Summary

Gabriel was a sneaky son of a bitch but sometimes he does wrong. So when he accidentally died trying to trick his brother he though it was all over, but it seemed Dad had other plans. Now after three years he's back and coming to clean up the messes those Winchesters and Cassie made. In the process he finds a family and maybe saves the love of his life. Doesn't this sound familiar?

Meanwhile Sam is struggling with something no one can understand and it's risking them all. Will Gabriel be able to fix it? Or will it be too late? Will Sam be consumed by the darkness inside him? And what the hell do two giant coyotes have to do with anything?!

Notes
This is my first published fan fiction. It's un-betaed so all mistakes are mine. All the supernatural characters belong the CW and Erik Kripke. All OCs are mine though. I'll try to update regularly. Hope you like it.
Sam's Thoughts from the Beginning

Chapter Notes

I now have a beta and we are going back through the fic. We made no significance changes, just spelling and typos. Edited on 11/19/17.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sam Winchester had a very bad track record when it came to people he had romantic attraction to. For Heaven’s sake, his first kiss turned out to be with a monster! He should have known right then and there that it wasn’t going to end well and just become a monk. But he was a romantic at heart and just kept fighting what the universe seems to be trying to tell him: that he was poison and that everyone Sam Winchester loved died because of him. It wasn’t until that faithful night in that godforsaken hotel that he finally got it.

Sam Winchester, unlike what most people would think, was in fact bisexual. His first real relationship was with Brady, something he tried desperately not to think about considering the man was a demon.

So, he had no trouble at all flirting back with the cute blond janitor at Crawford Hall. The way that man’s whiskey gold eyes sparkled and that mischievous smirk playing across his lips made Sam’s heart stutter with something that wasn’t fear for the first time since Jess had died. He certainly felt a pull toward the man and it took everything in him not to ask the guy out when he showed them out of the building. But then his brother made some crude comment about how they couldn’t keep their eyes off each other and Sam didn’t want to deal with Dean’s endless teasing and awkward comments if he knew his preferences.

Then he found out the janitor was the thing they were hunting. He was sad, but it wasn’t like he had fallen in love with the guy. Even though he couldn’t get those eyes, and that wink the Trickster had sent him a split second before Dean had stabbed him, out of his head. They always lurked at the edge of his mind. A flash of gold eyes in his dreams or some witness’s laugh suddenly sending him back to that office and that brash humor and smirking lips. He tried to shove it all away and managed for a while, too caught up with his powers and then Dean’s demon deal.

But then Mystery Spot happened. He didn’t understand, at the time, why the Trickster was doing it. And it hurt. God, did it hurt, not just because he had to watch his brother die over and over again but because it literally pained him to think that the Trickster was doing it. He couldn’t understand why.

He got an inkling of the answer while he pleaded with the god to just send him back. There was mischief in the Trickster’s eyes but also a kind of sorrow and a deep rage as he spoke of it only ending in pain and blood, like he somehow knew. He was almost desperate for Sam to understand. But all Sam could think about was his brother. He needed his brother back. Then, as Sam gave one more broken plea, the mask slipped, just for a split second, and he saw a great sadness and something else run across the man’s face right before the Trickster gave in. It was only later, when Sam would lie awake and run the encounter through his head again and again, that he realized it was pain.

He tried to push the Trickster out of his mind but his subconscious wouldn’t allow it. Most times he dreamed of those Tuesdays and the dark months after that Wednesday. Waking up with a racing heart and wild eyes as he searched for Dean, having to know he was safe and sometimes not seeing
him. Then there were the rare occasions when he dreamed of slamming the Trickster against a wall and taking his anger out on him with bruising kisses and grinding hips. He would wake up hard and aching, his conscious brain fighting his subconscious one, disgust on his face at the thought of feeling like this for a monster. He didn’t know which dreams were worse.

Then Dean died, the dreams got worse but he was too high to even feel anything about them. That year he didn’t remember much, partly because he had blocked it from his mind, partly because the demon blood had played with his memories, and he was glad. The next time he saw the Trickster he was clean and had time to think over their past encounters more carefully.

He could see now that the Trickster was trying to help, in his own strange way. And even though he still sometimes had nightmares about the Mystery Spot, Sam had forgiven him. Because now Sam understood. Hindsight was a bitch; he knew now what the Trickster was trying to do. And Sam hadn’t listened and gone off the deep end anyway. So, he was willing to try and figure out what the Trickster was trying to teach them this time when he and Dean found themselves in TV land.

When they first encountered the Trickster on Dr. Sexy he couldn’t help but think that the name was an apt description. With his almost too big doctor coat and that smirk, Sam’s heart was pounding in his chest. When those gold eyes landed on him as he asked to talk, he had to use all his self-control to not blush or stutter. There was just something about the Trickster that sent his heart beating in a way it hadn’t in a long time, not even for Ruby.

He knew that the Trickster wasn’t trying to hurt them when he operated on Dean. That bullet should have killed his brother; it was so close to his spine. Then when they played ‘Nutcracker’; a bowling ball to the nuts with that much power should have broken his pelvis, but it didn’t. It hurt yeah, but not as much as it should have.

When Dean told him of his plan in the cop show he was hesitant. He didn’t want to stab the Trickster, and in the back of his mind he knew the Trickster was too smart to let him. The thought of how the Trickster knew Cas, how he talked of the prize fight, it sounded too familiar, not something a Trickster would say. Something told him he wasn’t even a Trickster. Sam’s reasoning for stabbing him was he knew it wouldn’t hurt him.

Then when his suspicions were confirmed, that he wasn’t just an angel but a damn Archangel, well . . . Sam’s heart broke a little. He was already out of reach when he was the Trickster now he was an angel. Something holy, something pure, someone who could never want Sam. He knew now that the flirting was just a tactic. Gabriel was just acting like he cared because they were important for the apocalypse.

As he told his story in the warehouse, Sam heard the pain in his voice. The pain of losing his brothers, watching them turn on each other and knowing there was nothing he could do. Sam started to understand. Gabriel was a lot like him. He wanted out of the life he was handed so he ran away and became something else. Sam saw so much of himself in the man in front of him. And then as Gabriel made the comparison between him and Dean and Michael and Lucifer, he saw the hesitation before he spoke about Lucifer and him. He saw the mask slip back on as he played his own role.

Crawford Hall made sense now, he was trying to help, maybe even trying to stop it all before it happened but they were too stubborn to see it. When Gabriel said, it was always supposed to end
with them, he looked at Sam and Sam saw the sadness in his eyes, saw the pain that he couldn’t stop this from happening. Gabriel had tried: Crawford Hall, Mystery Spot. He had been trying to stop all this from happening. And they ignored him, too intent on their own problems to see what he was doing, what he was sacrificing to help them.

Well, Sam saw it now. He was going against God’s orders, against Michael and all the other angels. He was risking so much by just talking to them. It still wasn’t helping. He was tired, as he said ‘he just wanted it to be over.’ And Sam understood. He wished he could do something but with Dean standing right there, blinded by his anger for Gabriel, it wouldn’t help. So, that night he did something he hadn’t done for a long time: he prayed.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a review. I would love to hear if anyone out there likes it or not. And Kudos are always appreciated.
“Gabriel,” Sam said to the cold night air as he slipped out of the hotel room, “I know you don’t really want to see me after today and I understand that, so just,” he sighed, “just listen please.” He waited a beat and when nothing happened he sighed again.

“I just wanted to say, I’m sorry. I’m sorry for not listening, I’m sorry for being so stubborn and blind. What you did, what you tried to do, was a very brave thing and I wish I could have seen that you were trying to help.” He paused, thinking. He sat down at the curb, resting his arms on his knees as he continued to talk to the still night air.

“After Mystery Spot I looked up the people you killed at Crawford and found out how horrible they were.” Images of newspaper clippings flashed through his mind; headlines proclaiming at least 15 rape allegations against the recently dead local celebrity professor, graphic pictures of the tortured animals found in the animal tester lab as well as a journal stating a plan to kidnap an actually person and continue his tests. The look on some of the freshman pledges they had talked to, expressions previously ignored now standing starkly out in Sam’s mind. The tall man took in a shuttering breath and continued his speech,

“You saved a lot of lives punishing them and I don’t know whether to be glad or mad. I don’t really think I have a moral code anymore, not after,” he paused and swallowed hard, “not after last year. I wished I had listened, then we wouldn’t be in this mess. I’m sorry I ever put you in this position. I understand, to a point, what you’re going through. I would have done the same thing if I was you. I did in fact, I ran away from everything I knew and tried to start over. I want you to know that I don’t want you to kill your brothers, I would never want that for anyone. I just wish there was a way to stop them without killing half the world by saying yes.” He was quiet for a long time, just staring at the ground and how the brighter stars were reflected in a puddle near his feet.

“I wish I wasn’t born,” he whispered, more to himself than the Archangel he was praying to, “then none of this would have happened.” He saw the tears on his pants before he realized he was crying and then it was too late.

He hadn’t had a breather since Jess died. They were always on the move, always fighting for their lives, always in danger. Even in sleep he felt like he couldn’t rest, couldn’t deal with what had happened the past five years. But this finally broke him, all the stress he was under: the Apocalypse, Lucifer, and now Gabriel. He had done this; it was all his fault.

He heard the footsteps and tried to quickly stop his tears, but they just kept falling. He knew who it was, there wasn’t anyone else it could be. The Trickster squatted down in front of Sam and gently put a finger under his chin, raising it until gold eyes met hazel.

“Chin up, Kiddo,” Gabriel whispered a small smile on his face, “it’s okay. It’s not your fault.”
Gabriel’s words just made the tears come faster, almost blurring his vision. A sob escaped Sam’s lips and he tried to stifle it with his hand.

“H-how can you say that, after everything I did?” he whispered in a broken voice. He tried to look away, but Gabriel’s eyes kept him immobile.

“Because you were manipulated. From the moment you were born you were used and hated. They manipulated you onto that path but you just kept forging your own.”

“B-but I thought, what you said back at the warehouse . . .” Sam asked confused, the tears still falling from his eyes. . . . and Lucifer, the little brother, rebellious of Daddy's plan. You were born to this, boys. . . . As it is in heaven, so it must be on earth. Sam could still hear Gabriel’s voice ringing in his head. The Archangel’s eyes saddened and he looked away.

“I’m surprised you believed me at all, after everything I’ve done to you. At that moment it was the only way to get the point into your head. I’m sorry about that, you are nothing like him.” Sam let out a watery laughing,

“Yeah, right.” He muttered. Gabriel’s eyes suddenly burned bright as he glared at Sam.

“Don’t you say that. You are nothing like my brother. You are kind, and bright, and optimistic, your soul is so pure.” Sam snorted again.

“Sam, if you could only see what I see,” Gabriel said, his voice tinged with desperation, “I’ve only seen one soul burn brighter and that’s your brother’s. You have so much good in you. Even when everyone wanted you to be bad, you did good. You protect people from monsters they can’t even imagine. You care so deeply. Even when you were on demon blood, you thought you were doing the right thing.” Sam flinched at that but kept looking into those eyes, the amber orbs capturing him completely. “You were manipulated. And now, rather than run away from your mistakes, you own up to them. You’re trying to fix what you broke. You have such a strong and beautiful soul and don’t let anyone tell you otherwise. You. Are. Good.” Gabriel put his hands on either side of Sam’s face so he had no choice but to look into those burning eyes,

“None of this is your fault. You were lead, manipulated into going down this path. It is not your fault, ya hear me?” he asked and Sam nodded as much as he could with Gabriel’s hands on him. Gabriel softened then, dropping one hand and letting the other run through Sam’s messy hair, pushing it back out of his damp face.

Sam didn’t know if he believed Gabriel but his hand in his hair certainly calmed him down. Dean used to do this when he was sick as a dog in bed. A gentle hand running through his hair would calm even the worse of symptoms, even for a little while. The way Gabriel was looking at him now, it felt like coming home, and that terrified Sam more than the looming Apocalypse.

“Now let’s get you back to bed, you need to sleep as much as you can. Don’t worry, I’ll keep the nightmares at bay.” Gabriel smiled softly at him and Sam suddenly realized just how tired he was. He nodded and Gabriel stood up, offering a hand that Sam took gratefully. He staggered slightly when Gabriel pulled him up, making the Archangel chuckle softly before he slung one of Sam’s arms around his shoulder and help drag him into the motel room. He dropped Sam on the bed and snapped him into sleeping clothes which earned him a sleepy smile.

“Sleep Samoose,” he said softly. Sam burrowed under the covers and sighed happily. Gabriel moved to leave but Sam’s arm shot out and he grabbed Gabriel’s sleeve.

“Please,” he whispered, his voice breaking, “please don’t leave, just until I fall asleep.” Gabriel
smiled at him and came to sit by Sam, who scooched over slightly.

“Close your eyes, Samshine.” He did as he was told and felt Gabriel’s calming fingers in his hair. He relaxed into the bed and almost purred at the feel of his fingers. Soon Sam was asleep. Gabriel smiled again and got up, placing a kiss on Sam’s forehead, making sure his dreams were peaceful.

“Sleep well, Sam,” he said and disappeared.

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After that night Sam slept better. He still had nightmares, but more often than not he didn’t and it seemed before they got too bad he would wake up and meet the concerned face of Gabriel. He knew Gabriel was watching over him and his stupid crush grew with that knowledge. And it was stupid and wrong but there was nothing he could do about it. He was grateful for the Archangel’s presence.

He was able to pull Sam out of the lingering nightmares quicker than anything else, always with soft words or a hand in his hair. Most nights when he woke up from Lucifer’s torture, Gabriel would whisk them off somewhere, knowing Sam wouldn’t get back to sleep anytime soon. He mostly took them to his house, a place in a pocket dimension where they were safe, and plopped down on the sofa, pulling Sam with him and distracted him with his infinite TV show collection. Sam was eternally grateful for this and Gabriel never said anything, never teased him or made things worse. He would just stay with him. And that made all the difference.

They got closer over the weeks. Gabriel would sometimes pop in when Dean was out, usually at a bar, and take him places; feeding his curiosity and hunger for knowledge. They would have fun, splashing on a beach or hiking up a mountain. It gave him a break from all the stress he was under. It gave him space to think, to clear his head, to heal.

Soon he was telling Gabriel about his past: Stanford and the people he knew there, some of his fonder memories of dad and Dean. He told him about some of their hunts they went on. Gabriel was warring between extremely entertained to angry because of some of the stupid risks they took. And very slowly Sam could feel himself healing. He could also tell he was falling hard for the Trickster-Archangel. But Gabriel didn’t seem to feel the same. If only he knew it wouldn’t last, then maybe he would have done something.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a review. I would love to hear if anyone out there likes it or not. And Kudos are always appreciated.
Then him and Dean walked into that hotel. That stupid hotel. *Elysian Fields*. He should have known by the fucking name alone. They should have just kept driving. Then none of it would have happened. Gabriel never would have had to step in to save their asses, he never would have been trapped by Kali, he never would have to had to stand up to his brother to give them time to run. He wouldn’t have . . . wouldn’t have. But, they didn’t stop, and it did all happen. It still made Sam’s chest hurt when he thought about it.

When Gabriel walked through that door when they were cornered by the gods, Sam’s heart jumped into his throat, a mixture of surprise and happiness running through him. That was soon replaced with anxiousness. What was Gabriel’s plan in this? Whose side was he on this time? Sam watched Gabriel and the gods closely as they talked. Gabriel was being very careful with how he spoke around them, he was in full Loki mode. It struck him as Gabriel so easily controlled the situation; the Archangel wanted to save them.

Gabriel was his usual cocky self, no sign of his and Sam’s . . . whatever it was. That was until Dean asked why he was doing any of this, why he wanted to help them, and then he and Sam locked eyes. There was something deeper in his expression than annoyance. It was something Sam had only seen on a few faces in his life: deep caring, worry, almost fondness. His gaze softened as he looked at Sam and the revelation hit Sam like a semi; Gabriel cared for him, he was doing this to get him out.

It made his heart sore even as Gabriel talked about Kali and their fling, and how he was going to hopefully use that to his advantage. Gabriel had told him about it during one of their many nights hanging out, how it was more to past the time for him though Kali had some serious feelings concerning it. Sam didn’t worry for the Archangel as he disappeared to go find Kali, he was more than a match if the death Goddess got hands-y. The hunter was more overwhelmed with the new knowledge that Gabriel was invested in him, that he had feelings for him. Maybe even loved him?

No Sam, don’t get ahead of yourself.

As soon as Gabriel looked into his eyes when Dean was bargaining, the Trickster gave in. He always seemed to. If only Sam realized what that decision would cost him. Kali got Gabriel’s blood and then killed the Archangel in front of him, well, seemingly. Sam thought he was dead and his blood ran cold and his heart stop with the realization. He didn’t remember much after that, at least until Dean got back from letting the other people go.

His brother told him Gabriel wasn’t dead after all and Sam’s heart stuttered back to life. It seems his emotions were on a roller-coaster tonight. But then as soon as the elation flooded his body the realization of just what was about to happen hit him and his heart plummeted once more. Lucifer was here. Sam was more terrified than he’d been in all his life as he watched the Archangel easily kill the
gods. Then the Devil was in the same room as him and he was almost frozen with terror. They had no time before Lucifer was battling with Kali. Thankfully, Dean and his hunter instincts saved him. He and Dean dived behind the table and after the roar of fire passed over them, he asked Dean if he was okay.

“Not really,” a voice said and both brothers looked over to see Gabriel hunched next to them behind the table.

“Better late than never, huh?” he said, smiling sadly. Sam and Gabriel’s eyes caught each other and an understanding passed between them. The plan was formed without words and Sam knew what Gabriel had to do. Sam knew the Archangel had a high chance he wasn’t going to make it out of there alive and his soul ached with the thought. The words he’d been desperate to say were at the tip of his tongue but-

“Guard this with your life,” Gabriel ordered, breaking eye contact with Sam and shoving a DVD case into Dean’s arms, before disappearing around the table edge. The DVD had a colorful cover and when Dean turned it over they saw the title; Casa Erotica 13. They exchanged confused looks but then Gabriel was calling for them and Dean shoved it into his jacket. They both stood up and walked slowly around the table and toward the two glaring Archangels.

“Get her out of here,” Gabriel commanded, his voice like nothing Sam had ever heard before. It wasn’t the playful, mischievous tone that he was used to. This was sharp and strong, dangerous. The voice of a predator, a warrior of God, an Archangel. Dean grabbed Kali’s arm from Gabriel and started to drag her out, all three still had eyes on Lucifer. Sam glanced warily back between the two brothers as they moved into the hallway. Gabriel gave him one, final, glance. It was sorrowful and full of pain. Sam knew that this was their goodbye, he was planning to die for them, for him, and almost didn’t walk out himself at that revelation. But then Gabriel pushed him and they all stumbled down the hallway.

They could hear Gabriel and Lucifer talking and they knew he was giving them enough time to escape, they didn’t waste it. They almost flew down the hallway and into the parking lot, even though everything right down to his soul was telling Sam to go back in there and save Gabriel. He held onto the sliver of a chance that Gabriel could trick his way out of this the same way he’d done before.

“I’m not getting in that thing,” Kali said about the Impala, still having the nerve to be snotty when Lucifer could pop up any minute.

“Just get in the car princess,” Dean snapped, and Sam opened her door for her even as he looked longingly back at the hotel. He got in beside Dean and they gunned it just as the storm started back up again.

Even though everything in him ached to go back he knew they couldn’t. Dean just pressed his foot closer to the floor. About a mile away Kali disappeared from the backseat, leaving their blood vials behind on the seat. It was then that the sky lit up with something that was too bright to be lightning, less than six seconds later the power wave hit them. Dean swerved rapidly, cursing as the car almost fishtailed. It hit Sam in the chest like a hammer. An Archangel had died. He knew with absolute surety, dread started to creep through his veins even as he refused to think about it too closely.

“We have to go back,” he said to the sudden silence, even the storm had stopped.

“What!? What the hell are you talking about?” Dean asked breathing hard, looking over at his brother in confusion.
“Dean,” Sam said turning back to him, “we have to go back. We have to know.” Dean looked at him like he was crazy. Sam took a shuddering breath,

“Either Lucifer is dead, or Gabriel is,” he was surprised how his voice didn’t stutter, “either way he’s gone now.” Dean looked at him for another moment before cursing lowly to himself and turning the car back around. The storm started once more but now it was mostly rain, as if the Heaven’s themselves were mourning the loss of one of the greats.

Sam didn’t even wait for Dean to throw the Impala into park before he was out the door and running down the hallway. Please be okay, please be okay, please be alive, his thoughts chanted even as his heart grew heavy. He stopped short when he rounded the corner into the ballroom. Gabriel was lying very still, wings burned into the ground and a giant hole in his chest. Sam didn’t know what sound escaped his lips before he was over there and kneeling beside the man he loved, but it sounded inhuman.

“No, no, no! You can’t be dead. Please, don’t be dead. Gabriel!” Sam pled, lifted Gabriel’s body to him and clutching on to it. He shook the blond, but Gabriel’s head flopped uselessly against his arm, his eyes still closed.

“Please, please, please. Don’t leave me!” Sam screamed and started to cry, his heart shattering in his chest.

“Please don’t leave me! I can’t do this without you,” Sam cried holding the man close and screaming into Gabriel’s chest while he clutched at the Archangel’s jacket. He sobbed openly, tears flowing down his face and darkening Gabriel’s silk shirt.

“Gabriel, I love you,” Sam sobbed, brushing Gabriel’s gold hair away from his still face, his eyes were even closed, he looked so peaceful, as if he was sleeping, “so you can’t be dead. You can’t.” Sam’s voice broke and more tears trailed down his face.

“Please, I love you, I love you.” Sam buried his face in Gabriel’s shoulder and cried. Dean stood by the door and watched as his brother broke down and apart. He didn’t know how long he stood there as Sam held Gabriel’s body and cried. Eventually, Dean had to step forward,

“Sam, Sammy we should go. We need to get going, someone else could be coming,” Dean said softly, laying a hand on Sam’s still shaking shoulder. Sam flinched violently and looked up at his brother, eyes streaming, face crumpled. The looked broke Dean’s heart and he wished he could hug his brother and make everything okay, but he couldn’t.

“He’s dead.” He said his voice strangely calm despite his tears.

“I’m so sorry Sam.” Dean whispered. Yeah, he didn’t like Gabriel, but he would have dealt with the asshole if it could have stopped the pain Sam was going through right now. The kid had already lost so much, he didn’t deserve this. Sam stared at his brother for a long time before his face suddenly smoothed over, going completely blank. He looked away and back at Gabriel. Gently, he weaved a hand in Gabriel’s hair and brought the body up to him once more, hugging him closely. He took one final whiff of that cotton candy, sunlight, and soft flower smell that always surrounded Gabriel; even that was fading. Sam pulled away, laid a kiss on his forehead, put his body back down gently and stood up.

“He’s gone,” He whispered as he stared down at Gabriel, his blood on his shirt and hands.

“I’m really sorry Sam, but we should go,” Dean said, hating himself for having to pull Sam away but too paranoid that someone else would come snooping. That power surge was bound to call some
type of angelic attention and that was the last thing they needed, on top of everything.

Sam nodded numbly and looked at Dean; to his brother’s horror his eyes had glazed over, completely blank; no emotion, no light. Sam walked passed Dean without another glance and went back out to the Impala. Dean glanced at Gabriel’s body and then after Sam. He sighed and pulled out one of the chocolates the hotel had given him. He smirked ruefully, it was probably drugged anyway. Crouching, he put the chocolate on Gabriel’s chest and patted.

“Thanks man,” he said before standing back up and walking away.

On the drive away, Dean kept shooting Sam looks, both worried and confused. Sam was staring blankly out the window or down at his blood-stained hands. That blank looked scared Dean more than he let on.

“So,” the elder hunter started, feeling uncomfortable, “you and Gabriel?” he asked.

“Dean.” A warning, a single syllable that was so sharp it could cut. Dean flinched and nodded, looking back at the road. Well, he guessed that answered any question he would have asked. The rest of the ride was silent, and when they finally found a hotel far away from the one they left, they both collapsed into bed and fell asleep. It wouldn’t last.

Sam would soon wake up screaming, Gabriel’s name on his lips. He would break down again, crying silently into his pillow. It wouldn’t get better for a long time. Almost every night, Sam would wake up screaming or rocket up with a gasp, close to tears. He barely got more than three hours of sleep every few nights. During the day wasn’t much better. He was blank, going through the motions but the light, his light, was gone.

Chapter End Notes

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Two weeks after Gabriel’s death, Sam took the Impala while Dean was on a salt n’ burn and traveled the three hours up to Chicago. He was meeting with a tattoo artist he had been chatting with since a few days after Gabriel’s death. The parlor he pulled up to was called Black Lotus Tattoos. The tall man walked into the small store and headed for the counter. A large man with a beard and tattoos running completely down his arms smiled as Sam approached.

“Welcome to Black Lotus Tattoos, how can I help you?”

“Hi,” Sam said not smiling back, “I’m here to see Sabrina.” The man nodded and walked into the back of the store. Sam looked around with disinterest. The walls were covered with art and the place looked like something straight out of the 1950s. He wanted to be curious and ask questions but what was the point?

A beautiful woman walked out with the large man. She had black hair that ran in loose curls down to her collar bone, her wore a ret halter top and tight fitting jeans, and her entire right arm was covered in tattoos. She also had a small stud on the left side of her upper lip. Sam looked at her and tried to stir up any interest at all, but nothing. He just didn’t care anymore.

“Hey, you must be Sam; my all-day client. Sabrina,” She said offering her hand. Sam took it and nodded. He shook her hand before rummaging in his computer bag and pulling out a sketch book. He showed her his sketches with a blank face. The raven-haired woman looked over them with interest.

“And you want this covering your whole back?” She asked looking up at him with a skeptical look.

“Yes, I know you’re the best there is, you’ll do it right. As I said before I can handle the pain, so can we go ahead and started?” A little bit of irritation seeped into his tone but his eyes stayed dull. Sabrina nodded,

“Whatever you say pretty boy, this way.” She showed him toward the back and had him lay down on the bench. He saw her raise her eyebrows at his scars but didn’t say anything, he was glad.

“Now as you booked the whole day we can try to get it all done at once but if it hurts too much just tell me and we can stop, okay?” He nodded and they started. It didn’t hurt as much as Sabrina kept saying it would, he had dealt with far worse. He drifted and unfortunately his thoughts went to Gabriel. Silent tears started to fall and Sabrina paused in her work.

“Do you want me to stop?” she asked. Sam shook his shaggy head,

“No, please keep going. I’m fine.” She looked at him with a piercing look before going back to her work. Sam tried to hid his tears after that and at one point he even fell asleep. His exhaustion from the last few weeks finally tearing him down into unconsciousness. The pain was barely there
anymore, just a little buzz over his skin.

The sun had set by the time they were done. Sam came back to himself slowly, blinking, and for the first time in two weeks there was a spark of light in those hazel eyes.

“Okay Sam, do you want to see?” Sam nodded and got up, stretching, his back aching but not badly. Sabrina waved him over to a floor length mirror and handed him a hand-held mirror. He turned his back to the full length and looked at it through the hand held, his breath caught.

There, on his back, were three pairs of the most beautiful gold wings he had ever seen. They were all colors of gold, from nearly white to whiskey brown but prominently a burning gold. They were amazing, the detail made them look as if they were actually sprouting from his back. His eyes filled with tears again,

“I’ve got you Gabriel.” He whispered to himself.

“So, what do you think?” Sabrina asked. Sam turned toward her and enveloped her into a hug.

“Thank you so much,” he whispered in her ear. She hugged him back gently, careful of his tattoo.

“Your welcome, let me just bandage you up okay?” Sam nodded and laid back down. As she started to wrap him up she spoke,

“If you don’t mind me asking, is there a reason you got this?” Sam tensed but then relaxed, maybe it would be good to tell someone who didn’t know his background.

“Uh, my um boyfriend died recently,” he said after a moment.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry,” Sabrina gasped pausing in her bandaging. Sam shook his head and kept going.

“He was named after the Archangel Gabriel, kind of got obsessive with it. Always pulling the ‘I’m an Archangel, I can do what I want’ on me.” Sam smiled at that remember when Gabriel had pulled the Archangel card on him. It was when they were arguing over movie ice creams. Gabriel argued that the candy bar ice cream bars were the best while Sam said that a simple Klondike bar was much better. Gabriel had said,

“oh pu-lease, ice creamed snickers are so much better than a Klondike bar and I’m an Archangel which means what I say goes, so shut your cakehole Sammy.”

Sam shook himself out of the memory and continued,

“But he was an amazing guy. His presence would just fill up a room, always smiling and laughing. He was a trickster through and through, pulling pranks on me and my brother. He could always make me smile even when I felt like crap. I loved him. But then,” he swallowed hard, “he died.” He stopped and tried to hold back the tears.

“I thought it would be nice to have something of him, something to remind me of him. And I know that the Archangel Gabriel had golden wings, hence the tattoo. This way, every time I look in the mirror, he’s there.” Sam’s voice cracked and the tears started again. God, Dean would make fun of him if he was there, he was being such a baby.

Sabrina finished up her bandaging and said,

“He sounds like an amazing guy, I’m sorry that that happened to him. Though I think he would
appreciate the sentiment of the wings.” Sam gave her a watery smile and pulled his loose flannel back over his back. He listened to her as she explained the care instruction and then they went back to the front to pay.

“Here,” Sabrina said handing him a card, “I’ll be checking up on you in three weeks to see how that tattoo’s doing. And Sam,” she looked up into his hazel eyes, “If you need someone, I’m only a phone call away.” Sam looked at her for a long time before nodding.

“Thanks Sabrina.” He said. She nodded and went back to her work station.

When he got back, Dean bitched to him about stealing his car even though Sam had explained that morning he may take her out for a drive. He didn’t comment on Sam sleeping on his stomach or the bandages he saw on his back. When Sam finally took his shirt off in front of Dean his brother only raised his eyebrows before going back to changing. Sam could tell Dean was burning with questions and glad that for once he didn’t push.

After that he went back to hunting with Dean, become a killing machine but being smart about it, and worked on getting the rings; fulfilling Gabriel’s last wish. When he jumped into the Cage he filled his thoughts with the last Archangel. He had saved his brothers from killing each other and saved the world from being torn apart. Hopeful Gabriel would be happy.

The next few years passed in a blur but he finally understood what the universe was trying to tell him. He didn’t deserve love. He wasn’t good enough for it. He was poison and everything he touches only died. He stopped trying and with Lucifer banging around in his head, pushing that fact on him again and again, well. He got it.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always appreciated.
Gabriel blinked his eyes open and sighed, after Dad knew how long he could feel his finally restored Grace thrumming through his body. He sat up slowly, brushing his too long blond hair out of his eyes. Those golden eyes swept across the room quickly, taking in the bedroom that looked to be from his safe house in the mountains of India, and landed on the Indian woman asleep in a chair by his bedside. A soft chuckle passed his lips and her eyes snapped opened, the soft brown orbs shining when they landed on him.

“Gabriel,” she breathed, looking at him in shock. Gabriel sat forward and cupped her cheek gently.

“Hey K,” he whispered. She leaned into his touch, her eyes falling closed.

“I thought you were dead,” she whispered, Gabriel chuckled again.

“That was kind of the point sweetheart, though I didn’t mean for it to be so close to permanent.” He rubbed his chest lightly and dropped his hand from Kali’s face. Her brow furrowed in confusion.

“No, Gabriel. It didn’t work.” Now it was Gabriel’s turn to look confused.

“What do you mean K?” Kali looked away for a second.

“When I came to retrieve your body there was nothing left, only the smallest of slivers, not enough to keep you alive. I tried to work the spell you gave me but nothing happened.” She bit her lip. Gabriel’s eyes were bugging out of his head.

“B-but how am I alive?” he asked confused, looking down at himself again.

“There was this great flash of light that consumed the room, I couldn’t tell you who it was but their power was,” she paused and shuttered, “intense.” Gabriel’s eyes widened.

“Once it was gone you had more Grace. I tried the spell again and it worked. Your Grace started to repair itself. I found this note in your pocket,” she held out a red envelope almost shyly.

“I didn’t open it.” She said after a moment. Gabriel slowly took it and put it in his pocket. He had an inkling about who the note was from but didn’t want to open it in front of Kali.

“Thank you, Kali. For everything that you’ve done. I wouldn’t be alive if it wasn’t for you.” She smiled softly, for once the Death Goddess showing her more human side. Gabriel cupped her face with both hands and looked her straight in the eye,

“You are now in an Archangel’s debt, if you need help, just pray to me and I’ll come, almost no questions asked.”
“Almost?” she asked, smirking slightly, Gabriel smiled and laughed,

“Well, you know me, I do still have some morals, and you looked cute when annoyed.” Kali wrinkled her nose and pulled away.

“All right, enough of this mushy stuff, I think I’m getting wrinkles.” Gabriel threw his head back and laughed and Kali couldn’t help but smile along. It was so good to hear that laugh again.

“You know you and those Winchesters have more in common than either of you would like to think.” Kali sat up straight, looking highly offended.

“That’s enough out of you Gabriel, remember I’m still the Goddess of Death.” Her hand lit fire and she smirked at Gabriel.

“All right, all right,” he said holding up his hands in surrender, though his signature smirk didn’t slide off his face, “no need to get burn-y, I was just teasing.” Her hand went out though that dangerous glint stayed in her eyes.

“So,” Gabriel said after a moment, swinging his legs off the side of the bed, “What’s the date? I’ve been out for a while.”

“February 20th, 2013.” Gabriel let low whistle,

“Three years, that’s a lot. Mind getting me up to speed?” he raised a challenging eyebrow at Kali who simply huffed and started to tell him about the last three years. He snapped up a table and some chairs so they could speak more comfortably.

“So they actually did it?” Gabriel said leaning back against the chair he was now sitting in.

“Wow, those Winchesters. Always surprising me.” He shook his head and looked back at Kali who was suddenly nervous.

“Kali? What is it?” She looked away and Gabriel knew whatever it was, was extremely important and most likely very bad; the goddess usually wasn’t this vulnerable.

“To stop the fight, Sam had to jumped in with them.” Gabriel froze, suddenly become the emotionless statue most angels acted like.

“He what?”

“He jumped in and that’s not even the worst part. Castiel tried to bring him back but he, he forgot, he forget,” suddenly Gabriel grabbed Kali and shook her,

“Please tell me you’re not trying to say what I think you’re trying to say?”

“Castiel didn’t bring back his soul.” Gabriel put his head in his hands.

“No,” he whispered and sat for so long Kali began to worry.

“Gabriel?” she asked reaching out tentatively. Gabriel shot out of his chair and began to pace around the room, his magic whipping out and crushing anything breakable that was in reach.

“I need to you tell me everything, all the information you have. I need to know what kind of mess I have to clean up,” he snapped, his usually teasing voice sharp and for the first time in three years
Kali was scared. She told him everything she had leaned; Sam’s year and a half of being soulless, Death’s wall, Castiel’s fight with Raphael, his deal with Crowley, the Leviathans, Sam’s wall breaking, Cas dying, and finally Dean putting Sam in a mental hospital because Lucifer was in his head.

“Dammit,” Gabriel muttered finally sitting back down.

“Well this is a mess,” Gabriel laughed hollowly, shaking his head and looking over at the goddess.

“Really Kali, thank you, but you should probably go. Me waking up caused a power surge, someone’s bound to come snooping around eventually.” Kali sighed and stood up, brushing off the wrinkles in her skirt.

“Gabriel, there’s one thing I think you should know,”

“Hm?” he asked looking up at her.

“I never told anyone what you are. Even though I don’t trust your Father or siblings, I never betrayed you. Loki is still intact.” He nodded and looked away,

“Thank you Kali.” With a sound like a puff of smoke, she was gone.

Gabriel sat there for a long time, his thoughts moving at a thousand miles per hour. He knew generally where Sam was, he could feel his Grace calling out to Sam’s soul, but for the time being he ignored the pull. There were two people he needed to see before he went to Sam. He stood up and walked over to a mirror, looking at his bedraggled state.

The one problem with having little to no Grace, was his vessel grew, and aged. He now had a substantial beard, his hair was almost past his shoulders, and he was still in the clothes Lucifer had killed him in. He made a disgusted noise and snapped his fingers. The beard was gone, his hair was back to just curling at the back of his neck, and he was in a new pair of jeans, the jacket was repaired, and he switched the black shirt to a dark purple. He winked at his reflection and raised his fingers to snap but then remembered the note.

He pulled it out of his pocket and opened it. Confetti suddenly surrounded him and he looked up startled. He quickly looked back at the note, it read:

Congratulations!

On almost getting yourself killed!

Next time make a better plan. I can’t be around to save you all the time.

Play nice fledgling

He stared at the note for a whole minute before finally shaking himself, both mentally and physically since confetti was now in his hair, before looked up at the ceiling of his house with a smirk.

“I’ll try Dad, thanks.” He put the note away and snapped his fingers, disappearing.

“Time to check up on the most recent Prophet,” he muttered to himself as he popped into the two-story home. Alcohol bottles were strewed across the floor, old pizza and other food was covering almost ever surface except for a large desk near the back of the house. The man sitting there, is what
stopped him cold.

He was a very clean looking person in compared to the room around him; he had dark brown hair that was styled neatly, a close-cut beard, and he was wearing jeans and a white button down shirt. He was sitting in front of an old computer and typing furiously. But Gabriel almost didn’t see the vessel, he saw the glowing outline around the man and gasped.

“Dad?” he realized too late that he had one) spoken out loud, and two) had become visible in his shock. The man’s head jerked up and the glow around his body disappeared.

“N-no?” the man stuttered. Gabriel just stood there with an open mouth. After a minute he burst out laughing and said,

“So, this is where you’ve been hiding all this time?”

“Enjoying humanity to the fullest I see.” He waved at the bottles and pizza strew all around.

“So you’ve been drinking booze and what?” Gabriel popped right next to his Father and looked over the neat stack of papers next to him, “writing.”

“Gabriel!” His Father chastised, snatching the papers away from his son. Gabriel laughed again and looked over his Father. He was hesitant to say, but he looked good. Happy even. But then his emotion came over him like a tidal wave, he didn’t know what to feel. A billion years of pent up emotion was coursing through him.

“Why?” He asked after a moment, looking at his Father, feeling like the child he once was.

God looked at him with sad eyes; he put the papers back down and turned to his son. He almost looked apologetic.

“Why?” he repeated, “would you believe me if I said free will?” Gabriel looked at his Father for a long time and finally shook his head. Felling suddenly drained, too many emotions at once; he flew over to the couch and sat down on it, his Father got up slowly and walking over to him. Gabriel buried his head in his hands and spoke to the floor.

“You didn’t leave any instructions.” He said softly, “You left us in chaos, none of us knowing what to do, how to act, how to treat each other. After Luci,” he paused and tried to keep his emotions in control; too much of that and he could bring all of Heaven down on both of them. He felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up into the new face of his Father, smiling like he always had when they were in Heaven.

“Dad you left us, you abandoned us.” He let his sadness and anger bleed into his voice, staring up into too kind brown eyes. His Father sat down next to him.

“You had to learn on your own, my job was done. And I didn’t leave without instructions. Have you forgotten everything I taught you?” Gabriel looked away from the too kind face and took himself back, back in time to the very beginning and even before that. The memories were not faded or foggy like he wished, they were as sharp as a knife, as clear as the day they happened. He remembers the fight, having to be a soldier too young and then being a kid again, playing in Eden with his brothers. He remembers his Father’s lessons alright, and still tried to live by them though time had made him cruel and vindictive.

“We are flawed,” he said not looking at his Father. God chuckled,
“No one is perfect, even me.” Gabriel looked at him incredulously and God just laughed more.

“I didn’t create you to be perfect,” he said, smiling again, “I was lonely and what was the point in having all that power if I couldn’t share it with someone. You know what happened the first time,” they shared a dark look and Gabriel still felt the pang in his chest at the memory all these billions of years later, “but then I made you five and you were so perfectly flawed, each having your own personality, each with your own quirks and charms.” God smiled again, “It was the happiest day of my life.” His eyes were far off, a happy smile on his face but there was a great sadness behind his happy eyes and Gabriel couldn’t be angry at his Father even if he wanted too.

“Being what I am is not all great power and fun,” God said not looking at his son, eyes still in the past, “I can’t see everything that will happen. I don’t know where some of our choice will lead. Some paths are shown to me, hence the prophesies, but some are not. If I could have changed what happened to your brother, to Heaven, I would have. But by the time I knew, it was already happening and I had to let it run its course.” He looked at his son sadly.

“Why!?” Gabriel said, jumping up, suddenly angry, “Why did you have to ‘let it run its course’?” he asked mockingly, making the air quotes, “Your God, you can literally do anything. Why couldn’t you fix him when you found out? You could have avoided all of this,” he waved his arms around in the air, “then none of this would have happened.”

“But something far worse would have,” God said standing as well, his voice serious. “When I have a vision, it shows two futures, one where Lucifer gets infected and stays that way, and one where he doesn’t. I must make a decision; which future is better? Which way is better for all my children? Free will? Or tight control?” He said very seriously and Gabriel stilled, staring at his Father.

“You have to learn on your own. I cannot make all the decisions for you. You must find out the rights from wrongs on your own. I can only show you the door, you must walk through it. If I push you through it, you will not accept the decision. Gabriel, you know this more than anyone. You punish people for their actions, you show them the consequences. I could not be your safety net forever. You all had to start making decisions on your own and dealing with the consequences of them.” He looked at Gabriel earnestly and Gabriel slowly started to understand.

“Yes the Mark was a mistake, my mistake,” his Father continued, “but I saw it as a way to fix the bigger mistake I had already made. Favoring Lucifer.” Gabriel crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow,

“So you finally admit it?” he said and God huffed,

“I’ve been on this earth since humans first distinguished themselves, I’ve had a lot of time to think about my mistakes.” He said running a hand over his hair,

“So yes, I admit it and I’m sorry Gabriel,” he looked at his son, his eyes slightly pleading.

“I don’t expect you to forgive me, I wouldn’t forgive me, but I want you to know that I am sorry for all the hurt I caused you and our family.” Gabriel couldn’t look into his Father eyes anymore, knowing any longer and he would forgive the bastard, so he looked away and spoke to an empty jack bottle,

“Okay, I get it. All this crap had to happen because the alternative was worse, but when does it get better? When is all the hurt and death and everything repaired?”

“I have only seen some, I know that your Sam will play an important role as well as Castiel’s Dean.” Gabriel blushed for the first time since he’d last seen Sam.
“He’s not mine, he’s his own person,” he muttered, embarrassed to be talking about his love life with his dad who just happened to be God.

“Your Grace calls to him, I can see it even now. You yearn for each other,” God said a teasing smile now on his face and Gabriel blushed even more.

“Yeah about that, I want to go see him. This won’t implode your grand master plan, will it?” Gabriel asked feeling even more so like a fledgling again, asking permission from daddy to go play. God bit his lip, looking nervous.

“What?” Gabriel asked sharply, seeing the look.

“Well,” his Dad said slowly,

“Dad,” Gabriel said in a warning tone.

“I’ll show you what I know,” his Father said and placed two fingers on Gabriel’s head. Instantly images flashed through his mind as his Father narrated.

“Sam’s mind is fall apart at the seams. Dean will search the world to save his brother and he will find the help he needs, but at a great cost to everyone involved. These things need to happen, but you can chose how involved you are as long as they still happen.” He showed him pictures of Sam in a hospital, Dean driving across the country on a new lead, Cas but not Cas, a demon named Meg, Cas Dean and Meg at the hospital saving Sam by transferring the hallucinations.

“The bond between Castiel and the demon must be formed, she is useful and not as demonic as one might think. Stay in the shadows, the ghost there deserve to rest but do not intercede. Keep watch of the girl, you’ll like her. You will be a guardian and that will take up most of your time, but do not be afraid to help when necessary, but again, keep to the shadows. They must go the purgatory, I’m sorry, but it is the only way their bond will be strengthened.”

Meg, Bobby, a girl with red hair, an Asian boy who he knows is a prophet, another demon, Leviathan. Sam with a woman and a dog, Dean fresh out of purgatory, Sam leaving the girl.

God pulled away from Gabriel as he shook his head. Gabriel took a moment before opening his mouth,

“So not only are you telling me I have to watch my little brother, my favorite little brother, be infected by my sociopath older brother and go crazy? And then after that I have to let Dean and Cas stay in purgatory? But I also have to watch the man I love live the perfect apple pie life he always wanted and should have had, with another person? And then watch him realize this was never something he actually wanted? You know how messed up this sounds, right?”

God shrugged helplessly.

“That’s what I’ve been shown, this will help fix things faster. I know it’s crazy but when is life anything but?” Gabriel shook his head and just stared at his Father for a long time.

“I’m not going to be allowed to interfere for a while, am I?” God looked away.

“Once they come back you should be able to take a bigger part in their lives. And you can still do your ‘day job’,” he actually made air quotes causing Gabriel to stared slack jawed at his Father.

“I think I finally see where Cassie got it.” God blushed.
“You can take care of Sam while he is, shall we say ‘ill’, but they really shouldn’t know you’re alive until the next prophet is chosen. And under no circumstances should they know what has to come to pass. You must swear it Gabriel.” God’s tone had taken on a serious, almost sharp edge to it again and Gabriel in turn became serious.

“I swear I won’t tell them anything.”

“Make up whatever excuse you have to, but don’t tell them about this conversation.”

“This seems a bit too familiar, what about fighting destiny and all that?”

“This isn’t fighting destiny Gabriel,” God sighed, “destiny has nothing to do with it. These are the choices they would have made if you had died. These are their choices to make. They must make them. If you interfere so many things could go wrong. I’m not manipulating their fates. They can handle themselves, you just have to give them the chance. Believe in them, you’ll see how well they do.” Gabriel looked at his Father doubtfully but nodded.

“Alright, no telling what’s going to happen, stay out of their hair unless it’s super life threatening, and take care of Sam and the prophet. I can do that. Should be simple enough.” Gabriel said rubbing his hands together.

“Just one more thing Gabriel.” God said raising his hand again.

“What is it?”

“I think you should have a little more detailed cliff notes about what happened since you died.” Gabriel nodded slowly and God put two fingers on Gabriel’s forehead. Visions, like the ones his Father had just shown him, flashed before his eyes. Some he knew, some he didn’t. Sam jumping into the pit, Dean with a woman and young boy, Sam with his newly resurrected grandfather capturing monsters and torturing them, Crowley, and many, many more. It wasn’t second for second but it gave him a much better idea of what he was walking into and it wasn’t pretty.

“Well, thanks Dad,” he said pulling away. He looked at his Father for a second before going on, “it’s actually really nice to know you’re not dead. I missed you.” Suddenly his Father pulled him into a tight hug.

“I missed you more than all the universes combined my son. If you ever feel the need, I will be here.” Gabriel melted into his Father’s embrace, feeling his presence wrap around his Grace and wings and soothe them. They stayed like that for a long time before Gabriel finally pulled away.

“Again, thanks Dad. I-I love you,” he stuttered.

“I love you too son,” God smiled at him, “go, continue on your journey.” Gabriel nodded and was about to take off when his Father spoke once more.

“My name is Chuck now, just so you know.” He sent his son a wink before disappearing and reappearing back in front of the computer, typing away again, glasses in place. Gabriel flew off, his laughter left behind, as he went on to his next destination.

He appeared outside a large, two story house in the depths of Louisiana. It was beautiful; all done up in blues and reds. An iron fence surrounded the property and beautiful gardens spilled across the green yard. Gabriel took a deep breath before walking toward the house. He opened the gate and felt the magic settled over him. He walked up the stairs and stood in front of the white double doors, just
staring at them. Before he could even knock it swung open to reveal a black woman. She had long silver hair that hung around her shoulders, her face was surprisingly young for her aged hair. Her frame was small but strong looking, he could see the toned muscles of her arms, and she was taller than Gabriel. The only thing slight off about her were her milky eyes.

“80 years. 80 years and you only come back now?” She asked sharply, her voice deep and strong. Gabriel looked down at his shoes in embarrassment.

“Come on chéri,” he wheedled, “you know angels are always watching over you.” He smirked and she smacked him about the head.

“Don’t you try to sweet talk me Trickster, now come hug me.” Gabriel broke into a grin and hurried into the house, sweeping the old woman into his arms and holding her tightly.

“Dad, I missed you.” He whispered as she held him just as strongly.

“Well if you had called or wrote or visited, we wouldn’t have had this problem.” She said finally pulling away.

“I wanted you to live your life, away from me.” Gabriel protested as she led him further into the house, passed the sitting room, a small living room, through the dining room, and into a nice, bright kitchen.

“You wouldn’t have if you were always waiting for me to call or write.”

“I can make my own decisions Trickster!” she snapped as she put a kettle on the stove.

“I’m sorry Carol,” Gabriel said guiltily. Carol sighed and turned to the Archangel.

“You may have been right,” she said slowly, “it took me a long time to get over you. But I’ve had a good life.” Gabriel’s face brightened and he sat down at the small table. Carol bustled around making tea as she talked,

“Found a lovely girl, we got married in 1935, secretly of course.” She sent him a wink. “Had four daughters and eight grandbabies and two great-grandbabies on the way.” She was smiling now and it lit up her whole face. She poured the tea and sat down across from Gabriel.

“Where is your wife?” Gabriel asked carefully, knowing that because of Carol’s powers she lived longer than a usual human but anyone Carol would have known would be 112 now.

“The old girl’s out getting ingredients for a spell. Something about worm creatures infecting the food.” Gabriel started and then laughed.

“You married a witch!??” he asked still laughing and Carol smiled.

“Course I married a witch, she was the only one that didn’t treat me like a freak became of my visions.” Gabriel’s smile saddened and he put a hand over hers.

“I’m so sorry chéri, I wish the world was different.” They sat in silence for a minute before Gabriel realized something Carol said.

“You wife isn’t wrong about the worm creatures. They’re called Leviathans.” And he told her all that he knew and how to protect herself if they came after her. They talked some more about their lives, mostly Carol’s, when suddenly the front doors slammed shut.
“Chéri! I’m home.” Carol and Gabriel stood just as a pale woman with curly red hair piled atop her head walked in. She stopped, a shopping bag in her hands, and flicked her eyes between Carol and Gabriel.

“Carol,” she said her French southern accent bleeding more into her voice, “who’s this?” Carol stepped out from around the table and approached her wife. She wrapped her arms around the redhead’s in comfort, or to hold her back.

“Alona, sweetie, this is Gabriel, he’s an old friend.” Gabriel offered his hand with one of his charming smiles on his face but it quickly faded when the woman did nothing but look at it.

“Gabriel, like 1920 Gabriel?” she asked slowly. Carol gulped and nodded.

“It’s an honor to meet the woman who stole Carol’s heart.” Gabriel said, dropping his hand to hold the other one behind his back. The redhead’s brown eyes narrowed as she stared at the archangel. There was a tense silence where Gabriel and Alona stared at each other. Even though he was no threat the Archangel didn’t look away from her, his golden eyes barely blinking as he took in the woman.

“You broke her heart you know,” Alona said finally, still staring. Gabriel tensed before he slumped, hanging his head.

“I know.” He said his mind going back to the seven years he spent with the psychic.

“I couldn’t be what she needed. It was better for both of us in the long run.” He half smiled at her from beneath his lashes and finally Alona’s façade broke.

“Well at least you got one thing right,” she said and they both chuckled. Carol let out a relieved sigh.

“Now what are you doing here Gabriel?” Alona asked as Carol released her and she started to unpack her bag. Gabriel blushed and looked down again.

“There’s someone I need to find,” he said. Carol’s brow furrowed.

“I thought you could find anyone, no matter where they are.” Gabriel shook his head and sat back down, sighing.

