael said. "Okay Lucifer, he's your vessel, it's going to have to be your grace. The rest of us will feed our grace through you."

The Archangels gathered around the bed touching Raphael and Lucifer who each placed a hand on Sam's forehead and another on his chest. As the Archangels concentrated Sam's body began to glow.
Chapter 6

Ellen looked up as the door to the Roadhouse opened once again. Ash came in with a man that no one recognized except John Winchester. Mary laid a hand on her husband's arm as he grew tense next to her.

"John?" She questioned. "Do you know him?"

"Yeah, I know him." He growled at the sight of one Henry Winchester. "He's the no good son of a bitch that abandoned me when I was a kid."

Ash nudged Henry and pointed to the table where Mary and John sat then gave him a little push in that direction before heading to the bar.

"Ash, who is that?" Ellen asked. "He's not a hunter."

"That is Henry Winchester, John's old man." Ash said grabbing a can of beer and popping the top.

"That's John Winchester's daddy?" Bobby asked. At Ash's nod Bobby added "Balls! John hates his father. He ran off when John was just a little kid. Might not have been such a good idea to bring him here."

"Actually it's a damned good idea. Henry has forgotten more about the supernatural than you even know Bobby." Ash said. "Remember me telling you about that group that used to work with hunters back in the day, The Men of Letters? Henry was the last one until Sam and Dean met him."

"Wait how did they manage to meet him?" Ellen asked.

"It's a long story and I'll leave it to Henry to tell, John deserves to hear it first. Then we can work on trying to figure out why there's nothing on Angel Radio." Ash said as he finished his beer and hit a few buttons on his computer. "Okay folks, one Rufus Turner coming right up."

When Sam Winchester opened his eyes he immediately wished he was still unconscious. Then he thought that maybe he was. It was the only explanation for the being sitting in the chair next to the bed with his feet propped on the mattress and reading the National Enquirer.

"Paris Hilton? Kim Kardashian? These are big time celebrities? I'm almost feeling a little superfluous here, Sammy." Lucifer commented. "You cockroaches don't need me to turn the world into a living hell, you're doing a damned fine job of it all on your own. Pun definitely intended." Lucifer said as he folded the paper and tossed it on the nightstand. "So, you finally decided to open your eyes and and rejoin the land of the not at death's door, eh? Too bad. That means one of those idiots that I call brothers is going to wake up Dean now and I'll have to listen to him complaining and threatening to dunk me in holy oil."

"You're not real. You're not real." Sam was chanting and scooting up the mattress to huddle against the headboard.

Lucifer let out a huff. "You know Sam I didn't expect you to greet me with open arms, but a little gratitude would be nice considering the only thing keeping your soul from falling apart right now is my grace." Lucifer turned toward the door. "Hey midget! King Kong is awake!"
If Sam thought he was dreaming or hallucinating before, now he was sure as a dead Trickster suddenly appeared next to the bed.

"King Kong Luci, really?" Gabriel snarked.

"Well they're both overgrown apes." Lucifer explained. "I'll go let Raphael and Michael know he's no longer resonating. You explain the situation to him, after all you're probably in his good graces all things considered."

"So, Sam how are you feeling?" Gabriel asked.

"You're dead. I'm dreaming or hallucinating...Ow!" Sam yelled as Gabriel reached out and pinched his thigh.

"Nope you're wide awake." Gabriel said as he sprawled out in the chair that Lucifer had just vacated. "Reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated. Archangels are pretty hard to kill, especially when they are as popular as I am."

"Huh?" Sam was completely lost.

"The power of prayer Sammy. When Metatron cast the angels out of heaven it sent people into a panic. They all thought the end was nigh and couldn't get their asses to a church fast enough. And a lot of them prayed to St Gabriel the Archangel." Gabriel smirked, pointed to himself and said "Hellooo! St Gabriel the Archangel!"

"So they prayed you back to life?" Sam asked.

"Yep! Just in time to find out what Metatron had done." Gabriel said. "All the angels fell. Oh and Abaddon opened all the hellgates. So we are looking at a mess that makes the Apocalypse you and Dean almost caused look like a stroll through the park.

To make matters worse, Metatron sealed the gates of heaven. Right now there are millions on top of millions of unprotected souls just sitting there and anyone who dies before we fix things will be an earthbound spirit."

John looked at the man who was his father as Henry sat down at the table. The two simply looked at each other for a moment before Henry looked at Mary and broke the silence. "You're their mother, Dean and Sam."

"What do you know about my boys?" John snapped. "You disappeared when I was just a kid. You weren't even around."

"I know and I'm sorry for that. That night I left I ran into a demon named Abaddon. On order to escape her I had to cast a spell that sent me forward in time, to the year 2013. It must have sent me forward to people I had a connection with. It sent me to Sam and Dean."

"You were with them?" Mary asked. "How were they? I didn't get to see them grow up. I only saw them once after I died. I'm Mary by the way."

"They are good men, men you can be proud of. They are hunters but good men in spite of that." Henry turned to John. "From what they told me, you were a good man John. I was proud of what they told me about you. I wanted to come back, to fix things. Knowing that you would hate me for
disappearing but Dean..." Henry paused. "Dean told me about everything that would happen, I couldn't go back. I couldn't change history. All of the sacrifices that they had made, that the two of you had made had led to things being the way they were. The risk of things turning out different was too great. It wasn't just us that would have been affected. Azazel's plans would have destroyed the world if they had succeeded, but they didn't. And I think that maybe this Azazel wasn't working by himself. I think Abaddon was involved. If she had succeeded in carrying out her plans the night I disappeared, then Azazel would have succeeded. I couldn't come back."

John just snorted.

"How did you end up here?" Mary asked.

"Abaddon followed me. She would have killed Sam. I showed Dean how to stop her, but it meant giving up my life to save them." Henry shrugged his shoulders. "I was not supposed to be there. I was out of place. In the long run that could have proven just as disastrous as going back in time. I made a choice."

"So Sam is out of danger, lets go take care of Metatron so we can bring the seraphs back home." Michael said.

"Slow your roll Mikey. There's still the problem of keeping Metatron occupied until the gates can be opened." Gabriel said. "That means we have to keep a low profile until the gates are opened and the three of you wouldn't know how to keep a low profile if it jumped up and bit you in the ass. We need to find Balthazar first."

"Balthazar? Balthazar! That traitorous thief?" Raphael said. "He broke into the armory and stole all of the weapons!"

"Yep, and he didn't get caught. He knows how to keep a low profile." Gabriel agreed. "And he was nice enough to find me and give me this nice golden ram's horn right after he cleaned out the weapons locker."

"Well you're going to have to find another way." Raphael leaned back in his seat with a smug expression on his face. "Castiel over there stuck an angel blade in his back."

"Really?" Crowley snarked. "I didn't know you had it in you angel. Oh wait I did! You certainly stabbed me in the back quickly enough, but one of your own?"

Castiel glared at Crowley. "It would be wise to remember that you are just as human as I am. And I doubt that you have the training in hand to hand combat that I possess."

"Okay you two, neutral corners. We can have the Thrilla in Manila Part Deux after we fix things." Gabriel said. "So Balthazar being 'dead' is a good thing."

"How is that a good thing if you need his help?" Lucifer asked.

"He wasn't affected by Metatron's spell anymore than we were." Gabriel explained. "So we bring him back, fully powered."

"And how exactly are we supposed to do that?" Michael asked.

"The power of prayer." Sam answered as he stood in the doorway.
"Son of a bitch!" Dean who was standing behind Sam yelled. "We're about to have one huge Archangel wienie roast!"
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

The group of currently human angels had all happily rushed off to find a quiet spot in the bunker to pray to Balthazar leaving the 'adults' to talk as Gabriel had put it. That actually translated to calming down an irate Dean Winchester.

As soon as the other angels had left Michael took a good look at Sam. "You're lucky you didn't fully complete that last trial. We wouldn't have been able to save you."

"I guess I owe you guys a thank you." Sam said as he pulled out a chair and sat down.

"Actually, you owe Luci a thank you. He had to use his grace to fix you, since you're his vessel." Gabriel piped up.

"What the hell!" Dean interrupted. "What the actual hell? Angels falling from the sky? Kevin says demons are pouring out of hell. Four Archangels I never wanted to see again in this lifetime suddenly show up on our door step and the friggen Devil saves my brother's life? Somebody better start talking quick or I swear I'm going to dig out the holy oil and roast every single one of you."

"You can try big boy." Gabriel smirked. "You won't like what happens after. In case it hasn't penetrated into your little pea brain, all holy oil does to Archangels is banish us temporarily."

"And piss us off." Lucifer added.

"Dean," Castiel placed a hand on the hunter's shoulder and pulled him aside. "You would do well not to anger them. I may have lost my grace, but I can still feel the wrath in this room. Heaven has been dealt a serious blow and they are angry at what has been done to the Seraphs."

Dean took a deep breath and went to the table to sit down. "Okay, I'll try to be on my best behavior. Now will someone please explain what is going on?"

The four Archangels glanced at each other, and then Michael began to speak. "It all started eons ago when humans first began manifesting signs of their intelligence and Metatron was chosen as our father's scribe. Father gave him a place at the base of his throne."

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**Heaven 3400 BC**

"Metatron what has you so excited?" Raphael questioned noticing the eagerness of the only Seraph allowed in the presence of God.

"Look my brothers!" Metatron was practically bouncing on his feet. Or at least as much as a wavelength of celestial thought was capable of bouncing. "It is from the land that they call Sumer. Metatron held out a small clay square.

"So," Gabriel commented. "It's a piece of clay with some scratches on it. Nothing earth shattering there."

"No it's more than that! Each of these scratches have meaning." Metatron argued. "They have learned how to scribe!"
"Blasphemy!" Michael argued. "Writing is beyond them. It is reserved for heaven, Father would not give such an ability to humans. They would have the power of creation."

"Yes! They could use it to create entire worlds!" Metatron agreed.

"Metatron, You give them more credit than they are due." Raphael said. "Certainly the mud monkeys can scratch on clay but that does not mean that these scratchings have meaning."

"I will show Father. He will see the potential even if you do not." Metatron said petulantly.

"Father gets excited over nothing where they are concerned." Lucifer said with a yawn. "The first time one of them found flatulence amusing Father wandered around heaven chuckling to himself for a year. Because they had discovered humor."

"You are all just being stubborn." Metatron said. "I see the potential even if you don't." Metatron returned to his place at the base of the throne cradling the little small tablet.

The Present

"So Metatron has been geeking over humans being able to write since the beginning?" Sam asked.

"Yes, and he was right you did discover the power of creation." Michael said.

"When we first met him he said something about us beings gods." Dean said getting caught up in the history.

"I don't get it, how are we supposed to be gods?" Dean asked.

"Think about it Deano." Gabriel said. "Stephen King sits down at his typewriter and puts a blank sheet of paper in the thing. Then he takes the images in his mind and translates them to the paper. He creates people, places and situations. He sends those papers to a publisher and they mass produce the thing. You pick up the book and read it. You validate the world that he has created."

"Then say Steven Speilberg reads the book," Lucifer added. "He decides to make a movie out of it and he hires actors who make these characters even more real as people watch the movie. In a way, you are creating whole worlds out of your imaginations and those world's exist in your collective subconscious."

"But Metatron, who has been conditioned from the moment he was chosen to assist God by recording all of creation cannot handle Dad taking a vacation and looks for a new God to serve." Gabriel finished.

"And we all watched his allegiance change." Raphael said. "It was a blow against the very throne of our father. Father would never allow such if he were alive."

"Father is gone Raphael, not dead." Michael said. "But that is neither here nor there. What is of the utmost importance is that Metatron's actions could destroy Heaven. And if Heaven is destroyed, creation is destroyed. All of it, undone."

"Well I guess I have to admit I was wrong about you Winchester." Samuel Campbell said as he sat his bottle of beer down on the table. "Sam is one hell of a hunter. We worked together for a while. Dean too."
"It's not what Mary wanted for them." John said.

"She may not have wanted it but it was the way it had to be." Samuel said. "You're born into this life and it follows you. You can try to get out all you want, it'll drag you right back in. Being a Campbell? We've been hunting for generations, John. We were hunting before the Mayflower crossed the Atlantic."

"So it was always going to be their destiny, that's what you're to tell me? Bullshit!" John said as he took a swig of his beer.

"Dad, stop." Mary said. "We could have been out of it. It was my fault."

"Laying blame isn't going to change anything." Deanna said. "What happened, happened. And that's water under the bridge anyway. Lets deal with what is in front of us. Why did that hippie bring us here?"

"Ash? He has been eavesdropping on the angels since he got here." John said. "He says the chatter suddenly stopped. I'm no expert but if this is Heaven, there's supposed to be angels."

"And they aren't shy." Mary said. "They don't hesitate to do what they think they need to do. The only thing that can stop them is another angel. When John and I had our encounter with Anna, the only thing that stopped her was an Archangel."

"So what? The Archangels suddenly decide to tell them to shut up?" Samuel asked.

"It ain't the Archangels." Bobby said as he joined them. "Gabriel died saving the boys and Castiel splattered Raphael seven ways to Sunday. Sam jumped in the cage with Lucifer in him and dragged Michael down with him. There ain't no Archangels left to do this."

"How do you know and who the hell are you?" Samuel asked.

"Bobby Singer, and I know because I've been working with those boys since they went out on their own." Bobby replied. "But more importantly I know Castiel pretty well. The idjit knocked me out first time I met him. And Gabriel won't a bad sort underneath it all even if he was a Trickster. He stepped up for those boys in the end.

Knowing them both, I can say whatever is happening now? It ain't natural."

Chapter End Notes

The tablet Metatron found contains Cuniform. The oldest example of a written language is generally believed to be Cuniform which developed in Ancient Sumeria and dates back to about 34 centuries BC.
Chapter 8

"Gabriel, I forbid it!" Michael said. "It's Blasphemy!"

"Oh get that stick out of your ass Michael and deal with it." Gabriel said. "Like it or not I was created as an Archangel, but I'm still the Trickster. Balthazar is going to need a vessel. It will take you months to gather enough atoms to create a DNA Code. I can snap one up ready to go and in case you haven't noticed, the clock is ticking here. We don't have months to dick around with doing this the 'sanctioned' way."

"Michael, he has a point." Lucifer spoke up. "Time is not a luxury that we can afford. And this is something that only a Trickster can do."

"As much as I hate to admit it, Gabriel's time as a Trickster means that he can take advantage of loopholes that we dare not." Raphael said. "His time away from heaven gained him pagan powers. Let him use them."

Michael looked around at his brothers. "I don't like it. Heaven should not be mixing our divine powers with pagan magic."

"I've been doing it for centuries Michael. And in all that time I was never cut off from my grace." Gabriel said. "That should tell you something."

"What's all this?" Dean asked as he and Kevin joined Sam and Castiel where they standing by the doorway. "I thought the Brady Bunch were getting along."

"Dean, I do not understand." Castiel said. "They are discussing Balthazar's vessel."

"Balthazar is going to need a vessel." Sam explained. "Michael wants to do it the old fashioned way by finding all of Balthazar atoms and rebuilding it and Gabriel wants to do it the Trickster way, just snap one up."

"Gabriel's method would be more efficient under the circumstances." Castiel added. "Michael's way would be time consuming."

"Is this what it was like, back in heaven?" Kevin asked.

"Yes, Father created them have be strong personalities, they are the Chief Angels. Conflict is inevitable among them. It was when the violence started that Gabriel left." Castiel said.

"Yo guys!" Dean called out. "Are you planning on standing there arguing until Abaddon figures out there's no angels in heaven or just do this. The way I see it you don't have time to dick around on a treasure hunt for pieces of a Balthazar jigsaw puzzle."

"See." Lucifer pointed out with a smirk. "Even the hairless ape gets it Michael. Just give up and let midget do his thing will you?"

"Understand that I am on record nay-saying this." Michael said as he turned and walked out of the room.

"And now he's going to go off and pout." Lucifer said. "So what do you need from us?"

"Nada Bro. I got this." Gabriel said as he snapped up a perfect copy of Balthazar.
"So who pissed in Head Archangel's Corn flakes?" Crowley asked rubbing his shoulder. "He just stormed by and knocked me into the wall."

Maybe he did it because your name is Crowley?" Kevin suggested.

"I want to knock him into a wall every time I walk by him." Castiel mumbled under his breath.

"Cas! Are you holding a grudge against Crowley?" Dean asked with a proud smile.

Sam shook his head and walked over to where Gabriel was urging the newly made construct to a chair. Castiel followed Sam wanting to do what he could to assist Balthazar's resurrection. It was the least he could do considering.

"Anyone not currently a fully powered angel might want to close your eyes for this part." Gabriel suggested.

Castiel, Kevin, Sam, Dean and Crowley all screwed their eyes shut until the light show had died down.

Balthazar blinked a few times before looking around at his surroundings. Then he caught sight of Castiel standing next to him, balled up his fist and punched the former seraph right in the nose.

"And score another one for Mister Congeniality." Crowley snarked.

Abaddon had gathered the most powerful demons she could find. Although there were admittedly not many. Lilith and Azazel were dead as were all of her fellow hell knights. But she was now the king of hell.

"Sit." She commanded. "We have much to discuss. I have just returned from the cage."

Many of the demons shifted warily. Following Crowley had been a case of self preservation, but their Lord Lucifer would not see it that way. He would see it as a betrayal.

"Where is our Lord?" One of the demons asked.

"I am your lord now. The cage was destroyed." Abaddon said. "There were traces of ash among the the rubble. In the shape of wings. Lucifer is dead. We can only assume the the angels are responsible."

"But why would they do this?" Another demon asked. "They have been content with his confinement for eons. And he was put back in the cage years ago by Sam Winchester. What could they think to gain by killing Lucifer."

"Michael was also confined. Perhaps it was not about killing Lucifer, but freeing Michael." Abaddon said. "However it leaves my in power as the last hell Knight and you know follow me."

"What of Crowley?" The first demon asked. "We have sworn our allegiance to him as the king of hell."

"There's been a palace coup." Abaddon said. "And by now Crowley is well on his way to being human, cured by Sam Winchester to close the gates of hell. If we don't want to be locked in hell for eternity then we must make sure that Sam Winchester is dead before he can complete the ritual." She looked at the first demon who had spoken. "Take care of it. As for the rest of you gather as
many demons as you can. We must have an army to answer this insult. If Heaven wants to come into our domain and kill our king then we will return the favor."

Dean had quickly stepped between Balthazar and Castiel. "Leave him alone Balthazar."

Sam was helping Castiel to his feet while Castiel held his hand cupped over his bleeding nose. Gabriel sighed and went to the fallen seraph. "Let me see Castiel." He said gently pulling the angel's hand away from his face. "Definitely broken Kiddo." Gabriel glared at Raphael expectantly.

"I'm with the thieving traitor on this one. After all Castiel did stab him in the back. Not to mention scattering me across the cosmos." Raphael said unconcerned. "I'm all for letting the child heal as a human."

Gabriel huffed annoyed before placing a hand on Castiel's forehead and healing the injury.

"Thank you." Castiel said.

"No problem kiddo." Gabriel said as he turned around. "Okay look. This fighting among ourselves is going to accomplish nothing. Not to mention make it easier for Abaddon to do whatever it is she's planning to do. We don't have time for this."

"Gabriel is right." Lucifer said. "You are heaven's healer Raphael and you swore an oath to Father to care for ALL of the angels and you will damned well do it." He then turned to Castiel "Castiel find Michael. Now that Balthazar is here we have plans to make. The rest of you sit down." Lucifer pointed at the long table until those in the room had taken a seat before sitting down himself.

"Wow! Shades of the old Morningstar slipping through the cracks, Luci?" Gabriel asked with a smile.

"No he's always been there. Even in the cage I was still concerned about the young ones." Lucifer sighed. "I may screw with them but that's my right. I am still the second oldest Archangel in existence."

"Oh come on Luci. You expect me to believe that when you didn't hesitate to kill me?" Gabriel scoffed.

"Weren't you the one that just said we don't have time for fighting?" Balthazar piped up.

"Yeah well do as I say, not as I do." Gabriel said.

"Have you forgotten who planned to kill whom first? And do you think I got any satisfaction from your death?" Lucifer asked. "I might as well have cut off my own wings, it would have hurt less."

"Kill you?" Gabriel gaped at Lucifer. "I tried to talk to you. I tried to get you to see reason but you wouldn't listen. And tell me, now that all the angels are human, do you hate them too? You might want to rethink your position on humanity Bro. You too Raph. Because they aren't just an infestation anymore. Every angel that's ever fallen became human. They learned what it was like. I may not have fallen, but I've been here long enough to see what it's like for them. Metatron was right about their potential, even if he has gone way off the reservation with what he's done."
Michael, Castiel and Kevin joined the group taking seats around the table. Crowley shifted in his seat as Gabriel snapped his fingers and the Angel tablet appeared in front of him.

"Gabriel, on that list of 'thou shall nots' that father had you give to Moses," Michael said pinning Balthazar with a look, "What was number eight again?"

"Michael, lets not do this right now." Lucifer interrupted.

"Gabriel?" Michael prompted.

"Thou shall not steal." Gabriel said with a sigh.

"Michael correct me if I'm wrong but the weapons in the armory belong to the angels to use to protect God's creation. Or has that changed?" Lucifer questioned.

"Nothing has changed." Michael said still glaring at Balthazar.

"Balthazar were you still an angel at full grace when you 'borrowed' the weapons?" Lucifer asked.

"He had deserted Heaven." Raphael said.

"But I was still an angel, even if I had chosen to set up house elsewhere." Balthazar said.

"Well then technically the weapons belonged as much to Balthazar as any other angel and it's impossible to steal what belongs to you." Lucifer sat back in his chair.

"You always were good with Loopholes." Crowley said.

Michael now turned to glare at Lucifer. "Once we have unsealed the gates and reestablished the grace link, I expect to walk into a fully stocked armory." Michael leaned back in his chair as smugly as Lucifer at having the last word.

"Alrighty then." Gabriel said. "Now that we've gotten that out of the way. We need to discuss a few plans. Namely Balthazar and I returning to heaven and getting the gates open, and returning the tablet to where it belongs."

"I think I've missed something." Balthazar said. "What's this about unsealing the gates?"

"You and I are going to sneak into heaven and open the gates." Gabriel said.

"Is there some reason why we are sneaking in?" Balthazar looked totally confused.

"You were like Gabriel and Raphael, 'dead' for the big meteor shower." Dean answered. "Only it wasn't a meteor shower, Metatron cast all of the angels out of heaven."

"Then locked the gates behind them and said 'Good riddance.'" Crowley added helpfully. Seeing the assembled angels glaring at him he asked, "What?"

"Uh Crowley, maybe the demon at the table should be seen and not heard." Sam suggested.

"Okay we sneak in and open the gates." Balthazar nodded. "And then what?"
"We get all the dead batteries recharged." Gabriel said. "Once we're in heaven we'll have access to enough souls to establish the link."

"Speaking of souls, you said they're all unprotected." Dean said. "A lot of good hunters died trying to prevent the Apocalypse. You should look up Ash. He figured out how to listen in on you guys."

"If this Ash can offer assistance, it would be wise to take it." Raphael said. The other Archangels looked at him as if he had lost his mind. Even Dean was gaping at him.

"There is something that you must remember. Metatron is one of only five, make that six angels capable of drawing grace at this moment." Raphael said and looked at Gabriel. "Tell me little Brother, how do you feel? Your grace, that is."

Gabriel thought about it. "Like I'm fully charged and carrying an extra battery pack."

"That is the case for all of us including Metatron. The grace that was torn from our brothers and sisters is seeking a home." Raphael said.

"So Metatron is no longer just an annoying twat. He's an annoying twat on steroids." Balthazar noted.

"That's one way to put it." Lucifer agreed.

"Okay so we will sneak into heaven, find Ash, distract Supertwat and open the gates. No problem." Gabriel said. "Got any idea what his heaven will look like?" Gabriel asked.

"It's the roadhouse." Sam said. "We saw it the last time we ended up in Heaven."

"Impossible." Michael said. "Living humans never remember visiting heaven."

"Joshua told us that God wanted us to remember." Dean said.

"You spoke to Joshua?" Gabriel whistled. "That old recluse avoids everybody and just hangs out in the garden waiting for Dad to call. When was this?"

"Between you turning me into the Impala and uh..." Sam hesitated not wanting to mention Gabriel's death

"You getting your munchkin ass handed to you by Lucifer." Dean added cheerfully. "He told us that your absent Daddy wasn't going to do anything to stop the Apocalypse."

"Dean, That is our father you are speaking of." Castiel warned.

"I'm sorry he's your father but growing up with John Winchester, you kind of learn how to spot them." Dean said.

"Okay to get back on track." Gabriel said. "We get Heaven back under our control, then we need to put this back where it belongs, the demon tablet too."

"Well then what are we waiting for, lets get going Balthazar said.

"Are you pigeons done plotting then?" Crowley asked when all eyes turned to him he continued. "Getting heaven opened up and all the angels powered up? Not a bad start, but personally I'm concerned with the fact that there are fully powered demons running around down here. And those demons are now being led by Abaddon who by the way knows all about what the moose here was trying to do."
"What are you going on about Crowley?" Balthazar asked.

"It seems an unfortunate side effect of the sasquatch's meddling is that I seem to be developing a conscience. And although I may be 99.9% human I'm still 1% demon and I can still hear her. She thinks he cured me completely."

Understanding dawned on Lucifer. "Sam is the first item on her 'to do' list. Being a Hell Knight she knows the steps to closing the gates of hell and if she thinks Sam has completed the trials she knows there's only one thing left for him to do. Say the incantation. She has to take care of him first."

"And she is amassing an army to move on heaven. Something about payback for killing our Lord and Master while rescuing Michael from the cage. She doesn't know all of the pigeons have had their wings clipped yet." Crowley said.

"Balthazar, let's go." Gabriel said snapping his fingers.

"No angels at all?" Bobby asked.

"Nope not a one. And there's no way I should have been able to walk around that part of heaven. They keep it separated from the human part." Ash said as he gulped a beer. "The barrier they had up before it went quiet made the Berlin Wall look like a picket fence."

"So what does that mean? Why would they leave?" Ellen asked.

"I don't think they would." Bobby said. "That would be like leaving millions of atomic bombs laying around for just anyone to get at."

"What are you talking about Bobby?" Rufus Turner asked.

"Well human souls are a power source. Like a nuclear reactor." Bobby explained. "Castiel explained it to me before he touched my soul. Powered him up like it won't nothing."

"Dude, an angel groped your soul? TMI man." Ash said.

"Do demons know about that?" John asked.

"Yes they do. It's why Crowley brought me back when Castiel brought Sam back. To find the gate to purgatory. They wanted at all the souls." Samuel said.

"Nice going there Campbell." Bobby said. "That only led to the Leviathans being released and getting me killed."

The hunters all turned toward the door of the roadhouse which was opening. An army of guns were aimed at the opening and as soon as the door was opened completely an entire bar full of hunters expecting the worst pulled the trigger.
"So we have our own work to do." Michael said standing up. "With Abaddon involved and hunting for Sam, the warding around this place is not going to hold her for long. We need much more powerful wards put in place."

"And we need to ward Sam." Lucifer added. "Dean too. Believe me if we were willing to use you against each other as a last resort, it will be her first thought."

"What do you mean ward Sam?" Dean asked.

"Lucifer is talking about placing wards on the two of you, much like the anti-possession tattoos you already possess." Castiel said.

"The translator should be included." Raphael said. "He is completely without protection at this moment. Being a translator, it is the duty of the Seraphs to protect him. Until he can be assigned a detail I will see to it."

"Make sure that Metatron hasn't tethered himself to him." Michael added.

"What do you mean tethered himself to me?" Kevin asked.

"Archangels tether themselves to prophets." Raphael explained. "We know where they are at all times and we are instantly aware if they ever come under threat. You are Metatron's translator. He may have tethered himself to you."

"Wait, I thought Kevin was a prophet?" Sam asked.

"He is Metatron's prophet, not our Father's. He is not a prophet in the way that Chuck Shurley was a prophet. Chuck Shurley received revelation, Kevin translates the writings of Metatron."

"Whoa! Why do you keep saying that your father is dead if Chuck is chuck was receiving messages from him?" Dean asked.

"Our Father left many messages behind when he left. They are revealed at the proper time to the prophet meant to receive them." Michael explained.

"Like a holy time capsule?" Sam asked.

"That's a good way to put it." Lucifer said. "They simply remain dormant until the right time. Then the prophet is activated and he begins to receive the revelations that Daddy Dearest earmarked for him."

"Okay so Kevin gets the whole earthquakes and shaking walls thing, and me and Sam get wards. Awesome. When do we get started?" Dean said.

"As soon as we get rid of that spell on your ribs." Lucifer said.

Dean and Sam looked at each other before Dean turned to Castiel. "Cas?"

"Look Dean I understand that you don't trust us, but it would do no go for us to ward you if we can't find you when you are being threatened." Michael said.

"He's got a point Dean?" Sam said.
"It is a reasonable conclusion." Castiel added. "But given past circumstances it is also reasonable that you do not trust them."

"Castiel, you're not helping." Lucifer said. "Look Sam, Do you think I wasted my grace saving your life just to harm you now?"

"No but I wouldn't be much good to you as a vessel if I'm dead or dying." Sam said.

"True, but right now we have bigger fish to fry." Lucifer answered. "When I was inside you, tell me how eager I was to fight Michael."

"You weren't. You didn't want to fight him." Sam said.

"And how did I feel about my siblings?" Lucifer asked.

"You were mourning for those who would die." Sam said.

"So you're a smart human, how do you think I feel right now based on what you know?" Lucifer asked.

"Look," Michael said. "You may have been valuable as vessels but seeing what Metatron is capable of, you are more valuable for your legacy."

"Huh?" Dean asked.

"What your grandfather left you. This place." Raphael said. "You are Men of Letters. We realized their importance when they first came together. Now the two of you have knowledge to be added to this library. You can't do that if you are dead and Abaddon will seek to not just kill you but to destroy your souls. That must be prevented at all costs."

"Damned bunch of trigger happy chuckleheads!" Gabriel said. "You tried to shoot us!"

"Gabriel? Balthazar?" Bobby stared at the two. "You're dead!"

"You know Singer, I believe that's a case case of the pot calling the kettle black since you are also dead." Balthazar said.

"You know these two?" Ellen asked.

"Yeah They snotty British guy is Balthazar and the dwarf is Gabriel. They're angels." Bobby nodded.

"No he's not." Samuel said pointing at Gabriel. "That's a trickster."

"You must have skipped out the day brains were handed out in your family Yul Brenner." Gabriel snorted. "Those yahoos you call grandsons figured it out."

"Believe it or not Samuel, that is an Archangel." Bobby said. "So where were you when we needed help with the Leviathans?"

"I guess you forgot I was on a permanent vacation thanks to Lucifer." Gabriel said. "I should have remembered no good deed goes unpunished when it comes to the Winchesters."
"I'll second that." A dark haired woman sitting at the bar spoke up. "Although I'll also add that you probably deserved whatever you got. You're an angel. I don't know what everyone is so worried about. The angels are gone, good riddance."

"About that," Mary said. "Where are they all? What happened?"

"Metatron happened." Gabriel answered. "He cast them all down and sealed the gates. Balthazar and I are going to reopen those gates but we're going to need some help. Which one of you is Ash?"

Ellen nodded toward the back of the bar. "Pool table."

"Well wake him up we came here specifically to talk to him." Gabriel said then turned to Mary.

"So Mary Winchester. Those boys of yours are stubborn as hell, and you can thank them for the fact that we have a chance to fix what Metatron has done. If they hadn't tossed Michael and Lucifer in the cage; gotten me killed and corrupted Castiel to the point that he killed Raphael; the Archangels would have been connected to heaven, well except for me. We'd be just as human as the Seraphs right now."

"What do you mean my boys corrupted an angel?" John asked.

"Oh they just infected him with free will. Michael thinks that is free will among angels is blasphemy." Balthazar stated. "It's why those of us who gain it leave."

Ellen came back over to the bar with a young man. "Wow! Now I know what happened to Billy Ray Cyrus' mullet." Gabriel said. "So Ash, a couple of mutual friends insisted we look you up. The shit has hit the fan my friend and we can fix it, but we're going to need your help."

Abaddon had settled on her headquarters. It was the top floor of run down tenement in the Brooklyn section of New York. It suited her needs well and would keep her off the angel's radar. Who care if a few more people died around here, the place was already rife with crime.

The people were poor, she didn't need to tempt them with greed, most were happy to sell their souls for the necessities. Not to mention the gangs that roamed the streets already well versed in violence. Through them she had access to a network of Gangs throughout the city. The first order of business was the gangs. Several demons were out on the streets working on consolidating all the different gangs into one unit under Abaddon's direction.

The door to the apartment opened revealing a young man. "Abby. I thought you might like to meet my cousin. He lives in Philly."

"Philadelphia? Why would I want to meet him?" Abaddon asked.

"Well he runs a crew down there." The young man said. I was thinking maybe you'd like to find some recruits outside of the NYC you know?"

Abaddon stood up. "What's your name?" She looked the young man up and down.

"James, but everybody just calls Dragon because I used to take karate lessons back in the day. Like the old Bruce Lee movie Enter the Dragon."
"Well James. I see potential in you." Abaddon said. "If you could have anything at all, what would it be?"

"I wish my sister was still alive. She was coming home from work one night and got shot by some idiot robbing the corner store. She just stopped in to get some milk for her kid." James answered.

Abaddon leaned forward and kissed him. "Go home James."

She watched as the young stumbled out of the apartment. Walking across the room she reached down to pet something that only she could see. "We'll let him have a week and then you can have him."
"So Metatron threw all the angels out of heaven?" Ash asked. "You know you Archangels are real
douchebags when you want to be."

"I should argue with you just on principle but hey," Gabrieal answered "We can be. Only in this
case you're wrong. Metatron is not an Archangel. He's a step above being a cupid. He's a damned
secretary with delusions of grandeur. You see after Dad finished creating the angels and decided to
create Earth, he wanted someone to write it all down. It was too much work for him between
creating and guiding events. He pulled Metatron out of the secretarial pool and gave him a spot at
the base of his throne."

"Unfortunately he let his little 'promotion' go to his head." Balthazar added as he picked up and
discarded bottle after bottle behind the bar. "The rest of us used to get a good laugh out of it every
time one of the Archs bitchslapped him." He sat down another bottle and sighed. "For father's sake
don't you have anything around here remotely decent?"

"All of us had to remind him of his place more than once although Mikey and Luci were the
hardest on him. Raphael and I would try to ignore him until he really got out of hand." Gabriel
explained. "I guess when he found out we were all out of commission he took his chance tossed
everybody out and put Heaven on lockdown."

"So how is it you turkeys are back?" Bobby asked. "You and Raphael were dead and Lucifer and
Michael were in the cage."

"Well you can blame yourselves for insisting on praying to Archangel's every chance you get.
Enough prayers and they come back." Balthazar said. "Like a bad penny."

"I tend to blame the fact that they keep shoving the top of a pine tree up my ass every Christmas."
Gabriel joked. "Tell a woman she's pregnant one time..."

"So how are we supposed to help you?" Rufus asked. "You're all powerful angels."

"Well thanks to Metatron there are exactly six all powerful angels, and he's one of them." Gabriel
said. "Balthazar and I have three objectives. Reopen the gates of Heaven, reestablish the gracelink
and prevent Metatron from becoming more powerful than he already is."

"And since there's only the two of us, and we don't want Metatron to catch on that we're here, we
need help." Balthazar said.

"But before we can do anything we have to make sure that Metatron can't get to the human souls
here. That means we've got to place hundreds of wards." Gabriel said. "I could use my grace to do
it but as soon as Metatron sensed me powering up he could grab who knows how many souls
before I could get the wards placed."

"And if he did that, placing the wards would be a moot point right?" Bobby ventured. "He would
be too powerful for them to do any good."

"I knew there was a reason I liked you Singer, you're right just a couple of human souls would be
enough." Gabriel answered. "It would go totally against one of Heaven's most rigid rules. The
angel's who are here are bound to protect the humans souls in our care at all costs so you can have
peace. Unfortunately Metatron no longer sees you as souls, He sees you as some kind of warped
gods."
"So you need us to lay the wards." John said.

"Yep. I'll keep Metatron occupied and Balthazar will open the gates." Gabriel explained. "The minute those gates open the other Archangels will return and we can work on getting the gracelink back in place."

Metatron placed the book he was reading on the table and looked around him. This is what heaven should be. No fighting, everything peaceful and quiet.

It was too bad that the Archangels hadn't been able to stop fighting long enough to see his point. But they were a distant memory. Metatron's memories of those sanctimonious bastards was not good.

Heaven 2500 BC

Metatron struggled in Gabriel's grip. The Archangel's anger as usual was a sight to behold. Gabriel's wrath always seemed worse than Michael's or Lucifer's. Probably because the youngest Archangel was the most easygoing of them all.

Metatron's back slammed painfully into the column of the temple behind him as Gabriel shoved him backwards.

"When are you going to learn?" Gabriel hissed. "Michael forbid you coming to Earth again. He's tired of your constant chatter about humans being on a par with Father."

"But Gabriel..."

"Be silent!" Gabriel ordered. "Every time you come down here, the rest of heaven suffers for your disobedience. And it always ends with me having to come find you before Michael does. One of these days I'm not going get between the two of you."

Metatron schooled his features. Truth was he wished Gabriel wouldn't get between them. Father had hand picked him and placed him at the base of the throne just like the Archangels. They may be older but he was father's chosen one, handpicked by God himself.

"I know that look Metatron. Thinking you're the equal of the Archangels again?" Gabriel snorted. "Get that idea out of your head. Michael will smite you without a second thought, and proudly declare to Father that he has done so. Now go home!"

The present

Out of all of the Archangels, it was Gabriel that Metatron had resented the most. Gabriel always pretending to be Metatron's defender when he liked Metatron no more than Lucifer or Michael did.

And look what it got him, dead at the Morningstar's hands. It was no more than he deserved. Michael and Lucifer locked together in The Eternal cage was also appropriate. Their constant bickering was an unending annoyance. As for Raphael, he may as well not have existed for all of the impact he made.

And now they were gone. They were no longer an issue, heaven could now become the center of all creation as it should be. Now all Metatron needed to do was to begin to collect the millions of stories that the humans had.
Gabriel had just finished drawing a sigil. "The other sigil must be placed first. It will form an uncrossable barrier. But Metatron could easily erase it being Dad's scribe. Place this one on top of it and it will hide the first one from Metatron's eyes. He can't erase what he can't see and this is not one of Father's sigils. It's Pagan, namely one of Loki's." He ended with a smirk.

"Trickster magic." Samuel said. "Tell me something, how can you be an angel and work Pagan magic."

Simple, I'm not just an angel anymore. I've gotten enough worship as a Pagan God to absorb enough magic that it's become as much of me as my grace." Gabriel said.

"So how do you justify all the things you did as a pagan? All the people you killed or injured." Samuel said.

Gabriel turned toward the hunter. "Now I see where Dean gets it from. So quick to hunt down and kill monsters because they are different and yet protect the human monsters that walk among you. For every one of you that made it here, there's a demon in hell that was once a hunter. They didn't kill monsters to protect people, they killed them because they were different, even when that creature different from you was killing to protect people."

"Monsters should die, they aren't human." Samuel said.

"You barely made it though the gates Samuel Campbell. The only reason you did was because of your wife and daughter. Why don't you tell them why you started hunting me? About the man I killed that brought you to my attention, even better why don't you tell them what he did? Why he was on my radar to begin with."

"He was an old man!" Samuel said. "He wasn't a threat to anyone."

"The scattered bones of 15 children were a testament to what he had already done." Gabriel said and grabbed Samuel's collar pulling him down to whisper in his ear. "And if you think the fact that he was 70 years old would have kept him from doing the same thing to a 3 three year old Mary, think again. I saved Mary's life by killing the bastard but I'm a monster for saving your daughter's life."

Gabriel shoved Samuel away from him. "You need to reevaluate what a monster really is."
Chapter 12

Metatron was halfway to the section of Heaven where the human souls resided. He was planning on tracking down Jules Verne. He had read 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea when it was first printed. The story had captured his attention again when years later the humans had actually created submarines and Giant Squid were discovered. Metatron wanted to find out how Verne had created such wonders that had so soon come to be reality.

He stopped as he felt a burst of grace from the Garden. From the very center of the Garden where Father's throne was located awaiting the day of his return. "Father." Metatron gasped all thoughts of Jules Verne immediately wiped from his mind at the thought of Father's return.

Metatron didn't was any time materializing in the clearing the surrounded Father's throne, he wasn't alone. A single being stood on the top step. "Metatron." The being said flatly as he begin to make his way down the steps toward Metatron shedding his vessel. As he reached the bottom step Metatron recognized the being before him. "Gabriel!" He gasped.

"You can't begin to understand the trouble you're in little brother" Gabriel said his true form glowing as brightly as the Morningstar's "You really should have heeded all those warnings that I gave you."

"You're dead. They told me that you were dead." Metatron sputtered. "Lucifer killed you."

"He tried." Gabriel agreed. "But you should have known that I would be back. You are the one who was always going on about how powerful humans are. Have you forgotten how many times my name appears in the top bestselling book of all time not to mention the Torah and the Quran. How many times have they created paintings, and statues and then christened them with my name? Are you truly that foolish Metatron?"

John finished painting the last sigil and looked over to Balthazar. "That's it. Now what?"

"Take everyone back to the roadhouse. Ward it with the same sigils." Balthazar said. "If Metatron decides to be stupid, things will get very ugly very fast. Gabriel doesn't lose his temper often, but when he does even the rest of the Archangels gave him a wide berth. The only one who would dare approach him was Lucifer and the gates aren't opened yet."

John Winchester nodded and began gathering all of the hunters to head back to the roadhouse while Balthazar made his way to the Gates.

Balthazar looked at the gate and began to chant the spell that would open them. He frowned as they remained firmly shut. He repeated the spell again paying close attention to his pronunciation and yet the gates remained firmly closed.

"Oh bloody hell." Balthazar said realizing that whatever spell Metatron had used to close the gates it was not the one that would normally be used. There was only one thing he could do at this point, ask Metatron. He disappeared only to reappear in the garden. And to walk in on an argument between Metatron and Gabriel.

"Tell me, where did we go wrong?" Gabriel asked. "When Dad brought you here we all treated you with kindness. We treated you like a favored brother. Perhaps we were too lenient? That can be
Gabriel sent out a wave of grace. Balthazar realizing what was coming immediately dropped to his knees and prostrated himself on the ground. Gabriel was not playing around. Balthazar had seen the results of Archangels using their grace to subdue Seraphs and it wasn't pretty. Many seraphs had been left a drooling mess if they fought it, often for years or even decades.

"Gabriel! Please he used a different spell to seal the gates!" Balthazar yelled. "I can't get them to open."

Metatron grinned smugly. "Yes, I did. You need me to open them. No angel enters heaven unless I unseal the gates."

"Dumbass! Do you think Balthazar and I strolled through the front gates?" Gabriel asked. "Balthazar go get the others. Guide them here. I believe that Michael will want to have a word with this moron."

Balthazar carefully got to his feet not wanting to catch any backlash. But Gabriel was concentrating solely on Metatron. "If I were you Metatron, I'd open those gates before Michael arrives." Balthazar advised. "Believe me you don't want to mess with him. You have no idea how powerful he is right now from all of the extra grace he's been absorbing. I mean look at Gabriel. He's a powerful as Lucifer was right now. They have all been taking in extra grace since you closed the gates."

Sam rubbed his chest. He didn't know what to expect when the sigils were removed from his ribs, except that maybe it would hurt more than when Castiel carved them into them. Instead it turned out to be more of a maddening itch.

"Castiel is not heaven's healer. If I were not doing this it would be agonizing." Raphael said as he removed his hand. "Sam Winchester is once again revealed to the sight of Heaven."

Lucifer and Michael now placed their hands on Sam. And Sam Screamed as the two Archangels engraved a second more powerful warding spell on Sam. Michael carving one spell into his ribs, while Lucifer burned a sigil into Sam's flesh.

"All done." Michael said.

"The spell on your ribs will protect from a physical attack by demons." Lucifer explained. "The Sigil branded into your chest will prevent possession but also alert the Archangels if you come under attack."

"Archangels? You mean all four of you?" Dean asked.

"Yes, all four of us." Michael said. "As we explained your value is no longer in being vessels, but in reestablishing the Men of Letters. The full might of heaven will protect you."

"Abaddon was created to be able to stand up to the Archangels, just like the rest of the hell knights." Lucifer said. "You will need all of heaven to protect you. But I have to ask, how is it that you survived your first encounter with her?"

"Henry Winchester. Our grandfather." Dean said. "He made a bullet that paralyzed her."
"Do you know how he made the bullet?" Raphael asked.

"He carved a devil's trap into it." Dean said.

"It was more than that." Lucifer said. "A devil's trap wouldn't hold her very long. There must have been more to it."

"We know where to find him." Michael said. "We will find Henry and ask when we return to Heaven."

The flutter of wings announced the arrival of an angel. Everyone turned to see Balthazar standing there.

"Balthazar, why are you here and not assisting Gabriel?" Michael demanded. "Your orders were to help him unseal the gates."

"That's why I'm here. I can't unseal them. Metatron used some unknown spell." Balthazar answered. "Gabriel ordered me to bring you to heaven through the backdoor."

"And where is Gabriel?" Lucifer asked.

"Right now? Teaching Metatron why it's not a very good idea to piss off an Archangel." Balthazar said. "But Metatron is...defiant. I'm afraid that there won't be much left to question if someone doesn't step in soon. And only Metatron knows the spell."

"Lucifer place the brand on Dean and then go get our baby brother in hand." Michael said. "Raphael and I will finish warding Winchester while you are gone." He turned to Balthazar. "Once you have led Lucifer to Gabriel return and Raphael and I will be ready to accompany you."

Balthazar nodded and then he and Lucifer disappeared.
Chapter 13

Ash slapped his palm on the counter "Yes!" He did a fist pump. "Angel Radio is back on the air!"

"You hear them talking again?" Ellen asked.

"Well two of them. They have Metatron under control and it looks like they're trying to decide what to do with him." Ash frowned. "It looks like I'm only getting one side of the conversation though."

"Only two?" John said. "Balthazar was on his way to open the gates when I left him."

"Looks like he couldn't get them open. Something about a different spell." Ash said. "And the two angels we have on site? Gabriel, and you won't like this, Lucifer."

"Lucifer is here?" Rufus asked. "Well there goes the damned neighborhood."

"Well what are they saying?" Bobby asked.

"The other Archangels are on their way from what I can tell." Ash said. "Looks Like Lucifer thinks they should just destroy Metatron but Gabriel thinks they should remove his grace. If I'm figuring this right from what I'm hearing, Raphael thinks they should reeducate him, but the final decision is Michael's."

The door to the roadhouse swung open and Gabriel entered pushing another angel in front of him. "You know when heaven is full of angel's you've probably just been fading into the background noise. But you are the loudest group of humans I've ever come across."

Gabriel led the angel in his grasp to a chair shoved him into it and commanded "Sit! You so much as sneeze and Michael won't have to decide what to do with you because I'll end you." Gabriel glared at the angel for a couple of seconds.

"So I guess this is Metatron?" Bobby asked. "He looks like Booger."

"I never would have pegged you as a 'Revenge of the Nerds' fan, Singer." Gabriel said. "But now that you mention it, he does look like Booger. Appropriate since Booger was one disgusting human and Metatron is one disgusting angel."

"So why did you bring him here?" John asked.

"It's not that I brought him here, it's that Luci needs to speak to Henry Winchester. Balthazar said he was here." Gabriel explained.

"Why does the devil want to speak to me?" Henry asked alarmed.

"Because I need to know how you created that bullet when you were with Dean Winchester." Lucifer said as he stood in the doorway. "Abaddon is back, and your grandsons need all the help they can get against her."

"They have access to the information, they just have to find it." Henry said. "It's in the archives. There's a section in a locked room in the basement, all the information we ever gathered from Hunters. There's a box with the name Samuel Colt. It's in there along with all of his other spells and creations we could collect."
"Wait, Samuel Colt the gunsmith?" John asked.

"Yes, he was more than a gunsmith." Henry explained. "He built devil traps, hell gates and according to legend a special gun that could..."

"Kill anything." John finished. "We had the gun, Dean used it to kill Azazel."

"What? Are you saying that you had hands on it?" Henry asked. "We had been searching for it for 50 years. That bullet I created was actually meant to be fired from that particular gun, but even without the gun it was powerful enough to stop her, but not kill her. There's powerful spellwork that went into making that bullet but powerful spellwork went into making the gun too. Ancient Enochian from what I understand."

"Only Archangels know ancient Enochian, that's why it's ancient." Lucifer said turning to look at Gabriel.

"So sue me." Gabriel said. "Yeah I taught him a couple of old Enochian spells. I was kind of hoping someone would bust a cap in Azazel's ass before he managed to spring you from the cage."

"Why you little backstabbing..." 

"Oh shut your cakehole Luci! As long as you were in the cage you and Mikey couldn't fight each other and I didn't have to watch you try to kill each other. Forgive me if I didn't want to watch one of you die." Gabriel said.

"I'd say that was water under the bridge. But the boys still have the Colt and they can make the bullets for it." Bobby said. "I figure that's a plus if they can use it on this Abaddon."

"Perhaps it is, but there's no guarantee that it will kill her." Henry said. "I've never faced a demon as powerful as she is."

"She's a demon, it will kill her." Lucifer said. "The only things we know of that it won't kill are the four Archangels and our father."

"The jury is still out on the Horsemen though." Gabriel said. "Death might be able to survive too. We never had any authority over him. He's pretty much Dad's equal."

"Well somebody needs to tell the idjits about the nuclear bomb they're sitting on." Bobby said.

"I've already relayed the information to Michael, he will tell them." Lucifer answered.

"You've got to be shitting me?!" Dean said. "A box full of Samuel Colt's plans and blueprints?"

"There's no need for vulgarity Dean Winchester." Raphael said. "You have just been given a blessing."

"Look I've dealt with you winged asshats long enough to know we never catch a break." Dean said. "If Colt's stuff is here then something else is going to bite us in the ass. That's just the way Winchester luck is."

"Luck can change Dean." Castiel said. "My brothers have offered you nothing but assistance."

"Yeah, so far." Dean said.
"There's an old saying about looking a gift horse in the mouth." Balthazar said. "Just take it for what it's worth, but if I were you; I'd be looking for that box right now."

"He's right Dean, we know Abaddon is out there along with all of the demons she released from hell." Sam was interrupted by a loud snore from one of the angels who had curled up asleep in the corner unable to keep his eyes open any longer. "And these guys aren't going to be any help until Metatron opens the gates so they can get their grace back."

"Uh do you think that Metatron maybe wrote his spell down somewhere?" Kevin asked. "If he did, I might be able to translate it and tell you what he did."

"A wise offer. Metatron was always conscientious about recording every thing." Raphael said. "He left a large number of writings behind when he ran, the key to the gates could be among them."

"Yes it could. Come Raphael let us go and deal with Metatron. Balthazar will show us the way and then he will return." Michael said. "Until the gracelink is reestablished, Balthazar you are the guardian of the Winchesters and the others."

"Oh joy." Balthazar snarked. "Please tell me that you're not including the demon in that order."

"Crowley is of use to us." Raphael said. "He is mostly human but if he can alert us to Abaddon's plans, working with him is to our favor."

"I knew there was a reason I liked you, Raphael." Crowley said. "You know how to put business ahead of pleasure."

"Well I guess this means we get to dig through a bunch of dusty old boxes." Dean grumbled.

Michael went over to the napping angel. Nudging him awake Michael spoke. "Verchiel, I have orders for you. You will assist the Winchesters. In my absence Balthazar is in charge. Pass these orders to the others."

The angel responded with a huge yawn before attempting to get to his feet. Reaching back the angel rubbed at a painful spot on his back. "Yes Commander."

Sam shook his head. "I think these guys need sleep right now more than we need their help, but sleeping on the floor isn't going to do them any good. We have plenty of beds and couches."

"I think you're right Sammy, Versace there..." Dean pointed at the bleary eyed angel.

"Verchiel." Castiel interrupted.

"Whatever, dude can barely keep his eyes open." Dean agreed. "You guys get some sleep for now. You can give us a hand after you get up."

"I can help." Kevin said.

"Help Castiel tuck the angels in Kevin then get some sleep yourself." Sam said. "You're going to need your energy to translate whatever the Archangels find to try to reverse Metatron's spell."
Ellen had finally told Lucifer to come inside and sit down because the devil darkening her door was bad for business. The two Archangels were sitting at the table keeping a close eye on Metatron who still had that annoying smug grin on his face.

The hunters were all giving the VIP table as it was being called, a wide berth. Gabriel had barked out a laugh when Henry noted that Lucifer was vile, Ellen declared Metatron insane and Bobby added that the Trickster was a pest.

Everyone looked up as the door opened and two men entered. One Black and the other a blue eyed blond.

"Adam." John yelled and got up from his seat to grab the blond.

"Well, it's Adam's body." Michael said.

"That's Michael you're hanging onto, Winchester." Gabriel said with a smirk as John pushed the other man away from him.

"I thought Dean was supposed to be your vessel?" John said and and showed everyone exactly where Sam had learned his famous bitchface.

"Well dean wasn't too cooperative." Michael said. "Sometimes you just have to work with what you have. But since it bothers you that much..." a glow surrounded heaven's commander for a brief moment and John was staring at a much younger version of himself. "You work as a vessel too." Michael said to a stunned John Winchester.

Gabriel was guffawing and even Lucifer was trying to smother a smile.

"Not the first time I wore you, John." Michael said then snapped his fingers as if he had just recalled something. "That's right, you don't remember. I wiped your mind, and Mary's too."

The angels all watched as John regained the memory. "Sam forgave you for what you chose to do. You might want to remember that, Henry didn't have a choice."

Michael turned to the table where Metatron sat his eyes grown wide. "Metatron," Michael pulled out a chair and sat down. "What so ever shall we do with you? Our brothers have made their suggestions. Should we reeducate you? Raphael could make that an extremely painful process you know. Lucifer thinks I should just end your existence, but that wouldn't be much of a punishment. Gabriel thinks you should be handled in the Trickster way, that we should impose on you what you imposed on the rest of our siblings but you lived on Earth a long time."

"It doesn't matter now." Metatron said trying to show a little bravado. "The gates are closed and they are going to stay that way. You'll never get them open again."

"Michael reached across the table and grabbed Metatron's throat dragging him across the table. "You arrogant fool! Do you realize what you have done? You have opened Heaven up to attack by demonic forces!"

"Sam Winchester undertook the final Trial." Metatron said.

"Abaddon stepped in before he could complete it." Raphael said. "While our brethren fell she threw
open the gates of hell. Demons walk the Earth unhindered, our brothers and sisters at their mercy because of you."

"No, you're lying." Metaron said as he paled.

"Like you lied to Sam." Lucifer said. "You didn't tell him what the final trial meant. You let him go forward knowing that he would die if he completed it. But Sam Winchester is alive and well. He is no longer 'resonating with the word'."

"Do you realize what will happen if Abaddon gets her hands on one of the angels?" Michael asked then waved his hand around to encompass the room. "Do you know what will happen to them and then to all of creation because of your misguided thinking?"

"You need to make this right." Gabriel said. "Tell us how to open the gates before it's too late."

"Even if I tell you, it will never happen." Metatron said. "We're doomed. We're all doomed."

"Speak Metatron. If there's the smallest chance here we need to take it." Lucifer urged.

"It has to be a human, a hunter." Metatron swallowed. "A hunter has to knowingly and willingly loose a child of Eve on the world."

Sam and Dean had been picking the locks on every door in the lower levels of the bunker. So far they had come up with squat but to be fair they were only giving each room a cursory once over. They had been hoping that the box wasn't buried under everything. But just in case Kevin, Crowley, Castiel and a handful of angels who were still awake were going behind them searching the rooms a bit more thoroughly.

Sam turned the knob on door number 7 and stood up slipping the lock pick back into the pouch. "Well lets see what we can find in here." Sam said as Dean flipped on the lights.

"Whoa Dude!" Dean said pointing to a row of boxes. "I think we found the right room."

There were boxes on top of boxes stacked to the ceiling. Row upon row of stacked boxes filled every bit of space in the room leaving only enough room to squeeze between them.

"Dean check this out." Sam gestured to a stack of boxes each bearing the name 'Campbell' and a date. Some of them dated back to the early 1500's. "Samuel said that Campbells have been hunting since the Dark Ages."

"That's one hell of a family history." Dean whistled. "I guess we have something to keep us busy after we gank Abaddon."

"Yeah, so I guess we're in the right church, we just need to find the right pew." Sam said.

"Sam, are you well?" Castiel said from the doorway. "This room is neither a house of worship nor does it contain any benches."

"It's a figure of speech Cas." Dean said. "But it looks like this is the room we want. We just have to find Samuel Colt's box."

"I will get the others." Castiel said. "We can begin moving out boxes that are not relevant. It should make it easier to find what you are looking for."
"Loose a child of Eve?" Bobby said. "You're talking about letting a monster out of Purgatory."

"That is why it will never happen. No hunter is going to release the very things that he hunts." Metatron said quietly.

"Crap." Gabriel said. "Can you see Dean-o or Sam opening the door to Purgatory and saying 'Come on in.' to some wendigo or werewolf? We are screwed with a sandpaper condom."

"You idjits giving up?" Bobby shook his head. "I would think Angels would believe in miracles."

"Do you realize the size of this miracle, Singer?" Lucifer asked. "It's not like when Ruby and Lilith tricked Sam into releasing me. It has to be done knowingly and willingly. I can't see the Winchesters going along with either of those scenarios."

"Well I can." Bobby said. "There's a vamp down there they would let out."

"You know Singer, being dead doesn't automatically mean you have to be brain dead." Gabriel said.

"They both owe him one." Bobby said. "Benny helped Dean get back after he and Castiel killed Dick Roman."

"Okay so Dean owes him one." Michael said.

"Sam too. After that damned big mouth killed me, Crowley grabbed my soul and drug me down to hell. From what Sam told me that was the second trial, save an innocent soul from hell. Only to get out of Hell we had to go through Purgatory. Crowley killed the Reaper that was supposed to pull us out. Benny let Dean kill him, send him back to Purgatory show Sam the way out. Benny stayed behind to give Sam time to get out and bring me topside so he could release me."

"Okay so there's one monster down there that they would be willing to release, that still leaves us with a bigger problem." Raphael said. "How to get in. Finding a reaper willing to take us there won't be easy and we can't open a gate for another 48 years Earth time."

"Actually, I know of a gate." Michael said. "Father showed me where it was after the Leviathans were banished. If Dean is going to go, it's better that he is with an Archangel anyway. We can stand up to the Leviathans."

Dean jumped startled first by the fact that an angel had materialized next to him and again because that angel looked like His father.

"Dammit! Michael?" Dean huffed. "What, angels change vessels like we change clothes now?"

"John Winchester was disturbed by me using Adams's body." Michael explained. "But that is not important, Metatron has revealed how to open the gates of Heaven. A hunter must release a soul from Purgatory."
"Dean, this is Purgatory you're talking about." Sam says. Dean is busy picking out the weaponry he is going to take with him.

"Yeah Sammy, I know it's Purgatory." Dean says taking down the makeshift axe he had returned with. "And it's the only way to open the gates so the angels can get back to being their normal asshat selves."

"I'm coming with you." Sam said.

"No Sammy. Just because someone has to yank Benny out doesn't mean we get to forget about Abaddon." Someone has to find Colt's box and then translate it." Dean turned and poked the handle of the axe in Castiel's direction. "The two of you need to work on that."

"Dean I'm not letting you go to Purgatory by yourself." Sam said.

"He won't be alone." Michael said popping into existence next to Castiel. "I am going with him. I know a way in and out."

Sam turned toward Michael and his jaw dropped. "Who the fuck are you?"

"Relax Sammy, it's Michael." Dean said, slipping a knife into his boot.

"So why does he suddenly look like Dad." Sam frowned.

"Your father said yes to me once long ago to save his family, when Anael tried to kill them to prevent your birth Sam." Michael explained. "When I told him who you and Dean were, his concern was for you and your mother. He said yes."

"Lets get this done." Lucifer said standing up and pulling Metatron up from his seat at the same time. "Raphael, you'll make sure that he learns his lesson?"

"I will." Raphael said. "I will remove all thoughts of disobedience and rebellion from his mind."

"Whoa, Whoa!" Metatron yelled. "I can fix it. I can reverse the spell."

"Once the gates are open we don't need you to reverse it. We can reestablish the gracelink and return their grace without your help." Gabriel said.

"Not Castiel!" Metatron said. "He'll die. And then he'll be lost. His vessel's soul isn't in there. If he doesn't get his grace back. He'll simply cease to exist."

"Well in that case we can't reeducate you, but we can do to you what you did to everyone else." Lucifer said.

"You know if we do that," Gabriel started, "He's going to need a guardian. Wouldn't want anything to happen to him. I'm thinking that maybe we should turn him over to someone who will have an
interest in his well-being, at least for a little while."

"Are you suggesting that we place him in Castiel's care?" Raphael asked.

"You have to admit, it would be poetic justice." Gabriel said. "We will just make sure that Castiel needs to make sure that he doesn't end up dead. But beyond that, I'm willing to turn a blind eye."

"That's just a bit 'vengeful don't you think?" Lucifer asked.

"Not vengeful. " Raphael said. "It is a true balance between transgression and atonement. But we should remove him from this place. Our mysteries are not for human eyes, or souls."

Dean was carrying the axe and a couple of knives. Michael had warned him to 'pack light' as he put it because they would have to do a bit of climbing. Dean didn't expect to be doing that climbing inside of a large cave system.

"Luray Caverns? The entrance to Purgatory is inside Luray Caverns?" Dean asked. "Dad brought us here once when we were kids, it's a damned Tourist Trap and the Gate to Purgatory is in there?"

Michael chuckled. "You humans have this habit of ignoring things while looking right at them. I think it's something father built into to protect your minds. You probably walked right by it and never noticed."

As the two watched the final car left the area. Dean started to go forward but Michael grabbed his arm. "We aren't going in that way." The two suddenly appeared next to one of the more famous formations inside the cavern.

"The fried eggs! I remember Sammy saying they looked like breakfast." Dean said looking at the strange limestone creations.

"Come, we need to go this way." Michael said leading the way deeper into the cavern and finally stopping by a sign that read 'Pluto's Chasm'. "We have to go down there." Michael said pointing into the darkness.

"Down there where?" Dean asked not seeing anything but a dark abyss.

Michael placed a hand on Dean's shoulder and the hunter could make out an eerie glow about 20 feet down from their position. "I forgot we had placed a veil over it just in case someone sensitive passed nearby. But most people ignore it or write it off in their mind as a simple trick of light."

Suddenly the Angel was gone and Dean could see him doing something with a golden rope. After a few moments he was back.

"I'm going to transport you across now. Hold on to the rope until I tell you that you can let go." Michael said. "I will be controlling our descent with my wings. There is a lot of turbulence between the gates but once we're through we will be in Purgatory. I would suggest closing your eyes otherwise you might experience some nausea."

Dean closed his eyes and wrapped his hands around the rope surprised to find it was smooth and almost slick, sliding through his hands effortlessly and painlessly. After what seemed to be just a few moments he felt solid ground beneath his feet and the angel stepping back from him.
"You can open your eyes now." Michael said as he manifested a large fiery sword. "There is no need for you to fear. None of these creatures will approach us except maybe some of the bolder Leviathan. But only the ones with a death wish will ignore an Archangel's power to attack one. Especially with the extra grace I have taken in."

Dean adjusted his grip on his axe. "Yeah well I still like knowing that I can take care of myself, Archangel or not."

Michael gave a rather indulgent smirk. "Very well Dean Winchester, lets go find your vampire."

Sam dropped into a chair at the long conference table and let out a deep breath. He leaned forward, pillowed his head on his hands and closed his eyes. He felt like he had moved hundreds of heavy boxes looking for the Samuel Colt box. This was turning into a needle in a haystack situation.

"Sam! Sleeping on the job?"

Sam groaned hearing Gabriel's way too cheerful voice.

"All tuckered out, Sammy?"

If Gabriel's voice caused a groan, Lucifer's brought on a full blown bitchface. "I should have known. As soon as I try to close my eyes," Sam sat up and glared at the two, no three angels standing in front of him. "What the hell is he doing here?" Sam demanded glaring at Metatron.

"Oh we brought Castiel a little company." Lucifer said. "And just as human as anyone else at this point. So if you guys want to smack him around a bit just make sure you don't break any bones or cause any fatal injuries. Beyond that, I say have at it."

"Don't have at it. It's still up to Michael what happens to the knucklehead." Gabriel said. "Where is Castiel?"

"Still digging through all the boxes. He ran me upstairs, threatened to knock me out for a month once he gets his mojo back." Sam yawned.

"Still haven't found Colt's stuff then?" Gabriel asked.

"No and I'm beginning to think we never will." Sam answered.

"I'll probably regret this but, Gabriel couldn't you teach Sam the same spells?" Lucifer asked.

"Yeah I could but even I don't know how Colt used them." Gabriel said. "I simply gave him and handful of spells and he ran with them. Somehow he got them all to work together, that's what we don't know."

"Wait, you taught Colt how to build the gun and the devil's traps." Sam asked perking up the slightest bit.

"No I taught him a few spells, he figured out the rest." Gabriel said. "Even if I was to tell you the exact same thing I told him, you would need his notes to make it work.

Chapter End Notes
Luray Caverns is a well known attraction in the Shenendoah Valley of Virginia. The Fried Eggs is one of the most well known formations in the caverns. Pluto's Chasm is also an existing attraction of the caverns. I just thought that it would be fitting to put an entrance to Purgatory underground.
Chapter 16

Crowley had finally decided he'd had enough. Ever since he had returned to 'Frostbite Falls'; he'd been the outsider. No one wanted him here, that was obvious although you would think Bullwinkle and Rocky would at least remember that Crowley had given them a hand now and then, even if it was under the table.

He was already in the conference room when he realized that Castiel was in there along with the moose, Gabriel and an angel that Crowley had only seen once before. Crowley turned around hoping to slip out before he got another reminder that he was the unwanted demon in the house.

"Crowley, you might as well come on in and sit down." Sam said pushing a chair out from the table with his foot never taking his eyes away from the new angel.

"So another angel? I'm beginning to feel like the token around here." Crowley commented.

"I refuse to sit in the same room as this demon!" The unknown angel was saying. Castiel suddenly stood up and glared down at the complaining angel.

"Gabriel has placed you in my charge. You will sit, eat, and sleep on my instructions." Castiel said. "If I tell you to sit in his lap you will, you Assbutt!"

"Ohhh You're making me tingly all over darling." Crowley said.

"Crowley, shut up." Castiel said.

"So who is the new pigeon anyway?" Crowley asked turning to look at Sam and Gabriel since Castiel was busy glaring at the other other angel. "I only met him briefly...once. He was busy stealing my prophet so as you can guess we didn't exactly have time for introductions."

"That's Metatron, God's scribe. General winged douche, feathered asshat and major pain in our asses." Sam said completely ignoring the fact that Castiel was involved in his new favorite pastime, glaring daggers through Metatron.

"See, now that is how you insult someone Castiel." Gabriel said. "Glad to know that Stanford education didn't go to waste." Gabriel unwrapped a Reeses miniature and popped it in his mouth. "And Metatron I really don't care what happens to you here as long as you can kneel before Michael when he returns. So stop whining at me, it's completely unbecoming of one who sat at the base of Dad's throne."

"We need intel." Dean said looking around. So far like Michael had predicted none of the creatures had attacked. They were very careful to go out of the way to avoid the two. "We could end up walking around down here for months trying to find him."

"I agree, we waste time we do not have." Michael disappeared. Dean spun in a circle looking for the angel and scanning for any attacking creatures.
"Perhaps this one will have information for us." Michael said as he reappeared with a struggling vampire in his grasp.

"Oh shit! Keep him away from me." The vampire said catching sight of Dean. "It's not right those Winchesters send us here and then follow us here too."

"I can protect you," Michael said. "If you tell us what we want to know."

"You want to know where the traitor is. Hopefully torn apart somewhere but I doubt it." the vampire spat. "The last time we got close that bitch of a werewolf got involved."

"Bitch of a werewolf?" Dean asked.

"Yeah, I don't know why but she helped him out. Last time anyone saw them they were near the portal."

"The portal that leads out of here? The one near that lake?" Dean asked.

"Yeah, but it won't do them any good. There's no human's here to give them a ride out." The Vampire stopped and looked at Dean. "Except you. You're going to take him out again. She won't let you. As a matter of fact as soon as she finds out that you're here she'll send every one of her children after you."

Dean quickly swing the axe separating the vampire's head from his body. "Then I guess we don't let her find out."

"Who was he speaking of, Dean?" Michael asked.

"Don't quote me here but I think maybe, Eve." Dean said.

"The Mother of all abominations? She is no threat to me and therefore no threat to you." Michael said.

"But she could be a threat to Benny." Dean spoke looking around to get his bearings.

"Even if she kills him, he won't stay dead." Michael said. "This is eternity for those who cannot enter heaven or hell. He would regenerate in time."

"Yeah but as you guys keep pointing out, we don't have time." Dean said. Looking around and settling on a direction. "I think the portal is this way."  

Abaddon was quickly running out of patience. It had been days and there was no sign of the Winchesters. Her army was growing demons now headed up gangs across the country. It was time to throw down the gauntlet.

"We have searched, my King. We simply cannot find a trace of them, anywhere." The demon said as he knelt before her.

"Then you will draw them to you." Abaddon said. "They have been trained to know demon signs by their father. Go to Lawrence Kansas. Take the town, that will bring them running. But I want you to guarantee that they will come. Find Mary Winchester's grave."

"She is beyond our reach!" The demon said.
"She may be beyond your reach, but not beyond mine." Abaddon said. "Find her grave, then I will drag her down. It is an insult that they will not ignore."

In heaven, the threat of demon attack had given the assembled hunters a purpose. Henry Winchester sat at a table with numerous papers spread across it's surface. His looked up as a glass was sat in front of him.

"Gin and tonic." John said. "It's what you always drank right?"

"Yes, thank you." Henry said eying his son warily as John sat down with a glass of whiskey in front of him.

"We should talk." John said. "You promised that you would come back."

"Yes I know. It's what I regret, letting you down." Henry said. "I wanted to come back. You don't know how badly I wanted to, but Dean was right. If I had come back you wouldn't have been the man you turned out to be, and your sons wouldn't have been the men that they turned out to be."

Henry took a sip of his drink. "You killed a major demon when Azazel died. You don't know how high up in Hell's hierarchy he was. I couldn't risk changing things so that he survived. Especially with the knowledge that I had."

"Why? What could have possibly been so bad?" John asked.

"You don't know how it was planned to happen. We had questioned several demons over the years. You were the one meant to break in hell, not Dean. Sam was supposed to break the final seal immediately after the events at Cold Oak. You threw their plans off kilter and they had to improvise."

"It still happened, Lucifer was still released from the cage." John said.

"If Abaddon's plans had gone smoothly, Lucifer would have risen before the angel's even knew what was happening except for a few traitors. He would have walked the Earth in Sam's body while Michael scrambled to catch up." Henry explained. "Instead Sam made a decision that led to his Death and Dean's deal. But before that deal came due, you killed Azazel. He was the only one other than Abaddon that knew the entire plan. Instead of things going smoothly, Lilith and Ruby had to come up with a way to manipulate Sam into breaking the seal and heaven's traitors were forced to get involved to keep Sam on the path they needed him on. I don't think anyone was expecting him to jump in the cage after all of the work they put into bringing about the Apocalypse."

"So you're saying that coming back would have changed all that?" John snorted.

"I don't know. All it would take was one small change to completely corrupt the flow of time. It was a risk I couldn't take. Not after everything the Winchesters had sacrificed." Henry said. "I'm sorry for not being there John, but I'm not sorry with the way things turned out."

"I wasn't exactly the best father. I put Sam and Dean through things no child should have to go through. And for all out butting heads over the years, Sam forgave me. He understood that I did the best that I could under the circumstances." John said. "I can't say that I'm okay with everything, but I can try."
Henry lifted his glass in a toast. "That's all any of us can do son, just try our best."

Chapter End Notes

Frostbite Falls for those who never actually watched The Bullwinkle and Rocky show is where the moose and the squirrel lived when they weren't off on some adventure. Crowley is definitely a fan of the show.
"Behind you little girl." Benny warned his companion as his axe hacked through the neck of one of the attacking vampires. He would have loved to check on her but was hard pressed with taking care of his own ass.

"That's really no way to treat a lady." A familiar voice said behind him as the attacking vampires chose that moment to scatter. They didn't get far dropping as their heads flew off in all directions. Benny turned and came face to face with Dean Winchester.

"Not that I'm not happy to see you brother, but what are you doing here?" Benny asked.

"Did you really think I would leave you down here after you got Sam out?" Dean asked pulling the vampire into a hug. "He told me that you gave him time to get out."

I know how much your brother means to you Dean. When I came back, I knew what I was getting into." Benny said. "Besides Sam didn't belong down here anymore than you did."

Benny's companion now joined them. She smiled at Dean as he turned toward her. "Madison?"

"Dean, how's Sam?" she asked.

"He's doing good, now." Dean said. "I'm sorry Madison. I didn't know what this place was like. And you don't deserve this. You didn't ask for what happened."

"I must say that this is certainly an unusual situation." Michael said as he joined them having killed the last vampire. "Vampires and werewolves are supposed to mix like oil and water."

"Madison is not your typical werewolf and Benny isn't your typical vampire." Dean said.

"I'm aware of that." Michael said. "Very few werewolves would offer assistance to a vampire, and a vampire selflessly putting himself in harm's way for someone not of his own kind? Well I can see that they are the exceptions to the rule."

Michael smirked. "Or maybe it's the Winchester effect. You tend to influence others to your way of seeing the world."

"This ain't Castiel." Benny noted looking at the angel.

"You could say that I am the oldest of Castiel's brothers, Michael." The Archangel said offering his hand to the vampire, "And you are Benny. Dean and Sam both hold you in high regard."

Benny glanced at Dean. The Hunter shrugged. "I guess nothing changes Sam's impression of somebody like saving his ass." Dean answered the unspoken question. "Michael this is Madison. Sam and I met her a while back. She kind of got dragged into this against her will."

"Most do Dean. It's a rare individual who asks to be afflicted with the curse." Michael said. "I take it there is more to her than her willingness to work with a vampire?"

"When she found out what had happened to her..." Dean started.

"I didn't want to be a danger. Once I knew what I was, I couldn't live with that." Madison explained. "I asked them to help me. I asked Sam for the one thing that he could give me to keep
me from hurting anyone else. But I hurt him."

"Madison, he understood. He wanted to do it for you, I offered but he wouldn't let me." Dean said. "He felt like it was his place."

"You asked for death to protect innocents?" Michael questioned.

"Yeah, she asked us to end it." Dean said.

Michael nodded. "Alright, we should get out of here. Time is ticking."

"What do you mean time is ticking?" Benny asked.

"We have to open the gates of Heaven, the only way to do that is to bring a soul back from Purgatory." Michael answered.

"Then take her." Benny said as he turned to Dean. "Look brother, I don't belong up there. You don't know how hard it was."

"We will take you both." Michael said. "You have also proven that you don't belong here. You are not monsters that prey on the innocent. I could not in good conscience leave either of you here."

"What does that mean?" Dean asked. "I mean there are innocent souls in hell, there are probably even more here."

"But they have not been revealed to me as these two have." Michael answered. "One of my additional duties is to rescue innocent souls when they are revealed."

"When you say 'rescue'..." Dean asked.

"Send them to heaven." Michael explained. "It is even more important now that we open the gates."

Benny was walking toward the portal. "So when we get topside, what happens."

"I promised you that we would fix things Benny. We will." Dean said.

"And Madison will go home." Michael added. "This is your portal. Dean do the spell now and then go through. I will meet you in the place you call Maine."

Sam entered the kitchen just in time to see Balthazar closing the massive industrial sized refrigerator door.

"Uh, that's not our fridge." Sam said.

"No yours was entirely too small." Balthazar said. "Very little storage space. Between your rabbit food and the um supplies I just laid in, the blasted door wouldn't close."

"What supplies?" Sam asked as he opened the door and saw an entire shelf filled with blood bags. Picking one up he saw the Red Cross label. "What did you do? Hold up a blood bank?"

"Essentially, yes. All of it would have been destroyed at the end of the week but I figured it could be put to better use with a pet vampire moving in." Balthazar said. "I still can't believe that the two
of you are agreeing with pulling a vampire out of Purgatory."

"Benny is an okay guy." Sam said.

Their discussion was interrupted by Metatron entering the kitchen followed by a scowling Castiel, who was followed by a smirking Crowley.

"I have to give you credit Metatron," Crowley was snarking. "I didn't believe that there was a being on Earth that could possibly be more reviled than me in this little fallout shelter, but you managed it. So tell me, how does one go from being the big man's personal secretary to the most hated angel in the history of creation again? Even Lucifer is Mr Popularity compared to you."

Gabriel popped into the kitchen next to Sam. "I have to admit, I had no idea that Castiel was hiding such a mean streak." Gabriel chuckled. "By now he would have normally punched Crowley, but when he realized that Crowley delights in getting under Metatron's skin, he came to an agreement with him. Crowley gets free run to annoy Metatron and Castiel gets to enjoy Metatron's discomfort."

"Isn't that well, opposite to angelic behavior?" Sam asked with a frown.

"Actually kiddo, no it's not. It's completely normal angelic behavior." Gabriel said.

"Forget that whole Hallmark image, all that is, is a good marketing campaign." Balthazar said. "Haven't you read the bible? We're spiteful on our good days."

"And we level entire cities, flood the entire world and slaughter millions on our bad days." Gabriel snarked. "But only when it's deserved."

"I guess we have been around Cas for so long it just seems wrong seeing him like this." Sam said.

"What Metatron did was an assault on every angel in heaven, and he used Castiel to do it." Gabriel said. "If anything Sam, you should be able to relate. After all Lilith and Ruby used you to pop Luci out of the box. How many times have you wished you could get a little payback on them over the years?"

"Cassie's heart was in the right place," Balthazar said. "Metatron knew that and took advantage of it. He's lucky it's Castiel, he'd have a lot more bruises if he had done it to me."

"Oh he's got bruises coming up." Gabriel said. "He still has to face Michael. That is going to make this look like nothing. He'll be lucky if Michael just destroys his grace."

Lucifer took that moment to pop into the kitchen. "Just a heads up, Winchester just came through a portal in Maine."

"Did he manage to bring the vampire back?" Gabriel asked.

"I guess he wanted a little insurance in getting those gates open." Lucifer said. "He brought the vampire back and a werewolf for good measure."

"A werewolf?" Balthazar asked. "My, you Winchesters do have a lot of friends in the supernatural world don't you?"

Lucifer turned to Sam, "Does the name Madison ring any bells?"

Sam dropped down into a chair. "Madison? She...that's good."
"He's on his way to Louisiana with Michael. Something about the Lafitte family plot to reunite Benny with his body." Lucifer said. "If it works, Madison will be the first soul through the gates."

"You're going to let her into heaven?" Sam asked. "I thought, I thought she had to go to Purgatory."

"Nah, no more than you do Sam." Gabriel said. "When your time comes, you go up. Your soul is pure. I mean they let Samuel Campbell in and he's got a lot more tarnish on his everlasting soul than you do."
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

The italics in this chapter represent 'grace speak' The angels communicating through their grace.

Dean looked down at the open grave. Rolling up his sleeve he sliced open his left arm and held it over the hole as blood and the very essence of a vampire spilled out onto the body.

"You know brother, we're going to have to stop this before we make it a habit." Benny said where he stood off to the side of his grave smiling.

Dean gave a grin and enveloped the vampire in a hug. "Yeah, I told you come back with Sam!"

"I know I got your little brother out of there, but that doesn't mean we're going to be best friends." Benny said. "I know how Sam felt about me, it's not gonna change overnight."

"Sam was just as insistent as Dean that we bring you back." Michael said. "He was prepared to go to Purgatory along with Dean. If the situation that we're in wasn't so dire, I believe that nothing would have kept him here."

"So Heaven's gate?" Dean said. "It's open right? We can send Madison upstairs." Dean began rolling up his other sleeve.

"Wait. We should confirm that it's open before you release her." Michael said. "Raphael is there I will have him check. For now, lets return to your Batcave." Michael said grabbing both men and disappearing.

"Abaddon, I was sent to tell you that we have found it, the grave of Mary Winchester." The demon said bowing low to the ground.

"Good, the Winchesters will soon be in our grasp." Abaddon said. "Take me to it."

The demon stood and nodded as the two disappeared only to reappear at a graveside just outside of Lawrence Kansas. Abaddon smiled down at the ground. "You of all people should have known better, Mary. To make a deal with a demon. It caused your death and now it will cause the death of your sons, as they caused the death of our Lord Lucifer. As he does not exist so Sam and Dean Winchester will not exist. I will scatter their very souls to the far reaches of the cosmos while you watch.."

She turned to the demon. "You know the items that I need, bring them and we will raise this bitch."

"Sam you are not going now sit your overgrown ass down!" Gabriel said. "And where in the hell is
"that demon when you need him?"

"Probably harassing Metatron which seems to be his favorite activity these days." Balthazar said. "I'll see if I can find him. Although I don't know why he hasn't warned us about this. He must have felt Demon signs of this magnitude."

"Gabriel we can't just sit here!" Sam was arguing. "They are planning something! Something big."

"I know they are planning something," Gabriel said. "But use that overgrown Cro Magnon brain of yours, We don't know what Abaddon is planning and rushing in there blind is Dean level stupid. We need more information first. In case you haven't noticed, heaven isn't exactly operating from a place of power right now." Gabriel pushed the hunter down into a chair and snapped his fingers pinning him there.

"We're out manned and out gunned until we can get the others powered up, but they are angel's Sam. It's their duty to protect mankind, and that hasn't changed for all that they are practically human right now." Gabriel explained. "If we go rushing in there, they will be slaughtered. They can't face a Hell knight powerless!"

Balthazar returned with Crowley. "I found him."

"I supposed you're wanting to know what Abaddon is up to?" Crowley asked raising an eyebrow.

"No shit Sherlock!" Gabriel snarked. "So how about you earn your keep and fill us in."

"Well at the moment she is chasing her tail." Crowley said uncomfortable.

"What do you mean she's Chasing her tail?" Sam asked. "Have you noticed the demon signs around Lawrence?"

"Of course I have Moose! I'm not an idiot!" Crowley said. "Right now she's looking for something, but she won't find it there."

"Crowley you're making no sense at all." Balthazar said.

"Yes, well control the Moose and I'll explain." Crowley said.

Gabriel looked at Crowley and then looked at Sam.

"What did you do Crowley?" Sam asked quietly with an undercurrent of menace.

"She's looking for Mommy Winchester!" Crowley said. "But she won't find her. I uh, grabbed her bones and put her in a safe place months ago."

Sam was fighting to get out of the chair. "You did what!? I swear Crowley I'm going to snap your neck with my bare hands!"

"Oh calm down Moose, I did you a solid." Crowley snarked. "If I hadn't felt the need to take out a little insurance, Abaddon would be raising Mary Winchester from the grave to use as a hostage right now!"

"Where is she?" Gabriel asked.

"In an unmarked grave that only I know the location of." Crowley answered. "So moose, you kill me and your Mommy's bones will be out there somewhere lost for all time."
Sam went off in a tirade, yelling and threatening Crowley until Balthazar reached out and placed two fingers against his forehead knocking him unconscious.

Michael materialized with Dean and Benny at that precise moment. The archangel gave a look of confusion at the scene. "It seems that I have missed some excitement." He raised an eyebrow in question at Gabriel.

Gabriel grabbed Crowley nodded at his brother and disappeared into the basement to fill Michael in. Dean looked at Sam slumped in the chair. "Balthazar? You want to tell me what is going on here?"

"Little Sammy was cranky, I just put him down for a nap. Supplies are in the fridge." Balthazar said, snapping his fingers and disappearing.

"So Dean maybe there's more going on here than opening the gates of Heaven?" Benny asked as Dean went to the refrigerator and pulled out a bag of blood and tossed it to the vampire.

"Yeah, a lot more going on. All of the Archangels are back, all of the other angels have fallen and there's a Hell knight on the loose." Dean said. "A normal day in a Winchester's life."

Dean Winchester has accomplished his task and yet the gates do not open, Raphael thought to himself knowing that his brothers would hear his thoughts through his grace. There must be more to this, perhaps He should have released a different creature?

No Michael thought, he released two different creatures, the vampire and a werewolf. By the way the werewolf is granted entry into heaven, once we get the gates opened. He added.

Are we letting in Purgatory's minions now? Lucifer thought. A werewolf belongs in Purgatory not heaven.

She is an innocent soul, Michael explained. She requested death once she knew what she was. Her death occurred before she killed a victim with knowledge.

Yeah, yeah Gabriel added his two cents. Lets argue about the appropriateness of werewolf heaven later. Abaddon is on the move remember? She has taken over the town of Lawrence Kansas looking for Mary Winchester's grave. Luckily Crowley being the demon he was saved our bacon on that one. He stashed Mary's bones somewhere and he's not telling us where.

Why would Abaddon seek the bones of the vessel's mother? Raphael asked.

Can you think of a better way to get Sam and Dean running right to her? They both have Mama issues due to her death. As far as those two are concerned Mary Winchester is the Madonna herself. Balthazar added.

Then Mary will need added protection, I will go to her now and explain to the hunters what is happening.

Very well and it is long overdue that I have a talk with Metatron Michael added.
Chapter 19

If there was one thing that every angel in heaven knew without a doubt, it was to make themselves scare when their commander started acting in an extremely sweet manner. Not that Michael wasn't kind to the them, but saccharine sweetness was a big red flag.

When Michael entered the conference room with Gabriel at his side, it quickly became apparent that heaven's commander was being so sweet it was giving the Trickster a toothache.

"Castiel," Gabriel said softly. "I think you and Crowley should probably make yourself scarce."

Castiel seeing Michael's expression quickly agreed. "I believe that I should go welcome Benny back to Earth." Castiel said grabbing Crowley's arm and dragging him out of the room into the Kitchen where two more Archangels had materialized. Lucifer looked at Castiel's face. "Michael is in a smiting mood, I take it."

"Metatron has certainly earned it if it is what Michael decides." Raphael said. "Metatron deserves an extreme punishment for his actions. An example must be made, not just to deter others but to demonstrate our dedication to the Seraphs. We have all been so engrossed in other things that we have neglected this."

"Yeah well four Archangels ganging up on a secretary should certainly get the point across." Lucifer snarked. "No matter what you hear, don't come in. It's probably going to get ugly." Lucifer told those in the kitchen before pulling the sliding wood doors closed.

Castiel was eying the doors warily. "The Archangels have never closed themselves off from us when discussing an angel's transgressions."

"So they just wave everybody's dirty laundry around?" Dean asked.

"I do not understand the comparison of sins to a housekeeping task." Castiel said.

"Well Christmas shopping for you is going to be a breeze," Crowley said. "A dictionary of common references would come in handy."

"What Dean was saying, was that the Archangels basically tell everyone's business to everyone else, no privacy." Sam explained.

"Angels are joined by a bond of communal grace." Castiel said. "There are no secrets in heaven when it comes to an angel's transgressions. Especially one of the magnitude of Metatron's crime."

"Maybe they aren't hiding anything," Kevin suggested. "Maybe you just can't hear them because you lost your grace,"

"Well look at Professor Peabody!" Crowley said. "I really don't think the angel needs you to tell him that. I'm sure he already figured out that he's powerless."

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Metatron watched as the Archangels all took seats on the other side of the table from him. They had automatically arranged themselves as they would for a formal tribunal with Michael and Lucifer in the center. Raphael sat to Michael's right while Gabriel sat to Lucifer's left. So it was sentencing time.
"Am I allowed to speak in my defense?" Metatron asked.

Gabriel reached into his pocket and pulled out a silver chain with a glowing vial at the end. He dangled it on his finger for a moment before handing it to Michael. Michael looked at the vial for a moment before slipping the chain around his neck.

"You have not been very helpful thus far, it seems to me that you attempt to avoid punishment rather than atone for your actions. Raphael said. "The gates of Heaven remain sealed even after Dean Winchester more than filled the terms of your challenge."

"And Castiel is still a soulless, graceless apparition of his former self." Lucifer said. "Nothing has been fixed."

"Wait!" Raphael said. "There is no one to witness these events. Metatron would normally do so, but he is the accused."

"You are right Brother, We do need a witness." Micheal said. "Someone impartial. summon the vampire, Gabriel."

Gabriel snapped his fingers, and a confused looking Benny was spinning around in a circle as if under attack.

"Relax Benny," Michael told him. "Please take a seat. We have decided that you will bear witness to this tribunal. You are the closest we can find to an impartial observer."

"So this isn't about hiding what you're doing?" Benny asked as he sat.

"No, Balthazar having his grace is aware of the proceedings, the others are not. You will be able to tell others that we are fair in our treatment of this affront to Heaven and our Father's generosity." Michael explained and then turned to the youngest Archangel, "Gabriel."

Gabriel took a deep breath and sat up straight the seriousness of his expression oddly out of place on his normally smirking face. "Let it be known by the host that Metatron has been brought before the elders and appointed Chief angels of Heaven for crimes against the host including Blasphemy. He has committed multiple counts of Murder by rendering all angels helpless against human and demon alike. He has cast down the holy and sealed the gates against them by assaulting the grace of Castiel, Angel of Thursday. He has neglected his duty to Father's favorites by failing to advise Samuel Winchester of the true state of his health and by removing the protection Father decreed for the human souls in heaven. By his actions he has allowed the gates of hell to open spilling demons onto the human plane.

Metatron you have been called before us to learn the consequences of your sin."

"Your sins still stand Metatron. The angels are still barred from their home and the human souls are still unprotected. Not to mention that Castiel is still completely graceless." Michael said. "So lets start with something simple, where is Castiel's grace?"

"I can show you where it is. It's in heaven. I needed it to perform the spell that turned the angels." Metatron answered.

"Where in heaven?" Lucifer asked. "It's a big place."

"If I tell you, you will simply smite me." Metatron answered.

"Self preservation is so not the way to go here." Gabriel said. "It's really not impressing us. As a
matter of fact I can tell you that it's pissing me right the hell off."

"You know," Michael said sweetly. "I begin to think that is your goal. You goad our wrath and hope that we will smite you. Your spell would stand. You have said that you can reverse the spell yet you have made no attempt to do so. You have told us how to open the gates and yet they remain closed."

"There's an incantation that needs to be spoken." Metatron said.

"You didn't tell us that Metatron." Lucifer pointed out. "You simply said we had to loose a child of Eve on the world. What is the incantation?"

"Your Winchester should know it." Metatron said. "Heaven is the reverse of hell after all. Dean Winchester speaks the incantation, and the gates open."

"Balthazar will pass that information on to Dean while we wait. Understand that a lie will be dealt with." Michael said. "In the meantime lets talk about you reversing your spell."

"I can't. At least not from here. I have to be in heaven to do that." Metatron said.

"Do you think that you deserve to return to our home?" Gabriel said. "You attacked your family without warning and for no reason!"

"I had my reasons!" Metatron said.

"To set them up as gods because you missed God?" Raphael asked. "If all you wanted was to serve a god, you should have found Gabriel. After all he ran around as Loki for centuries!"

"You know I wasn't exactly broadcasting that fact, Raphael." Gabriel said. "But there were thousands of Gods out there that you could have latched onto. You have been on Earth for centuries, Metatron. You had more than enough opportunities."

"False gods! Pagans! Even I know that they were not strong enough to create. Not like our father created." Metatron said. "They weren't worthy. But the humans are. They can create from nothing except their own will!"

Gabriel rolled his eyes in a 'here we go again' manner. Raphael shook his head. Lucifer leaned back in his chair with a look of disgust but it was Michael who roared "Enough!" making decanters sitting on a sideboard shatter.

"I have no patience for your zealous delusions!" Michael turned to Raphael. "Let this fallen one experience the true weakness of the humans he considers our Father's equal. Let him suffer the most painful of afflictions. Weaken his body and let him find no comfort, no ease. Let his world be nothing but pain and illness, but bind him to his vessel. Not even Death will be able to ease his suffering."

"It will be as you have ordered brother." Raphael said.

"When you are ready to return Castiel's grace, maybe then I will grant you mercy." Michael said as he stood up bringing the tribunal to an end.
Balthazar appeared in the roadhouse with a case of Cristal Champagne. "Ellen Luv, this," he gestured to the crate, "Is the good stuff, try to keep it on hand would you?" Bathazar snapped his fingers and was holding a flute full of champagne. And now, as to the reason for my visit, where is Mary Winchester?" he made a show of looking around "Ah there you are Luv! Are you sure you're related to the Winchesters? They obviously missed out on your gorgeous looks."

"Balthazar stop hitting on her. She's a married woman." Bobby said. "Just tell us why you're here."

"Well that would be because Abaddon wants a piece of our little Mary here." Balthazar said taking a sip of his champagne. "It seems she has taken over Lawrence Kansas looking for Mary's grave."

"What do you mean?" Mary asked. "Why would this Abaddon be interested in me?"

"Well you are in possession of the womb that Sam and Dean Winchester emerged from. Which means that raising you from the dead gives her a hostage worth her weight in gold." Balthazar explained. "Luckily for us Crowley was your typical garden variety devious demon. Seems he borrowed your bones, Dear. Normally that would be frowned upon but in this case well, lets just say Abaddon is in for a surprise."

Abaddon smiled as she finished laying out her altar. The demons had exhumed an expensive white casket with gold plated accents. "Well I have to say Henry's son had taste. This is not a cheap coffin. Open it."

The demons tossed their shovels up out of the grave and one of them picked up a crowbar prying open the lid then climbing out of the grave. The body inside was little more than bones and rags.

"Hello Mary," the demon said. "It's time to bring about a little family reunion." Abaddon picked up a mixture of roots and herbs from her altar and tossed them into the grave.

Neither Abaddon nor the two demons at the graveside were prepared for the bright explosion of light from the grave. Although much of her vessel's face and hands were now covered with serious burns, Abaddon still fared better than her minions. The demons vessels were laying on the ground burnt to a crisp.

Screaming out her frustration, she called two more demons to her. "Bring up her bones."

Sam had just opened his mouth to tell Dean the incantation which he had forgotten, when a hand was slapped over his mouth and the Devil wagged a finger in his face. "Ah, ah ah, Sam." Lucifer said.

"What the hell? Get your hands off my brother!" Dean yelled seeing that Gabriel was the one holding Sam with a hand slapped over his mouth.

"Deano, that particular song is getting old. Almost as old as I'm gonna dunk you in holy oil'. Come up with some new material would you?" Gabriel said. "Sam, do not repeat that incantation, as a
"We put a lot of time and energy into healing you Samuel Winchester." Raphael said as he came out of the conference room with a still steaming Michael. "I will not be pleased if my efforts were to be undone through your ignorance."

"I expected you to have opened the gates by now." Michael said to Dean shortly. "Is there a problem?"

"Dean forgot the incantation." Sam said. "I was about to tell him when I got mauled by a Trickster."

"Here," Kevin held out a piece of paper "I remember it."

Dean took the slip of paper. "Okay here goes nothing. Kah nuh ahm dahr." he said. After a moment or two he looked around. "Nothing's happening. Did I say it right?"

"Your pronunciation was impressive for a human." Raphael said.

"So why isn't anything happening?" Kevin asked.

"Did you feel the gates close Kevin Tran?" Lucifer asked. When Kevin shook his head. Lucifer just snarked, "Then why should you be aware of them opening?"

"But they are opening? Right?" Sam asked.

"Yes." Michael said. "Dean, you should release your passenger now."

Dean rolled up his right sleeve chanted a few words and an orange smoke rose up from the cut turning a bluish color as it hit the air.

