How to avoid the Apocalypse

by CertainlyHeisenberg

Summary

Formerly - How the Apocalypse did not come to pass

What if Sam Winchester had killed Ruby? Before the angels fell, before Lucifer escaped the cage, before the seals were broken, right after Dean returned from Hell? What would have to happen in Sam’s life that would force him to listen to Dean on that very important decision?

UPDATE: I’m back :)

This work was inspired by Letzi. She's freaking great.

• Inspired by Ride that wind back home by Letzi
Chapter 1

Love.

What is there to do when it disappears?

One day, you look around and it's gone.

No explanation, no reason, just gone.

Life loses all its splendor without it.

I mean, come on... Where the hell did it come from in the first place? Not from the heavens, that was for damn sure. Like all love, it seemed to come when you were not looking. When you are safe and happy... Then it fills an empty space you did not know you had. But when it's gone? That space? That bitch turns on you. It screams. It aches. It makes itself known and everything else? Fuck it. Pales in comparison..

Even to an angel...

Gabriel the archangel looked out at all that was his with a sigh. The angel took his free hand to pull through his mass of Barbarella thick hair. Tucking the golden mop behind his small ears. The distinct dip in his lips diminished as he pressed his full together. He closed his angel perfect eyes that now seemed to pierce deeper than his previous brown ones. The dark blue halo surrounding the pale blue making his eyes much more exotic and off-putting. With his Grecian nose and high cheekbones, he looked much more like the angels of ancient paintings. Far more beautiful and commanding than his previous form, his place among the angels prominently on display. This elevation in beauty was of little importance to him now. The angel locked so deep in his own misery, he could barely see through it anymore. So much of what he loved had lost its flavor, its color, its purpose. Now spread before him, it looked like a badly designed quilt.

Currently he crouched high above his Earthly domain. He closed his eyes and inhaled deep, trying desperately to gain some perspective by surveying the fields, forests, and the great manor. Looking deep into this plane for the beauty he lost some months before.

His perch sat atop his estate on the roof of the massive manor. Sitting on the balls of his feet, he splayed his long legs and let one arm fall to his side. He sat now on a narrow gated platform, probably placed for decoration in its original construction. His great white wings fully extended, flapped gently with the breeze. In his hand he held a fruity drink of peach juice, lime, rum, ice and a hint of mint. This was one of his favorite places. He loved the dizzying height and the thinner air. The top of his earthly domain, yet he remained still miles and dimensions away from the distance Heaven he had come to detest.

On top of his world, he could take a cursory inventory of his estate and relax. Hoping now, he could appreciate the depths of his massive property. So busy and long reaching, it teemed with life below him. He watched the men harvesting fruits and vegetables in the dawn of the early morning. His ten cows grazed alongside a few goats. The pigs rutted around their pen for their breakfast. The chicken coop stood large among a few apple and peach trees. All bathing in the
The glow of the emerging Western Oregon sun. He smiled at the expanse as he took a long drink, but the smile still had a mark of sadness that he had been unable to shake. He missed his lover and had done everything he could to stop thinking on the subject.

In the past six months, he had even gone so far as to change vessels. Angels, even Archangels, required a human body to walk among the mortals. Their true form could blind, maim or destroy the average human being. For centuries, Gabriel had kept the same body. His previous form had rich dark intelligent eyes, brown hair, a medium build, and such an unassuming shape, he could blend in almost anywhere without thought. Now, no long the impish trickster, he stood noble, tall, blond and breathtakingly handsome. His new body was long and lean, sleek and agile. His piercing eyes reflected a beautiful ice blue, resembling the old sky blue crystal of the 1930s. His teeth gleamed in perfect white. A mass of thick blond locks now sat atop his head. Which was in all honesty, much more of a hassle than he had intended. Of course the mop could be tamed to be sleek and stylish or teased to be wild and daring, but this was time and skills he had not yet mastered. Mostly he kept it subdued by tying back until it was necessary to see someone of importance.

With his skin now so golden, he closely resembled a very tall surfer with a credit card. Which to be honest, was not a bad position to be in.

Gabriel had never been very vain, but his new form? He began to take more stock in his appearance. Angels had the advantage of having a consistent internal temperature, that is to say, they are not affected by outside temperatures in the least. Some scientists hypothesized that it was the angel’s Grace that kept their temperature constant. But of course, nothing could be proven conclusively. Testing on angels had long been forbidden. Not feeling hot or cold gave him a freedom to dress as he liked whenever he pleased. Now he only dressed in blue velvet jackets of all variety and color, if that color was some shade of blue. He felt the jackets brought out his eyes.

Today, his hair was tamed and sleeked back. His jacket was formal and a dark blue velvet. His gaze now fell down to the barn, and he wondered how his imminent meeting would go. His heart fluttered at thought of it. But he honestly had no clue of the outcome, other than it could not go as well as his first meeting with Derek.

The very first time Gabriel saw Derek was on an auction block. Not the traditional place to meet your mate, but that was how it transpired. Maybe it was fate?

This particular exclusive auction house was known to only service the wealthiest clients. Derek had clearly been a champion among the others. Competition was fierce during his sale. But when Gabriel won the bid, his new slave cried tears of joy. Derek’s whole life had been mounting to that moment. This was his crowning achievement and he had won an archangel as a master. He could not have been happier or more grateful.

The angel sighed examining a fingernail that had torn. Honestly. He had tried to enjoy his new form but changing bodies and jackets could not change his melancholy. His heart was still heavy with loss. It had been a year since the abduction. His brothers and sisters had sent out scouts to search and find the lost mate, but to no word had come back. No clues were found. They told him it was time to stop looking and resign his hope.

But today, today was a new day. He had called for another to take Derek’s place as the Favorite of the Archangel. The decision had been a difficult one. He considered buying another one. Hand picking a handsome soul out of the hundreds available to him. Instead, he went through his entire staff, considering both male and female. His eyes finally rested on his most valued and prized human. The one that had taken to running the estate so efficiently it scarcely needed any outside goods or services. Off the grid as the man liked to put it. He kept everyone happy and working
Gabriel, on principle, did not like the idea of slavery. The institution had gotten so corrupt that abuse was widespread and rampant. He liked to think his estate was a refuge from the horrors of the trade. He thought himself a benevolent master among the vile sadists. Which considering the reports, might not be far from the truth.

Saying this, Gabriel owed a great many slaves. Many more than were required to serve him and his brother. Angels had come down to earth in the mid-1800s when most of them were thoroughly convinced that, God, their father, had moved on from this particular creation and on to his next endeavor. Because angels did not see skin color, race, religion, sexual orientation or sex as discerning characteristics, they decided slavery would be based on criminal activity. Humanity negotiated the adoption of birthright slavery, after all current slaves had been freed.

Most angels did own some, but without the presence of any manufacturing or commercial farming, the Archangel’s farm looked as though it was maintained in the name of pure decadence. Gabriel enjoyed this façade very much. It gave him a certain freedom. His armada of slaves attending to all his desires also gave him a sense of entitlement that was difficult to match.

Gabriel stared off into a set of billowy clouds when he heard a familiar buzz. He looked down, Mrs. Blacker texted him. Everything had been arranged as he had asked.
Bobby Singer pulled the giant door to the great room and slipped in unannounced. Bobby looked around room with a slight squint. His irritation due mostly to suspicion and partly because he knew he had lots of shit to do today. Mr. Singer did not stand for wasting time, even from his fruity Master.

Don’t get him wrong. It was not the sleeping with men Bobby had a problem with. It was what he was staring at now. A big gigantic room that looked like it stolen from Barbie’s fricking dream house. That is, if Barbie ditched the pink and decided to go with gold, white and pale purple. The gruff man pulled at his newly trimmed lumberjack beard. His square jaw compressed, as he grit his teeth, worrying what the angel had in store for him. He took off his hat and rubbed the spot where hair used to be some years prior.

Looking around at this massive temple to overly fluffy, gaudy, and flamboyant décor, took him back to the venue, Karen had chosen for their wedding. He smiled, remembering his wedding picture. Large purple sashes tied in enormous bows and ran along the perimeter of the room, fastened to the wall in great undulating waves. Let’s not forget, the fake flowers and plastic doves that seemed nestle themselves everywhere. And everywhere was not an exaggeration. They had taken roost on the tables, the chairs, the pew, and even the freaking can. It was 1982, remember. The picture burned sweetly in his memory. With a full head of hair that looked to be stolen from George Harrison, he smiled contently holding his petite blond bride serenely in his big arms. Bobby shook his head, looking absently around the room to put her out of his mind.

Taking in a strong inhale, he hooked his thumbs in the loops of his jeans and looked up. So this was his master’s private quarters. He looked around the massive room with its vaulted ceilings, high walls and expansive floors. He noticed a few pieces of art he had only seen in books about the Renaissance or the French Revolution. Yep, fruity.

As he looked around and it made sense. The master spend most of his time here. He was rarely seen speaking to anyone, except Derek. The room had been a mystery and the source of much speculation among the staff. More than once, they speculated there was a sex dungeon, tigers, and a unicorn hidden deep in the allusive room.

Looking around it looked like Louis the XIV had a run in with modern design. Most of the décor was French Baroque, and too garish and gaudy for Bobby’s palate, but definitely reflected expensive tastes. The walls, on the hand, were opulently too tall. It looked as though someone had removed the second and third floor in favor of more light and less space.

There definitely was not a dungeon that Bobby could see. The room itself was divided into four sections. A bedroom, office, bathroom, and odd sitting area. In the center of the room hung a huge skylight. Back to the left was a large oversized bed. Then across from that was an office, consisting of white file cabinets lining the walls and a simple white modern desk. To the right he assumed was a bathroom. Did angels use the restroom? Across from the bathroom was library and sitting area. The ceiling hanging much lower in sitting room and bathroom.

The library was impressive. Bobby recognized some of the English, Japanese and Enochian texts he studied in college. Much more extensive than the three book shelves of paper novels they had in the dorm. It had been so long since Bobby had seen a good book. The master had been generous when it came to buying books on farming, canning, food safety standards, and the like but what he wouldn’t give to get carried away by some fiction, philosophy or history.

Bobby frowned at the texts. He should really get the master to put in some new books. He had
been through the shelves at least five times since he arrived. The shelf with the classics three times and pop and romance novels once. The novels were stale when they arrived in 1978.

Bobby guessed the master must really miss heaven as white and light seem to be consistent themes. Cream carpets topped bleached hardwood covering the floor. Light poured in from the great glass skylight, which looked as if it was pieced together almost as intricately as those in the Milano Train station. The bright light and the colors the room gave it an angelic glow, you know? For irony’s sake. Bobby looked down at his dusty shoes and considered that cleaning them or removing them, would have probably been a good idea before he walked into the room. Mrs. Blacker told him to wait, to not touch anything and not sit down unless instructed. Great.

Why the hell had he been summoned there? That honor was typically reserved for the house slaves or the master’s favorite. He shifted on his feet. They ached along with his big arms after moving a whole six months’ worth of feed for the animals. Why the hell an Archangel needs chickens, goats and cows was beyond him. Still, it gave him and the others ample work and kept them busy most of the year. Bobby had a suspicion that was why Gabriel had developed such an affinity for farm life. Bobby had been with the angel for so long. Twenty five years? Ever since he was tried for the murder of his wife. A demon had taken control of her tiny body and had tried to kill him. He did what he had to do, but the courts did not see it that way. There was such a need for cheap labor, guilty was a common verdict if there was any degree of uncertainty. He still ached for her. She was his world and was ripped from him.

He had taken up with Jody and Ellen since then. Both lost their spouses to demons as he had. None of them had ever had a real conversation about the other ones. Bobby was a good man, and they did not have much to choose from. Both were friendly to other, good friends actually. As long as both women were kept sated, there was not a problem. So Bobby thought.

Ellen was a good ole’ girl. She was rough and tumble, and ready for anything. She had long brown hair and bright eyes. But she knew her best qualities were her figure and maybe her sass. Her voice was deep and scratchy from too many cigarettes and long nights, but it added to her charm. She was playful but kind hearted and tender. She had been living at the manor for the past fifteen years. She arrived firmly holding the small hand of her four year old daughter, Joann.

Ellen’s fate was sealed the night her husband was cut down by a demon on a hunting trip. Even though Ellen was nowhere near the accident, the prosecution argued that she was friendly with the man he was with at the time. They named her a co-conspirator and she was convicted. Unpardonable crime. The murder of one’s spouse.

The sex was great, but the talking could get tiresome. Women had an interesting way of dealing with stress. They get angry, get talked down, but still feel angry and make up some other reason to be pissed until they felt better. Bobby learned to only take stock in the first problems, the second set was there to confuse you. That’s when you hold her tight and agree with every damn thing she has to say. And that is how Romeo does it.

Some things needed to be simple because life as a slave could get complex. The hierarchy was not equal. Living in close quarters also caused its own problems. Still life was easy on Gabriel’s land. The angel did not pay very much attention and left most problems and disputes to the foreman: Bobby. Who by most accounts was fair, just and could smell bullshit a mile away. The last was his claim but it still held true.

All in all, there seemed to be a theme in Gabriel’s choices of slave. He did not pick slaves for their physique, youth or beauty. He chose them based on innocence. He did not like the idea of good people being forced into a life of hard labor because the angels could not keep the demons under control. As a master, he had a light hand and rarely ever punished any of them. He was their
master but did not see them enough to abuse or neglect them. His cold demeanor and distance kept most everyone in line.

The recent attacks on the Angel owned slaves had left everyone a little nervous, especially in Gabriel’s house. The Angel’s driver and favorite, Derek, had been stolen about a year ago. They had not seen the master, even at a glance for months.

Bobby did not have much experience with the new incarnation of Gabriel. He remembered him as the easy going joker, who laughed easy and smiled all the time. He missed that almond face with a high forehead and small round watchful eyes. Bobby liked him. His face was easy to read and he never cared to discuss particulars of anything. He fully understood the first rule of management. You can tell someone what to do or how to do it. But never both. Gabriel cared about, ehh, not really sure Gabriel cared, but he did pick Bobby. Whose work ethic and cunning made it all look easy.

This new vessel made the angel look like superhero. Chiseled jaw, cleft chin, small piercing eyes, perfect blond hair, a giant muscular physique, and perfectly tan skin. The women could not stop talking about him. Even some of the men admired the new frame.

Bobby missed the old Gabriel, the one who leaned into conversations, instead of having them at distance. The master who joked with him and never cared about formality. The things he would threaten to do kept Bobby on his toes but not terrified.

Bobby’s mind kept wondering back to why the hell the archangel would call him to his quarters in the first place. When Gabriel needed to speak to him, he usually just found him in the fields, in the kitchen, and hell, he was promoted to foreman in his dorm room. Formality it seemed, was reserved for his brothers and sisters.

Bobby felt a chill when he thought of the eldest brother, Lucifer. That angel was all hands and crop. The crop in question, was a nasty black switch that never seemed to leave his hands. Bobby had never seen him without it. The site of Lucifer would cause every member of Gabriel’s staff to shutter or cringe. The older brother was forever leering at them and asking their master to borrow one of them for weekend, day, hour… Luckily, Gabriel had been able to stave him off.

Bobby scanned the room for a clock. Damn, it had been at least half an hour since he was called in there in the first place. Jesus, Gabriel.
The Mark

Bobby stomped his feet gently to regain feeling. Really how long was he expected to wait? Slavery really was the worst.

Twenty minutes later, the angel appeared.

“It’s been a while, Mr. Singer,” the angel said flatly.

“It has, Sir,” Bobby responded with a warm smile.

“Do you know why you are here? It’s rare for me to call a slave to my quarters,” the master said cryptically.

Bobby shook his head in short shakes, eyeing the angel as Gabriel stalked around him slowly in long strides. Jesus, this guy was tall… Bobby was definitely above average height and felt positively dwarfed by the Master.

“You’re very interesting, did you know that? I have been going over your file...” the angel said holding a legal size file folder and talking into it.

“Sir?” Bobby asked with concern. He did not like when people referred to him as interesting or talented. It normally meant they were going to ask him for something he did not want to give, or to do something he did not want to do.

“Please call me, Master, in this room. You know? I am afraid I have neglected you for far too long.” Bobby could hear his smile and did not like it.

“I need you to visit the bathroom. You will not have a chance to revisit it for some time. There are instructions written out for what I want you to do. Take your time, but not too long. I am… felling rather impatient today,” the master said as he sat down on one of the ornate couches, putting a finger in his mouth.

Bobby’s eyes widened and his hands started trembling at his sides. This was really not what he expected at all.

“Go on, boy!” Gabriel barked as he straightened up.

Bobby jumped slightly then walked into the bathroom. Maybe this was some sort of medical test? Maybe an inspection? He was a fifty year old man. What the hell did Gabriel want with him?

As Bobby closed the door and looked at the diagrams and instructions, he got an idea. Damnit. Bathroom, enema, shower, leave your clothes in the box. “I am too old for this shit.” Bobby said to himself. After he was done, he willed himself to open the door. Medical test. Inspection. Drug test? Marijuana had just become legal in Gabriel’s province.

Bobby emerged from the bathroom, shivering slightly.
“Good, good. You did not disappoint me.”

Bobby looked at the angel as if he had lost his mind as he stood self-consciously shifting from one foot the next. It was not as if he had never been naked in front of an audience. Ever sense he was accused of killing his wife, he was regularly asked to remove his clothes. He learned that most of the time it was just an inspection, a way to assert authority, or general dickery. Like the time Gabriel absconded with Derek for a few years in the South of France.

Their benevolent master left them in the care of a prep school reject. The neighbor’s son no less. He would hear things like, “Bobby, I got mud on my shoes, I am going to need your shirt,” or “Bobby, I stepped in the lake, give me your pants.” It was harmless enough and he never really got nervous as no one really got handsey with him. Still, there he was, naked as a jay bird with someone looking at him with a little too much enthusiasm.

“Stand in there in the sitting room. I am going to try to make this easy on you… at first.” Bobby heard a Gabriel snap his fingers and then a pair of hand cuffs and a handle attached to a long chain, fell down fixed to the low ceiling.

“Put those on. The handle you can grab if you feel… unsteady.”

“Master Gabriel, why am I here?”

“You require some training… and… I wish it,” the angel said bluntly with a small wave of his hand. “If you insist on asking me such stupid questions again, I will be force to come up with a punishment,” the angel said snidely, raising an eyebrow.

Well, alright then, Bobby thought as he struggled with handcuffs. His heart skipping a beat as he heard the click of the lock. Then he felt the chains being lifted higher. If he was pulled any higher, he would be on the balls of his feet. The slave looked at his master with eyes wide with fear and distrust.

“Bobby… I thought I would not have to be so formal with you…,” the master placed his large hands on Bobby’s back. “You are going to be my new Favorite. You know that Derek has been captured. My brothers and sisters are not optimistic for his return. It has been a year and I am ready to try and move on. I looked over everyone’s file. You peaked my interest. You will be given new quarters, a new diet, and new chores,” the angel said looking for some sort of acknowledgement.

Holy crap, what? This made no sense. Bobby looked at his nut of master stunned.

Gabriel was not one hundred percent sure his slave understood what was going on, but the angel moved on, none the less.

“Unfortunately, I have to mark you and make your new position more obvious. Today I will mainly attend to that. In a few days… we will get more acquainted.” Bobby really did not like the sound of that at all.

The old slave tried to think fast and dissuade the angel from this decision. “Master, I am a fifty year old man. Aren’t there other slaves you would rather be with?” Bobby asked with a touch of disbelief.

Gabriel looked annoyed. “Bobby, I have been around for more than a millennia, I am not concerned with it. But if you are embarrassed, I will try to alleviate some of your concerns … this is going to hurt…”
Bobby looked at Gabriel and shook his head violently as the archangel made his way toward him, finger extended. Gabriel touched Bobby on the forehead. It felt like fire seeped into his head and made its way through his whole body. A scream of excruciating pain escaped his mouth, his body tensed and writhed. Bobby pulled and jerked against the cuffs with everything he had. After the pain subsided, the slave’s body trembled and shivered. His wrists aching from their fight.

Bobby’s head hung low. Gabriel cocked his head down to see the slave’s face. The slave closed his eyes, hoping this was all a very bad dream. Eventually he opened his now blood shot eyes. Looking around the room with a squint. It looked different now. Sharper, crisper, brighter. But the detail was too sharp and the contrast too harsh. He couldn’t shake the feeling that something was terribly wrong. But still, he felt livelier, almost as if a weight that pulled at all his body had been lifted or stolen. He looked up and pulled harder on the chains. Then he noticed his hands, they looked different. They were his hands so there was not much disputing that, but they looked wrong.

Gabriel chuckled a little, watching his pet squirm and adjust to the change. The man pulled at the chains with different parts of his body, first his arms, then his legs. He rubbed his face against his arms, moving his lips as his beard had changed. It was softer.

The master took some time to admire his slave’s new look. There was a new crispness to his features. Bobby’s eyes glared through his heavy brow and thick hair that had long been lost and forgotten, somehow found its way back to his head and itched terribly. All of the grey hair had returned to a chestnut brown. Gabriel noticed his noble nose and cleft chin had not changed but the years of pain and hard work seemed to be wiped clean off his face. There were no lines of time and no scars of life. The unmistakable anger that drove the man was still persisted as he appeared to try and quiet his temper.

“There, you are about… thirtyish now. I will not go any younger as that would be even more painful and I prefer my favorites…mature? Now. Unfortunately we have to attend to some more unpleasant business.”

Gabriel pulled a box out of his desk. The box was about the size of a shoe box. Written on top was oriental black lacquer and red lettering that looked to be in the angel’s tongue. Enochian. Upon opening it, Gabriel pulled out a thick black leather collar. The angel pulled the thing, as if testing it strength and fingered the ring. Giving it a few tugs, he smiled.

Gabriel walked toward Bobby and secured the black leather around his throat. The man’s blood ran cold. This was going to be very public humiliation. But as humiliating as collar was, there was no way it was “unpleasant.” What the hell was next?

The master snagged the large brass ring with his finger and pulled Bobby’s head along with it. The angel pulled his slave’s head very close to his own. Bobby fought his instinct to pull back, to scowl, spit, and cuss. He could not however, hide the rage that was building behind his eyes.

“Very regal indeed,” was said as a comment that was obviously not directed at Bobby.

Now Gabriel looked into Bobby’s eyes with a slight smile. He pet his slave’s hair gently and rubbed circles into the tops his slave’s muscular back and wide shoulders.

“I am going to ask you to hold very still.” Yep. There it was. His master secured a blindfold on around his head, over his frightened blue eyes. Then Gabriel’s warm finger tips gently grazed his chest. Bobby rolled his eyes behind the blindfold. What the hell did he think that would do? As he continued to touch the slave, Bobby began to shiver and felt goosebumps cover his body. Then he felt very warm fingertips pinch one of his nipples. Then he felt searing pain shoot through it.
“What the hell?” Bobby yelled.

Bobby then felt a sharp slap on his left buttocks that caused him to shift his weight. Okay, this shit was getting weird. He felt a radiating throbbing running through his chest. Bobby afraid to speak, started to pant and gasp with panic.

“Don’t worry. It won’t last long…” Bobby felt the angel fondle his other nipple, the man’s whole body tensed in response. Then another sharp bite. “Ahhhh!” escaped Bobby’s lips. He tried to keep quiet but the pain was unreal. He’s breath began to pick up speed until he thought he would pass out. Maybe that would be preferable. Suddenly, a surge of light shown through the black cloth. Bobby had seen it before. Gabriel was using his grace to heal the wounds. Whatever he had done. The pain vanished as quickly as it had come.

The slave’s blue eyes blinked quickly to adjust to the light as the blindfold was lifted. Gabriel licked his lips.

“An improvement for sure.”

Looking down at his chest he saw two gold rings. He looked to his master for answers. Gabriel gave a slight smile, “I have to mark you, Bobby. The council has decided that Favorites are off limits. When Derek was stolen, new rules were set in place. New jewelry and I need to actually mark you. Obviously and secretly.”

Gabriel touched the back of the collar. Once the finger touched the leather, Bobby felt a burn that finally caused giant tears to fall. It took a lot to make Bobby cry. The burn was unbearable. Bobby started to pant again through the tears. After his finger was lifted, he felt Gabriel push his legs open.

“No, no, please,” Bobby begged. He felt his balls being lifted, they retreated at the touch, and another finger was placed in the small space between his anus and balls.

This time, Bobby showed no restraint. He screamed and bucked and cursed until the finger was gone, but the burn remained. “What did you do to me?” He demanded his voice breaking.

“Watch yourself, boy. I do not like insolence… I did place my insignia on the back of your neck and behind your balls. I would heal you but it would remove the mark and I would have to do it all over again. I am sure you do not want to go through that again. I suppose it is going to hurt for a while, which is why I never branded my slaves before. Still… it is necessary to keep you safe.

“Oh, there is one more thing in my bag of tricks. I did not demand Derek wear one but new rules…”

Gabriel held up a weird item that looked to be several gold rings attached to one another in a fan. There was a small lock at the bottom. Whatever it was it did not look comfortable. Bobby began to scowl at his master. Who in turn gave him a sigh, then attached the rings around the head of the slave’s penis and the base of his balls. Bobby cringing when he heard the thing snap shut and lock exhaled a soft cry.

“I know you have been getting to know a few of the other slaves for some time now. That has to stop. You are mine now. Any infidelity will be met with consequences. There. You really look beautiful. You do look so lovely in gold.”

Bobby looked down at himself, sadly. A large gold ring secured to the black collar, thick gold rings pierced his nipples and an angry gold cage enclosed his penis. Tears fell down his face as he glanced up.
Gabriel looked at him with pity. He wrapped his arms around the burly man. “It’s a big change. You will get used to it. We will have lots of fun, I promise,” his words felt reassuring but not enough to undo what was just done. Bobby also had a sneaking feeling that his master’s idea of “fun” was radically different than his own.

The angel’s body was so hot. It was like he had a high fever. It was surprisingly nice after the afternoon of being naked, pierced and marked. He did not want to but his body leaned into the warm angel. Then he felt the hot breath of Gabriel as he inhaled and pressed hot lips to his bare neck. At that moment, he felt his nakedness again. His utter vulnerability. Then the archangel placed his warm hands on the previously tortured nipples. Bobby hissed as his body reacted to the touch and then was denied by the newly attached cage.

“Don’t worry. We’ll have lots of time to play later. Get use to the new jewelry and I have some business in New York. Later, you will come with me but now, relax. Find your new footing here. Devon is going to be the new foreman. You will report to him after you show the new slave around. Samuel is his name, I think? He was sentenced almost three weeks ago, punished for two and I am giving him some time to recover. Almost killed an angel that one. I think you might have known the boy’s father? John Winchester.”

Bobby sighed with relief as his master undid the chains, this allowed him to rotate his arms and stretch slightly.

Gabriel handed his slave a new set of clothes. A cream white shirt with a mid-evil cut, and a loose pair of soft brown pants. As Bobby slid the new apparel on, he thought, Great. Now I look like a damn hippie.

“Hemp,” Gabriel said as he watch Bobby dress. “I wanted them to be comfortable. I know the jewelry will take some getting used to.”

Bobby eyed the man with a nod.

“Go on. Take the rest of the day off. You can visit my library or chat with the new slave. I will see you in three days.”

Gabriel opened his door, closed it, locking it as soon as Bobby stepped out. Bobby looked down at his feet. That bastard took his shoes. Fuck. He turned to knock on the door, then stopped. He could not face that room or his master again. Three days…

Bobby padded his way down the main hall to the kitchen and out to the slave dormitories. His feet felt the chill of the marble floor as he balled his fists and absenty bit at his cheek. What hell had just happened? Really? Did that just fucking happen?
Bobby Singer walked away from his master's room in a complete daze. His hand flew to the pain he felt burning in the back of his neck only to be met by the thick piece of leather he now wore. He wondered what would happen if he threw the damn thing away. Would Gabriel even notice?

Jez, the master never noticed the wine that periodically went missing. He didn't ask about sick days, the odd smell of weed that permeated some of the slaves, or any other crazy thing he had to put up with on the daily. Bobby truly did not care what the hell his other staff members wanted to do as long as it didn't hurt anyone else and the work got done. Slack off too much? You'd have an angry redneck in your face asking you why...

Well maybe not anymore...

Ellen lazily swept a her flat rag broom over the smooth marble floors of the hallway leading to dining rooms and kitchen. She knew she didn't have to work too hard. The house seemed to keep itself clean for the most part. Gabriel used his grace for anything he saw that was out of place. It was Mrs. Blacker who seemed intent on pleasing the master.

Ellen's house dress moved gracefully in time with her hips. The dress was a plain brown slave dress but she had altered it to hug her frame. She even changed the neckline to a even square to accent her God-given charms. Bobby always told her the dress made her look like a bar winch looking for trouble. The comment always produced a blush and set her smiling.

She was startled to see him wandering around the house. Normally he stayed clear of Joyce Blacker as much as he could. He mostly concerned himself with the crops, animals and equipment. That was more that enough to fill his work days and off days. What she saw now startled her more.

“My god! You look like a peacock on Sunday! What hell happened to you? You getting sold? Married? Seriously Darling, you look different… are you wearing a wig?” She said examining the man with a bright smile.

“Not now, Ellen. We have to talk later,” Bobby tried to say gruffly but his voice was higher. Fucking hell. Did Gabriel remove his balls? He did a quick check. Nope. Tied up, but still there.

“Now, wait there Singer. What the hell happened to you? No one gets called to the Master’s quarters for no reason,” she said putting a hand on her hip.

“Are you fucking blind, you old bat?” His voice still too high. He hooked a thumb on the large gold ring on the collar.

“Welle you are in a mood! Are we all getting one of those? What the hell is going on?” she scoffed.
“You’re not getting one unless you have a cock and balls the master want to play with.” Bobby said bitterly.

“Holy shit, you are not serious! You know? You have a lot more hair than you did this morning Bobby! Are you dyeing your hair? Since when did you become a redhead?” She asked getting more anxious.

“I have always been a redhead, it just got darker over time. I have not had time to process this shit. So seriously fuck off, Ellen. Stop with the damn Q and A over here,” he said slowly hoping to calm her.

“I’m serious!” She said reaching a hand out to finger the hair as he pulled away.

Just then Mrs. Blacker came around the corner and into the kitchen.

“I have spoken to the master. Just because you changed position, Robert Singer, does not mean you get to curse without consequence. Next time, I shall tell Master Gabriel… Here is the key to your new room. I just changed the sheets and put your new clothes in the closet.” The old woman lifted her head as she spoke. Intending to take more authority than she had before.

“Since when do we get keys, Joyce?” Bobby asked looking suspiciously at the set of keys and large key chain.

“Since you became a Favorite today. Enjoy it. Hopefully those marks keep you safer than Derek. But it’s doubtful you will get to have the same freedom he did. What with him disappearing. There has been talk that he ran off, other’s say Lucifer stole him.”

“I’ll show him, let’s go Bobby!” Ellen said quickly. Mrs. Blacker did not say no, so Ellen pulled Bobby along. He felt for sure if she had a leash, she would use it.

As they walked down the path to the dorms, Ellen looked him over with sad eyes.

“Really, what does this mean?”

“Ellen, I really wish I could tell you. I don’t know what the hell Derek and Gabriel did together. The kid always looked so happy, so peaceful. Hopefully this does not include a whole lot of rape and pain…”

“You’ll be fine! I do even know if angels even have… you know…?”

“A penis? Seriously, if you are old enough to ride one, you should be old enough to call it by its name.”

“You are awful!” She said with an uncharacteristic blush.

Ellen could not wait to see her lover’s new room. She hurried up the stairs and stopped at Derek’s old room. The key did not fit.

“It says 206, not 205.”
“Oh,” she said quickly placing the key in the lock across the hall.

The door opened easily. The room was clean and bright. From the door to the right there was sink in on the wall, an open bathroom door with a small toilet and shower. Next there was a closet. Beside that was a plain dresser. On which was a house plant, toiletries, and a bottle of whiskey. Under the window was a plain desk with a wooden chair. The last object, was one that interested Bobby the most. A bed with thick mattress, four pillows, and puffy plum duvet.

Bobby stared into the room for a few seconds before Ellen pushed past him. That was not enough for Bobby. He squinted at the room as if he was waiting for something in one of the drawers to bite him. Ellen squealed as she brushed the duvet with her fingertips.

“Let’s christen the bed!” she said as she laid down and began to unbutton her dress.

“Ellen, wait. There’s something you should see,” his voice still felt too high. He coughed a little.

“What is it? This is so awesome! It’s not being set free but hell it’s good news,” she said gleefully looking around the new room.

Bobby looked up and undid the tie that held up his drawstring pants. As the pants pooled on the floor, Ellen’s mouth dropped and her eyes widened.

“Oh, Bobby! I am so sorry…”

“Yeah, so not christening anything with this thing on. Just leave me alone for little while. I am not sure I am okay with any of it.”

She nodded silently as she pressed her hands to straighten her skirt and began buttoning up her dress. He almost told her to keep quiet but then he remembered who he was talking to. Asking her to keep her mouth shut was like asking a crocodile to go vegetarian. He might appear to listen to you but once your back was turned, he would go ahead and swallow another golfer.

Bobby closed the door after she left, waited a few moments, then locked it. He paused, taking a look at great white thing. It was a freedom he had not had in long time. To be behind a locked door by choice. He tried not to think about the fact that Gabriel might have key. Anyway he had three full days. Three full days without shoes probably. Bobby laid down on the dark purple comforter. He opened the bottom drawer of the bed. A down duvet was folded neatly at the bottom of the drawer, along with another set of sheets. His head hit the pillows and he tried to roll on his stomach. He hissed as pressure hit his nipples and again his dick jumped and hit against its cage.

He had a few precious hours of solitude. Time to reflect on the madness. He rolled onto his back and drifted off to sleep.

Eventually, he stirred, hearing a soft knock at the door. He pulled himself up and reluctantly unlocked the door.

Jody stood before him, tears welling in her soft brown eyes.

Jody was a Midwest beauty. She had smooth creamy white skin and rich chocolate brown hair. Her short brown hair fell into her face as she looked down toward the floor, then casted her eyes upward toward his. She reach out to touch his face but stopped as stared deeper into his eyes.
Trying to determine whether he was the same man.

Before she was convicted, Jody worked in Bobby’s home town as the town sheriff. Of course the two had never met as she was just thirteen when he lost his wife. She was just a kid really when Bobby was tried. But she knew a few of his old friends and acquaintances. She cozied up to Bobby the moment she saw him. The authority, power and his general candor with just about everyone, drove her into his arms. Being corn feed, thick skinned, and a flirt drove him into hers.

Damnit Ellen! He thought to himself. He opened his arms to hug her. As she pressed hard up against him to fell his warmth, he hissed loudly. She backed away.

“Bobby?” She said looking into his eyes. Her fingers reached out and touched the large gold ring. She shook her head and looked down at the floor.

“It’s okay, Jody... No one is dying here. I just got a boyfriend, I guess. With a real sick fetish.”

Bobby pulled the soft cotton up to reveal the gold rings.

Jody shook her head in horror.

“Do they come off?”

“Not that I can tell I can’t even find a seam. I assume they are gold so they could be cut off but I would probably be in a world of hurt.”

“Is it true? You know… about the cage?”

Bobby nodded his head solemnly.

“Jesus, I really thought he was better than the rest. I really did. But I guess they are all assholes,” she said with a glare, looking out past his window.

Bobby pulled up one side of his lip. “You’d rather belong to Raphael? Or Lucifer?”

"No. No… I guess I am just sorry is all.”

“I know Jody. I know. Trust me. I know. Look it’s been a hell of a day. You mind letting me get sleep?”

"Of course… Of course, I’ll see you at dinner,” she kissed his gently on cheek and backed out of the new room. She closed the door quietly as her heart sank.

Bobby laid on his back and tried to sleep. There were still dull aches in his chest and occasionally his leg would rub wrong on the cage and wake him up. At least, the thread count was high on his sheets, they felt like spun silk.

Wriggling his body on the new bed, he thought back to his old room. The rough thick cotton sheets, the bunk he shared with Daniel, and the really inconvenient communal bathroom. Chili night was really an unpleasant experience. He and Daniel agreed to sleep with window open to avoid asphyxiation.

Daniel? Why the hell did Gabriel not pick Daniel? He was handsome, strong. Dumb as a bag of hammers but pleasant enough. And gay.

Bobby pulled himself up and looked at himself in the full view mirror. Holy shit… The bastard
did take fifteen years off. Bobby pulled at hair he had lost years prior. Pulling the skin he
remembered had started to sag. Asshole. There was a very specific beauty about old age. People
start to leave you the hell alone. Women stop wanting you to be a mate and are fine with a quick
lay. Fucking Angels…

Bobby examined the Whiskey bottle. Overpriced but decent. Some kind of Kentucky bourbon in
a fancy bottle. Seemed like an oxymoron to him, but whatever the master wanted, apparently he
got.

He looked around. No glasses. Fuck it. Bobby broke the seal and took a swig. Jesus. That felt
good! The glass of bourbon on Christmas and New Year’s Eve was nice but this, this was very
nice. It’d be nicer to have someone to share it with. Someone who did not cause his lower brain to
ram it’s head on against a known barrier.

He took in a deep breath. He should probably go talk to John’s kid. The boy was probably scared
out of his mind.
Kid was a spitfire. Mary, John’s wife, adored that child. He’d run his little four year old body into the wall, knock down a vase or picture, she would laugh and help him clean up. She had been really pregnant the last time John had come to visit. John’s little family had caused the biggest and last fight of Bobby’s marriage. Karen loved children. She loved Dean. They had looked after Dean, so that John and Mary could have some alone time before the baby. As soon as they left, Karen finally pressed the issue of having children.

Bobby said he had terrible parents and did not want to do that to anyone else. They fought and talked and fought again. As soon as Karen realized there was no winning the fight, she cried for an entire day. She was on her third day of not talking to him when the black smoke of the demon seeped into her small body.

Well, he had been out of the world for so long, maybe it was time to see how things were going… He hoped Dean had a family of his own by now, a good wife and that Mary and John were enjoying being grandparents. How the hell did baby Samuel get mixed up with angels? How did he come close to killing one?

Bobby pulled himself out of bed, opened his door and locked it when he left. He walked around the dorm. He took the stairs to the first floor. He shook his head. Twenty four years at this damn place and he had new been allowed on the second floor. I mean naturally he snuck up there a few time, just to make sure there was nothing he needed up there. Just another floor, filled with locked doors. Visiting slaves would come use the rooms but never invited him up.

Yep, that’s him. The only one not working, in the room without doors… Jesus, he’s big. Gigantic. Not as big as Gabriel but damn. Bobby poked his head further into the door. The kid was curled up on a bottom bunk reading a book.

Bobby stood in the doorway, shaking his head as he looked at the kid. Samuel Winchester was a tall kid with lanky arms and legs that seemed to still get in his way. His mop of chin length brown hair fell straight around an angled gaunt face. He still wore the standard slave clothes, rough cotton shirt, rougher unbleached cotton pants and canvas shoes. They all arrived with two pair. Once someone had a successful year, they were measured by Mrs. Blacker and then some form of sensible second hand clothing was sent, along with a set of shoes, and work clothes.

Good God, look at him, looks like they just dumped him off. Bobby knew that couldn’t be true. Someone had to be helping him. He looked clean enough, at least he found his way to the shower. His pallid complexion and haggard look suggested that he had not been properly fed in a while. There was also something about the kid that Bobby found familiar. The way he held himself close, and the deep concentration, like he was desperately trying to not think of what he was obviously thinking about. He had every right, Singer. Just offer him a damn hand.

Sam looked up from his book, a little startled. Okay. It’s that kind of place, Sam thought as he looked Bobby over with wide eyes. They send this meathead to the welcome party? Okay, maybe not a meathead, but he looks like he could hold his own in fight. What the hell is that around his neck? Okay, try not to stare… Other than looking like he works at a mid-evil leather bar for overweight blacksmiths, normal guy… Early thirties, thick neck, thin nose, big arms, light shaggy brown hair that looked in desperate need of a comb, a square jaw, baby faced, maybe a little jockish… the tubby side of jockish, not judging… and God, look at those big blue eyes, is this
dude going to cry? Fuck, it’s me. He’s looking at me like I’m a charity case. Sam knocked his head against the wall in response. Dude! I’m fine. Didn’t go looking for you. You came here… Damnit, be nice Sammy, you’re going to be here awhile. Make some goddamn friends.

“You Samuel?” Bobby asked, extending his hand.

“Sam, yeah.” Sam shook his hand warmly.

“I was in the Marines with your Daddy. I served under his command. How the hell is he doing?” Bobby asked taking a seat on one of the beds close to Sam's. The older man bet his old war buddy had an auto shop of his own, Winchester and Sons. Like he talked about.

“I am sorry to tell you, he died a few years ago, trying to save my brother,” Sam pressed his lips the same way he had every time he had to give someone the news of his father’s early passing.

“I am real sorry to hear that son. Your daddy was a great man. Wait, your brother? You mean Dean?” Bobby heart dropped, then he opened his eyes, ripe with concern.

“You know him?” Sam said confused.

“I met the kid when he was four and you were still in your momma’s belly. How is Mary, anyhow?” Bobby asked hopefully.

Sam looked down, “Again, I’m sorry, she died when I was six months old.”

Bobby shook his head again. Mary Winchester. Such a pretty little thing. She was too damn good for that sonofabitch… “Your brother? He’s alive right?”

“Dean? Yeah. He’s on the run though. We were investigating some of the slave disappearances and deaths. One of the angels we were working over almost kicked it. I prayed to Micheal to help. He got there in time to save the angel and arrest me. Dean made it out though. The angel, Castiel ratted Dean out.”

Bobby rested his head on the doorway. He was tired. What a fucking day.

“You drink, Sam?”

“Sometimes.”

“Follow me.”

“You don’t want mess around or anything do you? I mean that’s sweet and everything, but I just met you, so I should probably just get back to my book.”

“Jesus Christ… Oh! The collar? Yeah that is new. Today. It’s the reason I’m drinking. You want to join me? And no. I am not interested, thank you very much.”

“Cool,” Sam said as he marked his book. The young man followed Bobby to the second floor to his room.

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“Is it just you in here? Who do you have to fuck to get a room as nice as this?” Sam said as Bobby was pulling his key out of the door. The room Sam currently resided in was nothing like this one. His room was filled with beds, open cubbies, and hooks for hats. Everything anyone had was visible at all times. But this room, looked normal. The collar was a dead giveaway though, this guy was a slave. And a kept one at that.

“You don’t want to know. I don’t have glasses, but I am as clean as they come,” Bobby said opened the bottle, holding it by the neck and sloshing it around a bit.

“Yeah, I thought so. Angel’s cure everyone they own, right?” Dean had said the only thing good about being a slave was there was no need for condoms. Everyone was sterilized and everyone was clean as a whistle.

Bobby drew a long swallow from the bottle with a nod and passed it on. Sam did the same and pulled the bottle down with a cough.

“Do you know how they keep appearing and disappearing. Making things appear and disappear? The angel’s, I mean. It’s freaky shit,” Sam asked as he accepted the bottle.

“Oh man. Yeah, you have to get use to that. Gabriel does that crap all the time. Angels have been thought to be able to bend space time. I know, weird, right? I read about it in college. The common theory is that angels have the distinct ability to calculate their exact position of in space, then open a portal to the new destination or grab what they need from it. Notice they never summon cars or people. Archangels are different and have more than a few more powers, but we will leave it at that, for now.”

Sam laughed a little as he looked into the fancy bottle at the brown liquid. Pausing a little he remarked, “That is just too weird. I wonder if there is an angel trap, like the ever reliant demon trap?” Bobby just shook his head.

Upon examining the bottle, Sam’s eyes opened wide, “That is some powerful stuff,” he examined the bottle, “You weren’t kidding! This is like $400 a bottle. Someone here really likes you. You okay with all of this?”

“I don’t really have a choice. I was the foreman and was in a semi monogamous relationship with Jody and Ellen when the boss calls me in…” Bobby’s tongue was loosening with the alcohol intake. “Gives me this collar, a new uniform, room, bottle of booze, more ‘jewelry’ and new title of ass monkey. I’m thrilled.”

“That huge blond angel?” Sam asked in disbelief.

Bobby nodded miserably.

“Man, that is rough. He’s not going to need more than one is he? Is that why I am here?”

“I have been here for twenty five years. He’s never had more than one. Really for the last fifteen it was Derek. Then Derek was taken while he was out getting groceries, probably by Demons. He might have escaped. But whoever did it or helped him, knew how to take off the sigil. You have found yours right? It’s on your left ankle, on the inside.”

Sam looked down. He twisted his ankle in the light. There was a pale outline of some symbols in Enochian.

“What the hell does that do?” Sam asked examining the thing, trying to decipher the lettering.
“Let’s Gabriel know where you are and control where you go. If you start to feel a sharp pain in your leg… you’ve gone too far.”

“What happens if I keep going?”

“Jesus, they were supposed to tell you this shit. You burn to a crisp. It happened once. A slave was fool enough to hide in a car headed out of the compound. Turned to ashes real quick.”

“Damn thanks for telling me. I am worried Dean is going to try to bust me out.”

“If he’s John’s son, he’ll probably do it. What the hell did John in? That was the toughest, most resourceful man I ever met,” Bobby chuckled staring deep into the bottle.

“He swapped his soul for my brother’s life,” Sam said casually.

“Damn… He still in hell?” Bobby asked pulling a hand to his mouth.

“Nope, like you said. Resourceful. The bastard escaped,” Sam said looking out Bobby’s window.

“That tough old son of a bitch. Good for him. To John!” Bobby raised his bottle, took a swig, and then handed it back to Sam.

“To John.” Sam said stoically, then pulled hard on the bottle.

“You and your daddy have some bad blood?” Bobby asked noticing the chill that entered the room.

“Is there a father and son that doesn’t have some?” Sam asked dismissively. He did not want to debate the merits of his deadbeat dad with someone who looked at his father like Dean did.

“Point taken. So Dean never settled down?” Bobby took the hint.

Sam smiled taking another swig. “You ever met Dean? He's never met a nice girl he did want to settle down with for a couple hours. Not really the settling type.”

“That’s too bad. My best years were with Karen.”

“Wait, your Singer? Bobby Singer?”

“In the flesh,” Bobby said a little surprised.

“Dad did talk about you! We spent months trying to get a hold of you…Until we found out you had been sentenced. Dad pulled so many strings until he found out you were bought by an archangel. You know, the hardest angels to get slaves back from. He wrote you letters, did you get them?”  Huh?  This was one of Dad's best friends?  He really liked ’em young. What the hell was going on?  Shut up, Sammy. Just keep drinking. All of that was dead past anyway.

Bobby tilted his head and shook it slowly, thinking. If Gabriel was going to handle his goods, he was going to tell him why he hasn’t gotten John’s mail. Bobby took another swig and handed it back. Bobby felt the cloth rub against the rings again. He wanted to press his arm into his chest every time he had to extend his reach. That would look weird. Damnit Gabriel.

Sam took a small swig and burped. “Excuse me,” the kid said a little red faced.
“How about you? Did you ever settle down? Find a nice girl?”

Sam looked sadly at the floor. “I was engaged. I was going to go to law school. Then Dean showed up and Dad had gotten himself into something he couldn’t get out of. When I got back, Jess was dead, then Dad was dead and Dean was all I had left. We decided to follow Dad’s lead and hunt down Demons and monsters. The focus shifted to rogue angels last year after we lost about twelve former hunters.”

“I am sorry, boy. I know what it’s like to lose someone to something you can’t even explain. The law pinned my wife’s murder on me. She was possessed. I killed her, was sentenced and have been here ever since.”

“Yeah, my sentence is life. I can’t even think in those terms.”

“Seriously, Gabriel is not that bad. His brothers are the ones you should look out for. My first week, Lucifer took a cane to me for not bowing correctly. I had never been beat so bad. Lucifer swore if he heard Gabriel healed me he would do it to the rest of the slaves. I was in bed for two weeks. Such an ass.”

Sam looked at Bobby wide-eyed. “Remind me ask you how to bow,” he said taking another small swig.

Bobby grabbed the bottle, took a swig and examined the contents. He smiled. They had drank more than a third.

“You wanna save any of that?” Sam asked thoughtfully.

“Nah, beg for forgiveness, right?” Bobby said as he took another swallow, handing it off again. Bobby’s eyes began to close. “We need coffee! And you need a damn sandwich. You always that thin?”

“They kicked me off the transport this morning. There was not much to eat at the detention facility. But hell yeah, any of that is a really good idea!”

“Sam, really how drunk are you? Seriously?”

“Seriously?” Sam asked smiling. “Probably… Drunk.”

“Coffee?”

“Yes!” The two tried their best not to stumble but Bobby ended up tripping on a step. Sam laughed until he fell down and joined him on the floor.

“Sam… We are not even out of the dorm, Sam.”

“It’s okay. Maybe. I am not sure… I got here like this morning. Is it okay?”

“No. Probably not. But coffee?”

Sam nodded.
Sam followed his new friend out of the dorms. The warm July sun beat down on the two as Bobby watched his feet and Sam looked around and took in the new surroundings. The path was winding cobbled stone, that from above looked like a lower case “g.” “Just fucking fruity,” Bobby explained on their journey as he stubbed his toe.

Sam breathed in the fresh air, looking out into the distance, mountains peaked over the horizon. The manor seemed to have changed since his arrival.

God, this morning. The end of a seemingly unending nightmare.

This morning Sam was rudely awakened by the slave transport recoiling back into park on Gabriel’s driveway. His head slammed into the metal box he was shoved into two days ago. One more bruise to add to the many he had received at the detention facility. He would have moaned in response to the blow, but some kind of rag or sock had been pushed in his mouth then held there by a fair amount of duct tape. He wasn’t sure where he had come from but damned if it was not hot as hell. dropped him off early that morning. He arrived shackled in tight steel manacles around his ankles and wrists. early that morning. Gabriel had been there to greet him along with Mrs. Blacker. The archangel had sighed when he looked over the boy. He was roughed up pretty badly. The two weeks at the detention center had been hell and everything hurt. His shoulder felt out of joint, there were welts and bruises everywhere. His eyes burned as they opened the doors of his 4 by 4 box, dragging him into the light. The slaver took back his restraints after a nod from the master. As Sam gingerly rubbed his shoulder, Gabriel stretched out his finger, sending a spark of Grace, healing the boy instantly. The angel snapped his fingers and a small brown paper bag appeared his hands. Sam looked on with amazement. He had so many questions but he could not bring his lips to ask them.

“You need anything else, Joyce?” Gabriel asked the old woman as he handed off what was a sack of bread, cheese, sausage and an apple.

Mrs. Blacker shook her head slightly, keeping her eyes locked on the new addition to the staff. She did not like the look of him. She eyed him cautiously. Gabriel blink away and left the two of them staring at each other in the driveway. Eventually she drew a deep breath and said, “Come on, I’ll show you where you’re sleeping. You take a shower first thing! I do not want fleas in my dorms. You infest my house, you will wash and dry every damn thing in it… Now, say it… I will take a goddamn shower so I do not infest your house with fleas and filth…”

Sam looked at her blankly. He did not know the rules here but that would get him in trouble where he came from.

“Come on, boy! I can’t stand to smell you much longer… I WILL …” the old woman balked.

“Take a shower?” Sam answered slowly.

“Good, they didn’t hit you too hard. I’ll take you to the dorms.”

Mrs. Blacker pointed him in the direction of the male dormitory. As he walked in it reminded him of his own dorm. Linoleum floors, floor to ceiling tiles in the bathroom, twin beds everywhere. The old woman handed Sam a trash bag and the small bag of food. “You eat that food in shower room. Then toss what you have on and trash in that bag and knot it
tight. I was serious about those bugs. Now go on! Get cleaned up, your clothes are folded up on your bed in the room without a door,” she said with shake of her head.

So that had been Sam Winchester’s introduction to slave life. He was just kind of winging it. But as Bobby and he walked to the dining hall, he couldn’t help looking around and thinking he was not going to see anything else for next sixty years. Then again, hard work, free love, protection from all that goes bump in the night? Maybe it wasn’t so bad… Sam prayed Dean would never make through that rust colored fence. Dean was going to get himself hurt or killed trying… Sam was brought back to Earth by the loud unlatching of the kitchen door. The great wooden door opened to reveal a spotless and gigantic kitchen. A small old woman with long grey hair twirled loosely on the back her head sat singing to herself, enjoying some odd sort of cocktail. Sam looked wide eyed as Bobby offered her a friendly wave. She nodded and continued her song. Was that French?

“That’s Ester. She’s a fabulous French cook and renown drunk. Master really doesn’t care. She says she’s inventing cocktails and has to try them out. We all just let her be. Gabriel must change out her liver about once every five years, but she does alright.”

Sam looked around at the giant pots, impressive collection of Le Creuset, large trays, and various sizes of mixing bowls. Wide refrigerators, long stoves, and ovens beneath lined the walls where tall windows let in the light that bounced off the shiny surface of almost everything in the kitchen.

Bobby walked over to a neatly arranged open pantry that was pushed flush up against the only brick wall in the place. The burly man reached his arm around a collection of canisters, feeling around until his eyes lit up and he pulled an old red box from behind the dry goods.

“Ester makes cookies, she doesn’t notice if few lose their way every now and then…” Bobby explained in a half whisper.

Opening the ancient cookie tin revealed thick round shortbread cookies dusted in powdered sugar. Bobby closed his eyes and popped one in his mouth. Then nodded his head in satisfaction.

“My biggest vice before someone gave me that bottle…” the man took three more from the tin and placed them in Sam’s hands.

“Son, you need to get the meat back on your bones.” Sam accepted gratefully and took to eating them as soon as Bobby turned his back to lead the younger man to the promised coffee.

Bobby found the pot of institution coffee reserved for Gabriel’s slaves in a small alcove in the back of the kitchen.

“Seriously, talk to this dude about his coffee. It’s fucking terrible.”

“Can’t taste it anymore. All coffee tastes like this coffee because all coffee I drink is this coffee.”

“I see your logic, but you are negating the fact that better coffee exists outside this region of space. You ever had Peet’s?”

“From LA? Yeah, on my honeymoon. They still in business?”

“In every grocery store in America. Well most of them.”
“Huh. Well it’s nice to get someone who has been outside in the last ten years.”

“Bobby, is my math wrong or did you get married when you were ten?”

Bobby laughed so hard he fell over.

A slim redhead with cropped hair and a short green dress walked into the kitchen holding hands with a very small brunette clad in a kaki work suit.

“Charlie!” Bobby yelled, probably too loud. The young redheaded woman raised her eyebrows scrambling to grab him by the shoulder. “Gilda, get the other one. Bring them back to Bobby’s room. By the way… nice collar, Bobby.” Charlie said as she gave the ring a little tug.

“Shuddup. The boss is out for three days.”

“Well... Devon just took the whip to Jacob for falling asleep. You better get your ass in bed. Both of you.”

“Damnit… That scrawny fool, Jacob just needs motivation. God damn it, Jacob’s going to go fucking kamikaze and screw something up now. Why in God’s name did Gabriel pick Devon to run this hotdog stand?”

“Have you looked at Devon recently? Not so scrawny,” Charlie said bitterly.

“I know, but that damn kid never grew up. I should have spent more time with him. He was just so weird and morose,” Bobby said sadly.

“You couldn’t really raise all of them. And that crazy kid got here when he was seventeen,” Gilda said shaking her head.

Ten years ago. Had it really been that long? The poor kid arrived bony, lanky and half starved. The slavers had also done a number on him. Whip marks, bruises, cuts, were all visible in varying states of healing and that was what they saw with him fully clothed. He had been sentenced for killing his sister while on a camping trip, he was fifteen. Then sentenced to a reform school until he was of age. The evidence pointed to a werewolf but that didn’t matter.

The boy’s father couldn’t look at him. His family believed the courts and did not even attend his sale. When he had gotten to the manor, it took him years to talk to anyone.

Everyone there offered a hand of kindness to the kid. He liked hard labor and in a few years’ time he was as thick as oak. He always seem to have his head in in a book. Mostly those on the occult, fantasy or science fiction. Most didn’t see it, but kid liked to see others in pain or in trouble. Bobby noticed the slight smile, but never told anyone because those were things you kept your eye on, not accused someone of. He liked the kid. He was smart, but Bobby tried to keep him doing that which would be his sole responsibility. Find the leak in the irrigation system. Find out why the tractor stalls. Not help anyone do anything because that meant someone involved was getting it at the end of the day. Stupid fucking angel…

“You’re pretty,” Sam said smiling, looking up at Charlie as she pulled him to his feet.

“I’m taken Cyrano,” Charlie said with a tilt of her head.
“Is that a slight at my nose?” Sam said confused as he touched his face.

“No, darling. It was a slight at your turn of phrase. That’s my girl over there,” Charlie said pointing to Gilda.

Gilda pulled her long ponytail as she looked at Bobby, “Singer, why the hell did you throw yourself at Gabriel? Man, Devon is going to such an ass to work for,” she complained.

“You think I asked for this?” Bobby said as lifted his shirt.

“You are far kinkier than I ever gave you credit for,” Charlie said with a smile and a wink.

“This was not my idea, you twit.”

Charlie mouthed “Ohhh!” with concern. Charlie and Gilda managed to get both men back to Bobby’s room without too much incident.

“So you’re not…?” Charlie asked Bobby who looked up at her from the floor. He twisted his mouth and shook his head. “You haven’t…” Bobby shook his head.

“Okay! Carry on with the drinking! I will cover for you and bring you two dinner. Sam you okay on the floor tonight, here? If you’re not, I am afraid a beating will be arranged before you turn in tonight.”

“Floor is good.” Sam said nodding.

“Good… good…” Charlie stared at both of them awhile before Gilda woke her up with a tap on the arm. “I am sorry Bobby… I am just… Sorry.”

Bobby pressed his lips in a nod. She and Gilda left in a hurry. Promising dinner and extra dessert. After the door closed, Sam looked at Bobby with concern.

“Jesus, what’s this guy going to do to you?”

“Turn me into a pleasure slave…I guess, that or marry me?”

“That is rough.”

“Yeah, hopefully it’s over quick and I am not loaned out.”

“Well tell me about Ellen, Jody?” Sam said trying to move the subject away from rape.

“Ellen’s got a daughter about your age. Maybe younger. Gabriel agreed to send her to culinary school. She should be home by Christmas.”

“You keep talking to me like I’m the kid. You can’t be that much older than Dean. How the hell’d you serve with my dad?”

“Sam, I’m fifty. Or I was on my birthday last October. Do you know what Grace is?”

“As in ‘Amazing Grace’ or the angel Grace?”
“Well the Archangel Grace is more potent than a regular angel’s grace. It can heal, maim, destroy, or even create. Lucifer has a few slaves with tails. Gabriel took fifteen years off my body today. It hurt like hell itself but now I am younger, more pissed and more scared than I have ever been. I never wanted to be a show pony in a goddamn angel freak show.”

“How about Jody, how did she get here?”

“Jody was a Sheriff before she was framed for the murder of her husband and son. Well her son had died a year before. It was complicated.”

“I read about that! Sioux Falls? The Sheriff lost her son and then her son ate her husband? That was in the Daily Sun. Man, they really want to refresh the slave population.”

“Most people who have loved ones on the block bid on them. Most of us here are here because demons took the only family we had. Gabriel has a soft spot for slaves sentenced for demonic crimes. You, I am not sure about. You get framed for your Daddy’s murder?”

“No, just angel torture. Some angel named Castiel. Dean found some set of angel manacles that rendered them powerless. The investigation got out of hand.”

“You know Castiel lives here. In the far west wing. He blinks in and out every now and then. Has his apartment dusted every year but other than that he doesn’t eat, sleep or anything else. Gabriel has asked him to take a pleasure slave but he finds the whole thing despicable.”

“No way! Man, I hope he is not the vengeful, type. Jesus, why the hell would they buy me if they didn’t want some sort of pay back…” Sam was starting to go pale.

“Both of them wouldn’t hurt a damn fly. I take that back, Gabriel would dress the fly in bondage and then God knows… Sam, Castiel and Gabriel have never punished anyone since I got here, twenty four years ago. I mean no one. Not for disobedience, not for breaking shit, we mostly police ourselves.”

“And the guy who got beaten for falling asleep?”

“I can’t speak to that. I don’t know about Devon. I’ll have a talk with him. He’s an asshole but he’s not stupid. He should listen to reason.”

“Honestly, Dean and I got more answers out of Castiel than we thought we would. But that was because he was working the same case.”

Sam filled Bobby in on the details of the case. Angels all over the United States were losing slaves. Either finding them dead or having them go missing. There had been only a few witnesses. Most of them suddenly went insane, died or just disappeared. There has also been rumors of a new power in Hell. Lilith. She had been Adam’s first wife. She turned out to be not as sweet as Eve. She was disobedient, headstrong and combative. She was cast out of the garden and landed in Hell. Lucifer had been king of Hell for a millennia but had recently taken residence in Chicago.

With the addition of the seventh Archangel, the globe split up into seven pieces. The last stronghold was China, which recently agreed, albeit reluctantly, to join the New World Order. Gabriel took the West Coast and South America, Uriel took the Middle East, Azrael governed Africa, Lucifer took the East Coast and Canada, Micheal reigned in Asia, Raphael watched over Europe and Jeremiel ruled Australia. The only problem was that all of them had raids on their houses and on other angels in their provinces. To be sure, none were as broken up about it as Gabriel, but an attack was an attack and should be taken seriously.
Sam learned there are in total 30,000 angels living throughout the world. Most hold places in
government and less than half held any slaves on their property. Many more resided in heaven.
Castiel was unsure of any other power structure beyond that of the archangels. Mostly angels lived
normal lives, moving from place to place as they did not age.

Lilith. No one was sure where Hades had gone. But there was a power vacuum in hell and the
disappearances were likely related. Everything Castiel had heard about the demoness had said that
she had a loose grip on reality and a real love of cruelty, in any and all forms. If she gained any
more power than she had, she would be a force to be reckoned with.

Dean had tried to get more inform out of Castiel but he was drifting in and out of consciousness.
That is when Dean told Sam to get the hell out and let someone else deal with the mess. Sam held
his ground, as he began praying to Michael, Dean lit out there in that old Chevy like a bat outa
hell.

After Sam had finished his story, he heard someone rapping on the door. It was more of a dainty
tap-tap-tap. Sam unlocked the door and saw Charlie awkwardly carrying a large wooden tray. The
tray looked to weigh almost as much as she did. Heavy earthen stoneware bowls with heavy tops
to keep the food warm and from spilling. Sam’s stomach produced a loud rumble as he smelled a
whiff of supper. Charlie set the tray down on Bobby’s desk. A lift of the solid lids revealed fresh
milk, chicken stew, steamed broccoli, French bread and four cherry tarts. Bobby smiled at Charlie.
Old Ester did not ever give anyone extra dessert. It was more than likely Charlie and Gilda’s.

Charlie looked around and then huffed, “It still smells like a bar in here, old man!”

Bobby laughed, “Watch who you are calling old!”

“Just because the master gave you new hair and a face lift does not mean you are not still an old
fart.” she jabbed with a coy smile.

“You better hold on to that girl of yours, I just got look a whole lot better looking than I use to
be…”

“I heard a little bird tell me you were out of commission so to say…”

“I have about as much to work with as you do!” he said looking down at his hands, his tongue
poking just out the side of his mouth

“No sure that is exactly true…” Charlie said looking down at her pert breasts.

“Yeah, yeah… you got me there…” Bobby chuckled. He really loved Charlie. She was like the
brother he never had.

Charlie inhaled and gave a half smile. “Bobby, Sam? I have to get back to her. I am really worried
she is going to try and tell off Devon… She is pissed about Jacob. You know how she gets, fights
every battle except her own. She thankfully leaves those to me. But she is going to get a beating if
she’s not careful.”

“I know Darlin’. Go look after her.”

“Maybe I’ll ask the master if he has any extra collars… Might be able to keep a better eye on her.”

“You know, you are way kinkier than I ever gave you credit for…”
“Ha. Ha.” She smiled with a wave. “Goodnight sweet prince,” she whispered as she backed out and closed the door.

After Charlie left, Sam dove for the food tray. He grabbed a bowl of stew off the tray first. And after a few hurried bites, he said, “I have never eaten so well in my life!”

“Yeah, we make most everything here. We have a few cows, chickens, and even some pigs. I was put in charge of the crops. I researched modern farming and we have gotten pretty close to being off the grid,” Bobby said taking a bit of his stew, his baguette in hand to catch any loose soup.

“Whatever it is, this is awesome.”

After all the food had been thoroughly devoured, and the two men had been in a comfortable silence for about ten minutes, Bobby spoke up.

“Sam I may have gotten younger, but I still want to sleep like an old man. Time to hit the hay.” Sam nodded. The sun was still out. It was still July, it might still be eight, but both men were beat. Bobby pulled the feather blanket out of the drawer and handed Sam one of his pillows.
Good Morning

July 7, 2008. Western Oregon 8AM

Sunlight poured in from the only window in Bobby’s new room. The blinds had been left open as no one bothered pull them in their drunken stupor. The room was quiet and still.

Bobby Singer lay in a dreamless sleep wrapped in the comfort of his new bed. He began to wince and jerk his head from side to side. His hips twisted and shifted. Slowly a dull pain pulled him from sleep. A snarl edge on his lip, then he gasped in pain. His hands flew to his cock. Holy crap, not better! He threw himself up and barely missed stomping on the sleeping man now stretched out on his floor.

Bobby made it to the bathroom and gasped a very loud and satisfying “Ahhh!” as he as able relieve himself and take away some of the pressure.

Goddamn it. That had been a nightmare. Sure, take some time to “get used to the new jewelry.” Fuck him.

His acrobatic jaunt into the bathroom had not phased his sleepover guest, Sam Winchester. Jez, the kid must be tired. Could you blame him? Two weeks of detention. No idea how long he spent in the yards waiting for sentencing. He could probably sleep for another two days if he wasn’t half starved.

Bobby wadded through the tangled limbs that had sprawled everywhere and plopped himself back into bed. As Bobby stared at his new ceiling he listened to the notable silence. It set him on edge. He actually missed Daniel.

Daniel was the best roommate Bobby ever had at the Manor. Despite the fact that crazy kid liked to hum anything by a band called Erasure, every morning, while he stretched. Bobby couldn’t bring himself to complain. It was the best alarm clock he’d ever had.

Much better than listening to Carl clear his throat for ten minutes every morning. Or waiting thirty minutes every morning for Jedidiah to complete his hygiene routine, which consisted of picking his toes, fingernails, bellybutton, then combing his beard, hair and brushing his teeth, in bed, with a wash cloth and string. Bobby would close his eyes and pretend he was somewhere else until Jeb would finally get out of bed and stretch, naked. Bobby would go hoarse explaining how the master provided toothbrushes, floss, showers, and nail clippers for a reason. Jeb would thank him for his concern, but too many showers were unhealthy. Showering was best done once every lunar cycle. Consequently, Jeb smelled like a very ripe gym sock for all but three days a month.

Bobby had asked to take over room assignments so many times. Gabriel would smile and say, “Kinda seems like a conflict of interest, Bobby. Just let Mrs. Blacker know your concerns. She’ll listen…” Gabriel would say with a laugh. Complaining only got you a worse roommate, so when Bobby got Daniel as a roommate, he just hummed along.

But that was his old life. Looking around, he realized how much had changed. He did not have to go around and wake everyone up. He did not have to do a morning check to make sure everyone knew what their assignment was. He did not have to check the on the animals and check the orchards, crops and the fields. Hopefully Devon knew what to do.

Not that he been consulted or apprised. It was more than a little insulting. Did Gabriel think Devon could just fall into his job? There was the proof that with power did not come intelligence
or forethought. Hell, you’d think Devon would have a few questions. But hey, to Gabriel’s credit, he did pick the cockiest among the staff. If there was anyone who would try and just wing it, it was Devon.

A causal glance around the room reminded him of what his new job entailed. Bobby gripped the comforter tighter as he tried to talk himself out of crying. He still had two days. Two days without shoes and without responsibility. What he really wanted was to find Jody. Take the day off in the meadow with a blanket and the quarter bottle of whiskey. Bite into that sleek line on the back of her neck, tasting the bitter tang of her scent and buck his hips into her until she howled like wild… Ow! Fuck!


Bobby stared at the window. East facing window. The sun was still low in the sky. It was still close to eight. It was Saturday, so breakfast would start at 10:30. Brunch.

Sam rubbed his head against the soft cotton of the pillow. His body was so warm. He felt so safe. His eyes opened slowly. The objects slowly registered in his mind. The events of last night and the day before returning to him. A smile edged its way across his face. Sam pulled himself up with a slight headache.

“Bobby?”
“Yeah, kid?”
“Man. Thank you for letting me crash here last night. When is breakfast?”
“We get brunch at 10:30. Maybe we should start heading over to the dining hall. Then I’ll show you around. Don’t take it personally if we ostracized today. It’s custom to let the new guy get his footing before throwing out the welcome wagon. Just smile and nod. Monday, I’ll introduce you around. Today I’ll show you around as best I can without shoes. I’ll show you what we do and the jobs you might have. If Devon is feeling generous, he may let you chose what you want to start with.”

As Sam and Bobby walked out of the grey blockish building into the warm summer Oregon sun, Sam squinted as he looked out for the dining hall. The Oregon air was so clean, the morning seemed too intense. Sam rolled his shoulders, half expecting them to still carry the marks from his last punishment, ten lashes. He felt nothing. Gabriel had healed him as soon as he set foot on the soil. That was probably the time the sigil had been etched into his ankle. Sam took a deep breath as he looked around at the place he would probably spend the rest of his days. Safe for demons, free of vampires, shifters, ghouls, ghosts, and whatever the hell else Dean saw fit to hunt that day. As he looked at the ancient pines, rich, fertile fields, and active farm life, he decided there were worse fates. Hopefully someone would find him some clothes that fit before the first snow came.

When a new member of the staff arrives, most everyone stays clear and allows the slave to adjust to their new life. Bobby assumed that must be true for become the new Chosen, because as they walked through the doors to the dining hall, there were a lot of downward glances.

Assholes probably don’t know what to say. Maybe something like, “Congratulations on your new position of fucktoy! I hear you got a new cockcage! Lucky you,” was not very appropriate. Bobby rolled his eyes. Like this was going to hurt his pretty little feelings… Fuck them. Just show the new kid around. They’ll loosen up.

Bobby really couldn’t blame them. He had been a huge loss of what to say when he met Derek. He literally had no idea what to say to the man. Maybe, “Hello, guy who has training to be the fucktoy for years… Good job landing our master?” He felt sorry for the sonofabitch but the guy never looked unhappy. He looked grateful to be there, unless Gabriel had business he could not take Derek on. Then the poor thing would just walk around looking like a lost puppy.
As they approached the dinner line, Bobby whispered some words of warning: “Gabriel and Castiel won’t beat you but Ester might. She’s pretty quick with that spoon of hers if you piss her off. Don’t forget to get vegetables and eat them. Seriously. And, do not take more than one dessert. She will haul your ass outside and go to town. She’ll be watching you. Most of the time it’s a rite of passage for the new guy. But then again, most of us did not go through detention before we got here. So, don’t make me look like the asshole who didn’t tell you…”

Sam nodded quickly.

Sam put everything Bobby put on his tray. Scrambled eggs, a piece of ham, one muffin, a side of asparagus and, of course, a cup of institution coffee.

Bobby said a silent pray thanking whoever that Ellen and Jody were on kitchen duty for the next few days. Men did not have kitchen, which was sexist, but then again, women did not have to haul manure. Unless they were Olivia. She basically did whatever the fuck she wanted and manual labor was on her list of favorite things. Mrs. Blacker had such a hard time with the girl that she handed the tomboy over to Bobby. Bobby liked her, she made of tough stuff. Not that the other woman weren’t, but this girl liked getting dirty, roughed up, and sweaty.

Bobby decided to trade Mrs. Blacker Daniel for Olivia. Daniel did not like getting dirty, roughed up or sweaty unless he was working out in the weight room off the garage. Which he dusted, mopped and swept daily. Bobby considered it a very fair trade.

On Sam’s second day, Bobby took the lad around the manor, showing him the food stores, the fields, the forest, the river, the meager library, kitchen and main house. Bobby made due without shoes, but it was not without danger.

That day they both relaxed. They had a few drinks after lunch, read paperback novels and napped. It was one of the best days Bobby had had in a long time. Bobby loved any story that had to do with John and Dean. Add to that the fact that Sam was beginning to feel at home. Sam closed his eyes that night and slept soundly in his new bed, door missing or not.

The third day, Bobby woke up with his stomach in knots. Gabriel was coming home. He had no idea what to expect. The boss had said they would get more acquainted… He had an idea of what that meant, but he could not bring himself to consider it. Rape. Jesus, the word did not exist when you were a slave. Technically, Gabriel could have really anyone he chose. Ester, Mrs. Blacker, Ellen, Jo, and Ben wasn’t sixteen but hell he was close.

But that really wasn’t like Gabriel. The archangel seem to just treat everyone with respect. He really seemed to not like talking to any of them, though. If he did happen to get caught in a conversation, he would blink Bobby or Mrs. Blacker over next to them and pretend to whisper, “You can handle this right?” Not wait for a response and blink off somewhere else.

Bobby missed his old master. The Gabriel that had a monochrome of respect for him. The one who nodded off during reports, as a joke of course. It happened every time Bobby said, “Now, Sir, this is really important…” about crop failures or animal diseases or some other thing that Bobby had noticed around the farm. The old Gabriel would laugh and tell Bobby he needed a vacation and snap. A Hawaiian lei would be around his neck. Bobby would huff and get to what he really wanted. Farming equipment, new seed, work clothes, medicine, a mechanic or even a damn manual were typical. Atypical would be a dog to keep the rabbits out of the field. A cat to eat the rats and maybe one of the twins was begging him for a kitten. Or a fish. Ben really wanted a fish. After a long report, Gabriel would normally cave.

Mrs. Blacker announced to Bobby that he was a house slave until he could get himself some shoes. He put on an apron and followed her instructions. As humiliated as he felt, he did not mind being tucked away in the kitchen away from questions and apologetic stares. Hard work was good for the body and even better at elevating stress.
As he attacked the breakfast dishes, he said I’m ready for you, you bastard...

Bobby hoped with all he had that it was true.
Okay, this is where things get sexy. Fair warning.

Gabriel sat at his desk and aimlessly shifted his stacks of paper into one taller stack. Great, he thought, now district number and slave histories are all stacked together. It was time for a break. Gabriel called Joyce. “Tell Bobby I need to see him in my quarters.” A dark smile crossed Gabriel’s lips. This was going to be fun.

Bobby was told he was needed right as he began to dry the Sunday brunch dishes. He put down the dishes he had in his hands as they shook so hard he was afraid he would break them. What the hell was next? His mind ached with all the horror stories he had heard about masters piercing, removing, torturing and deforming their pleasure slaves. He really did not want a damn tail.

Bobby opened Gabriel’s door slowly.

“So glad you could make it! Don’t be late again. Go and do your bathroom procedure and come out without your clothes.”

Bobby washed and scrubbed with the appropriate brushes and sponges, enemas, and shaved his face.

As Bobby walked out, he automatically went toward the platform. “Good boy.” Gabriel said as he snapped his fingers. Again cuffs and a handle fell from the ceiling. Despite himself Bobby began to tremble as he put on the handcuff and the tears began to collect in his eyes as he felt the click. The handcuffs pulled him further off the ground.

“Oh, Darling. It isn’t so bad.” Gabriel walked up to his slave, placing a hot hand on his back. Bobby twitched and cringed at his touch.

“I see I am going to have to prove myself…” Gabriel bend down and touched the lock on the cage. As it fell to the ground Bobby let out a gasp. The gold cage barely made a sound as it hit the floor. “This will help,” the angel said softly, as he again wrapped black cloth over the nervous blue eyes of his slave.

“Just relax. You will grow to love my touch.” Bobby felt something building in the pit of his stomach. It terrified him. He began to fight against his restraints, somewhat feebly.

“Humm,” the master said observing the scene. Bobby stopped, afraid to make another move.

“Don’t kick,” the command was firm and deep. With a snap the handcuff relaxed their hold. Bobby felt his master’s hand attach leather straps to his ankles. “Move your legs wider.” Bobby obeyed feeling an odd click beneath him. He held his breathe. “Wider.” Bobby inched his legs further out in small steps, his ankles feeling like a weight had been attached.

“There.” Another click. And then a snap. The cuffs were raised.

“Beautiful. Simply lovely. Have you been able to play with your new toys?” Gabriel asked pulling slightly on one of the rings. The slave hissed as he felt his penis jump. Traitor. Regular
Benedict fucking Arnold, he thought to himself.

Gabriel brushed his hot fingertips up and down Bobby’s quivering flesh. He recoiled slightly at every touch but his cock betrayed him, filling hard until Bobby began to pant in frustration.

Gabriel took his time. Enjoying each part of the slave’s body. Pulling and twisting gently on the rings until small gasps from Bobby were audible. Then he took to massaging and cupping the testicles that pulled up in response. With his free hand he lightly grabbed Bobby’s cock. Eventually letting go of his balls, Gabriel circled his fingers around the base and gently touched the shaft and teased the head until Bobby groaned, trying his very best not buck his hips into the stimulation. Then Gabriel let go and took a step back. Bobby moved his head around in vain. He could no longer feel the hot presence of his masters. A chill rushed over him and his body shivered slightly.

“Robert Singer. I do believe you are enjoying yourself.”

Small gasps escaped his mouth. Bobby’s fingers stretched and grasped at handle. He could not think straight. It had been so long since someone had teased him this long. Sex in the dormitories was a difficult hushed and hurried affair. This. This was. This was different.

“You are being so good. I am very happy with you, Bobby,” his master said at a whisper, as the sound and breathe played into his ears, causing the slave’s toes to curl.

Gabriel grabbed Bobby firmly around the base again, twisting his fingers around and around until Bobby opened his mouth and his head fell back, his legs shifting their weight. His moans were growing louder. Then Gabriel stopped. A small frustrated huff escaped Bobby’s lips.

“Now, now… We have not yet begun to play…” the master teased.

Gabriel now stood behind the quivering slave. With both of his hands, he caressed Bobby’s thighs, inching slowly upwards. Then tracing back down. Repeating the process until he reached the crease under his ass. Then turning his attention to the round mounds, Gabriel traced the curves, Bobby’s breath increasing. This was unfamiliar territory. What the hell was he going to do? He barely had enough blood in his brain to be afraid. Gabriel stopped for a minute. Then returned and Bobby heard a soft thud underneath him.

Oh, sweet Jesus, please, today is not the day I get raped. Bobby clinched at the sound. Again Gabriel’s hands returned.

He felt something else. The Angel’s mouth was so warm it almost stung as he began to kiss and nip at fleshy underside of his bottom. His cock jumping slightly in response, his breath hitched. He twitched in fear. Then the kisses and nips began to move in closer and closer to his hole. He wished he could pull his legs closer, or fuck run out of there. What the hell did this bastard want?

Then he felt it. The angel’s tongue was so hot as it darted in and around the sensitive flesh where no one had ever touched before. The Angel used one of his hands to grab Bobby by the cock and firmly moved his hand up and down, until Bobby gasps turned back to moans. The Angel poked his tongue in and out in time with his pulls. Bobby felt his heart beating fiercely in this chest. He felt the warm tide of pleasure rising to its tipping point. Then Gabriel stopped. He pulled away. Gently letting go of the cock and pulling away from Bobby’s ass. Bobby’s muscles began to tense and a cry of sorrow came out of his mouth.

“Not yet. I am your master. You may come when I say you may.”

Bobby pulled and yanked hard against the restraints.
“I could just put your cage on and send you out boy…” Bobby could hear the smile in his voice. His cock pulsed.

“Is that what you want?” his master asked.

Bobby thought. He could get out and go back to his room. His cock betrayed him again. He willed himself to say yes. But his head shook no, slightly and slowly. Then Gabriel ran finger tips over his chest again, landing back at the rings. Pulling them slightly and eliciting more moans and gasps.

“Good boy.” Bobby felt a hand lightly pat his ass. As the hand lingered kneading and rubbing, when a loud knock echoed through the room.
“No rest, am I right?” Gabriel said as he left Bobby again. Bobby suddenly felt very cold. His body shivered and his cock dropped slightly. He stretched his neck around in vain, trying to see what was going on around him.

“Castiel! It has been so long! I am very glad you are well.” Bobby heard the angels embrace. He heard two sets of footsteps coming closer.

“This one is new,” the gruff voice said with disinterest.

“No Cassie, this is Bobby. Robert Singer? He has lived here over twenty years.”

“Why did you dress him up like he was going to a dog show… as the dog?”

“Cassie, sometimes you are really funny… No, brother, someone took Derek. I had to mark this one. Announce that he is special…”

Someone stepped very close to Bobby and pulled on the rings coarsely until Bobby produced a loud hiss, after which the fingers let go immediately.

“Gabe, they don’t come off?”

“The collar does, but no, they don’t. I can take them off but I rather like them,” Gabriel moved the small ring up and down slowly until Bobby moaned again.

“Gabe? This? This is mid-evil!” Bobby strained in vain to see through the blindfold, but hoped Castiel was taking about the chastity device.

“Cassie, he’s mine. I really like this one.”

“You’ve had him twenty four years and now you like him? What did he do?” Bobby perked up. Yes, yes, please answer that question.

“I finally read his file. Marine, raised in a strict fundamentalist household, mommy issues, daddy issues, marital issues, no doubt homophobic issues, degree in philosophy… He’s beautifully complex. I am not sharing him with the other slaves or anyone else.”

“I guess this will prevent that.”

That explains it… Wait. What the Hell? That’s why?

“What did you need, Cassie? I am trying to get to know him better? You are really killing the mood.” Gabriel picked up Bobby’s limp dick and then dropped it.

“I need to talk to Winchester. The one who nearly beat me to death.”

“What do you want with him? He has immunity while he is here, Cassie. I do not like my slaves hurt.”

“I survived. I have no beef with him. I would like to ask him more information about the case. I think I may be on to something.”

“You may talk to him, but I want to be there. You know you could take him as pleasure slave.
He’s quite charming.”

“I assume he has the issues you find so attractive.”

“It is a known fact… never mind. Yes, he has all the ones Bobby has and more. But he’s… He’s really tall. And there is not enough hair on that one.”

Bobby felt a warm hand run up and down the middle of his chest. He tensed and shifted back in response.

“I see…” Castiel said. Bobby, now, acutely aware of his fluff as Ellen called it. “I just think they require too much effort. I mean you have to feed them and clean them and then there is all the fluids and solids that come out of them. How do you have time for anything else.”

“Brother, you have spent too much time watching and not enough time observing. They take care of all of that themselves… unless they are mad, improperly trained or children… It can really be quite relaxing.”

“I’ll think about it. Arrange a meeting. To talk. Not to do whatever the hell you are doing with this one.”

“I will. Now please leave…”

“I am going…” Then the door shut with a loud thud.

After a while, Gabriel approached Bobby. “That was a lot for you to hear. Castiel is very… well Castiel. He is very literal. It takes some getting used to. I can see you are not in the mood and I do not want to start this whole dance all over. I also think we should talk. You probably heard some things you did not like… Unfortunately I am going to be gone for the weekend. There is a seminar about demon prevention and the vampire population. Thrilling. I do not want to cage you up with all that sweetness we did building up, so… I am going to move this along.” Bobby heard some rummaging through a bag and then heard a faint buzz. Then Bobby heard the unmistakable sound of lube escaping a pump. Oh Jesus. Bobby shook his head frantically.

“It’s alright. Really. All I want to do is push you to your limits and give you mind altering orgasms… This is very thin. Thinner than my finger. It will buzz in your bottom and ignite your beautiful ball of nerves and send you through the roof. Would that be okay?”

Gabriel waited for an answer but Bobby was tongue-tied. The man was both too pissed and too scared to give him one. “I am going to take that as a yes…”

Gabriel’s long fingers, covered with the warm lube, began to work Bobby’s cock again. Gabriel pulled off the blindfold and watched his eyes in their expression of horror. This time, there was no teasing and Bobby was hard and gasping for breath in no time. Then he felt a very thin stick slip into him. He clenched around it but as soon as the thing start to buzz, he found himself groaning loudly. It was an entirely new sensation. Once Gabriel’s fingers began to work his cock again Bobby forgot to hold back. His back arched, his face froze as he let out light moans. Until his body started shake, his leg vibrated on its own and he screamed rhythmically as hot cum came out is spurts onto the floor, then his head and body lurched forward in exhaustion, his legs still shaking underneath him.

Gabriel snapped and the restraints were gone. Though Bobby was not was slight in frame, angels have tremendous strength. Gabriel lifted the man easily, putting him over his shoulder and carried him back to the bed. Bobby had no idea where he was or what had just happened. He clung to the warm man without thought. The angel covered his slave with a warm blanket. Bobby drifted into
a dreamless sleep in his master’s arms.

In a three hours, Bobby opened his eyes, startled. Wrapped in soft purple velvet, he stretched his toes and looked around. The events of the previous hours rushing back to him. The thoughts of the previous hours made his member jump to life. Damn. The cage had been put back on.

Looking around the room, he could see Gabriel crouched over a desk, listlessly looking through documents.

Gabriel looked up and met Bobby’s eyes with a smile. “You’re awake. How did you sleep?”

“Fine. Very fine.”

“That is good to hear. Bobby do you have questions about this? What you are expected to do and all of that?”

“Knowing that would make life a lot less stressful. Master Gabriel, I was a good foreman for many years,” the man said as he pulled himself up.

“I know, I know. But I now I need you for a different purpose. As I told Castiel, I really enjoy having a human to bond with, to play with.”

“I am not really accustomed to being seen as a toy, Sir.”

“Please, Master, when you are in here.”

Bobby lifted his chin and nodded slowly.

“Well, your job from now on is to… kind of be on call. I also just need you to be honest with me.”

“What do you need me for? And then what exactly would you like me to honest about? Master.”

“I enjoyed what we did today, I want to do it again, without interruption. And I need you to honest about how you feel and to answer questions I ask. I am also going to need you to be trained as a companion. There is some etiquette, how to stand, behave at parties, present, wait, things like that…”

“It’s going to be humiliating, isn’t it? Master.”

“I am not going to ask you to do it often. And probably… It’s submissive behavior. Angels and Demons enjoy being preternaturally strong and dominant. It is not going to be bad… Just different. From my experience, humans can get used to just about anything.”

“I am not sure I am going to get used to being your plaything… Master,” Bobby feigned respect.

Gabriel dropped the papers he was holding on his desk and headed over the bed. Bobby recoiled as his master approached. Gabriel’s eyes, now cold, calculating, or maybe that was just the way he looked. Bobby could not be sure. The master’s lip pulled up to a half smile as he searched the slave’s face for answers.

“I like you Bobby. But I asked for honesty not insolence. Please. Be careful what you say or…” Gabriel held up a finger and looked as though he was running some numbers. “Let’s see… Born in the 60’s, in the Midwest, farmer’s son? Nope… Union? Right. Evangelical… my best guess is the… paddle? No, probably too formal…”

Bobby’s eyes narrowed as he looked at the man like he was mad.
“The belt? Across your bare bottom…” Gabriel saw a small twitch in Bobby’s eye.

“Right then… be very careful what you say or I will…” Gabriel cleared his throat and changed his accent to a rural one, “whip your ass with my belt till you can’t sit down, boy.”

Bobby turned a little paler and shifted involuntarily, keeping his gaze.

“Bobby, I don’t want to. You need to behave for me… This is new for me. You are the first slave I have taken that has never had formal training, did not immediately crave my touch and want my approval. I wanted a challenge. And here you are. I must say, you do not disappoint. Watching you today was unlike anything I have ever seen. You are very beautiful.”

Bobby looked around the room. And again gave Gabriel an odd look. Gabriel paused and looked as though he was listening to someone else.

“We will need to finish this conversation later. Lucifer is coming over and if he sees you like this, he will want to… play too. Maybe you should turn in early? I will have Mrs. Blacker bring you a plate. Be good Bobby. There are some fresh clothes in the second drawer in the bathroom. Go straight to the dorms….NOW! Be quick!”

Bobby blinked and then picked up his pace. Lucifer was not someone he wanted to be reintroduced to. As he opened the dorm door he saw Lucifer’s steel limousine roar into the driveway. A tall blond archangel in a pitch black suit emerged pulling a red leash. He yanked harder and a small brunette woman with short hair in a small red dress stumbled out the door. As soon as she was out, Lucifer cracked a crop against her back and as she scrambled to keep by his side.

Bobby ducked into the door and the cold linoleum caused him to look down at his feet. Damnit. He had forgotten to ask for a pair of shoes. He’d already asked Mrs. Blacker to get him a new pair. She said that her master expressly told her not trouble herself with the Favorite’s clothes and shoes. But better to be shoeless than to deal with that monster, Lucifer.
Lucifer pulled the trembling woman into Gabriel’s study.