“He’s warded against everything.” Alona raised her own eyebrows at that.

“Who is he and why do you need to find him so badly? Is he running from you?” Gabriel shook his head quickly.

“No it’s nothing like that. He’s . . . very important.” He was hesitant to tell them his reasoning. Not after just basically saying that the only reason he left Carol was because he would one day out live her. He didn’t want to have to explain soulmates and how they were for angels.

“What was that?” Carol asked, her milky eyes seeing right through him. The Archangel sighed loudly and buried his head in his hands. He mumbled something but neither woman heard it.

“Hems mte,” Gabriel said.

“Gabriel, sweetie you need to speak up. We can’t hear you.”

“I need to find my mate,” he blurted out making both woman look at him. There was a stunned
silence. Alona got over the shock quickly. Her face morphed into an angry expression and she opened her mouth to probably yell at Gabriel but the angel quickly explained.

“I didn’t know he was until I met him. I thought I would never have a mate, that it just wasn’t in the cards.” He got up and started to pace, running his hands through his hair.

“But of course, of course, it just had to be him! Of all the people and creatures in the universe my mate just turns out to be him. And on top of that I didn’t even know until he looked at me with those stupid hazel eyes and that stupid dimpled, sun-coming-out-from-behind-a-cloud smile. Why, oh why did it have to be him?”

“Gabriel, Gabriel.” Carol said getting in front of the pacing Archangel, “honey, slow down. Take a deep breath and start over. Who is this man and what’s happened to him or you, and why can’t you find him anymore?” Gabriel took a deep breath and sat back down. Carol and Alona joined him. The archangel shifted nervously, as if afraid to speak now that his freak out was over.

“His name is Sam Winchester.” Gabriel whispered. Both Alona and Carol gasped. Gabriel watched them with sad eyes.

“Your soulmate is a Winchester?” Alona asked, her hand coming up to cover her mouth. Gabriel nodded and Alona dropped a hand over his.

“Oh Gabriel I’m so sorry.” Gabriel let out a humorless laugh.

“Thanks Alona but now you understand my problem.” Alona nodded and looked sadder than Gabriel.

“I know about the Winchesters,” Carol said slowly, “but could you please remind me.”

Gabriel sighed and said,

“Well for one, he’s a hunter.” Carol nodded, eyes thoughtful.

“He’s not just any hunter,” Alona scoffed, “he’s one of the two most dangerous hunters on the face of the planet. The other is his brother.” Gabriel couldn’t help a small seed of pride he felt at Alona’s words. That was his mate she was talking about.

“Yeah, he is.” he agreed, “Two, he just happens to be one of the most important pieces to the Apocalypse between my brothers.” He then explained all about the Winchesters and Michael and Lucifer, about what they had done and how they had saved the world. By the time he was done telling them about dying and what had happened to Sam in the meantime both women’s mouths were open.

“Yes, now I remember them. John Winchester is their father?” Carol asked.

“Yes,” Gabriel said and Carol smiled.

“He came to me many years ago wanting to know everything I knew about the supernatural.” Gabriel tensed, “I turned him away, told him he was crazy. Thought he was going to try and kill Alona.” Gabriel let out a breath he didn’t need.

“Strange man, one of the most stubborn I’ve met and dangerous too.”

“Yeah, you can kind of see why I want to find Sam now. I need to make sure he’s okay.” Carol nodded and got up.
“Of course I understand, if those boys are anything like their father. Let me look at you.” Gabriel got up and stepped toward her, suddenly feeling nervous.

“So sad,” she said running her hands across the archangel’s face, through his soft hair and over the lines on his face.

“You’ve had this vessel for a while angel,” she said and felt him tense, “you’ve bonded to it, it’s become a part of you.” She looked at him with milky eyes.

“All these years on this earth has warn you down, all that running,” she sounded sad and awed, “you’re still running.” She cupped his cheeks gently and somehow looked him straight in the eye.

“Maybe it’s time you stopped.” She pushed her fingers deeper into his temple and Gabriel felt her flutter around his Grace, looking, searching, and for once he didn’t pull away, he allowed the embrace. He felt her pull the memories of Sam out and looked at them, felt her find the bond that connected their souls and tug on it, tracing it back to its roots. She found Sam and he saw through her mind how he was barely hanging onto life. Gabriel flinched at the thought of his mate in so much pain.

“Find your Sam, find your mate, after all these millennia you deserve happiness, they all do. But remember Messenger, he is damaged, far beyond what just a simple ‘I love you’ can fix. Take care of him, show him the care taker you were in Heaven. The Winchesters are fickle things, they do not like emotions, tread carefully and think with your heart,” she laid a dark-skinned hand over his strongly beating heart, “and your head.” She tapped his forehead. She pulled away gently.

She kissed him on his forehead and he gripped her arms, not knowing if he wanted to pull her closer or pulled away completely. Slowly he pulled her hands from his face.

“Thank you Carol,” he said and she smiled at him.

“Bring that boy around when you’re both ready, and tell that thick headed brother of yours to come visit sometime.” Gabriel chuckled and finally relaxed.

“Well you know Cassie, always buried in work,” Carol smiled a little and closed her eyes. For a long time, no one moved. Finally, her eyes flicked open and she went over to a desk near the back door and wrote down something.

“Here,” she held out the paper to him and he took it gently, “Sam is there, room 13, your brother sure did a number on that kid.” Gabriel sigh and shook his head, looking at the address.

“Yeah,” the billion-year sadness leaked into his voice and if Carol had her sight she would see that from once Gabriel looked his age. She could feel the sadness seeping into the air of her house though, that’s the thing about Archangels. They’re such powerful creatures, able to bend time, space, and reality to their bidding, and emotions that powerful start to affect their surroundings. She grabbed his shoulders and made him look at her.

“Go, go start to make it right.” Gabriel nodded and stuffed the note in his pocket. He held her cheeks gently and laid a chaste kiss on her lips.

“Thank you chéri and Goodbye.” Gabriel nodded to Alona before disappearing.

“Good luck, my lover boy,” Carol whispered as the sound of wings filled the air.
Comments and Kudos are always appreciated.
A Suprising Turn of Events

Chapter Notes

And now we switch back to Sam's POV. And there starts the main part of our story. We've been caught up to date and now begins the canon divergence. The chapters will probably stay at the 1000-1500 words per for the rest of the story, if not I'll warn you. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sam was lying in bed like every other day since Dean had stuck him here, Lucifer was sitting on the desk playing the trumpet, very loudly and very badly. He had given up trying to block his ears weeks ago. It was no use, he and his bad playing were only in his head and he was too damn tired and it was a waste.

Then suddenly, just as he was drifting off, firecrackers exploded out of the trumpet’s horn as Lucifer continued to play. Sam jumped and tried to curl in on himself as they whizzed around him.

“Thought I was losing you there Sammy. What? Don’t like my playing? Hm,” Lucifer looked at the trumpet in his hands before willing it away, “You’re right, this morning needs something more, loud.” Suddenly he was in full one-man-band gear and began stomping around the room making the most ear screeching, horrible noises he could at a louder volume than seemed possible. It would have been funny if Sam wasn’t so exhausted and the volume so loud. He tried to ignore him but Lucifer’s noise just seemed to get louder.

He stopped when the doctor came in and for once sat quietly on the desk though when the doctor said they were starting him on new meds the grin Lucifer shot him was nothing more than manic. He shuttered but pretended to listen to the doctor and complied to take the meds, though he hid them at the back of his throat, very skilled in hiding meds after a week and a half in the hospital.

For some reason, Lucifer disappeared after that and Sam was left in peace and quiet for the first time in over a month. But he couldn’t rest, the worst part about his wall breaking wasn’t Lucifer; though that defiantly didn’t do him any favors, it was all the memories of what he’d done. He was left with himself, reliving every horrible thing he’d ever done, every person he got killed, every mistake he’d made. At these moments when the silence was so piercing, so filled with gnawing, biting emotion, he wished for Lucifer. At least with Lucifer he could channel these emotions into hating the Archangel, he was distracted by what a failure he was, that was until the Archangel started in on him himself.

Sam moved to the window, though it was difficult, and hoped that the surprisingly beautiful day outside would distract his hurting soul. It didn’t. He rested his head against the window and drifted, swimming though faces; people he knew, victims of monsters he didn’t kill fast enough, all the people he couldn’t save. He didn’t notice when a nurse brought him lunch, didn’t even try to eat it knowing his waning body would reject it.

He was just dosing off, his head against the cool glass of the window when he heard it. The sound of wings. Sam tensed immediately; Lucifer usually didn’t announce his arrival so subtly but maybe he
was trying a different tactic to finally break the last thread of Sam’s sanity. He didn’t turn, didn’t react other than tensing his body.

“Oh Sammy,” he flinched violently. No, no, no, please. That voice. He knew that voice. He would know that voice even if he knew nothing else.

“Please,” he whimpered, squeezing his eyes shut, “please, no.” He had been expecting and dreading this day since the first time he realized that Lucifer could make his see and believe whatever he wanted. He curled himself into a ball and tried to huddle as close to the corner he could get.

“Oh Sam I’m so sorry,” he heard footsteps and pulled even more into the corner opting to get out of the chair and use it as some kind of blockade. Lucifer had played with his sight and hearing before, making him believe Dean had come back, making him think Cas was alive. Sometimes he even showed Sam Jess or his Dad, people he used to know, all dead with their blood on his hands. But never him.

Never Gabriel.

Until now.

“Sam please, just look at me. I’m really here.” Sam shook his head violently.

“You’re not real, you’re not real,” he chanted, covering his ears, trying to block out that sweet voice.

“Please, please, no. Anyone else, anyone, just please not him, please no, I can’t-”

“Sammy-”

He heard that voice choke up with tears and it almost made him turn his head. It’s a trick! His head screamed at him and he shook his head. It’s a lie, just trying to get into your head, use him against you. He’s dead. He’s dead. It’s just Lucifer messing with you. Don’t look. Don’t look. Don’t look don’t look don’t look

“Sam I’m so sorry you have to go through this,” Gabriel said, barely getting the words out through his tears, “I have something that will help until your brother gets back. I wish I could do more, I wish I had gotten here sooner.” The pain in Gabriel’s voice finally broke Sam’s resolve. He couldn’t stand the man he loved in pain, even if he was just an illusion. He looked.

Gabriel was standing there in all his glory, his golden-brown hair swept back, his clothes neat and clean, and his gold eyes swimming with tears. He was just a stunning as he was when Sam first saw him.

“Gabe?” Sam whispered, hope growing in the pit of his stomach no matter how much he tried to push it away.

“Hey Kiddo,” Gabriel smiled through his tears.

“You’re alive?”

“Yeah,” he said smiling a little more before his face fell, “I’m so sorry Sam. I wish I could’ve gotten here sooner. Why don’t you get out of that corner and get somewhere more soft? That can’t be comfortable.” the teasing glint in Gabriel’s eyes made Sam slowly stand up and push the chair away, his eyes still locked on the shorter man.

He stepped forward cautiously until he was in the Archangel’s personal space, never breaking eye
contact and Gabriel didn’t step back. He slowly lifted his hand until he was a hair’s width from Gabriel’s face. He was almost too scared to find out if wasn’t true, that it was a lie.

Gabriel’s eyes shone with so many emotions but the prominent was nervousness. He was looking at Sam like he was scared to move, like Sam was a wounded animal and in a way, he was. A question was in those eyes. Sam took a deep breath and cupped Gabriel’s face in his hand, his fingers grazing Gabe’s ear and nose. Gabriel’s eyes instantly closed and he leaned into the touch, a soft purr coming from the back of his throat. Sam was frozen in shock. His skin was warm and Sam could feel the hidden power under the surface that had always been there. That no hallucination could fake.

He knew, the Lucifer he was seeing wasn’t the real one, though that doesn’t mean the real Lucifer wasn’t behind it. The rare occasion when he could ‘touch’ the Archangel he didn’t feel anything but human unlike Cas or Gabriel. There wasn’t that almost movement under the skin of Grace. This Gabriel had that. He was really there.

“Please tell me you’re real?” he pleaded, choked on his own tears. Gabriel opened his eyes instantly and started at Sam fiercely. Sam gasped, Gabriel’s eyes were burning gold, his grace shining through them.

“I’m real Sammy, I swear on my Father’s life.” And Sam believed him. Something snapped inside the hunter and he broke down, clutching Gabriel’s jacket and letting out huge, whooping sobs as tears poured down his face. His legs collapsed out from under him but Gabriel caught him and held the taller man up. He pulled Sam over to the bed and they both laid down on it, Gabriel with his arms around Sam as Sam held on to him like he would disappear at any moment. Gabriel made comforting noises as he cried.

“Shh, Sammy it’s okay. You’re going to be alright. Let it out. You’re safe. I’m here and I’m not going anywhere, not unless you want me to.” They just held each other for a long time until finally Sam’s sobs subsided and he fell into a deep sleep for the first time in over a week.

“Seep Samshine, I’ll protect you.” Gabriel laid a kiss on Sam’s forehead, making sure he kept the nightmares at bay, and leaned back against the metal headboard, putting an illusion around them so it seemed Sam was sleeping alone in his bed.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always appreciated.
Sam blinked his eyes open and looked around in total confusion. He was still in the hospital but he was lying on his bed and his body felt heavy, lethargic. He hadn’t felt like this in years. Then he realized that his pillow wasn’t a pillow at all. He looked up, almost scared at what he’d see, and saw Gabriel. He had a book in one hand while the other rested on Sam’s head, running softly through his hair, and he had dark framed glasses perched on his nose as he read. Sam’s arms were circled around his waist and his head was currently pressed up against the Archangel’s stomach.

“Gabriel?” Sam asked, his voice slurred with sleep. Gabriel closed his book and put it on the bedside table and smiled down at Sam, running a hand over Sam’s messy hair.

“Hey kiddo.” The smile was something Sam had only seen a handful of time. It was soft and gently. Sam, not knowing what else to say, blurting out the first thing he could think of,

“Why does an Archangel need glasses?” Gabriel threw his head back in laughter and Sam couldn’t help the little tug in his stomach at the sound.

“I don’t, I just thought you would get a kick out of it.” He said once he could speak again, the glasses disappearing from his face.

“Well, I like them. They make you look like that science teacher that everyone wants to bang.” Sam said, still too groggy to realized exactly what he was saying.

Gabriel’s face smoothed out and he watched Sam with a quizzical expression.

“And would you put yourself in the category of wanted to bang said science teacher?” he asked, watching Sam closely.

“Oh definitely,” Sam said grinning dopily but then his face froze, his brain catching up with his mouth. His face turned bright red. He was definitely awake now and realized exactly what he had said. He scrambled away from Gabriel as the blush traveled down his neck and colored the roots of his hair.

Meanwhile Gabriel had closed his eyes and taken in a shuttering breath he didn’t need.

“I-I mean-” Sam stuttered trying to the fix the implication he made but Gabriel stopped him,

“It’s okay kiddo, I know you didn’t mean anything by it,” there was a hint of pain in his voice so faint that Sam almost didn’t hear it, but he did. He decided not mention it though. He sat up on the other end of the bed and looked at Gabriel,

“So,” he said awkwardly, “hi?” Gabriel let out a faint chuckle and sat forward, crossing his legs so Sam had more room.
“Hi.” He replied. They stared at each other for a long time, neither knowing what to say.

“Why am I not seeing Lucifer?” Sam asked after a while, looking around for the evil Archangel.

“Luci’s scared of my grace, it stops him from coming around.” Gabriel said, shrugging before suddenly snapping his fingers,

“Oh! That reminds me,” he snapped again and a bracelet appeared in his hands. It was beautiful. The string was made of strong but soft looking leather and it had stones that looked to be made of gold fog as well as other charms Sam didn’t recognize and some he did.

“It’s a protection bracelet, I know it’s a little girly but it’ll keep you save.” He said holding the bracelet out for Sam, a blush coloring his cheeks. Sam took it gently and examined it closely. The gold stones seem to be clear with gold mist swirling around inside them.

“It’s beautiful,” Sam whispered, holding it comes to his face so he could see it better. Gabriel blushed.

“It’s my grace,” Gabriel supplied, “it’ll keep Luci at bay and most nightmares. But,” he warned, “I’ll have to take it back once Dean-o gets here.” Sam’s head snapped up.

“Why?” he asked clutching the bracelet to his chest. Gabriel sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“Because . . . because I really don’t want your brother blaming me for everything that’s happened.” Sam stared at him blankly for a long moment.

“What are you talking about Gabe?” he asked slowly, “Dean would never do that.” Gabriel gave him a look that said ‘really?’

“Really?” he said, Sam still looked at him in confusion. The Archangel sighed in irritation and got up.

“Kiddo I’m the one who killed, in his mind, innocents.” He said starting to pace, “I’m the one for over a year everyday found new and exciting ways to kill him and torture you with the fact. I’m the one who stuck you two in TV land and made you play games to get out like chimps.” He said getting more and more agitated as he spoke.

“For Dad’s sake Sam! You still have nightmares from what I did to you two and don’t bother denying it. Do you really think brother dearest will just let that all go because I stood up to my brother and died?” He sat back down on the bed and looked over at Sam.

“I’ve also been out of commotion for three years. Dean don’t forgive things like that easily.” Sam was torn between wanting to comfort Gabriel and say Dean would forgive him and also knowing deep in his heart that Gabe was right.

“Yeah, okay,” he said and worked on getting the bracelet around his wrist, his hands shaking too much to accomplish much of anything. Gabriel finally let out a small laugh and took the bracelet back from him.

“Here, let me,” he said and tied the bracelet securely around Sam’s large wrist. The hunter twisted his arm this way and that, looking at it.

“So,” Gabriel said after a moment of silence, “I saw the nurse bringing breakfast in here a while ago and I must say that that meal was absolutely dreadful. If I was served that, it would make me want to kill myself more, not less.” A small smile tugged at Sam’s lips and he looked at Gabe from under his
“Yeah, well, when Lucifer makes you think everything you’re eating is bugs or fingers you can’t really focus on the taste.” Gabriel flinched a little but quickly brushed it off.

“Well, how about we do a test? To prove you’re not hallucinating. If Luci has made everything you eat seem like a Saw movie, then my stuff shouldn’t. How about it Sammich?” God Sam had missed the nicknames, he smiled.

“Why not?” he asked, shrugging.

“I’ll start off with something simple,” Gabriel promised and snapped up a steaming bowl of something and held it out to Sam with a spoon.

“It’s broth, my own personal brand. It tastes like the regular stuff but has about 10 times the nutrition.” Sam considered the bowl, it looked like broth. Slightly clear, small pieces of veggies and what looked like chicken floating in it, good. He took a whiff and it even smelled like broth.

“You didn’t put like five pounds of sugar in here, did you?” he asked glancing up at Gabriel, barely hiding his smirk. Gabriel gasped theatrically, putting a hand over his heart.

“Well, Samuel Calipee Winchester, I never.” He huffed but quickly dropped the act.

“No, it’s just soup. I’ll give you more solid food if you can handle that.” Sam nodded and scooped a careful spoonful of the broth, no bugs started to crawl out and he didn’t see an eyeball so he thought it was safe to blow on it and take a sip. He could actually taste it, and it was the best broth he had had in years. He moaned at the flavor, his eyes almost rolling back into his head at the first real nutrition he had in over a month. Gabe grinned silently beside him as he slowly ate the whole bowl.

After he was finished Gabe snapped his bowl away and replaced it was a cup of steaming sweet milk. He snapped himself up an ice cream sundae and Sam snorted.

“Hey,” Gabriel said pointing his spoon at him, “I’ve been nearly dead for three years, I deserve a treat.” Sam held up his hands in surrender and they fell into compatible silence.
Over the next four days Gabriel slowly nursed Sam back to health. Feeding him broth and juices before putting him on soft foods. By the time he’d been in the hospital a week and a half Sam was much better off than he had been. He was now getting more sleep and was eating at least three times a day. He had taken a shower the third day Gabriel was there and the nurses could be happier; thinking the meds were working. He and Gabriel spent the days together, always under an illusion so the nurses didn’t see them; playing games and just talking, catching up.

But then came the faithful day that Sam’s brother finally came back.

It started off like any other day. Sam woke up feeling refreshed and took a shower. Gabriel wasn’t there yet, said he had to take care of some things the night before. Sam wasn’t worried. He’d taken small trips in the past but he did miss it when Gabriel wasn’t there to hold him. He blushed as he scrubbed soap down his chest, wasn’t that an odd thought? Though not really, he knew he was in love with Gabriel. Even after three years of thinking he was dead, the feelings never changed. As soon as he saw him and had let his brain process what he was seeing, the feelings came rushing over him like a tidal wave. It took everything in him not to kiss Gabriel after he had fed him, especially when he had a drop of chocolate sauce at the corner of his mouth.

Sam sigh and shook his head, annoyed with himself. He needed to focus on other things, more important things than his pinning for the Archangel. He stepped out and pulled on the white clothes the hospital made him wear and walked back into his room. His face broke out into a grin when he saw Gabriel standing in the center of the room. He rushed forward and swept the smaller man up into his arms, hugging him tightly. Gabriel hugged him hesitantly. After a long moment Sam pulled back, placing Gabriel back on the floor.

He took a moment to look at the Trickster and frowned. Gabriel was looking almost nervous, and his face was in grim lines. Instantly Sam reacted to Gabriel’s tension, his whole body tensed and he looked around as if hoping to see the danger that was making Gabriel so on edge.

“What? What’s wrong?” he asked watching the blond closely. Gabriel’s face pinched for a second before smoothing out, becoming almost expressionless. But even Gabriel couldn’t keep the emotion out of his eyes. They were scared, and pained, and filled with regret.

“Nothings . . . wrong.” He said slowly but his body didn’t relax and his eyes flitted around the room. His eyes landed on Sam and his face brightened with false happiness and Sam became even more wary. If Gabriel was putting on a front with him than something was defiantly wrong.

“And Dean’s coming back!” he said with enthusiasm but his eyes hadn’t changed. Even with that Sam couldn’t help the grin that spread across his face. Dean was coming back! He swept Gabriel up into another hug and even twirled him around. Gabriel let out a surprised laugh. But then he struggled against Sam’s hold.
Sam asked confused as to why he was suddenly rejecting his affection. Gabriel stepped back from Sam and looked at him with deep regret.

“I’m so sorry Sam. If there wasn’t any other way I would do it, but right now you have bigger things to focus on than . . . us.”

“Gabe, what are you talking about?” Sam asked confused but Gabriel was already snapping his fingers. The bracelet around his wrist, which he hadn’t taken off since Gabriel gave it to him, suddenly disappeared and reappeared in Gabriel’s hand.

“Gabriel what-” Sam started but suddenly Gabriel was right in front of him.

“I’m so sorry,” Gabriel said and placing two fingers against Sam’s head before the taller man could say anything else. Sam slumped but Gabriel caught him before he fell and pushed him down on the bed, wrapping him up carefully. He placed a kiss on Sam’s forehead and smiled sadly down at the human.

“I love you,” he whispered before disappearing.

Once all the insanity with the ghost hunt and Cas transferring his madness was over Sam had a moment to breathe while he got dressed. Dean was outside arguing with Meg and trying to get a response out of Cas but he had passed out after the transfer and wasn’t responding. The one good thing was his vessel still seemed to be working. They could feel the faint flutter of grace and hear a heartbeat. He almost looked asleep but he was too still. Dean was close to tears and Sam didn’t know how to help his grieving brother. Right after he got him back he lost him again. Sam felt a pang in his chest, thinking about his own angel.

Even after all these years his heart still kind of ached when he thought of Gabriel. Of his laughter and the spark in his eyes, of his mischievous smirk and his pranks. But there were things he couldn’t forget or forgive, like Mystery Spot, and turning him and Dean against each other, and the thought that all the Archangels he’d met so far were horrible so was Gabriel really any different? Sam sighed and slid on his jacket, putting his hand in the pockets to flatten them out. He felt something and pulled it out to reveal an envelope. He stared at it for a long moment. His name written on the front in writing he’d never seen before. Slowly, he opened it, very aware of Dean just on the other side of the door.

He pulled out a folded piece of paper and flipped it open. It read:

Sammy,

Even though you don’t remember, and don’t believe, and probably don’t care. I want you to know someone will always be there for you, even if you can’t always see them. This should help with those nightmares. I’m sorry for what I had to do. I hope one day you’ll forgive me.

The note wasn’t sighed or showed any other markings to tell the hunter who it was from. Sam stared at it for a few very long seconds, then he looked into the envelope again and saw a bracelet with goldish stones and charms. He pulled it out. The stones seemed to have gold fog swirling around in them. He looked over the other charms and the ones he recognized seemed to be for protection. Something pulled at the back out his mind, as if he had seen it before. But that was impossible, he’d never seen anything like this in his life. He almost wanted to ask Dean about it but something told
him he shouldn’t tell his brother. But still.

“Come on Sammy, we’ve got to hit the road.” Sam quickly shoved the note and bracelet back into the envelope and then shoved that into his jacket again. He opened the door to see a red-eyed Dean. Sam knew instantly what was going to happen. They couldn’t help Cas.

“Meg,” Dean spit, “is going to get a job here. Watch after Cas until we can get back and try to work on finding a cure. Meanwhile me and you are going to hunt after the Leviathans, they’ve been quiet for too long.” Sam nodded, knowing that nothing he said could make Dean feel any better. He followed his brother out, taking one more look at the hospital and feeling a great loss, though that could be because of Cas, but also something else. He felt like he was forgetting something, something important. Sam shook his head and got into the Impala.

Neither brother was aware of the short man watching from the shadows of a tree, silent tears running down his face.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a review. And Kudos are always appreciated.
Gabriel Meets Charlie

Little bit longer chapter today, hope you like it.

Gabriel spent most of his time watching Sam; making sure he was safe. He felt a thrill in his Grace when Sam put the bracelet on that first night. It was both wonderful and horrible. Being so close to the thing he wanted but having to stay away, he didn’t know how Cassie did it. He nearly had a heart attack when they went up against the alcohol ghost. Following around two very drunk hunters trying to kill a ghost, it was just doing wonders for his nerves. Though he couldn’t help but laugh at the same time.

He made sure Garth was alright and was surprised to see that he was, just knocked out. Lucky bastard. He was about to turn around and help Sam when he saw Bobby kick the sword back to Dean. He didn’t have time to wonder if the old man could see him, Sam wasn’t moving. The Archangel rushed over to the hunter and knelt down. He gently brushed Sam’s hair out of his face.

“Come on Sammykins, wake up. Your brother needs you, sleepy time later.” He touched Sam’s head gently and healed his concussion slightly so Sam would wake up. The tall hunter jerked awake and he stepped back only to see the ghost of Robert Singer staring at him.

Well not at him, rather through him at Sam, and he let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding. Standing next to Bobby both men made sure the hunters were alright. Gabriel wished he could bring some comfort to Bobby when Dean didn’t see him but he couldn’t. It was just too dangerous. He fucking hated his Father at moments like this. He wished he could do something about it but he knew deep down his Father was right. The hunters had much more important things to worry about than him being suddenly ‘alive’ again.

And so it went; Gabriel kept his eye on the Winchesters while also getting back into the swing of life. He continued being the Trickster he was, though making sure his targets were nowhere near the Winchesters, and life continued. He checked up on Cas every once in a while, but his Father had bound the place from him entering. He watched the boys do hunts and helped in small ways; making sure a book was in the library, tripping up a monster if they were surrounded, giving the boys that few extra seconds, little things that they wouldn’t notice, hopefully. He watched as they battled the whole house of ghosts and with a heavy heart watched as Bobby started to become more powerful as a ghost, soon he would fall into the vengeful sprit category.

He wished he could help them, all of them. Not just Sam or Bobby but Dean as well. They were all hurting. He knew he couldn’t. It was just like his Father with him and his siblings. He had to let them figure things out on their own, as much as he could. He sighed and flew away, not being able to handle the despair in the air around the Impala.

They were back at the cabin and Gabriel had flown off to a chocolate factory to try and clear his
head. Hint, it didn’t work. When he suddenly felt a tug at his Grace, Sam was distressed. Ever since he’d given Sam his bracelet the Grace had latched somewhat onto Sam’s soul, it let him know how the hunter was feeling, but only strong emotions. He would never dig into Sam’s head without his consent but it was like the Grace was reading his soul like he could if he was standing there looking at Sam.

He instantly flew to Sam’s side, invisible as always, just in time to hear Bobby’s sepal about what Dick was planning. He let out a relieved sigh, he was wondering if the brothers would ever figure out the whole ‘Soylent Green’ situation or if he would have to intercede. He was glad he didn’t have to. But what worried him was that the boys would be getting so close to the Leviathans.

He watched them do the research and spy on the girl who he recognized from his Father’s vision. Gabriel smirked to himself. So, this was the Charlie. Interesting. He followed the boys as they broke into Charlie’s apartment and confronted her. She was surprisingly brave about the whole thing, even going so far as to try and attack Sam. It took Gabriel a while to calm his laughter after that. He already liked this girl.

They listened closely as the brothers explained what was happening. Again, Charlie took it surprisingly well. And then she did something that shocked the Archangel. She volunteered to go back into the office she just barely escaped. Okay it was official, he loved this girl. After that he was extremely protective of her, watching the guards every move, making sure she was safe. The hard part was not laughing as she tried and failed to flirt with the guard. It didn’t help that it was Dean who was coaching her though it.

“What the hell do you mean, you can’t?” Dean asked as he and Castiel leaned against the wall in the corner. Gabriel watched from above, knowing he couldn’t interfere but watching closely in case he needed to reveal himself.

“I mean there’s nothing left to rebuild.” Cas said and Gabriel could tell his brother was hurting. He felt it in his Grace. Castiel was in so much pain, the guilt was crushing him and Gabriel shook his head in sympathy. If only his brother understood that the things you do under that kind of influence were not his fault. Where the fault lay was not trusting his friends.

“Why not?” Dean said, looking worried.

“Because it crumbled. The pieces got crushed to dust by whatever’s happening inside his head right now.” Gabriel felt a pang in his heart at the thought of his mate, his Sam being that damaged. He then realized, with the new guilt pouring off Cas, why both Dean and Cas needed to go to Purgatory. They needed to fix their bond, learn to trust each other again.

“So you’re saying there’s nothing? That he’s going to be like this until his candle blows out?” Dean asked, shell shocked. Gabriel’s wings twitched in sympathy. He wished so badly he could help but he knew what needed to happen, he just hated it. He wondered if maybe he could get away with interfering.

“I’m sorry,” Cas said, “this isn’t a problem I can make disappear, you know that.” Even Gabriel winced at the jab. Yeah, both those clowns need a freaking time out. Dean needed to stop using his little brother as a weapon and nurse and Cas needed to freaking trust them. Cas turned to look at
Sam again. Suddenly it looked like he’d been struck by lightning and Gabriel jumped into his brain. NO!

NONONONONO!

“But I may be able to shift it.”

“NO CASSIE! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING!? YOU STUPID FLEDGLING!” Gabriel shouted trying to reach his brother before he did what he was thinking about, but there was some force that was holding him back.

“Shift-,” Dean began, confused. Gabriel fought harder.

“Yeah, it would get Sam back on his feet.” Cas said rolling up his sleeve.

“AND PUT YOU OUT OF COMMISSION!” Gabriel screamed, still struggling, “THOSE BOYS NEED YOU CASSIE, YOU CAN’T LEAVE THEM ALONE!”

“It’s better this way.” Cas said sitting down beside Sam.

“NO IT’S NOT YOU DAMN IDIOT!” Gabriel said getting desperate, he lashed out at the thing holding him but it seemed to have no effect.

Gabriel. That is enough.” A deep voice said and immediately Gabriel stilled.

“I told you this would happen.” The voice said again and Gabriel recognized it as his Father’s.

“If you were not here they would make these decisions.”

“Yes but I am here. I can fix this. Let me fix this.” Gabriel pleaded struggling again.

“You now know why they must go to Purgatory. If Castiel’s mind is not in its simpler form he will not show the same courage and it will not mean as much.” Gabriel slumped in his Father’s hold as Cas transferred the hallucinations. He knew he was right he just hated it.

“Father, I can heal her. I can save her. What the hell are you doing?!” Gabriel asked as he watched Charlie’s arm break.

“Then save her in the long run.” God said before disappearing again. Gabriel stood there confused for a long time, automatically following Sam out. What had that meant? He watched blankly as they took Charlie to the hospital and her arm was set. He watched over them as they slept and then as they got ready to see Charlie off. As she was packing her bag it struck him. He could keep her safe. He could take her completely off the radar while also giving her someone to call on if shit ever went south. His Dad was a cryptic one but he was definitely smart.


“Here you go.” Dean said, handing her, her bag.

“Thanks,” Charlie said taking it. Gabriel may or may not have made it slightly lighter so it didn’t strain her too much.
“So listen, um. We can’t thank you enough.” Sam said and Gabriel smiled at that.

“Actually you can.” Charlie said and Gabriel smirked, he knew what was coming and their faces would be hilarious.

“Never content me again. Like, ever. Deal?” she offered her hand and that was the last straw, Gabriel broke out into muffled giggles. They both shook Charlie’s hand.

“Deal.” Sam said.

“Keep your head down out there okay?” Dean asked.

“This ain’t the first time I’ve disappeared.” Just as he stopped laughing Gabriel saw their faces again and it sent him into a new frenzy.

“You think my name is really Charlie Bradbury. Please? So, good luck saving the world.” Charlie said stepping back.

“Peace out bitches.” She said and handed her back to the attendant.

“She’s kinda like the little sister I never wanted,” Dean said and Gabriel smirked again. Charlie got on the bus and was about to put on her headphone, Gabriel saw his shot as the Winchesters walked away.

“So, Charlie Bradbury,” he said appearing in the seat next to her. Charlie jumped but none of the other passengers seemed to notice his arrival. She looked at him fearfully.

“I’m not a Leviathan nor am I going to hurt you.” He said smiling at her softly. She was still looking at him like he was going to eat her.

“How do I know?” she asked, her voice wavering.

“Can Leviathans teleport?” he snarked. After a second Charlie relaxed slightly.

“True,” she said tipping her head in agreement.

“So, what are you? Cause obviously, you’re not human.” Gabriel smirked, this girl was sharp. He tilted his head, thinking about what exactly to tell her. Should he reveal he was alive or go with his cover?

“You can call me,” he said slowly, watching her face carefully, “Loki.” The angels didn’t know about his cover and only the Winchesters and Kali knew that it even was a cover. The combined look of horror and fascination that bloomed over Charlie’s face was perfect. He chuckled.

“I’m a . . . friend of the Winchesters.” He decided to say. Maybe that would get her to trust him. She looked at him suspiciously for a long time.

“So you’re the actual pagan god Loki? They actually exist?”

“Mm hum,” Gabriel said snapping up a lollypop and popping into his mouth, watching her stunned face with great amusement.

“Awesome,” she breathed and Gabriel couldn’t help but chuckle again. Then he turned serious.

“There are a lot of dangerous things in the world Charlie. Things made up of your worst nightmares and I’m not just talking about Leviathans. Any supernatural being you can think of exists in one form
or another. Someone like you, especially with your connection to the Winchesters, will show up eventually on their radar; unless you have help.” He stopped and let her take that in. She looked freaked out but she wasn’t running, yet.

“And you’re willing to give that help?” she asked side eyeing him. He nodded softly and didn’t say anything, letting her work it out. Finally,

“Okay.” She nodded and looking Gabriel right in the eye, “Okay, what do I have to do?” Gabriel’s face broke into a grin.

“There are several precautions you can take,” he said snapping his fingers and several things appeared in his palm. A piece of paper, a necklace and a bracelet, and a phone. He pulled out the piece of paper first.

“You’ll need to get this tattooed somewhere on your body, most likely somewhere not easily accessible. I would say your hip or above your heart.” Charlie took the paper and looking at it.

“What is it?” she asked, eyeing it suspiciously.

“It’s a demon protection symbol, stops them from possessing you.” She looked up startled.

“Demons, they exist too?” the Archangel couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Yeah, sorry sweetheart.” Charlie nodded faintly before nodding to the other stuff.

“What’s all that?”

“This,” he said holding up the bracelet, “is to be worn until you get the tattoo. And this,” he handed her the necklace, “has other protection charms on it. They’ll keep you safe from other creatures. And Charlie,”

Charlie looked up from putting the necklace on.

“Yeah?”

“Whatever you do,” Gabriel said slowly so she was paying attention, “don’t take those off. Even when you’re in the shower or having sex. Don’t. Take. Them. Off.” Charlie nodded and quickly attached the bracelet to her wrist.

“Yes sir.” Gabriel smiled and then handed her the phone.

“Here’s your new phone,” he said and she smiled.

“It’s completely off the grid. Mine, Sam, and Dean’s numbers are already programed in.”

“What do you mean ‘completely off the grid’? How is that possible?” she asked while turning it on.

“Technically that phone doesn’t exist.” He said causing her to look up in shock again. He smirked, and continued sucking on his lollypop as she explored the phone. After a while he spoke again,

“Now I know you have no problem staying off the grid and getting your own money so I don’t need to worry about that.” It was Charlie’s turn to smirk, “but if you need help, just call or pray.”

“Pray?” she asked finally taking her eyes off her new phone to stare at him in confusion.

“Yeah, pray. Like you would if you were praying to God. Or Just say my name,” he winked at her
and bounced his eyebrows suggestively. She stuck her tongue out.

“If you have any questions just ask, there’s only one more thing I need to do.” She looked at him questioningly and he sighed.

“This will probably hurt honey and I’m sorry about that.” He moved his hand toward her but she stopped him.

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to carve Enochian sigils onto your ribs.” Charlie shrunk away.

“Why!?”

“Because you really don’t want to be found by the other guys.” Gabriel said vaguely.

“Who are they?” Gabriel sighed heavily and sat back, giving Charlie some room.

“I’ve already dumped so much on you kid, do you really want more?” he asked hoping against hope she would say no and just let him ward her.

“Of course I want to know. If it’s really necessary, that means there’s a real chance they’ll come after me. I at least want to know what I could be facing.” Gabriel sighed and ran a hand down his face.

“Angels, I’m warding you against angels.” There was a stunned silence before he continued, not looking at Charlie.

“and trust me sweetheart when I tell you they are nothing like the stories. They’re a bunch of dickbags with wings and they don’t care about humans. I can only think of a few who you could trust, but that doesn’t matter. The warding will hide you from every angel in creation.” Charlie just sat there for a long time and Gabriel didn’t move.

“Do it,” he nodded and placed his hand on her side, carving the sigils in an instant. She let a whimper of pain and doubled over, breathing hard.

“I’m sorry kiddo, I really am. But this will protect you.” Charlie took a couple minutes to breath before saying,

“Is there anything I absolutely need to know?” Gabriel thought about it before snapping his fingers. A little book appeared in Charlie’s lap.

“That book has information about how to ward yourself for demons, angels, and many other supernatural creatures. Mostly what things to draw around wherever you’re staying.” Charlie flipped through the book and nodded.

“Thanks,” she said quietly and Gabriel nodded.

“If you need me, just call.” He said before snapping his fingers and disappearing again.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are love.
Gabriel was lying on a sandy beach in the Virgin Islands sipping on a cocktail when he felt it. Suddenly his nice, sunny beach was being covered in biblical rain clouds and he was being soaked. One of the tablets had been opened.

“So much for my vacation,” He muttered standing up and snapping away his now drowned cocktail. Before he could fly to the new prophet and start to explain things or even put some clothes on he felt himself being transported. He appeared in a small, sunny shack. The place was clean, surprisingly, and sparse. He looked around, now wearing board shorts, and saw his father sitting behind the same giant wooden desk he’d seen him last behind. This time he was wearing khaki shorts and a horrible teal and yellow Hawaiian shirt, he still had his glasses on. Gabriel snorted and his Father looked up from his writing.

“Hello Gabriel.” Gabriel stuck his hands in his pockets and looked around.

“So where are we this time?” he asked looking over the shack. It had an actual grass roof and wooden walls seemingly made of small tree trunks.

“One of the smaller islands of the Wotje Atoll near Australia.” Gabriel smirked and nodded.

“So why am I suddenly on a small island near Australia?”

“I wanted to talk to you before you take up your job as a guardian.” Gabriel dropped his smirk and looked at his Father.

“Okay,” He said slowly. Gabriel snapped up a chair in front of the desk and sat down, putting his feet up on the desk; snapping up a lollypop and sticking it into his mouth. His Father raised his eyebrows at his son over his glasses before finally shrugging and leaned back himself, a glass of probably very good whiskey appearing in his hands.

“So as you know, someone will be sent to collect Kevin to take him to the desert.” Chuck snorted and shook his head, “Why they chose a freaking desert to take the prophets is beyond me.” He muttered before shaking his head and returning to the topic at hand.

“We can’t let that happen. With my tablets being revealed it is a critical time for human history. The information will need to be used. And besides the child doesn’t deserve to be separated from humans all together. He’s only 17, he deserves to actually live,” he looked over at his son with a smirk, “I think you can handle that.” Gabriel matched his smirk and rubbed his hands together.

“I can definitely do that.” Chuck nodded and took a sip of his drink.
“Since no one knows you’re alive but Kali, Carol, and Alona someone will come to protect Kevin. I need you to be the one to take care of Kevin. Get rid of them however you can just don’t kill them Gabriel.” Gabriel nodded seriously,

“I would never kill one of my siblings, no matter what they’ve done.” Chuck nodded and took another sip. He sat there for a few minutes, in thought.

“I think it would be best to tell the Winchesters you’re alive. It would be easiest. But I’ll let you decide.” He looked over at his son with a more serious expression.

“They won’t be happy with you.”

“I know.” Gabriel said sounding sad. The Archangel looked down and fiddled with the strings on his shorts. Chuck sighed,

“I wish I could make it easier but they can handle themselves.”

“What about Cas?” Gabriel asked after a short silence.

“What about Castiel?”

“He’ll probably be awake? Dean will want him in the game, what should I say?” Chuck pursed his lips in thought and took another sip of whiskey.

“Obvious you can’t heal him, even with your power. Tell them the truth.” He said shrugging, Gabriel nodded and thought.

“What about Kevin? How do you want me to treat this?”

“Gabriel,” Chuck said setting his glass down and looking at his son straight in his eye, “this is your charge, it’s your choice. I trust you to do what you think is best.” Gabriel looked at him in shock.

“But Dad this is your prophet. He’s translating your tablets.”

“And?” Chuck asked flippantly picking up the glass and draining it. He stared at the drained glass in irritation and filled it back up with a thought. Gabriel looked at his Father, stunned.

“And!? Don’t you have some instruction on how to deal with this?”

“No,” he said shrugging his shoulders. He looked up at his son and saw his face, he started laughing.

“Gabriel this information is to be used how people see fit. I don’t care how it’s used. Think of them as my notes. There was no real purpose for them, just so it was written down. And with you there you can make sure the information is correct, I know Metatron was fiddling with stuff at the end but I don’t know how much. Make sure those tablets are correct.” Gabriel nodded.

“Okay, yeah sure. I can do that.” Chuck smiled again and nodded.

“Just one more thing before I send you on your way.”

What’s that Dad?”

“It would probably be in everyone’s best interests if neither side knew you were alive. Just a suggestion.” Chuck shrugged and smiled.

“Thank Dad,” Gabriel said getting to his feet and snapping his fingers. He was now dressed in jeans,
sneakers, a black t-shirt, and his traditional jacket.

“I’ll see you around Dad.” Chuck pulled Gabriel into a quick hug before Gabriel snapped his fingers and flew out of the hut and toward where he could tell the prophet was.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are love
Gabriel watched with great amusement as Kevin ran from Sam and then with not so much amusement as the angels tried to kill Meg and Sam. It took everything in him not to kill them on the spot. How dare they threaten his mate! But then Cas distracted them. Poor, crazy, adorable Cas. At least that gave Dean time.

“Hey!” Dean called making the entire room turn toward him, “Heads up Sunshine.” Gabriel instantly flew himself away before the sigil could take effect on himself. A second later he flew back, ready to make his grand entrance. He took a deep breath and steeled himself. He could do this, no matter how much it hurt. He plastered on his signature smirk and walked toward the door.

“All angels have been blown back to their corners. We got like three, four hours’ tops.” That was his cue, he leaned up against the door frame of the room and looked at them all.

“Few, thought those bozos would never leave, thanks for that Deano,” he winked at Dean as they all spun to look at him. All faces showed signs of disbelief and confusion but Sam’s was the most . . . interesting. Sam had pain written on his face clear as day and Gabriel wished he could take it away. But now wasn’t the time or place.

“Gabriel!?” Both Winchesters yelled.

“In the flesh,” Gabriel said bowing dramatically. He stood back up and looked over the rag tag group. Kevin was glued to the bed, terrified. Meg was confused and scared, given that she could see what he truly was but couldn’t figure out how the boys knew him. Dean was beyond angry; he could almost see the emotion rolling off the Winchester. But Sam, Sam was beside himself. There were so many emotions coming from the younger Winchester that Gabriel couldn’t decipher them. The Archangel decided to go for the easier targets. He turned toward Meg and held up his hands. He felt the Winchesters eyes on him but ignored them for now.

“Woah, Meg. Calm down. Not here to hurt anyone, especially someone who took care of Castiel and the humans in this facility.” Meg loosened her grip on the angel blade, but barely. Gabriel took that as a win, he turned toward Kevin, completely ignore the seething hunters beside him. It seemed the Winchesters didn’t like to be ignored. Well they would have to deal with it for the moment while he took care of the terrified kid. He stepped forward slowly, keeping his eyes on the boy, until he was right in front of the bed. Far enough away so Kevin didn’t feel crowded but close enough to keep his eyes on him. Sam and Dean tracked his movements carefully.

“Kevin, I need you to calm down for me okay?” His voice had gotten that hint of power behind it but he wasn’t using it to threaten, he was using it to calm the panicking human. The brothers watched him, looking for any signs that he was going to harm Kevin. Gabriel felt a flash a warmth at that, at least they still cared about the kid.
“I need you to take a couple deep breathes with me. Can you do that?” The black hair boy nodded frantically, still hyperventilating. Gabriel sighed silently and tired a different tactic.

“Okay, I’ll do it with you. Inhale,” the boy took a shuttering breath in and Gabriel smiled, completely focused on his task.

“Good. Hold. Exhale. Inhale. Hold. Exhale. Good, you’re doing very good Kevin. Can you do one more for me?” Kevin nodded again, less frantically this time, and he and Gabriel breathed for a minute. Once the prophet’s breathing had stabilized and the Archangel was pretty sure he wouldn’t pass out, he finally turned his attention to his two hunters.

“How are you alive?” Dean growled through his teeth and Gabriel instantly dropped the smug smile. This was not the time for his usual boisterous attitude. He lessened the Grace seeping from his vessel and tried to make himself as small as possible without cowering.

“I was going to trick Luci into thinking I was dead, but I used too much Grace in the illusion and died for real, Dad helped me back.” He said seriously, crossing his arms and leaning up against the wall. He tried to appeared as relaxed and non-threatening as he could while Dean assessed him. They stared at each other for a long moment, Dean still seething with anger and Sam with tears in his eyes.

“I MOURNED YOU!” The taller man suddenly screamed, tears now streaming down his face, not caring about the other people in the room. Gabriel was taken aback. He knew Sam would be upset, even if he didn’t remember their week together in the hospital, but tears? Why would Sam be crying? Did, did he maybe care about Gabriel? He knew they had gotten on more friendly terms before the whole thing with Luci but this wasn’t the face of someone who’d lost an acquaintance. This was the face of someone who lost a loved one. No, that was ridiculous! Sam didn’t really care about him. He was just angry and probably had too many emotions to deal with, so he cried. That had to be it. Gabriel couldn’t think about what else it could mean, not now.

“AND YOU’VE BEEN BACK THIS ENTIRE TIME! DID YOU NOT CARE!? WAS THAT IT?” Gabriel stopped Sam’s yelling right there, he couldn’t continue letting Sam think his mate had abandoned him. Even if the moose of a man didn’t care about him in that way he couldn’t let him think that.

“Woah, woah, woah!” Gabriel said holding up his hands and standing straight, “I woke up like two months ago. I’ve been watching over you two ever since.”

“And you didn’t think to help!? And what do you mean ‘woke up’?” Dean yelled jumping in when Sam didn’t look like he could speak. Tears were still falling from Sam’s eyes it looked like his throat had closed. Gabriel was still confused by the younger hunter’s behavior but he turned toward Dean anyway.

“You two looked like you were doing fine on your own.” Gabriel defended himself, trying to keep a lid on his own annoyance. Dean swung back and threw a powerful punch at the Archangel. Gabriel moved with it, not wanting to break the older Winchester’s hand. He staggered back a step and shook his head. That would had dislocated his jaw if he was human, he was impressed, as it was though it probably hurt Dean’s hand more than his face.

“As I was saying,” he said shaking his head again and looking back at Dean, who was breathing like an angry bull, “To answer your other question, I’ve been in a coma for the past three years. It took me a while to reacclimatize. Lots of stuff has happened since I ‘died’.” Yes, he did use air quotes. Was he proud of it? Sort of. Dean glared at him but Sam wouldn’t even meet his eyes. Okay, this wasn’t going at all like he planned but he would have to roll with it.
“Listen, I’m sorry,” Gabriel said sincerely after a minute. He knew this was the fastest way to get them to trust him and listen to what he had to say, especially when his previous methods hadn’t worked (i.e. Mystery Spot), “I was a shit person to you. Both of you,” he looked from Sam to Dean, his hands up in a placating manner. 

“Yes, I was trying to stop the apocalypse, but there were many different ways to go about it. But I’m here now, trying to do this right,” he said even though he hated to admit that he was wrong almost as much as Luci. 

“Without the deadly pranks toward you,” he added when Dean opened his mouth. Dean shut his jaw again and looked a little less angry.

“Why are you here anyway?” Sam asked bitterly, looked away. Gabriel sighed, they had a long way to go. It wouldn’t be the swept into Sam’s arms and kissed reunion he’d wanted. 

“Kevin.” The boy’s head popped up from where he’d been trying to make himself small enough so they wouldn’t notice him. The Winchesters glanced between the prophet and the Archangel. 

“Yeah fucktwad, you’ll have to explain that.” Gabriel had to bit his tongue to stop from making a comment about the nickname, there would be time for that later. But he couldn’t help from rolling his eyes.

“I’m an Archangel dumbass,” he snapped, “the only one in existence who’s free. I was automatically assigned to protect the prophet. Kevin and I are now a packaged deal. It’s my job. I’m his guardian.” Dean snorted at that. 

“Yeah, you? A guardian?” his disbelief was pliable and Gabriel tried to hide his hurt. The frustration of his reunion not going at all like he planned made his temper snap.

“Listen Winchester,” he said his voice turning sharp. He stalked toward Dean threateningly, “I get that we don’t like each other very much right now. But we’re on the same side here. You want the word translated, Kevin safe, and the Leviathans gone; well guess what bucko? Me too! So, until this whole mess is figured out we’ll have to be civil.” Dean stared at him for a while before finally nodding, his jaw still clenched.

“Alright douche, we’ll work together but that doesn’t mean I have to like it.” Gabriel let out a relieved sighed but then Dean continued,

“But on one condition.” Gabriel froze. What would Dean ask of him? The dread in the pit of his stomach already told Gabriel what Dean would ask. 

“I want you to fix Cas so he’s back in fighting shape, we need him.” Gabriel felt the cold sweep over him and sighed, shaking his head. Was this kid so thick as to think that that was the only reason he wanted Cas back to his normal sanity? Or was he that manipulative? Using Cassie’s emotions so he would stick around and be their personal nurse and weapon. The though made his blood boil but he kept his anger in check, mostly.

“I can’t Dean.” Gabriel said hoping he could get out of it without exploding.