"Madison." Sam whispered and the bluish haze wrapped itself around Sam for a second before rising upward through the ceiling and disappearing from view. "You're really letting her into heaven?" Sam asked.

"Yes" Michael answered. "She chose destruction over preying on the innocent. She may have been changed into a monster, but that was not her soul. She was an innocent soul."

"It has taken us some time to grasp the fact that all who can be called 'monsters', may not be monsters, but innocent souls who had no choice in what was forced on them." Raphael said looking at Sam. "An infant cannot be blamed when demon blood is force fed to him." Raphael disappeared quickly not giving anyone the chance to respond.

"Translation, you're still an abomination." Gabriel said. "Just not an evil abomination." Gabriel smirked before he also disappeared.

"Time to prime the pump." Lucifer said. "Don't do anything stupid while we're gone Sam, Dean. Stay away from Lawrence."

"If you do attempt to leave, all of the seraphs have orders to pray to me." Michael said. "I will seal you in this bunker so that you cannot leave. Work on finding Colt's spells."

Michael and Lucifer were the last to disappear.
"If Abaddon is going after Mary then she needs protection." Henry said as he continued to write out sigils and symbols on a piece of paper.

"That ain't Enochian." Bobby said.

"Some of it is." Henry said. "There's also Norse, Egyptian, Mayan, Olmec, Druidic, Hindu symbols; Basically it's sigils and signs of protection from every culture on Earth. Pagan and Christian magic combined."

"So what good is Pagan magic going to do?" John demanded.

"Well every culture has some form of demonic lore." Samuel said.

"The Men of Letters did not limit our knowledge only to Christian magic and beliefs. We gathered spells and lore from all corners of the globe." Henry said. "It can't hurt placing all of the protections that we had collected." Henry finished with a flourish and handed the paper to John.

"So what am I'm supposed to do with this?" John asked.

"She is your wife, John. These will cover her entire body." Henry explained. "It's fitting that you do it."

Balthazar snapped his fingers producing a crude clay pot filled with a fragrant oil and a stylus. "You may as well go all out. No reason to do things halfway. Of course I managed to slow her down a bit. Lets just say I left an angelic 'boobytrap' on Mary's grave."

"What is that?" Bobby asked.

"King David's ink bowl, and stylus. And a bit of Jeruselem oil." Balthazar said. "One of the items that was in among Heaven's weapons."

"King David? As in David and Goliath David?" Ash asked.

"Hey he wrote the 23rd Psalm with that thing!" Everyone turned to find Gabriel and the rest of the Archangels along with a young woman no one recognized. "Of course I have to admit, he had a little help with that one." Gabriel smirked.
"So, is any one of you Dudley Do Right wannabes going to check on the one angel who has failed to come out of that room." Crowley asked. "Or is that task being left to the resident demon cursed with an unwanted conscience?"

Crowley waited for a moment and then sighed going through the wooden doors which were standing open. "Um you might want to make your way in here." Crowley called bringing everyone running.

"Son of a bitch!" Dean yelled and backed up from Metatron who was sprawled forward across the table. God's scribe was covered in weeping sores, and his breath was labored. Occasionally he would cough weakly. "He looks like he went ten rounds with Pestilence...and lost."

"Please," Metatron gasped. "It hurts."

Sam frowned. "Cas, is he contagious?"

"I would venture to say that while he is severely ill, this is the result of Michael's punishment." Castiel said looking at the angel. "As such it is meant only for Metatron."

Dean reached out to grab Sam. "Whoa Sammy! What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Sam shook off Dean's hand. "Well we can't just leave him there. There's a cot in the basement. I'm going to take him down there." Sam gathered the angel in his arms as gently as possible but still causing the angel to whimper in pain. "It might be just a bit less painful. I really don't think there's any way to make him comfortable."

"Sam he was going to let you die." Dean said. "He deserves whatever the God Squad throws at him."

"Maybe so, but we can't just leave him there." Sam said.

"He's right Dean. Just because Metatron is a dick doesn't mean that we have to be dicks back at him." Kevin said.

"He is my brother." Castiel sighed, "Although I shudder to admit it. I will take him Sam."

Sam transferred the angel as gently as possible into Castiel's arms. "I'll grab some bandages. At least I can clean up the sores and stuff."

"Sam Winchester, an absolute paragon of Moosey goodness." Crowley snarked. "Haven't you heard, good guys finish last."

"You really want to go there?" Benny asked. "You're the one who wanted to check on him. Aren't you supposed to be a demon?"

"Well thanks to the overgrown Moose I'm an almost demon. I was the King of Hell a couple of weeks ago and now all I have left is my snarky nature." Crowley. "I have to hold on to my demonic dignity where I can. Even if it is just having a sarcastic nature."
"The gates are open now?" Ellen asked.

"Yes, and now we must reestablish the gracelink." Michael said.

"I've heard you guys use that term more than once." Bobby said. "What exactly is this 'gracelink'.

"It's the power that feeds all angel's their grace." Lucifer said. "A permanent link with heaven that allows angels to draw grace directly from the source our father established."

"It's a power loop. Metatron interrupted the flow and therefore cut off our source." Raphael said. "Luckily there's enough free floating grace that was stripped from the angels when Metatron cast them down to sustain us and reestablish the link."

"But I don't get why you need human souls to help you reestablish this link." John said.

"Guess you never let that Impala of yours run out of gas completely." Gabriel said "It's the same general idea with the gracelink."

"I get it." Bobby said. "You've got to prime the carburetor. Let a car get down to fumes and sometimes you might need to pour a touch of gas directly into the carburetor to get her to start."

"We need the power of human souls to jump start heaven." Lucifer said. "And with all the millions of souls in heaven none of them will even notice the tiny bit it takes from them."

"But we are angels." Michael said. "There are rules that we must abide by."

"You need permission." Ellen nodded.

"Yes we need permission." Michael agreed.

"Well how exactly do you plan to get permission from millions of souls?" Samuel asked.

"We don't need to get permission from all of the souls." Lucifer said. "We simply need a representative group to say yes."

"So we say yes and you pop all the souls in heaven?" Ash asked.

"Granted we're stretching a loophole to the breaking point here, but consider the situation." Gabriel said "Abaddon is still on the loose and Hell is empty. Abaddon has an Army while we have a handful of ranking officers and our army is all on the injured reserve list."

"We need the angel's back to fighting form." Lucifer said. "She's a hell knight with all the power of hell behind her. It would take the four of us combined to take her down and we've only got Balthazar to watch our backs against thousands of Demons."

"I'm good but I'm only one angel." Balthazar said.

"Yes." Mary said.

"We should talk about this first, Mary." John told her.

"There's nothing to talk about." Mary said. "Abaddon wants my children, right?"

Michael nodded. "It is one of her goals to destroy them."

"That's all I need to know." Mary said.
"It's all I need to know too." Deanna added. "They are my grandsons."

"Never argue with a mother's love." Ellen said. "Do it." She told the angels.

Sam dumped the cloth in the bloody water and gathered up the left over bandages. "That's all I can do." Sam had washed the the blood and pus from Metatron's body and loosely wrapped bandages around the larger wounds. "I'll go see if I can kind some broth or something in the kitchen."

Sam picked up the bowl of water and left leaving Castiel to watch over Metatron.

"So this is what Job suffered." a quiet voice said.

"I had assumed that you had fallen unconscious due to pain." Castiel said standing up "I will leave you to rest."

"Castiel, stay...please." Castiel looked at the angel laying on the bed before lowering himself back down into his seat.

"Sam Winchester attempted to ease my suffering." Metatron said.

"Sam is of a forgiving nature. Others are not." Castiel said flatly.

"And you?" Metatron coughed weakly. "You are here with me. You must be of a forgiving nature."

"No brother, I am not." Castiel said. "I am of a dutiful nature. For all your faults you are my brother and it is my duty to assist you. This does not mean that I forgive you for what you have done to me and to the others."

"Castiel can't you see the power they possess?" Metatron asked.

"Yes Metatron I can. But I also see the evil that they are capable of." Castiel said. "Sam and Dean Winchester are representative of their best, but for every Sam and Dean there is a Hitler or Or a Quadafi or some other Evil human that will and has chosen to use the power that you see in them for evil purposes. They are not gods they are a young and immature race. Yes they are capable of some small power of creation but they are more apt to destroy. We were meant to balance out that evil, to guide them. To protect them from the evil that they are so susceptible to. You have taken that from them and left them unprotected from Hell's influence. That is not what our Father wanted. You have been seduced by the power that you see in them."

Castiel went over to the bed and lifted Metatron up placing another pillow behind his back as he began coughing harshly. Once the coughing fit eased Castiel returned to his seat.

"The archangels saw this corruption in you. That is why you ran. It is why you only resurfaced when they were gone." Castiel noted. "You waited patiently until the Leviathan had decimated our ranks before you came forward knowing that Heaven would be in disarray. And that is not all that you did. You placed the tablets to be found."

"Yes." Metatron said. "I saw the evil that they were capable of Castiel. I have not been blind in my centuries here. I meant for Sam Winchester to seal hell."

"Then you knowingly set him on a path that would end in his death." Castiel stood up. "I apologize brother, but not even duty is enough to overcome my revulsion with you." Castiel turned and
walked out of the room leaving Metatron to suffer in solitude.
Chapter 22

In heaven something was occurring that had not occurred in eons. The Archangels were all joined together with a single goal. Once it was a common occurrence but then Metatron had put forth the idea of closing heaven and things had gone downhill from there.

The bickering among the chief angels had degenerated to outright fighting with Lucifer and Michael often coming to physical blows. Gabriel unable to take the fighting any longer had simply walked out of the garden one day and then out of Heaven, never once looking back. Lucifer had given in to his dislike and jealousy of the humans blaming them for the unrest in heaven, and had been cast down. And in between all these major events, Metatron had quietly slipped away disappearing just as effectively as Gabriel had. But while Gabriel had left to search for a bit of peace and quiet, Metatron had left bearing a spell and two tablets that could cause the end of the world or cut it off completely from both Heaven and Hell. But those events had taken place a long time ago.

At this moment four Archangels made their way to the center of the garden and the throne that had sat vacant since their father had wandered away, long before any angel had deserted his home. Today the four Archangels were focused on fixing the damage that had started that long ago day when Metatron had stood up at the base of the throne and waved a scroll bearing the spell that could close the gates of heaven for all eternity.

"It has been far too long since we last gathered here." Michael said.

"It has been far too long since we gathered here without coming to blows." Lucifer corrected.

"Agreed, brother." Michael said. "Let us do what we must, there will be time for reminiscing later."

The angels made their to the base of the throne. Just gazing upon the structure could have explained a mystery that had befuddled several scientists over the years, why did so many cultures separated by such vast distances all build pyramids?

God's throne sat atop a pyramid created from a gleaming white marble four sided stairway. At the top a carved marble roof detailing the creation of the four Archangels was supported be four marble columns each engraved with Enochian sigils displaying the name of each Archangel and the duties that God had assigned to him.

The archangels each separated, mounting the steps on a different side of the pyramid ending up next to the column that bore their name. Each of the Archangels knelt at the base of their column and offered a formal prayer to their Father before placing their hand over a single sigil that was engraved on each column.

Concentrating they all sent grace into the columns where it mingled for a moment before rolling out across the expanse of heaven brushing through all of the human souls. The Archangels were as good as their word. No soul so much as paused in whatever activity it was involved in. However what rolled out as a gentle wave came crashing back in with the power of a tsunami.

Grace was suddenly being sent out from Heaven, seeking the depleted angels and reconnecting them to Heaven once again. And in the garden four Archangels collapsed, exhausted by their efforts.
The first clue that maybe the angels were back on line and regaining their grace came the next morning when Kevin's pen ran out of ink. Kevin growled and tossed the pen across the kitchen. "I hate Bics!" Kevin said as he pushed back from the table and began hunting through the drawers looking for a replacement.

The angel known as Verchiel entered the kitchen and saw how upset the young prophet was. "Kevin Tran, what trouble curses you this morning?" He asked.

"All these cheap pens! They keep running out of ink all the time." Kevin huffed.

"I am sorry Kevin Tran." The angel said his sadness apparent. "Before, I would have been able to summon one for you with ease."

Dean looked at the angel. "Yeah, well it's not your fault. I'm sure there's one around here somewhere." He got up and began pulling open drawers joining in the hunt. After all Kevin's 'memoirs' were destined to become part of the archive here. The kid figured the next prophet to get called would have an explanation of what was happening to him.

"Guys, look." Sam pointed to the table where Kevin had been sitting. There on top of Kevin's journal was a brand new shiny fountain pen in a velvet lined box. Verchiel stood there looking stunned.

"Dude, did you just summon an inkpen?" Dean said picking up the box and seeing the price tag. "A $300 ink pen?"

Verchiel broke out in a smile. "Yes, yes I did! I was simply thinking about how easy it was for us to do small things like this and it manifested there. It is very weak, but my grace is returning."

"Awesome!" How long do you think it will take?" Dean asked.

"I do not know. I have never been graceless before so I have no idea how long it will take for it to completely return. Perhaps I have enough grace to contact the Archangels." Verchiel tilted his head in that angelic way.

The rustle of feathers warned the group of Balthazar's arrival. "Well someone is regaining their powers. Verchiel spread the word, don't try anything big but you should use what power you have. The more grace that is used, the more grace Heaven will produce and everyone will get back to normal faster."

"So the Archangels fixed the gracelink thing?" Sam asked.

"Yes but it took quite a bit out of them. It will take a few hours for them to get back to normal." Balthazar said. "It must be old age kicking in."

"Old age?" Dean looked at Balthazar, "How old are they?"

"They were around long before your sun cooled to the point of supporting life." Castiel said as he joined them. "Crowley says that Metatron is hungry."

"Wait, why is Crowley sitting with him?" Sam asked. "I thought you were going to stay with him."

"Michael has given strict instructions that Metatron is not to die." Castiel said. "I fear that I will not be able to control my impulse to wring his neck."
"Did something happen after I left you two last night?" Sam asked.

"I discovered how much of an asshat he is." Castiel said.

"Yeah well all you had to do was ask, I could have told you he was a douche." Dean said. "Not even Lucifer is as big of a douche as that winged asshat."

"Castiel, I will sit with Metatron. I can still feel the emotion of anger towards Metatron but with the return of my grace it is being muted." Verchiel said.

"The Archangels have reestablished the link." Castiel nodded. "I am happy for you, for all of you." Castiel said sitting quietly at the table.

"Cas, you know you're family, right?" Sam said. "We're going to have your back, no matter what."

"The Archs won't give up Cassie. They will get your grace back, no matter how long it takes."

Balthazar said squeezing Castiel's shoulder. "And in the meantime not only do you have all of us, you have the Winchesters. Although I personally think Michael showed true mercy to Metatron. A real punishment would have been turning him over to the Winchesters with a gallon of holy oil and a book of matches."

Castiel looked up at Balthazar. "Thank you for your attempts at comfort Bathazar, but I don't deserve my grace. Look what I allowed, no helped to happen."

Sam turned around. "Okay Cas, that's it. Pity party is over." Sam sat down facing the Seraph. You know I let Lucifer out of the cage, and I recall having a discussion, or maybe I should say receiving a lecture from a certain angel before I said yes to put him back in the cage."

"It is not the same Sam. Your intentions were at their core pure." Castiel said. You would not do what Lilith wanted willingly so she had to manipulate you. You did not know that your actions would release Lucifer. There was no reason to blame yourself."

"Did you know that Metatron was going to cast all of the angels out of heaven?" Dean asked. When Castiel shook his head Dean nodded. "Then it's not your fault. Metatron manipulated you."

"You can't let this eat at you Cas." Sam said. "You're a good person and you were a good angel. And Dean and I are going to do everything that we can to help get your grace back too."
Chapter 23

Gabriel was reclining on the top step with a goose down pillow under his head. "I've forgotten how much I used to love laying here and watching the stars being born and dying and being reborn."

Lucifer was sitting with his back leaning against on side of a column while Michael leaned against the opposite side. "It is the one thing I missed most in the cage, the time we spent together like this quietly contemplating Dad's wonders."

"Although it was much more of a peaceful existence before Father brought Metatron." Raphael noted.

"He was a disruptive presence wasn't he?" Michael said with a sigh. "So any ideas on A) how we can convince him to tell us where Castiel's grace is or B) finding it ourselves?"

"If the suffering he endures will not move him to tell us, I don't know that he can be moved." Raphael said. "Unless he is ordered to do so by God himself."

"We could lie." Lucifer said.

"Easier said than done. We're angels, rules remember?" Michael said.

"Well it's not like some of us haven't learned to 'bend' the rules in the name of justice." Lucifer said. "Maybe we can't make tell us but Loki could possibly trick him into telling us."

"My pagan powers aren't really that reliable against angels. As weak as Castiel was when I stuck the Winchesters in that pocket dimension, Castiel still figured it out." Gabriel said. "It took some quick maneuvering on my part to keep him from spilling the beans and ruining all my fun."

"Knowing those two, they were probably suspicious to begin with." Michael said. "But you could create a pocket dimension which would look like heaven right?"

"Not by myself! Do you know how much power that would take?" Gabriel sputtered.

"But with help you could do it, right?" Lucifer asked.

"I suppose I could but we'd need someone with him to keep him from becoming suspicious." Gabriel frowned. "Even with help there's no way that I could create the environment and all the constructs it would take to fool him, even if he is 'human'. He's used to seeing beyond the obvious."

"Then we will need what is it the humans say? Yes, a mole!" Raphael said. "An angel regaining their power to help him 'escape' only instead of escaping, the mole would bring him to your pocket dimension."

"Damn Raph!" Gabriel exclaimed sitting up to stare at his brother. "When did you get to be so underhanded Bro?"

"If you had hung around, you would have been here to see it happen, Bro." Raphael answered.

"But we wouldn't have an experienced Trickster to dupe Metatron into spilling his secrets right no either." Lucifer said. "I did teach you all of your tricks, so I'll give you a hand."

"I have learned a few things since you left you know." Gabriel said. "So I guess it's time for me to teach you a few new tricks."
Michael got to his feet. "Lucifer you and Gabriel figure out how you're going to put your little pocket dimension together. I'm going mole hunting."

Abaddon looked at the creature in front of her and snarled. After all of her efforts to resurrect Mary Winchester, she had succeeded in accomplishing a resurrection and totally drained herself in the process only to find that the body in Mary Winchester's grave was not Mary Winchester. It wasn't even a woman. It was a cross dressing abomination that called itself 'Spicy Tabasco'. To make matters worse it was already well on its way to becoming a demon, having sold its soul to Crowley years ago.

The most annoying thing was that it was now following her around, criticizing Abaddon's wardrobe, Abaddon's makeup and Abaddon's hair. Abaddon had planned to raise a hostage and instead she had raised a personal stylist that had decided that Abaddon was its very best girlfriend.

"Come on doll! That black leather and red hair is so 1960's Emma Peel. You need to update your look. I died in the year 2000 and your look was dated then. Just put yourself in my hands, and I guarantee your own mother wouldn't recognize you!" The thing said.

Abaddon stopped then turned around slowly with a smile spreading across her face. "Perhaps you can be useful after all. Yes a new look for the Winchester boys would be perfect!"

"This just sitting here while Abaddon is raising hell? We could be halfway to Lawrence right now." Dean said as he sat another box aside.

"That eager to die Squirrel?" Crowley asked. "I mean Abaddon only has a freaking army with orders to terminate all Winchesters on sight. You so much as set foot outside of this place and every demon from hell is going to show up looking for a reward."

"Crowley is correct Dean. Abaddon will not hesitate to send all the forces of Hell after you." Castiel said. "And I do not need my grace to decipher the thoughts in your head. You take off by yourself and leave Sam here and you simply become a hostage for her to use against him. It is best to wait until the Archangels have a plan. They are best equipped to deal with her."

"Yeah, well they need to come up with a plan already. People are dying!" Dean yelled.

"They are aware of that, but they will not be goaded into making a premature move." Castiel jumped up onto the counter to rest for a few moments. "The others need time for their grace to be restored. We will need an equal force if we are to have any chance of winning against her."

Sam sat a box to the side and leaned against the wall. "What I don't understand is why Lucifer hasn't simply gone and taken over hell. He's the king right?"

"He is an exiled King." Crowley said. "The minute he was tossed in the cage he lost control, do you think that I could have taken over if he was in charge?"

"If that's the case, why all the Apocalypse crap." Dean asked.

"Lilith, Azazel, Meg; call them traditionalists. They wanted the old regime in power, hence they were willing to do whatever was necessary to free Lucifer and see him back on the throne."
"So Abaddon is a traditionalist?" Sam ventured.

"Wrong moose, Abaddon is a patriot. She serves hell itself." Crowley said. "She doesn't care about tradition or anything else other than what gains hell more power. She didn't interrupt your little ritual to save the king of hell or because she was worried about me as it's ruler. It was all about keeping you from slamming the door. And to be honest at this point she doesn't give a rat's ass about Lucifer except as a martyr for the cause." Crowley slid another box out of the way before adding over his shoulder, "Lucifer is many things but stupid is not one of them. I'm sure that he knows exactly where he stands right now with her. Who do you think made it look like he died in the cage? It's better to let people think that you are dead than to allow them to actually make you dead."

Michael made his way to the basement room where Metatron was trying to find the least painful position to lie in with Verchiel's help. Michael watched for a second and then ordered the Seraph to leave.

"I must say that you look more comfortable than when I last saw you. I'm rather surprised. I half expected them to dump you somewhere and let you suffer." Michael reached out a finger brushing a bandage. "And here you are you wounds dressed, ensconced in a soft bed. You should be thankful for what little comfort that they offer."

Michael pulled the chair closer to the bed ad sat down. "I however can make you pain end here and now. You know what it will take. Simply tell me where you have hidden Castiel's grace."

"The fact that only I know where his grace is" Metatron gasped. "Is the only reason that I'm still alive."

"You know you are only making it worse on yourself." Michael said. "Perhaps another day of agony will loosen your tongue." Michael said as he stood up. "You know you should also consider this, the gracelink has been reestablished. The Seraphs will soon have the entirety of their grace back and her you lie helpless. The one responsible for their misery."
"Well boys," Crowley said. "It looks like my little 'Winchester Insurance policy' is beginning to pay off."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Dean asked.

"What did you do to her Crowley?" Sam demanded. "I swear if you have..."

"Oh relax moose. Mama Winchester is still safe and sound. But Abaddon did work her little resurrection spell and burned through a lot of power doing it." Crowley said. "She raised the body attached to a soul that I own. For some reason I never put that one in the communal pot so to speak. Think of it as having an offshore account in a bank in the Cayman islands. There are still several souls that are owned solely by me, including the one Abaddon just raised."

"So?" Dean looked at Crowley expectantly.

"Dean, Crowley owning the soul of this woman means that we have a spy in Abaddon's camp." Sam said.

"Exactly moose. And for the moment that soul is very busy keeping her misdirected and occupied with things other than getting at the two of you." Crowley said. "I dare say Miss Spicy Tabasco will keep her occupied."

"Spicy Tabasco?" Dean frowned. "Sounds like a stripper's name."

"Close enough." Crowley smirked. "He's a drag queen."

Dean looked at Crowley for a moment and then burst out laughing. "A drag queen?!"

"And Abaddon had one shot at Resurrection, she blew her wad on Miss Spicy." Crowley said. "It will take her decades to buildup enough power to try again, even with all the power of hell behind her."

"Here brother, is this more comfortable for you?" Verchiel asked as he rearranged the pillows.

"Thank you Verchiel." Metatron said.

"There is no need to thank me Brother." Verchiel said then glanced around the room. "The Archangels far oversteps their bounds and prove their contempt for us with your punishment." Verchiel said softly as he looked around as if afraid he would be struck by lightening.

"I cast you all down, stripped you of your grace and made you human." Metaron said exhaustion plain in his words. That is not something that would put them in a forgiving mood."

"Perhaps not, but my grace returns." Verchiel said. "I can feel it growing stronger by the hour. So no lasting damage was done."

Metatron coughed weakly. "It's good to have forgiveness from at least one of my siblings."
"Balls!" Bobby said as two Archangels suddenly appeared in the road house. "Let me guess something else around here fell apart and you need our help to fix it."

"Actually I was going to offer you a vacation." Gabriel said. "We kind of need a few souls to populate a little not quite heaven, heaven."

"A not quite heaven, heaven? That was about as clear as mud." Ellen said.

"It's like this, we've got the gracelink back up and the Seraphs are getting back their grace, that's the good news." Lucifer said.

"Which usually means that there's bad news to follow the good news." John said.

"Well Metatron is the only one who knows where Castiel's grace is. Castiel's grace is the key to Metatron's spell." Gabriel said. "So until we get Castiel's grace back inside of Castiel, Metatron can perform the spell all over again."

"So if he does, can't you just fix it like you did this time?" Samuel asked.

"If I understand correctly what happened when he did the spell, all of the Archangels were either dead or imprisoned. You weren't connected to heaven." Henry said. "Therefore, if he were to do that spell again, right now; not only would the angels fall and become human again, the Archangels would too."

"Bingo!" Gabriel said "And at that point the only one who'll be able to do anything is Dad. "And as most of you know, Dad hasn't been too interested in this hunk of rock for a while now."

Bobby sighed. "What do ya idjits need us to do this time?"

Raphael and Michael appeared in the conference room where Kevin was busy working on his memoirs. Benny was reading a copy of Busty Asian Beauties that he had borrowed from Dean. Sam was engrossed in researching information the Gabriel had given him since they still hadn't had any luck in finding Samuel Colt's box. Dean had his gun and the Colt broken down on a towel and was busy cleaning and oiling them.

"Where is Castiel?" Raphael asked. "I need to check his health."

Kevin sat down his pen. "I'll go get him."

"So now that the angels are getting their grace back, you guys figured out a plan to go after Abaddon right?" Dean asked.

"Not yet. The seraphs are still not all at 'full power'." Michael said.

"We are endeavoring to acquire Castiel's grace." Raphael said. "It is why I need to check his physical well being."

"I guess I'm not quite following here." Benny said. "So you got Heaven opened and all y'all are getting grace except for Castiel?"

"Castiel's grace was torn from him for use in the spell that caused all of these problems. Metatron..."
hid Castiel's grace away somewhere. We have to find it and restore it to Castiel or everything we have accomplished could be for nothing." Michael explained. "Metatron could simply repeat the spell, this time causing the pillars of heaven to fall also. Should that happen, Abaddon would be a non-issue."

"The pillars of Heaven?" Dean asked

Sam looked up. "He means the Archangels. There a lot of lore out there that names them as the pillars of Heaven."

"We have devised a plan to return Castiel's grace." Raphael said. "But it will require your 'assistance'."

Michael turned toward the door as Castiel entered with Kevin. "Castiel is our priority now."

"Michael, Raphael." Castiel glanced from one Archangel to the other. "With all due respect, shouldn't Abaddon be the priority right now?"

"Everyone will be busy fighting when we finally do face Abaddon. Metatron still has your grace and can repeat his spell at any time, Castiel." Raphael said.

"Tell me Castiel," Michael started. "What would happen if Metatron repeated his spell while we were in the midst of battle."

Castiel collapsed into one of the chairs and buried his face in his hands. "We would all die, Human and angel. The most terrifying and powerful weapons of our father's creation would be made helpless and creation itself would be undone."

"Yes little brother. Do you now understand why you are our priority?" Michael said laying a hand on Castiel's shoulder.

"So what's the plan?" Sam asked.

"Lucifer and Gabriel are creating an alternate reality. Metatron will be allowed to escape into this dimension where he will lead us to the hiding place of Castiel's grace." Michael said. "Then we will go retrieve it in the real heaven before Metatron realizes that he has been misled."

"Sounds like TV Land." Dean grinned. "Maybe Gabriel can give him herpes too, eh Sam?"

"That would be redundant," Raphael said. "I have already given him that particular gift, along with several other chronic untreatable conditions."

"Don't worry, Deano. I can always make him a contestant on that Japanese game show. After we have Castiel's grace back safe and sound where it belongs that is" Gabriel said popping into the room. "The hunters are in, Heaven is ready; let's light this candle!"
Chapter 25

Verchiel leaned over the bed and gently shook Metatron awake. "Wake up brother. We must leave here."

"Verchiel?" Metatron mumbled. "What's wrong?"

"The Archangels." Verchiel spat. "I overheard them talking. They are all enraged about what has happened with Castiel's grace. They were talking to Dean Winchester. They wish him to use the skills he learned from Hell's Grand Inquisitor to make you tell them where Castiel's grace is hidden."

"There's not much more than can do to me." Metatron said.

"Please brother, heed me." Verchiel said snapping his fingers and dressing Metatron in soft clothing. "My grace is all but returned now. We don't have much time. Dean Winchester is well versed in the art of torture, he learned from Alistair himself. And Raphael has agreed to stand ready to heal you from all that he does so that he can begin anew. We must leave now, before they come for you." Verchiel gathered the other angel in his arms and the two disappeared.

Ash suddenly sat his beer down and peered at his computer screen. "Okay it's showtime. Just had and angel and a somewhat human pop into the 'Green' room."

"Won't Metatron figure something is up if he can just start wandering around heaven?" Bobby asked.

"Gabriel and Lucifer don't think so." Henry said. "Metatron is an angel, angels are used to wandering around heaven in their human forms. They think that he will simply see it as normal."

"So now we wait until they leave the green room." Ash said.

"Why would they leave?" Ellen asked. "They escaped and with what we've heard, Metatron's condition is not exactly good for getting up and walking around."

"Because they are going to have an incentive." Gabriel said popping into the middle of the room. "Everybody hang on to your hats or other items of clothing that might get lost in flight. Angel Air is boarding and ready for take off!"

Everyone blinked as Gabriel said "Welcome to not Heaven, Heaven."

"What? We haven't gone anywhere." John said. "We're still sitting in the roadhouse."

"Yeah Luci and I Archangels. Absolutely no in flight turbulence." Gabriel smirked. "We're just that good."

Mary was staring at the two men standing next to Lucifer. "My babies!"

"Yeah yeah. Your babies Mary." Lucifer said. "Can we get this family reunion over with?"

Everyone else was now staring at Sam and Dean who were staring back just as dumbfounded. Mary finally shattered the calm by running over and grabbing both young men in a hug.
Ash walked over to where Gabriel was standing with a genuine smile on his face. "What's up with the Winchesters?"

"Lucifer's idea. He figured Metatron was going to need an incentive to get off of his ass." Gabriel said. "We finally got those two yahoos to play their roles. Sam starring as Lucifer, Dean starring as Michael! And this time with no Celebrity Deathmatch involved."

Gabriel let the hugging go on for a few more minutes then nodded at Lucifer. Snapping his fingers he sat on the bar. "Okay people listen up. Here's the plan."

Everyone turned to Gabriel. "It not going to do us any good if Metatron just cowers in the Green room as Dean calls it. We need him to lead us to Castiel's grace, so we're giving him an incentive. The biggest incentive we can give him is Michael and Lucifer on his ass and so with a little help from Sam and Dean, we are going to do just that."

"So you two idjits are going to pretend you said yes?" Bobby said.

"And with a little trace of our grace winding around them, Metatron will buy it." Lucifer said. "The Winchester kiddies will give him a prod in the right direction. Gabriel will remain here with them. So 'three' Archangel's on his ass, and if he catches on Gabriel can always toss some temporary wings on their backs."

Michael and I will be in the real heaven. Once we find out where The grace is hidden we'll retrieve it."

"Then we can deal with that hell bitch called Abaddon." Dean said.

"Cas, you look like death warmed over." Benny said as he moved another box. "When's the last time you slept?"

"Finding Samuel Colt's notes is a priority." Castiel said stubbornly. "I will rest once that goal has been accomplished."

"You know we've got angels, a demon and even a vampire looking for them. It's not all on you, brother." Benny said. "I remember you getting all over Dean back in Purgatory for pushing himself because human's need rest. You're human right now Cas, you need rest. And I got a feeling that if you don't rest voluntarily, one of your brothers or sisters is going to knock you out. Balthazar has been watching you like a hawk for the past hour."

Cas looked over to find Balthazar was indeed watching him. The other angel lifted an eyebrow and lifted his middle and index fingers pointedly."

Castiel huffed out a sigh. "I do not think that I will be able to sleep."

"Well then that just means you need a dose of Nytol." Balthazar said appearing next to him. "Raphael has said that your health is of the utmost importance and he will have my ass if you get ill. Good night Cassie." Balthazar said touching two fingers to Castiel's forehead and sending the now sleeping angel to the first empty bed he found.

"Well that should keep him down for a few hours at least." Balthazar said. "I swear finding this box of Colt's is worse that trying to find a needle in a haystack with only human senses. If I didn't know better I would swear it's been warded..."
Benny looked at Balthazar. "That would certainly explain why we can't find it. If he didn't want it found be Supernatural beings, we're just pissing into the wind here ain't we?"

"Alright everyone out." Balthazar said. "Go upstairs and stand watch or something. And one of you send the Prophet down here."

"Are you rested now brother?" Verchiel asked. "We should not remain here for much longer. They will be looking for you."

"Yes but I tire so easily." Metatron said. "It is difficult to walk for more than a few steps."

Verchiel waved a hand and an antique style wicker wheelchair appeared. "Now there is no need for you to walk." Verchiel helped Metatron into the chair and produced a light blanket to cover his lap.

"Verchiel, thank you for all that you have done, but you set yourself against Michael and the other Archangels by helping me. Why?" Metatron asked.

"Because it is the right thing to do. Our father would be disappointed to see Archangels so misusing their power to abuse a Seraph. They are ordered to protect us, as we are ordered to protect the humans." Verchiel said. "As of now only the Archangels have their full grace. They can do anything to us. I believe that knowing there is no one to challenge them they had become drunk on their own power. Even Gabriel who was always the most tolerant of them and the most affectionate towards us turns a blind eye to Michael and Lucifer's actions."

"What do you mean he turns a blind eye?" Metatron asked. Gabriel had always spoken up in defense of the Seraphs, something that Metatron had always seen as a ploy to gain popularity.

"He simply stood by and allowed them to use force against the vessels to gain permission to take them. He did nothing while Lucifer tortured Samuel Winchester's soul with memories of the Cage. Michael forced Dean Winchester to watch the agonizing deaths of Adam Milligan and his mother over and over again while telling him what a failure he was." Verchiel said. "Eventually they could stand no more and gave in. They have taken their vessels Metatron, and they are coming after you. So we must keep moving."
"Kevin! Just the Prophet that we need!" Balthazar said. "I think that the vampire and I have figured out the problem as to why we can't find Colt's box."

"So what's the problem and why do you need me?" Kevin asked looking at the stacks of boxes.

"Well Kevin you have to admit we've been searching for a while and no luck." Benny said.

"Maybe it's just not here." Kevin suggested.

"Or, it's warded against supernatural beings." Balthazar said. "We've been through them all more than once and we can't find it anywhere among the 376 boxes and 551 large envelopes. It has to be found by a human."

"What about Sam and Dean, they looked too." Kevin said "And they couldn't find it."

"True, but every time they were looking, the place was full of supernatural beings." Benny said.

"I'm thinking that if a human is in here alone, with no angels, demons or vampires around; the warding probably won't be active." Balthazar said. "And that human can find it."

"Wait. You want me to search through all of this?" Kevin asked looking around at the mess. "By myself?"

"Well it just so happens that you are the only available human that's actually human around here." Balthazar said "All of the angels are pretty much close to being full on angels again. Crowley is an almost demon and Benny here is a vampire. That pretty much takes care of the roster."

"It would be a big help if it was waiting for Dean and Sam when they get back from their Quest for Castiel's Grace." Benny said.

"Good luck! Benny and I will be upstairs. Yell if you need us." Balthazar said grabbing the vampire and disappearing.

"Whoa this is Heaven?" Dean asked. "We didn't see all of this last time."

"That's because this is the Angel side of Heaven." Gabriel said. "There's no reason for you to see it if you're not an angel. Let's just say we are not quite as progressive as you humans. We still practice a strict code of segregation. The human souls are here for us to protect. They stay on their side of the fence in their nice peaceful heavens."

Gabriel suddenly turned left and headed into a building. Causing the Winchesters to almost stumble trying to change direction to follow him.

"This is the war camp side. Where the angel's Garrisons are located." Gabriel walked into a vast room where where pinpoints of light twinkled all around them on the ceiling, walls and floor."

Sam looked around and his attention was drawn to a round orb floating in the middle of the room and gently spinning. "Gabriel is that what I think it is?"
"It depends on what you think it is." Gabriel said.

"Is it a model or the real thing." Sam asked awed.

"Well since this is not Heaven, Heaven; it's a model." Gabriel said walking over and glancing up at the orb. "In the real heaven, it's no model. We can look at any place on earth in this room. But we're not here for you to admire our globe. Come on."

Gabriel led them across the room and through another door. The room they entered this time was much smaller and dominated by a huge desk covered with battle plans. "If you're going to pretend to be Michael and Lucifer, you're going to have to dress the part." Gabriel went over to the wall and took down a bright purple cloak and handed it to Dean. "Here you go big boy put it on."

"Huh? I'm not wearing that thing!" Dean protested.

"Michael is heaven's commander he never leaves this building without his cloak. As a matter of fact none of us Archangels would dare to go out in public without our cloak" Gabriel tossed the fabric around Dean's shoulders and produced a pin securing the garment in place. "And the badge of our office."

Gabriel turned and went through another door. Once again this room was dominated by a desk. This time the desk held a variety of plants and different elements. The distinct odor of sulfur lingered in the air.

Sam walked over to the wall and took down a cloak of the same royal purple color. He flung the material around his shoulders. Gabriel smirked and handed him the pin to fasten it in place.

"One more stop kiddo's." Gabriel said.

"Why are we walking from place to place instead of you just snapping us where ever?" Dean asked.

"Because, I'm letting Metatron sense us. He was a part of the little Archangel clique long enough to be familiar with our habits." Gabriel said as they passed one door only to enter the next one. "He knows that the first thing we would do is to come here. He also knows that none of us would dare to use our powers in this edifice. It would be an insult to our father and disobedience to a direct order that he gave us."

The desk in this room was covered in tablets, scrolls, papyrus, envelopes and currier packets. "You delivered all of these messages?" Sam asked.

"It was my job. Heaven's herald and God's personal messenger." Gabriel said donning his cloak. "Alright let's go. Not going to do any good if we just hide in here."

"Where exactly are we going?" Dean asked. "Ash hasn't sent us anything yet. I mean we haven't got a clue where Metatron is right now."

"Nope, not a clue." Gabriel agreed as he led the two out of another door and the trio emerged into a large square. "Now we give him a good poke in the ass. He's expecting The Archangels to inspect the place since it's been locked down, so we inspect and hope we get close to ground zero."

"They are here." Verchiel said. "The Archangels, I can feel them."
"Can you tell where they are?" Metatron asked.

"Near the Garrisons. Michael, Lucifer and Gabriel." Verchiel said they seem to be going from building to building. But they are staying in the Garrison area."

"For now." Metatron suddenly started coughing. "As long as they stay there. We need to go to the human section."

"Why would we want to go there? They will sense us among the human souls." Verchiel said.

"You have put yourself at risk to help me." Metatron said. "Michael will not be merciful if he catches us. We need a way to protect ourselves."

"How will hiding among the humans protect us?" Verchiel asked.

"We aren't going to hide." Metatron said. "We are going to retrieve something."

Ash looked at his computer "Metatron is headed this way."

"Headed this way?" Ellen said. "Why?"

"I don't know, but he's only a couple of heavens away from here." Ash stood up and went to the door behind the bar and began drawing a sigil on it. "Okay Bobby you want to take this?"

"Why not? Just spy on what they're doing right?" Bobby stood up then turned toward Rufus. "So what ya idjit. Waiting for a royal invitation?"

"Hold your horses." Rufus said as he finished off his Johnny Walker blue. "A body would think You lever learned a thing about hunting sometimes Bobby."

"Oh shut up and get your ornery ass through the damned door." Bobby said pushing Rufus ahead of himself and into the portal that Ash had created.

"So who wants to take the news to Sam and Dean?" Ash asked as he erased the sigil on the door and began drawing another.
Chapter 27

Kevin placed the last envelope on the shelf. He had been at it for a couple of hours and had figured the easiest way to handle it was to go through the smaller stuff first and get it back on the shelves and out of the way. Now that all the smaller parcels had been checked he turned his attention to the larger boxes.

Squatting down he grabbed the first box labeled 'Campbell-Highlands Lore' and tried to lift it. He quickly changed his mind. That box was heavy. Since he couldn't ask for help without involving a supernatural being, he did the next best thing. He opened the seal on the box and began taking stuff out and laying it on the table.

After pulling out several layers of fabric he discovered why the box was so heavy. A large sword known as a claymore had been wrapped in a large leather skin. A shield was also in the box bearing a standard that looked like wings. Then there was a bunch of crystals that all seemed to have what looked like huge scales embedded in them.

It was when he had removed half the scales from the box that he found something very interesting. A map of the old west with several towns circled. Five to be exact inside each circle was the word 'church'. And each of the towns was connected by a line. This definitely didn't belong in a box with items that were marked as Highlands lore. The highlands were in Scotland.

Kevin grabbed the map and ran up the stairs yelling "Balthazar! I know why we can't find Colt's box!"

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Benny was sipping from a bag of AB Positive when Kevin entered the kitchen. The kid was waving around an old yellowed sheet of paper.

"What have you got there Kevin?" Benny asked standing up.

"I think it's the plans for a devil's trap, a big devil's trap," Kevin said excited "Hey Balthazar!"

The angel appeared with a frown. "You don't have to yell you know? I'm not deaf."

"I found something!" Kevin said practically bouncing with excitement.

Benny had placed the map on the table and was looking at it. "I think Kevin may be right." Benny nodded at the map. Take a look."

"This is it." Balthazar said. "It's the Devils trap Colt built to protect the hell gate in Wyoming. He built this using a railroad and then on top of the hell gate he built a crypt to act as a lock. Sam was supposed to open this crypt but instead one of Azazel's other children opened it. I think his name was Jack, James, Jay? Eh, it doesn't matter anyway the hellgate was opened and hundreds of demons escaped."

Balthazar snapped his fingers and held out a book. "You really should read the works of Carver Edlund at some point. He's a writer in the sense that Luke was a writer, his real name happens to be Chuck Shurley."

Balthazar picked up the map and sat it on the counter. "Now where the rest of the box?"
"I don't think there is a box. This was inside a box of Medieval stuff." Kevin explained. "I would never have found it except the box was too heavy for me to move, so I figured if I took some stuff out, I could lift it up. This is why you could never find Samuel Colt's box. All his stuff is probably mixed in with other stuff. We have to open and go through all of the boxes and envelopes down there."

Bobby and Rufus had quickly found a hiding place but not before they had been spotted by Verchiel. The angel however acted as if nothing was wrong as he looked around the large arena. Far below on the ice, the Red wings and the Maple leafs were embroiled in a heated game of Ice Hockey.

"What could we possibly be looking for here?" Verchiel asked Metatron. "And why do those humans seem to be fighting each other?"

"It's a human sport known as Hockey and fighting seems to be a necessary part of the game." Metatron chuckled. "We are waiting for a specific vendor to come by. Just watch the humans for now."

Bobby and Rufus were sitting in a couple of seats looking down on the pair from several rows up. "Angelic hockey fans." Rufus chuckled. Who'd of thunk it?"

"I don't know that the one pushing that wheelchair is a fan, he just looks confused and disgusted." Bobby said watching the pair.

"I won't fault him for that. I never saw the point in the 'sport' myself." Rufus said. "Seems to me all they do is fight, you might as well watch a boxing match or maybe some professional wrestling."

"Rufus you just don't have any taste. Hockey is like NASCAR, damned entertaining." Bobby said.

"I suppose you would find driving around in circles entertaining." Rufus reached into his pocket and pulled out a cell phone. "So lets see how reliable Angel Mobile is." Rufus quickly typed a text message and pushed send.

Dean suddenly stopped at a vibration in his pocket and the sound of Oingo Boingo's Weird Science. Reaching into his pocket he pulled out a cell phone that he had never seen before.

"You going to answer that Deano?" Gabriel asked. "It's Ash calling."

"How?" Sam asked. "I mean do cell phones even work in heaven?"

"Not heaven, Heaven remember? Pocket dimension." Gabriel said "My reality, my rules and cellphones make it a lot easier for us to stay in touch."

Dean pushed the answer button. "Yeah Ash, what's up?" Dean listened for a few moments shook his head and hung up.

"Well?" Gabriel demanded.

"Metatron took Verchiel to a hockey game." Dean shook his head again in disbelief. "The Red
Wings are leading the Maple Leafs by one goal and Rufus says if Metatron drags them off to a NASCAR race he's going to shoot somebody.

"A hockey game?" Gabriel snorted. "That's so not Metatron's style. He even less into the whole warrior of God fighting thing than the Cupids."

"What not including yourself in there?" Dean asked. "As I recall you avoided fighting too."

"There's a difference between me and Metatron. I don't like to fight, but when I have to, I will. Figured you would know that since I got myself killed standing up to Lucifer for you two yahoos," Gabriel said. "Metatron is the worst kind of coward because he doesn't fight. He hides in the shadows and then attacks helpless opponents. Just look at his timing. He wouldn't have dared try this if any one of us was in a position to stop him. The conniving bastard waited till Raph and I were dead and Mike and Luci were in the cage. Then he manipulated the one Seraph who had made mistakes but believes with his whole grace and being that doing the right thing is more important than blind obedience. You should have seen it coming."

"What do you mean we should have seen it coming?" Dean demanded.

"Because by now, you know Castiel. You know him better than his own family." Gabriel said. "And if that didn't clue you in you sure as hell should have recognized the same behavior pattern that Sam always falls into."

"Hey wait a minute!" Sam protested.

"You may as well face it Sam. You and Castiel can turn wallowing in your guilt into an art form worthy of a Gold medal." Gabriel said. "You fail to keep Dean from getting dragged to hell and you try to fix it by killing the demon that held Dean's contract, all you did was make it worse by letting Lucifer out. Then you try to fix that by giving Lucifer a piggyback ride back to hell and you made it worse by dragging Adam along with you. You come back soulless and do things that you aren't proud of. When Dean ended up in Purgatory you ran away because you couldn't find a way to fix it. Then the Demon tablet pops up and once again you can feed your need to embrace your guilt by undertaking trials that were all but killing you. A few years ago I told you that your need to save your brother was going to be the death of you. I was wrong, it's your need to punish yourself that's going to kill you Sam. And Castiel is exactly the same way."

Gabriel threw his hands up in the air. "He stabbed Balthazar in the back, splattered Raphael, went on a full blown smitefest and tried to drown himself in a reservoir. When he saw what he had done to Sam by cracking that eggshell Sam calls sanity he took Sam's place in the looney bin. When he realized that he was responsible for feeding the world a dose of Dick he went to Purgatory and would still be there right now 'atonning' if Naomi hadn't dragged him out kicking and screaming. Really how much effort do you think it took for Metatron to convince him that shutting down heaven and forcing the family to hash out their problems was the way to fix it? After all if Castiel hadn't made the mistakes he made, Heaven wouldn't be broken."

"Seems to me Castiel wasn't the only one who made mistakes. You Archangels aren't perfect." Dean spat.

"You're right, we aren't. Why do you think we're doing what we're doing. We are fixing our family. We made mistakes and we realize that Castiel made a mistake. But the one thing that none of us is going to do is to push Castiel away or make him feel guiltier than he already does," Gabriel said. "We aren't going to look at him and tell him what a disappointment he is. We aren't going to remind him of all of his sins every chance that we get. Don't forget Dean, you've made mistakes too. And it's all of those mistakes that have been made by all of us that has brought us to this
point."
"Well Lucifer" Michael asked for what seemed like the thousandth time. "Has Metatron gone after Castiel's grace yet?"

Lucifer let out a long suffering sigh. "No Michael he hasn't gone after Castiel's grace yet. When he does I will make sure that you're the first person to know!"

"Well what is he waiting for?" Michael asked. "What the hell is he doing?"

"He's sitting in the handicapped Section of Joe Louis Arena in Detroit in the heaven of a 42 year old man who dropped dead of a heart attack while ice skating on a frozen pond in 1985." Lucifer said. "And do you know why Joe Louis has an arena named after him? He was a boxer. They called him the Brown Bomber. He was the most famous boxer in the world until Ali came along."

Lucifer glared at his brother, "And if you ask me one more time if Metatron has gone after Castiel's grace, I'm going to go all Joe Louis on your ass!"

"Be my guest, I'll just have to go Max Schmeling on yours!" Michael said.

"Brothers!" Raphael yelled. "I do not have Gabriel's gift for calming you with words nor do I have the patience to try. We are all growing frustrated, but arguing among ourselves will be of no help. So calm yourselves before I surround you both with holy oil."

"What!? Did you just threaten us with Holy Oil?" Lucifer asked dangerously.

Raphael did not cower or so much as flinch. "Yes I did. You grow frustrated with Metatron and you focus your anger on each other. Just as you did when we were younger. Save your anger for the one who has earned it." Raphael said and then turned away mumbling under his breath. "I begin to understand why Gabriel left."

"Raphael is right Lucifer, I am frustrated. I know that Metatron has fallen for the ruse, but waiting for him to reveal the location is taking more patience than I thought." Michael looked at his brother.

Lucifer blew out a breath to calm himself. "We always were the more impatient two. Raphael being our healer must have received the shares of patience meant for the rest us us along with his own."

Raphael snorted. "Now that you have calmed down, I sought you out for a purpose. Kevin Tran was able to finally make headway on finding the information that was recorded by Colt. But it will be a slow process."

"Is there a problem with translation? After all it is ancient Enochian. I doubt any of the seraphs can read the language." Michael asked.

"No it is not a translation problem. It is strictly a time consuming process." Raphael explained. "There is no Samuel Colt box. The Colt information, drawings and other items are scattered throughout the hundreds of boxes and envelopes in the Archives. Each container must be opened and then it's contents thoroughly inspected. Even with all of the Seraphs and Kevin working on it it is a painstakingly slow process."
"Here we are Girlfriend! Now that we have your wardrobe all picked out, it's time to do something about that hair!" Spicy said. "Unless you're a member of the B-52s, Beehives should be left behind." The drag queen giggled and then grabbed Abaddon's hand dragging her in a door printed with the words 'Touch of Heaven Day Spa'.

The girl sitting at the reception desk looked up with a bored expression. "Do you have an appointment?"

"No we don't but my friend Abby here needs the works, and a color, cut and style, mani pedi, full facial and all the rest." Spicy said.

"I can make you an appointment but not before next Friday." The reception said flipping pages in her appointment book. "We don't take walk-ins, and especially not for the works."

"I'm going to have to insist that you fit Abby in right now." Spicy said. "Believe me if you don't, there will be consequences and I can guarantee that you won't like them."

"We have a strict no exception rule. If Jennifer Lopez herself walked through that door right now it would be the same thing. Come back on Friday at a scheduled appointment time." The receptionist leaned on the counter and drummed her perfectly manicured gel nails on the appointment book.

Abaddon stepped forward. "Jennifer Lopez? I have no idea of who that is but I can guarantee you that she is not even close to capable of what I am capable of. My companion here has a bit more patience than I do. I'm perfectly willing to snap that scrawny neck of yours, or maybe just feed you to my hellhound."

The receptionist suddenly jumped when a low growl came from her left followed by the feeling of hot breath on her skin and the scent of sulfur. Then she saw the woman's eyes had turned a solid black. "Um, if you'll follow me I'll take you to the changing room for your mud bath."

"Good, it looks like we understand each other." Abaddon said her eyes bleeding back to normal.

Rufus poked Bobby with his elbow. Metatron had just received a wooden box from one of the vendors selling beer. They watched as Verchiel turned the wheelchair around and the two began moving toward one of the exits.

Rufus hit the redial button on the cell phone. "Hey Ash. They're on the move again. Looks like Metatron picked up a box from one of the vendors here and now he's leaving." Bobby and Rufus quickly followed the two out of the exit only to find an empty lobby.

"Balls!" Bobby exclaimed. "Where'd they go?"

"Well there's the exit. Who knows where they went." Rufus said as the two went to the exit and pushed the door open only to find themselves stepping inside the roadhouse.

Samuel Campbell looked at the two. "I thought you were supposed to be hunters?"

"You think you can do better following a couple of angels around heaven?" Rufus asked.
"We can't exactly poof ourselves from point A to point B. Probably because we're hunters and not angels ya idjit!" Bobby said grabbing a bottle of whiskey and taking a swig. "We do known that Metatron got a wooden box from one of the vendors and then just poofed away somewhere."

"Guess I'd better see where they popped up." Ash said. "After I let Gabriel know what happened."

"Have I mentioned that I hate flying Angel Air?" Dean said as the trio appeared in the lobby of the Joe Louis Arena.

Gabriel was looking around curiously but closely at everything. The Archangel suddenly made his way to one of the entrances to the arena floor leaving Sam and Dean to follow behind him. He made his way up into the stands until he was standing in front of one of the vendors.

"Gabriel what are we doing here?" Sam asked. "Ash said they were gone already."

"Yes they did leave, but right now Verchiel is telling Metatron that we are following them."

Gabriel said studying the shade in front of him. "I'm trying to figure out Metatron's motivations here. This place, a hockey game? It's out of character for him. I'd expect him to go running to Shakespeare's heaven, not this place."

"Maybe Shakespeare's heaven is too obvious of a choice?" Sam suggested.

"Well Bobby did say that Metatron had gotten a wooden box from that, whatever. Could it have been Castiel's grace?" Dean asked.

"It's a possibility. We'll know soon enough, I've already passed along the information to Lucifer. He and Michael will check out the corresponding heaven and see what they can find." Gabriel said. "But this just doesn't feel right to me. Metatron is up to something, I just don't know what it is he's up to."

Chapter End Notes

Joe Louis and Max Schmeling faced each other during the 1930's and their two matches were the basis of much propaganda in both Germany and the US. However in spite of that the two became close friends outside of the ring.
"Oh for Dad's sake! What does he think this is, Treasure Island?" Gabriel griped as he looked at the leather scroll that had been inside the wooden box. "A freaking map? With a big red 'X' to mark the spot?"

"Michael and I are just as confused as you are if it makes you feel any better." Lucifer said. "What the hell is this even supposed to be about?"

"Maybe he's a Pirates of the Caribbean fan?" Dean suggested.

Sam was looking at the map. He was turning around to study it from all angles. Finally he blew out a puff of air blowing his hair out of his eyes. "Either it means nothing, or it's some kind of security code that only he knows."

"Huh?" Dean asked.

"Remember how we found him. That symbol?" Sam pointed to the bottom corner of the page. "That's the same symbol."

Dean looked closer. "You're right. So what does it mean Einstein?"

"I don't know. I just saw that it was there." Sam said.

"Well do you know where he is now?" Lucifer asked his brother.

"He's at a brothel in ancient Pompeii." Gabriel said.

"Metatron is at a whorehouse?" Dean smirked. "I thought you guys avoided dens of inequity?"

Lucifer roared with laughter. "Let me guess. It had to be Castiel who gave you that idea."

"He's the only angel I know that blushed the first time he saw an amoeba divide." Gabriel chuckled. "I think Raphael exposed him to sexual reproduction entirely too young and scarred him for life. Believe me, most of us have no problem with whores."

"Some of the most memorable moments in my existence occurred in whorehouses." Lucifer said. "Dad encouraged us to experience the ah, 'joys' of humanity. I'll give you credit, sex is not all bad."

"Eww!" Sam pulled out the bitchface to end all bitchfaces. "Way to much information!"

"Oh come on Sammy! Don't you want to take a course in Angel Sexuality 101?" Gabriel teased.

"I don't even want to know it exists!" Sam said with a shudder.

"Yeah it's going to take gallons of brain bleach to get those thoughts out of my head." Dean said. "I mean you guys are like junkless how do you even?"

"In our true form? Yeah junkless, but in a vessel? Lets just say there's a lot of junk in the trunk." Gabriel said.

"Can we get back to Metatron? Please!" Sam said. "So he's at an ancient whorehouse. Why?"

"I don't know. But maybe John can tell us." Gabriel said.
"You sent our dad back to Pompeii, to a whorehouse?" Dean asked.

"Not us. Ash is the one sending people out to follow Metatron. And he sent your Mom too." Gabriel said. "She insisted when she found out where Ash was sending her hubby."

"John! Stop it." Mary said.

"He was leering at you!" John said still glaring at the Roman businessman.

"Remember why we are here." She said as she poured more wine into John's goblet and lounged back on the couch. "We need to find out what Metatron is up to."

"That doesn't mean I have to stand by and watch some Roman jackass undressing my wife in his head." John grumbled.

Mary had positioned herself so she could keep an eye on Verchiel who stood at attention next to a covered litter sitting in the courtyard. As the watched a young woman approached carrying a small clay pot. Mary nudged John as the woman dropped to her knees before offering the pot to Verchiel who nodded before pulling back an edge of the curtain and handing the pot inside. As the older Winchesters watched, Verchiel and the litter disappeared.

Kevin put the lid on another box and nodded to one of the angels who picked the box up and transported to one of the top shelves. So far they had found a dozen papers and a bottle labeled 'Phoenix Ash'. All of the items were being placed together in another box clearly labeled 'Samuel Colt'.

"Kevin, you should take a break and eat something." Castiel said setting a plate on the table. "I have prepared a salad for you. It is one that Sam often enjoys. I believe he calls it 'Caesar Salad'."

"Thanks Cas." Kevin said sitting at the table. "I can't believe how much there is to go through in here."

"The Men of Letters have been collecting knowledge since before the birth of the one you call Christ. Although they had no name at that time." Castiel said. "It was this loosely organized group of mystics that notified the Magi of the child's impending birth."

"I thought they were supposed to have followed a star?" Kevin said.

"Your bible is a divinely inspired book, but it was still written by men. Men who seemed to feel a need to elaborate on the facts, perhaps to make the stories more entertaining." Castiel said. "The truth of Christ's birth is much different than the story that you have been told."

"Really? Different how?" Kevin asked.

"Well there is Gabriel's involvement. Your stories paint the impression of Gabriel descending from heaven accompanied by trumpets and choruses of cherubs to announce to Mary that she was going to bear the Messiah and everyone celebrated the impending birth."

"That's not how it happened?" Kevin asked.
"Far from it. Mary went into a panic because the punishment for a young woman of her status being pregnant out of wedlock was stoning. Joseph was highly angered to find that his betrothed could no longer be considered pure." Castiel explained. "Gabriel came to announce the impending birth, but ended up having to lay down the law. Mary and Joseph's nuptials could be more rightly considered a 'shotgun wedding'."

"That is different than the version we usually hear. Are all the stories that embellished?" Kevin asked.

"Some are much worse." Castiel said. "You have no understanding of how they whitewashed the plagues of Egypt. The goriest of your Hollywood movies is not even close to the bloodshed we caused. The bible makes it sound like the firstborn Egyptians simply died peacefully in their sleep."

"It take it they didn't?" Kevin asked.

"No they were slaughtered." Balthazar said as he appeared in a chair next to Castiel. "We tore them limb from limb Men women children animals; all of the first born. Michael even ordered a regiment to strike down all of the wheat in the fields that had first thrust shoots up though the soil. The streets ran with blood. Pharaoh was not going to let the Israelites go without a fight, so we knocked the fight right out of him. At least for a while. He was too busy picking up the pieces of his subjects."

Kevin pushed his salad away, appetite completely gone after Balthazar's little explanation.

"Balthazar was it really necessary to give such a detailed explanation?" Castiel asked.

"I believe that it was." Balthazar said. "If we did that to Pharaoh and his followers, how much worse do you think it's going to be when we are all at full strength and the Archs unleash us on Abaddon and her followers? We are not the harp playing hippies lounging on clouds that humans think we are." Balthazar turned toward Kevin. "Every Seraph is a weapon of mass destruction and the Archangels are walking talking Atomic bombs. It's what our father created us to be, his unstoppable army."

"A jar of camphor oil?" Michael said as took the little clay pot from the woman in the real heaven. "Is he toying with us or has he completely lost his grip on sanity?"

"I don't have a clue." Lucifer said. "But I do know that whatever this game of his is, we're going to have to let him play it out. We don't know what will happen if we try to stop him or force him to take us to Castiel's grace. "For that matter we don't even know if it has anything to do with Castiel's grace. All we know is that it looks like he has stashed things all over the human side of heaven."
"Well we can add a jar of camphor oil to the collection." Gabriel said. "And your Grandpas are off to Roswell as in UFO crash/Area 51 Roswell."

"Roswell?" Sam pinched the bridge of his nose as if warding off a headache. "Gabriel, no offense but I think your brother needs some professional help."

"Think? I know he needs some help." Gabriel sighed. "Nothing that he is doing makes any sense at all. It's like he's leading us on a wild goose chase."

"Okay hell has officially frozen over because damned if I don't actually agree with Gabriel on that one." Dean said.

"I said it's like he's leading us on a wild goose chase, I didn't say he was. Without actually knowing what he is up to we can't afford to treat it like it's a joke. We're talking about Metatron here. He's Dad's scribe." Gabriel said. "There are a lot of things Dad had him write down that even the Archangels don't know about."

"How did that happen?" Dean asked. "I mean you guys are Archangels. How does anything happen in heaven that you don't know about?"

"We didn't exactly spend all of our time glued to Dad's ass you know? That was Metatron's thing. The rest of us had duties to perform." Gabriel said. "Whatever he told Metatron while we weren't around, he didn't bother repeating when we were around."

"So basically Metatron could be up to anything." Sam said.

"Bingo. Either we are going to have to find a pattern or wait until he's done whatever it is he's doing." Gabriel agreed.

"Roswell. Area 51. Alien central." Samuel snorted. "The biggest pile of bull ever sold to a gullible public." Samuel Campbell and Henry Winchester were lying on their bellies at the top of a bluff looking down at a little roadside souvenir stand with binoculars where Verchial and Metatron seemed to be inspecting the wares.

"So you don't believe in little green men?" Henry asked.

Samuel snorted. "Only when I drink too much the night before. Aliens don't come from outer space, they come from a hangover. Project Bluebook was a complete waste of money."

"Project Bluebook, How do you know about that?" Henry asked "That was a top secret government project. Classified too dangerous for the public to know about!"

"Well if it was so secret, how is it that you know about it?" Samuel demanded.

"Because one of our members worked on that project. It was never about finding aliens, it was about finding out what was up there that pilots kept running into. Large glowing objects that could
move faster than the speed of light and out maneuver anything that we had." Henry said. "And who knew what the Russians had. The Cold War allowed a lot of paranoia to thrive at the highest level of government."

"So you thought the UFO's were Russian?" Samuel asked.

"Of course not." Henry said "I'm a Man of Letters not a moron. Besides we already knew it wasn't the Russians. We had Russian members and their government was experiencing the same phenomenon. But with the knowledge that I have now, I know what Project Bluebook never discovered."

"Oh and what's that?" Samuel said. "What are these UFO's that people keep seeing?"

"Sam and Dean gave me the answer." Henry said. "Brilliant light, unbelievable speed and maneuverability, Flight capability. I think I can safely say that UFOs are Michaels, Raphaels, Gabriels Castiels; They are angels."

Samuel was now really laughing. "Do you realize how big some of those UFO's were supposed to be?"

"Yes, and in their true forms, angels are as big as Skyscrapers." Henry said.

"So why would they buzz planes?" Samuel asked.

"Curiosity? To find out if we were a threat?" Henry said. "To keep us from reaching heaven before our time? Maybe just as a bad joke."

"Hmmph." Samuel grunted. "Yeah because that's obviously a joke." Samuel nodded down to the little stand where Metatron was cradling a large stuffed alien in his lap.

"ET Phone home?" Dean said. "Really? A stuffed alien plushie? What, is he reading Weekly World News too?"

"How did they ever go out of publication with all you angels being such big fans?" Sam asked.

"Don't blame me." Gabriel said. "I loved the crossword puzzle and my Bat Boy updates! I even had one of the longest running subscriptions ever."

"You would." Dean remarked "But how does Marvin the Martian fit it with camphor oil and a treasure map in a wooden box?"

"If I knew that I wouldn't be standing here wearing this totally perplexed expression on my face." Gabriel snarked. "This shit is totally random it makes no sense whatsoever. And it looks like every time he goes after another item it just becomes even more confusing."

"But his mark has been on everything he's gone after." Sam said. "There's got to be a reason for that."

"Verchiel," Metatron said. "I think that we should be honest with each other. You haven't been honest with me."
"Metatron I..." Verchiel started.

"No it's okay, I haven't exactly been honest with you either." Metatron said. "I know that Michael told you to do this. Just like I know this isn't really heaven. Tell me are they shadowing our path of travel in the real heaven?"

"Michael charged me with a mission, yes. To discover where you had hidden Castiel's grace."
Verchiel admitted straightening his spine proudly. "Since you have discovered this fact there is no need to continue this farce. Where is Castiel's grace?"

"You haven't figured it out?" Metatron laughed. "It's all over the place. A sliver here, a fragment there. Over a dozen hiding places that we must visit to retrieve them all. That is why I told the Archangels that I would show them where it is.

And even if I were to tell you where the rest of the pieces were hidden, it would do you no good. They won't reveal themselves to anyone but me. However once revealed, they are revealed. So if they are following our movements, they are collecting Castiel's Grace."

"I must inform Michael of this." Verchiel said.

"Yes go ahead and inform him. But they cannot find the other pieces without me and if Michael shows his pompous face, finding the rest of Castiel's grace will cease to be a priority for me. In fact any of those sanctimonious bastards gets near me and finding Castiel's grace falls to the very bottom of my to do list, right behind dying by having my very atom's ripped apart one by one." Metatron said. "If you tell them they won't be able to resist. One or all of them are going to show up and Little Cassie's grace will remain hidden until that human body of his wears out and he ceases to exist. So it is in Castiel's best interest that you keep what you know just between us."

Chapter End Notes

Project Bluebook is a top secret UFO Research program that existed from the 1950's through 1970.
Balthazar was doing a regular check of the wards around the bunker when he felt a quiet tug at his grace. For an angel this was the equivalent of having someone tap on your shoulder. Balthazar had no idea of who was doing the tugging but it was insistent. This was also something that angels did not normally do unless they were trying to get your attention for a private conversation.

Balthazar looked around and then carefully followed the tug leaving no disturbance in the grace around him. Balthazar was a bit surprised to see that it was Verchiel trying to get his attention. Working together the two angels conjured up a small pocket of Privacy so that they could talk without interruption.

"Verchiel," Balthazar greeted. "I thought you were on a mission for Michael?"

"I am but I need some advice." Verchiel said. "I was hoping that you could tell me how to handle a hypothetical situation."

"That would depend on the hypothetical situation. Please tell me more about this situation." Balthazar urged.

"Suppose, a seraph received an order from Michael himself. And that order was to acquire information, that seraph would be duty bound to relay that information to Michael would he not?"

"That Seraph would indeed be expected to report his findings without delay." Balthazar agreed.

"But suppose in this hypothetical case, the information would cause Michael and the other Archangels to embark on an action that would result in injury to another when the very order given by Michael was meant to aid the one that following the order would harm?" Verchiel queried.

"Hypothetically speaking." Balthazar started. "Would the information have something to do with fixing a situation concerning the third being involved.?”

"Yes, the third being could be made whole again."

Balthazar nodded. "Well then, once again speaking hypothetically: I would say that The one under orders should find another to relay the information to an Archangel that could appreciate the need for subterfuge. If there was a hypothetical message” what exactly would it be?"

"Something along the lines of continue on as you have been. You are collecting pieces of a puzzle that only the creator of that puzzle knows where to find and how to reassemble. Do not come near the one who has created the puzzle or he will destroy it."

"A very good message to send along." Balthazar nodded. "I take it that my advice has been of help to you brother?"

"It has been of immense assistance, brother." Verchiel nodded with a smile.

Gabriel, Dean and Sam arrived at the roadhouse just as Balthazar finished pouring a class of champagne.
"Balthazar, what are you doing here?" Gabriel asked looking at Ash.

"Don't look at me dude." Ash said. "He just told me to call you and that it was urgent."

Gabriel turned back to Balthazar. "Well what is so important that you deserted the post that Michael himself assigned you to?"

"Actually I'm doing your job believe it or not. Of course I'm sure that I won't sound quite so pompous in my delivery." Balthazar snarked. "I get to skip all the Hark and behold the Messenger of the Lord stuff after all."

"Will you just get on with it." Gabriel asked.

"Okay I have good news and bad news, which do you want first?" Balthazar asked then shook his head. "I'll just give you the bad news first. Our little plant has been discovered."

"Dammit!" Gabriel said. "We were depending on Verchiel to find out where Castiel's grace is hidden."

"That I believe is the good news. It was a bit of a riddle since he couldn't come right out and tell me but it seems that Castiel's grace is not in one piece." Balthazar said sipping his champagne.

"Oh well isn't that just great!" Gabriel said. "Castiel's grace has been hacked to pieces, how in the hell are we supposed to find all of the pieces."

"Actually I don't think that is much of a problem. Verchiel's exact words were 'Continue on as you have been. You are collecting pieces of a puzzle that only the creator of that puzzle knows where to find and how to reassemble. Do not come near the one who has created the puzzle or he will destroy it.'" Balthazar said. "Metatron has stated quite clearly that if he sees any Archangels around he won't retrieve the other fragments. So if you decide to share this with Michael be prepared to sit on him to keep him away from Metatron."

"Okay, thanks Balthazar." Gabriel said. "Now get back to the Bat cave before someone notices that you're missing."

"Gabriel!" Michael frowned. "Shouldn't you be taking care of that alternate dimension of yours."

"It will be fine for a bit. We need to talk." Gabriel said. "You guys might want to sit down for this."

"Sit down?" Lucifer said. "Combined with 'we need to talk' it causes me some worry, little brother."

"I got a visit from Balthazar, Metatron knows about our little ruse." Gabriel said.

"Then there is no reason for us to continue this mollycoddling farce." Michael said starting to rise from his chair.

"Actually Bro, there is. Verchiel sent a message to me through Balthazar. We're supposed to continue on doing what we've been doing." Gabriel said. "All those odd items are pieces of Castiel's grace. Once we have them all Castiel's grace can be fixed and returned to him. But only Metatron knows how to fix it."

"So that little cretin still has us ass up over the barrel." Lucifer noted.
"Yeah and he knows it." Gabriel said. "I did speak to Verchiel for confirmation. Metatron sees any
Archangels and he'll stop pointing out the pieces. He'll let Castiel die. Right now he's enjoying
dragging us around like bulls with rings through our noses. We don't have a choice, for now he
have to play by his rules."

"So we're stuck moving at Metatron's pace while Abbadon is free to gather her army and ready an
attack?" Michael said. "I'm tempted to give him an incentive to move faster."

"Don't worry about Abaddon. For the moment she's being...delayed." Lucifer said. "Crowley's
budding little demon drag queen convinced her she needs a new look to hide from the Winchesters.
Between shopping for a new wardrobe and her head to toe makeover, she hasn't had time to plan
anything."

"That's a plus at least." Michael said just as Gabriel's pocket started singing I'm too Sexy for my
shirt.

With a smirk Gabriel answered his phone. "Yeah? Okay I'll be right there." He stuck the phone
back in his pocket. "Well time to get back to work. Metatron's on the move again."

"Where this time?" Lucifer asked.

"I'm not sure. Ash said it looks like they're just crossing through dozens of Heavens without
stopping." Gabriel said. "I'd better get back. I'll call you when we know for sure." Gabriel
disappeared.

Kevin picked up an envelope and spilled out the contents onto the table. Inside was an envelope
that did not match the rest of the contents. For one thing, it was new. The paper was white not
yellowed at all. It was fairly heavy and completely blank. There was nothing on the envelope. It
looked like someone had stuffed something inside and then just stuck it inside what amounted to a
huge manila envelope.

Since it wasn't meant for anyone specific, Kevin opened the envelope noticed a heavy yellowed
sheet of paper had fallen out along with another new white sheet of paper but on the white paper
was a short hand written note:

*If you are reading this then you have been initiated into our small brotherhood. You are one of the
Men of Letters. With this title comes not only great knowledge but great responsibility, a duty to
protect others from the terrible truth that is out there by any means necessary. The faded sheet of
paper you hold in your other hand is a message of utmost importance. You must find the one it is
meant for, a hunter. I have no way of knowing when this letter will be discovered, I pray he still
lives but if not find his descendant and place that other piece of paper in his hands if possible, his
children's hands if not. This hunter's name is Sam Winchester.

Sincerely,

Albertus Magnus*

Kevin picked up the other folded sheet of paper and turned it over. His jaw dropped in shock. It
was addressed to Sam Winchester. "Hey Cas! You need to see this!" Kevin yelled, running up the
stairs two at a time.
"Sam met Samuel Colt when we were trying to find a way to kill Eve." Castiel said holding the letter. It is addressed to Sam, he should open it."

"How did Sam ever manage to meet Samuel Colt?" Kevin asked. "Colt died in the 1800's right?"

"He drew his last breath on January 10th 1862." Balthazar said. "But luckily for Sam and Dean, us angels make Deloreans obsolete when it comes to time travel although it can drain a Seraph pretty quick."

"So you sent Sam back to the 1800's?" Kevin asked.

"Not me. Cassie here did it." Balthazar said. "But why would The Men of letters pass on a note to Sam?"

"They must have thought that Sam could offer them assistance at some point." Castiel said. "Balthazar, I believe that you should retrieve Sam, since Metatron is aware of the deception Sam's presence should no longer be vital."

Balthazar was suddenly standing there with a stunned Sam Winchester.

"What the?" Sam blinked "Hi Cas, Kevin." He turned to Balthazar "What was that all about?"

"In the immortal words of AOL," Balthazar said taking the note from Castiel and handing it to Sam "You've got mail."

"Will you settle down Deano? Sam is fine." Gabriel let go of Dean's collar. "Kevin discovered something that needed Sam's attention and Balthazar took him back to the bunker."

Gabriel waited until Dean was looking less like he wanted to kill everything in a 50 foot radius. "Just because Sam is back in the Bat Cave doesn't change what we need to do. Focus Winchester."

"What was so important he couldn't at least say something instead just showing up and grabbing him?" Dean demanded.

"I don't know but I know we'll find out in due time. For now we just keep an eye on Metatron and find out what he picks up next." Gabriel said as he leaned back in a booth at the roadhouse.

"Gabriel is right Dean." John said from his seat across from Dean next to Gabriel. "I know I told you to look out for your brother but he was still a kid then. He's an adult now, you don't have to hold his hand 24/7."

"Don't have to hold who's hand?" Sam said as he appeared next to the table.

"That was quick." Gabriel noted. "What'd Balthazar moosenap you for anyhow?"

Sam dragged a chair over sitting at the end of the table. "Seems like someone left me a note in the archives."

"What?" Dean didn't even try to hid his confusion. "There was a note for you in that mess of
"And I recognized the handwriting." Sam held the note up so Dean could see it. "Samuel Colt."

"So what does it say?" Gabriel demanded.

"I haven't exactly read it yet. But someone in the Men of Letters put this aside along with a letter of their own that whoever found it was supposed to give Colt's note to me or to my descendents."

"So what are you waiting for Sammy, open it."

_Greetings Sam,_

_I pray that box arrived in time to help you. It took me some time to figure out that thingamajig of yours. Is that what you call progress in future times? I'll stick with just writing down what I need to know on paper, it's a lot less convoluted. It's a lot easier for a man to read on paper the words written by another man._

_Your visit made me think, Sam. That railroad system, I wasn't going to finish it but I'm thinking that I must have. How else would you have known who and what I am. Only a hunter can know another hunter. So Sam, I'm writing these words for your benefit, trusting that you will understand what to do with them._

"Thingamajig?" Gabriel questioned. "What exactly did you do Sam?"

"I showed him my Blackberry to get him to give me the Colt. We needed it to kill a phoenix and we had a pretty tight deadline." Sam said. "I was in such a hurry to get back to Dean, I forgot it."

"Did you get back in time?" John asked. "To kill the phoenix?"

"Yeah Sam got the colt, I shot the phoenix and had just knelt down to scoop up the ashes when Cas yanked us back." Dean said. "Man that hurt. We were so close."

"And while we were complaining and begging Cas to send us back, there's this knock at Bobby's front door. The FedEx guy is standing there with this shocked look on his face," Sam said with a slight laugh. "He asks for Sam Winchester and handed me this package saying it had been laying around the office forever with a note to deliver it at that date and time. It was from Samuel Colt."

"And inside the box is Sam's brand new Blackberry all beat to hell," Dean continued. "And a jar of phoenix ashes."

"Wow. All that time I spent hunting for that damned Colt, and all I needed to do was my son to ask Colt to will it too me." John said with a laugh.

"So what does Colt have to say for himself, Bullwinkle?" Gabriel asked.

Sam picked up reading where he had left off.

_I finished that railroad, and I was working on the crypt when a couple of fancy Easterner showed up one day real interested in what I was doing. I took them for hunters at first but they didn't know a thing about hunting. What they did know was a lot about the things we hunt. Eventually they told me that they were known as 'Men of Letters'. And that their whole function was collecting lore on creatures, spells magic. You name it they knew about it. And they knew about a yellow eyed demon._

_While they were concerned about the yellow eyed demon, they were more concerned about a_
demon they referred to as Abaddon. This demon is bad news, said the only thing worse was Old
Splitfoot himself. They have no idea where Abaddon is. I tell you this because you know about the
Colt, you know what it can do. That's why you sought me out that day.

Sam I only made 13 bullets for that gun, because you can only make 13 at a time. I learned the
secret of that gun in an opium house in Frisco from an old Chinaman. I figured that knowledge
would be needed one day, so I wrote it down and gave to the Men of Letters along with all the
plans for that railroad devil's trap. I gave it to them to hold onto until Abaddon surfaces again. On
that day I pray that you still live or your children.

People spend a lot of time telling me about my guns, they tell me that I will be famous for years to
come because of them. They tell me that it's my legacy. I don't much care about that. I don't
consider that my legacy because in the end those guns really don't make much of a difference to
the world. That Crypt in the middle of a lonely cemetery protected by a devil's trap 100 miles
across, that Colt I placed in your hands, the knowledge of how to build these things; that's my true
legacy. Those are the things that truly make a difference in the world and I give them to you Sam
Winchester. You are my heir, I leave this legacy to you.

Sincerely,

Samuel Colt.

Sam looked at the second page of the letter which consisted of coordinates, and a name Snake Eyes
O'Riley.

Gabriel who had been trying to look at the pages that Sam had been reading suddenly spoke up.

"That's the cemetery the Devil's gate is located in. I'm betting that there's a grave there with the
name Snake Eyes O'Riley, but you won't find Snake Eyes in it."

"Dude, you meet Samuel Colt one time and the guy goes out of his way to send you a package a
hundred and some years in the future and decides to make you his heir?" Dean noted. "What the
hell did you talk about when you went to get that gun?"
Chapter 33

Michael and Lucifer were impatiently waiting in the real heaven for some word from Gabriel when Lucifer sighed at the sound of his phone ringing. Even with the serious situation they were dealing with Gabriel's prankster nature still managed to come out. Lucifer hit the talk button silencing Charlie Daniels' 'The Devil Went Down to Georgia.'

"Talk to me Gabriel. Where and what?" Lucifer said. "Wait, you want me to go where with who?" Lucifer frowned. "And he's alright with it? Wait back that up. Dean is alright with it?" Lucifer was tapping his foot. "That sounds about right. Dean is like an old scratched LP. Just keeps skipping back to that same annoying phrase. Okay let me fill Mikey in and I'll be right there."

"Fill me in on what?" Michael asked.

"Seems Colt left an unofficial handwritten will. He bequeathed all his hunting information to Sam. And he buried it." Lucifer explained. "So Gabe wants me to take Daddy Winchester and Sam to the Cemetery where the Devil's gate is so they can dig up a grave because they think that's where all of Colt's info is buried."

"I can take them if you'd rather not go." Michael offered.

"No Gabriel is right. I'm the one who needs to go just in case something comes through the gate while they are there. I'll sense it before it get's close." Lucifer said. "Abaddon wants Sam just bad enough to send a hellhound or dozen after him. With the three of us we should be able to take care of it pretty quick."

Lucifer handed the phone to Michael. I'll leave my phone with you just in case they get a location for Metatron's next pickup." Lucifer said. "If that happens before I get back do me a favor, call Raphael so you don't have to go into it alone. With Metatron knowing what's going on we can't afford to trust that he won't try something."

"You know something Lucifer, you always expect the worst of people." Michael said.

"Yeah and you always expect the best. At least I'm normally keeping an eye out for the knife someone tries to stick in my back." Lucifer said then disappeared in a flutter of feathers.

"You know, I never thought the day would come when the Devil darkening my door would become an everyday occurrence." Ellen said.

"Strange bedfellows, desperate times and all that jazz Ellen Dear." Lucifer quipped. "But don't worry, I'm not staying. I'm only here to pick up a pair of Winchesters to go."

"You make it sound like you're going through the drive-thru at McDonald's." Gabriel snorted. "Want to super size that order? I can throw in a Henry Winchester too you know?"

"No thanks, a Sam and a John is already one Winchester too many." Lucifer said. "So Winchesters, let's go and get this over with."

Sam was becoming an old hand at flying Angel air. So he landed on his feet without a problem. John landed floating about two feet off of the ground.
"Dad?" Sam questioned looking around not seeing John anywhere.

"He's here but he's already gone to the great beyond remember? You gave him a hunter's funeral, nothing for him to come back to so he's a free floating spirit." Lucifer said. "I could make him stronger, but of course then he'll be more like a slug, leaving a slimy trail of ectoplasm where ever he goes."

"The devil is a comedian, too bad your material stinks." John said.

"Hey, I'm not the one that insisted you come on this little trip. It's not like you can lend a hand with the digging." Lucifer said conjuring up a couple of shovels. "So why don't you make yourself useful by keeping an eye on that devils gate. Watch our backs and earn your keep."

Sam was busy playing a flashlight beam over the tombstones and gravemarkers. "Hey I think this is it." The flashlight beam showed a name Patrick O'Riley and under the name a pair of Dice had been carved into the stone showing double ones.

"That's snake eyes alright." Lucifer said handing a shovel to Sam and digging into the soil with his own.

Metatron finally had Verchiel stop at a heaven that consisted of a large playground. Children played on swings and slid down a slide. This was the multiple heaven, shared by dozens of children who had died as orphans. Most of them came from workhouses or orphanages. Here and there a dog chased after sticks or balls thrown by older children. Int the distance the merry sound of an ice cream truck approached.

"So, I take it Michael knows that I know about this little ruse?" Metatron asked.

"I have not spoken to Michael." Verchiel said.

"No I expect that you haven't but I'm not stupid Verchiel. I'm sure you found a way to get a message to him. I would expect nothing less." Metatron said. "You're under orders. I know the punishment for failing to obey direct orders from an Archangel can be drastic. So I'll forgive you. Now lets go see what the Good Humor man has to offer today, shall we?" Metatron said nodding toward the ice cream truck that was now surrounded by eager children.

"Here Verchiel. Purchase two Orange Creamsicles" Metatron said handing Verchiel a ten dollar bill. "Bring back my change."

Metatron waited patiently until the angel returned. Holding out his hand he accepted the change calling over a few children. Two of the children got the creamsicles while Metatron pocketed the five dollar bill and gave the rest of the change to another child. "Make sure that Michael knows it's the five dollar bill he needs to keep." Metatron said flatly. "Wouldn't want him to get confused with all the human children around here."

Lucifer's shovel hit something solid with a dull thunk. "Well it's about damned time." He mumbled. The two began scraping dirt off of a box far too small to be a coffin.

"Well either he died a horrible death and they wasn't mush left to bury, or Patrick O'Riley is not in
this grave." Lucifer observed. As he and Sam scraped the very last of the dirt from the box.

"Will you two finish up already?" John called out. "I know Sam can excavate a grave faster than this."

"Your father thinks you're getting slow in your old age." Lucifer said. "He wants you to get the lead out."

"That's not what I said." John protested.

"Close enough for government work as you humans like to say." Lucifer said as he hefted the box up out of the grave. "Damn that's heavy."

Sam used the blade of his shovel to pop the lock and immediately saw why it was so heavy. In addition to a couple of journals, there was a collection of tools. Also rolled up papers that could very well be maps.

"Looks like it is what we're looking for." Sam said holding up one of the journals with Samuel Colt's name on it. "Let's fill in this grave. I'll go through it back at the bunker."

"Good idea, that means we can get out of this place." John said.

"You know John doesn't like it here." Lucifer said leaning on his shovel. "This is where I would have emerged onto the Earth if you hadn't been such a stubborn ass. The plan was to have you open the crypt you know, back then before you had a chance to meet Castiel or any of the other angels. I would have gotten you to say yes and things would have been a lot different."

"Lucky for me I didn't open the crypt then. Jake did." Sam noted. "Besides Dean hadn't even gone to hell then, he had only just made his deal."

"Yeah, I have to admit though, I was very disappointed in you letting Jake kill you like that." Lucifer said tossing another shovel full of dirt into the hole. "But then again, stubborn ass is a Winchester family trait."

"Yeah just like you said, I'm a stubborn ass." Sam said. "I had better things to do at the time that killing Jake."

"That's not what I was disappointed about." Lucifer said. "Okay I was disappointed about that but it wasn't the main reason for my disappointment. I was disappointed that no one every taught you not to leave an enemy at your back."

John growled.

"John, John, John. I can't believe that you failed to leave that out of your Boot Camp Child rearing plan." Lucifer said.

"I didn't, Sam's just a stubborn ass." John said. And Lucifer laughed.
Lucifer was gracious enough to transport Sam and his crate back to the bunker where it turned out to be the object of everyone's curiosity. "Well now that I've thrown my back out." Lucifer said as he sat it down, I'll just take Winchester Senior back where he belongs."

"I never thought this would happen again but Thanks." Sam said to Lucifer.

"Getting to be a bit of a habit isn't it Sam." Lucifer chuckled. "Don't worry I won't spread the news that you're growing grateful of the devil." Lucifer disappeared.

"What is this?" Kevin asked, reaching into the box and picking up a small hammer.

"It's stuff that Samuel Colt left for me." Sam said picking up one of the Journals. "That's what was in the note. He wanted me to have all of this stuff." Sam was busy flipping through the pages, scanning them. He stopped and turned the page around so that Kevin, Benny, Castiel and Balthazar could see it. "All of his tools and this. It's the instructions on how to make the bullets for the Colt."

"It's been a long time since I have said this," Balthazar admitted, "But all praise be to Father's name!"

"It does seem fitting." Castiel said. "We have been given a blessing beyond measure with these items."

"Well looks like we're gonna have to set you up a workshop." Benny said. "There's no time like the present. Might as well start unpacking."

The group began removing items from the crate. Dozens of tools, three journals, blueprints, bars of silver, lead and iron and at the very bottom an odd parcel wrapped in a shimmering cloth. Benny was just about to reach in and pull it out when Balthazar grabbed his arm.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." Balthazar warned.

Castiel was staring at the object in awe. "No one should touch it. It is not meant for any of us. How it got into this box however is a mystery."

"Well what is it?" Sam asked frowning.

"The word of God. In the sense that it was written personally by our Father." Balthazar said. "And it can only be safely handled by God's Herald."

Michael looked at the items sitting in front of him. A wooden box holding a map, a jar of oil, an alien plushie, and a five dollar bill. Each of the items bore Metatron's sigil but whatever grace was in them must have been buried deep. Not even Raphael could sense any grace within them, they appeared to be ordinary everyday objects.

"This is past frustrating" he said. "Metatron only adds to the severity of his punishment."

"Michael calm down." Raphael said. "Angels can't have aneurisms but at the rate you are going you will manage to do so. The veins are standing out on your vessel's forehead."
"Or at least stand on the other side of the room so we don't get splattered when your head explodes." Lucifer said. "I'd hate to be too busy trying to get blood out of this white shirt to hear what Gabriel discovered in that message."

"What I don't understand is how a message from Father ended up among items that Samuel Colt intended for Sam Winchester." Raphael said.

"He's a vessel. Dad would know that." Lucifer said. "Obviously he's around somewhere and he knows what is going on. The only way it got in that box is if dear old Dad put it there."

"God is dead." Raphael insisted. "Why else would this happen? Father would not have allowed all of the angels to be cast down in this way. He would have protected Heaven!"

"Father perhaps had reason to allow these things to happen Raphael. Perhaps because he knew that something good would come out of it." Michael said. "How long has it been since the four of us have gotten along so well? The falling of the seraphs has brought us all back together peacefully. Lucifer and I are not fighting, Gabriel is not trying to keep the peace and you are not sticking your nose into a tablet pretending that you hear nothing of the disturbance around you."

"Although some things are still the same." Lucifer said as Van Halen's Running with the Devil started coming from his pocket. "I'm getting just a bit tired of the devil themed ringtones."

Lucifer pulled out his phone and realized that he had a text message.

"Archangels meeting now. Not heaven, heaven at the Roadhouse. Bring the items with you."

When Michael, Lucifer and Raphael arrived they were in for a bit of a shock. Balthazar and Verchiel were standing guard over a smug looking Metatron. The humans had all retreated into a corner as far away from the angels as they could get only Dean and Sam braving the swirling agitation that was known as Gabriel. There was on more 'human' braving getting close to the angel but then again he was once an angel himself. Castiel glared at Metatron.

"Well what do you know, the gang's all here." Metatron smirked. "I guess you don't give a damn about Castiel. I warned you what would happen."

"Yes you did didn't you?" Gabriel said as he walked over to Castiel and wrapped a wing around the powerless Seraph to give him a quick hug of encouragement. "Something about not leading us to the rest of the fragments right?"

"Gabriel, what is going on here?" Michael demanded.

"Metatron's little game is at its end." Gabriel said. "You remembered to bring those items with you right?"

"Yes, we have them." Michael said placing them on a table.

"Without the other fragments, those won't do you any good. And I'm the only one who knows where they all are." Metatron said. "And I'm not telling you where to find them."

A loud flapping announced the arrival of two new angels in the roadhouse. Inias and an angel that Sam and Dean hoped never to see again called Virgil. The two were holding on a couple of boxes. They began taking out an odd assortment of items from the boxes and handing them to Gabriel who listed each item his smirk growing every time another item was placed in his hands.

"Headset from the Kennedy Space Center, an old mercury thermometer from John's Hopkins, An
unexploded mortar round from Hamburger Hill." Gabriel looked up at Metatron with a truly evil smirk on his face when he saw that Metatron was no longer looking smug, he was looking worried. "A rattlesnake head paperweight and a pile of fossilized Dinosaur poop."

"You couldn't have known." Metatron said. "You're trying to trick me. I'm the only one who knew!"

"You were the only angel that knew." Gabriel countered "There is someone else who knew. He was willing to let you cast all the Seraphs down temporarily. He wanted the angels to have some empathy toward the humans instead of being...what's that you call us Dean, 'feathered asshats'? But this little game you've been playing with Castiel's grace hasn't gone over too well."

"So that's what was in the message." Lucifer said. "Dad said where to find it all."

"Yep. He also detailed how to put it all back together and get Castiel back up to his normal awkward but grace filled self."

The seraphs in the room suddenly all dropped to their knees and backed away from Metatron. The look on Michael's was more than enough to strike fear into the hearts of even his Archangel brothers who all stepped back except for Gabriel.

"Michael you can't smite him." Gabriel said quickly.

"Just watch me." Michael said taking a step toward the now trembling scribe.

"MICHAEL! I HAVE COMMANDED HE WILL NOT BE SMOTE! YOU WILL BOW TO THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHO MADE YOU!" Gabriel's wings were all fully manifested and grace swirled around the Archangel. Michael turned toward the younger archangel his own wings flaring in response.

"Michael," Lucifer reached out a hand and placed it on his older brother's arm. "Gabriel speaks with the authority of our father. He is not our little brother right now, he is the herald and might of God." Lucifer said reminding Michael of the fact that When God spoke through Gabriel no angel in heaven could disobey.

Michael lowered his wings and bowed his head toward Gabriel. "I bow to the Might of God."

Gabriel's wings remained flared but his demeanor was less aggressive. "Lucifer has shown redemption and your relationship has come full circle he is the calming force against your anger. Lucifer is restored to his position. The Archangels working together destroyed the cage, you will rebuild it together. Metatron will take Lucifer's place in the pit. And Raphael, stop running around telling everyone I am dead."

The grace that had been swirling around Gabriel suddenly disappeared and Gabriel dropped to the floor unconscious.
Chapter 35

"Gabriel!" Castiel called out alarmed.

"Relax, Castiel. He's fine just, overwhelmed." Lucifer said.

"Lucifer is correct. You are too you to remember when Father last spoke through him." Raphael said. "He just needs rest and for his grace to normalize."

"What do you mean Father spoke through him and why didn't we end up flash fried or something." Dean asked. "I mean that was his wings, right. We aren't supposed to be able to see your wings."

"It was Father's power flowing through Gabriel." Michael explained. "Father's grace is not like ours, he has much better control of it than we do. Father felt that I needed a reminder.

"A reminder?" Dean questioned.

"Gabriel is Father's Herald, but he is also the youngest of us," Lucifer said. "Sometimes we get caught up in the whole big brother thing and forget that when he speaks Father's words they carry father's authority. When that happens Father speaks through him."

"He will need rest." Raphael said. "I suggest we take him to the Men of Letters Bunker. He has yet to tell us how to return Castiel's grace to it's proper place."

"I agree. Lucifer lets gather the pieces we'll take them with us." Michael said. "Unfortunately we'll have to bring Metatron with us. Balthazar, Verchiel, Virgil guard him well. He does not escape nor does he cause mischief. I will hold the three off you personally responsible."

"He will cause no mischief." Virgil said. "The command may be not to smite him but should he so much as knock over a glass he will pray for smiting."

Lucifer looked over to where the humans were gathered together living and dead. He let out an exasperated sigh. "Go on. For my first duty since officially being restored to heaven, I'll bring Tweedledee and Tweedledum home after they say their goodbyes."

"Very well." Michael gathered up the pieces of grace. Raphael cradled Gabriel in his arms and Balthazar laid a hand on Castiel's shoulder. The angel's disappeared.

Lucifer hung back to allow the Winchesters a bit of privacy.

Mary reached up and pulled Sam down to give him a hug and kiss, "I wish I could have been there, I'm so sorry Sam. If I had known what he planned..."

Sam wrapped his arms around her. "Don't Mom. We'll have forever you know?" He turned toward John "Dad."

"Sammy, I know we've had our moments when we'd butt heads but, I'm proud of you. I always have been."

"Okay Sam stop hogging all the attention." Dean said pushing Sam out of the way to hug his parents.

"You boys take care of each other." John said.
Kevin jumped as the group of angels appeared in the conference room. Crowley saw the number of angels in the room and decided that he would be better off elsewhere. Benny blinked and shook his head then went back to sharpening the machete in his hands.

"Um where's Sam and Dean?" Kevin asked.

"Saying goodbye to their parents." Balthazar said. "They won't be seeing them for a while."

"Where is the nearest bed Kevin Tran?" Raphael asked. "Gabriel needs rest and He would not consider being in my arms comfortable."

"Come on I'll show you were you can put him for now." Benny said. Michael looked up and saw a couple of Seraphs standing quietly in the doorway looking as if they were uncomfortable. "You have your grace back?" Michael questioned.

"Yes Commander." One of them answered but neither moved they still stood in the doorway watching.

"I believe that they are worried." Balthazar said. "What do you wish to know?"

"Why is he here?" One of them pointed at Metatron. "We know what he did to Castiel, and now the Messenger is is not well."

Michael looked at the seraphs. "He is here because our father has pronounced his punishment. Gabriel will be fine, as will Castiel. Now don't you have duties that need your attention?"

Benny returned to the room. "Raphael said he wanted to check Gabriel's grace again." Benny sat down. "So what happened? When he read that tablet he said it was good news."

"It was, we have all the pieces of Castiel's grace." Balthazar said.

"So you're powered back up then?" Benny asked Castiel.

"No not as of yet." Castiel said. "I'm sure that it will be done when Gabriel awakens."