“Really Loui? Do you have to bring these miserable creatures into my house? You make everyone nervous,” Gabriel said casually putting down a book he was pretending to read.

“She will behave. I promise.” Lucifer said giving the girl a nudge with his the toe of his boot.

“I have every confidence in her. It’s you, dear brother. Why have you come here? We did not have any meeting scheduled.”

“I know about your loss. I am so sorry to hear about Derek. I did enjoy him so,” Lucifer tried weakly to empathize.

“Can you not pretend to care? You are so bad at it. I would really like to know the reason for your visit,” Gabriel said, now getting more impatient.

“There are more rumblings in Hell,” a sly smile edged across Lucifer’s face. “Lilith is gaining support. There are rumors she is trying to find one of Allister’s babies. The blood of which would give her quite a lot of power…”

“Lilith would do well with a good dose of anti-psychotics. Could we just start medicating the whole lot down there? Who the hell is in charge anyway?”

“Ever since you pardoned me, the whole place has literally gone to hell in hand basket. I never could quite figure that out… Why did you pardon me?”

“It was Michael’s idea. He thought we needed another Archangel to keep humanity under control after it was clear Father was not coming back. Since the takeover, church attendance, synagogue attendance and really every religion has had record attendance. It was terribly amusing to tell them it really didn't matter. I mean really, I have never had so much fun. You? You seem to be handling freedom quite well. I mean… the torture… it’s slowed down and it’s been months since I have heard about a murder on your grounds.”

“It’s a process, I agree,” Lucifer smiled brightly at the compliment.

“Do you want to take her down? I mean, she has been very good at what she does… The crossroads? I mean they are valuable for maintaining the balance, correct?”

“To be honest, I really do not care… But one of Allister’s boys is now in your possession, the new one I think. She might try to take him,” Lucifer cajoled.

“You could have just called…” Gabe sighed.

“It’s been so long and I was wondering if you would not mind loaning him to me? For safe keeping…” Lucifer said with a saccharine smile, running his tongue over his lips.

“Loui, you have enough slaves. Michael has said you are at your limit,” Gabe growled.

“Gabe! I am so bored! Really just let me have him for the weekend?” Lucifer demanded.

“Go to a ten step program. This is really undignified,” Gabe said rolling his eyes.
“You have lost all your fun, Gabe. You used to be the trickster, Loki… What the hell happened to Pan? I liked Pan. How do you manage?” Seeing that Gabe was not going budge, the fallen angel grabbed the hair of woman at his side, pulling it roughly back and forth.

“I have my ways. Keep your ear out. There is another damn seminar if you are interested. The vampire population is growing. There is talk of hiring out some hunters to take them down. But the hunter population has gone down since the courts started sentencing damn near everyone to slavery. You want to slay vampires?” Gabe asked with a chuckle.

“I’ll consider it. Until then, I will try to occupy myself with this one.” Lucifer stared at the woman on the floor whose eye’s widened and small body began to shake.

“Goodbye, Loui. Try to be good,” Gabe said with some earnest.

“Yes, yes, keep your toys to yourself. See if I do you a favor anytime soon…” the Lucifer’s eyes now darkening,

“A little devil. That’s what you are…” Gabe teased.

Lucifer laughed. “I have been called that before, you know?”

The two angels approached one another and kissed one another deeply. A kiss that conveyed affection, love and loyalty. Gabe smiled. As much as he should hate his black sheep of a brother, he simply couldn’t.

Gabe pressed a button on the wall and Lucifer was escorted out by Mrs. Blacker.

Gabriel waited a few minutes then called Castiel. He was there in seconds.

“Castiel, I am sorry to say but you are going to have to mark the new boy,” Gabriel said gleefully. “He’s probably in danger. I hear Lilith wants to drain him. His blood would give her significant power, you know, Cassie.”

“Gabe… This sounds like a tremendous amount of work for one human,” Castiel said looking vacantly around the room.

Gabriel scoffed. “You do not have to use him… just train him, mark him and you know… protect him. It’s really for the greater good.”

“I am sure it is,” Castiel said unconvinced. “This has nothing to do with you wanting me to take a pleasure slave?”

“Yes, Castiel, I want you to get laid so badly that I have tricked the Queen of Hell into believing that Sam would make a good snack…” Gabe said annoyed.

“Fine. I’ll do it. But I do not agree with this.”

“Just give me a few minutes…” Gabriel blinked out and returned with a black lacquer box with red Enochian lettering.

Gabriel pressed a button on the wall. “Mrs. Blacker, bring Samuel Winchester to my quarters…”

“Would you like to give him a reason?” Mrs. Blacker asked through the intercom.

“That will not be necessary,” Gabriel said with a satisfied smile.
New Marks

Within a twenty minutes Sam was led into the great room. He looked around nervously. Castiel and Gabriel sat in a small sitting area. “Please, have a seat,” Gabriel pointed to an empty chair. Sam exhaled a breath he did not know he had been keeping and sat next to angels.

“Would you like some water, Samuel?” Castiel asked Sam.

“It’s Sam, I would like that… Castiel, I never got the chance to say how sorry I was. A few hunter friends of mine were killed in the attacks. I was just trying to find the truth.”

Castiel produced a bottle of water and handed it to Sam who drank from it immediately. “I appreciate your dedication. I have healed and recovered. There is no lasting damage and no need for apology,” Castiel was so serious, it was difficult not to believe him.

Sam gave the angel a concerned look. “Then why am I here?”

“You are here because we have gotten word that you are in danger,” Gabriel said earnestly.

“You would be more protected if I took you as my… favorite. I really have no interest in you… in that regard but your death would complicate the balance of power so I see no reason to not do it,” Castiel said evenly.

“Do I have a choice?” Sam asked.

“Unfortunately, I do not think you are in a position to object,” Castiel said blankly.

“I would have to agree with Castiel. Sam please go to the bathroom and follow the instructions on the wall. Please do not make me send some of the men to help you,” Gabe warned.

Sam eyed the red and black box. His heart sank. He wished he had not spent so much time with Bobby. Maybe ignorance would be preferable at this point.

Sam willed himself into the bathroom. He looked at the wall in silence for several minutes. Bobby did not lie.

“Do you require assistance, Sam?” He heard from behind the door.

“I am fine thanks!” Sam searched his memory again. Bobby had not mentioned rape or torture beyond the brand and piercings. That would have been valuable information now. Sam slowly followed the instructions. After he got out of the shower, he noticed his clothes were missing. Fantastic.

Sam walked out of the bathroom with as much dignity as he could muster but that was not much at this point. Gabriel directed him where to stand and then attached restraints to his arms and ankles. Then his arms were stretched high and his legs pulled apart.

“You were not wrong, Gabe. This one does have far less hair than the other one. He is very big. I am really not sure this is going to work.”

“Don’t worry about it. Cassie, let’s get this over with. It is not pleasant. Please just decide where to put the rings and insignias.”
“I have no preferences, you can decide.”

“Of course… Let’s see. Blindfold,” Gabriel secured a black sash over Sam’s eyes. Gabriel was quick. He gave Sam a piercing through the middle part of his nose and one in the top of his ear. Sam grunted briefly then felt Gabriel’s grace heal the wounds and taking away the pain.

“You did fine, Sam. Now Castiel will have to brand the base of your neck and somewhere else. The pain will be significant. I would heal you if I could but it would erase the marks.”

Castiel burned his insignia into the base of Sam’s neck, collar and upper inner thigh. Pain seeped and seared through his body like bullets tearing their way through every inch of him, causing him to writhe and fight with abandon against his restraints. Beads of sweat dripped down his face as he howled.

The screams filled room and could be heard around the house. Sam was choking on his tears. The pain was almost intolerable. Castiel removed the blindfold to reveal the tear-stained green eyes. He huffed as he put as much hate as he could into a look. Then he looked down at the large gold ring attached to a black leather collar and the large gold ring that protruded out of his nose. Sam remembered gold is much less dense than steel and should be lighter but the weight was distracting. Black and gold. His nose and ear itched, his neck and thigh burned.

Castiel examined his first new favorite, looking the boy up and down, expressionless. “You look… different than you did before.”

“Come on, Cassie! He is a human. You should compliment him,” Gabe implored.

“He had done nothing interesting and he is not wearing anything to remark on,” Castiel retorted.

“Cassie… Tell him he looks handsome.”

“This one is much more attractive with clothing on.” Sam had to bit his lip to keep from laughing. The pain and the ridiculousness of the situation was getting to him.

“You did very well, Sam. You look simply stunning in gold,” Gabriel turned to Castiel, “What colors would you like him to wear?”

“He is going to have to wear something. He looks… simply awful without pants on,” Castiel said sourly.

“Cassie, this is actually a body that most humans, female and male, would find attractive., Gabriel grabbed Castiel’s hand and placed it on Sam’s muscled stomach. “This is what he feels like… touching different parts of his body will illicit different responses. You can experiment or even watch me with Bobby.”

“Gabriel this experiment sounds very tedious,” Castiel complained, removing his hand.

“It’s very simple brother,” Gabriel took hold of the base of Sam’s cock.

Sam gulped as his eyes widened. “I am so not okay with this!” Sam said suddenly, shaking the restraints. “Please, just let me down. I am marked. There is no need for this,” the young man protested.

Gabriel sighed. “Boy, you almost killed my brother. I have held my tongue and whip long enough. I am going to do what I am going to do and if you object, keep it to yourself or I will send you off to obedience school…” Gabriel smirked and looked Sam in the eyes, until he saw the flash of fear. “There in your eyes. You know what that means… good.”
“I don’t see the point of this, you are clearly upsetting him.”

“He is yours. You just marked him Castiel. You are responsible for him and you should get to
know him. He is going to have needs. You can fulfill them or we are going to have find another
one to come in. Bobby was very good at taking care of the two older females for many years. I
hoped he would help Mrs. Blacker but nothing came of it… I see you Sam! Do not look at me that
way. I can smell it on them,” Gabriel shook his head with a huff at Sam’s horrified expression.

“Is your intention to make him excrete some kind of fluid?” Castiel asked with some disgust.

“Both of you, shut the hell up. Watch and learn…”

“Gabe…”

“Yes, well, normally this is a very intimate experience for them Cassie. But men are a little less
complicated. Mostly. Watch… You need to handle them gently. Hold the base and stroke him.
Light touches. Keep doing that, until he starts making some noises and reacting you.”

Gabriel used his other hand making gentle twisting swirls up to the tip of Sam’s cock. Sam turned
red and closed his eyes. Gabriel’s hand was so soft and so warm. Sam opened his mouth and tried
hard to not moan but holy crap that felt very good. It had been so very long. Months.

After Sam utter a tiny gasp, Gabriel let go. Sam’s eyes opened and fixed on Gabriel in a stare that
edged between anger and surprise.

“Watch him Cassie. Sam, just relax. I would put the blindfold back on so this would be more
comfortable the first time but I think Castiel needs to see this. Don’t worry, no one is going to hurt
you.”

“This is very unsavory Gabe. You are deliberately playing with this creature.”

Gabriel put a hand to his head, rubbing at it in frustration. “You never took a mate, Castiel. This
is similar to that. I enjoy them, Cassie. Especially the ones in this country… I’ll show you… Sam?
What is the prostate?” Gabe asked the lad as a child would ask a teacher.

Sam gulped. This was not going someplace good. “Are you serious?” the boy asked, his voice
cracking.

Gabriel nodded his head incredulously.

“It is a gland between the testicles and the penis.”

“Inside correct?”

Sam nodded concerned. His erection losing steam.

“Have you or anyone else ever massaged your prostate.”

Sam shook his head. “I am really not interested if that counts for anything.”

“It doesn’t. Let’s see if this helps.” Gabriel covered Sam’s eyes with a blindfold again. Sam started
to breathe heavier and faster. His heart raced, with fear. “No one wants to rape you boy…”

“What do you want to do?” Sam asked probably louder than he intended.

“Show Cassie what you are capable of.” Gabriel started to work Sam’s cock again and Sam’s
erect was back in no time. “Now we are going to get him very close…” Gabriel slicked his hand with warm lube, with a snap he was holding a very thin vibrator that hummed quietly. Sam shook his head quickly. “Can you please relax?” Gabriel asked annoyed.

Gabriel exhaled. “It’s very thin, thinner than a finger.” He was done coddling slaves for the day, but he was sure this would interest Castiel.

Gabriel slicked up the device and easily slipped it into Sam. Then the thing began to vibrate. Sam’s breath hitched and he started to moan despite himself. Gabriel saw his que and began to work Sam’s cock again. The warm fingers slid easily up and down.

“Oh God! Oh, God, I am going to cum!”

“Yes, good boy…”

Sam moaned. Gabriel took off the blindfold continued to work the boy into a frenzy. Sam’s mouth dropped open and his tongue slipped out. His eyes rolling back into his head. The heat and fire building it was too much. He screamed and cum shot forward. Sam’s head dropped to his chest, his eyes closed.

“Castiel, go lay on the bed.”

“That was an interesting demonstration, Gabe. I think I am through here.”

“Go lay down, brother.” Gabriel used his archangel voice, it was deep and laced with such a low frequency, it was like someone had left the base on mute. Wait, was that possible? Anyway Sam felt the vibrations echo through his body. Do not ever piss this guy off, thought to himself Sam. Castiel did as he was told with a sigh. Gabriel snapped his fingers and Castiel was wearing only his boxers. “Really Gabe?”

“Observe and participate, no longer the watcher.” Gabriel snapped again and the restrains released.

“M’ fine, please just lemme go back to my room…” Sam managed to slur out.

“I will not ask you to obey again Samuel,” Gabriel warned.

Sam’s brow furrowed in response.

Gabriel picked up the gigantic man and delivered him the waiting arms of his brother. Who took the man awkwardly and tried to hold him like a baby.

“Cassie just hug him. This has been very hard on him.”

Castiel rearranged Sam into a cuddle. Sam’s head resting on his chest. Sam looked around the room and was having a hard time understanding the situation. Sam rubbed his head, nose and ears. He felt like a dog let off of a leash. Which was almost fitting considering the collar.

Sam’s mind raced but the heat radiating from Castiel’s chest made it hard to concentrate. He was so relaxed. He felt a warm blur over take him as Gabriel covered him in blanket.

Sam fell into deep sleep. Castiel motioned for Gabriel to release him. Gabe just shook his head with a smile. “Enjoy it brother.”

Castiel tried to relax. He shifted his weight barely disturbing the sleeping young man. Castiel ran his fingers through the man’s long shaggy mane. This was relaxing. Quite a lot of work to be able to stroke your pet though. Castiel considered getting a dog. Then he remembered the parties and
the events that Angels were invited to. Gabriel always had at least one pet present at the events. Gabe’s last pet, Derek had always been impeccably dressed and very well behaved. The slave had a rich amber skin and hair that prematurely greyed. His great brown eyes, framed with long lashes, took everything in, but reflected no judgment. His features were sculpted along with his body, truly a regal human. Nothing like Bobby. He moved with a grace that mimicked the Angels he was presented for. Serene and content. He appeared to meditate every time he was told to hold still or wait. The man had a serenity that even Castiel enjoyed. Really. Nothing like Bobby. Bobby vibrated with emotion and intensity. Castiel had no idea how the hell Gabe was going to reign him in or if he would even try. Training the giant to hold still and behave would also be challenging.

Damnit Gabe.
Sam did not wake until the following day.

Sam woke up in room similar to Bobby’s. The differences seemed to lie in the houseplants and Sam’s comforter was a dark blue. The room’s shade was drawn and allowing very little light to come through the window. His door was closed and a bottle of expensive Scotch rested on his dresser. The furniture was the same as Bobby’s. Sam’s book on demonology nestled neatly by the Scotch. Sam pulled back the covers and sheets. Damnit. A gold cage. What the fuck?

Pulling back the sheets, Sam examined the thing more carefully. One ring wrapped around his balls, another around the base of his penis. These two locked together at a right angle. More gold rings attached together down his penis finally coming to a stop, restricting growth. Bobby’s vague description seemed oddly accurate. “Damn rings lock up the entirety like, Fort fucking Nock.” The rings themselves appeared to be impossibly thin and should have been able to bend easily, but were indeed ridged. Sam knew about metals, pure gold was soft, malleable and heat resistant. He smiled remembering Jess blow drying her long blond hair. Clumsily, she would heat her silver necklaces and all but burn her neck. He bought her a gold heart pendant to keep her long neck safe.

Sam walked over to the closet. Empty. Sam pulled open the drawers. Fucking empty. He pulled the drawer under the bed. Comforter and sheets. Damnit. No clock either. It was probably early. Fuck it. He knew Bobby had extra clothes. At least he would not be going to breakfast in a sheet. Sam wrapped the sheet around his waist. As he pulled the cloth, he heard the gold ring of the collar clang. He shook his head. This was the most fucked up dream he’d ever had. Sam knocked loudly on Bobby’s door.

“You better be dead, bleeding or in pain!” Sam heard from behind the door. Bobby pulled the door open wearily and then looked at Sam sadly.

“Awe, fuck! What the hell happened to you?”

“He gave me a bottle of Scotch, but forgot to give me clothes…”

“Jesus, get in here,” Bobby pulled away from the door and offering Sam the only seat in the room. Bobby locked the door and pulled out a white shirt and brown pants from the closet.

“Not sure these are going to come close to fitting you, but it’s better than wearing a sheet…”

Sam emerged from the bathroom with Bobby’s clothes on. Bobby’s tried not to laugh, but the giant looked like he was wearing capri pants and a crop top. The bullring and pirate ear ring did little to help the ensemble. “I’m sorry Sam, it’s been a hell of a week. Did that hurt? And who hell claimed you?”

“No, it doesn’t hurt, it just fucking itches and Castiel. I am not sure what for, it has something to do with Lilith.”

“That’s real odd. Castiel hates the idea of slavery,” Bobby said scratching his head.

“Yeah, but Gabriel loves it. Apparently, Gabriel wants Castiel to have the ‘experience’ of having a favorite. Whether he or I want it or not. You have an extra pair of shoes?”
“No. The bastard took mine. Every time I get in there I forget to ask for another pair. Fucking strange shit keeps happening when I go in there.”

“You got another bottle?”

“I guess it’s my prize or payment. Who the fuck knows? You thirsty?”

“I am good. I got weird looks after we almost killed that bottle of whiskey. I am sure going to get weirder looks today.”

“Fuck ‘em. Most of them are good people. They just need some time to get used to you. You hungry? Breakfast is in ten minutes.”

“How do you know that? There are no clocks in our rooms.”

Bobby opened his desk drawer and pulled out a laptop.

“The damn thing showed up the same time the booze did. It blocks almost everything which is fine, just been reading the news. I have not been in loop for so long… Sam, Donald Trump?”

“A lot has changed in the past twenty four years Bobby.”

“Not for the better if you ask me. You want to go get breakfast?”

“Yeah, I think I missed dinner…”

Bobby and Sam padded through the dorm, out the door and toward the kitchen. They were beginning to go everywhere with each other. Now they matched. Eyes gazing down at the payment every now and then to avoid all manner of nature and debris.

“Breakfast is outside boys,” Charlie smiled taking her plate to a picnic table.

Bobby’s face lit up. “Ah, Cook’s got some bacon! Best days of the year.”

Both walked into the kitchen to secure some food, Bobby was just about to grab a plate, when Ester rapped his hand with her long wooden spoon.

“What the hell?” Bobby looked at the old woman scornfully.

“Boss says you are on a diet, Bobby. You too Long Legs.” She tossed the two men, a plate full of steamed vegetables and poached eggs.

“No bacon? This is the worst,” Bobby said looking down at his eggs. Sam just smiled. This was his kind of diet.

“Worse than being fucked in the ass by the boss?” Devon said to Daniel loudly.

“I am sorry! You wanna say that louder?” Bobby said to Devon who eyed him with surprise. “It aint like that! I don’t know what it’s like, but it’s none of your damn business!”

“Touchy. Sorry if I hit a nerve,” Devon replied with a chuckle.

Bobby’s eyes were wide and he edged his face very close to Devon’s.

“You want to dance, Sunshine? Because hell if I aint got anything to lose.” Devon dropped his plate, nearly breaking it.
“We’re cool. We’re cool…” Devon said nervously picking up his food.

“Yeah, mind your own fucking business.” Bobby said as he walked away.

Bobby and Sam found a seat at a table with Charlie, Gilda, Jody and Ellen.

“Bobby, what the hell was that? ‘Wanna dance, Sunshine?’ That was so… Die hard. And stupid. That man makes your schedule.” Ellen said with a snicker.

“It’s all this damn testosterone. I am just angry. I mean what the fuck was that?” Bobby asked looking back to Devon who was seated as far away from their table as he could get.

“Just jealousy and feeling inferior. You used to be over him and now you are but you aren’t. He is pushing boundaries…” Charlie said thoughtfully.

“Anyway, Sam, you should get to know everyone. There are about thirty of us. I know. Why there needs to be that many for two angels? I think Gabriel just likes collecting. The kids are off at summer camp. There are four of them. Ben and Lucas and the twins: Eve and Laura. They’re a handful but you’ll meet them in August. The rest of the lady folk are Pamela next to Garth, Lisa, Sara, and Olivia. Stay clear of Olivia. She’s… adjusting. She mostly throws knives and sneaks off with Adam…”

Charlie butted in. “Wait. You knew?”

“Girl, I know everything. I know you and Gilda do not need to run off to ‘check on the goats’ as much as you say you do. And yes. I know about Olivia and Adam. She’s good for him.”

Caleb and Andrea sat down with a plate of food. Eager to talk to Bobby.

“You have do something about Devon,” Caleb said rubbing his bald head. “He’s completely unreasonable. Andrea has to work a whole extra day because she got here two years ago and Lucas is at camp. Does that make any fucking sense? What the hell?”

Bobby shook his head. “I am already in trouble with him. You might want to talk to Mrs. Blacker, Caleb.”

“You know she’s worse. Things are going down the pisser, Bobby. That dick has no idea what he’s doing. You gotta come back,” Caleb said with wide green eyes inching his red beard.

Daniel piped in looking down at his breakfast sadly, “Bobby, he is making me take care of the pigs! I hate those assholes! Clean out goat shit out of the barn? Bobby?”

“I have no say, Daniel. I know. He’s just a kid. Just try and work with him. There is no use everyone getting whipped like Jacob.”

Jacob nodded with his elbows and arms surrounding his breakfast. “Dude, that guy’s a dick. Power corrupts… everyone but Bobby.” He said as he chomped a big bite of scrambled eggs.

A young woman with long dark hair and fierce eyes approached the table. She flipped her hair from one part to the next, her sweet plum lips trembled a little as she tried to talk. She touched her cream white cheek ending by putting a finger to her mouth.
“This is Gwen, Sam.” Bobby said warmly, putting a hand to her shoulder.

She edged up to the table and offered a hand to Sam. “I’m Gwenn. That’s my brother Christian over there,” A blond man waved. “It is so nice to meet you, Sam. We have heard lots of good things from Charlie… Bobby,” she said as she lowered her body to his level. “Bobby we really miss you… You look good though. Be careful and do what that psycho says so you can come back…” She nuzzled his back with her head, then kissed him on the cheek. She sniffled a little and backed away.

“Don’t worry about me! I’ll be fine,” he said back to her with a smile.

Bobby turned to whisper to Sam, “Those are your third cousins over there. Don’t bother them now, looks like Gwen’s pretty torn up. I’m going to go talk to her. But those are your kin over there,” Bobby said brightly.

Bobby pulled himself up, stuffing all the vegetables he could at one time. Sam smiled. Ester was glaring at him. Then Bobby sauntered over to talk to Gwen, Christian vacating his seat and walking over kitchen to turn in his now empty plate.

Mrs. Blacker stomped over the crowded table, clapping her hands. “Yes, yes! I know Bobby is very exciting, but all of you are very late!” her face was locked in disapproving frown. “Bobby? I need you to get to repairing those vacuums in the cellar. After that, you can start cleaning the dormitory bathrooms. Sam, without shoes, you are no good in the fields. Go see Ester, she can find some work for you…Everyone else? You know where you need to be! So, get on! Get!”

Everyone grabbed their plates with reluctant obedience and headed inside. As Bobby walked with his plate to the kitchen, Sam caught up with him. “Did you do my cousin?” Sam asked with a smile.
Bobby glared back, “I didn’t know you then…”
Bobby stood nervously in Gabriel’s chambers. His toes wiggled against the carpet. He needed shoes. Ask for shoes. Remember to ask for shoes.

“Go to the bathroom, Bobby.” Gabriel appeared at his desk. Bobby obeyed and walked to the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

When he came out, what he saw in the center of the room gave him pause. It was a strange padded bench with big rings on each leg. This was not good. Bobby bit the side of his lip, wondering what the hell Gabriel had instore for him.

“Bobby! I heard about the outburst at breakfast. I can’t say if I am proud or disappointed. Can you tell me what happened?”

“Yeah, you told Cook to not give me bacon.” Bobby said bitterly.

“I am referring to the incident that occurred between you and Devon,” Gabriel smiled at the attempted deception.

“What of it?” Bobby asked defensively.

“You did stand up for yourself. That is very good. But you threatened your foreman. Which I really should be disappointed with… I am going to have to take care of Devon, but in all fairness, I have to take care of you too. I mean it has been so long that I had to personally do something but I have no choice. I can’t have you disciplining Devon and it would make no sense Devon disciplining you. So here we are.”

“What exactly are you mad about?”

“I cannot have you publically disrespected, but I can’t have you trying to start fights…So… I need you to bend over that bench.”

Bobby gave Gabriel a quizzical look.

“Now. I want you there, now.” His master said with a finality there was no arguing with.

Fear and dread mounted in Bobby’s stomach. His hands began to tremble slightly. He shook them covertly and walked over to small bench with his head high. It was an odd sensation. He had not had since his father walked the Earth. The anticipation of humiliation, pain, and shame.

He thought all of these emotions had found their place in history and had permanently left. Now they came flooding back to him. He bend himself over the bench feeling his nakedness and exposure.

“You are a beautiful sight…” Gabriel snapped his fingers, then carefully applied leather cuffs to his slave’s ankles and wrists, then attached them to the legs of the bench.

Gabriel stood back. “This time, I would like you to pull on your restraints… Can you break free? Are they too tight?” Bobby did what he was told. He yanked and pulled.
“Now you see that you cannot escape, and that you are mine,” the archangel said darkly.

Bobby rolled his eyes, this guy had a flare for the dramatics, but the exercise did send a rush of fear down his spine. His cock throbbed against its cage. Gabriel reached around and unlocked the thing and it fell with a thud against the carpet. Then his master grabbed his cock with warm fingers and thumbed the head until the slave’s toes began to tense, his breath increased and blood began to fill and bring him to life.

“So Daddy punished you when you were a bad boy, didn’t he?” Gabriel asked softly into the man’s ear.

“I guess he did,” the slave said in a small voice.

Gabriel pulled a small leather paddle from a drawer, he slapped the thing on his hand, causing Bobby to jump slightly at the noise. Then his master pulled back the paddle and slapped his slave hard across his bottom. The slave responded with a soft grunt. Fire ran through his body and the hard slap ignited something deep. Bobby began to pant. Gabriel responded with a smile and took a firm hold of Bobby’s throbbing cock.

“You enjoyed that, little one,” he said as he began to stroke him. The blood as quickly leaving Bobby’s head and he began to moan and writhe into Gabriel’s soft warm hand. For the first time, Bobby bucked his hips slightly, having no control he wanted to claim.

Gabriel pulled back the paddle with his other hand and swatted very hard. A large red circle appeared on the slave’s ass. The groan was deeper. He tried to stop his hips. Gabriel pulled the paddle back and swatted again on the other cheek. This time, the response was a weak cry and deep pants.

“You were a very bad boy today, I am going to take my time, make sure you remember this lesson…” The master pulled his arm back and swung a series of hard and fast swats applied to the slave’s sit spot of his left cheek. Bobby cried louder. Then Gabriel repeated the swats to the right.

“Stay still boy, you do not want to get me angry.” Bobby moaned in response. His toes and fingers clinching and extending.

“You don’t lose control very often do you? You like it, I can tell,” Gabriel reached his around and began to work his slave’s cock until Bobby’s mouth fell open and was close to spilling over.

Gabriel let go and Bobby’s body writhed, his eyes closed and he rutted again the table. Gabriel smiled running his long fingers over the slave’s body. The man pushed his body in to the angel’s touches like cat arched his back into his master’s hands.

The master gave his boy a few pats that stung and produced deep huffs. “Good boy. You did very well during your paddling. I think you deserve… this…”

Bobby heard the low hum of the vibrator and began to pant. He closed his eyes trying desperately to stop. To think of Calculus or Ester naked. None of it worked. The fire had been stoked and the flames were rising faster than he could put it them out.

The angel slipped the thin rod deep inside, the man’s eyes rolling back, droll slipping out of his mouth. Once Gabriel started to work him again, there was no holding back. A scream of pain and pleasure echoed though the room as he felt his release fly from his body. Where it landed was not his concern. His head dropped.

The angel looked down at his slave with some alarm. The man had stopped breathing. Then he
slapped the Bobby on the face. Breathe returning to his body immediately in a low inhale. He bent down stroking the sweaty hair, undid the cuffs and lifted the near lifeless body on to the bed.

Gabriel returned to his work. It had been a few hours when Bobby was jolted from sleep. He pulled himself up and looked anxiously around the room. It was as it had been before. Bench removed. Gabriel reading some document or another. He exhaled and dropped back to the pillow. Gabriel smirked shuffling his papers. He left them to join his slave on the bed.

“I know you don’t think you need this but you do…”

Gabriel sat next to the man who still stiffened at his touch. He pulled the minimally compliant man on to his chest and stroked his hair. Once he felt the warm gentle touches of the angel, he melted.

“You did very well. I am very proud of you.”

These were small words of praise but Bobby didn’t care. The warmth of the touch and closeness flooded over him. He felt a depth of relaxation he had never felt before. It was wonderful. The angel placed three small kisses on his forehead.

So what if the angel wanted to kiss him, that was fine. And the spanking, not so bad, mostly fine too. His ass was still warm but there were no bruises or welts that he could tell. The vibrator was something he wished he owned, so again mostly fine. So his master like to jack off slaves in bondage gear, mostly fine with that too. He tried hard not to think of the long term commitment Derek had had. He tried to ignore the rings on his nipples and the collar. Everything else was working out fine. Wasn’t it?

Bobby thought about his feet. Ask about shoes. Coward, ask the man if you can have some shoes… Okay, maybe after he stops playing with your hair. That was nice too. Mostly fine with that.

After a good half hour of stroking and cuddling his slave, Gabriel inched away and walked toward his desk again.

“What do you do over there?” Bobby asked breaking a very long silence.

“I am evaluating taxes, assets, and the natural resources of my district. The output of my region, compared to the output from other regions. Lucifer is always trying to fuck us over somehow. I have always found it but he does make it difficult…”

“Gabriel, Sam and I do not have shoes.”

“I was aware of that,” Gabriel said, speaking into his pile of papers.

“Are we not allowed to wear shoes?”

“No, I would prefer it,” the angel still had not looked up.

Bobby now stared blankly at the Angel. He narrowed his eyes, “Do you think you could order Sam and I some shoes?”

“Castiel would have to order shoes for Sam, I am capable of ordering you a pair.”

Gabriel continued to evaluate papers on his desk. Bobby rolled his eyes.

“May I please have a pair of shoes, Master?” Bobby said enunciating each word.
“Ah, see this is the first time you asked,” He looked up with a smile, “Yes, you may have a pair of shoes. But you must do something for me first,” the angel’s fingers were crossed in a ball on his desk.

“And that would be?” Bobby gave a distrustful glance.

“I would like you to kiss me.”

“What kind of kiss?” Bobby squinted.

“More than a kiss, I would like you to… how you say… make out with me.”

Bobby covered his mouth with his hand. Concern and fear etched their way into his face.

Gabriel looked at Bobby with a smile that bordered on a laugh. The expression of glee was hard to miss.

“You want me to make out with you? Why?” Bobby said finishing his question with the same face one would make when spitting out a fly.

“I enjoy you very much Bobby, I would like to get to know you better.”

Bobby considered the proposition. He did not like it. So far in their relationship, he was not asked to participate except for the actual walking to Gabriel’s room and doing what he was told. The angel’s ice blue eyes danced over Bobby’s face as an audible laugh was heard.

“You are fucking with me…”

“No, please, watch your language. I would hate to have to actually punish you. But no, I would actually like to kiss you, but I would like you to start it. And the expression on your face, is priceless,” Gabriel paused. Then gave a grin that was more devil than angel, “You afraid Daddy will whip you for being a homo?”

That sparked a shot of fear that hit him in the belly and tried to awaken his sleepy cock, but he denied it anyway. “No. No. It’s not that. I don’t know what it is.”

“I know you have kissed Ellen, and she is not near as attractive as I am. So what is your problem?”

Bobby just looked at the angel, speechless.

“I know I have probably given you some of the best orgasms of your life, so there is no problem there… You afraid my boy bits will turn you gay?”

“How is this supposed to work?” Bobby asked cocking his head to the side, now very aware that he was in his master’s bed, fresh from an orgasm that literally took his breath away, naked, and afraid to kiss him.

“You could come to dinner with me, wine and dine me and then at the end of the night…”

Bobby furrowed his brow and frowned.

“Can I think about it?”

“Of course! But please try not to think too long, we have to go to a Gala in Manhattan in October. You do not want to walk the streets of New York ever without your shoes, and especially not in October. But still, if you wish to hold out, it would amuse me to watch you try…” Gabriel was
enjoying this far too much.

Bobby had had enough for today. It had to be two in the morning. He fell back in to his master’s pillows and closed his eyes. Apparently he had fallen fast asleep. He woke in his own room, caged and shoeless.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, maybe most of this is already written. Seriously. It's kinda of Epic. Epically long. Hopefully readable. Anyone know a good beta?
Sunlight poured into the open window of Bobby Singer’s room. A cool breeze attempted to shuffle the leaves of the potted plant resting peacefully on the bare dresser. There was a sharpness that cut through the air. A stir that threatened to disrupt the everyday happenings of the morning. A gentle wind of change that comes only a few times a generation.

Bobby tossed restfully in his sleep. He woke quickly and leapt to the bathroom. Evacuating his bladder, he huffed a sigh of relief. This was beginning to get easier. He stretched his limbs and rolled his head. He felt amazing. He found himself whistling while shaving and brushing his teeth. He smiled as ruffled his hair and readied himself for breakfast. This was not so bad. Really.

He might as well break the news to Sam. He would need to actually talk to Castiel about the shoe situation. Which, to tell the truth, had become more of a pain for both of them. Working the house and dorm was limited to cleaning and repairs, Bobby and Sam had fixed everything that was broken, performed maintenance on just about everything else, now they were delegated to cleaning bathrooms, mopping floors, and folding laundry. Sam was also still wearing Bobby’s clothes. He looked ridiculous, he looked like a gay pirate, I mean a tough gay pirate. He was huge, the clothes making this fact more apparent. The bull ring in his septum definitely gave his face a seriousness that wasn’t there before.

Sam was hopeful about talking to Castiel. He had proven to be reasonable and clueless. He had probably forgotten to get Sam some clothes and shoes. He couldn’t see the man demanding favors for anything. Sam found Mrs. Blacker and asked her about getting ahold of Castiel. She said she could deliver a message. Sure enough, hours after Sam had spoken to the old woman, she had come to find him.

“Follow me and don’t lag behind! I have other things to do today besides running back and forth between you and your master…”

Sam pressed his lips and padded along the cold marble floor. His feet hurt most of the time. He never understood how luxurious a thick piece of rubber was in warding off back pain and securing heat.

Castiel live at the far end of the mansion. The slaves and Mrs. Blacker rarely ever went down those hallways. They were stark and cold. Thick ruby red and amber velvet curtains blocked light from long narrow windows. Lighting in this part of the house was not necessary as angels did not require light to see. Light from window in the other parts of the great house casted a faint glow onto floors, but also made the journey look like one into a pit of darkness.

Mrs. Blacker turned on a small flashlight to light their way.

The contrast between Castiel and Gabriel’s section of the house was almost allegorical. A cold loveless angel alone in dark contrasted with loving angel alive in a brightly lit part of the house, teaming with life. On the brighter side, workers cleaned, arranged flowers, watered house plants, dusted and vacuumed. Gabriel loved light, color, expensive art, and velvet.

Castiel loved nothing. He thought living on Earth was ridiculous. He used his time on Earth to check Gabriel’s calculations, look into crimes and odd happenings in his district. He had an office, but since he neither slept nor ate or sneezed, it did not need any care.

The hallway looked vacant. Like the ghosts of the previous tenants had taken residence and allowed it to look dirty and bare.
Mrs. Blacker finally reached the end of the hallway. She pulled a great door.

Right in the center of a great room sat the lad’s master, Castiel. He seemed to be part of a great heap that included an old wooden desk and huge piles of paper. There must have been some order to the madness, because the angel was complete at home easily shifting through the great stacks.

As the two outsiders ventured further into the room, Castiel stopped his sorting and quiet contemplation. He looked over the two slowly. So that was his boy? Castiel scratched his head as he stared at two. Gabriel was right. The kid was charming. He definitely had very little fashion sense, but that was okay fine by Castiel. He did not like to put on a show.

The tall man looked much better this way. The pain had left his eyes. The panic had given rise to a, if ever so slight, smile. Castiel did like the slave’s soft supple skin, the long brown boyish hair and especially his fine musk scent that at the time, stank of pheromones and fear. But now, the lust was gone. All he could smell from the boy was anxiety. The boy opened and closed his hands slowly, rubbing them gently on the sides of his… ridiculous pants. What the hell was this kid wearing?

“Sam! How good of you call! You may leave us, Joyce…”

“Very good,” and with that Mrs. Blacker closed the door and was gone. That meant Castiel and Sam were likely the only two beings within a quarter of mile of anyone else.

“How have you been?” Castiel asked genuinely.

“I am doing well,” Sam said quickly.

“Good! I know being a slave cannot be the most comfortable or satisfying position someone of your race can occupy, let me know what I can do to make it easier,” Castiel leaned back in his chair slightly.

“Thank you. I do need some clothing that fits and my shoes were taken in our first meeting,” Sam confessed.

“Ah, that would make life less comfortable. Let me see what I can do. Do you require sexual stimulation? I am not sure how good I am at it but I was paying attention when Gabe manipulated your penis and prostate,” Castiel replied evenly.

Sam started to blush. “I am good really, I am good. That was enough stimulation for a while.”

“Oh.” Castiel looked disappointed. Then he rolled his shoulders and looked Sam in the eye.

“In a few weeks, Gabe has promised to help me train you in the ways you must behave as Favorite and as a slave in general. He assures me there will not be any permanent damage to your body as there was in our last meeting…. I will also look into getting a bed and the other things Gabe has for Bobby. He assures me, Bobby has found the experiences with him pleasing.”

Sam paled and nodded.

“Maybe I should also get an extra chair,” he chuckled, searching Sam’s face. All he could read was nervousness.

Sam forced a smile.

“Well, I know you have your duties, I would not like for you to be punished for not completing your tasks. I will try and get you some clothes and shoes as soon as possible. Have a good day.”
Castiel gave a Sam a look reminiscent of the Joker’s smile. Deadpan eyes with an impossible large grin.

Sam nodded and left the room, trying to be quick, but not too noticeably so. After the door was closed and the darkness took over, Sam put a large hand to his forehead, rubbing it gently. He thought to himself, “Okay, angels are scary.”
Castiel looked vacantly into the bright sun pouring in from the skylight. He was listless. The meeting he had with Sam did not go as he had hoped. In fact it had gone horribly if he really thought about it.

How did they do it? Ever since the Angels made their decent, it seemed all of them had found human mates so easily. Obedient slaves that fawned over them. Castiel watched them embrace, shake hands, kiss, even fornicate. Castiel had no experience on this plane. Nor did he want to, until now. There was something so sweet and magnetic about the boy.

The cause seemed almost hopeless. The angel even had problems conversing with other angels. Humans? Forget it. He would not deal with them directly if he could avoid it.

Gabriel? Gabriel was different. He was magnanimous in all respects. He floated in and out of relationships and friendships seamlessly. His one constant was Castiel. The misanthropic angel who could always court logic before emotion. He counted himself lucky to have one friend such as Gabriel to help and value him.

As Castiel looked around his entirely vacant abode, it became clearly obvious that he needed help. Real Help. He listened to see if anyone of his brothers and sisters could help him with his current problem. They all seemed preoccupied. It was noon on the West Coast. Most were dealing with humans or other angels. All accept one. Lucifer.

Lucifer had owned far more slaves than Castiel had. He was not the nicest to them but they did what he told them to. He seemed to take joy in them. Moving them around and training them to do odd tasks. Gabe seemed to play the game a much more advanced level. He almost never punished anyone and his slave’s loyalty was beyond compare. But Loui was available. It could not hurt to seek an opinion.

Castiel the angel called upon his big brother, Lucifer, to come to his chambers. Gabe was going to be angry but he really needed to learn how to do this himself. Watching Gabe bring Sam to climax was interesting but he was not sure he could do it himself.

Lucifer appeared with a half grin. Black suit, pencil neck black tie, black shirt. He stood with one toe touching the back of the other shoe, leaning casually against the wall. His blond hair slicked back, looked greasy and perfectly straight. In his hand, his trademark crop, which he now bit the top of absenty.

“You having troubles, little brother?”

“Yes, I have taken a favorite,” Castile said directly.

“I, know, you took the one that almost beat you to death… Interesting. Why Castiel?” The dark situation peaked his interest as he grimaced.

“Gabe, decided it would keep the human safe, after the attacks. I understand his actions and he is reasonably attractive,” Castiel replied unphased.

“So… what is wrong Cassie, he can’t get it up?” Lucifer popped the crop out of his hands into the air then caught it again.

“No, I am not sure. I do not know how to approach him. How do you get them to like you? To do
what you say? He seems… uninterested. I can hardly blame him. I forgot to get him clothes and shoes.”

“I cannot be sure dear brother. He is probably just shy. He does not know that you need him to make a move too. Give me some time with him…” Lucifer coaxed, his voice smooth and reassuring.

“I don’t know, most of the humans come back very different than we brought them to you…” Castiel said hesitantly. Remembering how Mrs. Blacker had returned.

“Fuck, Cassie, you want my help or not?” The fallen angel said quickly, his patience wore thin with the accusations.

“An hour. You can have him for an hour,” Castiel said finally.

“You won’t regret it,” Lucifer grinned.

Lucifer popped over to where Sam was doing dishes. He touched Sam’s back and they landed in Lucifer’s mansion.

Sam looked around, still wearing a pair of yellow dish gloves.

“What the fuck?” he said softly, as he looked around. He was in a completely red room. The stone floor was so cold it almost stung his bare feet. Blood red wallpaper in an ancient floral pattern of texture and slick surfaces looked to be taken from a low rent brothel. Sam looked for a door or window in or out of the room but all he saw was papered walls. The floor was covered in a black granite, more reminiscent of a subway than a domicile.

“Yes, Samuel Winchester. What. The. Fuck. Indeed,” Lucifer with a low whistle. “We are going to make this brief. You are going to make my brother happy. Give him what he wants, when he wants it.”

“Wait who are you? Where the fuck am I?” Sam glared, looking around the room for some sort of weapon, pulling up his hands for a fight.

“You, Sam Winchester, younger brother of the famed Dean Winchester, are in my home. So you will keep your dirty slave mouth shut if you care at all about your hide. Insignificant animal,” Lucifer said with disgust. “Let’s see if I can convince you that I am serious…”

Lucifer blinked out and came back holding a large legal size file. “Here we are. Your file,” Lucifer showed Sam his name, “Oh look, there is Dean. Awe, he looks happy,” Lucifer showed Sam the picture of Dean smiling for a fake FBI ID photo. Sam’s posture dropped, he almost fell to the ground.

“Here is how this is going to work. I know your brother. I spent some quality time with him during his stint in Hell. Then poof! He’s gone! That never happens. I mean it happens to the Winchesters, but normally we keep a pretty tight ship. I should have no problem tracking big brother Dean down and blinking him into my mansion. It’s really not such a friendly place. And when he gets here I will welcome him with a dildo the size of my foot…,” the dark angel looked down at his own foot, then turned to Sam’s gigantic feet.

“No, no. Wait. Your foot. More fitting I suppose. Up his ass. And I am going to name it Sammy. For the little brother who just couldn’t keep my little brother happy.” Lucifer feigned a frown.
“You know why it is going up his ass? Because little brothers? Big pains in the ass. I mean look at you. You already caused him to go to Hell once. And I bet he told you to leave that angel and follow him. He told you, ‘They’ll make you a slave for this’… But you had to save Castiel. And now, you are going to fall in love with that angel, kiss him, hug him, suck his dick, whatever he wants or… poor Dean…” Lucifer pretended to cry.

“Now, do you have any questions?”

Sam shook his head quickly.

“Oh, and Cassie said you needed shoes. There are now some in your closet along with some new clothes. Curtesy of Lucifer,” the devil said with a bow, “Oh, and if my brothers Gabe or Cassie find about our arrangement with Dean, I’ll go get him. So, be a good boy, Sammy.” Lucifer pulled back his crop and landed a hard blow across his ass, causing him to let out a panicked wail and to recoil back.

Sam was blinked back to the dishes. Tears collecting in his eyes, he stared at the soapy water wondering if all that actually just happened. The pain in his backside proved to be a sobering reminder that there was no way this was a dream.

Sam pulled his gloves off and headed toward where he hoped Ester or Mrs. Blacker were. The old women had a stool and a few logbooks kept on an antique desk. Typically you could find Mrs. Blacker scrawling out a complaint or gripe with one slave or another in the logbook. Or Ester going over a cookbook, writing down recipes or making notes, drinking either wine or high balls.

Currently neither were around. Sam scratched a note on one of the colorful note pads: Ran to my room, be back in 10 minutes.

Then Sam set his long legs to work until he reached his room.

Leaving his key in the door, Sam threw back the closet door and nearly fell to the ground. All black. Pants, shirts, shoes, socks, underwear. Perfectly arranged. All black. His heart sank as he talked himself out of a panic attack. Just do your best. Be your best. Sam bit at a fingernail until it started to bleed. Then he prayed to Castiel. Sam’s heart raced as he dressed. Perfect fit.

His hands began to tremble. Dean. Oh God. What had he done?

In trying to do the right thing, he set the world’s most deranged psychopath loose on his brother. Sam cursed himself as he stared in the mirror. With all they knew, how the hell could he not see that his actions were never just his own. That he there was no way to sacrifice himself without throwing Dean on pyre also.
Sam sat on his bed, fingers laced and elbows resting on his knees. He looked out his open window and tried to imagine an escape. He could not think of one apart from a giant bird flying him away to the moon, which would be where he would have to go to forget about Dean. That probably wouldn’t work anyway. Dean did play Dark Side of the Moon too often for Sam to not think of him there. Fuck. He was going fucking mad. It was… (tap, tap, tap) happening. Crap.

“Sam, I think you prayed for me. Are you alright?” Sam heard from behind the door.

Sam inhaled to stop his shaking hands as he opened his door. “Castiel! So good to see you!” Sam wrapped his long arms around the angel, exhaling into him.

“Sam your heartbeat is elevated and your blood pressure is very high. Is something bothering you?” Castiel asked with concern.

“Just happy to see you. I wanted you to see me in the new clothes,” Sam said his eyes very wide.

“Ah. You talked to Lucifer. I should not have let him see you. That was my mistake…” Castiel said looking out of Sam’s window.

“No! No, mistake at all. I mean I don’t want to talk to him again but he explained the situation. Maybe we should have some meals together? Get to know one another?” Sam said trying give his best smile and talking a little too fast.

“That would be pleasant, Sam. I could have dinner with you tonight. But after that I have work to do. I really think I am getting somewhere on this case.” Castiel said with a slight smile.

“I could help! I have been trained as hunter since I was a child,” Sam said anxiously.

“Yes, yes, but where I am going I do not think you want to go. I have some demons I need to visit in Hell and some angels who still reside in heaven. It would be inappropriate to take you either place. When I return, we can discuss my findings.”

“That sounds great! Just let me know,” Sam said smiling.

“You do look much more dignified in clothing that fits,” Castiel nodded approvingly.

“Thank you. Thank you, Master,” Sam said with a slight pant.

“Very good. I will see you soon.”

After Castiel blinked out, Sam collapsed on the floor. He hoped that was good enough. Sam experimented in college with a friend from the drama department. Just kissing and touching. It was not horrible. Castiel looked to have as little experience as he had in the male sex department. Sam was not completely sure Angels had penises. Weren’t they sexless? Whatever. Anything to keep that bastard away from Dean.

Sam raced back to the kitchen and finished the dishes as fast as he could. He looked but did not see any trace of Mrs. Blacker or Ester. He grabbed his note, it was time to return to his room.

Sam was still shaken when he got back to the dorm. He decided to see if Bobby was around. Bobby opened the door, he had been reading news and history on his laptop.
“Did you know a President Clinton got in trouble for getting a blow job in the oval office? Honestly, I figured that would just be a job perk, but what the hell do I know?”

Sam nodded nervously.

“You get the day off too? Every time I have a meeting with Gabriel he gives me some kind of token that makes me feel more and more like a damn prostitute…” Bobby said examining the ceiling more carefully.

“No… I am really not sure. Can I tell you something? You can’t tell Gabriel…” Sam asked trying to keep his fingers out of his mouth.

“Sure Sam, what’s on your mind?” Bobby said, now more concerned.

“Castiel sent Lucifer to talk to me…” Sam said quietly.

Bobby’s eyes widened. “That’s never good. What the hell happened?”

“Nothing to me, mostly. But he threatened my brother. I need to get a hold of him. I don’t even know if you can get protection against angels or Lucifer, but he needs to try. Damn it. Bobby, he already did time in Hell for me. I can’t have him go through that again.”

“You can use my computer, I have serious doubts that Gabriel has any idea how computers work. They installed something called webnanny but other that, I assure you it’s not locked down too much.”

“Charlie told me she knew something about hacking and the dark net. I hope that will be enough. Maybe we can work on it tonight. I am having dinner with Castiel tonight. Wish me luck, I should do the lunch dishes before someone wants to beat me for slacking.”

“Good idea, I have no idea what the fuck is going on here anymore.”

“Thanks Bobby,” Sam held up his hand.

“Anytime,” Bobby pulled up his lip.

Sam ran back to the kitchen to help Ester with the rest of the meal. The day was long but Sam revealed in every second, hopping it would last for ever. After lunch was finished and dinner was prepped, Sam went back to the dorm to shave and shower before his date. He was finishing up and he heard a knock to the door.

Sam opened the door with a smile as he rubbed a towel into his hair.

“I was just getting ready.”

Castiel entered the room looking around at the blank white walls and simple furnishings. He thumbed the thick bedspread, glancing at the matching curtains. And with a slight nod of the head said, “I am glad Gabriel was the one to pick out the furnishing for the room. I would not have been able to do better than this.”

“Yes, it’s very comfortable, thank you for your kindness, Master,” Sam tried to be grateful.

Castiel gave Sam a concerned look and nodded his head slightly, lifting his cleft chin. The angel took a seat on Sam’s bed as Sam tied his shoes.
“You smell different today. Why?”

“I don’t know, do you want to get closer? Maybe you could figure it out?” Sam pulled himself off the floor and tugged his shirt over his head and sat next to the angel on the bed.

He smiled at the angel’s poor posture, rumpled clothes and overly long trench coat. Now that he was not restrained and being man handled, he could look at his master without distraction. He looked at him with interest. Castiel had a round face with small intense blue eyes and constantly wore an expression of constant criticism and cynicism. His thick dark brown hair grew wildly, failing to pick a direction or part. The angel looked to be badly in need of a haircut.

Sam gave his master a sweet, easy look. He learned how to fake almost anything from his father. John Winchester could fool the ears off a rabbit, trick the police, blend in with FBI, and convince his sons to sacrifice their lives for a never-ending cause.

He could fake out this angel. He had done far worse for Dean in the past few months.

Dean had ordered Sam to kill Ruby. She was beautiful, powerful and the most perfect drug Sam had ever found. So lovely, so warm, he could not get enough. Sam couldn’t bring himself to follow the order when it was given. So, Dean pushed him, hard. It took some threats. Some out right bullying and a few beatings but Sam did it. Afterwards he howled in abject sorrow. He cradled her head and held the body close until Dean pulled him off her. It felt like one of the worst things he had ever done but he did it. Because Dean said so.

How did a Winchester get messed up with a Demon in the first place? Sam had gotten so use to Dean or Dad making all the decisions it was an easy choice. Once that hellhound pulled Dean into the depths of hell, it was so easy. Ruby slid in and grabbed his reigns. “Be a good boy, Sammy,” was all he had ever been told. Not stand on your own, follow your dreams, trust your instincts. No. Follow orders and stay out of trouble. Don’t you step out of line, boy! And he didn’t. It was just Ruby who was doing the drawing.

Her lines were curvy and easy. To Sam, the choice was simple. Go out and do things on his own, or follow Ruby. Get lost in the taste and smell of her, learn to save people, take hold of more power than he had any right to. All that Demon had to do was pull her shirt off that pretty little stolen frame and Sam was hers. When Anna brought Dean back, the brothers fell back into old habits. Dean grabbed Sam by the ear and told him Ruby was no good and it was time for her to die.

If Sam could be honest with himself he would have said that he loved her. Instead he just fell in on himself and threw himself into hunting evil. Cold, calculating and doing the damn job. Just like Dad taught. That was how he got mixed up in this mountain of shit in the first place.

Sam sat close to Castiel, his eyes closed as he leaned in to kiss the angel. Castiel recoiled. “What are you doing?” he asked plainly staring at the speechless slave.

“I am very sorry, I am did not mean to upset you. I am really sorry,” Sam said nervously.

“It’s okay,” Castiel said calmly. “Gabriel told me you would have needs. Please come over here. I enjoyed what we did before.”

Castiel maneuvered himself on the bed so that his head rested on Sam’s pillow. The master opened his arms wide and Sam laid down next to him. Castiel moved Sam’s head onto his chest. The he began stroking Sam’s hair. So you just want to have a cuddle party? I am cool with that, if it keeps Dean out of trouble.
After ten minutes, the angel looked Sam in the eye and slowly moved his head down Sam's body. Sam looked on with alarm. Then grabbing the drawstring with his teeth, he pulled at the cord until the tie came undone. Having someone's face so close to his cock was distracting to say the least. Sam closed his eyes and tried to imagine someone naked, anyone. Jess? No. God, now he was sad.

The slave looked down and saw Castiel fumbling with his briefs.

"Why do humans wear these things? Are they supposed to be deliberately confusing? Is that a pocket?"

Sam smiled gently and put both his hands on Castiel's.

"Do you want to go slower?" he asked as he touched the angel's cheek, looking deep into his dark blue eyes.

"What do you mean?" Castiel asked slowly.

The young man kissed the Angel gently on the lips, the top of his lip playing gently with Castiel's. Then placed his giant hand on the angel's chest. The hand slowly inched down until it rested on Castiel's hip, the fingertips dangerously close to the slight, but growing erection.

Castiel's breath hitched and his eyes widened as pushed himself up. As panic set in, the angel threw his head up. Castiel's large head caught Sam's perfect nose, causing it to bleed slightly. Sam gasped in pain, unaware of the blood.

Sam shook off the pain, rubbing his nose with a sniff, leaving a smeared blood along the path of the fingers. Sam, then tried to kiss the terrified ancient being next to him. Wrongly assuming that might calm him down enough to try again.

Castiel pushed himself away toward the wall, fumbling with his hair and trying hard not to look at the man next to him in the eye. He began muttering something about things that had to be done, research, and calls to be made.

"I am very sorry Sam. I have… other business I need to… I um… Good bye Sam."

With that the angel blinked out of Sam's room.

In all of Sam's short life his experience with girls had never gone down like that. Hell, his experience with any species had never gone down like that. Yeah, he had been told no, not now, get the hell, away from me, but never someone leaving in disgust. That man looked like he had seen a ghost. Oh, Jesus, that's why?

Sam looked into the mirror and saw the nose bleed. Please, please, Castiel do not call your brother… Sam was at a loss. How the hell do you woo an angel? Especially one you just molested unsuccessfully. Sam shoved a ball of toilet paper into his nose and pulled his head back to stop the nose bleed. He closed his eyes and decided it might be time for a drink.
The Harvest

The next morning, the sun beat down oppressively on the farm of Gabriel the Archangel. The master had spoken to Mrs. Blacker earlier that morning. Sam and Bobby, the two favorites, were to be working in the cellar doing inventory on wine and preserves, before the new crop was bottled or jarred.

It was harvest time in the orchards and berry fields. Most of the available staff were outside lazily pulling berries or climbing ladders to pull peaches. The new foreman walked the fields, counted heads and tried to hurry production. He settled to do his calculations on the long dirt path that wound outward to the road beyond. From this vantage, he could see almost everyone.

The foreman tied his long blond hair back in rubber band in a twisted plait. Honestly, it looked like a fat yellow rope falling midway down his thick back. The morning sun was about a fourth of its journey across the sky. At the summer solstice this was the entire arc of the sky. Living in Oregon meant the days were very long in the summer.

Devon looked down at his watch. How was it only 10:30 AM? Damn, ten more hours until he could turn in. He wondered how Bobby had done this all those years. The responsibility vastly eclipsed the rewards. Which was limited to power, and one more week off per year. Definitely not worth it.

Devon cussed himself for not bringing his hat to the field. Removing the round spectacles from his thick angled face, he wiped the sweat from his brow with his sleeve. Putting them back over his hazel eyes. He looked down at his book more carefully. Why the hell were Bobby and Sam doing inventory when the whole fucking house was outside pulling fruit? Well, master wants what master wants.

Devon had tried to stop analyzing the angel’s decisions. It normally just left him with a head ache. Excess fruit was not stored or sold, it was donated. All of it. Bobby had gotten the process to be so efficient that even with winter stores, they used about 30% of their crop. 10% went to the animals and the rest? The schools. Not for a tax donation. Devon was just supposed to drop off the crates of organic canned peaches, berry preserves and all to the cafeteria.

And, since when was Bobby the most handsome slave Gabriel owned? The man is strong but flabby and old. Witty but temperamental and dark. And… completely heterosexual.

Ever since the Archangel had changed vessels, Devon drooled at his master’s feet. His promotion had been one of the happiest days of his life until he found out the same day that Bobby had taken Derek’s place.

As Devon contemplated the long day’s work, he looked over the horizon and saw a familiar figure approaching the fields. The angel’s tall form loomed over everything he passed. Standing at 6’8 made objects appear much smaller than they actually were. His blond hair hung wildly in a halo around his head. His trademark velvet blue blazer was a pale blue and had tails today. The jacket buttoned up to the top of his neck. White lace poured out from top. Devon smiled. “Very Interview with a Vampire, Master,” he thought to himself.

But something wasn’t quite right.

Devon noticed that today, his master carried himself differently. Normally, the master had a jaunty walk, today he walked straighter. He seemed to be moving much faster. Today his long fingers gripped a tan walking stick. Devon wondered if this was how he altered his wardrobe, one
accessory at a time. For a walking stick, the thing was not touching the ground at all.

Back to the ledger. Wouldn’t do to have the boss notice you staring blankly at him, taking note of his choice of jacket for the day. Devon glanced down at the ledger then his head lifted as he noticed strange movement in the field. The slaves had stopped working and were now staring at their master. Unusual behavior for sure. Devon followed the trajectory of the master’s path and it led directly to him.

He quickly took off his spectacles and put them away deep in the pocket of his pants. Devon remembered watching Bobby as the master approached. Put the pen in the ledger, fold it up and put it under your arm. Be ready to hand it to him and answer any questions. Devon held the ledger under his arm, his heart racing and nerves at the ready. He took a deep breath and exhaled his best smile as angel approached him at rapid speed. Then Devon allowed his eyes to examine what the master held in right hand.

No, no, no, no. Was he seeing that correctly? That was a cane. A thin, flexible, nasty looking cane. Most masters did not carry a crooked rattan cane unless they meant to do damage with it. Devon’s heart stopped as he stood near paralyzed. Desperately trying not to think about the last time he been whipped. The memory of his last experience with an implement such as the one in his master’s hand flooded back. The implement that was rapidly approaching.

Devon remembered the smell the dining room in the boy’s school. It reeked of stale bread, cabbage and beans. But he was so hungry it did not matter. He had just come from isolation after an incident with two books, a wall and his prefect. The weather had turned cold overnight and the school was not willing to turn on the heat when it might warm up the next day. Hunger had taken hold and morals were forgotten. As Devon spoke to the headmaster, a piece of bread shook free from his shirt. His hands had been shaking so much from hunger and the bitter cold that he couldn’t hold on to it.

Devon searched his brain to remember if any of the slaves had given the master a reason to discipline them. In all the time he had been there, no one, no one had received any kind of discipline other than a talking to from Mrs. Blacker or Bobby. Jesus, Angels were preternaturally strong and being beaten by one was no picnic. Archangels were stronger still and this one looked really pissed. Eyes were narrowed and fixed, his lips pressed in disappointment.

The Angel stopped along the path, grabbing one the buckets of water used for drenching your hat or washing up. Devon did not have much more time to contemplate as his master was currently very close, shortening his stride and stopping in front of the now trembling man.

“Follow me.” The angel said directly. Devon obeyed silently and quickly. What the hell does this mean?

During the short walk, Devon went over all the things he could be punished for. He had taken the whip to Jacob for sleeping on the job. It was not a severe beating and why the hell would you give the foreman a whip if you did not intend him to use it? He threatened to spank Charlie, but he was only kidding. She had just cursed the Goddess Hecte, Gabriel could know the Goddess and get offended. He teased Bobby but hell didn’t everyone? He was a good sport and could normally give back more than he was given. A very healthy rivalry. Really what could he had done? Devon had only been foreman less than a week…

The two fast approached the boundary of the farm. The rust colored gate stood before them, bordered by the small rust colored fence that outlined the property. The fence caused a slave’s sigil to burn if they got within two feet of it. The fence and gate were waist height and appeared merely ornamental. Its beautiful ornate iron filigree flowers and leaves wove their way in and out the bars along the upper rail of the fence. Sharp spikes that looked as if they were the ends of a dragon
tongues stretched up and down in waves along the top of the fence.

Small as it was, the rust color fence was effective at keeping the slaves and animals in and outsiders out. The sigil magic worked both ways, very efficiently.

Devon stood back with a distrustful gaze focused on the fence. Both of his hands now clutched the ledger and they were turning white with their grip.

Gabriel stood before the gate, set the bucket down and then casually leaned up against the gate post. Devin offered the ledger to his master. The angel took the tall brown book without looking at it and tossed it into the grass.

Gabriel tapped the top of the gate with his cane. “Place your hands here, don’t remove them.”

Devin looked around him. He saw Carl, shaking his head and looking away. Garth came down from his tree and clearly wished he hadn’t. Adam, who was eating raspberries, stared blankly as some fell out of his mouth. Charlie, had been picking strawberries beside Gilda, now held the small woman in her arms and stared with fierce eyes. Her arms braced themselves as she intended to protect what she now held close.

Daniel, heaved crates filled with fresh peaches into a wagon, stopped to see the commotion. Then looked away. Jacob was watching him, eating at peach with dark curiosity. Jody and Ellen had been gossiping while pulling blueberries but now stared blankly.

Luckily, the children had been bussed off to summer camp for the month. Lisa’s Ben, the two twins Eve and Laura, and ever curious Lucas were busy learning survival skills while eating s’mores, so said the brochure. Charlie had suggested it. Gabriel enjoyed the children and went along with the adventure.

“Now, boy!” the master barked.

Devin jumped looking back at the angel and forcing his hands to a grip the gate railing in between the spikes. His mind raced, was there any way out of this? Who could save him? Talk some sense in to him, cool his temper? Bobby. Bobby had always been the one to stand up for them. Talk the master down. Offer himself instead. Cooler heads always prevailed.

“Take two steps back and move your hands further apart.” The slave began to sweat as he obeyed again. With his backside protruding, the man looked down at the dust road just out of reach.

The master began to trace lines along the slave’s back with the cane as he spoke. The light touches of the cane were oddly arousing and doubly terrifying. Devon felt his panic rise and his hands trembled so fiercely he could barely keep hold of the gate. This was going to be horrible. This was going to be horrible.

The stories of angel punishments were well known. There had been accounts of angels beating slaves to near death, healing them, just to repeat the process. This was an archangel. There was little doubt that the angel could break the man in half if he was not careful enough.

“Do you know why you are here, slave?” the master ask coldly.

Devon’s heart sank, he did not even use his name.

“No, Master,” he stuttered truthfully.

“You made a comment about my favorite,” Gabriel spit, now tapping the cane along different parts of the foreman’s legs, back and ass. “I did not appreciate it. And in my own house, little
Devon’s blood ran cold as heard the swish of the cane cut through the air and then a loud Thwack bit back of his legs. The pain was unlike anything he ever felt before. The blow pushed him forward.

The pain rode in a sharp wave, then radiated from the sore spot. He exhaled a tortured groan that turned in a hurried, “I’m sorry…”

“You hurt someone I love, slave… Your intent to humiliate him has turned on you,” Gabriel then placed the long thin cane in his mouth as he ripped the shirt down the back, exposing the slave’s muscled back and sculpted arms. Then the angel turned his attention to the lower half, he undid the slave’s belt, unfastened the pants and easily ripped the black underwear off the slave’s body with both hands.

Devon shook with the shame. Tears already falling fast down his face. Gabriel then poured the bucket of water over the head and bare flesh of his slave. The smaller man coughed and choked as water made its way in to his mouth and nose.

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give. I have never struck one of you down before today. I wish to never have to again. But know this, I will to anyone that helps this man before his punishment is complete. He is to remain with his hands on this post. Should he pass out, tell Mrs. Blacker and I will attend to him. Know that I will no longer tolerate disrespect. The next punishment I hand out will be delivered by my dear brother… Loui.” The master let the last syllable linger and take hold. There was no one among them that did not fear that name. The angel smiled as he saw their reaction to the threat. With a smug and satisfied smile, Gabriel grabbed his cane dramatically, pulling it quickly to his breast and blinked out.
Ellen shook her long hair ponytail as she looked around the field seconds after Gabriel left. There. Adam. He would do nicely. A young man. Nineteen or twenty if she remembered correctly. “GO! Adam!” Ellen hollered. “Go, get Bobby!”

Adam nodded and took off. Ellen looked back at the surreal image of the beaten slave. He wept and moaned. There was no way that man would make it through harvest today. She looked around and hollered. “Get back to work! Adam is going to need help making his quota. Now!” Everyone busied themselves, half to obey Ellen and half to avoid a beating like the one they just witnessed.

Adam’s wavy blond hair bounced in the wind as he raced to the cellar. Adam loved to run. He ran every morning. This time he those long legs pulled him as fast as they were able. The fields, the dorms, and the barn all blurred past him. “Damnit Devon,” he thought as his feet pounded the ground. He had never seen his friends so scared. This had better not become the new normal because if they were going to be beaten for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time Gabriel might as well erect a whipping post and keep Olivia tied to it.

Adam wiped the sweat from his brow as he entered the kitchen, hurrying past Cook and Mrs. Blacker. The boy heaved the large wooden door open, slipping inside before he could be stopped. “Bobby!” he yelled frantically, looking in all directions down the deep cavernous wine cellar.

“Adam, what in God’s name possessed you to scream my name in cellar known for its earsplitting acoustics?” Bobby said wincing, appearing from behind a great shelf of preserves, wiggling a finger in his ear.

“Sorry Bobby…” Adam whispered trying to catch his breath, “Gabriel beat the tar out of Devon. The Master told us that we couldn’t help him unless we wanted to get it too.”

“What the hell did he do to him?” Bobby asked in disbelief.

“Stripped him, got him wet, and then tore into him with cane. Devon’s got welts from his back to the bottoms of his calves. He’s not bleeding but he’s hurt bad.” Adam relayed the story as best he could. At the end of the tale, Bobby’s arms shook with frustration and his eyes widened as he prepared himself for what was next.

“God Damnit. I’ll go talk to him. Sam, get the kid some water and follow him out there. This is not good.”

Making his way up the stairs, Bobby saw Mrs. Blacker waiting for him at the top.

“What? What are you going to do?” he asked quickly, cutting her off. “Call the Master? That’s where I’m headed, so get the hell out of my way!”

“It’s your ass, I’m worried about…” she said gnashing her teeth.

“Not your concern. And this is bigger than Devon and you know it,” Bobby said with a glare.

The old woman pressed her lips and let him through, shaking her head as she did. Bobby eyed her
angrily as he passed. That bitch knew what happened before he did. She should have told him, this could have been stopped.

Bobby stared at giant door that led to Gabriel’s quarters. He felt a chill as his dick half perked up at the sight of the door. Fucking traitor… Bobby thought as he lifted a fist to knock on the great door. There was a silence and then the door unlatched. Bobby pulled the thing open, trying not to pull to hard and get swept up by its momentum.

Gabriel sat at his desk, which had acquired many more papers than the previous visits. He looked up with a sly smile. “You here to play, boy?”

Bobby had to bite his cheek to not say what was in his head.

“I am here because you have upset a balance I worked years to achieve. In one week, no less… Just what did you hope to gain by skinning that boy alive? Loyalty? Fear? What you did was destroy that man’s confidence and inspire hate among your troops. What the hell, Gabriel?” Bobby said quickly, trying hard to keep what was left of his cool.

“I do not appreciate your tone,” Gabriel put both hands on his desk, ready to stand up.

“Don’t care. Deal with it.” Bobby snarled back. “Then you fix this. Tell those poor souls, who lost damn near every Goddamn thing in their lives, they have not lost a safe place to live with their dignity… Do you know why I never beat anyone of them? Do you?”

Gabriel stopped, speechless.

“It’s not like I didn’t want to! Hell, the night Caleb broke ten gallon jars of peaches, because he drank your wine and fell down the stairs… I had to beg the school to let us borrow some jugs so the kids would have fruit over the winter. Beg. I told them a child had done it and I couldn’t bear to see a child whipped. We all worked harder that year and did without. But that kid? Lost his mother and father before he was 14 years old. Then he was tried and blamed for their death. Gabriel, life has already beat the tar out of your people. It’s done. You do not need to add to their pain.”

“I did not like how he spoke to you, Bobby,” Gabriel said as he glared back. Now defensive, he crossed his arms on his chest.

Bobby huffed. “Guess what? Everyone heard that, loud and clear. Now, go heal the bastard and name… Garth foreman. And for God’s sake, tell them they are not going to Lucifer’s if they call me a name,” Bobby said rolling his eyes. His master could be such a damn child.

“I shouldn’t have taken you off foreman duty. You really love them, don’t you?” Gabriel said with a sad smile. He felt selfish for the first time in a long time.

“I have told you that before,” Bobby said sardonically, “Let me show Garth the way around for a while. That’ll help,” Bobby bit his cheek again, “You know, we should have that dinner. I think we should talk.”

“I do not want to heal him, Bobby,” Gabriel said looking off into the stacks of paper at this desk.

“Don’t then, but take him off the Goddamn fence. He is going to make a mess soon, if he hasn’t already.”

“I will do it. Go the restroom, clean yourself up, and we will go out.”
Bobby gave Gabriel a tired look.

“Alright, just take a shower and shave, clean yourself up, you smell like a wine cellar,” Gabriel smiled, raising his eyebrows.

Bobby closed his eyes and went into the bathroom.

~*~

Gabriel blinked out the field. He surveyed his fertile fields. His people were working quickly, fueled by fear and motivated by the soft moans of their former foreman. Gabriel felt a cool breeze run down the long path out of the manor farm. It must be such a steady tease to see the end of the fence so near and never be able to leave. Gabriel never thought of how lucky he had been to have so many years without uprisings or revolts. He had lived in peace with these people. Now they could not look at him without trembling. Bobby was right.

The angel turned his attention to the beaten slave. ‘Take it up the ass from the boss…’ Gabriel smiled at his handy work. The archangel did not mind the fear he had invoked in his recent display of authority. He did not mean for it to affect the group as much as it did. He walked up to Devon. The slave felt his presence and shivered with a low whine.

“Don’t worry, slave. You’ve been pardoned. It goes without saying that you have lost your position. But, that is information is better digested on another day. Now, we are going to clean you up and get you in bed.”

~*~

Ellen smiled, with a slight shake of her head as the beaten man was taken away. Unless Gabriel was taking him back to beat him some more, this was a very good sign. What the hell would they do without Bobby?

Gabriel strutted back to the field and found Garth with his bag, carefully pulling peaches off a tree in the orchard. Garth was a Midwest boy who grew up, went to dental school, got married to a sweet girl and had a little baby girl. Melody decided to stay at home and quit her job at the Hot Topic. He came home one cold night in December, to find her and baby murdered in what looked like a demonic rite. The cops took him in, and the courts pronounced him guilty.

That was ten years ago. The gaunt man was now in his middle thirties and less damaged than you would expect. Garth mostly got through his days with a half smile and kind eyes.

Physically, he was slight in build, but reasonably attractive. His face hung long with a short nose and bright round blue eyes. Proportionally, Garth was an anomaly. From a distance, he had the appearance of a much taller man. It was as if someone had forgotten to take a long and lean white guy out of the dryer. As elven as any man would care to be, his long arms and legs looked so because of an unusually short torso. Perspective aside, Bobby liked the dustybrown haired boy. Garth gave more that he took and loved just about everyone all the time.

“Follow me,” Gabriel said as he walked deeper into the orchard.

“I…um….really…” Garth stuttered.

“Look,” he said, turning around and displaying both hands. “No cane. Just follow me,” the angel said, trying to not sound too annoyed or angry.

Garth scurried down his tree and leapt to catch up.

“Garth, I am promoting you to foreman. I know it is not the most desirable job, given the former’s current state, but I am prepared to offer you more compensation if you desire it. You will also have to train under Bobby for a few months, when he is available. Does that sound amiable?”
Garth slowly nodded his head as his body tensed.
“You also have the job of apologizing on my behalf for my threats this morning. Know I will
never, ever, give anyone of you to Lucifer. I was angry. It was a dangerous idle threat. But I
intend to make up for it. You are going to be in charge of moral boasting events each month. I will
give you a generous budget… Show a movie or have a dinner, something of that nature.”
Garth now had a shy and hopeful smile.
“That sound’s great, Master.”
“Great, tell the staff that after harvest is complete, they can have a week off.”
“Thank you, thank you, Sir!”
Gabriel gave him a pressed smile and blinked back.

~*~

Gabriel picked a black jacket, t-shirt and dark jeans, for Bobby, he selected a pale blue shirt, a
dark green fitted jacket and chocolate brown pants. He smiled thinking of his man in a fine suit
without shoes.

“Stand there, I would like to dress you,” the angel smiled at Bobby who was reading one his
books in his library, his body pressed up against the wall. Bobby was still unsure if he was still not
allowed to sit down, but he had been told to read from the library. This was nice. It had taken
Derek years to use the library or really just not wait like Doberman to be told what to do. Bobby
pushed himself up and walked over to the center of the room, half expecting to be chained up.

“Where’s the fuzzy jacket?” Bobby asked with a crooked smile.

Gabriel rolled his eyes, “It’s a special occasion.”

Then the angel frowned at the collar and hair beneath it. “You can take this off, you know. It is
just a buckle… Look, your hair is matted. I am going to have to take you to be groomed,” the
angel looked down at his watch, “… good we have time.”

“What are you talking about?” Bobby said with concern.

“You will love it. Pedicure, manicure, hair cut…”

“You know that you take dogs and cats to be groomed,” Bobby sneered.

“Don’t worry I go there too. It’s in New York, then we are off to Amarillo for a giant steak,”
Gabriel said, lifting his eye brows as he said the last two words.

Gabriel deftly slipping on Bobby’s everyday clothing and putting the rest back on the hanger, then
fingering a text quickly. He looked up from his phone at the slave’s reaction.

“You’re joking…” Bobby looked at the master with disbelief.

“I thought you would enjoy it…” Gabriel said with mock disappointment.

“Have you ever been to Amarillo? You are talking about the one in Texas, correct?”

Gabriel looked up, “I have seen pictures, beloved. I am not completely out of touch. It’s a very
large restaurant, where you are allowed to wear large hats and they serve you a gigantic slab of
cow. And if you have the capacity to eat the whole meal… they take your picture. It’s very garish
and kitschy. I assumed you’d love it.”

“The Big Texan? You really want to go to the Big Texan?”
“Not in the least… You have somewhere else in mind?” Gabriel said with some relief.

“Somewhere not as crowded. If I have to dress like this, I prefer to get the fewest looks possible. Not put on display like your pet,” Bobby said with a scowl, as the word left a sour taste in his mouth.

“No worries, I will find somewhere else. Funny you said pet…” Gabriel produced a black leash and snapped it on Bobby’s collar.

Bobby huffed as he looked up, before he could look down, he was standing in front of a very posh spa in Manhattan. Gabriel walked in chin high, clad in a brown pageboy hat and sunglasses, giving Bobby a rough tug, pulling him behind him. A very attractive man with curly brown hair, dressed in black and holding a clip board greeted them at the door.

“So what do you need to day, Master Gabriel?” The smaller man smiled through a pair of horn rimmed glasses.

Gabriel did not appear to even look at the man as he spoke. “David, I reserved a wash and groom for my new Favorite. Treat him well.”

“Very good… May I?” David motioned for the leash. Gabriel handed clothes and the leash off to the attendant. Then pulled Bobby in for a very social peck goodbye, pulling the collar toward him with a crooked finger.

“Be good, boy.” Gabriel said firmly, as he gracefully turned on his heels and left.

“That asshole can be smooth,” thought Bobby as he was pulled into the side door.
The “salon” for slaves was definitely not on par with the one for the freeman. Everything in the salon was black or grey, everyone there was dressed to the nines in fashionable black dress, with simple, but fashionable hair and makeup. The backroom was completely tiled in white subway tiles. Lots of staff wearing scrubs of all colors attended to all manner of services. Odd basins and tubs were everywhere. Anywhere you looked, there were naked slaves being scrubbed, buffed, washed and combed, none of whom looked like they were getting a pedicure. Unless you count being leashed to a table while someone clips and paints your toenails and someone else files your fingernails, a pedicure.

David pulled his glasses on top of his head and gave a quick Bobby a look up and down.

“Gabriel has interesting tastes… Okay, you, little pet, are going to receive the Royal Special. That includes: hair, nails, toenails, body hair… trim, spa, scrub, colonic, and a latte. Be good…” the young man said tapping a pen on his clipboard, "Your master checked the 'discipline if necessary’ box. Don't worry. We’ll get you gorgeous in no time."

“Colonic?” Bobby asked distrustfully, his voice nearly cracking.

“Honey, you will love it. It is very relaxing. Let’s get that over with, then we will take you to the spa and do all the rest at the end. Let’s see… you prefer,” David frowned, “women. Huh? Interesting tastes…” David motioned for the small redhead to come over. She looked like someone from the other side of the salon. Her red hair was curled in ringlets that spilt around her head from a clip fastened at the top of her head. Bright blue eyes peeked through narrow wire glasses at her new client. She looked like a little librarian sprite. She could not be over 4’11 and probably in her late twenties, but still had a girlish grin about her. Heat boiled inside Bobby as he looked at her. If Gabriel wanted him to be groomed like a dog, and this girl was doing the grooming… Bow wow. Stupid testosterone.

She smiled, her plump dusty pink lips wrapped around her pen that she took a gentle bite from as she looked Bobby over. She took the clip board, the leash, and led Bobby down the hall, into a small room.

Bobby walked and immediately rolled his eyes. Of course Gabriel would like this. A large rock fountain trickled water evenly as the gentle music of the pan flute played. The man huffed amused at the hippy crap they were still passing off as new age. In the center of the room, there was a padded massage table covered with sheets. The opposite wall was lined with cabinets, probably containing all manner of patchouli and other smelling salts and oils. On the counter topped with some more fountains, rocks warming, and a small stereo.

“My name is Sara, let’s get you ready.” Her smile was sweet and she gently removed Bobby’s collar, shirt, and then grabbed for his pants. Reflexively he cringed and backed away. She took a few steps back and waited.

“Sorry, ma’am, I… am not used to this,” Bobby muttered as he untied his pants letting them pool on the floor, walking out of them and then gave them to her.

“It’s alright, I am patient,” she looked down, her eyes lingering on the golden cage. “Those are very rare. Most masters opt for the plastic ones, then beat their slaves if they break…”
“Yeah, guess mine’s built to last…”

“Archangel for a master. What’s that like?” She asked with girlish smile.

“It weird. Kind of like having an immortal Robert Redford as a master. I think there are only seven. I have not talked to him about it but that is how many have been to the house. Raphael, Uriel, Lucifer, Micheal, Gabriel, Azrael, and Jeremiel. Most of them are assholes. Lucifer being the worst.”

“Wasn’t Azrael a cat who ate Smurfs?” she laughed.

“Yeah, I think so. That is funny, I never thought of that. I mean the communist references in that show are rampant right? I thought Gargamel was the evil capitalist, who wanted to turn the workers into gold, but he just might as well have been the Catholic Church. Someone who only looked at the common folk as capital.”

“No way! That was such a cute show! I don’t see it.”

“Think about the red hat, sharing everything, working together. Communism in its purist state, la la, lalala.”

“I see why he likes you… You’re pretty clever,” she smiled putting a hand on his shoulder.

“What? I’m not pretty enough?” Bobby chuckled.

“I see that too. Have you ever done this before?”

“No. I normally cut all I don’t need off myself and use the restroom like the other peasants.”

“There is nothing to it, just relax. Get up on the table and lay on your belly. We will make this easy.”

Sara changed the music to more pan flutes mixed with rainforest sounds. She began to rub oil on Bobby’s back and kneaded her fingers deep into his muscles. “You’re very tense for being the pet of a billionaire,” she laughed as she rubbed deeper into his flesh. Bobby tried to keep quiet, but soft moans escaped as Sara massaged his back, arms, legs and gluts.

“Now, roll over on your left side,” she said as she slid a pillow under his head. Then she ran her hands along his thighs and ass. Arranging one knee in front the other, she carefully inserted a thin tube into his bottom. Bobby let out a disgruntled huff, this was not his idea. He shifted as the tube rubbed against the newly discovered area. It tingled and tickled slightly.

“Close your eyes and relax,” her soft voice filled his ears, as cool water began to flow gently inside him. He turned down the lights and left him alone.

He half expected fire hose like pressure, but this was not painful. Not anything he would opt in for, but not awful. The water played and tickled at the secret spot inside him. His eyes closed the tingle produced an “ahhhh…” that escaped his mouth as he lay helpless on the table. The water began gush a little faster, or he was just more sensitive. Bobby began to rub his head against the pillow. Jez, this was nice. He began to fill like a pitcher being filled to capacity. When was this thing going to stop? His cock began to push and fight against its cage. He winched and gasped. This? This was really unfair.

Five minutes in, he felt a very full feeling and his body gurgled. Then an involuntary release.

It was an odd feeling of crapping yourself without the mess. It was all taken away in the tube,
wasn’t it? Bobby pulled himself up slightly, searching the bed for evidence, hoping he would not have to clean the mess or watch the pretty girl clean it. His face reddened and whitened at the same time as fear and shame washed over him. But there was nothing there. The machine did its job beautifully. Huh.

That insanely weird tease left Bobby feeling refreshed and a little lighter. He looked around the room afraid to lift his head. He felt like he had done something wrong, someone was going to punish him for any minutes. He lifted his head wide-eyed. The machine had stopped.

In a few minutes, Sara returned. She pulled out the tube, maybe a tad too quickly, invoking a startled hiss.

“There,” she said giving his bottom some little slaps. “That wasn’t so bad was it?” Now she gave his bottom a little rub. Bobby was in heaven until he jerked against his cage again, jolting his eyes open wide. A little shocked, he searched her face. She did not appear to notice or care. Damn it, Gabriel. He was going to have a damn talk about this torture he was being put through.

Then he felt her finger dab some cooling gel on his hole, her finger then slid easily in causing a jerk of his whole body.

She giggled slightly. “Sorry I should have warned you,” she said coyly. His eyes wide with something between anger, shock and shame. “This is just to help you heal,” she said as her slim finger lingered, wiggled and twisted for a bit too long. He produced another huff with her exit as she slid it out. Then she began to wash her hands.

“Now, it’s time for the spa.”

That sounded promising, but then again so did the massage. He eyed her distrustfully, trying not to be too obvious. She slipped a metal chain that slid on a ring over his neck.

“This is a Goddamn choke collar!” he thought as he looked at it a little too pissed.

“Your collar is being cleaned. This is just for the mean time. Be a good boy and we won’t have any problems,” she said coyly. His eyes wide with something between anger, shock and shame. “This is just to help you heal,” she said as her slim finger lingered, wiggled and twisted for a bit too long. He produced another huff with her exit as she slid it out. Then she began to wash her hands.

As they walked, Sara grabbed some towels and opened a large thick glass door. A door that appeared to be covered in condensation. Bobby could feel the heat radiating from the room. She pulled the chain over his head and ushered him into a steam room.

Sara lay a few towels down on the wooden bench, then gave the surface a tap.

“Lay here please.”

Bobby obeyed. Sara held a few towels in one hand and grabbed for the cage with the other, the slave recoiling and pulling in his legs in response.

“Be still,” she ordered. “I need to put these towels down so you are not burnt by the heat.”

“Won’t that…” Bobby said looking down at the cage.
“Keep the towel around it and it should be fine.”

Bobby squinted one eye in disbelief.

She arranged the towels over and around the cage. This is not going to end well thought Bobby as he laid back.

“Be back in a few,” she smiled, closing the door behind her.

For a minute or two everything was fine. Then the Bobby began to sweat. A lot. Then his dick and chest felt like they were on fire. He leapt up in a howl. He cussed and banged on the door. The banging increased until Bobby was certain that no one was coming to save him. Bracing his shoulder, he threw himself into the glass. He felt the glass crack and give. One more, he thought.

That’s when the he heard metal moving metal, the door was unlocking. The door flung open and someone grabbed Bobby by his hair and yanked him out. Bobby panted and would have fallen to the floor if Sara did not have his hair wrapped in her manicured nails. Currently he was on his knees looking angrily up at her.

She scowled at him as she threw the choke chain back on and pulled. Hard.

“Come on!” She snarled as she dragged him further the hallway. Bobby coughed violently as his hands gripped the chain to prevent complete oxygen deprivation. Every sensitive part of his body burned, ached and throbbed in time with his quickening heartbeat. He could not help the tears that spilt from pain as jogged to keep up with her. He did manage to throw a scowl at his aggressor. “Bitch is not even looking back,” he thought as she yanking him further down the hallway.

A very tall kid in blue scrubs with a name tag that said “Craig,” spotted her and trotted quickly to catch up. His eyes wide with disbelief. He shook his head as she throw open the backdoor. The violence of which caused the door to recoil, hitting hard against the wall.

“Oh Shit…” he mouthed as Sara pulled an unwilling victim outside.

Sara widened her eyes and motioned with her chin to Craig. He shook his head while biting his lip. He grabbed one of Bobby’s wrist and tethered it a wooden block fixed against a dirty wall in a dark alley.

Bobby looked around, catching his breath and said, “What the hell you want to do now? Actually set me on fire? What the hell were you trying to do? Roast me on a spit! What the fuck?” He spit on the ground as he wiped tears from his eyes.

The young man looked at him and rolled his eyes. Then he put his hand to his head, “Oh my god, Sara! You are in so much shit. What the hell are we doing out here? You can’t possibly want to punish him! I mean shit, he broke the door… which I did not know was possible… But look, Sara. Did you look at the guy’s dick?”

“Get off my Goddamn case and give me something to beat this prick with!” Sara scowled as she held out her hand.

Craig opened a vertical box hanging on a brick wall. He pulled out a thin wooden paddle. Holding it with two fingers, he offered it to her.

“Seriously? I am going to get in deep shit for this. Get me the whip.” She said grimly staring down a man who now looked like he did not give a shit if she was a girl or not. Bitch was going down if
he got the chance.

“Gabriel is an important client, you beat his slave and there is going to be actual and literal hell to pay…” Craig said looking at Bobby.

“Craig, they are going to put me on the block…” she pouted miserably.

“Sara, you are good at your job. This is the first time, right?” he said sweetly.

“Yeah the first time a slave broke a glass door worth more that both of us combined,” she paused. Then began to shaking the paddle, “You? You, could have pulled the emergency release!”

“I looked for an emergency release, there was none! Why the fuck did you try to scald my balls in the first place?” Bobby snapped back.

“Look, I forgot to get the towels wet. I told you those things are rare. I forgot. The plastic ones hold up fine… And like plastic, gold is not a good conductor of heat, I figured it would be the same.” She said with her hands on her hips.

“Yes Einstein, pure gold is not, this goddamn contraption has to be an alloy or it would bend and be rather useless, wouldn’t it?” Bobby asked caustically.

“You! Shut the hell up… I am taking this to your ass,” she promised raising the thing higher.