“Why the hell not!” Dean yelled and Gabriel balled his hand into fists. He was losing his temper and when he lost his temper he said stupid things and usually broke a lot of stuff. 

“Because I can’t.” Gabriel growled out, his eyes burning brighter. He was trying not to say something he would regret but it was too late, Dean was already pushing his buttons.
“That’s not a good enough answer! This is Cas man, your brother. Can’t you even try?” Gabriel ground his teeth together.

“Because you idiot, that damage was done by my big brothers. The most powerful Archangels in existence. It’s not like I can put a fucking band aid on it. The stuff that caused the hallucination is no easy thing to fix,” he saw Sam flinched out of the corner of his eyes but couldn’t take it back now, so he kept barreling forward,

“I literally can’t fix him. It’s beyond my power.”

“So what?” Dean asked desperately, “he’d going to be like that forever?” Gabriel shrugged and set his face into bitter lines. He saw how it was going to be around the boys from now on; he would have to be cold and probably even cruel. But it that’s what gets the job done? So be it.

“Unless you can find Dad, then, yeah.” He knew it was harsh. And the hurt look on everyone’s face was enough that he wished he could take the words back and tell them what was happening but he had promised. He couldn’t bear to look at anyone and just spun on his heel and stalked out of the room, his anger still boiling inside him.

“Don’t let Kevin out of your sight,” he yelled over his shoulder as he rounded the corner. He made his way outside and stood with his arms crossed as the wind whipped around him. His emotions were effecting the weather again, storm clouds were gathering in the east and boiling toward them. He would have to get a handle on that and soon, he didn’t want to be found out because of some stupid weather.

“Is this what you wanted?” he asked in a low growl, “For me to break Dean’s heart? How could you make me do that? Why can’t I just tell them? Cas if not the others.” He suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up, half hoping to see his Father, but it was Sam. That hurt more. Sam’s face was unreadable and Gabriel hated it.

“Gab-” he started but Gabriel pulled out of his hold, stepping away. He couldn’t do this right now. Not on top of everything else. He just couldn’t. His heart was already breaking; he couldn’t put Sam’s rejection on top of that. He may just die.

“Don’t Sam, just don’t.” he said warningly and he heard Sam sigh but he didn’t look. They stood there as the skies opened up and it started to rain. Big, fat droplets, getting them soaked in no time but neither made to go back inside. His emotions caused great thunderstorms, and they were in the middle of one.

“Do you have a safe location I can put Kevin?” Gabriel finally asked, his voice colder than the rain. He felt more then heard Sam flinch at his tone but didn’t look. They stood there as the skies opened up and it started to rain. Big, fat droplets, getting them soaked in no time but neither made to go back inside. His emotions caused great thunderstorms, and they were in the middle of one.

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“Yeah, a cabin in the woods. It’s safe.” Gabriel nodded and finally turned, his face completely impassive.

“What’s the address?” Sam nodded toward the hospital doors and Gabriel followed him into the entrance.

“Do you have a phone?” Sam asked and Gabriel snapped, a brand-new cell phone appearing in his hand.

“Completely off the radar, the number is programed into yours, Dean’s, and Meg’s.” Sam nodded and told Gabriel the address.
“We’ll be heading there soon.” The Archangel nodded and looked at his phone.

“Thanks,” he said and could feel the hurt and anger radiating off Sam in waves. They had so many things to discuss but none of them could be talked about now. Not when they were trying to stop the planet from being eaten. They stood there awkwardly until Gabriel said,

“I’ll just take Kevin to the cabin, get it stocked and give him the rundown. It may take a couple of hours.”

“Why don’t you just poof up one of your pocket dimensions, you seem so fond of those?” Sam finally snapped, glaring at him. Gabriel sighed, suddenly feeling his age.

“Because if a brand-new prophet with the word of God sudden disappears off the radar completely, with no explanation, they’ll start hunting. And the first place they’re going to start is his mother and here. And I can’t do that to any of you.”

“Oh, so now you care about us?” Sam asked and Gabriel flinched.

“I have always cared and always will.” Sam snorted darkly and looked away.

“There are things you don’t know Sam and I can’t tell you. I’ve sworn as an Archangel and that is not to be taken lightly. I can’t heal Cassie, if I could I would. In a heartbeat. You have to believe me?” Gabriel pleading, his Grace physically hurting knowing that Sam hated him again. He didn’t know why he was even trying. He knew what that Winchester stubbornness could do, but he had to try and make Sam understand. He just had to.

“Why should I believe you?” Sam snapped looking at Gabriel with burning eyes. Something snapped in Gabriel and his emotions poured out in anger causing the rain to become a monsoon. The Archangel spluttered in outrage.

“Why should?- Because of everything we’ve been through!” he yelled.

“All those nights I helped you though nightmares. All those nights I took you away, let you forget what was happening. All those nights I helped you heal, even before you jumped into the Cage with my brothers. Those nights I stayed by your side and kept the nightmares at bay so you could have at least a couple hours of sleep. I sacrificed myself to make sure you stayed alive! I gave you the information to stop the apocalypse; Dad’s biggest, most important prophecy in the history of ever, in its tracks. I have well-earned your trust. Did all that mean nothing to you!” They glared at each other for a moment before Gabriel huffed in frustration and ran a hand through his hair.

“For fucks sake Sammy, you think this is easy on me? I have to stand by and watch Cassie’s mind split at the seams knowing there’s nothing I can do about it! I have to take care of a prophet in a way so that neither the angels nor the demons know that I exist. I can’t even ward him properly Sam!” He yelled and Sam’s hostile posture relaxed slightly, but only slightly. Gabriel started to pace.

“I’m doing the best I can Sam, but I’m making this up as I go. The Leviathans haven’t roamed the Earth since before there were plants. They were a formidable force even for the angels. And you humans,” Gabriel let out a slightly hysterical laugh, “figured out a way to hurt them in a matter of months. Something we couldn’t do in centuries. I will never stop being amazed by you.” He muttered the last part and ran his hand again through his damp hair, making the gold strands even more of a mess. Gabriel came to a stop in front of the hunter, looking up at him with suddenly very old eyes.

“I’m trying Sam but I’m not limitless nor am I omnipresent; that’s Dad’s gig. I’m just his
Messenger.” Gabriel shrugged sadly and looked away from the taller man. It was so stupid to think right now, when they were in the middle of an argument, but Sam looked so beautiful. And it hurt. He just wanted Sam to be happy and it seemed his presence had only made him worse.

“I’ll take Kevin to the cabin; I’ll see you there in a couple of hours.” Sam nodded tightly and Gabriel snapped his fingers, disappearing. He reappeared in the room Kevin was in and looked at Dean. The elder hunter glared at him but Gabriel could see his pain as if he was glowing with it.

“I’m sorry Dean, I know how important he is to you.” Dean just looked away from him and stalked out of the room. Gabriel turned his attention to the demon still in the room. Meg was terrified but was trying hard not to show it. The Archangel sighed and sat down in the chair.

“I’m not going to hurt you Meg.” Meg snorted and fingered her angel blade. Gabriel let her believe it would hurt him.

“You don’t believe me?” he teased and Meg nodded.

“Come on princess, you took care of Cassie. You didn’t have to, but you did. You’re dealing with him being crazy, not many people could roll with that so well.”

“Yeah well when you work in a mental hospital for a couple months you learn things.” Gabriel nodded and sat forward, entwining his fingers and looking at Meg.

“Thank you,” he said. Meg started.

“What?” she asked staring at him.

“Thank you, for taking care of Cassie.” Meg looked at him as if waiting for the punch line but all he did was blink at her. He knew that right now, with one of the most formidable threats any of them had seen hanging over their head, he had to be serious.

“You’re welcome, I guess.” Gabriel smirked and got to his feet.

“What?” she asked staring at him.

“Let me into your mind. I would like to know what his condition is since I will most likely not be seeing him for a while.” Meg looked at him for a long, long, moment before finally nodding.

“Thank you,” he said again and held out his hand, “your hand please. I promise I won’t hurt you.” Meg look at his for a second before placing one of her hand in his. He enclosed it with his other and closed his eyes, going into her mind.

He saw the blur of days when Cas did nothing but lie in his bed, unmoving. Then there was suddenly a blonde woman with curly hair. The girl had piqued Meg’s interests and he watch her talk to her and comfort her. He watched Meg hunt the ghost that was terrorizing the girl, watched her kill the ghost. Meg helped the girl get better while she still watched over his little brother. The girl left the hospital after only three weeks in there but came back often to visit Meg. Then Cas woke up. He watched with amusement as Meg chased Cas all over the compound. He was saddened but at least Cas seemed happy.

Gabriel opened his eyes and pulled back. He grinned at the demon who had helped the humans even when she didn’t have to, even when she had no ulterior motive.
“Thank you again Meg. If you ever need me, just pray or call the number in your phone.” Meg nodded and Gabriel looked to Kevin.

“Can you give us the room Meg?” Meg nodded again and made her way to the door.

“You guys go ahead and start making your way to the cabin, we’ll be there.”

“Thank you,” Meg said and Gabriel nodded. She left. Gabriel sat back down in the chair and looked at Kevin.

“Hi Kevin, I don’t think we’ve been properly introduced. I’m Gabriel,” he held out his hand and Kevin took it shakily.

“Kevin Tran,”

“Hi Kevin,” Gabriel said grinning. “So I’ll tell you a little about what’s going to happen here. If you have any questions just tell me, okay?” Kevin nodded and Gabriel relaxed back into his chair.

“Well first a foremost. I’m an Archangel, as you probably got from that . . . conversation back there.” He waved his hand at the door and Kevin nodded, “Well, when a prophet gets activated, one of us is assigned. Mostly it’s just protecting you from the baddies but in this case, with one of Dad’s tablets swimming around, we help you translates it. Take care of you, make sure you eat, sleep, relax, all that good stuff. I’ll explain that later. You with me so far?” Kevin nodded again.

“Good. Right now, I need to get you somewhere safe to hold up for a while. Sam and Dean have got a cabin I can take you to.”

“So we’re going to drive there?” Kevin asked, “Why didn’t we just go with Sam and Dean?” Gabriel chuckled,

“Not quiet Kev. Angels have wings, we can fly. I’m hopefully going to fly you there. I just have a couple of questions.” Kevin nodded again.

“Do you get motion sickness?” Kevin shook his head and Gabriel smiled again.

“Good, that’s good. Don’t want you getting sick. Next and most important question. Do you trust me?” Gabriel held out his hand for Kevin to take. Kevin look at him for a minute before nodding.

“Yes,” Kevin took his hand and instantly they were outside the little cabin Sam had told him about. Kevin stumbled but Gabriel kept his hold on the 17-year-old.

“Woah there buddy, let’s get you inside.” He let go of Kevin and strolled toward the cabin. He threw the door open and looked around the dusty place. He sighed and waved Kevin in. The boy walked in looking confused.

“You should sleep, you’ve probably had a pretty exciting night.” The boy nodded mutely and Gabriel gave him a small smile. He snapped his fingers and the bed was of much better quality, there were a pair of pajamas on it that would fit Kevin, and the kitchen was now fully stocked.

“There’s sleeping clothes waiting for you and I can make you something to eat if you want.” Kevin shook his head and Gabriel kept his hold on the 17-year-old.

“Woah there buddy, let’s get you inside.” He let go of Kevin and strolled toward the cabin. He threw the door open and looked around the dusty place. He sighed and waved Kevin in. The boy walked in looking confused.

“You should sleep, you’ve probably had a pretty exciting night.” The boy nodded mutely and Gabriel gave him a small smile. He snapped his fingers and the bed was of much better quality, there were a pair of pajamas on it that would fit Kevin, and the kitchen was now fully stocked.

“There’s sleeping clothes waiting for you and I can make you something to eat if you want.” Kevin shook his head and headed toward the bedroom.

“Oh, one more thing Kevin.” The boy turned. Gabriel snapped again and handed Kevin a key.

“There’s a safe in the bedroom right beside the bed you can put the Tablet in while you sleep. It’s
completely warded against anything and everything. It'll be safe in there. I can’t even open it without that key.” For the first time Kevin smiled and Gabriel felt a warmth in his chest. It had been such a long time since he had someone to take care of like this. Not since before the Fall. Kevin closed the door behind him and Gabriel heard him get ready for bed.

The Archangel looked around and snapped his fingers; salt was now lining all the windows and doors and there was a broom, mop, and bucket standing by the door. This place needed some sprucing if he was going to spend any time in it and he needed something to do so he didn’t start thinking. If he started thinking, then he would realize just how screwed his chances with Sam were. And he couldn’t do that right now. He snapped again and soundproofed Kevin’s room so the prophet couldn’t hear anything he was doing but Gabriel could hear him.

Gabriel began cleaning the cabin. He cleaned every surface of dust, mopped the floor, scrubbed the kitchen appliances, washed the dishes; he even scrubbed the walls. He tackled the bathroom with grim determination and may have used some of his powers to make the facilities work better but that was no one’s business but his own. Somewhere in the middle of that the sun rose and he paused in his cleaning. He got Kevin up after the kid got a solid eight hours of sleep and made him breakfast, forbidding him from touching the Tablet until he’d eaten.

After that he went back to cleaning while Kevin continued to try and translate the Tablet. He snapped up a notebook so the boy could take notes. He gave him pain meds when his headache started and made him stop at frequent intervals. They watched TV together though Kevin still hadn’t relaxed. Finally, he couldn’t take it anymore. He muted the TV and turned toward the Asian boy.

“Okay kiddo, what’s up?” Kevin shook his head.

“Nothing, nothing.” Gabriel raised his eyebrows at him in disbelief.

“It’s just . . . my life, my future, my girlfriend, my mom’s car.” Gabriel nodded in understanding and sighed.

“I’m sorry kid, I really am. I wish I could say you could go back. But now the three biggest powerhouses in the supernatural community want you for their side. It may die down after a while but I kind of doubt it.” Kevin sighed and Gabriel felt bad for the kid. His life had been uprooted became Dad decided he should be a prophet. He was going to have a nice long talk with his Dad once this all cooled down.

“So, Kevin. Tell me about yourself. You know all this stuff about me, but all I know is your name and your designation by Dad.” Kevin just stared at him and Gabriel rolled his eyes.

“You said you have a girlfriend, tell me about her.” A small smile graced Kevin’s lips and he relaxed some. As he told Gabriel all about Channing and how they met the Archangel could tell he was going to like Kevin. They spent the rest of the day talking and Kevin was much more relaxed by the end of it.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for a comments and kudos. I love hearing from you all.
Reunions and a Righteous Demon

Chapter Notes

Okay long chapter again, sorry for not updating yesterday. I wasn't feeling well and couldn't do much of anything.

I would also like to say this is the time where I start taking quotes straight from the transcripts. I don't own anything, they all belong to CW and Kripke. I just like to play with the characters.
Also there's a bit in here that's quoted from a Tumblr post, I think the person who wrote it goes by the name of 'thecoatinmytrunk'. I actually don't know, I found it in picture form on Pinterest. All credit for that part goes to them, who ever you are. I just expanded that idea.

Another note: Bold is Enochian

Hope you all like it, here we go.

But then night fell and the Winchesters and their posy pulled up. Gabriel stood up and motioned Kevin over. He could tell that Castiel had joined them and tried to prepare himself. Especially now that Cas was insane he was even more of a wild card than before.

“Okay Kevin, one of my brothers, a good one, is with the boys. He’s nice but he’s been driven insane.” Kevin started to hyperventilate and Gabriel whirled to look at him.

“Okay wrong words, but true. He won’t hurt you he’s just a little odd.” Kevin nodded and Gabriel rubbed his arm supportively, rolling his eyes when Kevin wasn’t looking. He may be trying to be nice with the kid but the boy needed to toughen up, quickly.

The door opened and in walked Sam, Dean, Meg, and finally Cas. The angels stared at each other for an infinite moment.

“Gabriel,” Cas breathed and Gabriel tried to smile, but didn’t quite manage it.

“Hey Cassie,” neither moved and the others looked from one unmoving angel to the other, not knowing what to do. Finally, Cas moved and Gabriel flinched back, expecting to be hit, but instead Castiel wrapped his arms tightly around Gabriel. The Archangel froze for a long moment before he melted into Cas, holding the younger angel with bone crushing force. What none of the humans saw, but Meg vaguely did, was the enormous wings that were cocooning the two angels; black on gold.

“I am so sorry Castiel, for what I have done to you and what has been done to you.” Gabriel murmured in Enochian into Cas’s trenchcoated shoulder. Cas shook his head.

“I am fine now Gabriel, all is forgiven.” Gabriel pulled back to consider Castiel’s blue eyes, his hands still gripping the beloved trench coat.

“If you can forgive me for my sins brother, then please work on forgiving yourself.” Cas
looked away but nodded,

“I will try Gabriel,” he looked back at the Archangel with eyes filled with tears, “I have missed you brother, so much.” Gabriel pulled Cas back into the hug and held him more tightly, if that was possible. He let the young angel cry silently into his shirt, rubbing a hand down his back soothingly.

“As have I brother, as have I.”

“Does anyone know what’s happening?” Dean whispered loudly after a moment. Gabriel looked over at him with shining eyes and cleared his throat, still clutching Cas to him.

“A reunion, long overdue Dean-o. Make yourselves comfortable, there’s food in the fridge and Kevin’s got some translations for you to look at.” The others nodded and moved around them. Pretty much treating the angels as furniture, giving them as much privacy as they could while still being in the middle of the main room.

After a long time, they finally pulled apart and Castiel flitted away to look around the cabin. Gabriel watched him sadly. He blinked a couple time, ridding any tears that may have fallen. Once he was sure his face was dry he looked around to see Sam painting sigils on the windows, Meg drinking whiskey in the corner, and Dean and Kevin nowhere to be seen.

“Where are Dean and Kevin?” he asked casually, pretending he hadn’t just been crying.

“Downstairs, Dean was going to try and have Kevin translate some more. The things we’ve got so far aren’t that helpful.” Sam said not looking at him, his voice detached. Gabriel tried not to flinch but didn’t manage it. Stupid bond. Stupid mate.

Gabriel made his way down the stairs silently just in time to hear Kevin’s breakdown. He knew it was coming and was about to intercede when Dean took over. He turned himself invisible and watched them carefully.

“Looks like we're brown-baggin' it.” Dean muttered and Gabriel couldn’t help but smirk. Dean stood up and picked up a brown paper bag.

“I am not prepared to factor the supernatural into my world view.” Dean put the brown paper bag over Kevin’s face.

“Okay, there we go.” He patted Kevin on the back. “That's it. That's it. Just breathe. Take it easy.” Kevin held onto the bag and breathed into it for a minute.

“Oh, I don't know, man. What can I say? You've been chosen.” Dean said leaning his hands on the table. Kevin looked up at Dean in confusion.

“And it sucks. Believe me.” Kevin finally lowered the bag and Gabriel’s heart, which had before then been racing, finally slowed down but he stayed hidden, wanting to see what would happen next.

“There's no use asking "why me?" ‘Cause the angels – they don't care.” Dean moved over to the chair and sat down on the arm.

“I think maybe they just don't have the equipment to care. Seems like when they try, it just... breaks them apart.” Gabriel could feel the sadness and hopelessness pour off the blond hunter and his heart ached from him. He now understood Dean’s feelings a little more. He thought he did this to Cas, somehow. The Archangel shook his head at the hunter. For once he and Dean Winchester were in the same boat. Unrequited love sucked! Though for Dean the thought was unfounded as his baby
brother was head over wings in love with the emotionally constipated man.

“I just want to be the first Asian-American President of the United States.” Kevin said with tears in his eyes.

“Then do your homework.” Dean said sitting back down. Kevin got back to work and Gabriel could see that the situation was handled. He knew there were things that needed to be discussed, but not right now. Now, his Archangel senses were going off, there was a threat nearby, maybe a mile down the road. He flew there as fast as he could, careful to not reveal himself.

A large truck was just pulling up when he landed. Meg walks towards it. He was surprised to see the demon but stayed hidden. He trusted her enough to not completely jump to conclusions, at least not yet. One of the truck drivers, which he can see now was a demon, got down from the cab.

“See? I'm here, just like I said.” Meg said and Gabriel instantly tensed. Meg? But he trusted Meg. He was about to end all of this when his Father’s words came back to him.

She is useful and not as demonic as one might think.

Gabriel sighed but resigned himself to trusting his Father. Both demons walked toward Meg. The first one spoke once they were talking distance apart,

“You'd better start talking, skank. Tell me again why I'm not just hauling you off to the king's cash window.”

“Come on, Rosco. I told you. I've got something way better. You know how Crowley likes presents.” Meg said.

“He's not gunna care if we bring in the Winchesters. Yesterday's news.” The demon named Rosco said.

“Not the Winchesters. I've got the angel who double-crossed him. I've got Castiel.” It took everything in him to not smite them all when Meg mentioned Cas. He would not let his brother be hurt by another demon. But he stopped himself, wondering what Meg was getting at.


“Right, 'cause you're in that loop.”

“Where is he, then?”

“First, I want to know how many of you jerks I have to cut in.” Meg retorted and Gabriel finally saw what she was doing. Smart. He approved. Gabriel smirked and watched as the second demon walked behind Meg.

“You think we're stupid? We didn't tell anybody.” Rosco laughed.

“I love demons.” Meg says with a vicious smirk. She stabbed the second demon with the demon killing blade. He was dead before he hit the ground. She instantly went for Rosco and he got a few good punches in before she too stabbed him in the stomach. The woman was precise, fierce, a force of nature. He could see why Cas favored her so much. He snapped and disintegrated the bodies and truck and made sure she would get back safe before flying back to the cabin, just in time to see Sam finishing the touches on a demon trap. He knew he only had a spare about of time, he needed to get to Kevin before the other angels.
“What the hell is going on?” He asked as soon as he landed. Sam looked up from his work with a blank face; it reminded him so much of the Sam during his six months without Dean that he had to take a second to make sure his Grace was still there and not ripped from his chest.

“Meg left, no note, nothing. She’s probably gone to get Crowley; we need to be ready.” Gabriel rolled his eyes dramatically.

“No you muttonheads! She was doing you a favor, she just killed our tail. I watched it with my own two eyes.” Dean came in then.

“Right, like we would trust you anymore than her.” Gabriel huffed in frustration. Stupid arrogant, thickheaded, stubborn hunters! He knew that there was nothing he could say that would stop them so he popped down into the basement.

“Kevin,” Gabriel said urgently. The prophet’s head shot up.

“What? What’s happening?”

“Kevin I need you to listen very carefully, we don’t have much time.” The boy nodded.

“Angels are coming, the ones from before in the hospital. They are going to take you, you have to let them.” Kevin started to hyperventilate.

“Kevin, focus,” Gabriel snapped, time was seriously running out, “whatever you do don’t tell them about me or what I’ve done for you. Do you understand? They must not know I am alive, got it?” Kevin nodded furiously.

“I’m going to be with you every step of the way but you won’t be able to see or hear me. But I promise, I’m not leaving you.” Kevin nodded and Gabriel hugged the kid quickly.

“See you soon kid,” he then disappeared. He popped back into the living room invisible to all eyes just in time to hear Meg say,

“I've figured one thing out about this world – just one, pretty much. You find a cause, and you serve it. Give yourself over, and it orders your life. Lucifer and Yellow Eyes – their mission was it for me.”

“So, what?” Dean asked, “We should trust you because you wanted to free Satan from Hell?”

“I'm talking "cause," douchebag, as in reason to get up in the morning. Obviously, these things shift over time. We learn, we grow. Now, for me currently, the cause is bringing down the King. And I know we'll need help to do it.” Gabriel saw Cas glance at Dean as Meg talked about cause and smirked. Talk about a powerful love.

“Crowley ain't the problem this year.” Dean snapped.

“When are you gunna get it? Crowley's always the problem. He's just waiting for the right moment to strike. I know what I'm supposed to do. And it isn't screw with Sam and Dean or lose the only angel who'd go to bat for me.” Gabriel need to know more about this Crowley, but later.

Sam broke the devil’s trap with his foot.

“This is good,” Cas said, “harmony and communication. Now our only problem is Hester.”

“What?” Meg asked.

“Well, here, we're hidden from the Garrison, but when you killed a demon, you put out a pretty clear
“We need better angel-proofing now.” Meg said looking around in panic. The door was suddenly ripped off its hinges. He had to say for dramatic entrances, this girl had style. Hester and another angel that Gabriel recognized as Inais appear in the room.

“You took the Prophet from us?!” Hester screamed and Gabriel couldn’t feel bad for her. It was protocol to protect the prophet but she should know by now that the Winchesters could be good guardians, if they put enough effort into it.

“I’m – I’m sorry?” Cas stuttered not understanding what was happening. Gabriel could see that Cas was out of it. And besides, technically, it was the Winchesters that took Kevin.

“You have fallen in every way imaginable.”

“Please, Castiel. We have to follow the code. Help us do our work.” He liked Inais, he was trying to reason rather than instantly resorting to violence.

“He can't help you. He can't help anybody.” Dean said and there was that hurt again. But still after what Cas put Dean through, he was still trying to protect the wayward angel.

“We don't need his help... or his permission.” Hester said dismissively. The blonde angel nodded to Inais, who nods back. There is the sound of angel wings and Inais disappears.

“The Keeper goes to the desert tonight.”

Inais reappears with Kevin. It took everything in him not to rip the other angels hands off him. The boy was terrified and they were doing nothing sooth him, stupid angels.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Back off.” Dean said, “We're actually trying to clean up one of your angel's messes! You know that.” Gabriel flinched at that, Dean needed to learn to let go of these types of things.

“He's right.” Cas said, “An angel brought the Leviathan back into this world, and – and they begged him. They begged him not to do it.” Gabriel raised an eyebrow at that. He knew about Cassie’s deal with the demon and that the angel had probably lied about it to the Winchesters. But what had actually gone on? He would have to find out later.

“Look, just give us some time, okay? We will take care of your Prophet.” Dean said calmly.

“Why should we give you anything?” Hester asked and Gabriel pushed off the wall.

“Oh, I don’t’ know.” he said to himself, “Maybe because THEY SAVED THE FUCKING WORLD TWICE!” But of course, they didn’t hear him.

“After everything you have taken from us?” Cas was getting more nervous as the conversation got more confrontational and Gabriel felt for the confused fledgling.

“The very touch of you corrupts. When Castiel first laid a hand on you in Hell, he was LOST!” Gabriel sighed and shook his head. She sounded so distraught and he began to understand why the angels all acted so strange with Cas and Dean relationship. Because even for angels, who are created to love, who existed surrounded by his Father’s love for millennia before the fall, it seemed even they couldn’t fathom the depth of the impact Dean has made on Cas. It seemed his brothers and sisters couldn’t imagine how deep Cas’s love for Dean goes and vice versa. They thought Castiel was lost because he’s fallen into a love none of them can even comprehend. But Gabriel could.
They must think Cas was even more insane than he already was or that Dean is some incredible corrupting force to have stolen their brother from them. They thought him lost because she knows, Inais knows, Gabriel knows, and all of Heaven knows where Castiel’s loyalties lie; and where they will always lie. But the thing was, they had it all wrong and Gabriel almost felt sad for Hester. Because the truth is, he realized, was Castiel wasn’t lost. He was found.

Gabriel blinked hard and came back to reality just to see Dean’s face at Hester’s words. He didn’t understand and Gabriel wished he had enough time to lay it all out for the extremely thick man.

“For that, you're going to pay.” Hester said and all his sympathy evaporated. Hester stared to walk towards Dean and Gabriel was watching closely but just before Dean was in stabbing distance Cas, the smart cookie he was, distracted her.

“We're the ones we were put here to protect.” He said, “They're the ones we were put here to protect.”

“No, Castiel.” Hester said with such pain but Gabriel was over this bitch; he yelled, even though none of them could hear him.

“But that’s what Dad’s lesson was. Why do you think Lucifer fell!” But then he got even angrier; Hester backhands Cas and he fell to the ground. He was ready to jumped on her but his Father presence held him back, again. Inais and another angel each held up two fingers to stop Sam and Dean from going to Cas’s aid. Gabriel saw red. No one threatened his mate. But his Father’s hold didn’t budge even when he threw all his Grace at it; helpless to help his little brother he watched as he was pummeled by the mad angel.

“No more madness!” Hester punched Cas, “No more promises!” She punched Cas again, “No more new Gods!” She punched Castiel repeatedly and then held up her angel blade.

“No!” Gabriel screamed but still his Father held him back.

“Watch son,” his Father’s voice said in his head. Suddenly Inais leaped forward, letting go of Kevin.

“Hester! No!” He grabbed Hester’s arm. “Please! There's so few of us left.” Gabriel could say, even with rage flowing through his veins, that he liked Inais. And it almost seemed like his argument got through to her but the next second Hester punched Inais in the face with the hand holding her blade, he stumbled back.

“You wanted free will.” Hester said raising the knife, “Now I'm making the choices.”

“No! Please Father! I can’t let him die! Please!” Gabriel pleaded, thrashing against his Father’s hold. Hester raised the blade. But sudden Meg was behind her, stabbing her clean through with an angel blade. White light blazed from Hester’s chest and she fell to the ground. Gabriel finally relaxed in his Father’s hold. Meg had saved Castiel. Now it all made sense.

This was a test for Meg. To show the others how much she truly cared for Cas. How good she’d become. Everyone was looking at her in shock, even the hidden Archangel.

“What?” she asked Cas as he looked at her, bleeding. “Someone had to.” Cas blinked and looked away in confusion. After that things calmed down. They got rid of Hester’s body and the other angels didn’t dare touch anyone in the room. Dean helped Cas clean up and they all went to bed. Gabriel could watch his entire flock, minus Charlie, and make sure they were safe. He felt a hot flash of something go through him. Flock!? When had he started to think of them as his flock!? What the hell?

He watched them through the night and into the next day, making sure the food didn’t burn and
everyone ate. Meanwhile Cas and Inais stood back and talked.

“Those are strange times.” The more ridge angel said.

“I think they've always been.” Cas said wisely and Gabriel saw that his little brother wasn’t as far gone as he liked to pretend. Yes, Castiel’s mind was broken but he was also using his madness to escape everything he did and all the pain he was feeling. He could relate.

Inais put a hand on Cas’s arm.

“I wish you’d come with us.” Gabriel was glad at least one of his brothers accepted Cas.

“Oh, I’m not part of the Garrison anymore, Inais. I'm sorry.”

Dean walks over to Sam and Kevin, who were sitting at the table, continuing his translation work. He was extremely glad the angels had let Kevin finish and find the information they needed. It would make his job easier. Kevin gave Sam the notebook.

“Thanks, Kevin. Not a lot of people could have handled this.”

“You doing all right there, "chosen one"?” Dean asked.

“Yeah.” Kevin said smiling and Gabriel’s heart swelled. Kevin would be okay. He was adjusting fast. Everything seemed to be looking up.

“Are you ready, Kevin Tran?” Inais asked. Kevin stood up with the tablet in his hands. Two angels each put a hand on Kevin’s shoulder.

“Bring the Keeper to his home. We can watch over him there.” Inais said and Gabriel smiled. Maybe he wouldn’t have to interfere as much as he thought.

Inais, the two angels, and Kevin disappear. Gabriel was about to follow but not before he heard the Winchesters last conversation. Dean was trying to look at Cas and not look at the exact same time and Gabriel smirked. His crush was so obvious it was funny.

“I couldn’t find Meg anywhere.” Dean said and it seemed he was trying to quell Cas’s worry. Gabriel knew the demon was visiting her human, Susie, and he smiled at the thought.

“Yes, well, she enjoys laying low.” Cas said. Sam reads over the notebook.

“Here. ‘Leviathan cannot be slain but by a bone of a righteous mortal washed in the three bloods of the fallen.’ Uh... It says we need to start with the blood of a fallen angel.” Both brother looked at Cas. The angel was smirking but there was pain behind that and Gabriel sighed ready to yell at them again.

“Well, you know me.” Cas held out a small bottle, “I’m always happy to bleed for the Winchesters.” Cas hands the bottle, which is filled with blood, to Dean. Dean took it with a shocked look on his face. Gabriel wanted to bang his head against a wall.

“What are you gunna do, Cas?” Dean asked.

“I don't know.” Cas said smiling, “Isn't that amazing?” Cas disappeared and Gabriel knew what he was feeling. The Winchesters were again treating Cas like a thing to be used rather than a friend. Stupid, emotionally constipated humans.

Sam went back to reading the notebook.
“Well, let's get to work.” Dean said clapping Sam on the arm. Gabriel felt like he could leave Sam alone. Suddenly his Archangel abilities were going off. Kevin was in danger.

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos are always welcome.
He appeared beside Kevin, his blade instantly coming into his hands. The man with Kevin’s mother was a Leviathan. He hoped the angels guarding Kevin would step in so he didn’t do anything yet.

“Mom?” Kevin asked.

“Kevin! Oh!” Mrs. Tran said and both humans ran to each other. They wrapped their arms around each other and it was all very nice if not for the FREAKING LEVIANTHAN IN THE ROOM!

They pulled away for a second and Ms. Tran turned her attention to the angels in the room. Who still hadn’t done anything.

“Who are you?” she asked.

“It's – it's okay, Mom. They brought me back. They're keeping me safe.” Kevin said and Mrs. Tran looked to her son.

“I don’t believe that's true.” The Leviathan said. Before any of the angels could react, he plunged his hand into the chest of one of them.

“Rock beats scissor.” He said and black goo started to infect the angel. After a second the angel fell to the ground, dead. Gabriel was about to jump in when the other angel raised his hand toward the Leviathan and made a twisting motion, but nothing happens. Gabriel rolled his eyes, did nobody teach these idiots about the black goo monsters? Again, he was about to intercede but,

“Leviathan beats Angel.” The Leviathan plunged a hand into the chest of the second angel. Black goo spills from around the Leviathan’s hand. Kevin and Mrs. Tran watched in horror. The Leviathan withdraws his hand from the second angel’s body. The angel’s face was covered with black veins and black goo was running from his nose and mouth. He slide to the ground, dead. Before the Leviathan could turn Gabriel revealed himself. He cut the Leviathan’s head clean off saying,

“And Archangel beats Leviathan.” The creatures head roll away and the body crumpled. Gabriel turned toward the terrified humans.

“Kevin, are you okay?” He asked, his priority was making sure the kid was okay. Kevin nodded shakily and Gabriel relaxed his posture. He did a mental scan of the entire place and found that this was the only Leviathan. He looked sadly at the angel and mentally berated himself. He should have done something. He shook his head and turned to the still terrified Trans.

“You’re safe here for now but if this one doesn’t report back to Dick soon, someone will come looking. I need to get you both out of here, now. Screw not making you completely disappear. I tried doing it the angels way, now it’s my turn.” Gabriel said. He looked down at the Leviathan and smirked.
“I know just what to do with you.” He raised his hand to snap but then Mrs. Tran spoke.

“What is going on here!?” Gabriel turned toward her and saw she was reacting the same way Kevin had, hyperventilating up a storm. Gabriel sighed and willed his blade away. He held up his hands and approached her carefully.

“Mrs. Tran, everything’s okay now. I’m not going to let those things hurt you or Kevin but you need to listen to me.”

“Who are you?” she asked slightly more calm.

“My name is Gabriel, I’m Kevin’s guardian. I’ll explain all this later but right now I need you two to go pack so we can get the hell out of here.” Kevin nodded and grabbed his mother’s arm.

“Come on mom, we can trust him. We need to go.” Kevin started pulling his mother away. She let him though she never took her eyes off the Archangel. Once they made it up the stairs Gabriel turned to the Leviathan. He snapped and a vat of borax appeared. He dumped the body into it and watched it start to dissolve until the liquid was black, he popped the head in next and sealed it. He then snapped again and transported the vat into the far reaches of space.

“I can’t kill you or put you back in Purgatory but that should do,” he muttered looking around. He snapped again and the mess that Leviathan had made was gone. Everything looked in order. The only thing there were the bodies and he had to leave them so someone knew what happened. He then went to their kitchen and snapped again. All the food that would expire within a month was now gone. He looked around and saw no signs of a pet, that was good. Now all he had to do was wait for the Trans and then transport them to one of his safe house and ward them to hell.

He smirked to himself as an idea came to him. He needed a note to Cas if he came looking and something to keep the Leviathans off their trail. He snapped his fingers and a piece of notebook paper flutter to the floor, seemingly forgetting in some sort of rush. It had just enough information about the weapon to kill the Leviathans that it would keep them busy and test Crowley. He needed to know what the demon would do.

He snapped again and a note appeared in his hands addressed to Cas explaining what was happening. He put Cas’s note in a jar of honey and put the honey on the counter. He was sure to find it then. He made sure that Cas knew to call him Loki if they prayed because he didn’t trust anything right now but his own safe houses.

A few minutes later Kevin and Mrs. Tran came back down the stairs with suitcases in the hands.

“Good,” Gabriel said clapping his hands together and smiling, “Just a few questions for the lady that’s traveling with us. Mrs. Tran,” he said turning toward the woman in question.

“Linda, please.” She said shakily and Kevin made a face, Gabriel just grinned wider.

“Well Linda,” he said smoothly and she relaxed more, “do you get motion sickness?” She shook her head in confusion.

“Okay then, one way ticket out of here, here we go.” Gabriel said clapping a hand on Kevin’s shoulder, he then offered Linda his other hand.

“Do you trust me?” She looked to her son who nodded and then nodded herself. Gabriel grinned as she took his hand.

“Now we’re going to be doing some jumping so bear with me okay?” they both nodded and he flew
them to a small town in Thailand. They stood by the dirt street for a second before he transported them again. This time they landed on a small landmass between two lakes. They stood for a second again and then were gone. He did this multiple times going from the top of the world to the bottom and back. Finally, after leaving a thick forest in some small European town, they appeared outside a giant house.

“Ah,” Gabriel said letting the Trans go, “home sweet home. Come on you two.” He walked confidently toward the door. Pulling out a set of keys seemingly out of nowhere. He put one of the keys in the lock and was about to turn it when he looked back at the humans.

“Neither one of you are allergic to dogs are you?” Both shook their heads no and he grinned again. He turned the key and threw the door open. They walked into a marble entryway. Gabriel led them further into the house and they saw a huge spiral staircase leading to the upper floor. A large statue was in the middle reaching up to the second floor. It depicted two people, a man and a woman; the man was lifting the woman up and she was reaching up toward the sky light. Gabriel had stopped and was looking at the statue.

“It’s called the Light of Freedom. I made it myself.” Both humans stared at him for a long time.

“Y-you made this?” Kevin finally asked and Gabriel broke out of his trance. He looked over at them with his signature smirk.

“After a night of drinking I bet Michelangelo I could make a better statue than him. That’s how The David happened.” They stared at him for a long moment, mouths slightly open. Gabriel smirked and walked further into the house.

“Oreo, I’m home baby!” He called. They heard a lot of scrabbling and yipping and suddenly and black and white blur streaked out from a hallway. The dog bowled Gabriel over and started to enthusiastically lick his face.

“Hey girl I missed you too.” Gabriel laughed and rubbed the wiggling dog. He pushed the dog off him and looked over at his guest.

“How rude of me. Kevin, Linda, meet Oreo.” The Trans just stared at the dog as she wiggled around them, yipping. Gabriel sighed.

“Okay, food and rest for the shell-shocked humans. Follow me.” He led them down the hall and into a large kitchen. The cabinets and floor were made of warm wood and the walls were a nice butter yellow. It was very warm but it didn’t feel suffocating. One whole wall was large windows looking out over a big city.

“You sit down, I’ll make you some tea.” Gabriel said and waved at the wooden table by the windows. The Trans sat shakily down and kind of just stared at each other. Gabriel puttered around his kitchen making tea. Once the bags were ready and the water was on the stove he walked over to the humans. He snapped his fingers and laid a soft grey afghan over Mrs. Tran’s shoulders. She looked up at him with a small smile.

“How are you doing?” He asked softly. She gripped the blanket closer to her and shrugged.

“I need to know what the hell is going on.” She said in a surprisingly strong voice. Gabriel sighed and nodded. The teapot whistled and he popped over to take it off the stove and pour it into the cups. He brought the cups over and started to explain everything they needed to know, answering questions as he went. It took a while. He only paused in his explaining for bathroom breaks and food. The sun was setting by the time he was done.
“Prophet of the Lord huh?” Linda asked looking over her son, “It does have a nice ring to it.” Gabriel smirked, it looked like Mrs. Tran would be okay.

“So, this place is completely off the radar. You’ve basically disappeared off the map. But if you step off the property you’re back on.”

“Where are we?” Kevin asked looking out the now dark windows.

“About ten miles from the center of Las Vegas.” Mrs. Tran raised her eyebrows and followed Kevin’s much more interested gaze.

“Why does an Archangel have a safe house in Las Vegas?” she asked and Gabriel smirked.

“I moonlight as a Trickster of sorts. Lots of high and mighty douches in the city, it’s like catnip.” He chuckled at his own joke and Mrs. Tran smirked at him.

“Until I can chaperone you and get you two inked up I suggest you stay here.”

“Wait!” Kevin said his head snapping toward him so fast he probably had whiplash, “Do what now!?” He asked.

“Yeah, gotta get an anti-possession tattoo so the demons can’t get to you. The boys have them if you want to ask.”

“Fine,” Mrs. Tran said and Gabriel raised his eyebrows.

“Really?” he asked crossing his arms in disbelief.

“What? Like it’s my first tattoo?” Gabriel let out a surprised chuckle and Kevin’s horrified expression just made it worse. He and Linda were definitely going to be good friends.

“Well Linda, it looks like I underestimated you.” He said once he got his breathing under control.

“Anything else we can do in the mean time?” she asked.

“I can ward you from angels. It’ll hurt some.”

“What are you going to do?” Kevin asked nervously.

“I have to carve the sigils into your ribs.” Kevin looked horrified but again Mrs. Tran just rolled with it.

“Fine.” She said again. Gabriel smirk and stood up.

“Hold on to your hats kiddies,” he said and placed a hand on each of their ribs. A second later he pulled away. Kevin was moaning in pain and doubled over but Mrs. Tran barley even flinched, though a groan did pass her lips.

“You are one tough woman Linda,” Gabriel said smiling.

“Do we need to chance our appearances or anything?” she asked after a second.

“You don’t have to. I’ll be keeping Kevin close and you’ll be here maybe a few weeks. So, unless you want to?” he shrugged. Linda looked down at her long hair.

“I’ve been thinking about getting a haircut.” Gabriel grinned and pushed off the countertop he was
leaning against.

“Okay, well, let’s get you two to your rooms.” He waved them after him and made his way up the stairs. “The whole west wing are my office, bedroom, and bathroom. If you don’t want to walk in on things you might not want to see I would defiantly ring the bell first.” Kevin blushed and Linda rolled her eyes. He showed them into two bedrooms across from each other, they both had tan walls, a plush tan carpet, and a large queen bed. There wasn’t much else in the room.

“I don’t usually have guests, sorry it’s a little sparse. I can help you decorate later.” The humans nodded and Gabriel shifted awkwardly.

“I’ll let you two get settled. Kevin?” The boy turned toward Gabriel.

“There’s a desk in your room and the safe from the cabin. If you want to work that fine but if you don’t lock it up okay?” The boy nodded and Gabriel smiled.

“Good, I’m going to make some supper and then head to the living room to watch some TV, if either of you would like to join, it’s fine by me.” He then left. They had a fun evening. They had started to relax around each other and were all laughing over a TV show by the end of the night. Once they were both asleep he flew to Sam’s side and made sure they were both okay. The boys just seemed stressed over all of this.

The next few days were normal; Gabriel gave out a few just desserts but mostly took care of Kevin. He didn’t trust that perfectionist to not run himself into an early grave. So, they started up a schedule. Kevin would wake up at 9, he would eat breakfast, hang with the fam until 11 and then start work. If he even started to show signs of being in pain Gabriel would make him take a half an hour break, at minimum. They would stop for lunch and supper. Also, Gabriel managed to make it so Kevin could continue school if he wanted, which he did.

He had just come back from watching Crowley and Dick make their deal when he felt the tug on his Grace and heard Sam’s prayer.

_Uh Loki, we would really like to know what's happening with Kevin. If you could come down here._

It wasn’t the rudest of prayers he’d had but he’d certainly heard better.

“I’ve got to go Kevin, thing one and thing two are calling.” Gabriel said and Kevin nodded not looking up from the Tablet. Gabriel sighed and turned toward his mother.

“Linda keep an eye on him. If anything happens, pray. And make the kid take a break in a half an hour.” Mrs. Tran nodded and Gabriel snapped out of there.

Chapter End Notes

_I love hearing from you guys. Thanks for all the kudos and comments._
Sorry for the delay. I was working on another story. So to make up, I'm posting a long chapter. If any of you would like the introduction to Susie go over and read my fanfiction called A Way to a Crazy Girl's Heart is to Believe Her. Hope you enjoy the chapter.

“Kevin’s safe and sound in one of my safe houses,” Gabriel said as soon as he appeared. The others looked around at him and he realized Meg and Cas were there.

“Hey Meg, how’s Susie?” he asked and smirked at her dumbfounded expression.

“How did yo-,”

“What about the angels?” Dean overrode her, “You could save Kevin but not the angels!”

“Woah Dean-o, put the claws away. It’s not my fault Mikey didn’t train the last batch of fledglings. I thought they could handle it if they ran into trouble. I got there as I as soon as I could but the Leviathan was in the middle of killing them by the time I got there.” It wasn’t entirely true, but he was trying to get them to trust him and saying he’d just waiting around while his brothers died wasn’t the best way to do that. He really did think they could handle themselves.

“Guys, what's all that?” Meg said suddenly and Gabriel followed her eyes to see used spell paraphernalia.

“We called Crowley.” Sam said and Gabriel tensed.

“You what?” he and Meg asked together.

“Don't worry. He never showed.” Dean said and Gabriel felt coldness flow over him. This wasn’t good.

“What do you mean never –,” Meg said.

“Do you see him anywhere? He stood us up.” Gabriel snapped his fingers and instantly turned invisible to every creature on the planet. He couldn’t let that slimy demon see him.

“Well, I'm sorry about that, but I'm outie. He could still sh–,” Meg was saying when suddenly,

“Show up at any time. Hello, boys. Sorry I'm late. This is an embarrassment of riches.” So, this was the legendary Crowley, the pain in the Winchesters side since the apocalypse and the thing that convinced Cas touching Purgatory was a good idea. He hated the well-dressed man with a burning passion but he resigned himself to not interfere until it was absolutely necessary.

“Stay, won't you. There's really nowhere to run.” Crowley said to Meg. Meg tried to run for the door, but Crowley appears in front of her, blocking her exit.
“Don't even think of smoking out, pussycat. I've got eyes all over the place.” That made him tense, it looks like his gut feeling that the cabin wasn’t safe enough was right.

“Leave her be.” Cas said and Gabriel felt a swell of pride for his baby brother.

“Castiel. When last we spoke, you – well, enslaved me.”

“Go Cas,” Gabriel muttered, wishing he’d been there to see that.

“I'm confused. Why aren't you dead?” Crowley said and Gabriel laughed. Didn’t they realize by now Cas was one of Dad’s favorites.

“I... don't know.” The blue-eyed angel said sounding genuinely confused.

“Well, do you want to be? ‘Cause I can help with that.” Gabriel growled deep in his chest and stepped toward the demon but he stopped himself.

“All right, enough.” Dean said and it almost seemed to be aimed at both of them. Gabriel glanced at Dean but the hunter wasn’t looking at him.

“It's enough when I say. I came here to help you. I find out you've been lying to me, harboring an angel, and not just any angel – the one angel I most want to crush between my teeth.”

“Oh, so you can crush angels now, huh?” Meg said causing Crowley to turn toward her.

“You bore me. You know that? You have no sense of poetry.” He said turning back toward Cas, “Now, what do you have to say for yourself?” Dean glanced over at Cas too as if dreading what he was going to say and Gabriel was almost giddy. What crazy thing would Cas sprout this time that would confound that pompous dickbag.

“Well, I'm still, uh, honing my communication strategy. I haven't even been back to Heaven. I-I keep thinking there are no insects up there,” Dean exchanges a look with Crowley that makes Gabriel start laughing, “but here we have trillions. You know, they're making honey and silk and... miracles, really.”

“What are you talking about?” Crowley asked in complete confusion.

“Um, preferring insects to angels, I guess.” The boys shifted uncomfortably and that just made Gabriel laugh harder, then Cas pulled out a bag of hand collected honey and he lost it. Dean’s face when Crowley looked to him was just the icing on the cake. If that face didn’t say, ‘even though he’s crazy and spouting nonsense it’s cute, right?’ than Gabriel didn’t know what did.

“You're off your rocker.” Crowley said and Cas seemed to do a full body eyeroll and Gabriel was having trouble keeping his giggles in.

“He's off his rocker – is that it?” the demon asked turning toward the boys. He let out a little laugh and saw the alcohol on the table, “Karma's a bitch, isn't it?” he said picking up a glass.

“Look, did you come here to, uh, donkey-punch your old grudges or to help us end Dick? Pick a battle.” Dean said.

“Well, I'm vexed. I'd like to do both. But where's the fun in clobbering a ball of wet fur? Text me when Sparkles here retrieves his marbles, I suppose. Meanwhile...” the demon took a vial of blood
out of his jacket pocket, “a prezzie.” Gabriel rolled his eyes so hard it would have hurt. This man needed to shut up before he sent him to an alternate dimension where he would be surrounded by tweens that talked like that all the time.

“Really? Just boxed-up and ready to go?” Sam asked suspiciously.

“I'm a model of efficiency.”

“Is that right? Then why were you late?” Sam said and if a tone could be a bitchface that would be it.

“Dick had me in a devil trap. He's not an idiot. He knows what you two are after.”

“So, what did he offer you?”

“A fair deal. In exchange for giving you the wrong blood. It's demon, but is it mine?” They all instantly tensed and the Archangel could tell the demon loved putting them at a disadvantage.

“It's my blood. Real deal.”

“And why should we trust you?” Dean snarled.

“Good God, don't. Never trust anyone. A lesson I learned from my last business partner.” Crowley looked at Castiel.

“All right. Give us the blood.” Dean said.

“Certainly. Oh, bonus.” He turned toward Meg, “Meg, I'm gunna scoop you up, take you home, and roast you till you're jerky.” Cas started to move towards Crowley, “But not... yet. Cas can have you for now. Hilariously, it seems he'd be upset at losing you. And the boys need Cas to get Dick. Don't they, Cas?”

“Oh, I – I don't fight anymore.” Cas said not meeting anyone’s eyes.

“Come on. Given the particulars of your enemy, sadly, you're vital.” Crowley tossed the vial of blood to Sam and disappeared. Gabriel instantly appeared back into the room.

“Let me see the blood.” He said holding his hand out for Sam. They all stared at him.

“Where the hell were you!?” Dean yelled and Gabriel sighed.

“I can't let either side know I'm alive, not yet at least. Now let me see the blood.”

“Why?” Sam asked and Gabriel sighed.

“I can tell you if it's really Crowley’s.” the boys exchanged looks before Dean rolled his eyes and Sam handed over the vial. Gabriel took the top off and put his finger over the opening, turning it upside down. When he turned to vial back up, a drop of blood was now of his finger. He stuck said finger in his mouth, tasting the blood. He pulled his finger out slowly, maybe giving a little show to Sam. The taller man rolled his eyes.

“Yep, that’s Crowley’s alright.” He started to cough and a puff of black smoke came out of his mouth.

“Ugh, Demon blood. Nasty stuff. So many better ways to get high.” He knew as soon as the words were out of his mouth that he’d made a grave mistake. Sam flinched as if he’d been hit and Dean’s fiery glare turned icy. Even Cas and Meg were staring at him like he’d killed their child. He decided
to ignore how the comment had affected Sam and pulled the attention back to himself.