"Yeah give me a few will you Cas." Gabriel said as he entered the room on wobbly legs while Raphael steadied him.

"Gabriel you should not be up." Raphael said. "You need time to recover."

"Stop hovering Raphael, I'm fine. I just need to get my bearings. It's been a while since Dad's ridden me like that." Gabriel said. "I forgot how disorienting it can be."

Castiel when to the refrigerator and came back with a Chocolate Yoohoo. "Drink this. It contains an impressive amount of sugar."

"Thanks Cas." Gabriel accepted the bottle and downed half of it in one go. "Where's Lucifer? And the Winchesters?"

"Lucifer remained behind to give them a chance to say goodbye to John and Mary." Michael said
bringing Gabriel another Yoohoo. "I'm sorry, Gabriel. I let my anger get the best of me. Otherwise Father would not have found it necessary to speak through you."

"We're all pretty fed up with Metatron. I'd like to smite him myself, but part of what he did was Father's will. And well being locked in the cage? I'm thinking that won't be too much fun."

"No it won't." Lucifer said as he walked over and squatted down next Gabriel. "Feeling alright little brother? That was one hell of a display."

"I'll take your word for it." Gabriel said. "Where are the pieces of Castiel's grace?" Gabriel looked around.

"They are here." Verchiel said pointing to the box sitting on one of the sideboards.

"Dean, Castiel 'gripped you tight and raised you from Perdition'. Now it's your turn. Metatron is completely unnecessary in this. He's not the only one who can put Castiel's grace back together." Gabriel said. "He rebuilt you body and soul using his grace, your soul knows his grace. It's where that whole more profound bond stuff comes from."

"What? Wait a minute, how am I supposed to put his grace back together." Dean protested.

"I have no idea. If I knew how to put it back together I would." Gabriel said.

"Maybe it's like a puzzle?" Sam suggested. "Put the parts together in a certain order?"

"That's right. Castiel pulled you out of the cage too. He rebuilt your body but not your soul." Raphael said. "Maybe it will take the two of you?"

"All the message said was 'That which Castiel has raised from hell hold the key to his restoration.' Gabriel said. "Castiel raised them both."

"I guess you Winchesters had better get to work." Michael said.
"Sam!" Dean looked at the table that was covered by all of the items that made up Castiel's grace. "What is all this?"

"I'm trying to figure out how to get Castiel's grace back together." Sam said as if it were perfectly obvious.

"Okay, so what's with the index cards?" Dean said picking up the one next to what looked like an oddly shaped rock.

"I'm trying to figure out if there's any significance to the different items." Sam said. "And it would go a lot faster if you would help."

"Hey you're the research geek." Dean said. 'Although I don't need to do any research to tell you the significance of that one." Dean pointed at the one that looked like a rock. "That one means Fred had to take Dino for a walk" Dean said with a laugh.

"You're not helping Dean and in case you forgot, I've also got a batch of bullets to make for the Colt. So the sooner we fix Cas' grace, the sooner we can kill Abaddon." Sam said. "So how about you for once sit down and take the research side of things seriously!"

"Sam, Dean; is there a problem?" Michael asked popping into the room.

"No."

"Yes!"

"Look Dean, Castiel is your guardian angel. He always has been from the moment he burned that handprint on your arm. I know what he thought of me. The Abomination, the boy with the demon blood. He only tolerated me because I was your brother." Sam said. "And after all of that I seem to be taking this a lot more seriously than you are."

"Sam, I do not consider you an abomination." Castiel said quietly from the door. "I consider you a friend. My first impression of you was wrong and while Dean and I do share a more profound bond, I am as much your guardian as Dean's. If I have made you feel as if you are less worthy in my eyes, you have my apologies."

"Cas, Look I'm sorry. We are friends the rest of it is over and done with. Ancient history alright? I'm just, frustrated." Sam ran a hand through his hair. "It's just that I don't have any idea what I'm doing here. You've done a lot for us, for me. I feel like I should be able to do this for you."

"Perhaps you should take some time away from this Sam. You have been working diligently since Gabriel revealed how my grace could be, repaired." Castiel said. "I'm sure that Dean won't mind doing some research, would you Dean?" Castiel looked at the hunter expectantly.

"Uh yeah, I can do research." Dean said.

Castiel took Sam's arm guiding him out of the room "Come Sam, you should rest. I can now appreciate just how vital the need to sleep is for humans."

Gabriel, Lucifer and Michael watched as Castiel led Sam towards his room. Lucifer spoke "Wow! When did our awkward little Cassie stop being awkward?"
"That was smoothly done." Gabriel agreed. "Couldn't have done it better myself."

Michael just grinned. "I always said he was a fast learner."

"You do know that time runs different down there right?" Balthazar asked Metatron. "One month up here is ten years down there."

"I understand that it's cold in the cage too. Your grace is bound so you cannot make yourself warmer." Verchiel added.

"But you know what the worst part of all is?" Virgil asked. "You're cut off from the host. You become invisible. Nothing more than a ghost. You can see the host, you can hear us. You can watch the Earth and heaven, but no matter how long and loud you yell, your screams fall on deaf ears."

"You know Virgil, now that I think about it; Father has decided on the perfect punishment." Balthazar said. "We all want to smite him but the very second that happens, its over. This way he sits in the cage by himself alone and with all the time in the world to think and dwell on his loneliness."

"Father has even given him a chance for redemption." Verchiel said. "After all these eons, The Morningstar has been restored to us. Perhaps you should use your time to reflect and repent."

Dean had no illusions about himself. Sammy was the research geek and the nurturer. Dean was the destructive one. Dean's forte was action even if it meant admitting to an 'Oops my bad' later on. Sam had been researching all night and it had gotten them nowhere. Dean had been trying to research for the last 4 hours and nothing. So now it was time for action.

He left the pieces spread on the table and went in search of Sam. He soon found him downstairs where Benny had set up a workshop to produce bullets for the Colt. As he watched Benny lifted up a small ladle of molten metal and poured it into a mold while Sam chanted something and then doused the mold.

"Was that holy water?" Dean asked as the metal sizzled while it cooled.

"Yeah," Benny said with a chuckle. "Holy water on steroids."

"It was blessed by all four of the Archangels." Sam said. "I'll be back to pack the cartridges later. Thanks Benny."

"Not a problem Sam. I'll take them out of the molds after then cool." Benny said.

Sam joined Dean "Find out anything new about Cas' grace?"

"Naw. But I did just get an idea watching you guys." Dean said. "All of those things are supposed to be Cas grace. Right? But none of the Archangel's can sense the grace."

"Yeah, so there has to be something we need to do." Sam said. "We just have to figure it out."

"Suppose we're making it more complicated than it is?" Dean said.
"What's that supposed to mean?" Sam asked.

"We're driving ourselves crazy trying to find incantations and spells, What if it's as simple as peeling a boiled egg?" Dean said "Think about it, all these different things that have nothing to do with each other and Cas' grace is stuck inside. Get rid of the shell."

"And there's Cas' grace, inside." Sam thought. "I can't think of a better idea."

Sam, Dean Castiel and four Archangels made their way down to the deepest levels of the bunker. Who knew what would happen when they tried this, no sense in putting everyone at risk.

Sam stopped and went into a room for a second coming back out with a huge cauldron. "We need to contain the fire Dean. I'd rather not burn down the entire bunker."

"Fire." Gabriel questioned "Why on earth do you need fire?"

"You like Twinkies right?" Dean said. "There's all this crèam inside but you have to go through the cake to get to it. Same principle. We think Cas' grace is in side of all these things but we have to go through them to get to the grace."

They finally reached an empty room and Sam sat the cauldron in the middle of the floor while Dean sat down the box of items. "Would one of you mind giving us a hand?" Dean asked. "We could use a little flame."

Gabriel snapped his fingers and a fire was burning inside the cauldron. "Now what?"

"I think we need to do this in the order they were found." Sam said picking up the wooden box and holding it out to Castiel. "Here Cas, put it on the fire."

Castiel took the box. He held onto it for a moment before carefully placing it in the fire. A curl of smoke rose up out of the fire and wafted around Castiel before dissipating.

"Damn! I thought we were onto something." Dean said as they saw no visible changes to Castiel, no fireworks, no light show like when Anna had gotten her grace back.

Raphael stepped up to Castiel. "No wonder our father left this in your hands. Only you could be appropriately simple minded to find such a simple solution, Dean Winchester. I can sense a change in the center of Castiel's being. Continue with the next item."

Castiel took the jar that Dean handed him and once again a tendril of smoke made it's way to Castiel. They continued on with Raphael announcing progress with each item burned. Soon there was only one item left.

"Well we're down to the Dino crap." Dean announced looking down into the box.

"Dude!" Sam said with an exasperated bitchface. "It's fossilized that means it's a rock now." Sam picked up the fossil and handed it to Castiel.

The moment the fossil touched his hand Castiel felt his grace inside the rock bursting free. "Sam Dean you should shut your eyes." Castiel barely had time to warn before grace was pouring into him.

Castiel's warning wasn't really necessary as Gabriel, Lucifer and Michael had all moved the shield
the Winchesters. As the light died down The Winchesters opened their eyes to see Castiel standing by the cauldron and the shadows of his wings cast on the wall behind him.

Gabriel grinned "Welcome back Bro!"
Chapter 37

Kevin met the group as soon as the came back upstairs. "Guys, Crowley locked himself in Sam's room. He won't come out. He says he wants to talk to the moose."

"Oh great." Dean said. "Like we don't have enough to deal with, Crowley is turning diva on us?"

"Dean, his reaction is understandable. When he first arrived the angels were as powerless as he was, and when the gracelink was reestablished, I was still as powerless as he was." Castiel observed. "He is the only being who has not regained his power. It is understandable, he still has a demonic taint therefore being among angels and hunters would make him uncomfortable."

"I'll talk to him." Sam said.

"Never mind that." Lucifer said snapping his fingers. Crowley was suddenly standing in front of Lucifer cringing like he expected to be smote at any moment. "Crowley! You know I'd expect a bit more spine from a demon that not only manged to become King of the Crossroads but had clawed his way to King of Hell."

"It's easy for you to say have a spine. You're an Archangel accepted back into the family fold. I'm a former demon with zero powers surrounded by angel's and hunters who've tried more than once to kill me in the past. So I think I can be excused if I find my situation...precarious!"

"How about I make it bit less precarious then." Lucifer said. "We will soon be facing Abaddon; and I know that you have souls you kept for yourself, like that drag queen that has been keeping her busy. So it may not be an army but it is certainly enough for an administrative staff. Here's the deal. You sign a binding contract right now to serve me and I'll make you my regent. You will run hell for me taking care of the everyday details. In return I will give you my protection as an Archangel."

"So I get to run hell and have a guardian Archangel?" Crowley said. "What about the Moose and the Squirrel? I'm in this position thanks to that overgrown Winchester."

"Sam and Dean won't bother you as long as you don't bother them." Lucifer said.

"And Angel over there?" Crowley nodded at Castiel.

"I see no reason for us to renew hostilities when you have been of help in keeping Abaddon occupied." Castiel said. "Your assistance has made it possible for us to concentrate on returning all of the angel's to their celestial powers."

"Very well then, it seems that I have no choice but to accept. I take it you'll require my signature in blood?" Crowley asked.

"Balthazar, Virgil; I am here to relieve you." Castiel said. "Michael wishes an inventory of the armory as a part of the battle preparations to face Abaddon."

"Of course he does." Balthazar said. "There are still a few more weapons that I must return and Gabriel's Horn is where ever Gabriel stashed it when I gave it to him."
"Balthazar, do you wish for me to start inventorying what is in the armory while you secure the missing weapons?" Virgil asked bowing his head to Balthazar.

"Virgil, You hold the title of Heaven's Armorer." Balthazar reminded him. "The Armory and whatever needs to be done is your responsibility."

"The responsibility was only given to me after you left. You held the title for far longer than I did." Virgil said.

"And other than one uh theft, you have done the job admirably, better than I did." Balthazar said. "Besides, I'm happier without the responsibility. It leaves me more time for the finer things in life like fine wine and loose women."

Balthazar looked at his fellow Seraphs. "As a matter of fact once this Abaddon situation is handled there's this little place that Gabriel showed me once called The Spearmint Rhino. I insist on taking you both as my guests!"

Although Dean had been totally against it, he was soundly outvoted and Crowley with a bit of help from Lucifer was back to full power and sipping a glass of Craig. That was his absolute first action, as he put it after all that time drinking rotgut he deserved a good tumbler of scotch. He was even feeling generous and had produced glasses all around. With a celebratory drink out of the way, it was time to get down to business.

Crowley summoned all the demons whose souls he owned to the bunker which made for an interesting time. At least until Lucifer had enough and announced his presence which caused a major stir. While demons had heard the name Lucifer, very few of them had ever seen him and certainly none of this motley crew.

"Is this your Demonic staff then?" Gabriel snickered. "I don't think they could strike fear into the heart of 3 year old."

"To be fair they don't exactly have a lot of experience. Most of them are just barely off the rack." Crowley said. "But there is one you have yet to meet."

"I hope that one is scarier than this bunch." Dean whispered to Sam.

"Oh I am Darling!" The demon that materialized next to Dean said. It was obviously a male vessel but wearing a short leather skirt and bustier, And inch of makeup, a wig at least two feet his and 5 inch stilettos. "Lucky for you, you're not my type. But you! Oh Darling this things I could do with you!" The Demon said running over to trace it's fingers down Gabriel's arm. "Tell me have you ever thought about slipping into a Vera Wang original? You would look absolutely fierce in a little red cocktail dress and a red wig." Gabriel gawked at the demon his mouth hanging open.

"Spicy, be a dear and stop annoying the nice Archangel." Crowley said dragging the demon away from Gabriel before he came to his senses and went into smiting mode. "Allow me to introduce Timothy Baines, however he prefers to be addressed by his drag name, Spicy Tabasco."

"Call me Timothy and I'll scratch your eyes out." The demon said as 'she' sat in a chair primly crossing her legs. "Well I have delayed that single minded she bitch from hell for as long as I can. I'm out of style options here and I'm a drag queen. That's saying something honeybunch."

"Well that's is why Crowley summoned you here. You've been spending a lot of time with
Abaddon." Michael said. You should have plenty of information for us."

Spicy stood and beckoned to Crowley dragging him over into a corner. "Alright sweet thing, I notice quite a few feathered creatures in this room and the last I heard relations between our side and their side was about as warm as Westboro Baptist's relationship with the local gay rights lobby. So would you like to explain to me why I should tell a six-winged angel anything at all?"

"Well if you had allowed me to finish the introductions I would have introduced you to them." Crowley said. "That midget you accosted happens to be Gabriel, don't feel too put out for not realizing he's an Archangel, he's spent the past few eons impersonating a Pagan god/Trickster. Next to him is Raphael who sticks out like a sore thumb."

"I guess he's the black sheep of the family?" Spicy said. "Don't worry honey I might just have to find out if that myth is true." Spicy said with a wink.

"Ahem, yes the dark haired one demanding information is Michael." Crowley said.

"Oh I've heard all about him. A real prude according to the stories going around."

"Spicy will you please be quiet and let me finish!" Crowley said. "Dean Winchester who you said is not your type much to his relief and next to him our resident moose also known as Sam Winchester. I'm sure that you remember Castiel, we had a well business arrangement."

"As I recall you got the short end of the stick. Very disappointing considering you used to be the King of the Crossroads." Spicy said.

"And this is Lucifer The rightful King of Hell." Crowley finished.

"You know Crowley I like this demon!" Lucifer laughed. "She already knows Michael is a prude and she wants to play dress up with Gabriel! I think when all this is over I might just have to make her my personal assistant. She will definitely keep me amused." Lucifer slipped an arm around Spicy's shoulder. "So tell me what Abaddon is planning. The sooner we get rid of her and her turn coat army, the sooner we can get things on track in hell. Tell me how are you at interior decorating? I'm sure the throne room needs some updating by now."

The humans Crowley and remaining angels watched in disbelief as Lucifer walked out of the room still buttering up the demon.

"What the hell was that all about?" Dean asked.

"Lucifer doing what he does best." Raphael said "Sweet talking someone out of what he wants."
Chapter 38

Benny was in the kitchen slurping a bag of O-negative when Lucifer and Spicy reappeared. "Oh Look at you!" She sauntered over to the vampire and leaned close taking a big sniff. "Well that's a disappointment. Sugar anyone that looks like you do should smell like Old Spice."

"What the hell is this?" Benny asked taking in the very femininely attired demon who was also now sporting a 5 O'clock shadow on his/her jaw.

"Benny this is Spicy Tabasco my new personal assistant," Lucifer introduced. "Spicy this is Benny."

"Oh yes the resident bloodsucker." Spicy said "Well darling don't change a thing! Your style is totally working for you and you rock it well. Just add in the Old Spice and perfection!" She turned back toward Lucifer. "Now where is this prophet you mentioned?"

Benny watched the two leave, bag of blood totally forgotten. "Are they gone yet?"

Benny spun around to find Gabriel and Raphael standing behind him peering at the door to the living areas of the bunker.

"Yeah, I think they are going looking for the prophet." Benny said. "What the hell was that?" Benny asked still staring at the door. "I think it's trying to tell me I stink and is that a man or a woman because it looks like a man even though it's dressed like a woman!"

"Count yourself lucky if all she wants is to add cologne to your wardrobe." Gabriel said. "She wants to drag me up on a little red cocktail dress! If I wanted to get all dragged up in a little red cocktail dress I would just change myself into a woman. It's not that hard."

"Oh stop complaining Gabriel. Lucifer was helping her hunt for a yardstick. She wanted to have one on hand just in case." Raphael said.

Benny looked at Raphael and burst out laughing.

"So she recruited a bunch of gang bangers?" Dean asked. "At least if they run we can catch them when their pants fall down around their ankles and they trip."

"I do not understand," Castiel said. "Why would their pants fall down?"

"It's called saggin Bro, and a frequent risk of saggin is having your pants fall down unexpectedly." Gabriel said.

"Saggin?" Michael asked. "I'm afraid that I'm with Castiel on this one. I don't understand that reference."

Gabriel snapped his fingers and Castiel and Michael immediately grabbed the waist of their now too big about to fall off their rear end pants to pull them back up. "That Brothers mine, is saggin. It's got to be right up there with knee britches and whalebone stays for worst fashion trend in history."
"There is however a bright note." Crowley said. "My um advisory council is not really happy with the new regime. They could be convinced to come back over to our side. Especially since many of them are traditionalists deep down. Having Lucifer back on the throne would be all the incentive needed."

"The bad part is the sheer size of her army." Lucifer said. "All she had to do was recruit to top leaders of a gang and she has the whole gang even if they aren't all demons. So were going to have humans in the crossfire."

"Humans who deserve whatever they get." Gabriel said. "Most of them are terrorizing their neighbors, pushing drugs on elementary school playgrounds and killing rival gang members without a second thought for the collateral damage. They will kill kid playing in his yard if it means they can get to an enemy. The Trickster in me has no problem in agreeing with the Archangel going on a smitefest of epic proportions. The only possible snag we might have is with those who think humans should be protected from the 'monsters' just because their human." Gabriel glanced at Dean.

"Hey don't look at me. They're working with demons, so gank em all," Dean said. "Besides Sam and I have met a few human monsters along the way since Crawford Hall."

"So now that everyone is up to date, I should get back to the hell bitch." Spicy said. "I think I can keep her occupied with accessorizing for a bit longer; but get your crap together quickly squirrelfriends. Because once I run out of distractions, she is going on a rampage."

"Be careful Spicy." Lucifer said. "Remember you have a throne room that requires your 'special' touch."

"Not just a throne room but the entire domain. Hell is long overdue for a makeover." The demon winked at Lucifer and vanished.

"Lucifer, really?" Michael asked.

"What? I like her. She's rebellious, candid and in case you haven't noticed she makes our little brothers uncomfortable." Lucifer smirked. "Gabriel and Raphael avoid her like the plague."

Michael shook his head. "So what about on the hunting side of things?"

"Benny and I are almost finished with the bullets for the Colt." Sam said. "It's time consuming because you can only make them in batches of 13. Right now we have 3 batches done and working on the fourth. If there's more than 50 or so white and yellow eyed demons we have to take out, we'll run out of bullets."

"We've also only got the one demon killing knife." Dean added. "I spoke to Garth and gave him a couple of exorcisms that he'll pass along to other hunters, but they are going to be stuck working with holy water and salt for the most part."

"You know while that creature has Abaddon occupied we should take the opportunity to repair the cage." Raphael suggested. "We would then be able to secure Metatron freeing up his guards to join the battle."

"That would be wise." Castiel agreed "Verchiel, Virgil and Balthazar are all experienced veterans who fought during The Rebellion. Their experience would be invaluable to the younger angels."

"Gabriel, you have spoken to the cupids?" Michael asked.
"Yep. Once I got through the whole we're lovers, not fighters argument to let them know they would simply be messengers or medics, they were okay with it." Gabriel said. "Although they aren't very happy with you Castiel. They said no more hugs for you since you caused all that falling trouble. I figured I'd let them keep on believing it was your fault. Not being attacked by hug starved cherubs doesn't sound like much of a punishment to me. As a matter of fact I wish they would punish me like that."

"Thank you." Castiel said with the barest hint of a smile. "I will endeavor to bear my suffering in a stoic manner."

"Castiel, sarcasm?" Lucifer laughed. "I hate to say it, but I'm beginning to think the Winchesters are a good influence on you. Now if they could just get you laid."

Dean choked and Sam pounded his brother on the back even while he was laughing. "Dean tried, they got thrown out of the brothel."

"Now that's a tale I have to hear." Lucifer said.

"Ahem!" Michael cleared his throat loudly. "Can we get back to the business at hand." he glared at every occupant in turn until the room was silent once again. "So the Cupids will act as messengers and medics.

Brothers let's go fix the cage immediately. Castiel you will remain here, we will let you know when it is ready and you and Verchiel will bring Metatron to us. By that time we should have the weapons inventory from Balthazar and Virgil."

Kevin had taken to hiding in his room after a warning from Benny about the crazy demon drag queen that was looking for him. So when there was a knock on his door he cracked it just an inch and poked the end of a water pistol through the crack until he saw that it was Dean.

"Is that Drag queen out there?" Kevin asked trying to see around the hunter.

"No all clear." Dean said. "She's back at her post spying on Abaddon."

Kevin let out a breath and relaxed. "Good I was kind of going stir crazy stuck in here."

"Yeah well come on kid. Everyone else is getting prepared for the big battle, now it's your turn." Dean said as he escorted Kevin down the the basement where the indoor shooting range was set up.

Benny and Crowley were all gathered around looking at the paper target that was sprouting holes in vital areas every time Sam pulled the trigger.

"Nice shooting Tex." Benny said as the target traveled along a wire back to where they stood. He picked up a new target. "I'm gonna have to do some real sharpshooting to beat that."

"Um Dean why am I down here?" Kevin asked.

"You're pretty good with that supersoaker. Now it time for you to get pretty good with this." Dean said handing his gun to the prophet.
Chapter 39

It had taken the combined grace of four Archangels to destroy the cage, now the grace of four Archangels was united to rebuild it. Huge slabs of a material that was not metal nor stone, but a strange mixture of both were lifted into place like massive puzzle pieces. Once in place each piece fused seamlessly with it's neighbors.

With the combined effort of the Archangels the cage stood complete again in almost the same amount of time it took to destroy it. Only one large slab remained, the capstone which would seal the cage and lock it away from everything outside.

Michael looked toward his brothers. "Gabriel, it is time. Have Castiel and Verchiel prepare and deliver Metatron to us. I will inspect the interior for weakness while we wait." Michael started to drop down into the hole. Then paused to look at Gabriel. 'You did remember to bring it right?"

"Of course I did Bro." Gabriel reached into his pocket and pulled out a small vial of a glowing swirling substance. "You did appointment me the Keeper of the Grace after all. I'd really suck at the job if I had left it topside."

"Well then," Lucifer said. "All we need is Metatron. The sooner he gets down here the better. We're pushing our luck being here."

"Lucifer you are the rightful King of Hell." Raphael said. "This is your domain and you feel fear?"

"Not fear little brother, concern." Lucifer explained. "There's a pretender on the throne and every moment we remain here increases the risk of our presence becoming known. Yes, we will go to war with Abaddon but I'm sure that Michael like myself would rather it be on our terms in the time and place of our choosing and not a defensive action because she attacked first."

"Lucifer is right." Michael said. "We still don't know the inventory of our weapons but I do know that she is not going to be stupid enough to attack any angelic beings. She will go after the hunters. Her first goal is Sam Winchester, remember?"

Kevin's shooting lessons were progressing slowly. The prophet had terrible aim. When Gabriel suddenly appeared in the room five feet behind him, the armed prophet startled and spun around and pulled the trigger in a simple reflex.

Gabriel looked down at his chest in shock and then looked up to meet the prophet's eyes. "YOU SHOT ME!" Gabriel yelled, looking back down in disbelief at the hole in his jacket.

"Oh my God! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to!" Kevin had picked up a rag out of a pile that Dean kept for cleaning the guns and pressed it against the hole still frantically mumbling apologies. "It was an accident. I wasn't expecting you to just appear behind me like that."

"Are you trying to kill me with an infection now?" Gabriel asked, shock turning into amusement at how flustered the young prophet was. "I have angelic immunity you know? Infections, bullets; I'm immune to pretty much everything except Dad and the weapons of the Archangels you know?"

Dean was bent over laughing. "You might want to try stabbing him while you're at it."
"That won't work either, Dean. You should know from experience." Gabriel said as he grabbed Kevin's arm and stuck two fingers to the prophet's forehead to calm him down.

"Oh I know that," Dean said. "But it certainly makes me feel better!"

"Dean," Sam scolded. "What are you doing here, Gabriel. I thought you guys were fixing the cage."

"It's done. I'm just waiting for Castiel and Verchiel to get him ready to travel." Gabriel said "I also wanted to check in with you. See if you've heard anything from Balthazar or Virgil?"

"No nothing yet." Sam said.

"Not that we want to hear anything from Virgil." Dean said. "He tried to kill us!"

"Deano, since when is an angel trying to kill you anything new?" Gabriel said "I not only tried, I succeeded almost 200 times. Then I got bored. I ran out of new and interesting ways to snuff the Winchester."

"You really want to bring that up now?" Dean asked.

"I don't know why you're so bent out of shape over it, you don't even remember it." Gabriel said. "If anyone should be bent out of shape it's Sam and he's not."

"He's right Dean. Every Tuesday morning started and you didn't remember a thing, I did." Sam said "But looking back, if I had learned what Gabriel was trying to teach me, The whole apocalypse thing would probably have never happened. Ruby wouldn't have been able to get her claws into me and I never would have freed Lucifer."

"Hang on to that lesson Sam." Gabriel said. "As a matter of fact all of you need to understand that we are going to lose people in this war against Abaddon. And she will use that against you."

The soft rustling of feathers announced the arrival of Castiel, Verchiel and Metatron. The two Seraphs held Metatron between them. The scribe was shackled hand and foot with bindings covered in Enochian symbols.

"We are prepared to deliver Metatron to the cage." Castiel said.

"You know Metatron, we'll be long gone if you ever get out of there." Sam said. "I just want you to know, you're even worse than Lucifer. At least we always knew exactly where we stood with him. We knew he had an agenda, he never hid it from us. You? You smiled in our faces while you used me, and used Castiel. So enjoy your time in the cage, by yourself, all alone."

Dean looked at the scribe for a moment. "Hey Gabriel. Shouldn't he be wearing the right clothes?"

"What do you mean the right clothes?" Gabriel asked.

"Dude, as long as you hung around down here you don't know anything about prison orange jumpsuits?" Dean asked.

Gabriel snapped his fingers. "Better?" Metatron was now wearing an orange jumpsuit with the number two on the left side of his chest and on the back were the words 'Property of Hell Dept of Corrections'.

"Yeah now he looks the part." Dean said then frowned when Gabriel snapped his fingers again.
changing Metatron's clothing back to what it was before.

"We are taking Metatron to the cage, not his vessel." Gabriel said. "I'm going to pull him from his vessel. Who ever this poor schmuck is. There's a chance he will survive the separation. If he does, then you guys take care of him till we get back. If not then we will properly dispose of the body when we return."

Castiel and Verchiel grasped the chains hanging from the shackles as Gabriel placed his hands on each side of Metatron's face.

"You would do well to close your eyes." Verchiel warned. "It will only take a second for Gabriel to remove Metatron, but it will be enough time to cause you damage."

Everyone closed their eyes as instructed and when the glare died down they opened them to find the body of the man Metatron had been using as a vessel lying on the floor free of the shackles he had been wearing a moment earlier.

Sam knelt down and checked for a pulse. "He's still alive. He has a pulse, but it's weak."

Raphael, Michael and Lucifer watched as Gabriel, Castiel and Verchiel appeared before them on top of the cage holding a writhing shape bound by chains in their hands.

Michael stepped up to the shaped and addressed it. "Metatron you have angered God, our father and he has passed judgment against you. In father's name we consign you to the cage where you will remain until he orders you released. Use this time to reflect upon your sins and repent."

Michael grabbed onto a shackle as did Raphael and Lucifer. Castiel and Verchiel relinquished their places to the Archangels who dragged the struggling form to the opening. Michael chanted a few words in Enochian and the chains released their prisoner dropping him through the opening. Gabriel pulled Metatron's grace from his pocket and dropped it into the cage with it's owner as Lucifer, Michael and Raphael fitted the capstone in place. The four archangels then used their combined grace to seal the chamber so that it became a structure of one solid unbroken slab of material. The cage now completed was with out a single seam or opening.

Inside Metatron had broken the vial and regained his grace. As he had been warned he could see out. He could see the Archangels gathering up the bindings he could hear them through his grace. As he watched Gabriel, Raphael, Verchiel and Castiel disappeared. Michael and Lucifer remained.

"You can hear us Metatron. The song of the host is the only sound you will have for company but you cannot join in; you are mute to us. You can watch what happens on Earth and in Hell." Lucifer said. "But watch is all you will be able to do. I was able to communicate somewhat with demons if they stood right next to the cage and placed their hands on it. I am Hell's rightful King after all. That will be denied to you. I would not have wished this on you, I am aware of exactly how punishing the cage can be. I suggest that you take Michael's advice, reflect and repent." Lucifer and Michael then disappeared leaving the scribe in his impenetrable prison.
Chapter 40

Spicy looked at the hoodlum in front of her. It was obvious that time had run out. The stalling game was over. This thug had just reported back from hell and the angels had wasted no time in taking care of their traitor, but it also meant that Abaddon would now focus on business.

"The cage is intact ,my King." The little thug was saying.

"My Queen you illiterate gutter trash!" Spicy interrupted. "She is female, a Queen did you manage to learn anything in school? If so stop acting like you're a crack baby!"

"Spicy, calm yourself. It will take patience to get these young demons to learn better." Abaddon said.

"I personally think a year or two on the rack would do wonders for their education."

"I would agree with you if Alistair was still available. After all I understand that Alistair managed to break a Winchester," Abaddon said. "Dean Winchester was an apt pupil. Almost as good with a blade as Alistair himself. Too bad he chose to stand against me. He would be a welcome addition to my army."

"Most of the demons do fear him. Discipline would certainly be improved if he had chosen differently." Spicy said. "He would have been quite a threat to hold over their heads."

"He still can be." The thug said. "I pay attention when the older ones speak. Dean Winchester will do almost anything for his brother. And we are searching for Sam Winchester now."

Abaddon looked at the demon. "Continue."

"You want us to destroy Sam Winchester so completely that his soul is destroyed. Some times killing someone is less effective than holding them as a hostage." The thug said. "If you had Sam you could use him to guarantee Dean's cooperation."

"I obviously didn't give you enough credit for your intelligence. Your two functioning brain cells are capable of calling a truce at times." Spicy said. "Sam Winchester would make a perfect hostage. Shall I inform your generals of a change in plans Dear Abby?"

"Yes let them know that I now want Sam Winchester taken alive. I expect to see no more than minor injuries marring his flesh." Abaddon said.

"Of course." Spicy nodded. "I may have to do a bit of hunting for one or two of them so it may take a while."

Crowley being back at full power so to speak, was quietly visiting a few of his less rebellious council members. Belarus however was a loyalist and one of the most rebellious Crowley had the displeasure of working with in his position as King of Hell, but of course that was due to the fact that Belarus was a die hard loyalist.

"Crowley, I thought for sure that you would be cringing under a rock somewhere for the rest of eternity with Abaddon taking over." Belarus said watching the former king of hell with open
"You know of course she will end you if she finds you. As a matter of fact I'm sure she would generously reward anyone who alerted her to your whereabouts."

"You could of course turn me over to her, but then I couldn't put in a good word for you with the big boss." Crowley settled himself into a chair facing the other demon and conjured up a tumbler of Scotch. "I know that she bitch has been spreading a rumor that Lucifer is dead, I'm sure that you of all people know just how unlikely that is."

"You have seen him." Belarus asked.

"Let's just say the two of us have come to an agreement. Make no mistake our duly appointed king is out of his cage and he plans to regain his throne." Crowley said. Abaddon bit off more than she could chew when she set herself against Henry Winchester."

"Henry Winchester?" Belarus said. "So Henry's existence has become common knowledge."

"Well knowing what I know now, I suppose we have been mistaken all these years." Crowley said. "All these years we've been thinking it all started with John. It started long before Azazel got John Winchester's dander up by killing Mary. I started the night Abaddon forced Henry to flee to the future right to Sam and Dean, his grandsons. Whatever it is that makes the Winchesters such unlikely tools of god, fate or whatever started with Henry."

Belarus let out a deep sigh and leaned forward. "You have contact with our lord. I'm going to tell you something. Many of us have been watching Abaddon over the eons. Hell Knight she may be, but she holds no loyalty for Lucifer. She confronted Henry Winchester with a purpose."

"Do tell?" Crowley said leaning forward.

"She hunted down the Men of Letters for one thing. She wanted access to their Archive." Belarus said. "she was hoping to find a way to do exactly what she claims has been done. She intended to find a way to kill Lucifer and blame it on Heaven."

Sam picked the man's body up from the floor. All of the sores and lesions that Metatron had been cursed with were gone. The man's skin was unblemished.

"Let's get him in a bed." Dean said opening the door for Sam Kevin ran ahead to the room where they had been holding Metatron and opened the door so Sam could carry the man in and lay him on the bed.

"Gabriel said they would be back. We just need to keep an eye on him until then." Dean said.

A flutter of wings had everyone turning to speak to the angels only it wasn't the Archangels, it was Virgil and Balthazar returning.

"Well it looks like Metatron has left the building." Balthazar said making his way over to the bed. "Please tell me he didn't escape somehow."

"The Archangels took him to the cage." Benny said.

"How did they get him out of his vessel?" Virgil asked.

"Gabriel pulled him out." Kevin said.
"And his vessel yet lives." Virgil noted. "But that is not always a blessing. Sometimes it is more merciful if they do not survive the separation."

"Wait, what does that mean?" Sam asked.

"That means that you Winchesters are the exception to the rule." Balthazar said. "Usually a vessel is left a mess. The longer an angel remains in a vessel the less the vessel is able to function when the angel leaves."

"It depends on how long this vessel was merged with Metatron." Virgil said. "He may be able to perform simple basic tasks or he could be in a vegetative state. Gabriel has been in his vessel for thousands of years, if he were to leave it, the vessel would likely not survive although Gabriel takes better care of his vessel than most."

"Castiel has also been very careful with his vessel although He should eat more." Balthazar said.

"I thought angels didn't need to eat of sleep or do any of those human things." Dean asked.

"We don't but the humans that we inhabit do." Balthazar said. "It's difficult to remember that in the beginning. Food rest we have to get in the habit of eating and sleeping to keep our vessels physically healthy without draining our grace. Unfortunately there is nothing to be done for the mental effects of being merged with an angel."

"But Jimmy Novak seemed alright that time when Castiel was separated from him." Dean pointed out.

"It had benn less than a year at that point Dean." Castiel said as he appeared in the room along with Verchiel, Raphael and Gabriel. "The deterioration had not yet begun. And Jimmy was dying when he insisted I release Claire and merge with him again."

"And now?" Sam asked.

"The last time I was brought back, I was alone. Jimmy has moved on." Castiel said. "Jimmy had long since retreated to a world within his memories."

Raphael reached out a hand and touched The man's forehead. "I cannot find any trace of the man this once was.. Metatron had been in here for too long. It is simply an empty shell."

"As you guys would say," Gabriel interjected. "The lights are on but no one is home."

"He is not suffering". Raphael said. "He simply is not there. He will require special care. The only thing that can be done for him is to keep him comfortable until Death comes to claim him."
Chapter 41

Spicy arrived in the middle of a heated discussion over Metatron's meatsuit. The Winchesters seemed to think that the angels should perform some miracle and fix what could not be fixed in any way shape or form while the angels were arguing to send the meatsuit to a monastery somewhere off the coast of Italy.

"You do know that there's nothing left to fix, right." Spicy said butting into the discussion. "The only part of this meatsuit's brain still functioning is the part that regulates involuntary bodily functions."

"Spicy? What are you doing back so soon?" Lucifer asked.

"Breaking news, sugar. Good or bad first?" Spicy asked.

"Good. We could use some good news." Dean said.

"Well Sam you will be happy to know that Abaddon no longer wants your head on a platter." Spicy said.

"Well that's a relief." Dean said.

"Now she wants all of you intact although she will overlook a few minor injuries." Spicy went on.

"What? Why?" Sam demanded.

"What are you a reporter for the Hollywood Times?" Spicy said. "If you would stop playing twenty questions I'll happily tell you. You Sam, would make a perfect hostage to get Dean to fall in line. Hell is short a torturer and Dean here has skills."

"I'm not going to torture anybody on her behalf." Dean said.

"Oh really, even if she slaps Sam on the rack and uses him to play Pin the Tail on the Donkey?" Spicy asked. "How long do you think you could listen to your baby brother's screams before you break...again?"

"Okay this bitch is seriously getting out of hand. Either she has forgotten who Sam is or she never knew." Lucifer said.

Spicy stopped and really took a look at Sam. "Yes the Boy King, Lucifer's True Vessel, Prince of the Infernal Realm. And if all that wasn't enough he's built like a brick shithouse. She simply doesn't care, sugar. He's a means to an end.

For the moment however I'd suggest sending the artichoke in the bed there far away from here. The last thing anyone needs to do is worry about protecting a salad ingredient. Now I must get back, I don't want Dear Abby to start wondering what's taking me so long."

"That creature even agrees." Raphael said as Spicy disappeared. "This is not the place for him. He will be well cared for by the monks. It is their calling after all."

"I still don't see how snapping him off to some Monastery in the middle of nowhere is taking care of him." Sam said.

"It the place where Prophets and former vessels go on this earth. Sam." Gabriel said "Those monks
aren't just monks. They know of the existence of angels. They have all experienced being a vessel it's a rite of passage into the order."

"They will see to all of his needs and he will be honored." He will live in luxury until he passes on to heaven." Michael added.

"Guys I don't know, I think maybe I agree with the angels.' Kevin said. "He can't protect himself, he'd be safer there."

"Besides I'm thinking we're all going to have to keep an eye on Sam's back." Benny said "That's gonna be hard to do watching Sam and him."

Sam stepped back from the bed. "Okay you're right."

"Sammy?" Dean protested "We don't just ignore our responsibility."

"Dean we're at Ground Zero here. We can't have anyone around who isn't capable of at least running from danger." Sam said. "Especially not if Abaddon is going to focus on me."

Dean finally stepped aside allowing Raphael to gather the man's body in his arms and disappear.

Gathered around the table trying to figure out a good battle plan were The Archangels (minus Raphael who was still at the monastery), Balthazar and Virgil (Heaven's armorers), Verchiel and Castiel, The Winchesters, Benny and Kevin. Of course Battle strategy was Michael's forte. He had been commanding the forces of heaven while Mankind was still huddling in caves afraid of the dark.

And all of the angels at the table were veterans with battlefield experience. If you wanted to get technical, it could be said the Winchesters were also veterans who had been raised waging war against the demonic. Even Benny had learned a thing or two during his time in Purgatory.

"We all have some experience, well except for Kevin." Michael said. "Balthazar, Virgil as the armorer of the host I will leave it to you to provide him with a weapon suitable to defend himself."

"Michael wouldn't it have been better to just have sent him along with Raphael? After all that's where Chuck Shurley is." Gabriel noted. "No offense kiddo but you are almost as much of a liability as Metatron's vessel."

"I know how to kill demons." Kevin spoke up. "I'm the one who translated the Demon tablet."

"Kevin, it would be safer for you somewhere else." Dean said reasonably. "I mean Crowley is on Lucifer's side which means our side right now. Crowley was the one you had to look out for. You can bow out of this fight."

"No I can't." Kevin said. "I'm the one who started the whole trials thing without having all the information. Sam almost died and Abaddon is running around on the loose. That's my fault."

"You need new role models. The Winchester tendency to wallow in guilt is rubbing off on you, Prophet." Crowley said as he appeared in a chair.

"Crowley. Did you manage to contact any of your prospective 'rebels'?" Lucifer asked.

"I actually had a long chat with Belarus. He made me aware of a few things, like Abaddon's
ultimate agenda." Crowley said. "It seems that her run in with Henry Winchester wasn't an accident. She didn't just suddenly stumble across the Men of Letters. She was hunting them, I dare say that it is this place she was looking for."

"It was," Sam said. "She wanted the key. That was why she was chasing Henry."

"Well I can tell you why she was so interested in the Men of Letters." Crowley said. "According to Belarus, she was convinced that somewhere in the vast records of this place is the knowledge on how to open the cage...and kill Lucifer. Evidently she's been plotting your demise for centuries."

"What so she could take over hell?" Dean asked "All she had to do was what she has already done. Snatch the throne from you."

"True but that evidently was not her ultimate goal gentlemen." Crowley said. "There was a second part of her plan. Lucifer and Michael's disappearance from the cage made it possible along with your little plan to keep the demons from looking for their king. Simply put, she has spread the word that you, Lucifer are dead, at the hands of your loving brother Michael and the angels of Heaven. A perfect rallying point to declare war on Heaven."

"Those loyal to Lucifer will want revenge and the rest will just fight because it's against heaven." Dean said.

"Amazing, and here I thought squirrels had brains the size of peanuts." Crowley said. "Belarus has those loyal to him and there are a few more of the council as rabidly loyal to Lucifer as he is. It won't put that big of a dent in her forces, but I figure every little bit helps."

"It does." Michael said. "And knowing her goal makes it a bit easier to plan strategy." He turned to Dean and Sam. "You mentioned a hunter named Garth, he has access to other hunters?" Michael asked.

"Yeah. He sort of took over Bobby's job. Verifying our identity for local law enforcement stuff like that. He'll know who is actively hunting right now." Sam said.

"Dean, we will need a list of hunters. Abaddon will go after them. I will assign a regiment of seraphs to work with the hunters. Castiel take Dean to Garth and explain the situation. The sooner we know who needs angelic assistance the better. We may be able to prevent Abaddon from doing too much damage."

"As you wish." Castiel said bowing his head.

"Virgil, Balthazar I take it the inventory has been completed?" Michael asked.

"Yes all of the weapons have been accounted for." Virgil answered.

"Accounted for? They are not all under lock and key?" Lucifer questioned.

"Um there's the matter of a horn..." Balthazar said.

"Which is accounted for." Gabriel said. "That is not a weapon we need against Abaddon. Unless it's your intention to just destroy this world?"

"No, no." Michael said. "I trust it is well protected little brother. That is one weapon that we do not want Abaddon getting her hands on."

"It is. I can guarantee the one who has it will not let it fall into Abaddon's hands." Gabriel said. "I
searched for it with my grace when I came back. Someone else took custody of it. It's safe."

"Gabriel, you may trust your little pagan friends, I don't." Michael said.

"Who said anything about the Pagans?" Gabriel smirked. "It's surrounded by the Divine Grace of Creation."

"Dad has it?" Lucifer asked.

"I guess with you two jackoffs trying to start the Apocalypse," Gabriel explained. "He just didn't trust you with it."
"Dean, you did not tell me that your friend had been raised by Cupids." Castiel said as Garth released him. "Are you sure that he is not a cherub's vessel?"

"I promise he's not a cupid. He's wearing clothes." Dean said as Garth grinned at the two.

"Garth this is Castiel. We just call him Cas." Dean said.

"Castiel as in angel of Thursday Castiel?" Garth said then grabbed the Seraph for a second round of hugging. "I've heard so much about you!"

"Garth is really...huggy," Dean explained. "You get used to it."

"So where's Sam?" Garth asked as he released the angel.

"He is with my brothers, the Archangels." Castiel said.

"Archangels? Like Gabriel? He's actually real?" Garth asked. "So every Christmas I'm symbolically reaming an Archangel when I stick that angel on top of the tree?"

"I believe that Gabriel somewhat enjoys it. He likes being the center of attention." Castiel replied. "And he is only one of four Archangels."

"Yeah there's Michael, Raphael and Lucifer too." Dean said "And before you ask, yeah, THAT Lucifer."

"Whoa! How is it Winchesters are mixed up with him?" Garth asked.

"He has been restored to his place among the host." Castiel answered. "Our father has deemed his penance over. He is once again The Morningstar, Michael's second in command."

"Things certainly change up fast with you guys. So you said something about a list of active hunters?" Garth asked Dean.

"Yeah, you remember than meteor shower last month? Well it wasn't a meteor shower." Dean explained.

"I kind of figured that. There was massive demon signs at the same time." Garth said. "I kind of figured they were connected. I just haven't been able to figure out how."

"There was a connection between them but probably nothing you've thought about. Two different events but they both have to do with why we're here." Dean said.

"What you call a meteor shower was in fact my brothers and sisters falling from heaven." Castiel said.

"How many of them fell?" Garth asked.

"All of them, they were cast down by an angel known as Metatron. Metatron then locked heaven to prevent us from returning." Castiel said.

"And at the same time a demon called Abaddon opened all of the hellgates." Dean said.
"Not good dude." Garth said. "But if all of that happened, why aren't we knee deep in possessions and demonic activity?"

"By casting down all of the angels and locking heaven, Metatron caused a widespread panic. Humans responded to this panic by praying to Michael, to Gabriel, to Raphael even to Lucifer." Castiel said

"All those prayers resurrected two Archangels and freed the other two from the cage." Dean said. "And Michael and Lucifer act like there never was an almost Apocalypse. The four Archangels have been working together and having quality family time that would make the Waltons jealous. They unlocked the gates and got all the fallen angels juiced back up.

So now we've got Angels, a handful of demons including Crowley, a Prophet and a vampire ready to work with hunters to make Abaddon a bad memory."

"You're kidding right? Hunters and supernatural creatures working together?" Garth asked skeptical.

"There are times when it benefits both the lion and the lamb to lie down together." Castiel said.

"Come on! Why do I have to be the one to do it?" Gabriel whined. "He's Luci's vessel!"

"Yes he is which is why I can't do it numbskull!" Lucifer said smacking Gabriel in the back of the head. "He would have to say yes and you know that's not happening again."

"I would be incompatible with him as Dean is my vessel." Michael said.

"And I already have a prophet tethered to my ass." Raphael added.

"Which leaves you with the only available ass left for tethering." Lucifer said.

"Besides, I have been doing your job protecting the prophets since you ran away." Raphael said. "Time to shoulder your responsibility little brother."

"Well since you're all going to gang up on me." Gabriel grumbled and walked over to where Sam and Dean were sitting watching the Archangels argue. "You should consider yourself lucky Bullwinkle. I don't tether myself to just anybody you know."

"Gabriel, you're so full of it." Dean said with a grin. "You said it yourself, you like us."

"Should I remind you that was before you shoved a stake in my heart?" Gabriel said.

"It was one of you constructs, Gabriel." Sam said.

"The intent was there, same difference." Gabriel countered.

"And Mystery Spot? Killing me over and over to teach Sam a lesson?" Dean said "And lets not forget the whole TV Land thing."

"You really want to remind me of that?" Gabriel asked. "Not only did you stab me, you blew my cover! Thousands of years under the radar and you two bozos expose me."

"And you still showed up at the Elysian." Sam said.
"Alright already! Maybe I do have a tiny little soft spot for you two yahoos, don't let it go to your heads. Especially yours Sam, your gigantic noggin could be sitting on Easter Island with the rest of the big heads."

Gabriel placed his palm on Sam's forehead and closed his eyes. "Okay all done. Anything starts threatening you and the ground starts shaking, duck."

"So what is next on the agenda?" Dean asked.

"Troop deployment is what I believe you would call it." Michael said. "Castiel will remain here with his garrison under his command."

"You are putting me in charge?" Castiel gasped.

"No one has seen Zachariah and we all know what happened to Anael. I doubt all of those lost were raised. That leaves you as the most experienced angel in your garrison." Michael said. "Not to mention you have always acquitted yourself well on the field of battle. I believe that a promotion is in order, Major."

"I will conduct myself in a manner that brings glory to our Father." Castiel said.

"Forget glorifying Dad." Lucifer said. "Just conduct yourself in a manner that keeps you and your garrison alive."

"By the way you might want to find a replacement for Balthazar." Gabriel grinned. "From what I hear from the top yours is not the only promotion being handed out around here."

"No it's not. Verchiel and Virgil have also been placed in charge of garrisons." Lucifer said. You all fought in the rebellion, Michael needs the support of Garrison leaders who know what battle is like. Not so dewy eyed fledglings that dream of greater glory for our father. Glory seeking is a good way to get your grace extinguished."

"Gabriel have you and Raphael assigned the Cupids yet?" Michael asked.

"The majority of them will be under Raphael's command. I will have a dozen or so to carry messages when needed." Gabriel said.

"And Crowley will be with Belarus." The will follow Abaddon until the battle is joined and then attack her rear." Lucifer said.

"Luci that came out all sorts of wrong." Gabriel said spewing Strawberry Yoohoo from his nose. "Attack her rear?"

"Attack the units in the rear of her army." Lucifer said tossing a stack of Napkins at his brother. "Is that better?"

"So you've already figured our where all the troops with be?" Sam asked.

"Most of them. The obvious targets have been covered. There are other targets that we still aren't aware of." Michael explained. "We won't be able to identify them until they are attacked. So for now we have to wait for Abaddon to make her move."
Chapter 43

Michael had only just finished handing out his orders when Crowley arrived with a fairly large box. An ornately carved wooden box that he sat on the table in front of Sam and Dean.

"Don't say I never gave you two ass pains anything." Crowley said as he moved around the table to an empty seat.

Dean was looking at the box like it might bite him at anytime. The Archangels were staring at Crowley as if they couldn't believe it was him.

"Why you big softie." Gabriel said with a smirk.

"What is this?" Sam questioned.

"Let's just say I had an attack of conscience." Crowley said. "I figured I would be cured of that affliction once I regained full Demonic powers however I was wrong. It has stuck with me like a bad case of athlete's foot."

"What Crowley is trying to say without actually saying it." Lucifer explained. "Is that the bones of your mother are in that box. He's returning them to you."

Sam looked up at the demon. "Thank you."

"Well I couldn't have Mommy Winchester taking up needed space in my storage unit, now could I?" Crowley snarked. "I might have to put something important in there like a wine rack or my porn collection."

Dean was running a hand along the box. "You didn't have to give her back to us."

"Deano, you ever heard the expression don't look a gift horse in the mouth?" Gabriel asked. When Dean nodded Gabriel continued, "Then don't look a gift horse in the mouth kiddo. Just say thank you and you and Sam figure out what you want to do. I think since she was a hunter, she deserves a hunter's funeral don't you?"

"It's not like John knew at the time she died," Lucifer added. "But as long as her bones are available, there's always the risk of someone or something using them for their own purposes."

"We can do it downstairs. Benny has been doing a lot of exploring down there and there's an old furnace." Sam said.

"Gabriel and I will go with you." Lucifer said. "We will bless her, make sure that no demonic entity can reassemble her."

"You should not be here!" a young unknown angel said appearing in front of Ash and company as they entered the Garden. "It is forbidden, you must return to your given heavens."

"Dude chill." Ash said. "We have permission from the Archangels to go where ever we need to go, and we were told to come here."

"This information has not been made known to me." The angel pulled out a sword. "You must
leave now."

"Nathaniel, put your sword away." Another angel was approaching. This angel had the appearance of an older kindly black man. "I was told they were coming. They are exactly where they need to be."

The first angel bowed his head and put away his sword before stepping aside to allow Ash, Mary, John, Henry, Ellen and Bobby to enter the Garden.

The second angel smiled at them. "Welcome to the Garden, I am Joshua. You are expected." He looked around at the group. "He has taken a special interest in this family. Very few human souls are allowed in the garden. Sam and Dean were the first since Christ was allowed in. And now the rest of the Winchester family. Please come with me." Joshua turned and began walking down a path.

Henry suddenly stopped and reaching out a hand to touch a flower. "Is this a Ghost Orchid?" Henry looked around seeing the numerous blooms. "They are so rare that they are considered extinct."

Joshua smiled at Henry's appreciation of the bloom. "Every plant that has or will exist on earth is here in this Garden. This is the center of Heaven the first part our father brought into being." Joshua spread his arms gesturing around him. "Father's first children played in this garden as fledglings. Michael and Lucifer played Tag here. Raphael and Gabriel played Hide and go Seek. The same games that human children play were first played here by the elders, the Archangels. And when Father began to create Seraphs, we played here under the watchful eyes of our older brothers. We learned to fly here, soaring in the heavens or darting among the trees."

"It's beautiful." Mary said.

"It is indeed Mary Winchester. That is why I asked to remain here to care for all of this." Joshua said with a smile. "But come; we must continue on, our destination lies a bit farther."

"I'd like to know why we're supposed to be here." Bobby said. "Who told you we were coming."

"God still speaks to me when he wishes. Since the elders reopened heaven he has spoken several times. He knows of how you helped to reopen the gates. He has something special in mind for you." Joshua said as he stepped into a clearing and then pointed toward a large marble pyramid. "That is your destination."

A small group gathered around the furnace watching as Gabriel and Lucifer placed their hands on the contraption and chanted quietly in Enochian. Sam and Dean each held on to a handle on the box carrying their mother's bones and they were followed by Benny, Kevin Tran, Crowley and Castiel who was also quietly murmuring in Enochian adding his own blessing.

The Archangels finally stopped chanting and turned toward the others.

"You need to set the box down now," Gabriel said. "It's time for us to bless Mary's remains. Castiel, come join us in the blessing."

Castiel joined the two Archangels and they knelt around the box as Lucifer opened it. The angels all reached inside to touch the bones as Lucifer began to speak.

"Mary Campbell Winchester. Your time on Earth was short but the path to heaven was opened
before you that you would pass into eternal peace. And now we ensure your peace. By the
Authority of The Archangel Lucifer, The Archangel Gabriel and the Seraph Castiel we render
these bones null of all power. We separate your spirit from your mortal remains for all of eternity.
We deny all manner of creatures regardless of their power to pull you down from the heaven that
our father has granted to you."

A soft glow came from inside the box. The angels stood up.

"Dean, Sam; Would you like us to place the bones inside our would you prefer to do so?" Castiel
asked gesturing toward the furnace.

"No we'll do it." Dean said. "She's our mom."

Raphael made his way down the base of the throne to the ground. "Your are truly highly favored.
Not even Christ was allowed to lay eyes upon the throne of our father. Sam and dean will also be
allowed this privilege in due time." Raphael waved his hand and a large blanket was spread out on
the ground large enough for all of the souls to sit on. Bowls of all manner of fruit appeared. "Our
father has ordered that you be offered all hospitality. The fruit is but a portion of the bounty found
growing here."

John looked at the food. "Are you telling me that we were called here for a picnic?"

"Among others things." Raphael said with an enigmatic smile. "We must wait for my brothers to
arrive and I understand that the sharing of food is something that is done among humans as a sign
of fellowship and goodwill." Raphael lowered himself to the blanket and picked up a pear taking a
bite.

Joshua was now approaching with Michael. Joshua was carrying a tray with several cups while
Michael was carrying a large jug. Michael sat himself on the blanket and took the tray of cups.
"Thank you Joshua." He turned and smiled at the gathered hunters. "My apologies for Lucifer and
Gabriel's tardiness. They are assisting Sam and Dean and will join us as soon as they are done."

"Something going on we need to worry about?" Bobby asked.

"No, nothing like that right now." Michael assured. "They came into possession of their mother's
bones and wished to give her a hunter's funeral. Lucifer and Gabriel remained behind to offer
blessings to the procedure and ensure that Mary cannot be resurrected for an evil purpose."
Michael and Raphael related Metatron's punishment to the human souls while they waited for the arrival of Gabriel and Lucifer.

"So you locked him in Lucifer's cage?" Bobby asked. "And how well did that work out with Lucifer?"

"It worked out quite well for the most part." Michael said. "But you must remember that Lucifer had demons working diligently to release him. Including Abaddon."

"But from information that has recently come to light, Abaddon's motives were not what we believed them to be," Raphael said. "We must now even look back on the actions of our own and ask ourselves if we truly know what the goal of those actions were."

"But that is not what is important." Michael said "Lucifer and Gabriel approach."

The group all got to their feet as the two angels appeared at the top of the pyramid. Michael and Raphael glanced at each other before making their way to the top to join the other Archangels.

Ash frowned as he realized that all of the Archangels including Michael seemed to be deferring to Gabriel. "Is it just me or does it seem like everyone is, taking orders from Gabriel?"

"No, it's not just you." Henry said stepping up beside Ash.

"It is Himself." Joshua said from where he has appeared beside Henry. "Gabriel is The messenger. Sometimes he simply passes along what our father wishes us to know but at other times Our father speaks through him."

Suddenly Gabriel was standing there in front of the small group. Michael reached out a hand to gently try to pull him back.

"Desist Michael. Neither Gabriel nor myself is in harm's way." Bobby looked at the trickster and quietly said "Well I'll be damned." Gabriel's normally caramel colored eyes were a blue so pale as to almost be white.

"No Robert Singer, your days of damnation were never meant to be."

"God?" Mary asked remembering how Gabriel had reacted in the other heaven.

"Mary, you always had so much faith. Your sons have that faith." Gabriel said giving her a gentle smile. The expression on his face was one of affectionate indulgence.

"So any particular reason why you show up now after everything is over." John asked. "You couldn't have shown up when the Yellow eyed demon was killing entire families to free Lucifer? Or maybe before my boy threw himself into hell to save this world?"

"John, where did your boys learn to sacrifice themselves other than from their father's example?" God asked. God lowered himself down to sit on the blanket. "Lucifer, something to drink, please."

"What would you like, Dad." Lucifer asked stepping forward.

"Oh, whatever your brother would prefer." God settled himself and then sighed. "Now as to why I have chosen to break my silence. I have been monitoring this situation, and you have come to my
notice, those of you who call yourselves hunters. You have undertaken a task that belonged to
others." He glanced around at the Archangels. "I placed responsibility into my children's hands
believing that they were ready. I was mistaken, not all of them were mature enough to handle it.
But I am not here to berate my sons, in the end they did admirably in learning lessons, in maturitbg
and shouldering the responsibilities that belong to them."

God stopped to bestow a smile on each of the Archangels in turn. "But you are also my children.
You were created with a freedom that my first children must cultivate. Free will which comes
naturally to you is something that they must learn, and like any pupil, they will make mistakes. But
you, human as you are stepped up to the plate. During your lives and again here in heaven.

This situation with Metatron has shown me a weakness that was not apparent until he locked
Heaven. If the gates of heaven are closed to the angels then heaven has no protection. All of you
along with those still back at your 'Roadhouse' showed me that human souls are strong and
courageous when they are the souls of Hunters. So since I am God and the ultimate power of
creation rests in my hands, I have decided that for hunters heaven will be different for you."

"Different how?" Ellen asked.

"I am creating a new breed of angel. Born human but gaining wings upon passing through the
gates. You can freely move about heaven. And you have a purpose. You have the right and ability
to defend Heaven from attack. Since the beginning of civilization humans have spoke of 'Guardian'
angels. Until now there has been no such breed of angel, you are the first true guardian angels.
And those hunters who remain true at heart and rise to heaven will join your ranks."

James (Street name Dragon) was turning out to be a natural demon. Of course having a hellhound
drag him down to hell was no fun, but the rest of it? Hell he had been through the same shit day in
and day out on the streets. Always someone trying to stick a knife in your back. Having to
constantly look over your shoulder in case a rival was standing there with a gun. He really didn't
see much of a difference.

But Abby, Abby recognized a player when she saw one which was how he ended up in her inner
circle. Okay so maybe hell was better than the streets it took him years to move up the ranks in the
gang and here he was a trusted lieutenant in Abby's army. And about to become more trusted.
After all the Sam Winchester as a hostage idea was his. And now he was about to drop some
serious knowledge on Abby.

That damned Drag Queen had been playing both sides against the middle. Thanks to that Cross
dressing Demon, Dragon knew where the Winchesters were at. Abby would definitely reward him
for this and that freak well that freak was soon to be a dead freak. Why that thing thought it could
hold it's own with Demons was beyond him.

James smirked as he made his way to the bushes near the entrance to the bunker. When that bitch
came out James would be waiting. He'd take the body back to Abby and then lead her right back
here.

*****

Spicy slipped off the heels she was wearing. This was one of those rare times when stealth trumped
style. In her hand was a gift given to her by none other than Lucifer himself. Spicy adjusted her
grip on the handle for an underhand strike. She quickly darted forward wrapping an arm around
the little punk's neck and slipping the tip of the angel blade between his ribs.

The little punk never knew what had hit him. "Sugar somebody should have warned you, never underestimate a drag queen" Spicy said as she let the body drop to the ground. "I really wasn't prepared for this she sighed before popping back into the bunker.

"Hey Old Spice, You guys have got a bit of a litter problem. I'm afraid there's some trash out front. And Abaddon is definitely going to miss him." Spicy said. "If one of those angel is hanging around, now would be a good time to call them. He's one of Abby's top lieutenants."

Benny looked at her for a moment before yelling over his shoulder. "Hey Cas!" He turned back to Spicy "Do I want to know how one of Abaddon's top lieutenants manged to get himself turned into little on the front lawn?"

"Well Sugar it's simple," Spicy said. "He assumed that I was just as stupid as he was."
Chapter 45

Castiel stood over the demon's meatsuit. The demon was definitely dead. Dean looked at Spicy who was back in her designer heels. "Okay so I will never underestimate a drag queen again." He said. "How did you know he was out here."

"Sugar he was new, barely 48 hours off the rack and lets just say the torturer that Abaddon has working the rack is no Alistair, he isn't even a Dean Winchester." Spicy said. "What passes for torture with him would be barely a tickle coming from you or your old mentor. That's the main reason Abby changed her tune from 'Kill Sam Winchester' to 'Capture Sam Winchester alive'. I sensed the little punk as soon as he showed up out here."

Castiel turned toward the demon. "You are still a baby demon. Yet your actions are on the level of a much older being."

"Sugar I am a Gay drag queen that grew up and lived all my life in the bible belt. You learn to be cautious. Getting hit in the head with a bible every Sunday guarantees it." Spicy said. "Not to mention the gay bashing homophobes who consider a good time on Saturday night leaving a faggot bloody and beaten in a back alley somewhere. You pick up some damned good survival instincts."

"So if he was here, does that mean that Abaddon knows where we are?" Sam asked.

"Knowing what a crafty little bastard he was, I doubt it." Spicy prodded the body with the tip of her shoe. "He wouldn't give up the information he would have brought her to your front door to score brownie points. He was overly ambitious. But he is dead now and Abaddon will soon start looking for him if she isn't already."

"He cannot be discovered here." Castiel said. "This body must be discovered somewhere far from here."

"We're are definitely on the same page there Angel dumpling." Spicy said. "His gang is based out of New York but he also has family in Philadelphia. I'm thinking that either one would be a good dumping ground."

"Agreed. I believe that placing the body in the water would gain us a bit of time." Castiel said as he squatted down next to the body.

"How is that going to help us?" Dean asked.

"The longer it takes to discover the body, the longer it will take Abaddon to figure out what killed him. It will take a while for the body to wash up if we're lucky." Sam said. "You know, Gabriel and Raphael are going to have a fit but, you can't go back Spicy. It probably wouldn't take very long for Abaddon to figure out who killed him."

"Yeah and that's going to bring up the question of why." Dean agreed. "But hey, I don't mind her staying at all. Especially if it means she annoys that trickster."

The roadhouse was packed. It was standing room only as the hunters who had taken part in helping to open the gates gathered there along with four Archangels. Gabriel was sitting at a table his head resting on his folded arms while Michael rubbed his back.
"How are you doing?" Michael asked.

"Tired. At least he didn't just suddenly vessel jack me this time." Gabriel mumbled.

"To bad you're not feeling up to snuff." Lucifer said with a chuckle. "Because this has to be the funniest thing I have seen in a long time. I have never seen such uncontrollably clumsy wing handling in my entire existence."

Raphael slid a glass of PepsiMax over in front of Gabriel. "Lucifer, You really shouldn't laugh at them. They are after all now fledglings. That means we should be encouraging and guiding them."

Lucifer let out a laugh again as Mary turned around to speak to her mother and knocked John on his ass when her wing slapped him in the face. When she realized what she had done she spun around to help John, and Rufus' bottle of Johnny Walker Blue fell to the floor and shattered.

Gabriel lifted his head and sighed. "You know instead of just sitting here you should be showing them how to tuck those wings away until they need them."

"Okay everybody stop where you are." Michael said. "Although it is amusing to watch you guys trying to deal with your wings you need more room for that than is available here. So, lesson one, storing wings when they are not needed. Concentrate on visualizing them shrinking down and withdrawing into your back."

"You think something this big fits in our backs?" Bobby asked. "You ain't just a feathered idjit, you're a brain dead feathered idjit."

"Tattoos." Gabriel said exasperated. "Visualize them as being a tattoo inked onto your skin. It will take some effort, but you will eventually feel them growing smaller."

It took a bit of time but eventually wings began disappearing one by one.

"Okay that's much better." Gabriel said. "You guys need to practice that. Eventually it will become automatic. You won't need to think about it. Once everything blows over and Abaddon has been taken care of, we'll teach you how to really handle those wings."

"Yep And I'm definitely looking forward to those flying lessons." Lucifer said. "There's nothing more adorably funny than watching a fledgling trying to get off the ground for the first time."

"Don't listen to Lucifer. Gabriel will be teaching you." Michael said. "But for now, You all pretty much know how to fight, you simply need your blade. Father did not give you grace with your wings so you must lean to use the power of your soul to manifest your blade."

"And with Abaddon still running around," John said. "Odds are definitely leaning towards us needing a blade."

"Actually with a garrison in heaven, other than this one," Raphael added. "You are more reinforcements if demons however unlikely make it to the human section of Heaven."

Abaddon continued pacing. Spicy had left a while back intending to spread the word of the change in plans about Sam Winchester. James had left an hour later saying that he had an errand to run concerning his 'business interests' within the gang. Neither of them had yet returned.
Although no one had heard any rumbling among the angels, that didn't mean that those sanctimonious bastards had nothing to do with her two missing lieutenants. In fact the angels had been suspiciously quiet as of late.

Abaddon had been perfectly happy to let Spicy drag her around from pillar to post with this makeover but Abaddon had not been idle. She had taken a page out of Crowley's book. With the help of an angel, Crowley had discovered how to open Purgatory. Abaddon didn't have the luxury of teaming with an angel, but there was always more than one way to skin a cat.

Abaddon had been exploring another avenue of inquiry. Purgatory like Heaven and Hell, no matter how secure, had portals of entry. It's how the souls of the deceased got in after all. That meant that someone knew a way in, the reapers. But finding one was proving more difficult than she thought it would be. After all Alistair had managed to catch not one but two reapers. However whatever knowledge Alistair had used to do so, had died with him.

It had become even more important to find the Winchesters. Abaddon knew that Henry had turned over the information on the Men of Letters to them. It was their birthright after all being that they were his grandsons.

Abaddon couldn't afford to wait any longer for Spicy or James to return. She grabbed the first available demon. "Notify the members of the council, We will meet tonight."

Lucifer smiled at the demon. "You are something else Spicy. I had a feeling that you could take care of yourself."

"Sugar you know you will turn a girl's head with talk like that." Spicy grinned.

"Eww!" Dean yelled. "Can you two not do that when you have an audience?"

"I'm with Deano. That's what Dad created privacy for." Gabriel said his face screwed up into a frown.

"What's the matter with the two of you? Jealous? Don't worry, I'm like a habanero pepper. Plenty of heat to go around." Spicy said with a wink.

"Lucifer please, control that creature." Raphael begged.

"Now why would I want to do that? I'm thoroughly enjoying her 'spicy' nature." Lucifer said leaning against the counter with a grin.

Sam sat at the table trying to hide his own grin behind the screen of his laptop. "What's so funny Samantha? We don't want to watch the devil sweet talking his girlfriend."

"Dean, I believe that Sam has come to the same conclusion that I have. Lucifer and Spicy intentionally act in this manner because it gains them a reaction from those around them." Castiel said.

"Yeah I figured out they were yanking you guys chain a while back." Sam laughed. "But it is 'compelling'. Better than a rerun of Dr Sexy."

"Oh well since the jig is up, in more ways than one, you should know that Abaddon has been looking for a way into Purgatory. So far she's been unsuccessful, but she hasn't stopped trying."
Spicy said. "I know you all think I should stay here but this is a perfect opportunity you are about to miss."

"She's right. It's a perfect time to feed Abaddon a bit of misinformation." Lucifer said. "Spicy will 'escape' from us. We wanted this war to be on our terms, so here's our chance to make sure that it is."
"Luci, what is going through that devious mind of yours?" Gabriel asked.

"Well, Obviously she hasn't found the location of this place and we don't want her to. Suppose for a moment that Spicy had been nabbed by the Winchesters. She's such a brand new low level demon that they wouldn't worry about taking the precautions that they would for Abaddon, or Crowley."

"That's right. Especially when you have angel dumpling over there added into the mix." Spicy said. "Hell I'm such a spring chicken a that either one of the famous Winchesters should be able to exercise me by shouting 'Boo'! Abaddon respects the Winchesters even if she doesn't like them. After all it was Henry who paralyzed her and then told you how to keep her from pulling herself back together."

"We find another location and give Abaddon just enough information to think it's what all those Men of Letters died to protect." Lucifer said. "When Give my little red hot chili pepper here enough erroneous intel to draw Abaddon in and we can deal her army a sizable blow. At least part of it."

"And she'll still have one of the largest affiliated gang networks in recorded history at her beck and call." Dean reminded.

"That is true but our little baby Archangel is the Trickster and I'm thinking that would be right up his alley." Lucifer said.

"You want me to take down that huge Gang syndicate of hers it won't happen overnight." Gabriel said. "You know all the organized crime syndicates around the world are pissing their pants right now. They're all terrified of this new Unified Gangs crap."

"So you can't do it?" Spicy asked. "And here I was thinking that you were a somebody after the way Lucifer bragged about his favorite little brother."

"I didn't say I couldn't do it." Gabriel corrected. "I said it would take some time. It's going to take a lot to get bribes in the right law enforcement hands for them to look the other way, not to mention trying to stay off the radar of all the demons Abaddon had to put in place to get them to ignore the gangs."

"I may be misunderstanding your intention here," Sam said. "But it almost sounds like you're talking about starting a war between the gangs and the Mafia."

"That is exactly what he is talking about." Michael said.

"Hey at least the established mob functions on tradition, and they do at least still pay lip service to being good Catholics." Gabriel said. "Better to have a Lucky Luciano running a unified world wide crime syndicate than a Nino Brown."

"A who?" Dean asked.

"Are you telling me that you've never seen New Jack City?" Sam laughed. "When this is over we're going to have to rent that one for you."

"There is a problem with that plan." Michael said. "By the time the two sides stop fighting the death toll will probably be just as high as it would have been had Lucifer and I managed to start the
Apocalypse. And a large number of those casualties are going to be innocents."

"I guess we can nix that one." Gabriel said. "To be honest anything we do at this point to deal with the gang aspect is going to result in a lot of innocent lives lost."

"Has anyone considered the fact that the majority of the gang members are not demons and lack the organizational skills that Abaddon possesses. Should the conflict we initiate fail to progress in her favor, this unnatural association could very well fall apart all on its own." Castiel suggested.

"Maybe if we went about it a different way." Gabriel said. "Find out who the demons are and remove them. If I knew who to go after I could arrange to get them out of the way a lot easier."

"You should ask Crowley where he's been recently and what's he's been up to." Spicy said. "You might be surprised at what he has managed to discover."

"Come on. It's going to have to look good if we're going to put one over on Abaddon." Spicy said.

"True but you've got a trickster at your disposal." Gabriel said. "That means you can have all the injuries without the pain."

"Are you sure about this?" Dean asked. "I mean if you want to change your mind."

"That's sweet of you to think about me but we all know that hell bitch needs to go," Spicy said. "And I'm happy to help get her out of here for good."

"You do remember the coordinates right?" Michael asked. "Two Garrisons will be waiting and when she takes the bait they will surround her and attack."

"Of course I remember Felix Unger with wings. I'm not going to let you down." Spicy said

"Felix Unger?" Lucifer chuckled. "I suppose that makes me Oscar Madison?"

"Oh no Sugar. He may be overly prim but you certainly aren't overly messy." Spicy said. "Just your domain."

"Okay okay, enough the fake courting." Dean said.

"Who says it's fake Dean?" Lucifer asked and slipped his arm around Spicy with a smirk. "I could seriously be wooing Spicy here. After all a king needs his queen." Lucifer finished his statement with a wagging of eyebrows that put Gabriel's eyebrow waggle to shame.

"Oh Gross." Sam said. "Too much information. Anyway you do know that you're actually going to need bait right. Abaddon is going to be expecting to find us there."

"We already thought of that." Dean's voice came from Sam's left but Dean was standing to his right. Sam and Dean both turned to find 'Dean' standing there with the trickster's smirk on his face.

"What the! Get out of my body!" Dean demanded.

"And here we thought you would consider that an improvement." Sam and Dean's heads snapped toward the voice to find Sam now standing there with his arm around Spicy. Who had turned into the embrace and pulled up the bottom of Lucifer's shirt.
"Ohhh, abs of steel!" she exclaimed. "I think I'm in heaven."

"No way are we letting you two get close to Abaddon." Gabriel said. "But we hope she'll get close to one of us."

"We plan on teaching her the real meaning of bitchslap." Lucifer nodded. "Gabriel, we need to get Spicy all decked out with some bruises. From the information Belarus sent through Crowley, Abaddon's little meeting should be getting underway right about now."

"Remember, I'm telling her that she needs to attack at daybreak. Sam and Dean only come out of the bunker at that time to have their coffee on the porch." Spicy said.

"Hopefully she will sense the wards the Bobby put up around this place and be fooled into thinking it's protecting something of great value." Sam said. "Dean and I added a lot of others we found in the archives."

"Good then we're all ready to go." Lucifer said. "Michael will take you back to the bunker."

"If anything happens to my baby..." Dean threatened looking at the Impala sitting in front of Bobby's restored house.

"If anything happens we'll angelically restore her to showroom condition okay?" Gabriel assured. "Now scram, get outta here."
Chapter 47

"Hey Luci, you were joking about you and Spicy, right?" Gabriel asked as the two sat on the porch of Singer's old house waiting for morning.

"Have you been on Earth so long you recognize gender now little brother?" Lucifer asked.

"Hell no! It's not the gender, it's the fact that she's even more annoying and sarcastic than I am! I have to protect my position in the family you know?" Gabriel said. "If she's going to be hanging around all the time Raphael may actually start to think I'm nice by comparison. And Dad forbid Michael begins to think I'm a proper angel. Millenia of work down the drain you know?"

"I don't think you have to worry about losing your position.." Lucifer said with a chuckle. "If we start to forget that you're a pain in the ass, I'm sure that you'll remind us."

"So what is it with her anyway?" Gabriel said. "You two just seem to have this weird made for each other vibe going on, seriously it's creepy. I mean she was human not too long ago and you're the 'I hate humans' one in the family."

"Maybe Metatron's whole make the family human thing made me take another look at them." Lucifer said. "Don't get me wrong I'd still wipe most of them off the face of the Earth, but some of them are tolerable. Like Sam. I'll deny it if you say anything but I respect the kid. Do you realize the balls it takes for one of them to stand up to me?"

I mean Dean stood up to Michael yeah but look at Michael's reputation among the humans, even if they did get it wrong, but hell they even have statues all around the world dedicated to St Gabriel the Archangel. Me? As far as they are concerned I'm evil personified. I think my picture is next to the word in the dictionary."

"They do tend to spend a lot of time playing up your bad side." Gabriel agreed.

"That's my point you walk up to a random human and say my name is Lucifer and they will start crossing themselves as soon as they're finished pissing their pants in fear that is. Sam never cowered, never once showed fear when he faced me. Not saying he wasn't wetting his pants when I wasn't around to witness it mind you, but face to face? Sam pulled out the bravado and dared me to do my worst." Lucifer said then snapped up a beer. "I even like Dean to a point. He got rid of that arrogant ass kissing prick Zachariah. That definitely scored him some brownie points."

"That still doesn't explain why you like that demon so much. You think Demons are worse than humans." Gabriel said snapping up a Yoohoo.

"Spicy has personality. She's irreverent and says what's on her mind. She doesn't give a damn what is acceptable, take her or leave her just as she is. I admire that." Lucifer said.

"Bro, I hate to say it," Gabriel smirked, "But you're getting soft in your old age."

"Abaddon, we have been hunting for the Winchesters for weeks with no success. Before that we hunted for months." Belarus said. "The angel Castiel hid them from everyone both angels and demons. Unless we get lucky and stumble across them I don't know how we will find them."
"I don't care how they are found, but find them." Abaddon said. They have access to knowledge that I need. They are more than vessels they are Winchesters. Their births were not an accident they were carefully planned out. Just as John Winchester's birth was not left to chance. They were never meant to be hunters. It took a bit of meddling to bring them into the life."

"What do you mean they weren't meant to be hunters?" Another demon asked. "Everything Azazel did brought them to this point. The death of their mother and that girl that had caught Sam Winchester's attention. All of it was meant to push them towards revenge."

"Yes it was, but Azazel made a mistake and it cost him his life. I was unaware of who they were at the time. I had thought the cycle of guardians was broken with Henry Winchester. He never passed on his Knowledge to John and John never knew that he was a Legacy. But Henry managed to pass that information on to them, or at least access to that information." Abaddon explained. "The Winchesters grew more important to us as time progresses. I need the knowledge that they protect."

The council all looked up as the door opened and a lower level demon entered the room bowing to Abaddon. "My Queen, the Demon known as Spicy has returned."

"And where is she?" Abaddon asked. "I do not see her."

"Get out of my way you pathetic imps! I have information for Abaddon and she will not take you delaying me well." Spicy's voice could be heard through the door.

"Do not delay her report," Abaddon said. "She is correct, if the news she bears is of importance to me, I will not be pleased."

Spicy pushed her way past the demon in the doorway to gasps from the assembled council members. The demon was showing obvious bruising and cuts which would have healed if inflicted by anything other than an angel.

"My Queen." Spicy dropped to her knees and let out a convincing gasp of pain. "James is dead. Killed by the angels."

"Angels?" a demon asked. "How do you know this?"

"Maybe because the same winged dicks got their hands on me?" Spicy snapped. "The angels are working with the Winchesters. I don't know what they plan, but I do know where they are."

"How is it you are here?" A second demon asked. "If the angels had you, then you should be as dead as James."

"They were trying to get information. They left the younger Winchester to guard me while they discussed an alternate method of torture." Spicy said. "Sam Winchester is soft-hearted. I was able to convince him to partially release me by using my host. I was able to escape them."

Abaddon reached out and touched Spicy's cheek sensing a lingering grace within the bruise.

"Where are they Spicy?" Abaddon asked.

"Sioux Falls." Spicy answered. "A place called Singer Auto Salvage. But under the ground there is a large cavern. I saw the angels and the Winchesters going down a hidden stairway and then they would come back up carrying books and scrolls."

"The archives." Abaddon smiled gently at the demonic drag Queen. "Do you remember where?"
"Yes my Queen. But I overheard them speaking with the angels more than once." Spicy said. "Michael has ordered that the angel's keep them within the confines of the house only allowing them out in the mornings. There were deadly wards around the place. They only broke them to bring James and I in alive. By now I'm sure that they have discovered me missing."

"They will replace the wards. Winchesters have a bad habit of closing the barn door after the horse has escaped. They tend to underestimate us. Their reputation has made them complacent." Abaddon nodded. "Gather the army, we will simply have to secure the Winchesters when they come out in the morning."

Crowley was getting so tired of being the errand boy, but the alternative was even more distasteful. Crowley liked his existence entirely too much to risk it by complaining. He arrived at the bunker to find Raphael and several other angels guarding the Winchesters.

The Winchesters were sitting at the table looking decidedly unhappy. "Didn't anyone ever warn you that your face will get stuck like that?"

"Crowley you better have a good reason for being here." Dean said.

"Oh I do." Crowley said. "Where is Castiel?"

"Crowley." the angel appeared from out of nowhere.

"I have a message for you from Belarus." Crowley said. "Tell the pigeon called Castiel to let our rightful king know that the pathetic excuse for a hell knight fell for it hook, line and sinker. She ordered us to gather the army for an attack to take place as soon as the Winchesters show their faces at dawn.

Oh so cliche wouldn't you say? Anyway message delivered. I'm off to continue identifying our collection of demonic gang bangers for Gabriel."

Raphael nodded. "So it begins."
"Castiel, aren't you supposed to be Winchester sitting?" Gabriel asked as the seraph appeared on the porch.

"Raphael agreed to keep watch over them while I delivered a message to you from Crowley." Castiel explained. "Belarus asked that he get word to you, your Spicy Tabasco has successfully completed her task. Abaddon is gathering her army and plans to attack at dawn."

"That's my girl." Lucifer said with a smile.

"Although he clothes himself in female attire, Spicy is in fact, male." Castiel pointed out. "Although gender does not seem to be an issue with him in how he identifies himself."

"He's a gay drag queen Castiel, it's on the rude side to call her a him when she's in drag." Gabriel pointed out. "Besides I get the feeling she'll rip your lungs out if you call her a guy."

"Castiel, make sure that you pass the word to the rest of the family that she is under my protection." Lucifer said. "I don't want any mistakes one the battlefield."

"See Luci, I told you that you're getting soft." Gabriel snarked.

"And who died saving octopus girl?" Lucifer shot back. "If you had playing Knight in shining armor you could have escaped the Elysium with the Winchesters and your life. You chose to confront me to keep me from killing her like the rest of those pagan germs."

"Kali just happened to be in the right place at the right time. You know as arrogant and stupid as he was Baldur was my adopted brother and Odin my adopted father." Gabriel explained. "I was a part of that family for centuries and you had just killed my 'family'."

"Loyal to them but not to us?" Lucifer asked.

"Look I tried to put an end to the entire thing. Blame Ruby and Lilith, and Sam for being too dense to pick up on what I was trying to teach him in Florida." Gabriel said. "But maybe this way was the right way since we're a family again and you're back in the fold where you belong."

"The cost was astronomical." Castiel said reminding the two that he was still there. "Many humans gave their lives vainly trying to keep you from rising brother. We also lost many of our own brothers and sisters."

"Well Castiel, that means that we must be diligent in this war against Abaddon." Lucifer said. "Let her bear the brunt of the losses. It's why you and the others were promoted. You have the benefit of experience. We trust you to lead your siblings wisely."

"I will endeavor to do my best." Castiel said.

"We know you will Bro, now get outta here." Gabriel said. "We've got an ambush to get ready for."

Raphael was not a happy camper. Babysitting Winchesters was far beneath his dignity but it was
also what he had been ordered to do by Michael. When Balthazar and Virgil appeared in the bunker Raphael sighed in relief. At least they were angels.

"Aha and there's the prophet we cam to see!" Balthazar said. "Michael gave us a task to find a weapon for you to defend yourself with. And we did find something."

Virgil walked over to where Kevin was sitting ans produced a brass hel which he dropped on the prophet's head and gave it a tap for good measure as it feel forward covering Kevin's eyes as it was too big. "Brother it appears that padding will be needed." Virgil said. "The prophet has a tiny head."

"So it appears." Balthazar said. "I' you will recall, David also had to pad it to get it to fit."

Balthazar urged the Prophet to his feet and strapped a breastplate on him. The armor reached the top of his thighs. "Oh Dear, we'll have to pad this up somehow also."

"Uh Balthazar, what exactly are you doing to Kevin?" Dean asked. "He looks like like a kid playing dress up."

"Well we figured from watching his progress that fighting is not going to be his strong suit." Balthazar explained. "So he was less in need of a weapon, and more in need of armor for protection. And so we have brought him armor."

"Whose armor? The Jolly Green Giant's?" Dean asked. "That stuff looks like it would fit Sam to a tee."

Virgil looked at Sam for a moment. "Well it did belong to Goliath." Virgil turned back to Kevin trying to adjust the leather ties to make the breast plate fit.

"You are putting Kevin in Goliath's armor?" Sam asked. "Wasn't Goliath like an enemy of God or something?"

"He was an enemy of Israel. Actually two different things." Balthazar said. As he plopped the helmet with added padding on Kevin's head to check the fit. "After the battle David claimed the armor as the spoils of war. When David's life came to an end, we claimed the armor and put it in the armory in the back where it has been collecting dust ever since. I had forgotten that we even had it. Virgil actually reminded me that we had it this morning."

Virgil tighten another strap on the armor. "That is the best we can do for fit. This armor was blessed by our father. It will protect you from demonic weapons."

"God blessed Goliath's armor?" Dean shook his head. "No offense by your daddy doesn't seem to quite be all there at times."

"Our father blessed the armor at King David's behest." Raphael said.

"You have to understand, David was quite well liked by Heaven. Michael fought with him on the battlefield, Gabriel used to hang out with him and they would write Psalms together." Balthazar said. "Pretty much all he requested was given to him, he was Dad's favorite human; at least until Jesus came along."

"One last item." Virgil said producing a spear. "I doubt you could handle his sword but Goliath's spear might be a bit easier. All you have to do is stab a demon with it."

Kevin collapsed into a chair. "Okay can we get it off now?" Kevin finally managed to find his
voice to speak as the two angels disappeared on a flutter of wings. "Oh great." the prophet said as he tried to stand up. Looking over at Sam and Dean, Kevin huffed, "Uh guys, a little help here. This stuff weighs a ton."

Sam went over and grabbed Kevin's arm with a laugh while Dean took the spear to lean in a corner.

Belarus gathered the demons under his command. It wasn't a huge number but it would do. He looked at the group.

"It is in our nature to lie, and Abaddon has lied to us." He said. "She has told us that our King, our father is dead, killed by Michael. But Lucifer lives. Come morning, Abaddon leads us to attack the angel's stronghold. She leads us to attack our rightful King.

Abaddon has long lusted for our king's throne. Ever since Michael placed him in the cage. Abaddon has worked with us saying that she only wished to free him from his imprisonment, what she really wished was to bring about his death and Blame it on Michael so that she could attack the angels.

She will bring down the wrath of heaven upon herself. Our king will note who follows her and they will be punished just as those who fight on the side of our king will be rewarded at the battle's end. Abaddon will not win this war. She faces all the angels in heaven and among them four Archangels including our King Lucifer who has been restored to his place among the host. There is no need for us to set ourselves against heaven.

When the battle begins it is Abaddon we will strike against. We will strike against the demons following the pretender to our lord's throne."

Belarus turned towards the sign that read 'Sioux Falls 25 miles' "Abaddon moves with the rising sun. We will move when she is in position."
"It's almost dawn. Are you ready for a fight little brother?" Lucifer asked.

"Against that hell bitch? Bring it on." Gabriel said. "It's been a while since I've kicked Hell Knight ass, but I haven't forgotten how."

"In a way it's too bad she had to be so greedy, She is a damned fine warrior." Lucifer said. "Don't underestimate her."

"I won't." Gabriel said. "Here they come."

The first demons to attack were lower level demons. This meant that Lucifer and Gabriel did not have to even use celestial powers on them. Just a basic exorcism and the babies were sent to hell.

"You know Sam," Gabriel said stressing the 'Sam' for the demons within earshot. I was expecting a lot worse than that. I thought Abaddon was supposed to be some big time Hell Knight?"

"Yeah, Ruby could have come up with a better attack than that." Lucifer answered impersonating Sam. "If that's the best he had on his side, no wonder Lucifer got tossed in the cage."

"I know right? Azazel put up a bigger fight than this." Gabriel taunted. "He at least made us work for it."

The second wave to attack seemed to take offense to the taunting and moved forward en masse. Gabriel gave a Ddean Winchester worthy grin as he pulled an angel blade from his jacket and Lucifer also pulled a blade from his jacket although Lucifer's blade like Lucifer himself was disguised to look like the Demon killing knife that the Winchesters were known to have.

Gabriel plunged the angel blade into another Demon. "You know Lucifer is laughing his ass off at you right now. Come on give us a challenge."

Michael was itching to join in the battle but the whole purpose of this little exercise was to get Abaddon to reveal herself. Verchiel stood beside his commander watching the two Archangels deal with the attacking demons.

"Come on, come on. Show yourself." Verchiel muttered. "Where are you?"

"She is not stupid." Michael said. "She won't reveal herself until she thinks she has the upper hand. Lucifer and Gabriel will soon allow themselves to be 'overrun'. That is when she will come forth."

"They place themselves in great danger." Verchiel said. "The longer they keep this up, the more they risk the ruse will be uncovered."

"That is true, But that is Lucifer the rightful King of Hell and Gabriel The Trickster." Michael said. "Should any see through the illusion, they will simply smite all within range and we will sweep down to join the fray." Michael suddenly seemed to grow alert. But I don't think that will be necessary. Abaddon approaches." Michael pointed down toward a blonde haired woman.

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Gabriel and Lucifer sensed Abaddon before they saw her. They both deliberately made stupid mistakes which allowed them to be 'disarmed'.

"And who are you? Besides another ugly demonic bitch?" Gabriel asked even though he obviously knew exactly who she was. Abaddon wouldn't expect Dean to recognize her and for the moment, he was supposed to be Dean Winchester.

"Dean Winchester, should I be offended that you don't recognize me?" Abaddon said. "Have I really changed so much since you let me escape."

"Abaddon." Gabriel said flatly.

Abaddon turned toward Lucifer. "Sam, I must say that you are looking much better than the last time I saw you. I was almost certain you wouldn't have lasted another 24 hours. In fact you shouldn't have. You should have died the moment Crowley was cured."

Abaddon's eyes widened. "You're not Sam! They're angels! Kill them!" Abaddon said as she quickly backed up. Gabriel and Lucifer wasted no time sending out a burst of grace that fried the closest demons leaving only smoking meatsuits laying on the ground. Freed from the need for subterfuge they let the illusion drop.

Michael seeing his brothers drop the illusion ordered the waiting garrisons into the fray. While many demons continued to fight against the angels, a few were now turning against their fellow demons. The cause soon became apparent as Crowley was making his way around the battlefield whispering into several ears.

Those demons still fighting soon realized that they were fighting against two garrisons of angels, an attacking demonic force at their backs and there right in the thick of the fighting was Lucifer himself. Retreat became very attractive and the demons began smoking out of meatsuits in such a great number it looked as if Singer Salvage was the site of a massive wildfire from all of the black smoke.

Lucifer snorted as he saw the remaining demons drop their weapons and fall to their knees. Belarus made his way to Lucifer and nodded. "Abaddon?" He asked.

"Crowley check the field see if we managed to get her or if she escaped." Lucifer ordered.

The garrisons were making their way through the battlefield. Dozens of confused people were in shock at suddenly finding themselves in Sioux Falls surrounded by the charred remains of several bodies.

Michael and Gabriel had fallen into familiar territory with Michael determining how to assign the angels in the Garrisons and Gabriel swiftly relaying orders. Lucifer was issuing orders of his own as the demons who remained were taken into custody by Belarus until their loyalty to Lucifer could be determined.

Crowley returned and he was not alone. Spicy looked around at the bodies. "Well at least you took out some of her army although most of them managed to smoke out. For a while there there was so much smoke I was tempted to call the fire department."

"Spicy, good job," Lucifer said. "You got her here just like you promised. I think you've earned a vacation."

"I'll take you up on that later; but for now, maybe we should concentrate on Abaddon." Spicy said. "That slick bitch managed to get out of Dodge. There's no telling where she is now. But I can
guarantee you she's not happy at us making a fool of her."
"Dean, Dean, Dean Dean Dean." Gabriel said as he popped into the bunker with Michael and Lucifer. "We need you to clear something up for us. Please explain why Abaddon said that you let her escape."

"She said what?" Sam asked.

"She said that Dean let her escape before she disappeared on us again." Lucifer spoke. "I think that all of us would like to know how that happened. Because in order to escape you must have had her caged at some point."

"And we're positive it had to be after Henry showed you how to confine her." Michael added. "I'm finding it hard to believe that you would just let her go knowing how powerful she is."

"Actually it was right before the final trial." Sam said. "She was supposed to be the final trial."

"You were going to try to cure a Hell Knight?" Gabriel said shocked. "I know I talk about how thick-headed you two are but even the two of you couldn't be that stupid. You don't cure Hell knights. You neutralize them and count yourself lucky!"

"We thought she was paralyzed by Henry's magic bullet." Dean said "But somehow she manged to get the bullet out of her head and escape the devil's trap we had her in while our backs were turned."

"What exactly could have been so important as to cause you to turn your back on her in the first place?" Raphael asked. "I would have expected you to be a bit more cautious being that you are Winchesters."

"Actually it was because of Crowley. He called us." Sam said. "He had been killing people that we had saved. We didn't want to talk in front of her so we went outside to take the call."

"And it took two of you?" Michael asked.

"Well Sammy wasn't doing too good and someone needed to keep an eye on him." Dean said.

"Oh for the love of Dad!" Lucifer said. "You couldn't let him out of your sight for five minutes to take a phone call? Jesus H Christ! Did you follow him to the toilet to wipe his ass too?"

"I was looking out for Sam!" Dean said mulishly.

"In case you haven't noticed Dean, Sam is a grown man, he can look out for himself." Lucifer said. "And even if he couldn't, ignoring everything around you to look out for Sam just makes things worse."

"Dean we can't afford to have you suffering bouts of stupidity over Sam." Gabriel said. "You had better cut those apron strings right now. I understand he's your brother, but you're going to have to keep you focus on the bigger picture. Let Sam take care of Sam. If you had done that when you had Abaddon instead of worrying about Sam she would be a non issue."
"And what would have happened had Sam tried to cure Abaddon?" Castiel asked. "Wouldn't the situation for him have been even more dire?"

"That's a possibility." Raphael said. "But there is also the possibility that Sam would have recognized the futility of his efforts. But be that as it may, Abaddon is on the loose and we must deal with that. Assigning blame due to your failure to destroy her during this morning's battle does nothing to further our cause."

Michael sighed. "Raphael is right. We cannot change the past. We need to come up with a new plan to capture her or kill her. But this morning's battle was a victory of sorts. Lucifer's presence is now common knowledge."

Brother you should secure your realm. That will increase the size of the army that we command to face her. You are my second in command Lucifer, while the army of the Infernal Realm is yours to command. Having both Heaven and Hell allied against her may make her desperate."

"And a desperate Abaddon may be prone to making mistakes?" Sam said. "Sorry but she doesn't seem like the mistake making type."

"She is constantly making mistakes, Sam Winchester. She has underestimated you humans more than once." Raphael pointed out.

Abaddon had fled to New York. James was dead but he was not the only demon that she had in a position of power within the gangs. But before she made another move, she needed to assess her position.

Lucifer's return had caused pandemonium within her army with a large portion refusing to fight against the devil himself. They had retreated to hell, where they planned to through themselves on Lucifer's mercy.

The morning's attack instead of being a surprise attack against the angels turned out to be an ambush set up for her. And that ambush had been set up or at the very least was known of by Spicy Tabasco. There would be heel to pay for that demon. And then there was Belarus who must have already known of Lucifer's existence since he arrived on the field of battle with weapons drawn against her.