“Why?” Bobby spit back, still pissed as hell about his balls and her threat.

Sara smiled darkly. She pulled her hand back and swung, hitting the middle of the slave’s bottom. Bobby let out a loud grunt. The smack sparked a rage that had lay dormant for so long. The pain caused his eyes to water as he started a low growl.

“Insolence!” she hissed and pulled down and up landing a SMACK, right on his sit spot. The slave jerked and threw his head back in response and huffed loudly.

“Cursing!” she shouted. Bobby growled. “Don’t!” he warned. SMACK. She swatted the top of his thighs. “RRRAHHH!”

“Breaking company property…” SMACK! Tears of pain and hate spilled from Bobby’s blue eyes.

Craig had been leaning against wall, watching little Sara dig herself a nice deep hole. “Okay. You? Are done.” He said as he caught her arm, wrenching the paddle out of her hands. “You are on break. GO. Like now.”

The little woman’s eyes were fresh with tears. Her small shoulders slumped as she turned to door, not looking back.

Craig undid Bobby’s hands and pulled him back into the building, lead in hand. Craig looked at Bobby’s ass and gave a breathy whistle at the sight. She had hit him pretty hard. They were going to have to comp this guy’s bill. Bobby’s hair was wild. It stuck out in every direction. He was drying his tears with back of his hand. Despite his pain, he was pissed, his green-blue eyes bloodshot and tearstained.

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Bobby was led back to the open area with the grooming tables. Craig tied Bobby to one of the
hooks in the wall, the slave slumped exhausted against the cool tile. He watch Craig jog off. He returned shortly with David.

David chuckled. “Ohh, you poor thing!” The stylist put a hand on Bobby’s bottom to give it a rub, but upon contact, Bobby hissed. “Jeez, okay.” David said pulling back his hand. Craig whispered into David’s ear. “NO!” David immediately grabbed for Bobby’s cage. Bobby pulled away but David caught the cage, making the slave howl. “Fuck…” David whispered as he peered into the gold cage, then pulled up the rings seeing the dark red indentions.

“Okay, okay, okay, let’s just get through this…” David said, more talking himself down that anything else. Then he turned to Craig, “Okay, you string him up on one of the tables. Get him scrubbed avoiding certain areas, then do his fingers, toes… Then get the best stylist we have working to do his hair. Get him a straight razor shave and some alcohol. A lot of alcohol.” David turned to Bobby, “You drink wine?” Bobby smirked. “Okay…Whiskey?” Bobby gave a half grin. “I’ll send you an Irish coffee, extra Irish. Then I am going to try and find an angel in the salon to heal this poor bastard. Then I have to call the Master about Sara…”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, me and this chapter have a bad relationship. I have rewritten it at least three times. If you think its terrible... It might be better than it was before. I wanted to throw it out but it introduces some good characters. If you have time let me know if you thought it was tolerable or where I went wrong. The next two are my favorites.

Sam is not in this one. But understand, as a girl who grew up in Texas, Bobby has that appeal. He is the cowboy who writes poetry. But there are more Sam and Dean chapters coming up.
Craig, Mark and Tammy got to work on Bobby working very quickly and as gently as possible.

A tall man with steel grey hair styled so high that it easily gave him four more inches in height came to the grooming table. A thick belt around his chest secured Bobby to a bar above the table, forcing him to stay on all fours. The man ran his hands through Bobby’s hair.

“I’m James, I am going to make you look fabulous,” James whispered as he stroked Bobby’s back.

“I cannot work like this. Please get him a damn chair. For God’s sake he is not feral and you just maimed him,” James was now talking very loudly.

“Sara paddled him pretty hard,” Craig said softly, hoping James would lower his voice too.

“Jesus. This just keeps getting better. He can kneel or whatever but he sure as shit needs to be upright if you want me to work on him. I can’t even see him like this.”

Bobby stood in front of a mirror drinking his coffee as James fingered his hair, combed it, parted it, and examined it from every angle. Then he started work with his scissors. When he was done, Bobby actually smiled… slightly, hardly noticing the audience that had gathered. Or rather waited until James was actually finished.

Then a flurry of activity circled around Bobby. Four men hurriedly put pants, a shirt, cuff links, and a jacket on the newly groomed pet. Justin looked at Bobby and arranged a few strands of hair. His collar and leash were applied, he was then shown back into the Salon. Gabriel waited patiently, thumbing through a magazine.

“My! You look good enough to eat! So handsome!” Gabriel said as he put a hand on his slave’s chest. Bobby pulled back with a wince.

“Would anyone care to explain this?” Gabriel said loudly, fire brewing in his eyes.

David stepped forward. “This service is on us sir, there was some problems with the new jewelry… and with the stylist assigned to your pet, Sir.”

“Tell me exactly what happened before I feel like smiting this whole salon!” the archangel threatened, throwing his hands in the air.

David began to stutter, “You sssee, Sssssara accidently burned Bobby in the sauna on the area around the cage and the area around the rings… Sir.”

Gabriel closed his eyes, “So… Just so I am clear… you burnt my Favorite slave’s cock, balls and nipples… is that all?”

David looked around, “Nnnno sir, she also paddled him for breaking a door.”

“Before I burn out your eyes because I feel like it, I would like to have a word with Sara. Please.” Mark stopped breathing. That was a very serious threat.

“Right away sir!” David jogged off, happy to find a replacement for the angel’s wrath. He returned with a very battered woman. Her wrists where tied together and she stumbled as she trying to keep up, being pulled by a leash clipped to a new red collar.
Gabriel eyed the woman, then turned to David. “Where is Ezekiel?”

David squinted, “Who?”

“Incompetence,” said Gabriel with disappointment. “Oh, Ezekiel, I the archangel Gabriel call upon you, please answer my call,” Gabriel spoke with a singsong voice.

An ebony woman with large piercing eyes and closely buzzed black hair appeared. She stood only a few paces away from Gabriel wearing a sleek yellow gown that dragged the floor.

“Gabriel! It has been decades! You look amazing! New vessel? Forgive me, I was just entertaining. What is it you need?”

“My dear, you look so lovely! I love the dress! But Darling, your goons have paddled and burnt my poor pet. The creature over there is solely responsible.”

Ezekiel pressed a smile and walked over the quivering slave. She grabbed Sara by the hair exposing her neck. “Did you do this little one?”

Sara moaned in pain and nodded her head as best she could. The angel pushed her hand down, taking Sara’s head with it so the little nymph was kneeling on the floor close to her satin train. The woman rubbed tiny circles into her forehead as she looked at her old friend. “I am sorry! Your service is obviously free, is there anything else you would like as compensation?”

“I wondered what you are going to do with the pixie,” Gabriel gestured toward the girl.

Ezekiel looked down at the girl shaking at her feet. “Sell her probably. I can’t have her work here.”

“I should like to take her home.”

That stopped all commotion in the room and there was a silence.

Ezekiel smiled, a bit relieved. “Of course! Do what you like with her. I will make sure this never happens again.”

Gabriel leaned in and kissed Ezekiel for a few moments. “Come by some time, I should love to show you around Oregon.”

“I look forward to it.” Ezekiel turned to David. “Get her papers.”

“But I had a contract!” the little slave called out.

“Gross negligence voids all contracts, Sweetie,” with that Ezekiel blinked out.

Gabriel then took both his hands and touched Bobby’s chest. White light bathed the man as the grace flowed through him. Bobby cranked his neck back and forth then pressed a smile. David returned with Sara’s papers. Gabriel took them with a smile and a nod. He then blinked all three of them back to the mansion.

~*~

They returned to Gabriel’s estate in the foyer of the great manor house. Sara shivered as her bare feet touched the marble floor, taking in all that was around her, she bit her bottom lip. The foyer had a domed ceiling with two grand staircases curling to the second floor in either direction. To the right was Gabriel wing. It contained the kitchen, laundry, dining rooms and a ballroom. To the
left was the guest rooms, which were rarely in use and Castiel’s quarters.

She looked over at her new master whose fingers feverishly typed a text then place the phone in his pocket and looked around him in a bored huff. On the walls of the foyer was a painted scene of pastoral paradise, with a likeness of man with brown hair and fine white wings draped in white silk. She had heard he had changed recently, maybe that was Gabriel in his previous incarnation? Her thoughts were interrupted by a stern looking woman who stomped with purpose and irritation.

Gabriel pulled the woman into the next room. Sounds of their arguing could be heard but what they were discussing was kept in hushed tones. Sara looked over at the slave who had just caused her to loose what freedom she had. He was well dressed and his toes wiggled on the marble. Was no one allowed shoes here? He looked as lost as she did. He turned his eyes to her, she rolled hers and looked away with apathy. Fuck him, she said to herself. No way was she making friends with this bastard. Ever.

“This is a bad idea, Master Gabriel,” the old woman huffed grabbing Sara by the leash and tugging her away.

“You’re not too old for a spanking, Joyce!” Gabriel called back to her, “She is too much fun…” the angel said directed to his slave.

“What the hell were you two going on about?” Bobby asked

“All in good time. You ready for dinner, beloved?” Gabriel asked casually.

Bobby eyed him, “I could eat.”

“Brilliant! I know just the place!”

~*~

With that he blinked them away to small room, tastefully set, with red roses on the table. Gabriel pulled a chair out for Bobby, he sat down stiffly. As Gabriel took his seat across from Bobby.

Who asked, “Where are we?”

“We are in New York City. This restaurant has special seating for celebrities, the rich, archangels…” Gabriel said with a soft chuckle. Just then a waiter appeared with menus and goblets of water.

“Good evening gentleman, what would you prefer to drink to night?” The waiter had rich milk chocolate skin and dark hazel eyes. His longish black hair was tied neatly behind his ears. He kept his eyes cast down, which was polite in the presence of an angel.

“William, I would like two fingers of your finest bourbon for me and my guest.”

William nodded and disappeared behind a door.

“You smell like you have already started,” the angel said giving his guest a raised eyebrow.

“The salon gave me a drink for scalding me.”

“Truly sorry about that. I thought I was doing something nice for you. I am pleased you agreed to eat dinner with me.”

“Yeah, I do miss walking outside without having to worry about where I am stepping.”
The waiter returned with the drinks, Gabriel ordered two of the Prix Fixe dinners at a whisper, far from Bobby's earshot. The waiter left again and the angel took Bobby by the left hand as his right was busy pouring expensive bourbon in his mouth.

“You look very lovely. They did a splendid job.”

Bobby blushed at the attention. Just smile and nod. This is your master, he can hold your hand if he wants too. Better than being beaten or raped or the thousands of other horrible things that could be going instead of being in a weird French restaurant…

Sadly the alcohol loosen his tongue. “What are you trying to do here?” Bobby asked surprised at himself.

“I am trying to have a nice evening with you Bobby,” Gabriel smiled.

“I mean, don’t get me wrong, you are really good at that thing you do… you know, that is nice, but you know I am straight right?”

“I am just having a good time with my favorite human,” Gabriel continued his smile.

Bobby eyed the man, then lifted his chin, “You like watching me squirm.”

Gabriel’s smile widened, “In every way.”

Bobby pulled back and felt something burning in his belly as his stomach tensed. Then he felt himself throb slightly. “Wait! You took it off! When did that happen?”

“They used to call me Loki, remember?” Gabriel said now showing his teeth and squeezing Bobby’s hand tighter.

Bobby nodded taking a long pull from his drink. Then the angel let go and pulled back settling more comfortably in his chair. “Tell me what they did to you at the salon,” Gabriel said now with more authority. There was no question. This was a command.

“They cleaned me out, then tried to barbeque me, then beat me, then tied me up, scrubbed me down, clipped and trimmed me all around, then gave me some booze and a haircut.”

Gabriel laughed softly and bit his index finger, his arms resting outwardly on the table.

Bobby kept his arms close at his side. “Why did you take Sara?”

“What do you mean? She’s a pretty girl,” his master said absently.

“I mean why did you take her on? As a slave in your house?”

“Bobby, you really do not know what would have happened to her?”

“She would have been sold. Same as all of us.”

“Boy, that little girl would have been beaten within an inch of her life, then sold off as a prostitute. No one deserves that fate just because I wanted you groomed…”

“You have a soft spot…”

Gabriel gave him a weak smile.

Just then the waiter brought two plates with porter house steaks, medium rare with petite steamed
vegetables and two more drinks. The plates were perfect porcelain ovals centered with the steak, grill marks even and a dark rust brown, paired with baby carrots, small squash, and small onions, accented by a perfect rosemary sprig. On the side of the plate were strange letters signed in a yellow sauce.

Bobby looked sideways at the mark, hoping it wasn’t demonic.

“The chef’s signature, try it, it is always close to divine.”

Bobby nodded slightly then turned his attention to the meat.

“This! This makes up for missing bacon!” Bobby smiled brightly at the steaks grilled to perfection.

“Only the best,” Gabriel said stretching his arms wide looking at his plate. Armed with fork and knife, Bobby began to eat his steak. He moaned with pleasure at the taste.

“I thought you only made those sounds for me…” the angel smiled.

“This is very good, thank you,” Bobby said honestly.

“It is very nice,” Gabriel replied after trying a bite. “You must tell, was there one you preferred over the other? You were with them for so long.”

“Excuse me?” Bobby asked.

“I never met your first wife but Ellen and Jody of course. You were better at pleasing Jody, but Ellen seemed to care very deeply for you… How are they adjusting?”

Bobby dropped his knife and fork and glared at his master, putting both hands on the table. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Let’s not ruin our evening. I have very acute senses. Jody released more hormones around you… well I am assuming after you… did whatever you two did together. It’s also how I can tell they did not please you as deeply as I do,” Gabriel said as he took another bit with a smile.

“I don’t really think they thought they had to try very hard, I was with both of them,” Bobby said defensively.

“Did they ever want you to choose?”

“Never came up,” the slave said absently as he took another bite, now wishing he had stayed home. The shoes were not worth this.

“If you had to choose, which one would it be?”

“You took that choice away from me. Now it’s just you.”

“You have to choose. Jody or Ellen.”

“Ellen.” Bobby said without thought, taking another bite then taking a deep drink.

“You worked so much harder on Jody. Why?”

“Jody was beautiful, strong and demanding. Ellen always felt like falling into an old glove. Warm, soft, accepting. Sex was a sport to Jody. Ellen… she just wanted to feel loved… That’s over now.”
“You are so dramatic! You have not talked to either of them have you?” his master asked amused.

Bobby shook his head looking down into his food.

“You’re ashamed… Bobby…” Gabriel grinned, clicking his tongue in disappointment and shaking his head.

“Look at me!” anger was building inside.

“I am. You are younger, healthier and happier. What do you have to be ashamed of?”

“I am your bitch!” Bobby said now stabbing at his steak.

“Really? How?” Gabriel asked incredulously.

“I am wearing a collar!” The slave said glaring at his master.

“I could just put them on everyone in the house. Would you still be my bitch?”

“You play with me! I am your pet, your toy, your thing!”

“Bobby. I owned you before I made you my favorite…”

“Yes… But I had a job, I was real good at. Now I am a joke.”

“You did the job well,” the angel corrected.

“You can be such an ass!”

“I don’t mind taking you over my knee and giving you a spanking. It would not be the first time,” Gabriel said sitting back in his chair with a slight smile.

“You are resorting to threats! I am your bitch.”

“Do you feel like you are cheating on them?” The master smiled through a piece of meat.

“No, it’s not that. We never agreed on anything…”

“It bothers you that you enjoyed it.”

“I’m just not that way!” Bobby moved a small carrot around on this plate.

“Would you like me to tell you if they have moved on?”

“What?” Bobby flashed an expression pain.

“I can tell you if I have smelled either of them… You know… fucking behind the dormitory, fucking each other…”

“Could you please stop fucking with my head.”

“I am not going to ask you again to watch your tongue,” the angel said, now more seriously. He straightened up. “Now, I am not fucking with you. I am not asking you for personal information, I am asking you questions you don’t want to think about and do not have answers to.” Gabriel took a drink and then held it propped up by his long arms, gazing into the man’s eyes.

That is when Bobby Singer lost it.
He put both his hands on the table and leaned in. “How the hell can you tell me what you asked is not personal fucking information?”

Gabriel set his drink down. Then raked his fingers through his blond hair, peering at his slave from behind the locks. He pushed himself up and slowly walked out of the room. The door locked behind him.

Because it would be so easy to run away without shoes in the middle of Manhattan, if that was really where they were, Bobby thought to himself. The man wondering if he had pushed his master too far. But the small seed of fear was much smaller than the anger that was building. If he wasn’t a slave, that would be considered rape. It would be hard to prove but it was rape none the less.

Then the door clicked. The angel returned with a long wooden spoon. Bobby froze, too scared to do anything else but stare. The door clicked again. That either meant the angel did not want to be disturbed or they were going to be there a while.

Placing the spoon on the table, he walked up to Bobby, smaller man breathing heavily. He grabbed the slave’s upper arm and pulled him around the table. With swift and deft hand, Gabriel unfastened the new pants and pulled down the pair of briefs. Patting his lap, Bobby obeyed with shaky legs and timid movements.

“Oh, Bobby.” Gabriel hummed. “I had such plans for tonight. This is such an unfortunate way to end the evening.” Gabriel patted and stroked the trembling bottom in front of him. Bobby squirmed and tensed with every touch and caress. Then he felt a loud smack across his ass, sending a shock through his body, he felt in his teeth.

“You must hold still or I will have to add more strokes. I need you to show me you can be a very good boy,” the master said as he sent another slap. Bobby felt himself throb and grow beneath him. Gabriel leaned down very close to his ear.

“I know you enjoy a good spanking boy, but by the end, you might change your mind.”

Bobby tried not to, but a whimper escaped. Bobby gripped the legs of the chair until his knuckles turned white.

Gabriel metered his slaps to ten seconds intervals, to allow the brain the fully register the pain and then repeated the process. Bobby managed to hold still for about the first five minutes, then he could not hold back his tears.

The angel whispered in his slave’s ear, “This is where I would normally stop, hold you, stroke you, tell you all was forgiven, and then begin to send you off to an amazing climax… But this is a punishment,” the master grabbed the spoon, resting the implement on his slave’s red bottom, then rubbing it over the surface.

“Now… tell me you are sorry.”

Bobby choked on his sobs. “I’m sorry, please!”

“Tell me… you’ll be a good boy.”

“I promise! I promise I’ll be good!” Bobby begged, breathless.
“I am sorry this has been such a hard day for you…” Bobby let out a sob, Gabriel running his hands through the sweaty hair of his favorite. “You are the second slave, I have had to discipline today. I am afraid I am going to have make you remember this lesson…” He grabbed a handful of Bobby’s hair, forcing his head up as he landed a strike with the wooden spoon. This time, there was no pause, the master rained down blows until he knew the slave’s bottom a deep crimson and that he would feel the sting for at least a week. Once his need for retaliation was sated, he pulled the man off his lap and pushed him into a corner of the room. Nose to the wall, bottom exposed.

“Do not touch.” He commanded.

Bobby stood in his corner, his muscles aching and burning from the tension. His ass on fire. He shifted his weight from side to side and tried to remain calm. He heard the door unlock, the waiter brought in something that smelled delicious.

“We had some trouble behaving ourselves at dinner… No leave that too. The mousse smells divine!” The door closed again.

“I do not want to hear you drool so I am going to send you to your room. We will talk tomorrow.”

With a wave of his hand, Bobby returned to his room. Pants still at his ankles and his cage firmly in place.
When Bobby woke up, he realized he had slept through breakfast. He got out bed and gingerly put on a pair of pants. He did not want to face anyone today. He should be feeling great. He restored order to their lives and created havoc in his own. His feet padded the linoleum floor of the dorm then walked out to the sidewalk to the great house. His eyes cast down, he still narrowly missed a green beetle crossing his path.

Bobby looked longingly at the fields and barn. Never would he have imagined missing those damn smelly beasts but the alternative was worse. His face soured. He was going to have to ask Mrs. Blacker for work. More house work. He continued to look, down. His shadow hung small at his feet. Pausing to look up, he saw the sun high in the sky. Damnit. It was lunch. He was going to get an earful from that old witch about being ungodly late. Perfect.

Thankfully it was a beautiful day. Ester normally served lunch outside if the weather was nice. Looking over, he did not see the normal place settings for an outside meal. That was odd. Could it later than he thought? He hoped it was earlier.

Bobby entered the servant dining room. The room had been an addition to the main house many years ago. High cedar ceilings angled skyward against the main house. Large glass windows looked out on to the wooded side of Gabriel’s property. It was a warm inviting space. Light poured in from skylights on bright days and warm lights illuminated the room on the drab and dreary days of fall and winter. A large grey stone fireplace set back to offer warmth on those cold wet Pacific Northwest days. Light hardwoods covering the floor matched the two buffets that lined the back wall. This furniture housed the meager decorations that were presented during holidays and special events.

The man blinked a few time looking around the room. It sure as hell was not Christmas or Thanksgiving. Still, the room was laid out like it. The dining hall normally had many small wooden tables scattered throughout the room. During Christmas and Thanksgiving, the big room was set with all the tables connected into one in the middle of the room. Garth was the first to enter the room and look for a seat, he held a plate with obvious glee.

“Master bought us a ham! Nice job, dude!”

This felt suspicious.

Bobby walked into the kitchen. It sprung to life as he opened the door. Everyone looked so happy. Cook had been working all morning in the kitchen on lunch. A giant ham, huge bowl of green beans, mashed potatoes, rolls and an enormous cake lay on the counter. Everyone was in line talking and chatting.

Bobby walked up to Adam. “What’s the news, son?”

Adam started talking very quickly, “Bobby it’s awesome, Master has given us the day off, is ordering us new clothes, giving us this lunch and we are getting distance classes! I am totally
going to learn how to program. Oh! And we are getting laptops. Seriously whatever you are doing to that guy… keep doing it. You rock, man.”

Bobby smiled so brightly and tears began to form in his eyes. His heart ached when he saw the kids go to school in ratty clothes. When he saw Ellen mending another set of pants for the third time that day, because she couldn’t say no. When Adam would reminisce about when he was in college and taking engineering classes, then he’d have to tell him someone had to slop the pigs, collect the eggs or some other menial job that did not require his skill. Wait. Wait.

Bobby eyed Adam, “Did Gabriel tell you this was because of me?”

Adam nodded, walking away with his food. “Gonna chow, you wanna talk later?” he called back.

“Yeah, yeah, that sounds fine,” Bobby said staring at the place where the boy stood more

Then Bobby felt hands on his hips and then the lips on his cheek. Ellen.

She came up from behind him. “Thank you, Darling.” She said as walked over to the line. Then she motioned for him to join her. He followed.

“Come on, we have to get our food and sit down. Master Gabriel is going to talk to us!”

Yep. There it was. This was going to be awful. Bobby got himself a plate with meager portions as his belly was still full of steak and pain.

Devon set his plate on buffet server at the back of the room. Bobby put his plate on the opposite end. “You here to keep me company or suffering as well?”

“Don’t talk to me,” Bobby spit, “I am still pissed at you for starting this whole mess.”

“Yeah… Okay,” Devon said pulling his head back and turning away.

Bobby looked at Jody and Ellen. They sat next to each other now. Far as he could tell they were inseparable. Ellen looked beautiful. Being as bold as she was, showing a little skin was never a problem for her. Today she wore a dark blue fitted top with a deep neckline. Her blue eyes danced in the light as plump of her breasts spilt over the top. Her hair pulled tight on her head, lifting her features. Beautiful.

Jody looked like she had been into Ellen’s closet. She wore Ellen’s long red dress. It hugged her delicate frame and accented her hips. Bobby could tell the dress made her nervous but she was bathing in the attention it brought. Lisa came by and put flowers in their hair. Bobby never could understand how he had gotten so lucky to have won both of their hearts. He should have found time to talk to them. It was unfair.

After everyone was seated, Ester and Gabriel walked into the room. Gabriel glided in a white collared shirt with a pencil thin black tie and grey vest. His Italian leather shoes clicking the ground lightly. He looked like he was going to a Gala. He was freshly shaved and his hair impeccably styled. As he walked in the room, some of the staff smiled and looked wide-eyed at the Master’s new style. They were so use to him being dramatic. Ostentatious. Today, his confidence was disarming. Lisa swore the man could have stepped out of the pages of GQ. His gentle smile and vacant look caused more than few hearts to flutter in the room. A few others watched him more closely. Something was very different about today. Carl bit a smile as he wondered what the hell was next. He had been there far too long to trust his master. True, he could be trying to redeem himself but change that happens overnight is rarely an indication of a well thought out plan.
Carl was a wiry man in late forties. He had been there long enough to watch his hair grey. Interestingly, Carl was one of the few at the place that accepted his sentence. The man wore hard lines from outside work and guilt. That didn’t mean he was a pushover. He was a hard man to get to know and even harder to befriend. Bobby and Garth were about the only staff he would say more than ten words to in a given day. It didn’t matter much. He worked hard and stayed out of trouble. Basically the model slave. If anyone at the manor could be called that.

“Thank you. I have been so pleased with your work this season,” His speech easy and calming. “I decided it was time to show it. You are my people and I should protect and serve you better. With laptops and Wi-Fi, your world will get much larger than these fences. I am bringing someone in to help with the transitions. He is finishing up a contract at another house and should be here later today.

“For many years, I have watched so many of you grow up and change. It has really been a pleasure. For so long, I left Bobby in charge of you. You have grown and evolved under what some would call substandard circumstances. For many years, I thought I was a good lord. Ruling with a gentle hand and letting you run yourselves. I neglected to see what was around me. I hope that I can remedy that and improve your lives while at the same time taking away the one who kept you safe and secure all these years. I am now trusting Garth as your foreman. Bobby and I are confident in his ability to lead and serve. Garth will be working closely with Bobby in the coming months. As I ask you to give up your foreman, I realize that I am taking away someone precious to you, as he is precious to me,” Gabriel paused and surveyed the room looking at intent and happy faces.

“Ellen and Jody, please stand… Good you are next to each other.”

Ellen and Jody stood up cautiously looking nervously around the room. Jody looked down and pulled at the waist of her dress to straighten it and Ellen inhaled a deep breath as she rolled her shoulders.

“I have asked the most of both of you,” the angel took long strides toward the two ladies. He glanced back at Bobby who looked on in complete horror. His mouth agape.

“Ellen, I have asked so much of you. I asked to borrow your daughter to further her education. I have asked you to work for nearly fifteen years. And now I have taken your lover.”

Ellen looked down, her big blue eyes filled with tears. Her master placed his hands gently on her shoulders.

“May I ask you a personal question, dear?” he asked reverently.

She nodded solemnly.

“When you and Bobby were together, roughly how often did he actually satisfy you fully? Fifty percent? 10 percent?” the master asked flatly.

Ellen looked up at the angel spellbound. “Umm…” She tried to clear her mind and count, but that was utterly useless.

He moved his hands away from her. “Don’t worry, Love, you do not have to answer,” Gabriel turned to face Bobby, with eyes both wild and wide. “THAT. That was a personal question!” he said, haughtily.

The angel turned back to Ellen and Jody, composing himself again with a deep breath and smile. He put a hand on both of their shoulders. “You know, if someone were to ask me to choose
between Bobby and Derek, I would say, ‘Bobby, because he is here.’ Or you know, Derek definitely had a larger cock, but Bobby, he has so much more spirit, fire, passion. Or if I were asked to pick between these two lovely ladies, I would say…” Gabriel put both hands on Jody’s shoulders. “This one, has so much spice it is intoxicating,” the angel said as he ghosted his lips up Jody’s long neck. Jody tried her best to stay still and not invoke his wrath, but she began to actually swoon.

He lingered at her ear. “Did you know Angels run hotter than humans? I am not sure why. We asked but He did not have an explanation. We are about ten degrees hotter than you are. Causing the experience of making love to be unlike anything else. I have taken humans to a level of ecstasy far beyond what they could accomplish themselves. Male and Female.” As Gabriel spoke he traced his finger along her neck and the top of her chest, keeping his cheek dangerously close to hers. Taking his finger and running it slowly from the top of her neck, down her chest to just above where her nipple would start. She began to pant softly. Then he kissed at the corners of her lips.

“This one!” the angel said turning his attention to Ellen. “This one I would say, has the floral sent of cupid’s breath,” he kissed her neck deeply to the right. “The grace and temperament of a happy child,” then he kissed her neck softly to the left. “Skin so soft and supple, you could lose yourself in her touch,” He kissed the bare of her chest deeply. Her breathing increased. “She has a taste so sweet, I would beg but for just one kiss…” he said breathless wrapping his long neck around the other direction, mouthing her passionately. Ellen was now blushing and panting. He stood up straight and turned to Bobby, who might be redder than Ellen. He was pissed. His fists clenched and chest puffed out.

Gabriel turned his head slightly towards Ellen, closed his eyes and inhaled through his nose. Then smiled with satisfaction. “She enjoyed that Bobby,” the angel said looking at the man. Then he turned his neck and laid a kiss on the top of her head. “As I did, Cheri… Bobby, I must say you have exquisite tastes… I am willing to entertain either of you at your desire. Because not only are you lovely, as I said, I have taken your lover from you. I have locked him up tight as pearls.”

Gabriel began stalking around the table, keeping his gaze on his favored slave. “You see Bobby, that is the difference between you and I. I can satisfy them fully at any point… day or night. You! You are bound to me! You are mine!” Gabriel’s voice getting louder with each word until he growled, pounding his fists so hard into the table, glasses fell and shattered to the floor, taking with them loose silverware, clanging to the ground.

“And you! You will stay bound and tied until that lock rusts shut! I can keep you alive indefinitely, you realize? I can keep taking away years off your body until you have lived so long you go mad.

“Or… maybe… perhaps… you can change? That man, Gregory, is coming to teach everyone to use their new electronics. He is also here to teach you some manners.” Bobby really did not like the way he just said that…

“Listen to him, Love, or not only will I prevent you from fucking, I will continue to take away your ability to sit. So! Please raise a glass to your former foreman!” Gabriel said raising a glass that was not his. “To Bobby! He has given up these beautiful women so that your lives are made more tolerable.” He drank from the glass and shattered it on the ground before him. Blinking out as he did.
A hush spread over the room. A room full of Bobby’s friends, lovers, and co-workers looked around lost. Carl looked down at his plate and stabbed at his food. “No such thing as a free goddamn lunch…” he thought to himself.

Andrea scratched at her wavy brown, “Okay fuck that!” Caleb grabbed her and shushed her, speaking to her in hushed tones, desperate to calm her. Intent to not have her end up like Devon, or hell, Bobby… And now a fear greater than even those. That the Master they had come to trust was going to start using them for his own pleasure. That their lord was now more devil than angel.

Olivia began twirling her steak knife in her nimble fingers. “It’s time to fight, Adam. There is no other goddamn choice. What the fuck can kill an angel?” She said fiercely, looking around for answers. Adam caught the knife without thought. “Olivia… you wanna start wearing a chastity belt? Shut the fuck up…” He hissed, wrapping his fingers around her wrists, pulling her outside, away from Mrs. Blacker, who now eyed them suspiciously.

Jody chewed at a piece of her dark chocolate brown hair looking blankly ahead of her, an act she had done since the sixth grade. Ellen just looked helplessly at Bobby. Her conflicted emotions having a raging fight in head. Jedidiah shook his head sadly, then put two fingers to his lips indicating to Jacob and Pamela it was time to get stoned. She nodded and blew a kiss to Bobby.

Sam and Charlie had already leaped up and headed over to their friend who stood in obvious shock. Bobby’s face paled as he retched. Then darted off to the kitchen. Sam and Charlie following close behind.

Gilda stayed behind to give them space and put a hand on Lisa’s back. Bobby was like a father to her little boy, Ben. Really all the kids at the Manor. This was terrible.

Roger and Kimberly held each other tight. No words seeming fit to say. Christian stroked his sister’s hair. They had not been there long, three years. From the look of it, things at Gabriel’s manor had gotten bad very quick. The turning point seemed to be the loss of Derek. That’s when things began to spiral out of control.

Bobby looked pale and clammy. He retched and ran off to the trashcan and heaved. His body clenched and shook. Charlie ran to help. Sam joined her. They both decided to take the weakened man back to his room.

“What the fuck was that?” Charlie asked a whisper, who stood at the doorway to the kitchen. She watched as Bobby braced himself over a trashcan.

“I have no idea. That was crazy,” Sam answered bewildered.

“What the hell happened last night?” Charlie whispered.

“Get me back to my room and I’ll tell you everything. Maybe you can help…” Bobby said
shaking his head.

As they walked out, the dining hall still echoed with hushed voices and wild speculation. Not much was said much on the walk back to the dorms. Once they got through the door, Sam and Charlie awkwardly waited in Bobby’s room while he proceeded to vomit in the bathroom again.

“Bobby! Are you okay? I mean… yeah, are you okay physically? Emotionally?” her face ripe with concern.

“Charlie, an angel. A fucking angel, just told me I get to live forever with a cage on my dick, roaming the earth without shoes. How okay can I possibly be? Oh, that angel? Wants to fuck my exs and they are probably going to let him,” he said belligerently.

“Well what happened after you talked him into not killing Devon?” She asked gently, ignoring his ire, chalked it up to the incredibly disturbing lunch they just had.

“He took me to a salon, I got groomed, he bought a slave, then we had a nice meal and he started asking me about Jody and Ellen…”

“Stop. Stop right there. You talked about your ex’s with your current boyfriend? How stupid can you be?” She asked in disbelief.

“I didn’t mean that. And no. I was talking about how I am straight, and then he started asking about Jody and Ellen.”

“You told your boyfriend you’re straight? Okay! That explains it,” Charlie leaned her hand resting on her head.

“Explains why the ass molested Jody and Ellen in front of me? Explains why he beat both me and Devon? What, Charlie, what could it explain?”

“I am starting to understand the desire to beat you, Bobby, no offense,” Charlie said straightening up with a smirk, trying hard to lighten the mood. Bobby stared at her wearily.

“Look he really likes you. You are kind of being an ass about it.”

“How?”

Charlie started to get animated, “I know you guys do not pay attention to Gabriel, but I do. He really loved Derek. More than a beautiful object, he loved Derek. I worked in the house the day Derek was taken. You could hear the moans and sobs everywhere. Then he just disappeared. And came back looking like Thor. He picked you to love and you do not love him back. That is why he is acting out, and taking his misery out on you and Devon. I see an angel in real pain.”

“What the hell am I supposed to do?”

“You better start faking it because from what I have heard, those marks? Never coming off. You are going to have to cut them off. I am not sure how long you want to live without a neck.” Bobby paused to think about the previous night. Wait…

“Charlie, have you met a new slave, named Sara?”

Charlie shook her head slowly. “Gabriel normally introduces anyone new at dinner or at least has Mrs. Blacker do it.”
“That’s real odd,” Bobby inhaled. “I’ll talk to him, I just don’t know what to say…”

“Tell him relationships take time and you have not known each other very well. It is not natural to expect one to form overnight. He is also not over Derek.” Charlie said simply.

“You would think someone who had lived as long as he had could figure it out,” Bobby said looking out his window, giving his head a good rub.

Sam, who had been quiet, spoke up. “I think he has figured it out and I think he’s pissed. I would apologize and stop talking about how you could never love a man.”

Bobby’s eyes closed. He shook his head. This had been a hell of a week. As he took a breath to respond, there was a knock at his door, then they heard the lock turn.
And You Are?

Okay, seriously? Who the fuck was that?

The door stood still for a moment.

Bobby quivered, half expecting to see his half crazed master.
Sam braced himself.
Charlie bit her lip and looked up, cursing the heavens once again for the millionth time. No doubt in her mind, angels were dicks. And she had never felt so at their mercy.

The door opened and a tall redhead man looked inside. Bobby felt a chill as he looked the man over, sizing him up. Those were the coldest eyes he seen since war time. Who the fuck was this guy? I mean jez, he was big. Just big. Sam was tall but this guy was massive. Not as big as Gabriel but who the fuck can compete with 6’8. Who the hell does he think he is? This guy was looking them over blankly as if they were objects gathered on a table.

The guy looked military: Black t-shirt and green cargo pants. Was this the computer guy? They are making ‘em bigger if he was. He was tall, about as tall as Sam, but huge muscled arms and thick legs. A neck so thick it was hard to tell were his damn head began. His hazel brown eyes narrowed as he pulled a smirk.

If he was military, that haircut was far from standard issue. His thick curls, salted with few strands of white, actually brushed the top of the doorframe and added about half an inch to his height.

He was good looking guy. Just saying. He was older for sure, mid-forties from the look of him, but healthy thick skin, slim nose, thick lips, block faced with a high forehead. But a shitkicker for sure. Bobby had known guys like this. The ones that saw the world through red colored glasses. The ones you knew, to get anything out of them, you had be one same side of the wall as them. From the looks of him, he already saw them on the other side. The kind of bastard that looks at slaves as subhuman. Gabriel could have Jody and Ellen, but they sure as fuck were going to have a conversation about this guy.

“You Bobby and Sam?” Both men nodded.

“Sorry to break up this up, but we have work to do. Boss wants you training for next three weeks until the computers get here. Follow me.”

Sam looked to Bobby, who reluctantly pushed himself of the wall he was leaning against, deciding to play along. For now. This gave Sam some reassurance as they left the room.

Charlie got up, shaking her head sadly, following them out the door.

Gregory briskly walked to the barn. Which was a chore as Bobby still did not have shoes. He caught a rock on the outer balls of his foot and tried hard not to yelp.

Bobby looked up at the barn with a sigh of relief. At least they were going to be outside today. If he had to clean one more damn window, he was going to put his fist through one. All three walked into the large red barn, Bobby glad he gave special attention to the process of cleaning damn thing. The barn floor was immaculate, in barn standards. The goats had their own small stalls, each door shut and even. They had been retrofitted when Bobby suggested the goats to make cheese. Bobby reasoned that it was easier than making cheese from cows. It could be made without rennet, which is in most cheese that you eat. And makes a fairly delicious cheese but it’s a
complicated process.

Two milk cows arrive in the barn in the morning for milking, but they did not need stalls. The remaining seven stalls were for horses but Bobby could not see a reason to buy one. So those stalls housed storage and feed.

Bobby looked at the stalls annoyed. Two of the stalls were wide open. He was going to have to have a talk with Carl at dinner. Those goat were going to eat whatever was in there, if given a chance. Damn it, Carl… Just as Bobby was making plans, Greg lifted his chin to Bobby. “You first… Strip Tubby,” he said, eyes narrowed, with a dark smile. Greg stood looking at the two with his arms crossed at his chest.

“Excuse me? What fuck do you think is going on here? You talked to Gabriel?” Bobby said stepping in front of Sam. Bobby locked his stance. If he knew Gabriel, there was no way his master had given anyone permission to rape or strip either of them.

“Ohhhh!” Greg chuckled. “You’re going to be difficult…” The handler said slowly as he strut up to Bobby. Bobby glared back, sizing him up again, deciding he had enough training to take this bastard on.

“This is hilarious…” Greg laughed. Bobby lifted his arms and readied himself. Greg walked up the slave and mirrored his pose.

Then without warning, Greg landed a swift kick to Bobby’s thigh. Bobby let out a moan and bending down to grab his leg. Greg gripped the slave’s hair with his left hand, yanking the man head down hard. With his right hand, Greg landed a hard hit to Bobby’s neck. Another blow from Greg’s left knee to the stomach, doubled Gabriel’s Favorite over in pain. Greg slipped his right arm around Bobby’s waist, grabbing the slave’s left forearm, pinning his arm and throwing the man to the ground. Unhooking a pair of handcuffs, Greg fastened them around his opponent’s wrists behind his back.

Okay, it had been thirty years since he had any training at all… This was humiliating. Maybe David shouldn't have taken on Goliath.

Greg smiled smugly as looked around at his surroundings. There. Over there, that would do nicely. Greg hooked two fingers in Bobby’s collar, then slid him over the smooth concrete floor to a thick metal ring in the center of the barn, Bobby gasping for breath. From his cargo pants he pulled a double-sided clasp, hooking Bobby’s collar to the ring on the ground.

Bobby lay limp, defeated with angry tears falling down his reddened face. Eventually dropping his head to the dirty concrete floor.

“You still want to fight? I have dealt with trash more violent than you…” the trainer said toeing Bobby’s upper thigh with his steel toed boot.

Bobby barely managed to shake a slow no. Greg pulled out a knife and cut the slave’s clothing off.

Gregory walked around the slave, obviously pleased. “Gabriel was not wrong. He did give it to you pretty good…”

The handler looked down at Gabriel’s handy work with the spoon. “Still, we do need to address your crack at defiance. Looks like that master of yours tried to beat some sense into you… recently. Seeing how you acted today, you need some reminders. Let’s see if we can make it stick this time… On your knees,” Greg said with a smile.
Bobby shifted his weight and pulled finally managing to set his hips high. His knees and thighs pressed together so tight they shook with the tension.

Greg stood behind Bobby and wedged his boot between the man’s legs, pushing them outward. “Wider boy.” Bobby complied with a whimper. He trembled slightly. He had never felt so exposed and threatened. His stomach throbbed as his chest attempted to keep his sore belly off the ground. The concrete underneath him so cold despite the heat of the day.

Bobby heard the trainer walk away and slide something out from one of the stalls. The slave cranked his neck from side to side, pulling futilely at the collar still anchored to the floor.

“Don’t go getting your panties in a wad, it’s just my supplies…” Greg said as he shifted through a great mess of equipment. The noise from the box filled the air as the two slaves shivered.

“Now this… This you can go ahead and freak out about,” the trainer said as he swished a thin rod in the air. “Looks like the master left very little space for a proper punishment. So let’s get you somewhere you’re sure to remember.”

Greg tapped his rod on the tortured areas of the slave’s rump, causing the victim to grunt and shift his legs. The trainer drew back his instrument and cracked the man in the center of ass. The very center. Causing a high pitch wail that as Bobby uttered it, did not feel like it came from his own body.

Sam was turning red, this was not what he expected. It had been decades since he saw Dean laid out naked over their father’s lap. This. This was much more embarrassing.

Greg chuckled again watching the agony as the slave pulled helplessly against his restraints. “Two more, boy. Then we can continue orientation…”

Feeling some kind of mercy or time constraint, Greg crack the last two hard and quick. He shook his head with a smile as the slave wet the ground with hot tears.

“You want to be a good boy now. Don’t you?” Greg said as he bend down to rub the man's head.
Orientation and New Uniforms!

You want to be a good boy?

Fuck you. Bobby thought as he sniffed miserably. Every part of him ached. I mean every part. If he wasn’t careful they were going to start slapping his balls around or poking him in the eye.

Bobby choked on a sob. God, if Charlie was right, he had really broken that angel. Bobby remembered how pissed Gabriel had been at the salon when he had been hurt. Maybe the bastard was just angry someone played with his toy without permission.

Bobby looked down and nodded his head. The handcuffs were removed.

“Good! Let’s move on then, shall we? I need to fit you for your new uniform…” Greg said brightly. He clasped a lead on the collar and unclasped the hook from the floor. Then hooked the man to one of bars on the stalls. Digging into what was now very clearly a large baby blue tub, Greg pulled out the “uniform.” It consisted of a leather harness and contraption that looked a pair of spandex like briefs that consisted of thick strips fitting more like a G-strings than anything else. The first thing Bobby noticed was the snaps on the side. This did not bode well for either of them.

Then the black leather harness was pulled over his head. After maneuvering the thing around his shoulders and through his arms, Bobby noticed the prominent gold ring that held the thing together. The straps luckily or intentionally did not touch the prominent rings on his nipples, but it did display them. Gregory fastened the two remaining straps around his legs. To his credit, the handler was careful in applying the bottoms of the new outfit. Still, this was fucking degrading and terrible. Goddamn it. Now, he didn’t look like a hippy. He looked like he had been invited to a bondage party and things were just about to get interesting.

After this was fitted, the trainer looked at his work. Bobby looked at Gregory miserably. “Do not look at me that way. I did not put you here. But this will make your life somewhat easier.”

Gregory bent Bobby’s leg and roughly put on a new socks and work boots.

After that, Gregory produced a black cloth-like tape and a brace. “I am sure you are going to hate me after this…..” Then Bobby watched as his right hand was bound to the brace, then his left. After this was accomplished, the trainer put weird bags or gloves that did not have fingers on his hands. Bobby looked at the man puzzled.

Gregory hooked the gloves in back. Then took the leash and secured it to one of the doors of the stall. Bobby was then hooked at the back by his harness.

“Okay, big boy, you’re next.”

Sam trembled slightly.

“Goodness, you’re a monster, aren’t you?” Gregory said with a smile, patting Sam on the back. “Let’s get all these black clothes off you.” The trainer tried to help pull off the shirt and pants but it did nothing to ease the anxiety. Sam stood naked in the barn and did not think about his tan line, all he could think about was how he was about to be raped. This man was here to beat them and rape them.

Sam’s eyes darted around the barn nervously. “Kneel down, boy, you’re just a bit too tall to do this easily.” Sam obeyed trying not to make eye contact or upset the handler. Gregory decked out Sam with the same type of harness. The ostentatious gold rings held the leather together,
connected the two strap meant to buckle around his legs. Gregory had to readjust the straps several
time to get them right. When he slipped the bottoms on, Sam relaxed a little. Not much. But there
was a small feeling of security that came from the thin cloth barrier. Things were happening so
quickly he almost didn’t notice that he had not been given boots. His toes curled on the cold floor.

Gregory whistled. A small man came scurrying out to meet them. He was young, about twenty
four and had short curly sandy blond hair and slight snarl to his thin lips. He had a markedly pale
and pink complexion. His ears may have been slightly too large for his head, but that did not take
away from the piercing blue eyes that jumped quickly, taking in everything around him. His nose
hung long but his smile was wide and welcoming. In his hands, he gripped a riding crop, which
he tapped on the bottom of his jeans. That was not reassuring.

“Greg, these are them?” the small man asked turning to Greg.

“Yeah… Boys! This is Mark. He is my partner and he’s going to help me get you guys through
training. Mark? That’s Sam and the other one is Bobby… Boys, your hands are going to be tied
most of the time. If you need to go to the restroom, Mark will help you clean up. If you need to
washed, cleaned or brushed, Mark will help. If you need to go the bathroom, paw at the ground
with your foot. I know, but we do a lot of pony training. Really it’s the easiest way to get my
attention. Please do not wait till you are about to burst. Let me know and I will try to get you
somewhere in the next half hour,” Greg walked to the one of the open stalls and gave it a knock.

“Bobby, this one is yours. There is a bedroll in there. Sam you are next door. Your masters have
asked for obedience training. You are damn lucky they did not send you to one of the schools.
Those are rough. Don’t worry, we’ll get through it. You’ll be more skilled, healthier, and you’ll be
beaten less. Gabriel has given me three months. If you need more time we can work it out.

“There are a few rules I need you to follow. First is, keep your trap shut. I do not want to hear
your voice, unless you are bleeding or dying. Otherwise, it will be time to use some correction…

“Second is listen to every word I say, I will not ever repeat myself without taking a something to
your hide.

“Third is push yourself and do your best. I do not take kindly to laziness or to quitters.

“Mark, I am not sure how clean these boys are. You work on Sam, while I take Bobby out for his
fitness test and some exercise. I am supposed to work some stamina into this one and burn off
some of that fat.” Greg said patting Bobby’s belly.

“Boss? You want me to shave this one? His hair is really long…” Mark said as he reached up and
hooked a leash to Sam.

“Let me check, for the meantime, just pull it back in some rubber bands. Groom him, then give
him a nap.” Mark gave him a nod then hooked Sam up outside the barn by the hose. Sam looked
at Bobby sadly. Bobby put his head down as he felt a pull to start jogging.

Mark wandered back into the barn and pulled out a blue bucket.

“Alright boy, I have worked on stubborn pets and easy ones. Which one are you going to be? I
am just kidding, don’t answer that… Well, you are monstrous! On your hands and knees.”
Sam trembled slightly as he lowered himself to the ground. The ground by the hose was a rough,
grainy concrete. Sam felt the pebbles embedding themselves into his hands and knees. Mark then
went about removing the harness and snapped off the g-string.

Now tears started to well in Sam’s eyes and he was having a hard time not choking on them, this
was humiliating. He felt a cool breeze reminding him of just how exposed he was.
“You’re new!” Mark watched the boy shake with shame and fear, “Awe, damn, it’s going to be alright. I am just going to wash and scrub you, then you can rest, okay?” Sam nodded, then tried to rub his face on his arms.

Mark took out a brush and pulled the lad’s hair into a pony tail, securing a rubber band in place. Then he grabbed the hair and pulled back until Sam’s neck was all but bent to his back. The slave’s eyes wide with shock.

“Open your mouth.”

Sam obeyed.

The little man shoved his finger into the open mouth and pulled at his cheeks and looked in his mouth.

“When is the last time you went to a dentist? I’ll schedule one to come out. Your mouth looks good, but you need a good cleaning every now and then. Looks like you might have a small cavity. I’ll be careful around it when I am brushing your teeth.”

Mark walked around Sam inspecting and poking.

“Alright I am going to need to scrub you down. It is a deep scrub and you’ll hate it, but feel very clean afterwards. Be good and I’ll give you a treat,” Sam’s eyes widened and his lip trembled.

“Calm down, boy. I am not treating that part of you unless someone tells me too.” Sam’s breathing returned to normal. “This is going to be cold.”

Mark turned on the hose and began to hose off the naked man. The water was so cold and his nerves so shot, Sam tried to jump to his feet only to be pulled back by the leash. His knees scrapped and bleeding from the concreate.

“Jesus, really? It’s the first day! And look at you! You’re beat up and bloody!” Mark shouted with clear disappointment.

Sam jumped back to his previous position.

“Yeah, yeah, nice try… Damn it,” Mark walked back to the barn and came back with the crop and a small blue mat. Sam shook his head as the tears started again, he looked up hoping to catch Mark’s eye. When he did, all he saw irritation.

“Here, this will help your knees and hands,” the trainer said as he put down the mat, gesturing for Sam to move on it. He did, as a small cry escaped his trembling lips. “I know, I know, just try and hold still.”

Mark place his hand on Sam’s back, quickly cracking the crop three times. Three red strips to his ass. Sam let out a muffled cry into his arm.

“Alright, let’s not make Mark use that again today… Here, I’ll go slower.” He turned on the sprayer and moved it closer. He started spraying the slave’s hand first. Then slowly moved over the rest of his body. It felt like a million needles piercing his skin, but thankfully it was over quickly. Then he felt the small hands with long fingers work soap into his back, chest, arms, legs and groin.

“This is the brush,” he said holding it in front of Sam’s face. It looked like a boar’s hair scrub brush with a strap on the back, no shit that was going to hurt. Sam looked away and closed his eyes.
Mark rubbed soap into Sam’s skin, then made small gentle circles that stung like hell. Sam held his breath and tried to breathe through it. He willed himself to stay where he was but couldn’t keep his shoulders and back from arching and tensing away from the brush. Mark pulled the strap over the bristles and slapped Sam with the thing, square on the ass, causing a wail. He straightened up and tried to keep still, his arms and legs, shaking beneath him.

“There we go, half way through then you get your treat and nap.”

Sam nodded and tensed again. Every inch of him was scrubbed raw. By the end, the slave was panting and crying uncontrollably.

“Now, I am going the rinse you off, can I go quickly this time? Are you ready?” Sam took in a deep breath and nodded.

The little man ran the sprayer quickly over his skin, rubbing the soap off the massive body. The warm hand did help. Soon the whole thing was over and Mark returned to bucket to the barn.

The summer sun beat down on Sam’s wet body and it felt amazing. Sam closed his eyes and basked in the heat. It might have been the first time he smiled that day.

Mark returned after ten minutes, Sam had contorted his body into the child’s pose. His head pillowed by his arms and his knees bent underneath him on the mat. Mark smiled and went back to the barn, returning with a copy of George Orwell’s 1984. He settled himself down in the shade of the barn and let himself get lost.

Gregory and Bobby jogged together back toward the barn. Greg seeing Sam and Mark, slapped Bobby hard on the ass as he started running. “Faster!” Greg growled, giving a rough yank. The slave hissed in pain, jumping his pace to meet Greg’s.

Quickly they came upon Sam and Mark. Bobby stopped, his breath deep and fast.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Greg yelled, startling Sam from sleep.

“You told me to wash him and nap him. That’s what the fuck I am doing!” Mark said belligerently.

“And what the hell are you going to tell someone who asks what the fuck you’re doing? Huh? How is this training anyone to do anything? Seriously! Do I have to start taking a crop to your ass?”

“Not sure… Depends on what you want to do afterwards…” Mark said coyly.

Greg blushed, “Shut up… Just wash this one and don’t leave him outside. I still need to test that one.” Greg pointed at Sam.

Mark stood up quickly puffing out his small chest and waving his hands. “No! No, you’re not. I am washing that giant once a day!”

“Jez, okay. I’ll put him through his paces tomorrow. Just put him in his stall. We will work after dinner. We’ll work on forms. They won’t get dirty, I promise.”

Mark nodded and hooked Bobby next to Sam. He went back to the barn to retrieve Sam’s things. When he returned, the trainer slipped the harness back on and snapped the banana hammock back on. Then he reached into his pocket and slipped a amber candy into Sam’s mouth. Sam gagged.
Mark chuckled. “Don’t like butterscotch? That’s good to know, but eat that anyway. You need to learn to accept a gift.” Sam kept his sour face as he was led into what was now, his stall.

As the door was opened, Sam saw a long grey mattress, short pillow and pile of blankets. There, in the corner, was a bowl of water on the ground and another empty bowl beside it. This was bullshit. They were going to feed him like a dog.

Sam rolled his eyes as the stall door locked. He gratefully melted into the mattress. His attempts at covering himself with a blanket proved increasingly difficult without thumbs. He wrestled with the cover, finally using his teeth to grab it standing up and rolling under it, once he was on the ground again. The harness felt weird on any side he tried to lay down on. He settled on his stomach, it was uncomfortable but not as bad as sleeping on the welts he just received.

As he settled in and began to close his eyes, he heard Bobby’s muffled howls and moans as Mark attempted the wash the burly man.

Bobby was tethered outside, trying his best to not earn anymore more marks.

“Will you stop your bawling? I am using a sponge! Sam got the brush and did way better than you… Alright, alright, you lick your wounds today. I’m done. I am going to rinse you off and you can go back to your stall, okay?”

Bobby nodded his head without looking up. He coughed as water got into his nose.

“You’re pathetic aren’t you? Damn it, alright. I’ll rub you down, but you need to be good for me tomorrow. Deal?”

Bobby didn’t care he was so tired he was agree to damn near anything that did not require him to do anything. Bobby cringed and shook as the cold water sluiced over his skin. Then Mark walked away. Bobby closed his eyes. Jesus, could this day be over, please? Mark returned with a red bucket.

Mark squeezed a generous amount of goo into his hands. He placed his hands on Bobby’s back and rubbed small circles into the sore muscles. Bobby’s head rolled and he stretched into Mark’s hands, eliciting some light chuckles from his handler. “That’s it. See? It’s not so bad. Good boy.” Mark continued down the slave’s legs and arms, pulling and kneading as he went along. The handler swore he heard some purrs coming from man.

Mark deftly slipped the harness and bottoms back on the slave and led him back to the stall. Bobby fell into the mattress and closed his eyes. Mark covered him with a blanket and the slave was snoring in no time.

“Boys, I am going to be back in an hour. Do you need to use the can?”

Sam knocked on the stall.

“Very good! Very smart. Alright, come on. The bathroom’s just over here.” Mark snapped on a lead and pulled Sam to the small restroom.

Mark opened the door. “Alright, to piss, just put your mitts on the wall, when you’re done knock on the wall. To take a shit, sit down and then flush. I’ll know to bring what I need to clean you up. Then turn around and put your mitts on the wall. Hold still and everyone gets out without any unpleasantness. Got it?”

Sam nodded looking down at the floor sadly.

Fortunately he only needed to piss. This was going to be a living hell. Sam was then led back to his stall.
You know why you're here, don't you?

Obedience training. My ass. He didn’t need obedience training. He had that shit down.

Hey, you over there, you’re now my slave – Okay sure
Run the whole goddamn farm, without pay – My pleasure
Keep thirty people productive and happy – No problem
Come over here, let me poke you, prod you, beat you, and dress you up like a goddamn doll – Whatever you say.

Bullshit.

My god what a day. What a goddamn week.

The nap was nice, real nice. But Bobby’s eyes shot open as stirred from deep sleep. He looked around in alarm.

This is what is has come down too. Bobby rolled around on the bedroll, thoroughly dazed from the day’s events. It hardly felt real. He could hardly count the number of beatings had acquired this week. Robert Singer had not had a week this bad since his daddy was put on leave for showing up drunk to work.

Bobby closed his eyes, rearranging himself, trying to balance himself on his side. His stomach still aching from the blow and his backside still burned. Bobby tried to talk himself down, of course there were some poor pathetic idjits that had it worse than him. But that list had gotten significantly shorter since he was dropped off at Tout de Suite. The salon from hell.

Then, as if from heaven, the familiar clang of the dinner bell filled his ears. Bobby opened his eyes and started to salivate. They are off to a damn good start, already got me trained like Pavlov’s fucking dog.

Gregory returned to the barn and knocked both the stalls. “Get up, boys! Dinner’s served.” Then he dropped something on the ground that clanged noisily against the ground, startling both of them.

“The floor’s pretty hard. I brought you a mat to eat on. I don’t like using knee pads as your Masters will not let you use them when you are with them, but you are going to be working hard so let’s just enjoy it for now. Mark and I are headed to the main house. Your food’s here. Don’t use your mitts. If I have to wash them, you’re not going to like the consequences. Come on out…”

Sam and Bobby walked out of the stalls and stared hard at the bowls on the floor. Four bowls were attached to metal plates. Two bowls of water and two bowls of what looked like small chunks of beef, peas, mashed potatoes and gravy.

“Get on the floor, boys. Do not use your mitts to lift the bowls, handle the food or anything else but scratch. Keep the bowls on the floor. The plates are there to help,” Greg said as he twisted the bowls with a spin into the flat metal rectangles on the ground. “Pick them up and I’ll have to remind you to follow the rules. Okay, be good. And keep those mouths shut. You can talk quietly after lights out.”

Just then Mark trotted out and took Greg’s hand, and they disappeared down the main path to the house.
Bobby exhaled and got on his knees. Balls, he thought to himself as looked at the bowls like a particularly hard word problem. Fuck was he hungry. He glanced over at his tall friend who was having a harder time. He had hit his head twice on the bowl and was now trying to eat sideways. Almost pushing his cheek into the bowl. His arms where just too damn long and he kept hitting his long nose, his nose ring clanging loudly against the side of the bowl.

Bobby tried hard to not laugh but choked a little as he watched. Sam glared back with the same hate he gave Dean when his brother made fun of his piety, long legs, or veracious appetite. That just made Bobby laugh harder as he tried to accomplish the feat himself. What Sam didn’t know and what Bobby couldn’t tell him, was that Bobby had been through hazing. And was forced to eat from a bowl in the Marines as a new recruit. If you didn’t mind getting your chin messy it was easy. He drank most of the water first, the tried to eat or push the food away from the side of the bowl. Then you could just eat the food placing your chin where gap was. Then wash your chin and mouth with the leftover water. Bobby gestured toward Sam to show him how to do it.

Sam had managed to get potatoes in his hair, which was still secured back in a ponytail. He had gravy smeared into his eye brow, splashed on his chin and covering his cheek. He just scowled at Bobby, then smiled. Fuck, this was exhausting.

Bobby and Sam went into their stall and tried to figure out what to do with themselves. Both ended up settled in to their bedroll leaning on the wall of the stall. Bobby started to tap “We Will Rock You,” Sam tapped along. Then Sam started to tap “The Immigrant Song,” it was a good way to spend the time. They almost tapped through the faint boot falls of Mark and Gregory returning from dinner.

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Gregory kicked the stall, “Step lively, boys. We are set to make an appearance at the main house.”

Mark brushed their teeth and washed their faces, laughing particularly loud while wiping down Sam. They headed out down the path at a jog.

This would just be made better by a visit by everyone I know, thought Bobby as he jogged behind Greg and Mark. The days were still long and the sun still beamed brightly at 7 o’clock. Bobby was thankful that dinner had ended a half hour earlier. The lights in the dining hall were down early, the former foreman noted. Because… they were showing a fucking movie, of course. Let’s just hope this day gets better, there is two more hours before lights out unless they were intending to work Sam and him through the night.

*Bring it on.*

Before Bobby knew it, it was brought…

Greg and Mark pulled open the main doors. Greg grabbed the leash and Mark tended to the giant doors. Sam looked around him, the main entrance was impressive. Frescos painted flora and fauna from Greek mythology. Depictions of Gabriel as in his previous vessel as Pan playing a flute. Bobby always thought the damn thing was over the top.

“Calm down, we are almost there, Gabriel wants to see what we’ve done with them. Not very much, but he might like the new look,” Greg said with a smirk.

Yep, it could get worse.
All four stopped before the great door. Greg lifted his hand and knocked loudly on the door. As they waited, Bobby finally pieced together why they were on separate leashes. The master might want to play with his newly humiliated pet. The slave’s arms started to shake a little. Mark grabbed his wrists and placed them behind him. “You too!” Mark barked at a whisper to Sam. Sam looked over and copied the stance.

The great door opened slowly. The giant blond archangel answered with a bright and cheery smile. Almost as sizable as Michelangelo’s David, he loomed over the party. As Bobby’s eyes wandered over his master, there was definitely something missing… Of course! His goddamn pants. Okay. What the fuck was this? In Sunday school, he had learned angels were sexless. This one was definitely not.

Gabriel smiled as he ran his fingers through his wet curls, looking genuinely happy to see them.

“I must have lost track of time,” Gabriel said as he snapped his fingers producing a silk robe. His large erection seemed to stare everyone in the face, but Bobby seemed to be the only one that noticed it. Sam looked above counting nonexistent ceiling tiles. Gregory and Mark looked on just about as causally, as they would if the Master had been wearing a three piece suit.

Good God, Bobby thought. He was not exactly sure Gabriel had a penis up until this point. Now it was very clear and very large.

“Look who is here! We have company!” There was lots of commotion behind the door. Gabriel pushed the door open revealing a very sweaty Ellen, who was half dazed and losing a fight with her red dress as she tried to pull the thing over her head without unzipping it. Jody panted and hurriedly put on Ellen’s jeans. Her legs quivering as she did. Jody had to pull the shirt down to not expose herself as she held her bra in her teeth fiddling with the button on the jeans.

Bobby’s heart finally broke and shut down.

Greg did not seem phased by the scene. Mark also remained professional. Sam looked like there was something caught in his eyes as he blinked, manically. Gabriel slide the on the blue silk robe. He took the leash from Greg and held it far above Bobby’s head as he circled around his slave. Promenading around the man with a gentle walk as he examined the new uniform and his boy’s current condition.

“I am pleased you didn’t earn anymore stripes today soldier. This is a very nice look on you. Do you think you have learned enough manners enough to join us?” Gabriel smiled devilishly. Tears of anger and frustration welled in Bobby’s eyes, if this was a man, he’d be on the floor by now…

“You are too easy!” Gabriel laughed as he touched Bobby’s face. Then he began to run his fingers down the slave’s body. He snapped with his other hand and the cage disappeared. Bobby looked horrified.

“Little one, don’t fret. I am taking this off of you for the time you are training… Gregory,” the master said turning to the trainer, “I would like this one to learn to please me. And teach the other one too,” Gabriel waved his hand absently in Sam’s direction, causing Sam to blink again.

The master searched his slave for a few moments. Apparently seeing the man was close to heart attack, he narrowed his eyes and shouted, “Everyone out! Leave Bobby. Everyone else? Out,” Gabriel commanded very loudly. Clapping his hands.

This did rattle the trainers, who pulled Sam out the door, quickly. Jody and Ellen scurried behind them, desperate to avoid Bobby’s glare.
The door fell shut loudly behind them.

“How are you doing?” Gabriel said with concern.

Bobby stared at the angel.

“I know, I have been a complete ass.”

Gabriel smiled gently. “Come here, let me have a look at your bottom.”

Bobby hesitated then resigned himself with a huff.

The angel pulled at his favorite’s mitts with a giggle, feeling for fingers beneath. “I never knew how they went about doing this…” The master put one finger on his slave’s forehead and the grace rushed through his body. Bobby looked confused. He was no longer tired and his muscles no longer ached. The dull throb in his backside and middle had also vanished.

“Just a little Grace, Bobby… Bobby? Do you know why are being trained? Do you know why I lost my temper today? Why I tried to lose myself in Jody and Ellen?”

Bobby’s lips twitched but he did not have the courage to say anything.

“Afraid I’ll spank you?” the angel cajoled. Bobby flinched.

“Rightly so. I’ll just tell you…” Gabriel pulled the man toward his bed. “I need to hold you to say these things.”

The archangel got into the bed. He guided Bobby into his arms, unhooking the leash, but leaving the harness and bottom. The master pulled his slave into a spoon, backing away slightly to drift his fingertips over the back and ass of his favorite. Bobby relaxed into the warm body of his master and his gentle touch. He forgot how calming and peaceful it was. More than that, it was the familiarity, the pale purple comforter felt soft, sleek and cool beneath him. Gabriel looked at him sweetly, “You know, I bought her for you.”

Bobby squinted, looking back baffled.

“Sara, I could tell she peaked your interest, so to say. I bought her to serve you, when I am away of course. I was going to give her to you at the end of the night. She really is very cute, like a tiny pixie… I have had to leave her with Castiel. She is learning to be a good girl, hopefully. I gave him a list of things she needed to learn, I caught him yelling at her today and throwing things around his room. Hopefully she comes out alive…” Gabriel said wistfully.

“I also had four pairs of shoes waiting for you. As the night progressed it seem less and less like you were going to fulfill your end of our deal and I just…” Gabriel paused. Now looking across his quarters into the layers of white paint, silk and gold plate for the courage to speak. “I felt too hard, you see. I needed you to fill Derek’s shoes. He loved me, you know… I am having a hard time even getting you to like me. I wanted you to be more than you were. So I decided the only way to get what I need was to help you learn. Bobby, I tried my tricks, you passed out from pleasure and still were not convinced I was worthy of you. That is what the training is for. For you to learn your place… You had no idea how good you had it. I hope some time with Greg and Mark will teach you.”

Bobby looked back and shook his head. Tears started forming in his eyes. He did not want this, he did not want to live like an animal.

“I know,” Gabriel said pulling Bobby closer. “Let’s see how you feel in six months okay?”
The slave sobbed softly. “It’s going to be hard. But you’ll get through it. Sam will get through it, too.”

Gabriel gave Bobby a few light slaps on the side of his ass. “Get up, boy. You need to go find Gregory okay?”

Bobby gulped, closed his eyes and rolled his shoulders. He did not even know what to think of all this mess. He pulled himself out of bed and walked toward the door. Looking back, he finally saw the sadness in his master’s eyes. The ice blue eyes concentrated and studied the man as he held the door. The angel’s hard features seemed to soften with his eyes. Gabriel gave Bobby a slight nod to indicate he should keep going, as a few tears fell down the perfect skin and off the chiseled jaw. Bobby walked through the door as he listened to the sounds of Greg counting loudly.
So that was it?

Bobby looked back on the previous night with a shutter.

Really? All he wanted was to be kissed. The whole mess could have been avoided by one make-out session? Jez, he gotten through seven minutes in heaven with Stacy Lesner in the seventh grade, he could have made it through that...

Now, all he could think about was how thoroughly blissed and spent his former lovers appeared in that room. He sniffed a little, brushing away some tears. Not now Singer, he said to himself.

The walk from Gabriel’s room to the sitting room was not far. The chill of the night air brushed against Bobby’s body like a whisper, sending chills to his core. No evidence of an air conditioner or heater ever surfaced, but the inside temperature remained consistently 68 degrees. And that was everywhere, throughout the great house and the dorms. Bobby assumed it was some kind of spell but never asked.

Bobby walked cautiously into the sitting room and waited with his hands behind him. He remembered how to wait. The days before his sale, the slavers had driven that pose into him. He went to his auction with bruises, whip marks and belt marks. First from sass, then from improper form. Head up, ass slightly up, shoulders back, legs apart, eyes forward, hands behind your back, pull in your gut and chest slightly out.

Bobby glanced over at Sam who was doing burpees and looking a bit faint, Greg counting behind him.

“Good Boy!” Mark cried out as he walked up to Bobby. Greg held a hand up to Sam and he stopped.

“Someone decided to join us. Your master wants us to teach you two some new tricks, but I think we will master some basics before that … Since Bobby has mastered waiting, let’s see if we can’t get Sam there too. Mark?”

“Sammy boy! Come have a look at Bobby’s form,” Mark got very close to Bobby with more than a casual look of respect. “See how he doesn’t flinch. Were you sold off in Missouri? Rockbridge yards?”

Bobby dropped stance and stared at the small man. Squinting hard.

“I am right! Every time.” Mark said smiling, slapping a hand to his leg. “It’s the little things you know?”

“Okay, we are done for the day!” Greg said exasperated as he threw a hand to his head. “Mark! I told you, they don’t need to know. It makes it worse, Mark… But, go on and tell him… This is going to need to be addressed.”

“Old Mahlon! He’s got a government contract for the about half the states. He takes the brightest
and most aggressive, sells them off at Rockbridge. No one goes on the block without mastering that pose. You probably didn’t know they were teaching you this, but your left foot? Look down.”

Bobby looked down. His left foot was turned out. He straightened it.

“Mahlon Hamilton, what an asshole… You are really lucky you ended up here and not in the ring. What the hell would an angel want with a fighter?” Mark’s voice dropped, he had said too much.

“Well boys, it’s time to head in. Let’s get some shut eye. We’ll bring you some breakfast in the morning. Hopefully, you can get most of it in your mouth instead of trying to wear it.” Greg gave Sam a few loud slaps, then jerked his leash to get him jogging. Mark did the same to Bobby who still felt kind of dazed. What the hell was going?

Greg and Mark got the men ready for bed. Bobby and Sam shivered in the night air. Greg now eyed Bobby suspiciously. Greg took over dressing Bobby. His harness was hung up, the wraps were removed, and gloves replaced. The handler put a thick cap and thick gown thing over his head. Greg barely spoke to Bobby as he carefully undressed and readied the man for bed. As Bobby was put in the stall, the redheaded man hooked his leash to the door. Then looked him square in the eye, “Be good, boy,” he said slowly and with purpose. Bobby didn’t even notice that Sam had been put away before him.

“Lights out, boys. You see the sun in the morning you stop your chattering. See you tomorrow.”

As the two men walk toward the main house Bobby heard Greg say, “You be careful around that one.”

“He seems harmless enough to me.”

“Everyone I have trained from that auction house I has been an evil, vicious son of bitch…”

“Greg… really?”

“I am talking to Gabriel in the morning, I did not sign up for this…”

The voices faded into the darkness.

“What the hell does that mean?” Sam asked in a whisper.

“I don’t know, but ‘something’s rotten in the state of Denmark’…” Bobby said with a slight shake.

“Why would someone put you in the ring?”

“Perfect candidate, I guess. Abusive father, Marine, wrongly accused man. Fuck, I don’t know, my hair’s red? Goddamn, this has been one of the worst days of my life. What I don’t get is why the hell you are here. Castiel is trying to train the girl Gabriel bought last night, why did he not try and train you?”

“I think I came on too strong. Castiel is afraid of me,” Sam said almost too softly for Bobby to hear.

“What the hell does that mean? How’d you scare a damn angel? Did you threaten to beat him again?”

“Look, Lucifer threatened me. I thought I was supposed to throw myself at him. I ended up just scaring the hell out of him. It felt… rapey.”
“Aren’t we a pair? You’re in here for being too forward and I’m in here for being too prude. Well I mean, close. I can’t believe Jody and Ellen! I guess getting laid by a Ken doll is just too good to pass up.”

“He is their master, they are going to have to do what he says… I mean all normal rules applying…” Sam said carefully.

“It’s okay, Sam. I have no claim to those ladies. The one woman I did have claim to I had to stab in the heart with a kitchen knife. Another reason I would have been perfect for the ring. At night we could talk in that yard. Lots of former soldiers, convicts with last strikes, a couple of schizophrenics, a serial killer and convicted murders, like I was. Why the hell would an angel go looking in a yard full of psychos to find the one innocent man?”

“Wait what?”

“My wife, Karen. She was possessed by a demon. I fought with her for three straight days. By the third, I couldn’t fend her off anymore. She was getting the upper hand and I had no idea about exorcisms. She came at me and I did what I had to do.”

There was an awkward silence. Sam was thinking about Jess and having to raise a blade to her. It made his heart ache. Finally, he said, “Damn, I am sorry. That’s horrible.”

“It’s done. I am more worried about what is going on now.”

“Bobby, how did you know about my dad? I mean, that I was the son of the man you served under in the Marines?”

“Come to think of it, Gabriel told me. How the hell would he know who I served under? Now, that is odd,” Bobby said, “What is also weird is that we get mail. I get a Christmas card from my first cousin Marcy, every year. Why the hell would I not get mail from your daddy?” Bobby heard the light snoring of his companion in the next stall. “Poor kid,” he thought. “That boy does not deserve this.” Bobby closed his eyes and that was about all it took.

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By the time Bobby and Sam saw fit to open their eyes again, the sun was peaking brightly through the barn door. The day had started without them. Bobby smiled as he noticed the goats had already been let out to pasture. Carl must have jumped the fence to open the stall door from the outside. That was real nice of him. Carl was about his age, well not anymore. They had started together. At least the rest of the staff did not think he was a psychopath. Bobby stared at the roof of the barn as he pulled and stretched his arms and legs. Boot camp always started before sunrise. These men, at least had sense enough to let a body rest enough before asking for more.

Greg and Mark opened the barn doors, letting in light and a very irritated archangel. Gabriel did not have on his usual formal attire. He wore a tight black shirt and fitted dark jeans. He ran his fingers through his hair that flopped messily around his head and huffed as his eyes darted around the barn.

“I have known this man for twenty years. He ran this place for Christ’s sake, what are you afraid of?” Gabriel asked Greg as he unlocked Sam’s stall.

“I told you, Sir. Slaves get sold from that yard not because of innocence or guilt, but for potential. I got thirteen stiches from the last slave I tried to tame from Rockbridge,” Greg said pulling up his
pant leg to his knee and displaying a large scar. “Bastard stole the scissors and attacked me, then tried to make a run for it. Old Mahlon is a dick, but he sure can pick the ones capable of some sick shit.”

Gabriel looked at the handler annoyed. He touched the calf and the scar disappeared.

“Well, Sir, I appreciate that but if you want me to train that animal, I am going to need some extra cash to do so and I will need to put on more restraints and other precautions I am going to have to take…”

“I want this done and you came highly recommended from Raphael, money is not a barrier. I will pay you twice your bid for the six months.”

“I would feel more comfortable if you backed me up on this, Sir.”

“Yes, yes, of course. If anyone can put the fear of God into someone it would be me. Get him dressed. I will supervise of course,” he said with an irritated smile.

Mark went to work on Sam, taking him to the restroom and then applying the harness and wraps. Greg handled Bobby. Bobby was now fitted with wrist and ankle cuffs that Greg deftly secured to the wall or to another limb if he was not working with it. After he was done, Gabriel walked over and blinked the slave in question to his chambers.

Gabriel motioned for the slave to join him in the sitting area. The down silk couches were a luxury Bobby had not been afforded before. The addition of the black leather cuffs and rings made Bobby jingled loudly as he moved around the room, walking carefully over to the couches. He sat timidly, feeling the bare of his skin brush and settle on the cool imported silk of the pale purple couch. Gabriel stared at him in his usual stance. On elbow resting on the armrest, his fingers propping up his head, the rest of his body angled and one shoeless foot resting on the seat of the long couch, underneath a bent knee. The other long leg filling the gap to the end of the sofa.

He gave Bobby a lazy half smile. “Bobby, what is this about? Hmm? You are going to need to talk to me, boy. What did you do to make your trainer believe you were going to eat his boyfriend?”

Bobby swallowed. “I do not know what fool game you are trying to play… but it is not me that is winning,” Bobby said quickly, scared out of his mind.

“Bobby, while I do enjoy your colorful language, please explain why Greg is afraid of you? Did you threaten him? Bite him?”

“No! What? Gabriel, the man is terrified because of where I came from, not because of what I did.” Bobby looked around the room, his frustration and anger taking the place of his fear.

“Gabriel why did you buy me? I must have fetched a pretty penny if I came from Rockbridge,”

Bobby eyed his master for a hint of his origin story.

“You know, Matlock, Jody was the same… with the, eh… law enforcement. I had to bid very high against a fellow who wanted to put her in the ring as well.”

“Do not try and confuse me Gabriel, I ain’t buying it. Rockbridge is one of the best auction houses in the country for buying slaves for the ring. More champions have come out of there, than anywhere else. They are known for selecting the most brutal and vicious animals to come into the system.”
“Bobby, I chose you in a similar way that I chose everyone who walks through those doors. I thought you needed a second chance.”

“That doesn’t make sense and you know it. Why were you even at Rockbridge? If you read the court case, you would know there was no demonic markings or evidence. There was nothing to suggest I did anything but stab my wife. I had defensive wounds but she was much smaller, and had no military training. Why did you think I was innocent? Hell, do you even know if I’m innocent?”

The master leaned back into the sofa, his dark blue jeans rubbing together as he sat up to face his opponent. “I don’t like lying. You got me, Bobby. I just read your file a few months ago. At that point, I didn’t care if you were innocent or not. You have been such an asset.”

“Well the hell did I get here?” Bobby asked incredulously.

“You were bought by my sister, Anna and delivered by the auction house. She said you needed protection,” the angel said looking off into his early Rocco painting by Ruben.

“You just believed her? Trusted that I would not kill everyone in their sleep?”

“You are not dangerous to me, love. I am not afraid of you, little one,” Gabriel smiled sweetly at his Favorite. “Beside I could revive everyone if you happened to lose your mind.”

Bobby drew a breath and closed his eyes. Trying to makes sense of the new information.

“Wait. The angel Anna? Sam and Dean’s Anna?”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“Not important,” the slave said quickly, more eager to have another question answered. “How did you know I knew John Winchester?”

“Anna told me to keep him away from you. She told me he was dangerous…”

“Where is she, Gabriel?”

Gabriel pressed his lips. “I don’t know. I haven’t heard from her in weeks. Last time I saw her she told me to keep Sam safe here. I worked his sentence out with the judge. Without my help, that boy would have hung. She was very concerned about him. That is about all I know… Did you say Dean? As in Dean Winchester?”

“Yep, that’s Sam’s brother,” Bobby said a little surprised.

“Huh?” Gabriel said smiling, looking very pleased with himself.

“Why did you not give me John’s mail?”

“Anna told me to keep you away from John at all costs.”

“Well he’s dead. Died a year ago.”

“That makes my job considerably easier…”

“Do you have the letters?”

“I do not. You could ask Joyce. I told her not to give them to you. I did not say what she should to do with them after that,” Gabriel paused and looked to be studying his slave again. “How did you get in Rockbridge? I know you were a Marine, but that alone would not land you in a place like
that. What are you hiding, little one?” he said slowly letting his eyes look over the man.

“You have known me twenty five years, you tell me.”

“You might just be a very good little soldier. What did John Winchester teach you, boy?” The angel asked raising an eye brow, “He taught his little boy to beat someone to near death, for nothing more than information. What did he teach you?”

“He taught me to survive, he taught me how to be a good leader. What the hell else would he have taught me?”

“How to beat a man to death? Carryout an interrogation? What did you learn when you were in your summer camp?”

“If by summer camp, you mean the United States Marine Corps, than I served my country,” Bobby barked back, more than a little offended.

Gabriel brushed off the comment, more interested in answers. “What did he do to you, boy? Blacken your soul? Thicken your hide? Silence your conscience?”

“Sounds more like my daddy than John…”

“Ahh, the abusive father… Sadistic by nature or by substance?”

“Probably both. An alcoholic with penchant for beating his wife and child, when life did not turn out his way or things did not go the way he planned them.”

“Did Mommy spank you too?”

“You are not my therapist. I do not want to discuss this with you now or ever.”

Gabriel smiled with a nod. “My, you have had a particularly difficult life…”

“Yes, and nothing has been more humiliating than the last twenty four hours. Let’s make that forty eight hours. Let’s not forget my trip to the spa and dinner. And what the hell made you hire a bunch of sadists to kick us around?”

“They are trainers and it is good for you. You are not the first slave to go through training. I spared you obedience school. And please, don’t count your chickens, Mr. Singer. I have to return you with a muzzle,” the master said with a crooked smile.

“Gabriel, why? Why are you doing this? Have I ever been defiant, in the twenty five years I have been here? Disobedient? Why?”

“Bobby… you have never had to act like a slave,” the master’s voice was softer, gentler.

“Excuse me,” Bobby said feigning offense, “then I should be paid back wages for the last twenty five years!”

“You know what I mean. You remember Derek? He could wait for four to six hours for me to come out of a meeting. He would be in the exact same place I left him. He did not hesitate or offer any sign of displeasure when I asked him to undress, kiss me or anything else. He was very well trained.”

“Why did you not buy a trained slave?” Bobby asked with mocking bewilderment.
“Bobby, you’re bright, interesting, and passionate. I like you, I always have. I gave you complete run of my property and my people. I have marked you Bobby. I can’t erase it now.”

“Really? Thought you could do anything,” Bobby scoffed.

Gabriel laughed softly, lifting his palms upward. “I am not God, Bobby. I cannot undo a bond that I have made. I am far too powerful. Despite all of that, if I was that powerful I would find Derek.” Gabriel straightened up, gripping his knees and leaning forward, looking straight into his slave, “Bobby, I would never break my bond.” The master said slowly. “There is no going back. There are skills you will learn or I will continue my employ of Mark and Greg fulltime.

“By the way, there is no partial graduation. Sam will be kept in that stall as long as you are.” Bobby closed his eyes. Yep, that was Gabriel’s trump card.

“You know, I am in no position to argue with you. What do they want you to do to me?” Bobby asked defeat etched in every syllable.

“They want me to threaten you and let you know that you will be wearing a muzzle from now on when you are not eating. Also both you and Sam are going to sleep with your hands gloved, not really gloved… more like what you have on now.”

Then Gabriel looked over his possession and smiled slyly. “These contraptions are… interesting. Have you missed me, yet?” the master asked hungrily. The slave’s eyes widened and he trembled slightly. The stress of the past few days grew with every moment he remained awake. He tried his best to quiet them, but a stray tear fell from his cheek to his bare leg.

“Things will get better,” Gabriel said standing up and inching closer to his slave. As the master walked forward, Bobby felt a great breeze as massive pearl white wings unfurled themselves before him. The wings stretched wide, revealing their incredible wingspan, which had to be twice and long as Gabriel.

Bobby pulled himself back in shock. Unsure what this meant. Gabriel, for the first time in Bobby’s presence, blushed brightly, looking self-conscious. Bobby had always heard that angels had wings but to see them unfurled was extremely rare if not wholly exceptional. What in God’s name was going on?

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Chapter End Notes

Reveals, so many reveals...
“They have a mind of their own.”

Gabriel could barely meet his beloved eyes. He said quietly. “They have a mind of their own... They open by themselves, when I am feeling threatened or protective. I don’t want to send you back…”

Bobby should have protested. Demanded to be released from the living hell he’d been condemned to. But he didn’t. His bright blue eyes danced over the feathers as the morning light from the skylight above bounced off the plumage. They seemed to glow... He bit his lip as Gabriel approached.

The angel’s long arms ached for the mortal before him. To his knowledge, this had never happened before. It was bad form to be controlled by your base desires. To allow someone else to ruffle your feathers was more than a weakness, it was tantamount to pissing yourself. It was like proposing marriage on a first date. Saying “I love you,” in the face of rejection. Weakness. His brothers were going to have a field day. He didn’t care. He needed this man. He needed him close.

Gabriel’s eyes remained cast down. He looked as though there were things in his head left unresolved and troubling him greatly. The angel shook his curls slightly. He inched closer, his arms stretched long, Bobby looking past him to the radiant holy display behind him.

This was not how he wanted to this to go. Gabriel cringed. There should be moonlight, candlelight, soft touches, and gentle kisses. He had never had this moment... Not with Derek, not with anyone. It should not be like this.

The angel slowly approached the man, reaching out his long arms and wrapping them around the mortal body. He placed his cheek where the tear fell, nuzzled in closer to Bobby chest. The wings, in their vast expanse, created a cocoon, eclipsing them both. Bobby looked around at the feathery veil and swore he had never felt such safety or invincibility. Despite himself, he smiled brightly, laughing at the sight of the delicate and yet impenetrable feathers encircling him. His dark blue eyes glistened as the feathers, themselves seemed to emit their own light. He giggled softly as he felt the feathers tickle the flesh hidden between leather.

“Can I touch ‘em?” the man asked as if he was a small boy.

The angel blushed deeper, nodding sheepishly.

Bobby timidly stretched out his fingers at the holy sight. Gabriel closed his eyes, bracing for something. Bobby ran his fingers along a very long primary flight feather. Gabriel hitched his breath and exhaled as the man’s fingers retreated.

“It hurts?” the man asked confused.

The angel’s toes curled and wiggled as he hung his head, looking up slightly shaking his head. “Are you embarrassed?” Bobby asked surprised.
“This... this has never happened before. They can have a mind of their own but typically they obey me,” he giggled. “On the outside they can withstand a nuclear war. The inside... they are very sensitive. It is also very interesting they like you.”

The archangel seemed more accessible like this. Bobby looked at the angel with a disbelieving smile. Who the hell was this?

Gabriel smiled shaking his curls and his wing until they retreated back to where ever they went when they were not out.

The angel kneeled down in front of his slave. He clasped both his giant hands over Bobby’s. He looked deep into the man’s eyes. “Please. Please, forgive me.”

Bobby looked back into the icy blue eyes. He saw hints of the wings fighting to come out behind his master. Before they could, the man was blinked back to the barn.

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Bobby found himself on the floor, the muzzle had been attached. He bit down and there was something rubbery and tasteless in his mouth. The muzzle was something more akin to the mask Hannibal Lector wore in Silence of the Lambs. Though this only covered his mouth. His feet were clipped together and his hands clasped behind his back.

The barn was empty. Bobby looked around the dark space for evidence of life. He heard no one. The cold concrete cooled his nerves as he relaxed his neck and rested it on the dirty floor. He was grateful for the solitude. It gave him time to try and decipher what happened in that room.

The events of the last hour replayed over and over in the man’s head. He was surprised how it made him feel. Thinking how the master had opened himself up like that. He was all the sudden more endearing, accessible, and real. Everything that had happened between them had been so unusual and strained.

This. This was beautiful and rich. Honest and loving even. The thought challenged everything he had thought about himself. Bobby had very few moments in his life where he thought of himself as individually special. He had thought it dumb luck that Master had chosen him as Favorite. The wings trying to protect him was almost... inconceivably biblical.

Archangel. A fucking archangel. The term held very little meaning to Bobby until today. Before it meant, no one who entered the manor was ever going to leave the manor. It meant those forty acres of land were all any of them were going to see. Ever.

When he arrived that meant little to nothing at all. Karen was his breathe, his love, and his life. If he could go back, he would have given her a litter or babies. After that? Who the fuck cared? Yeah, he loved everyone here. He protected them, provided and fed them but he was always unsure if he’d ever feel like he did with her in his arms. How the hell did some damn bird manage to get the closest?

His thoughts were interrupted by the strained pants of Sam as he was jogged back to the barn. Gregory looked Bobby over, nodding as if going through a check list in his mind. The man on the floor tried not to look at the handler. Every look he made was going to be a perceived threat so best just to avoid it all together. Let his actions speak for him.

“Good news, boys!” Greg raised his voice and had a more formally tone than he ever had before. “Because your training is going to last into October and threw December, we have worked out a
solution to cold water in the hose. There is going to be a wash installed next to the bath room. They said we could use the thing sometime next week. Bobby, we are going for a morning run, then we will come back, rub you down and put you both in for a nap. Then we will discuss our training for today. Mark, go ahead and rinse Sam, rub him down and nap him in the stall.”

“Yeah, yeah, keep your britches on. He’ll take his nap in the smelly barn…”

“Manners, Mark…”

Mark scoffed a smile.

Greg hooked the lead to Bobby’s neck and gave him a controlled pull. They jogged for about five minutes and Greg directed them over to a set of picnic tables out along one of the paths.

“Go ahead, take a seat. We need to talk before we go further.”

Bobby nodded and sat down. Greg took out a short chain with two clasps on either end. He snapped one end to the wrist cuffs and the on the ankle cuffs. Bobby tried to avoid eye contact. There was no way to comfort this man, but there sure was a way to give the wrong expression and get a beating.