“Eh,” He said recapping the vial and placing it on the table, “I couldn’t keep the stuff down. Grace reacted to it too much, made me reject it.” He shrugged and put his hands in his pockets. Everyone’s expressions were now of stunned disbelief.

“Wait,” Dean said, “So you-,”

“Yup,” Gabriel said and smirked at his dumbfounded expression.

“What?” he asked playfully when they continued to stare at him, “I heard it made sex amazing. I wasn’t going to pass it up even if it was demon.” He shrugged again like it was no big deal and felt the tension of the room slowly leak out.

“How do you know it’s Crowley’s?” Dean asked and there wasn’t as much hostility in his voice as before.

“The King of Hell tastes different.” At their confused expressions, he rolled his eyes and continued, “What, you think a demon can just grab the crown and specter and say ‘I’m king now’? There are spells and rituals to be done. When you become king, it changes you. You became stronger, a different breed of demon. Only one king at a time so if I can taste that power then it’s him. And that’s definitely the King of Hell’s blood.” They all looked at him stunned and he shrugged.

“If you boys are going to make a stand against Dick soon, I better go check out what’s going on down there,” He said after an awkward silence where everyone just stared at him. They nodded and he was about to snap out when he remembered something.

“When we all make it through this, Meg, I would like to talk to you.” She nodded and he snapped.

He watched the main official all night and into the next day. He texted Kevin and Linda letting them know what was happening and that he was okay. Then the cars started to roll in and he needed a closer look. They were all Leviathans but what was going on? He watched, invisible, in the conference room.

“Well, I’m pleased as punch to see you all here. Last time we were in one room, it was inside that angel.” The leviathans around the table laughed, “Now, as key players, I need you up to speed on every aspect of the program, not just the sudden influx of happy, delicious stoners in your neighborhood.” Dick took a piece of sushi from a platter on the table, “Oh. Eat up. The sushi’s made of fresh orphan.” Gabriel made a face and felt his anger start to simmer under the surface.

“All righty. The slaughterhouses – cutting-edge, humane, efficient. First one goes online next month.” Fuck. That wasn’t good. That wasn’t good at all. Well he knew what he was going to be doing during Dean and Cas’s year in Purgatory. He glanced around the room and saw a girl sitting in a chair in a corner of the room. That was strange, she was definitely human.

“What’s the crowd-control strategy?” one of the Leviathan’s asked and Gabriel turned his attention back to the group.

“Glad you asked.” Dick said, “We’ve laid employees at key junctures of law enforcement, starting with the 911 call. Everyone feels taken care of, everyone stays calm. We’ll up the dose just before harvest time. They won’t feel a thing.”

Dick pressed a button on a remote and a map of the United States appears on the screen. The map
was divided into regions labeled Labor, Testing, and Livestock. Gabriel squinted at the screen. That didn’t bode well.

“We’re taking a regional approach. Ohio: beta-testing. Wisconsin: processing. Florida: breeding program. If you’ll flip to page 10, you’ll see we’re having a ball buying fertility clinics. Real juicy stuff. But now I want to talk to you about something I’m really excited about.” Dick nodded to the Leviathan standing next to the girl, who then guides her to the front of the room. Gabriel tensed and felt dread course through him. There was no way he could interfere if they did something to her. He couldn’t kill them. The Archangel clenched his teeth and resigned himself to watch.

“Everyone... meet Polly.” He heard Sam and Dean pull up in front. He was wondering if he would have time to tell them about the multiple Dicks. Maybe they would even distract the group from doing whatever the hell was about to happen to the girl.

“So, genetic propensity for these three cancers – zapped. She's too stoned to care. Polly, take off your dress.” Dick was saying, the girl took off her clothes like she was being mind-controlled.

“She's a slip of a thing, isn't she? And she eats like a linebacker. Bottom line – we're not making art. We want to engineer the perfect beast. We want meat, and these zippy little hummingbirds have to be bred out fast.” The Leviathan next to Polly held up a syringe containing white liquid.

“Additive 3.0.” The man handed the syringe to Dick, “Keep in mind, the stuff we're shipping – a little diluted, longer-acting.”

Dick inject the liquid into Polly’s arm and Gabriel had to look away. He heard her choke and gurgle and then the sound of her body hitting the floor. He could feel her soul leave and just hoped she would be happy in Heaven.

“Additive 3.0 targets only the characteristics we want to breed out.” Dick said like nothing had happened. He walked back over to the head of the table and clicked a button on the remote. A slide pulled up with liquidation Index, low body mass, vertically challenged, hemophilia, and IQ > 150 written on it.

“It'll be added in nondairy creamer and multivitamins. First shipment heads to Los Angeles tomorrow. So, watch those dysentery reports. And stop by the lab before you go, 'cause those creamer cups are just adorable.” It looks like he’s going to be blowing up some shipments tomorrow. Suddenly he felt Sam in danger and teleported to him, invisible. What he saw made his heart break. Bobby was possessing a girl and choking the life out of Sam. He was about to pull the girl off Sam when she looked at the reflection in the truck and Bobby saw himself. Something seemed to spark and Bobby pulled away and out of the girl’s body. Sam picked her up and they spent the rest of their night dealing with the hospital and dodging the police. Gabriel stayed hidden.

It was the next morning and Dean was sitting with his hands clasped, looking at the flask. Sam was on the phone. Gabriel had visited the Trans and made sure they were okay, trying to give the boys some space even if they didn’t know he was there.

“Okay, thanks.” Sam said and hung up, “She's fine. Checking out of the hospital tonight.”

“Well, that's positive.” Cas said walking over to Sam and holding out a plate with a sandwich on it. Gabriel smiled slightly at his little brother, still trying to help.

“Tell me again why you turned tail for some maid. You were right there.” Meg said as she took a sip of the beer in her hand.
“Shut up, Meg.” Dean retorted.

“Because Dick made more Dicks.” Sam said causing Cas and Dean to look at him, “He must've kept a chunk of the original Dick Roman somewhere. Uh, they'd all have to touch it.” Cas was drying dishes but shifted nervously.

“Hey, shifty,” Dean said noticing it, “what's your problem?”

“Do we need a cat?” Cas said instead of answering Dean, “Doesn't this place feel one species short?”

“You got anything to say on the topic of Dicks? Crowley was pretty sure that you could help.”

“I can't help.” Cas said quickly, “You understand? I can't. I destroyed... everything, and I will destroy everything again. Can we please just leave it at that?” he pleaded and Gabriel shook his head in sadness.

“No,” Dean said getting up, “No, we can't.”

“Dean...” Sam warned.

“We can't leave it. You let these friggin' things in. So, you don't get to make a sandwich. You don't get a damned cat. Nobody cares that you're broken, Cas. Clean up your mess!”

“Careful Winchester,” Gabriel growled, “Don't push your problems off on Cas.” Cas put down the plate he was drying and walked over to Dean.

“You know,” he said, “we should play Twister.” Sam and Dean looked at each other and Cas disappeared. Gabriel wished he could follow him.

“Nice. You scared off the Empire's only hope.” Meg said.

“Meaning?” Dean said angrily.

“It occur to you every one of those things was in Cas? He knows them. He can see past the meat suits.”

“So, he'll be able to spot the real... fake Dick Roman.” Sam concluded.

“Gold star, sugarpants,” Meg said, “Too bad he's Fruit Loops. You might've had a chance.” Cas appeared behind Dean playing Twister on the floor. Gabriel smiled at him again and almost joined him just so he would feel better but he couldn't.

He flew off to his safe house and checked up on Kevin again. The kid was still doing good. He hung out with him for a while before heading to Sucrocorp. He scanned the place and started planning where he was going to put the bombs and how he was going to get the plans he needed. He decided to steal Roman’s computer and replace it with an illusion when the time came. He also spotted where all the paper plans were. By the time his recon was done night was falling so he flew back to the cabin and stayed hidden.

Dean was looking over footage from the Sucrocorp office on the laptop when he popped in. Sam was pacing and it was kind of adorable.

“There's no real point in looking for a tell. They all downloaded Dick's brain. They've all got the same tells.” Dean said in irritation.
“All right, then maybe the question is, what would the real Dick be doing?” Sam suggested. Suddenly Bobby appeared in the room and Gabriel was instantly wary.

“Is that the best you can do? Idjits.” The old ghost asked.

“Bobby. We didn't know if you’d, uh –,” Sam started.

“Well, you should've. You got the flask. Dumb. You should've burned it right off.”

“Bobby –,” Dean started but Bobby interrupted him.

“I'm still jonesing to go back... grab some poor bastard, kamikaze 'em going after Dick. It's bad.” The laptop started to play a news interview with Dick and Bobby slammed the lid shut. Dean stood up to face him and Gabriel knew what was coming. He could tell this was a private moment but he wasn’t going to let Bobby go to hell, not if he could help it. He decided to go outside and wait until he felt Bobby’s soul.

After about 20 minutes he could tell they had put the flask in the fire. He flew down and grabbed Bobby’s soul before it could reach Hell. He never thought he’d been sneaking into Heaven again but here he was. He held Bobby’s soul tightly and snuck through the back door he’d created before he left, making sure both of them were hidden from all eyes. This was dangerous, but for those boys, he would do anything. Finally, after sneaking through the passage ways he’d created and hiding from angels he got to Bobby’s heaven. It was of course his house and the fake boys were there. He plopped the old man down on the sofa and finally let the soul breath.

“What is the?” Bobby said looking around. He finally spotted Gabriel and immediately pulled out the knife hidden at his back and stood up, his posture defensive.

“Trickster,” the older man growled. Gabriel cocked an eyebrow. That was interesting.

“What the hell is a Trickster doing with my soul?”

“Sam and Dean never told you?” Gabriel asked looked at Bobby closely. Bobby in turn looked at him in confusion.

“What didn’t the boys tell me?” Bobby asked gruffly.

“Wow,” Gabriel muttered to himself, “They really keep their promises don’t they. They never told you?”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“I’m not just a Trickster,” Gabriel said, “I’m an Archangel.” He took great pleasure in seeing to stunned look on Bobby’s face.


“No, that’s not possible,” Bobby said shaking his head. Gabriel smirked.

“Think about it, there were four. Two are locked in the Cage and the other is dead. That only leaves . . .”

“Gabriel.” Bobby said.

“Bingo! Give the man a cigar!” Gabriel said smiling.
“Now Bobby, I don’t have much time. They’ll detect me soon if I don’t leave so listen up.” Bobby straightened and watched him carefully.

“Because you managed to piss off both sides your soul was marked for Hell, and the whole refused your reaper thing and turning vengeful.” Bobby’s eyes widened, “but I have a stupid soft spot for those Winchesters so I twisted the rules a little and brought you to Heaven. You really should have been punished for refusing a reaper but I think a stern talking to by the Archangel of Justice, yours truly, will have to do. And besides, it wasn’t really your fault, it’s just what happened. I wish it was different and will probably talk to Dad once things have calmed down but for now,” Gabriel cracked his knuckles and it seemed his energy calmed. He opened his eyes and they were shining gold.

“Robert Singer, you have hurt people in your quest for vengeance. We all know how that path ends. I have made an exception because you committed your life to saving people from the monsters in the dark. For that I thank you. But know that your deeds will not be forgotten. Remember them always as a reminder.” Gabriel touched Bobby’s forehead and burned those memories into the soul. Bobby stumbled back and cursed. The light faded from Gabriel’s eyes and the vibrant energy that always seemed to surrounded him came back.

“I’ve got to scedaddle so have fun in your Heaven. Hope you find the others. Ash should be able to help with that. That boy is smarter than most. Charlie and he would have been great friends.” Gabriel chuckled and snapped.

He flew off to check on Kevin again, feeling much better now that he knew Bobby was really at rest. That stupid rule about ghost going to Hell needed to be changed. Too many were innocents that just couldn’t let go of their families, they didn’t deserve eternal damnation.

Both Trans were sound asleep when he got home. He decided against telling the boys what the Leviathans were up too. It wouldn’t make a difference. He programe Meg’s blood into the protection on his house and sat down, nothing else to do. So, he waited. He hated waiting, this stupid calm before the battle always made him antsy. Finally, dawn rolled around and he wrote a note to the Trans about where he was and what was happening. Then he popped into the cabin just as everyone was getting ready.

“So, what’s the plan princess?” He asked Meg. She smirked over at him.

“Dean’s letting me drive the Impala.” Gabriel let out a dramatic gasp, hand to his heart and turned toward Dean.

“Dean?” He asked in a breathy voice, “Is that true? You’re letting someone else drive your precious Baby?”

“Shut up Gabriel, we’re using her as a distraction while Sammy, Cas, and I sneak in and find Dick.”

“Sam?” Gabriel’s voice suddenly turned cold and he turned toward the taller hunter, “He going to help you find Dick?”

“Yup,” Dean said giving Gabriel an odd look. Gabriel bit his lip. Sam couldn’t be near the angel-hunter pair when Dick blew up. He needed to distract the taller Winchester.

“Actually, I have something I need Sam’s help with.” Everyone stopped what they were doing and looked at him.

“What? Now?” Dean asked and Gabriel nodded.
“You and Cas can handle Dick and we’ll be right behind you. Just need to take a little detour with Sammy here. It’s only something he can help with, I promise.” Dean looked at him skeptically before turning to Sam who was watching Gabriel with narrowed eyes.

“Sam?”

“Do you think you can handle Dick?” Sam asked Dean, not taking his eyes off Gabriel. Gabriel just smirked at him and wiggled his eyebrows, his Trickster persona fully in place. Dean looked between them before nodding slowly,

“Yeah, me and Cas can handle it.”

“Okay then.” Sam said and nodded. Gabriel clapped his hands together and grinned.

“Good, now Sam meet me inside by the back door. Meg, I’m coming with you. I can get rid of the Leviathan bodies once you chop them up.” Meg nodded and Gabriel grabbed her shoulder.

“Meg,” he said urgently in a low voice, “once you are done with the Leviathans get out of there as fast as you can. You understand me?”

“Why?” she asked in confusion.

“Because Crowley will want a prize. And didn’t he mention something about turning you into jerky.” Meg winced and nodded.

“Go to this address, you’ll be safe there. And say hi to Kevin for me.” He winked and snapped his fingers.

Driving with Meg was fun; she was a little speed demon, no pun intended. Once they crashed the car he let Meg get out first. Within two minutes the Leviathans were separated from their heads. He snapped them into buckets of borax and into space, just like with the first one.

“Go. Now.” he said and snapped just as Meg disappeared. He appeared beside Sam and pulled out a homemade bomb.

“The Leviathans are going to kill all the skinny and healthy people using creamer. There’s a shipment in the lab. I need to blow it up but I can’t get this bomb to work,” he explained quickly pulling out what looked like two large bricks of playdough and an old fashion alarm clock. Sam took one look at it and snorted.

“Can’t you just blow it up yourself?”

“Yeah that’s a good idea kid. I can see the headlines now; Sucrocorp World Headquarters Blown Up by Bomb but Police Can’t Find Bomb Parts.” Sam shook his head.

“Yeah okay, let me take a look.” Sam started to look at his bomb and he could hear Cas and Dean moving around the building. After a few minutes, Sam pulled back.

“I think that fixed it.” Gabriel grinned.

“Good. Come on, let’s get to the lab.” Sam nodded and they started to make their way toward the lab, careful of any leviathans that could be hiding around the corners. They saw the labs ahead and
rushed toward it. Sam threw the doors open just as Dean stabbed Dick. The head leviathan made horrible choking noises and even showed his true face. Then he started to leak and a wave of power came off him.

“Oh no,” Gabriel muttered. The waves got faster and faster and they stood there in frozen shock. The power sudden condensed around Dick and he laughed. Sam threw up his arm and Gabriel jumped in front of him as Dick exploded. Before the human could understand what happened Gabriel snapped himself to Dick’s office and started to quickly go through his plans, taking everything with him and setting one of bombs in the office. As Sam talked to Crowley he flited around the place setting bombs. Finally, he snapped the Impala repaired before hiding himself to watch.

After almost a half an hour, with the demons long gone, Sam stumbled out. He took one look at the car and fell to his knees, tears streaming down his face. Everything in the Archangel told him to comfort Sam but he had to let things play out. He couldn’t bear to look at Sam anymore so he snapped his way home.

Gabriel landed in his kitchen and collapsed into a chair, holding back tears. He didn’t think this would be so hard. He could still feel Sam’s pain and it hurt. He moaned and buried his head in his arms. This would be a long year.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are love. Thank you so much for your patience. I hope to get back on my daily publishing schedule.
“Hey, Golden Eye, you in there?” A voice said from right beside him. Gabriel’s head shot up and he looked around only to be met with a very worried Kevin and Mrs. Tran and an equally worried and confused Meg. Gabriel quickly wiped at his eyes, trying to pretend he hadn’t just been crying. He saw that night had fallen and wondered how much time had passed while he was wallowing.

“What? What’s wrong?” He asked his voice rougher than usual from crying. He cleared his throat, embarrassed. Everyone exchanged worried looks before Kevin finally spoke.

“What’s wrong? Gabe no one could rouse you. You’ve been like that since about an hour after Meg got here.”

“What kiddo?” he tried smirking but it felt hollow, “you couldn’t survive without me for a couple hours?” Everybody looked at him almost uncomfortably before Mrs. Tran stepped forward hesitantly.

“Gabriel, that was three days ago.”

“What?” Gabriel gasped. He looked wildly around and pushed his hair away from his face, “Shit. I haven’t lost time in years.”

“So, Golden Eye, what got you in so much of a funk that you shut down for three days, kill almost all living things in a two-mile radius, and freak the weather out?”

“What?” Gabriel asked again. Dad, he hated being out of it. He sighed aggressively, “How bad was the damage?”

They looked at each other before Meg spoke again, “rain mostly, but the heats been horrible in the day time and freaking freezing during the nights and there’s a new tree outside. Oh! And your dog hasn’t really moved since you got back.” Gabriel nodded and stood up shakily.

“Gabriel, what happened? What caused all that?” Kevin asked nervously.

“Me.” Gabriel said walking slowly over to the Russell Terrier. He knelt and gently pet through her black and white fur.

“It’s okay girl, I’ll be okay. Come on precious one.” The dog finally moved, just a slight wag of
her tail as she gently licked Gabriel’s hand. Gabriel smiled a very small smile and got up. He turned toward the group, they were looking stunned at him.

“You caused all that weather stuff?” Kevin asked in disbelief.

“Archangels had a hand in creating the universe. We tied ourselves so irrevocable into it that our emotions, if strong enough, can affect it. I’m sorry about all that. I’ll fix it.” He walked passed them, right before he walked out of the kitchen he looked over his shoulder with a ghost of a smirk.

“It was one of the reasons Mikey and Luci’s death match would have leveled half the planet.” He walked outside. Sure enough, the ground was muddy and all the grass and dessert plants were no more than brown husks. There were only a few trees left standing. He started to walk, hands brushing pants, eyes far away as he worked his magic. He walked farther and farther in his garden and started to heal the Earth. Finally, he came across a large weeping willow; at least that’s what it looked like under the spell that made all his plants blend into their surroundings.

He placed a hand against the trunk and sighed. It was a defense mechanism he’d created centuries ago. One tree, or in this case many trees since all his properties were connected, that would house the emotion that could wreck serious damage to the earth and make sure he wasn’t found out. He would sit under them when he was feeling nostalgic, but right now it just served to reminded him of the thing he’d lost, again. He knew that if Sam didn’t like him before, when he finds out Gabriel was here the entire time, he would hate him.

Sam was such a strange human. He seemed like an open book but carefully hid what he was truly feeling under the illusion that he could be easily read. He only allowed people to see what he wanted. He could talk about wanting to share feelings and talk it out all day, but he was just as emotionally protective as Dean. Gabriel leaned his head against Sam’s tree and closed his eyes, trying to hold in his tears. Even with his talent at masks and reading people Sam was a mystery to him. He never knew what the human was truly feeling; even his soul didn’t give much away. He wondered if Sam had some training to mask his soul from being read.

No matter. Gabriel had learned over their weeks together how to read Sam a little better. Sam kept him around because he was useful. He kept the nightmares at bay and distracted him when he needed it. If he’d asked for casual sex Gabriel would have given it too him in a heartbeat. It was the sweetest heaven and the most painful hell. He understood why Castiel stayed around, he would rather seem useful and needed even if just as a nurse and weapon then be outright rejected by his mate.

Gabriel stayed there for at least a half an hour and breathed all his pain and heartache into the willow. Finally, he composed himself and walked back into the house with some of his usual swagger. Everyone was still in the kitchen and they were all looking nervous. Guilt shot through him. He had done this, now he had to try and fix it.

“Hey, don’t frown yet. I haven’t even told you what happen.” His tone was light but his face showed resignation. Gabriel didn’t know if he could face them while telling what had happened. So, he busied himself around the kitchen making a diabetics worst nightmare.

“So, first thing first. Dick’s dead. If any of you have been paying attention to the news you know that I blew up Sucrocorp. But there’s a lot of work that still has to be done. I’ve got to take care of the rest of those bastards, though it should be a lot easier. You see,” he still hadn’t looked at them, it was much easier to talk at the giant sundae he was building than them, “they were all connected, so they’ll all start to die within a few years but, the quicker they’re dead the quicker the food supply goes back to normal. It’ll be a lot of work so Kevin, I’ll have a less involved role than I did before. But if you have any questions just pray.”
“What about Sam and Dean?” Kevin asked his brow furrowed his worry.

“Sam’s safe,” Gabriel said trying to avoid the topic. He heated a large brownie in the microwave while chopping up nuts and fruit.

“And Dean? Clarence?” Meg asked and Gabriel didn’t speak.

“Goddammit Archangel, what happened to Clarence?!” the demon yelled and Gabriel hung his head. He put the knife down and leaned against the counter top. A large sigh escaped his lips.

“Look,” He said turning around to look at them, “Dick exploded and when I reopened my eyes they were gone. I didn’t know it was going to happen. We couldn’t kill them during the war, only maim. It was Dad who locked them in Purgatory in the first place.”

“So, you have no idea where they are?” Meg asked shocked.

“There are a half dozen places they could be.” He said, walking a thin line between truth and lie. Even though he was the god of lies he didn’t want to lie to these people. They were turning into his family. If felt wrong.

“Either they’re dead or they can handle themselves.” He said going back to his sundae just as the microwave dinged. He pulled the brownie out and plopped into an old 50s sundae dish, extra-large.

“What do you mean? If they’re dead, you need to bring them back.” Meg said slightly hysterical. Gabriel glanced over his shoulder at the panicking demon.

“Don’t you think they’ve been through enough? Those two deserve to rest. Meg; Castiel saw his resurrection as a punishment. And Sam deserves a happy, normal life.” He shook his head and tried to squash out the pain he felt at the thought of Sam. There was a few beats of silence before he spoke again. He turned and saw that all of their faces showed sorrow, but Meg’s was the worst. Her face was a mask of angry lines and her eyes burned with anger.

“I’m sorry.” Gabriel said honestly, “I know he meant a lot to you, they did to me too, but it’s better this way.” He hated that phrase. When you said it, you knew it wasn’t true.

“I know you don’t like me right now,” he said after a few minutes of silence, “but Crowley will still be after you, especially after he found out there wasn’t a prophet waiting for him like he thought. I would like to offer my protection if you’ll have it.” Gabriel turned back to his sugar monstrosity and started to piled on ice cream and different toppings while he waited for Meg’s answer. After a good five minutes, where his sundae was piled higher and higher, she spoke.

“Okay, yeah, whatever.” He looked over his shoulder and smirked, his mask firmly back in place. He finally decided that there was enough sugar to last him for a little bit and started to put his ingredients back. There was quiet for a little bit, but he finally looked at Meg straight in the eye.

“I need you to tell me Susie’s address.”

“How do you know about her?” The demon asked, a slight blush covering her cheeks. Gabriel smirked.

“Your memories, when you let me into your mind. She’s a very lucky girl to capture the love of a demon.”

“Why do you need to know where she lives?”
“Because if Crowley knows about your affiliation than he’ll torture her to get to you. I’m already three days behind schedule, let’s just hope I’m not too late.” Meg nodded and grabbed a paper and pen and wrote down the address.

“Meg, it’s probably best if your girl stays here all the time, and she’ll have to be trained to protect herself.” Meg nodded,

“I understand.” Gabriel gave her a short nod and looked at the address.

“Okay, be back in two shakes.” He snapped his fingers and disappeared.

Chapter End Notes

I would love to hear from my readers. What do you think? Thank you to everyone who’s stayed with me so far.
A Flock

Chapter Notes

Since someone called me Satan for the slight cliff hanger I posted yesterday here's a long chapter to keep you occupied until I can get in contact with that other author. I'm sorry for the pause in writing, I'm hoping I can post again soon.

P.S. I will gladly take on the title of the new Lucifer

hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He appeared outside a little wood cabin outside a small town in Indiana. The Archangel walked over to it and knocked on the door. He looked over the place while he waited. It was a nice place, not many neighbors, he could ward this place up pretty well. Maybe he wouldn't have to keep Susie at his house while he and Meg trained her. A woman with curly blond hair open the door slightly.

“Yes?” she asked. Gabriel grinned at her in what he hoped was a friendly manner.

“Suzen Wyatt?” He asked. She nodded her head in confusion.

“Hi, I’m a friend of Meg’s.” Her eyes widen comically and she tried to shove the door in his face. Acting quickly, he stuck his foot in-between the door and its frame but she ran away from him. He sighed and roll his eyes. Gabriel followed her in as she raced into the kitchen.

“I’m not a demon,” he said lazily, looking around. It was a nice place; clean, homey. The tall girl grabbed the salt and threw it desperately at him. When it didn’t do anything to him she paused.

“I really am a friend of Meg’s. She’s in a little spot of trouble and needs you safe. Call her if you like. Check out my story.” She reached into her back pocket and pulled out her phone but never took her eyes off him. Gabriel let the human calm down and walked around. There was a nice sunroom that had blankets strewed all over it and bookcases against the wall. He smiled, he could imagine sitting there and reading the day away.

“Hey Meg, is someone supposed to be visiting?” Susie asked behind him and he smirked.

“THEN WHY DIDN’T YOU CALL ME! I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO KIDNAP ME OR SOMETHING!” the human yelled and Gabriel’s smirk widened.

“He’s short, had dark blond hair and whiskey eyes, smirk-y.”

“Okay, I guess I’ll see you soon. By, babe.” The human hung up and crossed her arms. Gabriel turned to look at her.

“So?” she asked sassily. Gabriel smiled again.

“Hi, I’m Gabriel.” He said and she watched him pensively.

“Susie. So, you said Meg’s in danger. What kind of danger?” she asked getting right down to it.
“Someone’s after her. Like I said, you need to be safe, I’ll be taking you to a safe house. Go get packed and we’ll go.” The blonde nodded and headed upstairs without another word. He looked out over the forests and wished he could have brung Sam to some place like this. He felt another pang in his chest and shook his head. No use thinking about something that can’t happened.

About an hour later Susie came back down freshly showered and lugging four large suitcases. She flitted around the room packing random things and throwing them into a duffle bag.

“How long am I going to be gone?” she asked opening the fridge.

“I don’t know right now; I would say indefinitely until we know the situation better.” Gabriel said and snapped his fingers. All the food in the fridge disappeared. The girl jumped and whirled to stare at him.

“What are you?” she asked warily.

“Trickster, mostly.” Gabriel said vaguely walking over and starting to throw some of her books into a box that had appeared. He heard Susie take a deep breath before she was walking behind him and pulling books off the shelf.

“What about my house? I just got back. Do I need to sell it?” Gabriel shook his head and looked at the girl.

“That’s all taken care of. The bills will be paid on time and I’ll put a spell around the place so no one bothers it.” She nodded and finished packing up her house. Almost four hours later Susie stood in the middle of her now mostly empty house, Gabriel had already sent most of the boxes to his place, and stared around. There was a strange expression on her face, a mix of sadness and hope. It was an odd thing for the Archangel to see.

“You ready to go?” Susie took one more look around the house before nodding. She walked over to him with her suitcases and grabbed his outstretched hand.

“Have you teleported before?” She nodded again and the Trickster-Archangel snapped. They appeared in the entrance way of his house. The boxes now surrounded them and Meg was waiting by the statue. Instantly the dark-haired girl was there and sweeping the human into her arms. The blonde dropped her bags and wrapped her arms tightly around the shorter woman. He smiled. He couldn’t help teasing the demon. He sniffed dramatically.

“It’s so beautiful,” he said pretending to cry. Meg didn’t even pull away she just flipped him the finger. He chuckled and shook his head. He swept up Susie’s bags.

“One room or two?” he asked and finally Meg pulled away.

“She’s sleeping in mine,” she grabbed the bags from his hands and lead Susie away. He smiled fondly as he watched them go up the stairs, Meg was already explaining what was happening. Gabriel decided to give them a few minutes before calling a house meeting. He wandered back into the kitchen and starting eating the sundae he’d left. Kevin and Linda were in the boy’s room working on the Tablet.

The Trickster sat down and started to eat, slowly savoring the flavors he’d created. He listened to his home, his flock; Linda was making Kevin take another break, they were now working on making up for the test he’d missed after the lightning storm, Meg and Susie were carting boxes up to Meg’s room and talking. It was nice to finally be surrounded by people he cared for again. He’d been on his own for so long it was almost a foreign feeling. But he fell into the role of caretaker so naturally it
probably should have scared him, but it didn’t. He didn’t feel like he needed to run, or get away. For the first time in a long time, he felt safe.

After almost a half an hour he decided that everyone deserved a treat, so he started to work on supper. He wanted to make a big meal since it was Susie’s first night in the house. The Archangel may or may not have sped the cooking process of the roast so it was done much faster than it should have been. He lost himself in the cooking; the relaxing movements of the knives and spoons calming and focusing his mind. He’d always loved cooking, and it always seemed to relax him. He made a delicious pot roast with potatoes and onions and carrots and all sort of appetizing things. As the roast cooked he went about making a chocolate cake for dessert, needing one of him favorite creations. After almost three hours everything was ready. He rang the intercom,

“Supper’s ready, come and sit down.” He walked into the formal dining room and snapped, setting the table. He got all the food moved to serving plates and set it on the table just in time for Kevin and Mrs. Tran to walk in. They both smiled at him and sat down.

“This looks amazing Gabriel,” Linda said and Gabriel swelled with pride.

“If you think this is good just wait until you try my chocolate cake for dessert.” He said proudly.

“Why don’t you just snap all this up?” Kevin asked, his mother hit him over the head.

“Kevin, that’s rude.” But Gabriel held up a hand to stop her.

“It’s actually a fair question.” He rebuffed, “I like cooking.” He added honestly.

“It’s fun, it’s creative, it’s creation. That’s what I’m all about.” Kevin nodded and looked back at the food. Meg and Susie came in a few seconds later and they both sat down.

“Please, serve yourselves.” Gabriel said sitting down at the head of the table. They nodded and started to reach for the food when Susie spoke up.

“Shouldn’t we say grace?” Everyone froze and slowly they all look at Gabriel. Gabriel looked at her in shock before bursting out laughing.

“Woo! You picked a funny one Meg.” When Susie’s expression didn’t change other than to turn more confused Gabriel turned toward Meg.

“You didn’t tell her?” The demon shrugged.

“It wasn’t my place to tell, especially since your supposed to be in hiding.”

“Ah,” Gabriel said nodding, “well.” He waved for them to all bow their heads. They all did confusedly. Gabriel theatrically clasped his hand together and started to speak, not even bother to hide his smirk.

“Dear Dad, we thank you for the food you had no part in making. That was me,” Meg snorted but quickly stifled it, “We thank you for our good health which you had no part in either. We thank you for bringing us together but that wasn’t you either. It was me, again.” It was Kevin’s turn to laugh but he quickly covered his mouth. Even Mrs. Tran was having trouble keeping a straight face, “I would ask you to bless us but the last time you did that it was with the Winchesters and we all saw how that turned out.” The entire table, excluding Susie, burst out laughing and Gabriel dropped his hands.

“Okay, let’s see, one last thing. Good bread, good meat, good Dad, let’s eat!” He threw his arms up
in the air and everyone started to eat except Susie. She sat there spluttering.


“What is it?” he asked innocently. Even though he loved confusing humans, this girl was important to Meg, so he tried to be kind.

“Why did you keep calling God, dad?” she asked after a second.

“Well, because he it. My Dad I mean.” Gabriel said snapping his fingers and a glass of red wine appeared in his hands as well as in front of all the adults. She spluttered again and Gabriel smirked.

“What? Like you haven’t seen Meg do something with her powers?”

“Yeah, but that’s different.” Susie said defensively. Gabriel smirked again and turned his gaze to Meg.

“Please tell me you picked a good christen girl to fall in love with? Because that would be the funniest thing since Thor tried to wear Frigga’s clothes.” Meg smirked but looked at her girlfriend.

“She’s no good christen, at least I didn’t think so. Susie?”

“I-it’s not that,” the girl stuttered, “I mean I was raised christen. It’s kind of ingrained. That’s why I reacted so strangely when you told me what you were.” Meg nodded, “I just never expected to actually meet someone related to God, or whatever. It just doesn’t seem real. Like this is all some joke.”

“What? You don’t believe me?” Gabriel teased and he could see Meg tense.

“No, of course not. It’s just . . .”

“Just so hard to believe.” Kevin supplied around a bit of food and she nodded gratefully at him.

“Yes, exactly. It’s not that I don’t believe you, it’s just I that until five months ago, I didn’t know the supernatural was any more than stories.” Gabriel nodded and thought.

“Well, there’s one thing that I think would prove that I am what I say.” They all looked at him in curiosity but Meg had a glint in her eyes that told him she had an idea what he was about to do. Gabriel pushed back from the table and stood up. He rolled his shoulders and suddenly all the lights were out and lightening flashed, casting shadows on the walls. What they saw made all their mouths fall open. Enormous wings could be seen; covering the entire back wall, reaching up almost to the other side of the ceiling, covering the walls on both sides and even the floor. To top it off Gabriel’s eyes were shining a brilliant gold.

“I am an Archangel of the Lord after all.” He said his voice ringing with power. He stood there for a second more before suddenly the lights were back on and the shadows were gone. His eyes were back to their usual whiskey gold and a smirk was firmly on his face. He sat back down and picked up his fork again. The room sat in stunned silence for a long time before they all seemed to shake themselves and start eating again.

“There’s some stuff I wanted to discuss while you’re all here.” Gabriel said a few minutes later, “First, I would like to welcome Susie into our household and let her know that she’s welcome to stay here for as long as she’d like.” The blonde nodded and blushed.
“Thank you,” Gabriel nodded and continued.

“Second I would please ask that all of you participate in training. You need to protect yourselves and it’s a dangerous world out there.” Mrs. Tran and Kevin looked up in surprise.

“Even me Gabriel?” Kevin asked nervously and Gabriel raised an eyebrow in surprise.

“Well of course Kevin, I thought you would have already started.” At their confused looked Gabriel put down his silverware and turned his full attention to his charge.

“What?” he asked quirking an eyebrow, “you think all those ancient Asian fighting styles were just for protection?” At everyone’s mystified looks Gabriel snorted and leaned back in his chair, his glass of wine in his hand.

“Most of Dad’s prophets weren’t from the middle east. They were from all over, and in the old days, traveled across the world. The Asians finally discovered a way to help with the pain that would come from any of the gifts Dad would put on them. Tai Chi, Quan fa, all that; it was originally used to focus and move the pain through the body. It was only a byproduct that you could use the moves to beat the crap out of people.” They all looked at him in shock and he shook his head.

“Well I guess my mission will take a lot longer then I thought. I’m going to have to train you myself it seemed. Alright,” he started to eat again, “Kevin it seems we’re changing your schedule again, make that everyone’s schedules. Training will start at seven every morning. You all should try to be there. It’s okay if you’re not, but I need to start cleaning up this Leviathan business as soon as possible, pulse I still have my Trickster duties.” His smirk flashed and it was cold and unforgiving before he was back to his easy laid back attitude.

“Meg can train you in combat and everything you need to know about every supernatural creature is either in her head or the library. You all have free reign over that. Oh!” he snapped suddenly, “that made me remember something, we need to get you all tattooed, including Meg.” The demon glared at him in confusion and he raised his hands in surrender.

“Hey, I can tell you’re the only soul in there, so as far as I care that’s your body.” She relaxed some but cocked her head in confusion.

“Then why do I need to get a tattoo?” she asked.

“I think it would be best to bind you to that body,” Gabriel supplied around a mouthful of food, “I know a couple sigils that’ll allow you to smoke out if need be but it’ll be your body and no one can enter it but you. How does that sound?” Meg looked at him in shock before she nodded silently and went back to eating.

“We need to get this all sorted out before the solstice. I’ll have to leave for a few days and I want to make sure you all can handle yourselves.” Gabriel continued.

“What happens on the solstice?” Susie asked curiously.

“I have a few things to take care of that only happen around that time. It’s nothing for you to worry about. If you don’t leave the house everything should be fine.”

“What if we get bored?” Meg asked sounding bored.

“I have all the TV shows and movies since they started making them and a library as big as Congress’s. There’s a pool, tennis court, if you go through the blued copper doors in the garage it leads to a horse track in Argentina, go through the barn looking door it’s to a race track. And I have
internet. And if that can’t keep your attention and you must leave we’re five miles from Vegas. There are necklaces by the front door that’ll keep you off most creatures’ radars. But still be on your guard, and pray to me if you even think anything could be happening. Got it?” they all nodded and he grinned. Once they finished he snapped his fingers and replaced their dirty places with ones with a slice of chocolate cake on them. They all dug in.

They spend the rest of the evening watching TV and talking, and when all the humans were in bed Gabriel snapped himself away to a little motel in Texas. Sam was asleep and there was a dog lying on the floor. The Archangel walked closer to the sleeping hunter and gently brushed a piece of hair out of his face. Tears started to brim closer to the sleeping hunter and gently brushed a piece of hair out of his face. Tears started to brim around those golden eyes and Gabriel quickly bent down and placed a kiss on Sam’s forehead.

“Goodbye my love.” He whispered, a tear dropping onto the taller man’s cheek. He disappeared before Sam could wake up and relocated himself to the top of Everest. He let out a heartbreaking cry and lightning struck the top of the mountain. He stayed like that, curled into himself, as he felt his Grace throb with pain.

He would never have what he wanted; even if Sam did leave Amelia, it gave him no indication that the hunter would ever choose him. All the time he knew Sam the boy had only chosen females, so already he was off the list. He could change vessels but that would take time and energy he didn’t have. Plus, it was the person’s personality you fell in love with, not their appearance. Sam didn’t like him now and there were no signs that he would change anytime soon.

He had to leave Sam alone or he didn’t think he would be able to let the brunette have his year of normalcy. He would probably kill Amelia first and that wasn’t something he could do to Sam. But Dad did it hurt. This was why mates were so dangerous to angels. Being separated from them was always so painful, especially when the bond wasn’t even completed yet. And if their mate died, well the death for the other would be slow and torturous. Plus, they became ultra-protective of each other.

He pulled himself up slowly, painfully, and snapped himself back to the house. He changed clothes and went into the city. There’d been someone he’d been stalking for a week or so that deserved his judgment and he wasn’t in the mood for games. He needed to vent, and this sick bastard deserved his rage.

The man was a worker in a candy factory. He used the sugary treats from his work to lure children in. Then he would kidnap them, keep them alive for weeks, and use them for his sick twisted fantasies before finally killing them. Gabriel was too emotional to play around. He picked up the guy from an alleyway and plopped him into his own torture dungeon. The Trickster took his time with the man and he was begging for death before the Archangel finally granted it to him. It was almost 7 in the morning when he finally came home and he was feeling more stable.

He snapped his fingers and his clothing was pristine again, not a drop of blood anywhere on him. He woke everyone up and started their training. For the next month, he trained and fed and took care of his little family. He played pranks on all of them; putting chocolate sauce in shampoo, moving everything slightly to the left in certain rooms, rearranging Susie’s book collection so the titles spelled out song lyrics, turning all of Meg’s clothing pink; he lived up to the name of Trickster. He never once visited Sam, no matter how much he yearned for the taller man, and he was fine. As fine as he could be.
Chapter End Notes

I love hearing from my readers so please leave a comment in the box below. Kudos are always appreciated as well.
Two days before the solstice Gabriel packed up his bag and headed downstairs. Everyone was waiting for him, ready to see him off. He smiled fondly as they were all lined up by the front door; kind of like the scene in Legally Blonde. He found in very comforting and very adorable.

“Aren’t you going to tell us where you’re going?” Kevin asked and Gabriel smiled ruefully.

“It’s just something I have to do kid.” He pulled his charge into a tight hug.

“Now remember to do your exercises, and don’t forget to do your homework.” He said pulling away. Kevin made a face but nodded.

“Hey now,” Linda said drawing Gabriel’s attention, “that’s my job.” They both smiled and Linda pulled him into a tight embarrass.

“You take care of Kevin alright, make sure that kid has some fun occasionally.” She nodded against his shoulder and he let go. He moved to Susie who wasn’t looking at him, instead opting to stare intensely at her shoes. He gently put a finger under her chin and made her look at him.

“It’s going to be okay, it’s only a week.” She nodded, tears in her eyes, before she threw her arms around the shorter man. He chuckled and held her tight for a second before she too let go. The blonde had gotten surprisingly attached in such a short amount of time but Gabriel wasn’t complaining. She was kind and soft and usually just there. A presence on the sofa that he could attach himself to, a person in the library he could entrance with a new book, a cooking mate. She was there and her soft, silent support helped a great deal.

Finally, he turned to Meg who was trying hard not to seem affected.

“Now remember,” he started, “make sure they train every day, and that means Kevin too,” he glanced at the prophet who blushed and looked away, “and only call if it is an extreme emergency. I shouldn’t be disturbed unless demons or Leviathans are invading the house or someone’s gone missing. Understood?” She nodded tightly and he grabbed her and pulled her into a warm hug. She stiffened and held herself away from him for a long minute before finally she melted into his embrace. He smiled into her shoulder as she hugged back. He would make a human of her yet.

“Take care of my family while I’m gone, alright?” he whispered in her ear.

“I will, I promise.” She whispered back so softly that no one heard but him. He squeezed her tightly for a second before pulling away.
“Alright everyone, I’ll see you in a week.” He waved at them and they all waved back before he disappeared.

He reappeared in a thick forest. Gabriel shouldered his bag and started to walk. The path he was on had been worn down by thousands of feet over the millennia. He kept walking and the forest seemed to calm his worry. He took a deep breath and enjoyed the smell of the surroundings he knew so well. The magic in the air thrummed as his presence seemed to awaken it. The air grew thick with the sounds of life, it filled suddenly with spores and pollen, plants bloomed and the path was lined with pink, purple, and gold flowers.

After a while he heard a rustling in the woods nearby but wasn’t worried by it. A few seconds later two coyotes the size of bears suddenly appeared beside him as he walked down the winding path. One was dark red-brown with glowing green eyes and the other was icy grey with brilliant blue eyes. Neither creature did anything other than walk beside him but the Trickster still smiled. He had missed his old friends.

Finally, they came upon a clearing. In the middle of the clearing was a large stone almost twice the height of Sam. On it were many different Norse runes and a large, double headed snake entwining around itself. The Trickster raised his hand, his eyes glowing faintly, and spoke a few words in ancient Norse. Very slowly, a loud resounding groan echoed. The ground in front of the stone started to shift and change and soon it had become a staircase leading down. The coyotes went first, trotting down the stairs and Gabriel followed. Here and now he was Loki, Trickster God.

He was still Gabriel; he was still an Archangel of the Lord. But his Loki persona needed to be reconnected to the universe and his Midsummer feast was exactly how to do it. His powers were weaker after not being plugged into the prayers from either identity for so long. He need to get his powers back up to full charge if he was going to take the Leviathans on single-handedly.

The place he was walking in, was impossible. He was underground, or that was what it seemed, but as he reached the bottom of the stairs the ceiling opened to reveal an endless sunset sky. The walls seemed to be made of fossilized wood, splitting off into branches to frame the colorful sky. Small buds started to grown on the branches as the place recognized its master was home. He knew that by the first minute of Midsummer the branches would be full of leaves and flowers and fruit. A fond smile crossed his lips and he followed the coyotes down the winding tunnel, much like the path up above.

Soon the creatures turned off into a grand hall, it’s ceiling gone too, to reveal the sunset. At one end a large throne sat atop a dais high enough where the sitter would be able see the entire hall. The coyotes walked over and seated themselves on either side of the throne. A long wooden table took up most of the hall and Gabriel know he would soon have to fill it with food, but first, he had to get the materials ready in his chambers. He continued walking passed the great hall and toward a set of double doors down a long hallway filled with other doors leading off into other chambers.

He opened the large wooden doors with the insignia of Loki on them and stepped inside, taking a deep breath in. The room was dusty and smelled musky. He snapped his fingers and instantly the smell of honeysuckle and wisteria filled the air. The roof would be hanging with it soon enough. The dust was gone and he placed his bag on the large bed. He started pulling out all sorts of ingredients and placing them on a small wooden table by the bed. He needs a lot of juice to get the place growing. Juice, he didn’t have yet. At least for his pagan side. Hence the spell ingredients.

Once everything was ready, he started to chant. The air seemed to grow thick and held more than just dust particles. As his chanting got louder his eyes started to glow. After a few moments, where
his voice got progressively louder, he grabbed the copper knife on the table and slit his hand; his voice raising to a shout as wind whipped around him. He yelled one more word and the air seemed to still. Everything was quiet.

Gabriel took a deep breath in and open his eyes, their whiskey gold shining brighter. They didn’t dim. The spell pulled power from the magic of Midsummer itself. It would kick start his Loki identity again and give him the energy he needed to answer the first few sacrifices and get the place growing. But right now, he needed to rest. Gabriel collapsed onto the large bed with a groan and almost instantly falls asleep.

The next day a wet nose woke the god up. He blinked his amber eyes open and started at the giant face of the red coyote. He smiled and lifted his hand to pet the large beast.

“Ámáttugr,” he said softly and the animal rumbled low in its chest, “it’s good to see your old friend.” The coyote pushed its head against his hand and Gabriel chuckled. He sat up and pushed his fingers through the thick fur of the animal.

“Tis been too long fearsome one.” The coyote seemed to agree if the answering growl was anything to go by. Gabriel looked around and saw that, even though the sky was still a colorful sunset, the clock on the wall showed that it was almost noon. His 27-hour rest was complete. He could already feel the power thrumming through his veins. He got up and started to prepare for the day. He served himself and the two coyotes a simple breakfast, seeing as they would be eating for the entire day tomorrow. After that they trotted back out of the room and let the god change in peace.

Gabriel stripped all his mundane clothes off and folded them neatly, putting them in a chest of drawers. He opened another one of the drawers to reveal all different colors of paints in jars. He looked over then carefully before pulling out a shimmering gold and glittering dark green. He nodded and pulled out a light golden gel, the same color as his skin, and placed it beside the paints. He grabbed brushes and other makeup materials and laid them all out on the vanity. He sat there, naked, and got to work.

He started by braiding his hair, growing it out until it hung to his shoulder and giving himself a beard. He tied the gold strands in graceful knots and put metal beads at their ends. He then started on his makeup. The gold gel being slowly spread all over his body, almost like a primer, giving him a slightly glow. Then the bright gold and green paints went on; swirling lines of gold and green. Whirls and twists, slashes and strokes, covered his body.

As he painted he fell further and further into the mindset of the ancient god. He worries and thought about his little family faded deeper and deeper into the back of him mind. He gave himself wholly over to the ritual. For the finally touches, his face was slashed with green and gold, his eyes covered in heavy eyeshadow, and the Norse rune for Loki was painted delicately on his forehead. He opened his eyes and they shone brightly.

The god put the paints away carefully and opened the large closet and looked over the clothing there. Most of the clothing was furs and leathers. After gazing at them for a long time he finally pulled out a pair of emerald green laced up trousers. He grabbed a pair of study dark red leather boots, the toes curling up slightly, and placed them beside the bed along with the pants. Next, he looked over the cloaks. A bright gold with golden-brown fur caught his eyes. He lay it with the pants. The god let the paints dry for a while, lounging around, soaking in the power of Midsummer’s eve.

Finally, when the paints were dry, he dressed; pulling on the pants and lacing up the leather boots. He pulled on a set of dark brown bracers, the golden leather showing off the sign of Loki. He saved the cloak for last and instead adorned rings of gold and precious stones. He threw the cloak on so it hung over his shoulders, revealing his painted bare chest. For his final touch, he placed on his head a
circlet made of branches and leaves, little white flowers bloomed there and a small stone sat in the middle. Its gold color almost fading into his hair.

He threw open a cabinet and pulled out an ancient looking drinking horn. The thing was made from solid bone, the carvings were intricate; depicting his stories in wonderful detail. He smiled at it before whirling around and leaving the room. He strode into the great hall, hours having passed since the coyotes had woken him, to see that his hall was growing nicely. Night had fallen for the human world but the spirit one was just waking up.

The god looked over the table and snapped his fingers. A dark red table cloth appeared on the long table, much easier to get blood out that way, and food after it. A feast laid out for the god but no being touched it yet. That would be after the clock struck 12. He swirled his fingers and the plants in the hall expanded, filling out the room and their smells floating in the air. He looked to the sky and saw the brilliant colors of the endless sunset still shining brightly.

Loki lounged on his throne, a large thing made of a solid hunk of wood, and waited. Soon enough the first of the Midsummer creatures arrived. Here and now the walls between realms were thin so things like fairies and elves and other fantasy creatures could slip through. As soon as the portal was open he’d sent a message that read loud and clear. Loki was back and his feast would be open.

He nodded slightly to the group of fairies flitted into the room before they quickly left it, he supposed to spread the news that the message had been true. He sat and waited. Slowly, as the hours to midnight ticked closer, more magical creatures appeared in his hall. None touched to food, knowing of the God’s savagery for breaking the rules, but all watched him. Some in excitement, some in worry, most in apprehension. The god had been missing for three years. Where had he been? What had happened? What would he do now that he was back?

Because you see; every year, on the day when the sun seemed to hang in the sky forever, anybody who knew the rituals—or who know of him and what he did and begged for admittance—would find themselves in the clearing by his stone. They would make their way down those stairs, knowing the rumors about him, and enter his hall. From 12:00 am to 11:59 pm they could ask him for anything.

For those who made it to the flowering hall, at the summer solstice, the god gave them what they wanted, for what they offered. Most of the time. Sometimes, and what he was famous for, he gave them what they deserved. On this night, he stored up power and belief. On this night, he became his most powerful.

The hall waited with baited breath as the second hand ticked closer and closer to midnight and Loki kept his eyes on the clock. With a resounding ring, the chime sounding more like Notre Dom than the little clock it was, the god rose from his seat and raised his arms.

“Let the celebrations, begin!” he said his voice echoing around the hall and all the people in attendance cheered and dived for the table. The air filled with flower petals and Loki grinning much like the Cheshire cat. The creatures drank and feasted, talking and laughing, sharing stories; and all the while Loki watched from his throne, a smirk ever present on his lips, his horn filled with mead. He closed his eyes briefly and breathed in, power surging through him, he opened his eyes and spotted the first arrival. A vagarious grin spread across his face and he beckoned the lad forward. The sacrifices had begun.

Throngs of people came to his hall, most human, some not. All begging for him to use his powers for their needs in exchange for something of theirs. He’d been asked for love, revenge, protection,
money and jewels, to get someone out of jail, to put someone in jail, fertility, infertility, employment, food, a thousand other things that were both selfish and unselfish alike. In exchanged he’d been offered money (many, many times), jewelry, expensive clothing, concert tickets, various future promises to be called in, handmade artifacts, recipes, shares in various companies, cars, sex.