With heaven and now most likely hell set against her. The Winchesters had become even more vital. Like everyone else from Heaven or hell She knew that they were The vessels. That aspect of their existence had simply been of no interest to her before. But now having possession of The Boy King and the Righteous Man could very well translate into leverage against Lucifer and Michael.

It was however, time to try a different means to that end. She had tried demonic means and failed. The Winchesters (And their angels) would be even more on guard for demonic omens now. It was time to send humans in to locate and capture the human vessels. And she did have the resources at hand.

She turned toward the demon that had been quietly and patiently awaiting orders. "The meatsuit you wear is of little value to me. I have more than enough demons possessing gang members. You need someone of greater value. The human's FBI has a field office in New York City. You will go there and find someone to possess. I have a task for you."
"Whatever my Queen commands." The demon said.

"So far we have failed at locating the Winchesters. Perhaps human methods will prove more successful." She said. "Use the resources of this Federal Bureau of Investigation to locate them. The vehicle they travel in is distinctive by it's age and condition. Locate that vehicle."

"And what would you have me do once I have located it?" The demon asked.

"Inform me." Abaddon said. "I will use humans to bring them to me. They will be less suspicious of other humans. Now go."

William Fairchild had worked diligently to gain the position of Director of the FBI's New York office. Director Fairchild had earned the respect of not only his superiors but also his men. So when he stopped by the desk of a random agent and dropped a file on the man's desk the Agent simply picked it up and began reading through it.

"You're reopening Henrickson's case on the Winchesters?" The agent asked. "But this case was closed a couple of years ago. Sam and Dean Winchester were arrested in Ankeny, Iowa and died trying to escape."

"I'm afraid that information is in error. " Director Fairchild said. "Credible informants report that they have been spotted recently near Sioux Falls South Dakota. I want them found."

The Agent nodded. "It's not the first time they have managed to give law enforcement the slip." the Agent stood up and slipped on his coat before picking up the file. "I'll get right on it."

"You do that Director Fairchild said then watched the agent leave the room.. He turned back toward his office. Going inside he closed the door and picked up the phone. He dialed a number and as soon as the call connected he spoke. "$Tell her that I have put agents on the case. We should soon have a location for the Winchesters." The director's eyes flashed a solid black.

Chapter End Notes

Officially Sam and Dean were reported dead at the end of the episode Slash Fiction although Dick Roman and the Leviathans still knew that they were alive.
The Archangels hand worked together to open Heaven and Now they had once again joined together this time to help Lucifer secure hell. With the help of Spicy and a small group of angels they were rounding up all of the demons and delivering them to the throne room where Lucifer was separating the loyal from those who had followed Abaddon.

Spicy turned down a passage and was surprised to find it blocked. Cave ins didn't happen in hell, this pile of rubble had been intentionally placed here. It begged an answer to the question of why? Was it to keep something in our to keep others out? Turning she made her way back to the Throne room.

"I just came across something interesting down below?" Spicy said. "I'm thinking that one of you doves might want to come with and take a look."

"Interesting how?" Lucifer asked. Hell is many things but interesting usually isn't one of them."

"It looks like a tunnel cave in." Spicy said. "And believe it our not, there's a demon trap scratched into one of the rocks."

Gabriel smirked. "I'll go. This I have to see for myself. Demons using demon traps against each other? Yeah, that's definitely a first. Why don't you keep your girl friend here, Luci. If they put up a trap who knows what other nasty little surprises might be hiding down there." Gabriel walked over and looked down at the large scale model of Hell that sat on a table. "Show me where you found it Spicy."

The demon quickly pointed to what was obviously a passageway. The passage continued down ending in a vast chamber.

"Okay." Gabriel said tracing the passage on the model. "What the hell is this? Everything else is clearly labeled on your model and this is just blank."

Lucifer looked at the passage and chamber then shrugged his shoulders. "I guess I forgot to assign a designation to it. It's where the untouchables spend eternity."

"Untouchables?" Spicy said. "I'm guessing you're not talking Kevin Costner and the oh so should be touchable Sean Connery. So I guess there's a meaning behind 'untouchable' that the rest of us are not in on?"

"Souls of humans who were damned to hell through coercion. They were tainted by the demonic through no fault of their own. But going by the old rigid rules from eons ago, the demonic taint barred them from going to heaven." Lucifer explained. "But they cannot be turned into demons because there's nothing demonic in their souls."

"Kind of like your vessel huh?" Gabriel said. "After all Sam has done is this where he would have ended up before?"

"I'm going with you Gabriel." Michael said. "I have a feeling that they should be in heaven, not here and be damned with those old regulations. If possible they should be welcomed to paradise."

"Whoa hold up there Michael." Lucifer said. "If they have committed an evil act with awareness, they still belong here. I have no problem with you rescuing the truly innocent who landed here strictly from circumstance, but I'm not letting go of any who committed an act worthy of
Perdition."

Michael looked at Lucifer for a moment considering. "That is fair. Any who deserve it will remain, but the others will be released to me."

"That's all well and good but do we really want to get sidetracked at this point in something that will take that much time and energy?" Gabriel said. "Then there's the matter of needing an impartial 'jury'. I know you two, and you'll both try to claim every one of those souls for your own domain."

"Gabriel is right it will be time consuming to separate the innocent from the damned." Raphael said. "Perhaps before we even consider options, we should confirm if these untouchable souls are even present behind the rubble."

"Oh a big 'brain' is such a turn on." Spicy smirked at Raphael. "Ready to let me measure it yet?"

"Brothers, if you will excuse me I believe that I would be of more use overseeing what the Winchesters are doing at this moment." Raphael said quickly disappearing to Spicy's laughter.

"Raphael is just too easy." Spicy said "But he did make a good point. We should see what's down there."

"Hello boys" Crowley said as he appeared inside a Devil's trap. The demon scowled "Did you put out the welcome mat for the hell of it or am I just special?"

"Actually we put it out for any wandering Demons." Dean said. "I guess you're just lucky."

"Well I would appreciate it if you let me out. I would think that you would know by now that you're safe from me." Crowley said. "My boss wouldn't be too understanding if I harmed a single hair on your chinny chin chins. And most of us demons know better than to cross the big man."

"Did you come for a reason Crowley or just to pretend that you're the big bad wolf?" Sam said. "I'm sure we could convince Castiel to huff and puff and blow your house down."

"Relax Moose, I simply dropped by to share the neighborhood gossip." Crowley said. "I thought you might be interested in knowing that a certain FBI closed case has been dug up and dusted off and put back into circulation. It seems that the New York office has decided that maybe they should take another look at a case that originally belonged to a certain Victor Henrickson."

"Henrickson? That case is closed. According to official records we're dead." Sam said.

"Yeah those two Leviathans took the fall." Dean said. "They don't have any reason to be looking for us."

"Well they didn't have a reason until the she bitch told them to look for you." Crowley said. "And I'm sure that you are going to love this Squirrel." Crowley added conjuring a sheet of paper and offering it to Dean."

The hunter reluctantly took the paper and read it. "Son of a bitch! Those bastards put out a be on the lookout for Baby!"

"See I told you you would like it." Crowley smirked. "That hunk of metal just became your biggest
liabilty. Pretty much every demon and supernatural creature that has come across you knows that car. So you know what that means."

"No! Not again." Dean said. "Baby is not going on lockdown again!"

"Why don't I just get a big neon sign that says 'Winchesters inside' and put it on the hill above this place?" Crowley snarked. "It couldn't be a more glaring beacon than that hunk of bolts you call a car."

"Dean he has a point. Everybody knows the Impala." Sam said.

"Not just no but hell no!" Dean argued. "Sam we're talking about Baby. Out home, the only home we've ever known. You grew up in that car!"

"I know but if it's going to lead Abaddon right to us." Sam started.

A rustle of feathers announced the arrival of an angel. "Crowley, I should have known that you would be in the middle of this disturbance."

"Castiel. There wouldn't be a disturbance if your pet squirrel would listen to reason. Even Sam agrees with me. That car outside has to go." Crowley said. "With his attachment to that thing I begin to wonder if he's not overcompensating in some way."

"I do not understand your reasoning for insisting that Dean's 'Baby' is a threat." Castiel asked.

"The car itself is not exactly a threat." Crowley said. "That fact that it belongs to the Winchesters is a threat. "Abaddon has every demon under her command in the continental United States looking for that car right now."

Castiel turned toward Dean. "I am sorry Dean but Baby has become a danger. You will have to store the vehicle elsewhere."
Chapter 52

Gabriel was contemplating the pile of rocks blocking the passage. "I swear, did someone bring in the Army Corp of Engineers build this thing? This thing is solid."

"Well the only way to find out what's behind it is to dismantle it." Lucifer said.

"Can't you just snap it away?" Michael asked. "Hell is your domain after all."

"There's some serious pagan magic binding it together." Gabriel said. "I'm trying to figure out who is involved here. I can tell there's at least 4 different Gods that were called on for the binding magic. Before we can move a single rock I'm going to have to cancel out the binding magic of each one of those deities."

"So it's going to take a while." Lucifer said.

"Have the two of you forgotten that you're Archangels for father's sake?" Michael said. "Just blast the thing and be done with it."

"Well we could do that and risk the total destruction of the Earth." Gabriel said. "A couple of those deities called on are strictly Earth gods. They are tied into the very rhythm of the Earth."

"Take your time little brother. I for one don't think we want to have Dad come roaring back ready to spank us for breaking his favorite toy. Right Michael?" Lucifer asked.

"Gabriel You expect me to believe that this pagan 'magic' is more powerful than we are?" Michael scoffed.

"No I expect you to understand that just blasting this with our celestial powers would be like using an atomic bomb to eliminate the threat from a stick of dynamite." Gabriel said. "That stick of dynamite certainly won't be a threat anymore, but it won't matter because everything else around it gets destroyed in the process. This is going to take some finesse. Now will you please shut your piehole and let me concentrate!"

Gabriel closed his eyes as he placed a hand on the rocks. Michael started to say something else but Lucifer poked him in the side. After a couple of minutes Gabriel opened his eyes.

"We may have gotten lucky. One of the pagans they named happens to be one of the few pagans Dad is willing to acknowledge." Gabriel said. "She just also happens to be the only pagan who has always known who I was even when I was masquerading as Loki."

"No way! Not Gaia." Michael said. "She has pretty much become a hermit."

"Oh she's been around, just to busy too socialize. Humans keep causing these disasters she has to clean up." Gabriel said. "Last time I saw her I was hanging out with Raven and Coyote in the Pacific Northwest. Right after the Exxon Valdez oil spill. We gave her a bit of a hand in the clean up. Gives me a marker to call in. She pretty much trumps all the others I'm sensing."

Gabriel brushed off his hands. "You know Luci, she asked about you the last time I saw her. She really likes you for some reason. You want to come with?"
"I swear if they put one scratch on Baby." Dean was pacing and complaining. Castiel and Balthazar had taken the vehicle to hide it somewhere safe until it could be safely driven again.

"Dean they won't do anything to the car." Sam said as he read one of Samuel Colt's journals. "It's probably safer than it will ever be, where ever they stash it."

The flutter of wings announced the angel's return. Dean immediately turned to Castiel. "There is no need for concern Dean, Abaddon will not find your vehicle."

"She's safe? But what if some douche tries to break into her, or strip her down for parts?" Dean said. "You won't even tell me where you took her!"

"Well I can guarantee no human 'douche' as you put it will get closer than 33.9 million miles of that rust bucket. We hid it under Gabriel and Lucifer's art project." Balthazar said.

"What art project?" Dean asked afraid of the answer.

"Well the two of them got bored one day and decided that it would be funny to make a face on Mars. They figured it would drive you hairless apes crazy one day trying to figure out how it got there. And it seems that they were right in their assumption."

Dean was glaring at the two angels. "Please tell me that you didn't just say you stuck Baby on Mars? Mars?"

"The vehicle is out of harm's way and under the surface inside a cavern it is protected from oxidation." Castiel said.

Dean collapsed onto a chair. "My baby is on Mars." Dean held his head between his hands and kept muttering about the Impala having been transported to Mars by the two angels.

Castiel looked at Dean for a moment as if he were convincing himself that the hunter would eventually recover from the shock then turned to Sam. "We did not think that it would be wise to leave you without a method of transportation." Castiel held out a set of keys. "It occurred to me that I was responsible for the destruction of your vehicle Sam. Balthazar and I located a suitable replacement."

"I believe you're familiar with it." Balthazar said. "A 1986 GMC Sierra step-side that belonged to John Winchester. It seems that it has been sitting in the back lot of a used car dealership in Lincoln, Nebraska for several years now."

"Thanks Cas, Balthazar. I was wondering how we'd be able to do supply runs without the Impala." Sam said.

Michael was doing his best not to grow annoyed. Spicy was taking advantage of the down time to touch up her nails. They had barely just dried when Lucifer and Gabriel returned. "Alright, let's light this candle!" Gabriel went over to the stack of rocks and placed his hand on it and muttered something. "Okay time to take it down but we still need to do it rock by rock or else the whole tunnel could collapse and I really don't feel like trying to dig this vessel out of a cave-in."

Lucifer shrugged. "Why not do a little physical labor? The last time I had a good workout, I was wearing Sam."
"Wait how about an explanation of 'work out'?" Michael prompted. "You did some sparring with your sword?"

"No actually a run and a lot of ups. Chin ups, sit ups, push ups." Lucifer said. "Sam put a lot of work into being healthy. Seemed a shame not to maintain it. Besides I figured big as he was, I was going to kick your ass," Lucifer directed his teasing comment to Michael.

"You wish." Michael said with a smirk. "No matter how big you get, I'm still older."

"Please," Gabriel said adding his own comment. "You're both a couple of tired old fossils. While you two are standing there bickering to avoid a little work, that pile of rubble over there keeps getting bigger from my backbreaking labor."

"Come on Luce, lets move a few rocks so the baby over there will stop whining." Michael said and the three concentrated on moving the rocks while Spicy kept checking to see if they were getting close to breaking through the wall.

Suddenly the wall of rocks collapsed with the stones rolling away from the opening. The angels all looked at each other before Lucifer stepped forward picking his way through the rocks. "It's a bit farther to the cavern." Lucifer stood to the side while Michael took the lead.

"Is this like automatic for you?" Spicy asked. "You just automatically seemed to fall into this oldest to youngest formation."

"I'm the oldest of course I would lead." Michael said a second before a soul slammed into him knocking him to the floor.

Lucifer's reaction was instinctive. Eons of fighting together came back in an instant as Gabriel planted himself to face any additional threats against his brothers.

Lucifer pulled the soul of off Michael and stared in shock. "You?! I know who you are you backstabbing bastard."

One of the other souls timidly stepped forward. "Wait don't hurt him. He's just looking out for us."

"And who the hell are you?" Gabriel asked angel, blade held in front of him.

"My name is Andy Gallagher, that's Jake Talley." The soul said.

"This is the son of a bitch that killed Sam the first time, stabbed him in the back." Lucifer said.

"Azazel's special children." Gabriel guessed and Lucifer nodded.
Chapter 53

Gabriel plopped down on a boulder. "So this is the group of kiddies Azazel created to help spring you from the cage? I thought there was more of them."

"There were more of us. Azazel said they flamed out. They weren't strong enough." Jake said still in Lucifer's grip.

"Lucifer release him." Michael said. "I'm interested in what he has to say."

"Fine, we will hear him out but he stays here. I don't care what else he has done." Lucifer said. "His ass is mine."

"I know I'm spending eternity here, It's my punishment for not killing that yellow eyed demon when I had my hands on that gun of his." Jake said. "I should have and I didn't. I made a promise but I let myself forget the oath I took when I put on my uniform." Jake stepped away from the wall and pointed at the the others. "They don't belong here. The little kids don't belong here."

"Little kids?" Michael said. "There shouldn't be any little kids here."

"Lily and Max took them farther back in the cavern." Andy said.

"So you're here to look out for these guys?" Gabriel asked. "That doesn't sound like a cold blooded murderer to me. So how about you tell us how you went from Azazel's surprise party to now?"

"None of us really knew what was going on." Andy said. "I mean I had an idea but that was because of Sam and Dean. But I don't think any of us really understood what was going on except for Ava. She had figured out how to summon and control a Demon. She killed Lily first then me. I never even suspected her."

"Sam knew that demons were involved but even he didn't know everything. That Ava chick, she told Sam she had been there in that ghost town for like 5 months. She had totally gone dark side." Jake said. "She was bragging about killing kids that Azazel brought in. I killed her."

"And then you killed Sam." Lucifer said flatly.

"It was him or me. That yellow eyed demon was only letting one of us walk out of there alive. Sam balked at killing me, I guess he sympathized with me or something." Jake said. "The army breaks you out of that. You kill your enemy, period. It's your job. So When Sam didn't kill me, I killed him. But I do regret one thing. When Azazel put that gun in my hand, I should have put a bullet through his head right then but I didn't. I let him get into my head and use my mom and my sister against me."

"Me and Lily ended up here with all these kids. We figure they must be the ones that Ava killed. Ava, Jake, Ansem; we didn't see any of them until recently." Andy said. "Jake helped us fight off Ansem and Ava."

"This new chick, she wanted the babies." Jake said. "I wasn't going to stand by and let them hurt babies. So I helped Lily and Andy and then we blocked the tunnel. Lily knew a Wiccan spell so she invoked some spirits to protect it against the others."

"You said she wanted the babies," Michael prompted, "Did she say why?"
"Probably to eat them. Demons consider babies a 'delicacy'." Lucifer said. "But I don't understand how babies ended up here. They're innocent. They should automatically go to heaven."

"Unless they're infected with demon blood." Gabriel said. "Azazel was infecting them young, Sam was six months old when Mary found Azazel in his nursery."

"Michael they don't belong here. You want to take the babies and say anyone under the age of 12?" Lucifer offered.

"No haggling?" Michael asked "Just take them?"

"Yes but the others well it will have to be like we agreed earlier." Lucifer said. "At least for those here in this chamber. I think this Ava and Ansem have sealed their fate." He turned to Jake. "As for you, get used to the idea of hell. As far as what happens to you here? I think I'll let Sam have some say in it. After all you killed him after he had spared your life."

"There's one more thing." Jake said. "That demon wanted us to bring the babies to her. She's in New York."

"City or State?" Gabriel asked.

"Somewhere in the city." Jake said. "But she gave us a second address, Coney Island."

"Thank you Samuel Colt!" Sam said smiling widely. "Hey Dean, Cas! Come here a minute."

"What?" Dean grouched.

"I thought you might like to know I found Colt's plans for a devil trap you won't believe." Sam explained opening the journal and placing it on the table. "Take a look at that."

"So it's a devil's trap. Big deal." Dean said.

"Dude will you stop mourning over your car? It's not like they ran it through a car crusher." Sam said tired of Dean's sour mood.

"Don't say that too loud. That other feathered dick might hear you and get ideas." Dean said.

"This is one of Samuel Colt's designs?" Castiel asked.

"Yeah." Sam said.

"This is extremely dangerous knowledge to be in the hands of a human." Castiel said. "Michael will not be pleased to discover that Gabriel shared this with him."

"What's the big freaking deal?" Dena said. "It's a freaking devil's trap."

"Dean, this is not just a 'freaking devil's trap'." Castiel said. "It was designed to trap a special class of demon. Like Azazel and Abaddon. Demons who fell from heaven and allowed their grace to become twisted. Theoretically this devil's trap could contain the devil himself."

"What? Colt made a devil's trap to trap the devil?" Dean said his interest peaked.

"Yes and that is why it is dangerous." Castiel said. "If it can trap and hold Lucifer, the second most
powerful angel in existence, it can easily be adapted to trap and hold any angel."

"Crap, if Abaddon had found this she could conceivably trap every angel in existence except Michael." Sam said.

"Which is why you must destroy it." Castiel said. "Michael will consider any knowledge of this as a direct threat against heaven."

"So the best weapon we have against Abaddon, and we not only can't use it, we have to destroy all knowledge of it?" Dean said. "Are you freaking nuts?"

"It is also the best weapon that Abaddon could use against us." Castiel explained. "It is not worth the risk, considering your history where she is concerned. After all she escaped from you."

Sam ripped the pages out of the journal and pulled out his lighter setting fire to the edge of the pages and burning them. "I hope this doesn't come back to bite us."

Abaddon had run out of patience. Even with a nation's worth of human law enforcement agencies hunting for them, the Winchesters were proving elusive. But there was something else that demanded her attention. She had considered it a stroke of providence that she had stumbled across a handful of pre-demonic souls that had been cultivated by Azazel. Ava, Ansem and Jake had taken well to the demonic gift of Azazel's blood embracing it.

Ansem had given in quickly killing several people before he even knew he was not completely human. He was even willing to kill his own twin.

Ava had given in just a few days after Azazel had taken her to Cold Oak. For months she had killed every child Azazel had brought to the town. Not only did she kill Azazel's other children, she had learned to use her gift to control lower level demons.

Jake has viciously stabbed Sam Winchester in the back and then opened a devil's gate at Azazel's urging. Even holding the method of Azazel's destruction in his hand he had not used it to kill Azazel. He had let his selfishness rule his decision.

There were a few others of Azazel's children willing to embrace the darkness within them but these three had not only embraced the dark gift, they had learned to use it, and that made them useful. Abaddon entered the room to find Ava and Ansem. Jake was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Jake?" Abaddon demanded.

"He did what he does best." Ava said "He stabbed us in the back."
"Jake Talley will pay a price for his betrayal. But for now Ava, Go to the FBI Building. Speak to the Director, a man named Fairchild. Tell him I need a list of associates of both the Winchesters and of Jake Talley." Abaddon ordered.

"And what good is that going to do?" Ava asked.

"Because we are going to be paying them a visit." Abbadon gave an evil smile.

Ansem mirrored Abaddon's smile. "Good. I owe the Winchesters. If I can't pay them, I'll pay whoever I can get my hands on."

"That's the spirit. And if it's someone who is of some importance to them, even better." Abaddon said. "But Ansem, control yourself. We don't want dead bodies, we want living suffering victims that can feed their sense of guilt. But you don't have to wait to get started."

"Have we found someone already?" Ansem asked.

"Yes it seems that they have an admirer in law enforcement." Abaddon explained. "It seems Sheriff Jody mills of Sioux Falls buried an official FBI request to look for the Winchesters vehicle. That is not something she would do if she didn't know them, and well."

"Perhaps she just thought that her Sheriff's department has more important things to do?" Ava said. "They aren't the FBI."

"I wouldn't think anything of it but it Seems that Crowley was quite interested in her recently." Abaddon said. "He wouldn't have wasted his time if she weren't important. I think she will make the perfect message to our heroic Winchesters. Just remember, I don't want her dead." Abaddon gently placed her palm on Ansem's cheek. "I suggest that you be careful. If you kill her, I will make you wish you were dead."

"I will be careful." Ansem said with a twisted smile.

Gabriel and Michael returned to the bunker to Find Castiel, Dean and Sam in the conference room while Benny and Kevin seemed to be filling out a shopping list. Castiel immediately looked up with the Archangel's arrival.

"Gabriel, I require 1.72 minutes of your time." Castiel said.

The Archangel looked at the Seraph curiously. "Sure Bro, I guess it requires privacy. Come on lets go find somewhere safe from prying ears."

"What was that about?" Michael asked.

"I guess Castiel had a question for him." Dean said. "After all Gabriel was the only one of his brothers that didn't think he needed his ass kicked a while back."

Michael shrugged and turned to Sam. "Sam Lucifer asked me to warn you. He's bringing someone up you may not want to see again. But he has knowledge of where to find Abaddon. We have to
insist that you restrain yourself until we have dealt with Abaddon."

"Whoa, Who could you be bringing up that is going to make Sam that mad?" Dean asked. "You aren't bringing up that other hellbitch named Ruby are you?"

"No Ruby is history. She won't be coming back." Michael said. "We intend to resurrect Jake Talley."

"Jake Talley? The same Jake Talley that stabbed me in the back and then opened the hell gate?" Sam asked.

"What the hell? You can't just ask him and leave him down there to rot?" Dean said. "You are bringing that bastard back? Sam won't have to restrain himself because I'll send him right back as soon as you bring him up!"

"He belongs to Lucifer. I will not interfere if you want to carve him up like a Christmas goose, but not until Abaddon has been eliminated." Michael said. "The Hell knight is our priority for now. Should you insist on acting impulsively I'll have Gabriel stick you in another time loop. I understand you enjoyed it so much the last time he did it."

"Is Jake really that important?" Sam asked.

"If we know where she is, we can neutralize her now instead of waiting for her to attack us first." Michael said. "Yes, he is that important."

Garth had been bored. It seemed that nothing had been happening since Dean and Castiel had shown up to let him in on what was happening. It was as if every Supernatural baddie had gotten wind of something and they didn't like it.

Well Archangels about to butt heads with a Hell Knight? Garth didn't blame ordinary run of the mill werewolves and wendigos for keeping their heads down. If Godzilla and Mothra want to get into a fight your best bet was to just get the hell out of the way and let them fight.

Then of course there was the angel now glued to his ass. Specially assigned by the Archangels to guard little old Garth Fitzgerald IV. Xaphan was conscientious if nothing else.

"Sheriff Mills might have picked up on something happening. It's been too quiet." Garth was saying.

"It is my understanding that human authorities do not condone your efforts." The angel said. "You spend much of your time lying to or avoiding them and yet you wish to actually place yourself within Arresting distance of this Sheriff Mills."

"She was a friend of Bobbie Singer. And she knows Sam and Dean." Garth said as he pulled his car to a stop in front of the Sheriff's Office. "She's also had a few run ins or her own. She Passes stuff on to us sometimes."

"She is an associate of The Winchesters?" Xaphan asked. "I do not think that Michael was aware of her connection." The angel suddenly went on alert as he exited the vehicle. His angel blade dropped down into his palm. "Demon."

Garth grabbed his shotgun and a box of salt rounds then ran for the door startling the angel. He
pushed it open almost slipping in a pool of blood. Garth looked down and breathed out a sigh of relief. It wasn't Jody.

"There is a human locked in a room approximately 6 foot by 8 foot, no windows and a single door. There is a salt line barring the door and at least three demons biding their time." Xaphan said. "We will require assistance."

"Xaphan," Gabriel nodded. "So little bros, in the mood to do some smiting? I'm going to take one back for interrogation." The Archangel turned toward Garth. "You with the satellite dishes for ears. You grab the Sheriff then we get the hell out of here before Reinforcements show up. Ditch the vehicle and just bring them directly to the bunker."

"We will follow your orders Gabriel." Castiel said. "Sam and Dean would not be pleased if harm came to Jody Mills."

"I'm going to grab this demon and go. Don't waste time playing with those two demons." Gabriel said. We should have this one contained by the time you get there."

Michael suddenly grabbed the end of the table and shoved it to the side then held out his hand and spoke something in Enochian. A Devil's trap appeared on the floor just as Gabriel appeared holding on to a struggling Demon. A split second later Castiel showed up with Jody mills clinging to him like her life depended on it. Garth was also there with another angel holding onto his arm.

"Garth, Jody? What happened?" Sam asked.

"It looks like Abaddon sent this little asswipe after the Sheriff. She locked herself in the ladies room and salted the door to keep him and his playmates out."

"Garth and I discovered the situation." Xaphan said. "We planned to ask the sheriff if she knew of any odd happenings requiring the skills of a hunter."

Sam looked at the demon. "Ansem."
Chapter 55

Raphael, Michael and Gabriel stood surrounding the demon trap that Ansem was contained in.

"You know I heard so much about all of you when I first went down there. Lilith, Meg Alistair, they used to talk about the three stooges all the time." Ansem said. "Too bad they didn't realize there was a fourth stooge."

"I guess you never heard of Shep. But if we're the stooges I claim Moe." Gabriel snarked. "Let me guess, Azazel grabbed your ass as soon as the elevator doors opened. Probably grooming you for some special task and then the Winchesters threw a monkey wrench in your plans again by killing him."

"He does seem to be Azazel's type." Raphael said. "Less intelligent than a single celled organism."

"I'm sure it was a blow to find out just how much you were worth down there. Azazel was probably grooming you to be Lucifer's first string ass kisser. It had to hurt to find out you were destined to kiss Sam Winchester's ass since Sam was Lucifer's vessel." Gabriel laughed. "Sam was born the boy King of hell. You were born to be nothing more than the court jester."

"Did Abaddon offer to make you more than a jester?" Michael asked. "Did she offer you a place at her round table? You are nothing to her. Like every other demon in hell, you are means to an end, nothing more."

"You know, this is what she's looking for." Ansem said. "And you brought me here. She'll find it soon enough and then she will kick all of your asses. She'll find what she wants."

"And what is it that she wants?" Michael asked.

Ansem smiled and said nothing.

"She wants Colt's journals." Gabriel said. "He stumbled onto something that he shouldn't have."

"What do you mean he stumbled on to something?" Michael asked. "How did he manage to..."

"He was smarter than I believed him to be, okay? He figured out how to create a devil's trap that would hold my big bro and your little bro." Gabriel said. "I had no idea that he had done it. That's what Castiel wanted to talk to me about, or rather chew my ear off about. But I think we need to know everything Abaddon knows."

Castiel appeared in the kitchen just in time to see Lucifer pop into the room along with a tall black male. Castiel found himself puzzled since Sam and Dean were glaring at the male. Castiel believed the human expression was 'if looks could kill'.

"Sam, I killed you, yeah. You know exactly what Azazel said. Only one of us was walking out of there." Jake said. "But then you returned the favor not too long after. You looked pretty cold hearted when you were pulling that trigger."

"At least you saw the look on my face, I didn't wait until your back was turned." Sam said.
"Sam had balls enough to face you and he didn't run away afterward either." Dean said. "If we didn't need you, I'd send you back downstairs right now."

"Dean, Sam; Who is this abomination?" Castiel asked.

"A necessary one for the moment Castiel." Lucifer said. "Michael and Gabriel were supposed to explain that."

"I'm afraid that I demanded Gabriel's attention immediately upon his return and then we had to make a detour to Sioux Falls." Castiel explained. "Michael, Gabriel and Raphael are in the basement. Our detour involved capturing one of Abaddon's demons."

"Ava or Ansem?" Jake asked.

"Ansem." Dean answered. "And how in the hell did you know?"

"Because that demon made it a point to find all of us that she could. The ones like me and Sam, the ones with talents as she put it." Jake said. "She wouldn't send any of those Gangbangers that far away to do anything. She's send someone she thought to could handle it."

"Why?" Dean asked. "You guys were important when Lucifer was in the cage. I can't see where you're all that important now."

"We were supposed to be Lucifer's soldiers." Jake said. "But we also knew where there were others like us. Some of them were babies. I guess they didn't survive Azazel's little midnight visits."

"Babies in hell?" Sam turned his most deadly bitchface on Lucifer.

"Not anymore. I turned them over to Michael. Michael has angels transporting them to heaven right now and Spicy is also watching out for them." Lucifer said.

"You the father of demons let a bunch of babies go?" Dean asked. "Yeah, right."

"Dean I'm hurt." Lucifer said then smirked. "Actually I don't need tons of diapers full of baby shit stinking up the place, not to mention how destructive children are. Let heaven put up with it."

Gabriel chose that moment to join the group in the kitchen. He looked at Jake. "I'm beginning to think that you may know more than you're letting on here Jake. We've got one of your buddies in the basement and he let a little something slip. I'm hoping you're going to be a bit more chatty."

"Oh? And what did this little pal of Jake's let slip?" Lucifer asked.

"She's looking for something here in the bunker. And after my little talk with Castiel I think I may know what it is." Gabriel said. "I'd just like a little confirmation."

"She said that there was something that she was looking for and had been for a long time." Jake said. "She thought Sam and his brother had it."

"Castiel, Why don't you take Jake downstairs." Gabriel said. "Get Benny and a couple of the other Seraphs to help you keep an eye on things and send up Mikey and Raph. The grownups need to talk."

Castiel nodded then went over and took Jake's arm before disappearing, a couple of seconds later the last two Archangels appeared.

"Gabriel?" Michael questioned.
"I'm pretty sure that I'm right, but what I'm not sure about is the wonder twins here." Gabriel nodded at Sam and Dean. "I'd like to think that you listened to Castiel and destroyed that journal but I can't see Dean just letting go of something that powerful."

"What exactly are you talking about?" Lucifer asked.

"Gabriel's little revelation to Samuel Colt got out of hand." Raphael said. "He taught Colt enough to figure out how to build a true devil's trap for the devil himself."

"You what?" Lucifer roared and grabbed Gabriel by his collar. "You realize that if something like that could hold me it could hold you too dumbass! It might even be able to hold Michael and you gave that knowledge to one of these cockroaches!"

"And here you mud monkeys had been making some progress." Raphael said. "Now you're back to cockroaches again."

"Lucifer, release Gabriel." Michael said.

"Oh I'll release him alright." Lucifer said drawing back his fist and punching Gabriel. "Just as soon as I'm done kicking his stupid ass halfway across the Milky Way."

Michael grabbed Lucifer before he could hit his brother again. "Lucifer it was not intentional. Colt simply went beyond where he was meant to go with what Gabriel told him."

Raphael knelt down and brushed his thumb across Gabriel's cheek healing the cut Lucifer had caused with his punch.

Gabriel got to his feet. "Sam, Dean please tell me that you didn't try to be too smart for your own good."

"I burned the pages." Sam said.

"We need the entire journal Sam. There's no telling what else Samuel Colt stumbled upon." Michael said. "If this is what Abaddon is looking for there's obviously more to it than just containing Lucifer. She intended to release him from the cage and kill him."

"But it takes an Archangel's blade to kill you guys." Sam said.

Raphael snorted. "Castiel didn't use an Archangel's blade to kill me. You hairless apes were there to witness it. You're regressing."

"Cas wasn't Cas when he killed you. He was God." Dean said.

"He was hopped up on Purgatory souls." Sam corrected. "He just thought he was God. Or a god"

"Yes." Raphael agreed "If poor clueless Castiel could find a way to do that, don't you think she knows that she could too?"

"You think she'll open the gates of Purgatory like Cas and Crowley did." Dean asked. "Do you know how long it took them to find what they needed, and they need an eclipse. Those don't exactly happen every night."

"No they don't. But Death created another eclipse for us to open the door again so Cas could put the souls back." Sam said.

"Which means she wouldn't necessarily be stymied for lack of an eclipse. If Death did it once, it
could be done again." Lucifer said.
So lets say Abaddon is looking for Purgatory and plans to suck down the souls what then?” Dean asked.

"I swear Dean, a goldfish has a longer memory than you.” Gabriel said. "Have you forgotten what is in Purgatory besides souls? Have you forgotten how it affected Castiel?"

"Wait how do you know anything about that. You were dead.” Sam said.

"Yeah but when Raph told me that little Cassie exploded his ass, I had to know how that happened." Gabriel explained. "I flipped back a few chapters to catch up with the story."

"So you know about everything, Sammy's swan dive into the pit, Cas's New God period, Dick Roman, all of it." Dean asked. "And you just let it all happen?"

"Yep. I may be a trickster and an Archangel but even I won't screw around with history." Gabriel said. "Too bad you don't remember what happened when Balthazar unsunk the Titanic. 50,000 people who should never have been born and it caused a big screw up in the timeline. Things that you didn't have to deal with. Even a tiny change can have major consequences; so no, whatever happened, happened."

"Okay, so Abaddon opens the gate to Purgatory and swallows down the souls and she destroys everything right?" Sam asked.

"Uh...no.” Gabriel said. "If Abaddon opens the gates to Purgatory and swallows down the souls she pops like a pimple and you get your sloppy seconds of Dick. Roman that is.

Honestly, I'm surprised that Castiel managed to contain them for as long as he did. That's why we absolutely without any question need to know what she plans. For the moment we give Jake a pass he is 'cooperating' for what it's worth, but Ansem is playing at being James Bond. We need him to talk."

"You want me to torture him?” Dean asked.

"What we want is for you to get information from him." Michael said. "If that can be done without torture then let it be done without torture. You have a certain reputation Dean."

"And sometimes all it takes is reputation." Lucifer said. "I probably haven't done half the things people have accused me of since the fall, but it adds to the fear that people regard me with. If I can use that fear and conserve a little energy then well I'll use the fear, and from what we've heard so far Abaddon has been building up your reputation among her demons."

"So you want me to fake him out." Dean asked.

"Do you think that you can?” Raphael asked.

Kevin was sitting in the kitchen with Jody. He had given The sheriff a cup of tea and then sat down with her to keep her company.
"So you're Kevin, the prophet?" Jody said. "You look a little young to be handing down the word of God kid."

"Well We recently found out I'm not that kind of prophet, I just translate what Metatron wrote." Kevin said.

"Well isn't that still the word of God?" Jody asked.

"Not always." Another voice interrupted and Jody turned to find Benny standing behind her.

Benny smiled and kind of tipped his head. "Ma'am. It turns out some of what old Metatron wrote was the word of Metatron. Namely a spell that booted every angel out of heaven. The Archangels fixed that but while all the angel's were stuck down here a demon by the name of Abaddon managed to get loose."

Jody shook her head. "You would think that after all the crap I saw while dealing with Bobby Singer, I'd just take angels in stride. I've seen the dead walk, demons, gods and even ended up with a leviathan for my doctor. So I'm going to assume that this means the Gabriel who showed up at my office is THE Gabriel. The 'blessed are you among women Mary because my father just knocked you up' Gabriel?"

"Yeah and he's Loki too." Kevin said.

"The Norse god Loki?" Jody shook her head and sipped her tea. "So angels suffer from split personality disorder too."

"I suppose that's one way to put it." Benny chuckled as he went to the fridge and took out a blood bag. Biting off the end of the tube Benny sucked up a mouthful of blood and swallowed. "I guess you may as well get used to the fact that I'm a vampire."

"Yeah our very own Edward Cullen." Kevin said.

"Watch it Kevin, them's fighting words." Benny said. "I'd love to meet the idiot who wrote those books and set her straight on what a real vampire is."

"I suppose you hate Dracula too?" Jody asked.

"Actually once I was turned I found Bram's story to be funny." Benny said. "The first time somebody stuck a cross in my face I almost busted a gut laughing."

"So how exactly does a vampire end up in the Winchester club?" Jody asked.

"Purgatory makes for some strange bedfellows Sheriff." Benny said. "My views on being a vampire started changing before I ended up in Purgatory. Then Dean came along and I knew a way out. I helped him get out and he brought me back with him. I have family, a granddaughter. She doesn't know who I am, but I got to spend some time with her."

"Family can make you do some strange things." Jody said. "I met Sam and Dean when the dead started to walk. My son came back. I should have have known better but I wanted to believe that it was a second chance for me and my husband to have a family. I managed to convince myself and even with all the dead coming back, I turned a blind eye. At least until Owen turned."

"Took a while for him to get hungry?" Benny asked. "Normally they come back ravenous. I'm sorry you had to lose him a second time."
"If it wasn't for the dead rising I would never have known what it was Bobby did. I would have gone on thinking he was just a crazy old drunk." Jody said. "I wouldn't have known to call him him when I saw that Leviathan eating my roommate in the hospital. And I wouldn't have known what to do today when those Demons showed up."

Dean had found a fairly nice brass tea trolley. The wheeled cart was covered by a white linen cloth. The Archangels entered the room followed by Dean pushing the cart and Sam carrying an old book in his hands.

Dean wheeled the cart over to the edge of the devil's trap and took off the cloth taking time to neatly fold it and set it to the side. This allowed Ansem and Jake to get a good look at the collection of blades on the cart.

"Sam, do you have that knife Ruby gave us?" Dean asked.

Sam reached down and pulled up the leg of his jeans pulling the demon killing knife out of his boot. Standing up he handed the knife to Dean.

"Thanks." Dean then set about rearranging the the blades in the tray to make room for the knife. He then picked up a bottle of water. And held it out to Michael. "I know I could bless it with a rosary, but I'm thinking it will have more oomph if one you guys do it."

Lucifer snapped his fingers producing a small clay pot. "If you are going to use holy water created by the blessing of an Archangel then you should be using premium salt too. Go ahead and toss that Morton's."

Lucifer handed the pot to Sam who who lifted off the lid revealing the gleaming white crystals inside. "So what's so special about this salt."

"It comes from one of the pillars around the Dead Sea." Lucifer said. "This was once a woman named Ado. You probably know her better as 'Lot's wife'. It was an act of our father that changed her."

"Awesome." Dean said taking the pot from Sam. "So Ansem, you and I are going to have a little chat." Dean said as he picked up the demon killing knife."
"What could we possibly have to talk about Dean." Ansem asked. "It's not like we ran in the same circles."

"Oh you'd be surprised. We both spent out time in hell." Dean had a jar and he was mixing the sea salt in with holy water from the bottle Michael had blessed. He dipped a finger into the mixture and flicked it at Ansem who immediately started screaming. "For example, did you know that I studied under Alistair."

Gabriel pushed off the wall where he had been standing. "Look I torment people but with their own sins. I don't outright torture them. I'm not going to be a part of this. I'm leaving and I'm taking Sam with me. He doesn't need to see the monster his brother is underneath it all." Gabriel and Sam disappeared.

"Little brother always has been too squeamish for his own good." Lucifer said. "I told you that you should have broken him of that weakness when he was younger." Lucifer said to Michael. "What about you Raphael? You too soft hearted to remain and watch a master at work?"

"Oh no Brothers." Raphael said with a smirk. "Even I know that Alistair was a Rembrandt with a knife. I'm eager to see what his favored student learned under the master's tutelage."

"I thought angels were supposed to be the good guys?" Jake said. "You protect people, do God's will."

"Actually Jake, like you, we're soldiers." Michael said. "But soldiers from a time when there was no Geneva Convention. Collateral damage really doesn't mean much to us if it results in us achieving our objective."

"We moved across the face of Egypt and slaughtered every first born thing in the night. Only those who followed our father's command were passed over." Raphael said. "Then we drowned Pharaoh's Army in the sea."

"We rained fire and brimstone down on two cities and leveled them. You speak of these events even today." Lucifer said. "Don't blame us if you bought into a marketing campaign that presents us as pacifist beings lounging in the clouds strumming harps."

"To put it in simple easily understood terms, Angels are not nice." Michael said "We are bloodthirsty emotionless beings who only have one driving instinct. Impose our Father's will, no matter the cost. And watching a demon tortured isn't much of a cost."

"That other angel seemed to think it was." Jake said.

"Is that what you think?" Lucifer asked. "I suppose I didn't phrase it clear enough. He's squeamish not because he dislikes blood and torture but because he likes it too much. His vessel was probably sporting a woody just from the thought of what Dean here is about to do."

"Gabriel what the hell?" Sam asked.

"All part of the fake out Sam." Gabriel said as he popped them into the kitchen. "Right about now
your bro is putting on the Grand Inquisitor act and my bros are egging him on. And if we're lucky two demons are pissing their pants."

"Do you think that is going to work?" Sam asked.

"Well if it doesn't, Dean has a good supply of Dead Sea Salt and Arch-angelically blessed holy water." Gabriel said as he pulled out a Strawberry Yoohoo from the fridge.

"What is going on down there?" Jody asked.

"You don't want to know. Dean is not exactly going to read them their rights and offer them legal council." Sam said.

"That's right I forgot, you're Janie Law." Gabriel said then waggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Ever think of making a movie using those handcuffs? I'm game if you are."

"Gabriel!" Sam said while Jody stared at the archangel in shock.

"What? You think just cause I'm an angel my vessel doesn't react to a pretty woman when I see one?" Gabriel snorted. "My name is not Castiel, in case you haven't been paying attention I like human indulgences like food, sleep and sex."

"This is what we've been praying to all these centuries?" Jody said.

"Normally I just ignore it but If you want to pray to me, preferably late at night when you're wearing a satin negligee..." Gabriel said.

"Angel or not one more sexually harassing statement out of you and I'll find out how your 'vessel' likes a taser to the family jewels." Jody said.

Gabriel bent over holding his sides laughing. "You know what Sam? I like her better than you Winchesters!"

"I'm not telling you anything." Ansem said even as he fearfully watched the tip of the knife approach.

"Good, the more stubborn you are the more creative I can get." Dean said. "Alistair always said that I was at my best when I was being creative." Dean sat the knife down. "Since you already skipped ahead to I'm not telling you anything' I guess we can skip the preliminaries."

Dean picked up a large syringe that looked more like it should be used as a turkey baster. Dean held it up and studied the markings on the side. "Hey Ansem did you hear about that serial killer that got sent downstairs, would have been oh a little more than a year after Jake here opened the hellgate?"

Dean picked up the bottle of holy water. "No? Well let me tell you about him. He got sent straight to the rack. Had a hell of a body count too. The police had him on murder 17 victims. I know in the world of serial killers that's pretty tame right?" Dean picked up a bowl and sprinkled some of the Dead sea salt into the bowl before pouring some of the water into bowl. As he started stirring the bring Solution Dean started talking again. "Anyway this guy was responsible for over 200 victims. The problem was he was killing people and leaving four different M.O.s, that one guy was responsible for the body counts of four different serial killers. Alistair was practically drooling at
being able to get his hands on that one."

Dean was now drawing the saline solution into the Syringe. "Raphael I could use your help for a second. I need some medical equipment." Dean held out a list to The archangel who was suddenly grinning from ear to ear as he disappeared.

Dean turned back to Ansem. "That son of a bitch had tortured and killed all those people, so me and Alistair figured he deserved something special. Something really painful" Dean picked up a knife again and started cutting Ansem's clothes away. He had just gotten the demon down to his underwear when Raphael appeared holding what looked like lots of tubing and bags as well as what looked like a surgical pack straight from a hospital operating theater.

"Thank you Raphael. This is just what I needed." Dean turned back to Ansem and wrapped a strap around the Demons arm. "So the first thing we did was to start an IV with some salt water. That was pretty miserable for him but we didn't think he was suffering enough." Dean was poking around on Ansem's arm searching for the demon's vein. "Well Alistair decided to find out what would happen if you gave a demon a holy water and salt enema. And Raphael was nice enough provide me with an enema bag so as soon as I get this IV started."

Ansem began to struggle in earnest. "I don't know what she's going to do. She keeps changing her mind."

Jake looked at the other demon. "He's lying. She said that there was an archive we had to find and there were spells that went back to the beginning of time. She was looking specifically for ones that would let her kill the devil."
"So Jake tell me something." Lucifer crossed his arms and leaned against the wall. "Why does she have such a bee in her bonnet about killing me?"

"Maybe because mostly every intelligent living thing on Earth thinks you're a dick?" Dean added unhelpfully. When all the angel's present turned to look at him, Dean held his hands up in a placating manner. "He's the devil, we think he's a dick. That's just the way it is."

"No that's not it." Jake said. "She thinks that there's a conflict of interest. A fallen angel will put Heaven before hell."

"Shut up! She's going to pull you apart piece by piece." Ansem yelled.

Dean picked the syringe and jammed the needle into Ansem's thigh. "Play with that and shut up!"

Ansem started screaming.

Raphael sighed then gestured with his hand. Ansem's mouth was open and he was obviously still screaming by only silence came from the devil's trap now. "That's better. Now we can hear ourselves think."

"Tell us more." Michael demanded.

"She thinks hell should rule it all. It should all be some sort of Demon paradise." Jake said. "She doesn't think Lucifer will take it all the way into the endzone for the demons. She thinks you're just using us and when it's all over and done with you're going to turn on the children you created."

"Well most of you are expendable." Lucifer said. "Most demons are stupid and think no farther than the next possession. Most demons are even worse then humans when you get right down to it. Some of you, a small number are worth keeping. You show me something more than the normal evil demon crap, I'll keep you around. Other than that you are nothing more than the proof that I created to show father just how screwed up his precious humans are."

Lucifer looked over at Dean. "Some humans are worth saving. They are better than the rest. They are worthy of father's...interest. The rest like demons should be destroyed."

"Tell us how you really feel." Dean said sarcastically. "Don't sugarcoat it for those of us who might be human."

"See? That's why I like the Winchesters, They're like Don Quixote one and two. Always attacking windmills and too stupid to realize when they can't win." Lucifer said. "Those two stood up to heaven and hell and even infected angels with their stupidity and you know what?"

Jake was glaring at Lucifer.

"They won. Since they were too stupid to know that it was a lost cause, they just kept spurring the horse on, aiming the lance, never giving up and eventually they won." Lucifer said. "Heaven and hell both did everything we could to stack the deck against them and they won."

Lucifer put his arm around Jake and urged him forward to where Ansem bound to the chair was still silently screaming. "Ansem there? Well he's what you'd call chaff, a total waste. He hasn't learned a damning thing. His little pea brain thinks getting into his clothes right side out is an achievement."
Lucifer reached down and pulled out the needle jammed into Ansem's thigh. "You see there's different kinds of stupid Jake. Ansem here is typical demon stupid, kind of like Ruby. You met her right? She's the one that you had to grab her hands every time you ran into her to keep her from grabbing your dick. All she knew in life was some half ass herbal lore and how to spread her legs for anyone she thought could help her claw her way half a rung higher on the social ladder. In the end you know what she got out of her life? A long drop from a short rope and a trip downstairs. And in all the centuries she had to learn and progress, she still only had one trick in her repertoire. Spread her legs. And Ansem? He still thinks just because he could influence a few weak willed people on Earth, he's something special. He hasn't learned anything. But you Jake? You have potential, you can learn. Live up to your potential and I might keep you around."

"No seriously." Gabriel was saying. "Eventually the entire bible will become obsolete, namely because you've got angels running around like they own the place. They'll get you guys straightened out sooner or later. Although I don't know why you didn't just get it right the first time around. Sometimes I feel like I wasted my breath."

"Wait when all those religious texts talk about Gabriel it was you?" Jody asked.

"Yep, and you know what really pisses me off the most? That you guys don't get it. Dad doesn't care if your a Christian or a Jew; a Muslim or a Buddhist. All he cares about is the fact that you're human, you're his favored creation." Gabriel said. "And you guys are worse than Michael and Lucifer on their worst day with your 'God loves me and hates you' bullshit. We get through this and I might have to go back to my old job. But you guys still need an updated and correct bible. Chuck has been writing the Winchester Gospel for years. Now Mini prophet here is working on the book of Kevin. Seriously now we should have the book of Jody. You know the guys and you knew Bobby Singer better then anyone other than Sam and Dean."

Sam sipped his beer. "Gabriel are you serious? You want a bunch of hunters writing the bible?"

"Look Sam. Part of the reason this world is in such a mess is the fact that most of Dad's prophets are lets say, not revered for their sobriety. It goes with the territory it's either stay under the influence of mind altering substances or lose your mind. As a result you got these guys writing the most important book in human history and they are all stoned out of their gourds." Gabriel said. "I kind of looked ahead. A thousand years from now Bobby Singer is a saint and the 'church' is more about keeping evil at bay. Seminaries stop teaching how to interpret scripture and replace it with how to kill wendigos. This world is much better off for it. We just have to get through this."

"But if you've seen all this already." Jody asked.

"It's not that simple Jody. You see a few years ago I looked forward and to this time." Gabriel said. "You guys were living in a world where humans were all but extinct, the world was populated by Croats. Michael had gotten his ass spanked by Lucifer and retreated to heaven taking all of the angel's with him save a handful who were naïve enough to think they still had a chance. Everyone was gathered for one last run at Satan. Dean lead all of you to your deaths against my brother, he killed you all."

"You're talking about that future Zachariah stuck Dean in right? Camp Chitaqua, Cas had fallen and was human. And I said yes to Lucifer." Sam said.
"Sam you saying yes to Lucifer is a constant, no matter which time line it is you always say yes." Gabriel explained. "The difference is what happens after you say yes. In some cases Michael took his vessel and killed you. In others you managed to kill yourself. The only difference in this time line than the others, is that you two yahoos watched a really bad porno DVD that turned out to not be a porno at all. Instead it told you how to open the cage. And Michael and Lucifer were kept from killing each other."

"So you changed the outcome of everything that happened?" Jody asked.

"Yep!" Gabriel said. "The ending of the story was written long before Dad thought me into existence. The four of us; Mikey, Luci, Raph and I have known from the moment of our creation that the Winchesters were destined to destroy it all."

"So why?" Sam asked. "I mean when we busted you during that whole TV Land thing you were pretty adamant but then you showed up at the Elysian. You came to pull us out of the fire."

"Lets just say the Author decided to edit his work. He didn't like the way the first draft ended." Gabriel said. "But I don't think Daddy Dearest was expecting all the fall out that came along with the revision.

Everything that's happening now? It's all ad-lib. It can go either way. Either we win or Abaddon does. Odds are pretty much 50/50 unless we learn something from those demons that tips the scales in our favor."

Jody looked down at the spiral notebook and pen sitting in front of her. "If the situation is that bad why should we be writing out our memoirs?"

"Call me an optimist. Besides it will give you something to do while we figure out our game plan." Gabriel said then cocked his ear then stood up "Tell my bros I had to answer a call. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Who is calling?" Sam asked.

"Dad."
Chapter 59

Gabriel didn't waste any time presenting himself at the base of God's throne. He dropped down to one knee with his head bowed. "I'm here like you ordered."

"Approach the throne my son." A voice said. "Call it a gift. Something for my children, all of my children."

Gabriel made his way up to the throne to find a scroll on the seat. Picking it up he opened it and read his father's words. "Uh Dad, you had us lock Metatron in the cage. And now we're supposed to let him out?"

"You will offer him the chance to do the right thing. You will make it known that I allowed him to cast the others down. His sin was not in what he did, but in what he failed to do." The voice said.

"A gift? This is going to piss everyone off." You're asking me to pound the nails into my own coffin here." Gabriel said.

"You are my messenger, it is your duty deliver the messages that I entrust you with. Your agreement with the message is neither required nor desired. Obey me Gabriel." The voice said. "I have overlooked much granting you forgiveness when you deserted your post to cavort with the pagans. Deliver my message."

"Can it at least wait until we have dealt with Abaddon?" Gabriel asked.

"Deliver the message Gabriel, forget about Abaddon. Have faith." The voice said.

"Have faith? Have Faith?" Gabriel questioned disbelief clear in his voice. "Tell me something Pops, what kind of faith do you want me to have huh?" Sam Winchester faith where I pray to you every day and while you simply kick me in the teeth? Everything you let Sam Winchester suffer and he still has faith in you to this day although I don't know why.

Or maybe I should have Castiel faith. Chasing after you with as much chance of finding you as I have of finding the Pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and still defend you to everyone around me when it's clear to anyone who wants to look that I've been abandoned. Tell me what have you done to deserve faith since the carpenter's son breathed his last?"

"Sammy, your bestest bud there is a dick." Dean said gesturing at Lucifer as he and the Archangels entered the kitchen.

"Ya think?" Sam snarked. "He's the devil. It pretty much goes with the territory."

"See, I told you." Dean smirked. "We think you're a dick just on general principles."

Lucifer showed Dean that even the devil could learn sign language by flipping him the bird. "Sam where is Gabriel?"

"He said to tell you he had to take a call." Sam answered.
"From Daddy." Jody added.

The Archangels all looked at each other. "Father summoned him?" Raphael asked. "But that's impossible all these centuries with no word."

"No word for you jackasses you mean." Gabriel said as he appeared. "He never stopped sending messages he just didn't feel the need for a face to face until now. He wants to see you Michael, I just claimed the number one spot on God's Shit List."

"Gabriel what did you do?" Lucifer asked.

"I simply told him what he could do with his command to us to 'have faith'. Guess he didn't like it too much. He bound all my powers and sent me back." Gabriel shrugged.

"He made you human." Sam said.

"Essentially yeah. But I can have my powers back anytime I want them." Gabriel said. "All I have to do is apologize for calling him the universe's prime example of a deadbeat dad. And deliver his pitiful assed excuse of an explanation as to why he is such a piss poor father."

"Gabriel, why would you openly rebel against him?" Lucifer asked. "You moron, you're lucky he didn't toss you in the pit with Metatron."

"Yeah he wants us to release him now too." Gabriel said. "He says the scribe has been confined long enough to learn his lesson. Michael you'd better get going. He's in a mood right now. I wouldn't make him wait."

Michael stood at the top of the Pyramid before God's throne with his arms crossed. "Father." The Archangel bowed his head.

"Michael, my good son." God's voice said. "You have never questioned me."

"I never questioned you before." Michael said. "You left us with orders that ended with me and Lucifer destined to battle to the death. Why? Do you gain pleasure by setting us against the ones we most love?"

"What is your meaning Michael?" The voice asked.

"You sent Gabriel to Abraham. Did it bring you pleasure to cause Abraham such pain? To command him to sacrifice Isaac, his beloved son? Did it bring you pleasure to set me against Lucifer to turn heaven into a battlefield?" Michael asked. "Did you enjoy watching Lucifer's vessel reduced to madness as a reward for sparing our lives."

"You dare question me Michael?" The voice asked.

"Yes, I dare. Watching the vessels willing to sacrifice themselves for each other time and time again, seeing the bond of brotherhood between them that was once between Lucifer and I, a bond that you destroyed with your manipulations, I dare."

"Gabriel's rebellious attitude seems to be contagious." the voice said. "You share in his rebellion, then you share in his punishment. Get thee from my sight." the voice said and Michael immediately appeared in the bunker.
"What happened? What did he say?" Raphael asked.

"Let's just say Gabriel is not the only one who has had his wings clipped." Michael said.

"Dad punished you?" Gabriel asked dumbfounded. "Look, I'm a screw up. I've done a lot of crap Dad doesn't like but you're his Golden Boy, Mr Perfect."

"I was the perfect son until I asked for answers." Michael said. "Then I was told to 'get thee from my sight'."

"Wow the old man must be getting senile in his old age. He has grounded his messenger and his General?" Lucifer said. "You know I could just march in and take over heaven right now."

"I would stop you." Raphael stood up and pulled out his blade.

Lucifer chuckled. "Put your blade away Raphael, I said I could; not that I would. Besides you don't have Michael's power nor Gabriel's craftiness. You're no match for me little brother. You're not even a match for Gabriel and he's the baby."

Lucifer placed a hand on Raphael's shoulder "Obviously there is something going on here that doesn't quite seem right. Let's see if he's still occupying his throne and if we can get to the bottom of it."

Ava watched as Abaddon paced back and forth. "You should have sent me instead of Ansem. He doesn't have any self control. He was the wrong tool for the job."

"You think that I should have sent you." Abaddon asked.

"Where is he? He should have returned by now, somehow he has screwed it up." Ava looked out the window.

"He should have returned." Abaddon said. "But there is a method to my madness. Ansem is brute force. He is direct. I fully intended a direct attack from him. Ansem has very little intelligence. But you my dear Ava are more subtle. I had no intentions of risking you this early in the game."

Abaddon walked over to the desk and opened up a laptop. "Ansem on the other hand is expendable."

"What are you doing?" Ava asked.

"Having access to so many young and often brilliant minds through these gangs comes in handy." Abaddon was typing something into the computer and a map came up. A red dot was blinking over Lebanon, Kansas. "GPS is a wonderful thing."
"Now this is a paring I had never thought to witness," Lucifer and Raphael started as their father's voice issued from the throne.

"Father!" Raphael fell to his knees "You do truly live."

"Of course I live. You are the one who doubted it Raphael." The voice said.

"So would you like to tell me what game you're playing at now?" Lucifer asked as he stood in front of the throne. "Clipping Gabriel's wings I get. You know there have been times when I have had to count to a million to avoid wringing his neck, but Michael? Michael has never done anything except obey you even when it tore his heart to shreds, and this is his reward for obedience?"

"Lucifer, you would do well to guard your tongue. You have only just be allowed back into the fold." Said the voice.

"Right and as soon as you accept me back, you give Gabriel and Michael the boot. What is so abhorrent to you about us being a family? Whenever when begin to get along and treat each other with something close to love and affection, along you come with some plot to divide us." Lucifer said. "I don't get it at all. But Gabriel and I are good, Michael and I are good. Right now I think that is more important to me than sitting up here lounging around the base of your throne. So it's not like I don't know what it's like to be on your bad side. But at least this time I have company." Lucifer said as he disappeared.

"Well?" The voice prompted as Raphael stood there. "Are you just going to stand there like a marble statue?"

"Father I do not understand. We have been united as we were in the beginning. We have worked together and our grace sang with joy to be united again." Raphael said. "Why do you seek to separate us again."

"Consider your words Raphael." The voice said. "What have I done lately to cause a rift between you? Anything? Or have you chosen to create your own rifts?"

"If we have, it was a path you set us on. You are the one who decreed that Michael and Lucifer battle each other to the death." Raphael said.

"Did I not also decree that Dean and Sam Winchester do the same?" The voice said. "And when Castiel defected to the Winchester's side did I not resurrect him each time he died?"

"You didn't resurrect Gabriel." Raphael countered.

"Was it necessary to bring him back immediately? Did I not also decree that the start of Michael and Lucifer's final battle would be signaled by Gabriel? It is Gabriel who sounds his horn and breaks the seals of the apocalypse. I did not decree that the rising of Lucifer signaled the Apocalypse."

"But why would you not answer us when we called out to you for guidance?" Raphael.

"Perhaps because I believed that my first children were at least as intelligent as those who came after." the voice said. "Must I bear the blame for your shortcomings. As I told Joshua, I gave all the help that I intended to give. I gave you signs and omens, you my heavenly children failed to heed
them."

"So Gabriel standing up to Lucifer from the Winchesters sake was the right thing to do?" Raphael asked.

"Yes it was. I didn't resurrect him because Gabriel has always been the one most torn by the infighting. As long as the infighting continued I chose leave him restfully at peace." The voice said. "Lucifer and Gabriel learned quickly and now even Michael has learned. Now you must learn, your existence is your own. You must be responsible for your actions. It is your time, you must prove yourselves worthy."

Gabriel was slouched in a kitchen chair pouting. He had tried several times to snap up something sweet or something simple and nothing. "I'm not apologizing!" he yelled at the ceiling.

"I believe my vessel is becoming unhealthy." Michael said. "I feel a discomfort in my abdomen." His words were accompanied by a low grumbling from his stomach.

"You're fine, just hungry. You need to eat to keep your vessel alive." Gabriel said.

"Just when we thought we were safe from human angels." Dean said and shook his head. "Cas we need your help."

"Dean, we have Dad's truck. We need to make a supply run anyhow." Sam said.

"That would not be wise." Castiel said as he appeared. "There are two demons in the lower levels who are more than likely aware of the fact that both Michael and Gabriel are...now human."

"Thanks for the reminder there bro." Gabriel snarked. "We had no idea that clipping our wings meant we were human. And we're hungry." He added as Michael's stomach growled again.

"Senile old goat." Lucifer said as he appeared in the kitchen. "Ha this is nothing old man. Do you honestly think binding my powers is going to bother me after you pretty much sent me to my room for centuries?"

Sam looked at Lucifer as he shook his fist toward heaven. "So you're powerless too now?"

"Yep, what the hell I'm used to it." Lucifer said. "Although I think the old man has totally lost it if he thinks this bothers me."

"And Raphael?" Michael asked.

"No clue. I simply wanted to give him a piece of my mind." Lucifer said. "I think it really pissed him off when I just walked out on him. Last I saw of Raphael he was standing there with his mouth open catching flies."

Raphael returned about 30 minutes later. The Archangel was quiet.

"Well?" Gabriel asked. "Dad pluck your feathers too?"

"Yes expected us to be smart enough to walk away and we were not. Whatever failures occurred are our own." Raphael said.

"Like I said, pops is senile." Lucifer said.
Castiel popped into the kitchen with Kevin, the angel and the prophet both loaded down with bags. "Our problems have been compounded." The Seraph said. "Abaddon has arrived in town."

"The shit has definitely hit the fan." Lucifer said. "The bitch would show up when all four of us are powerless."

Ava looked around the house. It was large with room for several demons to occupy it. The family that lived here had all been possessed save the youngest child. Ava was now stuck babysitting this stinky little human creature. Abaddon had given explicit instructions that the child was not on the menu. The child would be best used as bait.

Demons were out scouting other homes to take over. Abaddon had tracked Ansem to this town called Lebanon Kansas. Abaddon was convinced that the Winchesters must also be here, the threat against a child should be the one thing that drew them out.

But the Winchesters would not be located by just sitting around. Ava shoved the child into the stroller and pushed it out the door. It wouldn't hurt to ask around town and see if she could get some idea of where to find Sam and Dean.
"Abaddon's demons have possessed several families." Castiel said. "She is using an ingenious strategy. Families with small children under the age of three. The children are spared and held as hostages. She has built and baited a trap for Sam and Dean."

"Sam and Dean aren't the only ones affected by her trap." Michael snarled. "It is a trap Michael. You are looking right at it, don't be stupid enough to trigger it." Lucifer said. "None of us are in any condition to take her on right now."

"Brothers." Virgil said as he appeared in the room with Balthazar.

"My, my. We are in a bit of a pickle aren't we?" Balthazar nodded. "Little Cassie advised us of the situation the four of you find yourselves in, and at the worst possible time too, with Abaddon circling the town like a vulture waiting for a wildebeest to die. Luckily for you, I remembered where I had stashed these." Balthazar gestured toward the large sack that Virgil was holding.

Virgil reached into the bag and pulled out a gleaming sword. "I believe that this one is Gabriel's." Virgil said handing the sword to the Archangel who was grinning from ear to ear.

"Come to Papa!" Gabriel said. "I have really missed this baby."

Sam had stepped up closer and was studying the gleaming blade closely. Especially the lettering that decorated the blade. "Gabriel is that what I think it is?"

Michael was also grinning as Virgil handed him his sword. The four Archangels not only looked happy they looked ecstatic.

"So they're swords." Dean said. "I don't get what the big deal is."

"That's an Ulfbert." Sam said reverently.

"Not quite, Sam." Gabriel said. "These are celestial swords. The very weapons we used against the Leviathan. But a blacksmith named Ulfbert did get a gander at one of them and set about trying to recreate it."

"That was impossible of course, but he and others who managed to glimpse the swords all tried to copy them." Michael said.

"Along the way they created legendary swords. The Ketana, the Scimitar, the Claymore, the Gladius." Lucifer added. "All in an attempt to capture the power of these weapons that can only be wielded by God's first sons."

"Wow. Can I hold it?" Sam asked still engrossed in the sword Gabriel was holding.

"Not mine but I think Lucifer's would be okay." Gabriel said. "You are his vessel after all."

"But Lucifer's isn't an Ulfbert." Sam said.

"Sure it is Sam." Lucifer said holding out the hilt of the sword as the shape of it changed. "It's basically in the shape of whatever bladed weapon we want it to be. I just happen to prefer a
scimitar, Gabriel likes the viking broadsword, Michael likes the Ketana and Raphael has a thing for that Zulu spear looking whatchamacallit."

Sam touched the hilt and yanked his hand back. "What was that?"

"The sword itself has power. It's used to my grace. It probably felt a trace of my grace left over from when you said yes and tried to bind with it." Lucifer said.

"Alright so you guys aren't powerless now." Dean said. "We go after Abaddon and kick her ass."

"Slow down, Dean Winchester." Virgil spoke up. "Yes their swords have been returned to their hands but they are not in any shape to face Abaddon at this moment."

"Well we can't just sit here and let her take over this town." Dean protested.

"For once in your miserable little existence Dean, shut up." Lucifer said. "You are always so quick to rush into things half-assed and you get people around you killed. This time be silent and let older, wiser heads prevail."

"Lucifer is right Dean, your constant need to lead the charge is admirable until you lead others to their deaths. Your rash decisions cause more harm in the end than good. You concentrate on saving the handful that should be sacrificed for the greater good." Michael said. "Even when someone older and wiser speaks, you ignore them. Do you even realize how many lives have been sacrificed on the altar of your pride?"

"Michael, don't." Gabriel said.

"Little brother, I know you mean well, but that is not going to accomplish anything in this case. Dean won't listen to anything other than having his mistakes shoved in his face." Lucifer said. "If he hadn't been so stubborn when Zachariah first talked to him, Michael and I would have had it out long before you ended up on the wrong side of an Archangel blade, Jo and Ellen went boom and Sammy jumped in the pit."

"Don't put the blame on Dean for me getting shanked. The rest of it whatever, but I chose to go back and help them." Gabriel said.

"Kali had your blood. When you were hiding in the car you said get our blood." Dean pointed out.

"Yeah so I'm partial to this vessel. I wanted to hold on to it for sentimental reasons, but I'm not superglued to it. Any more than any other Archangel is stuck with one vessel." Gabriel said. "I could have abandoned it to Kali and gotten you out of there using my true form but I didn't for two reasons. One it would have been like waving a huge red flag at Lucifer and every other angel in creation and two, this man who said yes didn't deserve to be left to Kali's tender mercies. So that is one guilt trip you don't have to take Deano."

"Well if we're done playing, or not playing the blame game," Balthazar said. "Are our commanding officers ready to summon the troops and go to war?"

"One of you will need to contact the Cupids." Gabriel said. "I can't exactly pop into their garrison."

"The garrison leaders also." Michael said. "It looks like we will make our stand here in Lebanon, Kansas."
Castiel looked around the garrison known as the roadhouse. The gathered hunters were all dedicated men and women. And now they would be called to arms for the first time.

"Cas?" Bobby noticed the angel. "What brings you to our neck of the woods?"

"The garrisons are deploying to Earth. Virgil will remain here with a small force, but you will be needed to defend Heaven." Castiel explained.

"What's going on down there?" John asked.

"Abaddon has moved her demons into the town of Lebanon, Kansas." Castiel answered.

"That is not good. It's bad, very bad." Henry said. "She's right on top of the repository."

"Her proximity to the 'Batcave' is troubling." Castiel agreed. "We have warded it quite heavily. I doubt that she will discover its location."

"I think there's a bigger concern right now." Ash interrupted. "What's going on with your big brothers? I know they all came up here recently but when they left they went quiet. Whether you know it or not you guys might talk and chatter on angel radio but those guys are loud. Michael, Lucifer, Raphael and Gabriel there's no missing it when they start chattering. And even when they don't chatter, since you guys got your groove back, they've still been there in there like background noise."

"Well what's up with those idjits?" Bobby asked. "Keeping quiet while they come up with a plan?"

"Our father has rendered them...human." Castiel answered.

"Balls!"

Balthazar had actually done a recon of the town and created a perfect scale replica on the conference room table. "Abaddon has taken over several homes in these three neighborhoods. These are the homes that had small children." Balthazar pointed to several different sections just outside of town.

"Do you know if she's gone after the police, or fire department?" Jody asked.

"For what purpose would she do this Jody Mills?" Michael asked. "Would it gain her some unforeseen advantage?"

"Michael you really need to get out more." Gabriel said. "If she controls Emergency Services she can shut down the entire town."

"She could send her demons on a door to door search without arousing anyone's suspicion." Jody said. "Can't you guys just possess the cops before the demons do or something."

"Unfortunately no. We have to secure permission to occupy a vessel and the vessel must be of the correct bloodline." Lucifer said. "Even I have to ask and it can take a long time to wear someone down to the point of saying yes."

"All of the homes Abaddon has taken are outside of the city limits." Sam said. "Does that seem strange to anyone else?"
"Yeah like there's some kind of a barrier or something," Dean said. "Kind of like they can only stay inside the city limits for a set amount of time and then they have to leave."

"I think maybe I should start looking through some more of Colt's journals. Maybe it's something he did." Sam said.

"That's a possibility. Gabriel, Raphael; help Sam scour the journals." Michael said. "Lucifer and I will continue to work on developing an attack strategy."
Gabriel, Michael and Lucifer are older than us and so more powerful. Do you think it is possible that their age may possibly give them knowledge beyond what we possess?"

"Raphael, speaking through our grace when Sam is left out of the conversation is kind of rude." Gabriel said out loud.

"No offense is intended toward you Sam Winchester, but this is not a discussion that I believe we should have in the presence of a mud monkey, even one as remarkable as you." Raphael said.

"Uh thank you, I think." Sam said not sure if he should be insulted or not. After all this was Raphael who still occasionally referred to humans as mud monkeys, hairless apes and who knows what else.

"Sam is not a mud monkey." Gabriel reminded "Did you forget Dad's little Hunter's reward? He is a yet to be ascended Guardian."

"Which means that he will one day be a lesser brother, but for the moment he is still a mud monkey." Raphael replied.

"It's not a problem." Sam said. "I'm thinking it's about time for a dinner break. After all Raphael probably isn't too familiar with hunger. I'll fix something for you guys and you can talk while I'm gone."

The Archangels waited until Sam had left the room then Gabriel turned to Raphael. "What's this crap about Mikey and Luci being smarter than us?"

"Not smarter Gabriel, more knowledgable." Raphael asked. "Father gave them more power than us, perhaps he also granted them more extensive knowledge?"

"Nah, that doesn't sound right." Gabriel said. "Besides I'm not sure that Dad gave them more power or if it's just a result of them being older. But where the hell is this coming from Bro?"

Raphael picked up one of the journals and laid it on the table in front of Gabriel. "Tell me little brother have you ever seen this before. Raphael pointed to an odd sigil hand drawn on the page.

Gabriel studied the odd sigil. "It's not anything I've seen before. It looks Enochian at first glance but then it kind of has an Oriental feel to it. The longer I look at the more it feels like I should be able to pin it down but them I find myself thinking it's a different culture, different language. It's like an ever changing Gordian Knot."

"Then I am not alone in my assessment." Raphael said. "I dismissed a dozen different cultures it could be tied to but just as I become sure of my determination, I realize that I am mistaken."

"Looking at this all I can say is Samuel Colt either had an IQ that would make Albert Einstein and Stephen Hawking green with envy or he was completely cookoo for Cocoa puffs." Gabriel said. "How did his head not explode?"

Sam was making his way through the conference room headed toward the kitchen when Michael
beckoned him over. "Any progress?"

"Not really. I think your brothers are thinking about resurrecting Sam Colt just to smite him for being so confusing." Sam said. "I get the feeling that they are just as lost as I am."

"Awesome. Colt's got the Archangels flustered?" Dean said. "Too bad you guys can't resurrect him. I might be tempted to smite him myself right now."

"What about on your end?" Sam asked.

"We think that we can make things difficult for Abaddon and her followers." Michael said. "This entire town and the surrounding area depend on a single source of water. The reservoir here." Michael pointed.

"Okay and what do you have in mind?" Sam asked.

"Holy water won't hurt us or humans." Lucifer said. "But it will definitely cause some pain to demons."

"You're thinking about blessing the reservoir." Sam said with a grin.

"The nice part is whatever is touched by holy water is also blessed." Michael said. "So they don't have to drink it or bathe in it. Kevin is in the kitchen cooking spaghetti. I noticed that he is boiling what he called pasta in a pot of water. If that water was blessed, that blessing would be absorbed by the spaghetti."

"So drink it, shower in it, eat it; the same effect on them." Sam said. "But wouldn't they catch on pretty quick?"

"Yes this would be our opening salvo. We need to get as much water flowing in the town as we can." Lucifer said.

"And how are we going to do that?" Dean asked. "What you going to announce mandatory shower day or something?"

"It won't be the first time we've burned demons out of a town." Lucifer said. "Why do you think we leveled Sodom and Gomorah...and Chicago?"

"You weren't around for Chicago, Lucifer. How do you know we did it?" Balthazar asked.

"Because I could always hear you guys so I used to listen in on your grace most of the time." Lucifer explained.

"And all these years we thought the Great Chicago fire was caused by a cow kicking over a lamp." Sam shook his head.

"It was." Balthazar said "But you can't really blame the poor cow. After all Zachariah poked it in the ass with his blade. If it's any consolation, the lamp wasn't the only thing the cow kicked. She got a good one in on Zach too."

"Good for the cow." Dean said. "I hope it was where it really hurts."

Michael suddenly stood up straight. "It seems that the Archangels aren't as flustered as you believe they are Sam." Raphael and Gabriel suddenly appeared looking flustered. "But then again I could be wrong."
"Mikey, do you or Luci maybe know what this is?" Gabriel asked laying a book on the table and pointing at the strange sigil.

Lucifer looked at it and frowned. "I don't know what it is but I'm getting a headache just looking at it."

"It is affecting you but not the rest of us?" Raphael noted. "Interesting."

"No you numbskull." Lucifer said. "The damnable thing keeps changing. That's what's giving me a headache."

Sam looked at the sigil. "I guess this is what you didn't want to talk about in front of me. It's not changing it's just a big blob of ink." Sam frowned.

Balthazar nudged Sam to the side and looked at the book then poked Sam's forehead with two fingers. "Well there's nothing physically wrong with your eyes so you aren't seeing what we are seeing." Balthazar handed the book to Dean.

"It just a big scribble." Dean said. "Looks like a three year old had a pen and just kept scribbling in the same place."

Gabriel snapped his fingers and Benny and Kevin were suddenly standing in the room. Take a look at this would you?" He asked taking the book and handing it to Kevin.

Benny looked at it and shook his head. "This some of your angel magic?" The vampire asked and quickly made his way to the other side of the room.

"Benny what's wrong?" Dean asked.

"I looked at it and I just suddenly started to ache. Deep down like in my bones." The vampire said.

"Are you still experiencing this sensation?" Raphael asked.

"Naw it stopped as soon as I got away from it." Benny said.

"I have no idea what it is but it doesn't seem to affect Humans. Angels see something that keeps shifting in their vision and Vampires seem to experience pain." Raphael nodded. "I will probably regret this, but Lucifer could you call Crowley and that pet demon of yours?"

"Spicy? Of course I can but I thought you didn't want to be within 10 feet of her." Lucifer said.

"I have a theory and I need Spicy and Crowley to confirm it." Raphael said.
Lucifer was glaring at his little brother. "Gabriel is there something you want to tell us?"

"Nope not a thing." Gabriel said with a smirk.

"I am also interested Gabriel." Michael said. "You summoned the vampire and the prophet while being powerless?"

"Son of a bitch." Dean said "I didn't even realize...What the hell did you do Gabriel?"

"Come on guys, I am the Trickster." Gabriel smirked. "Do you honestly believe that I would mouth off to Dad without having a backup plan? When will you stop underestimating me just because I'm the so adorably cute little baby Archangel?"

"So you have your powers?" Sam asked. "Cute, and when were you planning on sharing with the rest of the class?"

"Look, my grace is locked down just as tight as the rest of you." Gabriel said. "But I spent a lot of time in witness protection and a lot of time keeping the Aesir and the rest of the pagan gods off of my ass as Loki. The first thing I learned was to never put all your eggs in one basket."

"But how is it that you have any of your grace available?" Raphael asked.

"It's not grace, Dad clipped the hell out of Gabriel's wings then drop kicked his ass out of the garden and back to Earth." Gabriel explained. "But that didn't affect Loki. Over the years all that worshiping people did? Let's just say I deposited those checks in the bank and didn't touch it. I just let it collect interest. I've been using my grace all these years and just disguising it."

"Is this like that 'power of prayer' thing you told me about when you first came back?" Sam asked.

"See Sam that's why you're my favorite Winchester." Gabriel smirked. "That huge space between your ears actually has a functioning brain. Yes it's the same thing. Pagan gods only have power because people worship them. Then they have to use that power to awe and mystify their followers so their followers worship them and give them more power unlike grace which is eternal. But break the circuit and they fade away into oblivion. And maybe someone revives their worship eons later and they can gain enough power to come back. An angel's grace is always there even if that angel happens to be scattered across the cosmos. That's how we can be prayed back into existence so easily."

"So all those vikings and Norsemen who worshiped you over the years were giving you power and you saved it up all this time." Sam said.

"Yep, and thanks to Thor and the Avengers doing so well at the box office Loki is back in vogue again." Gabriel said snapping up a sticky bun. "Can't say that I'm all that happy about my sweet tooth coming back with a vengeance." He frowned.

"And you were planning on telling us this when?" Michael asked. "This is the second time you have kept important information from us Gabriel. I am growing a bit tired of it."

"Bite me Mikey. I've been on my own for far too long to fall into rank as one of your little tin soldiers." Gabriel said. "Besides the less this gets around the better. You do know however, I'm not the only one capable of doing Pagan magic right now. Luci should be able to accomplish it too."
"What? How exactly am I supposed to be able to pull off something like this?" Lucifer asked. "It's not like I ran off to join the pagans."

"True but the humans spent a lot of time building you an entirely different persona. Some of them even worshiped that persona." Gabriel said. "Looks like it's time for little Bro to teach you a new trick, Satan."

"Raphael, you gorgeous thing you." Spicy said as a greeting. "I hear that you asked for me?"

"Do not let your imagination run wild. I also asked for Crowley." Raphael replied.

"Sorry darling, I don't do threesomes when there's an angel involved." Crowley snarked while Raphael glared at the two demons.

"Do not fret demon, I did not request your presence for a 'threesome'. I need your assistance in researching something and if I am not mistaken, Lucifer has ordered you to assist me however I deem fitting." Raphael noted.

"Alright you've got me there. What exactly do you need. After all I recall you were a reasonable woman, er fellow. Oh whatever, you were a reasonable angel." Crowley said.

Raphael stared at the former king of hell for several moments before speaking. "First I will need a variety of Supernatural creatures. One of each save vampire. We already have Benny and he has agreed to assist me."

"This is all sounding very 'Noah's Ark' to me." Crowley commented. "Should I go out and buy some hip waders for a coming flood?"

"Oh a threesome, supernatural creatures and hip waders? This is getting kinky...I like it!" Spicy said.

"Be silent!" Raphael ordered. "I need to discover what Samuel Colt has done! And you will assist me. If I can discover what Samuel Colt discovered we can use that knowledge and power against Abaddon!"

"Oh don't go getting those heavenly robes in a twist Sugar. We'll help you." Spicy said. "So how about I go grab you a wendigo to smooth those ruffled feathers? Crowley we'll need a way to pen it up."

"There are dozens of cells below that bunker the Moose and Squirrel call home. It will be easy enough to lock it up there. I'll make sure our little 'jail cell' is up to par for our flesh eating guest." Crowley said disappearing.

"So I'll be right back with a wendigo for you sugar." Spicy said and also vanished.

"I don't understand what you intend to accomplish by this little brother." Michael said. "Lucifer was locked in the cage for all these years. How is he now suddenly supposed to tap into a power base he has no knowledge of?"
"Because, Baby bro is going to help him out." Gabriel said.

"How exactly is a trickster going to help the devil?" Dean asked.

"Because there are those who think Loki is a devil. Especially with the whole Ragnarok thing." Gabriel said. "I'm not the devil, but there are a lot of people who say that I am a devil."

"I get it." Sam said with a laugh. "That just too simple."

"I'm glad somebody does because I'm totally lost." Dean said.

"You are not alone in your confusion Dean Winchester." Michael said. "I too am at a loss as to how Gabriel can help Lucifer suddenly gain power."

"It's like a joint bank account, right?" Sam said looking to Gabriel for confirmation.

"I think you've got a good grasp on it Sam, go for it." Gabriel said. "Besides you can probably put it in simple enough terms for all of the muttonheads we call brothers to understand."

"Okay, Loki has his own power base that belongs only to him. Like his own private bank account. He's the only one that can tap into it but at the same time because some people call him a devil he can tap into the devil's bank account and the devil has always been called Satan." Sam explained. "When humans began spreading the story Lucifer's fall, they gave him a new name, Satan. Some of the early lore suggests the name of the serpent in the garden was Satan. The lore has become so mixed up and tied together that Christian canonical belief is that Lucifer was the Serpent, Satan. So theoretically Lucifer can tap into anything Satanic or dealing with the devil. All he needs is someone to show him how to do it. And since Loki is sometimes referred to as a devil he can tap into the Satanic power base also."

"And once I show Luci how to tap in, he'll have access to all that pagan magic that has just been sitting there untouched." Gabriel said. "There is another benefit to this. Abaddon is expecting to face a bunch of Angels. I doubt she is prepared to face the Bane of Asgard and the Father of All Devils and Black Magic. She's preparing to face celestial magic, not pagan magic."
"Is all this really necessary?" Michael was getting to be almost as good at bitchfaces as Sam was, but Sam was still the master.

Sam now proved that by sending an even more bitchy bitchface at the Archangel. "Gabriel was pretty clear. For this to work, we need an altar for Satan. So yeah I'm thinking it's necessary."

"Well I don't like it." Dean offered his two cents. "A fully powered up Satan in our midst? We might as well put out the welcome mat for Abaddon."

"Dean you don't like anything that is not your idea or that you can't control." Gabriel said as he placed an ornately decorated silver bowl on the altar. "It's about time you get it through your head, the world is not your oyster and it doesn't revolve around you." Gabriel laid out some herbs and bones on the altar. "Okay Sam, this is the way it needs to be set up, exactly like this. Once you get it all the ingredients together we can light this candle."

Dean had opened his mouth to respond, but the Trickster was completely ignoring him. Instead Gabriel was deep in a conversation with Michael. Dean growled to himself.

"You might want to calm down there Winchester, I can see the veins in your forehead pulsating." A voice said at his left said. Dean turned to find Lucifer himself standing there. The devil smirked at him. "You don't trust me." Lucifer said amused.

"Hell no I don't trust you! You're freaking Satan!" Dean responded. "You killed Ellen and Jo and you tortured Sam!"

"Actually," Michael said from across the room "That was me. Sam is Lucifer's vessel, why would Lucifer cause him damage when he expected he would need Sam again if he managed to get out of the cage?"

Sam was now glaring at the other Archangel. "You? Why and why was it Lucifer in my hallucinations and not you?"

"First of all Sam it was nothing personal against you. It was a means to an end. Get rid of Lucifer's vessel and he would be stuck for centuries until the same specific set of variables resulted in the birth of another true vessel." Michael said. "As for your hallucinations taking the form of Lucifer as your tormentor? You had spent the previous year of your life before jumping into the cage trying to find a way to stop Lucifer. Gabriel finally gave you a way to stop him with no bloodshed. Unfortunately Lucifer and I were both committed to the path before us."

"Speak for yourself Michael. I told you it was one of Dad's games but you wouldn't listen." Lucifer said. "You were too hung up trying to score a few brownie points."

"Hey! Right now I'm the only one with any juice around here and I will stick you both in time out." Gabriel said. "Luci Dad welcomed you home and gave you back your place among the host."

Gabriel turned to glare at Michael. "And you got you sanctimonious ass caged too. There's no way in hell Sam could have pulled you in without dad wanting it that way and if He wanted that way he wasn't too happy with you."

Gabriel was glaring at his two big brothers. "Personally I think he just got tired of you two proving what dumbasses you are. Even I managed to figure it out. Dad has my horn, he didn't give it back and tell me to get blowing. Those two Yahoos didn't throw that big monkey wrench into your plans
by themselves they obviously had help and I don't mean that copy of Casa Erotica I gave them. How many times did he bring Castiel back again? Dad's fingerprints were all over that. The whole lot of you were too damned stubborn to see it.

"Castiel hunted for God." Dean said. "Your deadbeat dad didn't want to be found. Joshua even told us that God wanted us to stop looking, that he didn't care what was happening."

"Tell me something Dean, do you really think I showed up at the Elysian to save your asses for my health?" Gabriel asked. "I ended up on the wrong side of dead you moron. The only way that happened was with Daddy calling the shots."

"What do you want? A medal?" Dean asked.

"What I want is for you to stop acting like a dumbass all the time." Gabriel said. "But like the Stones said, 'You can't always get what you want'. However it would be nice if you tried sometime."

"Um this really isn't getting us anywhere guys." Sam said. "Can we not fight each at least until after we've finished fighting Abaddon?"

Gabriel stopped and took a deep breath. "You're right Sam we shouldn't be fighting. It's the power building up in this room. Michael, we need to get started on that summoning ritual for Loki right now."

Raphael stood outside of a cell where Crowley and Spicy were securing a wendigo. The two demons finished shackling the creature and appeared outside of the barred cage.

"Ugly looking critters aren't they?" Crowley said. "So what exactly is it you plan on doing with it. I have to admit I pretty good at digging into these supernatural creatures and seeing what makes them tick."

"There will be no vivisections performed on these creatures." Raphael said "It is not required for what I need to test."

"Well what is it that you're testing here Sugar?" Spicy asked.

Raphael stared at the demon for a moment. "Wait here, I will show you."

Spicy looked at Crowley and shrugged her shoulders. In just a moment the Archangel was back and both Spicy and Crowley flinched and backed away from the Archangel.

Spicy hissed. "Why are you harming us? We've followed Lucifer's orders and we're helping you."

Raphael quickly disappeared than reappeared. Both demons were now sighing in relief. "It seems that whatever Colt has done, it affects you whenever you are within it's vicinity. It also made the Vampire Benny uncomfortable but to a much lesser degree than you." Raphael nodded. "Bring me more creatures. I need to discover how it affects them and at what distances. I believe I can safely say that it is an effective repellent against demons."
"What do you offer as tribute for summoning me." Gabriel asked seriously as he stood with his arms crossed on top of the altar.

Dean, Sam and Michael began piling a variety of candy bars and Hostess snack cakes at his feet while Lucifer looked on noting the nuances of the ritual.

Gabriel knelt down and picked up a Twinkie. "Your tribute is acceptable. I offer a boon in return."

"We beg your blessing in battling the hell Knight Abaddon." Sam said. "She would usurp your power and bring down Ragnorak. It is Loki's privilege to release his children to destroy the Aesir."

Gabriel grinned at Sam. "Your boon is granted. And nice knowledge of Aesir Mythology too!"

Lucifer shifted nervously as he felt a change in the atmosphere of the room. "What is that?"

"Loki's power." Gabriel said. "Sam asked my blessing on the fight against Abaddon and I granted it. What you're feeling is all that power floating around the room. Kind of like humans can sense electricity when close by a powerful electrical source."

Gabriel began taking stuff of of the makeshift altar and replacing them with different items including a skeletal goat's head.

"Really Gabriel?" Michael asked.

"Stow it Michael, we're going with the Baphomet image here as a representation of Satan." Gabriel said. "Mainly because like Loki, Baphomet has never existed as an entity. Luci can step right into the image. I mean he's half way there already."

"What do you mean he's halfway there already?" Dean asked.

"If it wasn't for the fact that so many people have looked at Baphomet over the years and identified it as Satan, Baphomet would exist." Gabriel said.

"You mean Baphomet would have become a tulpa." Sam nodded. "Instead people just kept reinforcing the idea of it being Satan, and Satan is Lucifer. Considering the lore states Baphomet represents Heaven and Hell it's also pretty appropriate."

"So the same ritual?" Michael asked.

"Yep the exact same ritual, only the name of the summoned is changed from Loki to Satan." Gabriel said and snapped his fingers producing a small goat. "Got to have an offering. Since Lucifer hasn't spent centuries building up a sweet tooth a pile of candy bars and Hostess Twinkies won't cut it. It's going to have to be a blood sacrifice."

"Well let's get this show on the road." Lucifer said. "Then we can find out why Raphael is so engrossed by Samuel Colt's little scribble."
"All this blasphemy." Michael muttered as Lucifer snapped his fingers summoning Spicy and Crowley.

"Forget the blasphemy." Dean said. "You do realize Lucifer is fully powered up and the only other Archangel with any power around here is almost as big a dick as Lucifer himself?"

"Gabriel died for you and Sam. I think that would cause you to feel some measure of gratitude Dean." Castiel said.

"I do, it's why I said almost as big a dick as Lucifer." Dean answered. "He only killed me like a gazillion times first."

"You don't even remember any of it Dean." Gabriel said. "So you've got nothing to complain about. Sam on the other hand lived through all those Tuesdays and has earned the right to call me a dick."

"I should, but I understand what it was you were trying to teach me, now." Sam said. "So I suppose you're not really a dick, just the universe's crappiest teacher."

"Far be it from me to interrupt, but did you want something from us sugar?" Spicy asked Lucifer.

"Just a little test Spicy, and it worked." Lucifer said. "So Gabe and I have got some juice, now what do we do with it?"

"We go talk to Metatron." Gabriel said. "Dad and I sort of got into it because he wants us to let Metatron out now. Dad thinks he has learned his lesson and also that we need his input."

"I can agree on the input part." Michael said. "He is a scribe so he may be able to figure out that sigil that has us all flummoxed."

"Exactly why I think Luci and I should talk to him, but on our terms." Gabriel said.

Raphael took that moment to appear. "Brothers, it seems that I have missed something?"

"Well we just got Luci all Pagan powered is all." Gabriel said. "What about you, any progress on your theory?"

"I have determined that it is an effective weapon against demons with the help of Lucifer's demon companions." Raphael said. "But I am no closer to understanding why or even what makes it a weapon."

"So it seems we still need Metatron." Michael said. "I really don't know if the risk is worth it. He has access to his grace and we don't. In other words he is more powerful than we are."

Gabriel let out a deep breath. "So Mikey about me keeping information to myself..."

"What now Gabriel?" Michael asked. "Something else you have been keeping from us?"

"Look if I was to try to reveal everything to you, we'd be here until the next millennium." Gabriel said. "I know how to well, limit his power using pagan magic. He's a freaking secretary, he's not very high on the power ladder to begin with. He's actually on a par with the cupids when it comes to his power level so Luci and I together can do it."
Michael was glaring at the younger Archangel. Lucifer chuckled. "You're just full of surprises aren't you little brother?"

"Oh relax, Mikey. It wouldn't work on you or any of the soldiers. It only works on the weakest of the host." Gabriel said. "And I would never have figured out how to do it if you didn't keep sending cherubs out looking for me."

"Michael, perhaps you should accept the fact that our little brother has grown beyond your control?" Raphael suggested. "I understand completely why father created Dean Winchester as your vessel. You both have a problem letting your brothers go to become the beings that they are meant to become. You attempt to prevent their growth and all it accomplishes is to cause them to rebel against you."

"Wait how did I get dragged into this?" Dean asked.

The Archangels ignored him. "You know Mikey maybe you should be grateful that I skipped out of heaven. Because it seems my little 'blasphemous pagan tricks' are turning out to be damned helpful right about now." Gabriel said.

"He is right Michael." Raphael said. "Perhaps this is why Father never directed his wrath at Gabriel. Gabriel was never cut off from the host and has even escaped punishment for becoming an idol god."

"I understand the necessity Raphael." Michael said. "But understanding it, does not mean that I will ever accept it as 'right'. Go retrieve Metatron, but I don't want to be involved in any more of your paganism. I've had my fill of it."

"Raphael do you still need Crowley and Spicy?" Lucifer asked.

"No they have served their purpose for now." Raphael answered. "Perhaps I will have need of them after Metatron returns."

"Okay Crowley get back to your spying. Spicy you will accompany Gabriel and I to the cage." Lucifer said.

"You may require assistance in returning from Perdition with him. Abaddon is still on the loose." Castiel said. "I will accompany you along with a small handpicked group who have experience in fighting their way out of hell."

"We don't plan on fighting our way out, Castiel we plan on sneaking in and out." Gabriel said.

"Be that as it may, I believe that the condom principle applies in this situation." Castiel said.

"Better to have one and not need it, than to need it and not have one?" Gabriel laughed.

"I believe that is the logic of the principle." Castiel said.

Metatron had been stuck in the cage for what felt like years. He had been able to here the voices of his brothers and sisters but at a distance. Perhaps that was a blessing because by now the word was out that he was to blame for the mass fall. But today was different. Never before had he felt grace.

"Is someone there?" Metatron called out.
"Yep more than one someone."

"Gabriel? Is that you?" Metatron asked.

"Yep, and Lucifer and Castiel and a few more of your siblings." Gabriel explained. "We've decided to give you a chance to rejoin the host."

"Thank you father!" Metatron said. "I've been praying to him, for forgiveness."

"That's all well and good but," Lucifer said. "This is not Father releasing you from the cage. This is Gabriel and I releasing you from the cage and that means that you will be beholden to us, not Daddy."

"But if Father didn't send you?" Metatron asked, "How, why are you here?"

"The Archangels are offering you a chance to earn your way back into the family's good graces." Castiel said. "But you must still earn the forgiveness of the host."

"What do I have to do?" Metatron asked.

"Well number one you'll be bound." Gabriel said. "Number two you remain on earth until the majority of the host chooses to allow you to return home. Number three you will follow all orders from the Archangels without question or complaint."

"What happens if I don't agree." Metatron asked.