“I know you think this is over kill, and maybe you're just a guy who in the right situation, would be capable of brutal murder. Or maybe you are capable of murder at any time of day. I don’t know. You’re not supposed to talk to me and it makes training easier that way. Still, there are a few things I am going to need to make clear. Crystal clear…

“I didn’t want this assignment. Because of you and because of your loon of a master. I knew you’d be a stubborn son of a bitch, and Gabriel gave me all kinds of rules about your ‘treatment.’ Normally, I’d be given a slave, take them away and bring them back desperate to go back. If I had my way, you and that slack jawed kid would be in a lot more pain. Pain that I would alleviate only when you submitted to me... Fully,” Greg said with a dark grin. "But… the money is good and God knows I need it right now.

“That leads us here. You need to watch your step. Watch your looks and do what you're told. You pull anything like I saw the first day,” Greg looked down and shook his head with a sneer. "Let's just say it can get a lot worse. Be aware, I am going to get a lot harder on you boys. You watch your ass, boy. Because it’s mine until we are done. And both of us need this done.

I am going to work you hard. Fuck up, take your punishment and you do it again and again and again till I’m satisfied. Because you and I? Need this over quick. I love him, Mr. Singer. I can’t take risks with him. You understand?”

Bobby closed his eyes and nodded.

“We are going to do this fast and right. You’ll be tired at the end of the day but we’ll try to get you trained before the first snow. Okay?”

Bobby nodded faster.

“That goes double for the goddamn tutors Gabriel has hired… Let’s get going!” Greg unfastened all the clasps and gave a slight tug to start.

~*~

They ran until Bobby thought he was going to have a heart attack. Then Greg attended to his rub down. Mark watched impatiently. “Greg, you are missing his left side… I can do this!”
“Mark, don’t question me on this. I am still your boss,” his voice trailing off.

“Yes, Sir. You want to put one of these damn collars on me? Should I get trained with the other slaves? You’re the master after all, Greg,” Mark said belligerently.

“I am working on it Mark, but I can’t free you without more money, which we are making now, if you would shut your fucking trap,” Greg said at a low growl.

“Sir! Yes, Sir!” Mark said clicking his boots and walked back to the main house.

Bobby motioned for the man to follow his lover. “Thanks boy, but I need to everything right, not just him.”

Greg worked the goo into each of the sore muscles. Bobby tried to remain silent but the occasional gasp or moan escaped and then was squashed by a cough or grunt. The handler then wrapped him in a blanket, tied him down and left, closing the barn door behind him. Forgetting to reattach the muzzle.

Bobby relaxed into the bedroll in half dazed state.

“Bobby! What the hell happened? Why were you wearing a muzzle? Or what the hell was that?” Sam asked anxiously.

“God, I am glad that guy forgot to put the damn thing back on… Look, I talked to Gabriel, Anna is missing, she’s the one that told Gabriel to buy you and keep you safe. Apparently he saved you from the gallows… Anna was also the angel who orchestrated my sale. She bought me at auction and shipped me here. God knows why… Gabriel has just been keeping me for her. She told him to keep me away from your daddy at all costs.

“Everything is going haywire right now. Greg thinks that I am going to bite Mark. He doesn’t want the man touching me. Jez, maybe that’s all I got. You get breakfast?”

“No. And I am starving! Anna… She knows what’s going on if anyone does. Dean has been trying to track her but finding an angel can be really difficult without another angel.”

“I am pretty sure Gabriel is looking too, she probably does not want to be found.”

“You think Dean is still trying to get to you?”

“Dad tried to break this wall and had no luck, so I am not sure. Dad was kind of the best hunter there ever was, you know?”

“Why did you beat Castiel? I mean did he put up a fight?” Bobby asked carefully, not sure he really wanted to know.

“Nah, once the manacles were on he couldn’t do much of anything but talk. He started out by saying he would never tell us anything, I told him everyone has a breaking point,” Sam with a slight smile.

“John teach you that?”

“Yeah, I mean normally it’s a demon, but yeah, I guess I learned from him. He could get anything out of anyone. He knew how to find your weakness and drive a nail through it, you know?”

“I am so sorry you never got to meet Mary. She was as gentle of a soul as I ever met,” Bobby lamented. When he saw John's family, he saw a level of bliss he was sure he'd never reach.
“We found out she was a hunter, too. She never wanted this for us, but her death put Dad on the great crusade. Tracking down the yellow-eyed demon. Man, that dick still gives me nightmares,” Sam said with a slight shiver.

“Was it just you three? I mean, growing up?” Bobby probed some more. What hell'd happen to this kid?

“Yeah, Dean and I were alone a lot. I was alone a lot, but we got through it. Dad tried to find some old friends but every time we looked, nothing turned up. We even showed up at your yard in South Dakota. Some guy named Rufus runs the place now. Dad would sometimes try to leave us with him, but he was just unreliable. He’d leave just like dad.”

Then Sam got a twinkle in his eye as talked, “He’d say, ‘John, I don’t do children. You leave them here, I’m leaving too. John, you better make sure and leave ‘em enough food and for fuck’s sake, clean up after ‘em.’ I read a lot of your books.”

“Rufus. That bastard. I never left him my shop!”

“He told us he got it through squatter’s rights.”

“Well don’t that beat all? Probably a good thing you and your brother stayed away from Rufus. That man could pour down some Johnnie Walker! Your daddy drink?”

“Oh, man. Could he ever,” Sam said with a deep laugh, “That’s why Dean never touches the stuff. Says he’s crazy enough without it.”

“Good on him. I wish I could have met him…”

Bobby hushed as heard the pull of the great barn door. Both of them hoped someone had arrived with some damn grub.

Chapter End Notes

More back story. The sexy is on it way. Porn with a plot is really hard....
Meanwhile...

Gabriel waited as he had called Castiel to his chambers near on a hour ago. The archangel sipped casually on a rum concoction from Ester lounging lazily on a long couch. He looked much more relaxed than he had in a long time. A black shirt clung to his chest, his dark jeans were loose fitting and wiggled his bare toes on the silk couch.

Castiel looked like Castiel, but somehow had managed to get even more disheveled. As the angel opened the giant door, he yanked a leash, on the end of it was an obstinate little redhead. The girl stared through messy hair and soiled clothes. Her thin arms wrapped tightly around her body.

“I can’t stand this human!” Castiel said growling at the girl.

The archangel eyed the girl, she looked completely different than the pixie he met at the salon:

She was a slight thing, she kept her body small by careful eating and light exercise. She had a pretty almond face with biggish crooked nose. Her small grey eyes look around her, framed by thick lashes. He was surprised how different the little thing looked with looked without her makeup. She must really be an artist, as the face that he saw now looked little like the one she had two nights ago.

Still, he liked her better this way. As long as the archangel had walked the earth, he gained an appreciation for an honest face. Youth looked the same as the aged, imperfections and abnormalities were far more interesting than perfection. This girl, this woman, had a braveness and bitter candidness about her that was hard to ignore. Though, it was clear she did not feel this way about her body. It seemed, working at a salon and perfecting blemishes and short comings had a lasting destructive effect on her ego. She did not like so many subtle things about herself, her modesty gave way to insecurity. So much so that now, she did not seem to fear what her master would do so much as she feared what he thought of her.

Gabriel looked back at his brother and opened his eyes wide. The look on Castiel’s face… “What is wrong brother?” he attempted to ask through the chuckles trying not to spill his drink.

“She is a petulant child! She complains constantly. She smells. She is forever needing various things from the store. She is always hungry or thirsty. She is also full of useless advice about my hair and nails. Where on Earth did you find this… creature?”

Gabriel set his drink down on a side table, laughing loudly. “I can see the obstinance… But you cooked for her, Cassie?”

“No, and she won’t stop asking… I refuse to handle the carcass of animal or some decomposing piece of a plant,” Castiel replied with a look of utter disgust.

“What does she eat? Why do you not send her to the dining hall?” Gabe asked with surprise.

“Crackers or something? I don’t know, whatever I found at the drug store. You told me to train her. I have been working with her,” Castiel shook his head, “And that lump of flesh? Is useless! A hellbeast if I ever saw one…” The angel glared at the small girl and she met glare and shot it back with equal irritation.

“Forgive me, I did not know you were not well verse in the care of a human. Cassie… let her go to the dining hall. Let her eat healthy food. Then you can train her… Properly,” Gabriel said gently.
“She would still be disgusting. I told you! Fluids and solids come out of her all the time! It’s a huge mess,” Castiel said looking as if he was going to spit.

Gabriel looked at his brother with disbelief. “Did you show her the restroom?”

“I don’t have one!” Castiel roared back.

Gabriel sat up. He put his elbows on his knees and cradled his head in his hands. Not looking up and shaking his head slowly he asked, “The small room? Right after you enter your chambers? On the left. It has a toilet and a shower.”

“Oh…” Castiel said looking off, wondering how that could have escaped him.

“Castiel! It’s been two days! Why did you not come to me sooner? What have you been teaching her to do?” Gabriel asked incredulously, his voice escalating.

Castiel’s eyes narrowed again. His anger returning. “She is not clever enough to learn Enochian, so she can’t help me file or research, she refuses to learn math or Japanese. What good is she?”

“I gave you a list! Wait, kneel, come, present, bring drinks, make coffee, fetch the mail?” Gabriel asked defeated.

“None of that was on the list,” Castiel’s glare now hardened as he looked toward the door.

“Show it to me,” the archangel said exhaling.

Castiel pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket of his long trench coat.

“Cassie, this is the list of books you borrowed from me. I asked you for a year ago…” Gabriel said with a tired look.

“Ho. Well, I tried to teach her enough to read them. She refused!” Castiel said gruffly as his voice started rise.

“Yeah... Excuse me?” the small girl asked in a smaller voice.

“Yes, Pet, what do you need?” Gabriel asked, looking sweetly at her.

“May I use your restroom? That guy over there? Makes me go in the corner on newspaper.” The poor girl looked terrible. Her hair was disheveled and she had not showered in days. She wore the same black dress she had on the day the archangel took over her papers. It looked like she had not taken it off since.

“Go ahead, pet. Follow the instructions on the wall.”

Castiel yanked the leash hard. The little redhead stumbled roughly to his side, he pulled the top of the leash to unhinge it. Sara ran into the bathroom, closing the door behind her a little too hard. She closed her eyes and threw her small body against the door. The cold wood and solitude giving the poor girl a little more energy than she had before.

As she forced her grey eyes open, she stared hard at the instructions on the wall. She bit at her cheek. I just forgot to get the towels wet… she lamented as she peeled off her clothes that had developed their own outer layer of filth. She had two years left on her contract. Two years!
She sold eight years of servitude to the salon. They would train her, buy her clothes, food, pay for an apartment in New York City, and give her a meager allowance for the clubs, a phone… her parents were against it. They told her she was whoring herself out. She really should have stayed in Cleveland….

“Are you seriously going to make her come out and do all of the things you did to Bobby and Sam?” Castiel asked a little breathless.

“She is a female. I can hardly do everything I did to the boys… I am going to show you how obedient she can be…” Gabriel said cryptically.

“I assure you, I am uninterested,” Castiel said spitefully.

“How is Sam doing with his new training?” Gabriel asked, changing subjects.

“I have not seen him since they took him,” Castiel said evenly.

“Castiel! This is very difficult for them! You should offer some kind words, some gentle pets, I understand he earned some licks his first day!” Gabriel coaxed.

“They have not told he was ill or depressed. I don’t see what my gawking is going to do. Why are you putting them through this? This is worse than the mid-evil torture device you had them in! Seriously Gabriel! You are as bad as Lucifer!”

Gabriel sat back in the couch. He steepled his fingers, bring them to his lips. “I need Bobby trained and do not want to do it myself. Raphael has used Gregory for years. I would like to start taking him out. He cannot go out in public if he can’t hold still or let someone inspect him. All of that takes time…”

Gabriel paused, frowning at the insult, “As for Lucifer! He can smell a new slave from a mile away. Give the illusion that your spirit is already crushed and he wants nothing to do with them. If you tried to take either of those boys out as is, they would be the center of attention and ridicule. You saw it with Anna’s Johnny. You remember? Twenty years ago? It was brutal…” Gabriel started to look ill at the thought.

“Yes. I remember… One of Lucifer’s more vicious displays. There was some mention of salad tongs and that is when I made my departure.”

“It was not my choice, I had to stay… I had to heal the poor bastard. Anna was not strong enough to clean him up properly,” Gabriel said scowling.

“I see. I would not like to see Sam put through that,” Castiel said with concern.

Just then the small edged open bathroom door and looked around. "Um... where are my clothes?" she asked just poking her head out of the door.

“Just come here, Beautiful. We don’t bite,” Gabriel said smirking.
Meanwhile... cont...

Chapter Notes

Sara really does not want her spanking.

*Warning* If you have triggers, this will trigger you. I think... Dominant male, unwilling female, an audience. Which is hot to me... but we all have our own kink.

Also I do not recommend trying this at home. Most people who do not want pain will not enjoy it if you inflict it. So Consent is real. And makes everything more fun, unless it's fiction. Then get it on with your bad self!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Oh God. It’s that kind of party.

Sara’s breath hitched. Panic began to set in as she looked around the room. She should have expected this. But all this time with the crazy angel she had forgotten what happens to young girls bought by unattached or even attached males. Let alone the sex god she found herself possessed by. *Do what he says.* The small girl thought as she rolled her thin shoulders back and exhaled. Her long hair could have saved her some modesty but the slave had spun her hair into a bun on the top of her head. Now she was traipsing about without her clothes? The girl sorely regretted that decision.

Desperately trying to ignore her utter lack of clothing, she feigned confidence as she willed her feet toward him. *Just do what he says, it'll be easy,* Sara thought as her bare feet somehow made it closer and closer to him. Castiel never asked her to undress... thank God. Her mind raced with a million things he could want with her naked, all of them caused her blush to grow.

“My, you are so small! Let’s see what we could do to help with that…” Gabriel pulled what looked like a milking stool out from behind his desk. It was a taller than a step stool but shorter than a chair.

He tapped the stool with the tips of his fingers. She looked at the thing for a second before climbing up onto it. Her feet felt unsteady beneath her as she cautiously straightened herself out. The damn thing was uneven and she felt her tip until she got her balance. She felt slightly faint as she inhaled the sweet scent of the archangel.

She had seen him many times before. He was a regular at the salon. Everyone fawned over him, attending to him like a royalty. As if the angel were a prince. A very handsome prince.

Gabriel was gorgeous... and terrifying. The only other slave she had talked to at the house was an older woman named Mrs. Blacker. The old witch told her to mind her manners or she’d be treated to a very sore bottom, given the current tear the master was on... That thought did make her cringe.
“You see, Cassie. She is very good!” Gabriel said with a hint of condescension.

The girl tensed her bottom and pressed her best girlish smile.

“Yes, I can see that… let’s see if she can roll over too,” Castiel said casually and clearly still irritated.

Of course the bastard would say that. As if the young girl didn’t feel enough like a poodle on this stool. God, he was such an ass. Wouldn’t know to turn the stove off if his biscuits were burning! As her Gran would say. Now all of this was going to take place in front of him. Bastard...

“Cassie, stop… We’ll put her through her paces soon enough,” Gabriel said ominously.

"No. No. No.  This is so not good..." Sara thought as she bit her bottom lip.

The archangel stood up and walked around her, as she tried to keep her balance on the stool. Sara followed him with her eyes, so mystified, she jerked her neck to keep up with him.

“Eyes forward.” He ordered. She pulled her neck fast, straightening up, feeling a chill run down her spine.

Gabriel edged very close to her, his fingertips lightly touching her small body. First, he grazed her apple-sized breasts, tracing the underside of her small mounds causing them lift in response. She closed her eyes and made her best effort to not writhe into his hands as they traveled down her the wide of her hips. Gently, he grabbed small bottom with both hands. Her brain froze. Higher functioning stopped. She fought just to keep her breath. Then the felt the heat of his breath trace the long line of her neck. She felt her body shiver, covering itself with goosebumps.

“Very, good!” He said as he backed away. She smiled, proud of herself.

“This is utterly pointless, Gabriel,” Castiel said as he looked over at the door again. "Shut up. Shut up."

she thought, as she tried staring the angel down.

"Brother!  She is resisting her natural instincts to cover up or run away. She is working very hard… Normally, humans reserve this kind of touching for those they are the most intimate with. It is very special for them.”

He took a few steps back and snapped his fingers and was holding a long switch.

"Shit just got real..." the young girl thought as she watched the stick wave in the air.

Then her Master began to swish the thing from left to right. The slashed it threw the air with a terrible sound. Sara's small body cringed in response.

“This will be a much more difficult test… If I were going to pick the most sensitive areas on a human woman, I might start with these,” Gabriel tapped the girl’s peach sized breasts with his switch. Her breath hitched as her thin fingers began to tremble her mind full of fear.

“Hands on the back of your neck, Love,” he ordered in a deep voice. She willed herself to obey, swallowed deeply, slowly lacing her fingers behind her neck, she braced and tensed her body.
Gabe took a moment to sit back, examine and take her in. The little girl looked vulnerable, exposing herself in the strange space between rape and consent. He ran his tongue over his teeth as he smelled her fear and desire. His eyes ran down the soft delicate curves of her body. He sat watching her, mouthing the thin top his switch, imagining her true taste. He pulled his legs further apart to better accommodate himself then rolled the bottom of the switch, slowly between his hands.

Sara suddenly notice his stillness. Her eyes flash to him then jerked back. Surprised to the see his focus locked on her. Her cheeks flushed and burned. She began to pant slightly.

“You see Cassie, if you are going to train a girl, there are many more effective ways than throwing books and bitter works,” the angel took the switch and expertly landed a stripe on the underside of her left beast. He watched her cringe and cry a small yelp. Then landed another on her right. She moaned. She could no longer ignore the growing itch that had turned into full on fire in her nethers. Oh, this is not good. I do not think he wants you to cream while he has that thing in his hands, she thought as her mind raced. The thin marks left by switch burned and caused her to mash her teeth and shift her weight from one hip to the other.

A grim smile crossed the angel’s lips and his eyes narrowed. “Now, Sara... you’ve not been a very good girl, have you?”

She paled. She looked at him, wide-eyed. Feeling more fear wash over her.

Oh, no. She had not been punished in years! I mean damn, at the salon they just took away privileges, added years, but never actually punished them. Sure, she had given plenty of swats with everything in the wooden box, and that is exactly why she really did not to be punished now...

“Gabriel, what do you intend to do to her? Spank her? Beat her with a cane? Seriously you are beginning to come undone…” Castiel said, apparently still angry.

“Cassie… They enjoy it! Some of it… Come here, Doll. I think Cassie is right. We should give you a very good spanking…” Gabriel said with a smile. She watched as he pointed to the ground in front of him.

Blinked a few times, she obeyed, climbing off the stool with unsteady legs. The girl bit her bottom lip hard, wondering what she just did warrant a punishment.

“I am not going to be a part of this Gabriel!” Castiel growled. "Yes, yes... you should really go", she pleaded in her head. She did not want to be upturned in front of that dick. Crying like a school girl.

“SIT. DOWN.” Gabriel commanded with a snarl. Castiel cast a look exasperation and retook his seat, brooding. “We could try this experiment on you, dear brother.” Gabriel said raising an eyebrow.

Castiel rolled his eyes, looking at the girl with the same irritation he showed Gabriel.

Sara took in a deep breath and approached the angel. She tried pout her lips and bat her eyes and stop herself from trembling. She shook her head, she was not okay with this. She searched his face for mercy and all the slave found was hunger.

His smirk terrifying, as he appeared revel in his current seat of power. Her mind flooding back to the crazy slave she punished, his favorite slave… And the reason for her termination from the
salon. This was going to be her actual punishment.

Standing before him, the Master put his hands on her hips and kissed her gently on the forehead. She almost relaxed, then he grabbed her and she flew forcefully over his left knee. His legs pinning her in place.

Her hips hung so high and she felt like a naughty child. Her heart raced as she panted and hummed a soft cry.

“This is beyond barbaric… She’s terrified…” Castiel objected.

“She beat my Bobby,” Gabriel said flatly, as he rested his large hand on her bare bottom. Causing more confusion in the poor girl as she fought between enjoying the touch and the terror being restrained. She pulled and pushed against him without result.

“Stop your struggling, girl,” the Master said as she fought below him. The little slave stilled shivering slightly. He turned to his brother, “I’ll feel better and forgive her… She also needs to learn who her master is…” He said as he began to pat her behind, then teased her with his warm fingertips. She heard his smile through his words as she felt blood rush to every part of her sensitive areas.

“You are also going to learn that Castiel is your Master, too. You should have obeyed him, little one…” He said sternly. Her legs shifting on their own. Sara was unsure she could even pull herself up from this position. She hung over his lap, her hands on the floor, ensuring she did not topple over. She moaned at her mistake. She felt herself tingle as he shifted his legs positioning her bottom higher. Her breasts swelled heavy as they rubbed against his jeans. Her nipples hardening to peaks on the rough fabric.

“I must say, I am going to enjoy giving you this spanking…” He said patting her behind a little harder. Her heart beat rose as she searched the room for help. Castiel appeared to have little to no interest other than chiding his brother as he had picked up a book, unconcerned with her predicament.

“Please… please don’t… I’ll be good! I can be good!” The young girl strained to say quietly, desperately wiggled under his grasp.

“I should think after this, you will be…” Gabriel lifted his hand and brought it down with a loud SMACK. She wriggled and writhed under his control. He gloated with a huff at her futile fight, giving her little bottom a deep rub until her cries turned into moans.

Then he very quickly landed three more swats to the thighs, then five more to thickest part of her bottom. She moaned and wiggled. He looked her over, she had not had enough. Her little white bottom had turned pink but it was not red enough to spill any tears. He snapped his fingers and was now holding the same leather paddle he had used on Bobby.

“Look at Castiel girl, please say ‘I am sorry and thank you for my correction…”’ He said to her coldly.

“Yes, yes! I’ll be good!” she stuttered her heart fluttering and her slick spilling over.

Gabriel landed a SMACK that opened her eyes and jerked her head up, her eyes beginning to water. She cried out. This was no longer fun. No longer a game.

“What did I ask you to say?”

“Uhh… I’m sorry Castiel, thank you for correcting me, Master,” she said with a sniff.
“You were warned… weren’t you little girl?”

She nodded her head, dejected. He gave her a loud slap to her sit spot.

“Yes! Yes, Master, I was…” she sniffed again, her hips bucking slightly at the pain.

“Good girl. Now. I am going to redden your little bottom then you will be forgiven. You understand?”

She nodded her head miserably, her stomach aching with dread and anticipation.

Gabriel rubbed her bottom with flat of the paddle until she relaxed and began to enjoy to it, then raised the thing high and began his assault. She cried, screamed and fought savagely to escape. His legs held tightly together, keeping her in place as the slave flailed her arms and tried to attack. Still the paddle caught her and punished her bottom. Sara began to cry and sob freely as Gabriel had completed his task. Her bottom throbbed and burned as her breath hitched. Gabriel looked at her with a hint of pity. His little slave did looked very sorry…

He pulled the small woman onto his lap and into his arms, allowing her to weep into his chest. He stroked her hair and kissed her head, wrapping her in his big arms.

“You smell her don’t you?” Gabriel asked over her head. Castiel who still consumed with his book.

“Yes, yes, very interesting. What are you going to do? Spill your seed? You know we are only supposed to mate when given a direct order? What the hell are you going to say when He gets back?” the angel replied barely lifting his head from his book.

“What I have always said, ‘Forgive me, Father… Thank you for Sin!’” Gabriel smiled as his snuggled the girl on his lap. Who now clung to him tightly, her punished bottom throbbing in all area beneath her.

“Nothing but blasphemy…” Castiel said dully.

“Makes everything more delicious, brother. Now, come see. What I love about humanity…” a hand now caressing her thighs.

“I will not,” Castiel said obstinately.

“Come on, Cassie! I have waited so long for you to take something that resembled a mate! She has worked so hard. Just come and see what she has made.” Gabriel coaxed playfully as he fingered her her nipples causing Sara to moan.

“I will not stand for this. I do not understand how you continually break our commandments. Father warned against fornicating with them,” Castiel was now starting to show his anger and raised his deep voice.

“That was when Lucifer impregnated all those maidens. Demi Gods were really the worst… Now we understand how everything works, Cassie. Here, I’ll show you…” The archangel touched Sara’s hip. She felt a surge of heat and then relaxed and smiled slightly. She searched his face for answers.

“Dear, I have turned off your ability to get pregnant, just for a while. If you would like it turned on just ask. Nod if you understand.”
She nodded with a sniff and a questioning glare.

Castiel slammed the book on the table. “Gabe! That does not negate the fact that it is wrong! What if you are called upon?”

“To what Cassie?” the archangel looked at his brother incredulously. ”Impregnate Elizabeth? Those days are over. Wait…” Gabriel’s eyes widened and he now turned his smirk to Castiel.

“So you haven’t yet? Have you?” Gabe asked with a knowing smile.

“Of course not!”

“Brother! I thought you would at least… by yourself?”

“Why would I waste my Grace like that?”

“It’S NOT A WASTE! Castiel! It’s been thousands of years since you were asked to be with a human! What do you think Angels have been doing with the humans and each other since 1850? Grace replenishes very quickly, Cassie. There is not harm. Have you at least given Grace to Sam?”

“NO. He is my pet. I am responsible for him.”

“Ugh, I know. I am dying without Bobby. I have had to settle for the other ones,” the angel said, kissing her head and petting the girl on his lap, “They really don’t want you taking it out of them while they are training… Wait, no?”

Castiel shook his head with an irritated look.

“Let your balls down, brother. He is gone.” Gabriel looked at his brother seriously. Castiel responded with a huff. “Please do not. Do not make me command you…”

“You would not dare!” The angel’s blue eyes quivered in retaliation.

“I could you know…” Gabriel gave him a sly smile.

“Yes, of course I know. Just don’t. You do not make them, do you?” The angel asked now with disgust.

“No… I have never had too. They always come around, much sooner in this vessel. This one is ready and,” Gabriel flashed a bedroom smile and with his icy blue eyes, looking at Sara, “willing?”

The young woman nodded her head quickly, her red hair bouncing as a scarlet blush spread across her cheeks and full lips. She was so slick and he was so handsome…. She barely had enough blood in her head to say no…

“See Castiel. I need to you try. Tell me you will at least try by yourself?”

“This conversation is uncomfortable,” Castiel said more composed but still angry.

“Yes, brother, I know, but I need your word on this.”

“I do not have a choice do I?”
“I am sorry to say, you do not,” his brother said smugly.

“This is intolerable!”

“I know but that is why I am an archangel, brother. We are to rule while He is away…so…”

“Lucifer is also an archangel,” Castiel said bitterly.

“Lucifer has not dominion over the angels,” Gabriel said questioning smile.

“Just commenting that the bar has not been set very high,” Castiel’s dark blue eyes narrowed with detest.

Gabriel just laughed gently. He set the little girl down on the couch gingerly and walked over to his brother. He bent over and kissed Castiel on the lips. A common angel practice that always made humans around them uneasy. “Now, my friend! You have some practicing to do.”

“I am blaming you if this goes South.”

“I will take full responsibility.”

“I am not taking that… that gremlin with me.”

“Sure enough. We weren’t finished here, were we, Love?” He looked over at the woman who bit her lip and smiled. Gabriel lifted her up and headed toward the large bed. Castiel closed the large door behind him before he had to witness too much.

Chapter End Notes

Also is nethers a word?? I swear it's at least an archaic one? Thoughts?
The Fallout

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Gabriel may have very well lost his mind, but he was right about a few things.”

The very first of which was that he had sorely neglected his new pet. At best he had left things awkward and at worst he had hurt the lad’s feelings. If it staved off the inevitable of actually having to consummate the relationship, that was also just peachy with Castiel. He exited the huge front door to find his favorite somewhere in the stables.

It was lunch time and Castiel could not believe a human of that size would miss a meal for anything, so now would be perfect. According to Gabe, they were taking their meals in the stables for now while they acclimated to the new routines. Castiel hummed a favorite tune of his, “I’ll be with You in Apple Blossom Time.” It was a jaunty tune that had played on the radio in the 1920s and 40s.

Castiel opened the barn door and wholly unprepared for what he saw. His Favorite was lapping up food greedily, on all fours, nearly naked.

Sam’s mouth was stuck in steel bowl, his neck contorted to the side, to better accommodate his nose. His hands were gloved in some sort of mitten even with his chest for support. His ass perched high in the air as he maneuvered he mouth around the bowl.

The boy was so hungry he did not even see his master. It was Bobby who stopped eating and elbowed his friend to look up. Sam was trying to chew down a particularly large piece of chicken when he looked up to see Castiel in near shock. The angel back up as if he saw a ghost. His face was white, then a snarl presented itself as he clinched his fists.

Sam looked around, almost afraid he had done something wrong. Then afraid his food was going to get taken away, he chopped another giant bite of chicken, his eyes fixed on his master. Castiel had seen too much, he blinked out.

What the hell was wrong with his little family?
Had Gabriel really gone mad?

Castiel tried to rationalize Gabe’s behavior. Maybe he latently missed their Father? Perhaps he was tortured by Micheal? Ridiculed by Lucifer? Given too much power by too soon?

Whatever the problem was it was worsening.

When it came to humans, Gabriel for the most part, had been kind if not compassionate. He never beat them or humiliated them like the other angels. He would shove a file on Castiel’s desk of someone sentenced to slavery. He would ask Castiel to fact check. Make sure the attack was demonic and that the human innocent. Castiel would say they had enough slaves. That his collection was being to look too garish and frivolous. Or rumors had surfaced that Gabe was running a brothel. This would delight Gabe to no end. “Let them talk, Cassie! Read the file, tell me if there’s a problem.”
And for the most part, Castiel was content. Content with his figures and causal association with the human race. And the house? The house was quiet. Gabriel had been happy. The past thirty years had been the easiest.

Before that? Well that was not Castiel’s concern. Gabriel was not around, he gallivanted off doing God know what and would come home to converse with Castiel every now then. Now?

There was a hush and a buzz around the house. A tension. No wonder. Two of their own were being stripped and tortured before their eyes. Castiel had been on edge. Even before he saw the extent. He could barely stand to see any of them anymore. Mrs. Blacker who typically was full of complaints about her charges, was silent. To be honest, Castiel could not wait to accompany Gabriel on his Council meetings, conventions, seminars. Anything to escape the chaos.

Castiel paced back and forth in his chambers. He wanted to throw more objects at the wall. Preferably some of Gabriel’s. He did find the exercise particularly satisfying but the slaves had already come down the long hallway once today to clean up the detritus from his time with Sara.

Castiel searched his chambers feeling lost.

The giant room now had a giant bed and accompanying furniture to join his desk and file cabinets. Gabe, had assured him that he would love it. The blankets and sheets were a dark royal blue. The room was now an off shade of white with dark hardwoods. Gabe had chosen a modern simple canopy bed with straight hard lines. Next to the bed was a small nightstand. It contained all the things Gabriel had used on Bobby and Sam. They both seemed to really enjoy the moving stick. It was probably a human thing.

Castiel could not help but be frustrated and enraged at the way they were treating his pet. Then he remembered that he had not spent any time with the man. Gabriel had to make the difficult decisions. Raphael was an extreme ass but cruel? He could not sure.

One thing was for certain. Gabriel had some explaining to do. But Castiel decided to wait until his brother had fully spent himself on that slave girl. Shaking his head, he walked over to desk to clear his thoughts of naked humans…

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Chapter End Notes

More story…
"Time to wake up, boys! Look alive!"

Gregory cried out as he opened the barn door and finding both bowls empty and both men asleep. He clapped his hands loudly.

“Okay, boys. Here’s today’s schedule. We run, we learn to learn to wait or mediate, and then we will talk about the second half of being a pleasure slave which would be giving pleasure. The work crews will be in the barn for the rest of the afternoon so hope you enjoyed your down time. Next time you see those rolls will be 8 o’clock tonight. You both are running with me today, let’s head out. Keep up, or you’ll run again this afternoon. Just a warm up until we start our meditation.”

After a brisk thirty minute run, Sam and Bobby found themselves back at the manor, panting and sweating from the heat. Mark removed Bobby’s muzzle and placed two large bowls of water on the floor. Both men lapped up the water quickly.

Bobby stomped his left foot to indicate he would like to use the bathroom. Mark came up to him and “We’ll go later Okay?” reattaching the muzzle at Gregory’s behest. Bobby nodded sourly, his teeth grinding on the bit of the muzzle.

Greg escorted the pair to a smaller sitting room. In the room, Ellen was busy dusting the furniture. She put her hands on her hips and looked at the handlers sideways.

“Gregory, I was going to vacuum this room today, should I revise the schedule?”

“No, Ellen, give us an hour and a half. Then you can start.”

Ellen curtsied and left the room. Bobby looked around the sitting room. He noticed two of the chairs that sat on either side of a great fireplace, had been removed as evidenced by the deep indentions on the carpet. Mark laid a small mat in place of the chairs.

“Mark, sit on that rug to the left, cross your legs this time.”

Mark smiled and sat with his back straight and hands resting on his knees. Greg took a crop out his bag and walked over to Mark.

“This is what you will be doing for the next two hours.” Mark sat perfect still. Looking like the perfect yogi as Greg brushed the crop along the lines of Mark’s neck, torso and down to his lap.

“There are lots of different forms. The one you use will mostly depend on your master and where you are. If you are waiting outside a store, this one would not work. You would not be able to sit of the ground. So crouching or standing works best there. If you were at a party, then you might be asked to be on all fours, so as to give your master and guests… an opportunity to show you off. Test your resolve, so to speak. Right now, we are just focusing on the very basics. Learning to mediate.

“I need you to tune out the noise and commotion of what is going on in the room. Then you need
to empty your mind. Look at these times as a blessing. A time for reflection and a time to impress upon your master and his company, what a good boy you can be. Look at Mark. Head high, body straight and aligned. I should be able to touch him anywhere and he should not flinch or look at me. We will work on that later. Right now focus on waiting.

“You should be able to wait for at least six hours. After that time you are allowed to curl up and sleep. If you have to use the restroom… Well I hope you don’t. The more brutal beatings I have ever seen have come to slaves who left and got caught or from those who had accidents. Now you have had a big lunch and lots of water. Hopefully you can wait two hours…. Alright boys, on the mats.”

Sam and Bobby took their positions on the mats, Sam enjoyed mediation. He learned to do it a long time ago. When he was seven years old, Sam complained to his father that he was always left behind to watch the car and the weapons. His father causally said he should learn to mediate and learn to stop complaining, unless he really wanted something to complain about. Sam picked up a book in the library the next week.

Bobby needed lots of direction, Sam seemed to slip naturally into the pose. “Eyes half closed, tongue on your back teeth.” A questioning look from the older slave was enough to get his point across.

“Fine Bobby. Let’s get the muzzle off. You had better behave,” ginger handler warned as he collected the mask. “Good, good. Mark is going to stay here with you. I have some logistics to discuss with Master Gabriel. I have my ear out for you, boys. Be good and we won’t run two extra miles before bed.”

~*~

With that Greg exited, then headed down the long staircase to the Master’s quarters. He had made an appointment with Mrs. Blacker, but felt uneasy as he knocked on the great door.

Gabriel answered the great white door in a blue velvet robe. He looked at the handler with his sultry eyes.

“You looking to join us, Gregory?”

“No, no, Sir. I had scheduled a meeting with you about the training you added yesterday.”

“Of course! Come in.” Gabriel paused and looked back. “Sara, put on some clothes dear, we are having company.” The angel motioned toward the couches. Greg sat down on the edge of the sofa, his hands on his knees as if he might need to run out at any second.

“The pleasure training. What do you need?”

“Sir, I need to know what slaves are available for the boys to practice on.”

“I thought that was what Mark was for.”

“Mark and I are in a serious relationship. We do not do that anymore…”

“Understandable… Male or Female?” Gabriel asked with a smile.
“I believe we should start with male as you and Castiel are going to be primary masters.”

“So formal. Well, alright. Let’s start with Daniel. He is a good stout lad. Then Carl, Roger, and Caleb. Let’s just begin there.”

“Very good sir, I was just wondering if any of them have had any training, sir.”

“Yes, well. No. Most of the slaves here have been pretty boring. They have not been trained to do anything other than curtsey and bow. I am sure some of them know how to farm and the others know how to clean? I left all of that to Bobby. But, honestly, how much skill is required to receive a blow job?”

“Did you not want them to learn the art of penetration?”

“Now… now, you make me blush. No. Please. They are both very inexperienced with the same sex. And I think I would like to school him on those particulars, myself.”

“Toys, sir? Would you like them to learn how to sustain an erection with a toy?”
Gabriel smiled again.

“I'm not sure... Nothing too painful, I assume?”

“Of course, Sir.”

“That sounds marvelous,” the archangel smiled, clasping his hands.

“And the other one? Sam?”

“You should ask Castiel what he would like done.” The angel paused. “Maybe not. Just teach young Samuel to please Castiel fully, teach him with the toys as well. Cassie would have no idea what do in that area. We should call a meeting in the male dorms before you wish to train them. Then, I will address their concerns then. You should not have any problems. Just keep Adam out of it. I am not one hundred percent sure, Sam is not related to Adam. I would like to be present for the introduction and I am going to be gone for a few weeks. Raphael and I are meeting in Barcelona to work out some dealings with the werewolves. He is having a hell of a time in Europe right now. The currency is shit because of the Euro and the wolves are not paying their taxes… I hope it will be a week but might be more like two… We can have the meeting upon my return.”

“I understand. Thank you for your time. We will look forward to your return.”

“Thank you, Gregory. Enjoy your mate. We get so little time with them.”

“Thank you, Sir. Good day, Sir.”

“And to you.”

~*~

Gregory came back to the great room and opened the door. He found that both slaves had not moved. Both did however, glance at the door when he walked in.

“Eyes forward boys, no matter what happens…” Greg walked up to them. “Open your mouths.” He gave Sam a hard slap to the cheek, “Tongue resting on the top of the mouth, good boy. Bobby you too. You have earned half an hour more tonight. Greg continued to swat, slap and hit Sam. Changing his stance, legs, arms, and back.
“I do not like repeating myself. I hope you were listening, Bobby…” Gregory shook his head as his eyed Bobby. The handler picked up the crop and walked over to older slave. He grabbed the ring of the collar and forced the man’s arms forward to catch himself. Now the man was on all fours, the trainer smiled. “Let’s give you some reminders…”

Greg pulled the crop back for every mistake the man made. Then sneered, “You are up to one hour extra. Keep your positions. For the hour, I am going to play some yoga music. If you fall asleep, there will be consequences. Keep your form boys. This is one of the more important things I will teach you. For now, try to empty your mind and focus on your chi.”

The rain fell hard on the steel roof of the barn. It was the light and melodic sound that had lured Sam to sleep some hours before. Today was probably the hardest day yet since training began. He fell asleep, lost his footing, and laughed at one of Mark and Greg’s fights. The result was a half dozen lashes with the crop and some extra time running. That had not been enough to keep him from sleep. He slept on his stomach hoping Bobby would return. The heavy barn door swung open. Sam was stirred from sleep as his companion was led into the adjoining stall.

“Remember your form, Bobby. Go over it in your head before you wake up, while you are eating, everywhere. It’s important. Mostly because others will be in charge of you, not just your adoring Gabriel.”

Greg wiped Bobby down with a towel, he had been meditating in the rain, outside for two hours.

Yeah, like he was going to forget the position he was put in over and over again. Bobby was still shivering after Greg had brushed his teeth, dressed him and locked him in his stall. Still the handler offered some kind words, “Good night boy. You did well today. You too, Sam.”

The heavy door swung shut with a crash causing the goats to fuss about the noise.

“Jesus, Bobby, how long were you out in the rain?”

“Well, the bastard said two hours but it felt like three.”

“I am so sorry. I wonder why they didn’t put me out there too. I am worse than you at this crap.”

“Greg told me he’s upping his game. He’s trying to get me trained quick and dirty. Which, in all honesty, is better than slow and dirty. But he said he’s tacking on more work and extra ‘discipline’ to get through to my deranged mind. Fucking asshole. I am sorry you also got the blunt end of his hand all day.”

Sam laughed.

“This is not half as bad as living with Dean.”

“What the hell does that mean?” Bobby said with a chuckle, considering he was talking about some sort of horrible hygiene issue.

“Dean’s kind of a tight ass. Man, I felt like we ran around the country from one town to the other, trying to rid America of all evil, any means necessary. I never moved fast enough, I guess I complain a lot, I don’t follow orders very well. And Dean can’t stand it if I say anything about the all mighty John Winchester. At least these guys are nice sometimes. I get hit less, praised more and I am a fucking slave… how do you like that?” Sam said with an uncomfortable laugh.

“That’s horrible, Sam… Did you grow up like that?” Bobby replied hoping he’d heard the boy wrong.
“Yeah, I mean, first I was under Dad, then Dean. Dean’s always been better at everything. School, training, weapons, and he had to raise me. He really just never let go of that. You know he got into Cornell? Full ride. A teacher applied for him. He wouldn’t go. The mission was too important. Dad and Dean, both told me try school, I almost made it to law school when I lost Jess and then Dad. Dean needed back up and wouldn’t take no for an answer.”

“Jez, when I met Dean he was such a joker and such a happy kid, he did not seem to be much of a bookworm or a brute…”

“I guess you grow up fast when you are left for weeks on end with a younger brother. I don’t know how he did it. He had to take care of Dad and me. He taught himself how to cook, cleaned Dad up after a hunt or long night, made sure our homework got done, and managed to keep up with Dad’s insane training regime.

“One time, when Dean was about ten, Dad tried to give him some licks for coming in late from the library. He said, ‘You take a hand to me, old man, and I walk out that door and leave the both of you. When you can take responsibility like a goddamn parent, you can to treat me like a goddamn kid. Till then? You and that kid need me, so let me do my goddamn job, because you aren’t fit to do it.’ That was about the time Dad started to leave for long periods of time and put Dean in charge of me. If I crossed a line, Dad’d say, ‘Your boy’s acting out again, what’re you gonna do about it?’ Dean would grab me by the arm, pull me into another room and beat the tar out me.

“I can’t complain too much. He did look after us. Dean got us on food stamps when money ran out, he took care of everything. He always had his head in a book, reading about demons or cooking or car repair or knitting. Hell, he’d knit our hats and scarves. I laughed so hard when he was first learning how, he just kept at it. Then he threw a blue hat at me and called me an ingrate.” Sam said laughing softly.

“But he beats you, Sam?”

“Yeah, I mean, sometimes. I mean, no, he doesn’t ‘beat, me.’ He takes a belt to me, sometimes. He’s always like, ‘Why the fuck do we have to keep doing this Sammy? Keep up with your damn shit, Sammy. I am doing this because you are going get yourself fucking killed, Sammy. Stop being such a goddamn bitch, Sammy.’ When he found about the demon blood? He got worse. He’s scary when he’s mad,” the younger man said now with his long arms wrapped around his longer legs. His heels now grazing the welts on the backs of his thighs.

“Kid, that’s not right. I banned any kind of physical punishment here. Damnit Dean… It should not have been like this. That’s not how anyone should grow up. Let alone live as a man.”

“No, no. Look, he has a lot on his shoulders. And Bobby? He went to Hell for me. How do you pay someone back for something like that? He’s more like a dad than a brother. Hell, he’s my goddamn savior. I owe him everything.”

“I know, I know, every family has their own set of problems. Yours? Yours takes the cake, son. I just wish I had been there when your Daddy came looking. Let’s get some shut eye. We are probably going to go through our own gamete tomorrow.”

“10-4. Night, Bobby.”

“Good night, Sam.”
Chapter End Notes

Might be few weeks till I post again :( 

But very merry holidays. The next chapters will be with the new tutors...
Greg threw barn door wide open at 7 am. The July morning was cool and crisp and the sun beamed into the barn. Lighting all the lay peacefully enjoying the silence just minutes prior. The crash of the door was so loud the goats would have had a fit, if they hadn’t already gone out to pasture. Fortunately, the wee beasts were kind enough to leave a lingering smell. It really was the very least they could do. The bastards had been good enough to stomp, snore, fart and splash water around at all hours of the night.

While the goats munched peacefully in the field, Bobby and Sam scrambled awake, jolted by the noise. Sam banged his head on the hay rack he had somehow found himself under. He struggled to get up quickly. Eager to see the commotion and determine threat level. Bobby just groaned as he blinked, blurry eyed, to see around the barn.

Greg looked around the barn with a smile, stretching his arms. This was damn good news. Despite Gabriel’s insane limitations, they were on schedule. The boys were still properly terrified of him. They tensed at his touched, skittered and jerked when he found them unawares. In every sense of the word: pliable.

Greg was no fool. This was not his first rodeo. He knew damn well it would take more work to make them loyal… that would come. They would have no choice.

“Good Morning boys!” Greg called out. The ginger trainer hooked a leash to Bobby’s collar and gave a steady pull. Bobby scurried to his feet, still fuzzy headed. The man set to work unsnapping the padded nightsuit that made Bobby feel like a damn elf.

The ensemble looked stupid as hell, but damned if the thing wasn’t warm. It felt like a moving blanket with a bonnet. It completely unsnapped then Greg or Mark would air the thing out during the day. Bobby felt sure the damned blanket was there so they would not mess with themselves. Not that he felt like it anyway. He went to bed tired every night he had been in the cursed barn. It was almost like being in Basic training. Your head hit the pillow and the next thing you knew the day had started without you.

Bobby contemplated this as Greg gathered somethings he needed, then before you could say Jiminy Christmas, Bobby was stark naked shivering in the morning air.

“Not sure if got a chance to see your new wash. Gabriel of course, spared no expense …” Greg pointed to what looked like one of the tables at the salon. Standing about a foot and an half off the ground, it was a shallow rectangular basin with a long pole that stretched up and over the center of the thing.

Bobby remember the thing bitterly. A short leash was attached to your neck like a noose. If you dared to tip your head or look down the damn thing cut off your oxygen. Then a belt secured your bottom half up. Just in case you had the audacity to try and sit through your manicure. Looking over at the current state of the manor’s new slave wash, it looked far from complete. Parts and tile work were strewn everywhere. The workmen were probably coming back.

Bobby fixed a stare at the thing until Greg gave him a loud slap to tell him to keep moving to the restroom.
“Bastard,” Bobby thought, bitter about the sting, as the door shut behind him.

Mark shuffled in after Greg a fifteen minutes later. He looked beat. His tight blue t-shirt accented the slumped back and half opened blue eyes. His Levis hugged him loosely as always but his brown ropers? Slapped the ground, carelessly as he approached Sam’s stall.

Greg shot his partner a disappointed glare, then returned to his work, setting up the tack cart.

Mark opened the stall and greeted Sam with a light smile. As much as Sam hated their current situation, he did look forward to being handled by Mark. Mark never groped him or handled him too roughly. He was quick, efficient and maybe even gentle.

Today though, both of them wished they still in bed. Greg had been letting the boys… and Mark, sleep in to adjust to the new life. But today was a new day and was to be their new routine.

Mark knew it and hated the first day of actual training. It meant backbreaking work and a soul crushing time schedule. And three extra months of it! Stupid Chosen, Favorite, angel slaves… Still, Mark had to admit, Gabriel’s against rules against pain and torture were having a positive effect on Greg. He yelled less and his hand was lighter… slightly lighter.

Mark trudged along, working slowly. He took his time stripping Sam and leading him to the restroom.

Greg hardly noticed. He was having a hell of time of his own.

The trainer had Bobby tethered to the wall looked to be fighting a losing battle with a black spandex long sleeved shirt. The fight concerned the material’s ability to fit over Bobby’s large head and then over his larger stomach. The slave managed looked sideways at the handler as he tugged and pulled at the fabric, rolling his eyes when he could.

“Your master grossly underestimated your size when he booked my services…” Greg sighed as he watched the fabric curl around the great belly. The leggings required just as much work for as little reward. The fabric fell and stretched woefully below the slave’s waist line.

“You’re going to be skipping dessert for some time, boy. Good thing we start our PT today,” Greg said slapping the slave’s belly a little too hard, causing the more portly slave to exhale a grunt.

After Greg finished with Bobby, he looked over to Mark who had barely gotten out the new uniform.

“What the fuck are you doing over there?” Greg demanded, a fist on his hips, staring Mark down.

“What? Getting so old you need glasses? Same damn thing you’re doing!” Mark barked back as he shook Sam’s shirt to get the bits of hay off it.

“Me? I am fucking done! What the hell is taking you so long? The work crew is going to be here soon to finish the damn wash for these pampered little show dogs.”

“I need some damn coffee, Greg. I can’t work like this,” Mark moaned, his shoulders slumping.

“We are out in the middle of fucking nowhere. How do you want to me to fix this, huh? Drive an hour to get you latte? Drink the damn slave coffee,” Gregory snarled, he was getting pissed. Mark was tapping his foot over the line one too many times.
Mark pouted, his lower lip sticking out and his eyes full of dejection. God, but that face! Like an angel, his master thought.

“You’re a little bitch, you know that right?” Greg asked with a smile, opening his arms. Mark set the brush down and nestled into Greg’s big arms. Greg looked down at the young man in his arms. “I’ll order some better coffee, even a goddamn Mr. Coffee to put in our bathroom. Would that make you happy?” Greg asked softly.

Mark looked up, nodded and smiled. Rubbing his head slightly into Greg’s chest.

Greg pulled back his hand and slapped Mark’s ass with a loud SMACK. “Go on,” he said sharply. “Go to kitchen and ask Ester to make you a cup of vanilla coffee… Mrs. Blacker told me about it. Should make the swill drinkable.”

Mark’s eyes watered slightly from the pain as he rubbed his bottom. Forcing his best smile, Mark nodded and walked back to the main house.

Greg watched his lover leave. He smiled at the half limp the boy sported as he walked away. Still had to remind the kid who was boss. Give them too much? Their behavior becomes unpredictable. But… give them too little? You have a revolution on your hands.

Greg guessed Mark would not press the issue of the smack. He deserved that little reminder. Also, he has too much to lose. Greg played to win. In his line of work, the game was always whose on top and how to stay there.

“Alright boys! Let’s start the day! We are going test your fitness. See where you are and where you need to be, then a cool down and breakfast. After that ladder training and some OE. Obedience and Etiquette. Then it’s off to the main house for some lessons in fine arts. Gabriel hired a couple of professors to improve your intellectual refinement as he called it.

“First, let’s get Sam suited up and start our tests…”

Sam’s ensemble did not require near the amount of violence or sweat. The elastic fabric stretched easily over the young man’s toned physique. The handler smiled as he pet the boy with kind touches, then ran his fingers over the slave from back to front. For some reason, only now admiring the sleek lines of Sam’s long frame. Sam’s eyes looked around sheepishly with a slight blush from the obvious attention.

Gregory huffed as he looked at Bobby. He grabbed a clipboard, stopwatch and whistle, waiting for him on the tack cart.

“Come on, boys! You are following me. We are going off leash!” Greg started jogging, Bobby and Sam following.

Greg led the slaves out to the east field. He tested everything from speed to endurance with a series of sprints and long runs. The slaves eyed him nervously as he shook his head in long shakes as he wrote numbers down.

By the end of the testing, the boys were wiped. Their arm and legs shook with exertion. Their muscles had been pushed too hard. Gregory showed some mercy and walked them back to the barn.

Mark was leaned up against the barn door, waiting for their return. A warm cup of coffee was
wrapped in his small hands and another for his master next to him on the cart. His bright eyes smiled fixed on his master.

Ester’s picnic basket rested at his feet. Bobby looked at the thing greedily. Hoping with all he had, it contained food meant for him and Sam.

Greg laughed easy and gratefully took the coffee. He nodded his head.

Then from cook’s picnic basket, he drew out two bowls, prepared for the boys. Ester had taken to cutting up the fruit and vegetables into little shapes and placing these masterpieces at the bottom of the bowl, so that only the boys would see them. Bobby loved Ester. He missed his old life, but the small kindness did help make the days a little lighter.

The handler clicked his tongue, in the tune of shame. “I should probably not give this to you but you are going to need your strength today.” Greg tossed the bowls on the floor, setting them wobbling. The contents of which were boiled eggs, fruit and toast.

Bobby and Sam eagerly took their places on the blue mats waiting like schnauzers for their master to feed them. As silly as he looked, Bobby didn’t care. He was wearing clothes for the first time in a few days. Even eating on the floor did not feel as degrading. Greg tested the lead to see they were secure and left the barn, promising his return.

Chapter End Notes

Tack cart - a piece of equipment or accessory equipped on horses in the course of their use as domesticated animals

I had no idea what this was called until I looked it up. Definition from Wikipedia.
When Greg came back, it was 9:30.

Greg had an uncharacteristic grin on his face. Mark, who was normally happy and smiley, sulked around the barn. He shifted on his feet absently, avoiding looking at the men who now stood at attention.

Greg laced his fingers and cracked his knuckles giving a chuckle.

“Let’s go over today’s schedule. First we are going to do some OE. Obedience and Etiquette. Then it’s lunch and off to the tutors. To be honest most of this is new to me. Most of the time I am given an unruly slave and I hand ‘em back a few months later leaner, broken and purring like a kitten when they see their master. Trust me. No one has ever called me back. But you two…”

“You two are companion slaves. You have the education in spades, but the obedience and training? We still need to work that out. Most companion slaves are trained in the fine arts. I bet you didn’t know this, but Derek? He could play the violin, write poetry and had beautiful calligraphy…” Greg mimicked Gabriel’s inflection.

“So let’s get send you too to finishing school and teach you too how to behave with a real master,” Greg raised his eyebrows with a devilish smile.

“Mark? Go ahead rub and strip ‘em down…” Greg turned his attention to Bobby who he looked square in the eye. “You understand what I’ll do to you if you hurt him don’t you? Archangel or not, I’ll tear you to pieces. Slave trash. You understand me?” He hissed, his voice promising pain.

Bobby bent his head down and nodded.

“You boys are not going like the next couple hours but we’ll get through it,” Greg smiled. To Mark, “I’ll get the gear. We are going to first floor sitting room.”

Marked nodded and set to his work cleaning his supplies.

As Greg left the barn, Mark sighed as he looked over the two. This was not going to be easy. He was glad he could give the boys a good rub down and rest them for a while. Mark had a hard time with schedule Greg imposed. He shifted his feet looking deep into his boots. Training. Jez. He’d trained horses but men? He left that up to Greg.

I mean look at him! He was barely five foot with his boots on. His own training still held a very firm place in his nightmares. That time of his life was pure hell. Greg had impossibly high standards for form, coordination, and hell… diction. All of these skills were mastered under threat of pain or grueling repetitive work. Yes, Master. If it pleases you, Master. Never, no. Fuck the hell off I’m tired or we had fucking pizza last night and I feel bloated. No.
Mark was glad they had gotten past that. But still, in terms of relationships? Greg was a pretty terrible boyfriend. He hit first, asked questions later. And the man definitely did not take NO for an answer. But there were times. A few times, when he gave his approval, Mark felt a little warmer inside.

Mark’s favorite time was when the burly man slept. He’d lay so peaceful. His salt and pepper red curls circling his head like a crown of fire. If he was careful, he could run his fingers through the ringlets without waking him. Giving him were a few moments of solace.

There were also those times during the day he could read a good book. Tell Greg he wanted to watch the sun set or rise. He had even take a sick day once or twice.

Mark reasoned that in every relationship there was a give and a take. Greg seemed to mostly on the side of the take. But still there were a few times...

And in terms of the slave world? Mark was getting away with murder. He mouthed off whenever he wanted. He cursed and spit. Ate with freemen. Some places they worked made him grateful for being allowed to wear clothes at all.

Relativism. The theory of relativity. Mark understood Einstein. From where he was looking he had it pretty damn good. The story goes that Einstein was sitting in a train car waiting for train to leave the station. As he looked out the window, he glanced at his watched. The train he was on was not scheduled to depart for another fifteen minutes. Now trains are notoriously late, but early? Almost unheard of. It was not until he looked down at his cup that he realized the train he was on was still. The train only appeared to moving as he watched another moving object. From this he deduced there is no universal frame of reference. No single origin point. Motion is relative to your frame of reference.

To put this more simply, our reference frame is the Earth. To us, the ground remains firmly below our feet, objects fall down when thrown in the air but in reality we are all careening and spinning along in the galaxy.

To move this into pop psychology, rules of Mark’s life were governed by where he was and who he was with. His life in relation to some else’s did not operate with the same rules. Or maybe that was what he told himself to keep sane.

Still. There is an unwritten contract exists between a Master and Servant, correct? Between General and soldier. Between Governor and citizen. Between parent and child. One relinquishes a fair amount of power in return for protection, resources, and guidance. Greg paid the bills, found the work, and ran the business. Mark did what he was told. As a result he received protection and some fruits of the labor.

And the sex? Fucking brilliant. Mark remembered a time when he thought he should only enjoy the ladies. He still enjoyed the look of them. The sweet smell of a few of them. He definitely liked the look of a lady being trained but Greg? Knew him so well. Pushed all the right buttons at all the right times. He treated Mark like a poodle. The master knew where to scratch, where to pet and where to rub to set his boy howling. He truly enjoyed pushing the boy so far that when he finally met a release? Both men were drenched in sweat and shaking in near exhaustion.

So many times with the two of them clung to each with so much force, Mark believed he loved his master. More than a slave loves his master.

Mark let Bobby lay down while he fussled with Sam. With his red bucket he pushed his hands deep into the sore muscles. Sam was so tired he did not hold back his moans as Mark threw his weight into the knots and kinks.
“You’ll enjoy the wash. It’s shit to strapped into but they’re installing hot water heater…” Mark chatted as he shaved the kid, brushed his hair and teeth.

Sam was put back in the stall stark naked. But the tall slave didn’t care. He melted into his bedroll as his allowed his heavy eyes to close.

Mark smiled as he opened the door to Bobby’s stall. “Come on! Ya, brute!” It appeared the man had passed out before he could even get under his blankets. He lay flat on his belly, lightly snoring as Mark started calling.

Bobby jerked his limbs and looked around in shocked disappointment. It was that moment in time you realize you are not in your own bed. That life had gone and changed on you in the midst a deep slumber. His heart dropped a little more every time it happened. He would open his eyes and expect to be back in his old bunk, listening to Daniel do a crazy rendition of Abba’s “Take a Chance on Me,” or some song called “Waiting for Sex.” Which Daniel assured him only real Erasure fans knew. Daniel would make sure to sing, “Ohhhh you leave me breathless, you leave me starblind!” while looking dreamily at Bobby to intentionally cause a blush.

“You’re a fucking nut, you know that kid?” Bobby would respond with a shake, laugh and turn a shade of scarlet that lit up the young man’s eyes.

“I love you, Bobby!” the man would sing.

“Yeah, yeah…” Bobby would respond mechanically.

Now, Bobby had no idea if Mark was an Erasure fan. But he was very sure he would not be serenaded with a B track. Instead the little man hooked a leash and drug him out of the stall.

Mark shook his head quickly. “Blommin’ hell, Bobby… Sam is no flower, but…” the short man said as he held his nose.

Bobby looked back at the man like he was mad. Of course he smelled bad. He had been sleeping in a barn and run ragged most of the day!

Mark led the man outside. Bobby just shook his head. Showered off like a damn dog again. Mark laid down the blue mat and rubbed the man down with the sponge.

“I’d scrub you down but I have to grease you boys today, so let’s not irritate your skin too much… You have an audience to impress.”

What the fuck was he talking about? Grease? Audience?

Mark saw the bewildered look on Bobby’s face. “Ohhhh! Greg forgot to mention it? Your new tutors are watching your lesson,” the handler said absently as he began to soap up his sponge. Bobby still looked confused.

Mark stopped and stared at him. “Well I am going to shine you up for it,” the smaller man said frustrated.

Bobby’s face did not change. In fact now his head was at a tilt.

“It’s not like I want to. It’s not too bad though. It’s just a little shimmery goo. I have to give you a
very thorough rub, but I’m quick,” Mark smiled as he started to work the soap into Bobby’s back. Bobby did not think any of this sounded promising. But he huffed and rolled his eyes. Not much more he could do.

The cold water pricked and shook him to his core. He tensed and winced as the man hosed him off in the midmorning sun. The warmth of the day helped. Mark toweled the man dry quickly, pulling him back in to the barn. There was some significant digging before the handler found the goo. He produced the bottle with a smile.

Bobby stared at the bottle with a fair amount of distrust. The picture showed a glittering naked man. Fucking hell. He was going to become a goddamn Bond Girl. Sam would feel like Lady Gaga but the principle feeling remained the same. Mark applied the bottom portion of the uniform and rubbed the glittery gooey substance from their head to toes.

Bobby and Sam shifted uncomfortably, wide-eyed and wondering when the hell they were going get the rest of the ensemble.

“And we’re off,” Mark said with some authority. There was Bobby again with the look. Damnit.

“Bobby. You are not going to need your boots, boy. Now we are going to walk into the Main house. I know, Mrs. Blacker is having her staff meeting. Just keep your head up and eyes straight forward. Now. Am I going to have to pull out the strap to get you to follow me?” the small man asked as his irritation visibly grew.

Bobby suddenly looked more concerned. Staff meeting? Looking like Bowie? In nothing but a G-string. Again. Fuck you, Gabriel. Still the man shook his head quickly. Compliance had become a way of life. Without it, more pain and more humiliation was the cost.
Inside one of the most beautiful hotels in the world, Gabriel could not keep his mind off his own smelly barn.

The Ritz Carlton in downtown Manhattan, housed the National Convention of Demon Control. Governors, Mayors, and leaders of all variety were invited to discuss and learn more about demonic possession and prevention. Gabriel and Castiel waited in one of the hotel meeting rooms before the seminars began. The tall blonde angel noticed his younger brother fidgeting and suspected he was in for a lecture.

Clad in one of his soft steel blue jackets, Gabe fingered the hem of his starch white collared shirt. His midnight black jeans hugged his legs as he crossed them and uncrossed them, trying not to look Castiel in the eye.

Castiel, of course, seldom required a wardrobe change. So he simply did not ever change his simple suit and overly large trench coat. Gabriel had, however, convinced his brother to open the door to the stylist Gabe had paid to come to the hotel. So now his brother had an authority about him that was rare. Gabe twitched and shifted, uncomfortably, wondering if this change did more harm to than good.

A pretty woman dressed in a plain black dress with cream colored scarf brought both men a tray of coffee and biscuits. Gabe smiled gratefully and cradled the cup of café au lait in both of his large hands, the white of the cup barely visible. The archangel pulled himself back, relaxing in his chair with his drink. Castiel looked unsettled by the tray, swallowed and then tried to speak.

“Gabe…”

“Hmm?” Gabe replied from behind the cup.

“Gabriel…” Castiel stopped, deciding to reconfigure his words.

Gabriel inhaled, “Well?” the archangel asked annoyed.

“Gabe, we must speak… about…”

“Cassie, you want to talk about the boys, don’t you?” he asked softly, looking into a pastoral image of a garden, complete with Eve, wrapped in her fig leaves, holding her apple.

“And everything else…” Castiel said gruffly, now feeling more comfortable and irritated.

Gabriel set his cup down and now rubbed hard circles into his temples. “What? What, brother?”

Castiel began to speak very quickly, “You told me to protect him! You told me take care of him. Now? He’s naked, eating out of a damn bowl! I am no scholar on humanity but that does not sound dignified…”

“I don’t like it either…” Gabriel said softly.

“Why the hell are you doing it then?”
“Because I cannot share my life with someone I have to keep at the manor! Are you really this blind, Castiel? Derek was taken. Stolen! He’s not dead, we’d have heard word in heaven or hell. He has been hidden so well there is not an angel on Earth that could find him. This is beyond us, clearly,” Gabriel picked up his cup again, bringing it to his lips with both hands.

“I miss Derek, too. He was a very aggregable human, but what does this have to do with Bobby and Sam?”

“I enjoy your naiveté at times, but other times it is downright baffling. Let’s be honest here, shall we?” Gabe said rubbing his big hands over the soft fabric of his jeans, “You and I did not go out into the world or go into heaven and find a mate did we? Hmmm?” Gabriel narrowed his eyes at Castiel, who pulled himself back into his chair in response.

Castiel shook his head, slowly.

“We bought a slaves, Castiel. Derek? Before he was trained? Was in a gang. He murdered a child in a drive by shooting. Oddly, he was found guilty of an unpardonable crime. Samuel? Beat you to near death. An angel of the lord. A Guardian Angel at that… That boy has been playing judge, jury and executioner his whole life.”

“Bobby? That was self-defense. You had me verify it,” Castiel retorted, feeling very defensive.

Gabriel shook his head, with a casual smile. “Do you think I am senseless enough to not do my own research? Bobby shot his own father in cold blood. My boy prefers to keep that fact to himself.”

“Does that mean you have the right to torture them?”

Gabriel heaved a deep breath. “It means that they have to be trained if they are going to leave the manor. How should I have done this differently Cassie? How? You could not train snake to hiss. How? How would you go about this?” Gabriel asked impatiently.

“There are schools…” Castiel said distantly. He had not considered this at all.

“Ariel? Her pretty little companion, Jenny?” Gabriel’s eye brows raised high.

“Obedience school. You would like a walking, talking, shell? Send them off to school… Raphael’s Adrian? Ezekiel’s Timothy? Jeremiel’s Tabitha? All Gregory’s students. And if you want protection for that sweet little boy of yours, you are going to have to take him with you. And yes, Derek had to eat from a bowl when I attended Council meetings. I have done my best, Cassie. No permanent marks, minimum application of pain. I couldn’t get Bobby to stop cursing during dinner… I cannot train him…” Gabe said putting both hands in the air.

“And why did you beat Devon?” Castiel asked incredulously.

Gabriel rolled his eyes. “I disciplined Devon. I have claimed Bobby and that fact should be respected…”

“They are terrified, brother,” Castiel said slowly, searching into Gabriel’s face.

“Cassie… I am doing my best, Cassie,” Gabe said looking toward the door.

“Gabe, it’s not good enough. They’re terrified. You’re bedding them now, Gabe. What is the problem?” Castiel asked concerned.
Gabriel thought for a moment and twisted his lips. “They cannot have him,” he said quietly.

Castiel tensed. “Are you mad? That is not close to an answer,” the angel replied leaning forward and clenching a fist.

“Look, Cassie, I don’t understand it either but I… I like this one. I… my wings, Cassie… I didn’t want to send him back to Gregory…” Gabe was now staring deep into a Persian rug at his feet.

“Gabe. You are acting like a child. Why did you pull out your wings? They… We are not supposed to do that…” Castiel chided.

“I didn’t, brother…” Gabe said very slowly, looking up, knowing the full extent of what he was saying.

Castiel’s eyes widened. He sat for a moment in the silence, deep in thought. Pulling himself back, he raised his voiced. “So you fornicated with his lovers? What? What are you trying to do?”

“You do have such an attachment to that word… He does not want me Castiel… I wanted something of his. I just…” Gabriel’s voice softened and his eyes returned to the floor.

“What makes you believe bedding his lovers and beating him is going to make him want you?” Castiel asked unsympathetically.

Gabriel’s eyes filling with angry tears. “You could not understand, you fucking… Robot,” he said slowly with diction.

“Gabe, you have to fix this,” Castiel said directly.

“It will be. It will be fixed very soon, Cassie, let them learn,” the angel pleaded. “Learn who is their god. Let them learn to obey,” Gabe said plainly.

“And what about the others? Are they to suffer because a few have sinned?”

Gabriel thought for a moment. He scratched his head, his eyes locked in shame. Then a spark light through Gabe’s face. “Let’s send Zachariah! He can watch over the staff for a few weeks, while we are at that European Gathering…” Gabriel said laughing, amused at his near seamless suggestion.

Castiel’s face grew pensive. He shook his head slowly. “That would be the perfect solution, but Gabe!”

“I know, I am good, aren’t I?” the archangel smiled, pleased with himself.

“What about Bobby and Sam?” Castiel asked drawing up an eyebrow.

“Brother, it will not hurt them to learn a few things…,” the angels said dismissively. “Zachariah will solve the problem with moral and then we can reassess the situation. After this incredibly dull and useless conference, we will see that the boys are healthy and then Zachariah will come look over the manor. We will come back and ask our brother’s opinion. Is that amiable, Cassie?”

Castiel heaved a deep breath. “I assume I am going to have to trust you again. Please, just think about what you are going tell him, Gabe. That is going to be a difficult conversation.”

“I know brother, I know,” Gabriel said sadly, looking deep into Eve’s round, flawless face. The painting appeared to be a print of the German Renaissance painter Cranach. The story of Adam and Eve, itself was a gross misinterpretation of the facts, but well come on. Wasn’t most of what
humans claimed to understand a gross misinterpretation of their senses? Anyway, the story itself has always been intriguing. She did look so lovely barely holding her forbidden fruit. Lithe and beautiful, young and innocent.

As he looked deeper into the picture, he decided she must have had a moment. A single instant of doubt. She looked at the fruit with so much want and desire she could not hold herself back. But there must have been a time before, when her code of morals and faith were sound. Where she could have turned away. Living without want forever. But the thought of the taste threw all of that away. Gabriel never faulted her. But now, he truly understood her. There are some things worth any price.

Chapter End Notes

More story. Working on Bobby and Sam's training but Gabriel had something to say...

And a Very Happy New Year!!!

2018 is going to rock.
Etiquette. What the hell was that? The way Bobby saw it, it was just a way to find new and interesting reasons to beat children. That is what his mother used it for.

Etiquette? They were really supposed to learn etiquette? Because, in all freaking honesty, that is real damn hard to learn while eating out of a damn bowl on the floor, sleeping in a damn barn and wearing next to nothing prancing around like you're not. Mrs. Singer would have had an earful to say about that.

Bobby winced, shaking his head slowly as he watched Mark fuss with Sam's hair. Mostly, at the thought of being thoroughly humiliated in front of his friends and lovers, but what was worse was the idea that this was just the beginning.

Hell, he’d been in that damn barn for three days. He had been praying to Gabriel to no avail. The angel was either not answering his prays or had warded himself against his “favorite” slave. Bobby wondered just what the hell he’d do his least favorite.

“I know you are upset about the audience, your training begins during Mrs. Blacker’s weekly staff meeting,” Mark said as he brushed their hair and looked them over. “Which, if you recall, goes on in the foyer. So… heads high.”

Sam winked his left eye, annoyed by a piece of glitter that had lodged itself at the corner of his eyelid. Unfortunately, Mark had put their hands behind their backs. Pulling a hand up to wipe it way was a risk he was not willing to take.

The boys reluctantly followed Mark. Who had started walking out the barn door and into the bright July morning.

The grand doors were opened by Daniel, who looked on in utter horror. The familiar weekly house meeting was going on. It had always been one of the least formal things Mrs. Blacker did. All of her staff sat in rows along the grand white stair case. She would spout off about the effectiveness of using the whole lemon verse lemon juice in naturally bathroom surfaces.

Mrs. Blacker stared hard at Mark, who had just interrupted her meeting.
“This is utterly ridiculous!” she shouted at the blond trainer who ignored her, carrying on, walking past her.

“I will have be having a word with Master Gabriel about this! You, Goddamn slaver!”

Mark did pause for that remark. It was one of the worst things you could call someone as a slave. Slaver. In the free world the word carried as much weight.

An hour prior, in a small sitting area on the first floor of the manor, a Rubenesque women in her late thirties looked absently out a long thin window overlooking a wilting flower garden. Her pale eyes wandered over the grounds lazily. Her tight fitting grey dress kept her posture, when she really felt like pulling up her legs and nibbling a fingernail. Too disrespectful... she reasoned, even given the present company. Her short nails attempted to scratch at her thick dark brown hair that had been tied up in bun. She rested her heart shaped face on her hand as continued her gaze.

The summer heat was proving to be too much for Gabriel's daisies, day lilies and other flora. She shifted her weight as she carefully avoided eye contact with the man at her side. The two of them had been treated to one of Ester's mid-morning meals. The room had been obviously cleared for the day's activities. The two teachers sat in heavily upholstered arm chairs in front of a small coffee table laden with a light lunch and pastries.

The man at her side was a large imposing man. Although he tried to be pleasant, there was something about him she did not like.

It was definitely not his looks. He was a remarkably good looking man. Somewhere in his forties maybe? He had thick skin and a full head of brown hair that he slicked back. He had a seriousness about his small brown eyes that was not hard to miss. The difference in there temperament was clearly evident by the fact that Bridget had giggled happily at a few of his comments that were clearly not in jest. His judgements so harsh that it was not hard to see why she thought he was attempting a joke.

The man was staring into one of the pastries handmade by the staff at the manor and then remarked, "I hope the slaves did not make these with their bare hands... While I know Gabriel has had them cured of all the obvious diseases, I am not accustom to having criminals handle my food..." Bridget put a hand over her mouth in an obvious laugh. He did do good impressions! Until she realized. That was not an impression and he was staring at her like she had just thrown her pastry to the floor.

She had no idea why she had agreed to this. She thought as the shook her head slightly. Irritated at how long they had been left alone together. But of course she knew why, Gabriel. He had bought a few of her paintings and seduced her on more that one occasion. When she thought back she wondered if she shouldn't offer the classes for free. The night she spent with him a few years ago still made her blush at the thought. Anyway, she did not teach classes until the fall and her department chair had warned her about refusing an Angel. Especially one that lived so close. One that donated so heavily to the department. There was definitely no denying an Archangel. Not one that she had found anyway.

Not to mention, her curiosity was killing her! Derek had been so lovely. But Gabriel did not arrange classes for him, did not mark him, and there was a fondness in the Angel's voice she hadn't heard before. Gabe seemed very proud of this one. When she asked about the new pet, Gabe assured her they had met before. That he had been there for twenty years! Her head spun
trying to place the name.

The art professor looked over at her counter part. Such a masculine face! She thought as covertly eyeing him. Brutish almost, with his thick brow and cheekbones high. But the haughtiness and pride! In their entire conversation, she did not think he even asked her name.

By the way, their conversation? Had gone horribly. She could scarcely imagine an exchange that could have gone worse. The male of the pair announced his loyalty to the Republican Party. She was a card carrying Democrat. He announced that slave's rights movement was funded by the mafia, an organization on which she was a chair. The slave's rights movement, not the mafia. And then during tea, the man voiced his support for the reinstitution of corporal punishment in schools. A policy she had fought hard to against in her youth. She causally explained that the beauty of America was that one was allowed to disagree.

Upon hearing this, the man smirked and leaned back into his chair.

"I agree wholly with that statement, but with the Angels running these hippie communes, maybe some of the democrats should consider crime an option. Being a slave requires a master to give continual handouts until death. Save the government an inordinate amount of money..." the tall man said speaking into his cup of coffee as he took another swallow. He had clearly gotten as irritated with her as she had with him.

Mme. Bridget pressed a smile and then began what was now, her ten minute study of the dying garden out the window. Occasionally she would look back in the man's direction. He had taken out his paper shortly after she disengaged. It was too bad. He was very handsome, she thought to herself, musing with a hidden smile.

A few minutes later, Gregory entered the room. He wore his standard black t-shirt and green cargo pants. On his back was long black bag. He nodded a greeting to the two, but bent down quickly pulling a few items from the bag. He set three items on a smile table and walked over to the guests.

"Gabriel asked you meet the boys before the lessons start. I could think of no better way to meet them than to show you their talents and failings. The slaves you are about to see have had very little formal training. It will be up to the instructors and trainers to save them from obedience school. What exposure do the two of you have with slaves?"

Mme. Bridget blushed and put her hands on her lap. "Not very much, I'm afraid. I moved to France when I was very young. Slavery is run mostly by the stated there. It is legal to own a slave but there is no trading inside of Europe. Most of my time in America, I have spent in University.... So really, very little... But! I did meet Gabriel's slaves and I knew Derek fairly well," she smiled hopefully.

Gregory pressed his lips in a frown. That was not good. He turned to Dr. Norton, who scowled in return. "I do own a man servant. But he is not my 'pleasure slave..." the man said with contempt. "I find the concept of a pleasure slave to be beneath those of proper breeding and decorum. Tantamount to state led prostitution, in my opinion..." The man averted his eyes from the trainer. His thoughts on the trainer and his profession made very obvious.

Greg lifted his lip and looked toward the door, not oblivious to the direct slight the doctor just gave. What the hell had he gotten himself into? The trainer shook it off with a twist of his lip. Okay, so that meant everyone, including the slaves themselves, had not seen slaves being treated as slaves. Huh. Well that changes the lesson plan entirely.
"That is very useful to know," Greg said cordially. "It is good to know where everyone is starting from. Both of you need to know these boys are criminals. They committed acts so brutal, it landed them in a lifetime of servitude. Gabriel has done society and these boys a favor by adopting them. But make no mistake. They need a firm hand. This is their second chance. If Gabriel gives them up? It’s the work camp, the ring or worse.”

The fairer of the two tutors fiddled with the small gold cross she wore around her neck. She did not consider that she could be in danger. Slavery was the ultimate penalty.

“Don’t worry,” he reassured her. “They should be on their best behavior. They know what happens if they don’t. But maintaining the upper hand in teaching is key correct?”

Bridget narrowed her eyes in concern. Dr. Norton looked bored.

Greg nodded. He understood these people. “Did you ever have a teacher who had a “pet-peeve’? A simple offense that had an unusually harsh punishment? A common one is not chewing gum in class. The consequence? Detention. Punishment does not fit the crime, but if such a small offense warrants such harsh punishment, the rest of the class does not want to figure out what real punishment looks like. Mine? Defiance. Defy me? And I pick the most humiliating and painful way to punish it. Most cases? I have to do it once, and only once.

“Gabriel and Castiel have employed our services to turn these ruffians into people fit to be in society. It is your job to not only teach them the finer arts, but how to behave in refined company. Gabriel meets with dignitaries, law makers, military officials and everyone in between. The boys should know their place so as not to embarrass the Western United States of America. In any conceivable fashion.”

Dr. Norton straightened himself at the mention of this being a matter of National pride. He appeared now much more focused and intent on the speaker.

“It’s become clear to me that I am going to need to demonstrate to you how to treat these boys. I’ll use my boy, Mark, as an example. He might be a little shy at first but he’ll be a good boy,” Greg said betting it was true. Or else he and his boy would have to spend some quality time retraining.

Mark led the two men into the first floor sitting room. He lined them up, for his Master’s inspection.

Mme. Bridget looked very confused as near the naked men were lined up before her. This was quite unusual even for Gabriel. She had spent time with both Derek and Gabriel. The slave was never undressed, never flaunted about naked and certainly not humiliated. In fact, she had never even seen Derek close to naked. She did not ask that he be invited into her tryst with Gabriel and Gabriel did not ask if she wanted the man involved.

Dr. Norton’s brief patriotic spirit was quickly extinguished as he looked over the flagrant display in front of him. “Of course! It is always highly necessary to parade your bed slave, dripping in glitter to dignitaries of foreign countries… Bastards,” the older man thought to himself.

Greg paid little attention to his guests and focused on his job. He smiled as looked over the slaves. They stood at full attention in front of their new tutors and the trainer.

Greg stepped up to Mark and rubbed his bottom. “You did very well, boy. They look perfect,” the Master said as gave his pet a swift slap.

Mark shifted his weight uncomfortably. Greg had told him he was taking the lead today. The two had talked about what commands the boys needed to learned, how to treat the guests, and how to
maintain power and control. The slave felt very confused as his bottom throbbed ever so slightly. Slapping someone on the ass rarely affords them any more power and control. In fact it does the exact opposite.

Sam did not notice the power struggle. He was more concerned with his own struggle at the moment. His eyes darted around the room, nervously. The large room had a wall of five long windows with thin window shadings drawn close by Greg as they entered the room, casting pale light on the all but empty room. The floor was covered in a giant fine Oriental rug, appearing to be from the Art Deco era or a very good copy. It was an expanse of deep dark teal blue with a golden yellow border of lines and tiny flowers. On one corner was flat pictorial basket of fruit. On the opposite corner was a trellis of hanging vines blooming with tiny flowers. Along the windows, laid out evenly, were two familiar blue mats, presumably for him and his barnmate.
Over on the right was a large white marble fireplace and to the left was a small side table that Greg leaned a hand against. What was on the table caught Sam’s eye first. Arranged in a straight line was a small blue ball, a black leather strap, and an unusual leather crop. It looked similar to the crops they had seen in the barn, but this one? It had a business card sized piece of black leather attached to its end.

Sam watched the objects with mounting anxiety, until his handler pulled him back. “Two hours boys, whatever we put you through, it will only last two hours…” Greg said with a smile.

Gregory grabbed Mark by the top of his arm and pulled him front and center to the guests. Both of which had the look of growing concern for the day’s events.

“This is my boy, Mark. He is a Secgen and we are in the process of emancipating him. But today, he’ll show you how the perfect slave should behave…” the Master put both hands on the boy’s shoulders as the smaller man tensed and pressed an uncertain smile.

The smaller man rolled his shoulders.

“Be a good boy, Mark. Show the boys how it’s done,” the trainer said to his slave as a loud aside, as the older man clasped the boy’s shoulder and backed away.

The trainer whispered to Bobby and Sam to stand in front of their mats, which were perpendicular and five feet away from their new teachers. Bobby stole a few quick glances at the pretty woman seated near him. But to be quite honest, she looked a little gobsmacked. She looked uncomfortable and completely baffled by the situation.

Greg began, looking at their little audience. “Because a slave will spend a great deal of their time waiting, we teach meditation positions. The position we learn previously was called Padmasana. Take that one on your mats, please.” The ginger trainer asked the boys.

Both complied and quickly dropped down into the position. Greg grabbed the crop and brushed it along their backs, chests. Noting their posture and form.
“Now, we are going to learn a new one position. Mark?” Greg pointed his index finger up, drawing an imaginary circle on the ceiling tiles by twirling the finger around.

Mark eyed Greg for a few seconds. The master stared back, finally repeating the command. This time with more insistence and a hard glare.

Mark straightened up and started to remove his clothing. His pale sinewy muscles almost glowing in the midday sun. Mark peeled off his shirt, pants and blue plaid boxers slowly. Not like a stripper, his moments were natural, sensual and almost graceful. Most of the occupants of the group shifted glances about the room, having a hard time keeping their eyes on the scene. Both felt as if they happened to intrude on something intimate. Mark’s face swelled with confidence, but had a look of waiting. Attentiveness to his master.

Sam frowned at the man who was only a few years younger than himself. His body was marked with pale out lines of old scars and new marks. Sam never considered that it might be harder to live as Mark than himself.

Mme. Bridget noticed the same thing. Her heart swelled heavy as she pondered what it actually meant to be a slave.

Greg pulled a small black belt from his pocket and applied the thing to Mark’s neck. Was he planning this? Mark wondered as a collar he had not seen in months was now around his neck.

“Slaves are required by law, to wear a collar in public. I know. It’s an outdated law, and to be honest I do not follow it. But as a representative, Gabriel and his brother, follow the rules as an example.”

Now that the small blond stood stripped of his clothing, Greg pointed the ground beside him.

“Varjsana, boy…” the master ordered sternly. Mark knelt down, sitting slighting on his feet beneath him. He straightened his back and rested his hands on his thighs. In this position he looked serene, tranquil and vulnerable.

Greg backed away, walked over to the small table and took from it the long black crop. Then the trainer edged himself between the visitors.

“Notice he sits on his feet and his back is very straight and his hands resting open. This pose will aid in their digestion and allows them to watch your lessons…” Greg picked up the crop and brushed the curves of his slave’s tightly muscled chest.

“Note Mark’s ability to remain focused and beautiful. This gesture is a reflection on his love of his master and his level of obedience.” From out of his pocket, Greg pulled out a thin tube, he brought the tube to his slave’s lips, whose eyes were cast down to the floor. Mark drew his lips to a slight smile and accepted a small candy, eating it with his head down. The boy fought hard to not show his shame as he now stared into the carpet.

“Good boy,” his master said as he pet the man’s hair, gently. “Boys! Try to mimic this pose,” the master commanded. He walked up to the boys, and began pulling, pushing, swatting and posing them into the correct form.

“At least he’s consistent,” thought Bobby as he wriggled his thighs where a smack was laid seconds prior. “He treats us the same way he would if those assholes weren’t here…”
Until, he didn’t. And it was not so much the way that he treated Bobby and Sam that was different, it was Mark.

“But… We must admit to ourselves that even the best trained slave will need discipline, correction and reminders of who is his master. His ability to take this correction without malice or contempt is his true reflection and is how these boys will graduate from this program Gabriel has ordered.

“Now,” Greg said as he crooked his thumb to his palm and pointed down with four fingers pressed together. Mark responded to the command. He got down on all fours with his eyes to the floor. The trainer snapped his fingers. He held down four fingers, but this time he spread his four fingers apart. The slave’s blond head nodded and he inched his knees further apart, lowering his head to hands. His arms and hands cradling his head, as he dipped his back and opened his hips.

Greg stalked over to Mark with the crop in hand. “In this position I can take him,” the Master said tapping his hole with the flap of leather. “Punish him,” the Master said as he tapped the underside of the slave’s ass with some force, leaving a few pale pink marks. “Or pleasure him,” now the Master used the crop to glide back and forth under the slave’s balls.

“Now, you were asked to bring some sort of implement to reinforce behavior. What did you bring?” Greg asked looking intently at the instructors.

Mme. Bridget pulled a small wooden hairbrush, with a blush. Dr. Norton rolled his eyes, “I have a meter stick. I do not think I will need it, as I am teaching music and not Sadomasochism…” the good doctor of musical arts.

Greg just huffed a laugh. “Well… I am here to give you tools and methods. You should feel free to use them at your discretion. In saying that, may I please see your brush, Madame?”

Bridget reluctantly handed the thing over. Greg swat the thing on his hand causing a loud SMACK.

“Sturdy, this will do nicely…” Greg snapped and pointed up. Mark got to his feet quickly. The trainer then grabbed the boy by his upper arm and turned him 90 degrees from the guests. He stood behind the boy who was quickly losing his composure as he nervously scanned the room.

Greg rubbed the smooth surface over his slave’s bottom, who tried his very best to stay still.

“Now, might need to give the boys a reminder to stay on task, the big one can get have a mouth on him. So a few swats should do the trick, but use your discretion. A swift swat to the middle of the bottom will get their attention…” The master popped his slave, giving a bright red splotch in the middle of his ass.

Mark began to breath heavy and visibly fought to control his shaking limbs.

“It’s alright, boy. You are doing very well…” the trainer whispered into his boy’s ear, rubbing the splotch with the brush again.

“Now, for an offense. Cursing, disrespect, laziness, inattentiveness? You might want to give a quick reminder…” Greg tapped the boy’s sit spot and then his thighs. “A quick pop…” the master applied to quick swats to the boy’s thigh and bottom. This time a wail was heard escaping the boy’s mouth. His pale while skin now an angry red. "... To the bottom of the buttock or thighs will produce some quick pain and a painful reminder to behave."
Greg smiled as he rubbed his boy’s bottoms. “You’re okay…” the man said patronizingly.

“Any questions?” Greg said as looked at the guest. Bridget shook her head quickly and Dr. Norton flashed another look of utter boredom.

“Should you want to administer a beating, feel free. They are stout lads and could use it, I assure you… Now moving on. Mark? Let’s show them a few hand signs, shall we?” That was not a question you could say no to so the kid nodded.

“Mark, please show me that you are sorry, standing please.”

Mark lowered himself to a crouch. He bent one knee in a bow, allowing the other to be slightly bent behind him, resting on his heels. An elbow resting on his front knee, he pressed his chin to his chest.

“Now, beg my forgiveness…” Gregory said with a dark smile.

Mark lowered himself to his knees, spreading his thighs far apart. His wrists pressed together as he formed a perfect T, his fingertips pointing outward with his arms locked straight. His shoulders hung in shame as he bowed his head in between his arms.

“T ook us a while to master this position, didn’t it boy?” the boy’s master said with smile.

“Yes, Master.”

“Please, explain what I did to ensure you remembered your form, slave,” the Master asked cordially.

“This boy was paddled and spanked by his Master until he remember the correct form,” Mark said flatly, his speech failing to portray any spite or even the humiliation of the subject.

“I enjoyed your correction as much as I enjoyed your success, slave. You serve me well,” Gregory said with affection.

Greg snapped again and held down two fingers. Mark knelt. Strolling over to the table, Greg put the crop down and brought the ball up.

“Would you like to play ball, Mark,” the master asked coyly.

“If it pleases you, Master,” the slave replied looking down.

Gregory took an aside to the boys and guests, “If Mark wanted to play, he would have said, ‘Yes, Master.’ Your master wants to know your desires, he is just not bound to them…”

The man walked closer to his slave. Looking straight down he asked, “Do you remember how to play?”

“This boy remembers,” Mark said evenly.

The ginger held the ball up like it was an apple he was about to bite and tossed it toward the fireplace.

As soon as the ball left the Master’s hand, Mark raced for the ball, running on all fours. When the ball rolled to a stop, the slave grabbed the ball and placed in his own mouth. His mouth barely
fitted the thing as his jaw stretched to its limit to carry it. He crawled over on all fours, like a terrier, and dropped the blue ball at his Master’s feet.