He’d accepted about half of these. It had nothing to do with their fundamental worth, and everything to do with what they meant to the person giving them. The sex offerings were the most satisfying, if he accepted them, because Loki was not a god that fed of blood; even if he still got tremendous power from it, he was a sexual god. His sacrifices came from safe (most of the time), sane, consensual sex. That was where he got the most power, and of course it came from his partner orgasming, not himself. That was their sacrifice, that intense power that came from such a release. The energy their souls put out at that moment was like the most delicious chocolate in the world.

The night continued, turning from night to dawn, dawn to day. The sun in the human world rose steadily higher and higher before starting to sink back down. The day continued and soon night was falling, the sky above them changing for the first time. A moon rose slowly and illuminated the room with its glow, the lanterns set around the edges dimming. It gave the entire hall a look as if it was cast in sliver.

A skinwalker knelt before the god, with two of his pack, and begged for guaranteed safety from hunters. Loki looked them over and smirked. He accepted their offer and gave assurance that they would be safe (at this address and except under these specific and highly unlikely circumstances, i.e. the Winchesters). They offered him three kid goats. He kissed their heads, slit their throat and spilt their hot blood over his hands, and made sure they felt no pain; and laughed. He threw the goats to his coyotes who devoured them gleefully and with great gusto. He licked the blood from his hands.

His gaze fell to the woman in front of him. She was beautiful; a plump triangle shaped face, hair such a red-brown it was almost purple falling in soft waves across her shoulders, her makeup was expensive and dramatic looking but even the thick eyeshadow couldn’t hide how tired she looked. Her clothing was of the same quality, but she had a wariness to her, a fragility even though her body was curved and full. He could see the sickness in her, see her bones being eaten away by the disease that she had before she was even born.

“Please,” she pleaded, “I’ll do anything. The doctors have given up; they say she’ll die soon.” What fascinated the god most was it wasn’t for herself that the woman was pleading for, it was her daughter who had an even worse type of the disease than she. He glanced at her left hand and saw no ring. Interesting.

“Anything?” he purred and the hall’s chatter fell a little. That was a dangerous word to say to this particular deity. The woman nodded, tears in her eyes.

“Just please let my baby live.” Loki leaned toward the woman, his eyes glittering.

“Would you give your life to save your daughter’s?” The woman nodded without hesitation and pulled a knife from her bag, holding it out to the god. He lifted one eyebrow in surprise but showing nothing else of his emotions. He looked her over again, she was dying just as her daughter.

“Young daughter is what? 6 weeks old?” she nodded, “And you have no other to take care of her? What kind of a life would she have without you or the father in the picture?” The woman bit her lip and tears welled up in her eyes.
“No,” he said shaking his head, “I do not accept your life,” he looked her up and down for another moment.

“Then take my money, my jewelry, my clothes, anything!” she begged, falling to her knees. He heard the loud crack, as did everyone else in the hall, and knew her knee cap was broken. She sobbed into her hands and he stood up, putting a gentle hand on her shoulder.

“Take me to your daughter.” She looked up at him with streaming eyes but Loki did not smile back. She nodded quickly and stood up painfully. He took her hand and held it with both of his.

“Think of where she is, I will do the rest.” She nodded again and closed her eyes. He saw the hospital in her mind and flew them there, his coyotes keeping watch in the hall. They appeared in a dark room. A baby lay in a large ICU tank, it’s small body covered in wires and hooked up to too many machines; it’s tiny chest barely moving. Loki swept over to the baby and looked it over. The doctors were right, the child had hours left to live. He turned back to the woman with glowing eyes.

“I know what I want.”

“Anything,” she breathed, her eyes flickering from the god to her baby.

“For the life of your daughter and your own I want the promise of your soul.” It was a risky move, so close to what the demons did. But being a pagan god did come with some perks. He liked this woman, she was honest and kind. He wanted to keep an eye on her. The woman’s eyes widened.

“W-what?” she stuttered.

“I want the promise of your soul,” he said again, not moving. “When you die, your soul will come to me. You will not go to Heaven or Hell unless I allow it, but you and your daughter will live long, happy lives.” The woman looked from the god’s unwavering stare to the tiny chest that barely moved.

“Understand this mortal,” he said before she could speak, “if you agree, I will have control over your life. If you do wrong, I will see fit to punish however I like. You will be under my protection, but also my watch.” She looked at him and her eyes harden.

“Yes, I accept.” Loki grinned and turned back toward the child. He reached in and placed two fingers against the child’s head. She glowed gold for a second before her breathing grew stronger and her bones were repaired like they should have been if not for her genes. He turned toward the woman now and approached her. She was shaking.

“Treat this as a gift and never forget what could have happened.” He said, placing two fingers on her head. She collapsed into his arms and he caught her, healing her knees and her bones, giving her her life back. He put her in the chair and placed a kiss on the inside of her wrist, a brand burning into her skin. The picture of a double headed snake eating itself appeared in lines of white. He smirked and left, appearing back in the hall and turning his gaze to the next in line.

A man stepped forward, and offered money; asking the god to extend a woman’s life so that he could find where she stored her jewels and other valuables, because she hadn’t written up a will and those jewels were very expensive.

“I could give them to her children,” the man said, “I almost have gotten her to tell me, but the doctors say she won’t last much longer.”
The god reached out and touched his memories and his knowledge, and saw that the man was telling the truth, the woman was close to death: that the man was, in effect, asking him for a life snatched from Death itself. The thing he wasn’t telling the god was that he was a treasure hunter, and not the Lara Croft kind. The woman hadn’t made a will but his partner, who was an honest man, was trying to get her too.

“Do really think money is a fair price for bring a life back from the brink of death?” Loki asked slyly, it was a trick question. The man fell for it: he instead offered a life. He offered his partner’s life.

The god smiled, sickly-sweet, and agreed that a life was a fair price for a life. He promised the man that the woman would live another ten years, and would tell the right people about her fortune. Then he reached out, plunged his hand into the man’s chest, and tore his heart from his body. He threw his head back in laughter and tossed the heart and body to the coyotes who ate them with hums of pleasure.

“You,” he purred, to the next man.

And so it went on, all night until the clock struck 12 again and all had been seen. The god stood up and raised his hands for silence. The hall gradually fell silent until the only noise that could be heard were the coyotes eating and the crickets.

“This had been a wondrous feast; I thank you all for being here. But Midsummer had come to a close and so will the gates between worlds. Go now and live in mischief.” The crowd laughed before filing out of the hall and toward the stairs. When finally, there was nobody else left in the hall but him and the coyotes, he turned. A snap of his fingers cleaned the mess that was left and the table stood empty once again. He looked around and saw that the flowers were still alive and in bloom, and would until he left the place once again. He turned and left the hall, checking each room as to make sure all the sexed-out humans had gotten out okay. All the rooms were empty and he retired to his own. Stripping off his clothes and falling into bed, he was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

Three days later the god woke and opened his eyes. Power was thrumming through him like he hadn’t felt since before Lucifer stabbed him. He grinned and got up. He cleaned himself up, washing all the paints and glitter from his body. He got dressed in his normal clothes again and closed his room. With his bag once again thrown over his shoulder he made his way down to the hall.

Ámáttugr and Speki were waiting for him by the throne. He smiled and they stood up, making their way toward him. As a group, they all headed out of the hall and to the surface. Once their feet touched grass again Gabriel raised his hand, said a few words, and the steps closed in front of them. The Trickster turned to the coyotes with a happy smile.

“Ámáttugr, Speki, thank you for being here on this Midsummer feast with me. I am honored as always by your presence.” Gabriel bowed to the creatures, one arm over his chest.

“As we are Loki,” the sliver beast, Speki, spoke in a surprisingly feminine voice.

“It was a good feast this year,” the red one, Ámáttugr, added, it’s voice more masculine, and Gabriel grinning. They started to walk back down the path talking about the goings on. When they reached the spot he had first appeared on, he turned to his old friends.
“Thank you again my friends. It is always fun to be with you. I hope to see you next year?”

“If not sooner Mischief Maker,” Ámáttugr said laughing. Gabriel laughed with him before the coyotes turned and disappeared into the woods. He watched them for a second longer before snapping his fingers and heading home.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos make my day. So seriously, I love them.
A Year's Summery

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the super short chapter. More tomorrow, promise. Hope you like it.

P.S. It’s middle of June of 2013, year jump it’s late May of 2014.

The week had gone smoothly for everyone and Gabriel was happy to be back with his family. But now that he had the power he would have to start undoing the Leviathans work. So, for the next 11 months that was what Gabriel did. He flew all over the world chopping off heads (which worked now that Dick was dead), impersonating key employees of Sucrocorp to get the company dismantled, disappearing shipments, and much, much more. He took the Leviathans organization down, one head at a time.

Of course, he took time off too. For fourth of July they all went out into the desert and shot their own professional level fireworks. They stayed out for hours watching the bursts of colors and afterwards the stars. For Halloween Gabriel went all out; decorations galore and things that would jump out at people when they rounded the corners. He got every member of his flock a pumpkin, even dropped one off at Charlie’s front door, and they all carved them together. Afterwards he forced them all to go trick or treating with real costumes, not crap you bought at Halloween Express.

Linda went as a werecat, Kevin dresses as a Wendigo, Susie donned a silent hill nurse costume, and Gabriel went in full Loki get up. Meg was the only one who needed convincing. After much arguing and finally puppy dog eyes from Susie, Meg allowed Gabriel to dress her similar to what she truly looked like; blackened skeleton with sharp nails and a soft orange under glow. The only difference was she was dressed in long flowing black robes, holding a twisted sword, and large black wings dripping in black strips of cloth. She was terrifying. Susie made some comment about keeping her costume on after the kids had gone to bed. Gabriel smirked.

Thanksgiving they all sat down and ate until they couldn’t anymore, watching Charlie Brown after. They had a quiet Christmas. Gabriel brought a small six-foot tree and they decorated it together while singing along to Christmas songs, well, everyone but Meg. The demon was sitting in a corner refusing to participate, they had officially dubbed her the Grinch. Easier, Gabriel set up a real Easter egg hunt and made everyone participate. Meg followed along behind everyone making sarcastic comments, but even she found some eggs the others hadn’t.

When he didn’t stop in for holidays, Gabriel would spend as much time as he could with Kevin and Mrs. Tran and everyone else, but it was a lot of work, even for an Archangel. Though the training was going along splendidly and Susie was surprisingly picking up the martial arts like a fish to water, and not as surprising, Mrs. Tran was too. She had been making trips from her house to theirs and back again, trying to keep up her front and still be with Kevin but she was coming along nicely. Kevin was doing well, but he was trying to balance out school, the tablet, and training so he only got so far. Thankfully the prophet was finishing up his last year of high school and had told them he wanted to take at least a year off to see what he wanted to do.

Meg was doing better, she seemed to be bored though, and Gabriel was worried about her and Crowley. It wasn’t that he thought she was conspiring or anything, but more that with Gabriel being
all over the world taking care of the Leviathans, he hadn’t had much time to think about the demons. Crowley was probably angry that the two people he wanted to suffer the most in the world, had suddenly vanished off its face. He would soon need to face that, but right now he was finally getting the world back on track.

Gabriel was also getting everyone used to physical touch. Humans were stupidly touch starved and he was determined to remedy that. He started off with causal touches; a brush against hair, and hand on an arm or shoulder, leaning on whoever was closest during TV time. Then he upped it up to straight cuddling. He would cling to Kevin or Susie when they were watching TV, hang off Meg’s shoulder while she was reading the paper, and of course make everyone hug him before he left. Soon they started give each other the same affection and Gabriel couldn’t be happier.

Chapter End Notes

I love hearing from my readers and am so glad you are liking to story so far. Comments and Kudos give me strength.
And The Problems Just Start Flowing

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for the delay. I was struggling with school and hadn't finished stuff from last semester. I have now and feel better about school work. I don't know when I'll update because of school but I'll try to do it once a week. Again, I'm really sorry for not posting in so long.

Here's a long chapter as an apology.
P.S. For the year jump it's late may of 2014

Hope you like it!

Gb

Chapter Notes

Gabriel was just finishing off one of the final plants for the corn syrup when he felt it. Purgatory had just spat something back out. Looks like Dean and Cas were back. He finished clearing the plant and cleaned the additives so it was just corn syrup again and flew back to the house, still covered in black goo.

Kevin was just coming back from the kitchen and startled when he saw him.

“Man, are you okay?” he asked. Gabriel shook his head. He knew his expression was less than jovial but he couldn’t help it.

“No, go get your mom, Meg, and Susie. I need to talk to all of you.”

“Is everything okay Gabriel?” Keven asked in concern, walking toward the Trickster-Archangel.

“Just get them!” Gabriel yelled and Kevin flinched back before hurrying up the stairs. Gabriel sighed aggressively and pushed a hand though his hair. A year without any contact with Sam. Most of the time he could ignore the pain, but it had been getting worse. He didn’t mean to snap at the poor kid. His Grace was throbbing painfully and it made him short tempered. And now he was going to see the tall hunter again. He knows that reunion would be painful, he just doesn’t know how much. And that put him on edge. The four members of the household came rushing down the steps, Linda taking point.

“What’s happening? Kevin said you were angry.” Gabriel took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He needed to calm down.

“Purgatory was opened for a short time. Something came through.” He said slowly looking at each of their faces, “Only a couple things can get through the fail-safe Dad put in that place. My guess is its Cas and Dean.” Meg’s whole face lit up and the others broke into grins as well, but they quickly dropped seeing Gabriel’s grim expression.

“That’s a good thing, right?” Susie asked after a second, looking at everyone’s faces. Gabriel closed his eyes for a moment before opening them again.

“Hopefully, but I don’t know what kind of shape either of them will be in. That place is horrible and dangerous. I just hope that they still have their humanity.” Gabriel shook his head and ran a hand
“Through his hair again.”

“What do you mean?” Meg asked stepping forward. Gabriel looked at them all and saw matching expressions of confusion and concern.

“Why don’t we all go sit down and I’ll explain.” He offered and they nodded. They all headed for the living room and sat down, but Gabriel couldn’t sit still. The Archangel started to pace the length of the living room and back, muttering to himself.

“What do you know about Purgatory Meg?” he asked finally to the demon.

“No much,” Meg said, leaning back into Susie, “just what Crowley knows. It’s the place where all the souls of the monsters killed on Earth go.” Gabriel nodded again and thought for a moment. He paused in front of all of them, his eyes serious.

“That is basically what it is, but it’s also much more than that. Purgatory forces you to your basic instincts. It numbs everything else. You get tired but you don’t really need to sleep, you don’t eat, you don’t go to the bathroom. You’re put on standby, for lack of better word. Vampires don’t feel the hunger for blood, Wendigos aren’t starving for human flesh. All you do is fight for your life. There is no stopping. All they know is survival. They fight and kill each other and run and repeat. Now, put the most hated hunter and angel in human history in the middle of all that.” The other’s eyes widened and he nodded.

“I’m glad that they got out, but I’m worried about the cost. Dean, more than Cas, will be the most damaged. He’ll take everything as a threat first before he sees it as anything else. It’s like he’d been in a constant fire fight, no,” Gabriel shook his head, “it’s like he’s been in a war, a war made of every supernatural creature out there, for a year straight. I don’t know if he’ll be able to adjust back.”

They all looked worried.

“I don’t want to just appear to him, he’ll attack me before he knows what’s happening. But they should know at some point what’s going on. And I need to find out what’s happening in the demon world.” He turned to Meg.

“I need your help with that sweetheart.”

“Why now? Why are the demons suddenly so interesting?” Meg said snarkily and Gabriel rolled his eyes.

“Because, my leviathan hunting is coming to a close and the demons have been too quiet for too long.” He said starting to pace again, “Plus there are too many questions I don’t have answers for. Like why the hell did Crowley want Kevin to begin with? He didn’t want Dick dead because he let the Winchesters do that for him. There’s no reason to want a prophet unless . . .” he suddenly trialed off, stopping in his tracks, a look of horror coming over his face.

“Unless?” Kevin said nervously.

“Unless you have a tablet to translate.” Gabriel whispered his eyes wide. The others sucked in a surprised breath.

“Son of a bitch,” Gabriel breathed.

“Shit.” Meg muttered, her eyes wide.

“Holy hell,” Susie moan burying her head in her hands.
“For a year!” Gabriel raged, “For a whole damn year I could have been on this! I could have gotten ahead of the fucking curve for once. Now this. Fucking hell!” he whirled around and punched the nearest wall, his hand going straight through it.

“I would say that’s an apt description,” Meg said once the dust had settled. Gabriel stood there, his breathing coming fast to him.

“Shut up Meg,” He snapped, glared at the demon, his eyes glowing.

“I need to find a demon that knows something now and get that thing away from Crowley. Meg, do you know any usual haunts for demons?”

“What do I look like, a tour guide?” Meg snapped and Susie elbowed her.

“Meg this is important. Save your snark and tell me.” Gabriel growled and Meg sighed.

“They’re all over, we move around a lot. I would say start looking the old fashion way. Omens.” Gabriel grit his teeth but nodded. He turned toward Kevin.

“Kevin, you’re on locked down until I say so. Got it?” The now short haired boy nodded tightly.

“Actually, you’re all on lock down. I can’t risk you going out and being snatched up and tortured. No one leaves this house until I’ve got this figured out, understood?” The Archangel said in a tone that left no room for arguments. They nodded and Gabriel relaxed some.

“I’m going to clean up and then make some supper.” He turned on his heel and made his way out of the room and up the stairs. He headed straight for his enormous shower, foregoing just snapping himself clean, he needed to think. He stripped out of his dusty and leviathan goo covered clothes and turning the water to where it was almost too hot for humans. He got under the steaming spray and let the water pound against his back.

Just as one mess was figured out another arises. Typical. And of course, his Dad had been radio silent since Kevin. Could his life get any better? He scrubbed the black goo out of his hair and tried to organize his thoughts but they just swirled around in chaotic patterns. He thought of Sam and that just made his Grace lurch painfully. It was going to be a shit storm before it even got near the fan.

He cleaned up quickly and got dressed in comfortable clothes before heading back downstairs. A little calmer.

He decided to make good old fashion comfort food, i.e. fried chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans, and mac n’ cheese. He pressed on the intercom and asked if Linda would mind helping him with supper. She said she would be down in a minute and Gabriel started to take out ingredients. The elder Tran came down a few minutes later and he put her on pealing duty. They worked in silence for a while before the human spoke causing the Archangel to freeze.

“What’s gotten into you lately? Your snapping at us more and you’re always off chasing the Leviathans. Plus, you just punched through a wall.” Gabriel shrugged and tried to play it off, “Nothing, just the Leviathans stressing me out.”

“That,” she said, waving at the still destroyed wall, “doesn’t look like nothing.” She gave him a look and he turned his back on her.

“Don’t you turn your back on me Gabriel,” she said in that tone that only mothers can master. He hunched his shoulders but did turned back toward her. She had crossed her arms and cocked her hip out in the picture of annoyance.
“What is going on Gabriel?” she asked. It was such a simple question. He could answer it. But what would it cost?

“It’s nothing really,” he tried again but she just raised a single eyebrow and he caved instantly.

“It’s Sam okay, Sam’s the problem.” He said, “And there’s no way in Heaven or on Earth that I can fix it.”

“Fix what?” Linda asked more gently.

“Us,” he whispered, not able to look at the woman anymore. The Archangel looked out the window at the glowing city, thinking back to before he met the Winchesters and how simple it all was back then.

“Sam probably hates me,” he said quietly, “and it’s my own fault. Everything I did to him and his brother. He’ll never forgive me. And I’ll have to deal with this pain as a reminder of how badly I fucked up for the rest of my existence, or until Sam finally says he’s done with me and I die because of the rejection.” He heard Linda’s intake of breath but didn’t turn, he couldn’t bear to see the angry or pity on her face.

“You’re in pain?” she asked finally and the overall concern in her voice finally made Gabriel look at her. The compassion spread across her face was almost too much. Gabriel smiled ruefully, “Yeah, but it’s no big deal. Been handling it for years.” That was a lie. He’d always checked in on Sam once he realized he was his mate, even if it was just a few minutes it was enough to ease the ache. He rebelled against it at first but then Sam died and the pain was so crippling that he could barely move.

“You know for the God of Lies, I can see right through you,” she said and Gabriel laughed shortly. “You said something about rejection? What rejection?” Gabriel leaned up against the counter top and crossed his arms. He really didn’t want to be talking about this but the woman wouldn’t stop until he spilled his guts. He snapped his fingers and the supper continued to prepare itself behind him. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

“You have to understand how a couple things work first before I tell you what’s going on and you have to swear to not tell the others.” He said quietly, his eyes intense.

“Why?” Linda asked in confusion.

“Because this information is very sensitive to my kind and to the Winchesters.” Her eyes widened before narrowing.

“Okay, I won’t tell anyone. Now tell me what the hell’s up with you.” Gabriel sighed and ran a hand through his still damp hair. He’d been doing that a lot and it irritated him to no end. He didn’t have nervous ticks, he was never this outerly emotional. Just another thing to add to the pile.

“Humans and angels all have soulmates,” he said slowly, watching for any reaction, but all Linda did was narrow her eyes further, “most humans never find their other half or halves, the ones that do are powerful people. John and Mary Winchester are an example of soulmates.” He had told everyone everything about the Winchesters he could without getting too personal, so Linda knew who he was talking about.

“The bond between soulmates can be friendship but most of the time its romantic. The bond doesn’t affect emotions except a feeling of connection with the person, it doesn’t interfere with the person’s...
free will. Any feelings for the other are theirs. Dad just wanted his children to be happy and this was a way to do it. For angels, it’s a little bit different,” he looked away from her to again stare out the window,

“You know instantly, as soon as you lay your eyes on them, who your mate it. Before the Fall, angels found their mates relatively quickly, going from friendship to romantic when they aged properly. But something happened after I left, something went wrong,” he shook his head and blinked a couple time.

“Anyway, the bond involving an angel is much more potent, much more powerful. When completed you are a part of them as they are a part of you. You share Grace, or a soul. You know them. You can feel their emotions, know if they’re hurt, communicate with miles between each other. A mated pair are stronger together and powerful. But there’s always a flip side to this thing.” He smirked slightly but there was no mischief behind it, only sadness.

“If one part of the bonded dies it can kill or drive the other completely mad. The angel will be in an immense pain and will wander the Earth in all consuming despair, never to resurface. They usually kill themselves within a matter of days, the pain too much. For humans, it’s similar, but they are stronger and the bond isn’t as deep so they can survive, but they’ll never be the same. Good example in John Winchester.” He paused here and took a shuttering breath in before continuing,

“But all that happens after the bond is forged, before it can be even more painful in some ways. Our Grace longs for our mates once we meet them; it’s a need to be near, for them to be happy, for them to be safe, to give them everything they ever wanted and more. Staying away hurts.” He clutched a hand to his chest, feeling his Grace throb pitifully, “If the mate dies before the bond is formed there is a chance they can survive but it’ll be much like a human losing it’s bonded. But if the bond is rejected,” he shuttered and closed his eyes against the tears that were threatening to fall, just the thought made him almost fall to his knee in despair, “the angel will die. It’ll be slow and painful as their Grace shrivels up and fades away.” He dropped his hand and looked at the floor, composing himself. He looked back up and out the window, watching the flicker of the city lights.

“But never in the history of Angelkind has that happened. Why would it?” he shrugged in question, “There’s no reason to reject the person made for you. You should love them with all your heart and soul. But I guess,” he gave a bitter laugh here, his head raised toward the ceiling trying to blink away tears, “they never liked conforming to Dad’s rules.”

“Sam is your soulmate.” Linda whispered after a long pause. Gabriel nodded mutely.

“Oh Gabriel, I’m so sorry. Is there anything I can do? Maybe I can talk some sense into that boy,” Gabriel shook his head and gave her a watery smile.

“No, no. It’s okay Linda. If Sam doesn’t love me then there’s nothing anyone can do. You can’t force someone to love you.” He said trying to smile and failing, “I’ll deal with it. Be near him as much as I can and when he d-dies I’ll visits him in Heaven.” He tried very hard not to think of Sam dying for real and not coming back.

“He must never know or he’ll force himself into a relationship with me so I’m not hurting, stupid self-sacrificing hunter,” he muttered fondly.

“You have to promise me you won’t tell him, I couldn’t handle that.” Mrs. Tran looked at him for a long moment before striding over to him and wrapping him in her arms. He sank gratefully into her warmth and allowed her to comfort him.

“I promise not to tell. I’m so sorry Gabriel.” Gabriel nodded against her shoulder before pulling back.
“Well, how about we get supper ready. I’m sure everyone is hungry.” He grinned like nothing had ever happened and Linda let him. They worked in tandem and soon enough the food was ready and being served on plates.

Chapter End Notes

I love hearing from my readers and am so glad you are liking the story so far. Comments and Kudos are love.
And here is the new chapter! I want to thank everyone who's been commenting on this so far, it really brightens my day. I love hearing from my readers. Thank you guys so much. So without further ado, here's the next part in our story!

I really hope you all like it.

The all ate together just like the first night Susie was there and talked and laughed and Gabriel tried to hide his pain better. As they were eating their desserts, ice cream sundaes, Gabriel spoke up,

“Susie, if you’re okay with it, I would like to assign you on Omen duty.” Susie’s eyes lit up.

“A real case? You’re actually letting me help on a case?” Gabriel chuckled at the human’s enthusiasm. For their hunter training he’d made them read all the lore on the main types of monsters and wouldn’t even let them hold a weapon until they knew what they were doing. Then weapons and combat training started and Meg helped a lot with that. He set up an obstacle run in the dessert behind the house too. He would pop up illusions of monsters so he could watch and correct them without them being in any real danger. Later he brought real monsters in so the situation was controlled and he could help if they need it. All the monsters died, either by their hand or Meg’s and his. They had never actual gone out on a case before.

“Yes Susie, a real case. But right now, it’s just research because you know-”

“Know what you’re walking into before you walk into it. Always be prepared and never go in half-cocked.” She finished for him in an annoyed tone. He chuckled again and nodded.

“Very good.” Gabriel pulled his phone out of his pocket and started to scroll through it, “There’s actual someone I think could help with this.” He pressed a name and brought the phone to his ear.

“What do you want hobbit?”

“Now Charlie is that anyway to address a Trickster God?” Gabriel said smirking. He heard the girl scoff on the other end.

“Cut the crap Loki, I know you want something.”

“I’m hurt Charlie, can’t I just check in on my favorite hacker?” Gabriel said pretending to be hurt.

“No, now what is it, I’m busy.”

“Ooo, seduction a lady friend there champ?” Gabriel said his smirk growing larger.

“Shut it. I’m hanging up if you just called to antagonize me.”

“Wait, wait, wait!” Gabriel said quickly, standing up as if that would somehow stop her from hanging up, “Okay. So, I didn’t just call to check on you, though I did want to see how you’re
“I needed to ask a favor.”

“What kind of favor?” she asked sounding wary.

“Can you create programs?” There was a long pause.

“Yeah, I guess.”

“If we were looking for something, something that gave off signs. Could you somehow plug in those signs and search news sites, weather charts, that sort of thing?” There was a long moment of silence where Gabriel held his breath in anticipation.

“It would take me a while, but yeah I could do it.” Charlie said finally, sounding slightly resigned.

“How long is a while?” Gabriel asked nervously.

“Um, two days, probably.” Gabriel clenched his jaw and sighed through his nose. He took a deep breath before nodding. They only had a set number of days before the boys would be hunting him down to fry his ass, he needed to work quickly. If two days was the quickest Charlie could get this done, then so be it.

“Okay, that’s great. Thanks, Charlie. Just text me your e-mail and I’ll e-mail you all the details.” She gave him the details and they hung up soon after. Gabriel dropped the phone on the table and leaned against it, his palms flat on its surface. He sighed again, his shoulders hunched and didn’t move for a minute. The others watched him nervously.

“Here’s how it’s going to go,” Gabriel said, still not looking up, “When Charlie calls, Susie you’re going to come with me. Charlie will explain how whatever she’s made works and then you’re coming back here. We’ll wait for it to work and then I’ll go after the Tablet.”

“No,” Linda said making Gabriel’s head jerk upward.

“What?” he asked dumbfounded.

“You’re not going in there alone. If this Crowley has it and he knows about angels, you know he’ll have wherever this Tablet is warded against them.”

“Most of those wards aren’t built to keep Archangels’ out.” he countered but then Meg shook her head.

“Never underestimate Crowley.” Gabriel rolled his eyes.

“He won’t even know it’s me.” he said. The all looked at him in confusion before their expression turned to shock. In front of their eyes, Gabriel’s gold eyes and hair melted into a deep brown. His masculine figure changed into an obvious feminine one. He . . . she grew a couple of inches and suddenly they were looking at a woman who could have been Meg’s older sister.

“I told you,” he . . . she said, her voice rich and musical, “he won’t know what hit him.” The woman grinned and they all recognized it. Slowly her features went back to the Archangel they all know and love. Meg opened her mouth to say something, couldn’t think of anything to say, and closed it. Linda was glaring at him but couldn’t find fault with his plan.

“Fine,” she said sternly before fixing him with a glare, “but you call us if anything happens,
understood?” Gabriel smiled easily before saying,

“I’ll make you a compromise. I’ll set an alarm so that if I don’t reset it in three days after it was initially set it’ll go off and alert all of you. How does that sound?”

“Two days,” Linda wagered. Gabriel thought about for a second before offering his hand.

“You’ve got yourself a deal,” Linda smiled at his antics and shook his hand. He snapped and suddenly a device appeared on the side table. It looked like one of those cartoon bombs.

“Relax,” the Trickster said, “it’s not a real bomb, but it’ll sure make a big noise and send a single to all of your phones.” They all looked at it for a minute, unsure of how to take it. Gabriel smirked. He glanced at the clock and saw that it was almost ten at night.

“Alright kiddies, bedtime.” There was some grumbling but they all left the table and got ready for bed. They didn’t see Gabriel the next day for training and when they tried his door they found it warded and locked. There was a sticky note on the door with a mysterious,

*I’m fine. Just taking some precautions. Don’t worry. See you in a few days.*

The group exchanged a look, but had faith that their angel could handle himself. Two anxious days later Charlie called with news. Gabriel had just immerged from his room looked extremely ruffled and wearing a huge smug, smirk on his face. When Meg saw him wander into the kitchen, her nose wrinkled.

“You reek of sex.” Gabriel grinned and grabbed a cup of coffee.

“That was the idea Princess.” He said and then his phone started to ring. The Trickster-Archangel reached into his pocket and pulled it out. He answered it with an even bigger grin.

“Charlie! How my favorite hacker?”

“Exhausted, this better be worth it hobbit.” Charlie said sounding truly tired.

“Don’t worry,” Gabriel sang, “in the mail you should get an all expenses, whatever expenses, paid trip to the place of your choice for a month. Oh, and an extra month’s worth of paid time off. Enjoy.”

“Thanks,” Charlie breathed, sounding happy and stunned. If the Trickster’s grin got any bigger it would probably split his face.

“So, I had to repurpose a laptop, which by the way you owe me $1,000, but it’s done.”

“Great! Can we come pick it up now?” Gabriel asked turning serious.

“Yep.” There was a pause but when Charlie didn’t continued Gabriel smirked,

“Charlie, I kind of need to know where you are. You know, I did ward you against all supernatural creatures, right?”

“Oh right! I’ll text you the address.” She hung up and a few minutes later Gabriel received a text.

“Well Susie it looks like we’re going to San Diego.” He said to the blonde. Susie nodded and went to her and Meg’s room to get dressed. Gabriel was clean and dressed in new clothes, smelling normal, when Susie came back down. The Archangel smiled and released Kevin from his hug. He saw Meg swoop Susie up and dip her into a deep kiss. Only pulling back and up when Gabriel cleared his throat with a smirk.
“You be safe.” Meg whispered against the blonde’s lips. Susie, looking flushed, smiled.

“I’ll be fine. Besides, Gabe will be there with me the whole time.” Meg nodded and turned her gaze to Gabriel.

“You keep her safe, you here?” Gabriel snapped to attention and saluted her.

“Ma’am yes ma’am!” he said. Meg smirked and them pulled him into a hug.

“You watch over them while I’m gone. We shouldn’t be long.” Gabriel said into her hair. She nodded and let go, giving Susie one more look. Gabriel offered his hand and the blonde took it.

“See you guys in a little bit.” He said.

“Be safe.” Linda called. The Archangel gave her one more nod before they disappeared in a whoosh of wings.

They appeared in a nicely lit hallway in front of a normal looking door. Gabriel smiled over at his friend and knocked on the door. It opened to show the fuzzy redhead.

“Charlie!” Gabriel said. Charlie glared at him and grumbled under her breath as she let them in. She glanced with interest at Susie but she seemed too tired to do anything about it.

“Your monstrosity is in here.” She said and led them into a kitchen/living room where one wall was floor to ceiling windows showing off an amazing view of the ocean. Gabriel whistled and Susie stared at it in awe.

“A little different than our desert view at home, huh kid?” Gabriel asked the gaping human. She nodded numbly and couldn’t tear her eyes off the view. Gabriel looked around and saw a mass of wires sitting on the countertop. He approached it like it was a wild animal.

“Is that it?” he asked. Charlie snorted at his expression and nodded.

“Susie,” the Trickster called. The blonde finally looked away and approached him.

“Meet Charlie.” The redhead looked at her considering.

“So, what are you?” she asked. Susie looked at her blankly and Gabriel burst out laughing.

“What?” the blonde asked, looking from the laughing angel to the sleepy redhead.

“If you’re hanging around with him you’re not human.”

“I’m human,” Susie protested.

“Then why are you hanging around with him?”

“Why are you?” Susie shot back. Charlie looked at her for a second before nodding.

“Fair enough. I’m guessing she’s you’re at home tech support?” she said turning to Gabriel. He shrugged. Charlie rolled her eyes and started to show the other woman how her strange computer worked while Gabriel explored her house. He picked up stuff and started to read books before not putting them back where they were supposed to and generally making himself a nuisance. Finally, Charlie came up behind him and snatched the snow globe he was playing with out of his hands.

“Okay, enough. You have your thing, now out!” she pointed at the door. Gabriel pouted at her but
when all she did was cross her arms and glare at him, he raised his hands in defeat.

“Fine, fine. Thanks for the thing,” he teased. She rolled her eyes and showed them out. Gabriel snapped them home and Susie started the computer, everyone huddled around her.

“Is that it?” Gabriel asked after Susie didn’t do anything else.

“Yeah,” the blonde answered, smiling. “Charlie said all you have to do is turn it on and let it go. It’ll make a noise when it’s found something.”

“So now we wait.” Linda finished, looking over the computer in confusion.

“I hate waiting.” Gabriel said after a minute of them just standing around and looking at the computer. The group snorted. Suddenly, the angel stood up straighter, a grin spreading across his face.

“Uh oh,” Kevin muttered seeing Gabriel’s face. The prophet quickly backed away.

“I just had the most brilliant idea ever,” Gabriel said. The others looked at him apprehensively.

“What?” Meg asked, eyeing the Archangel.

“Since all we’re doing is waiting and Kevin has finished his homework,” he looked to the prophet for confirmation. The boy nodded, “why don’t we go to Vegas!” They all stared at him.

“What?” Susie asked, excitement leaking into her voice.

“How about we go dressed up as some uber rich people and go wreak havoc with a casino? It’ll be fun.”

“But what about the computer?” Kevin inquired, his eyes shining with his own excitement.

“Charlie said it would make a noise, right?” Gabriel asked Susie. The blonde nodded.

“I’ll set up something that’ll alert me if it makes a noise, that way we can get home when it rings.” The others exchanged looks, Meg and Linda were looking apprehensive but Kevin and Susie were jumping up and down in excitement. Neither had been out of the house much since they got there and were having a huge case of cabin fever.

“Fine,” Linda said after a second.

“But,” she said turning to the Trickster with a stern look, “let’s not doing anything stupid.” Gabriel’s grin widened until it looked almost too big for his face. He crossed his fingers behind his back and turned serious.

“Of course not.” He said. Linda looked at him and knew she was going to regret it.
Here it is! Finally. Sorry everyone for that. It took me a while to write this and I had to keep going back through it and changing it. I really hope you like it. Now this is the last super light chapter we'll have for a while because after this, the angst starts. Sorry. :

Hope you like and thank you to my readers for staying with me during this long wait period.

I'm going to split this chapter up into four parts so it's easier to read, sorry for the changes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Turns out, she was right. Everything started out okay. Their first step was to look the part; they all camped out in Gabriel’s massive bedroom, raided his impossibly large closet, and participated in a little fashion show for each other. Gabriel helped a great deal with snapping on matching makeup and even doing their hair when they came out. They all had a great time with music playing in the background. The group decided they wanted to look rich, but also practical. The best part was seeing Kevin come out dressed as Castiel, trench coat and all. The flock burst out laughing and Kevin grinned with them. The young man went back in and came back out in a white button down shirt and a dark blue suit.

“Wow kid,” Meg said with a raised eyebrow, “you clean up nice.” Kevin blushed a little and ducked his head with a shy smile.

“Thanks Meg.”

“Alright!” Gabriel said standing up and clapping his hands.

“We ready to go?” They all stared at him, Meg with her eyebrow still raised. When no one answered, Gabriel’s expression changed from excitement to confusion.

“What?” he asked looking from each member of his family to the next. Susie giggled and Kevin covered his mouth to stop from laughing. Linda rolled her eyes at the others and looked back at Gabriel.

“Gabe,” she said slowly as if she was talking to a small child, “you’re wearing dirty sweatpants and a shirt I’m pretty sure you stole from Sam.” Gabriel’s face tinged pink and he looked down at his clothes. Sure enough, he was wearing ratty old sweatpants and a shirt about five times too big for him. He snapped and suddenly he was wearing an all-black suit, from tie to shirt to shoes. He relaxed a little and looked at everyone.

“Now are we ready?” he asked impatiently, though there was a smirk playing around his lips. They nodded. Gabriel snapped.
The group waltzed right into one of the most luxurious casino/hotels on the strip. The concierge welcome them kindly, though a little nervously, and seemed to recognize Gabriel.

“Ah, Mr. Loptr, it’s so . . . nice to see you again,” The snooty looking man said, looking down his nose at them. Gabriel raised an eyebrow. Linda watched the exchanged with a sinking heart. This wasn’t going to be a calm vacation.

The man showed them to their room, through a damn private glass elevator. The room, which was an enormous two stories right at the top of one of the towers, was bigger than some houses. One of the bellhops brought up their bags and Gabriel gave him a very large tip while also whispering something to him. The man nodded and smiled a little before leaving the room. The humans watched the angel suspiciously.

“What’s in these things anyway?” Kevin asked, kicking one of the bags. Gabriel’s smile turned feral.

“Oh, nothing much. Just some things to make this vacation more . . . interesting.” Both Meg and Linda narrowed their eyes at the Trickster.

“Gabriel,” Linda said in a warning tone; she just wanted a nice, quiet vacation, but when one of your best friends is a Trickster God, that was like asking for snow in the desert.

“What are you planning Golden Eye?” Meg finished crossing her arms over the tight dress she was wearing. Gabriel put on a very innocent expression, one they almost would have believed if not for knowing him so well and the fact that his eyes were laughing at them.

“Nothing,” the Archangel said, holding up his hands, “I thought we would hang around here for a little, try out all the cool things they have, then maybe have a spa day. Come on guys. This is a family vacation. It wouldn’t be family if the family didn’t have a choice. So, you can choose what we do for the first day.” They all looked at Gabriel with disbelief. The angel was laid back for sure, but he did have a controlling streak a mile wide. It was rare that Gabriel didn’t have a plan that he would drag them off to. They exchanged looks before looking back at the short blond.

“A spa day does sound nice,” Susie finally admitted. Gabriel gave a whoop of celebration, jumping in the air as he raised his fist, though he did rise several more feet in the air then he should have. They others smiled at his actions before starting to explore their hotel room, though it was more like apartment.

The place was massive. There was a large, two story window showing off the impressive view of the city and the long, private pool. There was a living room, dining room, two master bedrooms with large round beds, and two more bedrooms with two queen beds each.

“Looks like everyone gets their own room.” Gabriel commented, looking into one of the bedrooms. He snapped and suddenly the queens were turned into king beds. He nodded approvingly and grinned. There was a dry sauna and massage room on the second floor, a media room that seemed to have every cool electronic known to man in it, Kevin drooled a little when he saw it, and large soaking tubs in it seemed every room. All of them were suitably impressed.

“So,” Gabriel said once everyone finished exploring the villa, “what do you want to do first?”

“I would love to check out that media room,” Kevin piped up immediately. Gabriel nodded and looked at the women. They talked amongst themselves for a second, though Gabriel could hear them, before finally turning toward him.
“We found a pamphlet in one of the rooms talking about the spa. We thought we would go down there and check it out.” Gabriel nodded again and tapped his chin, thinking.

“Okay, I’ll put the hotel room on lock down so no one can get in, and Kevin can play with the electronics to his heart’s content. I’ll go with the girls and indulge in a spa day.” He turned to the young man.

“But if you’re planning to leave here you need to wear your amulet.” Kevin grinned and reached into his shirt.

“Already ahead of you,” he said showing off the silk cord holding one of the amulets Gabriel had made them all. Gabriel grinned so wide his face looked like it was going to split.

“That’s my boy,” he said proudly. Kevin ducked his head and blushed under the praise.

“Let’s go then!” Gabriel said and snapped. It didn’t look like anything changed but they could feel magic in the air. Over the past year, the humans had become more sensitive to magic, it really helped with their training when Gabriel would disguise himself as a witch and throw spells at them. They made their way down to the spa and spent most of the day in there, being treated like royalty. It was extremely relaxing. At one point Gabriel whispered something to one of the women taking care of them. Linda raised a questioning eyebrow.

“I was just sending her up to the room. Kevin’s been playing video games for five hours straight, I think he needs a break.” Linda smiled and nodded. An hour later they had exhausted the spa’s treatments and were getting ready to leave when Gabriel stopped them.

“I was thinking about pedicures and manicures, and maybe doing something with our hair.” The girls, feeling amazing and completely relaxed, agreed easily. Gabriel grinned wickedly to himself. They went over to the salon and were swept away again into the treatments. It wasn’t until they were finally dressed in their original clothes that they took in what had been done to them. Everyone had some very colorful highlights in their hair; Susie had some amazingly bright blues twisting through, while Meg had curls of red and orange, and Linda had small strands of pink and green. They also had brilliantly colored nails.

They all turned to see Gabriel and stopped, their mouths dropping open. The Archangel’s hair now hung to his shoulder and was a bright, mass of neon rainbow colors. He had a shit-eating grin spread across his face.

“What?” He asked innocently.

“New record Gabe,” Susie said with a smile. The blue looked good on her, she thought.

“Yeah, eight hours without meddling.” Meg said, crossing her arms.

“What’s going on Gabe?” Linda said in that very patient tone of her’s.

“Well, now that you’ve had your spa day, I thought maybe we could go to the neon party at the nightclub here tonight.” He looked up at them from under his lashes in the biggest puppy dog eyes they had ever seen, Meg would have said they would have given Sam’s a run for their money. The demon finally rolled her eyes and pointed a finger at him.

“There better be alcohol there.” Gabriel jumped in excitement, his rainbow hair flying around him. Linda rolled her eyes and spun around, walking away from him. Susie and Gabriel exchanged grins, both as excited as little kids on Christmas.
“You girls go back up to the room, eat, and start getting ready, I’ve got to work out a few last-minute kinks.” He then disappeared into the rest of the hotel. The girls exchanged looks, rolling their eyes, and made their way back up to the room. They found Kevin asleep on the sofa with a game show playing on the TV. They woke him up and told the teen what was happening, the boy burst out laughing before grinning. They ate a light supper and headed for their rooms, not surprised at all the to see outfits laid out on their beds.

They all came out of their rooms a while later and looked at each other. Susie was wearing all neon green; her dress was short with one, jeweled, shoulder strap, and there was a sheer skirt that flowed all the way down to the floor. She had on green fishnet stockings and some bracelets. Her shoes were strappy heels in orange and green. Over all she looked stunning. The blonde looked at her girlfriend and felt her mouth fall open.

Meg was dressed in a black corset with orange accents, orange fishnets, a tight black skirt that only came down to mid-thigh; it had a scattering of blue and green dots all around it. To finish off the look the demon wore an orange and black bracelet and a water fall necklace that looked to be made of chain mail.

“It glows orange and blue in the dark,” Meg said, a hint of excitement creeping into her voice.

“Wow, baby,” Susie breathed, walking toward the dark-haired woman, “You look amazing.”

“Gabriel has good taste,” Meg said as Susie wrapped her arms around her girlfriend.

“No, honey. This is all you.” A faint blush covered Meg cheeks as she stood on her tip toes to reach Susie’s lips. The taller girl grinned into the kiss, she always loved how short Meg was, and now with her heels the height difference was even more apparent, even with Meg’s own heels. Someone cleared their throat behind them and the couple pulled apart. Linda was standing there with a slightly nervous expression on her face.

They turned to looked at her; she was wearing an Aztec tribal pattern dress in pinks, purples, and blues. She also wore black sneakers with stars on them, and a couple bracelets. A faint blush covered her cheeks as she pulled at the skirt that only fell to her mid-thigh.

“So, how does it look?” she asked, shifting. The girls stared at her in surprised.

“You look hot.” Meg said bluntly causing Linda to blush even deeper. Susie glanced at her girlfriend but couldn’t help but agree.

“Yeah Linda, you looked smokin’.” The elder Tran ducked her head and nodded.

“Thanks.” They smiled and the girls sat down to discuss what they were going to do.

“I don’t know about you, but I’m hitting the floor as soon as we get in. Get off some of this excess energy.” Linda said and the other girls nodded in agreement. Just then Kevin’s door opened and the young man walked out. He was wearing lime green skinny jeans, a striped button down shirt with the sleeves rolled up showing off the muscles he’d gained from Gabriel’s intensive training, a black tie that had a neon outline of blue light, bright green suspenders, and a black fedora with green piping.

“I said it once, I’ll say it again. You clean up nice kid,” Meg said with a low whistle. Kevin grinned and rubbed the back of his head.

“Gabriel sure knows all of us.” The girls tilted their head and Kevin laughed. He pointed at himself,
“He knows I don’t want anything too flashy and prefer something more professional looking.” He then pointed at his mother.

“He also knows how much you despise wearing heels, so he gave you sneakers you could still dance in. Also, a dress that covers everything but is still . . . alluring.” The boy blushed in embarrassment from calling his mom alluring. He then turned his gaze to Meg.

“You love being sexy but also classy, that outfit screams both of those things.” He then pointed at Susie.

“He knows you never went to prom and actually had fun so he gave you a prom dress. This party is going to be what prom was trying to be, just with more alcohol. He knows all of us amazingly well.” The others nodded and Susie smirked.

“So, fashion expert, what brought this on?” Kevin blushed again and ducked his head.

“I may or may not have spent some of my afternoons watching project runway, what not to wear, and others of the like. Plus, Gabriel’s been teaching me to be more observant.”

“Well both of those teachings seem to have paid off,” Linda said with a smile, “well done Kevin.”

“Thanks mom,” the boy said shyly. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. They exchanged looks and Meg turned her head to glare at the door, her eyes grew unfocused as she looked passed the physical.

“It’s Gabe, being an asshole, as usual.”

“I heard that.” Gabriel’s voice said from the other side of the door. It swung open and the Archangel strode in. He was dressed exactly how they’d last seen him. They all raised their eyebrows. The Archangel was the complete opposite of subtle, so why this?

“Okay guys,” he said rubbing his hands together, “you all look fabulous. There’s just one order of business I need to attend to before we go frolic.” He pulled out a leather pouch from his pocket and held it up for all of them to see.

“Now as always, if you feel uncomfortable just say so and everything stops, got it.” They all nodded seriously. Gabriel sighed and became more serious.

“I love parties, highlight of my life for a long time, so I know how they can get. I also know that beings have slippery tongues when drunk. I want you to answer honestly and don’t worry about hurting my feelings.” He flashed a smile and then looked at them all extremely seriously, “Do you trust me with magic involving you?” There was a pause where they all thought about it before Kevin stepped forward and said,

“I do, I always trust you.” Gabriel smiled before turning toward the others. One by one they all stepped forward and swore. Gabriel sighed with relief and threw himself into an explanation.

“Now this dust with make it impossible for you to tell anyone about who you really are, other than first names, and what you really do. It’ll only last 12 hours. It’s kind of like a reverse truth spell. You’ll lie about the kind of important information.” They looked confused but mostly accepting and Gabriel was glad for their trust.

“Here I’ll show you.” He pinched a little bit of the purple powder and sprinkled it over himself.

“Hi,” he said, “I’m Gabriel the tax accountant,” his face screwed up and he tried again, “I’m Gabriel
the holy reverend of St. Lucifer’s church.” His face screwed up even more and they all started to laugh, the Archangel tried once more.

“I am Gabriel the most annoying person in the world.” He huffed and cursed.

“My own damn magic, used against me. Typical.” He pouted for a few seconds before his face smoothed out.

“So you get it, but I would have a lie ready to tell just because then the story will change every time if you try to speak the truth.” They nodded.

“Are you guys sure? You don’t have to do this. I can monitor you so nothing slips.” They all shook their heads and Meg stepped forward.

“We all trust you Gabe, and anyways you know your magic.” Gabriel nodded and stepped forward, showering each of them in the purple dust. They all tried out telling the truth but it didn’t work causing the others to laugh. When they were sure they couldn’t tell the truth, Gabriel passed them their necklaces, charmed to stay on their owners and made to look like glow in the dark stones.

“What about you Gabe? What are you going to do?” Susie asked as they made their way down to the club. Gabriel smirked and stuck his hands in his pockets.

“Oh, you know me. I’ll be around.” The others exchanged looks, when Gabriel suddenly got vague it probably wasn’t a good sign. They followed the Trickster and saw that the hallway to the cub was almost completely black. As they approached they found that the hall had been turned into a sort of tunnel, with multi colored light rings lining it. They walked through the tunnel and for the first time got a good look at their outfits as the blacklights hit them. It was amazing. Gabriel grinned and all they could see was his hair, his teeth, and his slightly glowing eyes. They hadn’t really realized until now that Gabriel’s eyes glowed even if he wasn’t using his powers.

They came up to the entrance. A bouncer was guarding the door, he took one glance at Gabriel and nodded, letting them all in. They entered the club and were severely disappointed. There were maybe two dozen people and they were mostly holding drinks and talking. The group turned to glare at Gabriel but the Trickster had disappeared. They shrugged and walked over to the bar. After ordering their drinks they too stood around, the music was crappy so they couldn’t even dance.

“I feel like Gabriel just set us up for a really bad joke.” Meg said, gulping down her vodka martini. Susie put her hand on the demon’s shoulder.

“Gabe wouldn’t do that, not to us. And besides, he always has a plan, we just have to wait.”

“I hate waiting, if the idiot angel doesn’t come back with a real party in ten minutes I’m blowing this popsicle stand.” Kevin couldn’t help but agree. He was glad Gabe had gotten him a fake ID but he didn’t know anything about alcohol and had hoped the Archangel would help him out. He didn’t want to ask his mom, and Meg would just give him straight vodka, which he didn’t think he was ready for. Susie, well he knew the girl would be sober for the night. With her past, she wouldn’t want to drink.

As the ten-minute mark ticked closer they all felt more and more uncomfortable. They were all in their own way introverts but with a big party it was so much easier to talk and dance with people. Nine minutes passed and still no sign this was actually going to be a party; Meg was getting angry, Linda was starting to lose that spark in her eye, and Kevin was turning into a sad puppy.