"Well we turn around and leave you here to rot." Lucifer said. "If you do agree and break any agreement once you are topside, Gabriel and I toss your ass right back in here and lose the key. So what's it going to be Metatron?"

"What about those who will wish me harm? If you bind my powers I can't defend myself." Metatron pointed out.

"Now who would want to harm you Metatron? It's not like you've done anything that you bros and sisses would feel the need to retaliate for now have you?" Gabriel asked sarcasm dripping from his every word. "The Archangels will issue an order that you are not to be harmed. Now this is not a negotiation do you accept the terms or do we just make our way back to Earth one angel short of what our number could be?"

"I accept your terms." Metatron said meekly.
Balthazar had popped in just a few moments after Gabriel, Lucifer, Spicy Castiel and a small group of angels had popped out on their way to the cage. The Seraph had a look of pure disgust on his face. "Michael, please tel me that the group of you didn't have have the conversation I think you had. You are not releasing Metatron after what he did."

"We need his insight, Balthazar." Michael said with a sigh. "So yes Gabriel and Lucifer are going to release him. Castiel went with them to help."

"So Cassie is okay with this? After Metatron used him to practically destroy Heaven?" Balthazar asked then turned toward the Winchesters. "While you were teaching little Cas about being human you should have taught him how to properly hold a grudge."

"It is not something we wished to do Balthazar, it is a necessity." Raphael said. "And a large part of why Father bound our grace. We disagreed with him on releasing Metatron, all of us."

"And yet you're doing just that." Balthazar pointed out.

"But on their terms Balthazar. Gabriel and Lucifer aren't exactly powerless." Sam explained.

"And what pray tell does that mean?" Balthazar asked.

"It means that I am now the elder brother to Loki and Satan." Michael answered. "Well I have been the older brother of Satan for a while thanks to humans melding Lucifer and Satan into one, but Loki is new."

"Ahh, so Gabriel is admitting to his pagan identity?" Balthazar said. "I'm surprised that he did considering."

Michael looked at Balthazar. "What do you mean considering?"

"Loki is a pagan god, and Lucifer has more tolerance for pagans than you do." Balthazar said. "I can imagine how you feel about Gabriel's life choices. And you've never been very good at hiding how you feel Michael. You may be good with this now because what Gabriel knows, we need. But when this is over, don't revert to your old ways. One almost Apocalypse in my time of existence is more than enough for me."

Metatron had been very quiet since Gabriel and Lucifer had released him from the cage. The glares that Castiel was sending his way didn't make him feel any safer. Never mind the fact that they were making their way through hell. And now a demon appeared in front of their procession with no fear. To make matters worse, not a single one of the angels was making a move to smite it.

"So this is Metatron?" Spicy said walking a circle around the nervous angel. "Can I have him? Please Daddy Lucifer. I promise to feed him once a century, clean his cage and take him for a walk."

Gabriel sniggered at the look of horror on the scribe's face. "You know Luci, I think that would be a perfect punishment if he screws up. I'm thinking Spicy could have all sorts of fun with him." Gabriel threw his arm around Metatron's shoulder. "I can see the two of you getting all dolled up
"Gabriel, don't tease poor Spicy like that." Lucifer said. "Look at her, it will break her heart if he doesn't screw up."

"I would remind you that this is Metatron." Castiel said. "I believe screwing up is inevitable. I would wager he won't last a month if you include verbal transgressions."

"You know Cas, you're right." Lucifer said. "Metatron's mouth usually causes him the most trouble."

"You can't do that you can't just turn me over to a demon!" Metatron protested. "Michael won't allow it. Father won't allow it."

"Actually Spicy has kind of grown on Michael." Lucifer said. "He wouldn't raise a single complaint."

"As for Dad, well we're all pretty much in the doghouse already." Gabriel said. "Well all the Archangels that is. Which is why we used Pagan magic to get you out. And well Dad hasn't exactly yelled at us."

"So when he screws up I can have him?" Spicy winked at Metatron.

"I won't cause any trouble." Metatron said. "I promise."

"Of course you won't since you've been bound." Gabriel said. "Loki isn't just a pretty face. And you pretty much agreed to let me bind you already, I did it before we let you out of the cage."

"So Sam, giving up on the sigil?" Dean asked as he watched his brother drawing out something on the map.

"No but we're really not getting anywhere with it. Until Lucifer and Gabriel get back with Metatron, that's pretty much a dead end." Sam said. He picked up a ruler and measured between two points on the map. "So I started thinking about what else we could be doing while we wait."

"So you've decided to take up dfawing Devil's traps on maps as your new hobby?" Dean asked.

"No Dean, I started thinking that maybe we can trap the demons that are already here and keep Abaddon from bringing in reinforcements." Sam grabbed an older map and unrolled it. "Samuel Colt's original railroad. So I started thinking If he could do it around a graveyard, why can't we do it around a town?"

"Are you kidding?" Dean asked. "Do you realize how much work this will take? Not to mention the amount of iron."

"I know is a huge undertaking for humans, but luckily we have access to a garrison of angels." Sam said with smug grin as Balthazar and Verchiel appeared.

"Sam, what is so dad-dammed important?" Balthazar asked. "And I thought we had cleared up that who ringing for Balthazar thing a long time ago."

"Balthazar I needed your advice on something." Sam said. "Take a look at this."

Balthazar looked at the map turning it this way and that occasionally humming to himself. "Clever.
So you want to surround this entire town with a devil's trap. Why?"

"Well for one thing it will keep any other demons from coming into the area." Sam said.

"And keep Abaddon from leaving." Dean added.

"What I need to know is if it will work?" Sam asked.

"Yes and no." Balthazar said. "Yes it will repel or contain Abaddon's followers but It won't do a damned thing where she's is concerned."

"I don't get it." Dean said. "It's a devil's trap, it works on Demons."

"Those that were born human yes, it will work like a charm." Balthazar said. "But Abaddon was not born human."

"What do you mean she wasn't born human?" Sam asked.

"I know you've heard of the Book of Enoch. Enoch wrote about the destruction of a certain race. You may have heard of them, the Nephilim?"

"The offspring of the sons of God and the daughters of man." Sam said. Didn't you guys like wipe them out?"

"Most of them yes but a few escaped into hell. They wanted revenge against heaven for the genocide Daddy ordered. They threw their lot in with hell." Balthazar explained. "Azazel was so glad to have them that he made them all Hell knights. Abaddon was one of those hell knights."

Abaddon is a nephilim?" Sam croaked.

"Abbadon is half angel. That's why your standard weapons don't work." Balthazar said.
“Father, what is happening? Why are you here?” The young woman asked as the door flew open on leather hinges revealing the angel who had sired her.

“Pack lightly my daughter we must leave. Now before he gets here.” Samael told his daughter Abbadon. "Quickly now!"

“Who is coming? I don’t understand.” Abaddon said confused but becoming more agitated with every passing moment.

“I will explain after we have made our escape from this place. Now obey me!” Samael said as he carefully scanned the horizon.

Abaddon quickly gathered together the basic necessities. Slinging the pack across her back she looked at her father. "I am ready."

Samael led his daughter toward the mountain range to the south of the village. Screams could already be heard from the north plumes of smoke reaching up toward the heavens. Abaddon felt the icy talons of fear finally begin to burrow their way into her soul.

"Father who attacks us?" Abaddon asked as the two made their way up a rocky trail. "Where are we going?"

"Patience daughter, we will stop soon to rest. I will tell you all then." Samael said.

The two continued climbing for another hour before they reached a small clearing. Samael looked around and then gestured at his daughter to sit. He settled himself on the ground and for the first time Abaddon noticed he held a blade in his hands.

"It is time that I tell you of your angelic family. I had hoped they would leave us be and in peace. They bicker among themselves constantly I had prayed that would keep them from every taking up arms against us, but I was wrong." Samael sighed. "But for you to understand, I must start at the beginning, with our our father, and our father’s plans."

Sameal closed his eyes for a moment producing a skin of water and some oat cakes flavored with berries. "Here eat my child. The human part of you will require much sustenance in the coming days.” Samael handed the food to Abaddon. "You have to understand the first thing God did was to create them. The Archangels, Chief among us Michael the oldest, our father's commander, meant to lead the host in battle. Next was Lucifer our father's confidant, the brightest and most beautiful of all the host. Then came Raphael, Father's healer, meant to nurture and care for the health of all father created. And last came Gabriel, Father's messenger meant to deliver his words to all creation.

It was some time with just the four of them and our father then father created the first fledglings. Hundreds of us we were meant to work most closely with the Archangels. Azazel, Balthazar, Virgil, Zachariah, and then the rest of us. The four eldest were assigned to an Archangel to aide them in any way they deemed needed. Zachariah was assigned to Michael, Azazel was assigned to Lucifer, Virgil to Raphael and Balthazar to Gabriel. They separated us into groups. Taught us and in time Father created new fledglings and he created his most cherished creation, humans like your mother."

"My mother was human?" Abaddon asked.
"Yes. But we get ahead of ourselves." Samael said. "The thing is, Father issue a decree. I remember the day well. We had all been gathered around our father's throne at the command of Michael and Gabriel. Gabriel announced the creation of humanity and read Father's decree to us. We were commanded to love the humans as we loved him. To honor them protect them. We all acquiesced, except for one, Lucifer. "He called humans flawed, not worthy of his love. He would retain his love for Father and his heavenly siblings. And so an argument broke out among them. A disagreement I fear will continue until the end of time itself. You see, at first the disagreement was about the humans but then when we came here to fill our father's command, many of us looked upon the human women. They were beautiful, like your mother and they stirred the love within our hearts to become desire. We took these women to us and sired children by them." Samael's face grew sad. "The women gave birth but did not recover. We should have realized that we had angered our father but we were ruled by lust. When we realized this we brought our children to the base of the mountains and built the village you have called home for all of your life. Eventually the Archangels came and they bickered. Michael and Raphael wanted to destroy you all. Gabriel and Lucifer thought you should be ignored as long as you caused no problem. They could not decide and so they left us, we assumed in peace."

"Are they the ones who attacked us?" Abaddon asked.

"Michael and Raphael attack us. Gabriel attempts to avoid taking part but Lucifer has offered us asylum. We are going to join Azazel who will take us to Lucifer and you will be protected my child."

Abaddon sat in the kitchen of the house she had taken over in the breakfast nook looking out over the yard. She rarely let herself indulge in memories. It simply brought to mind to her all that she had lost over the years. Especially when Lucifer rebelled. Long after the village she had grown up in had been destroyed by Michael and Raphael. They had indeed found Azazel who had led them to shelter.

Abaddon remembered the first days when Lucifer had welcomed them. Samael was a warrior and had quickly risen in the ranks of Lucifer's army. But the fighting between Lucifer and Michael grew more heated. Gabriel also often was seen in Lucifer's camp as a neutral party he often acted as a go between for Lucifer and Michael. Then came the fateful day when Gabriel arranged for Lucifer and Michael to try to talk to each other. Lucifer had chosen to take Samael with him and they had left with Gabriel. It was the last time that Abaddon had seen her father.

Lucifer had returned telling her how Michael and Raphael had attacked them while Gabriel simply stood by by not lifting a hand to help. Lucifer had barely escaped with the host following close behind. Lucifer had given her Sameal's sword and his place in the army. He had made her one of seven Hell Knights, Lucifer's elite. And Abaddon stood at his left in a place of honor as his champion. And they went to war.

"Michael, what troubles you brother?" Raphael asked.

Memories Raphael, memories." Michael said. "Balthazar pointed out a few things and that which I had worked so hard to forget was brought back to mind. Those brothers and sisters who perished at our hands."

"Michael, we cannot change past." Raphael said. "Their loss haunts me also but it cannot be changed."
"Raphael do you even remember who Abaddon is?" Michael asked. "Do you remember Samael? I do. Samael like so may others went beyond what father ordered."

"And the mother of his child like all of the others perished in childbirth." Raphael said. "Do you now deny that is was a sign of Father's displeasure?"

"I don't know Raphael. Was it a sign or was it my own interpretation? I don't know." Michael said. "But I do know that this is his child we plan to destroy. Had we listened to Lucifer and Gabriel eons ago would Sameal yet live? Would Abaddon be our enemy or our ally?"

"Michael you must not doubt yourself." Raphael said.

"No? Both Lucifer and Gabriel cautioned me to be sure that I knew father's will before I acted." Michael said. "It has taken all these eons for me to admit that perhaps I was not as sure as I should have been."
Chapter 68

"Well look what the Archangels dragged out of hell." Balthazar said as he stared at Metatron. "I personally think they should have left you there to rot but sometimes you have to do what you have to do."

"I think he will be on his best behavior. Where's Sam?" Gabriel asked as he pushed the scribe into a chair.

"Raphael told him to take a break or have one given to him. If I'm not mistaken, and I never am." Balthazar smirked. "He and the vampire are in the basement. They rigged up a basketball hoop. There have been a lot of one on one games around here. Although I did tell them to wait until Castiel got back if they wanted to see some real basketball."

"Balthazar, you did not betray my confidence in such a manner!" Castiel exclaimed.

"Are you kidding me? I've got $100 riding on the fact that we can beat the Winchesters." Balthazar said.

"We are angels Balthazar there is no contest Our angelic nature guarantees a win." Castiel said.

"No mojo Cassie dear. Just skill us against them." Balthazar said.

"You two against the yahoos? That ought to be good." Gabriel snarked.

"Do you even know what a basketball looks like Castiel?" Lucifer asked.

"Balthazar insisted I accompany him to the heaven of Wilt Chamberlain for several months after Mr Chamberlain arrived. Balthazar annoyed him for 6 months until he agreed to teach us a few pointers of the game." Castiel explained. "He said that Balthazar was perfect Washington Generals material."

"Ouch. You actually suck that bad Balthazar?" Gabriel asked. "The Generals got their asses handed to them all the time by the Harlem Globetrotters."

"Our little Cassie however, is MVP material to hear Wilt talk." Balthazar said. "The angelic equivalent of Michael Jordan."

"And have the Winchesters taken the bet?" Lucifer asked.

Sam assured me that we will indeed play, after the Abaddon situation has been handled." Balthazar said.

"Well! Then we have something to fight for!" Gabriel said cheerfully. "But in the meantime we have work to do, or at least Metatron does. Where is that paper with the sigil?"

Balthazar popped out for a split second and returned handing Colt's journal to Gabriel who in turn handed it to Metatron.

"Okay you're dad's scribe, now do something 'scribey'" Gabriel said as he laid the book down in front of Metatron. Tell us what the hell this means."
Virgil was surprised to find he enjoyed the time he spent at the roadhouse. He had been prepared to dislike these former humans just as much as he disliked the Cupids. Perhaps dislike was the wrong word by he had no use for them. The guardian angels however were an interesting lot. He found himself spending more time with them than strictly necessary, like now.

"Well sit down idjit." Bobby said. "Ya ain't getting no taller by just standing there."

Virgil slid onto the bar stool next to Bobby. He looked up in surprise when a glass of amber liquid was sat in front of him by Ellen. "If you're going to sit at the bar, you have to drink. It's a house rule."

"Thank you." Virgil said picking up the glass and downing it. As soon as it hit the bar top Ellen was refilling it.

"If it is your intention to inebriate me, you should know that grace makes our tolerance to alcohol unmeasurable." Virgil said.

"Bullshit!" Bobby interrupted. "I've seen Castiel three sheets to the wind."

"Yes he did actually become inebriated several times during the pre-apocalyptic period. But he was also in the process of falling. He was losing his grace. You do know he drank an entire liquor store to achieve his state of intoxication." Virgil said. "Back before all this strife, before our father left, a group of us attended one of Dionysus' bacchanals. Balthazar, Gabriel and Lucifer challenged the wine god himself to a drinking contest. He finally gave them all Laurel leaves since he had passed out more than once and they were still guzzling every intoxicating substance brought to them."

"You guys hung out with pagans? With what happened at the Elysian, I thought you couldn't stand them." Bobby said.

"Bad blood developed between Lucifer and the Egyptian Goddess Hathor. Gabriel as we all now know maintained a benevolent relationship with them." Virgil said. "He simply ran off to join the Norse pantheon. At the time they did not know him or any of us."

"Not that the history lesson isn't interesting and all," the voice of John Winchester sounded behind Virgil. "But what are you doing here?"

"I am simply making the rounds of heaven to assure myself that all is secure." Virgil said. "I chose this as my last stop."

"So take care of business then have a drink to relax?" Ellen smiled. "That's awfully 'human' of you."

"You have all been ascended by our father, that makes you my much younger brothers and sisters." Virgil explained. "And your company is much more pleasant than the cupids. They are extremely...handsy."

Metatron was sitting at the table engrossed in the sigil furiously writing notes on a pad. Sam had simply huffed in disgust before sitting at the other end of the table with his laptop. Dean on the other hand was glaring daggers at the disgraced scribe and occasionally tossing random insulting comments Metatron's way.

Kevin had finished writing out his experiences as a prophet so far and was now working with
Benny to write down his experiences with the Winchesters in Purgatory. Benny's first attempt was very sad just two sentences.

"Dean and I killed monsters and looked for the angel. Went back to get Sam and show him the way out."

Gabriel had helpfully suggested he use a bunch of begats as filler like the guy who had written the book of Genesis. Gabriel had thought is was a very helpful suggestion until Dean pointed out they were too busy killing monsters and begetting was the farther thing from the minds of the females they came across. Gabriel had mumbled something about 'ingrates' then snapped himself up a gallon of Ben & Jerry's' Chocolate Therapy and proceeded to ignore everyone. So it was very quiet when Metatron suddenly sat up straight and said "I'm done."

Lucifer suddenly disappeared then reappeared with Raphael and Michael. "We're all here now explain it. Why is it none of us recognize that sigil."

"Because it isn't a sigil, it is sigils, plural." Metatron said. "Each laid on top of the other."

"Huh?" Gabriel asked. "No wonder it always seemed to be shifting."

Metatron slid the pad he had been writing across the table toward the Archangels. "Each one is aligned and laid over the others to render it indistinguishable to the naked eye, but there's over 130 different sigils in there each one meant to repel a different creature. However more than half of them are meant to repel, bind or paralyze demons."

"Whoa! Samuel Colt is my new hero." Dean said.

"Samuel Colt?" Metatron asked. "I read his biography. I thought he was a gunsmith?"

"Gunsmith and hunter." Sam said. "And I'm thinking he's more than a hero, he's a saint."

"That can be arranged." Raphael said. "So this is just a guess but the demons do not remain long within the town limits. I would venture this sigil is to be found within the town limits."

"And the newest Captain Obvious award goes to the Archangel Raphael." Lucifer said.
Chapter 69

Metatron stood in the doorway his arms crossed over his chest. He glared in the direction of the younger hunter who was hunched over a pad making notes while glancing every so often toward the laptop screen.

"Come in and sit down." Sam said. "The Archangels ordered you to help me, so you can help by separating these sigils out into the different creatures they affect."

"You and your brother could do with a bit of humility." Metatron said. "You are simply a man, a human. I'm an angel you should respect that."

Sam sort of halfway laughed. "So you're not just a scribe, you moonlight as a comedian too. Respect you? You cast down every last one of your sisters and brothers, attempted to lock them out of Heaven and you expect to be respected? By me? By Dean? Until recently the only one of the Archangels that came close to getting any respect from us was Gabriel and it was only because we figured the dead deserved respect when he died saving our asses."

Sam stood up and picked up the pad Metatron had listed the sigils on. He walked over to where Metatron was standing and slammed the pad into Metatron's chest as the angel caught the pad out of pure reflex.

"Work, earn your keep and prove you deserve the chance you've been given and maybe some day in the future you might earn a little respect." Sam said. "But I wouldn't hold my breath."

"You have a death wish." Metatron noted.

"Dean and I have stood up to Lucifer and Michael, Leviathans, The king of hell and Castiel with delusions of godhood." Sam snorted. "You aren't much more powerful than a cherub and that was before you got your wings clipped by the Trickster and the Devil. Now get to work before I give Spicy a shout out."

"Threatening defenseless angels with Drag queen demons Sam?" Gabriel smirked. "Now that's just downright evil. I'm beginning to think Luci rubbed off on you just a bit." Gabriel turned toward Metatron. "Lucifer and I told you to assist Sam, so assist him. Do what he tells you. If he tells you to stand on your head in the corner, you'd better stand on your head in the corner. Believe me, our resident style demon will be the last of your worries if you don't.

Now if I'm not mistaken Sam asked you to sort those sigils. That isn't going to happen with you standing in the doorway pouting." Gabriel gave the scribe a shove in the back pushing him into the room Sam had picked out to work on the journals and other items.

"Sam is working on a theory right now with Metatron's assistance." Raphael said. "It grew out of my theory but he is attempting to apply it to our current situation."

"Apply it how?" Michael asked.

"Well for one thing make it safe for you neighborhood vampire. While it does not affect Benjamin Lafitte to the extent it affects demons, it does affect him." Raphael said. "Sam is attempting to see if it is possible to remove the elements affecting vampires."
"So it would still work on Demons without affecting the vampire." Lucifer nodded. "You have to appreciate Sam's intelligence and imagination. I really hate to give that uppity brat any credit at all but With what Colt did and Sam's suggestions now, Metatron had stumbled onto something when it comes to free will and imagination. Not a single one of us thought of it."

"This is true." Michael said. "Now how to apply what we are discovering to our advantage? Of course we can obviously use the sigils to protect the bunker and the Roadhouse."

"We should take a copy of it to Ash." Raphael suggested. "It would also allow us to check on our young Guardians and bring them up to date on where we are in our preparations for war with Abaddon."

"Someone has to stay and keep Metatron on his best behavior." Michael said. "I believe that Gabriel should remain here. For some reason Metatron seems to have developed a fear of 'Loki'."

"Gabriel has not hesitated to bitchslap him when he feels it's needed." Lucifer said. "Metatron is very careful around Gabriel, at least for the moment."

"I will notify Gabriel of our upcoming departure and see if Sam has learned anything new since we last spoke." Raphael said.

"So lets see how it works now." Sam said. "I took out all the vampire related stuff so it shouldn't bother you now." Sam handed a sheet of paper to Benny.

"Well?" Dean asked. "Anything?"

"Not a thing Brother." Benny said. "Looks like you've got a fully customizable monster repellant on your hands."

"Well there's one more test we have to do first." Sam said. "It doesn't affect you but we have to be sure it still affects demons. And we've got a couple in the basement."

"Jake and Ansem?" Dean said. "About time they contribute something around here."

"Um, Ansem is fair game but Jake is kind of under big Bro Luci's protection." Gabriel said as he appeared dragging Metatron by the collar. "But we might as well make sure Metatron isn't trying to pull an fast ones on us. And testing it on a demon I wouldn't mind smiting myself sounds good to me."

"It will work. I swear all I did was pull out the sigils pertaining to vampires." Metatron said.

"For your sake, it had better." Dean said.

The group made their way to the sublevel where Jake and Ansem were locked down. "So how do we test it?" Sam asked. "Just take it around them or what?"

"The best tests are always blind tests." Gabriel said. "I'm thinking we leave the door open and let the demonic dumbass stroll right out, at least until he runs into the sigil. Since he won't know it's there, we'll get an honest response."

"I think we should let the Seraphs handle this." Gabriel said. "We go down do rounds to check on our demons and Raphael's creatures then once we go back up stairs the younger angels can
accidentally release Ansem."

"That sounds good except for one thing, what if Ansem decides to be a pal and let Jake out?"
Benny asked. "Stranger things have happened. Just look around this place."

"How about we have Castiel bring Jake to us for 'questioning'," Dean suggested. "He can accidentally on purpose not secure the door."
"Sounds good to me." Gabriel said tightening his grip on Metatron. "Let's do this."

Jake was leaning back against the wall of his cell when the door flew open revealing an angel who grabbed him and dragged him out into the corridor. On the opposite side of the corridor Ansem was being dragged from his cell by another angel.

Benny stepped into the corridor. "They only need one of them." Benny pointed at Jake. "Him, stick the other one back in his cell."

Balthazar tightened his grip on Jake dragging him toward the door at the end of the corridor while Castiel tossed Ansem back into his cell. The two angels and the vampire manhandled Jake to the end of the corridor and Benny dropped the customized sigil to the floor and then looked up and winked at a hidden camera only just installed by Gabriel to watch how Ansem would react to the sigil.

It took no time at all for Ansem to see that his door was unlocked. He pushed it open and then took the time to scour the corridor for anyone who might be on guard.

"What a bunch of dickheads." He mumbled before boldly stepping into the hallway. The demon walked to the end of the corridor and set his foot down without looking. The humans in the bunker slapped the hands over their ears as the demon's screams cut through the building.

Blathazar and Castiel hadn't gone far and popped up to find the demon on the floor clutching what was once his foot, obviously in pain.

"Looks like someone drew back a nub," Balthazar snarked. "Guess you shouldn't have stepped on that crack."
Jake sat quietly in a chair next to Metatron. He had watched the camera feed along with everyone else and saw what happen to Ansem. "You set him up for that."

Sam turned and looked at Jake. "We didn't make him leave his cell that was his decision. But like our old Frenemy Meg always used to say 'You have to love demons, so predictable.'"

"Meg, the demon Meg? After all she did to you? Every one of your friends and loved ones she killed? And you didn't try to kill her every time you laid eyes on her?"

"Lets just say sometimes that enemy of my enemy thing works." Dean said. "Besides she had an angel who was quite taken with her. What was that you called her again Castiel? Your thorny beauty?"

"Looks like Ansem won't be going anywhere. Can I just say I'm very thankful Raphael never got it in his mind to touch us with that thing." Spicy said. "I get more than enough foot torture in these 5 inch heels."

"Castiel and Balthazar stay here. Take Jake back to his cell, I think he knows what will happen if he tries to escape." Gabriel said.

"Where are you going Gabriel?" Balthazar asked.

"Someone has to update the big bros on the results of our little experiment." Gabriel said. He turned to Sam and Dean "Anything you want me to tell the parental units while I'm up there? No? Later kiddos."

Sam watched as the Archangel disappeared and turned to Dean. "You let him watch Coneheads?"

"Not exactly I was watching it because I was bored and he just sort of got caught up in it." Dean said sheepishly.

"If he says anything about 'consuming mass quantites', I'll shoot you." Sam huffed before turning back to his note pad.

"I actually witnessed the inception and creation of every weapon humans ever developed. Familiarity with them was a requirement of being an armorer." Virgil said as he sat at a table surrounded by the former hunters. "However some of your weapons would only have been a danger if someone laughed themselves to death."

"Give us an example." Mary asked.

"The Bat Bomb immediately comes to mind." Virgil said. "The US was working on developing it to unleash on Japan during World War 2. The idea was sound in theory. Place small explosive devices on a group of bats and unleash them during the day over a city. The bats would seek shelter in the rafters of the buildings and could set an entire town on fire. The Researchers even proved the
idea would work when they burned they own facilities to the ground. Unfortunately bats are not soldiers, you cannot order them where to go."

"The bat bomb story again Virgil?" Michael asked as he Lucifer and Raphael appeared in the Roadhouse. "That will never cease to amuse you will it?"

"I have to say I'm more impressed to see him sitting here drinking beer surrounded by hunters." Lucifer said. "Virgil always seemed to be all business to me."

"Is it not our business to educate those younger than we are?" Virgil asked.

"Yes it is our responsibility to educate them Virgil." Raphael said. "Pay no mind to Michael and Lucifer. We have come with an update. Sam has retrieved Samuel Colt's journals and within the pages we have discovered a sigil that seems to ward off all supernatural creatures. I have done some initial research into how we can take advantage of this."

"And Sam has taken it one step further." Gabriel said as he appeared sipping a glass of Chocovin. "Turns out it's one hell of a weapon if a demon touches it."

"Gabriel, I told you to stay and keep an eye on Metatron." Michael said.

"Castiel and Balthazar are watching him. Not to mention a vampire, a prophet, two chuckleheads named Winchester and his grace is still bound. Relax Mikey, this is more important than be babysitting Metatron." Gabriel said. "Sam had Metatron isolate the different sigils according to what each one affects. They removed all of the vampire sigils and we placed it on the floor and let Ansem 'escape'."

"You what?" Lucifer choked.

"Don't get your panties in a twist there Luci. He didn't get far." Gabriel smiled. "As soon as he made physical contact with the thing it flayed the flesh from his foot. Didn't look like the injury was doing much healing either."

"It caused an injury to the demon's flesh that the demon cannot heal?" Raphael asked.

"Looks that way Bro." Gabriel said snapping up a bottle and topping off his wine glass. "Of course I figured you would find the info drool worthy, Raph."

"Michael I will return to the bunker." Raphael said. "I need to speak with Sam and compare notes."

Michael nodded. "Go perhaps we can find a way to use this to our advantage with you and Sam working together."

"So now that we've taken care of that, how are the newborn baby bros and sisses doing?" Gabriel asked. "How are you guys coming with manifesting your blades?"

"Actually Balthazar and I thought that perhaps it would be better to supply them with blades created in Heaven's Armory from grace." Virgil said. "At least for now."

"Balthazar did not mention this to me." Michael complained.

"Mikey when it comes to dealing with you, it's better to just beg forgiveness than ask permission." Gabriel said. "How much of what I have done would you actually have approved? You are fine with it seeing how it helps, but telling you anything out of the ordinary and expecting you to agree to it beforehand is a fool's errand. Everybody knows that."
"What? I have always encouraged others to come to me with their ideas." Michael protested.

"Yeah and you've shot them all down." Lucifer said. "It's been an open secret in heaven since before I got tossed in the pit that you don't ask Michael for permission."

Gabriel turned toward the closest hunter that just happened to be John Winchester. "So you don't have to worry about manifesting your blades, Have you been using that time to practice with them at least?"

"You do know must of us already know how to wield a blade." Mary said.

"You know how to wield a blade as a physical human being. You're a soul now Mary a lot less constraints on what you can do." Gabriel said. "For example you don't have to touch your blade to effectively wield it. You have control over it that you can't imagine."

Gabriel hopped down to the floor and manifested his Ulfbert sword with a thought. He held it in his hand for a second before releasing it to float in mid air. "Hey Luci, want to duel and show them how it's done?"

Immediately a Scimitar appeared and the two swords parried and thrust while the Archangels made themselves comfortable at a table. Lucifer pulled out a deck of Cards. And dealt a hand of cards to Gabriel. "A game of Go fish to pass the time?" The devil asked.

"Sure but no cheating." Gabriel said picking up his hands while the swords continued to dance over the Archangel's heads.

Michael snorted. "Showoffs!"

Chapter End Notes

Okay about the bat bomb, it was an actual experimental weapon the US developed during WWII and yes it would have worked. This was proven when a group of 'armed' bats got loose on Carlsbad Army Airfield Auxiliary Air base New Mexico In March 1943 and set fire to the base.

I can't help but think that Heaven's armorers would find that hilarious.
I didn't realize that I had not been clear with the binding of the Archangel's powers. The Archangels still have their wings and can 'fly'. They also still have their grace and can come and go from heaven. Michael and Raphael are limited to flying and visiting Heaven.

Gabriel and Lucifer are able to do all the other things because they are using their pagan abilities as Loki and Satan.

"Okay as much fun as this has been, we need to get moving." Lucifer said as he stood up and stretched. "Virgil keep working with the guardian fledglings, they're coming along better than I thought they would."

"Ash check your computer, I took the liberty of downloading the sigil and all the information we have on it for you." Gabriel said. "Everything we know about it, you know. Use it wisely grasshopper." He turned to Michael and Lucifer. "We need to take a detour on the way back to the bunker. We need to have another talk with Dad."

"Wait." Mary laid a hand on Lucifer's arm. "You never said, how are the boys?"

"A mother's love, one of the most beautiful and annoying things in the universe." Lucifer said. "Sam and Dean are fine Sam has been working on Colt's journals and trying to find everything he can to help us out in this fight."

"Yep, Sam definitely got all the brains." Gabriel said. "Dean is being a royal pain in the ass because he wants to smash something or someone right now. John you were a marine and I know you gave those to an almost military upbringing but your oldest son reminds me of cannon fodder most of the time. Honestly sometimes I'm surprised he's lasted this long."

"He didn't," Michael interrupted. "A lot of 'divine' intervention is the reason he's still breathing. That and the fact that Death finds him amusing. He doesn't give his ring to just anyone much less let them wear it for a day."

"Oh Balls. Death pretty much told us he's incinerate us the next time we summoned him." Bobby said.

"He would probably incinerate you and Sam but Dean he likes." Gabriel said. "I find the absolute cheekiness of Dean Winchester a refreshing change from the normal fearful reactions I get. It's quite amusing." Gabriel did a perfect imitation of Death.

"Gabriel, that was just plain scary." Bobby said. "Nobody should sound that much like Death other than Death himself."

"Anyhoo like Luci said we do need to get moving and Pretty damn quick too." Gabriel said looking pointedly at the two other Archangels.
Joshua was kneeling in front of a shrub with a pair of pruning shears shaping the greenery when he heard the arrival of his brothers behind him. "You kept him waiting long enough." Joshua said without turning around. "And I'm sure he's not going to be happy with you two bringing your pagan powers to the garden."

"Probably not Joshua, but he's the one who stripped everything from us except our ability to fly and come home." Gabriel said. "Here we are trying to deal with a nephilim turned demon and Dad left us all helpless. So we did what we had to do to have some protection from her."

"I'm not the one that you have to convince Gabriel." Joshua said. "But if it helps we had a talk before you got here. I think he understands that Metatron cannot and will not be easily forgiven by the host."

"If you were able to get him to understand that, we owe you little brother." Lucifer said. "The old man did good to bring you to the garden Joshua, Metatron he should have left where he found him."

"We probably shouldn't keep him waiting any longer." Michael said. "Raphael is already with him. Let's go."

The trio flew to the base of the Throne and knelt.

"Lucifer, Gabriel you dare appear before me cloaked in pagan idolatry?" as voice asked. "My own sons whom I created first among my many creations now show me such disrespect?"

"Father no disrespect is intended." Michael spoke up. "With Abaddon running loose, Loki and Satan were needed to protect us against her should she attack."

"Hmmph." God said. "Do you have no faith in me?"

"Faith?" Gabriel asked. "What basis do we have to believe that you would come through for us. How long ago did you disappear without a word to anyone?"

Michael reached over and smacked Gabriel hard in the back of his head. "Gabriel is the youngest of us, your messenger; so often in your company that your absence upset him. Forgive his rash words Father."

"Michael, Gabriel is not a fledgling that needs to hide behind your wings." God said.

"And he has a point." Lucifer spoke up. "You ran off and left us all floundering without direction. We all called out for you but our calls went unanswered. You precious humans prayed for you constantly and you ignored them, the most treasured of all you created. Those are not the actions of a father who wishes his children to have faith in him. If you wanted us to have faith you should have given us some sign that faith was warranted."

"Tell me do you all feel this way? That I have failed you?" God asked.

"It was easier to believe that you were dead" Raphael said. "Why would you allow all to unfold as it did."

"Because the path had to be changed." God said. "Michael and Lucifer were constantly fighting over humanity. I had hoped you would get it out of your system. Instead everything went downhill. Things had to play out this way for them to change."
Gabriel snorted. "What, this is some weird form of tough love? What did all the innocents that have suffered over the eons do to deserve your tough love. They were innocents."

"Would any of you have learned anything without the suffering that accompanied my lessons?" God asked.

It was Michael's turn to snort. "Collateral damage means nothing to you. And I was fully prepared to kill billions to carry out your little Armageddon plan. I saw nothing wrong with it. Until the vessels came along."

"It was my hope that you would look at them and see my purpose. I kept taking them out of harm's way and they resisted you for so long, even as they fought with each other they refused to allow you to destroy this world. Out of all of you only Gabriel came close to understanding although it was more a case of him having lived long enough on Earth to see the potential of humanity." God said. "In the end, it took the two of you ending up in the pit together and you still fought. And with Raphael's death the seraphs became directionless. They fought among themselves separated into factions each seeking to control heaven while humanity was ignored. I allowed Metatron to cast them all down. In the time it took for you to reopen heaven the Seraphs gained understanding, empathy for the humans."

"Dad would you get to the point." Gabriel said. "At this rate I'll be snoring before you get there."

"The point yes. While the Seraphs understood, you did not. You all ranted at me and acted like fledglings barely created so I decided to treat you as such. I bound your grace." God said. "I wanted you all, especially You Lucifer to understand what it means to be human."

"Yeah well your timing sucks." Lucifer said. "You couldn't wait until after we had dealt with Abaddon?"

"Humans must face hardships when they occur with only themselves and their nature to depend on. Look at the example of your vessels. They had no special powers to enable them to fight against heaven and hell and yet they did. Successfully I might add."

"They had help." Michael argued. "Castiel fell for them. He turned his back on heaven to assist them."

"And Gabriel died for them so they weren't alone." Raphael said. "They fought with help. We now have help Loki and Satan."

"Gabriel, Lucifer renounce your pagan identities and I will restore you all." God said. "I will have faith that you have learned your lesson."
Castiel looked at the group of Archangels that had appeared in the conference room. "Have you capitulated to father's commands?" He asked looking at the group curiously. "Your graces no longer appear to be bound."

"Yeah, I guess the old man is making amends or something." Lucifer said. "You wouldn't happen to know where Spicy is would you?"

"It is her shift to guard our reluctant guests Metatron, Jake and Ansem." Castiel said. "You will find her in the subbasement."

"Thanks Cas." Lucifer said as he disappeared.

"Sam is resting at the moment. He has been working non stop since the test with Ansem." Castiel offered to Raphael who also disappeared.

Gabriel flopped down into a chair and placed his feet on the table leaning back in his chair. "Daddy gave us our powers back after Luci and I dumped our pagan powers. Said he was going to show his faith in us even if we don't have faith in him yet."

"So what else has been happening since we've been gone, Castiel?" Michael asked as he sat down.

"It has been quiet. Demon activity has held steady." Castiel said. "Although Benny has suggested we test how well the sigil works in an actual real world scenario as he put it."

"What kind of test?" Michael asked.

"The Batcave is in need of resupply. Food, paper goods and other necessities." Castiel explained. "Benny suggested that he and Kevin Tran go into town carrying the sigils to acquire the necessary items."

"Sounds like a good idea to me." Gabriel said. "I'd rather not deal with a bunch of humans who've run out of toilet paper. Humans without their Charmin can be some miserable bastards."

"They are running out of food, and you're worried about them running out of toilet paper?" Michael asked incredulously.

"I've been down here a long time and believe me you don't know how important it is to humans to wipe their asses until they can't." Gabriel said. "But then again they may not have Sears catalogs laying around but Dean's got a hell of a Busty Asian Beauties collection. The September centerfold page would work in a pinch, but Dean will have a cow and the plumbing will be wrecked within a week causing a sewage backup and believe me that's something you don't want to smell."

Michael and Castiel were both staring at the Trickster strangely.

"Look, been down here way longer than either of you living among them." Gabriel explained. "Benefit of my long experience."

"So this test, when do they plan to do it?" Michael asked.
"Hopefully today, the problem is that Dean wants to go also." Castiel said. "He claims to be going crazy although I can sense no degeneration of his mental capacity, only an increased stress level."

"It could be a figure of speech or he could be going temporarily crazy." Gabriel said. "Force people to remain together for long periods of time in close quarters and they develop cabin fever. The stress levels continue to increase until they can't handle it anymore and they snap, becoming violent and often killing their companions. Like it or not, we are going to have to come up with a Recreation plan to get them out of here on a regular basis, at least for a little while."

"Are you suggesting Dean accompany the vampire and the prophet?" Michael asked.

"No, we know Dean and Sam are both on Abaddon's radar, but sending them off to a pocket dimension containing a relaxing distraction for a while couldn't hurt and the boys will be less stressed when they get back."

"Very well, Gabriel you handle it. Raphael and I will assist with the test." Michael said. "Castiel, tell Raphael that I require his assistance."

"Son of a bitch!" Dean yelled. And looked around at his surroundings.

Two pretty young women in scrubs walked past each one nodded and let out a respectful "Doctor."

"Gabriel!" Dean started to yell before The trickster/Archangel appeared before him all done up in scrubs with a white lab coat and stethoscope slung around his neck. "Hey Deano, Castiel pointed out that you guys were getting stressed and needed a break so welcome back to TV Land. Pick a show kiddo, because this is your home for the next 24 hours."

"Where's Sam?" Dean asked.

"In his own choice of show, and I got to say the kid surprised me" Gabriel said. "I expected him to pick something really geeky and instead he decides to join the A-Team."

"Yeah, I pity the fool." Dean said "Now bring him back."

"No can do Deano, his 24 hours are just getting started." Gabriel said. "It's your turn to pick, do it quick or it will be my choice." Gabriel looked at Dean who just glared at him for a couple of moments then sighed and snapped his fingers.

"Son of a bitch! When I get my hands on that feathered dick I'm going to kill him." Dean grumbled. Of all the TV shows Gabriel could have snapped him into, he choose to send Dean to Soul Train and Don Cornelius had just announced the start of the Soul Train line. Gabriel was so dead Dean promised as he started to boogie his way down the line to Marvin Gaye's Got to Give it Up.

"Wow! Who knew you had rhythm?" Gabriel said as he danced down the line next to Dean.

"You're dead. I just want you to know that." Dean said.

"Oh relax Deano, enjoy yourself. Work off some stress." Gabriel said. "24 hours then you can get back to obsessing over Sam and everything else. Later!" Gabriel said and vanished.
Benny and Kevin had the list of what they needed. Lucifer had caught them on the way out the door and handed them a credit card issued by The Institute for the Works of Religion.

Kevin's eyes widened. "The Vatican bank?"

"The pope is supposed to be Dad's representative on Earth and everything in Vatican City belongs to God. I figure Dad owes us some back child support." Lucifer said. "No limit on the card get everything you need."
"You've got the sigil?" Michael asked.

"We're both carrying one and there's a couple in the truck." Benny said. "We'll see how it works out."

"Carrying it is well and good but if you drop it you will be open to demonic attack." Raphael said. "Be very careful."

"We will be." Benny said. "Anything else needs to go on this list?"
"Toilet paper." Gabriel said as he appeared in the entrance to the bunker. "Plenty of toilet paper. And Strawberry Yoohoo."

Benny nodded and walked out to get in the driver's side of the truck while Kevin got in the passenger side. The engine started and Benny put the truck in gear heading off toward downtown Lebanon, Kansas.

"Well we'll know soon enough how well that sigil works." Michael said. "What about the Winchesters?"

"Sam is somewhere hanging out with the A-Team and Dean is the newest spotlight dancer on Soul Train." Gabriel said. "I figure 24 hours will be enough to de-stress them."

"Okay then let's get to work planning our attack on Abaddon since we are all powered up and ready to go." Michael said.

Chapter End Notes

Yes sending Dean to Soul Train was prompted by Jensen's penchant for dancing all the time.
Benny parked the truck in front of the local Safeway. He looked at the group of people just standing around the parking lot. There was almost a sort of invisible line they refused to cross. They simply stood quietly making no move to get closer although they were eying the truck.

"Well that's not creepy at all." Kevin said.

"Yeah brother, I feel you." Benny said cautiously opening the door and stepping out of the truck. Every eye was watching the vampire although no one moved.

Kevin came around the truck to stand next to Benny "Christo" the prophet said.

"Well hell." Benny said. "Looks like we found ourselves a mess of demons." The vampire said as every person in the crown reacted.

"You should get in here before they work up the nerve to move." A voice called out from behind them. They turned to find a middle aged slightly balding man holding open the door to the store. "Get a move on."

Benny and Kevin turned toward the store when there was a loud screech behind them. As soon as they entered the store they turned back to find a woman laying on the ground screaming and smoking as her body burned where it was touching the ground.

"One of them will always do that when they see someone coming into the store. It's been a few days since anyone has come here though. They don't seem to be able to get through them." The man said. "And nobody that has come in here has been able to leave. Those people never leave. A few other businesses downtown have the same problem. We've been able to keep in touch using our cellphones."

"Hey Benny." Kevin pointed toward the door. "Check it out."

"Well this town is full of surprises." Benny said. There in the window of the store was a Chamber of Commerce decal and the logo for the local Chamber was a familiar sigil. "That's why they aren't coming any closer. I think maybe our feathered friends might want to know about this."

"I guess supplies can wait, we should get back and tell them." Kevin said.

"You forget you have an Archangel on you shoulder Kevin?" Benny smiled. "Prophet remember, I think maybe you could just pray to him."

"Oh right, I did forget." Kevin said. "How do you pray to an Archangel? I never had to do this before. Uh Raphael Not sure how I'm supposed to..."

"What do you need Kevin Tran." Raphael asked as he appeared before the prophet.

"Looks like our little sigil is the logo for the Greater Lebanon Chamber of Commerce." Benny pointed out keeping a bit of distance between himself and the decal. "Looks like this store and some other businesses are protected but we got a good siege going on out there." Benny pointed out the front window at the demons.
Abaddon glared at Ava. "I don't care what you have to do or how many have to be sacrificed. He is a prophet. Bring him to me!"

"We are trying Abaddon." Ava said from her spot on the floor. "He's protected by that mark, it is too powerful for us to overcome. We have tried and we still continue to try. Kevin Tran is beyond our reach."

Abaddon waved her hand lashing out with her power to slam Ava into the wall across the room hard enough to cast the drywall to crack and plaster dust to rain down. "Worthless demon! You are all worthless. "Well they do say if you want something done right, do it yourself." Abaddon stalked toward the door stepping on Ava as she passed. Turning around to see the damage she had down she snarled at Ava. "Get up and clean this mess!"

Ava painfully pushed herself up to her knees. "Yes Abaddon."

Gabriel appeared in the Safeway his arms loaded with a bunch of iron bars. "They had plenty of salt at the Hardware store but they are running low on drinking water. They sent some iron bars to you. Iron comes in just as handy as salt when you're dealing with demons."

"Okay the Sporting Goods shop sent over a handful of shotguns." Lucifer said then snapped his fingers. "With this and all that salt you have stacked up by the service counter for water purifiers you should be able to pack your own salt rounds."

"So where do we stand?" Michael asked as he joined his brothers at the front of the Grocery store.

"Castiel and Balthazar are assigning seraphs to each location. There's over 100 businesses that were members of the Chamber." Gabriel said. "So someone has to personally visit each address and make sure they have their chamber decal up."

"They are also making sure that who ever they find have what they need to dig in and stay a while." Lucifer said.

"But why don't you get these people out of here?" Kevin asked. "Take them to the bunker or something?"

"Strategy and logistics, Prophet." Michael said. "This way we had control of territory that is behind enemy lines so to speak. And this territory contains resources that we can use. Logistics will always be the key to winning any war."

"I don't understand." Kevin said.

"Of course you don't." Gabriel said ruffling the prophets hair. "You're an academic, not a strategist."

Kevin frowned "I think I can understand if you explain it."

Lucifer grinned, "Aww isn't he cute? Believe me Kevin understanding on paper and understanding the practical real world application is two different things."

"So Mikey I'm guessing you want the entire town surrounded by these sigils?" Gabriel said.

Castiel and Balthazar appeared each carrying a stack of decals liberated from the Chamber of
"Well we figured out why Demons seem to be avoiding the downtown area." Balthazar said. "Not only are these decals plastered all over the place, there's a 7 foot bronze version of this embedded in the lawn in front of City Hall. We figure that is covering about a 5 square block area. Then each store that has it creates another pocket of power. It's why they just gather in the parking lots."

"There are other Seraphs out going door to door with the the sigils sweeping the area and then putting the sigils in place." Castiel said. "We will have the entire town secured in a few hours."

Abaddon glared at the town. It was full of angels and they were putting up more of those marks. And if that wasn't enough to piss her off, she could sense all four of the Arch-assholes nearby. While she was looking forward to facing them eventually it would be done on her terms at the time of her choosing.

Abaddon was no fool. She knew that Michael was no idiot and would not attack without gathering as much information as he could on Abaddon and her plans. Abaddon needed to know how much Michael had discovered. The best way to so that was to ask an angel. She summoned two demons to her.

"Bring me one of those angels. The chubby one." Abaddon said and pointed. "He will be no match for you."

Abaddon grinned watching as the two isolated the angel she had pointed out from his brethren and dragged him over to where she stood.

"I always wondered why God made you weak little cherubs. You should know that you are out of your league. We are going to have a little talk about Michael and the rest of the archangels. Bring him!" She ordered.
Dean had finally started enjoying himself. Currently he was sandwiched between two buxom ladies who had gotten Bump and Grind down to an art form. And yes Dean was bumping and grinding right back just as enthusiastically as they were when the voice of Satan ruined his day.

"Dean really next time try finding a bed first."

"Wait it hasn't been 24 hours yet!" Dean protested. "I've got to at least have one more round of Barry White's greatest hits left!"

"Sorry Dean, but if it makes you feel any better you can get a load of Sam." Lucifer said turning the older Winchester to face his unhappy brother who was dressed like a white Mr T.; Mohawk, 10 pounds of gold the whole works.

"Laugh and I'll kill you." Sam said. "Right after I'm done with him." Sam jerked his thumb in Lucifer's direction as the two Winchesters and the angel suddenly appeared in the conference room.

"Sam that's a new look for you. Guess you and Mr T had a bit of bonding time." Gabriel snorted. Then just gave up and laughed.

"Gabriel, you find our situation amusing?" Michael asked.


Giving an exasperated huff, Michael waved his hand restoring Sam to his normal grunge moose appearance. "Now can we be serious. Abaddon has taken Horton."

"Abaddon kidnapped an elephant? Did she get the Who too?" Dean asked confused.

"Horton is one of our brothers, a Cherub." Rapheal said

"There's an angel named after an elephant that hears Whos?" Dean asked.

"Dean your questions make no sense." Castiel spoke up.

"Remind me to get you dumbasses the complete works of one Theodor Geisel, AKA Dr Seuss." Gabriel said with a bit of disgust then turned to Dean. "Horton is a cupid, not an elephant and like Mikey said, Abaddon has him. She grabbed him from town while we were busy trying to get it closed off to the demons."

"Why would Abaddon want a cupid?" Sam asked.

"For the same reason we wanted Ansem, intel." Lucifer said. "She wasn't the devil's right hand for her stupidity. She is trying to find out what we know and what we plan."

Balthazar suddenly popped into the room. "The town is completely secured and the demons who were there when we started securing it were trapped. I took the liberty of nicely asking a few of them where she might go. She's holed up in a house 5 miles the other side of town from here."

"Did you learn anything else?" Michael asked.
"Only that they are terrified of her. She doesn't mind using a little fear and pain to keep them in line." Balthazar said. "Evidently she threw her second in command into a wall hard enough to break the drywall and a couple of the studs. And I believe you are acquainted with Abby's second Sam, a fairly young demon named Ava? One of your generation of Azazel's short bus kids like Jake and Ansem."

"Yeah I know Ava. She gave in to Azazel quicker than anyone else." Sam said.

"Do we go after Horton, Michael? He is not a soldier." Raphael pointed out.

"Wrong Raphael, we are all soldiers. Every member of the host is part of God's army." Michael said. "Just because you don't actively wield a weapon against the enemy doesn't change things."

"Maybe Raphael should have phrased it differently." Gabriel said. "Horton wasn't trained for this. Being captured by the enemy, we have to do something to get him back."

"What do you suggest?" Michael asked. "We have no idea of what defenses she has on this house or even what her power level is yet. She took an angel prisoner right under our noses."

"So we just leave him to her tender mercies?" Gabriel demanded.

"Gabriel, calm down. Michael didn't say that." Lucifer said. "But we have to think about this situation without the distraction of emotion. We don't know what she is capable of. Should we send others to her not knowing if she is capable of harming them also? How many should we send before the price grows too steep?

Michael must consider all of the host, not just a single cherub."

"I promised them that we would keep them safe Luci." Gabriel said. "This is on me, not Michael. It's my word being broken. What was he even doing out there to begin with? The cherubs were strictly supposed to be Messengers and medics. He had delivered his message. He should have been back home! Why was he out securing the town?"

"I ordered everyone available to work on securing to town, it was a priority." Michael said.

"A priority? You think one Cherub was going to make a difference?" Gabriel said. "Oh wait it did, for her because she got her claws on an angel who can in no way defend himself from her. All because of your priorities. But then again this isn't the first time you put priorities ahead of a brother is it?"

"Gabriel, leave it be. That's water under the bridge." Lucifer said. "I'm sure that Michael will make Horton's safe return his priority" Lucifer turned to Michael "Won't you brother?"

"Horton is a priority." Michael agreed. The reminder from Gabriel getting through to them both. Lucifer's fall was the result of Michael's prioritizing and they both knew it. Michael had put a handful of Humans ahead of his brother simply so he could be the 'good' son. Being the good son was no longer so important. "But we will come up with a solid plan. We are not going rush in half cocked."

"You know if this is you guys getting along I can see why Gabriel called the Apocalypse Sunday dinner." Dean said.

"If you don't have anything meaningful to contribute, just be quiet and be still like a good little mud monkey." Raphael said.
"You do know that 'mud monkey'?" Dean pointed at Sam "Went to hell and rescued an innocent soul right? The two of us together has rescued people from Vampires, Wendigos, Leviathans and Demons. You do know we might just be able to help you come up with a plan to get your Who Whisperer back, but then again we're just mud monkeys right?" He turned back to Raphael. "So eat me you feathered dick. Figure it out on your own. I'd rather be in TV Land" Dean stood up and thumped Sam on the arm.

"Dean, Raphael is a dick. That's nothing new but we can't just leave this cherub at Abaddon's mercy because his big brother is a dick." Sam said. "I can relate, there are times my big brother is a dick, like now."

"Raphael's dickishness aside, can you help us come up with a plan?" Michael asked.

"All of the demons she's got with her are pretty much run of the mill. We can fight them by conventional means." Sam said "And for the rest well we have the Colt and over 100 bullets. Only 6 of those bullets can fit in the Colt at any time but we shot her with a regular gun last time but one of Colt's special bullets was in it."

"So you don't need the Colt?" Balthazar asked.

"I'm saying we have options even without the Colt. We shoot her with one of these bullets without the Colt and it will paralyze her as long as the bullet remains in her body." Sam said.

"The rest comes down to holy water, salt rounds in Shot guns and a good exorcism." Dean said.

"Well if you plan on doing exorcisms, I'll need to put out the welcome mat." Lucifer said. "I need to appoint Alistair's replacement. You're good with a knife Dean but the old man intends for you to go somewhere else. Besides I have someone in mind."

"You found someone that is as good as Alistair?" Dean asked. "Who?"

"Well he has kept his identity a secret this long so I'll respect that. I won't tell you his name but you've heard of him and he'll be a more than effective replacement." Lucifer said.

"So who is it, the Black Dahlia killer?" Sam asked.

"No, older. Much much older. They used to call him the Whitechapel Killer."

"You're making Jack the Ripper hell's new torturer?" Dean said. "No way!"

"You have to admit the resume is impressive," Lucifer said. "Now lets come up with a plan to get Horton back that will meet with everyone's approval."
"You know Sheriff J, when this is all over and settled, you and I should have a girl's day out."
Spicy said. "I know this little day spa tucked just off of Rodeo Drive that does complete head to toe
makeovers. Champagne, mud bath, sauna, full body massage, the works; every now and then a girl
deserves to pamper herself after a hard day. And defeating Abaddon will certainly qualify as a hard
day."

"Rodeo Drive? Are you kidding me? I can just barely afford my weekly mani-pedi on a cop's
salary."

"Are you kidding me?" Spicy shot back. "My treat girlfriend, and I have a credit limit that makes
Paris Hilton look like a pauper. Being the devil's companion does have it's perks." Spicy winked at
the sheriff.

"I have to say things are strange as hell right now." Jody said. "Last month I would have been
pulling out all the tricks the Winchesters and Bobby taught me to get rid of demons, and today I'm
standing next to the devil's girlfriend guarding other demons and an angel. God must be rolling on
the ground laughing somewhere because this must be some huge cosmic joke."

"It's more like self preservation." Metatron spoke up. "The archangels may be assholes but they are
doing their job, even Lucifer. They are defending you. They are defending everything that our
father created. There are two sides in this conflict, Abaddon's and everyone else. We're all going to
have to work together if we want this side to be the winning side."

"What? Did anyone even ask you for your two cents?" Spicy asked.

"No but maybe you should. I was around the last time they butted heads with Abaddon after all."

Metatron said. "And I know that our father is guiding how this story is unfolding now."

"God is involved? Where?" Jody said. "I haven't seen any evidence of his involvement."

"Actually they have been in contact with their daddy more than once." Spicy said. "Although they
aren't exactly the Andersons because Father doesn't even come close to knowing best. But they just
keep plodding along no matter what."

"He ordered them to release me. And here I am." Metatron said. "Father knows something."

"If I were you I'd be seen and not heard you know." Spicy said "Loki and Satan brought you back
and it was by their rules. You'd be a lot better off on your knees puckering up to kiss a little Pagan
ass. The fact that you're locked up down here with a Demon they aren't sure they trust and one they
absolutely can't stand is what's called a clue. If they weren't still pissed at you, you would be
upstairs right now in the big meeting."

"So this is the best we've got?" Michael asked. "It seems risky."

"Snatching people from under a demon's nose is always risky." Dean said.

"The only other option we have is a prisoner exchange." Sam said. "Try to trade Ansem back for
your cherub. But if I was Abaddon I wouldn't go for that. Just the fact that you're trying to do the
prisoner exchange makes Horton important."

"And if she thinks Horton is important he becomes even more valuable to her as a hostage." Gabriel said. "She snatched him. The last thing we need to do is to make her think he's even more important than he is."

"Brothers," Castiel began carefully, "I do not wish to increase the stress of the situation, but we must consider that Abaddon is at this moment torturing him for information. It is possible for her to tap into the knowledge center of our grace and learn our secrets. It is how Crowley learned about the Angel Tablet."

"What?" Raphael said. "Access to that knowledge is limited to only the Archangels, and I certainly didn't tell him!"

"No Raphael you did not. It was after the...Purgatory incident. A seraph of my old garrison, Samandriel revealed the knowledge to Crowley under torture." Castiel said. "He was rescued from Crowley but then Naomi ordered his grace extinguished."

"Samandriel? Revealed the existence of the tablet?" Lucifer questioned. "How did he even know about the damned thing. Like Raphael said the old man only revealed that knowledge to us."

"The seraph didn't have a conscious knowledge of it." Gabriel said. "But subconsciously they know almost everything that we know. It's a convenience thing for dad. He can reveal things to all of the seraphs at once if he wants to. But that information is buried deep. No Seraph should be able to access it without Dad doing the reveal."

"I think we need to ask Crowley how he got to it then." Lucifer said and set about summoning his regent.

Abaddon sat in a comfortable looking wingback chair positioned in front of the couch where the Cherub called Horton was now sitting. Ava made her way into the room carrying a tray bearing a teapot cups sugar and lemon wedges. She sat the tray on the coffee table and then poured out two cups of tea setting one in front of the angel and the other in front of Abaddon.

The demon daintily dropped a couple of lumps of sugar into her cup and glanced over at the Angel warily watching her. "Would you like sugar?" Abaddon smiled at the angel. "You can relax. You're a cherub, not a warrior. I see no reason that we can't hold a civilized conversation over tea."

"You're a demon, an enemy of angels." Horton answered.

"Am I really? Or is that just what the Archangels tell you?" Abaddon asked. "Have you ever met a demon before me?"

"It does not change what you are because I have never faced one of you before." The cherub said.

"I thought that I would at least try to correct the impression you have of me. So let me start by saying that my name is Abaddon and the tea is perfectly safe to drink." She said lifting her cup and taking a sip. "I wasn't always a demon you know? No demon is born this way, we all start off as something else."

"Do you wish for me to pity you?" The angel asked.
"No I have no need nor desire for your pity, but your understanding would be welcome. I simply would like for you to know me before you judge me." Abaddon said. "Unlike the Archangels who wiped out a village of children for no other reason than they existed. Although I must give Lucifer credit, at that point in time he was willing to give us aid albeit with an ulterior motive in mind."

"They do not kill indiscriminately. If they destroyed a village of children it was with reason." Horton said.

"I was one of the children who called that village home. My father did not try to stand against them or reason with them, he fled with me to the dubious safety of Lucifer's protection." Abaddon said. "Others tried to reason, tried to beg for the lives of their children. All who did were struck down."

"You are a nephilim!" Horton hissed.

"I was born a nephilim and I was still a girl on the cusp of womanhood when the angels descended on us." Abaddon said. "There were a few who may have deserved punishment for their ways but they descended with the goal of killing us all, innocent and guilty alike. I had done nothing to deserve death and yet it was their intention to kill me. And they called it the will of God. What had we done other than exist. The product of god's most favored creations, human and angel. Was it God's will or was it jealousy? Lucifer's jealousy of the humans continues to this very day he was cast into Perdition for his jealousy, he could not give it up. "Are the rest of the Archangels so much better than him?"

"The Archangels see you for what you are, a demon bent on the destruction of heaven. They will stop you I have complete faith in them." Horton said.

Abaddon hissed in anger. "Very well it is your choice. You wish to set yourself as my enemy, so be it. I will treat you as an enemy.

Ava place this pitiful excuse for an angel in the basement and surround it with holy fire."
"Well I have to ask. What am I being called on the carpet for boss?" Crowley asked. "The devil’s Trap wasn't exactly part of our negotiations you know." Crowley said as he glanced up at the ceiling.

"True but we negotiated before I knew that your extracurricular activities included torturing angels." Lucifer said. "Can you blame me for seeing to the safety of my younger siblings?"

"Ahh let me guess. You just found out about Samandriel." Crowley said. "We weren't exactly on speaking terms at the time. Dick was barely back in Purgatory and The Prophet and the Winchesters were seeking to close the gates of hell. Call it self preservation."

"How about we skip all the attempts to weasel your way back into Luci's good graces and you tell us how you managed to do it." Gabriel said.

"And more importantly, can you do it again and with other creatures like demons?" Michael added.

"Actually the first time I managed to do it, my subject was Eve." Crowley said. "I had no idea what I was doing would work with Samandriel. But I'm sure now that I could do the same with a demon, at the very least find out what he subconsciously knows."

"Good." Michael said. "You can have Ansem. I want to know where to find Abaddon and what she may have planned. The number of her followers, every little thing you can drag out of him."

Crowley turned to look questioningly at Lucifer. "You will do whatever Michael asks of you." Lucifer said.

"Your wish is my command." Crowley bowed. "Now where is the victim? I'll have to take him to my workshop it requires specialized equipment after all."

"You will bring your equipment here." Raphael said. "The demon does not leave the bunker."

"There's a lot of equipment to transport." Crowley protested.

"I'll give you a hand." Gabriel said. "We don't have time for all this discussion." Gabriel was suddenly standing next to the demon. He reached out touching two fingers to Crowley's forehead "There, all you need is downstairs. Gabriel said now go grill Ansem!"

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Ava walked into the kitchen to find a dark-skinned man standing by the counter. He was holding a large knife. Almost a machete and testing the edge on the blade by running his thumb along it.

"Who are you?" Ava demanded.

He carefully sat the knife down and then turned to smile at the demon revealing a second row of sharpened teeth. "You must be Ava. Abaddon warned me you would be a demanding little bitch."

"Who are you?" Ava demanded again putting more force behind her demand and letting her eyes bleed black."

The man lunged forward grabbing Ava and shoving her hard against the refrigerator. He let his
own eyes bleed black. "Don't let your mouth write a check your ass can't cash little girl. You are a low level demon you can't back up a single threat you make. They only authority you have around here is the fact that Abaddon told her followers to take their orders from you. I can back up my threats without running to Abaddon."

The other demon gave Ava a good shake and then released her. "Now let me tell you how things are going to be around here from now on. I will be Abaddon's second in command and you will take your orders from me. I have a bit of unfinished business with the Winchesters and it's long past time we settle it."

Abaddon took that moment to walk into the kitchen. She took in the sight of Ava on the ground in front of the refrigerator. "Well Ava I see you've met my new second in command, Gordon Walker."

"Preparing to question our guest Gordon?" Abaddon looked at the blades laying around. "Remember he won't be any good to us if he is dead. But barring that, whatever means necessary to get him to talk."

Jody had come to a complete halt and was staring at Crowley. Spicy glanced between the two and took a step back pulling Lucifer and Gabriel with her. "I know that look. Girlfriend is dealing with some demons over there. No pun intended."

"Ballocks!" Crowley said. Then turned the most charming smile he could come up with on the Sheriff. "Jody, how lovely to see you again."

"Roderick? Obviously that's not your name." Jody said quietly. "So just who the hell are you?"

Jake had stood up from his seat and was now leaning on the bars of his cell watching intently. "Man, looks like you are in some deep shit. Don't you know never to lie to a woman?"

"Well to be fair we had a couple of drinks and talked. That was it." Crowley said as he attempted to back up but coming up short when he realized there was a moose and a squirrel in his way. Deciding the discretion was the better part of valor he attempted to leave the area by supernatural means and quickly realized that wasn't happening. He turned to look at the Archangels. "Now it would have been downright rude for you to run off and leave such a lovely young woman hanging...Roderick." Gabriel sniggered. "Especially when it seems she really wants to talk to you."

"Roderick? The guy you met on E Harmony Roderick?" Sam asked.

Jody nodded. "Yes that's him."

"Actually his name is Crowley and he's a demon." Dean said.

"Oh bugger all! Okay I pretended to be this Roderick character. It was the only way I could get close to you." Crowley said. "And at the time it was important but now it's not."

"We were supposed to go back to your place for a nightcap." Jody said.

"Well darling they did rush you off to the hospital and even you have to admit a nightcap after a trip to the emergency room on the first date is just a bit dodgy." Crowley said.
"What's even dodgier is not calling!" Jody yelled. "You had my number and you led me to believe that there was something between us. Even if it was just to see if I was okay. Instead you fell off the face of the Earth."

"Uh, Jody." Dean interrupted her tirade. "He's a demon and not just any demon."

"Yeah, he was the king of hell at the time." Sam said.

"So! That doesn't give him a pass. Being a demon is no excuse for bad manners." Jody turned back toward Crowley and glared at him.

"Uh right, so when this is all over I'll take you to dinner as an apology." Crowley ventured.

Jody shook her head disgusted and stomped off towards the stairs.

"Crowley," Lucifer said to the demon who was looking just a bit contrite. "You look a bit rattled. That conscience plaguing you again?"

"Well she is lovely and I actually had a good time talking to her. I felt a bit bad using her as a means to an end even before the moose forced his cure on me," Crowley said. "You have to admit, she is one hell of a woman."

"Oh no, just no." Sam shuddered. "You and Sheriff Mills? That's just...no."

"Look at the bright side Sam," Dean said "At least he's in the doghouse."

"You should be on your guard." Virgil said as he sat at the table with Bobby, John, Samuel and Rufus. "Abaddon has managed to capture an angel."

"So we have to worry about demons attacking heaven?" John asked.

"It is a possibility," Virgil said. "Not a guarantee. But is it not better to know of and prepare for the possibility?"

"Well damn Feathers, You got a point there." Bobby said. "So what should we do?"

"Remain armed at all times. Patrolling this area of heaven would not be a waste of your time either." Virgil said. "We have already started patrols on our side."
"So Ansem," Crowley said as he tightened another strap. "I can call you Ansem. After all I'm about to become your closest confidant." Crowley tilted the table back so Ansem was stretched out at a comfortable working level. "Darling you are going to tell me things you wouldn't tell your own mother."

Crowley walked over to the door and grabbed a covered table on wheels pushing it over next to the operating table Ansem had been strapped onto. The former king of hell removed the covering with a flourish revealing blades, probes and other instruments whose purposes were not readily apparent.

Crowley picked up a metal band that had screws set into at intervals. He slipped the band over Ansem's head, arranging it so the first screw settled exactly between the other demon's eyebrows. "You know it's entirely too quiet in here. Gabriel would you be a dear and snap me up a decent stereo? I could do with a little Moondance in the background or maybe The Girl from Ipanema."

"What, you want me to pipe in the greatest hits of elevator music?" Gabriel asked. "No wonder you're a demon. That qualifies as cruel and unusual punishment all by itself. It's downright unconstitutional."

Crowley busied himself adjusting the fit of the metal band around Ansem's forehead. "So just the two of us or is the oh so dashing Raphael joining us?" Satisfied with the adjustments, Crowley began separating out probes and laying them in order. "I mean I'd rather not get started and then have to stop."

"He's coming." Gabriel said. "He wanting to get a list of questions from Michael that he wanted answered."

"Well then we have a bit of time to waste." Crowley snapped his fingers producing a tumbler of Craig. "Are there any questions that you specifically want to know the answer to?"

"Yep! I'm nosy but I doubt he'll have the answers I'm wanting." Gabriel snapped his fingers and sat down on a comfortable looking couch, a laptop in his lap. "But I know where to find those answers." he said. Typing something into the computer he then turned it to show that it was now loading the E-Harmony website. "I'm thinking if you can get a date online, Mikey should be easy!"

"So you're an angel." Gordon said as he stared across the flames at the cherub. "I have to admit I was expecting more. You don't seem to be anything to fear."

"I'm a cupid." Horton said. "I'm specialized for my specific job. We all are except the eldest. They are something different."

"Eldest? What exactly are these eldest." Gordon asked.

"The Archangels. There's four of them and they have gazed upon the face of God and survived to tell of it." Horton said. "They are walking talking weapons of mass destruction."

"Really? You know you intrigue me." Gordon said. "Here I was all ready to have to break you and you're chattering like a magpie. Why?"
"Why not? I know what they are capable of." Horton said. "I know what happens when when Michael and Lucifer put their arguing aside. I understand the destructive power they can unleash when they put their heads together with Raphael and Gabriel." Horton shrugged. "I've witnessed what was left after they have spent their wrath. It's biblical."

"Biblical huh?" Gordon asked. "How so?"

"You were a hunter at one point in your life Gordon Walker, certainly you the history?" Horton said. "Sodom and Gomorrah, the Great Flood, the plagues of Egypt. That was them working together but they are just as devastating individually."

"Do tell? I haven't heard any bible stories about anything they have done by themselves unless you call terrorizing a young girl by telling her that she's pregnant out of wedlock devastating."

"Is that all you think Gabriel is, the bearer of 'bad' news?" Horton now smiled. "I assume that like all hunters, somewhere along the line you've hunted a Trickster." Horton's smile grew a bit wider as a flash of hatred crossed Gordon's features. "Or perhaps you've fallen victim to one or rather to him.

And then there was Pompeii. A whore in one of the brothels angered Michael with her licentious behavior. Then he realized that the town was riddled with corruption and lust, he caused the nearby volcano to erupt and buried the town. He wanted the entire world to understand the wrath of the Archangels. The bodies were preserved where they fell, faces frozen in horror for all time."

"Michael caused the eruption of Mt Vesuvius?" Gordon said skeptically.

"Yes, but it was nowhere near the devastation Raphael caused with the Black Death. Almost 200 million people dead by his hand. The horror of it remains with you humans to this very day." Horton said. "Even Lucifer locked in the cage could cause widespread death and destruction, do you think Earthquakes just happen by themselves?"

"That is what Abaddon faces four separate forces that are each Earth shattering on their own but now united in a common goal." Horton said. "To finally accomplish something our father decreed be done eons ago. You see God decreed the nephilim all be destroyed. And she is the last."

"Sam are you sure about this?" Dean asked as he put the truck in park. It wasn't baby but it was John Winchester's truck and one thing you could be sure of where John Winchester was concerned he took care of his vehicles.

"You have the bullets right? We all have the sigil." Sam said from his spot against the passenger door. "We just stick to the plan go in grab the Cherub and get out."

"And we just ignore Abaddon?" Dean snorted "Come on Sam we get a shot we take it."

"Dean, you need to focus." Sam said "Abaddon is not important right now, Getting Horton out in one piece is."

"I hate to say it Brother, but Sam has a point." Benny said. "We stick to the plan in and out. We try to go head to head with Abaddon right now and the only thing we'll be doing is giving her more hostages. And the ones she wants. The surprise of you two busting down her door ain't going to last too long."
"Exactly. We need to stick to the plan." Sam said.

"Okay stop bitching about it. We get the angel and we get out. Got it." Dean said as he climbed out and went to the rear of the truck pulling out the weapons cache.

The three armed themselves with Salt rounds, holy water and the special bullets then left the vehicle, making their way through a wooded area that backed up to the rear of the house. They stopped at the edge of the woods while Sam scanned the home through a set of binoculars.

"We've got basement access." Sam said. "And I'm thinking that's as far as we need to go." Sam said as he handed the binoculars to Dean.

"Open flames in the basement and the house is not burning to the ground?" Dean said. "What's that sound like to you you Sammy?"

"Holy fire." Sam said. "And the only reason you would need holy fire is if you trapped yourself an angel."

"I have to say that seems pretty damned stupid to me." Benny added in his opinion. "It's definitely going to call attention."

"That's true, but she's a demon, a big time demon. One thing you can count on with Demons is the farther up the food chain they are, the more arrogant they become." Dean said. "She probably figures no one is going to come after her."

Sam rubbed a bit of dirt between his fingers. "She did plan for angels. The ground here is soaked with holy oil."

The trio quickly made their way over to a window that was propped open. A quick scan showed the the room was empty. Sam slipped in first followed by Dean while Benny found a spot to hide and keep watch outside.

Dean carefully tried to twist the doorknob easing it open to reveal an empty corridor. The two slipped into the hallway following the sound of voices. A couple of doors down a glow let them know that they had found the source of the holy fire. They also found someone they hoped they would never see again, Gordon Walker.

Sam reacted without thinking, aiming his shotgun and pulling the trigger. Gordon was flung backwards by the blast his body falling across the holy fire. Horton wasted no time in using the makeshift bridge to escape the flames and place a hand on both of the Winchesters transporting them out of the basement and to the vehicle mere moments before Benny burst out of the woods.
Chapter 78

Chapter Notes

Just a heads up. I started school today so I will be keeping up with this and updating just a bit slower due to Homework and all. A short chapter and I apologize for the length but it is an explanation on why Gordon is not in Purgatory.

"Horton!" Gabriel said grabbing the Cherub in a hug. "You scared us. Why didn't you go back like you were supposed to? I'm putting my foot down right here and right now. You guys have a message you deliver it and then take your normally naked ass back upstairs where you belong. I don't care who asks you to do what. They give you any grief, you tell them to take it up with me. Got it?"

"Yes Gabriel." The cherub said.

"Good, now go home." Gabriel said.

Lucifer looked at the Winchesters. "Now that the cherub is out of our hair, want to tell us why you look like you've seen a ghost?"

"We just saw Gordon Walker. He used to be a hunter, then he got turned by a vampire."

"I took his head off with barbed wire. No way he should be here."

"Do I sense a bit of animosity?" Gabriel asked.

They guy was a real douche. I mean douchey to the point he made your family look like a bunch of sweet little harp playing angels." Dean said.

Dean it is reasonable that we look like angels. We would not look like anything else." Castiel said "Although I cannot speak for my brothers, I have never played a harp."

"Castiel's obliviousness aside, who the hell is Gordon Walker?" Benny asked. "He why you suddenly started popping off rounds back there?"

"Gordon Walker?" Lucifer frowned. "That name sounds familiar."

"Yes Sugar? You called." Spicy said as she appeared perched on the arm of Lucifer's chair. "You need your to do list? No problem Sugar give me a sec."

The demon disappeared for a split second and returned holding a scroll which she was unrolling and scanning. "Aha! Here we go. Gordon Walker." Spicy grimaced "He was a real piece of work! Hunted down and slaughtered his own sister while she begged for her life. He was already on the express elevator downstairs, at least until he ran afoul of some vampires and got himself turned."

"You say you took his head off Sam?" Gabriel asked. "He should have gotten sent to Purgatory."

"He was earmarked for hell." Lucifer said. "He had guaranteed his damnation a long time ago. Sometimes a human soul starts turning while the body still lives. That is what was happening with him. He was mostly a demon by the time you first met him. He wasn't a hunter, he was a
psychopath who used hunting as a cover to engage in his antisocial behavior without fear of reprisal."

"He was hunting vamps when we met him. Only the vamps he was hunting were living off of animals and not touching the people of the town. He knew it all along." Sam said.

"He was getting his jollies. He made my to do list when he tried to kill my vessel." Lucifer said. "I just never had a chance to get around to him before somebody shoved my ass back in the cage. Somebody needs to take him out again."

"Wait won't he just go to Purgatory?" Dean asked.

"Not if I snatch him first." Lucifer said then turned to Spicy. "Go tell our new 'Inquisitor' to sharpen his knives. I'll have a candidate for his rack soon."
"I still can't wrap my head around how Gordon can be a vampire and a demon." Sam said.

"He was already a demon when the vamps got him." Gabriel said. "They just went all trickster on his ass." Gabriel chuckled.

"What the hell does that mean?" Dean demanded.

"You said he was hunting vamps when you met him. And that these Vamps weren't killing people or even feeding on them and Gordon knew this." Gabriel said. "I went upstairs and snuck a look at the book. Luci is right, that sick bastard got a stiffy every time he killed a supernatural creature and he did a lot of killing," Gabriel hesitated. "A lot of kids in his body count too. Special kids like you Sam. He had located most of your generation before they hit puberty. And he enjoyed it."

"Wait Gordon knew about the psychic kids all along?" Dean asked.

"Yep, made sure he always had a victim on tap. Then that sweet little vampiress, what was her name again?" Gabriel frowned as he thought about it. "Leah? Lana? Whatever. Anyhoo she spread the word about Gordon and the vamps set a trap for him. When they got their hands on him they figured out pretty quick that for Gordon, being turned into what he hated most was a fate worse then death. Only this was Gordon he just learned that he was a better killer with the fangs than without."

"Right and how do we freaking kill him?" Dean asked.

"Maybe you should have taken the Colt with you?" Gabriel said. "Maybe Gordon could have been a historical footnote right now."

"Yeah Sammy, why didn't we take the Colt again?" Dean asked pinning his younger brother with a glare.

"We didn't take the Colt because you would have gotten sidetracked." Sam shot back. "You were getting sidetracked bad enough without it."

Abaddon watched the demons cleaning up the mess. "Gordon, Gordon I didn't pull you out of limbo for this. You were supposed to interrogate the angel and instead you lost him, to the Winchesters!"

"It would have been a help to know those two were running around." Gordon said as he picked rock salt out of his side. "The Winchesters have a lot to answer for. Sam is Satan's little bitch. The devil is riding his ass like a five dollar whore. And Dean is willing to turn a blind eye as long as it's his brother. Dean is worse than Sam. I tried to help Dean. To free him from the hold his brother has over him but Dean, Dean is blind when it comes to Sam. This time those two are going to get what they deserve."

"Spoken like a true demon." Abaddon said. "Nothing gets us going like a good old fashioned hankering for revenge. Some of us even deserve revenge. But you Gordon, are not among the deserving."
"I'm not a demon. I kill demons." Gordon said "And other monsters, supernatural things."

"Such denial. Gordon the day you hunted down and killed your sister for being a victim, you stained your soul beyond redemption." Abaddon said. "You walked the razor's edge for a while before that but on that day you went from being a hunter to being a murderer. The Winchesters, on the other hand, are Heaven's golden boys. They are surrounded by not just angels, but all of the Archangels including Lucifer or 'Satan' as you called him."

"They are going to die!" Gordon hissed.

"Are you telling me that you are going to take on all four Archangels just to get to the Winchesters? And all for some twisted desire for revenge?" Abaddon laughed. "Pulling you out of that limbo between Purgatory and Hell is going to end up being one of my better moves. You're just entirely too stupid to live."

"Sam, when are you going to learn, my name is Balthazar, not Lurch. I'm not your butler so for father's sake, stop ringing for me!"

"You are Heaven's armorer again right?" Sam asked as he stood there with his arms crossed over his chest.

"You know that I am." Balthazar said as he poured more wine into his glass and took a sip. He gestured at Sam with the bottle. "So you are calling me about a weapons related question then? Fire away Gojira."

"What?" Sam frowned at the angel.

"Moose, Bullwinkle and Sasquatch are all taken. I needed a term of my own to reference your ridiculously massive size and I happen to like the 1950's monster movies. I just prefer Godzilla in the original Japanese." Balthazar explained. "Now back to business what do you want?"

"Does heaven have a weapon that will kill a demonic vampire?" Sam asked.

"Ah, I take it Gordon Walker has finally resurfaced." Balthazar said. "I was wondering when he would pop out of whatever hole he was hiding in."

"Wait a minute how did you know about Gordon?" Sam asked.

"There is one realm left that you and your brother have thus far avoided, Limbo. A very sparsely populated realm that you humans for some reason have confused with Purgatory." Balthazar said. "It's reserved for what you would call 'supernatural hybrids', like your Gordon Walker."

"Wait, how often do things like Gordon happen?" Sam asked.

"It is rare, but not non existent." Balthazar said. "Demons mixed with something else. When that happens there's a conflict, does the soul go to Hell or Purgatory? The suspiciously hands off Pater familias never got around to making that decision so the cosmos doesn't know what to do with them they end up stuck in this area called Limbo."

"How come it seems you know about this but your big brothers don't?" Sam asked.

"I actually didn't know either until I started looking for a place to stash the weapons I stole."
Balthazar said. "That is when I stumbled upon Limbo."

"So Gordon wasn't there alone was he?" Sam asked. "There were more of these Supernatural hybrids?"

"Of course there were." Balthazar said. "If it was just Walker we wouldn't need Limbo. It wouldn't have existed when you oh so messily decapitated him."

"What about the others?" Sam asked. "If Walker got out, couldn't they get out too?"

"Theoretically yes they could, with help." Balthazar said. "One of the key ingredients to the spell that opens the door is Blood of Celestial Origin."

"So the blood of an angel." Sam said.

"Or a nephilim. They are half angel after all." Balthazar said.

"Limbo? What do you mean Limbo" Dean asked.

"How in the hell did you find out about Limbo?" Gabriel demanded.

"Will someone please explain what the hell Limbo is." Lucifer demanded.

"Gabriel, you knew of this Limbo?" Raphael asked.

"Gabriel what did I tell you about keeping secrets?" Michael said.

"Balthazar is the one who told me about it." Sam interjected. "Gabriel was not the one keeping secrets this time. But he says that is where Gordon Walker was from the time I took his head. He also told me the only way to open the door to Limbo is with Blood of Celestial origin."

"So that is how she got her hands on him." Gabriel said. "Luci if I were you, I'd go snatch the rest of the souls stuck in Limbo before she does."

"Wait what is all this souls in Limbo stuff?" Dean asked.

"They're like Gordon. Part demon and part something else." Sam explained. "Balthazar said that there were enough to make the place necessary but it's really sparsely populated."

"It is." Gabriel agreed. "Last time I passed through; 1,214 souls."

"And that's not a lot?" Dean asked.

"When you consider the fact that we're talking about since Lucifer first twisted Lilith?" Gabriel said. "That's nothing."

"Still too much to leave laying around for Abaddon to pick up." Michael said. "Gabriel do you know how to open the door?"

"Yep." The Archangel answered.

"Well what are we waiting for? Sam, Dean keep working on a way to kill a demonic vampire." Lucifer said. "We'll be back."
Chapter 80

"You know Balthazar, there's sparsely populated and then there's totally devoid of life." Lucifer complained as they continued searching Limbo for lost souls with no success.

"They are here Lucifer." Gabriel said. "They just tend to take antisocial to the extreme."

"Then how did Abaddon find Gordon?" Michael asked.

"Gordon was a fairly new inhabitant." Balthazar said as he stopped turned around to verify his location and then starting walking in the direction of a large rock formation in the distance. "He probably hadn't been here long enough to learn caution. That hairless ape probably figured he was still the biggest badass on the block. The Gemini would have cured that soon enough."

"The Gemini? What is the Gemini?" Raphael asked. "And how do you know the names of these creatures."

"Some of the inhabitants here are worse than others." Gabriel explained. "If I'm not mistaken Balthazar is leading us to the lair of Jed. He was technically America's first serial killer He killed a few in the Blue Ridge mountains and then decided to head west to avoid being caught. He's probably the only one you want to risk approaching out of the blue around here."

"Balthazar are you taking us to this creature?" Michael demanded.

"Yes I am. He has a habit of being helpful, or rather less than hostile most of the time. He was a part of the Donner Party and was part of a rescue group that went out to try to find help." Balthazar said. "They didn't get far. Jed killed the others and holed up in a cave high in the mountains. Just him and his larder."

"He ended up becoming a Wendigo but he was demonic first." Gabriel added. "He terrorized the mountains around Donner Lake until the early 20th century when a Hunter tracked him down and killed him. That hunter was a doctor and had gotten it into his mind that the Spanish Flu wasn't really a medical disease but a result of a supernatural infestation when his wife and daughter both died from it."

"Those hunters can grab onto some strange ideas." Lucifer chuckled.

"Shhh!" Balthazar ordered "We are almost close enough for him to know we are here. And the last thing we want to do is either scare him or let him think that we are lunch."

Jake looked up to find Sam standing by the door to his cell. "Sam you here for a reason or just to gloat at the fact that I'm locked up."

"Actually I want to talk. Dean thinks I'm crazy, and maybe I am but you spent more time with Azazel than I did." Sam said. "You probably know more about him and his plans, he was working with Abaddon and you've spent time with her. You're a resource Jake, it's time we started taking advantage of that. I'm not the only one who thinks so. I think Crowley is almost done with Ansem. He doesn't seem to be able to scream as loud or as long anymore. Who do you think he'll turn to next?"
"So Sam Winchester is going to save me out of the goodness of his demon blood infected heart?" Jake said. "You're going to have to do better than that."

"In Cold Oak, before Azazel showed up, we were working together to try to get out of the mess. And you were helping to protect all those children that got sent to hell." Sam said. "There's some thing about you that is still human Jake. You haven't gone full on Demon yet."

"I might as well. Lucifer already claimed me for killing you." Jake snorted. "You're Lucifer's pet human. Killing the devil's pet is not something you get out of by saying 'oops sorry, my bad'."

"And I killed you. I figure we're even I can tell Lucifer I don't hold it against you anymore." Sam said.

"That doesn't matter because he believes atonement is required." Jake said. "Do you think I don't know he's planning on putting me on the rack."

"I'm offering to help you avoid the rack." Sam said. "We need information, you fill in the blanks. I'll go to bat for you. I'll tell him you already atoned by helping us. The information you have is your atonement but it has got to be worth it."

"Alright." Jake nodded and held his hand out through the bars. Sam carefully shook it. Jake tightened his grip. "Don't screw me over Winchester."

Sam yanked his hand from Jake's grip. "I'm not the one who stabs people in the back. I'll go talk to Crowley tell him that you are not to be touched."

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Michael fell to the ground with a great weight on his back. He easily shrugged it off and flipped his attacker over to pin him beneath him. He had already manifested his angel blade when a hand grabbed his wrist.

"Don't, it's Jedediah." Balthazar said. "Jed. That's my brother you tried to eat."

"Balthazar. I though you had gathered the last of your weapons." The creature said.

"I did but I am here for a different reason now." Balthazar said calmly squating down do he was face to face with the wendigo. "Gordon Walker has escaped Limbo. A nephilim came for him, yes?"

"Yes the bitch came through here. She reminded me of The Gemini, I hid from her." Jedediah said.

"Are the Gemini still here?" Gabriel asked.

"Since when do Pagans travel in the company of celestials, Loki?" Jedediah asked.

"I was first created as Jibra'il." Gabriel explained. "My origins are celestial."

"Gabriel or Loki as you have known him is the last Archangel created by our father." Balthazar said. "The only one who ever calls him Jibra'il these days is our father."

"The Archangel Gabriel." Jed nodded. "And the others are also your brothers?"

"They are. Archangels all." Balthazar gestured to each of his brothers as he introduced them. "Raphael; Lucifer, yes that Lucifer and Michael."
"Now that the introductions are over can we get back to my question?" Gabriel asked. "Are the Gemini still here?"

"Yes, when she came, we all hid except for Gordon." Jed pointed off into the distance. "You must pass between the black cliffs then cross the desert of thorns. You will find them along the banks of the river of bile. They hunt for a victim."

"Thank you Jed." Balthazar said and laid a package on the ground

The wendigo wasted no time in unwrapping it to reveal the arm of some unfortunate. "It has been some time since I had fresh meat." The creature turned his back on the angels and disappeared in to the brush.

"Balthazar where did you get that arm?" Michael demanded.

"Oh don't worry, I didn't kill anyone for it." Balthazar said. It came form a moron on a motorcycle who decided to ride down the dividing line between lanes because the bike fit between the cars at a stop light. An old lady had a heart attack behind the wheel of her Suburban and well, lets just say he learned the hard way that the few minutes he would have gained wasn't worth getting his arm amputated."

"What about the old woman?" Lucifer asked.

"She was dead before the accident happened." Balthazar said. "Already reaped and on her way upstairs."

"So the brain dead guy on the motorcycle got hit by the dead dead woman in an SUV?" Gabriel chuckled. "Damn that's a good one. I'll have to remember that one and send the fates a thank you note for coming up with it."

"You're still on speaking terms with those harridans?" Balthazar exclaimed. "How on Earth are you still on good terms with them?"

"Well for one thing I didn't unsink the Titanic. I just made Celene Dion's career fade away like a tan in winter." Gabriel shuddered. "And now I'm going to have that annoying song stuck in my head for the next hour."
"What the hell Sam?" Dean jumped up from his seat and got right in his larger little brother's face. "That son of a bitch killed you! He jammed a knife in your back and severed your spine and you want to save him from Crowley?!"

"And you sold your soul to bring me back." Sam countered. "Then I emptied a clip in his body so I'm thinking we're even on that score."

"Dammit Sam! This isn't even close to being an option." Dean said. "We can't trust him as far as we can throw him."

"Dean, I agree that trusting him will be a great risk, but if Sam's agreement with him can draw pertinent information from Jake Talley faster, it will be worth the risk." Castiel interrupted. "Jake Talley is our best source for information concerning Abaddon. It will take time for Crowley to dig it out through torture."

"See Cas gets it." Sam said.

"No offense Cas, but you haven't exactly made the best decisions either." Dean said.

"And that's my cue to jump in and interrupt." Michael's voice said. "You haven't exactly been an Einstein yourself when it comes to decision making Dean."

"Michael you have returned." Castiel said.

"Gabriel and Lucifer stayed along with Balthazar. Raphael and I figured we could best be of use here and it seems that we were correct." Michael said. "What is the cause for this strife?"

"Sam wants to make a deal with Jake." Dean said glaring smugly at his brother when Michael pinned Sam with a glare of his own.

"Sam! You are a Winchester. You know from experience nothing good comes of making deals with demons." Michael said.

"We didn't make a deal!" Sam protested. "We came to an agreement."

"And that means you made a deal." Dean said.

Michael frowned at Sam for a moment. "I don't know what he did but he did not make any deals. His soul is clear, or at least as clear as his soul can be. No offense Sam but your soul is tainted by demon blood through no fault of your own."

"None taken." Sam said. "Here's the agreement Jake tells us what he knows freely and I keep him out of Crowley's Chamber of Horrors. It's that simple."

"Okay that seems straightforward enough." Michael said "If he will give us intel that is of value."

"One of my conditions was that the information had to be worth something." Sam added. "And no there was no kiss, just a handshake."

"That should be safe enough." Michael said. "Not to mention that even if you did make a deal there's not a hellhound in existence that would drag you down at this point."
"Wait are you saying he's safe from hellhounds?" Dean asked.

"Pretty much. Lucifer is out of the cage and the hell hounds are his pets after all." Michael said. "Wait I take it back, they would actually swarm all over him and smother him in sulfurous slobbery puppy kisses. He did say yes at one point. As far as the hellhounds are concerned now, he is Lucifer."

"I think we all know that the Moose had stepped into his role as the boy King of hell." Crowley interrupted. "What I need to know is the general consensus about Jake. On the rack or off?"

"Off. I'll explain it to Lucifer." Sam said.

Crowley shrugged. "Your funeral. Lucifer was pretty clear that Jake was at the top of the shit list but hey time for a coffee break!" the demon disappeared.

Balthazar stood a little to the side staying out of Gabriel's way as he struggled with the angry creature in his grip. Lucifer looked around carefully waiting for the second one to show up. Eventually the creature in Gabriel's grasp quieted.

"Now we're getting somewhere." Gabriel said.

Lucifer suddenly spun around catching a creature identical to the one Gabriel was sitting on and holding down. "And now the Gemini is complete. Sam and Dean are really going to love this."

Gabriel and Balthazar were quickly and carefully binding the one that Gabriel had wrestled to the ground while Lucifer struggled to bring the second one down. Sooner than it seemed, Gabriel grabbed one of the creature's arms helping to drag it to the ground while Balthazar wrapped the blessed ropes around it's limbs.

"Really Balthazar?" Gabriel was looking at the first Gemini the lower half of it's face covered by a leather restraining mask "He looks like Hannibal Lector's stand in."

"Would you rather deal with the teeth?" Balthazar countered. "And it's not like you have room to talk. What is with the leather fetish glove thingy?"

"The damned thing managed to spike me in the thigh." Gabriel explained.


"Actually clones. This son of a bitch helped the dragons release Eve from Purgatory and this was his reward. She turned him into one of her monsters." Balthazar explained. "Only there was a side effect. He kept splitting like a cancer cell. Eve sent her other children to hunt him down and kill him. Finally she had to do it herself but not before he had perfected the art of acting as one single creature."

"So I still don't know why you think they're so dangerous I mean we got them under control." Lucifer said.

"Lets get back to the bunker. I can't wait to see the look on the Chucklehead one and Chucklehead two's faces when they see what we brought home." Gabriel laughed.
Jake sat at the table surrounded by Crowley, Spicy, Sam, Dean, Castiel, Raphael and Michael. Michael looked at the demon and spoke. "Okay Jake we are going to clarify this arrangement. There won't be any loopholes here. Understand?"

"Good I like no loopholes." Jake said "Last time a loophole came back from the dead on me."

"Just stick to the topic!" Dean snarled.

Michael glared at Dean for a second then turned back to Jake. "Your side of this bargain is simple. You will give us information on Azazel, Abaddon and anything you know about their plans. However it has to be good information. If we find out that you're lying and or giving us misleading or garbage information you will immediately be given to Crowley who will extract whatever you know through torture."

"I'll tell you what I know it not my fault if it's not what you want to hear." Jake said.

"Be that as it may, we're holding you responsible. We have ways to test your sincerity and they will be applied before we turn you over to Crowley." Michael said. "As for our part we will not give you to Crowley. Sam and I will both speak to Lucifer on your behalf. You help us take down Abaddon now and we'll do our best to keep Lucifer from putting you on the rack later. That is the agreement and anything that was not specifically listed during this discussion is barred from later inclusion."

Michael grabbed Jake's hand and a bright glow filled the room for a moment.

"The deal is struck Jake's deal is with me." Michael said then turned his head as the door opened.

"Honey I'm home!" Gabriel called out cheerfully while he struggled with someone or something that was covered to it's hips by a burlap bag. Lucifer soon followed dragging an identical covered half burlap sack. Balthazar was bringing up the rear holding onto the arm of a wendigo.

"Spicy, Crowley Need the two of you to escort Jedediah here downstairs." Lucifer nodded toward the wendigo. "Spicy dear, I'll leave it up to you where to place hell's first wendigo. Just make sure he's comfortable and as content as it's possible to be in hell."

"Oh well now! Sorry Benny you just got replaced as my idea of the ultimate man's man. You just can't get any more manly than Grizzly Adams." Spicy said. "Come on hon, you like fresh meat right? I'm thinking you might like cleaning up around the rack. There's always a freshly amputated limb or two just laying there." Spicy spoke as she Crowley and the wendigo disappeared.

"Considering you just sent a wendigo to hell," Sam said. "I'm almost afraid to ask."

"Yeah what's up with the walking burritos?" Dean asked.

Gabriel and Lucifer both snatched the Burlap sacks of of the two identical snarling creatures. Gabriel of course had to add an extra flourish and an enthusiastic "Ta da!"

"Brothers." Castiel studied the creatures head tilted and a frown on his face. "Where did you find Jefferson Starships?"
"What was that you called them Castiel?" Michael asked.

"Jefferson Starships, it is what Dean named them when we first encountered them." Castiel explained.