Greg swirled his index finger again, this time drawing a circle on the rug. Mark rose to his feet as Greg put a hand on his shoulder. “Very well done, boy,” he said honestly, giving the smaller man’s shoulder a rub.

Mark walked hard toward his clothes, circling the shoulder Greg touched. That was not in the script. Mark tried to quiet his anger.

"Stand up boys, let me have a look at you," Greg said as the boys rose to their feet.

"Now..." Greg pointed four fingers toward the ground. The slaves obediently put themselves on their hands and knees, glancing upwards to gauge approval.

"Very good!" the trainer said with a clap. "We have something to work with!"

“In this room, during Obedience and Etiquette, you may speak. You may ask questions. You are going to learn how to speak in the presence of your master, his guests and other freeman.

“Gabriel explained your… encounters… He is a very patience if not an utterly ridiculous master. But he did have sense enough to contact me. Outside your neat little fence, lies a world where slaves know their place. You should not look a freeman in the eye, let alone curse in front of him. But we’ll have time to correct that. When you address someone who is above your station, which would be, just about everyone, you may not use your name. You say, ‘This slave, or this boy begs for dinner, begs to relieve himself, requests your forgiveness…”

“Mark. You lead this lesson. I will be back in an hour. I need to show our guests their classrooms and explain a few procedures. Learn the hand signals and the commands I gave Mark. Be good boys...” Greg said with a smirk. The man gestured toward the door to the tutors, who both collected themselves, walked out the door, Greg trailing casually behind.
Lessons

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Who was your toughest teacher? I remember mine. The teacher that would label your essay as “bs” for “be specific”? Or the one that taped a red pen to your neighbor’s paper with a note that read, “I gave up. Your turn.” Or the teacher who clearly hated one of their students. Maybe he/she reminded them of a bully or high school crush? No idea, but the hate was there. And that hate? Just grew the longer the two of them stayed in the same room.

Sam?

Sam never had one of those. Sam Winchester prided himself on straight A’s and teachers adored him. Poor kid, quick wit, eager to learn, eager to please, you know? The perfect student. The one that got you in to the schoolhouse door in the first place.

When Gregory told the boys they were going to have professors for two hours a day, Sam relaxed. He drew a deep breath in and smiled.

Bobby? Well, Bobby tensed up and squinted hard. To him? This meant more assholes to deal with during the day. Days that were already properly laced with pain, sweat and humiliation.

Sam looked forward to the lessons. Damn. Finally something he was good at. They just had to get through this circus, Sam thought as the authority party left the room.

Mark rolled his shoulders as his master left. Cracking his neck as he rolled his head. He shook his blond locks looking at the ground. Fuck this, he thought to himself. He didn’t want to be a goddamn slaver to begin with. He’d wash dishes or clean toilets. Fuck, anything but this.

“Alright sit the fuck down… I am not doing this today. Unless you really want me enforce some respect, or whatever the fuck they are calling beating the crap out of you, we are just going to have a fucking conversation about this bullshit, alright?” Mark hissed as paced around the room.

Bobby looked at Sam for answers. Sam returned the look of “How the fuck should I know?” Neither one of them sure of what to make of this new situation.

Mark stopped and turned to look at them. “This was not how today was supposed to go down,” he lamented. “I was going to assist Greg, not be his goddamn whipping boy. I am so fucking tired of this shit. Yeah, yeah, I know, you are too,” his voice fell away as he looked out at the same dying garden, Mme. Bridget had admired. His face shot back, “But for me? It’s been going on for five fucking years! He’s been dangling freedom over my head like a carrot for months now. Fuck it. You don’t want to hear this shit any more than I want to say it. Let’s see here….”
Mark pulled a white index card out of his jean pocket. “You need to learn, sit, stay, fetch, kneel, come, I’m sorry, and I’m very sorry. Well, you do not look like a goddamn dogs, so I assume you understand the first bit. Here… Mirror my poses, okay?” Mark said as he lowered himself into the ‘I’m very sorry’ pose.

They stared, a little stunned.

“You still have to do what the fuck I say, there is still a goddamn crop on that table…” Mark said lifting up his head and pointing to table that still held a ball, a strap, and a crop perfectly placed and waiting. That got both of them.

Both jolted to attention and tried to mimic the action.

Mark showed them the a few more poses. They practiced a little. They got the hang of it quickly.

“You know, he wasn’t lying. He beat my ass for days for not mastering that pose. Of course, he only showed it to me once. The rest of the time was spent guessing. Bastard,” Mark said bitterly.

“Well, you do need to learn to talk, so let’s do that. Just act like you are having a good time but not too good of a time and swap your name for boy or slave. Not too hard, right? So questions. Bobby,” he said gesturing toward the older slave.

Mark asked looking Bobby square in the eye.

Bobby’s lips twitched.

“I’m not fucking with you. Ask me some fucking questions or we play ball for the next hour…” Mark said getting comfortable on the plush carpet.

“What is going on here, Sir? I mean, Master?” Bobby asked twisting his face.

“See, you are showing too much emotion… No displeasure or malice… Like this, ‘This boy is confused by the directions given to him,’ Like that,” Mark said with a smile.

“This slave would like to know what the hell is going on, Master,” Bobby said evenly.

“Good, but you curse like that and someone’ll have a reason to beat you. Best not give them one, I mean some of them like doing it anyway so you’re fucked either way but let’s just practice. Look, Greg is a horrible teacher and worse master. I am not playing this game anymore. You are in here with me. We are practicing but I’ll be fucked if I am going to play master and servant with the two you jerks. We are training together. There is a goddamn race coming up. All of us need this shit over with. So you have some choices, you want me wailing on your man parts or can we just learn what we need to learn and move on?”

“These boys would like to learn and move on, Master,” Bobby spoke up.

“Very good!” Mark said with a smile. “Alright, let’s be clear, if I am caught talking to you like this, it’s my ass, okay? So try not to make it too obvious?”

They both nodded gratefully.

They worked on hand signals. Both men quickly learned all of the ones Mark knew. Mark found that these men could learn something with as few as one to three repetitions. Remarkable considering it took a normal slave 8-9 and lots of practice.
Finally the lesson met its conclusion and Mark led the two to the foyer where Greg had put down some mats and the bowls containing their lunch.

Bobby looked at the food bowls sourly. He had had his fill of embarrassment. Guess they were in the only room without carpet. Stupid foyer. Gabriel riding on a Goddamn Pegasus. His heart dropped in steady increments as he lowered himself. Staring into the bowl he felt sick. Until he noticed something. Something small. It was barely noticeable unless you really looked. Ester had arranged the meatloaf to the shape of a happy face. Bobby sniffed a little as he fought back some tears. Maybe today was not so bad, after all.

Mark wiped their faces and brushed their teeth, preparing them for afternoon lessons.

Sam found the room, opened the door quietly and slipped in unannounced. A towering figure in black scrawled some notes on a chalkboard the had been recently added to the second floor sitting area. A thick yellow meter stick rested desk. Leaning against the wall, staring Sam down, biding its time until it could be opened and humiliate him was a long thin black case. No doubt containing an instrument. A violin from the look of it. Or a fiddle? Weren’t they the same thing?

Across from the imposing larger desk was a smaller one. Sam slipped into the only desk in the room and waited for instructions.

Cold eyes fell over Sam’s body as he nervously rubbed his hands on his knees. Disgust washed over the man’s face as he took inventory of his new pupil. The man with the hard eyes was above average height with a narrow face and serious brow. The only lines on the man’s face seemed to come from his mouth which seemed etched in a permanent frown. He looked Sam over with his long nose stuck so high, the new pupil could see inside his flaring nostrils.

The man closed his eyes and put a hand to his head. “My God, you are green…”

Putting his long arms at his side he pulled up his lip. “Please stand up…” the man said slowly, glancing down at a sheet of paper on his desk, “Mr. Winchester… From now on, you will sit when I tell you to sit and talk when I tell you to talk. Are we clear?”

Sam nodded his head quickly, starting to stand.

The thick man rolled his eyes. “One simple nod of the head will suffice, thank you.”

“My name is Dr. Charles Norton. I hold a doctorate in Musical Arts from Julliard, I am an award winning tenor but I teach on all levels. But I will make it clear. This was not my choice. I believe it a frivolous endeavor to train a pleasure slave to do anything… Still, Gabriel has been a most generous benefactor of the Portland Opera House so I will comply. Please. Pay close attention. I do not like repeating myself…”

“I understand you studied law at Stanford. Unfortunately that will not help with your music education in the least. Well, I suppose we should get down to it. What, if any, songs do you know?” the professor asked, already bored.

Sam stared at the man helplessly. His lip began to twitch.
The professor looked up and shook his head. “You may speak, Mr. Winchester…” the professor said annoyed.

“Um, I know “Hey Jude,” by the Beatles?” Sam said embarrassment spelt out on his face.

“Of course you do… Well go on… begin,” the older man said impatiently.

Sam began to sweat. He was tone deaf. To an embarrassing degree. The closed thing to musical education he had was Music Appreciation in the seventh grade. And that had a book. He had spent his life mouthing Christmas Carols, the National Anthem, and avoiding karaoke like the plague.

He started the chorus. Before he got to “and make it better,” he was cut short by a loud crash of the ruler on the desk.

“That is quite enough, Mr. Winchester…” the man paused to rub his head, “I feel it is safe to say, your master does not want to hear you do… that. That leaves us with the violin. I brought one. Hopefully Robert has more of an ear than you do…”

Dr. Norton placed a violin case on the desk in front of Sam, then grabbed the chair and slid it across the room.

“Please carefully open your case. Now please, remove the bow… Not yet!” Sam had the bow in his hands and promptly dropped it, watching as it bounced off his fingers onto the floor.

“Remove bow by the bow stick… Look what you’ve done! I do not beat my own slaves, but you! For you! I will make an exception!”

The man began to mutter to himself about the oils on the hands and proper respect, as he walked over to the instrument, bending down and put it carefully the bow back in its case.

“Place your hands on the desk. Do not remove them unless you wish to begin your punishment again. That’s five for failure to listen to instruction and five for requiring me to clean the bow hair. You will need to count, then? Thank me for your correction.”

Sam placed his hands on the desk. The boy started to whimper. “It’s just like Dean,” he said over and over to himself.

“Take a few steps back, Mr. Winchester! Unless you prefer me to bruise your kidneys…”

As Sam inched his feet back, THWACK! The ruler caught him on the back of the thigh.

“One! Thank you, Sir.” One of his legs kicked itself back and then was put promptly back in place.

Jesus, this was worse than…

tap. tap. THWACK! “Two. Thank you, Sir!” Sam sniffed. His eyes were starting to water.

THWACK. Fuck! “Three! Thank you, sir,” Sam began to panic. He stared at the desk and stayed his hands that wanted to catch the next blow and stayed his feet that desperately wanted to run.

Of course this is teaching music, not

“Oh! Hhhhhmm. Four, thank you… Sir…” Sam now stomped his foot. Straight across the...

“I think you have learned your lesson, boy,” the older man said slowly. He was not expecting the kid to take it so hard. “Next time I will explain the instrument before we use it. I think you will remember to not handle the bow strings?”

Sam was full on choking on tears. “Yes, Sir!” he managed to get out.

Sam’s fingers were laced behind his head as he pressed his nose to the wall, trying his best to keep his balance.

Sam had been in the same position for what seemed like forever when Bobby turned a corner laughing with the full figured woman, her hand gently placed on the man’s shoulder.

“It has been a pleasure, Mr. Singer. I look forward to seeing you again. I will leave you some supplies if you would like to practice when you have the time,” she said with a gentle smile.

The woman looked at Dr. Norton with a smile and mouthed, “You are going to like this one,” she pointed to Bobby. Who looked at back at her with a gentle look of surprise and the hint of a blush.

“Would not be hard to top the experience I had with that one…”

“I see,” she looked at Sam with surprise. She and Dr. Norton had discussed the frivolity of physical punishment for an adult. What the hell had he done? Best not to let it happen again she reasoned. “I hope you have learned your lesson here, Mr. Winchester. I do not take kindly to the misfits,” the woman said sternly.

Sam closed his eyes. Fuck this day.

Chapter End Notes

If you haven't notice, I only answer comments after posting the next chapter. Its a thing. Keeps me brave and all of that.
Let's Play a Little Game I like to call...

Chapter Summary

Sam hates games. Games of chance are just that. Unpredictable and at best, pure random.

Most other games are designed to give one player a specific edge. Sam seemed to never be on the side with the advantage.

One of the most significant games was one he ever played with Dean. Like most games he played, it was set in his favor. It was not one he could win. This game took place one dark September, early evening, in Halsey, NE.

The rain was pouring hard on the third rate hotel their dad had left them in. It was run by a hunter and their room was isolated and beaten down. Dean pulled out the schedule he had scrawled on a few sheets of notebook paper before Dad had turn tail. Sam already knew what was on the flimsy sheets of paper. An hour of sparring… Great… Getting beaten in the wood, in the rain, and getting a beating for not remembering to tell Dean about the study group he had with Jenny Calhoun. Jenny Calhoun. Jez, it was almost worth it.

It was the year Sam hit his growth spurt. He shoot up a foot and a half and was now looking down on his brother. Dean had graduated the year before and was working as a mechanic down in the center of town. He came home tired and looked over the list like he didn’t want to do it either.

Sam settled back in one of the motel chairs, stretching out his long legs and pretending to study for an Algebra II test. He eyed Dean who rubbed his brow looking over the list.

“Let’s just not, Dean? Come on, let’s watch a movie or drink some of that whiskey Dad keeps behind the fridge…” Sam pleaded.

“Sammy, you know the rules,” Dean said with a tired half smirk.

Goddamn did Sammy know the mutherfucking rules! Sam closed his eyes and rolled his head from side to side.

“Come on! It’s like the first time Dad has been gone for like ever! We can practice tomorrow, and longer! Just not tonight…” Sam whined, sounding much younger than he was.

“We’ll get it over with and watch some TV. I made it to the store. I’m making some vegetable curry tonight,” Dean said with slight song, hoping to entice his brother.

Hormones kicked in. “Fine. Let’s get it over with…” Sam said with a mock smile, imitating his brother.

Dean pulled on some rain gear and left out the door quickly, leaving Sam to follow behind,
zipping up a noisy raincoat. The two walked a few miles into the thicket. Land behind the hotel was an animal sanctuary in the off season, and they were definitely thick in the off season. The air had started to change and the cold was moving in quick.

Sam looked down into the dead leaves at his feet, feeling some satisfaction at the crunch. *Fuck it. Today's the day he takes Dean down. No question.* He felt powerful and angry. None of his friends went pale when they figured out they stayed out too late. None of his friends had to train in the pouring rain. Sam was fifteen and totally done with this shit.

Dean found a small clearing and readied his stance. “Come at me,” he commanded.

Sam stared back, pulling up his lip in a smirk. *Oh, I’m coming,* he thought as he charged into his brother.

Dean’s eyes widened as he dodged the oncoming blows, using Sam’s momentum to throw him to the ground.

“You wanna try actually focusing?” Dean taunted, motioning for Sam to try again.

Sam pulled himself out of the mud and got his footing again.

“Yeah.” Sam said as he pretended to swing left and landed a serious blow to Dean’s stomach. Dean doubled over in pain, staring hatefully back at the kid.

Then Sam laid into him. He used his body to throw his weight into the curled up Dean and throwing him flat on the ground. Sam pinned one of Dean’s arm flat to his brother’s back. Half the man’s face pressed into the thick Nebraska mud.

“Get the fuck off me, you dick!” Dean cursed, trying to pull up.

“You are going to lay off the belt and training. I am too fucking old for this Dean!”

“What the hell, Sammy! You honestly think I enjoy training with you in the rain? What part of beating my little brother do you think I like?” Dean paused looking straight at his brother who looked stunned.

“Answer me!” Dean shouted with much more authority.

“I don’t know, you get off on being Dad’s favorite? You have some sick fetish, how the fuck should I know?”

“Cause you don’t,” Dean said looking like he almost wanted to bite back his words. Fuck it. This had gone on long enough. He knew this day was coming.

“Sammy…. Because I have too…”

“What the fuck, Dean? You don’t. Just stop,” Sam said with his lip up, looking straight into his brother.

“Sammy… That thing that killed Mom? That thing Dad hunts any chance he can get? It left

“That doesn’t make any sense and you know it! I am not a bad kid! I make fucking straight A’s. I am in Chess Club!”

“Because of me! Sam. I had to take control because Dad was losing it! He was drinking and beating the shit out of both of us. He’s scared of you, Sam… An angel told him you were going to bring on the Apocalypse. I love you, Sam. I am not letting that happen. And if that means I have keep you brightside? I’ll do that anyway I know how.”

“I AM NOT GOING TO START THE FREAKING APOCALPSE!” Sam screamed.

“You know why Dad leaves all the goddamn time?” Dean shouted back, hate brewing behind every word. “Because he thinks he can save you. He thinks if he finds this demon bastard, he can stop all of this. And trust me, I’d rather be with him. But someone needs to stay home, kid. Someone needs to put food on the table and keep you in line. I have given up everything, Sam. Every damn thing I had. And I just need you to follow some simple Goddamn rules or I might walk out and leave you to Dad. So tell me, who do you want taking care you, huh? Me? Or Dad? Think carefully. This is a choice you’ve never gotten before. Me or Dad?”

“Do you have give me so many whoopings, Dean?” he asked looking down into his boots, almost in a whisper.

“NO! Just follow the fucking rules, Sam!” Dean barked back.

Sam choked on a sob. He tried. Damnit, he tried. It’d been four weeks since the last one. The last time when he went to school, he had to tell the homeroom teacher his cat died as he teared up taking his seat. Luckily, Jenny thought that would the perfect time to offer him her friendship. They’d been talking ever since.

Everything. Damn those words hit Sam hard. It never occurred to him that Dean never went to prom, didn’t date, and maybe never had a real friend because of him. He thought that was just Dean. The bookworm. The control freak. Hell, he’d rearrange the cabinets before he’d go to a dance or go on a date. He needed all the control he could possibly have. Dean knew how exactly many bullets they had. He knew many pencils were in the cup on the desk. When a fork went missing. There was a name for it. OCD. Dean knew and Sam knew it.

Even with all that. The belt licks, the extra runs, the relentless training, Dean was better than the madman their father had become. Dean never drank. Never pulled him out of bed in the middle of the night to show him vampire teeth, a werewolf paw that would change back to a hand after the full moon or some drunk blond he brought home who Dad swore, looked like Mary. Dean never came at him with a knife, to catch him unaware. Dean was just a better father.

Guess he had to be. Fate of the world depended on, Sam thought bitterly.

“You, Dean. You…” Sam said staring at his muddied boots. Then he felt a chill as heard the familiar sound of Dean sliding his belt from his jeans.

“Sammy, go over to that tree over there. We’ll finish up and have dinner…” Dean said casually, pointing to a thick oak. At least the rain had stopped.

Sam complied. Trudging over the stupidly big tree and slowly shimmying his jeans down his slim waist. Pulling a ratty pair of boxer past his knees. He put two hands on the tree, leaned over and braced himself.
Sam closed his eyes and winced. Knowing exactly what would happen next. Dean tapped his ass five times with the piece of leather. Like he always did. Seconds later the first crack hit. Sam choked.

“One!” Sam managed to spit out.

He shifted his legs, it burned. Dean was such a Goddamn tyrannical…

“Two!” Sam cried.

Jez, that one stung. He lifted his leg. Stupid forgetting to tell Dean where he was

“Owe!! Three… fuck.”

“Knock it off with the cursing kid,” Dean warned.

Stupid… fucking…

“Four! Ahhh!” That one cut his thighs.

“Five!” Sam spit as he stomped a foot. I am too old for this crap. Someday some girl is going to want to see my ass…

Dean’s worn belt caught him again.

“Six!” Sam panted… Not even half way…

“Seven! Owe! Dean!”

“Eight!” Sam started to cry. He couldn’t think anymore. He hit the space where the pain took control. He went half limp and watched tears fall to the wet ground.

“Nine! Please!” Negotiation. Always right before…

“Ten!”

Everything after ten when so fast, Sam did not even bother counting correctly.

“Eleven, twelve… thirteen, fourteen, fifteen!” Sam sobbed. Dean threaded his belt, buckling it and walked over to his little brother. He placed a warm hand on the long thin back rubbed it gently.

“We’ll do better Sammy. We’ll do better…” He always said. Sammy turned and wrapped his long thin arms around his big brother. “It’s okay, Sammy. We’ll do better, kid, okay?”

Sam nodded like he always did. Wiped his tears and followed Dean back to their room.

“Is that how you taught me to count, Dean?” Sam asked after his tears stopped.

“No! You always ask that!” Dean said with a huff.

“It’s a good joke…”

“Shuddup…” Dean smiled.
Rewrite

Chapter Summary

Not good at Chaotic Evil Characters...
Changes to this work.
Wanna chew me out or chat?
CertainlyHeisenberg@hotmail.com

Okay, This is called transformative works right?

Well. I have just written my main character into a corner. Shaking in a corner. Seriously this was suppose to be a kinky sex romp with a thick twisting plot and be more about the Apocalypse than about Sadism so...

It's my universe so the past few chapter are moving to another work. No idea if this happens to any one else, but here we are.

I have written 100k more story about not torture so I am going to go a long with that.
If you want to follow the torture piece? I apparently can write it. But there are repercussions. Namely getting Sam out of the corner and in with a good therapist and Castiel or fucking someone to hold his hand.

Weigh in, don't weigh in this fict took a turn it can't come back from without some editing.

Sorry Sam....

If you are interested. Basically Mark and Greg were suppose to be drill sergeants. They were suppose to get them in shape and teach them that it could be much fucking worse and yes Greg does get his in the end but was not suppose to be so criminal minds.

The way things are headed Greg is going to carve up Sam and the story would be over anyway.

Basically that means kink in this story is going to reserved for relationships.

With my deepest thanks for your patience,
Certainly Heisenberg
There was an eerie calm outside as the men settled in for the night. It was the first time all the goats were still. Even the wind seemed to have settled itself down. Sam heard the distant chirp of crickets. But there was a manmade staleness in the air. After a silent dinner at the feet of their trainers, the men were put back in the stables.

It had been a long fucking day. Luckily, Mme. Bridget did not take her brush to Sam, but he didn’t impress her either. He broke several pencil tips and erased a hole through the paper as he tried to draw apples on a table. She kept her patience, but normal amount of praise given by a professor to Samuel Winchester was woefully absent. He was confident he could win her over… eventually… but at this point? He really he didn’t want to.

Add to that the fact that Dr. Norton had fallen in love with Bobby? It was just about as much as Sam could stand. The grim man who hours earlier had beat him within the first ten minutes of instruction was telling the old marine he had natural talent. That he would see how things went but there might be a spot for him in the next opera. As, get this, the first fucking slave performer. Fucking bullshit.

What he didn’t know and what Bobby couldn’t tell him was that yes, he knew he had an amazing voice. Bobby had been in the US Marine Corps choir. His mother was classically trained and had spent hours with her son training and signing him up for church choirs, school choirs, and show choirs. Mrs. Singer had wanted Bobby’s name in lights. She wanted him to have the career she resigned after a drunken night with Eddy Singer. Which ended in an unwanted pregnancy. And concluded with a shotgun wedding.

The good Christian woman had not intended her son to sign up for the Marines. But Bobby had gotten so sick of the relentless criticism, physical abuse and loosely veiled hate, he lit out of her house the day he turned eighteen.

But, she was his momma after all, so he kept in touch. They exchanged letters when he was called away to Vietnam. She eventually left the family farm and moved in with her sister in Cincinnati. She turned over the deed to her family’s barren family plot in South Dakota to her only son. The house he grew up in and all. She attended his wedding, but that was the last he would ever see of her. She died shortly after her son was convicted and sentenced to slavery.

All of that was ancient history. Bobby tried his best to forget his parents and growing up as the object of their ire, ambition, disappointment and rage. Bobby did not like conflict. He avoided it if at all possible. Unless something lit his fire, then nothing was safe. Sam on the other hand did not mind it at all. And today? He did not feel like playing nice.

The moment, no… the second Sam had a hint that the redhead and blond had gotten out of earshot, the young man hissed, “Look, I don’t want to hear about how great of a day you had. Okay? Just let me get some fucking sleep.”

Okay, that was probably too harsh. It sounded a little harsh. And he had an idea of the kind of
man Bobby was. He’ll let you fuck him over. Once. And only once.

“Yep. Night, kid,” was all he said. From the sound of it, Sam’s edict had turned the other off of conversation as well.

In his head, a quick jab and the cold silence was going to make the lanky man feel better. But the air dropped a few degrees and the warmth and comfort he normally felt at the end of the day was gone. The night wind blew through the barn. Jeremiah had left the top of the goat’s door open to air the place out. The days were getting unbearably hot and the barn was getting unbearably rank. The cool wind and rustle of the forest lulled the residents of the barn to deep slumber.

Jeremiah had gotten very good at directing the beast out to pasture without waking the men who clearly needed more respite than they were given. The still open door allowed Bobby and Sam to be awakened to another one of Mark and Gregory’s fights.

“You better stop with the fucking drinking Greg…” Mark said as Greg could be heard heaving in behind the barn.

“Excuse me?” Greg hissed back, “I’ll go out and let loose when I feel like it.”

“Of course. Do what you like, but those angels are coming home tomorrow. If memory serves, they don’t take very kindly to you drinking on the job,” Mark said carefully.

“Yeah, fuck off. I have never gotten us fired, have I? And hey. Why do you think you can tell me what to do?” Greg said breathily, probably very close to Mark’s face.

“Because you keep telling me we are going to be equals after this fucking job! But then you all but spank my ass in front of a room full of people. So really what the fuck is up? Where do I stand?” Mark demanded, with a lot more bravery than really he thought he had.

“That was pretty funny…” Greg chuckled.

“You fuck! It was not!” Mark’s words were cut off by a deep kiss, he did not want.

“You know where you stand. You are mine and you’ll always be mine…” Mark was being pushed up against the side of the barn with a thud.

Mark groaned. Damnit. That felt so good. And they were in public, but Greg was so large no one could see him. Not that it mattered. Greg was the only freeman for miles. He could probably just take his slave right there. No one would dare stop him. The thought made little Mark pant. Blood left his head as Greg pressed his pretty blond hair into the wood slats of the barn, kissing him deeply and sliding his hands over the boy’s pants.

“You be a good boy and come back to me during lunch. The boys will be fine. I’ll have lunch brought up to our room,” Greg said coyly as Mark panted deeply with a low moan.

Mark nodded. Then Greg grasped a fist full of the kid’s hair and hissed, “But, you dare give me that attitude again, I’ll spank your ass where you stand, freeman or not,” the large man promised, looking down on the younger man. Smiling at his cowering partner.

Mark swallowed, shuffled a little, and backed away.

“We are running those boys hard today,” Greg said as he looked off into the thicket. “That hog needs to get faster and thinner. And the other one needs to win… That race’ll be here before you
The master trainer said as kicked at the outside of the barn.

“Yeah, yeah…” Mark said walking away. The young man stared deep in to the dirt path before him. Man, slave races were about as brutal a thing as the ring. It had always been Greg’s ass on the line at these things. He never won… and he sure looked like shit afterwards. Mark was never quite sure if it was due to the losing or the after party. This time, his Master was hopefully. Not surprising, Greg picked Sam to be his runner. Long legs, lean, young. But hell, Mark did not want either of the boys to race.

Greg turned away and then looked back. “Oh, I got an email from Gabriel. He wants his pets doing yoga. Something about flexibility. One of his girls is going to train them every other day. We’ll drop them off after PT in the first floor sitting room. Then we’ll have a couple of hours to play…”

Mark shivered at the thought, then shook himself more visibly to confuse his action. That could really go so many ways, he lamented.

Greg pulled opened the barn door and clapped his hands. “Time to get moving boys! We are running then setting some goals! Then we’ll clean you up in the new wash and get you two to yoga. Because Gabriel would rather we run a preschool than train…”

The slaves were outfitted in their black spandex, stretched and set out jogging.

When they came back, the boys were drenched in sweat and furiously panting. Mark was ready with bowls of water. Every inch of Bobby and Sam ached and burned.

Greg smiled, wiping the sweat from his brow with a small towel. “That’s how you make muscle boys. I’ll come back with your breakfast. Mark’ll hose you down in that wash and we’ll have a little chat about goals and upcoming events…” That sounded too ominous, Bobby eyed the man as he walked out the barn. He felt an itch in the back of mind, what hell was he talking about races?

Mark had clasped the leash and was tugging impatiently. Bobby blinked hard and followed the small man up to the wash. The workman had finished the damn thing and it shined.

All white porcelain and shiny white tile. There was some kind of clear mat that rested at the bottom to save your hands and knees. Gee, thanks, oh gracious master… Bobby thought as he maneuvered himself into the thing.

Mark pulled out the straps and like Bobby expected, one strap held up his back end and the other braced his neck and kept his head high, threatening his windpipe. It was like being propped up on a coffee table. The slave shifted his legs, arm and neck feeling the constraints of the thing.

“This is pretty nice!” Mark exclaimed as he circled the wash. Mark was grateful he did not have crouch down and wash these behemoths anymore. This would make grooming, brushing, washing, trimming, shaving and everything in between easier for the man.

Mark rolled the tack cart next the wash with a giant smile. This was the stuff. He pulled out a nail kit, shaving kit, and shampoo kit.

“I am taking off this beard, Bobby…” Mark said as he readied his supplies.

Bobby narrowed his eyes and tried to pull back his neck, resulting in a quick choke.
“I know, I know. You like it. Well it’s hard to keep clean when you’re eating out of a damn bowl. And it looks like you don’t have much of a say about it,” Mark chuckled.

“It’s alright handsome. I’ll be careful and you’ll like it,” the trainer said reassuringly.

Bobby wasn’t buying it but fuck. No one asked him anyway.

“Quit with your fucking sulking!” Mark said as he rubbed the man’s back. Little by little, the beard he had grown to love was taken from him. The slave avoided eye contact. He was so pissed he could barely think straight. Damn, fucking everything had been taken from him. Now this?

The real reason? He hated his lips. He was teased mercilessly in the Marines. DSL. No, not digital subscriber line. Dick sucking lips. Full plumps lips. Damn it, fuck slavery. No. Holy crap? Was he crying?

Mark eyes got wide as looked at the man with pity. “Yah big hulk, you!” the handler said as he brought up a small hand mirror. “See! You look very handsome. Look, it’s not a very long time. You’ll be growing it back in no time.”

Bobby sniffed a nod.

Soon the slave relaxed into Mark nimble fingers and they worked in generous amounts of shampoo and soap. Warm water slouched over him as was close to a moan. Mark then toweled him off, giving his muscles a firm rub.

Mark slipped on the harness and bottoms and led the man back to his stall.

With Sam, Mark took his time. Well, he met less resistance and ire. Mark fussed over the man’s nails, ears, nose, did some much needed manscaping along his long slim frame.

By the time Greg finally returned it was 10:00. He carried breakfast and a few laminated posters.

Greg set up their breakfast and mats in front of the barn door. The ginger nailed up the posters as the men looked up curiously still chewing large bites of scrambled egg, ham and vegetables.

One had a pictures of the same man at varying states of health, from obese to fit. The other one had goals for running, pull-ups, push-ups and sit-ups.

Goddamn it, Bobby thought, this is the reason I got old. No one cares what shape you’re in past fifty.

“Alright boys, let look these pictures here… Bobby! I see you! You are going to have your eyes glued to me or we are going to have a talk behind the barn that does not involve much English,” Greg said as he drew up his lip. That got the attention he wanted and the trainer continued. “Here are some pictures, this one is Bobby.”

Greg pointed to the picture of the overweight man. Bobby pressed his lips together but did not look away. “This where Sam is.” The ginger man pointed to the “ideal weight” man. “In a few weeks, we are going to start having some races. Bobby verses Sam. Write now the safest bet would be on Sam, but we are going to start training you both to be champions. Sam, you’re in great shape, don’t get me wrong, but it does look like it has been a while since you had serious PT, am I right?”

Sam twisted his mouth in a nod. There had been no time to breath, let alone train with the
schedule Dean had them on. Since he got back from hell, he had been a one man army with Sam struggling to follow behind. And when Dean was gone for those six some months? Sam was shacking up with Ruby. In other words, there was almost no training going on there, what so ever.

“Good, we will work toward some goals. Bobby you should be familiar with these, they are Marine standards. Let’s get you back to peak condition. I am telling you, you’ll feel better and it will make parading around naked much less uncomfortable.”

Greg whistled and Mark came running up. In his arms he had two pull up bars.

“You really want me install these things here, Greg?”

“Gabriel said he didn’t care. The boys are going to have be ready for the spring races at the garden party this spring.”

Bobby’s eyes widened. Holy crap. How could he forget? The fucking garden party. Bobby hated angel parties. Especially big ones thrown at the manor. Months and months of planning. Weeks and weeks of preparation. Days of decorating, cooking, and cleaning. Then, then the staff was fitted with formal serving attire. The kids were sent off with one of the female staff and Castiel. To be honest, the angel probably hated the parties more than Bobby. Once the big day finally arrived, it was an entire weekend of avoiding being harassed, groped, manhandled or beaten by the guests.

Angels. This event happened once every seven years. Angels would fill the guest rooms, slaves would be everywhere in between. And once the wine started to flow, it was difficult to keep anyone under control. Balls, Bobby thought. It is this year. He had barely noticed because Gabriel had been gone for so long finding himself and changing his hair. Bobby had been hopeful that the event would be called off. Apparently not. And they were going to add slave races to the list of fun things that happened at these parties.

Greg laughed at Bobby for his look of shell shock.

“Your master promises this year will be different. You will not have to get dressed up, coordinate flower, decorations, food… You just need to get pretty. You probably never saw one of the races, but Derek was always first or second place… I see you’re positively brimming with anticipation… Well, your master has informed me that you need to lose weight and get faster. I am going to push you… hard. There is a big reward for the winner and more importantly to me, a decent prize for the trainer. The losers are beaten… Barbaric right?”

Greg let that thought settle in as he pulled out some mats. Off to yoga it is.

Chapter End Notes

More Story
A pretty brunette angel appeared the next day on the grand door steps of the manor. The woman had light coffee skin, a thin build but was almost childlike in her features. Girlishly small hands and feet complimented a slight frame that fit snuggly in her lavender sundress. She surveyed her surroundings with a critical eye as she waited patiently for the door to open.

She really hated Earth. But when one of the archangels asks you for a favor… Let’s just say it’s in the best interest of your longevity to agree. Favors were frequently returned and slights? Returned in spades. So the angel cut her loses and agreed to watch Gabriel’s flock of misfits. She was assured her role there was minimal at best so she was not worried.

Her long purple dress flowed gently in the easy July wind as she twisted a handbag in her small hands. Mrs. Blacker pulled the massive door open and looked her over with a suspicious glare. Astriel rolled her overly round brown eyes and touched the older woman on the brow. A piercing white light flew from her fingertips. Mrs. Blacker fell back a little dazed, then fell to her knees.

“There is no need for that. My name is Astriel. I am here to protect the manor. Nothing more. I require nothing but a room. Please alert me if I am needed, other than that I have reinforced the perimeter against demons, and I prefer to not be disturbed. You had gallstones and varicose veins. You do not anymore. Now, do show me to my room, please,” the angel said flatly.

Mrs. Blacker pulled herself up and nodded with her head high. This strange woman was strangely like Castiel. Angels. She thought to herself shaking her head.

Gabriel sent word to Gregory and Mark that they would be delayed. The archangel had little luck reaching his old friend Zachariah, so he sent the angel Astriel to protect the manor. Turns out, she was about as social as Castiel and really no one saw or heard from her after her arrival.

The conferences and meetings ran long. Very long. Gabriel was in touch with Mrs. Blacker. She noted that though she did not care for the handlers in the least, Bobby and Sammy looked well, ate well, and were getting healthier by the day. That was enough good news for Gabriel so he and Castiel stayed to balance Lucifer’s books which were painfully out order. Gabriel suggested he find someone capable to do the task. Book keeping and balancing was a necessary evil in maintaining power. It was important to note that the police, schools, infrastructure, and government officials were properly paid and that no one was skimming money off the top. Though, the very real threat of the very devil himself righting public wrongs was enough to keep most honest, it was not foolproof.

The days gradually inched shorter and shorter as July turned to August. And eventually routine set in for our residents of the big red barn. I am not going say it wasn’t butal. It was. But, for the most part, Greg was a decent drill Sargent. For the next three weeks, the boys worked hard every day. Building muscle, strength and agility. Both men slept deeply and ate everything put in front of them. By the end of three weeks, Bobby was standing taller, running faster and looking better. Sam fared the same. They were close to an even match when it came to strength, running and flexibility.

Bobby and Sam noticed some thing odd. As they looked back on their near month in the godforsaken barn, neither of them had had to handle their own body in as much time. Mark took
care of everything. It was now no longer awkward or embarrassing having your ass wiped, your teeth brushed or your junk handled.

Even the lessons with the tutors were going decently. Sam was no protégé, but he could play a few pieces on the violin without making the good doctor cringe too much. Dr. Norton spent more and more time with Bobby, convinced there was type of gimmick to be had in the addition to a slave in the playbill in the fall.

Mme. Bridget brought some welcome sunshine to their days. She gave them means and ways to express themselves through painting and drawing.

It was the beginning of August, Gabriel and Castiel dismissed the allusive Astriel. Zachariah had been found and the two angels were due to go a very important European summit. The meeting was to involve the First Vampire, the Alpha. This meeting was one of the more serious gatherings Gabe and his brother had attended in years. Meetings with the Alpha of any race were almost unheard of. The two angels would have to tread carefully.

As the archangel sat lazily in his quarters, fingering with a loose curl, his brother knocked loudly on large door.

“Castiel, it’s open brother. We have been together for weeks now. The formality has disappeared with my sanity…” Gabe called out from his couch, rolling his neck on the cool silk.

Castiel entered agitated. “I cannot see him, Gabriel. I really have no wish to explain to that boor boy why he is still living in the barn. When are we leaving again and please remind me when this ridiculous experiment of yours will be over,” Castiel said rubbing a hand in his mop of uncombed hair.

Gabe gave his brother a sly smile. “The experiment is going very well Castiel. I intend to test their efforts tomorrow,” the angel said rubbing his hands together.

“And you think he’ll forgive you?” Castiel asked skeptically.

“Of course not. But I imagine he’ll be ready for a small release…” Gabriel said darkly.

“You are incorrigible! You have been spending far too much time with Lucifer to make any rational decisions,” Castiel said sadly. “How do you rationalize this torture?”

“You are too dramatic. They boys are healthy. They are eating, sleeping and learning. We are their masters after all… I am doing what is best for my boy,” Gabe said easily.

“Yes and if you wanted a dog, I expect the animal would come rushing back to you, begging for your touch, but you are trying to train a man, brother. A man you claim to have affection for. Your expectations are irrational!” Castiel protested.

“I am tired Castiel. Lucifer wears me out and this conversation is getting tiresome. The boys will complete their training and that is final, brother. I do not want to hear anything more on the subject. A cupid has finally found Zachariah and he will find tell us his opinion,” Gabriel said sounding much more annoyed.

“Why have we not heard from him, Gabe?” Castiel asked more concerned. “I have never known him to not answer his phone. Mobile or otherwise.”

“I have no idea. The cupid I sent is just as idiotic as the rest of the brainless cherubs. He said he
delivered the messaged and Zachariah agreed to watch the manor. I assume he decided to try solitude on for size. He adores the staff so much. I am sure Bobby and Sam will talk to him. To be honest we are lucky to have him. As much as love them, I have not been able to bring myself to care as deeply as he does.”

Castiel stared up at the skylight, nodding his head in agreement.

It was late evening. The sun had set on the manor and all of the residents were preparing for the night’s repast. Before the two angel’s left for their summit, Gabriel decided to hold the staff meeting he had been putting off.

Dorm meetings were not uncommon when Bobby was foreman. He would call one about every month to go over complaints, celebrate birthdays, or introduce some new system or way of doing things. Garth had larger meetings. He would try and talk to the whole group and not just the men.

Tonight all the men in the dorm gathered at Garth’s request. Per usual, there was a swarm of men in their pajamas waiting in the common area. This was a large open room that containing books, desks and couches. They were now arranged in a neat open circle. Garth was there, gnawing nervously on a fingernail. He seemed to be looking over a notebook and trying not to look anyone in the eye.

Once everyone gathered, Garth rolled his shoulders and stood up straight to announce the purpose of the meeting.

Gabriel blinked in behind him. The angel smiled smugly as Garth had no idea he was there. The angel’s hair was slicked back and he wore a black suit. He stood square with his hands clasped behind him. Gabriel cocked his head to the side and stared at his men.

Garth coughed a little into his notebook, to clear his throat. He looked around the room seriously. Delivering bad news was not easy for the new foreman. “Master Gabriel, is going to require a few men to give up their duties tomorrow to be available for other work.”

There was a hush throughout the room.

The Master interrupted the willowy man by placing his large hand on Garth’s shoulder. Garth jumped a little, smiled weakly and bowed slightly, and took a few steps back.

“What your foreman does not want to say is that Bobby and Sam need to learn how to pleasure a man. For that, I require Carl, Daniel, Caleb and Roger to serve as recipients of this training. Should I need any more volunteers, I will call another meeting. If there is any reason you cannot fulfil these obligations, please feel free to complain to Garth. Thank you for your continued obedience and good will. Good night, men.”

Gabriel blinked out. Silence followed.

Garth threw up his hands in resignation, “That was all I had, Good night, guys.”

Followed by some muttering. Devon kept his comments to himself. So did everyone else. Daniel walked out confused, trying to imagine what would happen tomorrow.

Carl looked pissed. He muttered to himself, “Work for a man without pay for nearly twenty fucking years and this is what the bastard thinks I owe him…”
Caleb was a young man, he had grown up at the manor with Bobby being more like a father than foreman… The man had pulled him out of more jams than he cared to count. He looked down at floor, his neck crooked so far down he could barely see anything then in front of him. Caleb made his way back to his room to hide himself completely into his covers and pray for something to happen to prevent this.

Roger was just angry. He walked up to Garth, getting too close to his foreman to be respectful.

“What the hell was he talking about? Did you give him our names?” Roger growled, his large hairy arms folded at his chest, almost touching Garth’s shirt. Garth took a few steps back, now looking more uncomfortable.

“Now, Roger, you need to calm down. And, no. No one asked me if this was a good idea. I am sorry that the Master chose you. Please just try to do your best, Roger. This is worse for Bobby than it is for you. Just remember that…Please,” Garth said softly.

That got to him. Roger put his big burly hand on Garth’s shoulder and dropped his posture. He walked off to his room sadly without saying another word. His shaggy hair hanging long in his face. Roger itched at his widow’s peak and scratched the stubble of his three day beard in shame. This day was edging up on one of the worst days of his life. Not as bad as the night he had to cut off his girlfriend’s head when he figured out she had fangs and was trying to drink his blood. But it was coming in close.

Definitely worse when he pissed himself at that haunted house in high school. The cold wet humiliation and playful jabs from his friends did not come close to this. Bobby had taught him how to be a man, how to treat himself right and talked to him countless nights about how to talk to Kim. “You’re going to fine. Just don’t be an asshole and try not look at her boobs. Yeah, you do that. So don’t.” Bobby would say with his crooked smile. He was great with advice and giving it you straight.

Roger’s square jaw shifted as he tried to alleviate the pressure of mashing his teeth together. His thin almond shaped blue grey eyes squinted as he rubbed his straight brow. Roger was a thick man with a thick neck and broad shoulders. He had turned forty a couple of months ago but his thin brown his hair had started to grey years ago. On his birthday, Bobby had procured a bottle of wine from Gabriel’s wine cellar. Then the older man told him to sneak off with Kimberly into the woods and have a nice time watching the sunset. It was one of the best days of his life.

These slight tastes of freedom felt better than the times he actually had it.

Roger had a drug problem before he lost his girl and was sentenced. The jail had dried him out before he went up for sale, but had not fixed the problem. He stole, got in fights, and cursed like a sailor. Bobby would pull him by the collar and talk to him. At first he would just threaten to never give him new clothes, then he took away the kid’s bed, then cut him down to one shirt and a pair of pants. Gradually he learned to behave and act like he was in a community and not a prison. Eventually, you could say, he grew to love life at Gabriel’s.

Life as a low life was difficult and scary. Resources were always scarce. Someone was always breathing down your neck about owing them money or drugs or both. He couch surfed and squatted and basically used up everyone he had until he found Trisha. Turns out she was looking to score just as much as he was. But she wanted blood.

But life at the manor? It was kind of like cult life without the religion. Everyone was so nice to each other and looked out for one another. He finally felt like he had a family. Like he had a
To watch his friend and boss humiliated had soured his experience. He had even talked to Kimberly about leaving. She would smile sadly and remind him what happened to the dead chicken Bobby threw over the fence. It had the same mark they all did. The damn thing burned to a crisp in front of them. “He’s dead serious on you staying here, girl,” Bobby would warn her in the first months, as she had been caught testing the boundaries with sticks and such. Roger closed his eyes as he tried to cope with the idea that his whole world had changed, and there was no going back.

Daniel walked backed to his room in denial. He sulked and looked into the mirror on his wall. Daniel was by far the most handsome slave Gabriel owned. And at twenty six, he was still a young man. His thick chestnut hair hung at a slight arch over his model perfect face. Large brown almond eyes were always brimming with curiosity and happiness. His curvy muscled arms opened wide to hug anyone who would let him. He was seeing Devon seriously now, but had had a secret thing with Derek. Only Bobby knew. He never said a thing accept, “Be careful Romeo. Juliet is going to be mighty pissed if she finds out about you’re playing with her toys.”

The happenstance that brought Daniel to the manor was not lost on anyone. One almost eight years ago, Daniel had gotten into a car after a heavy night of drinking. His small CRX raced down the vacant Santa Monica streets before break of early dawn. As Daniel reached to flip through his mini disc collection, he failed to see a young woman in black dress crossing the street. Turns out that woman was high level demon who evacuated the body seconds before the crash. Before her possession the woman had been a suburban house mother of four from Boise. The police had been looking for the woman and assumed Daniel had something to do with her disappearance and abduction. Since guilty was still a popular verdict, Daniel was sentenced. Castiel had been the one to identify the man. Gabriel healed his wounds from the car accident and offered him a new life at the manor.

Bobby had been the kid's roommate for near on five years. Daniel loved the old man. He shuttered at the thought of whatever sick shit the sadistic trainers had planned for him the following day.

No one slept well that night. All four men had never dread the morning light more than they did now.
This is probably the longest sex scene I have ever written. If you were following along for the story? Skip this one. If you enjoy the porn? Well, your welcome.

Comments critiques are always welcome :)

Greg woke the Sam and Bobby up just as the sun began to peak over the horizon. It was August in Oregon, it promised to be a hot day but the mornings were still cool. He took the men on a morning run and then brought them a hearty breakfast of eggs, potatoes and fruit. Bobby was considering everything he would do to get a cup of stale kitchen coffee: murder, larceny, coercion, bludgeoning, just then Mark walked with a leash and his scrub brush. Both men paled a little at the thought of a scrub. Sam considered whether his skin was getting smoother or gradually worn away. It did not matter anyway. He was up first. Mark led the man up to wash and got work.

What was surprising is that Greg followed soon after with a mat, blue bucket and sponge. Bobby eyed the man cautiously. Greg hooked the leash and tug the man out to the hose. Bobby frowned defeated. What the hell? They had hot water in the barn. What was going on?

“We have to get this done quickly, boy. We are having some special training this morning.”

That did not sound ominous at all. Greg worked efficiently. He tore at Bobby’s sleepwear, stripping him in seconds.

“On your knees, quick.” Once Bobby had complied, Greg poured half the bucket over his head and began scrubbing him deftly with a soft sponge. Bobby coughed and rubbed his nose on his shoulder to combat the water that had gotten onto his face. Once the trainer had scrubbed almost every inch of the slave, the water was turned on full force and the handler hosed the man off quickly. Toweling him off with some force, the trainer dropped the towels and trotted back to the barn.

Now this was odd. Gregory had no redeamble qualities save the fact he was always prepared and never flustered. Today he was a hot mess. The ginger returned at a jog with a black sweat suit. He pulled the clothes on the slave and clasped the leash. Bobby gave Greg an odd look.

“Don’t get too comfortable, you’re not going to be wearing it for long. Gabriel wants to supervise the start of this thing. He told me half an hour ago. I have to go get the other slaves washed and ready too. Gabriel is going to be in the next room so keep your cool, boy. Alright?”

Bobby nodded. Greg had forgotten or not wanted to put his boots on for the day. Bobby winced as he jogged gingerly down the pebbled path to the manor.

Once they arrived at the main gate, Greg pulled Bobby’s foot up behind him to clean his feet.

“Shit!” he said loudly, looking at the cut Bobby had gotten on the jog over and the small trail of blood the man had dragged behind him. Greg ripped at the arm of Bobby’s sweatshirt, tearing the arm clean off and making a makeshift bandage. After that was taken care of, he yanked Bobby hard, running up the stairs to a grand bedroom. The trainer tied the slave to a thick bed post. “Sit
and wait.”

Bobby was tied to the bed post, wearing a ridiculous black sweat suit without an arm. Not that he did take the time to relish the experience of having clothes on that weren’t skin tight or a damn harness. He felt deliciously warm and safe. With his eyes forward, he did have the chance to decipher where the hell Greg had chained him.

The room was one that Bobby had cleaned a few times when he was first shoeless. He recognized the motif as post-modern: straight lines, solid colors and mid-century furniture. Bobby knew this as he had found an article on the computer that explained the current decorating trends. It was click bate he had used to escape the depressing news that Donald Trump, the flagrant gold monkey had become the president.

He remembered the room being sleekly designed. The bed was a king with a long even headboard from Denmark with sleek wooden cutouts. The floors where dark hard wood with a pale gray carpet. Bucket chairs framed a tall thin wooden dresser. Beside the bed were simple night stands with stainless steel lamps topped with straight cylindrical shades. Large windows were set on either side of the great dresser and chairs. Bobby liked this room. It felt cleaner and cooler than the other frilly rooms with their fourteenth century furniture paired with fine French silk linens and flowered wall paper.

After a while, a small group of people entered the room. Bobby kept his meditative stance but could pick out the unmistakable sigh of his former roommate, Daniel. “Teach him to pleasure me.” The phrase had played back in his head many times. The fact that his training had jumped from three months to six. All of this spelt trouble. Blinding and humiliating trouble.

Bobby felt a familiar warm fingers, running through the growing tuff that had become his hair. The touching almost pulled him out of his meditation. But with some centering, he gained control again.

Gabriel then eyed his very nervous and very naked slave. Daniel’s olive skin seemed to glisten, still moist from Greg’s attempt at cleaning him. He truly was beautiful. His body was almost unnaturally sculpted and curvy. He had the unique draw looking both very strong and very soft and welcoming. Odd parts of his muscles shook slightly from the cold air and the remaining wetness.

Gregory was leading him to the bed, his vision obscured by a thick black blindfold. The young man climbed the tall mattress with shaky limbs. Daniel’s hair was still damp and looked more like a mop than the gorgeous locks he typically styled. His hands were tied loosely with cloth and he tried to look around the room, flaying his head like a frightened animal, searching for some escape. Greg watched with a hint of amusement as Daniel swallowed and stiffened under the soft Egyptian cotton beneath him. The trainer pulled another piece of black cloth out of his pocket and tied it around the young man’s wrists. The handler whispered something into his ear that must have terrified the slave, as he began to shake his head vigorously. Yes, yes. Of course he would be good, seemed to be what Daniel was trying to convey.

Gregory produced a light blue marker from his back pocket. He drew crude lines along the outlines of Daniel’s peck and nipples, along his jawline and curve of his ear, down the length of his neck, down the thin line of the v shaped muscles going to his groin, and a line running along the back of the man’s penis. Greg drew an arch under the man’s stomach down to where the soft hair began to form. He as he turned the slave over, Daniel let out a sad cry.
Greg slapped Daniel’s ass, hard. Eliciting a louder cry. “No one is going to hurt you, boy. You are supposed to enjoy this. Do not make this more difficult,” the trainer hissed.

He picked up his marker and began to draw lines down the backs of Daniel’s legs, an upside down triangle at the base of his spine, and underside of his bottom. Spreading his legs, the ginger man drew an “x” on the small space between the man’s anus and balls. Smiling, Greg colored the man’s sensitive hole with his marker as the slave tensed and squirmed. The handler rolled Daniel onto his back again. Then Greg motioned for Mark, who brought a pair of odd headphones and secured them over Daniel’s ears. At that point, Mark and Gabriel left the room. Gabriel looking back with a sigh and an obvious flash of jealously.

Greg now whispered. “Good, he should not be able to hear me,” the trainer motioned to Bobby who stood beside him.

“I have marked many of the erogenous zones. I missed a few but I think these are what we have time for today. Okay… you are becoming a pleasure slave. You are going to need to know how to pleasure your master or anyone else. Use your tongue, cheeks, fingertips, fingernails, or anything else besides your dick and you should be fine. There is no real formula for this, see what he likes and go with it. Use your mouth and hands to bring the man to completion. Remember, you’re in competition with Sam, today…” The trainer produced a small cup from his deep pockets. He spoke slowly and with purpose, intending to emphasize the importance of his words.

“This cup is for you to spit what you draw out from him. The slave with the most cum wins a hot shower and rub down. The loser gets a scrub and five lashes with the crop. Typically, the more stimulation you give, the more cum is produced. Not everyone has enjoys the same things, spend lots of time on these zones, work his cock in time with what you are doing somewhere else and you will get the best results. You have three hours. After two hours, I will knock on the door. When you are done, place the cup outside the door. Keep him going for at least two hours. So take your time, he’s not going anywhere. There is some water by the bedside. He knows this is your first time and has promised to make noise if you hurt him, but he is not going to give you any hints other than moans or breathing fast. Your tongue better be blue at the end of this Bobby… You understand?”

Bobby continued his sour expression, but nodded his head. Two hours of licking this guy?

“Good. Start at the top and work your way down. Remember the things he likes and keep a good rhythm. If he starts to get close and I have not knocked, just concentrate on another area… We are not finding the prostate today. So don’t try. Be a good boy,” Greg said tousling Bobby’s hair. He helped the slave out of the black sweats and then undid the gloves that bound the slave’s hands. Bobby shook his fingers that had become paler, weaker from lack of use. The man stared down at them as if they were foreign objects.

“You are not the first to not use their hands for a while. Calm down. I am going to leave you alone with him. I should not have to tell you to treat this man with respect. Be good. Best of luck.” The handler walked up to Daniel and removed the headphones and placed the man’s wrists by his head.

The ginger man walked out of the room, locking the door behind him.

Bobby squinted at the naked man before him frowning and shaking his head. How the fuck did I get here? He wondered. He rolled his shoulders and worked himself up. “I can do this. Can’t be that different than eating a girl out. I mean take away the breasts and the pussy…Nope that won’t work because… fuck that’s all I had. Damn it. Okay. The lines should be helpful. Just walk up to him. Stop staring. Okay, warm up your hands? Yeah….
Bobby tried to warm his hands on the back of his neck. This was going to be terrible. No. Just win. Think of nothing but getting this bastard so worked up he blows a huge load, so you get a hot shower.

Daniel lay there rigid, afraid to move. Greg had threatened to beat him every day for a week if he said anything to the man who was giving him his blow job. Such an odd name for something that is so uniquely personal. Daniel was not even sure who was giving said blow job. Then he caught a whiff of Bobby’s musk. Okay, that was fine. I mean sure Sam was hot, but he had been with plenty of bears before… Wait, Bobby looked different now. Daniel squirmed a little. That was working. Okay, new Bobby with the hot master. Daniel began to fill slowly and rocked his hips slightly until he was erect as he could get himself. There. He had done his part. Now it was time to pray someone had taught this straight guy how to do this without teeth.

Bobby looked deeply at the man who was laid out before him. He climbed the bed and got so close, Daniel could feel the heat coming off his body. Bobby tried to remember what Jody would do to him. He guessed no one had ever schooled her with all these damn lines because she would just try it fit the whole thing in her mouth for as long as she could then climb on top of him… Follow the lines, damn it.

Bobby spent some time with light touches and gently grazing his fingers over the blue line. Daniel shivered and shifted, the blindfold helped to remove himself from the clearly crazy situation and he began to enjoy himself.

Bobby closed his eyes and brought his lips close to Daniels small ears, slightly hidden behind mounds of thick brown hair. He traced the line of the man’s ear with his mouth, gently nipping and tugging at the lobes and soft flesh. Daniel began to moan softly, opening his mouth. Then Bobby placed a shaky hand onto the smooth middle of the younger man’s chest. Slowly moving down it down with increasing pressure until he reached the throbbing member. Bobby held Daniel in his hands. Alright, that was not so bad. It feels fleshy and weird but not disgusting. The man had more length but less girth than Bobby did. Stop it, Singer.

Rhythm. Remember rhythm. He liked the ear thing, so… Bobby loosely held Daniel moving his hand gently up and down. He did know you start out slow. Then he moved over to the other ear and tugged with his lips as he pulled with his hand, working his way up and down the length of the ear. The smaller man was moaning in time with Bobby’s pulls. This was working? Maybe this could be fun? Bobby smiled for the first time that day.

The older man ran his lips up and down the length of Daniel’s long neck. The soft skin and salty taste distracting him from his rhythm. He stroked and thumbed the head, Daniel’s breath hitched and he moaned. Then Bobby dove down and tongued the nubby flesh of the man’s nipple. The produced the loudest moan yet. Yeah, I guess I like that too, kid. Bobby continued until the younger man’s toes curled and he was moaning and squirming. He pulled back from Daniel’s nipple and replaced his mouth with some light touching and pulled and rubbed in time with his other hand. Now the cock in his hand felt heavier and harder.

He watched the young man writhe and wriggle under his command. The young man now licked and bit at his own, full and supple lips. His hips pushed his cock into Bobby’s hands. Bobby began to see why Gabriel enjoyed this so much. The control he had now was intoxicating. He had to pull himself back, the man was getting too close. Bobby released the man’s cock. Hearing a soft cry, he looked down at the other lines.

Let’s send this guy over the edge. Bobby nudged the man to roll on his stomach. He touched the man’s sculpted back with light and gentle touches. Then ran his fingers down the length of his back and began to lick and kiss the inverted triangle drawn at the base of the young lad’s spine. Daniel rutted against the sheets. The older man noticed the red slap mark was still there. He licked
and nipped at the sore flesh, the young man moved his hips from side to side, enjoying and
moaning into every touch.

Blood began to fill the older slave’s lips, he’s breathing increased, he shifted his body weight as to
reposition himself. He became painfully aware of the growing erection he now possessed. Great,
he thought, now, I am actually gay. Damnit. Well, fuck it.

His own lips craved stimulation. Bobby lips teased the soft crease under the tortured man’s ass.
His hands caressed the soft supple mounds as he would if he was trying to please a woman. The
man beneath him moaned louder and rubbed harder into the soft cotton and firmness of the
mattress. Breathing hard and wriggling himself, he poured passion and desire into every touch, nip
and light scratch.

Daniel was losing himself. His head spun and he wanted desperately to fight against the bounds,
pull off his blindfold and tear into this man on top of him. Being a good slave only fueled his
desire as the man above teased and taunted every sensitive area of his body. Then the man did the
unthinkable. He stopped and began his light and tormenting touches down his back and the backs
of his thighs. Jesus, where the hell was he? Then he felt he felt his legs being pulled apart
painfully slow. He felt a soft breath blow over his secret crevasse, then feather light scratches
began to tease him until he had to stop himself from bucking his thin hips.

Then he felt a hot tongue slip deftly into his most private space. His hips started to rut again.

“Ahhhhh! Ahhhhh!” Daniel began to chant rhythmically. He felt the tongue twist and dance
inside him, as he moaned, feeling as if he might burst.

Bobby heard a knock. He pulled himself back. Alright. He said to himself, time to get this party
started, as he again nudged the man to roll over on his back. The older man grabbed the glass of
water and drank it quickly. Then decided it was time to end his captive’s torment. He laid next to
the Daniel, pressing his naked body close. He began to lick and squeeze the slave’s nipples. His
kisses turned to bites, his gentle tugs turned to pulls, and the man’s beneath him began to hitch
with tinge of fear and a mass of desire. His hands gabbed the man tightly as kissed and nipped at
the muscled chest and defined abs. Pulling himself down, he hesitated before he put the head of
the incredible hard cock into his mouth. Daniel was beginning to holler and pull at his bounds.
Bobby looked up and noticed the considerable amount of drool that had run onto the pillow and
allowed himself a devil’s smile. It’s time.

Bobby took the cock into his mouth and rocked his mouth up and down. Over and over and over
again. The man next to him began to howl in intervals. Then he stopped. His mouth hung open
and his eyes squinted. It was an odd mixture of pain and pleasure as he felt himself resting on the
edge. Bobby slowed his movements and heard a cry of pain and disappointment. Then he
resumed, upping the pace. That was enough to tip the cup that had brimmed to top. The younger
man howled loudly. The hot sticky cum shot into his mouth and Bobby gagged at the foul salty
taste. He found the cup and spat out the seed as quickly as he could. Putting the cup down, he
pushed himself up to the man who lay shaking and quivering. Offering his thick arms, Daniel
hummed and melted into him. Bobby kissed the man’s forehead with a surprising amount of
affection.

After a few blissful and exhaustive moments, the door opened. Gregory charged in with an
identical small cup. He examined the content of both cups and smirked. He looked at Bobby at
with a half salute.
Alright. That might have been the strangest thing Bobby Singer had ever done. Kinky. But strange. The act left an odd tingle in his mouth. He squirmed a little wondering if that was the sperm. Damn it Biology class. If he was honest with himself, he was not ready to let go Daniel. It was the most contact, human or otherwise, Bobby had had since the last time he was called to his Master’s quarters.

The thought awoken him and stirred his desire. He closed his eyes and tried to quiet the part of his body he still had very little control over.

Gregory beamed at his pupil. “Good job, boy! You are shaping up nicely!” the giant man said as he looked over the pair that remained intertwined. “Go ahead and hop in the shower, boy. You earned it….”

“As for you…” Greg said looking over Daniel. He pulled off the blindfold and grabbed for the lad’s hands that were still bound. The slave’s hazel eyes were still blinking and adjusting to the light when Greg pulled him off the bed onto his feet.

“Your clothes are in the bathroom down the hall,” the handler said as he landed a loud slap to Daniel’s ass. The slave jumped a little and scuttled out of the room, without looking back.

Bobby straightened himself out and started to pull himself off the bed. Greg noticed the sadness and discontent the man had at the news of his win.

“Ah! Don’t look at me like that! Sam did fine. I’ll forget about strokes and scrub on account of how good you made me look today! After the two of you shower off, put your sweats back on and go have some lunch… In the dining hall,” Greg said with a half-smile, looking over the man with unmistakable pride?

“Sam will still have to do some extra credit with a few of the men tomorrow, but we are way ahead of schedule! Give that kid some notes Don Juan! Gabriel dismissed the tutors today, thinking you boys needed a break. We’ll give you some time to rest in the barn, before that we will go over some other… aspects of the male anatomy.”

Bobby squinted a little, looking more than a little perplexed. This man did not look victorious. He looked defeated. He trudged over to the bathroom slowly, a little dazed. Greg watched his student who looked like he had just lost instead of won. In truth, he looked like he was just about to take the punishment.

“You did well kid,” Greg said as Bobby opened the bathroom door. Bobby looked back with a slight nod.

The slave’s mood wore on Greg. Was he pushing them too hard? Not hard enough? This was the first assignment he took Mark off dummy practice. Maybe it was easier if when they didn’t know who they were working on. Bobby was unique. He had known all of these men for so long.

Maybe Gabriel could rent a few slaves. That would sound very weird to a master. Then again, archangels are weird in their own rite. He should talk to Gabriel. After all, the master was very pleased with Bobby’s performance. He kept his hand over his mouth the whole time. He would whisper, “I taught him that!” or “I knew he liked that!”
The trainer could also see the blatant jealousy in the master’s eyes. As pleased as Gabriel was with his pet’s little show, he did not like seeing Bobby with another man. It did not surprise Greg that Gabriel and Castiel departed soon after the test was completed. Still, the archangel congratulated the trainers on their hard work and success. But Greg easily read the sadness in Gabriel’s eyes.

It was odd for a master to show so much concern. Especially an Archangel. Raphael would complain his boys were not getting the discipline they needed. Others would simply not care to know anything at all unless it involved results. With their absence, a few masters even forgot the names of the slaves in training.

Castiel seemed to be one of those, Greg concluded. The Sam’s master never visited or had any commented on the slave’s treatment. Really it was Mark who watched Sam during his test. Through the camera, the small trainer watched the horror show that was Sam Winchester attempt at pleasuring that poor slave. Mark rubbed his head hard and pulled at the skin on his neck as he watched the lanky boy with Roger. Greg had reasoned the two might be a good match considering their size. But that did not help Sam. The young man fumbled and choked a lot. There were times Mark was sure Roger was going to punch the slave in the face. Especially the incident with the teeth. The little man winced just remembering it. Sam was lucky the man could cum at all after that. Really it was closer to a miracle.

Bobby looked perplexed as Sam and he walked to the dining hall.

“You okay, Bobby?”

“Yep.”

“Bobby. Come on. What’s up?” Sam asked not buying that answer at all.

“Don’t want to ruin the first good day we’ve had in a month. Let’s just enjoy it.”

“Bullshit. Dude, tell me what’s wrong… I fucking owe you that.”

Bobby stopped, crooked his neck a little, and asked, “What the hell do you mean?”

“You just got me out of that beating! Yeah, what the hell did you say? Did you say anything?” Sam had stopped with a knowing smile.

“I have no idea why the hell that bastard does what he does, just enjoy it… How do you know I won?”

Sam huffed, lifting an eyebrow, “I could hear that kid’s scream from down the hall! You were doing something right.” Bobby just shook his head in a deep blush. “I am surprised you didn’t here Roger’s shriek in pain. I hope they don’t want this to be my profession. I am terrible at it.”

Bobby blushed a little with a slight huff.

“So what’s up?” the kid stopped again.

The older man stared back biting at his cheek. “I just don’t understand. I don’t understand why you took it.” Bobby asked without looking at his tall friend staring off into the brush.

Sam looked at Bobby with a confused smile. “What’d ya mean?” he asked with a light chuckle.
“Why didn’t you just leave, Sam? I took of the day I turned 18. I’d leave this emerald forest if I could get this damn sigil off my leg. And knew that megalomaniac wouldn’t find me…”

Sam looked straight ahead. “You mean Dean?” The young man laughed. “It wasn’t so bad, and it’s all I have ever known,” the kid said pulling up his shoulders. “Dean looked out for me. Always did. Used to save my life on the regular. I am sure he is still freaking the fuck out right now.”

Sam laughed. “Look, I am probably stuck here, so better for us both, you know?” Sam asked with a bright smile. Then he stopped to look at his friend.

Bobby smiled and pointed to the hall. “Let’s get going. This is our first meal not in a bowl in three weeks. I intend to enjoy it.” He started walking again, the crisp late morning air breathing a bit more life in him than was there before.

By that time, the two had reached the dining hall. Bobby’s shoulders relaxed as he entered the familiar room. He raised his eyebrows, Ester had made chicken cordon bleu. Although the name was French, Bobby could not help but think that chicken stuffed with Swiss cheese and ham was all American. The old woman saw them arrive early for lunch and she waddled up to hug her old friend, still holding her wooden spoon.

“Bobby Singer, you get cuter every day! We have missed you!” She landed a playful smack on his rear with the spoon.

“Jesus, Ester. I get enough of that where I am. I know I missed you, too. This has been an exercise in awful. I think we come back for good in two to five months.”

“Bobby, I am so sorry. We all asked to come by, they said they’d take it out on you boys if we did.” She said as she hugged him again, more sincerely.

“I know, I know. Well, let me enjoy the use of my hands for the next hour,” he said forcing a smile.

“I will make you a plate! Two deserts! For you both!” She smiled grabbing some plates and picking the best of her breaded cutlets. “If I had known you were coming I would have made you a steak!”

“This is my favorite and you know it! Thank you, Ester.”

Sam and Bobby gratefully took their plates and sat a table together. Bobby felt a chill as he looked around the room. The last time he was in this room, Gabriel had seduced Ellen and Jody both. That fucking asshole. He could not decide how he would feel about seeing the two today.

Charlie saved him from that thought as she bounded toward him and Sam. She kissed both on the cheek with a shriek.

“Oh, my gods! Did they let you go? Are you back?”

“For the next hour, girl.”

“I will take what I can get! You both look amazing!”

Sam blushed a little as he took a bit of his broccoli with a smile.
“Thank you, thank you. But I think we both would have picked another way to get in shape other than pony training.”

“Is that what the hell is going on?” Sam asked honestly.

“I mean we are in a damn barn. What the fuck do I know?” Bobby fell silent and still as the glass door pushed open. Ellen and Jody were making their way in to the dining hall, giggling to one another. He hunkered down over his food, staring deeply into the potatoes he had planted and harvested. They passed by without even seeing him, they were so deep into their conversation.

Charlie interrupted, “Gilda can get me a plate. It is just so good to see you,” she said putting a warm hand on his.

Another giant bite made its way into Bobby’s mouth as someone else pushed the door open, noticing the former foreman immediately.

Garth ran over to Bobby and embraced him so hard the older man thought he would choke on his lunch.

“I have missed you so much! I have been waiting so long to see you! Man! I have so many questions!”

“Garth…” Bobby said trying to choke down his food.

“It’s okay. I just need to know how much fertilizer to buy, how the hell do you keep Olivia on the job? She is one slippery fish!”

“Garth…”

“I know, but the pigs are fighting. We had to call the vet when one of them bit a littler one. When do you call the butcher for the cow? Before you kill it or after?”

“Garth…”

“And how do you deal with Mrs. Blacker? She threatens to beat me every other day! I am not really sure if she can or not…”

“Garth!”

“Yeah, Bobby?”

“Can I please eat my lunch? Then schedule something with Gabriel. This is the first break I have gotten since that redheaded demon dressed me up like we were going to find a good time in a leather bar. I just want to have a cup of coffee and eat my damn food. That okay with you?”

Bobby was still as surly as ever, Charlie laughed into her napkin.

Garth nodded his head vigorously, obviously hurt. “Sure boss, sure.”

Garth left the table and went back to the kitchen to get some lunch.

“I’m not your boss.” Bobby said to no one looking up and shaking his head.

Sam raised his brows, “Well, I am going to get that coffee. Black?” he asked his friend. Bobby responded with a silent head bob, not bothering to lift his head from his plate.
Bobby looked around and found himself alone with Charlie.

“You wanna talk?” she asked cradling her chin in a pair of laced fingers. You could not get more adorable than Charlie trying to help.

“Charlie, I would not know where to begin with all the insanity. You want me to talk about how I had to eat meals on the floor without my hands, for the past three weeks? Or you want me talk about how I gave my old roommate a blow job to get this damn meal? OR we could talk about how I walked in on Jody and Ellen having a real good time with the bastard who put me in this training program from hell? Or that one of the best friends I ever had, neglected and beat his two boys? Any of this make you feel very talkative?”

“You really know how to take the life out a party, don’t you?” Charlie said flatly. Bobby laughed, really hard. Charlie edged a concerned smile.

“Sorry…” he said between breathes. “It’s been a weird day.”

“Sounds like it! Well here comes trouble with your coffee!” She smiled at Sam.

Gradually the table began to fill. It seemed the slaves just wanted to be close to their old foreman. Adam and Olivia sat at table close by. Lisa gave Sam a shy smile and sat next to Gilda. There were lots of offers to beat the pants off the trainers. Of course Bobby explained they were not evil and not get in any trouble on his account. Garth grabbed a chair and ate with plate on his lap.

“You holding up okay, old man?” Jeb asked patting Bobby on the shoulder. Jeb was a thin man in his late forties. He always teased Bobby about keeping all the women folk to himself on account of his age and experience.

“Doing the best I can, and you watch who you’re calling old. I am getting in great shape!”

“Bobby, I can’t get Garth to kill any of the pigs! It’s been so long since we had any bacon!” Jacob complained.

“I told him to wait for me to complete this damn training. You don’t mind waiting 6 months do you?” His friends chuckled and laughed.

“You had better watch yourself, Singer. We have not had many men coming round and you look like a stallion prancing around! When the hell did you get so much hair?”

“Came with the collar, Lisa. You always know how to sweet talk a guy!” Bobby smiled feigning a blush.

“You joke! I have heard stories about men who come out of those training! Gabriel better lock you down.”

Ellen and Jody came out of the kitchen at the moment Lisa started her rant about sexual prowess of those who graduated training.

Ellen put her tray down at the far end of the room and walked over to the rest of the slaves.

“We miss you, Bobby. Keep doing everything right and come back to us, ya hear?” she said as she put two hands on his shoulders that tensed at her touch.

“I will. Thank you, Ellen,” he said as she leaned over and kissed his head.
She then walked over to Jody, who stared at her with wide eyes and a cocked head, mouthing “What the fuck?”

Charlie looked around the room. “Andrea, where is Caleb? I know he’d want to tell Bobby the news we have been waiting to tell him…” The men looked at each other. There had been no need to tell anyone but Olivia, as most of the women worked in the house.

Garth spoke up first, “Charlie, a couple of the guys are doing a special job for Gabriel. We will probably see them next week.”

“Next week?” Bobby asked pissed as hell and a little too loud.

“What the hell is going on? …. Oh! Roommate?” Charlie’s eyes widened with eventual realization.

“Yes, Charlie, welcome to the conversation…”

Andrea smiled shyly. “I would like to tell him anyway. Bobby? I am pregnant!”

“Well don’t that beat all! Congratulations! Gosh, that would be the first baby born here.” Bobby beamed. My God! A baby!

“Garth got the master to send a doctor by this afternoon. I am pretty sure I am a couple months. I wanted to make sure before we told anyone.”

“I am so happy for you sweet girl! I could not pick a better Daddy than Caleb is going to be! And Lucas is a fine boy, he is going to be a great big brother,” Bobby said smiling at her.

“I know, I can’t wait to see him! Camp has been going for so long!” she said widening her giant brown eyes.

“I am so sorry Andrea! We thought getting the kids out through the harvest would be the best idea since they get so bored. What with everyone working so hard,” Charlie said looking regretful.

“Charlie! I have gotten three letters about how great of a time he is having. Please do this for them every summer. They get to feel like normal kids,” Andrea smiled brightly at her friend.

“Speaking of work,” Garth piped in. “We better get a move on, so we can have our time off when the kids get home.”

There was a few grunts of agreement and the dining gradually cleared with a few woeful goodbyes. Until there no one left but Sam and Bobby. Bobby nursed his coffee, inhaling the familiar aroma with closed eyes. He wanted this moment of normalcy to last.

Sam looked at Bobby. He knew what it was like to live under someone else’s thumb and be driven hard by someone else’s purpose. This life was easier than his last. Here, there was so little room for error. So much encouragement. So many people being kind in one way or another. But Bobby had a different story. He had never really had to submit before. All of this must feel like a real sick choice.

Chapter End Notes
Roar! I am a machine!!!
Get ready to really hate Greg.... or me....

If you have any triggers to violence, this chapter is pretty violent.

Sam and Bobby walked back to the barn. The great red door was wide open, Bobby could make out what looked like a naked man on all four, set up on the slave wash. As Bobby got closer, he realized that man was Carl Bates. His head was hung low, and as Bobby approached the man, he looked despondent. What the fuck had they done to him?

Bobby looked at his friend sadly. Carl was strong and proud. His compact muscles hung limp. Bobby could not tell how they had propped him up like that. He clearly wasn’t awake but wasn’t passed out either.

Bobby thought back to Carl’s first day. He came in riding in the back of Gabriel's white convertible Cadillac Eldorado in the fall of ‘85. It was few years after Bobby had started. Carl was svelte man, meaning he was about 5’7 on a good day and weighed 160 wet. But with a look, he could tell anyone, I’m fucking trouble so don’t ask. So, for a longtime Bobby didn’t. Carl kept his head down and kept to himself. His small hazel eyes promising secrets you might not want to hear.

Bobby didn’t mind. A man was entitled to his past. But damn near everyone needed at least some friends. This forty acres of farmland and woodland was too small to live like an island. He gradually wore away at the man with kindness. Helping him with his work, sitting with him in silence at meal times every so often, and offering smartmouthed advice. Normally, Carl would roll his eyes and move on if Bobby said something smart-ass. Bobby knew, one day, he would get a smile.

It finally happened on a spring day in the summer of ‘87. Bobby had been foreman for a year at that point. He had not yet gotten more than a few short sentences from the man, but he was still working at it.

That day, Carl came up to Bobby during harvest time. The first harvest with Bobby as foreman was a huge success. So much so that Mrs. Blacker and Ester were sent out to the fields to help pull it all in before it rot on the vine, so to speak. Mrs. Blacker did not have an easy time with being outdoors all day and was very vocal about it. Going on the third day in, she decided she had a headache that wouldn’t go away. She told Carl to talk to Bobby.

“Joyce told me to tell you, she went back to bed. Must be going on three hours now…” Carl said staring at wagon they were filling. Bobby put his hand on Carl’s shoulder and said, “Thank God you told me. It’s been so damn quiet, I thought she’d either died or I’ve gone deaf.” Bobby put his pinky in his ear with his half smile. At that point, Carl broke. He laughed so hard he fell down. Bobby helped Carl off the ground and two had been good friends ever since.

It turned out that Carl ran a bar that on certain nights, became a nightclub. A gay underground
night club in Nebraska. One night, a bunch of hillbilly vampires attacked the bar and set fire to the place. Carl was charged with the deaths of four men. One of those men was the love of his life. Carl’s family found out about the Bar’s late night activities and did not attend his sale. Gabriel was there though.

The archangel read about the court case. It broke his heart. He attended the auction himself. A practice that was so rare, the auction house asked the Archangel to verify his identity. The angel had never been good at or really had the occasion to comfort a mortal. All the same, he held his new slave for hours as he cried, wrecked with guilt and shame in a dark motel room on the way to the manor. The angel heard the heart ache and offered to bring back Carl’s lover. But warned, Jonathon would remember the pain of the fire and the anguish of death. Carl tearfully conceded that he was in a better place. That life was short and they would be together soon enough. Carl had only ever loved one man and that love was enough to carry him through several lifetimes.

Bobby admired Carl's devotion, but could not hold himself to the same standard. He was known to follow his dick well before his heart. In the case of Karen, he was lucky enough that two were in perfect agreement. In the case of everyone else? He was not so sure.

Bobby knew Carl and the man did not like being touched. He hated being hugged or going to the doctor. Bobby could not imagine that he would allow himself to be probed. Carl had probably put up too much of a fight. He was not one for laying down when he thought he was being taken advantage off. It looked as if hadn’t beaten him… yet. Rage started to build in Bobby’s stomach. He clinched his fists as he looked at his friend vulnerable, naked and drugged.

“Alright, for our final exercise today, we are going to find the illusive prostate. Carl was not being very cooperative, so I gave him something to help him relax. This should be very nice for him. Okay! Bobby. You’re first.”

Bobby narrowed his eyes and shook his head. His left eye twitching with growing rage.

“Bobby, we are not going to rape this man. We are just going to give him some pleasure. Then he will wake up with a slight headache,” Greg said reassuringly.

Bobby shook his head slowly.

“Damnit Bobby, I gave him a mild horse sedative. He will be fine in a few hours,” the trainer’s irritation starting to grow.

Bobby just stared at the redheaded man who looked on incredulously.

“Is it because he is your friend?”

He shook his head, his gaze not leaving the man’s narrowed green eyes.

“It’s because I drugged him?”

Bobby nodded with purpose. Gregory sighed, shaking his head slowly.

“You know I am going to have to beat you for this?” the trainer asked with a note of disappointment.

Bobby nodded slowly and offered no hint of resignation.

Sam looked on, his nerves getting the best of him. He chewed a fingernail absentely as he watched
the drama unfold. He did not want to forcibly molest a drugged man either, but he would have done it if commanded. “No” was definitely not an option where he grew up, he imagined the rules had not changed.

“Fuck,” Gregory said softly, kicking a few pieces of hay on the ground and looking into the barn floor for some time as if to learn some answers. “Mark, looks like we need a change of plans. Bobby is going to be done for the day after I am threw with him. Take Sam out for a run. Take a book and a few mats. Have him meditate somewhere out in the woods. Keep the sweats on him and bring some water. The heat will be good training. I’ll try and work something else out… right after I’m done beating some sense into this one.”

Mark did not waste time. He fished Sam’s collar out of the bin and set to attaching it quickly. He clasped a short lead, clicked his tongue and started a jog. Mark did not like to be anywhere close to Gregory giving a beating. He had spent too much time nursing the slaves back to health from Greg’s handy work, to actually witness it. It scared him more than he would like to admit. No question, he understood the usefulness. A beating from Greg broke whatever defiant streak that ran through a slave and really anyone else nearby. There was a calmness and order that followed. But the blood, welts and bruises were definitely too high of a price to pay.

Gregory went about pulling off Bobby’s clothes heedlessly, then reapplied his collar. He taped up both his hands and gloved them. And on went muzzle and the cuffs. Greg led the slave back to his stall. Before leaving, he clasped all the cuffs together, Bobby was now hogtied and left on his bed roll.

“I have to go find someone to watch this poor bastard so he doesn’t swallow his tongue… Maybe I’ll give him something to remember me by,” Greg made lude motions at the doped slave.

Bobby glared, with as much hate as he could put in his eyes. “Woah! Boy, just joking with you. I’ll get some clothes on him and get one of the pretty women to watch him, okay?” the ginger laughed.

Bobby lay in silence with a mouth full of rubber from the muzzle. This was not going to end well. You’ve really done it to yourself now, Singer. Bobby crooked his neck from side to side. This should be nothing compared to what he’d get from Ed Singer. ‘Grab that bedpost, boy. And hold on tight because you’re about to go for ride.’ A shiver went down his spine as he thought of it. At least the man was safe in Hell. If there was any damn justice, he was. He could deal with the beatings, it was watching his mom take it from the old man that hurt the most.

It was a sinking feeling knowing that the old man cold still haunt him after all these years. He lay staring at the rafters. He listen carefully as the wind passed through the open doors of the barn. The wind kicked up pieces of alfa from the goat pens sent them spinning in whirls on the floor.

Then he heard the unmistakable thud of Greg’s footfalls in his steel toed boots slowly edging closer to the barn. His whole body tensed at the thought of what Greg had in store for him. Gabriel wouldn’t let him go too far… would he?

Greg came back carrying a significant amount of rope around his left arm.

“Time to pay the piper, son,” he sang as he walked up to Bobby’s stall. Greg measure out some rope with his forearm, and pulled a pocket blade out of his jeans. He looked up at a rafter above him. He expertly swung the rope and threw it over on the first try.

“Awesome! That never happens…” Greg smiled looking up. He turned to Bobby who lay
wondering if he should pray to Gabriel. The handler busied himself pulling the length of rope so that both ends, making sure both were even. As he did this he talked more to his hands than to Bobby.

“I grew up with my father working the rodeo circuit. Was a rough life. But learned a lot about breaking horses. Wish breaking a horse was the same as breaking a slave. Animals are so much more reasonable. One thing that is true for both, the older the horse, the more set in his ways he is, and the harder it is break him. See, you have been living by your own rules here. Hell, you made most of the rules here. But, boy, the world up and changed on you.”

Bobby now wondered if he forced his charges to keep quiet so he could hear himself talk… all the time.

Greg unclasped the cuffs and pulled the slave to the center of the barn. Which, by no coincidence, was right by the length of rope still hanging from the rafters.

“You see, slavery use to be a niche area. Really only the very rich had slaves and the courts tried to keep sentences to work camps and such. But around about the time you were sentenced, demon activity took an upswing. You ever wonder why the only slaves here older than you, are Ester and Joyce? Because they were the only ones needed to keep up with one angel. Gabriel told me he took on so many to save some of the innocent ones from the sex trade,” Greg now started to string Bobby’s cuffs to the rope dangling from above.

“I had a look at your file before I took this job. I told him, you’d be tough to tame. Marine, Foreman… The combination of being 50 with the body of a thirty year old… You are what I would call ‘aggressively set in your ways’… I told Gabriel, you were going to need a few really good beatings to break you. He disagreed, but he’s long gone. I’d teach him how to whip you if he was here, but since he ain’t, kinda up to me.” Greg grabbed a bucket and sponge then began to clean Bobby’s back.

Bobby closed his eyes as he felt the cold water and soap fall heavy onto the floor. This was to prevent infection. This bastard knows he’s going to break skin. This is the sickest shit Bobby had ever been a part of.

As the trainer toweled the man off, he said, “I saw your medical history. You are far too coordinated to have as many broken bones as you had as a boy. This is probably not your first whipping but I am afraid it will be your worst.” Promises, promises, Bobby thought rolling his eyes. Thinking that between Ed Singer and the guards at Rockbridge those were some pretty high claims.

Gregory found the old broom and put it on the table Carl was on. From his great bin, he pulled out a drill. He bore two holes in the broom about three feet apart. Great, the asshole is practicing his wood working…

“Really, you are so very clever, I thought maybe this won’t be necessary. Seriously, most slaves have never seen the inside of a library, let alone have a degree in philosophy. But we all make our mistakes… Yours’ might have been that you trusted me too much. Maybe you thought I wouldn’t be capable of this. I am sorry to say, boy. I have twice the amount of broken bones you had and I have never fallen off a damn horse.” The trainer clasped each ankle cuff to a hole in the broom. Forcing the slave’s legs apart. Then a pull from the long rope attached to the rafter, and Bobby’s arms were pulled over his head. Okay. Now. Now, he was scared.

Bobby stared at the closed barn door in front of him. His arms and legs were now stretched to the point that he was already feeling pain and tension. A few tears fell heavy on to the cold barn floor.
Bobby heard the clattering and clanking of Greg digging in the bin again. This time he did not need to see what the man had pulled out. The familiar slosh and the smell gave enough clues. It was a bottle of vodka. Mr. Edward Singer’s drink of choice. The smell made Bobby retch a little. The next item, Bobby recognized by the bone chilling sound it made. Gregory snapped a whip, close enough so the slave could feel the breeze it created but did feel its strike. The slave’s naked frame began to twitch involuntarily in isolated places all over his body. Bobby was literally about to piss himself.

“Did you know that when you crack a whip, the tip moves faster than the speed of sound?” Then the vodka splashed on to the hard concrete floor. Greg coughed. “God, I hate vodka. My dad drank his way through my childhood with it. Now I just use it to disinfect the whip. Someone told me it was good for the leather…”

Greg took a minute to look the slave over. “Wow. You are really coming along!” the handler said as he brushed Bobby’s back with the rolled up whip. “You’re thinner, healthier, and stronger. I am proud of you, boy…” the trainer said giving the man a few gentle pats on the ass.

“But now, now I am afraid we have some business to attend to… I have to make this hurt enough that you follow my instructions… whatever they are.” Greg forced a ball gag into the man’s mouth and put on his headphones.

Bobby heard the second barn door behind him slide shut. Now the only light was a dim bulb that hung down three feet away. The darkness brought an added chill to his body. With a ball gag in place, at least he would not bite his tongue off or break any teeth.

Bobby strained his ears to hear the faint sound of Beethoven’s fifth symphony blaring through Greg’s headphones. This guy is a goddamn psychopath… Just as Bobby started to list the ways Gregory was definitely a sociopath, the whip cut its first mark, straight down the center of his back.

Bobby’s body jolt away from the whip, pain seared through his body. Bobby tried to beg through the gag. Screaming with a muffled cries. The slave fought his bonds for all he was worth, pulling and struggling. Then the next cut came. It fell over the first and tore at the thick skin on his back. He jerked in a vain attempt to move away. He was no longer cold or afraid. He was sweating with panic and pain. He arched his back as the next cut licked the small of his back.

Gregory watched the writhing and squirming, jerking and yanking against the ropes. A dark smile crossed his lips. “Such a bad little boy…” the man whispered as he pulled back his weapon once again. CRACK. The impact was so sharp, an immediate welt appeared and began to bleed across Bobby’s rump. Greg stopped, bit his lip, and took time to enjoying every shudder and painted stripe down the man’s back.

“Now that the warm up is over with, we can begin…” The trainer paused to change his music selection. AC/DC’s Thunderstruck. The words ran deep into the slaves mind. Tears were running down his face, and he whimpered through his gag. The Red Demon, as many of his charges had come to call him before, cracked the whip against the floor. Bobby jolted waiting for the pain, he would not wait long. As the quick and intricate guitar intro began to play, the demon began his onslaught. He got in 15 lashes before the song ended. By the end, the slave had released himself on the floor and blood was dripping down his tattered skin.