“That’s it!” Meg growled, slamming her drink on the bar, “I’m outta here.” She started to make her
way to the door when suddenly the back doors to the club flew open and someone came in riding a
fucking ostrich!

“Ladies and Gentleman, thank you so much for your patients!” the person called and the quartet
realized it was Gabriel.

“We were just getting a couple things set up. Now,” he flipped off the bird and they got a closer look
at his outfit. He had changed. Gone was the all black suit, and in its place was a mass of color. He
was wearing a neon ringleader costume, shoulder frills and all, but had replaced the black pants with
a blue and green tutu. He wore black and orange knee high socks, white sneakers that had blue and
pink lights in the soles, a big glow in the dark pink fur coat, and a black top hat with blue, green, and
orange stripes on it. On his wrists were bright green frill bracelets and he also had a blue neon cane.

“I thought this was a party, let’s dance!” He waved at the bouncer, who nodded, and opened the
main doors. A flood of people came in, all dressed for a neon party. Some were covered in beautiful
paint jobs, others were covered in glow in the dark rings, and still others were dress as crazily as
Gabriel. The main group watched as the DJ was replaced with someone younger and who looked
like they knew what they were doing. As the music started to play they all felt much better; this was
something they could dance to. The young people flooded the floor and started to dance. The ostrich
was gone and Gabriel danced his way toward them.

“So, feeling better?” he asked wiggling his eyebrows. Meg punched him on the arm, hard. Gabriel
pretended to flinched and rubbed his arm with a fake look of hurt. Meg just glared at him.

“Much better,” Susie said, grabbing Meg’s hand and distracting her, “Come on babe, let’s dance.”
She pulled the demon on the dance floor and they got lost in the crowd. The Archangel turned
toward his remaining humans.

“Well, what do you think?” he asked spinning in a circle, showing off his outfit.

“You look like a pimp!” Kevin said, laughing. Gabriel grinned and shrugged off the coat, beautiful
fairy like wings sprouted from his back as he passed his coat to the bartender, who grinned.

“Better?” he asked. They both stared at him with open mouths. He chuckled before turning back
toward the bartender. He said something they couldn’t hear and the bartender swept away. A few
minutes later he came back with a huge tray, setting it in front of the Archangel. Gabriel grabbed a
handful of something and turned back toward the Trans.

“Here, eat these.” He said and handed over glowing jello-shots and a couple gummy bears. They
looked at the gummy bears and back at the Trickster. Gabriel popped a handful into his mouth.

“The jello sucks up the alcohol, good way to drink without the taste.” They shrugged and popped
them into their mouth, chewing quickly and swallowing. They then threw back the shots. Soon
enough both Trans were loose enough and headed toward the dance floor where Meg and Susie
were already owning it. Gabriel sidled up behind the blonde and whispered in her ear.

“I know you don’t like alcohol but I’ve got something that will help . . . open your mind,” He
opened his hand in front of her. Resting in his palm was a slightly bigger than normal shot glass filled
with a sparkling, glowing blue liquid. Susie looked at it skeptically.

“You really think I’m that stupid?” she asked, glancing back at him with a smirk. Gabriel grinned.

“It will give you all the effects of alcohol without the loss of control.” When Susie still didn’t look
convinced, Gabriel spoke again,
“Come on,” he weaseled, “would I ever put you in any real danger?” Susie continued to dance with the Trickster as she thought. Gabriel had a knack for deadly pranks but he’d never pulled one on them. Even in training he was always right there, watching, making sure they wouldn’t get seriously hurt. Finally, as the music changed again she said,

“No, you never have.” She turned so she was facing the shorter man and draped her arms around his shoulders.

“Fine, but if something happens it’ll be your hide Meg will be ripping into.” Gabriel grinned and again offered her the shot. She took it and threw it back. Immediately she felt lighter, more carefree, but she still had her wits about her. She grinned at the Archangel and panted a kiss on his cheek before spinning away to find Meg. Gabriel smiled to himself and surveyed the crowd. He dived in.

The party was amazing. They danced all night and had the time of their lives. At one point, there was a splatter paint competition that soon ended with people throwing dark light paint at each other. The group got splattered as well but no one seemed to care. Later in the night Meg did body shots off of Susie, both were pink by the end of it. Gabriel danced with everyone in sight, no matter the gender. Kevin was seen talking to several girls, all hanging on his every word and Gabriel absently wondered when the young man had gotten any moves.

He shrugged and continued to grind against the tall man pressed against his back. He could almost imagine that it was Sam. He shook his head and easily slipped away, letting a blonde woman take his place. He pushed Sam out of his mind and started to dance with a group of women, all who were very grateful for his involvement.

The party continued until almost one in the morning when most of the participants had gone home. Gabriel gathered up his flock and herded them back to the hotel room. They all collapsed happily into their beds and fell asleep quickly. All but one. Gabriel sat in the living room, the TV on but the volume low, with a bottle of vodka in his hand.

After hours of dancing with people who weren’t his mate his Grace was throbbing almost angrily. The one good thing was that he was able to feed on the energy all those humans were giving off. When it was his time to face the demons, they wouldn’t have a chance. Gabriel sighed and looked down at the ground. He missed Sam. He wished he was here. The Archangel let a couple of tears slip down his face before he shook himself.

Crying over the hunter wouldn’t help anyone, least of all himself. He sighed again and took a swig of the vodka, the burn shaking him a little. He decided it would be better to sleep then let his mind keep swirling around in circles. He put the bottle down and laid down on the couch, too mentally exhausted to go to his room, and fell asleep; making sure he had no dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Okay I broke it up. I hope this reads better. I would love to hear feedback.
Here is the second part of the V.V mini series inside this fic. Most of you have already read this I just felt like the super large chapter I posted a while ago needed to be broken up. For those just coming in, I hope you like it.

The next morning was not as horrible as everyone thought it would be. Gabriel and Meg, since they obviously didn’t have hangovers, were in charge of taking care of their hungover humans. Gabriel cooked while Meg made coffee and tea. The Trickster snapped up a glass of water beside each of the humans as he cooked a monstrous breakfast; eggs, bacon, three different kinds of bread, fried tomatoes and mushrooms, and a large bowl of assorted fruits. While the bacon cooked he also started to make one of Linda’s smoothies. By the time everything was ready, the humans had finally surfaced from their rooms. They all glared at the windows and Gabriel chuckled.

The Archangel waved his hand and the shades closed so it was darker in the room. They all sat down at the island and the demon and angel served them. Gabriel laughed at the thought and all the humans glared at him. Meg simply raised an eyebrow at him. He shook his head and picked up his own plate, starting to eat with the rest of his flock. When everything had been eaten he finally turned toward the humans.

“As I always do when you’re not seriously injured, I’ve let you suffer a little bit so you know how this feels when I’m not around to heal it; but since I have a busy day planned that suffering period will be shortened.” He waved his hand, a soft gold light flowing from it, and the humans blinked.

“Ah, that feels better,” Susie said, sitting up straight. She smiled at Gabriel and hugged him.

“Thanks Gabe.” The Archangel blushed a little and hugged her back.

“Shut up,” he said causing the blonde to grin. Kevin smiled smugly as well.

“Yeah, thanks Gabe,” he said just to see the blush on the Archangel’s face.

“I said shut up, I just want to drag you all across Vegas and I can’t do that when you’re becoming vampires.” They all grinned and Gabriel pulled away from Susie.

“So, get dress for a hot day and lots of walking. You get to have a tour from someone who watched this city being built.” They nodded and wandered off toward their rooms. Soon enough they were all dressed and slathered in sunscreen, ready to conquer the city.

The had a fun day, seeing all the sights. They first visited the Siegfried & Roy’s Secret Garden and Dolphin Habitat; taking the VIP tour as well as spending a couple hours in the ‘Trainer for a day’ program. Kevin got blasted with water from one of the dolphins. Unfortunately, they didn’t seem to want to swim near Meg, but the tigers sure liked her. Of course, all the animals loved Gabriel which caused a little jealousy from their demon. But overall, they all had a blast.

Next, they went to the Springs Preserve where they experienced an authentic Boomtown and saw all
different types of plants. Linda was fascinated by the experience but the others got bored soon after they arrived. Gabriel, who was the most bored of them all, snapped up a pack of wild turkeys then let them loose. They all had a good laugh as they watched the people running around the park trying to wrangle them. At one point one of the actors even tried to use his lasso; Gabriel literally fell over from laughing so hard.

Gabriel then took them for indoor skydiving. Susie was terrified but then Meg whispered something in her ear that caused Gabriel to smirk and with a deep breath the blonde human walked into the wind tunnel with her demon. Kevin and Mrs. Tran, the adrenaline junkies, had to be literally bribed with food before they would stop going back. They ate at a nice restaurant call Mr. Mamas. They loved the food and were rejuvenated to continue their exploration of the city.

After lunch, they went to New York New York. The hotel was nice and all but then Gabriel, dragging Meg and Susie like a little kid with their parents, brought them into the Arcade and things got a hell of a lot more interesting. They had an amazing time. Soon Gabriel had a crowd around him, as well as Kevin. The girls were switching between them, cheering their boys on. Soon, they broke off and Susie and Meg got into a very competitive game of air hockey. A few hours later Gabriel dragged them off again. He took them to ride the rollercoaster; well Gabriel, Kevin, and Linda did. Susie didn’t want to so she and Meg took the bikes Gabriel offered them and wandered the fake streets of New York.

They all met back up and Gabriel led the way again, this time with the promise of shopping. He took them to Grand Canal Shoppes. It was a super high end shopping center made to look like Venice. It was beautiful and they got to try on ridiculous clothes. It was also kind of hilarious to see the sales people’s faces when the store that only stocked 00s, 0s, 1s, and 2s suddenly had something in a 14. There was one point when Gabriel suddenly stopped on one of the many bridges, his eyes were far away and the group got just a little bit worried. He didn’t do anything, just stood there rubbing his stomach. A few minutes later he blinked and seemed to come back to himself.

“What are we doing standing around?” he said with a grin that didn’t looked quite real, “We’ve got shopping to do!” He then proceeded to lean them all into another shop. They spend hours in the mall and when finally their arms couldn’t hold anymore bags they sent them back to the hotel and Gabriel turned to them.

“Well we’ve been to New York and Venice; how do you feel about Paris?” The others smiled and nodded. The Archangel led the way and soon they were at Paris Las Vegas. The sun was just starting to set and they saw the Paris Las Vegas fountain. They sat on a bench near it and listen to the running water, just taking a rest.

“Maybe for another vacation I’ll take you to Paris. The real thing is even more beautiful,” Gabriel said softly. Susie and Meg looked at him with small smiles on their faces.

“That would be so cool Gabe,” Kevin said looking back at the fountain. Linda, who had been taking pictures all day, lifted up her camera and captured this calm moment between them all. As the sun moved closer and closer to the horizon Gabriel stood up and stretched.

“Are you guys getting hungry?” They looked between each other before shrugging.

“Yeah,” Susie said just as Kevin blurted out,

“Starving.” They turned to look at the black-haired boy before bursting out laughing.

“Alright, one more thing to do,” Gabriel said and they all got up, following their angel. They followed him into the hotel and after talking with someone, up an escalator. At the top of the
escalator they saw a wall covered in a chain-link fence with locks on it. They all smiled and looked at it for a few minutes, Linda taking several pictures, before following the signs. They crossed a bridge that seemed to look down on the entire first floor of the hotel. The lady manning the bridge entrance asked if they wanted to take a photo. They all laughed and nodded, posing goofily before continuing.

The wait for the elevator was surprisingly short and they all wondered if Gabriel had something to do with it. By the smirk on the Archangel’s face he probably did. They all stepped into the glass elevator and were surprised again when they were the only people let into it. The attendant gave her little spiel and they all crowded around the wall to look out as Las Vegas fell away below them. When they finally reached the top of the tower they all stepped out with open mouths. Of course, just then the Bellagio water show started and they pressed close to the metal cage encasing the viewing platform to watch.

After they got their fill they headed down a few floors to the restaurant. They had a good time and the food was astounding. They all talked and laughed and thoroughly enjoyed dinner.

“Don’t order dessert here guys, I have a much better idea in store,” Gabriel said when their meal neared the end. They all exchanged looks before smiling. Gabriel then led them off the strip and through a cute little shopping area. Pretty quickly they realized where he was taking them. How could they not when the giant Ferris wheel was staring at them?

“Gabriel . . .” Susie gasped. The angel looked over his shoulder and grinned.

“Yes, secured some tickets as soon as I knew it was opening.”

“But it’s only been three months!” Kevin said. Gabriel’s smirked.

“Yeah, well I have certain . . . connections.” He said mysteriously before pushing ahead causing them to chase after him. Soon enough they reach the observation wheel. They were quickly herded onto a private cabin and given the choice of wines. Gabriel, of course ordered champagne. Their 30-minute ride was truly stunning. They were educated on chocolate and got to taste some delicious treats all while seeing Las Vegas from the largest observation wheel in the world.

“Are you guys ready to work off some of the food you just ate?” Gabriel asked once they were on the ground again. They were all happily buzzed and nodded excitedly. Gabriel smiled and snapped. They appeared in what looked like a parking lot.

“What are we doing Golden Eye?” Meg asked in slight annoyance, just like Dean she never really got used to AngelAir. Gabriel smirked.

“You are about to enter the most popular club in Las Vegas. You can’t walk in dressed like that though.” They all looked down at their clothes. They had all dressed for walking and exploring the city, not going to a club. They couldn’t help but see merit in Gabriel’s point.

“Fine,” the demon said, “then dress us up and let’s get going.” The Trickster raised his hand and snapped before appraising them.

“Sexy but not over the top,” he nodded. All the girls were wearing beautiful dresses that covered everything but wouldn’t stick out as strange in a club. Kevin, as always, was dressed in a suit. Gabriel nodded to himself again and snapped. He was dressed in a red suit and gold sunglasses were perched on his nose.

“Ready?” He asked. They all nodded and Gabriel led the way to what looked like service doors. The
humans and demon exchanged looks but they trusted Gabriel. The angel knocked on the door and after a second it opened. A large, tall man looked down at Gabriel with a glare.

“Beat it,” he growled. Gabriel smirked and looked over his sunglasses, he said something in a language none of them recognized. The man’s entire demeanor changed; he straightened and his scowl smoothed out, he now looked apologetic and almost nervous. He said something back and Gabriel laughed, patting the man’s back. The guard flinched before stepping back and Gabriel walked forward, throwing them a look that said to follow. They did and walked through a maze of back hallways and up stairs. Finally, they came up to a door that was different than the other ones they had passed. It was dark wood and had a sign on it that was written in a language that looked very old. Also a loud, deep base sound was coming from it.

“Gabriel,” Meg warned as he reached for the handle, “what the hell is happening?” Gabriel smiled.

“This is the most popular club in Las Vegas, and it also happens it be the main hang out of many pagan gods.” The others raised their eyebrows.

“So, like that hotel from Percy Jackson?” Kevin asked. Gabriel burst out laughing.

“Trust me, you don’t want to go there,” Gabriel said, wiping at his eyes. He looked them over before turning back toward the door. He reached for the handle but then stopped and turned around again.

“I almost forgot,” he said, a slightly worried expression on his face.

“What?” Susie asked.

“Are you guys wearing your necklaces?” he asked. They all looked confused before simultaneously all pulling out their necklaces. Gabriel grinned.

“That was sort of creepy with how in sync you all were,” he said. They all tilted their heads and Gabriel’s grin widened.

“Okay enough.” They broke ranks and smiled.

“So, why did you want to make sure we were wearing our necklaces?” Susie asked.

“We’re about to walk into a gathering of pagan gods. Gods that eat humans. You’ll have a 90% chance of being eaten, fed on, or hypnotize if you’re not wearing those necklaces.” Everyone’s eyes widen and Gabriel nodded.

“But wait,” Kevin said, “can’t they just take them off us?”

“No, they’ll burn the person trying to take them off, using magic or not.”

“Does that mean a hypnotized human can take them off?” Meg asked in an irritated tone. Gabriel shook his head.

“First, no one would cross me. I’m a vicious god. Second, only the person wearing it and me can take it off.”

“Does that mean we have to be worried about you being hypnotized?” Linda said. Gabriel chuckled and looked at her over his sunglasses.

“Linda, I’m the most powerful thing in there. No one can hypnotize me unless I want them to. And you guys are way too important for me to do that.” A warm feeling went through the group and they
“Alright, let’s do this,” Kevin said excitedly. Gabriel held up his finger and dug into his pocket until he pulled out the pouch from earlier.

“Just one more thing,” he said sprinkling it over the group.

“It’s a slightly modified version of the one from last night. This time you can talk about me being a pagan god around the other gods but you still lie when you talk to humans.” The others smiled and nodded.

“Okay, you guys got your cover stories?” He asked after a minute where they all muttered among themselves. They nodded. Gabriel smiled and pushed his glasses back up his face before turning back toward the door. He opened it with a wave of his hand. The sound hit them like a physical wall. They seemed to have come out into the VIP part of the club. Gabriel walked in like he owned the place and the others followed his example.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always welcome. And thank you for those who have already done that.
Chapter Notes

Third part of the V.V. mini series. This one is a little longer because it covers a lot. I hope you guys like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The lounge they were in was nicely lit with red lamps. There were very comfortable looking black leather chairs and sofas strewed all over. Various people were draped across these; some men, some women; all they could tell had powerful magic. As they looked around they realized they must be on the second floor of the club. The room was partially cut off so the sound of the main dance floor was muted but it still made great background music.

Gabriel smiled and closed his eyes, breathing in. When he reopened them, they were glowing brightly. He approached the bar and leaned against it. The others followed his lead and surrounded him; Susie and Linda leaning against Gabriel’s side while Meg and Kevin leaned against the girls. The bartender walked over to them with smile.

“Dionysus!” Gabriel yelled with a grin. The Bartender groaned but smiled good naturedly. Gabriel reached over the bar and pulled the god into a hug. The wine god hugged back, if with an impatient look on his face. Gabriel pulled back a minute later but couldn’t keep the grin off his face.

“Loki,” the god greeted.

“Why aren’t you out there, causing chaos?” Gabriel asked getting more comfortable on his bar stool. Dionysus rolled his eyes.

“Some of us like just a calm night every now and then.” Gabriel scoffed.

“Please,” he said looking over his sunglasses at the god, “you and I both know how great your parties are.” Dionysus crossed his arms and glared at Gabriel. The humans shifted nervously beside them but neither being seemed to notice.

“Oh come on!” Gabriel yelled, throwing his hands out, “Are you still on about that Maenads.” Dionysus’s glared increased.

“She deserved it,” Gabriel said dismissively, brushing it off.

“She was one of my followers!” Dionysus yelled causing some of the other patrons to looked over at them with interest.

“Then you should teach your followers about consent,” Gabriel growled, his eyes glowing brighter, the glasses behind Dionysus started to shake. Meg reached for Gabriel but Linda caught her hand and laced her fingers with her’s, shaking her head minutely. Meg growled but nodded.

Suddenly a large shadow was cast over them and huge arms wrapped around all five of them and lifted them clear off the floor. The thing hugged them against a very muscular chest, which was
mostly bare except for the open button up and jacket, swinging them side to side.

“Please friends, let us not fight!” a booming voice said. Gabriel looked up and all his anger suddenly drained from his being.

“Bes!” he said with glee. They all looked up to see a very large, dark beard and a very kind looking man. The god put them back down and looked over Gabriel.

“It is good to see you again old friend,” the god said. Gabriel grinned and flipped his sunglasses back into his hair.

“I should have known you’d be the one running this shindig.” Gabriel commented. Bes laughed loudly and the energy in the room brightened. The humans relaxed a little but Meg was hovering by Gabriel’s side, worried.

“You disappeared Loki, everyone was wondering where you were. The parties just weren’t the same,” Bes said after a moment. Gabriel smiled and gave the god a wink while subtly holding Meg’s hand.

“Let’s just say it took three years for me to get my fill of him.” He said with his signature smirk. Bes stared at Gabriel, stunned, before he burst out laughing, throwing his head back in glee. The others felt the thrumming of the music a little more and it started to get into their blood. Bes put a huge hand on Gabriel’s shoulder and said,

“Does this lovely meal have a sibling?” Gabriel grinned.

“Come on old man, you know me. If they did I wouldn’t be here right now.” Bes laughed again and nodded.

“True, very true Trickster.” He wiped a tear from under his eye before finally turning his attention to the others.

“And who are these? Have you come to share?” The others tensed but Gabriel stayed relax.

“Bes, shame on you. After last time, you should know I don’t share.” Bes leaned down to be on eye-level with Gabriel, a grin spreading across his huge face.

“As I recall, you love to share.” Gabriel saw the teasing in the god’s eyes and laughed.

“Very true, but these are very special. I call claim to them.” The air around the two gods changed; becoming more charged and the group caught on that a spell was taking place. The other people in the room grew quiet and turned to look at the pair. Kevin realized that a lot of the people there had glowing eyes. The young man was both parts fascinated and terrified, he wanted to know more but he also understood how dangerous these gods were.

“You may lighten their mood, you may talk to them,” Gabriel continued, “if they freely give energy; such as when they are dancing, you are welcome to feed. But if I see anyone do anything else,” Gabriel paused and chuckled, the sound like a bucket of ice cold water down your back, “well I don’t have to tell you what I’ll do.” Gabriel looked out over the rest of the lounge, making eye contact with some of the people there. He looked back at Bes and locked eyes.

Finally, the large god grinned again.

“Of course, Trickster,” he said clapping a hand on Gabriel’s shoulder again. The spell broke and the humans felt like they could breathe again. Meg let out a silent relieved sighed, at least they would be
safe now.

“Dionysus, let’s get some drinks for these fine people!” Bes yelled. The wine god nodded and walked away, grumbling under his breath. Bes looked down at Gabriel with a warning expression.

“Can I leave you alone with him?” Gabriel held up his hands with a grin.

“Me? I’ll be the perfect gentleman.” Bes raised an eyebrow. Gabriel’s grin widened.

“I won’t bother him anymore, promise.” Bes stared at him for another moment before nodding.

“Good. Well, I’ll be off. Nice seeing you, Loki,”

“You as well my friend.” The large god walked away and the humans finally turned toward their friend. Before anyone could speak, Gabriel got up and waved them over to one of the circular booths. Once they were all settled they looked at Gabriel.

“Well, that was interesting,” Meg snarked. Gabriel sighed and looked at her, raising one eyebrow. Suddenly they all heard a voice in their head.

*Can you guys please play along as the meals just a little longer? Then you can go to the dance floor.*

Meg scowled but the rest gave subtle nods. Susie stood up and draped herself across Gabriel’s lap.

“Lokiii,” she whined, “I thought you said we were going to have fun. I’m booorrrred!” Gabriel chuckled and leaned down to put a kiss on Susie’s cheek.

“Just a second sweetheart, I just need to talk to a few friends.”

“Oh, come on honey,” Linda said grabbing his hand, “can’t we go dance first?” Just then Dionysus came back with four interesting looking champagne glasses filled with an orange liquid, five shots, and a martini.

“Here you go Loki,” the god said sullenly. Gabriel caught his arm and smirked.

“Thanks man, let’s call it a truce for tonight huh?” The wine god looked slightly surprised but nodded.

“Fine, just for tonight. But after then you’re fair game.” Gabriel grinned.

“Deal.” He grabbed the god’s forearm and they shook on it. After Dionysus left Gabriel poured four of the shots into the champagne glasses and handed them to his flock. Susie scowled at her drink and Gabriel chuckled. He touched the glass and it instantly turned into the blue sparkly drink from the night before. She smiled thankfully at him.

“All right everybody. You drink this and then you can go have fun until I need you.” Meg rolled her eyes at his phrasing but took the flute.

“The club calls this the Ono, we call it Nectar. Try it.” He raised his shot glass, which looked to be full of pudding, and they all toasted.

“To a night filled with laughter, love, and sex!” he said with a grin, throwing his shot back. The flock chuckled before taking a sip of their drinks. All of their faces showed surprise.

“This is amazing!” Linda exclaimed and Gabriel’s grin widen. He picked up his martini, which had a brilliant red drink in it and took a sip.
“Why aren’t you having any of this Loki?” Kevin asked, careful to keep in character.

“I like my drinks like a like my company, sweet.” The Trickster said, sending the boy a wink while stroking his cheek. Kevin blushed and took another sip of his drink. They all sat together in silence, sipping on their drinks.

“So,” Susie whispered from her spot still in Gabriel’s lap, “who’s all here?” Gabriel chuckled and surveyed the crowd. He tapped their shoulders and they all cuddled closer to hear while acting like they were already drunk.

“Well you all know Dionysus; god of wine and drunkenness. Bes is the Egyptian god of music, dance, and sexual pleasure, he’s basically the Egyptian party god.” Gabriel whispered back just loud enough for them to hear.

“Over there,” he said pointing to a large group where the main focus seemed to be four men, “are the Eros; Greek gods of love and so on. They are what people think of first when you say cupid; all of them have wings, though of course not as grand as mine.” The group laughed and Gabriel smiled, “There’s Anteros, the blond; god of pure love and sexual desire, requited love and the avenger of the unrequited. His brother, Himeros, the black-haired one; god of more carnal sexual desire and unrequited love always butt heads a lot, for obvious reasons. Hedylogos, the one with white hair; god of sweet talk and flattery, and finally Pothos.”

“Like the Musketeer?” Kevin asked, looking him over. Gabriel chuckled.

“Different spelling, sounds similar, no relation. He’s the red-haired one; god of sexual longing, yearning and desire. Those boys are a wild bunch. Sons of Aphrodite so they know what they’re doing. Plus Pothos, Himeros, and Anteros, can sense love. If someone’s in love, if someone is falling in love, if they’ve been rejected; all that. Makes them tricky to deal with, especially with angels. There’ve been more than one skirmish involving one of them and the cupids.”

“What do you mean?” Linda asked, her face buried in Meg’s hair.

“Well,” Gabriel said taking another sip of his drink, “before whatever the hell happened in Heaven, happened; and even after that, the cupids could sense the . . . connections with people, the people who were meant to be together; they pair up these people. The Eros can’t sense that. They just tell when love is affecting someone. So, they were working their love magic while the cupids were trying to pair up the people. It would get pretty irritating.” The Trickster chuckled and the others laughed as well, trying to picture it.

“Okay, who’s that?” Meg said pointing at a beautiful tan skinned woman with long brown hair and yellow eyes. She was dressed rather, sparingly, with a teal bikini top and a teal skirt that only fell to just below her butt; in her hair was a beautiful silver and teal jeweled crown and feathers were braided in it as well. She was also covered in different tattoos only a couple shades darker than her skin. Over all she was very appealing.

“That, my dear, is Teicu; Aztec goddess of sexual appetite. She feeds on sexual energy and kills her bed partners while also draining the ones she doesn’t kill; so, stay clear of her.” The demon made a face and glared at the goddess for a second before looking away, taking another sip of her drink.

“But,” Gabriel continued, “her over there, she’s a very good person.” They looked and were met with a breathtaking woman. She looked no older than Susie with long glowing blonde hair past her knees. She was dressed in a light lavender dress that reached the floor and had long, drape-like sleeves. On her head with a crown that looked to be a combination of moss, small leaf covered branches, and white daisies. She had a beautiful rainbow shimmer around her and seemed to glow
brighter as she laughed.

“Lada,” Gabriel breathed, watching the goddess, “Slavic goddess of harmony, merriment, youth, love and beauty. She usually doesn’t come to clubs like this. I’m actually surprised. But if you want a safe bet to stay around, she’s the one I would go with. She doesn’t eat people to stay alive. Her power comes from prayer and the energy people give off when they are having fun. She loves young people because they are the most vibrant but she also cares about humans. She would love to talk to some who aren’t afraid of her.” The group watched the harmony goddess for a while before another one caught Linda’s eyes.

“Who are they?” Gabriel tore his eyes away from Lada and looked at the couple.

“Oh, Nanaya and Ragaraja. Nanaya is the Mesopotamian goddess personifying voluptuousness and sensuality. Ragaraja is a Buddhist deity who transforms worldly lust into spiritual awakening; his red-skin represents suppressed lust and passion. Both are safe to stay around, mostly. Nana loves to flirt and if she can, she’ll get you into bed, like Teicu she feeds on sexual energy but is less likely to eat you. Ragaraja is the patron saint of landlords, prostitutes, and homosexuals; he’s kind of the Sin King. Las Vegas is the city he loves most. He is also petitioned by devotees for a peaceful home and abundant fortune in business. He’s kind of the god to pray to if you want things to work right. Pretty cool guy, very laid back.”

Just then the door opened and the group looked up. Gabriel’s eyes widen as he took in just who walked in.

“Shit,” he whispered, “shit, shit, shit, shit.” He grabbed Susie by her hair and yanked her up so she was facing him, obscuring the new comers view of him.

“Gabriel,” she hissed trying to get her hair out of the Trickster’s iron grasp, “what the hell are you doing?” Gabriel glanced at her and then at Meg.

“Meg you wouldn’t mind if I kissed Susie really quick would you?”

“You would lose your dick Trickster,” the demon growled. Gabriel huffed and looked around Susie before quickly ducking back behind her.

“Fine, make this difficult,” he grumbled before looking back at Susie.

“Susie you’re going to slide over to Kevin on three, okay?”

“Why?” Susie asked, still trying to get out of Gabriel’s death grip on her hair.

“Just trust me,” Gabriel hissed through his teeth. Susie stilled and nodded.

“One, two, three!” Gabriel breathed and snapped just as Susie slid off his lap. Suddenly another blonde girl appeared in the Trickster’s lap and attacked his face. The group sat there in confusion before looking at the new comers. There didn’t seem to be anything odd about them, though they had all learned a while ago never to trust appearances. It was two women; one was about as tall as Susie, with paper white skin, brown hair with blonde low lights, and dark brown facial tattoos. She wore brown and yellow clothes and jewelry that looked like it was made of bones.

The other woman was much taller, maybe 6 foot, with gorgeous golden hair; braids weaved through out. She had a pointed jaw but round face, purple eyes, and straight eyebrows. She was dressed if blues and furs with extensive gold jewelry. On her forehead was a gold woven crown. They both approached the bar before going to sit at a table in the corner facing away from them. The woman in Gabriel’s lap pulled away and the Trickster look sideways at them.
“Can they see us?” he whispered out of the side of his mouth.

“No,” Kevin said. Gabriel sighed and leaned back in the booth, waving his hand and the girl shimmered out.

“What the hell was that?” Meg asked in quiet outrage.

“That,” Gabriel said, keeping his eyes on the two women, “was Gulveig and Freya; Norse goddesses.”

“So?” the demon asked in irritation. Gabriel looked at her with an impatient, almost angry, expression on his face.

“Let’s just say that they didn’t take kindly when I left Asgard.” Gabriel’s eyes suddenly turned far away and a sad expression crossed his face. A few moments passed in silence as the Archangel didn’t move. Finally, he shook his head.

“The feelings mutual.” They studied their angel’s face and saw a rage under the mask he suddenly now wore. His face brightened as he tried to cover up his feelings.

“Why don’t you guys hit the dance floor, I’ll see you in a little bit.” They all hesitated.

“Are you going to be okay?” Linda asked, worried. Gabriel grinned with false happiness.

“Yeah, I’ll be fine. Now go,” He shooed at them, “go have fun. I’ll see you later.” Again, they hesitated but realizing they couldn’t really do anything for him, got up and headed down the stairs. Gabriel sighed and threw his drink back before standing up. He straightened his suit and walked over to where the other gods had converged, his signature smirk in place.

“My god is it sexual night?!” Gabriel called as he approached. They all turned to look at him and smiles broke out across the assembly.

“Loki!” Lada squealed, standing up. Gabriel’s smirk softened and he held out his arms.

“Lada,” he greeted with a chuckle as the harmony goddess threw herself into his arms. He laid a kiss on her head before pulling back.

“You’re looking just as ravishing as ever.” The blonde giggled.

“Oh stop it, you old snake charmer.” Gabriel grinned and wrapped an arm around the goddess’s waist as they rejoined the group.

“So why are you even here honey?” he asked after a second. Lada looked up at him with a smirk of her own.

“I’m trying to prevent war.” Gabriel’s raised his eyebrows and sat down with Lada on his left while the Eros were wrestling on his right.

“What do you mean?” he questioned, his eyebrows pulled together.

“Harmonia went back to Greece because of the depression. She’s trying to help but there’s only so much she can do.” Gabriel nodded, deep in thought.

“Stupid humans,” he muttered and Lada laughed.

“Yes, some. But some are good.” Gabriel rolled his eyes before his eyes started to sparkle.
“Maybe,” he said slowly, “I may even have a couple who could support that claim.” The goddess’s eyes widen in excitement.

“Really?” she asked in excitement, almost jumping in her seat. The goddess always loved humans and was just as fascinated by them as Kevin was by pagan gods.

“Yes, I even think I have one who would like to meet you.” The energy around the harmony goddess brightened until she was glowing so brilliantly the room brightened to almost sunny day levels.

“Can I meet them, please? I promise not to hurt them, please?” she begged, hanging on Gabriel’s arm. The Trickster laughed and got up.

“Sure, sure, I’ll bring him up.” Gabriel walked away to go grab Kevin.

Kevin agreed easily though Linda was a little hesitant. But, when Gabriel explained that the goddess never hurt anyone and was more like an excited teenager than anything else she let her son go. Gabriel stayed by Kevin’s side anyway and was please to watch him and Lada talked. He was also gratefully surprised that Kevin kept his cover up so well. Soon enough, after a couple drinks were in the human, he decided to go back down and dance. He thanked the goddess and wished he would see her again. She giggled and offered to join him on the dance floor; the young man agreed easily and grabbed her hand, dragging her off the dance. Gabriel smirked at the slightly love struck look on his face.

The Trickster joined his flock after that, trying to stay off the Norse goddesses radar. Unfortunately, it didn’t work. Of course, it happened when the humans were taking a break. The club downstairs had very minimal seating. The seating that was available was reserved for the VIP human list, so, they had to go back upstairs to the god lounge. His humans were pleasantly buzzed and all sat in a giggling pile playing blind man’s bluff while he got them more drinks. Lada was still on the dance floor and Gabriel could see Kevin throwing her looks every now and then. He was just coming back with a tray stacked with drinks when two people stepped in front of him.

“Loki,” one of them growled and Gabriel looked up just to see Gulveig and Freya. He gulped before his face smoothed out and his smirk was back in place.

“Gulveig,” he said jovially, “Freya. I haven’t seen you ladies in a couple centuries. How are you doing?” Both women’s usually beautiful faces were twisted up into hateful masks.

“What are you doing here?” The brown-haired goddess snapped.

“Hey,” Gabriel said shrugging, “it’s a free world. I can go where I want.” He glanced passed the angry goddesses and was relieved to see that his flock hadn’t noticed his absence yet. He looked back to see that the goddesses’ hands had turned to tightly curled claws and they looked ready to kill him.

“How dare you.” The blonde-haired woman growled. It was then that something suddenly snapped inside the Trickster. His face lost its teasing look and it darkened, a deadly expression swept over his face.

“How dare you? How dare I!?” He yelled releasing the tray for it to float mid-air, “it was you,” he said in outrage, pointing at Freya, “and your family that drove me from my home!” His voice broke on the last word and his whole body started to shake with rage. It was then that his flock finally took notice and they all sobered quickly, becoming alert. But they couldn’t move, they just had to wait and see hoping to God that Gabriel could handle the situation.
“It was you and Odin and the council that stole my children away from me and locked them up!”
Gabriel yelled and everybody’s glasses started to shake as the angel got more emotional, “It was the council who tortured Fenrir and caged him, it was Odin who threw Jörmungandr as a child into the sea hoping he would drown, it was Odin who banished Hella because she was different!” he screamed and all the glasses shattered. Freya and Gulveig were still looking at Gabriel with cold eyes and that just made the god angrier.

“It was Odin who took Sleipnir from me, his mother, just after he weaned and used him as a battle horse,” he spat, “Erasing his memories of me and thinking he was abandoned and Odin took him in. I had to watch my child be treated like a pet to a winy, arrogant, abusive, childish, evil man.” Both woman opened their mouths but Gabriel overrode them.

“How dare I mention wanting my freedom,” he growled, “when you locked Angrboða up until she died from starvation!” Everything in the angel scream at him to kill these being who thought themselves gods, but there was a little tug at the back of his mind telling him it was a bad idea. He tried to ignore it as he kept talking, his voice turning icy calm.

“And then in my grief and as Odin’s punishment for trying to save my family, he binds me to a rock and sets a venom on me.” Here he turned self-mocking, “and then he sends a maid into my midst, as a balm. She gathers the venom so I may not suffer so,” he fluttered his eyelashes mockingly, “for years she is the only kind one I know. But no,” he shook his head and his eyes glowed as he glared at the goddesses.

“You took her from me as well. Just when I thought I would be happy. I would have left you all alone, stayed with Sigyn and our twins on earth or on Vanaheim. But then you trap her just like you did Angrboða! You trap her on her world and threatened to kill them all if I ever thought of leaving Asgard again. So yes, I dare. I dare talk about my freedom when the only thing you’ve ever done is try to take mine, and others, away.”

“And Sigyn?” Gulveig spoke tauntingly, “what about her freedom, huh? You were so greedy for your own that you left your wife and twins behind, unprotected.” Gabriel turned his glare to the greed goddess and smirked coldly.

“If you think I left them without protection than you’re stupider than you look.” He said with an evil smirk, his eyes cold.

“The one of many mistakes Odin made was being unaware of what world he trapped my wife on.” There was a flash of confusion on both goddesses faces and Gabriel chuckled darkly.

“Why do you think Odin never touched them, even after I left? Hm?” He tilted his head mockingly.

“Because Sigyn comes from a world of the most powerful sorcerers and sorceresses. That. Protect. Their. Own. Odin sent a king to wait on me and then he threatens to kill her. Not a good move.” Gabriel shook his head mockingly.

“And now Odin is dead, killed by his own arrogance. I just wish I’d been the one to do it.” Freya and Gulveig snarled and launched themselves at Gabriel. The Trickster fought back, snarling and clawing and snapping at them; sounding more like his son than an angel. The flock watched helplessly as they rolled on the floor, the goddesses using unseen forces to try and rip Gabriel apart. But Gabriel gave just as much as he was given but still being careful not to use his angel powers. The room shook with their power and things flew across the room. Most of the gods and goddesses watching were still lounging on the sofas, seemingly unaffected by the three trying to kill each other.

“ENOUGH!” A deep, resounding voice said and a sound like the sky falling enveloped them. A
bright light followed and when they could see again, Gabriel and the two goddesses were across the room from each other. The Trickster was slumped against the bar, bleeding from several gashes across his body but still conscious and glaring at the goddesses. Freya and Gulveig, on the other hand, were passed out cold, laying in a dent in the wall; their clothing shredded and sustaining much more damage than their angel.

Everything in the group called to get up and run to Gabriel’s side, to smother him with affection and concern but they knew they still had parts to play. So, they did, cowering behind the sofa and watching from around it’s corner.

Bes stood in the center of the room, his once gleeful face now grim and angry. He glanced at the unconscious goddesses before turning to Gabriel.

“That’s twice Loki,” he said firmly. Gabriel slowly pulled himself into a sitting position, groaning softly, “now you can either play nice and enjoy the party, or you can leave. I will not tolerate gods trying to kill each other at one of my parties. Mostly because the humans will notice. If you truly want to fight, take it to the desert.”

“Come on Bes,” Gabriel wheedled in a strained voice, “we were just having a bit of fun. You know how it is? Just ruffing each other up.” Bes strode over to Gabriel and squatted down until he was on eye level with him.

“I know a friendly scuffle from the real fight my friend. I’ve experienced both enough from my brothers.” Gabriel chuckled and pushed his still colorful hair out of his face.

“That’s true.” Bes smirked before giving Gabriel a stern looked. The Trickster sighed and leaned heavily against the bar.

“I don’t believe we can be civil if we were in the same room.” Bes sighed and hung his head.

“I am truly sorry my friend.” Gabriel sighed and nodded.

“I understand. I am a chaos god,” he smirked and pulled himself up, “and they,” he looked over the two goddesses with disgust, “are not.” Bes put his hand on Gabriel’s shoulder. Gabriel smirk was cold and he didn’t look at the enormous man. After a second Bes nodded and walked away. Gabriel didn’t move for a minute or so. Then suddenly he seemed to come back to himself, a grin spreading across his face.

“Well that was your entertainment for tonight folks, you can go home now.” he said to the room, his arms thrown out. He walked over to Lada, who had watched the whole exchange with sadness in her eyes as she tried to contain the fight. Gabriel took her hand and laid a gentle kiss on it.

“I am sorry my lady, for disrupting your evening. Thank you for trying to contain our anger and keep the peace.” The goddess looked sadly at Gabriel. She reached out for him and caressed his cheek.

“You have been hurt more deeply by them than I first suspected my friend.” Gabriel pulled away from her touch and smiled.

“It is nothing I can’t handle. Do not let it trouble your mind my lady.” He bowed to her before turning on his heel and walking over to his flock.

“Let’s blow this popsicle stand kiddies,” he said with an easy attitude. The others exchanged looks before nodding. They stumbled up and proceeded to act extremely drunk.

“There was a big boom,” Susie said lurching toward Gabriel. The god caught her with a chuckle.
“Big boom,” Kevin whispered, a sad look on his face as he looked at the harmony goddess.

“Yes, yes there was. Now we’re going to find some more fun,” Gabriel said.

“More fun?” Linda asked and then giggled, hanging onto Meg, “I like fun.” Meg smirked and wrapped an arm around Linda’s waist and tugged her closer. They both laughed and Linda put more weight on the demon, hanging off her to keep the appearance of drunkenness up.

“When you say more fun, you mean more fun than this,” Meg said, her voice low and husky.

“Are you fun?” she slurred. Meg smirked.

“Oh honey, I’m the most fun you’ll find next to him.” She nodded to Gabriel who smirked. He looked around and found Kevin pretending to be high, just staring off into the distance. Gabriel laughed and used his magic to tugged the boy to his side, making Kevin choke out a startled squeak.

“Come on, back to the hotel,” He said and with Susie on one arm and Kevin on the other proceeded to waltz out of the club. They retraced their steps and no one spoke. When they reached the door with the guard Gabriel only nodded to him and they walked into the hazy Las Vegas night. They stood there for a second, no one wanting to break the silence. Gabriel sighed and suddenly they were back in their hotel room. He unwrapped himself from the others and stepped away from all of them.

“You should get some sleep; your hangovers will be painful if you try to stay awake through the detox,” He said softly not looking at any of them. His usually liveliness was missing and he looked small. They exchanged looks, completely at a loss of what to do. It was Meg who finally approached the Archangel. She reached out tentatively and put a hand on the angel’s shoulder. Gabriel flinched away from her and stepped back.

“I’m fine,” he said, not looking at any of them. His shoulders hunched in and as they watched he started to shake. They had never seen Gabriel so affected before. They had no idea how to handle this, it was usually Gabriel who was comforting someone when things got too much; not the other way around.

“Clearly, you’re not,” Kevin said stepping forward, concern plain in everything about him.

“Please,” Gabriel said, “please don’t.” His voice was faint and so fragile.

“Gabriel-,” Linda said stepping forward.

“No,” Gabriel said, stepping even farther away from them, “just go to bed.” With a rush of wings, he was gone. They didn’t see him until the next morning when he came into their rooms with soft words and cups of coffee.

Chapter End Notes

I would love feedback concerning anything I’ve written. I love hearing from my readers. Thank you guys so much.
Chapter Notes

The fourth and finally part of the V.V. mini series. This is where we have one last bout of fun and then things turn serious. From here things will take on a darker tone. There will still be light parts but after this chapter this will get very angsty. I hope you enjoy it.

They were a little nervous around the Archangel at first but Gabriel was acting as if nothing had happened last night. If that was how he wanted to deal with it, well they wouldn’t push right now. He fed them a lovely breakfast, as always, and then said they would have a calm morning. He made sure everyone was clean before snapping bags for them all. He made them promise not to open them until they got to their destination. With some grumbling they all agreed.

He brought them to Mandalay Beach; where they relaxed for the rest of the morning, sitting in the sun or enjoying the water. It was very peaceful and was a nice rest compared to their party the night before. In their bags were water guns and they spent a fun filled hour shooting at each other. For lunch, they went to a cute little café and people watched. It was the afternoon when things got exciting.

“Have any of you been racing?” Gabriel asked innocently as they wandered the strip. They all looked at him suspiciously.

“No,” Linda said slowly. An evil smirk spread across Gabriel’s face and he raised his hand.

“Excellent.” He snapped. The next four hours found them on a race track driving extremely expensive sports cars and then formula one cars. Even though at the beginning of the day they didn’t want anything too exciting they couldn’t help but have a blast at the race track. They found out that Linda and Meg were the best drivers next to Gabriel with Kevin a close forth. Susie had fun as well but just was too careful to really try and push the car to its limits. They were okay with that and she cheered the others on when they raced each other. It was just hitting four o’ clock when Gabriel’s phone chine. He pulled over instantly and pulled it out. Seeing the information on the phone he quickly pulled his car back to the garage and flagged down the rest of the group. Once they were all gather he spoke.

“Looks like our vacations over kids.” He said. The usually joyful grin that had been on Gabriel’s face almost the entire time they were in Vegas was now gone. In its place was a grim expression.

“The computers got something.” They all nodded, turning serious and Gabriel snapped them back to the hotel. Soon enough they were ready to go and they made their way down to the lobby. They checked out quickly, the staff giving them confused looks but they ignored it. Reality had suddenly come back. They couldn’t ignore the world anymore with their vacation. Things needed to be done. As soon as they were out of eyesight Gabriel snapped them all back to the house.

Susie headed for the computer as soon as they landed. The others made their way more slowly toward her, giving the blonde her space to work. There was a tense minute where she typed and clicked away at the computer before finally she spoke,
“Hialeah, Florida. Some pretty big signs that somethings going down.” Gabriel nodded and clapped his hands together.

“Alright, here’s how it’s going to go. I’ll go pick it up and go somewhere safe to interrogate it and I’ll keep doing that to everyone they give me until someone talks. Then I’ll take on the appearance of one of the higher ups, head over, and get the Tablet. If I haven’t contacted you in a week,” the Archangel swallowed, “call the boys.” He looked at them all very seriously.

“But no one leaves this house until I come back or the boys come and get you, understand? I’m putting a binding spell around this place, no one can get in or out. It’ll break in a week.” They all looked very serious and worried.

“But what if you need help before the spell breaks?” Susie asked.

“That’s what the boys are for. Even though Meg and I are good teachers these boys have been training since they were five. They can handle anything that’s thrown at them. I trust their skill and they have years of practical experience. You kids don’t. Training in the obstacle course is a hell of a lot different than facing a horde of demons that’s sole purpose is to kill you. I don’t want to see you hurt.” The small group looked at each other. After some silent communication between the group Meg finally spoke.

“Fine, but you text us when you have a location. Just to let us know the first stage of the plan worked, got it?” She glared at him sternly but Gabriel could see the fear behind her eyes. His face softened a little.

“Okay, I’ll let you know what’s happening.” He looked at them all and smiled, trying to quell their worries.

“Guys, I’ll be okay. This’ll be a cake walk.” He snapped his fingers and suddenly everyone had a piece of cake on a plate in their hands. A little figurine of Gabriel was on each piece and he was walking back and forth across the cake. The humans broke into smiles and even Meg cracked a smirk.

“See? Everything will be okay,” Gabriel said spreading his arms wide. Kevin put his piece of cake down on the side table and walked up to Gabriel, wrapping himself around the Archangel.

“I don’t know if I’ll make it without you, so you better come back.” He whispered in the angel’s ear. Gabriel squeezed the prophet tightly.

“You would have been fine without me kid, a little more damaged but you would have been fine. I’ll come back with a new assignment, see how much you like me then.” Kevin groaned and laughed into his shoulder before he finally pulled away, subtly wiping at his eyes. Susie replaced the black-haired boy and tucked the shorter man against her chest.

“You be careful,” she said not bothering to keep her voice down. She then leaned down and muttered to him, “I can’t cook to save my life so you better come back and keep making us delicious food.” Gabriel laughed and gave her a squeeze before letting the blonde go, she laid a kiss against his forehead before backing away.

Linda came up and glared at him. Gabriel raised an eyebrow.

“I don’t like this plan,” she said firmly, “but I trust you to make good decisions, especially now that you have people depending on you.” It was a not so subtle reminder that he couldn’t be as carefree and reckless as he once was. Gabriel nodded, becoming serious, before pulling the elder Tran into
his arms. She hugged him back tightly and placed a kiss on his cheek.

At long last it was Meg’s turn. She was trying very hard to look indifferent but Gabriel could see her soul twisting in worry and pain. He grabbed her hand and tugged her gently into his arms, for once wrapping his presence around the demon and calming the pained soul. Meg let out a deep sigh and sank into his arms. He smiled a little and held her. After a few moments, Meg seemed to remember herself and pulled away. She glared at the angel.

“You don’t come back, I’ll track you down and kill you myself,” She threatened, her arms crossed and face stony. Gabriel threw his head back in laughter and grinned.

“I’ll remember that sweetheart.” He teased. He then glanced over his family one more time before raising his hand.

“I’m off to see the wizard,” he joked. They waved at him.

“Good luck!” Kevin yelled. Gabriel grinned again and snapped.

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He found the demon quickly and used all his rage and worry and put it into making the twisted thing talk. He was especially violent because this thing had been killing pre-teens, children. The Trickster-Archangel was many things, but he drew the line at children. The thing broke so easily it wasn’t even fun. It told him about some higher ups that would know about the Tablet. It said it had heard rumors about the Tablet Crowley found at one of Dick’s digging sites. Gabriel ripped the demon from the body it was inhabiting and destroyed it with a clenched fist. He healed the man it had been possessing and changed his memories so he didn’t remember him. Then he snapped the man so he was standing in front of his own house. Gabriel also made sure the police didn’t have any evidence to identify the man as the person who was killing the kids.

He then flew off and hunted down the ‘higher ups the demon had been talking about. By the time he finally found the Tablet’s location, he had purged all his anger and was now deadly calm. He texted Linda before cleaning himself up and assuming the identity of the demon he’d just killed.

It was easy, almost suspiciously so. He just walked right into the warehouse they used to guard the Tablet and walked up to the demons at the door.

“Hey, Iuzar,” one of them greeted. Gabriel nodded to him and said,

“The boss wanted me to check something with the Tablet. Said there was something wrong with the security.” The two demons suddenly shifted uncomfortably.

“There’s nothing wrong with the security.” Gabriel smirked and leaned closer to them.

“I know that. But you know how the boss is? If he finds out I didn’t even do anything he’ll fry my hide. Just let me slip in and pretend to check everything out and then I can report back that there’s no problem.” The demons exchanged looks before nodding.

“Fine, go ahead,” one of them said waving at the door. Gabriel nodded and walked in. He looked around as the door closed behind him. The room was only about six by six and the Tablet was sitting on a pedestal in the center. It was almost laughable. There were cameras in each corner of the room
so that the Tablet could be seen at all times. He smirked. The angel walked up to the pedestal and starred at it. There was magic surrounding the Tablet as well as modern technology. The latter would be easy enough to bypass.

He stared at the fields surrounding the Tablet and waved his hand over it. A copy was ready to come into place as soon as the Tablet moved. He smirked and held out his hands. The Tablet shook and then flew into his outstretched hands. Gabriel looked around and smiled, nothing happened. He tucked the Tablet into his jacket, and resisting the urge to wink at one of the cameras, walked out.

“Alrighty boys, everything’s good.” He winked at them before walking out. He could feel the power of the Tablet against his chest and once he was far enough away, flew to the other side of the world. He laughed and let his disguise fall. He checked himself for tracking spells or tracker devices before he snapped himself home.