"Well in that case I guess you'll have to call The Gemini here Jefferson Airplanes since they came first." Gabriel said. "And isn't that a kick in the teeth to Grace Slick."

"What is a grace slick?" Castiel asked.

"A who, not a what." Dean said "And only the greatest female singer in the history of Rock and Roll."

"As far as Dean is concerned Jefferson Starship was the biggest travesty in rock and roll." Sam said. "He swears that's not Grace Slick anymore and that it was a shifter that made that We Built This City song."

"I think I have to agree with Deano there." Gabriel said "From White Rabbit to that? Either a shifter or she's possessed by the demon crappy music comebacks."

"That's right." Dean said agreeing with the Archangel. "And these things are horrible like that song. And they're hard to kill and now I can add keep turning up like a bad penny to the list of reasons why I hate these Jefferson Starships."

"Lucifer, what in father's name are you doing?" Michael asked as Lucifer was pushing buttons on a box he was holding in his hand connected to a set of headphones that were over the devil's ears.

"I'm trying to get this damned device to work." Lucifer answered.

"Um, is that a Walkman?" Sam asked.

"Well yeah. I want to know what's so great about this Grace Slick so I snapped up the cassette and this walkman but it's not working." Lucifer said opening the case and taking out the cassette flipping it over.

"You know Bro you're kind of embarrasssing us here." Gabriel said. "A walkman? Cassettes? At the very least you could have a conjured a portable CD walkman."

"Give me a break would you? It's not like it's possible to keep up with cutting edge technology in the cage." Lucifer said. "You're lucky I didn't snap up a Victrola."

"That really wouldn't have worked." Gabriel said. "Even the late great Bobby Singer would have laughed at you for that."

"Brothers. I tend to think that these Gemini creatures should be our priority." Raphael said.

"Creature, singular" Balthazar corrected. "They are the same being, only one of them is a clone. That is why it gained the nickname of The Gemini."

"This is one you might want to dissect Raph." Gabriel said. "It's like a United Nations of supernatural beings."
The ones we ran into were vampire and wraith." Dean added.

Raphael studied the Gemini closely. "Vampire and wraith? Such a thing is supposed to be impossible."

"I guess Eve never got the memo on that one," Sam said. "She infested an entire town with them."

"And this one comes with added Ghoul at no extra cost." Gabriel added.

"She found them." Jake suddenly said. "She was hunting for them, She said that all of Eve's children didn't go to Purgatory. She said that they might know a doorway she could open and bring them back."

"Them?" Michael questioned.

"Yeah the others like her. She figured if they were part human their souls had to go somewhere." Jake said. "She wanted to find them. All this is about revenge. I figured you guys would know that. After all nobody is a bigger supporter of revenge than God."

The first thing Raphael had done when he got the Gemini to the basement cells was to separate them. He looked at the two of them and realized that he would need a way to distinguish them. "Gabriel I have need of your assistance."

"Sure Bro what do you need? A sense of humor maybe?" Gabriel asked.

Raphael glared at him for a moment. "Will you never learn to be serious Gabriel? You act like a newly hatched fledgling most of the time. This is not a laughing matter we find ourselves involved in. Abaddon seeks to resurrect the nephilim."

"Raphael whining a brooding over it isn't going to change the fact that we're in it. It will simply stress you out." Gabriel said. "There aren't any nephilim knocking down the doors at this moment so borrowing trouble doesn't do us any good either. Soooo enjoy the moment bro! We'll be up to our nipples in trouble soon enough." Gabriel snapped up a chocolate Twizzler "Now what did you need or should I just snap you up that sense of humor?"

Raphael gave an exaggerated huff. "The Gemini, they're identical. I must devise a way to tell them apart."

"That is a pickle." Gabriel said then snapped his fingers. "How's that?" He asked as the two creatures were now distinguished by tattoos reading Thing 1 and Thing 2.

"Thank you, they are distinguishable now." Raphael said. After an uncomfortable silence during which Gabriel stared at him expectantly he added, "Thank you very much."

Gabriel shook his head. "You are just as much of a lost cause as Castiel. Was that female vessel of yours as anal retentive as this version? Geez Louise everybody gets the Thing 1 and Thing 2 joke!" Gabriel disappeared from the basement.

Raphael ignored his younger brothers departure instead touching two fingers to Thing 1's forehead. Instead of the creature in front of him dropping to the ground unconscious, Thing 2 collapsed to the ground. Thing 1 immediately bolted toward the door when Raphael glanced toward thing 2's cell. Raphael waved a hand pinning the creature to the ground. "Interesting." The archangel said.
Sam was currently trying to sneak out of the room without drawing the Morningstar's attention.

"Where are you going Sam?" Lucifer's voice caught up to him. "If I didn't know better, I would think you were trying to avoid me."

Sam stop and turned around trying to decide which tack to take in dealing with a more than likely pissed off devil. Or at least that was what Crowley had led him to expect.

"Avoiding you?" Sam smiled weakly. "What possible reason could I have to avoid you?"

"Although your arrangement with Jake is Highly desirable, the fact that you brokers a deal with him at all would be ample reason to avoid Lucifer at this time." Cas helpfully explained to the younger hunter.

"Whoa Cas!" Dean snorted. "Way to throw Sam under the bus!"

"I would not endanger your brother by placing him beneath the wheels of a mass transit vehicle." Castiel said in his own defense causing both Winchesters to guffaw.

"Castiel even I know what that means and I was locked in the cage for thousands of years." Lucifer chuckled. "And to go to my point, Thanks Cas for cutting through the red tape, what possessed you Sam? A deal with the jackass who killed you?"

"Actually Michael is the one who made the deal." Dean said. "Sam just offered up guidelines"

Lucifer gave the brothers a look before. Disappearing to find his own brother.
Lucifer made his way up to heaven figuring if Michael would be hiding anywhere Heaven would be the place. So he was more than a little surprised when Virgil appeared in front of him in the garden.

"Virgil." Lucifer nodded. "I'm looking for Michael, have you seen him?"

"Actually the Commander requested I deliver a message to you." Virgil responded.

"Oh did he now?" Lucifer snorted.

"He said to 'tell the Morningstar to meet me in the place that rivals God's most beautiful son'." Virgil said.

Lucifer was taken aback by Virgil's words. "Are you sure he told you to say that?"

"Positive." Virgil replied. "Having all of the Archangels back with us is something that many of us prayed to father for. Not all of us wanted the Apocalypse. There were many like Castiel, they simply lacked Castiel's conviction. We watched you know? The showdown between you and Michael. We did not understand why Father would ordain that it happen but then allow the Winchesters and Castiel to prevent it. More importantly why would father allow Sam Winchester to drag both you and Michael into the cage. Our confusion was immeasurable."

"Virgil don't try to make sense of it, the old man's thought processes are confusing on the best of days. But thanks to that confusing twisted thinking old deity, Where all back together and we all have a greater appreciation for each other." Lucifer put a hand on Virgil's shoulder and gave it a squeeze. "Gabriel will be coming soon. He'll want a progress report on how our new Guardian angel fledglings are coming along. I must go to Michael. We have something to discuss."

"Are you going to fight about whatever it is that you will discuss?" Virgil asked. "Michael seemed uneasy when I saw him."

"I cannot promise that the discussion will not become 'heated' Virgil. But I can promise that Michael and I will not come to blows over it. We will work out the issue with words." Lucifer smiled and then disappeared.

With Balthazar agreeing to assist Raphael, Gabriel went in search of Castiel finding the Seraph (surprise) with the Winchesters.

"I do not know much about the destruction of the nephilim." Castiel said "My garrison was not called to that battle. All I know is that our father decreed their destruction."

"Luci and I tried to talk him out of it but he wasn't hearing it." Gabriel spoke up. "He felt the nephilim were a 'contamination' among his oh so precious humans. The birth of the first nephilim was also the beginning of Lucifer's rebellion. I fully agreed with Lucifer's position back then. His attitude wasn't so unreasonable when you got right down to it."

"Really? Seems to me he's pretty good at convincing others he's being reasonable, even when he's not." Dean said.

"Dad loved us the angels, he loved you guys even more." Gabriel said. "So tell me how could he
love us and hate the nephilim? They were us, human and angel." Gabriel snapped his fingers producing a Reece's Peanut Butter Cup. "Two great tastes that taste great together. Dad didn't see it that way. Maybe if it had just been a handful, but they were prolific. They bred like bunnies and before we knew it the Nephilim were a race. One on track to soon outnumber humans. That's when I understood why dad hated them. They were about to wipe out his most cherished creation without ever lifting a finger."

"I did not realize that father had ordered their destruction to protect humanity." Castiel said.

"Most of the host didn't although there were a handful who saw the writing on the wall." Gabriel said. "Mainly among those who had sired nephilim themselves. They gathered their children took them far away from the land the nephilim had claimed as their own. So when Dad gave the order they survived."

"So what happened to the ones that escaped?" Sam asked.

"They blended in with humans eventually getting 'reabsorbed' back into the human race. The married and had kids and all of the traits of being nephilim simply became an extremely recessive bit of DNA coding in the human genome. And every so often it manifests itself in one of you."

"Manifests itself how?" Dean asked.

"A vessel is born like Jimmy Novak over there." Gabriel pointed at Castiel "But the rarest occurrence is when a physically identifiable attribute manifests itself. The Nephilim were referred to as Giants after all."

"Wait Sam's a nephilim?" Dean demanded.

"Sam shows a hereditary nephilic trait. He's not a Nephilim and why am I trying to explain molecular human genetics to you Dean? It's all going to go over your head anyway." Gabriel said. "Suffice to say that the Campbell/Winchester DNA Mix carries enough nephilic traits to create vessels sturdy enough to be used by Archangels with little to no damage. Just the Winchester DNA by itself can temporarily contain an Archangel with no damage at all, Daddy Winchester was in better condition after Mike rode him than he was before saying yes."

"And that's why Nick was falling apart. He wasn't meant to be the vessel of an Archangel, right." Sam asked.

"Bingo, he was a vessel but not the vessel." Gabriel said. "The only reason he lasted as long as he did was the demon blood, which by the way simply weakened you Sam. You were born to contain the second most powerful angel ever created. The demon blood simply stained your soul, luckily your soul was a lot stronger than anyone gave you credit for. You managed to retain the majority of your purity even when you were sucking on Ruby's blood like it was a chocolate shake."

Gabriel then turned to Dean "And they failed with you too. Sticking a four year old with the responsibility of practically raising an infant? It should have made you resent the hell out of Sam. Instead you were more of a father to him than John ever was. Sam should be giving you an ugly tie every Father's Day, that's how much of a parent you were to him. They had the Apocalypse all planned out from start to finish both sides pushing to get their prizefighter in the ring."

Gabriel threw an arm around Castiel's shoulder. "Instead you two along with my little bro here screwed up all of their plans. Instead of an apocalypse, we've got a family reunion."

Lucifer found Micheal sitting on an outcropping of rock and watching the water roaring over the
edge of the falls. Lucifer Lowered himself to the ground next to his brother.

"So did you pick this place to keep me from yelling at you?" Lucifer asked. "You knew I had plans for him Mikey."

"Yes I knew. But I also realized your vessel had stumbled upon something that was more important than you settling the score for something that even your vessel has let go of." Michael turned toward Lucifer. "Sam considers them even. Jake had information we could use he was willing to give that information to us so there was no need to give him to Crowley."

"Michael that doesn't change the fact that we had an agreement, you and I." Lucifer said. "Jake belongs to me. You got the innocent souls of the children Azazel had tainted to take to heaven. I kept my side of that agreement."

"Yes you did Lucifer, and I have kept my side of the agreement." Michael sighed. "I never told Jake that I would save him from hell or even lift a finger to prevent you doing what you wished to him. The deal is that Sam and I will speak to you and do our best to keep you from putting him on the rack. Everything else is fair game, he still belongs to you."

Lucifer looked at Michael like he had never seen him before. "Who are you and what have you done with my 'holier than thou' brother?"

"I guess I just learned a few lessons. Being right all the time, micromanaging the host, forcing everyone to adhere to such rigid and unforgiving standards is no way for a family to live and be a family." Michael said. "All it got us last time around was you in the pit, Gabriel running away to adopt another family and the rest of the host becoming such rigid adherents of the word that we forgot the one command our Father gave us. We couldn't even remember how to love each other, much less them.

I don't want to fall into that trap again Luci. So I'm making it a point not to act like an ass this time around. Father has given us a second chance, I intend to take full advantage of that chance."
"Gabriel, may I ask you a question?" Castiel asked.

"Let me guess, you're confused about the whole Archangel vessel thing, right?" Gabriel asked. "You were taught that Michael and Lucifer have specific vessels and you're lost by the fact that I didn't point that out." Gabriel guessed.

"Zachariah was very clear about the Winchesters being the vessels." Castiel pointed out.

"And so they are, not so much because they were born with some magic stamp on their souls, but by default. Dean is Michael's vessel simply because he is the only vessel sturdy enough to contain Michael's grace. So he could contain any angel less powerful than Michael. Sam by the same token could contain any angel less powerful than Lucifer, but he couldn't contain Michael."

"So you're saying that I wasn't born specifically to be Michael's vessel?" Dean cut in.

"Nope anyone born with the same specific qualities as you would work just as well but vessels like you come along maybe once every thousand years or so. Two vessels born in the same period of time as brothers? Never happened before. It maybe another 5000 years or more before it happens again.

But hey, we're angels. We have a tendency to shall we say 'bend the truth'." Gabriel smirked. "This gorgeous hunk of human male I'm wearing could have actually been Raphael under different circumstances; but since Raph didn't snatch him up, I did."

"But what about the whole bloodline thing?" Sam asked. "We thought it was because we were from the bloodline of Cain and Abel?"

"Kiddo, if you're human, you are from the bloodline of Cain and Abel. It's not at all rare, in fact it's all of you. Vessels for Archangels have to be human, so that was the complete truth." Gabriel said. "Some of the lesser angels can take animals for vessels. The Cupids do it all the time to accomplish their missions. Do you know how many marriages have happened because people met walking their dogs?"

"So basically you're saying all that true vessel crap was crap." Dean surmised.

"Not all of it Deano, just a fair amount of it." Gabriel said.

Sam was frowning at the Archangel. "You jacked Raphael's vessel?"

"Well he wasn't using it. Besides I convinced the guy of what a dick Raphael was." Gabriel said. "He was happy to have me instead."

"Wait a minute. Does Raphael know about this?" Dean asked.

"Yep I have to admit he wasn't too happy about it at first." Gabriel said. "But Mikey backed me up on it. I had kind of an important mission to take care of and it took a bit of finesse. Besides brothers share right, Deano? Kind of like that Judas Priest T-shirt Sam couldn't find when he packed for Stanford." Gabriel disappeared on a flutter of wings.

"Dude you stole my shirt?" Sam yelled. "I liked that shirt!"
"Come on Sam, it's not like you liked Judas Priest." Dean said.

"Lucifer, I asked you to meet me here for another reason. We would always come here when we discussed our siblings." Michael said. "I remember the first time I laid eyes on these falls. I always thought they were the only thing that comes close to matching you in beauty. This is the place the human's should have called Angel Falls. Victoria Falls just doesn't fit it."
"Well at least they named a part of the falls after me." Lucifer joked. "And oddly enough they like The Devil's Pool well enough, they spend enough time in it."

The two watched the roaring water for a moment.

"So Michael, you're stalling. I'm guessing that I won't like what you have to say." Lucifer prompted.

Michael took a deep breath. "Father wants the four of us to meet him in the Garden. He has decided to bring back two more of our brothers. And there's a very good chance they will want to put the Apocalypse back on track. It's going to be up to us to take them in hand."

"So he's bringing back Zachariah obviously. Who else?" Lucifer asked.

"Uriel." Michael said. "While you were in the pit, Uriel became one of your biggest supporters. He spent a lot of time turning his brothers to your side. We can't afford that division among us right now. Uriel will also probably 'blow a gasket' as the humans say over the Guardian fledglings. He had a previous confrontation with the Winchester family thanks to Anael attempting to change history."

"Is that why you smote her?" Lucifer asked.

"At the time I was all for the Apocalypse too." Michael said. "Sitting up in heaven while you were down in the pit? It was easy to allow myself to be convinced that you had to die because of something Father had written so long ago in a fit of wrath. Anael attempted to interfere in what I had convinced myself was Father's will. I couldn't let such blatant disobedience go unpunished. Especially not when Castiel had all out rebelled against us. I probably would have smote him too had he not gone to our vessels and appointed himself as their sentinel. We decided to allow him to keep them safe until it was time."

"So The old man is bringing back the biggest asskisser in all of creation and the biggest sourpuss he ever created with a bug up his butt?" Lucifer snorted then added a sarcastic "Awesome."

"It is not what I would want either but you have to admit that Zachariah gets things done and Uriel is one of our best hand to hand fighters."

"I know but it doesn't mean I have to like the idea of them coming back." Lucifer said.

"Come on Luci." Gabriel interrupted causing his older brothers to turn and find Gabriel and Raphael standing there. "You got a second chance, I got a second chance. Lets give Kneepads and Wannabe Richard Pryor the benefit of the doubt...for now."

"Gabriel I told you to wait until I summoned you." Michael said.

"Yep but daddy dearest told me and Raph to get our asses to the garden and grab you two on the way." Gabriel said. "And he outranks you."
"DO NOT TEST MY PATIENCE ZACHARIAH! THERE WILL BE NO APOCALYPSE! YOU WILL NOT RETALIATE IN ANY WAY AGAINST THE WINCHESTERS OR ANY BEING THAT ASSISTED THEM! DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR!" The voice of God was booming through the garden powerfully enough to bend trees over to the ground.

"Whoa Old Man! Calm down." Lucifer said. "You'll give yourself an aneurism."

"Besides Zachariah is a couple of years behind schedule on his brown-nosing. He won't have time to do any retaliating." Gabriel said. "Zach, you want to start the ass kissing right now or wait till later?"

"Gabriel be silent." Michael commanded. "Your attempt to be amusing is out of place!"

"That's right Gabriel. You are our Father's messenger, it is a position of prestige and great honor." Zachariah jumped in. "Your flippant attitude dishonors your office."

"The ass kissing starts immediately." Gabriel nodded while Lucifer laughed.

Uriel on the other hand was staring at Lucifer. "Brother? Morningstar? Have you truly been restored to Heaven?"

"That's right Uriel The old man has forgiven me and welcomed me back as Michael's second. We have a battle to prepare for and we fight this battle alongside the Winchesters." Lucifer said.

"Wait, we are joining forces with those hairless apes?!" Uriel asked with disgust.

"Uriel, many things have changed in the time you were gone." Raphael said. "Michael and Lucifer were locked in the cage and Gabriel and I were both killed. Heaven was left vulnerable to the madness of the scribe. He cast down the entire host and sealed heaven against us. Those two mud monkeys were able to put aside their dislike for most of us and were instrumental in reopening the gates of heaven. I would be careful of your tone when you call them hairless apes. They may be hairless apes for the moment but their are also to become Angels in their own right upon their deaths."

"What madness is our healer talking about." Zachariah demanded.

"Dad just did something he hasn't done since he created humanity." Gabriel explained. "He created a new class of angels, Guardian angels."

"They are garrisoned out of the Roadhouse. Every hunter has the potential to become a guardian, it all depends on whether they hunt for the good of humanity or to satisfy some twisted desire in their psyche. Those who are worthy ascend."

"Sam and Dean Winchester have proven themselves worthy several times over so they will be accorded respect from every member of the host." Michael said. "That is an official order."
"Is it me or does the conference table look bigger?" Spicy asked as she sat down.

"I think it definitely looks bigger." Kevin said.

"It is indeed larger than before." Castiel said. "Gabriel conjured a larger one earlier."

"Why?" Sam asked "It was big enough before."

"We've got a couple more beings sitting in on this meeting" Lucifer said as he dropped into a seat. "And if it's any consolation, I've been playing devil's advocate. If I wasn't so annoyed right now, I'd be laughing at the irony."

"The devil playing devil's advocate?" Benny said. "That's definitely ironic."

"I do not understand your annoyance." Castiel said to Lucifer. "Have circumstances changed?"

"Yep, and not for the better either." Gabriel said as he popped into a seat. "As far as I can see Dad made a bonehead move this time."

"God made a bonehead move? From where I sit God makes a habit of bonehead moves." Dean said.

"Dean." Castiel scolded the hunter. "Our father does nothing without reason, even if we can't understand it."

"Really?" Lucifer spat. "Then you'll be happy to know he has resurrected Zachariah and Uriel."

"He did what?" Dean jumped up from his chair just as Michael appeared with the two angels in tow. "Oh hell no!" Dean yelled and started to leave the room. "Time to barbecue some angel wings."

Balthazar grabbed the hunter "Let's not be rash Winchester. Like it or not Daddy dearest obviously thought they would be able to help or he would have left them where they were."

"That's right." Uriel said. "So sit down little mud monkey."

"Uriel!" Michael shouted and the angel collapsed into a seat clearly in pain. "I made myself clear. Don't make me undo what Father has chosen to do. You will treat those sitting at this table with respect."

"And does that respect extend to that abomination of hell?" Zachariah asked indicating Spicy.

"Spicy is my companion. You will treat her with the respect due my chosen consort or Michael won't have to undo the old man's work." Lucifer said. "I will."

"Devil's advocate and knight in shining armor." Spicy said. "Aren't I just the lucky one!"

"Spicy, hush." Lucifer ordered.

"Michael must I sit here surrounded by humans" Zachariah did wonders making the word 'human' sound filthy. "Vampires and demons? This is unacceptable."
"You will accept what you are ordered to accept." Maichael said. "Everyone sitting at this table is united in a common cause, the defeat of Abaddon. We are all allies here. Father resurrected you to assist in that defeat. You would do well to remember that."

"You know Michael, you aren't going to get the two of them to pull their heads out of their asses so can we just get on with this meeting?" Gabriel asked. "The less time I have to spend around Zach, the better."

"Of course you would find working with these abominations pleasant, Gabriel. You have no concept of what you are, no more than can be expected from one who runs away to become a pagan." Zachariah said. "Father should have thrown you into the cage eons ago."

"Michael teach your little ass kisser his place, or I will." Gabriel said. "I may be extremely patient with the younger ones, but even my patience has its limits. I am not one of his underlings to be lectured at."

"Zachariah, Gabriel is correct." Michael said. "It is not your place to scold Gabriel or any other Archangel. Should you manage to trigger his wrath, I will not protect you. Being the assistant of an Archangel does not make you an Archangel."

"Looks like that misconception is common among those who work closest with us." Lucifer said. "That is the attitude Metatron displayed before Father caged him. The cage is still there Zachariah you and Uriel both would do well to remember that. Believe me I know the agony of being caged, but if it is what it takes to teach you two a little respect; I'm not above sticking you in it for a little time out, and neither is the old man. Just ask Metatron. It seems to have done wonders in adjusting his attitude."

"Uh could we get on with this meeting?" Kevin asked timidly. "Benny and I are supposed to go into town today to check on people in the shelters."

"The prophet is right we are wasting time here." Raphael said. "And I have the Gemini to get back to."

"Yes, Raphael we would hear what you have learned of this Gemini first and then you can return to it." Michael prompted.

"It is truly one creature split into two parts. One can process stimuli while the other reacts to it." Raphael said. "It explains why it was so feared in Limbo. Even if you were to attack one half of the creature one half is just aware of the stimuli as the other."

"So they can hunt like one monster?" Dean said. "Awesome."

"Correct," Raphael agreed. "But the truly interesting thing is that stimuli applied to one half can be processed and reacted to by the other. To give an example, I attempted to force the Thing 1 into unconsciousness and nothing happened but the Thing 2 did indeed fall unconscious. Had Abaddon gotten her hands on this creature it would have been a serious blow to our battle plans."

"Spicy, when we're done here I want you to ask Jed what else might be in Limbo." Lucifer ordered. "We definitely need to know what else the hell bitch might have access to."

"You got it sugar." The demon agreed.

"Return to you examinations Raphael." Michael said and Heaven's healer disappeared with a flutter of wings.
"Sam have you turned up anything new about nephilim in Colt's journals?" Lucifer asked.

"No, nothing about the Nephilim. There's very little information to be found even through our traditional hunting lore." Sam said. "Only that they were the offspring of angels and humans and God ordered the angels to destroy them."

"Our own library made hold more resources." Castiel suggested.

"Michael! You cannot entertain such a blasphemous suggestion!" Zachariah interrupted. "Our knowledge was not meant for human eyes!"

"Bullshit!" Lucifer said and pointed at Kevin. "There's a prophet sitting right there that has already decoded several tablets. I'm thinking there's quite a bit of knowledge in our library that the old man intended for their eyes."

"Zachariah you will return to heaven with Castiel and Gabriel and help them gather all the tablets referring to the nephilim." Michael said then held up a hand when Gabriel started to speak. "Gabriel you are the most skilled at conjuring, you can create translated versions made into books for Kevin and Sam to work with. If Zachariah gives you any trouble, set him straight. Simply take care that the punishment is not so severe that he cannot accomplish his duties."

"Then make sure that he understands that I'm already one pubic hair away from laying a smiting on his ass." Gabriel warned.

"I'm sure that Zachariah understands his position and will be on his best behavior, isn't that right Zachariah?" Michael asked.

"I will contain myself." Zachariah forced the words out.

"Good." Michael turned to Sam and Dean. "I still don't think having the two of you out and about is anything but a temptation to Abaddon. Raphael will remain here with you being as he is involved his his experiments. See if you can find anything at all on our enemy, remember that now includes this Gordon Walker."

Dean nodded. "Got it Sam? Research time." Sam simply bitchfaced at his brother.

"Lucifer, Balthazar, Uriel and I will accompany Benny and Kevin to check those in the shelters." Michael said. "Uriel remember that you will treat these people with respect. They also fight against Abaddon's forces. We all have our missions, lets get them done."
Chapter 86

Uriel looked around the town square. A group of people were gathered there. Michael was speaking with a man that had been identified as the mayor.

"Surprised at what you're seeing Uri?" Balthazar asked.

"I do not understand the concern for this group of mud monkeys. As quickly as they breed this few would not be missed." Uriel said. "And yet we put our energy into their well being. Michael was once able to distance himself. Instead he now concerns himself with a town he would have once labeled collateral damage without a second thought."

"Michael understands the depth of our sin now." Balthazar said.

"Our sin? We are angels, we cannot sin." Uriel said.

"Really? What was the one commandment our father gave us again?" Balthazar asked. "As I recall it was to love them above all else. The second we began thinking of them as collateral damage, we sinned. All of us did at one point or another. And that was why he allowed Metatron to cast the host from heaven. Other than a handful of us, the host was made human."

"You were spared that, I was spared that but now my own sin hangs over my head unatoned. I rather think father is giving me a chance to atone for it now. I was brought back also. Fighting alongside them, defending them as we were ordered to do is my chance. Maybe you should also think of this as your chance to erase the stain on your own grace." Balthazar said before he turned and walked away.

"Zach, you know something? You're about as slick as sandpaper." Gabriel said. "If you want to get through this without me plucking your eyes out, stop rolling them at me."

Castiel glanced at the Archangel who hadn't looked up from the tablet he was reading. A quick peek to the side revealed that the other seraph was indeed sending Gabriel what the humans would call 'dirty looks'.

"If I'm not mistaken there should be a second tablet here. Go find it Zachariah." Gabriel ordered the other seraph snorted and went to find the tablet clearly in no hurry to comply with the order.

Castiel watched the Archangel quietly as he sat a tablet on the table. "Gabriel if you do not wish to speak about it I will not inquire further, but there is tension between you and Zachariah that does not exist between you and others I have seen you with."

"That's because Zachariah just rubs me the wrong way, he always has." Gabriel said. "Even when he was a fledgling, he was a douche. He was just born douchey."

"I do not understand." Castiel said. "He was always rigid in how he ran our Garrison but it was because he likes things done a certain way."

"That's all fine and good, but it doesn't excuse the fact that he's an asshole. He could have gotten the same results with a bit of kindness that he got from being an ass. But that's not why I don't like him. Metatron and Virgil are just as arrogant and have as much of a sense of entitlement
as Zachariah. Not even Azazel was as bad. And Balthazar was always pleasant and still got things done. Nope, my dislike of Zach is all about Zach's abusive side. I know that more than once Zach has been dressed down by Michael or one of us then turned around and taken it out on the Seraphs under him."

Castiel tilted his head sideways. "I do not understand. Zachariah would chastise us when we failed to accomplish tasks he had ordered, he would make us train harder or curtail our free time but I do not see where his actions were abusive."

"Most of those failures he chastised you for weren't the failure of the garrison, but of it's commander, Zachariah. When he punished you guys for his shortcomings, that was abusive. It was a pattern I noticed many times before I left." Gabriel said "But by the time I identified it we were in the middle of the Nephilim crises and then Lucifer rebelled. At that point there was no talking to Michael. But should that balding, brown-nosing, megalomaniac 'wannabe the boss of it all' tries it this time I'm smiting his ass."

Castiel looked at the archangel. "You remind me of Dean right now. That is the same attitude he has toward Sam. Dean has faced down heaven, hell and everything in between to protect his brother." The corners of Castiel's mouth lifted just the tiniest bit which translated into a huge grin for the angel. "Zachariah is a assbutt."

Gabriel broke out into a full on belly laugh. "I'm going to have to teach you how to really cuss, kiddo. Both of those words mean the same thing. You're like a Little Caesar's commercial."

"I do not understand that reference." Castiel said confused.

"Pizza! Pizza!" Gabriel said laughing even louder. How in the cosmos you have managed to remain this naïve about pop culture hanging around the Winchesters I'll never fathom."

"Are you done poking and prodding yet angel?"

Raphael spun around from his book of notes to find the Gemini looking at him through the bars of their cages. The archangel took a few steps closer. "I would have much less poking and prodding to do if you would speak with me. It would reduce my research time and hasten your departure for hell."

"Hell? We bypassed hell. We were in heaven." The two spoke in unison. "A hunting ground full of prey in plentiful supply but the other angels dragged us away from our paradise."

"They freed you from Limbo." Raphael said.

"We were unprepared for the speed of the first one. He was smaller we thought that he would be easy prey. An eel would have been easier to snare." They admitted.

"Gabriel is God's messenger. There is no being in creation that can match him for speed and agility. Catching him is impossible." Raphael said a hint of pride in his voice. "The other was Lucifer. The most beautiful of beings, the king of seduction. His beauty seduced many of the host into following him in open rebellion."

"And you?" They questioned. "You are Dr Frankenstein performing your experiments on me."

"I am Raphael, the celestial healer." Raphael introduced himself. "I am also it's torturer. The most
effect torture is inflicted by those who best understand how a being functions on its most basic levels."

"So you mean to torture me?" They asked.

"Not at all, We mean to allow you a chance. To send you where you belong, Lucifer's domain. In that you have no choice, you are destined for hell." Raphael said. "The choice is whether or not Lucifer will subject you to an eternity of agony under hell's torturer or allow you to freely hunt prey as you did in Limbo."

"The devil will allow us free rein in his domain?" They asked.

"Not exactly free rein but there will be more than enough prey to satisfy your need for mayhem. Hell is a place of punishment after all and fresh souls in need of punishment arrive every day." Raphael said.

"And what would you require from us to secure us such freedom in hell?" They asked.

"Your assistance in a hunt of our own." Raphael answered. "What you hunted in Limbo would be like rabbits in comparison. We are offering you the chance to hunt the most powerful prey you will ever encounter, a hell knight. Once Lucifer's second in command, she has rebelled against the one who sheltered her. She has grown bold and ambitious beyond what can be allowed."

"This hunt would be a challenge. It would satisfy our needs." They said considering the idea. "And in Hell Lucifer would allow us to hunt freely?"

"Yes I would, but Michael and I have been thinking about that. Maybe mortal souls would not be as much pleasure to hunt as something else." Lucifer said as he and Michael appeared in Raphael's makeshift lab, finished with the task of checking on the town.

"We're thinking Purgatory might be a better place for you." Michael added. "There you will have free run to hunt monsters to your heart's content. Vampires, werewolves, wendigos, ghouls. All of Eve's children are there ripe for the taking."

The Gemini smiled at the thought.
Jody was looking at the vase of flowers in her room and wondering how exactly they had gotten there when Crowley spoke up behind her. "An apology, or a peace offering if you prefer to take it that way."

Jody studied the flowers which had no leaves or greenery, but appeared to be growing from a bit of soil and fungus in the bottom of the vase. "I've never seen anything like that. What is it?"

"The scientific name is Epipogium aphyllum but it is more commonly known as the Ghost Orchid." Crowley said. "Exceedingly rare little bloom; it never grows leaves, and will always depend on the fungus in the soil for its nourishment. People have hunted for a glimpse of one for decades and never seen it."

Jody turned to look at the demon. "A bribe. You're giving me a bribe. You're trying to get me to like you by buying me off aren't you."

"Damn that overgrown moose and his meddling. I can't even think of a lie right now that my conscience would let me live with, yes. I'm trying to buy your favor." Crowley said disgusted and then changed to an almost whining tone. "Is it working?"

"Out! Get out of my room right this instant before I exorcise you!" Jody ordered surprised when the demon obeyed looking almost whipped. Once Crowley had left she turned toward the flower with a smile. After all, if the Winchesters and the angels were letting the demon hang around he couldn't be all bad.

Jody came to a decision. She went in search of the Winchester brothers finding them in Sam's workshop reading through Samuel Colt's journals. It was Dean that noticed her first. "Hey Jody! What brings you to Poindexter's hidey hole?"

"Very funny Dean." Sam said before getting up to move a stack of books off of a chair for Jody to sit down.

"I wanted to ask you guys about Crowley." The sheriff said.

Sam and Dean shared a look between them before Dean asked. "Why do you want to know about Crowley?"

"Just curious." She answered.

"And why are you curious?" Sam asked. "Did he do something?"

"Besides giving me flowers? No not really, but he is a demon and you two haven't tried to kill him and the angels seem to trust him." She said. "I'm just wondering how a demon gets an in like that with angels and hunters."

"It's a long story and a lot of it is pretty ugly." Sam said.

"I don't think we're going anywhere anytime soon." Jody said. "So which one of you wants to start this tale off?"
"It's been a long time since we've been in here." Gabriel said. "Good thing Heaven doesn't get dusty." Gabriel said as he took his seat at the table. "It would be an inch thick by now."

"At least we all now take our places." Raphael said "We meet with our brother among instead of meet to plot to defeat him."

"Just like old times." Lucifer said. "As it should be."

"Never again, brothers." Michael said. "We will remember our responsibilities. It is up to us to set the example for our brothers and sisters. I'm not saying that there will never again be conflict among us, but we will not allow that conflict to get out of hand. We will remember that we are a family. Agreed?"

The Archangels nodded their agreement. "Good." Michael continued. "It is time for us to make plans for the upcoming battle. I know it has been some time since we came together as the Generals of Father's Army but I'm sure that we will soon shake off the rust."

"So first things first, how do we integrate the army of heaven with its hellish counterpart?" Michael asked.

"I'm not sure. With all the centuries upon centuries of bad blood, we may have to simply keep to our own sides of the field with the hunters in between." Lucifer said. "The demons don't hate the hunters as much as angels."

"Alright we'll cross that bridge when we come to it but what we do need to figure out is how to integrate those human hunters into the battle plan. Gabriel you and Castiel have the strongest bonds with them. I'm thinking that you should be the one in charge of things on that end." Michael said.

"I'd also like to make sure we've got a demonic presence in place with them. That will send a clear message to Abaddon that it is a united front we've got going here." Lucifer said. "Spicy and Crowley seem to be getting along well with them and one of my bitches just whelped a litter. Having a Hellhound patrolling the bunker wouldn't be a bad idea, the hound would sense Abbadon sooner than any of them would. Belarus will be deploying his forces in the areas outside of town. So the town and the surrounding terrain will be covered. The hellhound could cover the bunker."

"Dean is not going to react well to that you know. He was dragged to hell by one of those infernal hounds of yours." Gabriel said.

"Which is why I'm going to give them a puppy, disguised of course." Lucifer said. "I'm thinking something big with a reputation. Like a German Shepherd or Doberman Pinscher."

"I'd go with the Shepherd." Gabriel said. "They have a reputation but a lot of good press to go along with it."

"Okay and the rest of the hunters?" Michael said "What about them? Are they up to speed with what is going on."

"Sam and Dean both have been keeping in touch with this Garth and the angels we have on rotation with the hunters say they seem to be on some sort of alert status." Lucifer said. "So obviously they are ready for something big."

"Good then we stand in a position of strength." Michael said. "We can deploy our forces and launch an initial strike at any time."
"Looks that way." Gabriel said.

"What about the town of Lebanon itself?" Raphael asked.

"I'm thinking we give Uriel a detachment to cover the town." Michael said. "We put him in charge, make the defense of the town his top priority and Lucifer and I issue the order together."

"And our secret weapon?" Raphael asked. "I cannot say that I am comfortable with letting it run free."

"I believe the Gemini will prove invaluable." Michael said. "We will keep it under lock and Key until Abaddon rears her head, then we will unleash it."

"You know this could turn around and bite you in the ass right?" Gabriel asked. "It doesn't exactly seem prone to playing well with others."

"I believe the potential benefit outweighs the potential risk in this case." Michael said. "The promise of the hunt and Purgatory seems to appeal to it."

"Purgatory? I thought Luci was taking all of those demonic hybrids to hell?" Gabriel questioned.

"That was my original intention." Lucifer said. "But then I remembered why the old man created Purgatory. Their recent foray to Earth will have made them hungry for a return."

"We think the Gemini will keep the Leviathan too busy to think about finding a way back." Michael explained. "They are used to being the biggest dog on the block, but they have never faced anything like the Gemini."

"The Levi are eating machines." Gabriel said. "They will gobble up the Gemini without a thought."

"But if they don't gobble up both at the same time, they will be in for a surprise, The Gemini still has the ability to replicate itself. After tangling with you and Lucifer, I doubt it will allow itself to be caught unawares a second time. Killing one of them will only increase the Leviathans problem."

"And those things are nothing if not predictable." Lucifer said. "They're ruled by their hunger. By the time they realize the mess they are making, it will be too late."

Gabriel leaned back in his seat. "Holy shades of Fantasia Batman! It will be just like Mickey Mouse and those damned brooms!"
Chapter 88

Dean and Sam had done research until late in the night, so the last thing Dean expected was to be awakened by the high pitched yapping of...a puppy? The hunter sat up in his bed trying to process why a puppy was barking in the bunker. He finally gave up on figuring it out and went in search of the source of noise finally locating Sam, Kevin and Jody in the kitchen all hunkered down on the floor around an extremely hyperactive ball of fur.

Sam has holding on to one end of a tug rope smiling like Dean hadn't seen since before his younger brother had hit puberty. At the other end of the tug rope all Dean could see was a wiggling back end and a wagging tail as the puppy playfully growled. Dean's hair stood on end at the sound.

"Aww, he's just adorable Sam." Jody said as Sam handed her his end of the rope.

"It's hard to believe he'll be fully grown in a couple of days." Sam said.

A couple of days? It finally clicked for Dean why the dog was making him uneasy. "Sam move! Get away from it!" Dean said as he grabbed a shaker of salt from the table.

"Dean put the salt down." Sam said as he scratched the puppy behind the ears.

"I'm not kidding Sam get away from it. It's…"

"A hell pup, yes I know." Sam said picking the German Shepherd looking pup up in his arms and being rewarded with sloppy puppy kisses. "He's a gift for us, from Lucifer. He'll be able to sense Abaddon before she gets close." Sam rubbed his cheek against the pup's face. "Isn't that right Ajax?"

The pup yapped in agreement.

"Lucifer gave us a hell puppy? Well he can take it right back!" Dean yelled.

"Afraid it's too late for that now." Lucifer said. He's already imprinted on everyone in the bunker who isn't an angel." Lucifer said. "Even if I tried to take him back it wouldn't work, he'd just come back here."

"He still needs to imprint on you Dean." Gabriel said smirking as he sat down a 100 pound bag of food for the pup.

"I'm not getting near that thing." Dean said backing away from Sam and the dog that looked so deceptively innocent as Sam sat it on the floor.

"Dean really it's just a puppy." Jody said. "Grow a pair."

"Luci is telling the truth about him being able to sense Abaddon before you guys would." Gabriel said and snapped up something that looked suspiciously like an arm bone. "This little guy is a walking early warning system."

"Not to mention he'll attack anything that presents a threat to you after he's imprinted on you." Lucifer said. "You know how tenacious they are Dean."

"Yeah, which is why I don't want it anywhere near me!" Dean said as the pup looked up at him and whined.
"Dean you're being a jerk, it's just a baby." Sam said. "We can train him."

"You might want to start that training right now." Jody said at the same time everyone heard the sound of liquid splashing on leather.

"Son of a bitch!" Dean yelled and yanked his foot out of the stream of liquid.

"Well, that's one way of imprinting on someone." Lucifer said dryly while Gabriel broke out in gales of laughter.

"Ajax! No! Bad dog!" Sam scolded while the pup gave an appropriately guilty face.

"Sneaky, smart dog." Gabriel corrected. "Got any more of those hell pups, Luci? Any dog that pisses on Dean Winchester's Timberlands is a dog after my own heart!"

"I'm being promoted?" Uriel questioned.

"Lets call it a test." Michael said. "I want to see how you handle the responsibility. With everything that's happened since Lucifer and I ended up in the pit, I think there's a bit of reorganization needed. You prove yourself and I'll give you your own garrison."

Uriel thought for a moment. "What would you require of this detachment you wish for me to lead?"

"You would be responsible for the protection of the town. That would mean putting aside your bias to work with the humans." Michael said. "Could you do that?"

"So you will push his agenda even now?" Uriel said. "We are to bow down to them?"

"You are to work with them. They will fight beside you. I would expect you to coordinate the defense of the town and lead your detachment in battle." Michael said. "I ask no more of you than I ask of myself or any other officer under my command. Put your personal feelings aside and concentrate on the objective, defeating Abaddon and her army. Fight against our common enemy, that's all."

"And these humans are trained in the art of fighting demons?" Uriel asked.

"No, but remember Uriel, you were not trained when you fisrst cam e to me either. You had to learn." Michael said. "I can tell you that while they are not the trained soldier that you are, they have learned much through necessity. They are learning as they go. And they expect to fight for their home."

You expect me to lead undisciplined rabble!" Uriel protested.

"That undisciplined rabble has a motive urging them on that we could not have understood until now." Michael said. "Until the host was cast down and barred from heaven by Metatron, the idea of losing our home was alien to us. Metatron's spell banned even the Archangels from Heaven. If not for Gabriel's time spent hiding from us we would still be locked out."

"And you think this is enough of an incentive for them to fight?" Uriel asked.

"I know it is." Michael said.
Garth scratched his head and then pulled the beat up baseball cap back down into it's usual position on his head. He was sitting in a booth in a quiet diner outside of Tallahassee Florida. Garth like most of the other hunters he knew was laying low at the moment. Luckily demon signs had all but disappeared around the country.

He had spent the last two weeks fielding calls from hunters all across North America. The lack of demon signs was occurring not only in the U.S. but also in Canada and Garth has just hung up the phone speaking with a hunter operating in the Yucatan Peninsula in Mexico wondering what was going on. Luckily Garth had an in with the Winchesters and Sam and Dean had been keeping him in the loop.

What they had been saying was hard to swallow at first but the first time and angel popped up two inches from his face the swallowing got a lot easier. Not that Garth had doubted they existed he just figured they were all jerks. Not only were most of them pretty easygoing, Sam and Dean were now buddy-buddy with the jerkiest of all jerks, the Archangels. Back from the dead and out of the cage Archangels and instead of them causing an apocalypse of biblical proportions, they were trying to stop one.

Garth slurped up a sip of soda and the jumped startled by the appearance of the angel known as Inias in the seat across the booth from him. As soon as his heartbeat returned to something close to normal he spoke. "You guys need bells or something." Garth said letting his hand drop back down to the table.

"My apologies Garth Fitzgerald. I was instructed by Michael to make you aware of the current situation." Inias said. "Michael wishes you to know that we will soon be attacking Abaddon's forces. You have been our contact among the hunters, Michael will soon meet with the Winchesters and other set to do battle with Abaddon. He wishes your input at this meeting."

"That's going to be kind of hard to do." Garth said. "I'm in Florida and the Winchesters are in Kansas. It would take me a couple of days to get there."

"Michael is aware of this." Inias said. "It is why he sent me to you." Inias reached out a hand to touch Garth's arm and the world went black.
“Whoa!” Garth said as he stumbled. Inias’ grip on his arm was the only thing that kept him upright. “How did we get here? I was in Florida! My car is in Florida!”

“I will retrieve your vehicle for you Garth Fitzgerald.” Inias said taking a moment to be sure the young hunter was steady on his feet before disappearing.

“I should warn you,” Dean said with a grin. “Flying angel airways tends to make you constipated. Especially the first time.”

“Dean stop, before I send Ajax over there to play with you. He still wants to give Uncle Dean puppy kisses don’t you boy?” Sam said nuzzling the pup. “It just makes Dean constipated. How are things? Everybody ready to go?”

“Sam! What a cute puppy.” Garth said as he approached the younger Winchester arms outstretched to give him a hug. Ajax began growling menacingly.

“That might not be a good idea.” Sam said. “Ajax is pretty protective of us. Well me Kevin and Jody at least. Uncle Dean doesn’t want to play with Ajax, so you might be able to get away with hugging him.”

“Come on Sam, he’s just a puppy.” Garth said carefully holding his out for the wary pup to sniff.

“Actually he’s a hell pup. Lucifer just disguised him as a German shepherd so everyone would be comfortable around him.” Sam explained.

“It’s okay, he’ll warm up to me.” Garth said before turning in Dean’s direction and grabbing the hunter up into a hug. “Dean!”

Dean awkwardly returned the hug, “Garth.” And shot Sam a look that promised retribution later. After a few uncomfortable moments he managed to extricate himself from the embrace. “So Garth, you remember Kevin, and this is Sheriff Jody Mills.” Dean introduced.

“I’ve heard a lot about you from Bobby.” Garth said before he grabbed Jody and gave her a big hug he then turned to Kevin who also got a big hug while Ajax looked on deciding this new human meant no harm. “So that angel just showed up and dragged me here. He said something about Michael wanting me to sit in on a meeting?”

“Yes! You are going to be privileged to meet all four archangels in a few minutes kiddo!” Gabriel said as he suddenly appeared sitting on the counter with a sucking on a Sugar Daddy. “Don’t even think about it. I’ll snap you into a time loop.” Gabriel warned as the hunter started to approach him with arms out stretched to hug him. Archangels are exempt from hunter hugs, we get enough unwanted hugs from the dad forsaken Cupids!”

Spicy enjoyed the position she held. She was well aware that she was in no way on the level of a Crowley, so being Lucifer’s new bestie was a major power jump. That didn’t mean that it was smooth sailing when dealing with other demons. She was once again dealing with the annoying
“Look, this isn’t me telling you that the Winchesters are off limits, this comes directly from Lucifer.” Spicy told the demons who had stormed into the throne room full of complaints about the fact that the Winchesters were directly involved with the battle against Abaddon.

“You would dangle the Winchesters in front of us on the battlefield and expect us to accept the insult?” the most vocal demon snarled. “The Winchesters are the enemies of every demon that exists. They exist only to kill us and they have succeeded with many of our most powerful. You expect us to stand there and wait for them to turn on us when Abaddon has been destroyed?”

“Look,” Spicy started reasonably. “Sam Winchester is and always has been the rightful boy king of hell. He has even lived up to his obligation by accepting our dark lord, that Lucifer chooses to spare him is understandable.”

“Sam Winchester freed our lord yes, then turned around and confined him right back in it!” The demon argued.

Spicy sighed as she pushed a button under the desk. It was one of the improvements she had put in place when Lucifer gave her the go ahead to begin her renovations of hell. This was the first step in dragging the infernal realm into the 21st century, a panic button.

“I am trying to be reasonable here, Lucifer has issued an order.” Spicy said. “He is the Dark Lord, The King, The Leader of the Celestial Rebellion. It is not necessary that agree with his choice, only that we obey.”

“Is he our king? Or does his concern now lay with heaven. We have heard the rumors that the Morningstar has been forgiven and placed once again among the Archangels.” The demon turned to the others who were with him. “What guarantee do we have of his loyalty to us.”

“He has not removed you from existence.” Said another voice from behind the group. “Yet you are here repaying his generosity with what sounds suspiciously like treason.”

“Who are you?” The demon who had now been clearly revealed as the ringleader.

“Me? No one important. I’m just Alistair’s replacement. You can call me…Jack.” Jack the Ripper introduced himself then indicated the wendigo at his side, “And this is my associate Jedediah. Miss Tabasco is Lucifer’s representative and it would appear to me that your actions here are far from those of a gentleman. A gentleman always treats a lady with respect. You have failed to do so.”

“Lady? Lady?!” the demon spat. “That is a man in a dress!”

“She is a demon. Whatever shell she occupied during life means nothing here. She presents herself as a lady and dresses as a female. That makes her a lady.” Jack said. “and as a gentleman it is my duty to come to the aid of any lady treated in a less than genteel manner. But more importantly it is my duty to defend my King in his absence.”

Jed must have been waiting for some signal because he attacked the demon burying an axe between its shoulder blades. Several other demons now entered the room taking hold of the downed ringleader.

“Strap the traitor to the rack.” Jack said. “Jed, feel free to help yourself to an extremity. He won’t be needing them when I’m done after all.”
The wendigo grinned. “I was considering what to have for lunch. I’m thinking roast of thigh with fava beans and a nice Chianti.”

“Jed, why do I have a feeling you have been enjoying those modern conveniences you were so put out over just a few days ago?” Spicy smiled.

“Jed has spent the last day watching Silence of the Lambs repeatedly.” Jack said.

“I can tell.” Spicy laughed. “I believe that must be the most well known quote from the movie next to ‘It puts the lotion on its skin.’ Thank you so much for your assistance gentlemen.”

“You are quite welcome.” Jack said tipping his hat, then turned to the remaining demons. “I trust that the rest of you lot will be on your most gentlemanly behavior when dealing with Miss Tabasco in the future?”

“Of course,” One of the remaining demons said. “Please accept our apologies.”
Gabriel was still perched on the counter gnawing on the caramel treat when Lucifer arrived. “Who is that human, and why are his ears so big?” Lucifer asked as he watched Garth speaking to Sam.

“That is Garth Fitzgerald, I think he was probably meant to be a Cupid vessel. He’s real touchy feely. Maybe he has those ears so he can better hear his next victim. He already tried to hug me.” Gabriel shuddered. “Is Michael on his way?”

“He’ll be here soon but I need to check in downstairs, make sure the demons are prepared to do their part.” Lucifer said.

“I thought Spicy was handling that part?” Gabriel asked as he tossed the now empty paper stick into the air to disappear somewhere into another plane of existence.

“She ran into a bit of an issue with Asmodius. She had to call Jack to take him in hand.” Lucifer said. “Looks like I’m going to have to go down and straighten those bastards out.”

“Mind if I tag along? I’d rather be surrounded by demons than give Garth another chance at playing grabby arms.” Gabriel asked. “Besides I’m curious to see what Spicy’s done with the place.”

“Why not?” Lucifer said. “And having you there might just impress on them that heaven and hell are allies in this fight.”

Gabriel hopped down off the counter. “Yo! Winchesters! Me and the devil are going to hell.” He said with a smirk at the look on Garth’s face when the word ‘devil’ was spoken.

“Gabriel, that was just wrong, although I’m not sure if I was the butt of the joke or if he was.” Lucifer said as they appeared in a very clean well kept hallway.

“Wow this place looks almost as nice as the green room. Are you sure this is hell?” Gabriel asked looking around at the polished furniture and sniffing the sulfur free air.

“Oh it’s hell Sugar. But there’s no rule that says the entire place has to smell like fire and brimstone.” Spicy said. “Besides it seems to be a much more shocking introduction to the place than a fiery pit. It’s especially amusing when one of those Christian Fundamentalist hypocrites shows up. You should see the look on their faces when their demon guide arrives to usher them to their punishment!”

“Spicy this place looks…nice.” Lucifer said looking around. “Hell is not supposed to look nice.”

“Actually I think it’s a stroke of genius, the prank to end all pranks.” Gabriel said. “And cruel too. Some poor damned soul shows up here and thinks they’ve dodged the bullet only to have their hopes dashed? Subtle Spicy, very subtle.”

“Why thank you Gabriel not would you mind explaining that concept to you thickheaded brother when you get a free minute.” Spicy said stepping up and linking her arm through Lucifer’s.

“Come on, I’ll give you the grand tour so far on our way to the assembly hall.”
Dean had made up his mind to ignore the hellhound puppy, but that was easier said than done. Ajax had taken to following him around and staring up at him with puppy eyes to rival Sam’s. Dean had also noticed the little hellhound was getting really good with bitchfaces too, impossible as that might seem. The damned creature was like a Sammy clone on four legs instead of two.

The thing was currently sitting there next to Dean’s chair looking pitiful as he watched Dean eating a bacon and mushroom cheeseburger. Dean was beginning to feel guiltier and guiltier with each bite. As if Ajax was somehow reading his mind the dog was not letting out little whines while Sam sat across the table trying to hide a smile behind one of Colt’s journals.

Dean cast a look at Sam making sure his brother wasn’t watching while he dropped a French fry on the ground for the pup. “I saw that.” Sam said smugly.

“Yeah well, I figure I’d give your hell dog a french fry and he’d let me eat in peace.” Dean attempted to cover up the fact that the damned thing was actually beginning to grow on him.

“Yeah, Right. Anything you say Dean.” Sam snarked while Ajax huffed in agreement, no more fooled by Dean’s argument than his master.

“He does get under your skin.” Garth said as he scratched the much larger after a nap dog behind the ear. “It will only take a couple of days for him to be fully grown? That’s kind of freaky.”

“Time in hell runs differently than time up here.” Dean said. “But that’s pretty quick for hell time too.”

“It’s because Lucifer and Gabriel created some kind of pocket universe of accelerated time around him.” Sam explained. “We’ll have our own fully grown hell hound guard dog just in case. I won’t complain, any added defense against Abaddon is a good thing in my book.”

“So these bullets will work against her right?” Garth asked. “Garth asked as he held one up examining it.

“they won’t kill her, you’d need the Colt for that but they should slow her the hell down.” Dean said. “Maybe paralyze her.”

“From what I’ve learned from Colt’s journals they should just straight up kill her demon followers.” Sam said.

“How many hunters have you got lined up?” Dean asked.

“Not counting the three of us; 52 in the states, 37 in Canada and 67 in Mexico.” Garth said. “A lot of Mexicans still believe in the old ways. It was pretty easy getting them on board.”

“You made sure the exorcisms got distributed right.” Dean asked.

“That was the first thing I did.” Garth said.

“Then I guess we’re pretty much as ready as we’re going to get.” Sam said. “Now it’s up to heaven and hell to get their game plans together.”

Gabriel looked around and whistled. “I thought you said you were taking us to the assembly hall?
This is the freaking Superdome!”

Spicy grinned “I have to admit the plans are from the Superdome but it’s outfitted with 75 percent more seating than the Superdome in the same amount of space.”

“I thought the seats looked small.” Gabriel said. “And you just jam the demons in there anyway?”

“That’s right Sugar and they are required to be present and in their seats a full hour before we start any assembly.” Spicy said. “They all hate Assembly time and we have at least two a day.”

“Luci, your girlfriend is one evil piece of work.” Gabriel winked at her. “She’s a keeper!”

“Well praise be to the old man that something around here finally turns out to be hellish.” Lucifer grumbled. “So far everything we’ve seen makes the Waldorf Astoria look like one of those roach motels the Winchesters used to hang out in.”

“You can’t blame me for seeing to your comfort Sugar. That is the administrative wing, all upper management offices.” Spicy said. “Consider it Hell’s version of the White House. We may exist in style and comfort but that is strictly us.”

Spicy walked up to a door and pushed it open revealing a comfortable lounge currently occupied by Crowley who was yelling at so demon in maintenance coveralls. “Get the bloody cameras fixed and pretty damned quick! Like in 10 minutes or you’ll be next on the rack when JR is done with Asmodius. Keeping Lord Lucifer waiting is hazardous to a demon’s health you know!”

“Is there a problem Crowley?” Spicy asked.

“You mean besides the fact that I’m dealing with a bunch of Demons?” Crowley snarked. “Ah Lucifer you did show up. If you and that Trickster would follow me we can get started.”

Crowley led the way onto a large stage then went over and fiddled with a microphone causing a blast of high pitched feedback. “You were told that your king was going to address and he is here now. So sit down and shut up!” Crowley stepped back from the podium with a bow.

Lucifer stepped out onto the stage and glared around at the large space. “It’s like this. Hell is being threatened and you are going to get off your lazy asses and go to war. We are fighting alongside angels and hunters they are our allies in this battle. My own brother the Archangel Gabriel is here right now as proof of how seriously heaven takes this mutual threat.” Lucifer beckoned his brother onto the stage. “So understand me when I say that there will be no aggression against the angels. If you don’t like it, take it out on Abaddon’s followers. Prepare yourselves, the battle commences in two days.”
Michael and Raphael appeared in the kitchen where Sam was just setting down a bowl of food for Ajax.

“I see Lucifer made good on his promise to get you a hell pup.” Michael said looking at the creature. “If I didn’t know it’s origins, it would almost escape my detection.”

“He told me he wanted to make sure Abaddon wouldn’t know what it was from a distance.” Sam said as he patted the almost grown hellhound’s flank. Ajax’s tail began happily wagging from the attention.

“You should gather everyone, Lucifer and Gabriel will be joining us momentarily.” Michael said. “It’s time to discuss our plans.”

“Do we actually have one?” Balthazar asked from where he had appeared in the doorway to the kitchen.

“The beginnings of one.” Michael answered. “Much of what we must do will be very basic. But we cannot do anything as long as she remains in hiding. We must draw her out and that is the purpose of this meeting.”

“And what exactly does that mean?” Sam asked.

“It means that we’re about to poke a tiger with a very sharp stick, Bullwinkle.” Gabriel answered but not the Gabriel Sam was used to seeing in jeans and an old field jacket.

This Gabriel was attired in white silk pants and a white silk sleeveless tunic edged in gold. Wide leather bands adorned his forearms from wrist to elbow, emphasizing the well defined muscles the Archangel kept hidden under his long sleeves. A pale blue sigil representing his office as messenger was emblazoned on his chest.

Lucifer stood beside his brother similarly attired except the sigil on his outfit was of a bright silver and translated into the phrase ‘Morningstar’.

“That’s a new look for you guys.” Kevin said as he entered the kitchen.

“It keeps the armor from chafing our delicate skin.” Gabriel smirked. “You try fighting with Celestium rubbing against your bare skin and see how long you last.”

“Celestium?” Sam was at a loss.

“The metal which all of heaven’s weapons and armaments are forged from.” Balthazar explained. “I’m guessing from your attire, I’ll need to dig the armor out of the back of the closet?”

“Yes you will Balthazar. But not just you.” Raphael said. “Castiel, Verchiel, Virgil, Inias and Uriel also. You will accompany Gabriel and Lucifer on a mission.”


Lucifer walked over and threw his arm around Balthazar’s shoulders. “Remember that night in
Egypt when we slaughtered the firstborn of the old man’s enemies? Well we had so much fun we’ve decided to do it again.”

“Only we’re substituting ‘Leader of a gang sworn to Abaddon’ for ‘Firstborn of Dad’s enemies’.” Gabriel said. “We figure that’ll light a fire under her ass! So grab the others would you and meet us at the throne.”

“And Balthazar, hurry up.” Lucifer said. “I’m really in a smiting mood right now.”

“Oh come on Luci! Spicy has done wonders with the place, you’ll get used to it.” Gabriel said as the two disappeared.

Michael turned to Sam. “Let’s gather in the conference room. We can brief everyone at the same time.”

Abaddon had not been idle in the time since she sent that moron Ansem to find the Winchesters. The fact that he had not returned simply proved that he was indeed, a moron. “Ava! You’ve returned. How have my little human stooges fared?”

“They have been recruiting as you ordered. Their numbers have grown significantly.” The demon reported. “I simply do not understand why you place such importance on them.”

“Because it is the angels duty to protect humans. Those insignificant stooges are a shield.” Abaddon said. “They will go out of their way not to kill humans.”

“Are you sure? When I was in hell I heard rumors.” Ava said. “I heard it was angels who performed the final plague in Egypt.”

“A rumor nothing more.” Abaddon said. “My father was an angel. He kept to his duty, stayed his hand from killing humans and they repaid his integrity with death. So now they will pay for his life with the destruction of all they hold dear. I will tear down heaven and make them watch as I claim all of humanity I will bring hell on Earth.”

“What about Lucifer? Hell belongs to him.” Ava said.

“Lucifer is dead. I felt the remnants of his grace buried under the rubble of his prison. Michael made good on his destiny and killed him.” Abaddon said.

“Are you sure? The grapevine says different.” Ava said. “It says he has been reconciled with heaven.”

“I have heard the mutterings from among those who have defected. Lucifer is a part of the host; he is no more the leader of hell, but the lackey of heaven.” Abaddon said flatly “And is dead to us.”

“Okie Dokie, you know why you are here.” Gabriel said. “We are about to embark on a decimation of Abaddon’s human forces.”
“Human?” Inias questioned. “But we were commanded to protect them.”

“These humans have been infected with Abaddon’s evil, and now they spread it.” Lucifer said. “They had earned divine retribution.”

“And lucky us,” Balthazar snarked. “We get to go play smite the firstborn with the Archangels. No offense to you guys, but you really need to make up your minds. Smite the humans, don’t smite the humans. Could you just make up your minds and stick with it?”

“Abaddon’s influence has corrupted them beyond human tolerance. They are no longer purely human.” Castiel said. “They are…pre-demonic.”

“Correct me if I’m wrong, but won’t smiting them just send them to Limbo where she’d have access to them anyway?” Verchiel asked.

“Au contraire mon frère.” Gabriel said. “Michael will be taking a contingent to point them in the right direction. They show up at Limbo and they will have a special angelic escort to the subbasement.”

“Uriel, Virgil, Verchial; we will start on the west coast.” Lucifer said. “Castiel, Balthazar and Inias will go with Gabriel. The leader of each gang will die this night.”

“Wait you’re talking about murder!” Jody said. “You’re just going to go out and kill them because they are connected to Abaddon?”

“Jody Mills, we understand that your calling is to uphold the law, but it is human law that you uphold. We are in now way bound by your laws.” Michael said. “We answer to a higher authority.”

“Jody, our job is to protect humanity.” Raphael said. “Sometimes we must kill to do that. It is required at times to sacrifice a limb to preserve the body. It is required now that we remove those who serve Abaddon like a cancerous tumor. If we do not, their influence will spread like a cancer left unchecked.”

“It will be accomplished this night.” Michael said. “You must be prepared for Abaddon’s retaliation. Gather your weapons, learn the exorcisms. She will strike fast and strike hard. Raphael will remain here with you to offer you the protection of an Archangel.”

“Garth, you are able to use your telephone device to contact the other hunters? Warn them of what to expect.” Raphael said. “Once Lucifer and Gabriel have finished their task they will return with the others. We will deploy to our stations of battle at that time.”

“So basically this is the opening shots of the war.” Dean said. “Just great.”

“Better that we dictate when the battle starts Dean. This way we have some control over it.” Michael said.

“Well not to be dense but the humans have a task and the angels have a task.” Benny said. “What do you want me to do?”

“Someone will need to keep an eye on The Gemini until we bring him into the fight.” Michael said.
“And we’ve still got Jake and Ansem in the basement too. “ Sam reminded. “Do we know if those bullets will kill the Gemini?”

“There is no reason to believe that they won’t.” Michael said. “The Gemini is a powerful entity yes, but it is not God or an Archangel. It’s not even on a par with War or Famine. Your bullets will kill it.”

“Well looks like we’ve got some phone calls to make.” Garth said. “I’ll get started.”

Chapter End Notes

I based Gabriel's outfit off of this image. I don't know who did it but it is absolutely stunning.

Chapter 92

“Gabriel, why have we come here?” Inias asked looking around at the rundown depressing neighborhood. “This is a place of despair and want.”

“Yes, it is.” Gabriel agreed. “But underneath it all is an undercurrent of fear. These people live in terror. They fear Jessie Barry. They fear those who follow Jessie Barry. Jessie owns this neighborhood and those who live here for the most part are stuck. Parents would love nothing more than to move away to a neighborhood that is safe. A neighborhood where they could lay their children down at night without fear of a stray bullet piercing walls no more substantial than a sheet of vellum.”

Balthazar suddenly appeared. “I have located him, two blocks from here. He is living up to his reputation, or should I say living down to it. Every breath he takes is a waste of good oxygen.”

“How many are with him?” Gabriel asked.

“Three of his lieutenants.” Balthazar said with disgust. “It takes four of them to face one man, a woman and an infant.”

“Well then it’s time we answer a mother’s prayer.” Gabriel said. “The family is not to be harmed, but Jessie and his cohorts are the first on our smite list.”

Balthazar closed his eyes for a moment sharing through his grace with the others. Each angel now knew exactly which of the individuals were working for Jessie and who Jessie was.

“I have plans for Jessie, the rest of them die from of smiting. I want Abaddon to know exactly what happened to them.” Gabriel said as he disappeared only to reappear in a small cramped room in a small cramped apartment.

Castiel appeared next to a young man who was in the process of trying to take the infant from its mother’s arms. He wasted no time in greeting the young man with a “Hey Assbutt!” and a palm on the forehead burning the man’s eyes out of their sockets and continuing to let his grace burn through the man until he fell to the carpet dead. He looked to the woman who was clutching her child tightly to her. He placed himself at her side just in case the others would present a threat to her.

Balthazar didn’t bother with a greeting. He immediately and quickly smote the thug he had appeared next to and then dropped to his knees next to the baby’s father placing a hand over the hole in his chest. Balthazar let his grace flow into the wound removing the bullet that had nicked the heart and healing the damage.

Inias had also immediately smote the thug he appeared next to when that young man had turned toward Balthazar pulling the trigger and shooting the angel in the back. Balthazar had paid about as much attention to it as he would have paid to a butterfly landing on his back but it did spur Inias to overcome his uneasiness at smiting a human.

Gabriel had appeared right next to Jessie touching him gently on the back of the neck. The leader of the gang fell to the floor paralyzed. Gabriel looked around to see that the others were dead and the small family was now huddled together; the father once again putting himself between his child and its mother and a perceived threat.

Gabriel walked over to stand in front of him. “Terrell Williams, relax. We aren’t here to hurt you
or your family. We came here for that piece of crap on the floor over there but saving you and your family is an added bonus. Your actions have not gone unnoticed, we do pay attention to what goes on down here.”

“What?” The man looked at him confused.

“I keep track of those who acknowledge me. Sarita keeps a candle burning in the kitchen.” Gabriel grins. “Considering how long it’s been since I did anything even remotely angelic, I have to admit I’m touched.” Gabriel stepped around the man and gently brushed his palm over the short fuzz on the baby’s head. “Raise him right Sarita. Inias he’s yours. Take care of him.”

Inias made his way over and touched the infant’s check. “I will protect and guide my charge with the devotion our father commanded.”

“Good now, the three of you need to take out your trash. And I have one more thing to do.” Gabriel walked over to Jessie still lying on the floor. Reaching down he grabbed the thug’s shirt and pulled him up from the floor. “You will give a message to Abaddon. Tell that hell bitch that we are throwing down the gauntlet. We have sealed Limbo and better yet we have Ansem and Jake. The Princes of Heaven have set aside their differences, we are as one in this. Heaven and hell are also allied against her. This night the humans who join with her will be cleansed from the Earth. Lucifer has marked the demons who follow her for destruction. Let her know that we do not wage war against her; we are bringing total annihilation to her and to all who follow her. She is an abomination and insult to Samael’s memory.” Gabriel touched his palm to Jessie’s forehead watching as the gang leader fell to the ground.

“Terrell, clean up your neighborhood. You no longer have to worry about this waste of humanity.” Gabriel said as the angels disappeared taking the corpses with them.

Uriel held the mud monkey off the ground by his collar. “Brothers does he not remind you of the small canine they call a Chihuahua?”

Lucifer burst out laughing. “Uriel I had forgotten how amusing you are! That’s exactly what he reminds me of loud, obnoxious, full of attitude and no bite to back it all up.”

“Just wait Esse. When the rest of the crew gets here they are going to jack you up.” The local MS-13 leader said.

Virgil looked around at the bodies littering the playground. “You mean like they jacked us up?”

“I must admit now that I’m warmed up I look forward to smiting as many of these ‘gang members as possible.” Verchiel said. “I had no idea how enjoyable the experience could be.”

“You will have your chance Verchiel.” Lucifer smirked. “It’s why we kept ‘Hey-Zeus’ here alive. That and the fact that he deserves to suffer for spelling his name the same way the carpenter’s son spelled his name. I believe I sense more of them heading our way.”

Uriel looked at the human then tossed him in the air so he landed with his butt wedged tightly in the basketball hoop. “Don’t go anywhere Chihuahua, we’ll get back to you in a moment.

A series of loud reports from the multitude of guns the gang members were firing in their direction
caused Lucifer to let out a sigh. “They do like their guns, for all of the good it does.”

Virgil walked through a hail of bullets to grab a gun out of a startled gang member’s hand. The seraph smiled as he turned the gun on the gang member that had just been shooting him with it. “I still say a Glock is better than a Browning. But I think Balthazar will enjoy having one. Heaven’s Armorers should have an extensive collection after all.”

“These mud monkeys claim to be so fearsome and the other mud monkeys fear them.” Uriel said. “I have to admit that I expected more of a challenge. We could be a flock of cupids and still not strain ourselves to smite them.”

“With the reputation they have cultivated, it is a let down.” Lucifer said as he peeled the skin from one of the gang members back where there was a tattoo reading ‘El Diablo’. “It take this as a personal insult.” Lucifer said waving the strip of flesh in front of the young man’s face. “I’m the only ‘Devil’ in Compton tonight.”

Verchiel was looking over at the parking lot where more cars had arrived and more members of this particular chapter of MS13 were piling out. “Um Lucifer, what about them?” The seraph gestured to the parking lot where several young women were now piling out of the cars.

Lucifer shrugged. “A female Chihuahua is still just a dog. They are members of the gang, we treat them no differently.”

Raphael entered the conference room of the bunker where the humans had gathered to make their phone calls. “It has begun. Gabriel and Lucifer have undertaken the cleansing.”

Michael stood up. “Double check your protections. Abaddon will soon discover what is happening. Gabriel did send her a message, did he not?”

“Oh yes brother, and if she doesn’t understand from that, the 30 women lying dead at Lucifer’s feet right now will convince her that there is no mercy to be had from us.” Raphael confirmed.
Chapter 93

Abaddon looked at the shadow in front of her. It had been some time since she had witnessed a shade, but this was obviously a shade.

“Most people have no understanding of what a shade is, thinking them ghosts, but that is not correct.” Abaddon said to Ava after she had called it a ghost. “A ghost is a soul that has for whatever reason has failed to move on, a shade on the other hand is simply a shadow of the soul. It is no more a ghost than a photograph of a person.”

Abaddon stepped closer to the shadow recognizing it as Jessie Barry, one of her most successful recruiters from Baltimore. “Speak shade, who sent you?”

“I was commanded by the messenger of the host.” The shade whispered.

“Gabriel sent you?” Abaddon asked. “What message does that heavenly milksop send to me?”

**Tell that hell bitch that we are throwing down the gauntlet. We have sealed Limbo and better yet we have Ansem and Jake. The Princes of Heaven have set aside their differences, we are as one in this. Heaven and hell are also allied against her. This night the humans who join with her will be cleansed from the Earth. Lucifer has marked the demons who follow her for destruction. Let her know that we do not wage war against her; we are bringing total annihilation to her and to all who follow her. She is an abomination and insult to Samael’s memory.**

“He has grown bold since he refused to bear arms in the defense of his brother.” Abaddon waved a hand through the shadow causing it to dissipate. “Now he sends empty threats.”

“I don’t think so.” Ava said. “There was a story on the news about a slaughter last night in California. Over 100 of our affiliates are dead. One was found stuffed in a basketball hoop eight feet off of the ground. The bodies of your soldiers are being found all across the states with their eyes burned from the sockets.”

“And you foolishly fall for their posturing with your fear. They use terror as a weapon against you.” Abaddon turned to glare at the demon. “I had credited you with more of a backbone than this.”

“You are talking about taking on the Archangels, Heaven, Hell and who knows how many hunters!” Ava said.

“No! I seek to avenge my father. I will destroy them all in his memory!” Abaddon said. “Gather my army. This will not go unanswered. I have less of a problem slaughtering humans than they do. I will make them regret their actions this night.”

Kevin sat up straight as an alarm sounded throughout the bunker. The last time he had heard that sound, the angels had fallen and Abaddon had thrown open the gates of hell.

“What the hell!” Dean said as he rushed in to conference room with Sam close on his heels.

“It’s that monitoring thing down in the utility room. Something bad is happening.” Kevin said as the three ran into the utility room to find Castiel and the Archangels looking at the machine.
“That bitch is going to suffer for this.” Michael said.

“Remember Michael this is her nature.” Lucifer said. “It’s a move meant to cause you to lose your temper.” Lucifer had a hand fisted in Gabriel’s collar. “Little brother isn’t holding his temper very well either. You both need to remember who your adversary is. She’s counting on your outrage right now.”

“Lucifer let me go!” Gabriel struggled in his brother’s grip. “I’ll show her outrage the likes of which even Dad has never seen!”

Raphael let out a sigh before touching Gabriel between the shoulder blades. The messenger slumped bonelessly in Lucifer’s grip. “Must I treat our Commander in the same manner?” Raphael asked looking at Michael.

“No, I think I can control myself.” Michael answered taking a deep breath while Gabriel groaned.

“Oww! Dammit! That hurt!” The archangel said as his limbs twitched.

“But it did assist you in bringing your emotions under control didn’t it.” Raphael smugly commented.

“I’m scared to ask what happened.” Sam said glancing between the angels.

“Abaddon has chosen her method of retaliation.” Castiel said his body also tense with anger.

“She destroyed The Magic Kingdom at your Disneyworld when the park was at capacity.” Lucifer answered. “Over 75,000 people died, and a significant portion of those dead are children.”

Kevin slid down the wall to the floor. “Oh my God!”

“It doesn’t seem to be bothering you too much.” Dean glared at Lucifer his arms crossed belligerently.

“Of course it doesn’t. I may be tolerating you for the sake of my brothers, and the fact that you Winchesters aren’t completely worthless; but I have never hidden my feelings where humanity is concerned.” Lucifer answered blandly. “In this case be thankful, unlike Michael and Gabriel I can view the situation dispassionately. I’m capable of rational thought right now and less likely to send our forces rushing in unprepared only to be defeated.”

Spicy stood in front of a large group of new souls; Crowley, Jack and Jed by her side. “Looks like someone was having a smite party last night. Over 500 brand new souls.”

“Quite a lot to in-process at one time.” Crowley noted.

“Which is why I’m taking a page from your book, Crowley dear.” She said as she studied the clipboard in her hand. “I figure I’ll drag this out as long as I can for them. First things first, the welcome speech.”

“All right listen up! You have arrived in hell. This is your final destination, so get comfortable with the idea of eternity.” Spicy glared at the souls. “You are here because you chose to follow a hell bitch named Abaddon. She has repaid your loyalty by sending 75,000 souls to an eternity of
paradise. While you have been consigned to the fiery pit, they are enjoying an eternal sunny day at Disneyworld.

You on the other hand will experience pain and torture until the creator himself chooses to end it all and since he’s the creator, ending things is not on his agenda.”

Crowley was now making his way down the line handing out numbered tickets.

“And this is the start of your torture. You are each being assigned a number.” Spicy said. “Remember your number it is how we will address you in each step of this in-processing procedure. We will begin with the cavity search and when I say cavity search I mean ALL cavities of your body will be searched. And while your bodies are not physical, it will certainly feel like it is when the assigned demons are done with you. Numbers one through five, through the door to your left.”

Jack and Jed now ushered the first five demons through the door and closed it. The sounds of agonized screams could soon be heard.

Spicy grinned evilly and cheerfully added. “Oh by the way, I should warn you. Hell ran out of KY-Jelly years ago!”

Raphael and Michael made their way to the subbasement where Benny was keeping an eye on the ‘guests’. The vampire looked up. “How bad was it?” he asked.

“75,000 slaughtered, half of them are turning out to be children.” Raphael said to Michael’s accompanying growl.

“Brother, I’m with you on that.” Benny said to Michael. “She is going to pay right?”

“Dearly.” Michael answered. “It’s why we’re here.” He turned to the identical creatures known as The Gemini. “We came to an agreement, it’s time to fill your half of the agreement.”

“This Abaddon is responsible for the deaths of children??” they asked.

“Yes thousands of children.” Michael said.

“I will bring you her head on a platter.” The creature said. “Children are innocent. The innocent should not be hunted.”

Raphael looked to Michael and opened the cage. “You should start at Disneyworld.”

“Then she has doubly earned her fate. I like Mickey Mouse.” The creatures said as they made their way up the stairs followed by two Archangels.
“Son of a bitch!” Dean got up from his chair and moved closer to the doorway. “What is that damned Jefferson Starship doing loose?”

The Gemini turned it’s attention toward Dean a second before the older Winchester brother found himself slammed into the wall his feet dangling an inch off of the floor. The Gemini designated as Thing one had the tip of his wraith spike pressed lightly against Dean’s temple.

Sam started forward only to feel someone grip his arm and turned to find Gabriel quietly shaking his head and pointing to the Gemini labeled Thing two who was pressed against another wall with Michael’s blade against its throat.

“You do know that I will simply replicate myself should you kill my other half.” Thing one said then turned to Dean. “You are one of those people who make a habit of letting your mouth write checks that your ass is incapable of cashing. I am on the loose because I am about to undertake the hunt for Abaddon. I will allow you this one instance of disrespect. You are obviously a poor hunter or a very lucky one. You should learn to respect those things that can easily kill you.”

“Release him.” Raphael ordered quietly now standing with his own blade pressed against Thing one’s back.

The wraith spike retracted, stowed away once again. “You should teach him some manners, it would greatly extend his life expectancy.” The creature released Dean then turned to the angels. “So you said that I should begin my hunt in Disneyworld, how do you propose that I get there?”

“Angel Airways. Lucifer said grabbing Thing One while Gabriel grabbed Thing two.

Make sure your seatbacks and trays are in the upright position.” Gabriel said as the two Archangels disappeared with the Gemini in tow.

Ava was worried. She couldn’t imagine what the retaliation from the Archangels would be for Abaddon’s actions, but she was sure that retaliation was in the works, and it would not be pretty. For the first time she was rethinking her decision to follow Abaddon.
Making her way to the front door she grabbed her coat and slipped out deciding to do something that she hadn’t done since she was human, go for a walk to clear her head. She looked around at the neighborhood this safe house was located in. Abaddon had a thing for lower middle class areas one step above slums and ghettos. Not the most pleasant places but they did allow the demons leeway to give in to their nature.

What was a little crime here and there and if a body or two turned up, well that was par for the course. So she didn’t think much of it when she sensed a demonic presence nearby.

“Well, well; what have we here?” A cultured voice asked from the shadows causing Ava to look around her alarmed. Ava took a step back when a man dressed in a tailored suit stepped out of the shadows causing her eyes to turn black in warning.

“No need for all the posturing Darling, I simply want to talk for a moment.” The man bowed slightly from the hip and produced a business card holding it out to her. “The name’s Crowley, and you are quite put out of sorts. Following a Hell Knight turning out to be more dangerous than you thought?”

“Crowley? The pretender to the throne?” Ava said disgusted.

“Far from it, love. Simply the only demon that had the ballocks to take it.” Crowley corrected. “Even your precious Abaddon simply slunk in the shadows when Lucifer’s imprisonment created a void in leadership. And before I took the position of King of Hell I took the position of King of the Crossroads.” Crowley brushed at an imaginary speck of dust on his lapel. “Are you noticing the pattern love? I’m known for taking what I want. And right now I have a want that I believe you can provide.”

“And what is it that you want?” She asked.

“Well isn’t it obvious? I want to make a deal.” Crowley said.

“Spicy, it is a dangerous game you and Crowley are playing.” Jack said. “If word gets out.”

“I am aware of the risks Jackie, but the potential gain outweighs the risk.” Spicy said. “We will be able to prevent a lot of bloodshed. I know that shouldn’t matter to a demon but Those Archangels and hunters are like dandelions. Yes they are weeds but when you look closer you can find all sorts of uses for the plants even if they do turn your lawn into an eyesore.”
“Of course the expected praise from our Lord Lucifer has nothing to do with it.” Jack said sarcastically.

“It has everything to do with it.” Spicy said “The more of Abaddon’s army we can siphon off, the easier the victory. The easier the victory the more leverage Hell gains. And Lucifer will be grateful that more of his precious siblings were saved. It’s a new era Jack. With Lucifer’s reinstatement in heaven, we either move with the times or roll over and play dead for the heavenly cleansing which will eventually come.”

“You are so sure that Michael will turn against us and lead the host here?” Jack asked.

“It is not Michael we have to worry about. Michael is perfectly content leaving the management of hell to Lucifer.” Spicy said. “It is Lucifer who will cleanse this place the moment demons become unnecessary; those of us who are smart, will make ourselves indispensable to him. It’s a matter of survival.”

“I wonder what he would think if he knew your affection for him is fueled by your self interest?” Jack asked.

“Believe me sugar, he knows.” Spicy said.

Virgil pushed open the door to the roadhouse. With him being the ranking angel in heaven for the moment he had spent enough time at the roadhouse with the fledgling guardians to become a regular.

“Hey Virgil! The usual?” Jo asked as the angel took his normal seat at the bar.

“That would be welcome Jo.” Virgil answered as Ash came up and patted him on the back.

“Dude nice job in Compton!” Ash said. “Whose idea was it to stuff that guy into the basketball hoop?”
“That was Uriel. Have I ever told you that he is the funniest angel in his garrison?” Virgil said as he accepted his beer from Jo.

“I would have thought Castiel was the funny one.” Bobby said. “There’s nothing funnier than seeing him drunk.”

“Castiel Drunk?” Ellen scoffed. “He drank me and Jo under the table.”

“Well it did take an entire liquor store?” Bobby said. “He’s funny though. Every other word he uses air quotes.” Bobby raised his hands and demonstrated.

“I have yet to see Castiel inebriated.” Virgil said. “But Balthazar, if he ever becomes inebriated in your presence, hide the women. He likes to grab anatomical parts. For that matter hide the men too, he doesn’t really differentiate. He goes full on genderless angel and attempts to seduce anything with a pulse.”

The hunter were laughing gleefully when the door to the roadhouse opened again this time admitting the one angel none of them wanted to see, Zachariah.

“Virgil I believe Michael placed you in charge of their training, he did not tell you to carouse with them.” Zachariah said looking down his nose at the group on new guardians.

“He has been training us you walking enema bag!” Mary said a second before she balled her fist up and punched Zachariah in the nose. “That’s for Dean!” Mary grabbed the seraph by the ears and brought his head downward at the same time she brought her knee up this time smashing her kneecap into the angel’s nose. “That one is for Sam!” She picked up a bottle from the bar took a sip and then smashed it over Zachariah’s head “And that is for the Winchester family in general!”

Zachariah slowly collapsed to the floor as Virgil watched. He looked up at Mary. “Jo get this woman a drink!”
Ava groaned her head feeling like she had the world’s worst migraine. She cracked her eyelids thankful the room she was in was pretty dim.

“Well, look who decided to join us. Wakey, wakey eggs and bakey!” Crowley said cheerfully. “You really should have taken the deal love, it would have been in your best interests after all.”

“Yes it would have.” Ava sat up shocked to recognize the voice of Spicy Tabasco, the traitor who had sold them out to the angels. “Now I’m afraid you’re stuck with the zonk behind door number two.”

“You!” Ava hissed at the demon who sat in an easy chair idly filing her nails with an emery board.

Spicy grinned. “Yes me, and if I were you, I’d check the attitude little girl. After all I’m the one who decides just how much you will suffer from this moment on.”

“Abaddon is going to shred your soul piece by piece.” Ava said.

Spicy laughed. “I’m not worried about Abaddon, Ava. Neither is Crowley. We’ve got friends in high places and I mean we literally have friends in high places. They are called Archangels and one of them is Lucifer himself. If anyone here is a traitor it’s you.”

“I am loyal to Abbadon!” Ava said.

“And that duckie is why you are a traitor.” Crowley said. “Azazel gave you power when you were just a tiny little thing that power was to be used to free Lucifer and serve Hell’s Boy King. I believe that you are acquainted with him, Sam Winchester.”

“Sam Winchester is a hunter. He’s a soft-hearted weakling that falls for any sob story you sell him. He was so concerned with telling me that my fiancé was dead, breaking the news to me gently like I didn’t already know.” Ava spat. “I’m the one who killed him. I killed Andy and Lily. I would have killed Sam too if Jake hadn’t gotten involved.”

You are a dense little thing, I’ll give you that.” Crowley said. “Who was stuck in hell until recently while the moose is walking around alive and well? Everyone except Sam Winchester. That should tell you something. And those Archangel friends of ours are Sam and Dean Winchester’s friends also.”

“We were willing to put in a good word for you if you had been willing to deal but you weren’t.” Spicy said. “After all Sam is going to bat for Jake and Lord Lucifer is willing to listen to what Sam says. Jake stabbed him in the back but Jake will never spend a second on the rack, you however are about to meet hell’s torturer.”

The door opened two men entered. One was dressed like a Victorian era gentleman and the other looked like he should be out trapping furs somewhere.

“And what do we have here Miss Tabasco?” Jack asked his eyes lighting up as they fell on Ava.

“A gift for you, Jackie dear. Just don’t incapacitate her too badly, she one of Abaddon’s lieutenants.” Spicy said as she stood up from her chair. “I’m sure that Lucifer will want to speak to her while she can still speak.”
Crowley gave Ava a look of sympathy then offered his arm to Spicy. “Toodles, love. Try not to scream too loud, you’ll wake your neighbors.”

“Sam Winchester, Michael advised me to speak with you about the plans for closing of the town.” Uriel said. “Are they finished?”

Sam stood up and went over to a table strewn with papers. After shuffling them around for a bit he pulled out several sheets. “I finished them but I don’t know why Michael was so insistent. It’s not like we have the manpower to build it.” Sam said gesturing to a map he unrolled onto the table.

“Michael insisted because manpower is not an issue when you have the entirety of the host at your beck and call.” Uriel said as he looked over the plans that Sam had idly started drawing up when he first started going through Colts belongings.

“See, it just can’t be done in the time we have. It took Colt five years to build the one around Stull cemetery.” Sam said.

“Samuel Colt was limited by human laborers and antiquated metal refining techniques.” Uriel said as he studied the second page of the plans. “Tell me why have you chosen to make this out of hollow iron?” Uriel asked curiously.

“Well I figured if we used Iron pipes, we could fill them with Holy water or salt.” Sam answered. “Then I realized it wouldn’t do any good contained in the pipe. That’s why there’s a big X through that diagram.”

“Actually your idea is sound if it were to be a half-pipe.” Uriel said. “Iron cradling salt or holy water would indeed strengthen the protections.” Uriel rolled up the plans. “I will require these while we construct your Devil’s trap Sam Winchester. It will be completed by sunrise. You should relay this information to Michael.”

Michael was sitting at the conference table a map of Lebanon Kansas laid out on the table. He was arranging little flags on it in different places when the sound of feathers alerted him that he was not alone. He placed a red flag on the map then sighed. “What is it Zachariah?”

“You should know that Virgil is derelict in his duties.” Zachariah said as Gabriel and Lucifer entered the room.

Michael lifted his head as he heard the two archangels trying to stifle their laughter. “Did you get on Mike Tyson’s bad side?” Gabriel asked. “You’ve got two black eyes!”

“And your nose is at least twice its normal size.” Lucifer added.

“As I said Virgil is derelict in his duty, he has failed to instill discipline into those ‘Guardians’. They have no respect for authority.” Zachariah said.

“Aha! So who punched you in the nose Bobby Singer or John Winchester?” Lucifer asked.
Zachariah mumbled something.

“I must have misheard you.” Michael said as he stood up and crossed his arms over his chest. “I would swear that I just heard you say Mary Winchester.”

“He did!” Gabriel laughed. “Zach you got owned by a girl!”

Lucifer disappeared and then reappeared with the Winchesters in tow. “Look what your sweet little mommy did.” The devil was laughing so hard he was gasping for breath.

“What?” Dean asked.

“Take a good look at Zachariah with his raccoon eyes and Jimmy Durante nose.” Gabriel laughed. “Mama Winchester did that!”

“Are you saying our mother beat up Zachariah?” Sam asked with a frown.

“It appears so.” Michael said.

Dean only had one word to sum up the situation. “Awesome!”

“Michael will these two vessels be allowed to mock me also?” Zachariah asked. “You will allow such disrespect to be paid to the host?”

“Actually bucko, it’s not the host they are disrespecting, it’s you.” Gabriel said. “And considering what you’ve put them through, I can’t say that I blame them. Yeah I put them through crap but never with the malice that has always been your trademark.”

“I tend to agree with Gabriel.” Michael said “You do have a tendency to lack compassion, but your accusation against Virgil is a serious one. Gabriel you will return to heaven and assess things.”

“I’m on it.” Gabriel said. “I’ll see how well Virgil has been training our little fledglings.”

Michael watched as the younger Archangel disappeared. “Zachariah, find Raphael. Tell him I said to give you an icepack.” Michael said and turned back to his map.
“Gabriel, I assume that Zachariah has run to the Archangels with his complaints.” Virgil stood up from his barstool and knelt before the Archangel. “I only ask that you allow me to bear the blame. I was remiss in not impressing on the fledglings the respect due to a higher ranking angel.”

“Oh Virgil get up and stop groveling. Now where is Mary Winchester?” Gabriel asked.

“Please I beg of you, do not blame her for my shortcomings.” Virgil asked again.

“Blame her?! I’m going to give her a medal!” Gabriel said grinning. “It’s way past time someone bitchslapped that uppity Seraph. Me and Luci got a good laugh out of it too. And you should see how proud the boys are of their mama. They think she’s awesome.”

“You are not here to mete out punishment?” Virgil asked confused.

“Naw. But Zachariah showed up whining to Michael about you being derelict in your duties so someone has to go through the motions.” Gabriel explained. “And the fact that he sent me should tell you just how little concern he has about Zach’s bellyaching. If he was really concerned he would have sent Raphael.”

Ellen came over and poured a glass of Chocovin and slid it in front of Gabriel. “So Michael is letting this slide?”

“Michael has figured out that Zachariah is an asshole. He’s more of a necessary evil at this point. Zach is arrogant and has an inflated sense of self, but he’s also very good at his job.” Gabriel sipped his wine. “Once the battle starts Zach will be indispensable in keeping the host to the battle plan. He has a dad given gift for reading the field of battle and letting Michael know where plans need to be adjusted.

We may not like him but we know his worth. So I come up here hang around for a bit and then go back and let Michael know you guys were nothing but respectful to me, and that I gave you a stern talking to; Zach is happy and everything is copacetic.”

“Nathaniel, thank you for coming brother. There is much to be done by sunrise on the morrow.” Uriel said as he held out the plans that Sam had drawn up.

Nathaniel was for all intents an engineer for all that his vessel appeared to be all of twelve years old. There were literally hundreds of engineers among the host responsible for building the divine edifices of heaven. God’s throne didn’t build itself after all. The angel traced lines and nodded quietly to himself for a bit and then raised his head.

“How did you come up with this plan brother?” Nathaniel asked. “It is quite simple but powerful nonetheless.”

“The plans come from a mud monk…human named Samuel Winchester. He expounded upon the ideas of Samuel Colt.” Uriel explained.
“Samuel Winchester must be a remarkable human. I’ve never heard you refer to them as anything but mud monkeys or hairless apes before.” Nathaniel said as he shifted the pages.

“He and his brother Dean are the vessels of Lucifer and Michael, but more recently revealed as Legacies of the Men of Letters.” Uriel said.

“Ah that would explain why his mind works in such a fascinating way.” Nathaniel said. “But I believe his plan could be improved upon. Will you give me leave to adapt these?”

“I called you because you are among our most experienced builders.” Uriel said. “Having called you here it would be foolish indeed to ignore the benefit of your experience and wisdom. However I believe that you should speak with Sam Winchester. I’m sure that he would find an explanation of your adaptations enlightening.”

Nathaniel nodded at the seraph. “And I will bow to your wisdom in this as you are better acquainted with Lucifer’s vessel.”

Lucifer and Michael were discussing battle plans when Spicy appeared sitting on the edge of the desk wearing a short red leather skirt and matching leather corset top. “Hello Sugar, Michael. I have a bit of news for you.”

Michael sat up. “I’ll leave you to speak privately.”

“Oh no sweetie. I think you should hear this news also.” Spicy said. “It concerns a bit of a side project that Crowley and I have undertaken.”

“A side project?” Michael asked. “I’m not exactly sure how a side project that involves you and Crowley concerns me.”

“Well, we figured the less key figures Abaddon has on the field, the better for everyone on our side. We managed to capture one of Abaddon’s confidantes. I believe you are both well aware of who Ava is?” Spicy said.

“Ava as in Azazel’s special child Ava?” Lucifer asked. “The malleable and easily manipulated Ava? The Ava who amused herself slaughtering others like herself Ava?”

“That’s the one. Well she is currently enjoying the hospitality of your Grand Inquisitor.” Spicy said. “I did ask him to control himself somewhat as you would probably like to speak to her while she still had the power of speech.”

“So your side project is snatching Abaddon’s lieutenants?” Michael asked. “I must say that you and Crowley are showing a lot of initiative for a couple of demons.”

“Uriel, I thought you were going to work on the devil’s trap.” Sam jumped as the seraph appeared next to him accompanied by another angel.
“We will begin soon. But I thought it would be appropriate to introduce you to Nathaniel. He will be overseeing the actual build.” Uriel explained.

Dean interrupted the seraph. “No offense but is he even old enough to shave? He makes Kevin look like a middle aged man in comparison.”

“Dean.” Sam scolded throwing a bitchface at his brother.

“I am not offended. I am well aware of my vessel’s youthful appearance.” The angel smiled gently at the brothers. “But I can assure you that I am well qualified for the task. I was among those who erected our father’s throne.

I simply wish to confer with you Samuel Winchester before we commence construction. There are is a major modification that I would like to make and Uriel suggested I speak with you before undertaking such a drastic change.”

“You helped build God’s throne? You’re more qualified than I am.” Sam said. “I simply copied someone else’s design.”

“I have viewed the remains of the original design. Your ideas are far ahead of what you were inspired by. It is an improvement that would never have occurred to me or any other builder.” Nathaniel said. “But having my eyes opened to the possibility, I have simply taken your ideas further. If you would simply glance at them and tell me if they are acceptable.”

“Sam, Nathaniel honors you.” Raphael said from the spot he and Castiel had appeared in.

The builder seeing who was now in the room dropped to his knees. “Archangel Raphael.”

“There is no need for that.” Raphael said quickly looking almost embarrassed. “Please rise Nathaniel.”

Nathaniel followed Raphael’s order immediately although he seemed uncomfortable doing so. Uriel had taken the time to unroll the map on the table. “Sam if you would.”

“What am I looking at?” Sam asked.

“Uriel explained your idea of using the iron pipe to hold salt or holy water. Basically what I did was to take your idea and convert it into a moat. Only a couple of feet deep but 6 feet across. A cement culvert cradled in a bed of iron. “Nathaniel said pointing to the diagram. “All you would lack was holy water.”

“Holy water would not be a problem.” Raphael said. “If my brothers and I could cause enough rain to float Noah’s ark, filling this moat would be simple. Although it would involve torrential rains.”

“And that would cut off the town.” Dean said.

“And with the detachment of angels that Michael has placed under my command, we would soon have no demons within the trap.” Uriel said.