“You going to be a real good boy, Bobby?” Gregory asked, whispering in his ear. The slave nodded his head weakly, emitting a low cry. “Are you going to make me do this again?” Bobby shook his head, as a sob tried to escape the gag. Greg huffed a laugh. He threw some hay on the mess Bobby had made. He got closer to the slave in order to inspect the licks he gave the man.
“You’ll heal fine… Mark will be in here later to take you down and clean you up. You will heal better if you can’t mess with the marks at first.”

Greg got a shovel and heaved the soiled hay with the rest of goat dung outside. Then the handler left the man whose head slumped with exhaustion and limp body was pulled tight by his bounds.
The sun was going down when Bobby started to hear the faint sounds of Mark chattering with Sam as he approached the barn. He also heard Jacob calling to the goats to come in for the night.

“Yaaah, Yaahhh…” the side door to the goat pen sprang open. Bobby barely lifted his weary head.

“Holy Fuck!” Jacob yelled. He thought seeing a ghost. He ran to the figure, putting his hand over his mouth. “Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus! Bobby, I am going to go get Garth. Holy fuck.” Jacob left the closed the goat pen. Hurling over the gate. Bobby could barely lift his head to shake it and tell him he was fine. The goats bleated noisily, smelling the blood and sensing something was wrong.

Mark slung open the door as he heard Jacob. “Awe, Greg! Fuck, Bobby. Next time do what he says… fuck.” Mark pulled out his knife and cut the ropes around the ankles and the gag. Blood had pooled on the floor.

Sam’s eyes watered as he coughed at the smell.

Mark took all the bindings off of Sam. “Go and get yourself something to eat. This is going to take a while…”

Sam hesitated, holding the clothes in his shaky arms.

“You want this to happen to you, you stupid ass? GO!” Mark said bitterly.

Sam jumped then hopped into his clothes and took off toward the dining hall.

“You miserable thing. Damn.” Mark pulled out a wooden sawhorse and put all the mats Greg had on it. He cut down the slave and then draped Bobby over the thing to stitch up and disinfect the wounds.

Garth came sprinting up down the yard into the barn. Normally a timid man, Garth forgot himself as he approached Mark.

“What the fuck did you do to him?” Garth shouted with a growl.

“You’re fucking mad if you think I had anything to do with this. I am just supposed to clean up the mess. Your boy here, refused a direct order. Greg doled out the punishment. I suspect he is out drinking and will come home for round two with me… Bobby, you fucking idiot.” Mark said opening his medical kit with defeat.

“This is the Archangel Gabriel’s favorite slave. Marked and bound. You… can’t do this to him!” Garth protested.

“Call him then. I have seen worse done to Raphael’s slaves. Greg doesn’t hold back with an archangel’s slave. He knows they can be healed or, fuck, put back together.” Mark poured disinfectant on some rags and began to dab at the cuts. Bobby winced and tensed as the liquid burned into his flesh. He began a low hum, a hum that eventually became a somber background
“He is gone. Left this morning. Gone for two weeks. Unreachable…” Garth said softly.

“What about Castiel?” a voice said coming out of the darkness. It was Sam.

“He’s gone too, Sam. I think they are meeting with the first vampire. They are warded so they won’t be disturbed or jeopardize negotiations.” Garth’s voice dropped off.

“Sam get the fuck out of here before I am stitching you up too! I swear to God, I will give a sound beating to avoid this hell. I will not tell you again,” Mark warned as he spit, starting to pull himself to his feet.

Sam eyed his trainer, turned slowly and walked back to the house. Garth watched Sam disappear into the darkness, at a loss for words. After a few moments of silence the new foreman looked at the slave who was now fussing over his supplies and beginning his task of sewing up the beaten man.

“Why the hell do you stay with a guy like that?” Garth asked Mark honestly.

Mark spit on the floor, not looking up from his task. “I am his fucking slave. He promised to free me after this job. I thought being in a relationship would help him. We spend so much time together and sometimes he is so kind. But don’t fucking cross him. We get along fine as long as I never say, no.” Mark said softly focusing on the stitches he was sewing with neat tiny sutures. Mark closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead with side of his hand.

“Garth?”

“Yeah?”

“Tell Sam to sleep in his own bed tonight. I am going to need a young slave who can stay up late without fucking up too badly to help me… He’s a goddamn mess. And if you can? Get the goddamn goats out of here…”

“Anything you need,” Garth said honestly, putting a welcome hand on his shoulder. “I will send Andrea, she was a nurse. And I’ll send her with some food. Jacob will come in later and get the goats. They’ll do fine out at pasture. Let me know if you need anything else.”

“Thanks. Really. This sorry sonofabitch is going to need someone to help him for the next day or so. But don’t make it obvious. Send them in every hour or so to check on him. Greg does not like anyone touching his slaves.”

“Right, well, I’ll come by and check on you tonight. We are praying for you Bobby. Not sure who to anymore, but we are praying. You have anything to dull the pain, Mark?”

“No. Greg won’t have it. But if you have some, send it with…the girl.”

“Okay. I’ll see what we have. See you soon.”

Mark just shook his head as he pierced Bobby’s skin with the needle again.

Within half an hour, Andrea entered the barn with pills and dinner for Mark. The trainer took the pills and looked over the bottle carefully, then handed them back to Andrea.
“Thank you. Give him three now, then two in three hours. I need some water and I need you to disinfect these rags. There is a small electric stove top for boiling water. Put water on to boil and throw the rags in. Wring them out, hang them up, wait, and then give them back when they are mostly dry. I can barely see what I do doing with all the blood. Poor Bastard…”

After the pills, Bobby didn’t remember much, except that he owed someone big for painkillers. When he woke up, Sam was being led into the stall next to his, so it appeared he had been there the whole night. Shortly after Andrea and Mark left, Greg returned to barn.

“How is my naughty little boy?” He asked cheerily, peering over the stall door. Bobby was barely conscious but offered a disgruntled sigh. “You put up a good fight, soldier. It’s good to see you’ll be coming over to our side. Lick your wounds today, Sam is going to extra homework on Carl today. We’ll see how well he can lay still or if he also needs a lesson in authority… Be good, now.”

“Sam, it’s just you, me and Carl. I think we are all going to get to know each other much better today, don’t you think?”

Greg pulled Sam out his stall and set to dressing him in another black sweat suit. “No use dressing you up, just to dress you down again.” Greg said happily. The handler looked as happy as a large dog after his master has given him a really good brushing. Satisfying every itch with a bristled brush. His every desire tamed and accounted for.

“Oh!” Greg startled Sam. “Your shoes have come. Sam, yours were on special order.”

The ginger man fussed with the laces and fitted Sam with a pair of black boots. “You’ll love ‘em. Get to feel like a glove after a while. Go on! Go get some breakfast. Meet me in the foyer of the manor after the kitchen closes.”

Sam jogged over to the slave’s kitchen as Greg walked merrily to the formal dining room, were Lisa and Jeremiah would serve him breakfast.

After a while, Sara came in the barn with some pills. She opened the stall that now had Bobby’s name on it.

“Those stitches are tiny! You don’t look so bad,” she said softly, as she put the pills in his mouth, bringing a glass of water with a straw to his lips.

“I feel like shit.”

Her smile was weak. “You’ll be on your feet in no time. Here, I brought you some broth and crackers.”

Bobby look away and shook his head.

“Master Garth is not going to be happy with me if you do not eat something.”

“Since when did he get freed?”

“OH! You haven’t heard. Well, I have been downgraded to handmaiden. You got it right. I am under all of you. Especially you. When you get out of here… if you get out of here.”

“It’s been a long fucking… just fucking long horrible day? Week? Month? Please. Could you
make some damn sense?"

“If you eat this cracker…” she sang.

Bobby pulled himself up slightly, hissing in pain. Now he was on his elbows and took a saltine and ate it slowly.

Sara nodded her red hair, pressing her lips. “Well, I just a manor beautician for everyone. I am to do everyone’s hair and nails whenever they ask. And I am your pleasure slave when Gabriel is gone,” she smiled mockingly.

“Gabriel’s insane. I’ll talk to him.”

Sara scoffed. “Like you could convince that guy to do anything. Look at you. I would first convince him to not hire psychopaths to beat the shit out of you.”

“Have I told you, you are a grade A bitch?”

“Baby, I was born this way,” she smiled brightly.

“Is that supposed to be clever?” Bobby asked wearily.

“No, it’s a …never mind. You want me to leave this broth?”

“Pour it in the damn bowl, I am not getting licked again today.”

“Odd request. Here you go. I’ll be back with more pills and soup for lunch. You need help going to the bathroom or anything?”

Bobby gave her a look of contempt and shook his head.

“Ciao, Bob,” she said as she put up a hand, walking out the barn door.

“It’s Bobby…” he said as she disappeared out the barn door.

Chapter End Notes

Interesting side note, Carl Bates, Roger Adams, Olivia Lowry, Jeb and Jacob were all hunters that died in Season 4 "Are you there God? It's me, Dean Winchester."

Eve and Lara are the real names of the twins that haunted Bobby.
The night after Greg tried to teach the beloved slave to listen without compunction or conscience with the tip of a whip, the sky sent its own message to the staff at the manor. A vibrant sunset spread across the sky like an inferno of deep orange, red, yellows and pinks. Many of the staff took the event as a powerful omen. A heavenly call for war. With the sky ablaze and their hearts on fire, there had never been a clearer sign.

News of Bobby’s punishment spread like wild fire throughout the staff. Jedidiah argued they should start a revolt. Whoever these pricks were who “training” Bobby and Sam were doing little more than torturing them. Even the old matriarch, Mrs. Blacker, got involved in the discussion.

It was true, the head of the house staff wanted order. She wanted the Master pleased with her. But she had no loyalty to the Demon left in charge of them. She wanted the two of them gone just as much anyone else.

She agreed with their cause. The old woman certainly did not want anyone beaten. Especially for something as noble as refusing to abuse poor Carl. Carl held a special place in her aged heart. Though he was silent most of the time, he worked hard and never shied away from volunteering for more. She loved that old man, he was family and she was willing to fight to keep him safe.

And although Bobby and she disagreed on almost everything, Mrs. Blacker did see his enormous capacity for love. She smiled watching him with the children or anyone else having a hard time. He was everyone’s father, grandfather, lover or best friend, Joyce Blacker couldn’t help her own jealousy. But truth is, she love him too.

As the staff met in secret, concealed in darkness and pale candlelight, in the Men’s common room. They all agreed the time for action had come. But one thing was certain. None of them could guarantee Bobby’s safety until the morning. He was too sick and Mark did appear to know what he was doing. Their assault would have to wait for the following night. Luckily, their meeting was secure. As Mark worked diligently on Bobby and the head trainer had left the grounds, possibly for the night. He was probably piss drunk at the local pub, The Manor’s Landing.

The vote was cast. There were no nays. The attack would come the following night. The manor had been a peaceful place, protected and almost sacred. Devils had invaded and there was no stopping them without a fight. They would attack the trainers the following night. Armed with weapons, there was no way that men would make it past, at least, twenty pissed off hunters.

It was not as if the staff did not try other measures. The staff prayed to their Master but were not heard. Garth reminded them, the negotiations were important to relations throughout the world. The ward against disruptions was strong.

Everyone agreed that though the master had been acting strangely he had never resorted to torture. No one denied his current behavior had been childish, dangerous, and foolhardy. He was even
accused of behaving like a lovesick, spoiled rotten, teenager, but he had never maimed them. Devon was sore, but on his feet the following day. Jody and Ellen backed up the story, as well. Gabriel had not even called them to his chambers. They had come of their own accord. Sara vouched for her master, saying she was even proud of her tryst. No one feared back lash from their Master.

Sam’s brain hurt. He barely slept that night. He had voted yes to the attack. But he worried for Mark. Everyone agreed, his complacency was tantamount to guilt. He worried about his friend. The man that had taken beatings for him just like Dean had. The boy tossed and turned, waking up sweating, panic setting him gasping for breath.

Three words echoing in his mind.

Disobedience. Defiance. Insolence.

Sam’s one act of defiance had landed him right where he was now. Knee deep in dangerous crap. Bobby’s had landed him a mountain of pain. Man, Sam missed Dean. Dean could fix this. Sam would take his licks, but Dean would fix this. Sam did little but stare at the ceiling with its cheap insulated tiles of grey and black spots.

In the morning, Garth woke him up and walked with him over to the barn. As Garth latched the door, Sam’s stomach dropped. He would have to deal with the monster. It was just one more day but he had a hard time combating his fears.

Sam’s fears were not long lived as Greg looked like he was having a great time. He was creepy. And Sam shuttered at the thought of seeing that older man again. But at least this was not one of Greg’s bad days. Where everything you did landed you swat, kick, smack or punishment.

Sam had a quiet breakfast in the dining hall. The room was ominously still and subdued. Some spoke in hushed voices, about weapons and traps. Sam’s part was easier that the others. He just had to watch Bobby. To make sure the man made it through and that Greg wouldn’t get another chance to lay a finger on Bobby again.

After breakfast, Greg led Sam into one of the large bathrooms on the second floor. The fixtures were antique and the floor was a black and white hexagonal tile, like so many of the old houses Sam grew up in. Half the wall was tiled a mint green with a black boarder. Framed between two windows was a grand white footed tub. Where Carl was crouched, wrapped tightly in a towel. He stood up slowly, bracing himself as Greg approached.

Greg sighed with a smile. He grabbed the towel and jerked it away from Carl, who failed to let go in time and fell, banging his kneeing badly. Carl winced, his thin muscular frame quivered slightly.

“I suggest you behave today, you got your buddy, Bobby, in a world of trouble yesterday…” Greg said with a grin, clicking his tongue.

A look of confusion and concern flashed across Carl’s face.

“I had to whip him, Carl. Real bad. You don’t want me to have to do that to Sam here? Hell, Bobby got is so bad, Mark spent half the night stitching him up. He shit himself, Carl. So will you be a good boy for Sam?” Greg asked menacingly.
Now Carl’s worn face turn to a look of horror. He gave Greg a solemn nod, a few tears glazing his tired hazel eyes.

“Good!” Greg clapped and rubbed his hands together. “Get on your hands and knees. Sam here, is going to make sure you are nice and clean, then he is going to learn a little about you in that room over there. You are going to be a good boy and let this young man get his lessons for the day. Hmm?” Greg asked.

Carl’s long neck pulled his head back, but he nodded all the same. Then slowly, he got down on his hands and knees, wincing as his weight partially settled off his wounded knee. He looked down at his long fingers splayed against the cold white porcelain of the tub.

Greg grabbed Sam’s arm and pulled him closer to the tub. Then pulled the slave’s sweatshirt over his head.

“Okay, you are going to have to wash this creature from head to toe,” Greg said rubbing his hands together. “My guess is that he touches himself about as much as he lets other people touch him, so wash him thoroughly.”

Greg crouched down close to Carl’s rump and spread his cheeks open showing him a slight dark coloration. “See? Make him shine Sam. Neither of you say a word. I am going to be working in the bedroom on some emails. I have brought all manner of paddle, whip and switch if you break my rules. Be good boys.” The handler landed a few good slaps across Carl’s ass. He tensed but did not move.

Greg handed Sam some soap, a rough mitt and a sponge. Sam got down on his knees and pushed his lip against the large gold ring hanging from his noise, moving it back and forth. Greg looked down, slapping Sam hard on the face. Sam looked up in shock. The slap searing hot into his face. “That is gross. Don’t do that…” the trainer huffed as he turned and left the bathroom.

Sam started weeping softly. This had been horrible. He prayed to Castiel. He knew he wouldn’t be heard but it felt good to do it anyway. He turned the water on in the tub. Then he blew his nose, grabbing some tissues stocked next to the sink. Carl did not look up.

“Just do what he says, head to toe,” Sam thought as he soaped up the mitt. The warm water slowly filled the tub. When the water filled the tub half way, Sam turned the nob. There was an eerie silence that seem to echo off the tiled walls. The taller man rubbed the soap deep into Carl’s skin. Through the soap, he could see the man’s skin reddening. Sam handled him firmly. Better to get this shit over with than try to adhere to social graces. He worked quickly and meticulously washing every piece. Like he imagined he was washing or waxing Dean’s car. Sam had no love for that black beast, but he knew to do a good job or there’d would be hell to pay. Missing a section would mean he would have to start all over again. Dad’s rules. Don’t forget the mirrors… or someone would grab him by the hair and push his head into them, just so he could see his mistake.

So Sam worked hard. Rubbing every part of the man, using the sponge on the more delicate area, making sure no one could accuse him of missing a spot. Sam took down the spray nozzle and sluiced water down the length of Carl’s work worn body.

Sam had save the hardest part for last. Carl’s face and hair, not that he had much hair. Sam motioned for Carl to sit down. Both men had been avoiding eye contact. The younger man tried to give the older one a look of empathy, compassion, and apology. Carl was having none of it. He looked Sam in the eye the same way he looked at Greg. Like he was an asshole, doing cruel humiliating things. Sam was careful anyway. He washed every line, crease and area on the man’s
bitter face. The he soaped and scrubbed his head carefully.

As Sam brought the spray nozzle close to Carl’s face, he used the sponge to keep water out of the man’s eyes. Greg stomped into the bathroom.

“Damn it boy, aren’t you done yet?” Greg said as he came into the room. “I’ll finish him. You go wait on the bed. Take everything off. Do not forget the boots… Wait, I need to show you something first…”

“Carl? Get back on your hands and knees.” Carl was shaking a little but obeyed. “Now, you soap up your index finger. And finger him a little. Then… you can toss his salad.” Greg put one of his hands on Carl’s back. Softly he whispered, “Relax now, boy.”

Greg looked Sam in the eyes and wagged his soapy index finger behind Carl. He slipped the finger in as Carl inhaled a huff of pain. And pulled his finger out with a smile.

“Go on. I’ll get him rinsed and ready. I am hoping he’ll be good for you and try and think ‘happy thoughts’ because if you can’t get this guy off? I’ll tan the both of you good and we’ll try again this afternoon.” Greg turned his back and was busy looking over and spraying the slave down so carelessly, that Carl coughed and wheezed as water made its way to his lungs.

Sam walked quickly to the bed. He took a quick look around him. This room was dated. The walls were covered in a stylized dark brown and silver print of a forest with thin wispy brown tree and small leaves on a silver back ground. Probably from the mid-seventies. The bed was a tasseled canopy with a grass green velvet duvet. The bed rested on a nest of thick white shag carpeting on a dark wood floor. Two windows with their blinds shut tight offered little light, but framed a small sitting area with two Barcaloungers and a small coffee table complete with bottle green glass ashtrays.

Sam worked quickly to remove his clothing and carefully untied the thick books. He kneeled, sitting on his heels in the waiting position.

Greg followed Carl to the bed.

The trainer looked at Sam with a smug smile.

“Good form, boy,” he said looking over the slave. Then he slapped Sam on the face again. “But I told you to wait on the bed…” Sam sniffled trying to keep his eyes forward. Greg then landed a kick to his side. “So move?”

His side ached and his faced burned. Dean was right. He could not follow orders to save his damn hide or his damn life. Sam choked on some tears as he scurried onto the bed.

“It’s alright, it’s alright… Let’s all calm down, now. Jesus, it’s like working with a bunch of girls,” Greg huffed. “Carl, put your damn arms around that one. Stop acting like you hate him… This is not going to work… Just hold him until he stops crying. Pet his pretty damn head. I’ll be back with some water. You better not let go Carl.” Greg said pointing a finger.

Carl held the boy as he sobbed. As hurt as he was, Sam leaned into the man. He nuzzled the sparsely haired chest and accepted the care the older man gave. It had been so long. So long since Ruby had held him all night he lost Dean. So long since the bliss he felt holding Jess in his arms. After Dean came back from Hell, he refused to hug him. Even after a beating. He pushed Sam away, saying he needed to man up. A shoulder rub or a clap on the back was really all Dean was comfortable with after that.

Carl cradled the sobbing kid. Eventually rubbing his arm, stroking his hair, then he resting his
head into the lad’s hair, laying a few kisses. The older man fondly remembered his long dead mother doing this. She was so kind, so even tempered, if cancer had not taken her, she would have loved Jonathon just as he did. He was sure of it. Now, he just tried to love this boy.

Greg came in, throwing the door open.

“I just got an email from Gabriel. The angel Zachariah is coming to take control of the manor while he is away. The negotiations are taking longer than expected,” Greg looked to scrolling along an email on his phone, “The vampires want to keep human cows? Then it says something about Castiel trying to negotiate with research on pigs that have human blood, but somehow that… I don’t know. What you need to know is that Zachariah will be here tonight, the slaves are to welcome him. He is to have the pick of the staff as a companion… but he cannot make them do anything they have not trained to do…” The last part, he read slowly off his phone with a laugh. Then laughter took over him. He chuckled with so much glee it was hard for him to stay upright.

Gabriel’s attempt at joke was not taken as such by the trainer. Zachariah was probably going to laugh hysterically at the thought of “laying” with a human. Especially Bobby. Gabriel also hoped the rouse would allow his brother to talk to his new favorite, Bobby had been longtime friend of Zachariah. The archangel also had boasted on more than one occasion that Zach should go ahead and bed Bobby, the two of them got along so well. Thick as thieves, Gabriel would say. Most of the time Gabriel would eventually blink out with Derek to somewhere tropical when Zachariah came to visit. He felt left out most of the time, but Gabriel allowed the friendship. He and his brother had a bond multi-millennia deep, not much could sway that
A Time for Peace?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“So, basically,” Greg said struggling to breathe through his giggles, “He has his pick of Sam, who has been trained to give terrible blow jobs or Bobby… who is currently indisposed… Well! Bully for me! Hope this guy has a sense of humor…” Greg caught his breathe and then thought for a moment. “Ellen, Jody and Sara! Follow me, Sam. Put your clothes on. Not that you’ll need them for long.” Greg glanced at his watch, then looked at Carl, who responded with a look of contempt.

Greg grabbed Carl by what little hair he had and yanked down.

“I have neither the time nor the energy to discipline you for that, but watch your damn attitude, slave!” the handler said, pushing Carl’s head back with a huff.

“Tell the others to go back to the dorms and report to work. Training is suspended. Also, I need everyone at lunch today. That means fucking everyone, Carl,” Greg snarled staring at Carl.

Greg was now pacing. “And tell Sara, I need her immediately!”

Carl had gotten up and was standing at the door, waiting anxiously.

“GO!” the trainer commanded. Carl left quickly to get the other men and find Mrs. Blacker.

Greg just laughed to himself. Oh, man, another angel he has no idea how to handle and he is the only freeman within 15 miles. Some angels were true assholes. Some, like Gabriel, were just plain spooky and should be handled with extreme care. Best to just try and get this rag tag bunch of humanity’s rejected spotless and presentable.

Greg started to grind his teeth. His jaw working overtime. The thought of an angel being with Mark simply because there was no other choice was wearing on his mind. Mark. Mark was really angry about that beating he gave Bobby. Jesus, he had too. That crazy slave had no fucking clue he was a goddamn slave. The man had no idea of his place. It was necessary…. And fun.

Mark said he agreed but thought Greg took it too far. Damn it. This assignment had been nothing but drama from the start. No sexual training, but they needed to know how to be good slaves. Oh and one of them… is from Rockbridge. Only where the worst of humanity’s worst end up. And Now. Now he wants sexual training but only some training. Most masters handed over a slave and then asked for them back in one piece at the end. He had never had a master ask if the conditions were too much for the slave. He had never had to train someone so old. So stubborn. So dangerous. It was all too much. Now this?

Greg now wondered if when this job was through, if he shouldn’t just try and use the associates in Accounting he earned a few years ago.
During lunch, Greg called a meeting. The air was filled with minestrone soup. Ester had made the meal simple as she intended to busy herself by sharpening the knives in the kitchen for the coming fight.

The ginger trainer whistled loudly. Most of the staff eyed him nervously. Most did not want to make eye contact. They wanted nothing to distract them from their purpose.

Gregory stood tall. His feet shoulder width apart and his big arms folded against his chest as he leaned back. Puffing himself out like irate bird. He narrowed his eyes and lifted his chin as he began. No need to get friendly. These surfs needed to behave for this new Master. If he had to train 30 slaves, by God, he would do it. For a price…

“Gabriel has gotten the angel Zachariah to watch over you sorry lot for the next few weeks…” Greg announced and then was cut off. He looked around the room baffled. The room had erupted with chatter. Fucking gleeful chatter. The whole room seemed to relax. Jesus, they were hugging each other!

Greg blared his whistle. Every one of them stopped and gave the man their attention. They were now smiling… but quiet. “Next slave that interrupts this meeting is going to do some extra credit in behavior…” The man looked them over again with cold eyes and started again.

“The attacks on angel properties are going up and Gabriel needs more time for negotiations. I need everyone to finish up what they were doing, then focus on making this place shine.

“I will need Sara, Ellen, and Jody to stay after and help with some preparations. All of you! Shave, clean up, and wear some clean clothing. I will discipline anyone who is not following instructions. That is all. Be quick and be ready.” Greg ran his fingers through his thick red hair.

Sensing their resident psychopath had finished his rant, the room, again, was alive with discussion.

“What the fuck is going on?” asked Greg as he grabbed Jacob by the arm.

“Oh, it’s just that Zachariah is just so nice. He doesn’t have any slaves of his own so he spoils us. He’s kind of like a weird angelic uncle. He cooks, we watch movies, play games. Gabriel jokes that we don’t get back to normal for weeks after his visits. He is going to miss the kids though…”

“Does that mean he… to kids?” asked Greg concerned.

“No! What? No. They built a fort last time he was here in the woods. And no. He is just a nice guy… angel,” Jacob replied happily. Forgetting just what Greg did to Bobby, as his mind was full with the idea that Zachariah was returning. They didn’t have to do a damn thing tonight! Zach would probably smit this bastard before breakfast.

Greg raised his voice. Blowing the whistle again, Greg raised his voice, “Now let’s get a move on! Everyone is on cleaning detail, and someone shower the filthy one over there…,” Greg said pointing a Jedidiah.

This was all too weird for Greg. He grabbed Sara and pulled her aside.

“We are going to need to get Sam, Ellen, Jody and you sparkling by this evening. You are going to need to come with me to town to get supplies.”
Sara shook her head.

“No, way. I’ll burn to a crisp!” She flashed her ankle sigil.

“Damnit, you are right. You are going to need to use what you have and give me a list. Mark will be here. I will call him if I need to talk to you at the… beauty supply. I am going to need all the body hair stripped off of all of you. I do not give a crap how you do it, but it will be done.”

“Why me again?”

“I have witnessed all three of you in Gabriel’s bed. That makes you fair game for the new master, so chop, chop! Write a list and help Mark get everyone ready.”

The whole manor was fluttering around preparing for Master Zachariah’s arrival. Almost everyone had a small gift for the Angel. Carl had made a pair of leather slippers from calf skin. One of the spring calves had turned ill and died. Bobby always said it was too weird asking Gabriel to cure farm animals, so unless there was really going to be a problem, the policy was to let nature take its course. Especially if it wasn’t human. There were a few more gifts of knitted socks, dried flowers, drawings, carved wooden boxes, and more little trinkets.

Greg got the feeling that Zachariah’s visits were the highlight of these people’s lives. He heard the last time he paid them a visit was a year and a half ago. At the time, he promised to answer one letter per year from each of them, but to read every one. The angel would work alongside each of them, cook alongside them, eat alongside them and dance alongside them.

By the end of the day, everything set in its proper place, the manor was ready for company. Jody was dressed in a deep ruby red dress, short enough that hem brushed the underside of her bottom as she walked. Her hair spun up, rested on the top of her head as small curls trellised down her neck. Her fingers brushed the tops of her thumbnails as she looked around nervously. She was not used to being presented. She was fairly certain that Zachariah would laugh at the notion of bedding her out of protocol, but she was not 100%. He had never bedded one them before. Master Zachariah spoke so fondly of his former love, she believed he would remain loyal to her to the end.

Ellen on the other hand, shifted from one foot the other, like a bored hooker on the strip. She was very certain Zachariah would laugh. She assured Jody that the angel had never called on any of them to his bed and he was not going to start tonight. Gabriel just wanted to show off his new toys. She wore the same dress as Jody but hers was a dark blue. The color matching exactly the color of her eyes. She allowed Sara to fuss with her hair and makeup but did not look nervous.

Sara looked positively ecstatic. She stood smiling, twirling her red hair around her finger. Her green dress clung loosely to her small frame. Her mind wandered back to her day with Gabriel. She had tasted angel and wanted more. She pushed up on her heels to her toes anxiously.

At quarter to four, fifteen minutes earlier than was announced, the manor bell rang.

The massive double doors were opened by Adam and Jacob. In walked a tall middle-aged bald man in a black suit and grey tie. He looked to be a man who took very good care of himself. His chest was broad, his middle slim, and everything about the man suggested refinement. His long neck pulled his head back as he surveyed the scene. He stared into the foyer, noting the humble attire of the staff and gave a supercilious smile as he ran his tongue over his pearl white teeth. This had to be a joke, right?
In his hand, he held a very formal letter with a red ribbon attached. The longer he stared, the wider his eyes got as he looked around the room more suspiciously.

“Um… Who the hell set me up for this?” He asked sourly looking at all of them. Then the room erupted with laughter. Then, the manor descended on him. A few of the women hugged him and the men shook his hand. Zachariah looked on, coldly responding in kind. Nodding his head and answering sarcastically, “Ah, yes. You do look pregnant. “Of course, my top priority… I agree you do look like you have lost weight … Huh? Very interesting. Okay!” the angel said as he clapped his hands loudly.

Eventually the angel pushed his way out of the people and walked over to the only people not smiling like idiots: Greg and Mark. Mark and Greg were also the only ones formally dressed.

“Yes, yes… okay… I need to talk to this man, okay?” He asked them patronizingly. The slaves all nodded and backed away. A little confused but the air of excitement was still present.

Zachariah went up to Greg. Turning his back to the slaves and whispered, “What the fuck is going on here? I almost got mobbed over there,” he said rubbing his head. “See. I got a letter from my dead brother. The damn thing was given to me by a damn cupid. Telling me to be here at 4pm. Tell you the truth, I was glad because, I have been wandering around for such long time. And Heaven? It’s not where it was the last time I was there… And holy shit! That’s Sam Winchester!” Zachariah’s eyes widened as he stared at the boy.

“Why the hell is he naked and what is in his nose?” the older man asked under his breathe.

Greg squinted at the angel. “Would you like me to send them away? For now?”

The grey headed man nodded slowly, “Keep that one.” He said pointing at Sam.

“I believe Zachariah is tired from his long trip. You can meet with him later. Right now, go back to your work and we will see you at dinner,” Greg announced quickly. That meeting did not exactly go as expected.

The room cleared accept the angel, Greg, Mark, the slave’s earmarked for Zachariah, and Sam. As everyone left, the angel grabbed Adam, putting his hand on the lad’s shoulder and said, “You look good for being dead for so long. I am glad Dean finally said yes. No hard feelings?” the angel smirked.

“Thanks, Master Zachariah! I don’t know Dean, but we are sure happy he said, yes!” Adam smiled brightly, “When do we meet him?”

“Just go back to work, son…” Zachariah said absently, as he pat Adam on the back. Adam left confused, looking back every so often to see if what happened, really just happened.

“Okay, what the fuck is going on here, did I just land in middle of OZ?” the angel huffed.

“Master Zachariah! Are you joking with us?” Ellen asked a little hurt.

“No young lady,” he said with his eyes wide, looking straight at her, “I truly don’t know what the fuck is going here. You died a year ago, thanks to Winchester incompetence, of course…” then he pointed to Jody. “Don’t you live in South Dakota? What the hell are you doing in Oregon?”

“Well,” Greg piped in, hoping this angel had not done too many drugs to be dangerous. “I just got an email from Gabriel a few hours ago… So, I think he is okay. He said you were going to help
with the manor while he has negotiations with the firstborn Vampire. These slaves are for your pleasure should you require them.”

Zachariah collapsed into a heap on a nearby chair. “My head hurts. I guess we should be all grateful to Dean getting Lucifer back in his damn cage. That is what happened right? And what the hell do you mean, slaves? Didn’t you people abolish slavery centuries ago?”

“No, nothing has changed since after the angels descended…” Mark said cocking his head slightly.

“And why would Lucifer need to be in a cage? I mean, I wouldn’t mind if he were but, I saw him here, last month, when he found out Castiel took a favorite,” Ellen said timidly.

“Okay, I think everyone has had a little too much of the Kool-Aid. Sam, come here,” Zachariah curled his finger and gestured for Sam to come.

The slave swallowed and walked up to him and kneeled at his feet.

“You too, huh?” Zachariah said looking down at the slave. Then he lifted his head and asked the room, “Anyone want to explain to the class, why Winchester is dressed like this? Bueller? Bueller?”

“He is the new slave, Master. He was convicted of attacking an angel. From what I heard, he was nearly hung, before Gabriel saved him,” Jody said quickly.

“And how long has slavery been legal in this county?” Zachariah asked perplexed.

“Since it was founded. Then the Angels brought about the great reformation, declaring that all men are created equal, until they are convicted of an unpardonable crimes,” Ellen smiled remembering her ninth grade history.

“Are you saying Sam, here, is my… pleasure slave?” the angel’s voice cracked slightly.

“Well, I do need to brief you on the specifics. Gabriel has some very particular rules and you might want to double think your predilections tonight.”

“And they are?” the angel asked with widening eyes.

“You may only use slaves for the purpose they have training in. That would be intercourse with any or all of these ladies. Sam is allowed to give you pleasure but he not been taken by his master yet.”

“Castiel owns you?” Zachariah said looking at Sam. Sam nodded.

“Can I take all of them to bed?” the angel asked incredulously.

Greg nodded, “Of course Sir! Would you like them sent your room?”

The angel looked around and nodded.

“Bound or unbound?”

“Bound is fine…” Zachariah said with a cough, his voice cracking again slightly.

Zachariah hated humans. He hated taking a vessel, but as he looked at the meagerly clad women
and one of his nemeses dressed up and eager, he felt himself stir for the first time. He shifted uncomfortably, jerking a little, like he was trying to distract himself from an irritating itch.

Mark motioned for the slaves to follow him up the staircase. Greg waited with Zachariah.

“When would you like to have dinner, Sir?” Greg asked formally.

“I am an angel. I don’t eat.” The angel replied, annoyed. “When can I uh, partake in this clever game Gabriel has devised for me… I knew Lucifer couldn’t take Gabriel down. That asshole,” Zachariah smiled smugly.

“Anytime you wish. We have prepared your usual room, but feel free to use any one you like. Should you like to visit with the rest of the staff, let me know, Sir.”

“Sure, sure. Hey. Mind showing me where my ‘usual’ room is?”

“Please follow me.”

When Greg opened the door, Zachariah was taken back at how familiar and strange it was to be in the room. He swore he had never set foot in it before but if felt like home in a distance sense. The room reflected his tastes and held many of the things he loved. He faced the room distracted by the large bed in the far left corner. The bed stood low, covered with a plain grey sheet, topped with a darker grey duvet. All the furniture was flat and simple. There were no decorations or anything ornamental. Everything had a practical purpose. No distractions. A palate of grays, wood and off cream were the only colors in the room apart from a very overgrown house plant that had taken to growing half way around the room. In one corner, was a bookshelf with all of his favorite works of literature, next to a very inviting overstuffed chair. He sat down. It was queer that the indentions seemed to match up perfectly… Impressive. Gabriel was really going all out.

I guess that is what you do when you convince your favorite younger brother you are dead to avoid an angelic war. Wrapping up Sam Winchester in leather was odd, but what the hell?

Chapter End Notes

Tick. Tick. Tick. Boooom!
Can you call me Sammy?

Chapter Summary

Zachariah has found his way to the Manor. But somehow, this Zachariah is much different than the noble angel the staff remembers...

As Zachariah stared around the room, he could not help but think of the insane depths Gabriel had gone to prove a point.

But seriously? Cutting him off from the rest of the Angels? The last thing he remembered was the vicious look in Dean’s eyes… Was this all part of the hoax? Gabriel was really starting to lose it.

Zachariah had learned from past experiences that it was best to just roll with Gabriel’s insane jokes until the end. The trickster had gone to epic lengths to satiate his boredom and feed his need to screw everyone he came in contact with...

The man at his side with gigantic. Zachariah looked him over skeptically. He did not appear to be his brother in disguise, but then again he was dealing with the former Loki. The man was completely dressed in black. In a plebian way, he was trying to show his respect, the angel concluded. The man also seemed very eager to please him. And his nerves… They were also vibrating. The redhead seemed to be under a great deal of stress. Like he was hiding something… Huh… Interesting…

Greg placed a small black duffel bag on the bed. The angel eyed the man cautiously.

“And this contains?” Zachariah asked skeptically.

“A few toys to play with, you can use them on the slaves, if you wish,” the servant said plainly. So we are really playing out this ‘slave,’ fantasy are we Gabriel?

Zachariah nodded looking around the room for signs that this was a game and that Gabriel would leap out any moment.

“Which of the slaves would you like first? Or should I invite them all?” Greg asked carefully

“Just… Winchester for now. The others can wait,” no use waiting around when we could dive to the punchline and get this mess over with.

“Yes, Sir.” Greg bowed and left the room.

The room was quiet. The angel looked around the room, smiling knowingly.

“This is a lot of work Gabriel!” Zachariah called out to the room. “I am going to torture one of your favorite pets!”

“Guess he doesn’t care…” he now whispered. “Fuck it. I am going to have fun until you stop this Gabriel!” the angel said raising his voice again.

At that point, the door opened and Sam walked in. He kneeled beside the bed. His hands were tied neatly with a few feet of rope, he was still dressed in the his uniform the black harness and
bottoms.

Zachariah cocked his head to the side, looking suspiciously at the young man. “Really, I did not know black was your color Sam…”

“Excuse me, Sir?”

“Do you wear this all the time now, Sam?” the angel asked with more diction, wondering what the hell Gabriel had to do to this kid’s mind to get him in that state.

Sam blushed and shook his head. “It is just for my training, Sir. Would you like me to take it off?”

“Curiouser and curioser…” the angel said, quoting Alice in Wonderland and looking at the slave. “No, you can leave it on… So you will do whatever I say, is that it?”

Sam nodded naively.

Zachariah smiled. Time for a test. He pulled out the duffel bag and emptied its contents on the bed. Zachariah put the rubber vibrator back in the bag. On the bed now lay switches, paddles, whips, floggers, and straps.

“Okay, Mr. Winchester. Choose one of these items for me to use on you.”

Sam blushed again but stood up and approached the bed. He chose a small black flogger, by placing a timid finger on the handle. The thing was small with suede black leather tails. It might sting, but there would not be permanent marks.

“Now, tell me Sam. Why did you choose that one?” the angel said with a smile.

Sam now turned beat red. He put a knuckle in his mouth to combat the embarrassment. “You really want to know?”

The angel lifted his eye brows with a nod.

“I guess it’s the only one Dean never use on me. Apart from the whip, but I saw what that did to Bobby, he’s really messed up from it,” Sam said looking to the windows.

“You and Dean? Huh… Weird, but kinky. Sounds like something Gabe would be into…,”

Zachariah said under his breathe, “Well. Do you know why I am going to beat you Sam Winchester?”

Sam’s eyes widen and his breathe hitched. Holy shit, this was a game. His mind went blank as he started to pant. He shook his head slowly, his cock growing impossibly hard against the bed.

Zachariah grabbed the lad, roughly and pushed him face down over the bed. Then grabbed the small underwear, ripping it off his body. Sam moaned and began to pant harder. Zachariah smiled at the power he now wielded over Castiel’s favorite little pet and one of Gabriel’s favorite toys. He raised the flogger and rained down the vile instrument as he listed Sam’s crimes.

“Then, I’ll tell you. You and your brother are insolent, arrogant, self-obsessed, flannel wearing, pretentious, little farm boys who have no idea the scale of power you play with. If that back country hick of a father had been raised by anyone other than the narcissist he called a mother, he might have been able to beat some goddamn sense into the two of you! You never realized who you are dealing with. Maybe this will teach you.”
Sam cried and moaned, grinding his hips into the bed, spilling tears, and panting, desperately trying to catch his breathe.

“Can you call me, Sammy?” he whispered. His dark fantasies now playing out like the perfect play written for him. His back and ass stung red from the assault, but he was in a state of bliss he had never experience before.

Zachariah stopped, squinting his eyes, then nodded his head and said, “Sure.”

“Sammy… Since Daddy was such a big dimwitted, alcoholic, hair band loving, Marlboro man reject, muscle car driving, overcompensating redneck, I am going to beat your little ass till sunset, okay?” The angel teased, intending sarcasm but sending his little slave over the edge.

Sam had so little blood in his brain he could barely think, he could barely behave. If he was not panting so feverously, he was sure he’d have to remind himself to breathe. And then he did something he knew would have consequences. He turned around, pulling hard at the ropes around his wrists and kissed the angel deeply. The ropes came loose and he placed his hands on Zachariah’s face.

The angel could feel the hum and the vibrations that began to echo off the mortal as Sam pressed hard into his lips. The waves of disgust he normally felt when watching humans kiss, lick and bite at one another washed away with Sam’s touch. Replaced quickly with wanton lust for his enemy.

His vessel responding in kind, filling his cock with blood, fueling crazed desires that had long been dormant and longer been repressed. Sam tore at the five piece suit, pulling and yanking until all that was left was between them was one pair of very expensive red boxers.

“I always liked you best… Maybe it’s that touch of demon coursing through those veins…” the angel said staring at the marked slave as he felt himself start to throb. Sam stared back with wild eyes, like a feral animal with nothing but starvation on its mind. The slave bit at his thick lips, curled his toes, and holding himself back until he saw a sign.

“You want to come to Daddy, don’t you?” the angel taunted.

Sam looked back, a smirk crossed his face, his eyes so dangerous, angel suspected, he was more ready for a fight than a fuck. Zachariah met his eyes and pulling up his lip. He thought devilishly about the egotistical grease monkey spawn, who he failed to convince to follow the will of God. The arrogant little schoolboy who would destroy the nature of heaven, break the 666th seal and release hell on to the Earth. But could not bear the thought of losing his brother to higher purpose. Selfish, pompous, piece of human trash. He had lost count of the brethren he lost. Now that self-centered little boy was standing in front of him.

The angel spread his arms wide. Opening and closing his right hand, gesturing “Come at me.”

Sam fell into the ancient being, not really sure what he wanted but knowing he needed to be close, on top of, and filling his mouth with him. Desperately he kissed and bit at the angel. His hands pulling the angel closer, in a fit. Zachariah pulled Sam’s arms off of him and pushed him with so much force, he flew back toward the bed. Then the angel grabbed his arms pushing them hard into the mattress, climbing above him and looked the boy over.

Sam fought with all he had to get free, the being on top of him, smirking down at the effort. Then the angel ghosted his lips over the man’s neck and whispered into the lad’s ear. “You be a good boy, now, Sammy…” Sending Sam in to a desperate frenzy as his mouth fell open and he bit and licked at his own lips. He felt the sting and pain across his back and ass as the angel straddled him and pushed him deeper into the cool depths of the bed. The slave writhed and squirmed under the
angel, making desperate attempts to get closer.

The angel released the lad and pulled back as the fevered boy allowed his hand so roam freely over the chest above him. Then grabbing the elder with both hands he kissed and suckled at the thin lips of his master. Moaning and panting, his singular most urgent desire to please.

Zachariah rolled onto his back, pulling the young man on top of him, straddling his long legs around the angel’s waist. Sam groaned as his cock lay heavy on the angel’s muscled stomach. The young man bucked his hips into the angel below him, closing his green eyes and arching his back.

Sam rolled his neck and bent his back, kissing and licking the master’s lips, then pushing his head hard into the master’s neck, kissing and nipping at the impenetrable flesh. Producing a moan as the angel’s head fell back into the pillow. Sam placed hurried kisses down the master’s neck, chest and resting, then feeding deep into his master’s abdomen, kissing, nipping and mouthing to the area where his cock nested in the curls of soft grey hair. The angel groaned rhythmically, his mouth wide open and his eyes closed, his face etched with something between pleasure and agony.

Sam spit generously into his hand and worked the Angel’s cock as he ground his slim hips into the man’s legs. The angel’s eyes rolled back deep into his head as his mouth opened wide. The angel came with howl, as cum and grace spilled on to the boy’s stomach. Sam stared down as the seed seeped deep into his body.

Zachariah turned to the kid and laughed. “You been with many Angels, boy?” Sam stared back as incredibly hard bone turned to something that felt more like stone.

“Your turn,” the angel said with smirk. He pushed the kid onto the pillows, as the boy began to gasp and pant manically. What the fuck was going on?

Then the Angel’s impossibly warm fingers began to work the man’s cock in a steady pace. A slow and steady pace. It was maddening if it wasn’t the best fucking hand job Sam had ever received. Slow and steady. Up and down. Until Sam was not above begging, pleading for more.

Then it came as a gift from heaven itself. Sam screamed, choked and screamed again, his hips still bucking into the warms fingers long after his release.

The two laid next to each other. The kind of satisfied that comes after you are deeply satisfied and the thought of touch enters no one’s mind. They laid next to each other still and content.

Eventually, Zachariah rolled his neck back and forth into the pillow next him, then snapped and producing a pack of cigarettes. Sticking one of the long thin stick in his mouth, he offered one to the boy next to him.

Sam shook his head. “That shit’ll kill you…”

Squinting one eye, the angel lit the cigarette, smiling, “Not a concern… The vessel loves it,” he said watching the red tip burn bright, “I mean, I concede it’s nice, but he enjoys the things much more than I do…” the angel said with a cough.

He looked over his companion, who was pulling himself up and sitting upright on the bed. Sam then wrapped his long arms around himself, raking his fingers through his hair, occasionally grabbing some of the thick locks and tugging, then letting go again.

“You are ashamed! Wow… It’s okay, Sam. That was not incest, your father was a dick and is dead. Trust me. That? That right there, is the reason more than half the world’s couples call each other ‘Mommy’ and ‘Daddy.’”
“No way! Are you shitting me?” Sam said trying to smile.

“No reason to lie, son… Hey, you wanna go again? There are three lovely ladies behind door number 1. I’ll even give you the young one,” the angel said his eyes getting bigger, his mouth beginning to water, and his tongue making a light pass over his lips. “I won’t even tell if you want to call her Mommy.”

“As appealing as that sounds, I am out for the count, dude. I am done for the time being,” Sam said almost grateful for the lack of interest.

“Mortals…” Zachariah shook his head, touching Sam’s penis with a single finger, as the lad backed away from the hand unsuccessfully.

Grace filled the young man up, giving him a God-given erection that was not going to be ignored.

“Holy crap…Holy Crap!” Sam panted, his eyes wide with shock.

“Holy indeed, you want the redhead? I am going to start with Jody and have the other one for desert,” Zachariah said rubbing his hands.

Sam started to breath heavy. There was not enough blood in his head to make moral decisions.

“I could ask…,” he said innocently.

“That’s my boy!” Zachariah said throwing his arms in the air with a smile. He got to his feet with a jump and walked over to the door. He opened it calling, “Bring in the redhead and Jody.”
Is this the return to Oz?

Greg stood waiting in the hallway of the great manor. Methods of communication had not been discussed because of the utter insanity of the situation. Greg decided it was in his best interest to just be available. He drummed his fingers idly against the wanes coat, absently thinking about what he would do with the salary owed to him. He might replace the beaten Ford Ranger. More than likely he would drink away some of it. Damnit this assignment had been hard.

Just as he was deciding if he should bother to call Mark to bring a book, Zachariah opened the door, hollering for Jody and Sara.

“Right away, Sir!” Greg responded, moving double quick, scurrying to his feet.

Greg tore in the room flinging the door open, startling the women. The trainer pointed and made eye contact, “You and you… Get ready, you’re up…”

Jody rolled her eyes and shoulders. She shook her head and narrowed her eyes. This fucking jerk would not be ordering her around for long, she thought as she made her way toward him in her ridiculous outfit.

Yeah, Zachariah wanted to fuck her… she thought to herself. That was so likely! She had never seen the man look anyone up and down, let alone try anything. And she was Bobby’s Ex! Weren’t there guy rules about that? Bobby was one of Zach’s best friends. The two got on like brothers with their banter and antics. There was no way….

Yeah, he was handsome… in a distinguished kind of way. Not a strapping stallion, more like a gentleman. A gentleman with superpowers. She had not been oblivious to the man’s trim physique the times they swam in the river on the far end of Gabriel’s property. Bobby had even teased her about looking too long at the man in swim trunks. Never mind. There was no f-ing way…

Greg strutted up to the brunette and sweeping the hair out of her mouth with a quick motion. He took a pair of blue cuffs and bound her wrists together. Then produced a small blue collar to match her dress. She tensed as he applied the thing to her long neck.

“Do not fuck this up, bitch…” the trainer sneered. “I can string you up, just as easily as I did poor Bobby,” the man said coolly.

Jody put some hate in her glare. “And just what does he want?” she demanded. Her courage returning. Fuck this guy.

Greg exhaled a grunt loudly through his noise as he fussed with Sara. Giddy as she was, Sara stood perfectly still allowing him to apply her emerald collar and cuffs. “He wants you to be a good girl and for you to do whatever you did with Gabriel…” Greg entered the room with Jody and Sara collared and leashed to each other. “Go on, girls. Be good now,” Greg said with a smile.

Both women seemed to relax as the ginger left the room and closed the door. Sam assumed, he no doubt persuaded them to behave with threats and taunts.

Jody Mills did not miss a beat. As soon as the door closed, she laid into her old friend. “Okay what the fuck is going on here, Zach? You look like you are ready for something…” She eyed him suspiciously. He was wearing nothing but his very expensive pair of red boxers. And Sam? Sam was wrapped up in comforter, goofily smiling at Sara.
Zachariah looked the women over and unhooked the leash tossing it to the floor. He took a few steps back as if to get a better look at Jody.

“T really have no idea. But you look amazing!” Zachariah said with an approving grunt, pulling his arms to chest. “I thought you were just a sheriff of that one horse town Bobby Singer’s from, when did you get here?”

“Was. Was sheriff of a one horse town,” Jody said bitterly. “I was sold near on six years ago. You know this… Did you hit your head, Zach?” she asked with a laugh.

“No, no. I think I might have caught my neck on an angel blade… but other that, I am fine, he said as he touched his neck. “You really clean up, Mills…” he said with a pressed smile and auspicious glare. Admiring her like a hungry cat eyes a lame mouse.

“You seriously want a piece of Bobby Singer’s ex?” she asked pulling her neck back in suspicion, folding her arms at her chest, unconsciously copying his stance.

“You and Old Singer? Huh? I had no idea!” The older man laughed with a hint of disbelief.

“Of course you didn’t,” Jody said rolling her eyes with laugh. “Now, seriously. Why the fuck am I dressed like this? Has Gabriel lost it? And have you seen what that rat bastard, Gregory, did to our Bobby?” she asked more seriously, pulling her wrists up to show him.

“Whatever the reason, you look positively radiant, beautiful girl. Come over here. Let me get a better look at you,” the man smiled devilishly.

Jody looked the angel over skeptically, but walked toward him.

“You in that dress?” the man said with a whistle, “The reason men have gone to war. I have no idea how you not caused more bloodshed. Because right now, I would kill to kiss you…” Zachariah staring deep into her eyes.

She quivered as she blushed.

“Lady, let me fall down before you and worship you as you deserve. I doubt you have ever been treated like the goddess you are…” Zachariah said dropping down to his knees looking up at her.

Jody’s mind fell back to when she and Ellen walked through Gabriel’s doors. The hours and hours of passion and now? Now she had a very willing angel to herself. A very willing man she had secretly coveted. Her head felt fuzzy, as her body felt lighter. Her plump lips now tingled and ached to be pressed against this man. Jesus, did he always smell this good?

She let herself smile as her breath increased. He closed his eyes, with a slow deep inhale through his nose. He looked to already be in a state of bliss. “Hypnotizing,” he sang softly, slowly opening his eyes. He slowly rose from his knees and picked her up, carrying her as one carries their bride over a threshold, his eyes locked on hers.

He placed her gently on the overstuffed chair, keeping her hands tied as he placed them behind her neck.

The man pulled back his neck, so that his chin almost touched his skin, tilting his head as he looked at her timidly. “May I?” he asked searching her face. “If you say no, I may have to beg,” he whispered in an uncertain smile.

Jody had begun to pant softly, she nodded her head slightly as she bit her lower lip.
The man brushed his lips up and down the length of her neck, she cooed in soft moans. Slowly, gently he grazed his fingertips along the border of blue fabric, hemmed with satin ribbon. His fingers and his body so warm and firm. Jody rolled her head against the fabric of the large chair as he replaced his fingertips with his lips.

“My Goddess… My Queen,” he hummed as let he hands wander and explore her body. So gently and carefully it was close to torture. Unconsciously Jody’s legs knitted themselves tightly, as fevered gasps escaped her painted lips.

The angel continued to tease and taunt her body as he muzzled his lips deep into her thighs, urging her legs to open as he peppered them with kisses and gentle nips until they released their grasp.

“You are such a beautiful woman,” he cooed as his head felt light and dizzy from her smell. It had been centuries, literal centuries, since he had been this close to a woman. His grasp on her thighs tightened as he relished this moment with her. His lips curled in a snarl as he tried desperately to calm himself.

Gentle, he reminded himself as he began to press his lips against her ruby red panties. Kissing blissfully at the soft curls of brown hair she had demanded stay in place. Mouthing her until she all but squealed.

“May I take these off?” he asked slowly. Realizing he should have asked for consent. She panted a quick ‘yes’ and he smiled sweetly, kissing at her thighs.

He hooked his thumbs around the small strings and slowly pulled the fabric away from her. Watching her roll her neck and tense her body.

Zach smiled again. “May I kiss you? May I kiss you, here?” he said laying light kisses where the silk panties had been.

She sucked her bottom lip and nodded as she swallowed. Her mind was spinning. The heat and passion coming from the man she had known for so many years was confusing as it was thrilling. His lips like fire as they started to lick at her sex. His hands crept slowly up to cup and caress her breasts as they throbbed. Her back arched into his touches as she uttered soft cries into her arms, her wrists still firmly behind her head. Jody’s fingertips curled and grabbed at the hair on the back of her neck as she cooed and panted.

Zachariah took his time. He was nothing if not patient. Slow and steady, even as her hips bucked into his mouth. She wailed softly.

Finally she came. She came hard as he sucked deep into her. Then she looked at her new lover with eyes, fierce and hungry.

“Your turn,” she said firmly.

He clicked his tongue and shook his head with the hint of a smirk

“Would you like some more?” he asked coyly after wiping his face with his arm.

Her tongue left her mouth as she nodded desperately.

Zachariah pulled himself to his knees. Arranging her legs to the flat of his chest. He entered her slowly, carefully. Jody panted, frustrated at his pace. Her hips urging him forward. Rocking them gently into him. He teased her until her jaw began to clinch and she tore at the back of the great chair, pulling futilely at her bonds.
Then with deep thrust, he rolled his hips into her, her eyes large and rolling back into her head. Unnatural sounds escaped her lips as her body bucked to match his rhythm. His head pushed closer to hers, rubbing itself, nuzzling her closer. She bent her neck to meet his as fucked her deep, dancing close. Cheek to cheek.

Their fevered dance continued for hours until she met her final climax. Screaming and panting into the seat of the giant chair as he took her from behind. As she came, he howled in bursts of anguish and release, feeling her clinch and relax in waves around his terrifyingly warm cock softening inside her.

He pulled her close, arranging themselves on the big chair. He cradled her, releasing her from the cuffs and nuzzling her. Zachariah hummed a deep and constant tune as he held her. She pulled and stretched her arms and legs, arching her back and rolling her neck, drenched in her sweat and his.

Content. Sublimely content. It was all he had in his head.

It took Jody a few precious minutes to actualize the events that had just taken place. Her naked body curled around her lover’s best friend. For her look around the room and notice Sam and Sara, tucked in bed, who were absently talking about Stanford and Sara’s time in New York City.

It took Zachariah much longer. She looked him over with a smile. He still had his eyes closed. Kissing at the back of her neck and then her bare shoulders, unwilling to let her go, even as he began to feel like a man sized furnace.

“What are we going to tell Bobby?” Jody asked more than a little concerned in a whisper.

“Fuck, Bobby,” he said into her ear as whisper. “I do not see a ring, Precious,” Zachariah said as he played with her fingers.

“You are really fucking terrible! We have to tell him something!” she said wide eyed, then quickly decided that the orgasm she just had was worth any amount of trouble.

He just eyed her with a smile.

She wiggled a little.

“Zach, I have to uhh… do human stuff…” she smiled pointing at the bathroom.

“Of course! Of course! You are probably in need of sustenance as well. I’ll go now fetch it,” Zachariah said quickly.

They awkwardly pulled themselves from the over large chair as she made her way to the bathroom and he to the closet.

He opened the door looking over the contents with confusion. It was full. Full of clothes that were not his, but appeared to be his size. He pulled an old tattered blue robe from a hook and slipped it on. It almost smelled like him. All of this was very disturbing even for one of Gabriel’s elaborate hoaxes. It was more than unsettled.

The angel shook his head as he stared into the hardwood, tapping his toes. He needed to get to the bottom of this. Gregory looked to be the least effected by Gabriel’s spell, maybe that is were he should start.
“Gregory!” Zachariah called to the man down the hall.

“Yes Sir!” the big man replied, eyes wide and waiting.

“What’s the game here? Lucifer didn’t get put back in the cage? Did the apocalypse already happen? Did He come back?”

Greg looked confused. “Sir, Lucifer released his reign over Hell and is helping the other Archangels govern the planet.”

The Angel scratched his head. “Was this about 1850 that the angels descended?”

Greg nodded condescendingly. Like he needed a fucking sixth grade history quiz from an angel.

“There was a vote that year, but Castiel shot it down. He tipped the scales,” the angel said more quietly, more than himself than to Greg.

Greg shook his head. “Castiel has come out and said that he would have opposed the measure had he not been away on assignment.”

“Huh? Last thing I remember before I ended up here was… being attacked by Dean Winchester…” The angel touched his throat, thinking back to the scorching pain of Michael’s blade through his head. Then he closed his eyes. “I woke up with an angel blade in my hand facing off with Balthazar.”

“You didn’t kill him, did you Sir? I have heard of the rift between you…” Greg now trembled slightly. He did not want the full force of the Angelic Army to reign down on the Manor while Gabriel was away. Favorite or not, they would level the place looking for him.

“God, no… Balthazar is a peon, why would I waste time on that fool?” the angel asked, offended.

“He took your mate Eremeil,” Gregory said with disbelief.

“She was… very beautiful…” He said remembering her face and losing himself for a moment. Then his face turned darker, “She died trying to prevent us from fighting over her. He could not take her from me!” the angel spit as he spoke, growling in detest.

Greg looked at the angel, considering his words carefully. “She chose Balthazar and then ended her life when she saw what it did to you. It is one of the great love stories of our time. Many plays, movies, books, art have been used in retelling the story. The war between you is well known. Honestly, I am surprised you two were in the same place and both of you made it out alive.”

“What the hell is going on here? You know? Being sent to Oz might not be far from the truth… You say slavery has existed for hundreds of years? Lucifer was never caged? Well I am not where I belong, but thank God for that… Your Zachariah might have been killed in the fight with Balthazar. Well who the hell is behind all of this?” the angel looked around at the Sir’s face, whose look was turning green with growing concern. The Angelic Army would definitely be paying a visit.

Greg put both hands in red curls as he inhaled. As he exhaled, he put on his best smile.

“Well! That is great news for us! Let’s keep all this between us, okay? You have not been around here in ‘our time’ and it’s not exactly friendly to say the kinds of things you are describing. Let’s just wait until the very powerful archangel Gabriel returns from his visit, shall we?”

Zachariah looked around at his surroundings sadly. Everything he knew was gone. His lover still
long dead, and his seat in heaven? Who the hell knew? It looked like the him that belonged to this
world, been spending lots of time with these insignificant humans. Sharing their lives and their
loads as they grew food and swept away dust, then grew more food and again swept away more
dust, day, after day, after day. It was senseless. Who the hell had he become?

The angel pulled his head back and scowled.

“Well, the slaves require food and drink. Bring something decent. If you have any way of getting
in touch with Gabriel, tell him I require a conversation,” he said pointedly.
Dissention

Sam stared out the window of the second story room. A pristine anthology of the complete works of William Blake in his large hands. Each room at the manor was equipped with a few books of classic literature. At least he wouldn’t get too bored.

This was a prison unlike any he had ever experienced. And in his previous line a work, there were a surprising amount rooms he had been locked in to. Some had been in the name of keeping him in for various crimes, grievances or the result of capture. Others had been more to keep others, monsters or fathers really, out. This room was not a salt lined hotel room, a closet, a room in a ramshackle rented house or a dirty prison cell. It was much too floral for that. A room decorated entirely with eighteenth century scientific drawings of flowers with their scientific names in curly lettering underneath. Inordinately gauche with its gaudy furniture painted gold and white, Sam hated it. He felt like a damn princess locked in a Laura Ashley catalog. And locked he was.

Gregory had noticed Zachariah did not require his slaves in his current state. He found Sam and the women telling them to keep themselves clean and available, securing them behind their respective doors.

These events transpired after Zachariah ran out of grace. Or interest. In any case, he rolled himself up in a puffy comforter and became unresponsive, snoring peacefully.

The past seventy two hours had been a whirl! An exercise in complete and utter debauchery. A tide of arms and legs, sweat and cum. Sam’s head ached thinking about it. During one of their many breaks for naps or food, Zachariah explained that he had not been with anyone in centuries. Sam looked at the man in disbelief. Seriously, he thought his dry spell of nine months had been long.

Sam actually wanted his body to be sore, his muscles to ache, to feel like what had happened was real and not just a dream. But the grace had healed him for the last time and he felt amazing. Amazing and stuck.

The young man locked his eyes on the winding road that led to the barn. Thinking sadly about his friend still healing in the smelly hot box. Beaten and forced to mend on a concrete floor. At least the goats were gone.

The plan to overtake Gregory and Mark was now firmly on hold. There was no way a staff of 30 could take on an angel. Not that any of them wanted to take on that angel in particular.

With the addition of Zachariah to the Manor came an unwillingness to work from most of the
staff. Still bitter about Bobby’s treatment and confused as to why their friend had not even come out of his room to say hello. Gabriel’s staff felt safely disgruntled. Zachariah would never allow anything to happen to them. But there was no punishing Gregory without his support. How the hell could that be obtained if they were denied access to him. Most of them went on a half hearted strike.

Gregory noticed this effect and decided to take matters into his own hands. Especially after trying to stir the angel from his slumber for over an hour without result.

The trainer decided to take a walk and take inventory of the current situation. Armed with a strap clipped to his belt, Greg wandered around the main house to find the women folk doing more gossiping and chattering than cleaning. Upon chiding them for their laziness, he received causal shrugs and stone glances.

Disobedience and obstinacy were things Greg had very little tolerance for. He took a strap to four of them, leaving Gilda crying, Lisa weeping, Kimberly wailing and Charlie cursing. In the fields, he was planning to grab Caleb and make an example out him, when Mrs. Blacker jogged up on her ancient legs to tell him Zachariah was calling for him. It took her a few minutes to catch her breath.

“Where is your help?” Gregory asked loudly.

“Well, they are picking fruit or making lunch for Master Zachariah.”

“You damn fool, I told you. He does not want to eat. Please stop making him dinner, breakfast and lunch. He is an angel and they don’t eat!” he yelled, exasperated.

“He eats my blueberry cobbler…” She hissed under her breath.

“What the hell is the matter with all of you?” Gregory said grabbing her by her skinny arm.

“I am not allowing you to touch me, Sir! I am head of this house and you will respect me!” she growled back, pulling her arm away.

“Old woman, if I did not dread the day when I had to see your naked ass, I would pull you behind that tree and tan your backside! I am the only Freeman in the house and your Master left me in charge,” he said firmly looked down his nose with a sneer.

She narrowed her eyes and smirked. “Master left Zachariah in charge. You are in charge of beating poor dear Bobby and that young boy. NOT me.”

And that was that. She huffed away, walking back to her work.

Gregory was definitely considering accounting as a career choice.

~*~

Back in the barn, Bobby was on his way to making a recovery. Now that Gregory was preoccupied, the staff had been stopping by to chat and check on their old friend. Bobby was chained with about fifteen feet of lead, securely tethered to the wall with a complex collar but otherwise was unbound. He had the limited freedom to talk, eat, and walk around the barn. Most of the time that barn became increasingly lonely. Mark was in charge of fussing with the pleasure slaves. And Sam had not returned. Reports from house assured him that he was being looked after and happy. Sam wasn't allowed back in the dorms, but slept close to and was kept busy with Zachariah.
It was really odd that Zachariah had not stopped by. Normally, Bobby was his first stop. They were going on day four. Maybe he was unhappy that Bobby had deserved a beating? Fuck, no. Zachariah did not believe in that beating slaves. If he had heard, he would come by the barn to heal him.

Zachariah. Man. It was going to be great to see him. When he finally showed up… They had had some good times. If ever there was angel who could redeem angels in the eyes of a slave it was Zachariah. He was just going to be beside himself when he hears about the baby! Maybe that was what they were doing?

As Bobby was pondering the whereabouts and ins and outs of the staff, Devon came in with his lunch. The tray wobbled slightly, but Devon caught it. Not spilling a single drop of coffee. Cook must be having a hard morning, Bobby thought, eyeing the tray. She never just has sandwiches for lunch. She knows how hard the men and women work. Bobby had missed the crazy diets and fad diet foods of the past thirty years. To him, there was food that left you hungry after you ate it and food that stuck to your ribs. If you did not want to be fat, work harder. If you did not care? Well that was just about everyone he knew.

“You look better.” Devon said lifting his voice and placing a tray on the ground, and collecting and stacking the detritus from the previous meals.

“I feel better. Say, what is going on out there? Where is everyone? Why has Zachariah not come by?” Bobby said grabbing the coffee cup first with grateful hands.

“Oh, he came by, but no one has seen him since. As to what is going on? Bobby, no one knows. Sam, Jody, Ellen and Sara have not been excused from upstairs. There might be a two day orgy going on or some angelic ritual? No one has been allowed to speak to the any of them and they have not been forthcoming when the food arrives. Besides, that? Gregory has been out, threatening the men and strapping the tails off the women. Everyone just has their head down now. It’s weird out there, Bobby,” Devon said shaking his head.

“Damnit, Gabriel. This would not happen on my watch. Send Garth over here,” Bobby said frowning into his sandwich.

“I will… You look good, by the way. You know since Gabriel took away all those years? You look handsome, I mean…”

“Yeah,” Bobby laughed as he sipped some of the coffee. “I was a handsome sonofabitch. That’s how I snagged Karen. It was not with my pleasant personality, trust me.”

“You are. I mean…”

“Thanks, Devon,” he said, giving the man a half smile.

“I never said, I was sorry to you. I am. I am sorry, Bobby,” Devon looked down, staring at the cold concrete of the barn floor, scuffling his feet a little.

“Damnit, I knew that!” Bobby huffed a note of disbelief, “Fuck, Devon. This whole chain of awful was not started by you… I am blaming Derek. That dead, Bastard. Or he’s hiding out and I am going to have more than a few words to say to him. That is my story and I am keeping it,” Bobby said with a chuckle.

“Derek… Well, I am sure he would sorry to hear what has happened here. I do not know…” Devon said sadly. He missed his old friend.

“DEVON!”
The slave jumped a little, nearly dropping the tray full of dirty dishes. Devon backed away, but not before Greg caught him by the ear.

“Were you told that you could or could not fraternize with the men being trained?” Greg hissed loudly into the slave’s ear.

“You said we could not, Sir,” Devon’s voice was shaky and soft.

“Unless you want a very public beating, again, I expect to not see you in this barn without my permission. Is that understood?”

“Yes. Yes, Sir,” Devon said in a wail as Greg pulled his ear further down, taking the tall blonde man with it.

“Good boy,” Greg said slapping Devon’s ass. Devon beat feet to get out the barn with the old tray as quick as he could.

“Bobby, Bobby, Bobby. What am I going to do with you?” the ginger trainer said clicking his tongue. “Well good news, I do not have time to train you while Zachariah is here. Also I think he wants a taste of you, boy. He quite thoroughly enjoyed Sam, and the women, but I think he needs a little more distraction. Turn around, now. Let me see your back…”

Bobby pulled himself up and turned around. Greg traced the angry red long scars on the man’s back with a fingernail. “Much better. Hope that taught you to obey…” Greg patted Bobby on the bottom. The slave could hear his smile. Yep. Total psychopath.

Greg turned him around and pulled at the beard that had grown during Bobby’s time in the barn. “Go back to the dorm, shave, take a good shower and put on some clothes. Meet me in the foyer of the main house.”

Greg unhooked the collar which operated with a finger print scan. Bobby rolled his necked, finally free of the sadistic contraption.

Bobby jogged back to the dorms, naked and shoeless. Luckily his room was unlocked, his key waiting on the dresser. He looked around, his plant near death, in need water, but everything else was untouched. He collapsed, happily into his bed. It had been so long. Five weeks. God. It felt like months. Sleeping with flies and smelling hay all night long. And Sam? Sleeping on two inches of flattened cotton was one thing. Sleeping next to Sam, who could fart in his sleep and wake him up two to three times a night, was quite another. When Gabriel came back, he was going to tell him to find what it was that died in that kid’s ass and have it forcibly removed.

As comfortable as the bed was, Bobby needed to get back to the main house before Greg decided it was time for another “lesson in authority.” He pulled himself out of the mound of soft blankets and headed into the shower.

Before he knew it, he had used all the soap. Mark had not scrubbed him a week and living in a hot barn was not the most sanitary of all places. Before he refused the last pain pill, who ever came in would disinfect his back. But that was it.

Bobby shaved and put on his uniform, tried to comb his hair and hoped that one of his best friends was not going to up and demand a blow job. Bobby shook his head. Well he had given his old
roommate one. Maybe, that was going to be his new Christmas gift this year. This is so fucked up, he said to out loud as he dried his feet.
Bobby trudged back to the main house. His feet could only move him so quickly. He was not looking forward to finding out why his old friend had had such a drastic change of heart. As he walked along the quiet path, he mourned the loss of his old life. He missed his old work overalls and comfortable brown shoes. He missed the way Ellen smelled after a shower. He missed Jody's laugh and playing with the kids. He missed the long talks he had with Gwen on the old hiking path. To be honest he did not miss Daniel very much as he seen just about all he wanted to see of the man for quite some time. But he did missed sneaking off with Pamela and Jedidiah to share a joint and play cards when the moon was high. So many of the things he loved in life had been taken. His shoulders slumped at the thought.

Buck up, Singer, he said to himself. You're no good to anyone like this. He pressed a smile and opened the grand front doors.

Empty. Damn it.

Bobby folded his legs and waited. He tried to mediate on the positive. He did look much better. He did feel better. Before the demon tried to tear the skin off his back. But he was stronger, faster, and back in peak shape. Now that he was pretty sure the entire staff had seen his goods, taking his clothes was easier. The price was too high though. Gabriel could have hired a personal trainer, instead of a goddamn sadist. But he was where he was. Really still the same place he was twenty years ago... Gabriel's slave.

Bobby kept his focus. He sat in perfect form, eyes set, back straight and mind on fire.

He waited for about an hour.

He felt a big hand rub his shoulder.

“You are really coming along nicely! Good boy, Bobby!” Greg said shoving a peppermint in his mouth. As much as he hated the man, he did like candy and smiled despite himself.

“Come along. There is someone who would like to meet you,” Greg said as he reattached the familiar black collar and hooked the leash. Then he gave a hard tug, heading up.

Meet me? Bobby thought. I’ve know the man for twenty years give or take. They had gotten drunk, gotten stoned, camped together, built a playhouse for the twin girls, Eve and Laura, and a fort for the boys, talked about women, talked about life and shot the shit more times than he could list in an evening. But sure! Why not have a formal introduction?

Greg him up the winding staircase to Zachariah’s room.

Zachariah was sitting on in the easy chair reading a book, with Sam nestled into a pile of blankets,
mostly naked on the bed, and looking intently into a laptop. Greg made a hurried bow and left the room.

Bobby shifted his weight as he looked over the angel in the chair. Something was wrong. So wrong. The room, the room was just as Zachariah had left it. His books lined the shelves. But cigarettes? He thought the rumors were exaggerated. His friend bedding down with a pleasure slaves? But there they were. Sam’s hair was greasy and matted, like he had been sweating and the room had the unmistakable stench of sex, sweat and cum. Bobby felt his stomach lurch when he picked out the scent of his former lovers. Okay… What the fuck was this?

“Bobby! Bobby Singer! Surrogate father to the Winchester boys! Wow. You really look different!” the angel bellowed.

“That’s not Zachariah.” Bobby said flatly. “Where the fuck is he, you, Bastard?” he growled.

Bobby eyed the angel, hate filling his eyes. “Sam, that is a goddamn shifter! Grab the goddamn fork off that plate. Gabriel only buys pure silver.”

Zachariah pulled a spoon from his tea cup and slipped it in his mouth with a smile.

“Bobby, he’s an angel. He has grace. Trust me… Just hear him out,” Sam said absently as he went back to work on the computer.

“I am sorry to tell you, Bobby, but I don’t know where your Zachariah is. I don’t know what or who brought me here or knocked me out but when I came to? I was in the middle of a clearing. The surrounding field was burnt to a crisp. The Balthazar, from my universe, was in front of me with an angel blade. All I can think was that we had replaced the other two. A blast that large could have been two angels fighting to the death. I am fairly certain, someone died in fighting in that field. If it is any consolation, I am fairly certain they killed each other. Or ended up in a different place, there was really no conclusive evidence one way or the other.”

Bobby hung his head. The news made him feel unsteady as he pushed a hand against the wall for support. A few tears fell heavy to the floor. There were some days, things at the manor got so bad, the only thing holding him to this mortal coil was the hope that Zachariah would come back soon and give them a momentary reprieve from the oppression.

Bobby muttered to himself.

“That idjit… I told him to stay the fuck away from that deadbeat! No good could come from it. Damnit. The hotheaded fool,” Bobby’s voice dropped. Then he looked the angel square in the eyes, hissing, “And then, that begs the question, just who the fuck are you?” Bobby asked with his head cocked to the side.

“I am Zachariah,” the angel stood up from his chair and started to walk toward the slave. “But in my universe, slavery ended with the American Civil War. Sam, here, brought on the Apocalypse under your tutelage, of course. And I never liked you. Interesting fact though, I am pretty sure you sold your soul for this boy in my universe. Seems like the whole family has a one time or another. I almost see why…” the angel said looking the boy over. Sam glanced up, rolled his eyes, continuing his work.

“Civil war? Now you are talking alternate universes, who the hell would have that kind of power?” Bobby asked now baffled.

“I don’t know, that is what I am researching. Seems like something we have never seen before…” Sam said speaking into the screen, “Borrowed your computer by the way…” the young man said
“Lucifer? Couldn’t be, he’s kept in check by those six brothers and sisters of his… And the
demigods? They couldn’t pull that off… But who?” Bobby said looking sorrowfully at his old
friends possessions.

“I have come up with absolutely nothing… Maybe a rogue angel?” Sam said.

“Well, it’s got to be someone who likes you enough to bring you along…” Bobby lifted his chin
to the imposter angel. “That list can’t be very long. You… You look smarmy enough to pull
something that twisted off. Maybe it was you? Lose your memory with the trip over here?” Bobby
asked with a smirk.

The angel got up out of the comfort of the big blue chair and stalked over to the slave, who stood
with his arm crossed at his chest. Zachariah hooked his finger in the big gold ring attached to the
slave’s collar. Pulling the taller slave’s head down to his level, tugging the ring from left to right as
he spoke. “You! Watch your tongue. I still have a bag of toys for fuck ups like you…” the angel
warned with a smirk.

Bobby just glared and pulled his neck back.

“Be cool, Zach. He’s my friend, he’s alright,” Sam said calmly.

Zachariah shook his head and let go, reluctantly, putting both hands in the air and backing away.

“I would think if I had something to do with this I would have let myself know, right? But given
there are infinite universes, in a few of them, I probably did have something to do with this… So
that means… we still have no fucking clue, and given infinite probabilities, we should consider
everything.”

Bobby had had enough bullshit for one lifetime to coddle this fool. “Did you get hit very hard on
the head in your universe? There are not infinite possibilities! Especially if we are working with
two distinct universes. One that you know a lot about and the other that Sam and I know a lot
about. So let’s just start there. That okay with you, Einstein?” the slave said with his half smile and
tilted head.

“You know, you are a pompous ass in both universes so let’s add that to what we know…”
Zachariah said as he rolled his eyes.

“Maybe, it’s just your sparkling personality and keen intellectual prowess that makes both of us
love you so very much…” Bobby remarked with a huff.

“Good to see slavery did not take away that caustic personality of yours,” the angel said looking
the slave up and down, his irritation growing.

“What were you doing before you came here? Killing puppies? Raping kittens?”

“Yeah… No. I was in the process of trying to prevent total chaos. That one’s brother refused to
give up his vessel for the good of mankind. Luckily, in your universe, Sam was not dumb enough
to be tricked by Ruby into killing Lilith, breaking the 666th seal.”

Sam looked up, twisting his mouth. “Really it was Dean who made me kill her.”

“Whatever,” Zachariah said waving his hand absently. “So in this reality, angels dominate
humanity and are never thrown in their own Civil War because Moose over there never breaks the
last seal and opens the cage, which was never unlocked here… Huh… I wonder why Ruby
wanted Sam to kill Lilith. What the hell is in that cage?"

“We should probably just ask Lucifer…” Sam suggested.

“Sam… Why would we ask Lucifer?” Bobby asked slowly.

“Well if he was almost bound in the cage, he would know if there was a cage and who was in it,” Sam said quickly.

“There! That’s the Sam I knew! Your brother was a sorry piece of motor headed trash like his father. But you… you were the brains.”

Sam looked at the angel suspiciously from the laptop screen, rolling his eyes again.

“I do not advise going toe to toe with Lucifer. He spent far too long in hell and learned far too many tricks to be pleasant company. Maybe we should wait for a certain Archangel to return from vampire negotiations?” Bobby said.

“Well what about Crowley?” Zach asked casually.

“That punk-ass Crossroads Demon? What the hell would we want with him?” Sam asked sourly. He had met the demon and was not a fan.

“He’s not King of Hell?” Zachariah asked surprised.

“The Queen of Hell would be Lilith, who was appointed that just before the Archangels called Lucifer back to the mortal plane. I thought Crowley was just her pet?” Sam replied.

“Well, that is convenient… Maybe we should summon him?” the angel suggested.

“That is the best idea we have heard today! Summon a Goddamn demon. Because we are two slaves and an imposter. Nothing bad could come from this…” Bobby said rolling his eyes.

Zachariah huffed, “Sam, I can’t kill him, can I?”

Sam’s eyes widened in disbelief, scolding the angel.

“You sure, if I took paddle to him, he wouldn’t behave better? He has had some training as you call it,” Zachariah asked Sam.

Sam shook his head, looking uncharacteristically irritated. “Zach, we don’t have anything we would need. Bobby and I can’t leave without being burnt to a crisp and I do not see any supplies.”

“I could go get them. Maybe not today, but soon… We used a fair amount of my Grace,” the angel said pulling his chin down and looking over to Sam, who responded with a deep blush and light chuckle.

“Why don’t we just wait until an angel with real power gets back, huh?” Bobby said brashly.

“Bobby? I have been meaning to ask, what is it like being the sex slave to the most perverse and promiscuous angel in Heaven?” the angel asked snidely.

“That’s none of your damn business. And to be clear, I am really not worried about you. I maybe an ass, but I am ass that is owned by an Archangel,” Bobby said firmly.

“Just what I thought…,” Zachariah said chuckling to himself. “I bet he is has lots more plans, don’t worry about that… But then again, I really have no idea where I am in this world. I have
been stuck in this smelly meat suit for months now. And that stupid cupid had no idea where heaven was,” Zach said rolling his head against the back of the chair from side to side, listlessly.

There was a knock on the door. Gregory opened the door with a bow. “I am sorry, your Grace, but the staff would really would like to dine with you. I need something to tell them.”

The angel absently waved a hand, “This is becoming tiresome. Tell them if they ask again, you will beat them soundly and send them to bed, works on children… Should work on slaves?” Greg huffed, then put a hand over mouth to hide his dark smile.

“You can’t do that!” Bobby yelled, too loud and pissed as hell.

Greg snorted. “I can have him whipped again Sir, if you wish it.”

“Zach…” Sam looked up sadly.

“Those eyes… Fine, fine, I’ll have lunch with them. I will eat their foul swill, if it makes you happy,” the angel resigned.

“You are going to have to be pleasant like the previous Zachariah. I am just not sure you are capable of that,” Bobby said, rubbing his forehead.

“I can make time to train you if you keep up this disobedience,” Greg warned. “Your Grace, would you permit me to borrow Bobby for the rest of the day? He needs to work on his manners,” Greg said straightening his back and fishing for the leash in his pocket.

Fear started building in the slave’s stomach as he turned to look at Sam.

Sam thought fast, blurting out, “Zach, Bobby is the only one of us that knew the old Zachariah. He might be able to help.”

“Saved by simple logic, that is fine with me… Collect him… after lunch,” Zachariah smiled smugly, feeling very pleased with himself.

Bobby closed his eyes and exhaled through his nose.

“Well, tell them we are coming for lunch. Tell them I have been ill and cannot stay long. Tell them I have ‘angel flu,’ none of them look terribly bright to me. They will believe anything you tell them. Poor slow thinking hairless apes…” Zachariah said shaking his head.
The Angel Flu

Chapter Notes

Note: Devon brought Bobby breakfast not lunch. Sorry about all the incongruity. I am not super good at this… yet :)

Notice anything? Lemme know.

Goddamnit! This was really too much. I mean, it got to be too much weeks ago, but this?

Bobby waited outside, leaning his leaner body against one of the great two story high Corinthian columns that decorated the main house. The burly man busied himself by sulking, while Sam and the imposter readied themselves for lunch.

Bobby wondered if this was even worth it. There was no helping this prick. Jesus, he thought his reality was fucked. Turns out, there is a new and even crazier reality, somewhere in the great somewhere else. Hopefully it kept itself contained and didn’t continue to leach itself into his. Any more than it already had.

One thing bothered him about the whole situation. It wholly went against the concept of free will and individuality, didn’t it? Or maybe… Maybe this would this one man’s, or angel’s, chance at redemption?

Nah…

Zachariah pulled open the great doors and inhaled the sweet smell of the Pacific Northwest. The pine scent mixed with an oppressive humidity. Really not the best time or place for a hike, but necessity dictates odd requests at times.

Bobby looked the angel over. At least the man looked clean. The angel showered, shaved and raided Bobby’s best friend’s closet. The charlatan actual looked pretty smart in his predecessor’s suit. He had chosen a fitted navy suit, pale blue shirt and green tie. But the angel shifted and pulled at the ensemble, twitching ever so slightly. The new Zach seemed taken back by how well the thing fit and hugged his body. Like a worn glove that fit perfectly.

Sam jogged up to meet them. Dressed in his fitted black attire, he looked comfortable and content. For the first time in… well at least a month.

The three set out for a brief tour of the manor. The surly slave decided it would be best to get the new Zach a quick view of the grounds before the meal. The façade was worth keeping up. Bobby knew it would be dangerous for anyone to find out about the new Zachariah too soon. The tension
in the staff was already noticeable. If Gabriel was not careful he would have a full on revolt on his hands. It would be better for now, to have everyone believe the angel’s insane story of “angel flu” rather than face the possibility that there were forces at work greater than those of their resident archangel.

“So… what do I need to know?” Zachariah asked lifting his head, looking down at Bobby from the top of his nose.

“You just need to try to not be so much an ass…” Bobby said not bothering to look at the man.

“Yes, that is very helpful,” the angel said smirking, “What are the peasants going to expect?” he asked more seriously.

“They are going to expect you to not be such a damn dick…,” Bobby shook his head, “First of all, stop leering at Sam. It’s obvious. Second of all, look at them in the goddamn eye. Stop acting like they aren’t fit to be in your presence. And third of all, shut hell up. You talk too damn much and listen too damn little. And don’t be yourself, you’re a pompous ass and you know it. Just act like someone who has an ounce of dignity. Nobody here cares what fucking rank you hold in heaven, or that you have powers. They are going to like you because you look an awful lot like a guy who was real kind to them for a lot of years,” Bobby said as he looked off, squinting from the sun, looking deep in the property he knew like the back of his hand.

Then the slave shot a look right back into the face of the fraud,

“Don’t blow it,” Bobby said curtly. He was tired. Just tired. All they needed was a visit from Naomi, the heartless bitch angel. Then they’d have themselves a complete set of assholes.

“You’re pushing it, slave…” the angel said with a smile.

“So are you! I hope to all mighty God that you get returned to your fucked up version of reality and bring back one of the best men I have ever known…” Bobby said as he spat on the ground.

Zachariah scowled. He really did not want to go back. What did he really have there? Locked in silent contemplation, he asked no more questions. He listened.

The rest of the walk was quiet, excepted for Sam pointing out various landmarks and fields.

Thankful, no one was out today. The August sun was so oppressive that most of the staff found some work to do in doors, in the barns, worked on canning the fruit or bottling the wine.

The three slowly worked their way back to the kitchen. Bobby looked at the scene and frowned. It was how he expected it to be. Ester had braided her hair and the grey plaid circled her head beautifully. Someone had gone and cut wild flowers for the table. The sweet smell of cherry tarts filled the dining room. Ester had orchestrated her staff into cooking the most delectable French crepes with chicken, cream sauce, white wine, mushrooms, and fresh spinach. Bobby could not help but smile at that. At least the meal would be amazing. It would be damn near perfect if the company didn’t have to be under such close watch.

Bobby settled down into his seat slowly, still minding the wounds that still held a dull pain. He watched as his friends, staff and former lovers smiled brightly and filled in next to him and the angel. Bobby ate his food slowly, keeping an ear out for the angel at his side.

But Bobby was genuinely surprised to see how well this imposter did with his friends. Zachariah smiled cordially, answered questions vaguely and then turned the conversation over and listened. And almost appeared interested. Huh?
Half way through the meal, Bobby actually relaxed and listened into Zach’s conversation. Enjoying his cup of coffee, Bobby even saw the angel laugh. Really laugh. That came about when Garth told the story of when Gabriel decided he wanted to actually climb one of the giant Douglas firs on the property.

First thing you need to know is that Derek was an avid and prolific climber. I mean he lived for it. The tall man just love to be outside and off the ground as high as he could get himself. He’d climb the barn, the manor and any tree he had access to. To be honest it was a very usefully hobby. The kid could repair a roof in no time and did it happily. And more often than not caught the problem before anyone knew it was a problem. Bobby did miss that squirrely kid.

Now, Gabriel wanted the experience to be authentic, without using his grace. He announced to the staff that was he going to try. He stepped out of the manor in khaki pants and green polo. Still in his original form, the angel was small and scrawny, but impeccably dressed and carrying a cane.

Gabriel desperately tried to shimmy himself up the great fir with limited success. Derek smiled a gentle smile as his master hugged the tree for at least ten minutes getting three feet off the ground and then falling flat on his back.

After lunch, before Bobby could clear his plate, Greg had clipped his leash and was tugging him out of the dining room. The handler led him to an old maple on the walk from the dorms to the dining hall. Bobby looked up at the thing, cursing its existence as he had on more than one occasion as he stepped dead on its acorns in the past month without shoes.

The trainer looked at his watch and said, “I have to check up on the staff in the house and the fields. I need you to run 20 laps…”

“I’ll throw up!” Bobby replied.

Greg drew back his hand and hit the man hard across the face. Then the trainer grabbed the ring on the collar and pulling it forward to his face. “You will do what I say, when I say to do it and keep your filthy slave mouth shut,” the handler hissed as he let go.

Bobby grunted, putting the back of his hand to his cheek, spitting out some blood, then looked down angrily at his feet. They were bare.

“You got me there, slave. Well, we’ll work on your postures, then. I’ll bring your boots later,” Greg smiled, then clapped his hands loudly. “Okay, hands and knees. This is the social position, for parties, festivals, weddings and such. If your master tells you lift your ass, you are free game to anyone at the party. If he tells you to sit down, the guests can examine you, fondle whatever they want, you know… Those rules are little dated, normally he will tie a red ribbon on your collar if you are available. If he doesn’t want you touched… well, he would have left you at home. For now keep your hands on the ground, feel free to sit down on or stay on your knees…”

Bobby began to get in the posture, when the trainer stopped him. “You need to strip, boy. No one goes to a party with a clothed pleasure slave,” the ginger said with a wry smile.

Bobby looked around toward the dining hall. Damnit, people were still eating their food. He sulked a little, but obeyed. Peeling off his clothing, piece by piece. Swiping his hand across the grass to remove rocks and such, he got down into position.
As he settled into his pose, he heard Zachariah coming up the path. The angel jogged a little, panting as he tried to catch the trainer. The angel lifted his head toward Bobby as he put one hand on his knee to catch his breath. “Gregory, I have a few questions. Can anyone buy a slave? Where do you get them?” the angel asked quickly.