“Babies! I’m home!” he called, a grin on his face. Oreo barreled toward him, Susie and Kevin hot on her heels.

“Gabriel!” Susie squealed. Gabriel laughed and caught the woman as she launched herself at him.

“Hey baby doll,” he said, burying his head in her soft hair. Susie squeezed him tightly before pulling back. Kevin then proceeded to wrap himself around the Archangel, even going so far as to loop his legs around the Trickster’s waist.

“Kevin,” Gabriel laughed, “what brought this on?” he asked.

“I missed you,” Kevin muffled, his head tucked into Gabriel’s shoulder. The angel could feel the boy start to shake and Gabriel hugged him closer.

“Well I missed you too buddy. But I’m fine. Not even a scratch.”

“I didn’t know if you were going to come back,” Kevin whispered tightly. Gabriel sucked in a surprised breath. Understanding dawned and he held the boy even closer.

“I would never leave you, I’m your guardian remember. You’re stuck with me.” Kevin gave a watery laugh and finally pulled away. He wiped at his eyes and looked at Gabriel.

“You stupid angel, making me all emotional,” he chastised. Gabriel grinned and pulled at his lapels.

“That’s me! You need more emotional baggage, I’ve got it right here.” He snapped and suddenly old timey steamer trunks appeared beside him.

“And for the low low price of one, that’s right folks I said just one,” Gabriel said like an old announcer, “human soul all this can be yours!” He waved his hands and the trunks opened. Words floated out and they all stared at them. At some point, Meg and Linda had entered and were watching the scene with both part confusion and fondness.

The words said things like; depression, anxiety, self-doubt, self-worth issues, sexual confusion, guilt.
Kevin laughed and Susie quickly joined in. Gabriel grinned and snapped the trunks and words away.

“So,” Meg said after a minute, “did you get it.” Gabriel looked at her and scoffed.

“Did I get it?” he asked mockingly, “please, Meg remember who you’re talking to.” He snapped and suddenly the Tablet was balanced on one finger.

“I am the Trickster after all.” He flipped the rock and it landed perfectly in his hands. He offered it to Kevin. The Prophet looked at it sullenly before taking a deep breath and picking it up. He jumped and almost dropped it.

“What?” Linda asked instantly, moving closer to her son.

“It stings,” Kevin said in confusion. Gabriel looked at him sadly.

“That’s what I was afraid of.” He muttered. Linda turned to him with fire in her eyes.

“What do you mean? Did you know about this!?” Gabriel raised his hands.

“Linda Linda, I need you to calm down.” The older woman took a deep breath and glared at Gabriel.

“Explain.” She ordered.

“Okay, so, each Tablet affects the reader differently. Mostly because they are human. The Leviathan Tablet wouldn’t really affect the reader because they have nothing to do with human souls. But the Demon . . .” he trailed off, looking uneasy.

“What?” Meg snapped, coming forward.

“The Demon Tablet will be more painful and harder to read because demons are corrupted, tortured human souls. Kevin will be reading the very foundation of them. The Tablets have essences of the things they are about. Leviathan had Leviathan in it, Demon has demon.” Gabriel looked at Kevin.

“When you were working on the Leviathan Tablet, did it feel like your head was getting muddy more quickly, maybe your vision turned a little black at the edges?” Kevin looked shocked before nodding.

“Yeah, it did.” Gabriel nodded, looking irritated.

“Thankfully I’m a grade A demon repellant so it will probably be best if you only work on it when I’m around. I’ll need to put you through some new exercises to help with this pain, and it looks like a lot more healing is in your future.” Kevin groaned, Linda looked conflicted, and Susie and Meg had matching concerned expressions.

“Alright everybody,” Gabriel said with a sigh, “let’s get this show on the road.”

For three days, everything was back to normal. Kevin worked on the Tablet, Gabriel flew off sometimes to take care of the Leviathans that were still lurking around but he mostly stayed at home; helping Kevin. Susie, Meg, and Linda trained. Linda was working from home most of the time so that took up a lot. Susie and Meg were, unfortunately, confined to Gabriel’s estate and spend most of their time exploring the Library and Gabriel’s rec room. They still had a lot of fun though, the water battle on day three was especially fun.

But then came the prayer.
Comments and Kudos are always welcome.
Back to Business and Angel Instinct

Chapter Summary

Then:

Gabriel has been a coma for three years, He wakes up and talks with his dad, who forbids him from meddlying too much. He rescues Kevin from the Levi's and Crowley and take cares of the Trans, Meg, and Meg's girlfriend. He trains them. He spends Dean's year in Purgatory taking care of the Leviathans and trying desperately to ignore Sam. The Flock has a great vacation in Vegas and learns more about Loki, they get the Demon Tablet.

Now:

Dean is back and Gabriel has some serious explaining to do. Dean is pissed and jumps at shadows, Sam is angry but it seems much deeper. And now they have a whole new set of problems.

Chapter Notes

I put a fic summery above because I know this is getting long. Here's the next chapter. I hope you all like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Gabriel heard the prayer loud and clear, hell most of Montana probably heard it. He turned toward Kevin,

"Okay kiddo, Tablet times over." The boy nodded with a sigh of relief and sat back. Gabriel turned to Linda.

"Take care of him, I don’t know when I’ll be back. The boys are calling." A sad look passed over her face before she nodded.

"Good luck!" Both humans said. Gabriel smiled but it quickly dropped.

"Pray if anything happens.” They nodded again and Gabriel took a deep breath before snapping. He appeared in the cabin and was faced with two very angry Winchesters. He leaned against the wall and smirked, mask firmly in place no matter how much his Grace rejoiced at the sight of Sam. Sam’s expression though, hurt his heart. He looked so angry and betrayed. Gabriel knew he was the cause for it, but he didn’t react. He couldn’t let it show, no matter how much he was hurting. He’d dealt with this before.

“Kinky,” he commented in concerns to Sam’s prayer, “but maybe we should work up to that Samsquatch. How about a kiss first?” He puckered his lips in pretend, half-expecting the punch, but he still staggered sideways, mostly so he didn’t break Sam’s hand. The thought that Sam disliked him
so much he wanted to hit him made his Grace throb painfully. He was supposed to make his mate happy, they were supposed to love each other. Well, as he said, the Winchesters never did like the rules.

But, again, it was to be expected. In Sam’s eyes, he had left him alone and abandoned both him and Dean. He didn’t know that Gabriel knew Sam would find Amelia and completely ignore the world. He only saw it as Gabriel being lazy. As Gabriel being Gabriel. It was this knowledge that allowed the Archangel to handle the confrontation easily. They only saw what he allowed them to see and nothing else.

He could tell from the moment they yelled at him in the mental hospital that he had to be mean, cruel even. He would have to be the kind of person that seemingly abandoned them with no explanation. They wouldn’t accept anything else from him because they had already decided who he was, and how he acted. So why try and change their minds?

“No kiss then?” he teased, “What? Aren’t you glad to see me?” he asked smirking. Sam was breathing heavily and Dean was glowering at him.

“A year,” Sam said his voice rough, “A whole fucking year you’ve been off doing God knows what while Dean was rotting in Purgatory and I thought he was dead.”

“One,” Gabriel said holding up a finger, “I didn’t know he was in Purgatory. There was a possibility, but I didn’t know for sure. They could have been sent to the void after Dick blew up for all I knew. I didn’t know how that weapon would work,” he shrugged trying to act like it wasn’t a big deal. Technically it wasn’t a lie, his father had told him Dick blowing up would send them to Purgatory, before that he hadn’t known that.

“Two, I’ve been taking care of Kevin, Linda, Susie, Meg,” he paused, pretending to think thoughtfully, tapping two fingers on his chin, “oh and getting rid of the Leviathans!” He glared at Sam.

“For the past year straight, I’ve been flying all around the world trying to undo the crap those creatures did to this planet,” He said advancing toward the taller man, “I’ve also been training three new hunters, protecting a demon from a horde of other demons who want to kill her, and trying to keep a prophet from going crazy. What have you been doing this past year Sam?” he tilted his head in mock innocence. Sam looked away, anger still plain on his face,

“That’s what I thought. But I don’t blame you kid,” he waved it off but his voice still had a sharp tone to it, “You deserve to be happy. Get your shot at domesticity.” He grinned mockingly at Sam.

“So, I’ll just take Dean-o here and Cassie and we’ll go take care of the world’s monsters while you go back to your happy little girlfriend and your dog.” It came out more bitter than he meant, but he couldn’t help it when the thought of Sam with another hurt so badly. He hoped his jealousy wasn’t too apparent. Gabriel turned his back on Sam and looked around the cabin.

“Hey, where is Cassie anyway?” he said looking around for the trenchcoated angel hoping to distract himself from his hurting heart.

“Dead,” Dean said making Gabriel whirl around.

“Th-that’s not possible,” Gabriel breathed, horror overflowing his senses. Cassie dead? After everything he’d been through?

“Yeah, well, believe it.” Suddenly Gabriel was right in front of Dean, his eyes glowing. Dean’s
clothing flew back at the sudden movement.

“You saw him, with your own two eyes, die? Light show and everything?” he growled and the room reverberated with it. Dean took a step back, his hand going for the blade on the table.

“I saw enough,” Dean said gruffly, looking away.

“Enough?!” Gabriel yelled, “You saw enough? So, he could still be alive and in that place?”

“Look I tried!” Dean yelled back, glaring down at the Archangel.

“Okay guys enough!” Sam yelled trying to push them away. He succeeded with Dean, who stepped back and went to grab the whiskey, but Gabriel was doing his best impression of an immovable object. Gabriel closed his eyes and tried to reign in his anger. He clenched his fists and took a deep breath. When he opened his eyes again, he was much more subdued.

“Well let’s hope Cassie finds his way out. Dad probably won’t leave him there forever anyway.” He gave a bitter laugh and looked over the two hunters. He was not going to apologize no matter how much he felt like he should. He hovered in the background and finally Dean spoke, completely ignoring him for now which was just fine by him.

“So, what’s this about you not hunting? That’s like Sasha Grey going legit.” Dean snorted at his own joke but Gabriel smirked coldly. Sam sighed out a laugh.

“What?” Dean asked.

“Nothing. Um, she did a Soderbergh movie.”

“What?”

“She did a Soderbergh –”

“No. You, Sam. You quit?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I – you were gone... Dean, Cas was gone, Bobby was dead. I mean, Meg disappeared and I thought Gabriel was gone too.” The tall man shot a glare at Gabriel but Dean took his attention back.

“So, you just turned tail on the family business?”

“Nothing says "family" quite like the whole family being dead.”

“I wasn't dead.” Dean said standing up and walking around Sam, “In fact, I was knee-deep in God's armpit killing monsters, which, I thought, is what we actually do.”

“Yeah, Dean. And far as I knew, what we do is the thing that got every single member of my family killed. I had no one – no one. And for the first time in my life, I was completely alone. And, honestly, I-I didn't exactly have a roadmap. So, yeah, I-I fixed up the Impala, and I just... drove.”

“After you looked for me,” Dean said, but Sam said nothing and Gabriel knew he would have to intervene soon if this got out of hand.

“Did you look for me, Sam?” Sam looked away guiltily, “Good. That's good. No, we – we... always told each other not to look for each other. That's smart. Good for you. Of course, we always ignored that because of our deep, abiding love for each other, but not this time, right, Sammy?”
“Look, I'm still the same guy, Dean.” Sam said after a moment.

“Well, bully for you. I'm not.” Dean started to walk toward the door but Gabriel stepped into his path.

“Gabriel get out of my way or I will stab you.”

“Go ahead Dean, if that'll make you feel better,” Gabriel said seriously. He let his arms drop to show he was wide open for attack.

“But if not, I’m going to tell you something bucko and you’re going to listen or I'll tie you both to chairs and you’ll listen anyway. Got it?” He looked from one hunter to the other and when no one moved he continued.

“Dean, Sam still loves you. Hell, that kid left a pretty sweet deal the second he heard from you.” Dean scoffed and looked away. The words felt like ash in his mouth but it would hopefully get through to Dean, eventually.

“The reason he didn’t look for you, if you'd actually listen to him, was that he didn’t even know where to start. He had nothing. At least when you went to Hell he knew where you were but you literally disappeared off the map. Even I didn’t know precisely where you went. So, give the kid a break, okay? I know what you went through, trust me, I do. And I know how that changes people, but Sam had a shot. A clean slate. He never faulted you for your year with Lisa so don’t fault him for when he thought he had nothing.” Dean started to look a little guilty. Gabriel turned to Sam.

“Sam, think of this like when Dean came back from Hell, okay? Everyone will need a little time to adjust. But you two need to stick together. Don’t let this tear you apart, not now, not after everything else you’ve been through.” They both glanced at each other before looking away again. That would have to do for now.

“Now I’m going to give everyone some time to cool off and then we’re going to my place for supper and I’ll get you up to speed. See you later boys.” Gabriel snapped and disappeared from the cabin.

He reappeared in his house and looked around nervously. That didn’t go completely horrible. Sam’s dislike for him will fade. He was understandably angry, but tonight, when Gabriel explained everything, things would go back to what they were before. He hoped.

The angel was hurting and nervous about tonight. Though for the life of him he couldn’t figure out why! He’d face much worse things than the Winchesters; for Dad’s sake he faced his brother with more ease and confidence than he had right now. It felt like he was a teenage boy taking his crush to the prom for the first time. He hated the control those boys had over him. He wanted to have them trust him, to actually like him. Dad, he was turning into a child.

The Archangel started to pace, going from the front door to the back of the house and back again, muttering to himself. Maybe it had something to do with them coming to his house. This house, more than the others he owned, was... personal. When he had late night guests before he would usually just snap them to a hotel and get right down to business, but with this house, it was his home; where he slept, where he ate, where he kept all of the stuff he’d collected over the millennia, where his flock was. It was almost like showing the Winchesters his Grace; the very center of him. All the
things here were parts of him, revealed parts of him that only a select few had privy to. *What if . . . what if they didn’t like what they saw?*

*Oh, stop being an idiot!* He chastised himself, *They won’t even understand the meaning behind the visit. It’ll just be another place to stay for them. You are a freaking Archangel and pagan god, get a hold of yourself.*

Gabriel took a deep breath with his eyes closed and then opened his eyes. He didn’t feel much better. So, he did the only thing he could think of when stressed. He cleaned and cooked. He cleaned the whole house top to bottom and cooked a meal fit for the gods.

Everyone in the house notice but knew not to ask. Gabriel always got like this when the Leviathan mission wasn’t going well, or someone got hurt in training, or even just randomly. His family knew he had to get the excess energy out somehow and this was how he usually did it. Finally, the clock on the wall of the kitchen struck six and Gabriel stopped.

“I need everyone in the kitchen pronto, that means you too Kevin.” There was a groan heard over the intercom among the other answers of be right there. A few minutes later everyone was sitting around the breakfast nook with Gabriel in front of them, looking more like a general than their host; his hands behind his back while he paced.

“All right everyone, the Winchesters are coming over. I know I sound like a nervous first timer but just act natural. You should all be here when they come, just not like waiting in a line. They’ll want to meet everyone at some point. It’ll probably be best if you just relax in the living room, like everything’s normal. Dean’s still adjusting to the lesser violence of Earth.” They all nodded and Gabriel turned toward Kevin.

“Kevin, I would actually like you down here when they come in. If that’s okay with you?” The Asian boy nodded.

“Can you give me a quick update before I leave?” Kevin nodded again and pulled out his notebook.

“Well I’ve found out how to destroy demons,” Gabriel grinned.

“That’s good, anything else?”

“There’s something about opening a Hell Gate and closing them but it’s still hard to make out.” Gabriel’s grin froze on his face.

“Closing the Gates of Hell?” he asked softly and Kevin fidgeted a little.

“Yeah, but that’s all I got. It’s still hard to read it.” Gabriel nodded numbly and sank down into the chair that had just appeared behind him. He put his head into his hands and pulled at his hair.

“Just when we didn’t have enough problems,” he muttered.

“Gabriel?” Linda asked cautiously. Gabriel’s head shot up and he looked straight at Kevin.

“Kevin, whatever you do, *don’t* tell the Winchesters about that. Understood?” Kevin nodded nervously.

“Why?” he asked.

“Because they’ll try to fucking do it.” Gabriel said through clenched teeth.
“And isn’t that a good thing?” Linda asked.

“Well other than we would never see Meg again,” Gabriel said and they all looked guiltily over at Meg, “There’s only one thing in the entire universe that has the amount of power to close the Gates and keep them closed.”

“What?” Meg asked,

“A human soul. The person doing it would sacrifice themselves to shut those gates and I’m not letting that happen. So, don’t, tell, the Winchesters.” He said pointing a finger at each and every one of them as he said the last part. They all nodded their heads and Gabriel stood up.

“Okay,” He said putting a hand on his hip and running the other through his hair, “I’m going to go pick them up. I’m sorry for scaring you guys but I can’t lose another family member, I just can’t.” They all nodded in sympathy and Susie got up and walked around the table. She wrapped her taller frame around Gabriel and squeezed him tightly.

“It’s okay Gabe, we understand.” Gabriel relaxed under her and then Linda stood up, hugging Gabriel from the other side.

“It’s going to be okay Gabriel.”

“Are we having a group hug here?” Meg asked and Susie waved her over.

“Come on Meg, I think we all need the comfort right now.” Meg sighed exasperatedly and got up, hugging the Archangel from behind, one arm tightly wound around his neck.

“Don’t think I’m going soft on you, Golden Eye,” she murmured in his ear but Gabriel just purred in response.

“Kevin get your butt over here,” Susie said to the boy still sitting at the table. Kevin grinned shyly and got up, hugging Gabriel so his head was tucked against the other’s shoulder. They stood there for a long time and very slowly they realized their angel was purring, like actual cat-like purring.

“Are you purring?” Meg asked but Gabriel just snuggled closer.

“I love you guys, you know that, right?” Gabriel asked sounding slightly drunk. The group looked at each other over the top of the Archangel’s head and shrugged.

“We love you too Gabe.” Susie said giving the Archangel one more squeeze before she started to extract herself from the hug. Gabriel gave a pitiful whine before letting her go. The others pulled away soon after as well and Gabriel stood there looking blissed-out for a second before he shook himself, his cheeks staining red as he saw them all watching him.

“Sorry about that guys, angel instinct.” When they all gave him a questioning look, he waved them off.

“I’ll explain later. Gotta pick up the boys now or they’ll eat. Go ahead and help yourselves to the food and pray to me if anything happens.” He lifted his hand and snapped, disappearing.

Chapter End Notes
I love hearing from my readers and it always makes me want to write more. Thank you for all your support.
He reappeared in the cabin to see Dean pacing.

“If that douchebag doesn’t show up soon, I’m leaving to go to a bar,” the elder Winchester growled.

“And to think, I was going to feed you Dean,” Gabriel said making the hunter whirl around and glare at him.

“Where were you?” he asked aggressively.

“Prepping the fam,” Gabriel said, raising a challenging eyebrow. He crossed his arms and leaned against the wall, looking around. Sam, who was sitting at the table, now stood up. A look of irritation crossed the younger Winchester’s face before it smoothed out.

“The fam?” Sam asked walking over to him. Gabriel avoided his eye and looked at Dean as he answered.

“Yeah, the people at my house. I’ll explain everything when we get there. Now, you ready to go?” Gabriel sighed and rolled his eyes.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” Dean said, “We’re not going anywhere until you tell us what the hell is going on.” Gabriel smirked and raised his hand, poised to snap.

“What’s going on right now, is dinner and catch up,” Gabriel said slowly and clearly, “we are going to my place, where you’ll eat, and I’ll tell you what’s been happening the last year.”

“We’re not going anywhere with you,” Sam said, his glare intense. Gabriel smirked and raised his hand, poised to snap.

“Really Sammy, really? How many times has refusing angel airways actually worked again?” Sam swallowed but didn’t back down. Dean stepped in front of his brother, breaking their staring contest, and looked at Gabriel.

“Why the hell should we go with you?” Gabriel crossed his arms and smirked before donning a thoughtful expression.

“Wasn’t there some Prophet you boys wanted to check up on?” he asked, tapping his chin. The
boys’ faces instantly soured even more, and Gabriel knew he had them. Just one more bit of bait on
the hook and they could go.

“And oh yeah! What ever happened to those Leviathans?” Dean’s hands balled up into fists and he
let out a harsh breath. Gabriel was faced with matching Winchester bitch faces (Sam, number 14,
“you were created to torment me”. Dean, number 8, “nothing good will come from this”), and
Gabriel couldn’t help the smirk that splayed across his face. Their scowls darkened.

“Fine, let’s go.” Dean spat, reaching for his coat and keys.

“The place we’re going is pretty far away from here. We’re going to have to fly, so hold on boys.”
Gabriel placed a hand on each of their shoulders and squeezed, warning them. With a quick,
downward thrust of his wings, they were off. A second later they landed outside of his house, the
wards not allowing them to go any further.

“Home sweet home,” he proclaimed, dropping his hands and walking toward the house. Gabriel felt
the wards resist the new people and stopped, almost causing the Winchesters to run into him.

“What?” Dean snapped, his shoulders tense and he looked around his new surroundings. Gabriel
turned toward them with a neutral expression, though internally he was feeling a little sheepish. He
didn’t show it and just said as casually as he could,

“I usually just do this when I fly the person in, but I know how you two are about consent. So, I
need just a little bit of blood so that the wards on the house will allow you to cross.”

“You need our blood!? No fucking way,” Dean hissed. Gabriel got a mischievous smile on his face
and shrugged like it was no big deal.

“Oh, alright Dean, I just thought that since you just got out of Purgatory you’d want some
homemade pie. But, I guess I was wrong.” He started to saunter toward the house. Dean took a step
after him, but it was like he was trying to walk through a brick wall. Gabriel kept lazily walking the
fifty or so feet toward the front door.

“Have fun wandering the desert. I think Montana is that way,” he said, looking over his shoulder
and pointed off toward the north.

There was the sound of two growls (low and lower) and then he heard Dean call, “Wait, wait!
Gabriel, you son of a bitch, fuckin’ wait!” A grin spread across Gabriel’s face and he turned around
lazily, hands in his pockets and waited.

“What do you need our blood for?” Sam demanded, his shoulder’s tense and he kept flexing his
hands. That was an odd reaction, Gabriel thought. Usually Sam was the more level-headed one of
the two but now he was just as suspicious as Dean. Though, thinking about it, of course Sam was
suspicious. He hadn’t seen Gabriel in a year, no contact whatsoever, of course he was acting this
way. Gabriel kept his emotions off his face.

“The wards can only be passed if you are recognized. Think about it like angel banishing sigils, you
need blood for them to work. It’s kind of the opposite here, you need blood for them to not work.”
Sam and Dean looked at each of before they both nodded stiffly.

“Fine, but if we find out you used it for anything else-”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. You’ll fry my ass in holy oil,” Gabriel said, brushing the threat aside with a
wave of his hand. He snapped in front of Dean and gave him a charming smile.
“You say the sexist things,” he purred. Dean rolled his eyes and offered his arm.

“Shut up, just do what you have to do.”

“Then I’m going to need you to tilt your head, I need arterial blood.”

“Oh hell no,” Dean said, stepping back. Sam was glaring holes in the side of Gabriel’s head but the Archangel ignored it for now.

“Come on kid, I don’t want to put a long slash across that perfect jawline. It’ll just be a little prick. Think of it like when Mercury stole your blood, it’s gunna be just like that. Now tilt.”

“Don’t call me kid,” Dean grumbled but tilted his head. Gabriel flicked his finger in a come-hither movement and a drop of blood appeared under Dean’s chin. Gabriel whipped out a bright red handkerchief and handed it to Dean.

“Dean, I’m older than the stars. Everyone is a kid compared to me.” He stood there for a second and allowed that idea to sink in before he continued on to Sam. He looked over the tall hunter and could admit to himself that he looked good; a year in Texas has tanned his skin even more and his hair was longer than ever. Gabriel ached to kiss him, everything in him was calling to the younger Winchester. He stood in front of the hunter and looked into his eyes for the first time. What his saw shook the lovesick thoughts straight out of his head.

Sam was glowering at him, his eyes burning with what could only be hatred. But . . . that wasn’t right. His and Sam relationship wasn’t that bad, was it? Sure, he had left for a year, but nothing bad had happened, he’d been taking care of the world. Why was Sam looking at him with so much anger? It made no sense. His brow furrowed as he looked at the tall man. Maybe once they were inside he could find out more.

“Tilt you’re head a little, Sammy,” he said softly, lifting his hand.

“Don’t call me Sammy,” Sam hissed through clenched teeth. Gabriel looked at him quizzically but didn’t say anything. That was really odd, Sam had always allowed him to call him Sammy. Why change now? Had Gabriel’s disappearance really been that impactful? He mentally shook his head and flicked his finger. A drop of blood gathered just under Sam’s chin and Gabriel stepped back.

“Thanks Sammich,” he said sending the hunter a wink. He walked over to a supposedly bare stretch of ground and paused.

“Now hold onto your underwear, boys.” Gabriel brought two small vials of blood out of his pocket and held them in the air. He let go; the tops taking themselves off as they continued to hang in the air. The angel spoke in Enochian, waving his hand over the sand. A low groan echoed in the still air. The ground below Gabriel’s hand was shifting and growing. It solidified into a pyramid about three feet by two feet.

“Let’s plug you two in.” the Archangel muttered a couple more words in Enochian; the tip of the pyramid split open to reveal a small hole. Eyes glowing slightly, he gestured, and the vials of blood poured themselves into the pyramid. He spoke once more and the hole closed before the pyramid sank back down, becoming sand once more.

“Okay,” Gabriel announced, grinning, clapping his hands together, “Let’s go eat.”

The Winchesters followed him easily toward the door now. He pulled his key out and opened it, throwing the door open and dramatically waving the boys in. Instantly Oreo came barreling out from a hallway and toward Gabriel, her tail wagging intensely as her yips filled the air. Gabriel bent down
and petted her for a second before standing back up, a soft smile on his face. He looked around for his family and scoffed when he didn’t see any of them. Of course. Meanwhile, the dog started to sniff around the new people, her tail wagging incessantly.

Sam looked down at the dog, his face a mixture of suspicion and longing. He looked back at Gabriel as Dean walked in and started to look around, his posture tense.

“Making your illusions look like dogs now? What’s that supposed to do?” Sam asked scornfully. Gabriel tilted his head.

“Nothing,” he said slowly, wondering why Sam was so fucking suspicious, “she’s just a normal Jack Russell Terrier.” Sam looked at him with narrowed eyes, as if he didn’t believe it. Finally, he looked back at the dog, who was sitting patiently at his feet.

Sam slowly bent down and offered his hand for the dog to smell, his other hand sitting on the knife in his boot. Gabriel frowned. If Sam decided to stab his dog, he and the hunter would have words. What had happened to the gentle giant he had fallen… had known?

Oreo took a sniff of the larger man’s hand before starting to lick him. Sam smiled and dropped his hand from his boot, using it to rub the little dog down, a dimpled grin spreading across his face. It was so heartbreakingly beautiful that Gabriel had to lean against the wall. Oreo rolled over and bared her belly to the hunter. Sam laughed and started to rub it. He talked to her and it was so domestic that just for a second, Gabriel could imagine that Sam was coming home from a long hunt, greeting their dog, before he would sweep the Archangel into his arms and kiss him until he couldn’t breathe. He blinked and shook his head. No use dreaming about things, from the look of things, were nowhere near as likely as he once hoped. He sighed before straightening with a smirk,

“To think, it’s almost like you came here just for the dog.” Sam looked up, a light blush coloring his cheeks from being caught, but the embarrassed expression disappeared in what was becoming a trademark scowl. He gave Gabriel a bitchface but didn’t say anything else. Meanwhile Dean had been looking around the first floor and now came back to stand by them. He looked down at Oreo and a very small smile crossed his face.

“Cute dog, what’s her name?” he asked, trying to pretend he didn’t care but Gabriel saw through it. He smirked but decided not to tease the hunter too much.

“Oreo,” Gabriel said casually. Both hunters raised their eyebrows before Dean started to laugh. Gabriel couldn’t help but smile in return. It was nice that he had actually made one of them laugh, now if only he could get Sam to laugh then his day would be complete.

“What?” he asked. Dean shook his head.

“Of course you would name your dog after a cookie.” Gabriel grinned.

“Hey, it’s a very good cookie. And I think it fits, doesn’t it Oreo?” he teased, turning toward the dog. Oreo turned toward her master and sprinted at him, yipping. Gabriel laughed and picked her up, letting her lick his face. He turned back to the boys with a grin, but stopped when he saw the brunette’s face; it had soured and his strangely colored eyes had hardened.

“You said that you would explain,” Sam said, his voice hard. Gabriel stopped and his face dropped back into his indifferent mask. He sighed and put the little dog down, giving her a pat toward her part of the house. She scampered off and he turned back toward the Winchesters.

“Yeah, I thought you said Kevin was here?” Dean demanded, his arms crossed. Gabriel rolled his
eyes before closing them, quickly searching the house. No one was where they were supposed to be, instead they were locked in their rooms. Fond irritation spiked through the Trickster-Archangel, but he didn’t let it show. Gabriel opened his eyes again, only a second having passed, and looked at the Winchesters with a blank expression.

“He is, he’s just in his room. I’ll get him in a minute, let’s just get you two into the kitchen.” The brothers exchanged looks before Dean waved ahead of him, implying Gabriel should go first. The Trickster nodded and lead them past the statue and toward the kitchen. Sam paused and looked around the room, staring up at the statue and trying to see the second floor. His face showed shocked and disbelief.

“I never knew you were a . . . modern art fan,” he said disdainfully, glaring at the statue. Gabriel turned around and suppressed a flinch at Sam’s face. He looked at the sculpture and ignored the Winchesters for a second, thrown back to that little studio in Renaissance Italy. The statue had taken a long time to make, even with its more modern elements. Of course, Mike won the bet but he had called Gabriel’s statue ‘visionary’. It always made the angel smile. He shook himself and looked back at Sam.

“I wouldn’t call it modern, I made it early 1500, though I did take a couple modern elements.” Sam was looking at him like he was a bug he’d just stepped on. It was disheartening. And confusing.

“You made this?” Sam asked mockingly and Gabriel tilted his head in confusion. Sam was never mean. He looked up at the statue again, intent on ignoring the younger Winchester’s strange behavior.

“Yup,” he said popping the p, “With my own two hands, took like, three, four years.” Dean was now looking at him in shock. Sam though, Sam’s eyes had narrowed and he crossed his arms in a manner that said he didn’t believe Gabriel for one second. The Trickster-Archangel smirked and said,

“After a night of drinking I bet Michelangelo I could make a better statue than him. That’s how The David happened. This one was mine.” He walked over to the large statue and put a hand against the man’s ankle, smiling fondly at it. Sam scoffed and looked passed the sculpture and up the stairs suspiciously. Dean rolled his eyes as well and tapped his foot impatient.

“Well this is fascinating and all,” he said, sarcasm dripping from his voice, “but we didn’t come here for a history lesson.”

Gabriel scoffed and said in an innocent voice, “Well Dean, you should have said something. I was about to dive into my famous speech about Victorian architecture. I had our whole night planned out,” Dean clenched his jaw and glared at the Archangel. Sam was simply ignoring him, still looking around suspiciously.

“Either take us to Kevin, or take us back.” Dean growled. Gabriel pouted.

“You’re no fun,” he said but turned on his heel and marched into the kitchen, the Winchesters close behind him. He entered the kitchen and saw that the food was completely untouched. Rolling his eyes, he waved the Winchesters in before saying,

“Go ahead and sit yourselves. I’ll be back in a minute with the rest of the gang.” He turned to go but Sam’s hand snapped out and wrapped around his wrist. Gabriel looked up at the brunette, an eyebrow quirked in question.

“Who are these other people you keep talking about? Pagans? Are you letting pagans around
Kevin!?” Gabriel jerked his wrist out of Sam’s grip and glared at the taller man.

“Do you take me for a complete idiot? Of course, I’m not letting other Pagans into my personal home, let alone let them live here.” He scoffed and walked toward the door before glancing backwards at Sam and Dean.

“The other people here are those under my protection. It’s Kevin’s mom, Meg, and Meg’s girlfriend Susie. I want you boys to be nice or no supper.” A smirked played across his face as he wagged his finger at them, but his eyes were cold. The guys didn’t move or make any motion that they were going to agree to Gabriel’s conditions. The Trickster decided to ignore them. He walked out of the room and toward the stairs. As his foot hit the first step he popped into Kevin’s room, making the Prophet jump two feet in the air.

The dark-haired boy looked up sheepishly, the Tablet in his hands. Gabriel looked around and saw that Linda was nowhere in sight, even though he knew she was in her room. He grumbled to himself about her keeping a closer eye on Kevin but he couldn’t really blame her.

“And just what do you think you’re doing?” he asked, leaning against Kevin’s desk, looking down at him in disapproval. Kevin blushed and fidgeted.

“Didn’t I tell you, Tablet time ends when supper begins or I leave?” The Archangel asked, crossing his arms and acting like a disapproving parent. Kevin blushed even more and put the rock down.

“Yes, but-,” he tried but Gabriel interrupted him, his eyes softening a little.

“No buts Kevin. I’m not allowing you to run yourself ragged. Understand?” The boy nodded, his head bowed in embarrassment. Gabriel’s face softened and he ran a comforting hand through Kevin’s hair. The boy closed his eyes and leaned into the hand, knowing it was mostly forgiven.

“Good, now put that thing away and let’s go eat.” Kevin nodded and pulled reluctantly away from Gabriel’s hand. He took out his key, opening the safe and put the Tablet with the other one. He locked the safe back up and stood up, smoothing down his short hair and straightening his shirt. Gabriel chuckled.

“You look fine kid, it’s not like you’re going to prom.” Kevin nodded rolling his eyes at both himself and the angel, and followed Gabriel out. The Archangel paused at the hallway intercom and spoke into it.

“Yo girls, it’s time to stop hiding now. Meet me on the main landing. We’ll go say hi, it’ll be fine.” There was silence but Gabriel could almost feel the embarrassment coming off the girls.

“Did you all eat while I was gone?” Gabriel asked as they continued walking toward the main landing.

“Kind of, we all got a snack but we kind of wanted to eat with you,” Kevin shrugged and wouldn’t meet Gabriel’s golden eyes. The Trickster smiled.

“Well, once all the introductions are done we can do that. Are you hungry?” Kevin nodded his head shyly, rubbing at the back of his head. Gabriel nodded, his eyes unfocused as he listened to the Winchesters downstairs search the kitchen.

“Okay, why wasn’t your mom with you anyway? I thought she was watching you,” Gabriel asked as they stopped by his door. Gabriel heard Meg and Susie start to slowly make their way out of their room, talking in low voices. Linda, from her pacing, seeming to be trying to decide if she should stay in her room just to spite Gabriel or come out so they could face the Winchesters as a united force.
Gabriel smirked a little.

“I may have kind of told her I was playing video games,” Kevin said, rubbing at the back of his head again. Gabriel looked at the nervous teen before rolling his eyes.

“You need to learn to lie better kid. I can’t believe your mom actually bought that.” Kevin ducked his head, but he was grinning.

“I must be a better liar than you think,” he teased back. Gabriel leaned against the wall and crossed his arms. He grinned at his charge.

“That’s my boy, I’ll turn you into a Trickster yet.” Kevin’s grin brightened and he stopped hunching in on himself. As he straightened though, he flinched. Gabriel stepped forward, concern suddenly splashed across his face.

“Are you okay?” He reached out hesitantly.

“Yeah,” Kevin said, shaking his head and standing tall, though it looked like he was trying not to show he was in pain, “just my shoulders hurt.”

“Probably from being hunched over that rock,” Gabriel quipped but was still looking Kevin over.

“Do you want me to heal that up for you?” he asked, wiggling his fingers at Kevin just as the girls finally made their appearance, Linda among them.

“No, no. It’s fine.” Gabriel frowned and stepped closer to Kevin. He looked into the boy’s eyes for a moment, searching.

“How about this,” he said in a low voice so only he and Kevin could hear, “After this is over, I’ll give you a massage. It’ll help with the physical pain from work as well as the Tablet pain. We can all relax after this. All five of us.” Kevin gave Gabriel a very small smile and nodded. It seemed the Archangel had read more into the situation and seen Kevin’s true intentions. Gabriel grinned and stepped back, turning to face the girls.

“Alright everyone, are we ready to face the music?” The girls exchanged looks. Gabriel could tell Meg and Linda were irritated while Susie looked nervous.

“Remember, anything makes you uncomfortable you tell me immediately. Alright, no secrets remember?” he reminded them gently. Susie seemed to relax a little at that statement and she nodded.

“We’re ready,” Linda said.

“As we’ll ever be anyway,” Meg added. Gabriel smiled encouragingly as they all made their way down the stairs. Right before they entered they kitchen Gabriel stopped and looked them all over.

“I want you guys to try and keep in mind that sometimes they’re as dense as that door. They sometimes don’t realize how their actions affect other people.” Gabriel gave Kevin a look. The Asian boy nodded but his shoulders were still hunched a little. The Trickster squeezed his shoulder and sent a jolt of calming energy at the kid; his soul was twisting in anxiety. Kevin let out a breath and his whole body relaxed.

“Thanks Gabe.” The Archangel nodded and glanced at the others. They nodded as well. Gabriel took a deep breath and smoothed out his features before turning and walking into the kitchen. The boys were standing near the table. Both were eyeing the food suspiciously but it hadn’t been touched. Gabriel rolled his eyes and his whole demeanor changed. The slightly protective parent was
gone and in its place, the Trickster. Gabriel leaned against the wall with his signature smirk in place, legs crossed at the ankle and a lollypop in one hand. He watched as the boys turned to look at them and stuck the candy in his mouth.

“Gentleman,” he purred, “may I introduce you to the new and improved: Kevin Tran.” He waved his arm like a hostess on a game show toward Kevin, who smiled and gave both men a little wave. The girls hung back just a little.

“Hey guys,” Kevin said, still a little nervous. Dean grinned and stepped forward, but Sam’s arm flung out, stopping his brother. Dean glanced at him with raised eyebrows.

“How do we know that’s actually Kevin?” he asked, eyeing Kevin and the girls. The black-haired boy rolled his eyes and glared at them, crossing his arms. Meg and Linda did the exact same thing almost at the same time as Kevin, but their glares were much scarier. Dean shifted beside Sam, looking away from the glares.

“Really?” Meg asked in irritation. Gabriel was watching Sam expressionlessly. This was very . . . strange. He pushed off the wall and looked over Sam. He scanned his eyes down the tall hunter, searching for anything unusual, but found nothing. Okay . . . so he was just being pissy. Fine. Gabriel would play by their rules, for now. He turned toward his family with a big grin and threw his arms out.

Alright everyone, even though I know you are all perfectly yourselves, these two don’t,” he threw a thumb back at the boys behind them, “so, to play nice, we’ll do the tests. I mean it’s not like I can’t heal you all up.” The girls looked at him, a little gobsmacked. Kevin just sighed and rolled up his sleeve, hand out.

“Knife,” he ordered. Gabriel grinned proudly at Kevin and spun around to look at the boys. Sam grimly pulled out a silver knife from his jacket while Dean pulled out a flask and a squeezy bottle. He handed them both to Sam, who took them without looking away from the group. He passed the knife to Kevin, who took it. He looked at it in his hand and Gabriel stepped forward, placing his hand gently on Kevin’s shoulder.

“As soon as it’s done, I’ll heal it,” he whispered to the Prophet. Kevin nodded and swallowed down his fear. Holding the knife tightly he dragged it across the back of his arm. Nothing happened other than Kevin bled. The young man looked back up and Sam and Dean and glared.

“Happy?” he spat. Sam just clenched his jaw. “We still have to do the other tests,” he said. Kevin rolled his eyes before passing the knife to his mother while giving Gabriel a look. Gabriel touched his arm and instantly the cut was healed, gone.

“Sorry I can’t do it the usual way Kev,” he said, stepping back. The Asian boy rubbed at his arm, twisting it this way and that while shrugging.

“I understand.” Sam narrowed his eyes at them but chose to ignore the strange conversation, instead he suddenly splashed Kevin with both bottles. Kevin spluttered and wiped at his face.

“Dude!” he yelled, “You almost got that in my eye! Are you trying to fucking blind me?” Sam looked a little sheepish while Dean stomped on his foot.

“Well, now we know Kevin is good. Let’s make sure everyone else checks out.” The girls sighed but conceded. Everything was okay until they got to the last two. It was only Gabriel and Meg now. The Archangel grabbed the knife and slid it across his arm. Grace bloomed out of the wound and Gabriel gave them a bored look. Sam just raised the bottles and Gabriel bared his teeth, crossing his
arms and giving them a look.

“Right, because suddenly Leviathans can imitate Grace. Oh! So can demons! Dad, how did any
monsters survive this long with brains like those?” Both boys scowled at him. Dean did though put
his hand on Sam’s and lowered the bottles.

“He’s right Sam. I’ve never seen anything able to copy grace before.” Sam shook off his brother but
ignored Gabriel, instead turned toward Meg. The demon rolled her eyes and grabbed the knife from
Gabriel. She raised it to slit her own throat, but Susie caught her wrist.

“Meg,” she warned, “don’t be gross.” The demon grumbled under her breath but stuck out her arm
and cut across it.

“Are we done now?” she asked in irritation as the wound sealed itself. Sam made to squirt the bottles
at her when Meg jumped back, growling.

“Aw hell no Winchester!” Sam narrowed his eyes and stepped forward.

“Why?”

“Because you idiot, I’m a demon! Plus, this,” she twirled her finger around her perfectly made up
face, “took like an hour and a half. You are so not ruining my makeup by splashing me with holy
water. Also, I’d really like not to be drowned thank you very much.” Susie sighed and rolled her
eyes, offering her hand.

“Give me the bottles. I’ll do it.” Sam narrowed his eyes even more before slowing handing the
bottles over. Meg look at Susie with a small pleading look.

“Suse,” she said. Susie grabbed her hand.

“Meg, honey, stopping being a baby.” Meg snatched her hand back.

“Fine, but not on the hand,” she wiggled her fingers at Susie, “I just got a manicure yesterday.” Susie
laughed and rolled her eyes. Gently, she grabbed Meg’s wrist and pushed the sleeve up.

“Meg, I love you. But you are almost as much of a hedonist as Gabriel.” Meg laughed but it quickly
turned into a strangled scream of pain as Susie carefully tried to let a couple dropped of holy water
drop onto her arm, but unfortunately a lot more came out. The skin hissed and Meg tried to jerk her
arm away. Susie held fast and quickly squirted some borax on another part of her arm. Nothing
happened.

“There’s your tests,” Susie said, aggressively throwing the materials back at Sam and Dean, almost
hitting them in the head, before she wrapped an arm around Meg. Gabriel stepped up to the couple
and put a hand on Meg’s back.

“Let me see it honey,” he said gently. Meg silently offered her arm, her face still twisted up in pain.
Gabriel took her wrist and pushed her sleeve back up, looking over the shiny skin with a critical eye.

“You’re already healing. It should be good by desert.” He locked eyes with the demon and gave her
a gently smile, “If there’s still nerve damage after that, I’ll take care of it.” He cupped her cheek,
completely ignoring the Winchesters.

“You going to be okay sweetheart?” Meg nodded and straightened, making sure her sleeve didn’t
touch her burned skin. Both of their masks feel back into place and they turned back to the
Winchesters.
“Now that you’re done torturing my housemates,” Gabriel said clapping his hand together, “shall we eat?” Sam and Dean exchanged looks as they put their stuff away before Dean shrugged. Gabriel nodded and looked over the table. He snapped his fingers and the table grew to accommodate two extra people and had a plate set at every seat.

“Linda, Darling,” he purred looking at the elder Tran, “would you be a dear and help Susie with the food?” Linda nodded, and she and Susie made their way over to the food filled dishes on the countertops. While the two women started to bring food over, the rest of the flock sat down. Meg took her customary seat at Gabriel’s right, still being careful of her arm, while Kevin sat down at his usual spot in the middle on Gabriel’s left.

“Today’s meal theme is, drum roll please,” Kevin grinned and drummed his hands against the table top, “Southern BBQ!” Gabriel announced as Linda put down a pan of cornbread and Susie placed a bowl of coleslaw near Kevin. The Prophet licked his lips and reached for the spoon. He grabbed his plate and spooned out a large helping of the mixture. Gabriel smiled and looked up, seeing Sam and Dean were still standing.

“You two can sit down, you know?” he said, smirking a little. Awkwardly, as Linda and Susie danced around them to bring food to the table, the boys sat at the far end of the table. Dean elected to sit down next to Kevin while Sam sat stiffly at the other end, his eyes locked on Gabriel. The Archangel ignored him and instead elected to help the girls. Soon enough the food was all put on the table, or as much as would fit, and the flock started to eat. The boys watched them suspiciously, not touching their food. Gabriel raised his eyebrows at them as he bit into a piece of cornbread.

“You don’t need to ask permission, though I think that’s sweet,” he purred causing the boys to tense, “go ahead and eat.” Dean swallowed, his eyes locked on the plate of steaming ribs before they glanced around at everyone enjoying the food. He seemed conflicted.

“It’s not poisoned, boys,” Meg said, rolling her eyes at the Winchesters. Dean glanced at her before he finally started to serve himself. Sam was silent, his eyes narrowed, as he watched his brother start to eat. The younger Winchester was tense, as if waiting for them all to keel over and die. Gabriel narrowed his eyes at the Winchester, confused. Why was Sam acting like this? Could it be because of Sam’s previous experience with him? The lightbulb went off.

That must be it. The world wasn’t ending at the moment so there was no reason to trust Gabriel. And besides, Sam hadn’t had the best time with him in these kind of situations. Gabriel rolled his eyes at his own stupidity and couldn’t help the self-deprecating chuckle.

Sam’s eyes swiveled from where they had been locked on his brother. He glared at the Archangel. “What?” he snapped, causing everyone to pause in their eating.

Gabriel shook his head and gestured. Beer bottles appeared in front of the hunters, and everyone else had their favorite beverages. He raised his wine glass and watched Sam over the rim. Just because he loved the guy did not mean he would refrain from letting him stew a little.

Dean looked at the beer hesitantly. The older hunter reached for it but Sam’s hand around his wrist stopped him. Dean looked from his brother to the Archangel before grumbling under his breath and continuing to eat.

“It’s nothing really,” Gabriel finally said, wiping at his mouth, “I was just remembering a dinner quite like this one a few centuries ago.” Meg glanced at him, her eyes narrowed. He had trained her too well, she’s spotted his lie. They shared a quick glance, Gabriel’s eyes flashing in warning. The demon rolled her eyes and went back to buttering her cornbread. Meanwhile the others of the flock were looking at Gabriel with interest. They always loved his stories. Gabriel grinned at them all and
leaned back in his chair, hands linked across his stomach.

“It was 1522,” he started to weave the tale, “there was a pagan gathering in Russia. Devana was there along with Plutus, Aganjú, the Ibeji, Ursula, Artemis, and Hera, along with a couple other gods. Now why the fuck Hera was there, I have no idea. But boy did her presence, combined with everyone else, ratchet the tension up in the room.” Gabriel took another gulp of wine. He grinned.

“I don’t even remember why the hell we were there, something to do with the Christians most likely.” He waved his hand as if to brush the thought off. “Anyway, we were sitting like this, everyone tense, trying to eat while also glaring at everyone else.” Gabriel chuckled and his grin turned very Trickster-esque.

“It was kind of wonderful, all that potential chaos, just begging for a linchpin,” he sent the table a wink, “and I was that linchpin.” He laughed, thinking about that dinner.

“It was so simple, just a few pseudo-innocent questions and boom!” he clapped his hand suddenly, “they were at each other’s throats quicker than you could blink.”

“What did you do?” Susie asked with interest, leaning forward even as she continued to eat. Gabriel grinned.

“Well I’ll tell you. You see Artemis, Devana, and Ursula all have very similar titles. Devana is the Slavic goddess of hunting and forests, while Ursula is goddess of the moon in their religion. All I asked was, who got the powers of the prayers. Boy did those girls go at it after that. Artemis didn’t take too kindly to the others stepping on her territory while the Slavic girls argued that since they were older they should get the prayers, even though they came to being around the same time, but that was beside the point.” Gabriel giggled at that, too lost in the story to notice how Sam and Dean had stopped eating and were staring at him.

“For Plutus and the African gods it only took one word. Pompeii. Plutus blamed Aganjú, being as he’s a god of volcanoes, and the Ibeji twins jumped to their friend’s defense. Man, it was wonderful,” Gabriel sighed and licked his lips. There was a pause where everyone waited to see what he would say next. The Trickster blinked and seemed to come back to himself.

“The thing you kids need to remember about pagan gods, is that we get all hot and bothered when we fight. It really gets our engines going. We also feed off each other’s energies. So, this meeting had turned into a powder keg, just waiting for the spark.” Gabriel shook his head and couldn’t help the shiver that went down his spine as he remembered.

“It was actually Aganjú and the Ibeji that did it. They decided that the best way to finish their argument was to fuck it out. Now Plutus is not a sex god, he worried too much that his bed partners will steal his stuff to have a good time. When he saw Aganjú looking at him in that way, he bounced. But then Aganjú was still looking from someone to . . . release the tension with and he targeted me. I mean I was the one who started it all, so why not finish it.” Blood was high on Gabriel’s cheeks, but he shook his head, completely in control.

“Having sex with a volcano god is,” he shivered again, “. . . an experience. I think we almost reactivated one of Russia’s super volcanoes.” The whole table, not counting Sam and Dean, bust out laughing. Meg shoved him hard, still chuckling.

“What did we say,” she teased, “no sex stories during dinner.” Gabriel shook his head and the tension in the room dissipated, mostly.

“Sorry, sorry,” he said holding up his hands, “but Sammy did ask.” He waved at the Winchester, still
grinning. Sam’s face was stony while Dean was looking uncomfortable.

Linda cleared her throat, causing everyone look at her. “Shall we move to lighter topics?”

Gabriel nodded and looked at Kevin. “So, Kev, how about you update the Winchesters on what you’ve been up to?” Kevin nodded and seemed to think for a minute.

“Well,” he said slowly, taking a sip of the cola Gabriel had given him, “I’ve been here since Gabe rescued me and my mom from the Leviathans.” He shot a glare at the boys, Susie kicked him under the table. Kevin looking away and poked at his food.

“I’ve translated the entire Leviathan Tablet. Otherwise, it’s been school… mostly…” He looked at Gabriel, silently asking if he should mention the demon Tablet.

Gabriel grinned and took over. “I’ve kept him on a very tight schedule, making sure he eats and sleeps and doesn’t take this Tablet stuff to seriously. He’s still in school and will graduate at the end of the month, isn’t that nice?” He grinned at the boys and was surprised to see both of them were actually smiling.

“That’s great Kevin, I’m so glad you’re okay,” Sam said, flashing his dimpled smile. Gabriel felt a little lighter but then he noticed the Prophet’s face. It was dark as he looked away from the boys.

“Yeah, no thanks to you,” Kevin muttered and both boys flinched. Gabriel cleared his throat significantly and Kevin turned to look at him, glaring defiantly.

“Kevin,” he said warningly, but the Prophet ignored him.

“It’s true!” he yelled, standing up and glaring from the Archangel to Sam, “Dean has a fucking excuse, but Sam was just fine! He was just fine, and we hear nothing from him. I could have been dead! Or in Crowley’s claws for all he knew!”

“Kevin,” Gabriel and Linda snapped together, “that is enough.” Kevin sat down hard and crossed his arms, glaring down at his plate.

“Kevin William Tran,” Linda said sternly, “you apologize right now.” Kevin glanced at his mother and then the Winchesters.