“I offer my assistance also.” Castiel said. “We could clear the town even faster of the stragglers that remain. Although there are numerous sigils around Lebanon, there are gaps that the demons have been able to exploit.”

“You should begin building immediately Nathaniel.” Raphael said. “I will speak to the rest of the Archangels. We will prepare to shift the weather patterns.”
Chapter 97

All four of the Archangels were in an open area of the subbasement while the Winchesters, Castiel and Uriel looked on.

Dean reached out for Gabriel’s breastplate. “Hey Sam look! They make armor for mid-” Dean suddenly found himself on his back, on the floor, on the other side of the room. “gets.”

Gabriel cackled at the downed hunter. “That’s what you get for trying to put your grubby little Winchester pawprints on my armor.”

“Ass hat.” Dean grumbled as he picked himself up off of the floor.

“So don’t plan on going out today.” Lucifer said conversationally. “It’s soon going to be raining cats and dogs.” When Dean gave him a wary glance Lucifer added, “Figuratively speaking that is.” Lucifer twisted as he tried to grasp and buckle a strap on his breastplate. “A little help here Sam?”

“What?” Sam looked at the Archangel. “Put on your own armor.”

“Ahh come on Sam you were supposed to be my vessel, the least you can do is be my squire for two seconds.” Lucifer said.

Raphael sighed and walked over to the former devil. Raphael and Michael were already clad in their armor waiting for Lucifer and Gabriel to finish donning theirs. “Go help Gabriel Raphael.” Michael said as he walked over to Lucifer. “Lift your arm for a moment.” Michael soon had the breastplate buckled in place and was adjusting the straps so in wound fit correctly. “There all dressed and ready.”

The two turned toward Gabriel and Raphael. Raphael was struggling to buckle the breastplate in place. “Gabriel will you stop being stubborn. Just will it bigger. There’s no way in Father’s name we’re going to get this closed.”

“It will fit Raph just pull it tight.” Gabriel complained.

“Or put him in a girdle.” Lucifer suggested.

“Maybe we should make Sam your nutritionist Gabriel.” Dean said. “A couple of decades of rabbit food instead cupcakes and twinkies should do wonders for your girlish figure.”

“Gabriel just will your armor bigger. Dean it is not fat, Gabriel has just outgrown his armor.” Michael sighed.

“And we’ve gone through this same situation each time he’s had a growth spurt. Obviously he’s had another one since the last time we needed our armor.” Lucifer said.

“Growth spurt? You mean you guys do grow?” Sam asked.

“Our grace increases, it is independent of our vessel.” Raphael said. “The last time we wore armor was when we banished the Leviathan to Purgatory, Gabriel was comparable to a 19 year old human.”

“And Stretch obviously had another growth spurt left.” Lucifer said.
“Gabriel the sooner you get into your armor, the sooner we can get started.” Michael said.

“Yeah, that storm front isn’t going to move itself you know.” Lucifer said. “And it’s going to take time to drop enough rain to fill those culverts.”

“Alright already!” Gabriel yelled and willed his armor bigger. “Happy now?”

Lucifer reached out and pinched Gabriel’s cheek. “See that didn’t hurt now did it..Baby Brother?”

The Gemini had picked up the scent of demons easily. Although he doubted what the demon he had scented was the one he sought. While it may not have been Abaddon, it certainly could lead back to Abaddon.

The advantage the Gemini had was the ability to be in two places at once. So One half of the Gemini set out to follow the scent of sulfur while the other made his way to one of the local funeral homes. Hopefully a body would still be there and he could examine the injuries and discover his prey’s habits.

Thing One quickly traced the sulfur trail to Florida’s main north-south interstate. The trail turned to the south. Thing Two soon discovered a large mortuary and made his way inside.

The two combined beings shared one brain so both were soon aware that the trail following the highway suddenly seemed to split into two trails. One overwhelming stench of sulfur seemed to leave the highway in Jupiter Florida while a fainter trail continued south. The decision was made without thought. Thing Two suddenly appeared in front of a large semi traveling southbound.

The squeal of tires came too late for the driver to stop. The impact tossed the man to the right over the guardrail. Thing Two laid therewith it’s eyes shut not moving while two beings suddenly split from the now dead body, both of them bearing a tattoo that said ‘Thing Two’. One turned toward the woods disappearing into the undergrowth while the other continued traveling south. The replication process had begun.

Raphael looked up at the clear skies just north of the town of Lebanon Kansas. “Michael and Lucifer are working effectively in changing the direction of the winds.” He commented to Gabriel.

“Yeah they are. This is going to be a millennium storm.” Gabriel commented.

“And did you find an appropriate storm system?” Raphael asked.

“There’s a good tropical depression stirring right now in the Pacific off the coast of Baja. The meteorologists are going to crap their pants when it rolls in with Hurricane force winds and torrential rain this far north.” Gabriel said. “You’ll keep the hail to a minimum, right?”

“With the storm system we’re stirring up, hail is unavoidable, as are tornadoes.” Raphael answered. “I cannot prevent the hail from falling but I can keep the size of the hailstones down to a minimum. You just keep the tornadoes under control. It would be a waste to go through all of this work only to have the town destroyed by a force of nature.”
Uriel and Castiel will protect the town from damage.” Gabriel said.

The sound of feathers and waves of angry grace behind the two archangels let them know that they were no longer alone. Gabriel sighed and turned around to find Zachariah and Nathaniel standing behind them.

The veins in Zachariah’s forehead were throbbing and the Seraph was an interesting shade of red. Nathaniel had his arms crossed over his chest and was puffed up like a blowfish which made him look like the child his vessel actually was throwing a temper tantrum.

“You have finished construction Nathaniel?” Raphael asked. “The rains will soon begin.”

“No I haven’t, and thanks to this dickweed I won’t!” The angel huffed.

“Zachariah what is the problem?” Gabriel asked. “Nathaniel was given a task by us, you know that and you still interfere?”

“He’s destroying our father’s throne!” Zachariah yelled. “I found him with his fellow builders taking stones from the summit of the throne! Our father’s seat has been dismantled!”

Gabriel and Raphael both looked at the younger seraph in alarm.

“Peace be unto you elders.” Nathaniel quickly said. “Yes, we have dismantled the seat of the throne. But with good reason.”

“See! I told you!” Zachariah interrupted.

“What possible reason could you have for dismantling his throne?” Gabriel asked waving his hand and striking Zachariah silent as he started to interrupt again.

“You impressed upon me that the waters in this culvert must be holy water and that it is a hell knight you deal with.” Nathaniel said. “Our father has sat upon his throne countless times. It has been blessed to offer him ease and it is a part of the very fabric of heaven itself. We would place the stones at intervals along the culvert and add the blessed of our father to what we have built.”

“An interesting realization.” Raphael said. “But it still leaves our father without a throne.”

“But not for long. Upon completion of this culvert, we will build him anew throne. Several of the greatest architects who ever lived now collaborate to design a replacement.” Nathaniel said. “I tried to tell this jackass but he wouldn’t listen. He has taken my entire crew and confined them and we are quickly falling behind schedule.”

“Zachariah, you will release Nathaniel’s workers and you and your underlings will work with them to make up the time that they have lost.” Gabriel ordered. “Nathaniel and his crew are skilled workers you don’t possess those skills, but I figure even you can handle the menial labor of transporting the building materials. Now get to work.”

“Michael will hear of this, this outrage!” Zachariah sputtered.

“If Gabriel’s solution does not satisfy you then perhaps you would prefer that we confine you and place a more obedient seraph from among you assistants in your place?” Raphael asked. “I am sure that Michael will totally ignore the fact that you have halted work which he has ordered completed to rescind our judgment and praise you for once again interfering with the orders of an Archangel.”
Zachariah lowered his head and mumbled his agreement.

“Oh Zach, you might want to get out of that suit. I understand it’s not exactly comfortable attire for menial labor.” Gabriel shooed the two angels off then turned to Raphael “If you weren’t just as prissy as Michael, I’d give you a high five high now.”
Lebanon Kansas City Hall had become one of the major shelters since the demons had descended on the town. With the help of the angels (and weren’t the religious leaders of the town taking every opportunity to say ‘I told you so’ over that one) the citizens still free of possession had been gathered in the municipal complex. Another group of the un-possessed were also safely gathered in the community hospital.

“We will do what we can to prevent damage to your town but we cannot protect all you have built.” Castiel explained “You will suffer storm damage. Our priority will be the designated shelters.”

“But you are angels.” Father Ambrose spoke up. “God’s messengers and helpers.”

“What we do here is of our own design. Our father has long since lost interest in this world.” Uriel said.

“What he means is that Father has created us and charged us with caring for this world in his absence.” Castiel said using one of his unseen wings to smack Uriel in the back of the head. “But you must understand that this storm is not a storm, it is the destructive will of the four Archangels. However, the end result will be a benefit to you.”

“Understand that the severity of this storm has not been witnessed by human eyes since the drunkard built his ark.” Uriel said “Remain inside until we come to you. If you have need of anything before then, pray to us and we will provide it.”

“You call Noah a drunkard?” Father Ambrose asked, offended.

“It is well known in heaven that Noah was overly fond of his wine.” Castiel deadpanned.

Gordon Walker was an accomplished hunter in life. Then he became a vampire. Vampires were also accomplished hunters so this made Gordon doubly lethal and the former hunter was well aware of that fact. So he quickly picked up on the fact that he was being stalked.

Most people finding out that they had picked up a tail became uneasy but not Gordon. He found himself eager to face whoever it was that thought to turn him into prey. He however made an assumption and that would be his undoing. He assumed that the person or persons following him answered to the name Winchester.

Sam and Dean Winchester. Gordon had a certain respect for Dean. Dean had the heart of a hunter, he saw his prey for what it was. Sam was tainted, a monster himself. But Sam was also manipulative, like any demon Sam used those around him for his own purpose.

He had used innocent civilians, the state police once before knowing that Gordon would not attack a human. Gordon was not the same being that once thought all humans must be protected. Gordon now accepted the idea of collateral damage and he would kill any human who got in his way.

Maybe it was the demonic side of him that made him now focus solely on his goal.

Gordon stopped and looked around the swampland. This was home to him now. When Sam Winchester had managed to get the better of vampire Gordon, he had ended up in a place similar to this. The terrain would give him no problem; Sam Winchester on the other hand, was not versed in
hunting in such a hostile environment. Gordon found a spot off the path so he could hide and ambush the being doggedly following him.

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The Gemini smiled as the demon stopped. If it had been anyone save The Gemini following him, the demon’s choice would have been a guarantee of victory. The three beings that now made up the Gemini stopped and each moved independently to a different location.

The Gemini with the ‘Thing One’ tattoo began moving along the path towards Gordon Walker making just enough noise to give the impression that he was being cautious, knowing the demon was under the impression that there was nothing in this swamp more skilled at hunting than it was. It grinned a toothy smile when the demon leapt from its hiding place to plunge a large knife in its back.

The remaining Gemini watched as the demon wiped the blade of the knife on Thing One’s shirt and then got up to run off deeper into the swamp. The two stood quietly as two more Thing one’s stood up and joined them, the four Gemini following the careless trail left by a demon that falsely believed it have vanquished its foe.

The humans in the bunker sat at the large conference room table watching television. Unfortunately the only thing on was the news. Or rather, news about the weather. The storm that was now making it’s way inland from the Pacific coast of the Baja Peninsula had already spawn several major tornadoes and dumped 10 inches of rain on everything in it’s path. And that monster storm was heading straight for Lebanon Kansas.

“At least there aren’t any fatalities.” Kevin said.

“That would be because we have garrisons of angels out trying to protect the innocent.” Balthazar said as he appeared in a chair at the far end of the table.

“So why aren’t you out with them?” Dean asked.

“Because someone had to handle Winchester babysitting duty and I drew the short straw.” Balthazar explained. “And why are you watching this?”

“Because it’s the only thing on.” Sam said. “It’s not like we have cable.”

“Well that is easily fixed.” Balthazar waved his hand and suddenly Dean was closing the door to a refrigerator before he turned to look happily on a sandwich that would have made Dagwood Bumstead proud at how high the ingredients had been stacked.

“I’m going to need a bigger mouth.” The onscreen dean noted just seconds before the soundtrack erupted in applause as Sam came through the door onscreen.

“No!” Sam and Dean both yelled in unison.

“Oh alright, then how about this instead.” Balthazar asked flipping the channel to a shot of Dean driving the Impala that sported a red LED light dancing in the front grill While Knight Rider-esque music played in the background and a title flashed on screen that read “Sampala Chronicles
starring Dean Winchester and Sam Winchester as Sampala.”

“Just kill me now.” Sam groaned.

Abaddon was many things but stupid was not one of them. This ‘storm’ carried all the earmarks of angelic interference. Archangelic interference. No seraph was powerful enough to interrupt the predesigned weather patterns that God himself had put in place.

The four self righteous pricks were flexing their muscle. Evidently Disneyworld was not enough of a message to make an impression. Abaddon would need to send a much clearer message this time. She grabbed a random Demon. “Where are Gordon Walker and Ava?”

“Gordon has not returned yet from Florida. Ava I have not laid eyes on since she went for a walk yesterday.” The demon answered.

“Find them and send them to me.” Abaddon ordered.

“I will do my best.” The demon said.

“I don’t want your best, I want you to do as I have ordered, now!” Abaddon snarled. “The two had best be standing before me within the next hour or there would be hell to pay. For all of you!”
"Come on let's put a spring in our step!" Nathaniel yelled. "We quickly run out of time here. Look to the skies. The clouds blot out the sun and cast darkness upon the land. Our older brothers will not stay their hand for much longer."

"I still don't know why we are paying such disrespect to our father's throne." Zachariah complained. "The very stones that Father rested upon cast down into the mud."

The fact that father plunked his arse down upon them is the very reason we place them here you fool!" one of the 'foremen' for lack of a better word said as he gave Zachariah a push toward the pile of stones yet to be placed. "Father's holy arse blessed these stones and they now line the culvert surrounding this town. When the rains start they will fill these trenches and the blessings of our father will be transferred to the waters within."

"No demon will consider crossing this barrier." Nathaniel said. "Now get to work Zachariah. The rain is starting!" Nathaniel said as fat raindrops began to fall from the sky."

Horton the cupid suddenly appeared next to Nathaniel. "Brother!" The cupid grabbed heaven's builder in a hug lifting the vessel completely off his feet. "Gabriel says to tell you that this is just the leading edge of the storm. The rains will arrive full force within the hour."

"Thank you Horton. Balthazar went to stand guard over the Men of Letters. Would you mind informing him that we are almost done here and will check in with him when we are done here?" Nathaniel asked."

"It would be my pleasure brother." The cupid said as he tried to stifle a grin at the sight of Zachariah sweaty and filthy straining to position a large stone slab in the bottom of the culvert. "I'm sure that he will be interested in how diligently Brother Zachariah is applying himself to completing this project."

Gordon Walker hadn't felt fear for long time and he refused to feel it now. He was a hunter, a predator; and whatever manner of creature this was, it could be killed. Gordon just had to figure out how.

He had stabbed it in the back and left it for dead and yet less than an hour later the thing had risen up from the waters of the bayou not two feet in front of him. That time Gordon had shot it and watched as it fell back and sank beneath the surface.

He hadn't hung around after that. Perhaps he should have. He would have seen the two being slogged their way to the bank unconcerned over the water dripping from their clothes as they joined the other three in following Gordon's trail.

The creatures continued on the path for a while longer before the group split off in different directions. Each following a path until one of them heard the sounds of the demon making his way through the swamp. Having located their prey they all began to converge on the spot where Gordon Walker could be found.

Gordon was wary now. He was listening closely to the sounds of the swamp but he was not yet panicking. He listened to the sounds around him and hearing a sound that did not belong to the swamp, he spun around in time to meet the Gemini's charge. The creature was swift and agile.
Gemini let his eyes bore into the former hunter's. "Gordon Walker, We meet finally." It said.

Gordon hid his surprise. The thing knew who he was. "So you know the name of the man who is going to kill you." Gordon shifted his grip on his knife.

"You have killed me and yet here I stand." Gemini said. "This meeting is long overdue. You are prey and you have been since the moment you set foot in my domain."

"No," Gordon said as he struck out with his knife severing the creature's head. "You're the prey." Gordon said as the thing fell to the ground.

"Am I?" A voice questioned from behind. Gordon spun to find another creature standing behind him exactly like the one who was on the ground. Gordon spun around to look and saw two more approaching and the one on the ground was forming into two separate but identical creatures. Two more were approaching him from each side.

"What the fuck are you?" Gordon demanded.

"The Winchesters call me a Jefferson Starship, but you can call me…Gemini" They all said at the same time as they lunged forward.

Gabriel grinned as another demon ran blindly in his direction. The rain was causing flash flooding and in places the water overran the culverts built by Nathaniel. The demons were panicking as the water levels rose and even a small puddle would begin to boil when it touched the flesh of a demon.

Gabriel took flight and landed right in front of the terrified demon who impaled itself on the point of his sword. "Wow! You guys are literally dying to get away aren't you?" Gabriel said as he pulled his sword from the now smoking carcass.

"What has gotten into them?" Michael said as another demon fell at his feet. "They are lining up to be smote."

"Yeah, I know I made them stupid." Lucifer noted. "But I didn't make them suicidal."

"This is Nathaniel's work." Raphael commented. "The waters of the culvert carry a higher blessing than we could ever bestow."

"The only way the water could have higher blessing is if father..." Michael started.

"Yeah but not how you're thinking Mikey." Gabriel said reaching out and smiting another demon. "Nathaniel placed the marble stones from Father's throne all along the culvert."

"He what?!" Michael roared.

"Relax Michael, it's not like the old man has been using his easy chair lately." Lucifer said. "Although I have to wonder, where did this streak of inventiveness come from?"

"He spent quite some time with your vessel, Lucifer. I believe a bit of Sam Winchester may have rubbed off on him." Raphael said as he smote another demon. "This is ridiculous! I'm a healer and my body count is as high as Michael's. and through no more than their stupidity. Has Abaddon lost all sense of strategy?"

"I believe that this," Michael gestured to another burnt out demon at his feet, "Is cannon fodder
meant to wear us down."

"Thanks to Nathaniel, they're not even a good warm up." Gabriel said.

Michael lazily swung his sword decapitating another Demon. "Tell me Gabriel, how is it that you are so well informed of what is happening here?"

"Well it could be because Raphael and I knew what Nathaniel was up to?" Gabriel said cautiously.

"What? You knew that Nathaniel was destroying Father's throne to use as a 'building project'?" Michael demanded.

"Yeah, thanks to Zachariah. And well Raphael and I sort of gave Nathaniel the green light to finish tearing down Dad's throne." Gabriel said.

"And we ordered the pompous ass to work under Nathaniel's direction to make up the time that he caused Nathaniel to lose." Raphael said. "Zachariah too often acts with authority he has no right to claim. He needed to be put in his place." Raphael said stubbornly. "When this is over if you wish to yell at us about it fine, But neither of us will apologize for our decision."

"I don't think Michael has a problem with you putting Zachariah in his place." Lucifer said. "I believe his concern is the fact that Father's throne has been dismantled."

"Oh chill out and smite some demons Mikey." Gabriel said. "Nathaniel couldn't exactly build the new throne that has been designed for Dad with that old relic in the way. Nathaniel was just recycling the old one."

"Your ability to spin a line of bullshit never ceases to amaze me." Michael said.

"Yeah I am good at baffling people with bullshit but in this case it's true." Gabriel agreed. "Nathaniel is building Daddy-o a new throne."

"Anyone else notice we've run out of demons besides me?" Lucifer asked as he wiped off his sword and slid it in the scabbard.

Michael looked around at the dozens of corpses littering the ground. "I guess the hell bitch ran out of cannon fodder."
“You’re kidding me right?” Dean said as he caught his breath from laughing. “Zachariah doing manual labor?”

“Please tell me it was the kind of manual labor that involved mud and dirt and grime.” Sam asked.

Gabriel snapped his fingers and a photograph appeared in Sam’s hand. Sam and Dean both cracked up again.

“Awesome!” Dean said. “He even has mud on that almost bald head of his!”

“So I don’t get how you got him to work on the culverts. Zachariah looks like the kind of OCD case that uses a ruler to perfectly align everything on his desk.” Sam said.

“Zachariah does indeed measure the space between items on his desk.” Castiel said.

“You’re shitting me!” Dean howled with laughter.

“You guys are so mean.” Jody commented.

“Believe me Jody, if you ever have the misfortune of actually meeting Zachariah, You will realize that this is being nice.” Lucifer said. “Even Metatron thinks he’s an asshole.”

“And when That Jackass thinks you’re an asshole, you’re an asshole!” Balthazar added his two cents to more laughter.

“Well aren’t we having fun?” Spicy said as she popped in with Jed and another demon no one recognized. They just happened to pop in right next to Sam who jumped and managed to spill his beer in his lap.

“Dammit Spicy! Will you stop doing that!” Sam yelled.

Spicy plopped down in Sam’s lap. “You know you think it’s funny when Cas does it to Dean. What’s good for the goose is good for the gander.” She looked up at the other demon. “Jackie, allow me to introduce you to our boy King with the twelve pack and the cute little bitchface.”

“What? Did I miss something here?” Lucifer asked.

Spicy reached up and twirled a lock of Sam’s hair around her finger. “Lucifer we both know those Abs he’s hiding under this Lumberjack chic he insists on wearing go way past 6 pack.” She turned to Sam. “Come on honeybun. Let me give you a make over Queer eye style.” She winked.

“Spicy stop flirting with Sam.” Lucifer said.

“Your wish is my command, oh Fallen One!” Spicy said before disappearing from Sam’s lap and reappearing in Raphael’s. “Hello my Mandingo Beauty!”

Raphael stood up from his seat dumping the demon on the floor. Luckily Gabriel snapped his fingers catching her before she could hit the ground. “Lucifer control this demon!” Raphael snarled before sitting back down.

“Oooohhh. I’m wearing you down gorgeous! I used to be that ‘creature’.” Spicy grinned as she settled herself in Gabriel’s lap. “So My King has a job for us?”
“I have a job for Jack and Jed. The Gemini has cornered Gordon Walker.” Lucifer said. “With Abaddon on the loose I need to remain on earth, but I want Gordon on the rack, like yesterday.”

“You have taken a personal interest in him?” Jack asked.

“Yes I have. I want him to pay for the insults he has offered Sam over the years.” Lucifer said. “It’s high time Sam’s unwavering faith was acknowledged.”

Jack turned to Sam. “He carries your grace.” Jack gave Sam a bow like the proper Victorian gentleman he was. “I will ensure that he suffers for all that he has done to you Sam Winchester.”

“Uh Lucifer, I’m not sure I understand what’s going on here.” Sam said.

“It’s Simple Sam. You were born to a certain position in hell. Every demon knows this but since I was in the cage too many have ignored that fact.” Lucifer said. “I have retaken my rightful spot as Hell’s ruler, it is time the demons begin to treat you with the fear and respect that is your due. Now that you carry my grace also, your authority in hell is outranked only by my own.”

“What do you mean Sammy carries your grace.” Dean asked his voice dangerously low.

“Lucifer is the one who saved Sam’s life and healed him of the damage that was done by the trials.” Gabriel said. “Lucifer did for Sam what Castiel did for you. He pieced his soul back together.” Gabriel explained. “They are bonded soul to grace for eternity. Why do you think Dad was willing to forgive Luci and bring him home? Although he’s still Lucifer you have to admit he’s ‘changed’. That’s Sam’s influence on the connection they share.”

“So now that we have that out of the way.” Spicy said. “About Gordon, where will we find him?”

“I think that you should let Jack and Jed go after him. The Gemini is holding him in the Everglades.” Lucifer explained.

“Everglades as in Swamp? Like water moccasins and alligators swamp?” Spicy shuddered. “I agree with you that’s a job for Jed and Jack. The only snakes and alligators this Queen does are designer shoes and purses.”

The Gemini sat quietly surrounding a hogtied Gordon Walker. Its numbers had grown to 15. And Gordon was finally showing fear.

“I was disappointed when Abaddon stole you from Limbo. I had plans to hunt you down. I had hoped you would offer me a challenge.” The Gemini all spoke in unison. “You were not there long enough to understand where you had landed. You could not even understand why. You still don’t understand why.”

One of the Gemini tossed a small branch onto the fire they had built more as a signal to Lucifer’s envoy than to the chill of the approaching night.

“You never even recognized the demonic seed that began growing inside you the night you killed your sister. And with every kill it grew stronger. You called your victims monsters, but the true monster was you.” The Gemini said.

“That wasn’t my sister.” Gordon spat.

“No, then why did she put herself between you and them? Why did she protect you when her clan was ready to tear you limb from limb?” The Gemini said. “And you repaid her loyalty by
chopping off her head.”

“She was one of them! She wasn’t human.” Gordon snarled.

“And being human means you cannot be a monster?” The Gemini laughed. “Do you know how many Demons are in hell that were human monsters when they walked the earth? You will soon be one of them.”

“I saved people from monsters.” Gordon said.

“No, you never hunted to save people. You hunted so that you could experience the thrill of the kill. You had no understanding or concept of mercy or compassion or even the difference between murder and the hunt.” The Gemini said. “You have no moral compass. You destroyed your morality in favor of the power killing gave you. That debt has come due. The devil will have his pound of flesh now.”

The Gemini all stood as two Demons appeared in the clearing. “This is Gordon Walker?” One of them stepped forward.

“It is.” The Gemini said. “I turn him over to you and continue my hunt for Abaddon.” The Gemini turned as one and melted into the swamp.

“Well Gordon Walker. I have a special torture in mind for you.” Jack said. “My king has told me to make an example of you. This will not be pleasant. Bring him.” The second demon came forward and grabbed the ropes the Gemini had used to hog tie Gordon and began dragging him toward the muddy water.
“My Queen.” A demon slunk into the study careful to stay as low to the ground as possible. “We still search for Ava and Gordon, but this was discovered on the door step.” The demon held up a medium sized box.

Abaddon reached down and plucked it from the demon’s hand. “Return to the search.” She ordered.

Abaddon turned the box over in her hands wondering why it was left on her doorstep. The From the Archangels sticker made it clear. It was obvious that those murderous bastards knew where she was. She flipped the latch and it popped open. More importantly a small pop up figure sprang out of the interior of the box and now swayed back and forth like a jack in the box on a springy base.

They tiny head turned full circle on its neck and stopped facing her. It opened its eyes and she was looking into the golden eyes of a tiny little replica of the Archangel Gabriel. “Hey hellbitch. How’s it hanging?” The little figure grinned revealing a mouthful of razor sharp teeth. “Since we helped ourselves to Ansem and Jake and Ava and Gordon Walker, we thought it only fair that you get something in return. So we sent you a fetish doll collection!”

The tiny Gabriel climbed out of the box and nimbly leapt down to the carpeted floor before brandishing a tiny spear which he used to begin poking her in the ankle. She kicked out with her foot just as the figure darted under a bookcase. Abaddon knelt down to look under the piece of furniture and was distracted by a stinging pain in her backside causing her to abruptly straighten up. Two more tiny dolls tumbled to the floor. Tiny dolls of Michael and Raphael.

Abaddon kicked the two dolls across the floor into the corner. She turned back toward the bookcase just as she felt a tearing pain in her calf. A tiny little Lucifer who like the rest of the dolls was in possession of a mouth full of razor sharp teeth, had latched onto her calf and was chewing on the muscle. She reached down and grabbed onto the doll to pull it off and the Gabriel doll darted forward biting her hand.

The demon snarled and began shaking her hand trying to dislodge the little Gabriel. This gave little Michael and Raphael the opening they needed to launch their own attack. The two dolls were stabbing her with their little spears and clamping their teeth onto whatever piece of her they could reach. She made her way to the kitchen grabbing a knife.

“Okay you little bastards, lets see who can draw the most blood.” She growled as she pinned the little Gabriel to the counter and stabbed the doll pinning it to the cutting board.

“That bitch stabbed Gabriel!” The little Michael yelled. “No more playing around. Now we get serious.” The doll hefted his spear and drew back his arm the spear came flying right at Abaddon’s face causing her to flinch and back up.

“Yeah!” The little Lucifer agreed as he was now standing on her foot digging the point of his spear into the top of her foot. “No one gets to stab that little pain in the ass but me!”

The little Raphael had scaled the counter and pulled the knife out of the Gabriel doll. The two tiny pests had picked up the butcher knife and were holding it pointing toward Abaddon.
“Ramming speed!” The little Gabriel yelled as he and Raphael ran forward with the knife, off the edge of the counter stabbing Abaddon deeply in the thigh. “Payback is a bitch, bitch!” The Gabriel grinned showing those teeth again. He began using her clothes to make his way around to her back. Once he found a spot that would be difficult for her to reach he opened his mouth wide and lunged forward clamping on to the flesh.

Raphael climbed up to Abbadon’s shoulder and began tangling himself in her hair. Once he felt he was seriously tied up in her hair he reached out and grabbed the upper part of her ear biting down and gnawing like a dog would on a bone.

“Well that’s not fair.” Lucifer yelled up at them. “You two are having all the fun! Come on Mikey lets try some rump roast!” Lucifer immediately began scrambling up the left leg of Abaddon’s pants.

“Rump Roast?” Michael questioned as he scaled her right leg.

Lucifer was now even with Abaddon’s left ass cheek. “Rump Roast.” He pointed before taking a big bite.

“Oh I get it now!” Michael said before taking a big bite of his own.

Abaddon was struggling in vain to reach Gabriel between her shoulder blades and pull Raphael out of her hair. The addition of two more of these little terrors was more than she could handle. She called for her demons to come to her aid. Several demons ran into the room only to come up short as the watched Abaddon struggling with...nothing.

"Don't just stand there!” The hell knight schreeched. "Get them off of me!"

"I'm sorry my Queen," One of the demons said as they all knelt on the floor. "But there is nothing there."

Chapter End Notes

I know this chapter was pure crack but blame it on the fact that my sister and I watched the original Trilogy of Terror from 1975 with Karen Black. I love the last segment in that movie which features this little Zuni Warrior Fetish doll. He’s just too cute. Anyway I based the little Archangel fetish dolls on him behavior wise. And they do have the big sharp teeth but they look like tiny little miniature versions of the angels otherwise.

If you’ve never seen trilogy of terror the segment ‘Amelia’ that features the little doll here’s the link:

"So, would someone like to explain why Gabriel looks like the cat that ate the canary?" Balthazar asked. "The last time I saw him grinning like that the good citizens of Pisa had just discovered their beloved tower was leaning."

"Although Gabriel has taken a feline vessel in the past, I do not believe that he has ever ingested a creature of avian extraction." Castiel noted.

"Cassie, you really do need a lexicon of human idioms." Balthazar said dryly.

"He sent a little gift to Abaddon." Lucifer said. "Right now she's knee deep in 12 inch archangel replicas."


"You created little Archangel replicas dressed in leather and carrying whips?" Dean cackled "Awesome!"

"Balthazar while you're picking up that lexicon for Cas, you might want to pick up a listing of pagan idolatry figures for my brother." Sam said with a sigh. "Get your mind out of the gutter Dean. Fetish dolls are figures created for use in ritual, magic or worship of pagan deities; kind of like voodoo dolls."

"Okay. So are they wearing leather?" Dean asked.

Balthazar looked at Dean. "No wonder you and Cassie get on so well. You are equally clueless."

Gabriel snapped his fingers and a fearsome little wooden figure with a mouthful of teeth carrying a spear with a chain wrapped around it's middle appeared on the table. "That is a fetish doll Dean. The Zuni believe the spirit of a warrior lives inside the doll and that chain keeps it contained inside. Of course the dolls I sent to Abaddon were chainless and a lot more handsome. Especially the one that looks like me."

"And there's a little Michael, a little Raphael and a little Lucifer too." Gabriel said. "But I'm the one who got the looks in the family."

"Speaking of Michael, where is he hiding?" Lucifer said. "He should have been here by now."

"He and Raphael wanted to double check the town." Balthazar explained. "Make sure that none of Abaddon's demons managed to cross the sigils out of desperation."

"That is a reasonable precaution." Castiel said.

"Well I wish they would hurry up." Lucifer grumbled. "Now that Crowley has gotten Abaddon's location from Ava, we need to get to her before she moves. Gabriel's little doll collection will only keep her occupied for so long."

"If we're lucky it will piss her off." Gabriel said. "Especially when she realizes she's been duped. I don't think she'll take to kindly to being made a fool of."

"The question is who does she still have that's a big enough fish to be a problem?" Balthazar noted. "We've managed to strip her of all the short bus kids and Walker, but I for one don't want to go into..."
this battle expecting low level black eyed demons and finding myself facing a white eye."

"Belarus hasn't just been sitting on his ass." Lucifer said. "He's been carrying out orders of execution."

"Decimating your army, there Bro? You sure that's wise?" Gabriel asked.

"If they balk at swearing fealty to all of Hell's upper echelon, they can't be trusted." Lucifer said. "This way I don't have to worry about them trying to stab me in the back on the battlefield."

"You have to admit you're weakening your position Bro." Gabriel said concerned. "We're facing a Hell Knight and you don't have any Hell Knights on your side. You need Generals to assist you. Belarus is only one demon."

"Unfortunately all of those who had the experience and knowledge to be Hell Knights were sacrificed to the failed Apocalypse." Lucifer said. "They were among my most loyal."

"I could talk to Michael, just as a temporary thing you know." Gabriel said.

"Are you suggesting an Archangel acting as one of Hell's General's? Mikey would shit a brick and you know it." Lucifer said.

"True but Mikey doesn't have any control over Loki." Gabriel smirked.

"We denounced our Pagan ties remember?" Lucifer said. "Loki is gone, you are the Archangel Gabriel now."

"Yeah but I'm sure Dad knows I had my fingers crossed when I agreed to that." Gabriel said. "You never know when a little paganism will come in handy. We already learned that lesson, remember?"

"Yes it has been handy hasn't it? And I'm quite aware that my youngest Archangel is more rebellious than the Morningstar, just not as bold about it." Everyone was looking at the man who had appeared in the bunker looking like he had just stepped out of the 1880s. The angels immediately dropped to their knees. Dean and the other humans standing around looked confused. Sam simply breathed out a name in complete shock. "Samuel Colt."

"That is one of my vessels Sam Winchester, and you are also familiar with Chuck Shurley." The man said.


"And also the father of these winged ruffians," Samuel Colt said. "I have chosen to remain out of this Abaddon situation and allow you to handle it. Thus far you have been doing an admirable job of handling it yourselves, and I will not interfere with the plans that you have made but your discussion has raised a valid point. Lucifer's Army is not where it needs to be. Lucifer needs Hell Knights so I have decided to give him the Hell Knights that he needs."

"Father, I'm not sure what you mean." Lucifer said.

Dean and Sam suddenly stiffened and scrambled for weapons as Alistair, Meg and Lilith appeared next to Samuel Colt.
"They were your most loyal demons. The situation has been explained to them and they have been bound to serve as your Knights." Colt said. "Now take care of Abbadon. And Lucifer, I will trust that you have learned your lesson." Colt disappeared leaving an uncomfortable silence.

Meg finally stepped over to where Castiel was standing. "So Clarence, looks like you haven't gotten rid of me yet."

Abaddon had been angered before but nothing on the level of what she was feeling now. Realizing the demons couldn't see the little dolls she saw through the illusion. The straw that broke the camel's back was the fact that this was not grace she was dealing with. The dolls were the manifestation of a pagan god.

Somehow the Archangels had one of the most unpredictable and feared of pagan gods on their side. He wasn't the most powerful pagan god, but he was the most underhanded and cunning of them, Loki. What she couldn't understand was how the celestials managed to gain an alliance with a member of the Norse Pantheon. Especially after Lucifer supposedly slaughtered his way through several pantheons single-handedly and if rumor was to be believed, Loki was included in that body count.

If Loki could trick Lucifer, then he was more dangerous than even the Archangels. There was no telling what the pagan had up his sleeve.

Abaddon called one of her demons and gave him a list of things to bring to her. She busied herself drawing runes on the floor and setting up a trap. She wasn't stupid enough to summon Loki, but she needed information about him. There were still a few members of the Norse Pantheon around.
"Lucifer, free of your cage and back in heaven's good graces." Alistair said before catching sight of Dean, "And my protégé. Tell me Dean, how many others have experienced the benefit of your, ehem, skills?"

"You know Alaistair, if you are not happy with the arrangement, there are four Archangels who could see you returned to where you just were." Michael said as he and Raphael appeared.

"I'll adjust." The former torturer said.

"I will follow Lucifer as I always have." Lilith said. "But I made no agreement to consort with angels."

"We are allied with heaven and with the hunters in this Lilith," Lucifer said. "You will consort with anyone I order you to consort with."

"It's nice to know all that time in the cage didn't completely smother your tendency to act like a dictator." Meg said. "So we're all here and supposedly Hell Knights as a reward for our loyalty to you. And we're supposed to face Abaddon?"

"You will lead the demons that face her." Lucifer said. "But first there is a requirement for you to renew your loyalty to me and to hell. Sam come here a minute."

Meg was the first to react. "Well I always did say you Winchesters were full of surprises. Look who's been eating his demonic Wheaties."

"The Boy King has accepted his place. Sam Winchester reeks of you Lucifer." Alistair said.

"He has. You will swear fealty to him." Lucifer ordered. "The only higher authority than Sam is me. You will treat him with the same deference that you would treat me."

"Well this should be fun," Meg said. "and are we absolutely sure all of Sam and Clarence's crayons are in the box?"

"We are both completely sane Meg." Sam said.

"That's open to interpretation." Gabriel mumbled seeing how Castiel was watching Meg. 

"What are your orders?" Lilith asked.

"For the moment return to hell, organize the demons into brigades under your command." Lucifer said. "I must consult with my brothers as we organize a plan of attack. I will return to advise you of that plan. Oh and if you encounter a demon known as Spicy Tabasco, you will offer her all due respect as my personal companion. Crowley is also under my protection as my regent."

"Things have changed if you've brought that pest to heel." Meg said with a smirk. She turned to Castiel, "Try to stay out of trouble my little tree topper unicorn."

The three demons disappeared to carry out Lucifer's orders.

"Dude! This is seriously messed up!" Dean said. "Okay I won't say that we trust Meg, but we can at least tolerate her."
"Meg knows how to be a team player. Alistair is a freaking sadist and I don't trust Lilith as far as I can throw her." Sam said.

"I understand your concerns but Father brought them back for a reason." Michael was trying to calm down two extremely pissed Winchesters.

"Sam, Dean; your experiences where Lilith and Alistair are concerned is understandable, but Lucifer needs powerful demons such as them to lead his army. Alistair and Lilith will command the obedience of Lucifer's minions." Castiel said. "And they have all sworn fealty to you Sam. In their eyes to harm you would be the same as betraying Lucifer. Our father would not have brought them back if there was any risk of them betraying Lucifer."

"Dad bound them." Gabriel said. "They can't betray Lucifer or Sam or any of us."

"Yeah and your father has proven himself so trust worthy in the past." Dean said.

"Lucifer himself will deal with them. There is no need for you to have any contact with them." Raphael said. "We are not uncaring, no matter the impression you formed of us during the unpleasantness of a few years ago. We are capable of emotion and compassion. But we do not allow ourselves to be ruled by our emotions. Lucifer has need of these demons and for that reason the two of you will need to deal with your animosity."

"Yeah we'll deal with our animosity. Sam get the Colt." Dean said.

"Sorry Deano, that's not going to happen." Gabriel said. "I get where you're coming from, I do but the Terror Trio are off limits. So you have two choices. Take a vacation or deal with it. TV Land is still there you know and since you seem to have a lot of aggression to burn off, I'm thinking something along the lines of the WWE. You and Sam would make a good tag team."

Dean glared at the trickster archangel. "Fine! Just keep them away from us."

Abaddon dropped a match into the bowl of powder that sat in the middle of the summoning circle. She chanted a ritual and ended with a name, Thor. It didn't take long for the Norse god to appear. She studied the so called god.

His appearance was to be expected, tall and muscular, Thor wore the uniform of a soldier. He glared at Abaddon.

"Call me stupid, but I cannot imagine any situation that would call for our paths to cross demon," The God said. "I do not consort with demons and they do not consort with me."

"As they say, there's a first time for everything." Abaddon replied. "The time has come for you to speak face to face with a demon. I have questions. You will answer them."

"There is nothing you could ask that I would have an answer for." Thor said.

"Loki. I have questions about Loki." Abaddon said. "A subject that I'm sure you are quite knowledgeable about."

"Loki? I threw myself into the celebrations the day he chose to leave us." Thor snorted. "If fortune smiles on us the little bastard suffers nightly at the hands of the Berserkers in the great Hall of Valhalla. The one thing Lucifer did right at the Elysian was to put that pain in the ass out of his misery."
"Loki lives." Abaddon said.

"Really? More's the pity." Thor said. "If he was smart enough to escape Lucifer's wrath, then I'm sure he has the brains to stay as far away from me as possible. I would finish what Lucifer started."

Abaddon looked at the god consideringly. "You don't like him?"

"What makes you think that I would?" Thor asked. "He was nothing but an annoyance with his constant mischief. He delighted in bringing tears to the eyes of our women and humiliation to our men. I don't know why Odin allowed him to stay."

"Then perhaps you would consider a proposition." Abaddon said. "Loki lives and he has aligned himself with my enemies. Join me. Loki can die by your hand."

Thor considered for a moment. "I fight for my own gain. Presently I'm under contract, but ask me again in six months. As for Loki, should our paths cross, he has much to answer for. But that is between he and I. Now if there is nothing more I was in the middle of an assignment. I pride myself on providing services contracted for and I waste valuable time here that allows my quarry opportunity to escape."

"Tell me how much you are being paid. I will double your fee." Abbadon said.

"You could triple it but it will not stir me to break a contract I would think that a demon would understand that." Thor said. "When my contract is completed, I will be free to consider your offer but until then demon my services are not for sale."

"When your contract is up, call for Abaddon." She said. "But I cannot guarantee that Loki will not already be dead by my hand."

"If he is dead, then he is dead." Thor said. "There will always be another in need of killing."
"Michael, just let Sam do it. Angels and modern technology don't mix." Dean said.

"I will master this Dean, I simply need to understand the concept of this Microsoft Office 2010 Power Point." Michael said as he pressed a button on the laptop. The screen went blank. "What happened? Where did it go?"

Sam sighed and looked over The Archangel's shoulder. "This would go a lot faster if you would just let me do it."

"But where did it go?" Michael demanded.

"Michael, let Sam do it, please. We'll be here until the next ice age waiting for you to figure it out." Gabriel said.

"But it was all lost. I have to start over from the beginning!" Michael moaned. "I don't understand why you humans must make things so complicated!"

"Actually you didn't lose it." Sam said snatching the laptop away before Michael could push any more keys. Sam slid his finger along the touch pad and pressed a button and the power point presentation the angel had been working on was restored. "You just accidentally minimized the screen."

"See not complicated at all, for them." Gabriel said. "Know your limitations Bro."

Gabriel suddenly stopped, tilting his head as if he was hearing something no one else could.

"A prayer from someone I didn't expect to hear from." The archangel stood up. "You might want to tell Luci to make himself scarce. And Mikey behave yourself."

Gabriel whispered something and a man dressed in battle fatigues was suddenly standing in the room. "Loki you veslingr! You live!" The man grabbed Gabriel in a bear hug lifting him from the floor with ease. Considering the guy had a couple of inches on Sam it surprised no one.

"Uh yeah, good to see you too Thor." Gabriel squeaked. "Could you put me down now?"

"Put you down? I should be fileting your liver! All of Asgard has been in mourning coming to believe that you had died alongside the all father and Baldur!" Thor said. "We had hoped you managed to escape that níðingr, Lucifer. You always were a crafty one. Of course Mother and I had hoped perhaps he would realize the importance of a brother's bond also."

"Actually I did die. I was brought back when the Angels fell from heaven. All of the Archangels were brought back, or released." Gabriel said. "Including Lucifer. He has earned his way back into the fold so please, control yourself."

"Thor?" Sam said awed. "As in the God of Thunder, Thor?"

Gabriel turned toward the others in the room. "Yes that Thor. So, introductions. Guys this is Thor,
my other Asgardian brother. Thor allow me to introduce you to my celestial brothers The Archangels Michael and Raphael; the seraphs Balthazar and Castiel; and the two humans are hunters of the supernatural, Dean Winchester and his brother-Hey Sam where are you going?"

The younger hunter had run from the room leaving everyone with their mouths hanging open. Sam was back within a few moments carrying something wrapped in cloth. Walking up to Thor, Sam unwrapped Mjolnir and offered it to Thor.

"I think this belongs to you." Sam said as he grasped the handle and held it out to the god.

"Sam, wow I can't even touch Mjolnir without getting knocked on my ass." Gabriel said with a bit of awe in his voice.

"This is surprising indeed. Mjolnir does not accept just anybody." Thor said. "You hunt the supernatural? Mjolnir is an effective weapon against your enemies. How did she come into your possession?"

"It was one of the items that had been put up for auction when we were trying to recover a tablet written by Metatron." Sam said.

"Sam killed Mr Peanut with it." Dean said "I didn't know you had kept it."

"I figured it would be better for us to have it than some of those creatures that came to the auction." Sam said. "So I just hung on to it."

Thor reached out and grabbed the handle and the hammer vanished somewhere. "She was stolen centuries ago from The Asgardian Vaults. She can now return home." Thor said and bowed toward Sam. "I am in your debt Sam Winchester."

"So, I'm thinking that you didn't call me because you missed my smiling face." Gabriel interrupted before Thor could launch into a formal 'Declaration of Indebtedness' which would probably last until Sam died of old age. "So what brings you to darken my door?"

"What prank did you pull on a demon named Abaddon? She seeks your blood my brother although I understand now why she says you have allied with her enemies." Thor said. "What I do not understand is why she thinks you would not ally with your heavenly family."

"She probably doesn't know." Dean said. "She skipped the whole apocalypse that wasn't, like Henry."

"That's right she went straight from the 1950's to 2012. We interred her before she had time to learn what had happened." Sam said.

"And she's probably been too busy with her whole topple heaven plan to take the time to find out now." Dean added.

"So you're saying that she is unaware of all that has happened?" Michael asked.

"Yep. The hell bitch doesn't have a clue." Dean said.

"Sweet." Gabriel grinned. "Anything that gives us an edge."

Lucifer sat upon his throne on the stage in hell's auditorium. He had to admit that hell was well organized thanks to Spicy's efforts and now ran like a well oiled machine. The seats were filled
with miserable demons listening to the words of the new Hell Knights under the watchful but bored eye of their king comfortably ensconced on a large velvet lined thickly padded seat.

Spicy on the other hand, had wasted no time in assessing the potential threat these new demons presented to her position in hell. But it seemed that Lucifer had made it clear that Spicy was to be treated with the respect due her position and Meg seemed to be friendlier than Lilith or Alistair.

Lilith was all business. Lilith was consumed with consolidating Lucifer's power base and punishing those who thought to challenge him. Spicy admired the demon's single minded focus in standing between Lucifer and anyone who would thought to threaten him. Spicy supposed it was because Lilith was the first. That meant a certain respect had to be shown to her.

Alistair was a complete and utter sadist. He had chuckled when he saw the seating in the auditorium and suggested lining the seats with spikes to make them even more uncomfortable. He had also gone down to the pit and watched as Jack worked on Gordon Walker. And poor Gordon ended up strapped to the rack with Jack and Alistair talking shop and taking turns using him to demonstrate their favorite torture techniques.

Lucifer gave an almost evil smile as his Knights separated the demons into brigades under their command. Hell's army was coming together nicely. Abaddon had no idea what was about to descend on her. With Heaven's army needing to work off some aggression from the whole 'casting down' thing; hunters who wanted a piece of her 'just because' and demons in well wanting to tear her a new one to avoid the anger of Lilith, Alistair and Meg; well Abaddon didn't have a snowball's chance in…hell.

Lucifer realized the unintended pun and his laughter rang out over the arena sending chills down the spine of every demon present including those closest to him. Lucifer laughing was never a 'good' thing.

Chapter End Notes

A bit of Viking vocabulary after all we need to know what Thor is saying

veslingr (VEHS-ling-uhr) — puny wretch

níðingr (NEETH-ing-uhr) — villain, vile person
"Lucifer, I need to speak with you for a moment." Michael said catching his brother as soon as he arrived at the bunker.

"Well that sounds ominous." Lucifer said still in a good mood from the little hell assembly he had just left. "What did I do now?"

"It's not what you've done lately; it's what you did a while back, at the Elysian." Michael said. "We have a little issue. Gabriel asked me to talk to you before our little issue becomes a big issue."

Lucifer's face took on wariness. "I thought that I had been forgiven for that."

"No he has forgiven you." Michael sighed. "It's not Gabriel, it's someone from his pagan past."

"Please tell me it's not that flaming backstabbing bitch Kali." Lucifer said.

"No, it's not her. His name is Thor and he is Gabriel's adopted brother." Michael said. "I guess you slaughtered another of Gabriel's adopted brothers and his adopted father. They were pagans and while Raphael and I don't have a problem with it, Thor holds a grudge."

"And Gabriel is stuck in the middle." Lucifer shrugged. "Will these pagans ever cease to be a pain in my ass? And I was in such a good mood too. I won't bother Thor as long as Thor doesn't bother me."

"Gabriel has spoken to him. He has promised to be civil." Michael said.

"So what exactly is this pagan doing here?" Lucifer asked.

"It seems that Gabriel has been playing Loki again. Abaddon summoned Thor hoping he would ally with her against Loki. He left her with the impression that there was bad blood between them and immediately contacted Gabriel to warn him of Abaddon's interest." Michael explained. "Right now he's in the kitchen with Gabriel and Sam who is practically in ecstasy listening to their stories."

"Well let's get this unpleasantness over with. The sooner the pagan and I come to an agreement, the better." Lucifer said as he headed toward the kitchen with a purpose. As soon as he entered the conversation stopped. "Gabriel, Sam." Lucifer greeted them and then waited expectantly.

"Lucifer, you're back." Gabriel said as the other being sitting at the table flinched. "Uh Thor, this is Lucifer."

"Thor, Gabriel's pagan 'brother'." Lucifer smirked. "I have been his brother since the moment of his creation, I hope we aren't going to have a problem."

Thor stood up so fast his chair tipped over. Gabriel was at his side in a flash, hand on Thor's arm in a pleading manner. The pagan god looked down at the Archangel by his side for a few seconds before relaxing and reaching down to right his chair.

"Gabriel has asked me not to fight with you so I won't." Thor said. "But understand that I'm
standing down for his sake and his sake only. I know what drove him to us. I won't put him through it again."

"Well that at least is common ground, because I don’t intend to put him through that again either." Lucifer said before turning and walking out of the room.

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Dean, Balthazar, Raphael and Castiel all hovered over the demon as it worked. As if that wasn't enough to make the demon nervous, Crowley and The true king of hell came through the door causing the demon to screech and drop the adapter it had been holding to the floor.

"Lucifer, would you please tell this Nervous Nellie that he is perfectly safe?" Balthazar said. "He has spent more time dropping things and flinching every time someone stretches than he has working."

Michael who was sitting at the table typing on Sam's laptop shook his head. "I don't know what good that will do. I have assured him as the commander of the host that he is safe and he still looks ready to soil himself at the least little noise." Michael sat back with a triumphant smile. "Victory! I have completed this power point. Where is Sam? He was to help me add in the images and charts of the battle plans."

"I still say all of creation should have imploded by now." Crowley joked. "Angels and demons are working together with hunters. The Commander of the host is presenting his battle plan as a power point via computer. What happened to the good old days when you just needed a chalice and a little blood to make a call."

"That's what put the hunters on your demonic asses in the first place Crowley." Dean said. "So Garth spread the word among the hunters they all pretty much have laptops or smart phones so they can listen in."

"Virgil has informed me that Ash has everything set up in the Roadhouse and in Father's Great Hall." Balthazar said. "So Heaven is all linked in."

"Spicy took care of setting up the arena and all the demons are there under the direction of the current hell knights." Lucifer said. "Uriel has the townspeople gathered at City Hall. We are simply waiting for you to finish this presentation of yours."

"Well then once Sam and I get the images into the presentation and Butterfingers over there gets everything wired, we can begin." Michael said.

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Abaddon felt a sense of unease. That damned illusion that Loki had plagued her with had said that many of her main followers had fallen into the hands of the angels. And the angels also had at least one pagan god on their side. That was troubling.

Lucifer had never made a secret of his distaste for the pagans. After Lucifer had always been loyal to his father and considered them affronts to the glory of the creator. It was an attitude shared by all who had fallen with Lucifer so Abaddon had always believed that it was the standard of belief among all angels. She certainly had never seen anything to convince her otherwise. Even her own father held nothing but contempt for the pagan pantheons.

Loki had somehow wormed his way into the celestial good graces. Thor had not been much help but Thor was not the only Pagan left. There were others and Abaddon had reached out for them. It seemed her call had been answered in the form of one Maman-Brigitte. Who now sat across the
"You offer me the chance for revenge. Lucifer is among those you face and the loa seek his destruction also." The voodoo demigoddess said. "The Baron Samedi was our leader, my husband and Lucifer killed him. That is a debt that he owes to us."

"Yes I do intend to destroy Lucifer." Abaddon said. "But I need your assistance in overcoming one of your Norse compatriots, Loki."

"Loki is not what he seems to be and in his way is as powerful as Lucifer." Brigitte said. "He is the master trickster that all others bow to. They fear him. All of the pantheons have always treated Loki with a respect born of fear."

"Loki is a second-rate Norse demigod. Thor has no fear of him. I sensed Thor's hatred of the trickster." Abaddon said.

"You believed Thor's lie?" Brigitte asked. "You have been duped. There is no animosity between Thor and Loki. Thor is one of the few who has always known exactly what, or should I say who, Loki is."

"I'm not following you." Abaddon snarled.

"I told you Loki is just as powerful as Lucifer. They only way he could be just as powerful, is if he is the same type of being as Lucifer, an Archangel." Brigitte said. "Loki is an Archangel who has walked among the Pantheons hiding his grace behind the façade of a pagan god."

"Loki is an Archangel?" Abaddon asked stunned.

"Loki is the Messenger, and one of only two Archangel's who carry the title of Saint." Brigitte said. "Loki and Saint Gabriel, the Archangel are one and the same."

Chapter End Notes

One of the pagans killed by Lucifer was Baron Samedi who figures prominently in Voodoo. According to some Voodoo beliefs he is married to Maman-Brigitte. Voodoo in the US is a often a blend of African belief brought over with the slaves, and Catholicism. In many cases Catholic Saints are combined with the Voodoo loa so Brigitte would identify Gabriel as Saint Gabriel the Archangel and Michael as Saint Michael the Archangel.
Chapter 106

Ash pressed the button and turned on the flat screen TV. Everyone in the roadhouse was now looking at a large table. As they watched several angels and people began filing in including the Winchesters. Michael stood up and cleared his throat as Sam opened his laptop and began connecting wires to it.

"If you are seeing this it's because you are a part of a very important fight, a fight that has brought together several unlikely allies to battle a demon known as Abaddon. But before we get into strategy or even the background of this imminent war, Introductions should be made." Michael said. "I am the Archangel Michael, The first Archangel created and given command of the Heavenly host by my father. I'm sure that there are some of you out there who still do not understand what we are. You think of us as naked little winged infants flitting around delivering your Valentine messages.

While there is a small division of angels known as Cupids and classified as Cherubs that do have some influence in human procreation, they are not considered part of the Host. The host itself is the larger population of angelic beings made up of thousands of Seraphs and four Archangels. The host is an army."

Michael stopped and looked at the Archangels. "The Archangels are the command structure of this army. We command not only fighting troops but also logistical troops. The Archangel Lucifer is second to me in age and my second in command. But he also the king of hell, and as such has an army of demons at his command. Lucifer and I will be commanding our two separate armies in conjunction with each other to dominate the battlefield."

"The Archangel Raphael is heaven's healer who commands the angels of healing. While these angels are healers they are as much soldiers as any soldier under my direct command and just as deadly in their own right. Their knowledge of illness and injury is without measure. It was Raphael and the angels under his command the brought the Great Plague to humanity. They can cause illness or heal it with a thought." Michael nodded to Raphael.

"Finally we have the Archangel Gabriel, God's personal messenger. Angels of Communication fall under his command." A crafty smile crept across Michael's face. "He is also known among the pagan sects as Loki, The master trickster. As Loki he is a master of deception and manipulation, his pagan knowledge and abilities will figure prominently in this battle."

Michael moved along the table until he was standing behind Sam and Dean. "Among the humans we have allied with are hunters no hunters are better known to us than Samuel and Dean Winchester. Humanity owes more to these two young men than you can ever repay, you owe them your continued existence. Most of you are blissfully unaware that the events detailed in your 'Book of Revelations' should have already occurred. Sam and Dean nullified all that the prophet John revealed in his predictions. Armageddon, your Apocalypse has come and gone and you have not been wiped from the face of the Earth."

There are even some supernatural creatures and pagans who join with us in battle like the vampire Benny Lafitte and Thor, the Norse god of Thunder."

Michael nodded at Benny. He then turned to Jody and Kevin. "Your human law enforcement is represented by Sheriff Jody Mills and Kevin Tran is a current prophet. The Demon Abaddon faces a force that has never before been brought together in a common cause."
Mary Winchester sat back and smiled at John. "We have sons to be proud of."

"Yes we do." John said then turned to Samuel Campbell. "If I remember correctly Samuel, you were constantly saying nothing good would come of our relationship. Well kiss my ass, twice!"

"I have to say, I always thought Jody had it in her to be a hunter." Bobby said. "It's good to see the gal found her place in the family. Although I get to have a little pride in those two idjits you two call sons too. Hell I taught them everything John missed teaching them."

"Well it's a good thing that somebody has." Ellen said. "If it takes all this to face Abaddon, those boys need all the help they can get."

"It will." Henry said. "Abaddon was a Hell Knight, Lucifer's second in command for a long time. She gained a lot of power from that. She's near as hard to kill as Satan himself."

Garth was watching his screen intently. Sam was doing something with his laptop. Suddenly the view of the conference table was replaced by a bullet listing

_Lebanon, Kansas_

_Men of Letters Repository_

_Heaven's gates_

_Hell gates_

Michael's voice continued providing an audio track to what was obviously a power point presentation. "Angels doing power points. Michael you so crazy." Garth commented.

"This battle will be fought on multiple fronts. We have no idea at this point how many fronts there will be, but we have identified several locations that will targeted by Abaddon. The first is the town of Lebanon, Kansas."

The presentation changed showing a map of Kansas and on the map Lebanon was surrounded by what looked like a massive devil's trap.

"We have taken steps to fortify the area. The main fortification is a devil's trap surrounding the town. There is also a contingent of angels assigned to the area under the command of one of our most experienced soldiers, Uriel. Uriel will lead the angels and the townspeople in defending the town. A contingent of demons lead by the Hell Knight Belarus will form a defensive in the terrain outside of the 10 miles outside of Lebanon, while Uriel will deploy his angels just outside of the devil's trap. The townspeople are prepared to defend the area inside of the devil's trap on the unlikely event that Abaddon's troops manage to make it inside."

Brigitte calmly sipped a cup of tea as Abaddon raged and threw things. Abaddon had not taken the news of being played for a fool by Gabriel twice in one day very well.

"Spending your energy raging at a being that God himself is hard pressed to control will not help." Brigitte said. "Deception is the forte of Gabriel. How do you think he has made such a profound impact on such a variety of different people over the years? He is able to make other see and believe what he wants them to believe, and to infect others with that belief."

"Then how come the demons weren't able to see those dolls?" Abaddon said. "They saw nothing;
and yet I saw them, I felt the pain of every attack."

"If they did not see then he did not mean for them to see." Brigitte said. "It was a distraction only. Obviously an effective one."

"And what is that supposed to mean?" Abaddon said her voice dangerously low.

"You rant and rage because the angels play you for a fool and prove yourself an even bigger fool. What do you think they are doing while you waste time with your tantrum?" Brigitte asked. "You scream and stomp your feet like a toddler while they strategize. Your time would be better spent preparing a response to the attack they are more than likely planning at this moment."

Michael took a drink of water and then sat his glass on the table. "The Men of Letters Repository is more than likely one of Abaddon's primary targets. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the Men of Letters, it is a 1000 year old society of scholars who have been collecting information on the supernatural and mysticism.

The arcane knowledge this organization has amassed could be catastrophic in the wrong hands. Membership in this organization has been handed down from Father to son for generations in a process called Legacy. Abaddon came very close to destroying the organization and getting her hands on this knowledge once before. Currently there are only two surviving Legacies, Sam and Dean Winchester.

All of heaven understands the importance of this knowledge repository. For that Reason Sam and Dean will remain here to defend it. They will not be alone in this, the angel Castiel and a contingent of angels under the command of the Archangel Gabriel will also be on hand. Gabriel has been on Earth for centuries and is better equipped to relate to humans. Gabriel will also be the one to coordinate human efforts in the battle.

Lucifer will as I said earlier command hell's army in defending the gates of hell. He has given orders to the current hell knights and there is no need for me to involve myself in his battle plans. I can say with complete confidence that Lucifer is as skilled a commander as I am."

I will be commanding the garrisons that will stand in defense of heaven. This is the main force of angels but several garrisons will be scattered around the Earth to fight as needed; the angels Inias, Verchiel and Balthazar will command these units."

Michael finally went to Raphael. "Raphael will oversee the tending of the injured, as is fitting for a healer."

"I do have a question." Thor spoke up. "When do we attack?"

Michael smiled. "It already has." Michael snapped his fingers and a woman appeared kneeling before the group.

"Saint Michael, Saint Gabriel," Maman Brigitte raised her head. "I have the locations of Abaddon's troop deployments. There are large forces located in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Tampa, Boston and Miami. Smaller forces are in Lawrence Kansas, Sioux Falls, and Pontiac Michigan. She has reserve troops outside of Juneau Alaska."

"So how did she take the news?" Gabriel asked.

"She had no idea." Brigitte smirked. "And you were right, she is about as stupid as mud. Finding out about your other identity threw her for a loop. She completely lost all focus on the battle at
hand to throw a temper tantrum that would have done any cranky two year old proud. She scrambles now to come up with a plan."

"But let's not forget. She has troops and once she gets her bearings back, there will be hell to pay." Lucifer said. "No pun intended. She is a former Hell Knight and she will bring all of her cunning and experience to the table."

"So will we my brother," Michael said. "So will we."
Chapter 107

Balthazar grumbled as he and his contingent of angels appeared in Alaska. His vessel really did not like cold weather. The guy had been soaking up the sun on Aruba when Balthazar had first approached him and yeah, definitely not a cold weather lover. The first thing he noticed was Lucifer standing there with a very pretty blond being worn by a demon.

"Balthazar, Michael assigned you here, I'm assigning a contingent of demons here also led by Lilith." Lucifer indicated the blonde at his side. "I assume Michael gave you orders to find and eliminate Abaddon's reserve force."

"Of course." Balthazar said glaring at Lilith.

"Then you and Lilith can coordinate your efforts." Lucifer said. "I have already warned her to 'play nice'. The same warning applies to you Balthazar. Remember in this we are all allies." Lucifer said and then disappeared.

Balthazar looked at the demon. "So you're Lilith. I have to say you don't look like much."

"Lucifer has issued his orders I must tolerate your presence." Lilith said. "If I weren't under that order I would show you that looks can be deceiving. But then again I suppose you must also be a deception because you don't look like much either Angel."

"Really, and what exactly gives you that impression?" Balthazar asked.

"For one thing, you look like one of those people who want to be the trendsetter without being the trendsetter." Lilith smirked. "Tell me how many high end designer labels are you wearing right now?"

"Is that with or without my Ralph Lauren Boxers?" Balthazar snarked.

"With, definitely with." Lilith snarked right back. "I really have no interest in seeing an angelic dick's dick."

"Really? And here I thought all demons gave into their lust and greed." Balthazar said.

"And here I thought all angels locked themselves in chastity belts and threw away the key." Lilith shot back.

Balthazar burst out laughing. "This is going to be a very interesting deployment. You give as good as you get. Maybe Cassie is onto something with his little crush on Meg after all." Balthazar gave Lilith a courtly little bow and then held out his arm for her. Care to smite a few of the Hell bitch's minions?"

Lilith gave an evil smile. "I would love to."

Verchiel stood on one side of the room glaring at Alistair on the other. Alistair for his part glared right back. Talk about tense Garth thought to himself as he reached inside his duffle and did something for a few moments.

Taking his hand out of the bag he lifted it up and began speaking in a high pitched childish voice, "Mr. Fizzles doesn't like the tension in this room. Mr. Fizzles thinks we should all just get along."
"What in the name of Lucifer left tit?" Alistair asked looking at the sock puppet.

Verchiel was also confused. "Mr. Fizzles?"

"I'm Mr. Fizzles and I'm here to help naughty little angels and demons be friends." Garth said in that same childish voice.

Alistair and Verchiel looked at each other before glancing back at Garth and his sock puppet. Verchiel sidled a little closer to the demon. "Perhaps the stress of the upcoming battle is to blame." Verchiel whispered to the demon. "Humans are delicate beings after all."

“That could be." Alistair agreed. "Some of them break quite easily and their mental capacity tends to be the first thing to go."

"Michael and Lucifer will not be happy with this development." Verchiel said. "Garth Fitzgerald is vital to coordinating the efforts of the other hunters involved. And with Abaddon's forces nearby, he could be a danger to our victory."

"Well what do you suggest?" Alistair asked. "I have no desire to tell Lucifer we have broken one of these humans. The blame will fall squarely on me as Hell's former torturer."

"Perhaps a bit of rest before the battle begins will refresh him and restore his mental processes?" Verchiel suggested.

"I think you're right." Alistair considered Garth and 'Mr. Fizzles' as Garth stood there smiling. "You angels are better at putting humans to sleep than us demons. If I do it he'll have nightmares."

Verchiel stepped toward the human.

"Uh what are you doing?" Garth asked as Verchiel reached out to place two fingers against his forehead causing the hunter to collapse unconscious.

"How long will he sleep?" Alistair asked.

"I'll wake him just before we attack." Verchiel said.

"Good idea."

Gabriel, Sam and Dean stood in the doorway watching Castiel and Meg who sat in the kitchen heads together talking quietly.

"Gabriel what's wrong?" Sam asked seeing the frown on the Archangel's face.

"I know I said Cassie needed to get laid, But I didn't mean he should grab the first demon to come along." Gabriel grumbled. "It's bad enough Luci is ready to shack up with Spicy. Now Castiel is calling Meg his 'Thorny Beauty'? Dad just smite me now."

"What? Are you jealous or something?" Dean asked. "Maybe you need to get laid."

"Not hardly Deano, or have you forgotten I can snap up a willing companion or two whenever I like?" Gabriel smirked. "Castiel, planning on losing your V card Bro?"

"I do not understand, what is a V-card?" Castiel turned to look at Gabriel curiously.

"Uh Cas remember when we thought the world was ending?" Dean asked.
"Dean, don't remind me that you tried to corrupt an angel by taking him to a brothel." Sam shook his head.

"Speaking of which," Gabriel said. "You're going to have to share with the class. The thought of little Cassie in a brothel?" The archangel laughed.

"I'm surrounded by perverts." Sam muttered. "You two, out, now!" Sam began shoving his brother and Gabriel into the conference room. "Let the two lovebirds have a little privacy."

Gabriel was halfway out the door when he suddenly stopped and turned around. He stepped up to the table next to Meg and crossed his arms puffed out his chest and put a deadly serious look on his face. "Okay since Mikey and Luci aren't around, it's my fraternal duty to embarrass Castiel."

"He is going to give Meg the big brother speech." Dean snickered.

"Meg, you hurt our baby bro and I can guarantee there will be four Archangels using your soul for a chew toy." Gabriel glared at her for a moment. Then his whole demeanor changed the trickster taking over as he smirked. "Carry on." He said suggestively waggling his eyebrow at the two of them and turned to leave.

"Clarence," Meg said. "There's something definitely wrong with your brother."

"Yes." Castiel agreed his face fire engine red. "He is an assbutt."

Belarus looked at the angel standing in front of him. This one was not one to mess with. He stood erect, and at attention; poised to react in a split second to any threat. "So you are Uriel. I have heard stories of your prowess on the battlefield."

"Belarus, Your reputation precedes you also." Uriel said formally.

"Obviously this area is of strategic importance. Both of our commanders have chosen to assign us here." The demon said. "I suggest we agree to work together and aid each other should the need arise."

"I concur. We will hold this line." Uriel said. "Neither Michael nor Lucifer will have cause to regret their deployment choices."

Michael stood on the steps leading up to the spot where God's throne had once sat. Surrounding the base were angels of all classes. Zachariah (Cleaned up from his impromptu construction career) stood by the Archangel's side.

"There is no need to tell you why you are gathered here. We are now at war." Michael said. "Zachariah has reviewed our battle plans and will monitor the combat situation. But there are specific orders to be given now in the peace before the storm."

Michael turned toward Bobby Singer and John and Henry Winchester. "I understand that as angels guardians are mere fledglings, but you do have the experience and knowledge from your lives as hunters. The human section of heaven is yours to protect. Henry Winchester, I have special orders for you."

Michael suddenly appeared in front of the elder Winchester. "Abaddon disrupted the transfer of knowledge along the line of Legacy. Sam has taken quite well to his place as a man of letters. Dean not so much, but his dedication as a hunter fits well with Sam's studiousness. However Sam cannot
absorb thousands of years of knowledge overnight. I'm sending you to the bunker. You will be able to interact with Castiel and Gabriel. Help Sam with locating knowledge as needed."

Michael went back to his spot on the steps. "Scribes, you will be under the supervision of Zachariah. He will need constant up to the second updates. Cupids Gabriel has already spoken to you of your deployments. Horton you will report to Gabriel and act as his messenger."

Michael now turned toward the rest of the host. "A third of you will be deployed to the gates of heaven to secure them. The rest of you will act as reinforcements for the units already deployed. From this moment, we are committed to war. And we will not cease to wage war until Abaddon is destroyed."
Chapter 108

Balthazar had forgotten how enjoyable it was to take to the field of battle and smite his enemies. He was currently blazing a path through Abbadon's reserve forces. The demons were fighting back fiercely. He took a moment to rest as there was a lull in the fighting.

"Nice armor." Lilith said as she stepped to his side.

Balthazar took a moment to wipe a bit of blood off of his breast plate. "Damned cold and heavy armor. But if I don't wear mine these fledglings I've been saddled with won't wear theirs. Then they'll get themselves killed and I'll have to listen to Michael bitch about the loss of lives under my command."

"Well so far we haven't lost anyone." Lilith noted.

"We did have the element of surprise on our side." Balthazar said "But they know we are here now. I'm sure this little retreat of theirs is for the purpose of reorganizing themselves. Let's not get cocky."

Balthazar beckoned to an angel who had been studiously avoiding fighting. The angel hurried over to him.

"Report back to Gabriel. Tell him that we have joined together with Lilith's forces to begin the attack on Abby's forces." Balthazar said. Let him know that we have no casualties at this point but we were fighting under the element of surprise. Abaddon's reserves have retreated for the moment, but we expect them to engage us again as soon as they have regrouped. Go and stand by for any new orders to be relayed to us."

"So that's his whole purpose for being here?" Lilith said. "To carry tales?"

"He is a messenger. It's his job to deliver reports to Command and relay their orders." Balthazar said. That is an essential duty now that open hostilities have begun."

Gabriel looked up as Horton entered the room along with Henry Winchester. Horton hurried over to bow to The Archangel. "Michael has assigned me to act as your messenger for the duration."

"Good but why is a guardian here instead of in heaven?" Gabriel asked Henry. "Last I heard that's where you all belonged."

Henry drew himself up to his full height. "My grandsons were thrust into their Legacy with no preparation or training. Michael has asked me to assist in helping them locate information as they need it."

"Ookay. And how exactly is that going to work? You don't possess the level of grace needed to manifest a physical form you know?" Gabriel pointed out.

"I am aware. He told me that I could interact with you or Castiel, or Horton here. I believe that I can interact with any angel." Henry said. "I do however seem to have some psychokinetic ability. I am able to move objects."

"Son of a bitch!" Dean and Sam walked in just as Henry was demonstrating that ability with a chair.
"Relax Deano." Gabriel ordered and stop calling your grandfather a 'son of a bitch'.

"Our Grandfather?" Sam questioned. "Samuel or Henry?"

"Henry Winchester in the grace." Gabriel said. "In the flesh is a bit beyond the capabilities of a Guardian since Dad didn't mean for them to leave Heaven. He's here to help you muttonheads find what you need in this place." Gabriel paused for a moment and tilted his head then nodded. "And to give you some of the training that you never received. He says you aren't yet Men of Letters, only Legacies. The two of you, and mini prophet are the seeds of the new generation. He also wants to know if there's anyone else you'd like to pull in. After we're done with Abaddon of course."

Castiel suddenly appeared in the room holding onto Metatron's arm. "Metatron you get your change to begin to earn your way back into Heaven's good graces. Henry here needs an interpreter to speak for him to Sam and Dean, you've been volunteered. But, and this is a very big but so I suggest to you take it very seriously; should you misinterpret anything or in any other way fail to accomplish the task I have given you, I'll toss you back in the cage myself and throw away the key. Got it?"

"I will talk for the fledgling." Metatron said. "Besides this is much better company than those demons in the basement."

"Castiel keep an eye on him." Gabriel said then saw Horton trying to get his attention. "Well what are you waiting for? Go." Gabriel waved to the group out of the conference room as Horton stood with another cupid whose name Gabriel did not know.

"Balthazar sends his first report and requests and updated orders." The cupid handed Gabriel a scroll and then backed away to stand quietly in a corner.

Gabriel unrolled the paper and read before he called out for Meg. "I need you to take a message to Luci. Tell him that Lilith and Balthazar have attacked Abaddon's reserves. The first contact was an overwhelming success as they used the element of surprise. Abaddon's forces are regrouping Word will reach Abaddon soon if it hasn't already. Let him know that I will send the same intel to Michael."

The demon nodded and disappeared.

Michael and Zachariah were in Heaven's war room studying a scale model of the cosmos. Earth heaven and hell were represented in the model and the two were placing markers at key points to represent the monstruous army allied against Abaddon.

The two looked up when the door opened admitting Virgil. The seraph hurried over and held out a large parchment. "The first reports from the battlefield. Balthazar has attacked Abaddon's reserves in conjunction with Lucifer's forces. They fight together."

Zachariah took it and realized bore the Seal of the Archangel Gabriel." Gabriel sealed it, you will have to open it."

Michael huffed and took the parchment opening it and reading his younger brother's message. Michael then closed his hands around the paper causing it to burst into flame. "Did Horton wait for a reply?"

"He's in the meditation room now." Virgil answered.

"Tell him to let Gabriel know that I will submit the request but not to hold his breath awaiting a
reply. If Gabriel feels that it is necessary to act without sanction to do so. I will bear the responsibility." Michael said as Virgil nodded then turned to go deliver the reply to Horton.

"Michael may I ask what that was about?" Zachariah started.

"No you may not. It will not affect the battle of any plans made for the battle. It was a personal communiqué between Gabriel and I." Michael reprimanded. "Now are there any adjustments that you can foresee needing to make?"

"Not until Abaddon responds to the attack." Zachariah said studying the model.

Lucifer was in the administrative wing with Spicy who was more than dressed the part for war wearing six inch stilettos, a mini skirt, and a cut off T-shirt all sporting a camouflage print. Meg shook her head and hid a smirk.

"Gabriel asked me to bring you an updated report. He sent the same report to Michael." Meg said. Lilith and Balthazar attacked Abaddon's reserves."

"Has Abaddon responded yet?" Lucifer asked.

"Not yet." Meg answered.

"Her response will not be at the point of attack. She knows that would be expected." Lucifer said. "She will pull her reinforcements and attack a different objective. Pass the word to Belarus and Alistair to be on alert. Have Gabriel relay that to Michael also. Abaddon is not going to respond as we think she will. She is unpredictable to say the least, we need to be prepared for anything."
Abaddon snarled as she received the news of an angelic attack on her reinforcements. She had picked Alaska because it was sparsely populated. There was no way those bastards could have known where her demons were unless she had been betrayed in some way.

She made her way into the kitchen where her summoning altar still stood. Gathering what she needed she went through the ritual to summon the most obvious culprit, Thor. She performed the ritual with no success twice before realizing that Gabriel must have interfered in some way with the ritual.

She began to pace. Thor was beyond her reach and considering Maman Brigitte was among the Loa and a part of the loa were the acknowledged Catholic saints Michael and Gabriel, odds were that the same protections had been placed on Brigitte also. What Abaddon needed was a pagan with a long standing grudge against heaven.

She called a demon to her. "You, bring me a volume on Egyptian mythology."

The demon bowed and backed out of the room to carry out the order. It was well documented that the host had handed the Egyptian pantheon their collective asses when they helped the Israelites escape. Perhaps there were still some among those gods who yearned for revenge.

Abaddon's lack of response was putting everyone on edge. The four Archangels were gathered in Heaven's war room discussing why Abaddon had been so quiet.

"What is she waiting for?" Michael asked. "Balthazar and Lilith did a lot of damage to her followers. She can't let this slide without answering the challenge."

"Michael have you even been listening to me?" Lucifer sighed exasperated. "She is retaliating somehow, just not where and when we expect her to. She's crafty like that. It's how she earned her spot at my right hand. Believe me somewhere, somehow she is dealing out a serious blow to us."

"Yeah, so where?" Gabriel asked. "And how are we supposed to retaliate if we don't know where to find her?"

"The number of casualties will be higher than I first thought." Raphael said. "I may need to pull from your messengers brother, if the numbers become overwhelming."

"If necessary I will turn over the bunker to Castiel and take messages myself." Gabriel said.

"No Gabriel, you will remain at your station." Michael said. "I can spare warriors to assist Raphael if it comes to that."

The archangels were interrupted by Horton. "Gabriel you must come with me now. Thor demands your presence. Asgard was attacked. It lies in ruins."

"What?" Gabriel asked shocked. "Please tell me that I heard wrong."

Outside of the bunker, thunder rumbled and lightening flashed in accompaniment of Thor's anger. Freya sat at the table a huddled mess, nothing like the self-assured goddess that have given birth to a thunder god and adopted an archangel. "Does Loki know?" she asked.
"The angel left to notify him and bring him here." Thor said as he paced.

"Thor, he will be devastated. He may not be the father who created them but he is the father that raised them." Freya said as she hugged what appeared to be a young woman to her. "His sons lie dead in what is left of Asgard."

Sam cautiously stuck his head into the room. "I managed to get everyone settled and Gabriel is here. Along with the others including Lucif-ow!" Sam said as all 6'4 of him went tumbling to the ground knocked out of the way by a frantic Gabriel.

The young woman who had been clinging to Freya now lifted her tear-stained face and held her arms out to the Archangel. "Daddy!"

Gabriel slid to his knees pulling the young woman into his embrace. "Princess, Thank Dad." Gabriel held the girl like he was afraid she would disappear. "Thank Dad at least you made it out safe, baby girl."

"Gabriel." Michael prompted gently.

"This is Hel, my daughter, and Freya my 'mother.'" Gabriel said never lifting his face from Hel's hair. "Thor what happened?"

"The boys gave their lives to protect Freya and Hel, and to save as many others as possible." Thor's fists were clenching at his side. "I am so sorry brother. Abaddon attacked Asgard in retaliation for my betrayal."

"No." Lucifer's voice cut in. "Abaddon attacked because it was a sound strategic move. Attacking Loki's family is a guaranteed way to knock Gabriel off of his game and cloud his mind with grief. The bitch is well trained in how to effectively fight in the most brutal manner possible and will use every weakness against us." Lucifer turned to Gabriel. "Pull yourself together little brother. We don't have time for this."

"Cut him a break dammit! He just lost his kids. He's allowed to fall apart." Dean piped up. "Gabriel Whatever we can do to take down the bitch, Sam and I will help." Castiel, Benny, Kevin and Jody had followed The Archangels.

"Lucifer is right. We cannot afford to allow our emotions to rule us." Michael said. "Mistakes will be made if we follow that path."

Raphael knelt next to Gabriel a hand on his shoulder. "Stow away your grief for now brother. Bury your pain and let us destroy Abaddon. When she is no more, all of Heaven will grieve with you, we will share in your pain. But for now you avenge your sons by hardening your heart and letting your logic rule."

Gabriel straightened up pushing his daughter away from him. Raphael tightened his fingers giving Gabriel's shoulder a squeeze. The Archangel stood up golden fire blazing in his eyes.

"How many survived?" Gabriel demanded of Thor.

"The Valkyries and a handful of Berserkers." Thor said frowning at the seemingly emotionless being in front of him.

"I expect them to add their might to the defense of this place. No harm comes to Freya or Hel. I will hold them personally responsible." Gabriel turned to Michael. "I want Abaddon's head on a silver platter but I want her to suffer all the agonies of heaven and hell first."
Michael nodded. "I vow to you that Abaddon will beg for destruction before that mercy is granted. She will face the wrath of the host."

"Loki!" Freya called out. "She was not alone. Asgard was hidden from her until Anubis and Hathor led her to our realm."

"Egyptians?" Lucifer noted. "They will be dealt with once and for all. Our father granted them mercy once and this is how that mercy was repaid. The racks of hell will soon be baptized in Egyptian blood."

"Not soon, immediately." Michael said. "I would send Balthazar and since he and Lilith worked so well together..."

"A sound strategy Michael. I will notify Lilith immediately." Lucifer said.

"I want the Egyptian Pantheon completely obliterated." Michael said as the two left the room followed by Gabriel and Raphael.

"So Sammy, think there are some Egyptian summoning rituals somewhere in all these books and scrolls?" Dean asked.

"Probably," Sam answered "But why?"

"Cause like it or not those feathered dicks are family. The whole Guardian thing you know." Dean said.

"Nobody messes with family." Sam answered. "And the Trickster is family Thanks to God's little reward."
The young woman stared at the doorway, stunned. She turned toward Thor. "Uncle, why did those angels refer to Daddy as brother? And why did he leave with them."

Thor looked toward Freya. Not quite sure how to explain the situation.

Freya took a deep breath. "Hel, we had hoped never to have to tell you the truth about your father. But we should have known that the time would come. Loki, is the Archangel Gabriel."

"I'm half angel?" she asked confused.

"No sweetheart, you are pure pagan. Your brothers were pure pagan, but Gabriel is your father in every way that matters. You and your brothers were always his pride and joy. By harming you, that demon and her accomplices have brought down the wrath of an Archangel upon their heads." Freya said.

"I do not envy them." Thor said. "I have seen your father in wrathful angel mode and it is not pretty."

"But I don't understand how he can be an angel and be my father." Hel said.

"When Gabriel came to us he was alone and depressed. The fighting within his heavenly family was too much for him to bear." Thor said. "Mother made him her mission she claimed him as her son right in the middle of Odin's hall. She concentrated a lot of effort in him and he eventually began to come out of his shell, then the frost giants attacked."

'When Loki stepped out on to the battlefield, even the berserkers feared to get too close to him. He had powers we had never seen and neither had the frost giants. When they saw the weapon that we had in him they retreated and we have not heard of them since." Thor said.

"But like any battle there were casualties." Freya said. "You and your brothers were left orphaned. I had gathered you all to me and when Loki came to me after the battle to check my welfare and saw you, he told me look no farther to find a home for you. He claimed you all and formally adopted you in the great Hall in front of everyone."

"From that moment on he never failed to dote on you all. He loved you all to excess." Thor said. "The demon has harmed his family, he places great importance on family both his adopted family and now his celestial family."

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Jack came through the door of the rack room whistling a cheerful tune. He made his way over to the rack where Gordon Walker was strapped tightly down unable to move. "Well good morning Gordon! Today is a lovely day but I do have a bit of bad news. You will have to get by today without my attentions."

Jack grabbed a wicked set of manacles. The cuffs were made of leather and lined with tiny spikes on the inside. Gordon began making terrified little whimpering sounds.

"What's that Gordon? You must speak up so that I can understand you! Oh that's right I'm sorry. I gave you tongue to the cat yesterday didn't I? The cat literally has your tongue!" Jack continued his cheerful monologue as he worked. "You are worried about these?" Jack held up the manacles. "No need to fret, they are meant for someone else. You are being joined by a couple of VIP's today."
Very Important Pagans. So important that Heaven itself has requested they be tortured."

Jack then went to a large cabinet and begin opening drawers and pulling out all manner of surgical instruments. "I'm thinking an autopsy while they are alive and aware. You certainly screamed beautifully when I began dissecting your leg!"

Jack walked over and began laying out the equipment on the table and arranging it. He then set up a second rack with just the shackles. He took a step back to admire his work. "Did I miss anything Gordon? No? Well then let just tighten you're your bonds and give you your morning saltwater injection shall we."

Jack went over to the cabinet and took out a hypodermic needle and a bottle of saline solution. He prepared the needle and picked up a cotton swab. Making his way over to the now struggling Gordon he opened the alcohol wipe and roughly ran it over the exposed flesh of Gordon's arm. "Since you are skinless my friend, we have to keep up the sanitary practices! Wouldn't want you to get an infection now would we?" Jack pressed the needle into Gordon's arm and depressed the plunger letting his eyes fall closed as he enjoyed his victim's grunts of pain.

Jack looked up at the sound of a commotion outside of the room. The door opened and Spicy stepped in followed by Lilith and…and the angel called Balthazar. The angel and Lucifer's first demon were dragging a couple of pagan's who were uncomfortably shackled.

The two dumped their burdens to the floor. Spicy looked down at the two bodies barring her way. The angel shrugged and held out his hand. Spicy in her size 12 stillettos, stepped on the two prone beings to make her way over to where Jack stood.

"Good morning Jackie! I have your special delivery here."

Spicy said as she lifted up the clipboard she was carrying. One female Egyptian pagan, name Hathor and one male Egyptian pagan, name Anubis. Special instructions for handling, the archangels want them torn apart atom by atom. Sign here please."

Spicy held out the clipboard and Jack eagerly signed his name. "Would you get a message to Alistair for me?" He said. Let him know that I will keep the male on ice for him. No reason for me to have all the fun. Besides I think the mental torture he will endure knowing what is in store for him watching me torture the female will make his eventual torture at Alistair's hands even more effective."

"I will get that message off to him as soon as I get back to my office sugar."

"Now would you like these two to help you get them strapped down?"

"If it's not too much trouble." Jack said.

"No trouble at all." Balthazar said grabbing Anubis and pulling him to his feet. "Where do you want him?"

Zachariah accepted the message that the Egyptians had been delivered to the pit. The Seraph snorted, those abominations should have been tossed in the pit in the beginning. He turned his attention to recording the devastation done to the Egyptians Pantheon. Why the morons thought throwing their lot in with Abaddon was a good move he would never fathom.

Zachariah moved on to updating the main battle data. A sweep of Alaska had shown that Abaddon had moved her reserve force. The place was completely clear of demons but those demons were somewhere. Zachariah sat down and began identifying Demon signs and putting all of that
information together. Eventually he found what he was looking for.

Clever hell bitch he thought, but not as clever as you think. Zachariah called in a cupid. "Take a message to Michael." He ordered the angel. "Abaddon is gathering her forces in Southern California, namely, Los Angeles."

The cupid bowed and scurried off. How ironic trying to hide demons in the city of angels.
"Is Gabriel okay?" Deana asked Michael. "I mean the guy tends to act like a dick most of the time but I prefer that to this creepy ass Terminator that running around now."

"He will be fine once we have dealt with Abaddon." Michael said. "His 'creepy ass Terminator' behavior as you call it is how he is dealing with his grief right now. He can't afford to break down so he has simply cut himself off from all emotion."

"I'm no expert but I did have to take a Psychology course as part of pre-law. I can't believe bottling up your emotions like that is good." Sam said.

"It's not and when he does allow himself to feel again, it's going to be like the eruption of Mt St Helens." Lucifer said. "It's not just grief he's choking down, there's a lot of anger too."

"It is how he will get through this. He has a large family of angels who will help him get through this." Raphael said. "For the moment I am concerned with how Hel is handling it. I get the feeling that Gabriel babied his pagan charges. He went overboard in smothering them with attention over the least little set back."

"Of course he did." Lucifer said. "After all that is what we did with him for centuries until the seraphs came along."

"Speak for yourself Lucifer." Michael said "I can remember you pacing with him in your arms for a full decade the first time he fell while learning to fly."

"Well at least I didn't tell him to angel up and stop sniveling like you did. It was a long fall he was in pain." Lucifer said.

A cupid appeared by the table and bowed to Michael. "A message from Zachariah, Commander."

Michael took the scroll and unrolled it. He scanned it quickly. "Zachariah has located Abaddon's reserve force. He estimates no more than 8 hours before he pinpoints her location."

"Tell him 4." Gabriel said without emotion as he entered the room. "I want that hell bitch and sooner rather than later."

"Tell you what little brother. You need a distraction. Care to go with me to do a little damage to her reserve minions?" Lucifer asked.

"They are in California? Why go at all? We could trigger the fault line and take them out of the equation from here." Gabriel said.

"An Earthquake would be more effective." Gabriel said looking at Michael without flinching.

"True but it is not the method that we will take." Michel said. "Trust me baby brother. You do not want to do an earthquake. Eventually the guilt would catch up with you."

"He's right Gabriel, this isn't you. At least it's not the real you." Sam said. "You don't want the
guilt. Believe me; I regret almost an entire year of my life."

"Sammy, that wasn't your fault." Dean said. "You were missing your soul. You wouldn't have done any of that if you had been yourself."

"That's my point Dean. Gabriel is not himself right now. I really didn't have anyone to hold me back when I started going off the rails." Sam said. "So maybe I can at least keep Gabriel from making the same mistakes."

Abaddon had expected the Egyptians to bear the consequences of the attack on Asgard, although she didn't expect the repercussions to happen quite so quickly. Of course she had been busy rearranging the deployment of her forces. That might be why things seemed to happen so quickly.

She stepped out onto the veranda of the large plantation home she had commandeered. A tour guide and several guests were now locked in the study. It was just their bad luck to be present when Abaddon had arrived. But their misfortune could turn out to be Abaddon's good fortune.

She made her way to the study where a couple demons were keeping watch over the humans. She looked at the huddled group. This confrontation with the angels had turned into a game of one-upmanship. The angels had destroyed the Egyptians so the ball was now in her court once again.

Abaddon looked at the group her gaze falling on the swollen belly of a young woman. The man standing at her side immediately moved to place himself between the woman and the demon. With an evil smile she issued an order to one of the demons. "Bring them."

Gabriel wiped his forearm across his face then looked at the pile of demons at his feet. Lucifer walked over to where his brother stood slinging the demon in his grip to the ground. "So what will this one lose? A spleen perhaps?"

Gabriel grabbed the demon's hair and lifted it to look at its face. Balthazar stood to the side and watched. Gabriel had gone through this same ritual with each demon Lucifer had tossed at his feet. After a moment or two Gabriel placed his palm on the demons forehead a blue light came from the demon's mouth and drifted upwards. Once the blue mist had dissipated, Gabriel let his angel blade fall into his hand and pressed the tip forward into the demon's abdomen and began digging around with it while the creature screamed.

"You know he's pretty sadistic for an angel." Lilith noted.

"It's not the angel in control right now." Balthazar said snapping up two glasses of wine and handing one to Lilith. "That is a pissed off father making sure that those responsible for the death of his children pay the price. Asgard was his second home after all. At least he's releasing the innocent souls before torturing them."

"Whatever, it's behavior more suited to a demon than an angel." Lilith said. "Somewhere deep down he's enjoying this. I don't think Alistair enjoys his work this much. Maybe Lucifer should hire him as Hell's torturer."

Zachariah was always quick to point out the fact that he had four faces. It wasn't just bragging on his part, he had four sets of eyes that came along with those four faces and it made multitasking a breeze. He was currently reading reports from the field, keeping an eye out for skirmishes, monitoring the gates of heaven and scanning the Earth for signs of Abaddon.
Zachariah sat up straighter as something caught his eye. Abaddon herself had crawled out from under her rock. Zachariah immediately dispatched a squad of angels to follow her and sent a messenger to notify Michael. Abaddon was with a detail of her demons and making her way into the outskirts of a small settlement in the swampland.

In addition to the demons, there were a couple of hairless apes one male, one female and gravid. The baby mud monkey was almost due to be born. Zachariah sat up straighter. Infants were truly innocent souls, to pour corruption into them almost always infected them with evil. Zachariah had to acknowledge that it was not a guarantee that the infant would grow into a monster. After all Sam Winchester had successfully fought his nature when everyone thought it was a foregone conclusion he would turn out to be pure evil.

Zachariah sent more angels with the order to stop Abaddon from accomplishing whatever she planned to accomplish and He sent another messenger to let Michael know of the new development. Considering how the Archangels had reacted to the attack on a pagan stronghold, this might all be over in time for tea and crumpets.
Michael frowned at Zachariah's messenger. "He specifically said that she was with them?"

"Yes Commander and he dispatched a squad to prevent her from performing any rituals until you could arrive." The cupid nodded.

Michael turned toward the group in the bunker. "Castiel, be vigilant. This could be a trick. Dean, Sam You have the Colt, don't hesitate to use it."

"Loki gave us orders. No harm comes to Freya or Hel." A blond woman stood in the doorway. "Their safety and well-being is tied to the strength of this stronghold. We will add our strength of arms to its defense."

"Thank you…" Michael prompted.

"Sif." She responded. "Thor is my husband."

"Thank you Sif. Abaddon should not be underestimated." Michael said.

"I never underestimate a woman." Sif replied. "I am a woman so I am fully aware of what we are capable of. It is men who underestimate women, usually when your brain settles betwixt your thighs."

Sam couldn't help but snort. Dean and Michael looked equally confused. "She just called us out for thinking with our dicks." Sam explained.

"Oh, I guess she must be talking about you Sammy." Dean smirked.

"In my long standing observation, it seems to be common to every creature that has a dick." Sif said. "The all father knows I have had to rein in Thor often enough. Since this demon appears to be female, I would hope that you take advantage of the females present before you rush of half-cocked and do something stupid."

"We seek to destroy Abaddon as soon as possible." Michael said. "We know where she is, we have been given an opportunity."

"And again, I caution you not to rush blindly into this. Do you know what she plans to do?" Sif asked.

"Loki is so consumed with grief at this point, he cannot think straight. This demon has successfully thrown the most unflappable of all pagans off of his game with a simple attack. He is ineffective, unable see beyond the loss of his sons." Sif explained. "How much easier for her should she throw the remaining Archangels into such an abyss of confusion?"

"Sif offers you wise counsel, Michael." Freya said as she entered with Hel and Jody. "It is a different mindset she brings to this conflict and while you may be blessed by your father with a brilliance of battlefield tactics, your thought process is much different than Abaddon's. You function on logic, much like Odin. The attack on Asgard was passion driven, without strategy or control."

"Really? So what do you suggest?" Michael asked.
"First and foremost, do not engage her now." Sif said. "This is a situation that she has arranged."

"Sorry lady," Dean said. "We don't just leave people to die."

"No you don't Dean Winchester. You simply rush in like so Marvel superhero and end up making things worse nine times out of ten. Michael thinks too much, you however don't think at all." Sif said. "You have eluded the reaper for so long you think that you are just as immortal as the angel, you are not. Sooner or later Death will tire of your constant escapes, exactly one second after you cease to amuse him."

"We can't just let her kill innocent people." Sam said.

"Sam, I see why Mjolnir chose you." Sif gave him a compassionate smile. "You have to understand that there are times when the innocent will suffer. Even those of us with the power of gods cannot save everyone. Abaddon may kill a handful today, but their deaths will save thousands tomorrow. I'm sure that Abaddon has learned which buttons to push. As long as you react she will continue to push."

"What you must do is to start pushing back." Freya said. "Learn to push her buttons before she manages to push yours. But for now, where is Gabriel?"

"He's with Lucifer. I think they were going to go take on her reserve demons with Balthazar."

"Call him. Sif is not the only one who has arrived." Freya said.