Greg smiled. “You can buy them at the general market, there is always a chance for family members to buy them first. After that, the state holds an auction. It’s all online now. But I suspect you might want a trained slave. Then you would not have to pay me to do it for you. Bobby here was sold at Rockbridge. He should have been thrown in the ring, but Gabriel wanted him. For what? I am sure I have no idea.”

“Wait… When did this happen? Didn’t he help raise Sam and Dean?” Zachariah asked pointing at Bobby on the ground, a little more concerned.

“Unless they both lived at the manor for the past twenty years, I should think not,” the ginger said hoping he had been given correct information.

“Curious…” the angel said as he scratched his chin. “You just met Sam, didn’t you?” Zachariah said loudly crouching his head down toward Bobby.

Bobby kept his posture but exhaled loudly through his nose. This subtle act of defiance did not escape Greg, who gave the slave a swift kick to the side with his boot. “Keep quiet,” the trainer warned.

“He’s not allowed to talk,” Greg explained. “He’s learning how to wait for his master’s return. See? Straight back, stomach in, eyes forward… he should keep this position until I return,” he said rubbing Bobby’s mop of hair.

“Interesting… How does one get sold into slavery?” Zach asked, the gears slowly turning in his head.

“Well you could commit an unpardonable sin. Murder of family member, treason against your Archangel or government. Which, at this point, they are almost the same thing. Assault on an angel, grand theft, multiple murders… Generally being terrible. Bobby here stabbed his wife. What was it four or five times? Didn’t like her meatloaf or something… Or you could get yourself so far into debt you can sell off some years or all of them. That cute little redhead sold herself for an apprenticeship. She beat and burnt this lump over here and voided her contract. Gabriel has a soft spot for all these slaves. The wrongly accused, which I suppose is smart. He does not need an overseer to keep the convicts in line. Some of them are sick puppies, let me tell you. Mostly if they are too violent, they are trained and put into cage matches. It’s real sick but the public loves it… Answer your question?”

“Mostly, I just need to check something on the computer… Do you have one?”

“Sir, I have about thirty coming next week,” Greg smiled. “Their master bought the staff laptops. I am responsible for making sure everyone has one and learns to use it.”

“I’ll get Sam to look it up. Thank you, Gregory. Say, give him a few extra licks for me, huh?”

“Oh, course, Sir. No trouble at all…” Greg said running his fingers through Bobby’s hair, then giving grabbing some hair and tugging Bobby’s head from side to side before letting go.

Sam and Zachariah made their way back to one of the first floor sitting rooms. Sam pleaded with
Zachariah to call for Bobby again, but he would not be swayed.

“He’ll get a few licks tonight, then we can see him tomorrow… Sam, do you remember a Father
Jim Murphy? Or a Caleb? Ellen or Jo Harvelle? Or Missouri Mosely?”

Sam thought for a while. “I remember Dad trying to find Father Murphy, but I think he was tried
and convicted of murder. I think he died in the ring or was sold to Raphael. Not sure which is
worse. Ellen and Jo live here. There is a Caleb here, too. Why?”

“So who raised you, Sam?”

“Mostly just Dean. Dad wasn’t around a lot. I mean, he trained us but, that was about it. Dean
took care of everything else… mostly.”

“If Dean told you to kill someone would you do it?”

“Yeah…” Sam said without hesitation. “He’d probably have a good reason. We are hunters,
Zach, why?”

“Clever. Very clever… Sam, I do believe you and Dean have been groomed from birth, I mean
aside from the obvious, demon blood and your mom dying. She did die, didn’t she?”

Sam pulled his head back, nodding suspiciously.

“Sam, someone worked very hard to remove all those people from your life. I did learned about
you and your brother when I got your assignment. The Sam and Dean I knew, spent months at a
time without your father staying with Father Murphy, Caleb, Bobby, Ellen and Jo.”

Sam laughed, “Months? I was never babysat by anyone. That is strange. There was this one lady,
but she turned out to be a little off.”

“Demon?”

“No, she was just run of the mill crazy… I was about eight and she wanted to bath me in some
kind of blood? I took her down and had her hogtied in the basement for about three days. Come to
think of it, she might have been a witch… After that Dad and Dean just had me wait in the car, for
like hours every time they went on a hunt. I almost wished I had just let her give me a bath. She
did play a few games of scrabble with me before she started the bloodletting.”

Zachariah looked at the boy with a mixture of disgust and disbelief.

“What? You expect any less from a hunter’s kid? We were born killers. Some of our childhood
had to be fucked up beyond all recognition to do what we do.”

“I see your point. Say, you want to go back upstairs?”

Sam raised an eye brow with surprise.

“You are not interested in getting to bottom of this? Hey, what about Anna? Did you know an
angel named Anna?”

“Yes, of course. Poor thing got herself killed trying to protect the world from you. Well, the you
that could serve as Lucifer’s vessel,” Then the angel looked off to the deep into the cloud laden
Oregon sky. “I remember her when she was a fledgling. So pretty. Such a beautiful little kid…”

Sam rolled his shoulders. He looked at the ground as he prepared himself to ask the question he
did not want to ask. “So angels and little angels…?”
Zach shook his head and huffed. “You really did have a fucked up childhood. No. Of course not. I just remember her being a lovely is all. Besides, I have only ever mated Eremeil and whoever was in the mix upstairs,” the angel chuckled.

“Oh, okay… Well she was our Guardian Angel? I mean she pulled Dean from Hell, she was helping us. Giving us intelligence, but then? Radio silence. We just stopped hearing from her. We prayed to her for like months. Gabriel can’t find her either… What is weird is that she was the one who bought Bobby. She gave him to Gabriel and said to make sure, he was kept away from John Winchester, my father, Bobby’s commanding officer.”

“That sweet kid? Huh? Well I guess I need to find Anna…” the angel looked older as he narrowed his eyes, “But that is just talk until I find out my position in heaven. I mean, do you know who is running the place?”

“The angels? I don’t know. We have always been more worried about hell. I got a lead that Castiel had information about the attacks but it was dead end. He was looking into the case himself but I think Gabriel has him pretty busy. There have been uprisings with the Werewolves and Vampires…”

“That was not very common where I come from. Has all of this been recent?”

“Come to think of it… yeah. I mean for as long as I have been a hunter it was not real common for monsters to organize. I always assumed there was some sort of structure because there aren’t really any problems with over population or cross fighting…”

“Do you think someone would be staging an attack? What happened before that fellow named Derek was taken?”

“That was before my time, we could go get Bobby… He would be able to tell you what happened without having to explain the entire situation…” Sam said looking off to the barn.

“You quarrelsome little boy… I will see him tomorrow. For now I think I would like to read some of the books in my room. It has been a very trying day.”

Sam forced a smile and nodded. “You want me to go back to my room?”

“Stay here with the ladies. Gregory still has those rooms set up for you. I don’t trust him with you. There is far too much screaming going around this house. Does Gabriel condone any of this?” Zach asked with disbelief.

“Word was before I got here, no one had ever been hit. Then the day after Master Gabriel publically beat one of the men, he beat Bobby and hired Gregory. Ever since then, no one knows what to expect,” Sam replied sullenly.

Zachariah rested his head on a nearby wall. “I will attempt to deal with this tomorrow. For now just stay up here. Assume you are under my protection. Pray to me if anything happens.”
Zachariah looked out the bay window in his room. Instead of focusing on the decaying flower garden, his gaze wandered to the mountains and the tops of the ancient pines. He wondered what the hell the other him did when he wasn’t here. Did he reside in heaven? Was he in charge of a garrison? Earthly duties?

Then his eyes cast down to the great maple he knew Bobby was still under.

The howls were disturbing. The air of tension and discontent, obvious. The angel fumbled with a book aimlessly. Alright, alright, he conceded. The angel would call for the slave… As much as the thought of the brazen man receiving a spanking of some sort delighted something deep inside him, he did not trust Gregory.

Zachariah had regained most of the grace he lost from the orgy and blinked over the ginger man who was chiding a few of the men in the fields. The men looked hot and miserable. The trainer was threatening everything from beatings to field work at night.

Zachariah looked up at sky. 3 O’clock maybe?

“Looks like it’s quitting time, boys!” the angel said loudly, startling the handler.

Gregory gave the angel an odd look.

“It is a hot day. No use getting heat stroke… Gregory. I need to see Bobby in my chambers. There are a few questions I need answered,” Zachariah said curtly.

“The slave has not completed his training. Are you sure you need him now?” Greg said pulling his head back.

“I want him to answer honestly. A beating would prevent that. Bring him to my room. Give the rest of the staff the day off. This temperature is not conducive to quality work.”

Gregory bowed his head.

After about two hours of staying still as everyone Bobby knew passed by, Greg came up with his leash. Bobby wondered what became of Mark. He was probably just taking care of Ellen, Jody and Sara. Greg also put some water in a bowl and set it beside the man.

The redhead pushed his full head of hair against the old maple as Bobby drank from the bowl. He stared off into the clouds and lamented that he and Mark had only really spent a month and a half there. His jaw began to set as looked down at Bobby.
The handler admitted to himself that he was looking forward to the beating Bobby was in for. Maybe the strap, until his wrist tired? Or the paddle? He had not allowed himself to get as creative as he normally was as he felt Gabriel watched him like a hawk. He knew he would have to explain the scars.

Greg allowed himself to be only slightly anxious by the thought. He was after all Raphael’s favorite trainers. The man allowed the thought to escape his forebrain and decided to focus on getting this lump back to Zachariah. Who appeared to have some of the same ideas when it came to slave training.

Greg kicked the water bowl out from under Bobby. The slave drew back in shock as water splashed into his face. Scowling and shaken he looked up at the trainer. The man just swiped a hand at the slave’s neck, hooking the leash.

“Back to the barn, boy! Let’s get you ready for your date!” the ginger said ominously.

Greg reluctantly brought the harnessed, slave back to Zachariah’s room.

There was a brief knock on the large white door. Gregory pushed it open. With a few fingers on the slave’s back, Greg push the man into the room. Bobby stumbled in, looking suspiciously around the room, his only movement was from his eyes and his fingers, as the thumbs rubbed the other digits nervously.

Bobby search the room. Sam was nowhere in sight. This is not good.

“Greg! So good of you to come so quickly! And so dressed up! I am sorry, I know you two had plans… And without a scratch or tear! I am impressed.”

“Do you need anything else tonight, Your Grace?” Greg said reverently.

“I think I can make do with this one tonight… Sam is researching.” The angel pulled himself from his easy chair and walked toward the two.

“Very well, good night, Sir,” Greg said with another bow, closing the door and leaving Bobby alone with the angel with a serious smirk.

“I suppose this how you and Sam got to know each other better?” Zachariah teased, fingering the large gold ring that held the harness together.

“Here, let’s get a better look at you,” the angel said unsnapping the spandex briefs.

Bobby lip snarled slightly but he kept his eyes forward, trying desperately to control his temper, his hands balled in tight angry fists.

Zachariah grabbed the man’s cock and gently tugged until the member began to grow. Bobby took deep concealed breaths, trying with all he had to not moan or show any sign that he was enjoying this. But there was mounting evidence against that assertion.

“These lips!” Zachariah said as he touched them with a knuckle. “You hid them so well with that beard!”
“Well, you are very healthy, but not too intimidating. I can almost see why Gabriel picked you. My, you look very different from the Bobby I knew. You can’t be over 35?”

The angel slid his fingers over the now muscled body of the slave. He fingers stopped at the small gold rings the peeking out from the leather straps.

“Your tongue is not so sharp with this costume on, now is it boy?” the angel said as looked over the slave.

“What I find increasingly interesting is how submissive you are expected to be. Is it the guilt? Conditioning? Threat of punishment? What is it that can break a man’s soul of any ounce of dignity? Because I could require you to do the most horrible things right now… Could you say no?”

Bobby tired of this fool wearing his best friend’s face and having the audacity to be such a pain in the ass. “You’re the second angel to ask me why my soul is broken, how sure are you that is?”

“You speak!” the angel said lifting his head and grabbing the slave’s cock again. “Tell, me…” the angel said, his eyes fixed on the blue eyes of the slave. He looked deep into them, enjoying the strain and confusion that lite the fire in those, now helpless orbs. “How many presidents has the United States of America had?”

“45,” the slave said quickly. His breath quickening.

“How much does a gallon of water weigh?”

“Uh… 8 pounds…” Blood leaving his brain so quickly, he could barely keep up.

“Good!” the angel rewarded him with a few quick strokes. “Why is my shadow longer in the summer?”

“It’s not… It’s a shorter because… because the sun is higher in the sky…”

“Very good!” The strokes were not only faster, but now the other hand had its fingers slide over the tip, one by one.

“Avogadro’s number?”

“What?”

“What is Avogadro’s number?”

“Oh God, I hate chemistry… um…”

“Should I ask our friend Gregory to come join us? Assist in your education?” the angel taunted.

Bobby’s face went two shade’s paler as his erection faded.

“That scared you straight…” the angel chuckled, releasing the cock and backing away.

“Come, sit down.” Zachariah motioned for the chair. Bobby’s expression was fixed somewhere between confusion and horror.

The two now faced each other. Bobby's anxiety raising in waves with the odd behavior of this
fool.

“Really I must thank Gabriel, this is honestly the most fun I have had in centuries. I am curious, do you recall what happened before Derek was taken… Was there any odd happenings? Weird smells? Cold spots?” Zachariah asked intently. Shifting gears abruptly.

“You mean like ghosts or demons? What the hell is wrong with you? All that is taught in the sixth grade. What the hell do you want to know? No, there were no ghosts, demons, hex bags, or anything else.” Bobby answered gruffly.

Zachariah looked at the slave with more confusion, nothing about this was making sense. “Was Gabriel at the manor or was he away?”

“He was here. From what I understand, Derek went out to get ice cream and never came back,” Bobby said blankly, his hands on his knees.

“I am at a loss. Does Gabriel have any kind of library? Book of spells?” The angel was grabbing at straws.

“He’s a goddamn archangel, I think that is about all the power anyone really needs. Not sure he has to call upon the dark magics for power,” Bobby said spitefully.

The angel paused. Taken back by the forwardness of this man, who has been a slave for near on twenty four years. Interesting....

“What does it take to tame that tongue of yours? Gabriel hasn’t been able to do it has he?” Zachariah said his head lifted with a knowing smile. “He brought those men in for you. And you took poor little Sammy with you.”

Bobby pressed his lips and stared at the angel.

“Maybe I will call Gregory in, you know to help… keep you civil. Let me see what it takes to tame Bobby Singer. I can see he has definitely gotten through to you. Show me your back. Sam said Greg did a number on you a few days ago,” the angel coaxed.

The angel stood up as Bobby turned around.

Zachariah looked through the leather straps at the fresh scars, the bruises and the cuts that were midway through healing. He reached out a hand, stopping before he got there.

“My. That is brutal,” the angel said, a bit disturbed. “I haven’t seen beatings this bad anywhere outside the middle east. What did you do? Rape his daughter?” Zachariah asked, his eyes wide and watchful. The angel looked into wounds uncomfortably.

“I refused to molest a drugged man. Direct defiance. Cardinal sin to him apparently…” Bobby spit the words out, his face soured like he just swallowed curdled milk.

The angel snarled his lips, “Seems a bit harsh to me…” The wounds had partially healed but they looked like they still stung. Zachariah placed a warm hand on Bobby’s back. The man felt a warm glow and his shoulder jerked away. Bobby wanted his master to see what the bastard had done to him. If there were going to be any perks to this, it was probably going to be protection.

Zach turned the man around, looking into his eyes with more seriousness. The angel honestly felt ill.
“I healed you, but Gabe will have to take the scars away. That is not within my power.” The angel huffed, “Well I could do it… it would just take all day and be consuming, so let’s just wait for your Master, hmm?”

Zachariah was quiet for a while. He looked deep in thought.

“I am going to tell Gregory, I want both you and Sam in the dormitories. And if he would like to train you, he is going to have to leave the more severe punishments to me… He was drugged you say?” the angel said, his face soured again.

Bobby nodded his head slowly. “One of my best friends, but I would have done the same for anyone. It’s just not right.”

Bobby woke the next morning well after breakfast. He rolled around in the comfort of his bed, wrapped snuggly in soft blanket and decided he would try and stay there all day if he could.

Eventually hunger took hold and he pulled himself out of bed. He shaved, got dressed and stumbled to Sam’s room.

Bobby was surprised to see him there, Sam’s body contorted into a tight ball and his breathing deep.

“Sam! You hungry? We are going to miss lunch,” Bobby said loudly.

“Huh? What hell yeah I want food!” Sam said with half closed eyes. He tried to pull himself out of bed forgetting for a minute that he was no longer sleeping on the ground. He tumbled out bed, landing painfully on the floor.

“Here you go,” Bobby said pulling the young man off the ground and onto his feet, then turned his back to give his friend some privacy.

“Quick before I owe Ester any favors… No idea what she’d want now that I can’t save a few bottles of wine for her at harvest time… She has been giving me the eye ever since Gabriel stole those years away.”

Bobby looked out the window, his stomach growling.

“Let’s not find out. I am going to start walking, you catch up when you can.”

Sam had already disappeared into the closet.

The August sun beat hot on the stone walk to the main house. Bobby was sweating before he got half way there. Sam trotted up to his side. Bobby rolled his shoulders and cranked his neck. Meal times were heaven sent without the burden of eating on the floor, but there was the added awkwardness of running in to his old flames… All the time. Be a big boy, Bobby. They aren’t going to bite… well not anymore.

They walked in together, both more than a little shocked to see what was behind the door.

As the door opened the sweet smell of fresh baked bread filled their noses. Bobby smiled
remembering the old Zachariah’s fondness for Ester’s baguettes and lentil soup. Ester must be trying to win him back. Bobby could also make out the scent of Mrs. Blacker’s blueberry cobbler. It was really the only thing that made the woman passable as a human being in his eyes.

Most of the time they were moderate odds with each other. She had the seniority but Bobby secured the heart of staff. She had the master’s constant ear until Bobby was made favorite. This made her detest him even more. She did not like that he had sway over the master.

Bobby cocked a smile, pushing the door open with one hand. When he opened the door, the dining hall looked as it did when the old Zachariah came. Zachariah sat belly laughing as two little girls, who looked to be about eight, stood by his side attaching ribbons to his hair and chatting about their time at summer camp.

Bobby could not contain himself. The kids were back!

“Oh my god! The Midget Brigade is back!” Bobby said loudly, bending his knees and putting his hands on his thighs, half expecting to be tackled.

Ben, Lucas, Eva and Laura look back with smiles that turned to distrustful glances.

“Who are you?” Lucas asked, more than a little upset.

Andrea, who was sitting next to him, putting her hand on his shoulder his thin shoulder. “That’s Bobby, Darlin’.”

Bobby stood up straight, slowly. He gave the kid his half smile and nodded.

The boy squinted a little, turning his head to the side, scratching his bright red hair, “Bobby?”

“Yeah, it’s me. The master changed my clothes and took away some years, but it’s me,” the man said with a hopeful smile.

Ben did not need any more convincing. He tore out of his chair and charged at the man. Bobby grabbed the boy, lifting him up high into the air, then putting him back down again.

“Jesus, Bobby! You got… strong!” Ben noted.

Bobby just laughed, “I guess I did. Let’s go sit down, I want to hear all about camp!”

Ben’s smile got brighter. Grabbing the man by the hand, the boy pulled him over to his table.

“Bobby. It was amazing! I think I have a girlfriend.” Lisa’s eyes got very big, but she kept it to herself. Lucas joined him. The girls kissed Zachariah on both cheeks, because that is what they do in France. They had learned lots of interesting things at camp. Then the girls walked over to touch Bobby’s new hair and face. And of course they needed to know all about his new necklace.

Zachariah smiled watching the boys and girls interact with Bobby. Sam got some lunch and sat down beside the angel who was enjoying a bowl of soup with a very long piece of bread.

“What was that over there?” Sam asked with a smile.

Zachariah shook his head. “They just came at me. With all their cuteness and smiles. I think I might like children… I actually might like people, Sam… Well, maybe these people.” the angel
said with a far off look in his eyes.

“You’re eating?” Sam chuckled.

“Yeah, you tried this stuff? Mana to be sure…” the older man with a smile, looking happily into his bowl.
Something had to be done.
There was really no choice about it.

The angel could not stand by and watch as the staff grew steadily more discontented, the threat of extreme violence continuing to escalate, and the general misery of the place to grow unchecked and out of control.

Something had to be done.
There was simply no choice about it.

For fuck’s sake! There are children involved…

Don’t get him wrong. There was an obvious solution. Zachariah had considered it.

Why not? He had the power. He could very well go and smite both of the trainers before breakfast and be done with it. It’s not like he hadn’t before.

Then again, there were children involved, and Zach liked these children. Actually liked them.

He could blink them somewhere distance, uninhabitable. The middle of a volcano? In the depths of outer space? Sure, he could get creative but seriously. There was no need.

Zachariah shook his head, cradling his baldhead in his hands. Damn, what the hell had happened to him? He kind of did not want to hurt them… He wanted the nightmare to end for these very nice people and it was going to end.

In the end, the angel settled on diplomacy. Or capitalism. He would use them as resources for other purposes.

Zachariah called a meeting. An informal meeting. The angel sat the trainers down, choosing the outdoor pavilion. At some point in the 90’s, Gabriel had commissioned a great structure to provide shelter from the rain, snow and heat of the summer sun. In recent years, as the practice of outdoor furniture had come more into fashion, the master had bought several puffy outdoor couches, tables, chairs, and installed a fireplace.

The sanctuary had become Zach’s favorite places on the grounds. He played board games with anyone who wanted to. The angel read books, and learned stitching and embroidery from Ellen. He was making a beautiful scarf for Jody, whom he had become increasingly found of.
Safe in his refuge, Zachariah devised a plan, a plan of which he was quite proud. He invited the
trainers to share some tall glasses of lemonade and tarts, courtesy of Ester. Once the men had
settled, the angel went about reassigning the work. The sun beat down hard on that breezy August
afternoon but three men enjoyed the comfort of the shelter.

The angel did not waste time on pleasantries. Zach got down to it and tasked Gregory with
conducting an inventory of the duties of the entire staff. He should also create a catalogue listing
the animals, fruit trees, berry bushes and a host of other things that would take an indefinite
amount of time. He was also to relinquish full control over Bobby and Sam to Mark.

Mark nearly out spit out his lemonade as he choked on the sweet beverage, his eyes wide and
distrustful.

“Now calm down, boy!” Zachariah chuckled with a bright smile. “They are moving back into the
dorms and eating in the dining hall.”

Mark smiled as he wiped the tears away created by his coughing fit. At least he would not be
wiping their asses, brushing their teeth and teaching all the lessons.

Greg looked at the angel with narrowed eyes and a look of amusement. He shook his head at the
bleeding heart he had once taken as a kindred spirit.

“You understand, this is not what Gabriel asked for. You want me to do paperwork?” he said
slowly, making sure he understood correctly. In all of his time as trainer, no one had taken him off
the job to work at a desk.

“It is my understanding that I am the one in charge here,” Zachariah said with his saccharine
smile, “So yes, I would like you do paperwork. If you find issue with it, I can have you thrown off
the grounds or I can easily string you up, same as you did to poor Bobby…” Zachariah said, using
the trainer’s inflection and watching as he slowly recognized his own words. A look of horror
crossed his face as he cast his eyes down. The trainer knew when he was beat and at the point?
He was definitely beat.

“Angels have excellent hearing dear boy. Please watch your tongue from now on,” Zach warned.
“So yes. Do your paperwork so that you will receive a paycheck for this ‘work’ you are doing for
my brother…,” the angel said dismissively.

The trainer paled and nodded his head, now looking intently at the concrete slab the pavilion
rested upon.

The game has always been whose on top and how to stay there… Greg knew when it was time to
roll over and show his belly.

Mark had no idea whether to be elated or terrified. This had definitely never happened before.
Sure slaves had gotten it pretty good from Greg before. The aftermath was difficult, but Greg had
never been pulled from a job before. Mark tried to smile but his blood ran cold as he watched his
master bow his head and submit.

During this time, Lisa was conducting yoga class on the back lawn. If the boys were going to
lunch by themselves, Greg and Mark had a few hours before the slaves were done with their
lessons from the tutors. Greg suggested they go back to the barn to ensure Mark had all the
supplies he needed to carry out Zachariah’s plan.
Greg stomped his way to the barn, walking hard and fixing his eyes ahead of him. Mark kept himself more than a few paces behind. Normally they walked side by side, chatted, or joked around. None of that really mattered at this point. Mark knew Greg… and one way or another. The small man was in for it. His little heart raced in his thin chest as they approached the barn.

Once they were both inside, Greg slammed the door to barn. Causing a loud CRASH and forcing the thing to recoil and bounce back open.

Greg muttered some curses and slide the thing back across with a SLAM!

Mark had been frightened before. He had fucked up bad, taken licks for everything from laziness, to defiance, to obstinacy… I mean how many words are there for falling short of expectations? Far too many, thought Mark as he stared at his master blankly. However, really this time was different. He had never taken licks for out shining Greg. He shuttered, his arms were shaking as his toes and fingers contracted in and out, in unison.

Greg pulled out a stool and set it against the wall. The master sat down upon it and pushed his head into the wall, closing his eyes. Mark’s fingers started their twitching. Then the ginger pulled his feet up and rested them on the rungs. He rested his elbows on his knees and ran both hands through his thick red mane. Then shot a glance over at his nervous slave.

“When is the last time you had any maintenance, Mark?” Greg asked causally, lifting his head, his eyes dead and one-half of his lip curling into a smile.

“I don’t need any, Master! I know you’re on top, Master!” Mark said so quickly he was almost stuttering. “You don’t need to remind, me… That’s for sure!” Mark was panicking. This was so not good. Freedom was so off the table. Mark’s heart would have sank had it not been beating so wildly.

In Mark’s experience, taking a beating for a misdeed was easy. The purpose understood. The end assured. I mean, really the man was just trying to avoid future mistakes. But maintenance? It was as bad as it sounded. Mark’s head shook slowly, without thought, as Greg pulled himself to his feet.

Greg slid out the great blue bin from one of the stalls. Mark closed his eyes. He did not want to see what his master was pulling out. Mark throat went dry and he started to cough.

“You remember how to do this, correct?” Greg said slowly, calmly, almost reassuringly.

Mark pressed a smile and nodded, as Greg went about attaching some tools to the carabiner on his belt loop.

“You wanna answer me, boy?” Greg asked at growl.

“Yes! Yes, I remember, Master,” Mark said quickly.

“Come on over here. I think you need some reminders of who your master is…” Greg said in an exhale. Then took a seat back on the stool and patted his knee.

Mark stood frozen, then asked, “You want me to take these off, Master?” the young man asked timidly, pulling at his jeans.

“No. I think I’ll take them off when I’m ready…,” the Master said considering the proposition a little too long then finally, patting his knee again.

Mark scurried over, scrambling to climb to stool.
Greg lifted one knee higher than the other, using the rungs of the stool so that Mark’s ass hung high. Mark, being so small, suspended high in the air. His feet and dangled and he braced himself by grabbing one of the legs of the stool.

Man, Mark hated this. The beginning was always the worst. It reminded him when he was smaller, littler and more vulnerable. When the whole world towered over him.

The slow rustle of the large walnut trees back at the East Virginia farm flooded back to him. Beautiful and tall, they stretched high into the skyline. Mr. Harris, the Master, was wealthy. Not obscenely so, not like Gabriel, but very well off. He had small pig farm and turkey farm, which really just ran at cost. His pretty wife had grown up a farmer’s daughter and loved to be around the animals and fruit trees. She had no children of her own and he indulged her. The Master was lawyer by trade, working several days a week in the state capital of Richmond.

This small plot of land, of five acres, held half a dozen slaves to work the farm and keep the house. His mother ran kitchen and did the housework for Master and Mistress. Ms. Page was an attractive slender woman of thick constitution. Her crimes were notable and had even made the headlines.

Before her conviction, Linda Page worked cleaning houses, churches, businesses and played cards on her off time. You could probably say she played men too, but she was pretty damn good at cards.

Mark’s daddy caught her eye during a card game. The game was Texas Hold’em, deuces wild, played in a dirty bar in Philadelphia. The young man’s greasy hair and sleazy smile were not how such a pretty broad wound up with such a scrub. Danny beat her. It was not the kind of winning she let some of the men do or the kind that happens when your luck is shit. The kind where you match wits and still walk away from the table empty handed.

Danny MacBain stole her heart for about for about a week. She shacked up with him for a time until she found he could hold neither his liquor nor his temper. She left him, skipping town without a note or explanation.

Raising a baby on your own was hard on Linda but Mark was easy child. She also just seemed grateful for the company. The little boy loved to sit and watch her clean. She would spin tales of ruthless card sharks, daring pirates, merciless thieves, and unlikely heroes.

One dark October night in Richmond, VA, the wind howled and spun pieces of trash around the cracked streets of Jackson Ward. The neighborhood known primarily for crime, low rent and speakeasies. Coming home from one such establishment, walking along the tattered streets, after a night of playing and winning cards, Linda stumbled back to their small apartment drunk. Singing Irish drinking songs as loud as she could, she merrily held tight the small hand of her six-year-old son. He smiled at her, quietly humming along.

He looked up at her pale face. Still young, in her early thirties she was still a beauty. Her round hazel eyes were lined, rockabilly style, and her brown hair bounced in great curls she had created with her giant pink sponge rollers the night before. A small curl fell down in her almond face glowing in the moonlight. He remembered her looking so beautiful that night as she threw a gentle smile his way. A night he wished he could erase. A night he repeatedly wondered if there was any thing he could have done differently.
His mother let go of Mark’s hand to steady herself and put her key in the door. She put a hand to her black and white striped shirt to stop her giggling. As her key turned in the lock, her heart stopped. She did not feel the click. It was open.

Her heart raced as she threw open the door. In her kitchen, sitting there, larger than life was her former lover. Just flipping a coin in and out of his fingers, staring blankly at her, just like a villain in one of Mark’s comic books.

“Danny. What the fuck are you doing? Get the hell out of my apartment you lowlife!” she hissed, looking him up and down, like a bug she was meaning to step on.

“Oh, I know about you, Lindy,” he said, acting as if he did not hear her. “I am leaving with my boy, girl.”

“Get your ass out here before I call the cops, Danny,” she said coolly.

“Little girl, I know how states want you for fraud. You want that little boy if foster care while you sit in a prison cell? Just give him to me, Lindy. I’ll take good care of him,” Danny said snarl.

“Yeah,” she laughed, running a hand through her thick curls, she pulled her thick painted lips into a smile. “You’ll leave in a body bag before you’ll leave with my son.” She smiled a dark smile. Mark’s small eyes widened. He knew his mom’s bluff and she was not bluffing now.

The little boy’s eyes now wandered over the tall stranger sitting at his kitchen table. This was his Daddy? Momma told him he died. Died a long time ago. But, there he was. Tall, thin, gaunt and terrifying. His head shaved so close, it resembled dark spikes protruding out of his head. His dark eyes set so far back in the hollows of his skull, Mark could not tell their color. The small boy looked at the man and trembled. His small fingers curled tight around full bright red skirt of his mother.

Then one his mother’s shiny black patent leather Mary Janes began to tap. Daring the man to make a move. The little boy’s legs pressed together hard so he would not piss himself.

Mark can still hear that rhythm if it gets too quiet. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Smooth leather on old linoleum.

The coin that had been making a steady progression over the man’s knuckles and back again stopped.

Linda Page eyed the man carefully. She knew the bastard carried a gun. Always did. As Danny’s hand dove for his pocket, Linda reached out her arm for her thick cast iron skillet. Her arm, made thick from hard work and carrying a small child around for the past six years, sent the pan flying into the man’s skull.

The man slumped dead upon impact. The low death rattle escaping his lungs as he released himself onto her floor.

Mark let go of his mother’s skirt, falling to the floor and kicking himself back into a dirty corner.

Out of the man’s pocket fell a sizable wad of cash, wound up tight in a roll. The pocket he was going for.

“Danny… You idiot!” his mother screamed as her long thin finger began to tremble. She made her way over to the phone and dialed 911 with shaky hands. She stumbled over her words as she tried to describe what had happened.
During the trial, it would come out that Danny had finally decided to make something of himself. He started real work and had saved up enough cash to try to raise his son. Five thousand dollars. The courts convicted Linda Page of murder. Herself and her son were sentenced to slavery for the unpardonable crime of murder of one’s spouse. The defense argued they never really married but the jury decided she was guilty. Her pretty face graced the front page with a title of the “Unbridled Murder.”

The media touted the case as a cautionary tale for loose women. That killing your baby’s daddy could mean you were going to wind up a slave… along with the child.

Mr. Calvin Harris would be the man to purchase the young woman and child. As the young lawyer waited outside the courtroom for his client, he was privy to a very disturbing conversation. Two thugs were talking trash about Linda Page, the pretty woman going up for sale and price they could get for the child. Both of them calculating the money to be made whoring the two out. Mr. Harris retched and almost lost his lunch. The visceral reaction calling him to immediate action.

Mr. Harris came from old money. With old money came keys to power regular folks and criminals did not have access to. The lawyer called in some favors, talked to some judges, and arranged a private sale. Calvin visited the woman in jail, explaining the situation.

“Why the hell would you do this for me?” the woman asked defensively, pulling her neck back and holding tight to her hands to keep them from shaking.

“Honestly, Ma’m? I cannot stand to think about what would happen to you and the boy otherwise…” Mr. Calvin said, now not looking at her. His eyes narrowing, staring hard past the fluorescent lights, beige linoleum floors and out a small window that showed a small piece of rectangular blue sky.

“You okay with this, Ms. Page? I cannot bring people to my house I have to force to work or take a hand to. I have neither the time nor the inclination,” the man said staring at her more seriously.

“If you’re asking if I’ll spread my legs without a fight than leave me here. If you’re asking if I’ll earn my keep, I have to say, I always have…,” she said back, with a hard glare.

Mr. Harris put a hand to his mouth to combat a blush, he laughed, throwing the hand to his knee.

“Ms. Page, I think you and I will get along just fine,” he said brightly.

That conversation, relayed countless times to young Mark, was the beginning of his life a slave.

Mark had never had a hand taken to him before he settled in Mr. Calvin’s farm. His mother did not approve of it but knew now? It was not her choice. She did say she would beat the hell out of anyone who hit him too hard or bare ass. She said she had not tolerance for pedophiles. Given her record, most of the men believed her.

Truthfully, the poor kid was probably spanked much longer than most due to his size and his mouth. Someone would always be yanking down his pants, throwing him over a knee or a table, grabbing the top of his arm and swat at his bottom until they saw tears or tired out. Mostly he would only get a few swats because they knew it wasn’t his fault. Mark learned early that a child taking the fall meant a few taps and maybe some tears. A grown man’s negligence would result in said man hauled outside and beaten. Mark got used to taking the fall.
But this now? Was really just unfair. Mark tried so hard. Everyday. Every. Day. Every night. All the time. He worked so hard to not land where he was. Laid out, terrified. Before Greg landed the first swat, the boy was already in tears.

Gregory grabbed a fist full of Mark’s hair and angled his head, so the Master could see the boy’s face. A dark smile pulled across his face and half the man’s jaw shifted to one side.

“Remember now, don’t wipe those tears, I wanna see ‘em. Then I know you’re listening…” Gregory said in a loud whisper, taking a hand to card through Mark’s blond hair.

Mark responded in a whimper.
The morning sun beat down hard on two men, both lean and long. The men conversed patiently in the East field. Rectangular and long, the field lay green and crisp after a slight drought. Fortunately, Jeremiah tired of seeing his friends try to flatten waist high grass with their combat boots. He took it upon himself to use the tractor to mow a boarder long its length and even marked out the stretch of a mile.

The wind stirred, blowing the seeds of the dandelions. They danced wildly, taking flight along the long boarder. Feathery white and fragile, like hope, desperately trying to find somewhere to lay down roots.

The boys started their stretching, preparing for what was supposed to be their first real day of training. Both laughed casually, one humming *Chains of Love* by Erasure as he bent down far enough to feel the burn in his hamstrings.

Their new trainer walked straight and determined. His baseball cap, featuring the Baltimore Orioles, shielded his eyes from the harsh sun. The small man’s backpack brimmed with water bottles, stopwatches, notebooks and in his fists, held by the laces, two pairs of running shoes.

Both Sam and Bobby straightened themselves out, squaring their shoulders as they beamed at Mark who picked a post to start arranging his equipment.

“Bobby,” Mark said firmly curling a finger to indicate the man should approach him. The bigger man set to jogging over to his trainer.

Mark busied himself opening the shoes so they could be easily be put on.

“Jesus, Mark. I can lace my own damn shoes,” Bobby said looking down at his feet, Mark already fussing with the laces of the slave’s worn black boots. Then Bobby squinted hard.

“Did that bastard give you a shiner?” Bobby growled looking at the very obvious black eye Mark sported. Mark just pressed his lips and glared up. “I am going to have words with Zach about that asshole! I mean, what the fuck? Does the son of bitch have some kinda damn quota on knocking slaves around?” Bobby grumbled.

Mark looked up at the man and curled a finger again. Bobby understood the meaning and bent his head down closer, angling his hands on his knees. Mark drew back his hand and slapped the slave full on in the face.

Bobby stared back stunned, pulling a hand to the bright red splotch on his face.
“You and your complaining to the angel got me this and worse…” Mark stewed as he pulled himself up gingerly.

Then the small man narrowed his eyes and spilled as much hate as he could in to glare, “You keep your damn slave mouth shut or I’ll be the one giving you the beating. Now. Put on your Goddamn shoes! You’ve earned yourself ten sprints. You too, Sam!” Mark belted loudly, blowing his whistle.

The next morning, Mark was there early. His equipment set up and the small man already looked irritated. Bobby’s eyes darted to a new object. A thick brown strap clipped to one of the blond man’s belt loops.

Bobby understood the meaning. Mark really did not want to talk about it.

The next two weeks pasted uneventfully. The boys trained with Mark in the morning, then yoga and lessons. Zachariah decided the day should end there. The Angel spent most of his time taking dancing lessons with Jody, erecting a swing set, and chatting with ‘new’ friends.

The one bright morning, Bobby woke up to his Master sitting very still in his desk chair, staring at him blankly. Gabriel wore a tight black tee shirt and charcoal gray jeans, his hair slicked back and noticeably longer. Under his eyes, he wore dark circles that came from lack of sleep. They might have come from the anger and apathy. The indication being that those were the expressions he currently accented his ensemble.

“Oh my god! Gabriel! Where have you been?” Bobby asked awestruck, his eyes adjusting to the light. He could hardly contain himself, there was so much to tell his master. So many wrongs to be righted, so many ills to heal and make whole again.

Gabriel barely smiled as he shifted his weight. “The Alpha vampire is a real asshole. We finally negotiated terms with the incredibly nitwitted Alpha werewolf. Vampires are going to have limited access to blood banks and werewolves are going to try to stop making new wolves and attempt to eat animals. I think I promised money of some amount to make a kind of containment unit for the full moon. Whatever… I am exhausted. Did you graduate, my love?” Gabriel attempted a hopeful smile at the end of the question.

“What? There’s graduation? No. Gregory is doing some kind of inventory of the staff today? And we are meeting Mark after breakfast,” Bobby said casually.

Gabriel dramatically collapsed, putting his head on Bobby’s desk, rolling it from side to side, bemoaning his luck.

“Incompetence…” the angel said finally, pulling his head up inches above the surface of the desk, “Robert Singer, get Samuel and both of you get back to the damn barn,” Gabriel said firmly, blinking out as he did.

“Like fucking Batman…” Bobby said sadly as he looked woefully about his room.
Sam and Bobby trudged slowly over to the barn, when they heard the exceedingly loud voice of the archangel dressing down their trainer.

“What the hell am I paying you for Gregory? You do realize that I have the right to just kill you whenever I deem necessary? At this point, these are not idle threats. I gave you very simple instructions!” the master roared. More pissed than even Bobby had ever seen him.

“Sir, if you could just calm down…” Greg said lowering his voice.

“I will not! How hard is it to greet my brother, and then simply go about your job? What made you think you could better run my manor than a high ranking angel?” Gabriel demanded.

“Sir, there is something you need to know…” the trainer began to coax softly.

Gabriel glared at the ginger trainer. He snapped his finger and the man grabbed his calf screaming in pain. Gabriel watched coolly as the man’s face contorted into the very image of suffering. Then the archangel grabbed the man by fist full of red hair as the trainer sobbed uncontrollably.

“What I need is an apology… What I am getting is gibberish,” the archangel barked.

Gregory howled in pain. “I’m sorry. I am so sorry…,” the man said choking, barely able to breathe through the pain.

Gabriel snapped again. Greg cowered, holding his head in hands but his hollering ceased.

Bobby shook his head. I guess that healed the bastard. He did not even have to touch him.

The ginger sniffed, kept his head down and grabbed his great blue bin, fishing out the harnesses and underwear.

“Gregory, I told you before…When children are present, please use appropriate clothing…” the Archangel said through his teeth.

“Yes, yes Sir. Right away, Sir.” The man pulled out the spandex and started to undress Sam.

“Good. Hopefully, I can leave you to your job?” the angel asked pulling up his lip and nose.

Gregory nodded his head quickly, watching the floor intently.

Gabriel blinked out, leaving a very uncomfortable silence between the three of them. The trainer wiped his tears again, choking a little as he did. Then the man shook his head fiercely and blew out a puff of air.

Greg wrestled with the spandex and got Sam dressed. Then just as quickly, outfitted Bobby.

Greg huffed. “Both of you need to work on forms. How to wait, serve, and eat in formal company. Bobby knows some of this I am sure. But Sam? Sam was raised by wolves from the look of his paperwork. You both at least know how to read, right?”

Both men nodded.

“Right. Go back in you stalls, read this book and do twenty chin-ups. I am going to go take an aspirin and check on Mark. He has been… sick… Just read the first three chapters. There will be a quiz. Do not screw it up; I am not in the best mood today,” the trainer warned.

Greg threw the both of them a book and returned to the main house, hoping he could avoid the
When they were sure Greg was out of earshot, Sam asked, “What do you think Gabriel will do with Zachariah?”

“I think that Zachariah is enough like the old one for Gabriel to have some sympathy… Oh my god, manners? Is this a damn joke?” Bobby said looking the cover over.

“I know this book backwards and forwards. Dad was real strict. He did not care if we used any of it, but we damn sure better know how to fake it when necessary,” Sam said with a chuckle, giving the book a tap with his finger.

“I am sure sadists wrote the damn thing to find new and interesting reasons to beat children… Yeah, my momma had a copy too,” Bobby said, settling himself on the familiar thick cotton mattress.

Sam looked at the book and started flipping pages. “Bobby… This is way different that the one I had as a kid…” Sam held open one of the pages with a naked woman in the proper form for becoming a footstool or refreshment table.

Back in the manor…

Zachariah sat in the drawing room, looking intently into the keys of a grand piano. He was wrapped in a battered baby blue terrycloth robe that belonged to the previous version of himself. The robe had embroidered small flowers, books, animals and Ellen’s name. The thing had bright colored patches on the elbows that covered threadbare holes beneath. The rag was well worn and the most comfortable thing he had ever put on an earthly body. He took his fingers off the keys and wrapped his arms around himself. Wondering if the other Zachariah had it right. He wondered what other secrets this other version kept. He closed his eyes as he prepared himself to have the talk with Gregory. As he began to push on his knees to stand up, he saw something that pushed him right back down…..

There across the room, leaning in the doorway on one leg was the newest version of Gabriel with his signature sneer.

Zach looked over the archangel in disbelief. The angel looked into the face of the brother he thought he lost forever and his eyes welling with tears of bitter joy. I have missed you brother was what he wanted to say desperately. His robe swished at his legs as he walked quickly over the archangel.

“It’s you! I thought I’d never see you again,” the older angel said touching Gabriel’s face.

Gabriel looked at him, his eyes filled with suspicion. “You are so different brother, but you are not…”

Zachariah kissed his brother, long and with purpose and intent. Through touch, the message was conveyed.

“How? How the hell did that happen?” Gabriel asked dumbfounded.

“I don’t know. I do not know anything. I do not even know how to get back to heaven. I do not know my place. And Seriously! This whole slavery business is very unsavory. I tell you, it is a
bitter pill I am having trouble swallowing. Gabriel, I hated humanity. I would have been the first
to call for universal enslavement, but they are so cruel to one another…”

Gabriel smiled with a nod. “You do not change my brother. I am sad to hear of the loss my
Zachariah but I am sure that I will love you the same. My hope is that he ended up in a better
place as well. Please, sit down. We will try to solve this.”

Gabriel paused with a guilty smirk. “Maybe I should apologize to Gregory. I am afraid I shattered
his tibia and then put it back again…”

“Don’t worry too much about the lad. You are going to feel better about his injuries when you see
Bobby’s back…” Zach said wincing.

Gabriel closed his eyes and then looked up. “I told the boy not to beat him…”

“Judging from what I saw, I do not think he was paying very close attention,” Zachariah said
rubbing his head.

Sam and Bobby read the first three chapters. Thankfully, the first chapter was about silverware,
place settings and serving utensils. The second was devoted to tea. The third looked a bit more
daunting. It was forms and postures. How to wait, check that one off. How to present… that was
going to be humiliating. How to serve, agree, disagree, kneel, bow, follow, and a host of other
things, Bobby was sure he did not want to do.

Gabriel walked with Zachariah to the barn. Gabriel laughed heartily when he heard the tricks of
the other trickster. It was his master’s laughter that Bobby heard first, causing him to shake
slightly. Greg was opening the opposite door when Gabriel and Zach walked in.

“Gregory!” Gabriel called out.

“Yes, Sir?” the trainer answered in his most formal voice.

“I would like to say that I regret causing you such pain this morning but… I do not… I will pay
you for your time but you should know also that I am taking the boys on a trip. Zach has never
seen the Angelic monument in South Dakota. I have suggested a road trip… If you choose to
remain here, you can resume training the boys, under my supervision. If not, I wish you and Mark
the best.”

Gabriel paused, smiling gently at Bobby. “Good you have study material. Maybe we can practice
on our trip. Castiel will join us too. I am sure he will love to see what the boy has learned under
you tutelage.”

“Of course, Sir. I understand.” Greg looked at the ground as he spoke. This gave Gabriel a lazy
smile. “Good boy,” the angel commented with a sly look.

“Alright boys! Let’s pack our things and get you something to eat before we depart.”

“Won’t the kids be upset if you don’t see them?” Zachariah whispered to Gabriel.

“Zach, I am not really a Daddy figure. I am the scary angel that bought them and their parents… If
they had any. Really, I prefer to watch at a distance. Say your goodbyes and we will leave in three
hours. Come along, Bobby. I need to see you in my quarters.”

Bobby followed his master keeping himself half of his body length away from his master, like the
etiquette book suggested. Nay, demanded. Gabriel looked back, shaking his head with a smile. As he turned his head back, Bobby couldn’t help but snarl a little. Yeah, yeah. I am being a good boy, don’t beat the crap out me.

Gabriel pushed open the giant door. Bobby entered the room with trepidation filling his every nerve.

“Come on, stand here.” Gabriel said pointing to the slave’s usual spot. Bobby trudged over to the middle of the sitting area, looking up for the restraints to come down.

“They are not coming down, boy. Just take off, your clothes and stand still.” Bobby gave his master an odd look, but complied.

It was so cold and Bobby had lost so much weight, his body shivered slightly in chill of the chambers. Gabriel faced his slave, wrapping his long arms around the man. To have the warmth and love of the angel again was comforting to say the least. Bobby melted into his master’s arms. His eyes welling up with tears, trying hard to forget the past weeks, the beatings and daily humiliation.

The master, forgetting Zachariah’s words, ran his fingers down the length of Bobby’s back. When he felt the first raised scar, he stopped for a moment. Fingering the healed wound to make sure what he was feeling was real. He grabbed Bobby and twirled him around to see for himself.

Bobby waited patiently for a reaction.

Damn, Greg almost ripped him to ribbons. No fucking comment?

He kept his stance shivering slightly. He heard slight movement behind him. Damnit, was he going to get it again? That would be sick ass shit, but at this point, after what he had been through with Greg? Nothing was beyond his master. Bobby’s toes began to curl in and out as he tried desperately to stay still and wait for a reaction. The next thing he heard sounded like the rustling of paper. Was he going to write a report? Bobby shook his head, hoping that would spark some kind of admonishment or critique.

Nothing.

It was quiet. Too quiet. Did the guy have a stroke? What the hell? He’s an angel, they don’t have strokes… Did they? They must have heartbeats. Bobby thought quickly, his mind racing, going too fast to make sense. Now, he could not remember if he had heard Gabriel’s heart. Every time they had gotten close, Bobby was so focused on what was happening to him he did not think about the other being.

Then Bobby heard a sharp clicking behind him. Like someone tapping knives against the hardwood.

Click. Click. Click. Click.

Chapter End Notes

Okay. So my premise for this next bit came from I line I was almost sure of...
Zachariah says to Dean in the green room, (I remembered that bit) that he must stupid to think this is the first time the Apocalypse happened on Earth.

Instead he actually says, "This not the first planetary enema we have given."

Beautiful words. Hope they hang with you when you read the next chapter.
Click. Click. Click. Click.

Bobby felt the silence of the room take form. He felt like he was wading through water. As if giant weights attached themselves to his every appendage. He felt the rising tide of fear in his throat as he tried to swallow. Something was wrong. Terribly wrong.

Bobby Singer inhaled deeply and tried to talk himself down. Everything is all right. Nothing that horrible had ever happened in this particular room. And. He was reasonably safe... Because, Gabriel? Gabriel was very powerful. Stupid powerful. Like unfathomably powerful. And for some reason, which might only be known to God, Gabriel had worked up a pretty decent obsession with Bobby. All right, just look back. Turn your freaking head. Worst thing that could happen... huh? Maybe he'd earn himself a spanking? Okay, that forced a jolt to chase down his spine and made everything more confusing.

Suddenly, a flurry of spastic movement stirred up the air behind him. Bobby tried to fall back on military tactics. Stand your ground, soldier, stand your fucking ground, he repeated firmly to himself.

His body began to betray him. His muscles tensed and contracted. His fists balled themselves tightly as the man felt a single bead of sweat slowly trickle down the length of his face, catching itself in the tangles of his chest hair. Standing at attention, naked with fear mounting and taking hold, Bobby stood stalwart on high alert.

The next thing Bobby heard pushed against his resolve and assured him that not everything was okay.

“SCREECH!” echoed through the expanse of the great room, ringing and bouncing off every surface.

It was loud. Deafening. Bobby forgot to be a good boy and stay still. His hands few to his ears and he dropped to the floor, taking cover, as if back in Vietnam.

Impossible loud. It rang in his ears and he could feel vibrations in his teeth. Like something straight out of a horror show.
FUCK THIS, Bobby thought as he turned his head toward the noise.

Oh, Holy shit. What the fuck was that?

What Bobby saw, he scarcely had words for except that it was terrifying and monstrous. Thankfully, its attention centered elsewhere toward the great library. Bobby only had a good look at its back. The clicking he heard before had come from the thing’s feet. Long saber-like talons tapped against the floor as a giant feathered beast lumbered around the books like a muscled sack of potatoes. What the hell was it doing over there? Did it want to find a good book?

Almost as if the monster felt Bobby’s eyes roll over him, examining him, evaluating his purpose. The thing hauled its massive body around to face the terrified man.

There, in front of him, towered a massive feathered beast. The first thing Bobby saw were fierce yellow eyes, roughly size of golf balls, darted around the room, the beast deliberating its next move. Giant terrible claws the scratched and clicked on the hardwood floor as the giant pounded clumsily around the room. A giant beak of muddied orange chased the thing’s grey scaly baldhead.

Bobby slid backwards, kicking his feet to push his body as far back as he could without raising too much suspicion. At first, he assumed it was a damned winged demon. Some enemy of Heaven that had its sights set on Gabriel’s house. This premise seemed likely. The thing was monstrous and appeared hell bend on destruction as it tore through books throwing around the room.

But, the thing’s keen intellect and the feathers convinced him he was not working with an agent of Hell. Something about the feathers. Moreover, bird looked decidedly more prehistoric than primordial evil. Brilliant white feathers cloaked its great wings and chest. The wingspan of the thing had to be massive if that thing was going to make it off the ground. A thick hide of scaled grey skin covered the damnable beast’s head as he skulked; now measuring his surroundings to fit his purpose.

There was no doubt in Bobby’s mind that thing had a plan. The giant yellow eyes alert with purpose, jetted their gaze skyward. Bobby had an idea what designs the beast had. The bird looked capable of flight but just barely. It had a massive body and short legs with sharp talons. There was something very old and threatening about the ancient bird.

The great beast had to be the size of a grizzly bear and without the furry monster’s sweet disposition. The creature’s great orange beak stretched, opening and displaying a mouthful of razor sharp teeth. The thing screeched again. Seeing fit to throw over the great white desk with small three fingered claws attached at the end of its wings. The action sent papers flying throughout the room, adding the obvious chaos. Bobby used the moment to run for his life, taking shelter in the bathroom, accidently thanking God for the lock. He closed himself off in the shower, calculating his next move. Holy shit, was that thing a goddamn demon? What the fuck was that?

Bobby curled himself into ball in the shower. Bobby, spying the towel bar, grabbed the thing with both arms, his power and strength amplified with adrenaline and six weeks of back breaking training. The bar pulled from the wall easily in to his thick arms. He gripped the thing so tight his fingers faded to white from their grip. Honestly? He doubted if the thick piece of chrome would do any damage at all. If that crazy bird were a new incarnation of an archangel, a towel bar would do little to slow it down.
Bobby’s nerves fried as he clung to the bar, trying to come up with a solution that would allow him to leave that bathroom alive.

Then he paused. Hearing the definite clicking, ticking and toking of Angels chirping in Enochian.

While Bobby had taken shelter in the bathroom, destruction continued to reign in the Angel’s chamber. Castiel and Zachariah entered the room. Immediately recognizing their brother through the flesh of the prehistoric beast, the two pleaded in Gabriel’s native tongue for him to calm down.

The response had not been one they expected.

The creature paid them no heed, but did manage to find more furniture to hurl with its winged arms. Castiel dodged chairs, Zachariah ducked away from flying sofas. Eventually the two managed to duck behind an overturned couch, conveniently pushed by the door. The beast appeared to be clearing the room for something.

“What the hell is that?” Castiel chirped in Enochian.

“How do you not know? That is a First. Castiel seriously did you bother to pay attention in history?” Zachariah asked coldly.

“I have never seen one! How the hell would I have ever seen one?” Castiel growled.

“I haven’t either, but apparently archangels can reform into them…” Zachariah reasoned.

The beast screeched again, turning over furniture, tearing through books, breaking glass and it hurled objects about the room. Then the thing lumbered around, appearing to clear a path to run around the room and try to take flight.

“We need to keep quiet,” Zachariah whispered.

“Who should we call?” Castiel asked looking more visibly shaken after dodging an end table.

“Are you fucking serious? I just got here. Who the fuck is closest?” Zachariah barked at a whisper.

“Calm down, I am thinking… Lucifer?” Castiel asked nearly confident.

“You idiot, why does Gabriel let you live here?” the angel said pulling a chunk of what was left of his hair. “Lucifer would end him now!” Zach chided.

“He is our brother! One of our eldest brothers!” Castiel shout whispered back.

“Oh, our brother? More like the father of lies, the devil, hated spawn of the Father, prime evil. Any of that ring a bell?” the older angel asked curling his lips, “Besides, Lucifer did actually kill Gabriel in my dimension.” Zachariah’s eyes widened as he chastised his brother.

“Well, that is most unfortunate,” Castiel paused. “Maybe Uriel? I think he vacations in the Hamptons this time of year,” Castiel suggested, a little spellbound.

Zachariah thought for a moment, “Michael?” he suggested.

Castiel’s face paled as he shook his head, “No. Not yet. No.”

“You are far more superior to me…,” Castiel said with a glare.

“Castiel that is flattering, but I don’t see…” Zach replied annoyed.

“Your ego…” Castiel sighed, “You hold a higher rank, he will listen to you.”

“I am not your Zachariah!” the angel protested.

“HE DOESN’T KNOW THAT!” Castiel hissed back.

At that point, Bobby mustered up enough bravery to open the door. “Will you knuckle heads quit your bitching and call the sonofabitch before that thing eats us?”

Feeling a jolt drawing him back, Castiel sang his prayer, “I the angel Castiel call upon the great archangel Uriel. Please save us from Gabriel, he has changed…”

The door opened again. “Tell the asshole that he’s a goddamn monster!” the door slammed again.

The new commotion now drew attention and fire to the bathroom from the monster.

The great beast lifted his head as if he had caught the scent of something he desired. It stalked over to the bathroom as Castiel and Zachariah now both hurriedly prayed simultaneously to Uriel, Raphael, Jeremiel, Azrael, the Nina, the Pinta and the Santa María.

Bobby shuttered as the great bird cast its beak into the wall of the bathroom, repeatedly. The force behind each blow increasing with time. It would not be long before the monster could get in the shower with him. Those yahoos seriously need to get their shit together, Bobby thought shaking now more visibly.

“You guys want to pray any louder?” Bobby yelled to the angels behind the couch.

The creature screeched back in response.

“You are making him crazy, Bobby. Do us a favor and shut the hell up!” Zachariah hollered.

“Yeah of course it was Bobby who decided to invite the dinosaur to lunch…” Bobby thought to himself.

Back in the main room, Castiel continued to watch the monster with horror. Finally, the beast gave up his assault on the bathroom. It paused and cocked its head to the side looking at the contents of the room from all angles. It held its head high in the air, sniffed the air again, and hopped backwards, clicking its claws noisily against the floor, until it landed on Gabriel’s massive bed.

Once there, the creature set about destroying the bedding and mattress beneath it. It used its great claws and tore at the bedding until only shreds remained. The purpose, apparently, to make a nest: as it took to arranging the fragments with its beak.

“What the hell is it doing?” Zachariah asked Castiel absently, not expecting an answer as the
behavior was so bazaar.

“It’s making a nest; I believe for Bobby. Alternatively, it might just want to eat Bobby. At this point, I cannot be sure…” Castiel said evenly. He was beginning to conclude that Bobby played a bigger part in the charade than he first thought.

“What?” Bobby yelled from behind the bathroom door. The poor man was able to make out his name and eat.

A massive screeched followed, the bird directed the blare at the two angels. Causing Zachariah and Castiel to choke on the stench.

“Shut up, Bobby! Ugh! That thing smells like it just ate a toilet. Would we survive an attack from that thing?” Zachariah asked.

Castiel had considered that, “It’s doubtful. It looks very strong and very angry.”

Chapter End Notes

Jumping the shark... No, really. I am going somewhere with this :)


The Snack at the End of the Bed

Gabriel. Gabriel.

Castiel’s mind flew from scenario to scenario grasping to find some rationale as to why his brother would transform himself into a hideous beast.

Maybe the weight of the world that Michael placed on his shoulder was finally too much to bare. Maybe he still longed for his lost mate. Living without Derek had gotten to be too much.

Or maybe it was the foreman.

Castiel switched rapidly between believing Gabriel missed Derek to Gabriel simply loved Bobby.

Gabriel had been acting so strangely. Very strangely.

Before he took Bobby on as his favorite, Castiel admired his brother for his benevolence. For his patience and kindness. This version of Gabriel acted on impulse. Like a feral thing that only took council from his own id.

Damn it, Gabe.

As Castiel pontificated the situation amidst the growing chaos, the door opened slightly and Sam Winchester peeked in.

Castiel’s mouth fell open as he cast his gaze upon his Chosen. The angel’s mouth began to water as he pulled his cheek up and to the side in star struck curiosity. His young man had changed. His thick locks now fell far below his chin, his skin and hair both more sun-kissed and golden than before. The scent of the man found its way into Castiel’s nose and he felt the electricity take hold. His muscle shone with more definition and there was now a glow about the man Castiel now found irresistible.

However, the angel simply shook his head to set aside his instincts. Sam seeing Castiel so close, slipped in beside the angel. Immediately crouching behind the couch to take cover with the two angels.

“Sam what are you doing here? This is not safe! Get back to your room!” Castiel shouted at a whisper, attempting to assert authority.

Sam looked unphased. “Hunter, remember? That thing looks nasty. You look like you need my
help. Do we know any weaknesses?” Sam said causally.

“Sam, that is Gabriel, I am not sure he has any,” Castiel said concerned.

“What about the Archangel Blade?” Sam suggested.

“How the hell do you know about that?” the trench coat clad angel asked with disbelief.

Sam gave Castiel a sly smile, that made his angel heart skip a beat, “Hunter remember? Do you have an archangel blade?”

Castiel looked offended, “NO! Why would I have that?”

Sam looked around at the room and the screeching beast, whose giant nest was coming along nicely. “Just in case, I don’t know… Your boss loses his shit and becomes a giant prehistoric beast? Just saying…”

“That is not helpful, Sam. No, I do not have an archangel blade. Only archangels have those. And I would prefer we do not kill my older brother, thank you.”

“Okay. Okay, you have to have an angel blade. Zachariah has one. Dude, where is it?” Sam said turning his attention to his former lover.

Zachariah looked back shocked. “I never showed that to you!” Zach retorted, more to Castiel’s benefit.

Sam huffed looking at the bird who now eyed the couch with more suspicion.

“You told us you woke up facing off with Balthazar, the only way angel’s fight is with those blades. When you entered the manor, you said you thought this was a trap. Who the hell doesn’t bring ammunition or at least a trick or two up their sleeve to a trap they are willingly walking in to?” Sam said quickly; his logic flawless.

“He’s got me there, but I don’t think it will help,” Zachariah said with a wry smile.

“Would it at least slow the thing down?” Sam asked irritated.

“No one is using an angel blade! Am I making myself clear?” Castiel snapped, enunciating the last question as more of a threat.

“Your call,” Sam said looking at the beast who was now writing in its own blood on the clean floor now that the beast had cleared it of all detritus.

“Okay, what is it doing now?” Sam asked the angels who looked on speechless.

“Sam,” Castiel said cocking his head to the side. “I think it is making a sigil.”

Zachariah nodded with agreement, equally concerned.

“Either keep us here or keep us out…” Castiel said gruffly.

The great bird succeeded in clearing the center room. It looked over to their direction, placing a bright red claw print in the middle of its literal chicken scratch on the pale hardwood.
All the sudden, swirls of dust began to circulate throughout the room. A small glow of light formed in the middle of the space the beast had created. In an instant, a shockwave of energy and intense light emanated from the claw print, and radiated outward. A blast of so great, it rendered Sam and Bobby immediately unconscious.

Castiel blinked his eyes a few times, running his hands through his hair that had been lifted and frizzed out. Zachariah had the same problem. The two watched helplessly as the beast ran around the room, somehow getting enough lift to take flight and bust through the skylight.

“Where is it going?” Zachariah asked slowly.

“Hopefully not to attack the nearby town. Then we would be under threat of the angelic army,” Castiel said with his hand rubbing his forehead. The angel looked down sadly at his favorite. Then the angel cranked his neck from side to side trying to decide what to do. His great black wing pushed out, creating a midnight cocoon around Sam. Zachariah looked at Castiel and decided it might be time to do the same, releasing his pair of great grey wings.

The beast was not gone long. The bird sailed down with something large, bloody and mangled in its claws. Castiel and Zachariah’s mouth dropped as the form came more and more into focus.

Castiel gawked as fresh blood oozed from the mass. Jesus, what that thing alive? Zachariah huddled into his feathers, quivering as he contemplated Sam’s suggestions.

Castiel desperately searched the mass, through his veil of midnight feathers, for fur or hooves or... No, no. The thing was definitely human. Red hair and blood fell from the beast’s claws as the monster glided in for a landing. There was no question any longer; the monster had Gregory in his talons.

The beast placed the mangled body of the man close to the nest. Then he stalked over to the bathroom.

“That beast is going eat Bobby?” Zachariah asked.

“I cannot be sure, but it looks likely,” Castiel said looking sternly at the monster.

The beast opened the wall by crashing his giant head again and again into the drywall. The beast walked out with Bobby in draped on his massive back. Then the bird dropped the man into the nest. The shredded bedding and mattress woven together by the prehistoric animal’s beak.

The bird hopped out the nest and eyed the broken body Gregory. The giant claws began to shred the man into pieces.

The bloody scene was too much for Castiel who hid his face in the cocoon of his black wings. The cocoon protecting Sam in its thick dark feathery veil.

Back in the nest, Bobby blinked his eyes, slowly regaining consciousness. He looked around him. He was in the nest of the great beast. The Chuckleheaded angels had not been able to recruit any help.
“Hey!” Bobby called out to the angels as the beast went about preparing him food or wetting his own appetite.

“Did you try Ezekiel? She owes him one and she’s got bigger balls than both of you!”

“Worth a try,” Castiel said as he looked at Sam. The boy appeared to be having some sort of dream as his arms and legs twitched.

Castiel sang, “Great angel Ezekiel! I call upon you to save Gabriel and his house from himself.”

Within seconds, the ebony beauty Bobby had seen in the Salon appeared in front of the great-feathered beast. The picture of grace, on her long lean body, she wore a double string of pearls with a sleeveless dress of emerald green. The plunging back that showed off her tone and the hint of her ass. Ruffles flowed down her leg in waves, flaring down floor in a small train.

The beautiful angel took one look at the beast and laughed.

“Oh Gabriel!” she called out. “That boy! He is going to be the death of you,” she said softly, clicking her tongue.

She stood up straight to face the giant beast.

“You had better come back to us, Darling, before you snip off that boy’s family jewels and you are really sorry,” she chided sweetly.

The beast stopped his action and was intent on watching the beautiful woman as she glided over to the angels.

She bent down and looking at Castiel. “Who is that?” she asked, pointing to the shredded mess of human remains.

“Oh. That would be the slave trainer, or rather that was the slave trainer,” Castiel said frankly.

“Right.” She said, eyeing Gabriel. Seeing he had not changed, she boldly walked up to the feathered giant, who glared at her with look of curiosity. “Come back now. The army is going to have a hard time taking you down, but you know, they are going to try…”

The bird turned its head and looked at her, cocking it head to the side. In an instant, Gabriel returned. He fell to the floor, knocked out. Gabriel, half curled in the fetal position, naked except for the brilliant white wings tucked close to his back. Ezekiel snapped and produced a blanket.

“You’re welcome, Castiel,” Ezekiel smiled as she covered her friend with a plush grey throw.

“We are in your debt,” Castiel said, bowing his head, the angel moving quickly to attend to his brother.

“Do not try to move him, brother. Archangels are impossibly heavy when they are unconscious. I will stay here with you. Gabriel is in a much-weakened state. Anyone calling Lucifer or any other demon will have to answer to me,” she smiled looking down from above at the angels still huddling beneath their wings.

Castiel stood up, shaking his feathers away, Zachariah doing the same. Sam came to and looked
“Zachariah…” Ezekiel said looking at the angel who looked her dead in the eye. “You’re different my friend. What has happened to you?”

“I honestly do not know. Alternate universe?”

“Most likely,” she said nodding her head. “You see the other Zachariah; tell him he still owes me a date.” She smiled, overturning a chair and settling down.

“I would be honored,” Zachariah said with a smile and a laugh.

“Bobby!” Ezekiel called out to the man, who was trying to disappear into the nest.

“Yes, ma’am?” Bobby answered weakly.

“Come here, boy. Let me take a look at you.”

Oh great. Bobby thought as he pulled himself out of the nest. Remembering he was still very naked.

“Oh my!” the lady laughed as he walked toward her. “You look good enough to eat, baby boy!”

Bobby blushed and smiled at her joke. Her eyes wandered over the now toned and muscled body of the man. His reddish brown hair thick and overgrown flopped around his head. She rose from her chair and walked over the slave, touching his prominent full lips, licking her own in the process. Bobby tried to keep himself very still as she examined him, but in truth he was on the verge of cracking.

“You have changed! Look! I am guessing that is the trainer who did that to you…” Ezekiel said circling the man, noticing the new nest of scars with a frown.

Bobby nodded solemnly. The angel waved her hand at the mess. The body and blood were gone.

“Is he still dead?” Bobby asked, afraid to hear either answer.

“Unfortunately being killed by an archangel… there really is no coming back from it. I could call on another, but the paperwork and the questions! Besides, it looked like Gabriel had passed sentence on the man. I put his body in front of some hungry sharks. There are not going to be questions. Did he have a partner?”

“Yeah, Mark. He is upstairs with the flu,” Bobby said dazed.

She paused, listening. “No, he’s not. His bruises are bad and he trying to fix a broken arm with a splint. Seriously, I think Gabriel did that man a favor… Castiel? Go upstairs and mend the boy, alright?”

Castiel blinked out immediately.

Castiel was in the man’s room in seconds.

The Angel looked over the room with a sad and repulsed look. The young man was trying to pour himself a cup of coffee, eyes fresh from tears and ripe with pain.

The servant’s room, if it could be called that, looked, as it should. A simple single bed and chest of drawers in a small 8 x 10 room. However, the sheets stunk. Left unchanged for weeks to cover the
sizeable bloodstains on the sheets and blankets.

Castiel rolled his shoulders and stared through the slave. “Mark, I have news. Your owner is now dead. You will be sold at auction or if you chose, you may reside here. With us.”

“You’re telling me Gregory is dead?” Mark asked, his face locked somewhere between horror and hope.

Castile gave a curt nod.

Mark inhaled and looked around the room and down at his arm.

“Well ding fucking dong! I was not sure I was going to make it out of this job alive. Thank you for the invitation. I think I would prefer to stay here. The last master I had was a little handsey and a little too handy with the belt and maybe everything else as well. Best not to take too many chances, right?” Mark said a little too quickly.

“I can see that. If you would permit me, I could heal your wounds and bones,” Castiel attempted compassion.

Mark nodded double quick.

Castiel placed a finger on the man’s forehead, sending a warm glowing feeling through his small body. Mark gasped and looked at the angel with grateful eyes, then went about stretching his new healed limbs.

“Follow me,” Castiel said to the man directly.

Mark pressed a smile and followed the angel down the stairs to the archangel’s quarters.

By the time Castiel had reached the door, Ezekiel had restored the room to its original condition. Bobby sat and held his head in his hands on one of the newly restored couches. He was dressed, well he still did not own a pair of shoes. Sam sat tall next to him, looking to be on high alert. His adrenaline was pumping and he looked happier than he ever had since his arrival. His green eyes darting around the room planning how they could handle the situation in future.

The only part of the room that still required mending was the small crater created by Gabriel’s fall. Which, he was currently filling with his still, tranquil body.
Castiel closed his eyes and breathed easy. The tension that shook the room moments earlier, vanquished. Everything nestled back into place. Sam looked happy. Bobby looked as if like he might fall asleep. Zachariah studied the scenery outside, smoking a cigarette. Ezekiel hummed some top 40 hit as she thumbed through some emails on her phone, looking up occasionally to scan the room and ensure Gabe’s safety.

Castiel did have concerns about Mark. The boy sat on the hard floor with his knees crossed, looking around the room, unsure what he was supposed to do. The small man mouthed his pinky, which thanks to Castiel, had regained feeling. Castiel dismissed the apathy. Poor kid. He likely did not know what to think.

The angel checked his watch. “Anyone who eats, should go to the dining hall for lunch. Mark you should go too. It would be to your benefit to meet the rest of the staff. Apprise Garth of our current situation. That he will need to find something for you to do and to give you a room. Inform him you are not to be treated a new slave. He should come to me if he has any questions. Please do leave out that our master is in this…” Castiel made casual motion of his hand to the comatose archangel in the crater, “current predicament.”

Mark nodded with a small salute. He really had no idea how to treat an angel, Greg usually did all the talking.

Greg. That charming, abusive ass… Still, had been with Greg for so long. First as a slave, then as a toy, then as a partner. Five years.

Mark stuck both hands in his pockets as he walked to the dining hall. He did not wait for Bobby and Sam. He did not feel much like talking. The cracks of his crop and harsh words while training were going to make things very awkward for a long time to come. He needed some time to think. Greg had given him free reign over the manor ground while he was alive.

Now? Mark going to take a few moments of freedom to reflect.

Staring down at his feet, he thought about everything that got him there. He thought about his mother, that he would likely never see again. She was still at his old master’s house. A house slave, like the women here. Cleaning, dusting, hanging laundry, and washing floors well into her old age. He wiped a few stray tears as he thought of the years he had spent with Greg. They had been so close. Less than a year.

Mark thought about the Virginia farm. He thought about the rat-infested apartment he shared with his mother before he met his father for the first time. Mark tried to convince himself he had it better than most. Well definitely better than some? Okay, a few.

Mark was SecGen. He was worthless in the eyes of society. He could not be mated, truthfully most SecGens were castrated or fixed. The risk was too great. A child born from a SecGen would be free. No use to a master there. The master would be responsible for the child as if it was his
Mark missed Mr. Harris. The master liked the boy. With no children of his own, he took an interest in Mark. He allowed Mark to go to school and work odd jobs. The master of the house did not think of him as a slave. He enjoyed Mark’s clever wit and charming smile. Privately Mr. Harris had designs on setting the boy free on his eighteenth birthday.

Designs that dissolved one sunny day in March.

That day, Mark lost all hope of being set free. Really the only way to set a slave free was for them to be second generation. After all, no unpardonable crime had been committed.

The adoption of the rules regarding second generation slavery was supposed to be an ultimate deterrent. The idea that slavery would end your genetic line. Though practically, the rules were to avoid overcrowding in orphanages. And of course refresh the slave population.

Mark remembered the day, the mistress decided to call him to her chambers. He was sixteen and he figured she needed help changing a lightbulb or some other idiotic task he was always called on to do. This time was different. She asked him to stand in the center of the room and take off his clothes.

Years later, when the master found his wife playing with her plaything tied up and begging to be cum. The master decided things needed to change. Due to his small stature, Mark was sold off as a jockey. The young slave was bought by a man who raised race horses in Kentucky.

His second master was hard on him. Mark was worked from morning to night, he slept on the floor, ate scraps, and was routinely paddled for sleeping on his feet or messing up the odd task. He did enjoy working with the horses. Horses and racing. Those were the first things Mark was ever really good at. His horses won races and his master was beginning to bet on it. After his tenth race, he would meet his next master, Gregory Pine.

Greg had made quite a name for himself as trainer by the time he was thirty-six. He was a handsome, well-kept young man. With his full head of red hair and his large watchful eyes, he was very different from the dusty, dirty rodeo hero his father was. Unlike the old man, Gregory contained the capacity to blend very easily into high society. More importantly, he laughed at himself enough that those in the upper crust did not feel threatened by him.

One spring afternoon, a client of his invited him to the horse races. It was a gorgeous balmy day in Marietta, Georgia. The sweet gum trees and hickories provide ample shade in the dull green stands. Finely dressed waiters and waitresses offer delicately made canapés on white paper dollies. Women in beautiful dresses held the arms of handsome men. Older men sat in small groups, enjoying the open bar. A beautiful highbrow affair, Greg had been grateful for the invitation. Dressed in his whites, the ginger trainer sipped cocktails with wealthy clients, planning his next job and partook in casually betting on the ponies.

Finding work was easy. The man’s reputation proceeded him. Gregory an adept trainer, he was notorious for breaking difficult slaves and returning them polished and proper.

One of the last races of the day, Greg sat idly by, feigning interest in the proper way of selecting luggage. A tedious conversation on the merits of sturdy luggage that is heavy and cumbersome verses light luggage that might show more wear and cause embarrassments. Truthfully, the action
appeared to be one of the only things his host did by himself. Greg nodded politely, hoping he would not have to confess to only owning a military issue duffel bag.

The starting bell clanged loudly. Greg’s eyes shot up from his guest and landed one jockey in particular. The little jockey stood out among the as the horses took to the first lap. The small man kept perfect form and masterfully rounding the turns, weaving in and out of the other horses. He looked to be a sure win. Greg frowned at missing the chance to bet on him.

Greg watch interested as the yellow and blue checked man seemed to glide gracefully on the back of the beast below him. As the jockey took the last turn, the horse reared up, catapulting the man in seconds into last place. The great palomino bucked the poor boy into the far wall, issuing forth the most sublime howl Greg had ever heard. Greg watched with captivated as the man managed to calm to mare quickly.

The scene immediately got more interesting as a smartly dressed man in with long arms and legs stomped out onto the yard. Bree linning directly to the little jockey slightly bent, nursing his knee with one hand and the horse with the other.

The jockey threw his ice pack to the ground and stomped out with equal fury to meet the man.

“You! You are not going to beat me or this animal! Who in God’s name gave the beast this?” Mark held out, well a very large horse pill. “The thing got caught in his teeth. His bad tooth. That’s why he acted out!”

Greg laughed at the site of the little poodle barking at the pit bull. His laughter ceased when he saw the pit bull dragging the smaller man by the collar over to the stables. Greg recognized the look in the man’s eye instantly. He was going to beat the life out of that man or at least he was going to give it a good try. Greg excused himself from his party and chased the pair down.

You see, Greg knew for a fact that most masters do not keep a slave after a brutal beating. It’s uncomfortable and the slave will never be loyal again. Greg watched as the man hung little jockey on a hook on the wall by his small checked coat.

The pint-sized man’s feet dangled inches above the ground. The jockey twisted and turned his head desperately to see what was in his master’s hands. It was small whip. His master meant business. Jesus. Mark had never gotten the whip before. His small limbs shook at the sight as his mind raced. Mark whimpered and pleaded.

“I’ll make it back Master! I promise!! I can do better! Please don’t whip me!” His master just huffed. The tiny man had nothing left to give. His master had taken already taken it all. That horse race had cost him thousands and Mr. Franklin was going to take it out of the boy’s thin hide.

The stout man removed his camel brown jacket and set about rolling up the sleeves of his starched white shirt. Greg knew that look. This man would never need his help training slaves. Mr. Franklin ran a tight ship and would use a slave up with cruelty and not think twice about replacing them. The gaudy cufflinks gave him away. This man was not the idle rich Gregory dealt with. This man powered through life with muscle and influence. The kind of man Gregory would be with money, but that did not matter now. Greg had no discernable use for the man, so he looked on.

The master snapped the whip, eliciting a howl before the leather even touched the little slave.

“Not to interrupt, but I was wondering how much you want for him?” Greg asked, leaning against the barn door, watching the scene bemused.
“The horse is not for sale. My wife loves him or he’d be glue by now,” the gentleman said not bothering to look at the man.

“No, the smaller one,” Greg said pointing to Mark.

“You don’t want that filth. He’s second gen. You can’t breed him. Not that you’d want to, unless you wanted to repopulate munchkin town,” the man huffed as he pulled the whip high in the air and released, cracking the small man in the back.

The jockey whimpered and writhed, kicking his feet in the air feebly.

“Now, I don’t want broken merchandise. What would you take for him now?” Gregory asked, now more insistent.

“What the hell you want him for?” the man asked now looking over the stranger. The man pointed a finger at Greg, pointing the handle of the whip. “You a slave advocate? He going to spend the rest of his life writing letters and making calls for slave rights?”

Greg kicked a pile of dust on the barn floor and laughed. “No, sir. I am a slave trainer. I am working for Mr. Abraham, training a few of his more stubborn staff. As for that one, his expertise on horsemanship would be useful in my line of work.”

“Well, I did lose two grand on that race…”

“I am not a rich man, but I do have eight hundred and fifty in cash and I won three hundred on the last race. Would you consider that?”

“Eleven hundred and I do not have to look at this pathetic piece of trash again? You have yourself a deal. Maybe you can beat some manners into him…” Mr. Franklin said with a sneer.

“Oh, I sure am going to try. That one sure has some fire left in him,” Greg said with a casual smile.

Greg handed over his winning ticket and began to count all the bills in his wallet. The paperwork was signed and Mr. Franklin walked away happily counting his bills, not bothering to look back.

Gregory Pine looked over his newest possession. This was his first slave. He had training many before. But this one. This one was his.

“Come on, boy. I think it’s time we went home. I just saved your hide back there, I accept a little gratitude,” the ginger man said as he fought with the hook the boy hung on.

The jockey still had his riding helmet on.

“Stay still,” Greg commanded as he released the clasp and tried to get a better look at the boy.

Second generation? Greg thought to himself, that did cut his worth some but he looked all right, but there was a mouth on the kid. At least Greg could count on honesty.

Greg took a knuckle to the slave’s chin, lifting his head uncomfortably high and examining the face, neck and head. The slave took the inspection easily. Greg checked the mouth, teeth, eyes and ears. He stuck his hand down the boy’s pants to make sure the kid was still intact so to say. The older man turned the kid around to check his rump and the damage from the whip. Oh, that was not good.

Greg bristled, holding the slave by his shoulders. “What the hell’d you do to get beat before a
race?” the master looked at him with hard eyes. He hoped he had not just bought a delinquent.

Mark tried his best to defuse his new master’s irritation. He tried to smile. “Master said if I was doing it right, I wouldn’t need to sit down at all. He was kind of an ass that one.”

Greg grabbed the boy by his sandy blond hair and pulled his head back.

“Not real sure you answered my question. What did you do?” the new master lowered his voice and cleared his diction.

Mark’s eyes started to tear. “I fell asleep, Master. I fell asleep. I am sorry. I won’t do it for you, Master. I’m sorry,” the new slave cried.

Greg let go the boy’s hair.

“Good boy,” Greg said clapping Mark on the back. “Follow me. I’ll introduce you around. You and I are going to make a hell of a team.” The older man smiled, satisfied.

“Hell of a team…” Mark thought as he made his way to the dining hall. The slave slowed his pace and stared at the ground. This was going to be hell. Starting over. No damn horses anywhere. What the hell was he going to do? Be a whipping boy? Maybe he’d just get passed around… The tears began fall heavy on the ground. He didn’t care if they saw him cry. Maybe he would say he was just sad his sadistic old boss was eaten by his new one.
Morning has Broken

The morning light crept into the great expanse of the room. Gabriel’s beloved art and furniture neat and kept as it should be. The giant sky light mosaic casting shadows on the wooden floor. It was a truly beautiful room.

Ezekiel had not minded her stay there too much. She smiled serenely at the curled up, comatose Adonis on the floor. His brilliant blue eyes hidden behind closed lids and thick lashes, locked securely in a dreamlike state. His hair curled and frizzed in wild directions that would definitely cause a blush were he awake.

She closed her own large eyes and opened her plump lips in a yawn. Then took a strong inhale and stretched her limbs, one by one. Then stood and shook out her own giant mockingbird blue wings with a sigh. Flapping and stretching them in tandem.

It had been three days.

Her business she could run from her phone, but really Gabriel?

She considered leaving but who would leave a friend in this such a state? Helpless. She sensed his grace returning but he was still so very weak.

Which was a pity. Look at him. Gabriel was just so very beautiful like this; she found it hard not to stare. A grin crossed her lips as she thought about this new favorite. Years ago, she remembered sharing a glass of bourbon with the man at a party. Round, clever, sharp tongued and happy is how she recalled him.

And of course, Gabriel spoke of him frequently. “Did I tell you that boy of mine figured out how to make cheese!” or “My foreman’s done it again! He told me to stop the food orders!” “The man created a fucking lake, just to go fishing!” “Ezekiel? We are feeding the local school now. Marvelous…” the archangel would say in awe.

She remembered Gabriel confronting the man about some of his projects. “Bobby, while I am very impressed, you know I am a billionaire? And an archangel. Bobby, I could have willed a lake on the land, I have money to buy your people food.”

The man would tug at his beard and say, “Living without sweat and hard work didn’t work out too well for Adam and Eve either did it? People need to feel like they are important and needed. Hard to feel that way when everything’s handed to you.”

Gabriel’s charming sister could see why her brother chose the man, but she found it hard decipher why the man had such a hold on him. Let us be honest, her brother was the most promiscuous angel in heaven. He did not fall easily.

Then again, Gabriel did love Derek. Not enough to rage into a First. Even after the boy’s
abduction. Thinking back, she had never even heard it was possible. To her knowledge, no one ever had.

The statuesque woman giggled when she thought of Gabriel and Derek. Oh, how her older brother fawned over that gorgeous man! The boy was in the salon almost weekly. He adored it. Bleaching, waxing, manicure, pedicure, hair treatments, massage and the list went on. His bill was outrageous! Gabriel would smile and say the boy was worth every penny.

She paused. Thinking back to her own. Yes, if her Timothy came to harm she would enact justice, swiftly. But this? Absurd.

Moreover, she was fairly certain the trainer had been Gregory. That redheaded giant brought her boy back obedient and eager to please. Skilled and in amazing shape. If the boy fell out line? A quick, “Shall I call Gregory?” was all she needed. Well, that just became an empty threat, she thought rolling her eyes.

Ezekiel finally settled herself down again. Skimming threw one of Gabe's books lazily. Contemplating ordering a cocktail from Ester.

It was late morning when the archangel began to show renewed signs of life. Gabriel shook his head wearily as he slowly regained consciousness. He felt like he was swimming in cotton balls, as dull aches and pain coursed through his body. He closed his blue eyes for a few moments. Trying to think back at what had happened. Small images resurfaced as he looked around the room. Slowly noticing that everything looked well in place, until his eyes met Ezekiel. He pulled himself up, naked and confused.

“Where’s Bobby?” the archangel managed to spit out, frantically scanning the room for more evidence as to what happened. He remembered so much blood. The memory of the copper taste surfacing like a terrible nightmare.

“He’s fine, Gabe,” Ezekiel said looking at the angel with knowing smile.

“What the devil happened?” Gabriel asked dazed.

“You have been asleep, love. For three days,” she added knowing that would get him.

Gabriel cradled his blond head in his hands. Everything hurt. Really hurt. His mind could barely keep up.

She watched him for more than a few moments. He was on the verge of tears. He sniffled a little looking around the room again.

“You love that boy, don’t you?” she asked softly.

Gabriel inhaled and rubbed his nose. “It is complicated, Darling. It’s very complicated…” Gabriel looked down at himself and frowned. How undignified. He waved his hand, taking his head along with it in a kind of dance. Then placed his hand to his head, wincing in pain. He was holding a light grey suit on a hanger.

Gabriel looked back to Ezekiel miserably. She understood her brother and waved her hand, her
painted lips giving him a welcome smile. He was wearing the suit; she added a nice pair of brown shoes and some gold art deco cufflinks.

He admired the final touches as he said, “You do know me so well…” The archangel said pulling himself out of the hole and straightening up.

“I do, but it still does not explain your recent mess. My love, I have known you for more than a few millennia! This has never happened before. It’s not that boy, is it?” Her look of concern pulled hard at his heart. She was very worried about him.

Gabe’s mind was still so fuzzy. “He’s… Well, I do… Ezekiel, I can’t explain it right now…” he said avoiding her eyes, rubbing small circles into his temples.

“You would like to think that wouldn’t you? I heard this is not the first time your wings have made decisions without you,” she chided.

“Castiel has a huge mouth!” Gabriel snarled, irritated, stretching his long legs. “Ezekiel, do you think I have been through enough without you teasing me?” he asked with no small amount of pleading in his voice.

“My love,” she said stretching out her long arm to touch his face. “Keep your secrets. I think you are doing well enough. I am going to head back to New York. You will come and see me? I have missed you, brother. Do bring your boy.”

“Are you certain we cannot persuade you to stay longer? I would love to show the orchards and grounds.”

She laughed a little. “Gabe, I have been here long enough. Your home is lovely. Come by the salon and I will show you and yours a good time.” She smiled coyly.

“I will take you up on that… For now, I am going find my favorite and assess the damage,” Gabriel said weakly, placing a hand dramatically on this head.

“You baby! Ciao Bello!” Ezekiel said as she snapped her fingers and disappeared.

It took some time, but the archangel got himself together enough for the long journey ahead.

Gabriel could sense Bobby was eating some sort of beef in the dining hall. His head ached. Really ached. Gabriel was not used to physical pain at all. But from this, he felt bad.

“Castiel!” Gabe cried as he looked around the room for someone familiar. “Castiel!” he repeated once more, impatiently.

“Brother! I am so glad to see you as you! Please. Stay in this form. It suits you best,” Castiel attempted his best smile.

“Castiel?” Gabe asked.

“Yes, Brother?”

“Shut up and walk with me to the dining hall,” the archangel said coldly, walking out the door and not looking back.
Gabriel and Castiel got to the dining hall and peered through the window. Bobby was laughing with his friends. The redhead kid, Gabe thought he was named after some type of bug or plague, kept his small hand securely wrapped around the hem of Bobby’s shirt. Ellen watched his face, coveting the now younger man. He was so beautiful like this. So happy.

Gabriel turned to Castiel, “Go ready the car. Quickly.”

Castiel peered at his brother annoyed. Then shook his shoulders a little and blinked off.

Bobby barely notice the extra attention. He was in the middle of a story and getting to the punchline. Seemed a shame to leave them all hanging, Gabe smiled. Still, he was their master. He had some rights.