“Sorry,” he muttered venomously.

“No, it’s okay Kevin. I did kind of drop the ball this last year. I should have at least called to make sure you were okay. I’m sorry,” Sam said seriously. Kevin looked up at him and nodded tightly.

Gabriel sighed and covered his eyes for a second before standing up. He walked over to the Prophet and put a hand on his shoulder. “Come help me with the pies,” he suggested. He cleared the table with a snap, steering Kevin into the kitchen with his other hand. Once out of earshot, he continued, “Kevin, I know you’re angry. Hell, I’m angry too.”

Kevin snorted. “Then why did you tell me to shut up? Sam deserves a chewing out! Though it would have been a pale comparison to the just dessert I would’ve given him, but at least it would have been a start.” Gabriel sighed and smiled, running a hand through his hair.

“Trust me kid, I know. You don’t know how hard it is not putting a whoopee cushion or something on his chair. Maybe even a couple buzzers.” Kevin glanced over at him and finally cracked a smile.

“I could help with that,” he offered, and Gabriel smiled as well.
"Nah kid, I’m trying to get them to trust me again, not piss them off even more. We’ll leave that for their second visit.” Kevin gave Gabriel a real grin. Gabriel walked over to him and this time Kevin allowed the touch. The Trickster ruffled Kevin hair and pulled him into a quick, one-armed hug.

"Now grab the pies and let’s go sit in the living room.” Kevin nodded and headed for the fridge. Gabriel started walking back to the table before turning around and speaking in a normal voice,

“But don’t you dare touch that Tablet any more tonight or I swear I’ll take it away for a month.”

“But-,” Kevin tried to protest, just for the hell of it, but Gabriel overrode him,

“Kevin, just because I can’t get into that safe doesn’t mean I can’t send it to an alternate reality where it’s the God of some alien goat people.” Dean snorted behind him and then started to cough but Gabriel ignored him, staring the Prophet down. Kevin, as well as the rest of the flock, burst out laughing and Gabriel soon joined.

“Yeah, yeah, old man,” Kevin brushed him off, turning back to the pies he was pulling out. Gabriel grinned and turned back around. He sat back down at the table as Linda stood up to go help her son.

“So wait,” Dean said after a second, “Kevin said he finished the Leviathan Tablet, but you’re talking like there’s another one. What did we miss?” Sam’s face had turned confused as well. Gabriel smiled a little.

“So much Dean-o, so very much. I’ll explain everything in just a minute. Let’s just get these pies cut and then we’ll have coffee and dessert.” Sam’s eyes narrowed but he nodded. Dean huffed and crossed his arms, leaning back.

“Fine,” he muttered. Gabriel smirked and the rest of the flock got up, helping the Trans cut up all the different pies and arguing good-naturedly. Gabriel snapped and the coffee pot was suddenly full. The flock dived for it.

“Jesus!” He exclaimed, flying himself over toward the fridge to get out of the way of the mob.

“You’re all like a pack of locusts!”

Meg grinned and threw over her shoulder, “More like wolves, Golden Eye.”

Gabriel chuckled and opened the fridge, pulling out the whipped creamed he’d made earlier. He snagged a plate with a large slice of chocolate cream pie and started to pile it high was whipped cream.

“Yo, boys! How do you like your coffee?” Meg called, looking over the Winchesters who were still seated at the table. Dean opened his mouth to speak, but Sam grabbed his brother’s arm, eyes locked back on Gabriel.

“No thanks you, we’re just fine,” he said in a sharp voice. Everyone paused and looked at the younger Winchester with a confused expression before, almost as one, looking to Gabriel. The Archangel’s head was tilted very slightly, much like Cas did, and his eyes were narrowed even as he smirked.

“Alright Samsquatch, whatever you want. I’m not going to force you,” he said shrugging. The others exchanged looks before going back to fighting over the coffee. Gabriel swept over to the boys, the towering slice of pie perfectly balanced on his palm above his head like a waitress. Kevin passed behind him and headed into the living room, a plate with a slice of lemon meringue pie clutched in his hands.
“Shall we boys?” the Trickster asked, an eyebrow raised. Dean stood up, giving his brother a scathing look, and followed Gabriel out into the living room, completely ignoring the pies laid out on the countertop. The Archangel swept in and put his pate on the coffee table before almost floating over to the bar.

“So,” he said as the Winchesters, walked in, along with the rest of the flock, “since you don’t want coffee, can I entice you with something stronger?” he waved an unopened bottle of Pappy Van Winkle at them. Dean’s eyes widened and he was across the room and grabbing the bottle before you could blink.

“You’ve actually got a bottle of Van Winkle 12-Year?” he breathed incredulously. Gabriel smirked and put two glasses down in front of the hunter and held up a pocket knife.

“Why don’t we see how good this bottle tastes, Dean-o?” Dean looked at the knife before grabbing it from Gabriel’s hand and opening the bottle. Gabriel grinned, glad he was getting on Dean’s good side.

“What about you Sammich?” he called over Dean’s shoulder, “Do you want a drink?”

“Gabe’s a great bartender,” Susie said, sending Sam a shy but sincere smile, “so if you want, like, a mixed drink or something he can do that.” Sam clenched his jaw and shook his head, leaned against the wall, and looked them all over with sharp, narrowed eyes.

“Suit yourself,” Gabriel shrugged and took Dean’s offered glass. They took a sip and matching groans came from both men.

“Woah,” Dean said looking down at his glass.

“Yeah,” Gabriel breathed, taking another sip.

“Golden Eye, how about some sweet poison over here?” Meg called, taking a sip of her small cup of coffee. Gabriel grinned and put his glass down.

“Sure thing, Doll Face,” he sent a wink her way before looking to Susie.

“Hey, babycakes!” Susie looked over her shoulder at him, her mouth filled with pie.

“Hm?” she hummed, a blushed colored her cheeks as Kevin chuckled beside her. Gabriel had to hold in his laughter, but he couldn’t stop the smirk on his face.

“Get that cute butt over here, you’re drink training continues.” Susie swallowed and grinned, jumping to her feet and almost bouncing over to him. As Gabriel started to show Susie how to make a drink called ‘God of Mischief’, Dean sauntered back over to his brother, taking another sip of his bourbon.

“You okay?” he muttered to Sam. The brown-haired man hadn’t looked away from Gabriel even as he walked Susie carefully through the steps of mixing the drink. He shrugged.

“I don’t trust this,” he said, barely opening his lips to speak. Dean looked at his brother and then back at the room at large. Kevin was laughing at something Meg was saying while snagging a bite of her blackberry pie from its plate. Linda was grinning while talking to Gabriel and Susie over the back of the couch. The blonde was joking even as she shook the shake like a pro, Gabriel watching like a hawk even as he spoke to Linda.

“I don’t know man, everything seems pretty good if you ask me.” Sam’s shoulders tensed and his
eyes darkened.

“Doesn’t it seem a little . . . too perfect?” he asked, “I mean we are talking about the Trickster here. I’m just waiting for the other shoe to drop.” Neither hunter seemed to sense how Meg had tensed or the significant look Gabriel shot them.

“Alright, baby, go sit back down, this taste great.” Susie giggled as Gabriel slapped her on the butt, swatting good naturedly at the Archangel. Gabriel grinned and swept up the two drinks. He ran passed her and jumped over the back of the sofa, landing with a thump between Kevin and Meg, somehow not spilling a drop of his drinks. Kevin pushed against Gabriel but was smiling.

“You almost dumped my coffee on me, asshole!” Gabriel just smirked. Kevin huffed and went to sit on the perpendicular part of the couch, on the other side of his mom. Susie squeezed in between Meg and Gabriel while the Archangel handed the demon her drink.

“Come on boys, that wall looks mighty uncomfortable,” Gabriel said and then grinned at Kevin.

“Kev, move your butt back over here and let Sam and Dean sit back down.” Kevin glared at Gabriel before standing up, his phone and fork falling to the floor.

“Shit,” he cursed under his breath, dropping to the floor and scooping them up. He sat on Meg’s other side, sticking his tongue out at Gabriel, who pouted at him before giving Linda a seductive look, though the eyebrow wiggled made in more ridiculous than anything else.

“Scoot on over here, little lady,” he wiggled his fingers at her. Linda rolled her eyes and scooted over to Gabriel’s side, leaning against his shoulder as he wrapped his arm around her, and allowing the side couch to be completely free. Sam and Dean walked over and sat down at the same time only to have the sound of twin loud farts to permeate the air. The entire room froze.

Suddenly Gabriel and Kevin burst out laughing. Meg was snorting while Susie was helplessly giggling, trying to cover it up with her hand.

“Gabriel!” Sam snarled, ripping the whoopee cushion from under the couch cushion. Gabriel had to put his drink down because he was laughing to hard. Kevin had tears rolling down his face as he pointed at the boys.

“Y-y-your faces,” Susie gasped, still laughing, “oh my, I can’t, that was too perfect.” Both boys now had bitch faces and were glaring at the Archangel. Finally, after another minute, Gabriel got a hold of himself. He wiped at the tears and took a deep breath.

“Oh man, that was good.”

“You fucking asshole,” Sam growled. Gabriel held up his hands.

“Hey, that wasn’t me,” he looked at Kevin who was smirking around the lip of his coffee cup.

“That was absolutely perfect fruitcake, excellent execution, very smooth. I almost didn’t catch it.” Kevin couldn’t hold in his grin anymore.

“Thanks, Gabe.” The boys were looking gobsmacked at Kevin. The boy simple smirked at them, taking another sip of his coffee.

“That was you?” Dean asked, completely shocked. He seemed to be asking himself what happened to the shy boy from a year ago. Kevin smiled at them.
“Think of it as a little payback,” he said, putting an arm behind his head and leaning back against the couch. Gabriel’s eyes sharpened as he looked at the kid closely. Sam, meanwhile, was glaring at Gabriel.

“What the hell did you do to him?” he spat at the blond man. The Archangel’s gaze swiveled to Sam, his brow furrowed.

“I didn’t do anything,” he said slowly, confused, “I took care of him, make sure he actually had some fun. The kid was a wet blanket when you met him, all work and no play makes Kevin a very dull boy.” Suddenly Gabriel snapped and looked around at his flock, the boys both flinched at the sound.

“Which reminds me, Friday movie night, the Shining?” They all nodded eagerly, and Gabriel looked back at the boys.

“If you boys want to come, I can snap you up. We have a theater in the basement.” Dean looked like he was about to say yes but one glance at his brother made him change the subject.

“So, Mr. Mom. You seemed to have a handle on all this?” Dean said looking around making Gabriel shrug. The Archangel took a sip of his drink and looked around at his family.

“Eh, comes naturally. I’ve always been good with kids.” The flock paused, shot glances at the Archangel and sat quietly. Sam snorted decisively.

“You? Good with kids? Right,” he rolled his eyes. Gabriel ignored him and looked over his flock, seeing their interest. He never really went into his time before Loki, but he thought they would like this story.

“I was the one that played with the fledglings a lot back in Heaven, even raised a lot of ‘em,” Gabriel said flippantly and they all stilled at his side, even Sam and Dean were watching him with hesitation. They all knew how the Archangel was about what Heaven was like before the Fall. Even during their year and a half of knowing Gabriel, the flock hadn’t heard many stories. This was new, and could be dangerous.

“I mean,” Gabriel continued, waving the brownie he snapped up around as he talked, “the others did too, Hey-Luci was always the best,” Gabriel shook his head at his slip up and continued before anyone could notice, “He would help teach them how to fly. Always swooping through the air with them in his arms. Mikey taught them acrobatics, he was always the most precise. And Raphie would heal them up if something happened.” He had this wistful smile on his face and his eyes were far away. He took another bite of his brownie.

“When they got older, Mikey would start training them, but I would always make sure they knew you could have fun too. The pranks we pulled on Mikey and Raphie,” he let out a laugh, “man.”

“What did you guys do?” Dean whispered, trying not to break the spell. No one was eating any more, their eyes locked on the angel.

“What did you guys do?” Dean whispered, trying not to break the spell. No one was eating any more, their eyes locked on the angel.

“One-time, Raphie was teaching the handlers, the older angels that would help raise the newer ones; and me and the little ones snuck up behind him and somehow were able to thread ribbons with bells on them into his wings. You should have seen his face when he found out what we were doing and whirled around, jingling all the way. It was perfect.” Gabriel started to laugh and the other joined in.

“The fledglings were rolling around and giggling. There’s nothing like a fledgling’s laughter. It’s like the most beautiful bells you could ever think of. And the feeling you get,” he closed his eyes and took a deep breath in, as if savoring the memory of those laughs, “it’s truly heavenly.” He opened his
eyes and smiled, his eyes softer somehow.

“The best part of the prank was since we attached them on the outside, Raphie couldn’t get them off. He was so grumpy with Michael sitting behind him undoing the bells. But you see,” he winked at them and the flock grinned, “I put a spell on them so the person who took them off, they would attach to them. So, then Mikey had bells all in his wings. Luci almost fell off the clouds when he saw Mikey jingling with every step. It was absolutely perfect.” He was grinning now, and the Winchesters watched as the room seemed to brighten with it.

“I remember even Dad laughed. Mikey was so embarrassed, if he could have blushed he would have been so red.” Gabriel was chortling by now, his mind in times past. Suddenly he grew quiet and they all paused in their own laughter, immediately worried.

“It was one of the few times Dad had actually came out of his workshop since he started working on souls. But, then of course, that was before all the fighting started.” Gabriel suddenly deflating, and the room lost its warmth. He shook his head sadly and took a big gulp of his drink, eyes still unfocused.

“Heaven has changed so much,” Gabriel whispered, almost to himself. The Winchesters exchanged looks. Susie wrapped her fingers tightly around Gabriel’s arm and leaned against his shoulder, trying to bring him any comfort she could. Linda put a hand on Gabriel knee and squeezed, while Meg threaded a hand through the hair at the back of his head; both women trying to bring him out of wherever he went.

“Gabe,” Kevin said kindly, making the Archangel jump, “tell them about how the Leviathan situation is going.” That seemed to get Gabriel out of his funk. He shook his head and looked back at his charge, a small thankful smile on his face. He cleared his throat and looked back at the Winchesters, grabbing his pie and eating a large mouthful of cream.

“Well,” he said after a second, swallowing, “It’s mostly taken care of. I think I’ve gotten rid of most of the Leviathans, almost all of the factories have either been destroyed or cleansed. The main problem now is finishing up with the factories and taking care of the Biggerson’s.”

“So what? The biggest fast food chain compared to McDonalds still has that crap in it?” Sam asked in an annoyed tone. Gabriel froze, another fork-full half way to his mouth. His eyes narrowed dangerously. Everyone froze and looked at Sam. The four residents of the house turning steely gazes on the Winchester.

“What are you saying?” Gabriel asked putting the fork and plate back down on the coffee table and leaning forward to level a glare at Sam.

“I’m saying that it doesn’t seem like I’m the only one who was stinting on their job!” Sam snapped, suddenly on his feet. Kevin, Susie, and Linda gasped while Meg’s eyes flicked black as she glared at Sam.

“What did you say, Winchester?” she growled, about to jump up but Gabriel caught her arm. His face had turned cold, any remnants of the laughing man they’d seen only a moment ago was gone, hidden under harsh lines and hard topaz eyes. Susie and Kevin flinched at the look on the Archangel’s face. The sky outside darkened and Linda gave it a worrying glance. Dean, meanwhile, was looking at his brother in absolutely confusion and shock.

“Wow,” Gabriel said his voice harsh and biting, “I guess your year with that girl did change you after all Sam. Dean and Kevin were right, you turned selfish. I would have never expected that,” Gabriel gave out a hollow laugh that made the flock flinch, “but I guess I was wrong.” He shook his
head and looked back at Sam. He got to his feet as well, his eyes glowing very slightly.

“But you don’t care,” Gabriel said waving a hand, “I mean you didn’t even pray to me or Cas when we disappeared, you didn’t call Kevin to see if he was still alive. You just left the world to be taken over by the Leviathans and then expected everything to be sunshine and rainbows once Dick was gone.” Gabriel scoffed and clenched his jaw against the injustice of Sam’s words. They were so wrong. His own emotions started to peek out at his next words, but he was barely keeping a hand on the storm brewing inside him as it was,

“You found a dog, a job, a house, a nice girl. Your perfect apple pie life while the rest of the world was eaten. Good for you Sam, good for you. Have fun walking back once you’re done,” He sneered at the hunter.

“I mean it’s not like I’ve been working myself ragged since the day Dean disappeared off the map. It’s not like I haven’t been training and protecting three humans and shielding a demon in between all that. It’s not like I’ve had to go up against a force, so formidable Dad himself had to lock them in Purgatory all by myself. It’s not even like I’ve been manning the biggest recall of foodstuffs since ever, and having to impersonate Dick ‘slimier than Pestilence’ Roman during my immense free time. Or trying to tackle a company that has over 32,000 locations. No, of course not. I’m just a lazy Trickster who has a personal vendetta against the Winchesters.” He waved his hand dismissively and laughed coldly. The flock was now looking at him with half terror, half sadness. They could see how those simple words were tearing Gabriel apart, even if he wasn’t showing it. When the Trickster got like this, usually people died. This wasn’t good.

“So eat, be merry,” He continued, a cold smile spreading across his face, “The door is there when you want to leave.” He started to stalk out of the room and Kevin and Meg stood up, but Gabriel waved them away.

“I’m fine,” he growled, moving around the sofa and storming into the kitchen. Meg sent him a looked that said I know you aren’t. Gabriel paused and just looked at her for a long moment. The demon’s eyes roved over the Archangel’s face and she could see the deep set hurt that he couldn’t completely hide. She also knew that if he stayed much longer he would probably hurt someone, so she let him go. Gabriel nodded tightly and swept around the corner.

“Nice going Sam,” Dean said. It was then that the flock turned to Sam with matching expressions of murder.

“What the hell was that!?” Meg screamed, her eyes black. She raised her hand and the Winchesters flew back to slam against the wall.

“Meg!” Linda called but the demon ignored her, stalking toward the boys.

“You accuse him of slacking off when you know nothing!” she yelled, “You have no idea what he’s been doing this past year, none at all. And it’s not because he didn’t inform you, no, it’s because you never even tried.” Meg’s hand clenched and the Winchesters started to choke.

“He gave you time to morn Sam. He waited, we waited, for anything. A phone call, a text, a prayer, something to give us even a hint about what you were doing. But we never heard a word!” Kevin joined in, glaring at the Winchesters, his eyes burning.

“You didn’t look for Dean, at all.” Meg picked up where he left off, “You didn’t try to find Kevin. You didn’t pray, you didn’t try to find us. You didn’t even hunt! You hit a fucking dog and thought, hey! screw the world, leave it to rot. You had nothing holding you back from helping, Sam, nothing at all! And yet you have the nerve to say Gabriel is being lazy. You have the audacity to say he was
stinting on his job when you did nothing!” she screamed. The Winchesters were turning blue. Susie put her hand over Meg’s outstretched one and touched her face, making the demon look at her.

“Meg, baby, let them go. It’s not worth it.” Meg gritted her teeth. Linda slid up behind them and whispered in her ear,

“Let them go, Gabriel will be even more upset if they die. Trust me.” Meg growled deep in her throat and finally her hand relaxed. The Winchesters dropped to the floor, gasping for air as they clutched at their necks.

“Sam,” Kevin said coldly, looking down at the tall hunter with disgust, “I would suggest you keep your mouth shut for the rest of this visit.”

Gabriel sighed and flew away, heading for someplace remote, someplace he could think without interruption. The Archangel landed in the forests of Oymyakon, Russia, already pacing. The snow was 2 feet thick, but that didn’t seem to bother him as he pushed his way through. After two rounds there was a trench, melted of all snow, from the Archangel’s footsteps.

“This doesn’t make any sense,” he muttered to himself, “Why is Sam like this? He’s usually the more level headed one. I though I would have to be placating Dean all night, not Sam!”

Maybe it’s you, a voice whispered in the back of his mind harshly. The Archangel paused and started to slowly and methodically go over every interaction he ever had with Sam as his pacing started up again.

“But that doesn’t make sense either,” he told the voice, “Sam had always been kind to me. We were friends. I thought I had a real chance when we were in the hospital. I mean, for Dad’s sake, I don’t let just anyone pick me up like a ragdoll,” he smiled a little to himself, remembering Sam sweeping him into his arms, so much so his feet didn’t touch the floor anymore.

Maybe he was just thankful you saved his life, the voiced hissed. Gabriel froze in his pacing.

“No, no that doesn’t… Sam would never do that. I mean sure the kid was grateful, but he wouldn’t . . .”

You stopped the hallucinations. He was just repaying you with his company. He could have even thought that you wouldn’t come back if you left. Oh, and look at that? You did leave and not come back, bringing the hallucinations back with your departure. The voice said in a sickly-sweet voice.

“I had to do that!” Gabriel spat suddenly venomously, “Dad said I couldn’t interfere until Kevin. Who knows what chaos, and not the good kind, could have erupted if I was there when Cas came.”

Even if that is true, Daddy’s boy, Sam was amazingly grateful. The boy almost kissed you more than once. Don’t you think he was . . . too grateful? Could he have been trying to repay the debt he had. You did save his sanity after all. Gabriel shook his head, trying to deny it but then he went over how Sam was always so happy to see him when he woke up. He was always trying to entertain Gabriel, almost as if . . . he gulped at the implications, as if his life depended on it. Suddenly Sam’s sweet smile popped into his head and he shook his viciously.
“No,” he said firmly, starting to pace once again, “no. We were friends during the apocalypse. We hung out for weeks, and I sure as hell didn’t save his life. There was no reason for him to . . .”

But there was, the voice snapped viciously, it was the Apocalypse to start all Apocalypses! You were an Archangel, one of the biggest chess pieces on the board. Don’t you think it’s tactically sound to get every ally on your side, no matter the cost? And what was a little hanging out, a little bonding time to get an atomic bomb in your back pocket.

Gabriel clenched his teeth and tried to drown out the voice. He closed his eyes and breathed in, hoping the cold air would shake these thoughts. The only thing it did was allow the image of cold, calculating Sam from those six months after Mystery Spot invade his mind.

That’s right, you turned him into this, or maybe you just awakened it, the voice reasoned coldly, Face it Gabriel, Sam was just using you. You were just an Ex Machina when they needed it. Have you seen how they treat poor little Castiel? You’re no better. Just a weapon, just a nurse, just a little love-sick attack dog to do their bidding. Gabriel’s legs suddenly gave out and he grabbed his hair.

“No,” he whispered in denial, “no, no. Sam, Sam is good, he is kind and always puts others first. He wouldn’t, he doesn’t,” he trailed off because Gabriel was starting to doubt the image of the man he claimed to love. What if his darker self were right? What if Sam wasn’t the person he thought he was? What if this Sam, the Sam that left, the Sam that was so very selfish, the Sam that looked at him with open hate, was the real Sam Winchester?

An image came to the front of his mind: Gabriel sitting on a couch sideways watching TV, his feet on Sam’s lap as the taller man rubbed circles into his ankle.

It was just an act. The snow started to swirl around Gabriel as the wind picked up.

Sam catching him when Gabriel jumped off a log when they went hiking, smiling down at Gabriel as the Archangel grinned back up.

He was just pretending.

Sam smiling softly at Gabriel as the Archangel talked about one his parties.

You were a fool to think he was ever interested in what you had to say. Dark storm clouds started to gather around the little forest he was in. The wind was coming in great gusts as the trees moaned.

Sam throwing his head back in laughter at one of his jokes.

Some of your jokes are funny but that doesn’t mean he could stand you!

Sam staring at him silently with the same cold expression from the Mystery Spot as he talked from within a ring of holy oil.

He didn’t care!

Sam’s big, pleading eyes from that split second when they looked at each other, right before he faced off against his big brother.

HE! WAS! USING! YOU!!

Gabriel bowed his head as the tears pooled in his eyes, trying to valiantly hold them back even as the storm around him picked up. Betrayal shot through him like Michael’s Lance. What if Sam had actually been using him, this entire time? What if Sam’s kind, ‘put others first’ attitude was nothing
but an illusion? And he fell for it. Hook, line, and fucking sinker. He fell for it like a fucking school kid with their first crush. The tears fell but he was just able to choke back the sobs.

*Oh pull yourself to-fucking-geth-er man! Are you really going to let this little human bring you to your knees? So what if he doesn’t like you?*

“You don’t understand,” Gabriel whispered, “Sam is Mate. *Mate.*”

*So? Are you still going to let that little twerp have so much control over you? You are Gabriel, the Archangel of Justice. Go deal out some justice to the snake.*

“I can’t hurt Sam,” Gabriel said, slightly indignant, his tears stopping, “Not like that, not again.”

*You’re just going to roll over and die then!? You are so pathetic. I though you were supposed to be scary, and here you are whimpering and crying over a stupid little human that hurt your feelings. What a sorry excuse for an angel and pagan god you are.*

Anger started to replace Gabriel’s despair at his darker self’s words.

“Hey, listen, fuck you! Who’s to say you’re right at all!” Gabriel yelled, “For all I fucking know you could be lying and Sam could be the same man I know and love, maybe you’re doing this to him!”

*We’re the same being you $5 inflatable fuck toy!* Gabriel could almost feel his darker self throw his arms out in exasperation, his golden eyes flashing dangerously.

“That was low,” Gabriel growled but his anger was simmering again, “even for you, that was low. Besides, aren’t you supposed to be the slut, not me?” His darker self was mostly silent at that, grumbling under his breath in a long dead language but he didn’t recount Gabriel statement and that made the Archangel smirk in satisfaction.

“Insults won’t help us,” he said after a while, taking a deep breath of the below zero air, “we don’t know what’s happening. Right now, all we can do is go back and watch, keep a closer eye on Sam, try to figure out what’s really happening.” His darker self gave a final, stiff nod, before faded back into his mind. Gabriel sighed and shook out his wings, ruffling the feathers and stretching. The storm died where it stood and the air was once more calm. He took one more fortifying breath he really didn’t need and disappeared back to his house, landing a few seconds after he left.

Gabriel poked his head around the corner to be met with absolute chaos. Meg had the boys in a Darth Vader-style choke hold against the wall and was screaming at them. Gabriel was too stunned to do anything as the Winchesters slowly turned blue. He watched as Meg, the *demon*, defended him. Then the rest of the flock tried to stop her, not because they didn’t think the boys deserved it, but because he, Gabriel, would be upset. It completely floored him how much these people cared after only a year of living together.

The Trickster-Archangel leaned back around the wall of the kitchen, leaning against it and trying to clam his pulsing Grace. Half of it was thrumming in pleasure at how much the people he considered his flock cared, the other half was throbbing that Sam was hurt. He closed his eyes and tried to settle both his emotions and the swirling light inside him. He needed to be calm.

*Even the demon has bigger guts than you.* His darker self decided to snark one last time.
Gabriel growled at him. The darker self smirked and faded completely, dormant once more. Gabriel opened his eyes and walked around the corner, a smirk on his lips.

“Alright everyone, alright,” he said, causing everyone to look at him. He looked at Meg, whose eyes were still black, and narrowed his playfully.

“Meg, babe, you know I love your style, I really do, but we kind of need the Winchesters alive and in mostly one piece so no more assassination attempts, okay?” He grinned at her while sauntering closer, looking down at the two men still collapsed on the floor before turning back to his demon. Meg crossed her arms and gave him a withering look, as if to ask both Why? and Are you fucking serious? Gabriel chuckled and smirked at the boys over his shoulder, his eyes like chips of topaz.

“They do have that lovely tendency to save the world, and you know how we’re plunging back toward that with everything with Crowley.” Gabriel reveled in the jab he made, even if it was extremely petty. He didn’t need Sam, he didn’t need them at all, except that they were useful. He dismissed the boys shocked faces and looked at Meg. The demon growled but her eyes flicked back to brown.

“Fucking fine, but I’m not making any promises.”

“I wouldn’t have you make a promise I know you can’t keep,” Gabriel teased back, and Meg rolled her eyes, flipping him the finger, and finally plopping back onto the sofa.

“Wait, what!” Dean finally said, coughing roughly. Sam decided to stay peacefully silent and for that Gabriel was grateful.

“What’s this about Crowley?” Dean asked, pulling himself slowly to his feet, still rubbing at his neck.

“Oh, well, nothing really,” Gabriel said teasingly, sitting back down among his flock, “just a little tidbit of info,” he grinned at Kevin and the boy joined in.

“Minuscule even.” Kevin smirked.

“Exactly right, Kevin, exactly right.” Gabriel said pointed at him, winking. Dean sighed roughly and carefully made his way back to the sofa, sitting on it gingerly, eyeing them all warily. He didn’t say anything, but they could all see that he was already getting pissed at their teasing. The elder Winchester though, seemed resigned even as the younger glared once again at Gabriel and the Archangel wondered if Meg had knocked him stupid.

“So, what’s this tiny bit of information that is somehow hurtling the world back toward Armageddon?” Dean asked as patiently as possible.

“I was doing some thinking over this past year,” Gabriel said, tapping his chin, not answering Dean’s question, “and I started to think about Crowley.” He continued, reaching over to his abandoned pie.

“I was wondering why he wanted Kevin in the first place,” he said, that teasing tone still in his voice.

“And suddenly,” he said, his eyes turning wide, “it came to me.” A literal lightbulb appeared above his head and flicked on, he waved his hands in a grand gesture, fork still clutched in one hand, making the flock laugh even as the Winchesters simmered.

“The only reason someone would want a Prophet, especially one who, to their knowledge, wasn’t cared about by Heaven, was because their skills were useful.” The Trickster took a large bite of his pie and chewed, watching as Dean was nearly on the edge of his seat, his expression egging Gabriel
on. Even Sam had looked up and was now watching him with mild irritation but mostly interest. Finally, Gabriel finished his bite of pie and continued speaking.

“Now, all respect to Kevin, but his normal skills aren’t something the demons would be interested in.”

“And I’m damn glad of it,” Kevin muttered, causing the flock to chuckle.

“Amen to that,” Susie added. Gabriel grinned at them all before continuing,

“That is unless they need help with Hell’s finances, which must be a total wreck.” He rolled his eyes and Meg laughed.

“Well get on with it!” Sam finally yelled when Gabriel just continued to smirk at them. His gaze sharpened, and he leaned forward to give Sam a piercing look, but the younger Winchester wasn’t cowed.

“Well Moose,” he said in that still teasing tone though his eyes had gone back to their deadly coldness, “I think Crowley wanted him because he was a Prophet.” There was silence and Gabriel grabbed another fork-full of pie and ate it. He didn’t want to speak with his mouth full, he wasn’t that rude, but his silence seemed to finally push Sam over the edge.

“THAT’S IT!? Sam yelled, standing up, “That’s your big revelation!?” He mocked, air quotes and all. The hunter rolled his eyes and glared at the Archangel.

“God Gabriel, if that’s all you have to say then you might as well have just have stayed in whatever hole you crawled out of!” Gabriel suppressed the flinch as his face turned hard. The flock gasped in shock, frozen.

“Sam . . .” Dean started, grabbing Sam’s shoulder but the taller hunter shook him off, his eyes burning with anger.

“No Dean! I’m sick of this psycho messing with us!” Sam shouted, pointing at Gabriel and turning to glare at the Archangel, “I’m sick of your games and your pranks! I’m tired of your annoying ass always dragging us into things, always messing with our already fucked up lives. I’m tired of it Gabriel! So, if you don’t have anything important to say then just shut the hell up and leave us the hell alone!” Sam fumed, throwing his arms out, his face red with anger.

“We don’t want you Gabriel! We don’t want you around, and we don’t need you! I want you to leave me alone, forever. Just go back from wherever you came from. Every time you show up things get worse, and it’s mostly because of you! I just wish . . .” He cut himself off with a growl. Gabriel felt like he was having an out-of-body experience, which was impossible for an angel, but it didn’t make it any less true. His Grace was starting to react to Sam’s words, but he ignored it, pushing down any thoughts that these words could be anything but either manipulation or not enough sleep. He refused to think they were anything else.

“You wish what, Sam?” He asked coldly. Gabriel felt sort of numb, like he wasn’t really there but rather watching from a memory. He wondered if this was what possession felt like.

“Go ahead, finish that thought Sam.” He egged on, waiting for the inevitable blow, like seeing Thor swing and not being able to move.

“I just wish,” Sam growled, “that you had stayed out of our lives. That you had stayed gone.” He felt the first small crack in his Grace, knew what those words could do but completely rejected them. Believed, with his entire being, that they weren’t true. He had to. He stood there, letting the words
just hang there for a second, his smirk still on his face. The room was completely silent for a long moment before it was broken by laughter. Gabriel started to laugh. Because what else could he do? It was either laugh, break down and cry, or possibly kill Sam.

He laughed, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed. He laughed with his whole body, shaking with it. His hand wrapping around his stomach as he bent over with the force of it. The Archangel, who had stood up at some point, grabbed the sofa arm to stay upright. The laughter bordered on almost hysterical, but he reigned it in before he completely lost it.

“Whew,” Gabriel said, finally calming down, wiping at one of the tears that had escaped, “you sure know how to make a girl feel welcome.” Gabriel clapped his hands loudly, trying to keep himself focused, his head screaming Sam’s words back at him, almost drowning him as his darker self’s words ringed with them. He smiled brightly at them all even as the flock gave him concerned looks.

“It seems you’ve overstayed your welcome. So, I’ll just let you know there’s a Demon Tablet. You boys ready to go now? You done with me?” His smile turned almost manic as he tilted his head, staring holes into the Winchesters. Sam just glared at him while Dean looked half scared, half confused. The boys could only sit there and stare. After a minute or two Dean finally stood up and nodded hesitantly.

“Well then, have fun hunting you two. Or, well whatever the hell you want to do anyway,” Gabriel said, glancing one final time at Sam before snapping his fingers and sending the boys back to the Cabin. He turned toward his flock and let his smile fade.

“That went even worse than I expected it to go,” he said in a low voice. Instantly the flock was up and had their arms around him, hugging him close. Gabriel closed his eyes and just let the feeling of family wash through him. He may not have a chance with his mate anymore, but at least he had this.

Chapter End Notes

I love hearing from you. This is a big chapter for the story, as well as the next one, so I would really love to hear what you all think. If you are okay with the direction this story is going. I love hearing from you and it always inspires me to write, so thank you.
An Argument Between Brothers, but Dean is . . . Nice?

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for the delay. School suddenly hit me hard over the past month. It was rush rush rush, no breaks. Or the breaks I did have I was too exhausted to do anything. But anyway, here's the next chapter. I hope you guys like it.

Second big update!! I came, I challenged, I CONQUERED! Behold! The new direction of this fic! As I said last time, there is no such thing as an update schedule anymore, I'll publish more once things are written and edited. But I can promise things are coming. I hope you enjoy and I would really love to hear what y'all think of it. Anyway, pleasant reading! Updated: 10/16/18

Sam and Dean stood, stunned, in the middle of the cabin.

“Talk about mood swings,” Dean muttered before rounding on his brother. He glared at Sam with icy eyes.

“Okay Sam, talk. *What the hell was that!?* What has gotten into you lately?” Sam looked away and shifted under Dean’s glare. His brow was furrowed and his jaw was clenched in clear anger, but the rest of his face betrayed confusion and maybe a touch of sadness. His eyes flitted around the room nervously, almost like he was panicking. So many emotions were flitting across his face at once that Dean couldn’t make heads or tails of it.

“It’s nothing, Dean,” he said finally, in such an unconvincing tone that Dean almost laughed. He settled for scoffing.

“From the moment he’s come back,” Dean yelled, pointing to the spot where Gabriel used to be, “you’ve been cold and snippy whenever he’s even mentioned. I mean, what the fuck!?” The elder Winchester threw his arms out, his eyes locked solidly on his younger brother. Sam stiffened and Dean noticed his hands balling into fists, but he plowed on.

“Now you have *two* screaming matches with him in the span of two hours, saying all kinds of crap. It’s like you just exploded. Where is your head at, man!?” Sam looked away from Dean.

“I mean *seriously.* What happen to holding his dead body sobbing ‘I love you’ over and over again?” Sam whipped his head around and glared at his brother. Dean knew it was a low blow, but he wanted *some kind* of reaction, and yelling wasn’t working.

“I thought we agreed to never talk about that,” Sam snapped. Dean crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow.

“We never agreed on anything, we just never talked about it.” Sam opened his mouth to snap back but Dean held up his hands,

“Now you know, I don’t usually do chick flick moments and I’m still holding a grudge against the
little bastard, but, Sam! He’s the most powerful being on the planet right now and we need him as an ally. Then you go sprouting all this ‘we don’t need you, we’re fine on our own, leave and never come back’ shit to the guy we most definitely need. We are getting our asses handed to us. Now come on, Sam,” Dean almost pleaded with his brother.

“This is usually your point. We’ve got to put all that crap behind us. Especially now that there’s a Demon Tablet. This is a whole new ball game and we need the best players we’ve got. So, what the hell has gotten into you? What’s changed? Has something happened?” Now Dean was worried. This was the same out of character behavior Sam had when he was possessed or hanging out with Ruby. He shuttered at the thought. What had happened to his brother the year he was gone? Come to think of it, this was happening before he went to Purgatory. It was much more subtle, and usually only happened around Gabriel, but it was still there.

Sam sighed and looked around, flopping his arms against his side. They stood there for a good minute, Dean glaring at Sam, while Sam did everything he could not to look at his brother. When it seemed like he wasn’t going to talk just yet, Dean strode over to the cabinet and pulled out a bottle of Jack Daniels and two glasses. He put the glasses on the coffee table and poured some whiskey into them before sitting down and offered one to Sam. A peace offering. For once the elder Winchester was trying to defuse the situation. How the roles were reversed.

Sam looked at the glass for a second before grabbing it and sitting down in the arm chair. Dean threw his drink back and poured himself another one before turning to his brother, who was just staring into the amber liquid. His brow was furrowed but the angry way he held his body before was gone, now he just looked confused and scared. It took all of Dean’s years of training not to wrap his baby brother in a hug; he just looked so lost. This made him worry even more but he couldn’t get anywhere without information.

“Talk to me,” Dean said, almost gently. Sam glanced up at him before taking a sip of the whiskey. He relaxed a little before finally speaking.

“I don’t know, Dean; a lot has happened since I last really saw him. I mean the Cage, my year being soulless, the Leviathans, my wall breaking, Amelia. I’m not the same guy I was before the apocalypse.” Dean took a sip of his drink and nodded, watching his brother closely.

That didn’t seem to be it. There was something else going on. Yeah, they hadn’t hung out with Gabriel a lot since the apocalypse; one because the guy was dead for most of that time, two because they were kind of worried about the Leviathan problem, and three because the guy was a dick. But he hadn’t been so much a dick that he should have caused this much anger from Sam. There wasn’t anything that big that had changed in their relationship since Gabriel died. Unless . . .

“Does this have anything to do with your girl? Amelia, you said?” he asked eventually. Sam started and looked up at him before glancing guiltily away. He nodded but didn’t meet Dean’s eyes.

“Maybe, I don’t know.” He shook his shaggy head. Sam stared at the contents of his glass for a long time before he finally spoke.

“Before I knew he was alive I still . . . cared for him. But then once he was back it was like this,” he paused and swallowed, his throat working as he tried to find the words, “like all that went away, like it wasn’t there to begin with or it was missing. All I could feel, the only thing I can still feel, is anger and hate and it’s like everything I felt for him is gone. It’s eating away at me every time I see him, this anger, and, I don’t know,” he trailed off shaking his head. Dean looked at him, completely dumbfounded. What the hell?

“And now,” Sam continued his voice getting harsher, “all I can think about is everything he did to
us. All the crap he pulled, the torture he put me through. How he pitted us against each other the first time we met and what he did to me at Mystery Spot, what he turned me into. And how could I ever love a thing like him, even if he is an Archangel? We’ve been shown how horrible the rest of them were, why should he be any different?!” Sam was breathing hard now, and Dean could see how angry he was becoming, which worried him to no end. What the hell was happening to his sweet, idealistic baby brother?

“He’s vindictive, he’s childish, he’s a torturer. He’s as bad as Lucifer!” Sam yelled, suddenly throwing his glass at the wall. Dean jumped.

“Woah, woah, woah,” he said standing up, his hands out stretched in a calming manner, “I know he’s done some bad shit, but I don’t think Gabriel’s anywhere near Lucifer’s level,” he stated, trying to calm Sam down.

“Oh,” Sam said standing up too, “so you’re defending him now!?” He was yelling by this point.

“I should have guessed, you two were always so similar,” Sam scoffed.

“Hey, what’s that supposed to mean?” Dean snapped back, his own short temper getting the best of him.

“Come on, Dean!” Sam shouted, “You said it yourself the first time we faced him, ‘you dug his style.’”

“But that doesn’t mean I’m like the guy.”

“You both have a brash sense of humor, you both have a sweet tooth,” Sam said, ticking the points off on his fingers, “you’re both dicks, you’ve both died and left me alone, both of you have lied straight to my face, and you’re both torturers! I’m not seeing a difference here, Dean!” Sam bellowed, throwing his arms out in anger. Dean’s face had turned stony and he was glowering at his brother.

“You know what Sam, Gabe’s right. Go back to your white picket fence.” He whirled around and stormed out of the cabin. Sam heard the Impala start up and drive away at high speeds. He stood in the middle of the room, breathing hard, his heart racing and his head pounding. With a roar, he grabbed the bottle of Jack and hurled it at the wall, watching with some satisfaction as it shattered into a million pieces.

Once the remnants of supper were completely cleaned and put away Gabriel turned to the flock with his hands on his hips.

“I think after all that serious inkiness we need some fun. What do you say?” the Archangel was smiling genuinely at them all. They exchanged looks before looking back at Gabriel, some smiling, some watching him apprehensively. They’d been with him long enough to know what the Trickster thought of as ‘fun’ and what they thought of as fun were two very different things.

“What did you have in mind?” Kevin asked finally after a lot of looks between the humans. Gabriel smiled and held up a hand in a comforting gesture.
“Nothing too extreme, I was just thinking we could go to my room, unwind a little.” At their looks he put on an offended expression.

“Come on guys! I’m not that bad.” Lind raised an unimpressed eyebrow while Meg and Susie snorted.

“Right, of course you aren’t,” Kevin said, humoring the Archangel. Gabriel pouted at them, but they saw his eyes were light and sparkling for the first time since Sam and Dean had arrived.

“Come on,” he whined, snagging Linda’s hand and pulling on it like a child, “it’ll be fun. I promise,” he wheedled. Linda let out a very put-upon sigh.

“Fine,” she conceded. Gabriel grinned and bounced on the balls of his feet.

“Yay!” he cheered and started to drag the eldest Tran up the stairs, the rest of the flock followed with indulgent smiles.

“The things we do for you,” Meg muttered under her breath, holding Susie’s hand.

“But you love me!” Gabriel shouted over his shoulder, having heard the demon. Meg rolled her eyes but decided not to comment. Gabriel opened the door to his wing of the house and ushered them all in before striding down the hallway and stopping at one of the random doors there.

“I though you said we would just stay in your room,” Kevin said slowly as Gabriel did something to the doorknob before turning it.

“This is part of my room,” Gabriel said before flinging the door opening and stepping back. They all looked into the room only to see blackness.

“Wow, a room to match my soul. How did you know that’s exactly where I wanted to be,” Meg deadpanned, sarcasm dripping from her every word. Gabriel sniggered before waving into the room. Linda was already shaking her head.

“No Gabriel, I am not-!”

“Oh, will you all just walk in already!” Gabriel over road her. He pushed them all through before slamming the door shut behind him.

“This. Is so. Fun!” Kevin said in fake enthusiasm.

“Alright critic, hold on a sec,” Gabriel said before reaching toward their left and flicking a switch. Bright light suddenly filled the room, which was much larger than they originally thought. But what had everyone gaping was the giant pall bit that took over the entire room.

They were standing on a platform overlooking the entire room. About ten feet in front of them was a fun slide like from a carnival, leading into the ball pit. An escalator ran against one side and a diving board on the other. There was a humongous twisty slide to the right and back a little. There were two castles on opposite walls in the back with what looked like real cannons, a set of wavy platforms to climb, and a bouncy house behind the back wall.

“Welcome to the Ball Pit!” Gabriel yelled, throwing his hands out, “the only warning I will give is the area around the diving board is as deep as you can go and then will spring you back up to the surface, so be careful. Otherwise, enjoy!” Susie and Kevin exchanged looks before they literally dived off the side, not even using the diving board. Meg rolled her eyes but couldn’t keep the smile off her face as Susie yelled in excitement. She stepped off the side, following her human down.
Linda looked at Gabriel, who snapped, and music started to play.

“Come on little Lady, want to race,” he said offering his hand. Linda smirked and instead of taking it stepped onto one of the sacks provided and surfaced down the slide. Gabriel grinned and went belly down after her. They spend a good few hours playing in the Ball Pit. Kevin, Gabriel, Meg, and Susie had a war in the castle shooting soft balls at each other from behind their walls. Linda took the twisty slide, squealing like she was a little girl again. They all played a game of Marco Polo. Gabriel accidentally fell into the diving board area and lost because he was cursing so loudly. By the time they got out of the room they had exhausted themselves in the bouncy house by making a bet to see who could bounce the longest.

Exhausted and happy once more, they all stumbled out of the Ball Pit room, giggling to each other as if drunk. Gabriel swung his arm around Meg’s shoulder, sniggering in her ear. The demon tried to act pissed but she was just as breathless and smiling as the rest of them.

“Oh Gabe, what was that whole thing about the purring earlier,” Kevin said suddenly. Gabriel looked at him, still smiling but his eyes had darkened slightly. He pursed his lips in though as they walked over to his bed and collapsed on it.

“Well,” he said thoughtfully, “there’s a lot of things about angels that you don’t know about. We are, were, very . . . tactile.” He turned his hand over to grip Susie’s, “When I was still in Heaven most of our days would be filled sitting around and grooming each other and just lying in what you would call ‘puppy piles’. We would bask in each other’s emotions.” He paused, struggling with words for a moment before he closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

“That kind of transferred over when I became a pagan god. Anyway, when you hugged me like that, all together, it sort of, well, it reminded me of Heaven. It’s been a long time since I last felt that . . . closeness. So, the angel instinct, the purring, kicked in. It’s a way of expressing happiness, contentment, without having to speak. I’m sorry if it freaks you out,” he finished, his cheeks coloring red. The others smiled fondly.

“It’s okay man,” Kevin said bumping Gabriel’s arm, “we just wondered what was happening.” The girls nodded, and they laid there in silence for a while. Suddenly, Susie yawned and stretched above Gabriel head. Meg stood up with a huff and offered her hand to the blonde.

“I’m going to hit the hay, coming gorgeous?” She winked at Susie and the blonde nodded. Meg pulled Susie up and after placing a kiss on Gabriel’s head, muttering a goodnight to all of them, walked out of the room with the demon. Kevin stretched as well and sat up, but he swayed where he was, suddenly looking utterly exhausted.

“Woah there, Kevin,” Gabriel said instantly at the prophet’s side. Linda sat up as well, hands hovering over his arm.

“Let’s get your exercises done and get you to bed.” Gabriel said. Kevin grumbled something under his breath but allowed Gabriel to steer him toward his room. Linda followed close behind but waited in the doorway until Gabriel came back. He raised a questioning eyebrow and Linda took a step back, waving him in. Gabriel watched her as Linda carefully closed the door before facing him.

“I think,” she said after a moment of gathering her thoughts, “that I want to take a couple days at home. Check in on Marcy and let everyone know what’s going on.” Gabriel eyed her for a moment before tugging her into his arms and holding her close.

“Sure, take all the time you need. I’ll take care of Kevin while you’re gone. Though, I would suggest at least tell the others before you leave again.” Linda nodded against his shoulder and pulled away.
“I’m going to pack up tomorrow, let them all know after breakfast.” Gabriel nodded and laid a kiss on her forehead.

“Alright, get to bed then. Busy day tomorrow.” Linda nodded and bid him goodnight before disappearing into her room. Gabriel sighed and wandered back into his room, closing and locking the door firmly. He had a lot to think about.

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Gabriel had just convinced himself that he should go to fucking bed because his thoughts were going absolutely nowhere when he felt the prayer. It was faint and distant, sounding more like a drunk text than a prayer, but something about it made him go to the person. Standing by the Impala, a bottle of bourbon in one hand, staring up at the sky, was Dean Winchester.

“Gab’el!” Dean yelled at the sky, stumbled as he threw his head back to look at the stars, “GAB’RIL!”

“Dean?” Gabriel asked, surprised that the older Winchester would have called to him, or anyone. Dean spun around to look at him, his movements exaggerated, and Gabriel realized the hunter was extremely drunk. He quirked an eyebrow and smirked just slightly.

“Gab’rl! Thaank Gawd!” Dean exclaimed wobbly. The hunter then proceeded to throw himself at the shorter man. Gabriel caught Dean and tried to hold the hunter up but now that he was here the human’s body didn’t seem to want to cooperate.

“Man, what happened? I’ve been gone like four hours,” Gabriel said pushing Dean away enough to try and look him in the eye. He instantly regretted it as Dean’s alcohol breath swept over him. The man’s eyes were glazed over and Gabriel saw that it wasn’t just because of the bourbon. Tear tracks stained Dean’s face and the hunter didn’t seem to care enough to try and wipe them away. Astonishment rushed through the angel. What the hell had happened?

“Sm’s hates me, he says I’m just like you, like Luci-lucyfur,” Dean mumbled, getting caught on his own tongue.

“He what?” Gabriel asked shocked, but Dean didn’t seem to hear him.

“Smmnny hates me and he dons’t want me,” Dean said, to Gabriel’s horror, new tears started to slip out of the hunter’s eyes. He was good at many things, but comforting crying humans wasn’t his strongest suit, especially when that human was a Winchester.

“Okay Dean. Okay. Let’s get you into bed and you can sleep this off. Then tell me all about it later.” Gabriel wrapped an arm around Dean’s waist and snapped. They landed in one of Gabriel’s many guest bedrooms and Dean instantly hunched over. Gabriel quickly snapped and aimed the Winchester at the newly appeared bucket.

After he’d emptied his stomach, Gabriel poured the drunk man into the bed and made sure he was comfortable before heading to his own room, thoroughly done with the day. He was going to have to use every fiber of his barely hanging on grace not to think about what Dean said, because if he did, he would die. And for once in his ridiculously long life, he wasn’t being overdramatic.
I'm so sorry about making you guys wait. You are the best followers and I thank you for your patience. I will hopefully be able to get to posting more than once a month but I've been sucked into two new fandoms and we all know how that it. I won't forget about you guys. I would love to hear theories or ideas or just that you like it. Kudos are also appreciated. Love, TWP
Dear Readers,

I AM ALIVE! AND I AM BACK! Welcome dudes and dudettes and everything in between back to this crazy train i call a Fanfiction. I finally, finally feel in a better place for this fic. I bummed around between other fandoms and even other supernatural stories in this series but I'm finally back. If you're still following this, btw I love you for that, you will have seen that I've been sort of updating the previous chapters, finally got my beta back and we're slowly working on it. There should be no big changes except for the last 2 chapters. Now, as of right now, only chapter 26 has had a big updating but I'm very please to inform you that I will start working on rewrite chapter 27 very soon.

Now I cannot promise, with any real conviction, an update schedule. But what I can promise is there will be updates! So yay!! For those of you sent me comments and words of love. I can't explain enough how much that means to me. Your words kept me going and I would please ask that since hopefully this chapter will soon be an actual chapter in the story, to not delete or take down those comments. They give me life and when I'm not in a good head space I go back to read them. You all, those who comment and who have stayed with this story even after a year hiatus, are my inspiration. So I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your love and support.

Love for all and updates,

TWP

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