"Loki." Sif wrapped her arms around her 'brother-in-law'. "I have a surprise for you."

"I'm in no mood for this Sif." Gabriel said rigid in her embrace.

"So you are not in the mood to hear that you grieve prematurely?" Sif asked. "Freya and Hel were not the only ones who escaped death at Abaddon's hands. Do you think Fenrir learned nothing from you? Who do you think kept us on our toes when you chose to leave us?"

"I don't understand." Gabriel said.

"Fenrir has become as skilled as you in creating doubles." Thor said. "Fenrir, Jormangandr and Sleipnir are here. Jormungandr was gravely wounded but he is under the care of his sister and your brother Raphael. The odds of his recovery are very good."

"What? Thor this isn't funny." Gabriel said his hardened exterior cracking just the slightest.

"It is no jest brother, come. They are just inside this room." Thor gestured at the door.

Gabriel pushed open the door to find Hel sitting beside a bed occupied by an unconscious young man. Another young man sat on the other side of the door while a third man straightened himself up from where he was leaning against the door with a relieved smile. Raphael was also in the room and made his way over to Gabriel.

"Father was watching over his grandsons it seems," Raphael said. "Sleipnir and Fenrir had minor wounds but Jormungandr's wound festers. But I believe that between the two of us we can draw the poison from his body."

Gabriel looked around stunned. All of his children were here and safe from further attack. Gabriel
grabbed the slim man by the door and motioned to the one sitting by the bed to come to him. He let himself feel every ounce of relief there was to be felt. "Thanks dad." Gabriel mumbled over and over as he hugged his sons closely to him.

It took a while for the Archangel to calm down but when he did he made his way over to the bed and lifted Hel from her chair giving her a hug and then sat down on the bed and brushed a gentle hand over the unconscious man's forehead. "It's going to be alright Jorm, Daddy is here."

Raphael sat on the other side of the bed. "We should both try to heal him at the same time. I think that will force the infection out. The blow was dealt by a cursed blade. The wound itself is not life threatening and even with the healing we will be doing his recovery will take time."

"Let's just do it." Gabriel said. "I don't want him in pain any longer than necessary."

"Of course." The two angels sent healing grace into the pagan and Gabriel sighed with relief as Jormungandr's breathing grew easier and he settled into a healing sleep.

Gabriel stood up as Hel came and sat down taking her brother's hand. Gabriel turned to his other two sons. "How? I was told you all died saving Hel and Freya."

"Well, it seems Fenrir was actually listening when you were teaching him." Sleipnir said grinning as his brother started to blush. "He created duplicates of us that he sent against our attackers. We were lucky that they were so busy slaughtering our doubles they did not notice our escape until almost too late. Jorm noticed and engaged the Egyptian who thought to attack us from behind. He killed the bastard but was wounded in his side."

"We realized something was wrong when he collapsed soon after our escape." Fenrir said. "It was not a serious enough wound to cause that. It took us some time to get here caring for him and watching for attack."

"What is happening? The woman with the Egyptians said that the attack was the fault of heaven. Then Thor tells us that our father is an Archangel." Sleipnir said.

"It's a long story son. The woman is a demon called Abaddon. She is a threat that we cannot ignore." Gabriel said. "Give us time to deal with her and I will answer all of your questions but yes, I am the Archangel Gabriel. Even though it is not my seed that created you, you are my children I claimed you as such. My celestial origins do not change the fact that I love all of you and will do anything to protect my children."

"Father we are grown." Sleipnir protested.

"To me you will always be the little rug rats that I tucked in at night." Gabriel said with a smile. "That is a father's prerogative."
Chapter 113

Gabriel snapped up some chairs and sat down, Raphael straightened up from checking Jorm and looked at Gabriel.

"The infection is no longer spreading, he will be fine." The healer gave his brother a slight smile. "I will leave you with your children. I believe that you have much to discuss with them." A flutter of wings and Raphael was gone.

"So kiddo, want to show me what you've got?" Gabriel asked Fenrir. "When I left you couldn't manifest a duplicate to save your life."

"I practiced all the time until I figured out how to do it. Eventually I learned how to manifest but I couldn't control them." Fenrir explained. Then I learned how to control them. I started manifesting multiple duplicates then."

"How many can you manifest?" Gabriel asked.

"The most I ever managed at the same time was five until the attack." Fenrir said. "I was hoping that you would be proud of me." The pagan continued quietly.

"I was always proud of you, of all of you." Gabriel said firmly.

"Then why did you leave?" Hel asked. "We just looked up one day and you were gone."

Gabriel seemed to deflate. "I'm not proud of that. I guess it just runs in the family. I didn't want to leave you, but it was the only way to avoid having you all dragged into the family feud that caused me to leave heaven to begin with."

"The old I left to protect you speech," Sleipnir snorted. "Yeah Pops, you did a bang up job on that score."

"Actually I did do a bang up job on it. I kept you out of the fighting between Michael and Lucifer. I kept Zachariah and Azazel from finding you and using you as weapons to drag me into the middle of things." Gabriel said. "Had either of them managed to get their hands on you, I would have done anything they demanded to keep you guys safe." Gabriel snapped his fingers producing and old parchment scroll. He tossed it to Sleipnir. "The original Book of Revelations. Read it although Michael and Lucifer appear near the end, the rest of the death and destruction in that book is all me. I was supposed to be the one to release the horsemen."

Sleipnir looked at the scroll.

"Zachariah and Azazel managed to find ways around some of the stuff, but I am the key to the final battle. I have to deliver Dad's message of final destruction before this world can be destroyed. Those two warmongers forgot that I am the messenger. You can't slip in a seraph and get the same result."

"Well that whole Apocalypse thing ended years ago and you never came back." Fenrir said.

"Believe me kiddo, if I could have; I would have." Gabriel said.

"Kali was telling the truth then?" Hel asked. "Lucifer killed you. But why didn't you come to Helheim?"
"If it had been a case of a dead vessel and injured grace, I could have. That's what would have happened had it been a simple angel blade. It was my own blade, Baby girl. My grace was destroyed bits and pieces of it scattered across the entire universe." Gabriel explained. "The only reason I'm here now is because I'm the most well-known of all the archangels except maybe Lucifer. But people haven't considered him 'angelic' for a long time now."

"You were with him earlier, why." Sleip asked. "He killed you!"

"He is also my brother. And I guess I spent enough time living with humanity that I learned how to forgive." Gabriel said.

"And I suppose I learned how to regret. I understand now the overwhelming torment in your grace, Gabriel." Lucifer said as he and Michael entered the room. "I regret now even more ending our confrontation as I did. I took you away from your children. It is a pain that all of heaven knows too well."

Sleipnir and Fenrir both moved quickly to place themselves between Jorm and Hel and the once fallen Archangel.

"There is no need to fear me. You are my family, niece and nephews." Lucifer said. "Things have changed drastically since that day. I have a feeling that our old man might not take too well to me harming his grandchildren at this point. He has his children once again joined together in a familial bond and has added several human souls to the family as Guardian angels. He has not ordered us to destroy you."

"He would smite you for the very thought Lucifer." Michael said. "He has been speaking to Joshua about his grandchildren. Joshua tells me that Father is overjoyed by the idea now. They are not nephilim, they are pagan. That seems to be acceptable."

"What are you two doing here?" Gabriel asked. "I thought the whole point of Raphael leaving was to give me some quality time with my kiddos."

"True but he also told us that Jormangandr is it? Is still weakened after being infused with grace from the both of you." Michael explained. "Lucifer and I are a bit more powerful than the two of you so we came to infuse him with our grace."

"Luci?" Gabriel asked.

"They are your children Gabriel; that is reason enough." Lucifer said. "You may have forgiven me but I still need to atone for what I have done. We angels seem to be able to turn doing penance into an art form."

"So Sam, did you ever in your wildest dreams think that we would end up on the same side?" Lilith asked as Sam continued to ignore her. "Oh come on Sam, if anyone should be holding a grudge here, it's me. After all you are the one who killed me remember?"

Sam slammed down the journal he had been trying to read on the table and looked up to pin the demon with a glare. "I did it once Lilith, I can do it again." He picked the book back up. "Besides, you and Ruby manipulated me into killing you to release Lucifer."

"The whys and wherefores really don't mean much Sam, only the end result. You killed me and I'm trying to extend the olive branch here." Lilith said. "After all you are they Boy King, second only to Lucifer himself. You do realize that when your time comes you will be a part of hell; you will run hell during Lucifer's absence. You will be as much a demon as you will be an angel. You
might as well get used to us."

"Shut up Lilith!" Sam growled. "I'm not in the mood to listen to your lies."

"You seem to tolerate Meg, and Crowley. You even seem to like Spicy." Lilith pointed out. "If you
don't believe me, ask any of them. Or better yet, ask Lucifer. He did have us all swear fealty to you
after all."

Lilith stood up and went to the door, cringing as she brushed past Castiel who was entering the
room. The seraph looked thoughtfully at the retreating demon's back before turning to Sam who
was also glaring at the door Lilith had just exited through.

"Sam you appear troubled." Castiel noted. "Unlike Dean you appear to find comfort in discussing
your concerns. Would you like to do so?"

"Cas, you would never lie to me or Dean, right?" Sam asked.

"I would never tell you an untruth or neglect to answer a question you have asked although I
perhaps would not volunteer information that I understood to be harmful." Castiel said.

"Okay and if I spoke to you about something and asked you to keep it to yourself." Sam started.

"I would not betray your confidence Sam." Castiel said. "I would put your mind at ease Sam. You
are my friend; I believe that I can even go so far as to say that you are my family. I would do
nothing to cause you harm."

"Lilith just told me something about me being the Boy King and I realized that I really don't have a
clue what that means." Sam said. "If she's telling the truth, I'm going to hell."

Castiel appeared to squirm a bit. "You will not be consigned to hell Sam but you will be required to
spend some amount of time there, yes. But the time that you do not spend in hell will be spent in
heaven. You are equally claimed by both Sam, much like Lucifer."

"So I'm part demon." Sam said.

"I am sorry Sam, but yes. There is a part of your soul that is demonic. It has been there since you
were an infant, a result of the demon blood that you were fed. But that is a small part of your soul.
The greater part of your soul is bright and pure. I believe it was the purity of that part of your soul
that moved Gabriel to act and to ultimately sacrifice himself for you. Even with the evil taint
within you, you still strive to do good, to do the right thing. I believe that this is why our father has
directly spoken to you and even blessed you with gifts from his hand." Castiel gestured toward the
journal Sam was reading. "Do not think of yourself as evil or unworthy Sam Winchester, our father
doesn't."
"Sam, have you figured out how to recreate the Colt yet?" Dean asked. The hunter frowned as Sam continued staring at the page he had been staring at for the last 15 minutes.

"Is that journal really that interesting?" Dean asked. The hunter let out a loud sigh as Sam continued staring at the page.

"Sam Winchester cries his way through sex." Nothing. Dean crossed his arms. "Sam. Sam. SAM!"

Sam jumped startled. "Uh what?"

"Really Sam?" Dean said. What did you find the meaning of life in that book or are you just lost in LA LA Land?"

"Sorry," Sam stood up. "I think I'll go do to the gun room, and do some target practice." Sam turned and walked out of the room.

"Son of a bitch!" Dean had actually taken a step to follow is brother when he found himself face to face with Castiel. "Cas."

"Hello Dean." Cas said.

"Look Cas I need to check on Sammy. Something is wrong with him." Dean said as he tried to sidestep around the angel.

"Perhaps you should allow Sam to have a bit of 'personal space' Dean." Castiel said catching Dean's attention. "Sam has a lot on his mind right now."

"I know he has something on his mind. That's why I need to check on him." Dean said.

"He simply needs time Dean." Cas insisted.

Dean stopped and looked at Cas, "You know something. What's wrong with Sam?"

"If Sam wishes you to know he will tell you Dean." Castiel said.

"You know, so you can tell me." Dean insisted.

"To do so would betray Sam's confidence, if Sam wishes others to know, it is for him to tell them." Castiel said.

"Whoa Cas, we know how well Sam keeping shit from me has worked out in the past." Dean argued.

"Be that as it may, I made a promise to keep our discussion confidential." Castiel said. "Sam is an adult Dean he has the right to choose what he wishes to share with others and deserves to have his wishes respected. It is no more than what you would expect of me given the same circumstances."

Dean opened his mouth, started to speak and then thought better of it. "Okay you're right if I told you something and asked you to keep it to yourself; I'd expect you to keep it to yourself." Dean huffed. "But if Sam gets into trouble..."

"Dean, If Sam wants you to know, he will tell you." Castiel said.
Freya was sitting beside the bed when Jormungandr woke up. She smiled as she patted her grandson's hand. "How are you feeling Jorm?"

"Uh fine." He said sitting up and looking around at the strange room he was in. "Where are we? This isn't home."

"No it's a bunker that belongs to the vessels of the Archangels Michael and Lucifer." Freya placed a comforting hand on the pagans shoulder as he started to spring up from the bed. "We're perfectly safe here. Things are quite different than you think they are. The Archangels are our allies now."

"I was dreaming of Archangels. Then I started dreaming about Father." Jorm said as he swung his legs over the side of the bed.

"Of course you did. He's been sitting at your bedside worried about you." Freya said. "He would be here now but plans are being made to avenge ourselves against the demon that attacked us. Your father was needed for that since he is more than just Loki. Your sister and brothers already know your father is the Archangel Gabriel."

"Father is the one God's messenger?" Jorm asked shocked.

"Yes and because of his status as one of the highest of angels, I understand that the one God now sees you as his grandchildren." Freya said. "And the other archangels all helped to heal you, even Lucifer."

"Wow things are different." Jorm said as he stood up. "Where has Father been? Why has he avoided us?"

"You father fell at the Elysian along with your grandfather and your uncle. Lucifer killed him but the unrest we all sensed from the celestials recently brought him back. He has been making up for lost time. Come, he will be overjoyed to see you with your eyes open and lucid." Freya led the way to the conference room. When they reached the door she opened it and motioned Jorm through.

Sif was speaking. "The Loki that I knew would not hesitate to find and use a foe's greatest weakness against them and yet I sense hesitation on your part. Your enemy has not refrained from using your greatest weakness against you."

"There are some things that we hold sacred; one of the most sacred is the memory of our lost brothers and sisters." Michael said tightly.

"Why does this matter?" Sif asked. "Loki, Gabriel; she attacked your children. The instinct to protect one's child is universal among all creatures both natural and supernatural; do your children mean so little to you?"

"Sif, you overstep your bounds." Thor growled. "There has never been any doubt of Loki's love for them. He left us to protect them from being used as pawns in the Apocalypse. For a millennium he denied himself any contact with them for their safety. Do not question his desire to protect them."

"This demon is not simply a demon." Lucifer said. "She is the offspring of a lost brother, a nephilim that survived the cleansing. The fault was mine for giving her sanctuary. Even the host can see their mistakes in hindsight pagan."

"So basically in a weird way, she is our cousin." Fenrir said.

"Humans would put some sort of qualification on it like 'by adoption', but yes there is an
acknowledged familial connection." Sam said. "I know you guys are kind of unsettled with everything that is happening in heaven but this might just be a case of having to let someone go. Your words Gabriel."

"I know that I rarely contribute to strategy," Raphael spoke up, "But I believe that I can give counsel to you speaking as a healer. There are diseases that will invade a body and destroy that body if left unchecked. There is no cure for these diseases they will spread and kill the entire body and you are left with only one option to save the greater part of the body. The disease must be excised. If you come to this decision quickly you only need remove a small piece of tissue but if you wait too long, amputation of a limb will be required."

Michael let out a long sigh and leaned back in his chair. "I see the wisdom in your words Raphael, but do we truly wish to tarnish his memory in this manner?"

"Raphael is not alone in believing this to be the only option." Castiel spoke up.

"Cassie is agreeing with Raphael?" Balthazar sputtered. "Not only is that a miracle, I think it proves the point."

"You're all missing one small point." Gabriel finally spoke up. "Even with Luci and I working together to manifest a duplicate, we are talking about an angel and one of the most powerful of Seraphs next to Azazel. There's no way we could keep it up long enough to convince her."

"Not to mention the fact that it's going to take all our energy to even manifest him. I'd have to leave my army leaderless." Lucifer said.

Sam grimaced as Castiel looked pointedly at him. "Dammit! Uh, you don't have to do that Lucifer. I'll still be here." Lucifer gave Sam a look of stunned surprise. "Isn't that a part of me being the 'Boy King'?"

"Well yes, but it was not my intention to push you into taking your place before you are comfortable with it." Lucifer said.

"I think we could wait until time comes to an end and I would never be comfortable with it." Sam said. "But one thing we Winchesters have never done is backed down from doing what needs to be done."

"No you haven't." Lucifer said.

"Father, Fenrir and I have learned how to combine our powers when he makes duplicates so I think that we could help." Jorm said quietly from his spot by the door.

"Jorm!" Gabriel snapped himself to his son's side and wrapped him a hug.
"So Sammy, when were you going to tell me about all this Boy King business?" Dean rounded on Sam as soon as they were out of earshot of the others.

"I don't know, maybe never." Sam shot back. "I don't need to deal with you going off over it on top of everything else. I already knew how you were going to react."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Dean commanded.

"Just another one of Little Sammy's fuck ups. Another thing for you to throw in my face when you feel like you have to remind me that I can't do anything right." Sam said. "Do you realize how old that has gotten Dean?"

"Whoa Sam, I'm your big brother, it's my job to look out for you." Dean said. "So yeah I guess I do let you know when you screw up."

"Dean you don't let me know when I screw up. You beat me over the head with every mistake that I have ever made. Don't you think I've been beaten up enough over this crap?" Sam said.

"I have to keep you fucking up your life!" Dean countered.

"Really Dean?" Sam asked. "Sometimes you act like I chose to be Lucifer's vessel; I chose to grow up with angels and Demons manipulating me almost from the time I was born. You know I listened when Pastor Jim gave his sermons. I prayed because I believed and it was a waste of time because all I was to them was the boy with the demon blood, Lucifer's vessel, an abomination."

Sam stepped up to Dean right in his face. "You spend your entire life basically telling God to kiss your ass and you're heaven's golden boy. From the time you came back from hell, you had Cas on your shoulder making everything right, building you up as the one to save mankind. And when it came down to it, you didn't do anything. You weren't Michael's vessel; Adam was the one to say yes. How did the Apocalypse end again?"

"Sam,"

"I was the one who jumped in the pit Dean and what did I get for my trouble? A year running around with no soul doing shit that it would never cross my mind to do. Then I lose my marbles and have Lucifer running around in my mind. And who ended up almost dying doing the trials?"

"Sam that wasn't supposed to be you." Dean said.

"Well it was!" Sam punched the wall next to Dean's head. "And now I find out no matter what I do, no matter how many sacrifices I make; I'm still destined for hell. So I really don't give a damn about you keeping me from fucking up my life. My life was fucked up from the moment I was born. So yeah I didn't plan to tell you, in case you haven't figured it out yet, there's not Jack Squat you can do to keep me from fucking up my life." Sam turned and stalked down the hallway.

"Well I'd say you handled that in true Winchester fashion. Get on the wrong side of your brother. Come to think of it that's what we used to call true Michael fashion. He always took every opportunity to point out Luci's shortcomings. Eventually Lucifer ran out of I forgive yous."

Balthazar said as he leaned again the wall and sipped from a glass of wine. "Young Samuel has a right to be pissed, you know? Father knows he's been handed one shitty deal after another and in all this time he's never lost faith. I suppose that is why Father abandoned his Apocalypse plan."
"What are you yapping about?" Dean asked.

"Samuel Winchester, Boy King of Hell." Balthazar said. "Hell does have a purpose you know? It was always supposed to be a realm of atonement. When Luci fell its purpose was twisted. The demons made sure that Sam was born as its king but Sam tossed a spanner in the works. Father trusts Sam, more than he does you at this point. It seems Sam is becoming the Righteous Man by default."

Michael appeared next to Balthazar as he watched Dean stomp off down the hall. "Balthazar, why did you tell Dean such an untruth? Dean is the Righteous Man."

"I think I'll just call it a small interest payment on the large backlog of prayers unanswered." Balthazar said. "Sam deserves something for all his years of unanswered prayers and if knocking Dean Winchester off of his high horse gets him to stop acting like you; I'll consider it interest well spent. Or would you rather this continues until Sam finally pulls a Lucifer and snaps?" Balthazar disappeared leaving Michael stunned by the Seraph's nerve.

"So we are going to use her father against her?" Hel said appalled.

Gabriel placed his hands on Hel's shoulders. "I know you don't like this baby girl, but Samael is her only weakness, the only being that she ever loved or listened to. And Samael loved her just as much as I love you. Maybe we can reason with her using him."

"Samael was our brother; he was well respected by all of us even during the cleansing." Lucifer said. "None of us want to tarnish his memory. We will take care in how he appears."

"You're being very careful about this." Sleip spoke up. "Are you sure you're our Dad? I still remember when Hermes came courting Hel."

Fenrir burst out laughing. "How embarrassing for the fleet of foot messenger of Zeus, caught by a Norse trickster!"

"At least we know now why you were faster than him." Jorm said. "Wonder if he ever managed to get that tattoo off of his back?"

"And what pray tell did you tattoo on his back little brother?" Lucifer asked.

"Oh nothing much. Just an 800 number and the logo 'Say it with flowers'." Gabriel said. "Then I showed him his future as the FTD Florist logo."

"That's not that bad." Lucifer said. "I was expecting something truly horrid."

"He did it in hot pink fluorescent glow in the dark ink if that helps." Fenrir said. "Everywhere Hermes went he had to explain that not only did he not get the girl, the girl's father a certain vertically challenged Norse Trickster with a cosmic sized sweet tooth ran him down after a good 5 minute head start, held him down and then inked that on him."

"Lost his job, lost his dignity. Last I heard he had retreated to a cave somewhere on the top of Mt Parnassus and become a hermit." Jorm added.

"Well I did tell him my little girl was off limits! Some two bit little messenger of Zeus was nowhere near good enough for her." Gabriel said.

"Dad, in your opinion, no one is good enough for Hel." Fenrir said.
"Gabriel! You're a crotchety middle aged man!" Lucifer laughed. "And here I always accused Michael of that!"

"I am not! You take that back!" Gabriel pouted.

Raphael appeared in the room. "Is everything under control in here?"

"Everything is fine. Our father is just acting like a three year old." Sleip snorted. "Again."

"There's your old man. I swear how are you even my child?" Gabriel said as he ruffled his son's hair affectionately. "I must have slipped up and put prune juice and Geritol in your bottle."

Raphael rolled his eyes. "The Demon Meg and that 'creature' have arrived as you ordered Lucifer. Should I find Sam?"

"If you wouldn't mind. Just have them come down here." Lucifer said. "Send down the others when they arrive. I only want to give this order once."

Abaddon looked at the bodies scattered around on the ground. She did not fool herself into thinking that this was a battle. This small squad of angels was nothing. What were those Archangels thinking? The fact that she had a pregnant human about to give birth should have brought garrisons down from heaven.

They sent just enough to distract her long enough to snatch the woman and then retreated. She was not able to do much damage to the angelic host. Abaddon had thought she had planned well. Michael was not reacting as expected. She couldn't win this war by killing a random angel here and there. Especially when those few kills came at the cost of losing a demon or two here or there. Heaven had a much greater force than she did and since Lucifer was once again firmly in control of hell She had to guard against two attacks. She needed to retreat and reconsider her plans.
Alistair was the last to arrive. He entered the room and looked around. "Well isn't this special? The Big King and the Boy King and Sam isn't trying to kill or exorcise anyone." He noticed the pagans in the room laughing as Lucifer told them a story. "Even more impressive is the fact that Lucifer is surrounded by pagans and they're all in one piece, while he tells them bedtime stories."

"Hold your tongue Alistair. They are our allies." Lucifer pointed out.

"Just go with it Alistair," Meg said. "They're one big happy fucked up family. You tree tops were really messed up back in the day. No wonder Castiel belongs on the short bus half the time." She said affectionately.

"Careful Meg," Lilith warned. "Or we might get the idea that you like that angel."

"Castiel is okay for a dork from heaven." Meg said. "You guys weren't around to witness 'I am your new god' phase. He made a deal with Crowley then broke it; released the Leviathans and broke a Winchester. He accomplished more than we ever did."

"And he started reciting poetry to you." Sam pointed out. "What was that he called you? His thorny beauty?"

"Okay enough fun and games." Gabriel said. "Can we get to the point here? Abaddon is still out there and I'd like to take care of the bitch before the next millennium."

"I agree. The sooner she is dead or otherwise neutralized, the sooner we can begin to rebuild what she has destroyed." Thor said.

"So I take it we have a plan sugar?" Spicy asked Lucifer.

"Yes we have a plan." Lucifer agreed. "Abaddon has proven she will go for the jugular with her attack on the pagans home considering their unique 'ties' with heaven. We will now return the favor."

"Return the favor?" Alistair asked. "She doesn't exactly have a secret family tucked away in hiding you can attack."

"Nope, but we do know her one weak spot." Gabriel said. "And we're going to use it against the bitch."

"Her only weak spot is long dead." Lilith noted. "Or have you suddenly gained the power to bring an angel back into being?"

"Not an angel but a fair facsimile of one." Gabriel grinned. "It won't be easy and it is something that will take a massive amount of power, but it can be done."

"You're going to manifest Samael." Alistair whistled. "Ambitious, even for Archangels. And dangerously close to the ultimate blasphemy of putting yourself in God's place."

"He is paying full attention to what happens here. He knows what we plan." Lucifer said. "If he had a problem with it, we would know."

"So you're going to manifest Samael, that doesn't explain why you dragged everyone here." Meg
"I dragged you all here for one purpose to tell you in no uncertain terms that you bend to Sam's authority." Lucifer said.

"You want us to follow him into battle?" Lilith asked. "It's one thing to follow his dictates in hell quite another when our lives are on the line."

"Sam Winchester is an untied boy." Alistair spat.

Sam stood up from his chair and stepped close enough to the demon to make him take a step back. "Tell me Alistair, who killed you? And how about you Lilith? Who sent you on your merry little way?"

"Hey, I'm good with it. I've worked with Sam and Dean in the past and I've learned not to underestimate either one of the Winchesters alone much less together." Meg said. "And I can promise you Dean isn't going to let Sam out of his sight; so both Winchesters are going to be doing what they have always done, kick ass and take names."

Spicy stood up. "Well Sugar it looks like I'm your personal assistant for the duration. I'll head downstairs and pass the word." The demon winked at Sam before she disappeared.

"Hey! Wait, hold on a minute! What do you think you're doing?" Dean demanded as Raphael laid the heavily bleeding, extremely pregnant woman down. "That's my bed!"

"Then you can take pride in the fact that you allowed her its use." Raphael said. "It happens to be the only suitable surface to use in attempting to save her life and the life of her unborn child." Raphael said tersely.

"Who is she?" Dean asked.

"She is the woman that Abaddon had captured and the only human survivor of the encounter." Raphael explained. "From what Zachariah has surmised Abaddon intended for it to be a slaughter. As it was Verchiel was able to secure the woman gravely injured but she still draws breath and the child is viable. Should you wish to know more you should inquiere of Michael and leave me to do my job." Raphael quickly poked Dean in the forehead and he found himself standing next to Michael and facing the dickiest of all dicks, Zachariah.

"There was a significant loss of angelic life, we lost half of the detail but the ratio of loss was acceptable; Abaddon's 3.72 to our 1. I also noted she had an extremely large force in place." Zachariah said. "It's my opinion that she expected you to send in our heavy hitters. I believe this is why she had the humans with her. She slaughtered the males first and then attacked the pregnant female after the fight was already engaged. I believe she meant to draw out any Archangel in the vicinity."

"It would appear that Sif made a valid point then, Abaddon is willing to sink to pit of hell levels in her strategy against us." Michael noted. "Were you able to keep track of her?"

"Unfortunately no, but I have found her once; finding her again should be easier." Zachariah said.

"It will be." Michael said. "Lucifer and Gabriel have a plan to drawn her out and strike at her weak spot. Once implemented, she should come running quickly. I want to know immediately when she surfaces so that we can crush her immediately."
"I will make that my priority." Zachariah said. "As for the other reports the Hindu Pantheon seems to be gearing for war but has sent assurance after assurance that they do not intend to take up arms against us and that it is a defensive measure only. I believe we can accept their assurances as truth. There is after all a previous connection between our messenger and the goddess of destruction."

"Kali believes she is a target after all this time? From my understanding other than a brief contact during the 'Apocalyptic Era'; there had been no contact between Loki and Kale for over 10 centuries." Michael said.

"Yeah well, Gabriel did save her from Lucifer back at the Elysian." Dean butted in. Zachariah immediately made a face like he smelled something unpleasant.

"Zachariah, your methods were rather heavy handed. Dean, Zachariah is a valued and respected officer of Heaven's army." Michael scolded the two. "So you boys are just going to have to play nice."

"With your permission?" Zachariah said tightly to Michael. "I have my orders."

"Very well, return to your post and update me as needed." Michael watched the seraph vanish then turned to Dean. "You don't think shoving an angel blade through his face was payment enough for his transgressions against you?"

"And if someone was to torture Lucifer and Gabriel to force your cooperation, how would you feel about it?" Dean asked.


"I would, but I think you had them all wiped out the other day." Dena said so I think you can see my point."

"True, but nobody needed the Egyptians for any reason, we do need Zachariah. So play nice Dean." Michael said.
"So had enough of solitary confinement Metatron?" Lucifer asked.

"I heard Jody and Sif talking, is it true? Are you and Gabriel going to dishonor the memory of Samael by making some damned carbon copy of him?" Metatron asked as he paced in his cell.

"We don't intend to sully his memory, but Samael is the only being in creation that ever had any influence over Abaddon." Lucifer said. "It is an option of last resort; we have simply decided not to wait until our backs are against the wall."

"It's no option at all; it's an insult, to both Samael and to me." Metatron said. "Have you forgotten who I am?"

"Not hardly." Lucifer snorted. "And considering your crime against the host, I wouldn't be too quick to go reminding us of exactly who you are."

"As dense as you ever were, it seems." Metatron said. "Father wanted me out of the cage for a reason. Now I know what that reason is."

"And what would that reason be?" Lucifer asked. "Don't forget it's not father that brought you back, Gabriel and I brought you back."

"Using pagan magic, yes I remember." Metatron said. "Do you think he couldn't have stopped you or even release your little 'hold' over me? He can bring back angels and demons; he can put the two of you in your place quick enough."

"You still haven't enlightened me as to why you think he wanted you brought back." Lucifer growled.

"Because you idiot, I can help you bring back the real Samael!"

"Do you think he can do it Lucifer? He's just a glorified secretary." Michael said.

"He managed to toss all the angels out of heaven." Dean said. "I think that makes him a little bit more than 'just a glorified secretary'."

"Come on. Metatron is a weak little bookworm but we all know that Dad told him things that he didn't tell us. I sure as hell didn't know about a spell to cast down angels and lock down heaven, did you?" Gabriel asked staring at his brothers. "So as much as it makes me want to toss my cookies, I have to agree with Dean. He's way past glorified secretary."

"Our father has brought me back more than once." Castiel spoke. "He also obviously made some arrangement meant to bring Gabriel and Raphael back. I do not think we can discount the possibility that Metatron knows Father's methods."

"Great, another winged douche nozzle I have to put up with." Dean grumbled.

"So if he can bring back the real Samael, can we be sure he would be on our side?" Sam asked.

"Samael, like Gabriel was a bit of a pacifist." Michael said. "Don't get me wrong, his skills as a warrior were exceptional, he simply disliked using them. You had to give him a good enough
"We're talking about killing Abaddon you know?" Gabriel said. "Am I the only one who has figured that out? Can anyone here think of a better way to get him to use those exceptional skills against us?"

"He tried very hard to keep the peace before." Michael pointed out.

"That was before Reziel put an angel blade through his throat when you were supposed to be under a truce." Gabriel pointed out. "I don't know why you even brought him with you Michael. We all knew he was unstable. You know maybe we could have avoided this whole road to the Apocalypse thing if you had just left him at home."

"Samael wasn't his target that day." Lucifer pointed out.

"Yeah we all know that. It doesn't change the fact that Abaddon has always blamed us for his death." Gabriel said. "And now that you have seemingly forgiven her father's 'murderers', you're right on that shit list with us. Bringing the real Samael back isn't going to make her back down."

"So what do you suggest Gabriel?" Michael asked.

"I suggest we stick to the plan we already have. Even if he does know how to bring Samael back, bringing him back won't help." Gabriel insisted.

Michael scrubbed a hand across his face. "So what about everyone else?"

"We can't guarantee he won't side with her." Dean said. "Why are we even considering bringing back someone who might make her more powerful when we can do it ourselves without the risk?"

"Sam?" Michael asked.

The younger Winchester let out a breath. "I don't trust Metatron, after the whole trial thing and what happened not just to me but to you guys; well I think we'd be fools to listen to anything he suggests."

"You're probably right. The risk isn't worth it." Michael looked at Lucifer. "We go with the original plan and after this is over, then maybe."

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Kali stood in front of the Taj Mahal. She had been there for quite some time, doing her best to avoid Shiva. To say he was angry with her would be an understatement.

"Kali,"

The goddess turned to find the god Vishnu standing beside her. "Your absence has been noted. Shiva is angered yes, but that does not mean your welfare is not important to him. He demands you return to his side."

"Why? He has made it clear that my sin is unforgivable." Kali said. "And he is right; I have brought destruction to us."

"Because you chose to gallivant around with the northerners?" Vishnu asked. "First Loki and then Baldur? You made foolish choices, but no more than anyone else has."

"My foolish choices threaten us now. Had I never involved myself with Loki, Abaddon would not be a threat now." Kali said.
"You torment yourself for no reason Kali. In the immortal words of Aaron Neville, everybody plays the fool sometime." Vishnu said. "And our last envoy to the celestials assured Shiva that they understand our motive is to defend ourselves against Abaddon."

"There is that at least." Kali said. "I am surprised Lucifer does not insist they destroy us next."

"Brahma made the journey." Vishnu said. "He found this Zachariah, to be intelligent, if a bit arrogant."

"So now we wait to see if Abaddon attacks us over a brief fling." Kali said.

"Brief, but no less important for its brevity." Vishnu said.

"Sam, Spicy will keep you apprised of what is going on in hell itself." Lucifer said. "Meg will make sure your orders on the battlefield are followed."

"This is still weird." Sam said. "I'm getting ready to lead demons into battle instead of battle against them."

"It is surreal." Lucifer agreed. "There is one more thing we need to do before Gabriel and I do this manifestation. You know how to fight like a hunter, but leading an army is different. You're going to need a different know how for that."

Sam didn't flinch when Lucifer reached out with two fingers although he did screw his eyes shut. Lucifer quickly pressed two fingers against his temple Sam steeled himself for... something. Sam opened his eyes and relaxed.

"What just happened?" Sam was confused.

"I just loosened a few of my memories that are lodged in your brain from our time together." Lucifer said. Don't worry they won't take over your sanity. Just enough to help you with strategy on the battlefield." Lucifer made his way to the door and stopped. Turned he smiled at the hunter. "Good luck Sam."
"Okay your hotness, I mean highness; time for you to address your subjects." Spicy said as she entered the kitchen where Sam, Dean and the other humans were eating lunch. "We have to get you ready to face your troops. If you're going to lead them on the battlefield you first need to make a showing in hell." She turned toward the timid little demon standing behind her. "Well get to work! Our boy King needs to look every inch the majestic ruler that he is."

"What?!" Sam found himself dragged out of his seat while the little demon produced a tape measure and began taking measurements, undeterred by Sam hands trying to bat him away. "Spicy what the hell?"

"Oh, he's Crowley's old tailor." Spicy said as she perched on the counter and pulled out an emery board and began attending to her nails. "Sold his soul to become a world famous designer. His menswear designs were all the rage in 18th century Europe. Being Crowley's own tailor he was allowed to hang around up here for years." Spicy blew a bit of dust from her nails. "Don't worry. He's up on all the latest fashions."

Sam was now in a tug of war over his shirt as the little demon was trying to drag it from his body. "Stop it!" Sam growled as the fabric slipped through his fingers.

"Oh Sam you've got nothing at all to be embarrassed about! As the old saying goes, if you've got it flaunt it! And you have certainly got a body worth flaunting!"

"I'll say!" Jody piped up causing Sam to squeak in embarrassment while Dean roared with laughter.

Spicy turned to the older Winchester. "Don't laugh Dean Winchester. I've already been warned that you won't let Sam go to hell without you. Can't have you making the king look bad. Your turn is coming up next."

"What do you mean my turn is coming up next?" Dean squawked.

"Well now we are not going to go through all the trouble of making Sam GQ ready and let you stand up on stage next to him looking like that! Sorry nouveau grunge is not in vogue." Spicy waved a hand in dismissal at Dean's clothes. "We can't have the Boy King of Hell looking fierce and the Righteous Man looking like he escaped from a Nirvana video. Kurt Cobain would shit a brick!"

Gabriel and Lucifer had picked out a room in the subbasement of the bunker that they felt would fit their needs and were just finishing up some very powerful warding. Gabriel snapped his fingers and two comfortable couches appeared.

"We may as well be comfortable right?" Gabriel said as he plopped down and bounced on the padded surface like a little kid.

"Tell me why you were so dead set against Metatron's suggestion?" Lucifer asked as he sprawled on the opposite couch. "Do you really think Samael would be so quick to turn against us?"

"I know he would Luci." Gabriel said. "If it was me being brought back and you were threatening my child, I would do whatever I had to do to protect her. We can't hope that Samael would see the flaw in his child. None of the Gregori could see the flaws in them."
"Maybe I'm getting senile, but I'm sure you were arguing for tolerance back in the day." Lucifer said.

"Yeah, I did preach tolerance didn't I, and she was one of those I advocated tolerance for." Gabriel agreed. "But only because up until then she was innocent of any wrongdoing. I simply thought that we should wait until they did something to deserve destruction."

Gabriel rearranged a pillow behind his back squirming around for a few moments. "She's the last one and well I guess Dad knew what he was doing since she has gone off the rails now too. The question is was she always going to go off the rails or did we push her off?"

"Winchesters rubbing off on you?" Lucifer asked. "Don't go there Gabriel. She would have derailed all on her own eventually. I should have accepted that instead of thinking I could keep her straight."

"And you say they are rubbing off on me?" Gabriel snorted. "Maybe if you hadn't ended up in the cage. Maybe we all screwed up, now all we can do is take the steps to fix it."

"I know little brother. And then we just figure out how to deal." Lucifer said. "But right now we have to do what we can to fix it."

Spicy grinned as a demon ushered Sam and Dean into her office bowing a scraping in an effort to amass brownie points from Hell's Boy King while Dean just looked disgusted at the display.

"Sam, Dean; welcome. You can change in Sam's Office." Spicy said. "You outfits were just delivered."

"Wait Sam has an office?" Dean asked.

Spicy turned and started walking down a carpeted hall. "Corner office with a view. Lucifer said he wanted Sam to be comfortable while he's here." Spicy said stopping in front of a door with a gold plate that read:

"S. Winchester Esq"

Smirking she opened the door. The office was huge with two glass walls overlooking what looked like a green plaza with a large fountain in the middle. A huge modern chrome and glass desk dominated the room.

"Damn!" Dean exclaimed. "Dude, this place puts the oval office to shame!"

"Uh, it's kind of douchey." Sam said looking around.

"Well this is hell." Spicy said. She walked over to a brass coat tree and took down two garment bags handing on to Sam and the other to Dean. "Private washroom through here." She said opening a door to reveal a large complete bathroom then went to another door and opened it. "And a large combination walk-in closet/file room. You can change in the closet Dean."

Sam shrugged and disappeared into the bathroom with his garment bag while Dean frowned and went into the closet. Dean Changed and took a few moments to check his reflection in the full length mirror on the back of the door. He had to admit the suit fit well and was much more comfortable than the off the rack Kmart special he had bought off the clearance rack.

Checking his reflection one last time he opened the door. "Hey Sammy! I could get used to this."
Dean said looking up at Sam.

"Son of a bitch! Oh hell no!" Sam was dressed all in white in a suit that Dean knew all too well."

"Dean?" Sam frowned. "What?"

"Not that suit Sammy." Dean said memories of a dead world where the Croatoan virus was a global epidemic; Cas was a drugged out human and Dean was willing to sacrifice all of his friends (the few that had survived) and Lucifer had appeared to gloat wearing that very suit.
"Dean, what's wrong with you?" Sam asked as he looked at his reflection mirrored in the window. "It's a nice suit."

"No it isn't dammit! I've seen you in that suit before. Well not you, but Lucifer wearing you." Dean said. "When Zachariah sent me into the future to show me what was going to happen if I didn't say yes to Michael."

"You're talking about that future when Cas was a crack head? That didn't happen Dean, none of it happened." Sam said.

"Maybe not in this timeline, but somewhere Lucifer is wearing you for a meat suit and he's wearing that same suit." Dean said. "And the son of a bitch killed me!"

"Of course Lucifer is wearing that suit in another timeline, why do you think I ordered it made for our Sam?" Spicy said as she entered the room wearing a severe looking black pencil skirt paired with a blood red blazer. "He needs to look the part after all. The goal here is to get the demons in line Dean. Your delicate sensibilities don't enter into that equation. To be honest, having you here is a courtesy; you add nothing to the gathering."

"You want him to look the part, give him a damned pitchfork!" Dean yelled.

Spicy walked over to where Dean stood and got in his face. "Look Winchester, you're on my turf now. This is hell and I have my orders. My orders are to do whatever is necessary to assist Sam right now. In case you haven't realized it, Sam is alive. He's human, and he is about to lead the armies of hell into battle. While all of us in Lucifer's inner circle are loyal to him, those demons out there only see a human and a Winchester at that. We have to gain their loyalty right here and right now."

"Demons don't have loyalty." Dean argued.

"Scare them badly enough and they do." Spicy said. "The only way this works is if those demons out there are more terrified of Sam than they are of Abaddon. Or would you rather have them defect to Abaddon on the battlefield?" Spicy paused while dean gaped at her. "No? Then shut up, put on your big boy drawers and let me do my job!"

Sam sighed. "Can we get on with this, without the arguing?"

"Of course, sugar." Spicy said as she adjusted Sam's tie. "I need to brief you. Now Alistair and Lilith will be at your side. There's not a demon out there that doesn't crap themselves at the thought of those two. Having them at your back will send a clear message. That will take care of the majority but there could still be a few dissenters. You will have to handle them yourself."

"And how am I supposed to do that being I'm human?" Sam asked.

"Well aren't you the one who can exorcise demons with your mind and kill them?" Spicy asked.

"When I was hopped up on demon blood, yeah." Sam said. "You want to volunteer to donate?"

"Sam, the demon blood was just a crutch. And Lucifer fed you a lot of his grace to save your life after your misguided attempt to seal the gates of hell. You don't need demon blood to do that. Those lesser demons are child's play for you." Spicy said.
"You're Sam can exorcise demons?" Dean butted in. "So why are we going through all this planning and going to war crap?"

"Abaddon is a hell knight for one and Sam can't exorcise her entire army. The Archangels could smite all those demons at once if they combined their powers and this whole situation would be over." Spicy said. "But that would mean destroying everything God had ever created including themselves. You really have to learn Dean; sometimes the atom bomb is not the best weapon to use. We are going through all this war crap because we all would like to survive this with the least destruction possible."

Raphael handed the infant to Benny. "Jody Mills once had a son. Prevail upon her to care for the infant until this is over and Sam and Dean Winchester return. Let her know the host will provide what she needs."

"Is there some reason you specifically mentioned Sam and Dean?" The vampire asked.

"The child is of their blood. I do not believe Abaddon's choice of victim was random." Raphael said. "Like her attack on Asgard, this was done with a purpose."

"So this kid is related to them?" Benny asked.

"A distant relation, but this child has Winchester blood flowing through her veins. That makes her a legacy and the responsibility of the Winchesters as Men of Letters." Raphael responded.

Benny bounced the little girl lightly in his arms as she began to fuss. "Well I'm Looking forward to seeing the looks on their faces when they find out they have a little girl to raise."

Raphael snapped up a bottle and handed it to the vampire. Benny slipped the nipple into the baby's mouth easily and chuckled at the look on Raphael's face. "I wasn't always a vampire you know. I had a little experience being daddy." Benny looked over toward the bed where a body lay covered by a sheet. "What about her?"

"I will see to it." Raphael said. "I have already blessed her so she cannot be raised. I will see to the disposal of her body."

Fenrir, Jormungandr, Sleipnir and Hel had made their way to the room where Gabriel and Lucifer had taken over to manifest Samael's body.

Hel spoke up. "Sleip and I will watch over you in shifts. I'm not sure how much risk there will be to you since it sounds as if you will be fully focused on your task but should any danger approach we will stand guard."

"Thanks kiddos." Gabriel said. "It's not that we'll be helpless, but manifesting a copy good enough to fool her will take all of our concentration."

"Should you sense danger, see to your brothers first." Lucifer ordered. "Abaddon would attack them first before going after either one of us."

"We won't be as deeply focused as the two of you." Jorm explained. "Only one of us needs to focus on combining our powers at a time. The other can keep watch also and raise the alarm if she seeks to attack."

"The odds of attack are very low." Castiel said. "Lucifer and Gabriel have placed powerful warding
on this room and there is a detail of angels also keeping watch." The seraph turned to Lucifer. "Meg wanted me to let you know that Sam has just taken his place on your throne. Alistair and Lilith stand with him."

Gabriel looked at Lucifer. "Well I guess it's up to Sam now to take them in hand. We do our thing, and then all we'll need is for Zach to pinpoint her location."

"And the final nephilim will be destroyed." Lucifer said.
Chapter 120

Sam led the way out onto the stage and sprawled on Lucifer's red velvet throne. Alistair and Lilith positioned themselves on each side of the throne while a demon followed Dean out with a chair that it placed to the side of the stage.

Spicy glanced around at the beings on the stage before stepping up to the microphone. "Okay, listen up. You are all aware that Our King, Lucifer has returned and taken power. Most of you are aware that he has implemented changes. One of things he has done is to insure that there will be no more infighting among us. There is now a clearly defined hierarchy in hell."

"And what is this hierarchy? I don't see Lucifer before us." A demon yelled. "I see a Winchester."

"No you see Lucifer's vessel, the chosen one born to walk in our king's footsteps and given authority over you." Spicy said. "Sam Winchester is second in authority only to Lucifer. His orders are to be obeyed as you would obey Lucifer's. That is why we are here; you all need to understand that."

"Obey a human?" The demon snorted. "When Lucifer walks in his body I will obey, until then he's just another human."

Lilith took a step forward "You will obey him as I obey him, as Alistair obeys him. Sam Winchester will lead us into battle against Abaddon as Lucifer's representative."

"We have all heard how scary you are supposed to be. Lilith the first demon, wrought by Lucifer himself and you bow to a human. And Alistair there was a time when we feared being delivered to your rack. I begin to think it was all talk." The demon said.

Sam stood up from his seat. "I've been told that demons only give their loyalty to those they are afraid of. You obviously are not afraid of me."

"What's there to be afraid of? Ruby lead you around by the nose and that slut was nothing." The demon spat.

Sam glared at the demon. "Maybe I just need to give you something to be afraid of then."

"He is beneath your notice." Alistair said taking a step forward. "I can straighten him out with no effort at all. You should not concern yourself with trivialities like him."

"No Alistair, I should. If you deal with him they will fear you and continue to think they can ignore me." Sam said. They need to learn that none of them are beneath my notice. No demon has ever been beneath my notice. I sent a lot of them back here when they were topside. I think they have forgotten what Winchesters are capable of."

"Sam." Dean stood up.

"It's cool Dean." Sam said as he stepped forward toward the edge of the stage. "So why don't you come show me how weak I am?" Sam taunted the demon. "I'm right here."

Several demons began shifting uncomfortably in their already uncomfortable seats. Those closest to the troublemaker began cringing away from him.

"So what are you waiting for?" Sam asked. "Or are you all talk?"
Dean started forward only to find Alistair's hand holding him back. "Sam has to handle this if he is going to gain their respect. Don't interfere."

The demon stood up and looked around then snorted. "You fear him? He's nothing but Lucifer's little bitch!"

Another demon spoke up. "Fool! Sam Winchester freed Lucifer from his cage and then imprisoned him again along with Michael! He stripped Crowley of his power and would have made him human! He may be human, but any human powerful enough to confine the two most powerful Archangels and render Crowley powerless? I have no death wish."

"So at least one of you remembers." Sam said. "But he obviously doesn't. I'm still waiting." Sam addressed the heckler.

The demon snarled and smoked toward the stage. Sam stood his ground and when the demon was almost within striking range, the young hunter held up his hand. It was like the demon collided with a brick wall.

"You are not willing to serve me, so you will serve as an example." Sam said as his eyes changed. The demons present gasped. Demonic eyes had colors that denoted rank, function and power level; red, black, yellow and white. Sam's eyes were none of those colors, instead changing to a solid icy blue, a color seen only in the eyes of angels.

The demon screamed as Sam closed his fist, beginning to smoke but not in a good way. Sam's expression never changed as the demon burst into flames.

Spicy raised an eyebrow. Alistair smirked. Lilith gulped and Dean looked at his brother and said "Damn Sam!"

Michael walked a circle around the construct inspecting it. Gabriel and Lucifer had done an amazing job in creating it. If Michael didn't know what it was he would have sworn on father's throne that Samael stood before him, grace and all.

"What about his true form?" Michael asked.

"A bit more difficult, but possible." Gabriel said strain evident in his voice. Hel dabbed the sweat from Gabriel's forehead with a damp cloth.

"Then we will work with this form." Michael said. "The effort to create this imitation is a strain on both you and Lucifer. I see no reason to make things more difficult."

"It is a bit of a workout." Lucifer agreed. "Now that it is formed Fenrir and Jormunganr can help us maintain it. That will ease the strain somewhat."

Raphael stood to the side. "That is good. Your grace is stressed beyond anything I have ever seen before. I do not know if this may damage it or not."

"Yeah well we'll cross that bridge when we get to it." Gabriel said. "Right now we need to take care of the hell bitch."

"Nice," Meg said as she entered the room. "You guys made a tree topper and Sam just made all of hell shit themselves. Looks like we have a new classification of demon that's all Sam, blue eyed demon."
"What happened?" Michael asked.

"Some low level idiot decided to challenge his authority." Meg said. "Sam smote the crap out of him."
"You mean he exorcised the demon." Michael corrected.

"No I meant exactly what I said." Meg insisted. "Sam completely destroyed it and didn't even break a sweat. Burnt it to a crisp. Alistair said there wasn't enough of it left over to suck up with a dust buster. Then Sam sauntered over and plopped his ass on Lucifer's throne and asked if anyone else had a problem with his position. Needless to say you could have heard a pin drop."

"So Sam has taken hell in hand?" Lucifer asked. "Good."

"Are you kidding? They're tripping all over themselves trying to kiss Sam Winchester's ass right now." Meg said. "I have to admit. I had a feeling about Sam when I first met him. John was a scary human too. I think it's just something that runs in the Winchester blood, like a Staph infection."

"I am intrigued by this 'blue eyed demon' description." Raphael said. "You mean his eyes glowed blue."

"Like Clarence's when he gets all hot and bothered? No, from Alistair's description, Sam's eyes went demonic; one single solid color, ice blue." Meg said.

"That's impossible!" Michael said. "White eyes, Yellow eyes, Red eyes and Black eyes. Those are the only demonic eye colors."

"Maybe not." Gabriel said. "Sammy is something new. He already has a guaranteed spot among the Guardians like Dean, but he's also the Boy King of Hell. Angel on one hand, demon on the other; maybe his eyes tell the story. You know blue like grace, but solid like a demon."

"Like some Demonic/Angelic hybrid?" Lucifer asked.

"It's as good an explanation as any." Gabriel shrugged. "And you did give him one hell of a shot of grace a while back. I have to admit I would have loved to have seen the looks on some of those demons faces."

"Lucifer did you know this was going to happen when we saved him?" Michael asked.

"Actually no. I figured he'd be like he was when he was guzzling the demon blood. Standard black eye demonic reaction." Lucifer said. "It must be from the old man's little gift of guardian angelship."

"And now we will open heaven to a demon." Raphael shook his head. "Things have become too convoluted. We ally ourselves with demons. We have opened the gates for a werewolf, we hold the gate open for a vampire and now we will have a demon coming and going at will."

"You know Sam didn't ask for this, none of it." Gabriel said. "We all either assisted in or stood by and watched as an innocent soul, but more importantly a helpless infant soul was corrupted and damned to hell because of some crap Dad spouted off in snit eons ago. I for one figure Sam deserves an all access pass."

"Father must agree with you, look at all the help he gave them stopping the apocalypse. And he brought Castiel back both times he was smote by an Archangel." Lucifer said. "What I want to know is how you guys could be so dense. And Jeez-Louise Raphael, don't you know your own father when you see him? Chuck Shurley, really?"
"In my defense, I'm not the only one." Raphael said. "As I recall, someone in this room spent a significant amount of time with Samuel Colt."

"Hey don't drag me into this," Gabriel protested. "I'm probably the only one out of the four of us that never claimed to be brilliant."

"Who is it that always ran around the garden spouting off about how awesome he was again?" Lucifer snorted.

"Of course I'm the most awesome one of us." Gabriel smirked. "But Awesome and brilliant are two different things. That's why I decided to be awesome and let the rest of you fight over the brilliance."

Thor entered the room a scowl on his face, "An emissary from your Zachariah has arrived. However I must say that I don't approve of using children in this manner."

"Speak for yourself. I was around to build the creator's throne." Nathaniel said. "Don't confuse the angel with the vessel."

"Well you have to admit your vessel is young." Michael said. "What news from Zachariah?"

"He has located Abaddon. But before you get all caught up in that, I need to consult with the scribe." Nathaniel said. "When we first built the throne we drafted several plans, they were given to Metatron for safekeeping. I need those plans if we are to rebuild the throne."

"Thor can take you to him." Gabriel said. "But for now where is Abaddon, we've drafted our own plans and locating the hell bitch is key."

Nathaniel walked over to Gabriel and placed a hand on his shoulder sharing the information Zachariah had passed on to him. Through their combined grace all of the Archangels received the information.

Michael spoke up. "She is not too far from where we want her. I believe that our trap may very well work."

Abaddon sat at the bar watching the humans incensed with greed, pumping money into the slot machines located just outside in the hallway. The sweet sound of sin. It was amazing the mentality of these humans. So stupid, so weak. It reminded her why she and others like her saw humans as nothing.

They were self-destructive in the extreme, and then blamed their problems on Lucifer, on God, on anything but themselves. She looked around the concourse wondering which of these pitiful excuses would make good meat suits. After the last encounter with angels she had lost a lot of her followers, most destroyed but a few had managed to survive and now needed bodies in order to be of any use.

And with the way these humans in Las Vegas wallowed in sin, Abaddon could get a head start on warping a few more souls and adding to her army.

The Gemini had finally picked up Abaddon's scent once again. Now 30 strong, a group of identical men sat quietly on a Greyhound bus traveling west along Interstate 10. A nervous driver glanced in the rear view mirror.
"I um, I can drive anymore. I'm about to fall asleep at the wheel and we are just getting to El Paso. There's till hours of Driving ahead of us to get to Las Vegas," The driver said timidly. "Just let me pull over into a rest stop, just for a little bit."

"You wish to rest." One of the clones said from the seat behind the driver.

"I have to rest. I've been driving non-stop for 18 hours." The driver said.

"Then you may stop the bus." The Gemini said.

"Thank you." The driver said as he pulled the vehicle into the next rest area.

The Gemini stood up from his seat and stopped standing next to the driver. "Of course this means that you are no longer of any use to us." The Gemini moved quickly grabbing the driver, a long spike burrowing its way into the driver's skull. "Of course I can't let my chance to bag a skin walker pass either. Remember my promise not to kill you was based on you being of use." The Gemini allowed the body to drop to the floor and stepped over it settling into the driver's seat. He engaged the gears and pulled the bus back onto the highway heading west.
"Alright prophet, time to suit up." Balthazar said as he appeared in the bunker with the armor that He and Virgil had fitted Kevin with.

"What? Come on that stuff weighs a ton and I can't move in it. The bunker is full of angels and pagan gods, I think I'm safe." Kevin protested.

"Same thing a bunch of fools said as they boarded the damned Titanic," Balthazar countered. "And I think we all know what happened to them. Father knows Celine Dion won't let us forget. Now put on the armor."

Freya who was standing on the other side of the room next to Benny added her two cents. "Balthazar has a point. It's best to don your armor before the battle begins."

Dean and Sam came into the room. The two were dressed as they would for the ganking portion of any hunt. The colt was tucked into Dean's waistband and Sam was tucking an angel blade into his jacket.

"You sure you don't want me to come with?" Benny asked. "Not that I don't think you can handle a bunch of demons, but another pair of eyes at your back can't hurt."

"Nah, Balthazar will be there." Dean said. "Besides, Clarence and his thorny beauty could use a chaperone." Dean said.

Benny chuckled. "Well people do tend to get side tracked when Death is looming over them."

"Are we ready?" Balthazar asked.

"Just waiting for Michael to give the word." Sam said. "Then it's a coordinated attack on all of her forces at the same time."

Michael suddenly appeared. "As soon as Gemini is in position, we strike. Gabriel and Lucifer are ready to send their duplicate to her."

"Not that I Think your plan stinks but she's not stupid." Sam said. "Do you really think you can get her to strand herself in the middle of Bonneville Salt Flats?"

"We aren't the ones who will get her to do it, Samael is." Michael explained. And with Gemini as an immediate threat, I'm sure she will follow his council, she always has. If everyone does their part, Samel will be the only help she has. Her forces will be too busy engaged in battle to offer her assistance."

"Once we isolate her she really won't have any other option." Balthazar said as he joined them.

Raphael suddenly appeared on a bus that had just entered the outskirts of Las Vegas. "You should begin dropping off your passengers. Having 30 identical men step off of a bus in a single area would raise suspicion that we cannot afford."

"Do you seek to order me?" Gemini asked.

"A simple suggestion, nothing more." The Archangel said. "If the locals become alarmed, she will
become alarmed, and you will lose your chance to make the kill."

"A precaution then?" Gemini asked.

"Yes, once you have deployed yourself, we will assist you by engaging the demons that are not with her at this time." Raphael said. "Once you have hunted them, there will be nothing between you and her."

Gemini smiled and brought the bus to a halt. He opened the door and two of the copies stood up from their seats and exited the bus. "I see the wisdom behind your suggestion."

"I will notify Michael when they have all been deployed." Raphael said gesturing at the seats behind him before disappearing in a flutter of feathers.

"Michael, There has been a development." Zachariah said as he popped into the foyer where everyone was gathered waiting to implement all of their plans.

"Will it change our plans?" Michael asked.

"I cannot say at this point, but I have noticed several disappearances among Abaddon's forces." Zachariah said. "I find it disturbing. It is not so many as to suggest an attack of some sort, simply a demon or two here or there."

"So, considering what you know of the situation, give me your best guess." Michael said.

"My best guess, she is pulling a handful of demons to sneak attack a specific target." Zachariah stated. "She has been consolidating forces around Lebanon, Lawrence, Las Vegas and New York. I believe the redeployment of her forces was meant to cover the missing demons."

"Best guess, what is her specific target?" Gabriel asked as he and Lucifer appeared having been alerted to the fact that Zachariah had come to personally make a report. "You didn't come all the way here without having already come to conclusions."

"I would hazard a guess that she intends to attack hell." Zachariah said. "She knows that the Archangels have all returned and that heaven has been restored. She does not currently possess the might to attack heaven, but she could be hoping that Lucifer has not yet consolidated his power in hell allowing for weaknesses that she could exploit. Conquering hell would give her enough power to challenge the host."

"We need to let Sam know." Lucifer said. "If she has pulled specific demons to send, it will be the most dangerous ones."

"I believe that Sam will be expecting danger from Abaddon's forces." Castiel said. "Sam has Dean by his side and they have experience beyond their years in dealing with Demons."

"Sam is also a level of demon they haven't seen before." Meg said. "Abaddon is leading all black eyed demons."

"Meg, you are a black eyed demon, and I wouldn't say that you're a pushover." Lucifer spoke.

"True, but messing with little Sammy Winchester right now is a whole new level of stupid for anyone except maybe Abaddon herself." Meg said. "And to be honest, we don't even know what he's capable of yet."
"Well let's not make this our experiment to find out." Michael said. "Castiel, spread the word to start the assault now. Raphael immediately after our forces advance, send in the Gemini. Once she has been cornered it will be up to the two of you to lead her to Utah. I will insure that the salt is covered, get her to the spot where we want her and I will remove the dirt cover from the salt flats."

"Then we smite the shit out of the bitch?" Gabriel asked hopefully.

Michael nodded. "Then we smite the shit out of the bitch." Michael agreed.

"Oh gross." Dean said as he looked at the floor of the tunnel Balthazar and Lilith were leading them down. "What is that crap?"

"I believe that you've correctly identified it Winchester, it is crap." Balthazar said.

"This is the tunnel that the Hellhounds use," Lilith smirked. "We don't exactly go through the trouble of housebreaking them you know?"

"Yeah, well maybe you should rethink that." Dean said as he bent over trying to scrape Hellhound crap off of the bottom of his shoe.

"Dean move!" Sam said giving Dean a shove causing him to land in a pile of dogshit. Meanwhile Balthazar had disappeared only to reappear with a struggling demon in his grip.

Lilith took a step toward the demon. "Well aren't you a surprise? I didn't think demons were capable of having a death wish."

"Is that what you think?" The demon laughed. "I don't have a death wish; I have been given the honor of dying in her service."

"Shit!" Balthazar yelled and pressed to fingers to the demons forehead as the demon was in the process of disappearing, it exploded.
"Sam, you can get off me now." Dean said in a strangled voice. "Now I know why Crowley calls you a moose, you weigh a friggen ton."

Sam pushed himself to his feet and reached down to help Dean up. "You okay Dean?"

"Dude, I'm covered in Hellhound crap! What do you think?!" Dean said as he tried to pull his T-shirt away from his skin.

A bright flash went off and Balthazar chuckled while Dean glared at him. "What? It's not every day I get to see a shit wrapped Winchester, I'm just preserving the moment for posterity." Balthazar waved the camera in amusement before making it disappear to somewhere.

"What was that all about?" Lilith demanded as she waited for her skin to stop smoking.

Balthazar plucked a sliver of wood from his arm. "Joshua tree wood and Dead Sea Salt, not fatal; but enough to cause one hell of an uncomfortable experience for a demon."

"Did we just run into demon Achmed the Dead Terrorist?" Dean said. "Seriously? Abaddon has suicide bomber demons?"

"It would appear so." Balthazar said "But she has to know that wouldn't stop us. It's a delaying tactic."

"So why delay us?" Sam asked.

"I'll be right back." Balthazar said waving a hand at Dean and cleaning him up before disappearing. He reappeared almost before everyone had realized he was gone. "It looks like Abaddon might be making a move on hell." He stepped over and grabbed a Winchester with each hand. "Sorry boys, I don't think we have time to take the scenic route."

Gemini was having a blast. Much more fun than he had in Limbo. Las Vegas was brimming with demons and he was hunting them down and killing them where he found them. Of course there was the chance that they were not all serving Abaddon, but hey, better safe than sorry.

He was slowly working his way from the outskirts inward towards the strip. There was a concentration of demonic power that was unbelievable. His quarry was somewhere among the tourists eager to lose their savings in a city built on vice.

He looked at the provocatively dressed young woman standing in front of him and smiled. Not a demon but a ghoul. She smiled at him thinking she had found her next meal. She was about to find out that this meal bite back.

She turned and walked down an alley. Gemini followed her and was surprised when she dropped the act once out of the public eye. "Neither of us are what we pretend to be." She said. "You are a child of Eve, like I am."

"I'm less a child of Eve and more of a creation made in reward for serving her." Gemini said. "I hunt her children."

"Really? It seems to me you have been hunting demons." The ghoul countered. "All of you. I'm not
the only one in town that is not a demon. We have been watching your progress. You are looking for her, the big bad demon, Abaddon."

"What do you know of Abaddon?" Gemini demanded.

"I know where she is and how to get to her. There are demons here who want her gone." The ghoul said. "They are happy with Lucifer's return to power and fear the war she would drag them into as Hell's mistress. They have no desire to face the warriors of the Host, not now when a truce has been reached between Lucifer and Michael."

"And why should I take heed of your words." Gemini said.

"This city is unique. We live here, demons and monsters under an unspoken treaty. There are more than enough human souls to go around without alerting hunters. Abaddon's arrival and now yours is upsetting the applecart." The ghouls explained. "But while you simply upset the local status quo, Abaddon will destroy everything. So you could say we choose the lesser evil."

"And if I accept your offer of help?" Gemini asked.

"The demons will take you directly to her location." The ghoul said. "What happens from there is between you and her. But we will take the opportunity to evacuate Las Vegas. I'm sure your battle will bring the attention of hunters, something we don't want."

"I accept your offer." Gemini said.

Abaddon's demonic 'special forces' had indeed made it to hell and were obviously expecting some sort of response from heaven. Balthazar was surrounded by a ring of holy fire. Several Demons who had been following Lilith were now dead. And Demons now held Sam and dean while a meat suit they had never seen before walked towards them.

"Well, I have to admit this was the last thing I could have imagined. Dean and Sam Winchester in hell together. But then again maybe I should have expected it since you Winchesters are so eager to make deals and volunteer to go to hell for each other." The young man blinked his eyes which had turned a solid yellow.

Dean blinked in disbelief while simply spat out "Azazel."

"Don't look so surprised boys. There are ways of bringing demons back that have nothing to do with God." Azazel sneered. "As a matter of fact, I'm not the only one who is back. I'm surprised you don't recognize the demon holding a knife to your brother's throat right now Sammy."

Sam glanced over at the demon holding Dean, "Brady, and Ruby." He said glancing at the demon standing over Lilith.

"Sam, after everything I did for you it wasn't very nice of you to hold me while Dean stabbed me." Ruby said. "And Brady was your best friend. I'm sure you'll understand if we're just a bit pissed with you right now."

"That little knife of yours might kill us but it doesn't destroy us. As long as our essence remains intact we can be brought back. The only way to permanently get rid of us is smiting." Brady grinned. "You have to destroy our essence."

"Control yourselves. It's not quite time for them to die yet. Not until Abaddon gives us permission." Azazel said reasonably. "But she said nothing about the demons that follow you. I
have to admit, I'm surprised at their loyalty to you and Lucifer. We've had that cross dressing
demon of yours and your torturer on the rack since we got here and neither one of them has broken
yet. Admirable of them, but eventually they will break. Demons always do."

"About that," Sam said. "I guess they have good reason for their loyalty." Sam said blinking; his
own eyes now a solid icy blue. "I guess they are more afraid of me than they are of you. After all I
am second only to Lucifer."

"What the…" Azazel managed to get out before Ruby and Brady were thrown against the cavern
walls like rag dolls. Dean took moment to take off his jacket and toss it on the ring of holy fire
freeing Balthazar.

Lilith drew an angel blade from where ever she had hidden it. Dean pulled out the Colt. Sam stood
in front of Azazel and drew himself up to his full 6’4 height. "Dean, shoot this bastard. I want a
little one on one time with Brady and Ruby."

"Be glad to." Dean said pulling the trigger and watching as Azazel fell to the ground.

"Lilith would you and Balthazar go take care of Spicy and Jack." Sam said and turned his icy blue
gaze on the two demons who were now cowering on their hands and knees.
"Ruby, we do have a history don't we?" Sam said reaching down and gently pulling her to her feet. "You were always so 'giving'. You sold yourself to free Lucifer and then you got what you deserved. Did you really think you were that good in bed?"

He pulled her over to where Brady cowered. "That was a mistake on your part. Brady could have told you that you were nothing special. You weren't anything close to my type, you were just a convenient was to blow off steam. In the end I helped Dean kill you because I couldn't be bothered to care one way or the other."

Ruby drew back her hand and slapped Sam's face. "Did you really think you were special? What did you think would have happened if Lucifer had risen and gotten me to say yes in that chapel? Did you think he was going to have a common little slut like you by his side? In the long run, we did you a favor. You see when I did say yes, he was pretty pissed that you had defiled his vessel."

Sam looked at Brady, "So I have to destroy a demon's essence to get rid of you permanently? Well then let me show you a trick I've mastered since you decided to kill Jess and ruin my life, best friend."

Sam kept one hand on Ruby and held his palm out toward Azazel's body. As they watched Azazel the demon returned to the body, black smoke pouring onto the half open mouth. Azazel sat up stunned to find his meat suit alive and him in it. After all he had just been shot with The Colt.

"I know that God isn't the only way for a demon to come back Azazel, Just like I know it doesn't take an angel to smite you." Sam said as he clenched his fist. "It just takes a creation of heaven and hell; it just takes the blue-eyed demon."

Sam watched impassively as Azazel's body began to smoke. The yellow eyed demon began to scream and slowly flames began to burst through the demon's skin. "I could do this quickly Azazel but quick is too good for you. You have so much to atone for. For killing my grandparents, and my parents. For dragging my dad to hell. For feeding me demon blood. For ruining the lives of all your 'special' children. You deserve to slow roast."

Ruby and Brady watched terrified while Azazel slowly burned his essence destroyed. Sam turned slowly and looked at Ruby and then glanced at Brady. "Your turn Brady. But I'll show a little mercy, I'll only make you burn for as long as you made Jess Burn. It took her almost two minutes to die."

Brady began begging as his body was dragged up the wall of the cavern and across the ceiling. The demon looked down fearfully as blood began to drip down from his abdomen. "I think you should learn the joys of demon blood Ruby." Sam said as he forced her to her knees under Brady's body so the drops of blood landed on her face. He grabbed her hair and tilted her head back forcing her mouth open so the blood fell on her tongue.

"Sam? What? Where the hell are we? Is this some Frat joke?" The demon had retreated into the background leaving the real Brady to face Sam's wrath.

"I'm sorry man." Sam said twisting his hand and breaking Brady's neck releasing the soul. The demon was left with nowhere to hide as the flames consumed it. Sam gave a disgusted grunt and flung Ruby to the floor where she also burst into flames.
He turned toward the remaining demons from Lilith's group. "Find the rest of Abaddon's followers and bring them to me in the throne room."

"Sam, what was that all about?" Dean asked quietly.

"Getting rid of a lifetime of frustration." Sam said. He turned and walked over to a door and pushed it open revealing the well-appointed administration section.

Spicy was sitting at her desk fiddling with her makeup. "Sam, my hero. I was expecting it to take a lot longer for you to get here."

"Are you alright?" Sam asked. "I don't think anyone expected Abaddon to strike this deep in hell. I'm sorry we didn't get here sooner."

"Sugar, are you stressing because I spent a little time on the rack?" The demon smirked. "Honey I spent a lot of time deep into rough trade. Abaddon's torturer is a joke."

"Indeed he is my young king." Jack said coming into the office. "Or I should say he was. I had more experience and creativity by the time I hit puberty. Thank you for sending the angel to save us, but in all honesty, spicy and I were just keeping him occupied. Abaddon may be a threat but her followers are a joke. Any demon that could be of use to her in posing a threat has already deserted her. It's why she dug up Azazel and the rest. Her army now is pretty much down to demons and monsters that you and your brother dispatched to Purgatory."

"What, how has everything fallen apart on her like that?" Dean asked.

"Demons are nothing if not good at self-preservation; and she may be able to make a demon smoke out and send it back to hell, but she can't destroy them." Spicy said. "The simple fact is a little birdie has been spreading the story of what happened at our last assembly and well Sam; you're scarier than Norman Bates, Michael Myers, Jason Voorhees, Freddie Kruger and Hannibal Lector all rolled up into one. Demons now have a boogeyman and his name is Sam Winchester."

Gabriel reclined on the couch. Fenrir who had decided to take his wolf form was curled against Gabriel's side. Gabriel was digging his fingers into the wolf's ruff.

Lucifer sat on his own couch. "Ready little brother?"

"As I'll ever be." Gabriel said.

Fenrir let out a soft growl as Spicy appeared in the room face hidden by a huge pair of sunglasses. Gabriel did a double take used to the demon always being perfectly coordinated. "Do we have to worry about Elton John hunting you down to get his glasses back?"

"No. I just would rather not display my shiner to the world." Spicy said. "A few of Abaddon's followers made to hell. We had to keep them busy somehow until Sam got there. It seemed like Abaddon had chosen them simply because of their past history with Sam."

"Who did she send?" Lucifer demanded.

"Let's see, there was this pathetic little excuse for a femme fatale named Ruby. Some preppy neo-conservative Republican douche named Brady. And this arrogant asshole named Azazel." Spicy said.
"Azazel? Crap! Luci you should go." Gabriel said. "I'm sure Sam can handle Ruby and Brady, but Azazel is fallen."

"You're right." Lucifer said standing up. "Can you handle this?"

"Actually there's no need for you to go." Spicy spoke up "Sam took care of all of them including Azazel although I think that was pure hatred. He took a lot of frustration out on Azazel."

"Wait Sam actually smote Azazel?" Gabriel whistled. "Go Sam."

"But Sam thought you should know we've figured out that Abaddon's followers are deserting her left and right." Spicy said. "Being that she's pretty much lost every demon with some pull and is down to low level idiots and ever monster she can con, if you're going to go after her, now is the time."
Chapter 125

Dean was sitting in hell's library reading an unpublished issue of Busty Asian Beauties and waiting for Sam to finish his meeting with Jack the Ripper, Belarus, Alistair and Lilith. Finding out that Abaddon's forces were deserting her was a definite morale boost. Finding out that she had been bringing back demons that Sam and Dean had exorcised and or killed was troubling.

Dean was feeling a bit like a fifth wheel. Yes, they expected him to be at Sam's side but being left out of the loop was grating on Dean's nerves so it was only understandable that he almost jumped out of his skin when Chuck appeared in the seat next to him.

"Busty Asian Beauties Dean?" Chuck chuckled.

"Chuck what are you doing in hell?" Dean asked.

"Have you already forgotten who I am Dean?" Chuck asked. "I go where I want to go."

"Uh yeah so you're supposed to be God? Sorry dude I don't see it." Dean said.

Chuck laughed and went over to the bar in the corner. He picked up a decanter and poured two drinks. "Can you think of a better disguise? Not even Raphael recognized me."

"Yeah why hide from your kids? That whole Samuel Colt thing, hiding from Gabriel too?" Dean asked.

"Not particularly but when he didn't recognize me right off, I realized I could get a break from the Brat Pack." Chuck walked over and set a glass on the table next to Dean and then settled in his own chair and took a sip. "You have no idea how annoying it is to have everyone expecting you to fix their problems, hold their hands and basically plan every little detail of their lives. Getting it from humans is bad enough but when they started it," Chuck gave a general gesture in an upwards motion. "It was the last straw. They were supposed to know better."

"So you just walked out on your kids. Good going." Dean said.

"I left them to figure out how to handle their own existence. I had given them all the knowledge that I could." Chuck sighed. "It was long past time for them to learn to be responsible for themselves. Some learned and some ended up being the same immature brats they have always been."

"Like Gabriel?" Dean snorted.

"Gabriel is actually one of those that took responsibility for himself, right or wrong." Chuck said. "Also Balthazar, Castiel, actually it's a good sized group of them, those that developed free will. Then of course there was Lucifer and his ilk that saw it as nothing more than a reason to run amok. Then there was the large majority like Michael who became even more committed to expecting me to come and run their lives. They became inflexible thinking rigid adherence to a rut was the way to go." Chuck polished off his drink.

"So why come back now? You let them drag all of creation to the brink and did nothing." Dean said.

"Sometimes you have to let your children make mistakes so that they will learn. You have to let them grow up no matter how much you want to protect them." Chuck said. "Besides you and Sam
did a great job in keeping them from destroying the world."

"No thanks to you." Dean snorted.

"Now that's not entirely true. I did give you a little nudge here and there." Chuck said. "The angels weren't the only ones who needed to learn to stand on their own two feet. But that is water under the bridge. I want to talk to you about Sam."

Abaddon was hiding it well, but she could see the effect that news of this 'blue-eyed' demon was causing. Abaddon had never heard of a blue eyed demon before and had at first written the rumors off as a scare tactic with no substance, however the rumors still persisted.

"My queen," A demon entered the room and bowed his head. "I believe we may have a positive development for you. One of Eve's progeny I believe. He calls himself, Gemini."

"What is he?" She questioned.

"I don't understand." The demon looked at her.

"What is he? Werewolf, Vampire, Wraith?" Abaddon said forcing her frustration down.

"Oh, I'm not sure. But he would like to see you." The demon said. "You are still looking for her children to join our cause, right?"

Abaddon sighed; disgusted with the level of demon she was being forced to recruit. No wonder they had ended up 'killed' or exorcised at the hands of the Winchesters. "Have you discovered anything about him?"

"I thought you would want to interview him." The demon said. "I am just announcing him."

"Tell me something," Abaddon started. "What exactly was your function before the Winchesters exorcised you?"

"I cleaned up around the rack. Alistair hated stepping on entrails." The demon said.

"So you're the janitor from hell? Wonderful." Abaddon pinched the bridge of her nose. "Just send him in and let me see if he's worth the time."

"What about Sam?" Dean asked.

"Well I noticed he's been doing a lot of smiting." Chuck said. "Normally I wouldn't complain about it because I did make sure that would be one of his abilities. It's just that all this smiting he's doing is more revenge than justice."

"They all earned it. Even you have to admit that." Dean said. "Or are you going to say she should have let them get by with it."

"No, no not at all." Chuck said quickly. "It's just that Sam is standing on a thin line Dean. He's got one foot in heaven and another in hell. It's not easy to balance on a razor's edge. Sam has been doing it his entire life."

"Why don't you get to the point?" Dean asked.

"Okay the point is this. It's not easy to find the kind of faith Sam Winchester has in this day and
age. His life from the moment Azazel fed him demon blood as a baby; Sam has had something dark inside him. But he's also had a lot of good inside of him. He has always tried to do the right thing even when it turned out wrong. He prays more than some men of the cloth. "Chuck said. "One of the reasons I didn't do anything to stop him from saying yes to Lucifer was because I hoped he would influence my rebellious second son, and he has. But that is a double edged sword. Just like Sam has influenced Lucifer, Lucifer has influenced Sam. It's not inconceivable that he could cross the line."

"You know I already had this conversation with my own father, save Sam or kill him." Dean tossed the magazine to the side. "I'm not going to have it with you."

Is that what you think I'm going to ask you? To kill your brother?" Chuck asked.

"So that's not what you're leading up to here?" Dean snarled.

"Not at all Dean. I simply want to remind you that you are your brother's keeper." Chuck said downing the rest of his drink and standing up. "You're going to be at his side, I want to ask you to pull him back if he starts going dark side as you call it. A good start is to steer him away from using his powers. He's proven what he can do; the threat is just as effective as the action."
Abaddon stood over the body of the Gemini and wiped the blood off of her knife. A shame he turned out to be determined to kill her. He was a hybrid of several breeds of Eve's children. The bitch obviously had gotten creative somewhere along the line.

Abaddon went to the door and opened calling one of the few demons she had left. "Get that out of here she snarled. The demons eyes widened and Abaddon slowly turned. Rising from the floor was not one, but two Gemini.

"I am not that easy to kill." They spoke in unison. "They gave me the chance to hunt you because you are a hell knight, a challenge." Gemini smiled. "So am I, killing me will not be as easy as that."

Abaddon's eyes widened. She had just killed this thing and two of them stood in front of her. She grabbed the demon pulling in front of she hissed, "Kill it!"

Abaddon quickly made her way down the hall directing every creature and demon she encountered toward the Gemini. She left the penthouse and quickly made her way to the elevator breathing a sigh of relief when she entered the car, and the doors closed beginning its descent. She sagged against the wall and closed her eyes.

"Abaddon my child, what have you gotten yourself into?"

Abaddon's eyes flew open. Standing before her was someone she never thought to see again. "Father?"

Hundreds of miles away in a bunker outside of Lebanon, Kansas Gabriel crowed in triumph. "Got the bitch!"

Michael and Zachariah communicated rapidly through their grace. Gabriel's construct was with Abaddon who had swallowed the ruse. All over, attacks on her followers began. Michael took a moment to be sure that all targets were engaged before he flew the Bonneville Salt Flats. Raphael stood in front of him when he appeared.

"Let us get this done brother." Michael said. "We must transfer just enough covering to mask the salt and its affects. Gabriel and Lucifer are leading her here Once she arrives we will remove the covering leaving her stranded on a small island of soil surrounded by miles of salt."

"And we are sure that she will willingly travel across a place of salt?" Raphael said. "Are we sure that she is as foolish as that?"

"Gabriel and Lucifer may be leading her, but it is Samael she follows." Michael said. "Let's hope that with Gemini close on her trail, she will not look too closely at the father who has been 'returned' to her."

"And what of Gemini?" Raphael asked.

"We release him into the deepest pit of hell along with those who fight on Abaddon's side and then we seal it off." Michael shrugged. "A permanent seal."

"You have not yet explained to me what is going on daughter mine." Samael said. "What is it you
"Something that calls itself Gemini." Abaddon said as let the man's body fall to the ground. "I don't know what it is, it not only resurrected itself, it duplicated itself."

Samael frowned "You also hold life in little regard. This is not the child I left in my brother Lucifer's care."

Abaddon snorted. "Lucifer's care. That didn't last long. After you...after you left, Michael bound Lucifer and threw him into the pit and sealed it."

"Michael and Lucifer have been at odds since before your birth." Samael said as he slid into the passenger side of the now appropriated car.

"Not anymore, they are thick as thieves." Abaddon sneered. "Even Raphael and Gabriel have boarded the Love Train."

"I would consider that a good thing. They have forgiven each other." Samael suggested.

"No! It's not." Abaddon spat. "Lucifer is so full of forgiveness; he forgets you died because Michael lured you into a trap meant for him. Michael is a back stabbing bastard who will gladly shove his sword into any of his brother's back to gain the approval of God. God the wrathful. God the vengeful. God who delights in turning his children against each other. Michael doesn't deserve forgiveness!"

"And you will wage war against heaven itself when all are aligned against you?" Samael said. "It is not Michael who will suffer from your folly my child."

"Gabriel you're pushing too hard." Lucifer hissed. "You'll tip your hand."

"Relax Luci; Samael was always her moral center." Gabriel countered. "It would be suspicious if he didn't question her actions. He needs to act as much like Samael would as possible."

"Father, Jorm needs to take over now and give me a break. " Fenrir warned. "Don't try to do anything while we switch places."

"Just don't take too long." Lucifer said. "We can't afford not to respond to her."

The two pagans had just switched places when the door to the room they were in opened and they found themselves joined by a prophet wearing armor that was clearly too big, Hel brandishing her father's angel blade and Thor with his ever trusty hammer.

"Demons at the entrance to the bunker, brother." Thor explained. "Castiel, Crowley and Benny are setting up a first line of defense. Crowley wants to release the demon Jake Talley. He's willing to vouch for him."

"I'm not sure I like the idea of that one running free." Lucifer said. "Tell Crowley to bring me his blood then he can release him."

"A blood spell cast by Satan himself?" Kevin said. "Is he that dangerous?"

"It's not a question of dangerous it's a question of his actions against my vessel." Lucifer said. "Knowing he faces my judgment gives him an incentive to run. But I doubt he would run to Abaddon now. She figures he has sold her out by now."
"Well, well Abaddon run out of demons did she?" Balthazar asked the werewolf conversationally. "You know getting into this on her side is not exactly a healthy undertaking."

The werewolf snarled and launched itself at the angel. The claws raked four bloody lines across the angel's chest.

"Do you realize how much this shirt cost?" Balthazar said as the claw marks disappeared. The angel looked down at his ruined shirt. "I'm afraid that I'm going to have to take the cost of a replacement out of your arse."

The angel caught the werewolf easily as it launched itself for another attack. Casually, Balthazar twisted his wrist snapping the monster's neck while his grace smote the creature. He let the body drop to the ground. "I hope it had a flea dip recently."

"You know you could at least act like it takes some effort." Lilith said.

"Why should I do that love?" Balthazar snarked. "It's much more demoralizing to know someone can kick your arse without breaking a sweat. Besides I thrive on humiliating others."

"Are you sure you're an angel?" She snorted as Balthazar manifested a glass of champagne and took a sip.

Balthazar sighed as the rest of the werewolf pack emerged from the woods. "So much for my break." Balthazar snapped his fingers vanishing the wine somewhere as he manifested his angel blade and gave it a twirl. "Since my shirt is already ruined, I guess a few more bloodstains won't make a difference."
"Get back!" Castiel yelled grabbing Benny and shoving him backwards. Almost before Crowley and Jake could follow the order, Castiel began chanting.

"Oh ballocks!" Crowley said. "They've got humans with them."

"What makes you say that?" Benny asked.

"Well darling, the pigeon is speaking pigeon, specifically an Enochian binding spell. He wouldn't be doing that unless they have an available supply of meat suits on hand." Crowley explained.

"Crowley is correct they have humans with them." Castiel said as his angel blade slipped into his hand. "The wards have been destroyed. That is the work of humans. The spell will keep the demons from 'smoking out of their meat suits' as Dean calls it and inhabiting another."

Crowley sighed and pulled out an angel blade handing it to Jake. "I assume Uncle Sam actually taught you to fight before he sent you to the sandbox?"

"I know how to use a blade." Jake said.

"Just making sure, since they probably won't be turning their backs on you." Crowley said.

"We should move into the kitchen." Castiel said as he placed a couple of liquid filled Ziploc bags at the base of the door. "I do not thing Jake or Crowley wants to be nearby when they come through the door. Those are Kevin's 'demon bombs'."

"Clever little prophet." Crowley said. "Booby-traps on the door."

"There are more of them in this entry. Once we are clear I will activate the rest." Castiel said.

"So take out the demons and then deal with the humans." Benny said. "I can deal with that."

Garth sat up, startled by the hand on his shoulder. "Oh sorry. I must have dozed off." The hunter rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

"It is understandable." Inias said. "Humans do require sleep. But I thought you would like to know, the battle has begun."

"Oh! I need to contact Sam and Dean, find out what they want me to do!" Garth said jumping up from his chair.

"There is no need. I have already been in contact with Michael. He has ordered me to remain here and assist you should we be called on to fight." Inias assured the hunter.

"So what do we do? I mean there has to be something we can do until they need our help." Garth said.

"There is always prayer." Inias answered.

Sam stalked toward the Hell Gate. He only paused long enough to accept the trident Meg offered. He hefted the weapon, testing its weight.
"Is that Lucifer's trident?" Dean asked.

"The one and only." Meg smirked. "Sam is our other king; he should be able to wield it as competently as Lucifer."

The group suddenly stopped when Jed appeared in front of them. "Jack sent me to warn you, it ain't demons at the gate. It's a bunch of monsters and they are all out for Winchester blood."

"Monsters, really?" Dean snorted. "I thought Abaddon was supposed to have this kick ass army and here we are doing our day job Sammy."

"Do not scoff, Dean Winchester." Jed said. "They are alphas, Alphas that met their demise at the hands of a Winchester."

"So they're monsters that are holding a grudge, big deal." Dean flipped open the cylinder on the Colt and checked that it was fully loaded. "I've got six magic bullets that guarantee they won't be a problem and Sam has Satan's trident; sounds like they're history to me."

"Six bullets? There's a dozens of them out there." Meg said. "Just let Sam smite them."

"No! I mean who knows how long this is going to last, right?" Dean covered his mistake. "For all we know, Sam's mojo could be a temporary side effect. We should hold off until we really need it."

Meg narrowed her eyes. "Save it for a rainy day or just keep Sam from using the abilities he's been given?"

"Shut your pie hole Meg. I was around for the entire apocalypse, remember?" Dean said. "Sam doesn't need all the hocus pocus."

"You do realize that I'm standing right here. Dean has a point; I don't need to smite everything."

"There!" Dean crowed.

"Meg also has a point; if necessary I can and will smite everything in front of me if it will save us." Sam said firmly. "Now stop arguing."

Alistair looked at the bodies scattered on the ground. "Three vampires, two wendigos and werewolf; beat that."

"Three vampires, two werewolves, a wendigo and a siren." Uriel countered.

"Dammit! Lucky feathered bastard." Alistair grumbled. "You had a better variety. I'll catch up during the next wave."

"Good luck, you need to find a siren first." Uriel snorted.

"Maybe I'll find a djinn instead." Alistair said. "After all Sam and Dean took after their father. If it's not human, kill it."

"They do seem to be unbiased." Uriel said. "I need to check on the 'good townsfolk of Lebanon Kansas. I'm sure they are unnerved by having so many supernatural creatures descending on them."

"You do that, and I will go look for my djinn." Alistair said ask he turned and walked off toward a
"Father what are we doing here?" Abaddon asked as she frowned at the sign announcing Bonneville Salt Flats was a mere 5 miles away.

"The thing that attacked you was a child of Eve was it not?" Samael asked. "Salt is protection. I'm sure that I taught you the protective properties of salt when you were barely more than a fledgling."

"Yes you did. But that was long before I became what I am. Before I accepted Lucifer's offer and became a Hell Knight." Abaddon said.

"I'm aware of your current status." Samael said.

"Then you know the effect salt will have on me." Abaddon said.

"I will keep you safe from the salt. And the salt will keep you safe from... that creature." Samael looked out of the window. "There is a road to the left, turn there."

Abaddon did as she was ordered surprised to see that the road continued on even as she began to see patches of white to each side of the car. The white patches grew larger and more numerous until the vehicle was resting on a patch of earth surrounded by salt.

"Stop here." Samael said. "Now let's talk."

Lucifer exhaled a large breath. "It is done. She is at the salt flats. Michael and Raphael are closing her escape route."

Gabriel opened his eyes. "Just in time from the sound of it." He said as he manifested his sword. "You just going to stand there Luci?"

"Sam has my trident. I figured he needed it more than I did at this point." Lucifer shrugged. "Don't worry; I've still got a few tricks up my sleeve."

"Can you handle things here Thor?" Gabriel asked.

"Go brother." Thor said as the two clasped forearms. "We will handle these demons and their human pets. Your children haven't terrified humans in a long time." Thor gestured at Hel who now stood with a large pit viper wrapped around her body and her fingers dug into Fenir's once again furry neck.

"Have fun kiddos but be careful." Gabriel said.

"We are always careful Daddy." Hel said as she kissed his cheek. "You be careful, we don't want to lose you again."

"Don't worry you won't." Gabriel snapped his fingers and he and Lucifer appeared on the salt flat next to Michael and Raphael.
Abaddon hissed and drew out a knife at the sight of four archangels standing in front of her.

"Abaddon, it has been a long time." Michael said. "It is a shame it must be under these circumstances."

Abaddon turned to find Samael missing.

"Did you forget I'm a trickster among other things?" Gabriel said. "And Lucifer is no slouch when it comes to illusions either."

"I told father that you were capable of stooping to the level of demons in your deceit." Abaddon spat.

"Actually, we had hoped the image of your father would find and speak to some stubborn shred of decency that might remain buried deep inside you; that there would be some spark of grace that had not been twisted." Lucifer said sadly. "I grieve that we have been proven wrong."

"I'm a demon, whatever grace I had was burnt out of me long ago." Abaddon said.

"No, you chose to destroy it." Lucifer said. "I am Satan, evil personified; yet I have retained my grace. There is no demon ever created that is strong enough to take your grace from you."

Michael stepped forward. "There is no need for this to end in your death Abaddon. Redemption is still possible."

"What makes you think I want your redemption? You think I will simply roll over and kiss your ass like Lucifer?" Abaddon snarled. "I guess I am made of sterner stuff than the devil. Lucifer may go crawling to you on his hands and knees, I will not."

"What will make you rethink this mistake that you are so determined to make?" Gabriel asked.

"All I want is to see you bastards pay for massacring us. We had done no wrong but God called us evil and you couldn't wait to kill us." Abaddon said.

"Considering your actions, it seems that he was right." Raphael interrupted. "Look at you, ready to destroy the world over a grudge."

"My actions? I am not the one who sought to lure his closest brother into a trap so I could stab him in the back!" Abaddon yelled. "My father died because you wanted to kill Lucifer!"

"You're wrong. No violence was intended that day." Michael countered. "I asked Lucifer to meet me so we could talk. I wanted peace between us. I did not realize that my desire was not shared by all who followed me. Samael's death has haunted me. It should not have happened."

"Well it did and I will never forget or forgive you for taking him from me." Abaddon said. "So let's not waste any more time. I know my forces won't win, I know this. I had hoped to give you more reason to regret by destroying the Winchesters but I can still leave you with something to remember me by."
Abaddon reached down and pulled an angel blade out of her boot and jammed it into her stomach before anyone could figure out what she meant to.

"Well crap." Raphael said. "What did she mean by something to remember her by?"

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Castiel looked at the humans who were suddenly looking around in confusion. A woman was cringing on the floor in terror as Fenrir growled at her. A teen whimpered with his arms over his head; Thor about to bash him in the head with his hammer.

"Wait. They are no longer fighting." Castiel said. "They are afraid and confused. Whatever hold Abaddon had over them is gone."

Balthazar suddenly appeared with Lilith. "Well it seems that after all of our plotting and planning Abaddon decided to choke."

Jorm had returned to his human form as soon as the fighting stopped agreed. "It's like someone pulled a plug on them. They went from rabid mob to cowering mess in a split second."

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Uriel watched as vampires ran away from an old woman. The townspeople were rout ing the creatures that had been attacking them just moments earlier. Seeing the humans he had been charged with acting like well-trained warriors touched that spot in his grace that could be called pride; but this turn of events felt wrong.

He turned to one of the angels under his command. "Allow them the honor of defending themselves but be alert for any inkling the abominations will turn on them. I need more information about this situation."

Uriel disappeared only to reappear next to a frowning Alistair. "So they run from you also."

"It must be my winning personality." Alistair said and then kicked at the body of a dead djinn on the ground. "This thing made me chase him for a couple of miles, but I got my djinn before they all began running away."

"But this makes no sense to me. This victory is too easy." Uriel noted.

"I was thinking the same thing." Alistair agreed. "A hell knight should not be so easily vanquished."

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"Uh Sammy, what did you do?" Dean asked.

"I didn't do anything. They just suddenly started running away." Sam frowned.

"Yeah, this definitely is off." Meg said. "Not Abaddon's style at all. I've known that bitch for a while and giving up is not in her vocabulary."

"So this isn't the bitch's style but it doesn't change the fact that all her minions are running for their lives right now." Dean pointed out. "Think maybe we should take the hint instead of standing here"
and looking stupid?"

"Yeah, maybe one of the archangels will know what's going on." Sam agreed.

The bunker was the very definition of chaos. Angels, demons and pagans all clamored for answers to the battle's abrupt ending. No one understood or trusted that the victory could be that easy. The arrival of the four archangels only turned up the volume.

"Will you all just shut your cakeholes for a minute?" Gabriel growled. "I swear I can't understand a damned thing any one of you is saying!"

"Please, Gabriel has a point. He is the angel of communication, if he can't understand you the rest of certainly cannot." Michael said waiting for the din to quiet down. "Alright, we know that you are confused. This was no victory; it was a rout with no effort on our part. After all of our planning and knowing what Abaddon was capable of; it makes no sense that she would just hand us a victory like this."

"Abaddon chose to take her own life without a fight. Right after saying something about leaving us something to remember her by." Raphael said.

"What does that mean?" Kevin asked.

"I think it would be safe to assume that it means something ominous." Thor said.

"That is exactly what we think." Lucifer agreed. "The question is what?"

Whatever Lucifer would have next was interrupted by the ringing of Dean's phone and the arrival of a flustered Zachariah.

"We have a huge problem." The angel said to the group at the same time Garth was saying the exact same thing to Dean on the phone.

Chapter End Notes

Yes this is complete. With Abaddon's death this story ends and yes it did end with a cliff hanger for a reason. I will be writing a sequel. I will be posting a chapter per week starting next Saturday. Thank you to everyone who took the time to read, follow, favorite and review.

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