Gabriel walked into the dining hall with a dramatic sweep of the door. He caught his slave’s eye and hooked a finger. Motioning for him to come. The man went slightly pale and stood up on shaky knees, tripping over his chair as he went. He gaze set on Gabriel, almost as if he thought the angel would up and bite him.

The rest of the crowd looked on in fear as Bobby did not normally act terrified in front of the master. Now it looked as if he feared for his very life. Eva lifted a hand up as Bobby walked toward his master. Gabriel hooked his leash, turned on his heels, with a wave of his hand the doors opened and he led the man out.

“I packed you a few things Bobby. We are taking the train to South Dakota.” The master said not looking back.

“Now wait a minute,” Bobby said stopping his feet, “Who is going to watch the manor? I thought the threat level was high?” Bobby stiffened his neck and pulled back.

“Naomi is coming to watch my lands,” the angel said with a smirk.

“No offense, but Naomi is kind of a…?”

“Yes, I understand what you think of her. She is just more particular than I and exercises a little more control than I do, but she is strong and will keep them safe.”

Bobby shook his head and started walking again. He was almost glad he was going with Gabriel. Naomi could be cruel. Every order had be followed quickly and efficiently. Otherwise, there was beating and extra work.

“You know, I cleaned that front doorknob five times and still got beat for it.”

“She does know what she wants…” Gabriel said dismissively

“How can you defend her?” Bobby continued.

Gabriel stopped and looked at his slave, chocking up on the leash until Bobby pulled back a little, wincing, afraid of a smack.
“She is my sister, boy. Let’s leave it at that?” The master said staring deep into his slave’s blue eyes.

Bobby lifted his head and nodded. It was his signal that he did not agree but you’re the boss and I’m not prepared to fight about it… right now.

Gabriel shook his head, realizing he was a bit harsh. He lowered his voice and looked back toward the man, placing a full hand on the man’s shoulder. “Good. Your bags are packed and in the car. I packed Sam as well, because Castiel is incompetent.”

“What going on between you two, now?” Bobby asked suspiciously. “He ruffle your feathers the wrong way?” Bobby asked with a smile.

“Watch your tongue, Bobby,” Gabe snapped back.

“I’m serious. Why are you pissed at him? He did nothing but stay by your side during your time getting in touch with your inner dinosaur…” Bobby asked looking off, afraid to look at his master.

“We are so very close to the kitchen Bobby, are you sure you would like to continue this?” Gabriel said with a smile.

Bobby shook his head and pressed his lips.

“He’s loyal is all I am saying…” Bobby said, immediately regretting saying anything.

Gabriel huffed. “Yes, yes. I know. He was completely useless at the treaty. He met a young vampire and a week in they did not leave the room, like at all. I am over his selfishness. I understand discovering sex but three weeks? While I watch, the animals at the treaty devour each other. He is usually so good at negotiations. Vital, in fact. He talks me out of killing the monsters I disagree with. This time, I had to be… responsible. So yes. I love my brother, but right now? He can go start a very loving relationship with a porcupine for all I care…” Gabriel rolled his eyes.

“Come along boy. We are going to be late for the train and I am not feeling up to blinking us to South Dakota,” Gabe said giving Bobby a tug of the leash as the master increased his pace.

There was a short and silent walk to the garage. Bobby walked in to the enormous garage that housed everything from farming equipment to Gabriel’s small collection of white automobiles. The Rolls Royce, the MG, and the Escalade. The last was the newest edition to the collection. Bobby had never ridden in any of them. Derek was the only one that had.

Bobby smiled remembering Gabriel as his former self, sliding over the hood of MG, howling like a Duke boy when Derek would honk the horn. How happy his master looked, with his feet crossed on the dash, leaning back with his fingers laced behind his neck. The new Gabriel seemed a little crueler, his chin road higher, not just on account of his height either.

The angel ran his hand over the glossy white hood of the escalade, frowning at the dust.

“You kept better house, Bobby…” Gabe said looking down at his hand.

“I am pretty sure it’s just your standards that have changed, Sir,” Bobby said a chuckle.

Gabriel exhaled a frown and started to rub small circles into his forehead.

Bobby stared at the giant car and sighed. Three hours by car. Days on the train. All to look at a giant statue of Gabriel in his former state, along with the other five.
Gabriel stood in front of the passenger door, tapping his foot. Bobby stepped up and opened his door. Gabe unleashed Bobby and directed him to the back. The angel climbed in rolled down his window. Bobby rubbed his neck and looked to the backseat, which now contained Castiel and Sam. The windows were tinted so dark, it was impossible to see that the passengers were waiting on him. Zachariah smiled from the front seat and turned the engine over.
The great Pacific Northwest flew by as the shiny white vehicle made its twists and turns through the backcountry of Western Oregon. Sam smiled like a kid watching his first picture show as they made their way through seas of trees and farmland. Growing up in a car, you start to notice things. If you watch the same tree as you passed by, the miniaturized version, from your perspective, appears to spin. Sometimes they looked like spinning tops all set in motion at once. Other times they looked like the great drills of a super villain, waiting to cause certain annihilation.

Sam love to sit next to window. He could occupy himself for hours at time wondering what the hell was going in those distant remote places. He would consume himself with what secrets where hidden in those old decaying barns and secluded farmhouses. Other times he had a clue what was going on and he would rather take a nap than terrify himself.

Now he rubbed the knees of his tailored black pants, waiting to see something new. His wanderlust was getting the better of him. Months in the same place did not seem right all the sudden. Not that the manor had been much of a home the last few months.

The car, however, was sweet! Dean’s black muscle car could be a smooth ride on the highway, but the damn thing roared near constantly. Dean liked to say she purred. Yeah, the same way a hoover purrs when Dean tracks mud into the house. Then the thing handled like a boat. If Dean took a turn to fast, his brother would slam up against the side of the car. Sam touched the kaki brown soft leather covering every surface that was not paneled with fine wood. Then turned his attention to the dash that lit up like a space ship.

Honestly, this was much more than he expected. He assumed he would be locked away in some fat guy’s attic or god knows. Riding around in a car that was worth ten times what Dean’s was valued at was not a possibility that entered his mind.

Sam looked over at his new master. His very odd, very literal, very skittish master. The man seemed more relaxed today. He looked at Sam as if he knew some kind of secret. A quiet secret. The ones you tell behind lock doors in hushed voices. Huh?

Bobby sat next to him in the middle. The man looked like he was going piss himself. He tensed his arms on both sides, careful on to touch him or Castiel, even though the seat where gigantic.

Sam understood. Bobby was not accustomed to seeing monsters. He probably had only seen his wife get possessed. Seeing a giant bird crash was definitely on the trauma scale. Sam was just excited to go somewhere new! To site see? Are you kidding? Sam would beg Dean to stop and see giant balls of yarn, roadside attractions, reptile zoos, snake farms, national monuments.

Dean would turn his head, stop looking at the road and ask, “You really want to stop and have a conversation about this?” Sam would shake his head and that was the end of it. Sam shook his head to banish the memories.

Gabriel looked to the back seat and smiled. Maybe this was a horrible idea. He decide he was going to enjoy himself and pulled out a CD, slipping it into the stereo. *Kind of Blue* by Miles
Davis began to play. The angel closed his eyes and moved his head along to the conversation between the trumpet and the rest of the band. The melody and interplay so obvious and subtle all at once.

“So, what?” the trumpet seemed to ask. After Miles at the trumpet made his point quite clearly, Gabriel snapped his fingers, producing a few joints. Bobby looked on confused. In one smooth movement, he lit the joint and passed it to Sam, who accepted it with a nervous smile.

“It’s legal, darling. Zachariah will abstain until he gets on the train. Go on. Try it Love.” Sam looked over to Castiel who was still staring out the window. With a half-smile, Sam inhaled. He let the smoke rest before releasing a fair amount out of his nostrils with a cough.

“It’s good.” Sam said with nod. He passed the joint to Bobby, who stared at the thing, until he heard his master give a louder laugh.

“Okay, I am ordering you to smoke that, little one. You seriously need to relax. I think you are going to give me constipation and Bobby, I do not eat.”

Bobby inhaled loudly and scowled. He looked at the thing and took a drag. Bobby did not like the idea of getting inebriated around this crowd. As he exhaled, he shook his head. Okay this should not hit him so hard. Bobby melted into his seat. He closed his eyes. Castiel took the lit dooby from his hand, before taking a quick drag himself, and passing it back to Gabriel.

Sam’s eyes had already begun to redden as he took the joint once more. “That is really amazing how you can just summon things out the air.”

Gabriel smiled as took another drag. Opening his mouth, the smoke trailed upwards. “Most angels have to know the exact location of an object, such as touching it before. If it’s in the same position, it is easy enough to retrieve it.” More smoke left his lips, “I however, can materialize most anything, it takes some Grace, but it’s possible.”

“Well that was an odd thing to say. Sam pressed his lips together in an awkward smile. He tried his best not to show the fear that building in deep in his gut.

“Bobby? I can get you anything want, but… I probably won’t,” Gabriel said with a small laugh.

“Yeah, yeah. Figured as much…” Bobby said as he stared blankly out the window.

“You are no fun! Okay, try me. Think back. What was your favorite meal? Moreover, do not ask for anything from Ester. She really hates it when I ask her to make something out of the blue. And, please, something that you could eat in a car.”

“You want something hard?” Bobby asked, with a smirk.

“I am up for anything,” Gabriel said with a smile.

“Oh, Karen and I had our first date at a little pizza place in Pierre South Dakota on December 15, 1979. We had pepperoni pizza that was to die for. Can you summon a slice of that?”

“No! No! Gabe! Do not leave this car! You are going make us miss the train!” Castiel objected.

“Breakfast anytime. You use that joke far too often… And this? Always ends badly…” Castiel complained.

In a blink, Gabriel was gone.

The rest of the car remained in a comfortable silence enjoying Miles Davis and John Coltrane as the Oregon scenery raced past them. In about an hour, Gabe returned with a pizza box and a scowl.

“There was no pizzeria in Pierre, South Dakota, Bobby. There was, however one in Chamberlain that might be passable, so here… Pizza from 1979. By the way, it was very cold that December. Now I have a headache and I had to wait really too long for the food. Do not talk to me for at least an hour…” Gabe said putting on a satin night mask that matched his suit.

“Ah, yeah! It was Chamberlain. I cannot believe you went to Freddy’s! Not sure how good it’s going to be… Food in South Dakota is kind of shit compared to anywhere else,” Bobby laughed.

“You’re in for it later, boy…” Gabriel said ominously as he readjusted his head against the seat back.

Sam opened the pizza box with a frown. “Really Bobby?” The pizza really looked pathetic and smelled metallic. How the hell could you burn a pizza and not come close to melting the cheese?

Bobby laughed putting his hand on his head. “I forgot… That night we had the worst meal and god it was snowing. I think we ended up making a frozen pizza and eating it on the floor, in her bedroom. Listening to Joanie Mitchell… We were snowed in for days! With her roommate stuck at her parent’s house. Some of the best days I ever had.”

Castiel rolled his eyes and waved the pizza and box away. With a blink, he was gone. In five minutes, he returned with another pizza in a box.

“This one is from Milano, Italy. Per voi, bello ragazzo,” Castiel said with a slight bow of the head to Sam.

Bobby huffed a smile, “He said for you, beautiful boy…”

Sam took the box with a slight blush, then tore open box.

“Oh, my god! This is the best pizza I have ever eaten!” Sam said exuberantly.

By the end of the album, the party had reached the train station.

Bobby started to get anxious as the car pulled into the station. He looked captivated out the window at the centuries old building of brick and stone. The station stood tall, with an ancient clock tower reaching twice as high into the sky, proclaiming the name in bright neon blue, “Union Station.”

His heart started to race as the party emptied the vehicle and set out the luggage. A handsome young man in a porter’s uniform collected the luggage from trunk and keys from Zachariah.
Not even willing to part their own car… Bobby thought as looked at the Angels as they assumed their ranks of the upper class. So many people unloaded and loaded again back into cars. Bobby tried to look at each them.

Gregory may have been right about one thing… The world up and changed on Robert Singer. He looked around amazed at the colored hair, dark clothing, flannel and horn rimmed glasses, like the ones he wore as a kid.

And the tattoos! When did anyone get the brilliant idea to get their neck tattooed? His Semper fi tattoo had nearly caused his mother to have a heart attack. He would have actually killed her if he had gotten the damn thing on his head and not his bicep.

Mixed among the tattooed minority, where the new yuppies. They were all smartly dressed in wilderness gear but did not look like they were going camping at all. Well at least neon was out.

Besides dressing differently, they smelled different. More musty. Less floral. He caught himself staring at a woman who eyed him suspiciously. Her bright blue dress reminded him of his mother’s, with its full skirt and black patent shoes, but bright blue streaks of hair hid among her red hair. His mother would not have approved, he thought now looking up at the great expansive room now found himself. The ceiling beautifully coffered and marble lining the floors and walls in creamy white patterns.

Gabriel came around behind him and clasped his leash. The click startled him and Bobby jumped slightly.

“My god! You are like a kid in Disney World. This will keep you from getting lost,” Gabriel said smiling and tugging gently.

Well that blew his cover. There were plenty of men and women with thick studded collars walking around, but he was fairly certain he was now one of the only ones with an actual leash attached.

He turned his attention to his master. Bobby felt foreign eyes follow him now that standing so close to the imposing man. He determined quickly, it was going to be impossible to go unnoticed with Gabriel around. The man looked like a model normally and today? Today he wore a pale grey five-piece suit with pale baby blue shirt and light brown sunglasses. His blond hair styled tightly to his head and perfect posture gave him a look of importance. It was like traveling with a celebrity. Everywhere they went, someone was approaching the angel to sign autographs or beg him to heal a family member.

Gabe would either oblige them an autograph or give them a sad smile, saying that his Father did not want his Angels to fix all of their problems. That heaven was waiting when they were ready. Bobby rolled his eyes. Wonder how long it took him to come up with that line? Gabriel did not mind healing the odd papercut at the manor. Cancer would be even easy for him.

They walked around the train station until they found the correct platform. The conductor held open the door for the party near the front of the train. As they walked on the train, Bobby looked around in awe. Velvet and soft carpet lined every surface.

“This is us,” Gabriel said opening the sliding door. Bobby paused as he watch his master climbed into a made up a sleeping cart. “Just thought you’d need a nap,” the angel said slyly.
Bobby cringed, looking at the crisp, freshly made bed. His eye began to twitch.

“Darling, come in. I do not think you have a choice at this point…,” the master said raising an eyebrow and giving to bed a little pat.

That was the push the man needed. He scurried up the bed to his waiting and utterly terrifying Adonis.

Gabriel laid on his side, shuffling a deck of cards, looking at the man with a devilish smile.

“Gin?” The angel asked, he slide the door and pulled the clasp to lock them in, then drew the burgundy curtains with gold threaded fringe. He snapped and changed into a light grey silk robe. A tray with a bottle of gin, glasses and an ice pitcher also appeared on the bed.

Bobby backed into the corner of the bed, wondering what the hell was going to be next. A caveman? A damn saber-toothed tiger?

“Bobby… boots in bed? I thought you were learning some manners,” the angel said clicking his tongue.

Bobby got the same look when Ester chided him and the boys from leaving their wet coats on to lunch. He mouthed a quick “Oh,” and set to work unlacing the boots Gregory had given him. With a wave a hand, Bobby was not wearing boots, and then another wave. Bobby was not wearing his clothes anymore. Gabriel must be feeling better. He must have lost his headache as now Bobby only had on an identical grey silk robe. Just peachy. Bobby thought as he looked around the cabin one more time, tying the robe without looking down, hoping to avoid eye contact.

Gabriel exhaled loudly as he pour himself and his guest a couple fingers of gin on the rocks. Bobby, who remembered hating gin, accepted the glass with a smile. Gabriel dealt ten cards to each of them and looked at his hand.

“The game is Gin Rummy.” Gabriel said with purpose. He lifted the first card and took it into his hand, discarding a six of clubs.

Bobby huffed, “Dealer goes last.”

The angel ran his tongue over his teeth, “Would you like me to list all the reasons I always go first?”

Bobby rolled his eyes, picked up the six, and discarded the King of Clubs.

“It’s been a while for you hasn’t it, little one?” Gabriel asked with joy in his eyes, picking up a card from the deck and discarding King of Spades.

“You could say that,” Bobby said speaking into his cards. He drew a card, discarding the seven of clubs.

Gabriel took it and discarded an Ace of Spades.

“Not since I gave you your first spanking, correct?” Gabriel asked shifted a little.

Bobby blushed slightly, his eyes not leaving the cards. “You’re probably right,” he said flatly, taking the Ace and discarding the six of Spades.

“I would say you are about due, wouldn’t you?” Gabriel’s smiled turned to a mock nonchalance
as he drew from the deck, rejecting his ten of clubs.

“I think that is not for of me to say…” Bobby said with a frown, collecting a card and discarding his five of hearts.

“Oh, Bobby! I do love to hear your opinions,” Gabriel said with a slight giggle. Taking a card and discarding a seven of diamonds.

Bobby twisted his mouth, looking at his cards. He knocked, flipping the top card face down. Laying out his hand: three fours, three jacks and three aces.

Gabriel revealed his hand, with a smirk.

“That’s were my other four went!” Bobby said with a smile. “Did you look?”

“Oh god, I never cheat at cards… unless there is something worthwhile on the line…” Gabriel chuckled.

“Oddly, that’s not reassuring…” Bobby said shaking his head. “That’s fifteen points for me, we playing again?”

“I do not know, I do not remember you earning your shoes yet… It’s getting cooler in South Dakota, and it’s mighty rocky…” Gabriel taking a drink and gathering up the cards.

“You really enjoy this, don’t you?” Bobby said trying to hide his smile.

“One of the few things besides sex that I do enjoy…”

“Besides, huh?”

“Do not be coy. I know you are not ready. But damn is it fun to tease you,” Gabriel said with a smirk.

Bobby looked his master curiously. “Um…what do you mean?”

“I am not going to rape you little one. I do have some standards. That being my most important,” Gabriel said seriously, shuffling the deck, suddenly staring blankly at some piece of fuzz on the bedspread as if it might up and talk back.

Bobby looked away, not sure where to direct his attention, listening to the clink clank of the train racing toward his home state. The image of his old house resurfaced. The house where he carried his Bride over the threshold. The house where he was born, beaten, and where he had taken not one but two lives.

“Bobby! Please relax! We are on fucking vacation… Come over here… I am not going to rape you, but I will cuddle you.”

Bobby smiled slightly; he actually did not mind that. He wiggled over and laid back into the bigger man. Gabe pet his hair, stroked his neck, and inhaling his chosen’s sent. Bobby closed his eyes. He felt safe again. As he laid back, enjoying his master’s gentle touches and careful caresses an unmistakable feeling of bliss washed over him gently. The warmth of his angel and the undivided attention caused the slave to melt. He had to give the guy credit. His master may be an expert at causing stress and monumental amounts of trouble, but his skills matched equally in removing them.

Gabriel began to nuzzle Bobby’s shoulder. Nimbly nibbling at the man’s shoulder as he used his
very long arms to open the shades of the window Bobby was facing. The smaller man shifted his hips uncomfortably. Looking back at the angel with an expression of fear and distrust.

“My love, do you not see the sun? I thought you had taken physics my love… The train is moving much too fast for anyone to be able to see us. In addition, look where the sun is, it is far too bright out for there to be anything more than a glare. Even if they could see us, I would want them too. You are far too gorgeous to be kept locked way…” Gabriel smiled as he eyed Bobby, who pushed up on one elbow, looking miserably at the open window.

“Thanks for the lesson, Professor Feynman. I did take physics and this damn train is going to stop eventually. Of this fact I am certain, Newton’s first law of motion. And sun or no sun, that is glass window,” Bobby said irritated.

Gabriel rolled on his back laughing lightly.

He took a deep breathe to calm himself, “Heh, heh, yes. Alright,” the angel said smiling. With a snap, he produced the train schedule. “You see here, there are no scheduled stops for four hours. Do you think I could look out the window for at least… hmm, an hour? Then we can go to the dining car and have some lunch.”

Bobby lifted his chin and nodded absently. Again with the yes, but fuck off face.

“Now that we agree, no one is looking…” Gabriel slide the robe over Bobby shoulders, revealing the two gold rings.

“I thought you had standards?” Bobby said looking behind him, feeling a little exposed and shivering slightly. His barrel chest heaving slightly as this master looked down in to ripples of muscle the man gained in the past few months.

“You are going to deny me even the smallest taste of your goods, young man?” Gabriel asked grazing his hands on the slave’s chest.

“I uh, I am…” Bobby turned his eyes to the window as the scenery whizzed by. The hands were so warm. His mind was getting fuzzy. Well, this fucking blew his theory it was the bondage he enjoyed so much. What he was feeling was so confusing he closed his eyes to forget the source. The warm fingers walked their way down his chest until they reached his lower belly. That is when he caught his breath.

“As much as you fight me boy, you do seem to enjoy yourself when I’m around…” Gabriel teased.

Bobby closed his eyes and clinched his jaw.

This is where you get yourself into trouble, Bobby. He thought to himself. This is it. Too much gin, too soon. He said trying to talk himself down. Just smile. Just nod. Just…

“And just what about the last two months of my life has been enjoyable, Gabriel?” Bobby said, brushing off the magic hands.

Gabriel smiled mischievously and gaped at his possession’s audacity.

“And what would any master, other than me, say to that?” Gabriel huffed his smile.

“I don’t really care. You are the only one here. You are the one that wants a relationship. You are who I am talking to,” Bobby spat as he thought about how sure he was about his admission to obedience school…
“I am always torn between believing you are incredibly smart or incurably brazen and brash… I should beat you for in any case but you are just so adorable when you’re angry…”

“I’m serious. This has been hell. Did you see what that idiot did to my back?”

“I know, dear boy. I know. That is why I thought you deserved a break. Just try to relax a little. There is no work to do. You look amazing. To be clear, I did shred that idiot for you, if you remember… And here…” Gabe put a hand on his back, clearing it of the marks he received.

“Yes, about that. Are you ever going to tell me just what the hell happened back there?”

“I’d prefer not to,” Gabriel said more seriously, looking out the window with a glare.

“Well, I’d prefer that you would,” Bobby said straightening up.

Gabe closed his eyes and then looked over at Bobby. His crystal blue eyes had lost their softness. He now scowled.

“You know what I would prefer? Derek alive. I would prefer that I did not pick a disobedient, ill mannered, stubborn, pretentious, child as a Favorite. I would have preferred if that waste of humanity had not proven that you in all your childish, ungrateful, miscreant peasant glory are stuck with me. I would prefer that you were anyone else at this moment, but Bobby. You are not. And I am not. But I tire of insulting you. I tire of praising you. And as much as think you need it, I cannot bring myself to correct you so please… Do not talk to me until you have released your bowels and are prepared to be civilized.” The angel waved his hand and Bobby was dressed in jeans and a fitted dark blue shirt complete with his boots.

Gabriel handed the man a solid white credit card and a kindle. Then, he took a minute to look the man over. His hair had grown out and was now an overgrown mop. The extreme exercise Gregory had implemented had really paid off in spades. Gabriel decided he would have to order more clothing that hugged tighter to the man’s new leaner form. The Angel considered briefly bringing back the cuffs and chains, making the choice non-existent but was that any way to live? Bitterness began to brew as he looked back at his beloved.

“Go. Go have dinner, go jump off the back of the train, or go catch up on your reading. Damn near anyone under the age of eighty should be able to show you how it works. Read Harry Potter. It is not Shakespeare but it is now part of your cultural zeitgeist. Just leave me. I would blink out but I do not have it in me now.”

“Do you need to talk?” Bobby asked more than a little concerned. Gabriel did. Honestly he did. However, he also needed to feel some control.

“What I need right now is quiet. Please, take some time to relax. Please. For once, follow your orders and leave me,” Gabe said now closing his eyes and laying his head back.

Bobby stared at his master. Then decided it might he in his best interest to leave well enough alone. He took the kindle with a nod to no one and shimmied himself out of the sleeping cart. The train bounced and shook with a steady click-click as he tried to keep his balance. He looked back and he looked forward. The doors looked the same and did not have directions or signs. As he considered Gabe’s option of throwing himself off the back, he decided to start there.
I do not normally post this often but have been laid out with the flu.

Wishing I had gotten the damn flu shot.
Gabriel stared out window of the train, the countryside racing by him at a breakneck speed. He ran his large hand through his pale yellow hair. His boxy jaw tensed as he rubbed the stubble that had collected. He had not been paying much attention to it. His pale pink lips pressed together in thought. His beautiful blue eyes were barely visible as he squinted hard in contemplation. His rectangular face complimented the slight cleft in his chin. He was a truly beautiful man.

Gabriel could not have chosen a more perfect specimen. The young man had been a rich boy with a model contract. The boy lost his faith and desperately searched to find it. After a few years traveling Asia, searching for peace and enlightenment, Gabriel approached him.

The two spent months together. Gabriel found solace in the man's pain. He himself was on a journey. A journey to find his lost love or to fill the ache that persisted the moment he realized his loss. The boy was a compatible host and Gabriel offered heaven. The man did not hesitate. Not for a moment. The choice was clear.

Now Gabriel could see his reflection in the glass window. He felt incensed by the image. He had not needed to be beautiful for Derek. His love given so freely from the beginning. His kisses easy and long. Derek adored Gabriel almost as much as Gabriel adored Derek.

What was this hold the hillbilly had on him? It was crushing. Gabriel hated himself for his own feeble weakness. This cage he had walked into. The bars of which were so deceptive he hardly felt trapped at all. Except for the fact that he longed for freedom. Longed desperately for the life he had before.

His head still hurt. His heart ached. He examined the problem. Logically, there should be a clear escape. Was there not always an escape?

One scenario started to gnaw at the far corners of his brain. A dull pain that persisted and hid itself in the background. No. He could not do it but it was an option.

Sell Bobby. Be done with the unruly human entirely.

He could hire an actual foreman. Alternatively, he could simply rid himself of the lot. They were becoming to be more burdensome as days progressed. To his family, these people on his lands were little more than pets. Maybe they were right.

Gabriel sighed heavily.

He could turn the damn place over to Zachariah.
So many options he could not bring himself to consider.

*The weeks of conferences so strained, his one light was coming home. Home to someone who plagued his dreams both waking and sleeping. He held hope that the man would see. See clearly his place in the situation. That the two could begin their life together.*

Clearly, these hopes were the machinations of a madman. His desperations revealed themselves in the most despicable ways. Of course, the one thing he wanted would remain forever outside his grasp.

As Bobby slid the door close, he exhaled a breath he had not known he kept. What the hell just happened? The man was growing concerned for his mental stability. It made no sense to taunt such a powerful creature. Then again, he was never one for backing down. Learned it from Edward Singer, father of the year.

Tucked away in that South Dakota farmhouse, he knew, damn, he knew how to keep himself out of trouble. Avoid the man entirely. Obey every idiotic fool thing the man wanted him to do. But most of the time, Bobby Singer just didn’t. He knew the traps, he knew when the old man was testing him. When he should have bowed down and showed his tender underbelly, that is when Bobby would buck.

Dead past. Gone. He assured himself. Buried and rotting in the west field under a sizable garage. Good riddance.

Bobby shook his head and looked down the boots Gregory gave him. The leather had worn and now hugged his feet and ankles like soft glove. The time walking around with shoes had been a picnic compared to what it took to wear in those boots. If he did not keep his damn mouth shut, he going to have to count himself in for wearing down another pair. Probably from a bigger asshole.

He walked a few paces past another sleeping car and heard the sounds of giggles. Bobby swore one of them was Sam. He picked up his pace. Right before the exit was a single restroom then, another door to rest of the train. He inhaled and opened the door and stepped outside.

A wall of air and noise hit him hard. He turned back and closed the door. The “hallway” if you could call it that, was about three feet long and walls were a rubberized accordion. Bobby walked unsteadily across the threshold to the next cabin, closing the door quickly behind him. Three more rooms lay ahead of him.

But instead of giggles or snoring, he heard loud laughter and dance music. Some sort of terrible song about “Come ride my train, my Choo Choo ride it” played as he walked past. A group of six women with tiaras and white t-shirts were dancing with drinks sloshing in their hands. As he peered in a woman saw him and rushed to open the door.

“Oh my god! He is so cute! You party, handsome?” asked a brunette with cropped hair and a lazy smile asked with a coy smile.

Bobby recoiled, hooking his thumb to his collar. Hoping that would mean something to someone.

He had seemed to get the attention of the rest of the party as they were all howling.
“What kind of training you have handsome? Can you take all of us on?” a blonde girl asked gigging.

“Everyone but me!” a tan brunette with long black hair yelled as she smiled, inciting all the other girls to gush.

“I know! It’s so great!” one of her friends said, hugging her.

“Yeah! So worth it! He’s so great!”

“Maybe not as good of lay as a professional!”

The women now turned their attention back to Bobby.

“Already taken, ladies… Congratulations, ma’am,” Bobby said with a nod to the bride to be, as he fought the hands that were attempting to pull him into the car.

The next cart had a family of four. A mother and father, both plump from stress and bad diets, sitting across from two preteen girls who sat as far away from each other as possible. The odd thing was that all of them were swiping, texting, reading or watching something on an illuminated screen.

The next car had four business men who looked to be about Bobby’s real age and one who was as young as he looked. The older men were all in their fifties looking cynically at a black headset the young man put over his head. Bobby shook his head and kept on.

After passing the next threshold, Bobby landed in the economy section. Row of four blue vinyl seats with an aisle in the middle stretched on longer than the previous cars. He walked down the aisle trying not to trip with the motion of the train.

The next car was the dining car. Bobby sighed as he smelled the familiar smell of coffee brewing. The small flat device and credit card weighed heavy in his hands. He gripped them tight fearing his life depended on not losing them.

A skinny kid stood strait, managing the counter. A few people filled the car, sitting here and there, eating or reading. The kid wiped the counter down with damp rag, occasionally looking up to survey the scene. Bobby approached the counter nervously. How long had it actually been since he ordered anything. Easily twenty five years…

“Coffee, black please,” Bobby said in his most decisive voice.

“Espresso or Americana?” the kid asked absently.

Bobby pulled up his lip. “What?”

The kid’s eyes flew to the collar. Oh, he thought, “Regular drip?”

Bobby nodded, still wearing his sour expression.

“And a muffin. It’s still called a muffin, right?” Bobby asked with a touch of fear and another touch of irritation.

The kid nodded with a hesitant smile, taking the white credit card. He took the card, flipping in all
The kid nodded with a hesitant smile, taking the white credit card. He took the card, flipping in all directions, and looking it over. “There’s no name on it…”

A woman behind Bobby chimed in.

“Oh that? That’s a white card. Some kind of rich person thing. It has like no limit or something… Wow, I have never seen one before! Is it yours?” the woman asked, fairly certain it wasn’t.

“It’s Gabriel’s. The archangel. He gave it to me.” Bobby said suddenly more uncomfortable.

The boy’s eyes widened. The respect and fear plastered on his face. “You sure you belong here? This is a real high-brow card you got here,” the kid said handing the thing back after swiping it. “Take a seat though; you’re still welcome with us. I’ll make you a fresh pot. But first class is at the front of the train.” With that the kid, whose name was Brad, if his nametag was correct, poured the grounds, water and set the machine.

Brad looked at the ground, hesitating only for a moment, then asked “Is it true? Is it really true some of those angels brand their slaves? Sounds horrific… I totally vote for slave rights. I mean, nothing really comes of it but you know? Do what you can, when you can.” Brad explained all this while pouring the brew.

Bobby sighed. He turned around and pulled up his collar. Revealing the mark he had not even seen himself. He blamed the gin but he really did not care anymore.

“Shit!” Brad said quickly, as a splash was heard. “I’ll pour you another cup. Man. That’s intense…”

Brad poured Bobby another cup of coffee. “You want anymore, let me know. Okay?” The young man said quickly, sliding over the muffin and coffee over the counter, then made quick of cleaning the spill. The young woman behind him was now looking around with pursed lips. She looked a little lost.

Bobby collected his coffee and muffin, and found a cramped table to sit at, alone.

Really what the hell could the brand say? A sign that says Slut? Angel bitch? Both would be appropriate.

He watched the spinning countryside sweep by as he savored every sip of black gold in that paper cup.

Gabriel eventually tired of looking out the window in his empty train car. He walked toward the first class dining car.

The color scheme similar to the sleeping car. Burgundy and green. The dining car itself was immaculate and every surface seemed to be buffed and shined. As he looked down the long dining car, he noted six semicircle tables with rich leather seats on the right and on the left side were a few long tables flush against the windows with barstools underneath. Down at the end of the car was an old fashioned with a back wall lined with colorful liquor bottles. Everything in the car seemed coordinated with brass, leather or red and green velvet. The circular barstools that matched the carpeting, ceiling and drapes.

A handsome man with jet black hair, pale white skin and plump lips, ran a rag over the dark wood
of the bar. The place was empty, possibly due to the fact the train had only been traveling a few hours. Gabriel walked over to the man with a lazy smile. The angel swung a barstool on its axis to face the bartender. He tapped the wooden bar with one finger and said, “Please, make me a whiskey sour as sweet as you, handsome.”

Gabriel was used to getting away with that crap. He found long ago that the more handsome you are? The less creepy the line. He also never tried anything with anyone who did not look him up and down first.

Apparently, his brashness paid off as the bartender blushed and gave back a coy smile.

“Where are you traveling to?” Thomas, the bartender asked as he slid the drink over bending down on his elbows to be at eye level with Gabe.

Gabe smiled, “We are here for a few days. Our last stop is in South Dakota.”

“You are with someone?” Thomas asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes,” Gabriel huffed. “He is being an ass. Ever love someone who has not have the slightest idea how to love you back?”

Thomas laughed. “How does anyone not know how to love you? You’re really… I mean handsome does not come close…”

“You’d think… I mean I am fucking angel! I know every nerve to tease, every place to lick, press, stroke and I am damn good at it! Still. Nothing.”

The man blushed. “Maybe that’s your problem. You are larger than life to him.”

“Maybe, I mean the relationship is complicated. He’s my slave. And he’s not a very good one at that,” Gabriel said looking around the dining car again.

“Oh Man! I bet the power dynamics in that relationship are so fucked! Sorry, man,” Brad looked embarrassed by his crass comment.

Gabriel did not seem to notice, he continued. “No, I agree. No way around it. Have ever tried to free a slave? I mean there have been a few but they saved children or puppies, I’m not really sure. I talked to the Governor and the President; they had no idea. You’d think an archangel could get anything done…”

“The unpardonable crime is oddly unpardonable…,” the young man replied, spouting the party line, “Is he guilty?”

“I mean, yes? And no. He did kill her but she was inhabited by a demon. No proof and the demon was taken down by a hunter. I have nothing. He also killed his father.”

“I mean he is a slave but does he have to live like one? My uncle was sold into slavery but my parents bought him. I mean he just kind does his own thing, he lives by himself, they just check in on him…”

“You don’t have to tell me… I wish I could just let go, you know? Send him back to his life. Chose another. But I cannot. I have fallen too hard. Seriously… I could fuck you solid for days, and I would still miss him. It makes no sense.”

The boy’s blush deepened.
“Dear boy, if you only knew. You see, I have only ever purchased a human being to free them from some horrible fate. In all honesty, I run a varietal commune… But that doesn’t matter. After I chose him, he had to be taught to perform for my family. Had I not chosen him, he would be the first place my enemies would strike. And if he did not perform for my family, they would eat him alive. Then probably revive him but it’s really horribly unpleasant.”

“That is crazy. But seriously, that sounds like a lot to ask from someone.”

“Yes. Yes. But really, I am an angel of the lord. There are benefits to my favor. Derek was grateful and happy. We argued over movies, food, and policy, but nothing like this. It feels different. And I loved Derek. I mourned him. I feel his absence. I thought he was the one. My mate. I can’t convince Bobby that he has a good life. That anywhere else he would be abused or worse.”

“I guess you have to decide whether you want a partner or slave. It seems like you are trying to confuse the two.”

“I hear you but because of who he is I, I do not have much of a choice.”

“I hear what you are saying, but you are asking for a lot of sacrifice. He does not sound like he has much of a choice either.”

Just then, Castiel and Sam entered the dining car giggling. Both men looked be in equal amounts of bliss.

Gabriel observed the site intensely. Something was off. That boy. Gabriel shook his head back and forth, grinding his teeth so hard they would break if he did not have grace running through his veins.

“Samuel!” the archangel said too loudly. “Go find Bobby. Now.”

Sam looked to Castiel, who nodded. Sam left quickly.

“Castiel. I have a riddle for you,” Gabriel paused steepling his fingers, “How does a slave fall so quickly in love with his master? Is it the flowers? Meals? Whispers of sweet nothings?”

“I am sure I do not have any idea what you are talking about,” Castiel answered annoyed.

“Did you threaten the boy?” Gabriel asked now snarling.


“You altered some part of his mind. Really Castiel!” Gabriel said using his full name angrily, “I thought that was beneath you?”

“I would never! Why are you implying with all of this?” Castiel replied scowling.

“Because the boy you marked did not want to have anything to do with you and now he can’t get enough. What the hell did you do to him?” Gabriel asked demanding an answer.

Castiel snarled, “I hear what you are implying but no. I did nothing to the boy.”

Gabriel lifted his head in a nod. “I believe you. Then when did this change occur?”

“What change? I did not want this or a favorite. You were the one who orchestrated this
“What change? I did not want this or a favorite. You were the one who orchestrated this nonsense,” Castiel now rolling his eyes.

“I did nothing,” Castiel took a minute to think, then cocked his head to the side disappointed,

“Lucifer! Lucifer talked to the boy for an hour, but that. That was all. Maybe we just get along?” the smaller angel blurted out.

Gabriel threw his fist into the table they were sitting at, cracking the finish. “You fool. You utter fool. Do you know what you have done?”

“I asked his advice. He is still my older brother, Gabe. I sought his council. I did not torture or rape the boy.”

“Do you know who his brother is Castiel?”

“Yes. Of course. Dean. His brother’s name is Dean. That’s the brute wanted to leave me to die. Sam is the one who called on Michael to save me.”

“Dean. Yes. Dean Winchester. Does that ring any bell you arrogant sycophant?”

“No. That Dean?” Castiel’s eyes widen in an uncharacteristic shock.

“Yes, and what would you do if you knew your brother was in danger?”

“Almost anything.”

“Castiel, I am tired. I need time to recover. But we are going back home and you find Dean Winchester before Lucifer does. Cassie, we owe the man so much. I never sought him out, I figured he would find us,” Gabriel said looking out the window. “He saved us, Cassie. We have to protect him. You have really put him great danger. They are so very weak, Cassie.”

Castiel brushed a few tears from his eyes. “I know brother. Know that I am so sorry. I truly am.”

“I know you are, brother. Castiel, we must also admit our own failings. Lucifer could take down the both of us if he found cause. You know what we have to do don’t you, brother?”

Castiel nodded silently. His face hardening.

“He does look happy, Cassie. You do too. I am, very happy for you,” Gabriel said sincerely.

“Thank you. Now, I cannot concern myself with that. Zachariah. Could he get you home? I can take Sam and track him, now. If anyone knows the man it’s his only brother.”

“About that… You are going to have to tell Dean that Adam is his half-brother.”

“Why? Why do you have the entire Winchester family at the manor? Are you collecting for something? Why did you not tell me that was the reason you wanted me to mark him.”

“I did not know. I mean, I knew about Adam. That is why I saved him. I thought it would be a nice gesture. Anna bought Sam. She is the one who gave him to me. Bobby told me about Dean. I figured Dean would figure out his brother was here and come to us. I did not know that you would sic Lucifer on the human who saved us our entire race. We are lucky if Lucifer has not already started on him.”
Castiel looked at Gabriel and then blinked out. He was in no mood for more shame. Nothing more
he could do about the situation but correct it. He found Sam and they blinked back to his room at
the manor.

With Sam’s help finding Dean took some time, but was relatively easy. Sam tried all his brother’s
phone numbers, eventually Dean answered one of the phones.

Chapter End Notes

Dean is coming....
The Blue Rose

The Blue Rose was a dive by most conventional standards. The food was greasy, the service was awful and the cook had a temper you could hear from your table. To Dean Winchester, places like this were like coming home for a hot cooked meal. He waited for approximately two minutes before he ignored the sign that said “Please Wait to be Seated,” and seated himself in a booth at the back of the restaurant. He settled back in the dark blue vinyl bench, running his hands over the clean faded green linoleum table and looked at menu he took from the front.

A big boned waitress name Alice chewed on the top of a ball point pen as she vacantly looked out the wall of windows that surrounded the place. She took a casual glance around the restaurant and noticed the handsome man sitting in her section. She pulled herself off a barstool. Her full head of dyed red hair bounced from the confines of its ponytail as she sauntered over to the back table. She folded her arms and looked over her customer suspiciously with a frown.

Dean had the look of a GQ model and an attitude to match. He ran his fingers through his thick head of ash blond hair. Dean was not one of the effeminate models with soft features and shy smiles. Everything from his square jaw, cleft chin and thick brow roared testosterone. He had the kind of look that was easy smile at and deadly to misread.

“You hungry James Dean?” she asked, more as insult than a compliment.

“Just Dean, and yeah. Could I get a double bacon cheeseburger with fries?” Dean said quickly still looking at the menu.

“Sure thing. Something to drink, dreamboat?”

“Just the biggest glass of water you got. Thank you, beautiful,” he said as he flashed his most charming smile.

“Yeah, yeah. Save it for some young thing that don’t know that sweet talk and pillow talk are the same damn thing. And mean the same damn thing… nothing,” she smiled a sad smile as she walked back to the kitchen.

Dean sighed and took out the local newspaper to investigate a recent rash of pet abductions. On the surface it did not look too suspicious, but combined with an increase in drunk driving deaths… Well it was odd both phenomena were happening concurrently in the same town.

Dean also had been having some shit poor luck. No other way to describe it. Every break he got, turned out to be a dead end. He considered putting hunting on hold and trying to break Sammy out. But really? He lacked even the slightest idea about where to start. Come on, Sam was locked down magically by the closest thing to a god they had seen.

There was some good that had come from Sammy getting sentenced. He was safe. Dean had been able to relax for the first time since Sam went to college. That kid had been work. So much damn
work.

John Winchester had all but given up parental rights to the boy when Sammy was six. Which was fine with Dean. John was piss poor example of a father. Dean could do it better anyway.

Still, John had warned him. “Sammy needs a firm hand. He is not made of the same stuff you are Dean. He has some evil in him, boy,” John’s eyes were weary and sad. “He needs help. You can’t let him fuck up. He needs to follow orders or he’ll turn into someone you can’t let roam the Earth. That Demon that killed your mom? Sammy will listen to him if he doesn’t listen to you. Keep him safe Dean. Please. For your mom, for me and for all of us. Dean, for every goddamn person on this planet.”

It was a strange talk to have with your ten year old. But Dean understood. Monster were real and unfortunately his brother could be become one. Dean spent all his time learning to be the best hunter he could be. The best father he could be. The best man he could be. At first it was easy. John gave the orders, Dean enforced them. After that Dean just fell back on his Dad’s rules. Eventually Dean grew numb to his brother’s tears, the cringes Sam gave him when Dean touched him anywhere. And Sammy grew up right. As far as Dean could tell.

Dean smiled thinking of Sammy plowing a field or mowing a giant lawn. Safe. Dean took in a deep breath as he thought about what he was going to do for the night. Then, he felt his phone vibrate.

“This is Dean,” he spoke in to the ancient flip phone.

“Dean, where are you?” Sam’s voice echoed from miles away.

“Holy shit! Sammy, where are you? I’ll come get you,” Dean said quickly, smiling brightly.

“No Dean, we can come to you.”

“Hold up, what? You and who can come to me?”

“Dean, I don’t have time to explain. Just tell me where you are.”

“I’m at a diner in Tulsa. Where the hell are you?”

“Street name Dean. Where are you?”

“Jez, you’re testy. That time of the month, Sammy?”

“I’m worried about you, Dean. Just tell me where you are.”

Dean laughed. “You’re awfully eager to find me considering you disobeyed a direct order…”

Sam paused. “I don’t care. Dean, please.”

“Fine, fine. I’m at the Blue Rose Café on Riverdale. Now what the fuck is this about? How’d you get away from an archangel? Damn. I really do not give you enough credit.”

Dean waited for a response.

“Sammy?”

Dean shrugged and hung up the phone. He looked around the restaurant and inhaled the scent of
the double bacon cheeseburger that Alice had just laid before him, while he was on the phone. The woman gave him a pitcher of water and a tall glass. Dean was close to heaven. The young man pushed up his sleeves and prepared to take his first bite.

“Dean.” Dean heard a gravelly voice as he closed his eyes enjoying his first bite. Dean opened one eye. What the hell was going on? He closed it again as he took another bite. Grease rolled down his cheek.

“Dean. We have to go,” the voice said in monotone.

Okay that was twice. Dean looked up, and jerked a little. There stood Castiel. The idiot angel who got his brother taken in. The idiot angel who needed so much torture he should not have come out of that warehouse alive.

“What the fuck do you want?” Dean asked looking Castiel in the eye.

“I am Castiel, an angel of the lord,” the angel said blankly.

“I know who you are. We’ve met. Let me finish my burger and then we can talk about heaven, my soul, or the good news for as long as you want,” Dean said looking back to his hamburger.

“You are coming with me,” Castiel said gruffly.

“Buy me dinner first,” Dean snapped back returning to his hamburger.

Castiel rolled his eyes and blinked them both to the manor.

The encounter

Gabriel muscled all his strength and called for his favorite. There was not much time. He told Castiel to keep Dean in stasis for a few more hours. There was so much to do! He could not believe what they were planning. It was insane really but necessary.

Gabriel downed his cocktail and licked his lips. He told himself over and over. He says no? He says no. He was no wilting flower. Gabe had a few other prospects on hold…. just in case...

Bobby entered the room confused. “I thought you were mad at me? Something about being a willful child?”

Gabriel dismissed the questions. “I am in no mood. We have a few hours and then I am going to do something that will drain me more than becoming a dinosaur… So go. Go to the bathroom and hurry.”

Bobby squinted hard.

“I am still not someone you want to trifle with. NOW,” Gabe said now more insistence.

That snapped Bobby into action. He scurried over to the bathroom and reluctantly opened the door.
After he had finished, he walked over to the platform. Looking up for the chains to drop.

“Come over to the bed, love,” Gabriel said with a smile, showing his teeth. He had changed into a tight fitted black shirt with a few white small buttons running down the middle of his chest and snug charcoal grey pants.

Bobby moved himself on unsteady legs, almost positive he was going to trip on his own feet.

How was this scarier than chains coming down from a wall? No idea but Bobby was terrified.

Gabriel walked over to the bed and gave it a little pat.

Bobby approached the bed and climbed onto the cool thick blanket. He looked to his master hesitantly.

“You do not change, little one… Here put these on,” Gabriel sighed, handed Bobby a set of wrist and ankle cuffs.

Bobby’s heart started to beat faster as he put on the small leather belts.

“You are being such a good boy!” Gabriel smiled. Then the master attached the slave’s left wrist to his left ankle and right ankle to his right wrists. This position pulled up his knees. Bobby sat holding his legs together tightly. The man looked through his tousled hair unsure of anything but his own fear.

Gabriel took two fingers and pushed the man on his back. The falling back terrified him, until his head hit a pillow. Now Bobby lay on his back, his knees clinching tightly together but his feet pulled outward, opening his hips, exposing him in ways he had been before. His angel sat beside him, staring, casually moving the hair away from his forehead.

“You are so very dramatic. Do you not want me to kiss you?” Gabe said sweetly as he moved in as steady as snake and placed a kiss between the muscles of his chest.

The slave’s breathe hitched as he jerked unsuccessfully, caught as his arms tried to pull back from his feet.

“I can leave love…” Gabe said ghosting his perfect lips around one of the shiny rings, running a hand threw the slave’s wavy mess that had become his hair, tugging the locks gently.

“I have others, beloved. I can leave you now… Of course I will punish you for your rejection…” the blond man said smiling. Leaving kisses down the line of the man’s chest, going painfully slow.

“A spanking perhaps? Not too hard… Just enough for you to remember how much you enjoy it…” the master said watching the slave’s face, which appeared to have frozen, as he ran his long index finger down the back of the man’s knee to the base of his thigh.

Bobby’s mind screamed back and forth, from telling himself to shut up and enjoy it and telling the beautiful man to shove it. His body began to ache, his lips tingling. He screwed his face into a look of fearful contemplation as Gabriel moved those fire hot lips close in and out of the fine curly hairs. So close. So close, he could feel the warmth.

Gabriel then pulled away looking at his watch, breaking the moment.

“I must know Bobby. You must say yes or no. I do not have much time,” Gabriel said with his bedroom eyes and a smirk.
Bobby opened his mouth, but had no words to fill it.

“Bobby as much as I enjoy this, I cannot keep assuming you are saying yes. Yes or No?” Gabriel said blankly.

“Just what am I agreeing to?” Bobby asked in a small voice. Jesus, he should have said no. What was wrong with him? What was wrong with him was he had a very large and very confusing boner and his heart was pounding so heart it almost hurt. He tried keep himself from panting and giving himself away but by way his master was looking him over, he had already had a good idea.

“I would like to pleasure you. I want to watch you writhe around as tease you, as I finger, lick and kiss every sensitive area on your beautiful body and finally if you are very good, allow you cum as your body shakes at the release. Nothing we haven’t done before, but I would like to use my mouth,” Gabe said directly, studying the man intently.

“Come along, boy,” Gabriel said more insistent, looking at his phone and then placing on the nightstand.

“And if I say no?” Bobby asked in a smaller voice.

“Then will I spank your bottom properly and send you to the corner. Not much. Just to achieve the pink blush you have on your cheeks and get your hips moving a little,” Gabe’s smile widened. “Not so red as your lips are now.” The master said running a knuckle over the slave’s full lips.

Okay, Bobby could not think anymore, his head so fuzzy and warm. How was this hot?

“Yes,” Bobby said quickly. “Okay…. Yes.”

“Good,” Gabriel said as he tilted his head to his chest, moving in to kiss at Bobby’s neck, “Boy.”
Castiel dropped a thick black book down on his desk. His slave jerked at the sound, standing so close to desk. Castiel had called Sam to his chambers after Dean had been retrieved and set in stasis in a guest room.

Sam stared into the odd volume before him. The book was shiny black leather bound tight with gold leave pages and thick red ribbon marking a page in the front. The care taken in the binding reminded Sam of the dusty law books he poured over at Stanford. The small size and odd lettering told him there were probably no court cases discussed in the text.

Castiel eyed Sam as the boy shifted on his feet, looking at the book with curious eyes. He did not know Enochian but Castiel’s silence was unsettling. The angel was treating it like a religious document.

“My brother gave me this book,” Castiel said as he ran his hand over the flawless cover, ”We have a few hours until Dean is revivied and we proceed. My brother suggested we establish some rules before Dean arrives. I would like to say that I am sorry I was not more involved in your training. I did not understand why it was necessary. I now see its purpose. The book dictates how I should interact with you. I read it and have a better idea of its importance.

“Now, Gregory sent Gabriel and I updates on your training and you should be familiar with most of this.

“Now.” Castiel started to remove his trench coat. He folded it, walking over to lay it on his pristine bed, pulling his sleeves back down to his wrists.

Castiel stared blankly into Sam’s eyes and twirled his finger in the air, creating an imaginary circle on the ceiling.

Sam froze.

“Samuel, are you unclear of the meaning of the signal?” Castiel narrowed his eyes in confusion.

Sam shook his head. Motor memory kicked in, he started to remove his clothing quickly. Castiel made a pleased grunt as Sam pulled his clothes from his finely muscled frame. Castiel walked about arm’s length away from the boy. Looking him over as Sam tried keeping his eyes forward. The chill of the chamber sending goosebumps everywhere on the poor boy’s skin.

Castiel pulled a smile. Castiel did not usually smile at anything. That said, his smile was slight but the meaning conveyed. This boy would look beautiful at this year’s Spring Garden party. He might even win with those overly long legs.

It had been at least a century since Castiel had attended one at any length. The last one he went to he witnessed an encounter, so unsettling he had not attempted again. Besides, he always felt out of
place, lonely among a crowd, and mostly repulsed. It was a no hold barred display of debauchery. In light of recent events? Castiel was now beginning to see some appeal.

Castiel snapped and produced a crop. Sam recognized the long thin strait braid of leather, as same one Greg had used on Mark during their first demonstration. The boy quivered slightly at the sight and memory.

Castiel kept his attention on the crop as he began to talk. Almost more to the implement than to his slave.

“Gregory was kind enough to bequeath his equipment… Well we could not find a next of kin so we took possession. Apparently, ‘Gregory Pine’ was not even his real name. In any case, I have read that this will not do any permanent damage to you so I suppose it will do,” Castiel said swishing the thing in the air.

Sam scrunched his face, baffled.

“Castiel, why are you doing this? We had such a good time in the train. What do you want?” Sam asked, now looking more unsettled and hurt.

Castiel watched Sam’s confusion and nodded his head slightly. This would be easy to clear up.

“Samuel, you are going to have to behave as a slave. There can be a time for intimate… things. Regardless of your feelings on the matter, after the spell, it will very important that you behave as my Chosen. You must learn to obey me. Particularly in front of your brother.”

“You want me to take off my clothes… in front of Dean?” Sam asked incredulously. He had dropped his good slave posture and now focused more on hoping beyond all hope that this sick shit was not happening.

Castiel looked at Sam more seriously.

“Samuel, you are my slave. There will be times you will not be allowed clothing. There will be times you must remain silent. There will be times you must behave and times when you must perform. Do you not remember your training with Gregory, Samuel? What did you think was the purpose?” Castiel asked genuinely curious.

Sam felt sick, he pulled a hand to his stomach. All of that training… The beatings, the way Gregory looked at Mark… Was that going to be his relationship? Toy? Punching bag?

Sam shook his head slowly, showing his teeth when he spoke. “Castiel, we had sex. I thought it meant something to you. You cried Castiel… Now you want to what? Throw all that away to parade me around like a damn dog?” Sam’s eyes narrowed as he poured hate in to his glare. If looks could kill an angel? Sam’s would come close.

Castiel gave a stern look. “Sam the fact that you must behave and perform has no bearing on how I feel about you. I have very strong feelings for you but your place is not up for discussion. I will not abuse you as Gregory did, but you will behave and you will obey. I have no other option,” Castiel said flatly.

Sam felt enraged, pulling up his lips with an angry smile. What. The. Fuck. This was not going to happen. He would not allow Castiel to use him like this. If Dean taught Sam anything, it was not let someone take advantage of him. Sam grabbed his pants off the floor and pulled them on with violence.

“It doesn’t make sense Castiel,” Sam seethed as he tied his pants. “You wanted me on top. Is
some sick pay back for that? You get off on bossing me around?” Sam’s anger was fierce and clearly coming from a place outside his new relationship with this man, but it did not matter. We all bring our own baggage, heavy and light, manageable and toxic. After all, Castiel’s baggage was virtually empty. That created its own set of problems.

Castiel stared confused and hurt. “Sam, I do not understand… I considered the options and I thought that would be pleasurable for you. I feel very deeply for you.” The angel’s voice hardened, “I do not wish to hurt you, but I will if you disobey me,” Castiel said this slowly. His voice measured and deliberate.

“No. No. Fuck you. No,” Sam said grabbing his shirt, shoes and stomping toward the door.

“No. No. I did not dismiss you!” Castiel called out, eventually waving his hand at the door.

Sam pulled the door hard and found it locked. He pulled back his arm and threw it into the door, producing a loud BANG with his fore arm and fist. The noise echoed around the near empty chamber.

“Oh? You’re keeping me here? You gonna rape me too Cassie? That’s what you really want right?” Sam sneered.

“Excuse me? No. No, I do not want that, why do you think I want that?” Castiel asked fully unprepared for this human’s outburst of emotion. Castiel’s voice dropped as he opened the book to the bookmarked page. Hoping he could persuade Sam that he was innocent and following rules.

“I simply wanted to practice some basic commands. Gregory wrote Gabe and he said you knew these things. This must be my fault,” Castiel said shaking his head. Did he read the emails incorrectly?

“That’s why you want me naked in front of my brother, you sick fuck?” Sam said rolling his eyes, scowling at the blank walls of Castiel’s vast room.

“No. No.” Castiel looked increasing more and more confused.

“Look, I am not playing this game. So fuck you. Let me out of this damn room!”

“Why are you so angry?”

Sam opened his eyes in surprise. “Really? You want me naked so you can beat me with that stick and keep me like a pet. You want to know why I am pissed?”

Castiel closed his eyes. How could he have been so blind? Gabriel had already taught him how to deal with non-compliant humans. Samuel was much larger, but the concept should be the same.

“I see know what you need. I have not been thinking clearly. Come here Sam,” Castiel said calmly.

“I don’t want a hug, Castiel. I want you to open this fucking door before I break it down!”

“I think you require a spanking,” Castiel said blankly.

“You have got to be fucking kidding me,” Sam balked.

“I am not. It helped Sara to learn her place. So come here.”
“Damn it Castiel! I am not a child or a girl! Let me the fuck out of this room!” Sam slammed his fist again into the door.

Castiel began to walk toward Sam who held his still stationed at the door.

Sam’s heart began to race. This was fucking crazy. All of it was fucking crazy. His lips pulled up and down as a wolf unsure of whom to bite first.

Castiel sighed, moving lightning fast, and in milliseconds the angel had Sam half-undressed, over his lap and in the middle of the room, as Castiel sat in his only chair. A thick wooden, 1940s all wood teacher’s chair without arms. To be completely honest, Sam did not really fit in this position. If he was under threat from anyone besides an angel, he could have easily escaped but Castiel was so strong it did not matter. Sam was stuck.

Sam shook his head slowly. Why the fuck did he sleep with this prick?

Probably because Castiel made such a fucking effort. He was charming, kind and comfortable. Completely changed from the mess that entered his room the first day. Some of it was Dean of course. He had to keep Dean safe, but Castiel had been so tender, compassionate, attentive, and respectful. He did not feel like the prop in someone else’s play. Sam almost felt loved again.

Well that was fucking stupid. This was just another goddamn game these freaks play with one another. Now he was nothing but a pawn.

Castiel rubbed at Sam’s propped up bottom. He was gorgeous like this. Castiel pet the rump gently to calm the boy. Sam looked around the room unsure what to think.

“Castiel!” Sam said firmly. “Let me up!”

“I am very sorry Samuel this is very necessary,” Castiel said sadly.

The master then began to slap at Sam’s bottom. Sam looked around the room utterly confused. Was this supposed to hurt?

This was too strange. Sam jerked and twisted under Castiel’s hands, but the slaps still came rhythmically slow… It seemed like ten minutes had past. It did not matter how hard Sam pulled at the chair or pushed at the ground. Awe man! This was turning him on. Damnit. Baseball. Pancakes. Anything.

Castiel stopped. He pulled Sam to his feet, pulling up the man’s pants and looking into the quivering mess Sam had become. Sam gasped. His face was bright red and he could not think straight.

Castiel stood speechless in his white pressed shirt and rumpled grey pants. He looked hard up into the slave’s green eyes.

Back in Gabriel’s Room

Bobby’s head spun as he looked up into the skylight. The intricate pieces, expertly pieced together, cascading light and shade in every direction. The bevels of the glass reflecting small
rainbows around the room.

Gabriel worked his mouth down the long stretch of muscles and as Bobby tried desperately to keep from moaning. His arms pulling hard against his ankles. Maybe he could have bargained to get the cuff unlatched. Not in the cards now, he thought as he squirmed around, pulling his shoulders and legs as he watched the blond head feed into one the rings.

Bobby closed his eyes and let out a cry he had been holding back. The master purred into ring at the sound, causing Bobby to lose his breathe again.

Gabriel took a knuckle to the soft pucker of flesh and pushed inward; causing Bobby’s big blue eyes to fly open in shock. Then they shut again as Gabe rubbed gently up and down. Bobby nodded his head in time.

“Simply beautiful,” Gabriel said as he moved sculpted lips to graze and tease at Bobby’s cock. Until an audible choke filled the room, as his slave jolted against the bounds again.

Gabriel moved between Bobby’s legs. Wrapping his arms around his captive’s thighs and snaking his hands up, grabbing the rings as he took Bobby’s cock entirely into his mouth. Gently nodding his chin as Bobby’s head ground into the pillow, his mouth dropping open.

Gabriel smiled gleefully his lips curling slightly tighter around the cock nestled in his mouth. Gabe so pleased as he watched the man reach a foreign state of ecstasy.

Bobby, beautifully laid out before him, Gabe delighted in making his handsome puppet dance a dance of perfect rhapsody before his eyes. The state of bliss he achieved, intoxicating to his master.

Gabe smiled. His boy was so close. The master moved his chin up and down harder, sucking gently. Drool escaped Bobby’s lips as his face locked and his toes curled hard, his legs tensed and shook. Bobby howled in intervals as Gabriel sucked deeper and deeper, pulling harder and harder. Bobby sang an even “Ahhhhhh” as he finally met a release.

Gabriel hummed in satisfaction as he pulled the man onto his chest. Bobby snuggled deeply euphoric as warm tide flooded over him. He fell into a blissful sleep.

When Bobby woke up, he found himself tucked in next to the master who carded through a book in Enochian. Some kind of play if Bobby’s college Enochian still held. The warmth still remained but something still did not feel right.

“Gabriel, what is your goal with all this?” Bobby asked pulling back from the nest of pillow below him.

Gabe but down his book and rolled on his side to face the man. He smiled as pet the man’s hair.

“I do not understand,” Gabe said watching himself finger the sweaty curls on Bobby’s forehead.

“I am no spring chicken. What the hell are you grooming me for?” Bobby asked, fully aware of what he was accusing Gabriel of.

“Explain, beloved,” Gabriel said with a slight smile as he kissed the man’s fore head and pulled back to look him in the eyes.

“What is the next step? You cannot just want to give me hand jobs and blow me for the rest of my
“You feel like a young thing I am easing into my clutches, so I can take your maidenhead without force… You are really hilarious!” Gabe said with an easy laugh.

“So you don’t want my maidenhead?” Bobby said the last word slowly and with distaste.

“If you are willing to give it, Bobby I am not lacking in sex…” Gabe laughed almost heartily. A spark flew into Bobby’s eyes. “So that’s what you meant? Before? Who are these ‘others’?” Bobby asked curiously.

Gabriel smiled, pulling his head back, “You caught that my prince,” Gabe snorted, “No one, really. Just a few friends, some of the other slaves, your tutor, and a few more along the West Coast answered my call. I did not even announce anything to the Eastern Seaboard. But thirty texts…” Gabriel said scrolling a finger down his phone.

Bobby’s eyes got very big, “What? Slaves here?”

“Well, yes. I have obligations… Joyce, Ester, and Carl on the very, very rare occasion…” Gabe said blankly.

“You are sleeping with that many people?” Bobby asked, smiling and shocked. “Wait, Joyce Blacker? Ester… from the kitchen… Ester?”

“Well you were very prodigious in your ability to service the women at the Manor but you did not take a shine to Joyce or Ester… And Carl… well he has needs… I cannot very well bring in prostitutes…” Gabriel explained as if the answer was blatantly clear.

“You’re insane… How much sex do you have? Why the fuck do you need me?” Bobby asked, his mind near broken. What the fuck? How did he not know? He did wonder how the Gabriel had gotten Joyce so loyal… Carl?

“Bobby, I told you. I just like having a human to love. To share things with… Now you know why Derek was always so happy. I kept the boy very satisfied…” Gabriel said smiling into Bobby’s eyes.

“Did you fuck him?” Bobby asked with a sour face.

“Yes, of course. He fucked me too. What kind of question is that?” Gabriel asked almost offended.

“Bobby felt like Sam. His eyes started to blink uncontrollably.


“She’s a little minx… I enjoy her very much, she is a very generous lover, Bobby…” Gabe said with a far off look in his eyes.

“I don’t want to know that… Wait why even have a Favorite? If I am not here for sex, what am I here for?”

“Bobby… I adore you. I like having your around. You are very impressive. I want to show you off, and you are so beautiful when you cum so hard…” Gabe said smiling into Bobby’s eyes.

“And Gregory? You had that freak beat us, why?” Bobby asked more aggressively.

Gabriel rolled his eyes. “I told him not to beat you. And I had you trained… You are a slave, boy.
Gabriel rolled his eyes. "I told him not to beat you. And I had you trained… You are a slave, boy. Unpardonable crime? Yes, yes… I know. You should have gotten off on self-defense, but you did kill your father. I met him to be certain. Hell was made for that man, but you killed a man in cold blood, the man who gave you life.

“Besides all of that, you are mine. I want you trained. You are have not had a real test yet boy. You have not met my family. You have only met Lucifer. And not after you marks. They are going to be very curious. You are going to need to be very strong…”

“Why? Why are you doing all of this?” Bobby motioned with his hands to the bed.

“Because you like it…” Gabriel answered as if the answer was obvious.

“What are you talking about? This is nuts! I am straight Gabriel,” Bobby protested.

“Bobby. I am an angel. We do not have a sex. If you would like me to be a woman, you just need ask. I mean, after tonight it will be awhile before I can transform easily but you should talk to me,” Gabriel said with puzzled smile. “Is that why your rejected me?”

“I rejected you because… this is nuts. That’s why. You forced me into all this. You cut me off from my friends, took away my job, pierced and burned me, you caged my dick, you beat me, and you had me ‘trained’ against my will. That. That is why I rejected you and I have no interest in you,” Bobby said straightly.

Gabriel’s lips started to twitch. He took a long hard glare at Bobby, who swallowed audibly.

That look. That was a dangerous look. Holy crap, when was he going to learn to not piss this guy off?

Gabriel’s crystal blue eyes now locked in equal irritation and disdain.

“I have no time for this nonsense. I see that when I recover, we are clearly going to have to work on this attitude of yours. For now, I have to leave you. Be a good boy and close the door after you have… whatever. Let’s not make this…” Gabriel waved his hand absently, turning to leave quickly.

He paused and turned back around.

“Wait for me in the Music Room in about one hour. And go clean yourself up. You smell like a whore,” the master said showing teeth as he slammed his door.

As the door closed, Bobby was certain of a few things. First, he had definitely pissed off the master again and that was terrifying. Second? His cage was back.

Chapter End Notes

Sam was angry. He does not believe children or women should be spanked. Really don’t spank your kids. They will probably end up writing terrible fanfiction.

Treat them like people and not children. Be a mentor and manager not a dictator. You'll have a relationship not a fight for control. Don't tell them personal stuff. They don't want to know yours and you definitely don't want to know theirs.
End of my rant.

Really had fun writing this chapter! Hope you enjoyed it :)
Castiel and Sam stared at one another for a long time.

Sam bit at his lip. His green eyes fierce and angry.

Castiel glared back. Determined to keep control. Sam began to clench and unclench his fists. His lip snarling slightly. His head fuzzy and warm. Something primal took hold and he could not think any longer. His switch had flipped and he could not think until he had his mouth on that man, now.

Castiel narrowed his eyes, unsure of his own intentions. He shook his head slightly to regain some sanity. He swelled as looked into those fierce eyes. Castiel had released a monster from its cage and he was about to deal with the imminent fallout. A tinge of fear crept into his brain as he watched the gears turn over in his new lover’s mind. His breath hitched as he inhaled, feeling the anticipation crawl up his spine and filling an unfamiliar space. Castiel knew his power. He demonstrated his power, it had no effect on the young man. Sam’s fire was stoked to life and blown into a raging inferno. Castiel was in for it. More than that? He knew it.

His slave defied his master, grabbing a full-fisted hunk of his thick hair, yanking Castiel’s head to his shoulder. The angel winced and cried in response as the boy bit and sucked at the long line along his angelic neck, his taste tangy and bitter.

Sam’s head swam with violence and aggression. Feelings that he thought had long died. But this. This perfect being could handle it. Could take the growing fight and years of rolling over, apologizing, prostrating, peacekeeping, and demoralizing anguish and submission. Castiel could take it.

Sam took his powerful human arms and tore at the starch white handmade shirt Castiel always wore. Grabbing the two pieces, he ripping the shirt open, Sam did not even feel the tension, his hands numb and pain not sensible. Buttons flew everywhere, revealing a defined chest that heaved heavily and rapidly. Sam saw Castiel’s face had paled. The angel's senses on high alert as his cock fought its own fight, pulsing and hardening.

Sam fought the clothing, carelessly tearing and tossing the detritus to side as his gripped and shoved the angel. Sam noticing no small amount of fear in his master's eyes. The master who quaked and quivered under his command. Sam towered over him, beautiful long, sun-kissed and steady. So beautiful. This creature had transformed into something Godlike in his power. Castiel valued his control like he valued his life and somehow, somehow he was handing it over to this insatiable, irresistible human. He began a low and steady pant as Sam bullied him over to the
immaculate bed. Pushing and knocking Castiel with his legs and chest. Then forcing the angel head long into crisp and straightened sheets as they crumbled below his weight.

Sam’s huge hands grabbing him firmly. Working him hard and rough, stroking him as his blue eyes fluttered and a groan escaped his lips. Sam’s mouth desperately sucking licking biting into his neck as Castiel began to feel unsteady even as he lay flat. Castiel felt the cool of the rings on the man’s nose and neck. Castiel cooed and whimpered unsure of what he feeling but lost in its intensity. Sam pulled back, pushing the angel on his stomach. Castiel shaking with fear and lust, he could not think straight as Sam drug his nails down the man’s back to the small dip of his ass.

Sam held him down with one hand carefully place on the small of the angel’s back as he fussed with the nightstand drawer, finding a very new unused bottle of lubricant. A knowing smile crossed his lips.

Their first encounter had been so gentle, so easy and soft. Nothing about this was going to be soft, gentle or easy. The tall man bit his lip and looked over his quivering mate.

Sam rubbed generous amounts of lube on his fingers, looking at the long digits with a slight smile. Through nervousness or habit, his nails where short and neat. Sam slipped a finger into Castiel, inching his finger in small swirls as the angel opened his mouth and bit the bedding beneath him. Rounding his turns in small circles, twirling his finger easily as generous cries of pleasure poured from the full lips of his master.

Sam pulled his hand off Castiel’s back, stroking himself to stone-like hardness, removing his fingers and jolting his hips in very short even strokes, inching his way, millimeter by millimeter into his waiting lover. Filling him so slowly it was maddening.

Castiel gasped, throwing his head up and letting it fall back down.

Castiel heard the tortured grunt of the man above him. Sam was so close it sent shivers down Castiel’s spine. The angel moaned again, swallowing hard, knowing his throat would be raw from the cries if he had been human. Now, the dull pain just reminded him just how much ecstasy he found himself wrapped in.

Sam eased Castiel forward, clumsily guiding him further onto the bed and setting his hips higher, placing him on all fours. Pulling out slowly, just so Sam could tap the sweet pucker with the head to send jolts of electricity up through the angel’s body, forcing Castiel to buck his hips in time. Sam entered him with the tiniest jerks, working his way in as Castiel licked his lips and bit at the air, his lips tingling.

Sam loomed high above him, the light casting noticeable shadows as Castiel felt the powerful presence. He quiver and shook, his breath hitching as Sam began to run large hands over his body pulling and squeezing with every pulse. Castiel felt the hands run down his sides and land on his hips. Sam lingered there, then arched his back to bit at firm back muscles as he grabbed hold of Castiel’s cock. Measuring his strokes and thrusts, Castiel’s groans joining the rhythmic melody.

Castiel felt Sam losing it. The human’s breath more labored and jagged. Sam started to make his own coos and groans, Castiel tightened so close, so very close. His mind reset and he howled an unearthly howl as Sam lost his control and bucking wildly until both men meet a tortured release.
Castiel spun around, grabbed Sam’s face and kissed the sweat from his brow, the taste so intoxicating and bitter. Castiel melted as Sam pet the angel as he nestled deep in to Sam’s chest. Angel’s do not require sleep. Nevertheless, this one was closed his eyes on his lover’s chest and slumbered contently.

Sam pulled himself from sleep. He rubbed his eyes, blurry and happy. He looked down and ran his fingers through Castiel’s hair. That. What just happened there? Was like nothing he had ever experienced. Beautiful and perfect, the power and control invigorating. He looked down at the sleeping angel. Skin so perfect and thick. Hair so thick, wild and moist. Sam could live here. Right here.

Until he remembered, he couldn’t. Sam felt the thick ring on his nose, and worried at the ring on his upper ear. His collar lay on the floor somewhere but it would need to put back on. It would be on when they woke up Dean.

Sam had fought so hard against the torture of the detention center. He refused to give up any information on Dean. That was useless now. Dean was a freeman. Sam had taken the fall for them both. It was fitting, Sam supposed. It was Sam turn to take a stint in Hell. Accept this was no private Hell. This was going to be humiliating and awful. More so if Castiel decided Sam needed a spanking in front of his brother.

Sam shifted. No longer wanting to be close. He felt sick again. He shimmied himself out from under Castiel, letting the angel’s head fall to the bed.

Castiel aroused, looked over at Sam with dreamy half closed eyes.

“You are so very beautiful,” he said evenly as pulled an elbow to rest his head so he could gaze at man who gave him so much pleasure and warmth before.

Sam looked over to him with cold eyes, “Castiel, we have to talk about this…”

“What would you like to talk about?” Castiel said still warm and fuzzy.

“What the hell is going? What are we going to do about this?” Sam demanded, his anger rising.

Castiel pulled up one of his cheeks, squinting one eye. “What is there to do?”

“Gabriel is going to bring Dean out of stasis soon. We need to talk about what the hell is going on,” Sam said firmly.

“There is nothing to discuss,” Castiel said plainly.

“Are you going to spank me in front of my brother, Castiel? Because I want an answer to that question…” Sam asked animated and livid.

“I should not need to punish you publically,” Castiel said frankly. “From what Gabe said, your spanking should make you inclined to obey. Do you require me to do it again?” Castiel asked tilting his own chin, mirroring Sam’s pose.

Sam shuttered a little, remembering how it easy it was for the angel to take him down. The slave pulled his chin down and shook head slowly from left to right, keeping his eyes on the angel, grinding his teeth a little.

“I regret I had to do that,” Castiel said as he looked to Sam’s eyes.
“I do not wish to embarrass you in front of your brother, but if my family is present I cannot say I will not. The archangels have greater strength than I and Gabriel will not be at full power for quite some time after the spell,” Castiel shifted his glance to the far corner of his chambers, bringing his eyes back to say at the last syllable.

“I care for you Sam. I hope you learn to see that, but first, you must behave. I do not wish to inflict Obedience school on you…” Castiel said with distaste.

Sam made a face, “That’s not necessary. This is just very confusing Castiel,” Sam sighed, already tired, “One minute you are telling me I am the valuable thing you have ever had in your grasp and the next you are treating me like a damn dog. Castiel, I know how to sit, stay, roll over… whatever. I just don’t want to be treated like a toy in front of my only family by someone who is feeding me lies to get in my pants.”

Sam surprised himself. His own honesty a shock to him as well Castiel.

Castiel took the insult better, “I would not and have not lied to you, Sam.”

“If you are so happy to tell to the truth, then tell me what this is. Castiel, I can be your slave. Shit, I have been training for months to learn it. I have it down by now. With all of that, I do not want to be mind fucked as well as being literally fucked. You understand?”

“I did not mean to deceive you. If you don’t want to be with me, I will respect that,” the angel looked at the boy sadly, rejection painted clearly in eyes.

There was a lengthy pause.

“You are, you know.”

“What?” Sam asked, still irritated and angry.

“The most precious thing I have ever seen let alone touched. I did not lie to you,” the angel said stiffening his shoulders.

Sam closed his eyes and rubbed his head, “How is this supposed to work, Castiel?” he asked wearily.

Castiel drew a long inhale, pulling himself further away from his lover. “The text suggests, compliance is most important in public. That is when I will require you to follow my instructions precisely. Should you disobey, I will punish you in my chambers…”

“And just what are you going to ‘require’ me to do?” Sam asked curling his fingers in to quote marks.

“This tone you are using is not one of respect, Sam,” Castiel said lifting his chin.

Sam’s eyes hardened.

“This slave is confused about the directions given to him,” Sam said pressing his lips.

Castiel snapped his finger, producing the black book once again. He showed Sam the page with the hand signals.

“I do not think my instructions will be too complex for you. You are very intelligent,” Castiel said blankly. “Will you obey me, Sam?” Castiel probed, doubting the boy’s inclination.
Sam scratched his head a little. He looked back at the diagrams, touching the page, finally nodding his head.

“I can do that Castiel. I just don’t want Dean or anyone else to know what we do together…”

“Are you embarrassed of me Sam?” Castiel asked seriously.

“No! No, it’s just some things are private Castiel. I’d like to break it to Dean myself,” Sam said gently.

“I understand,” Castiel said, looking off into the skylight with a sigh, “Sam, I will treat you with respect, because I respect you.”

He sniffed a little, trying not to look at Sam.

Sam exhaled and rolled his neck. “Castiel, dude. Come here,” the taller man said opening a welcome set of arms.

Castei sniffed and fell into him once again.

Chapter End Notes

That was seriously my first attempt at writing male sex. I watched some videos which was interesting and super hot. As someone unfamiliar with porn, it is so crazy the collective voyeurism in our culture. It's crazy delicious. Even more so that I do not have actively participate.

Intimate gay sex is seriously like watching an emotional work of art. Okay, TMI. Have another chapter coming up tomorrow. This one was late. Hope you enjoyed it. Seriously, this is so much fun it's shameful.
Welcome Home

Chapter Notes

Did I say tomorrow?

My humble apologies, hope you enjoy. Love to you all.

A dark storm cloud over took the massive skylight Bobby was staring into. The room always felt so much colder when Gabriel left. Probably because the angel was a goddamn furnace. Bobby kicked at the sheets of Gabriel’s bed. His head swam, drowned more than likely as the light slowly faded out the room. Well. Singer, you’ve gone and poked the damn bear. Not much left to do but wait and deal with aftermath.

Bobby pulled himself from the overly expensive bedding, down from the overly ornate bed and onto the pristine hardwood floor. A floor that should bear marks of three-toed beast with massive talons. Trudging heavily over to the familiar bathroom. Bobby scowled with metered defiance. Well, he sure as fuck did not have orders and was not going to scrub anything or flush anything out.

The sweaty man filed into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him. Feeling the tinge of fear that came along with each subtle act of disobedience to the master. The same feeling he used to get by ‘forgetting’ his manners, ‘forgetting’ his place, ‘failing’ to clean his room or ‘neglecting’ his nails back in that stuffy farmhouse in South Dakota.

Consistency was not one of Ed Singer’s strong points. These tiny acts could amount to a laugh and playful jab or a full on rage that ended with Bobby curled up in his room, nursing his wounds, wondering why he could not force himself to obey all the time. Wondering what made him fight a fight he was so obviously going to lose, over and over and over again.

Bobby could never see it was this defiance. His willful disobedience that made him who he was. He was not build to bare the yolk of obedience. Ed Singer in his foggy sick alcohol addled brain was trying to get him ready for a life of ‘Yes, Sir!’ and ‘No, Sir!’ What he could not see was his boy was destine to lead not follow. Old Ed’s belt and boot did taught the boy little more than to hate himself.

History repeats itself in no small way. If we are lucky we find someone safe to replay old wounds, like a sick joke waiting for a punchline. We fight to change our little world in a small way, gain control in a bigger way. If we are unlucky, the play repeats itself on a grander scale with larger consequences straining us until nothing is left but the pain and destruction.
Bobby twisted the nob as far as it could go. Hot water piped down his body. His skin reddening under the assault. His hissed slightly in pain, but kept himself there, the sting reminding him he was still alive. Still safe in the short term.

After some time had passed, Bobby readied himself. For what, he was still unsure. He pulled on the soft flowing clothes and tied his boots. Gabriel had not taken those away. He felt more solid in them. Steady and confident. They were his and he had earned them. He was going to have a few choice words if the firm leather boots where taken.

Bobby opened the door to the music room slowly. He poked his head into the door and saw the master, chewing at his knuckles as he stared into the fireplace, uninterested in the slave easing his way into the room. This room felt much colder.

Gabriel barely lifted his head and pointed two fingers to the ground, then began to snap impatiently. Bobby understood and kneeled at his master’s feet. Gabriel winced and made a quick swipe of his finger. The command for turn around. Bobby complied quickly, eager to please, his guilt measuring his actions.

Gabriel sighed, using both hand to yank Bobby’s back against the sofa. Bobby winced as the fingers pinched hard. Bobby immediately started scooting his body on the plush carpet toward the couch quickly. Gabe relaxed and used a hand to run his fingers threw and pet Bobby’s unruly hair. Bobby’s body tensed below him. Like a goddamn lap dog, he thought as he grit his teeth. Be a good boy, Singer, it is better for everyone.

The room Gabriel chose was stunning. The master had spent time arranging the scene for Dean’s arrival. The archangel chose one of his favorites, the music room, to welcome the savior to his new home, for the time being. A baby grand piano set in the back of the room was the reason for the room’s title. Everything else in the room suggested it was more a rumpus room.

The décor should have contradicted itself but held its own in flare. A definite marriage of 1970’s and 1870’s décor. Great orange stylized orange lamps mixed in with oversized leather furniture and dark woods gave the room a feeling of warmth inside a dark forest. A few jungle painting by Rousseau graced the grey-green walls.

Gabriel had set out whiskey and bottles of artisan beer for his guest in an ornate silver bowl. Castiel stiffly filed in, giving his slave the command to mimic Bobby’s stance. Castiel fiddled with the arm of the leather chair, bracing for some kind of action. Sam, dressed in back, tried to meditate by his side, trying to ease his anxiety by feeling the warmth of the master beside him.

Gabriel knew the shock of his brother’s new position was sure to upset Dean, but these things were necessary to grasp. Especially if he was going to take in the full gravity of the situation at hand. Which was, Lucifer had struck a deal with Sam and Dean needed to have protection from it. The terms of said protection were also going be exceedingly difficult for the human to deal with.

Dean was blinked by Gabriel into the room shortly after Castiel had settled in.

Dean squinted his eyes slowly adjusting to the change in light.

“What the fuck is going on? Am I under arrest?” Dean said startled, unaware that, in fact, four
hours had past.

“No Dean, we have a lot to tell you, please take a seat and relax. Hopefully this will all make more sense when we are done,” Gabe said attempting his more reassuring tone.

“Sure, sure,” Dean said rolling his shoulders and casing the place out, noticing doors and the giant windows covered by great lengths of fabric. “I’d sure feel more comfortable is Sammy could at least be allowed on the furniture…” Dean said with a smirk, looking at Gabriel.

Sam looked up to Castiel, who waited for his brother. “Smart,” Gabriel thought. “He’s discovered the power dynamic in a few seconds.”

Gabriel smiled and leaned back in the leather sofa. “Go on, Sam. Join your brother, for now.”

As Sam got up, Dean turned to Gabriel.

“You must be Gabriel. Heard a lot about you. Heard you lock your little minions up so tight they never see the light of day outside your land. Why is that? Too much of the good torture? Or the bad torture?” Dean asked putting his hands on his thighs and leaning back into the sofa.

“I protect my people, Dean. I protect them from you and everyone else who designs on them. I have many enemies. I hope that I am not meeting one of now…” Gabriel said with a smirk

“Yeah, okay. The good kind of torture. Why the hell am I here?” Dean said raising his eyebrows and smacking his lips.

“You see Dean, we have gotten you in a bit of trouble that we are going to need to get you out of…” Gabriel began.

Dean was already examining the bottles of beer, handing one to his brother, who again looked to Castiel. Castiel gave a curt nod and Sam proceeded to open the bottle.

“Would you care for one as well?” Gabe asked politely.

“Don’t drink.” Dean said casually.

Gabe nodded and with a wave of his hand, an identical silver bowl of artisan soda appeared, along with a glass bottle of water.

Dean grabbed the water, taking a drink and staring at the host who seemed to wield the most power in the room.

Gabriel kept his smile. “It seems Castiel and Samuel have gotten you in a fair amount of trouble…”

Dean’s posture dropped as he rubbed his head. He looked over to Sam and mouthed, “What the fuck did you do now?” Dean’s fists now curled in fist. His hands began to shake. He had not been this angry in forever. Not since he found out Sammy was bedding down with Ruby and lapping up demon blood.

Sam tensed as looked over at his brother helplessly, his eyes beginning to fighting tears.

Gabriel scoffed at the drama. “Castiel, please tell Dean what happened.”
Castiel glared at his brother. “Fine. Gabriel decided that Sam would be safer if he was my Chosen and…”

Dean cut him off. “Wait I know what that means… Sammy is your… What? Your wife?” Dean asked gruffly, confused and slightly amused.

“No… It just means that no other angel can touch him, without my permission.”

“So… You? You are bad touching my little brother? Why? Because we asked you a few questions? What the fuck is your problem?” Dean said pulling to his feet, his chest puffed out as he stared down the angel.

Castiel narrowed his eyes, sneering back at Dean in protest. “No, Lilith was after his blood. So, I claimed him so he would be protected…”

“So, you’re not touching my little brother in the bad places?” Dean asked still angry.

Castiel looked around the room and to Gabe.

“Children! Yes. Yes, they are having sex. Consensually. Can we move on?” Gabriel asked impatiently.

“Oh my God! I do not need to know this!” Dean shouted falling back into his seat as he threw his hands in the air, then slapping them on his lap belligerently.

“Well Sam did not seem very receptive to me in the beginning, so I went to my older brother,” Castiel began.

“That asshole over there?” Dean asked pointing to Gabriel, who smirked back.

“No. My other older brother… The one you have met before…” Castiel’s voice dropping off.

“You’re kidding me? Lucifer? You seriously asked Lucifer? Satan? To help make my brother be more ‘receptive’ to you?” Dean asked irate.

“I said the same thing,” Gabriel said looking off into a painting with smile.

“He’s my brother!” Castiel protested.

Dean threw his head back against the couch. “What, if anything does this have to do with me?”

“Lucifer threatened to hurt you if Sam did not make Castiel happy,” Gabriel said plainly.

“So? He looks fucking happy. He’s fucking my damn brother, so why the fuck am I here?” Dean asked glaring at Sam.

“It’s not that simple,” Gabriel, sighed.

“What? You want me to start bedding Michael or some other damn freak to keep myself safe from a bigger freak? No. No, thank you. Am I under arrest or something because no one has read me any rights.” Dean cocked his head to the side in a smile.

“Dean,” Gabriel began slowly, “Castiel has removed the charges against you. You are a freeman. What we would like to discuss, is a mark of protection. It is the only way we can guarantee your safety against Lucifer…”

“What kind of mark? Like a tattoo? Already have one,” Dean glared back.
“A bit more elaborate… Sam and Bobby? I need you to go back to your rooms, immediately. You can see Dean at dinner in a few hours,” Gabriel commanded. The men immediately got up and walked toward the door.

“Wait! Sammy. Wait,” Dean said getting up. “Hey, why do you want to keep me safe and why the hell did you not drop the charges against Sam?”

“I cannot,” Castiel said.

“He’s quite right. Someone needed to take the blame for Castiel’s condition. Michael would never allow a deed like that to go unpunished. Now, we would need full clearance from the council. And really no one has ever gotten that,” Gabe explained. “Now, Sam? You really must go. This is not going to be pretty… But it will ensure your brother’s safe.”

Sam looked at his brother sadly and left the room.

“No! Sam!” Dean shouted but got no response. His pulse quickened. Goddamn it, he thought as his voice grew, “Sammy! Back me up! That’s a goddamn order you son of bitch!” Dean was edging on full blown panic, looking around the room like a frightened animal.
There was a deadening silence after Sam left the room. The air was crisp, filling with electricity. The angels barely moved. No flinching, breathing, their gaze fixed. Gabriel rose slowly. His crisp dark blue suit and pale tie unfolding flawlessly as he rose to his feet.

Dean knew this was trap. Goddamn it, he had to get out there. Why the hell did these assholes not have any knick-knacks? Dean scanned the room again. Candlestick? Fire-poker? Ming vase? Fucking nothing.

Dean squinted hard at Gabriel. Stupid big blond angel. Stupid high cheek bones, flawless skin and perfect teeth bastard. The angel’s crystal blue eyes hardened. Narrowed and serious. No trace of a smirk left on his smug face. Now? Just determined and terrifying.

Gabriel walked slowly toward Dean. One of his palms held out, as if he was approaching a feral animal. Smiling gently with a joker like expression.

Dean gained his composure, backing away slowly, raising both his hands.

“I do not consent to this mark or whatever sick shit you got planned. Dude. Leave me alone before this gets messy,” Dean said evenly.

Gabriel held up his hand. “Calm,” he said evenly in his archangel voice.

The voice so deep it rattled everything inside the man not attached at the seams. Then, as if by magic, every muscle in Dean’s body relaxed and stopped. Still possessing some control over his eyes, they darted frantically around the room.

“Dean, I owe you so much. This is the very least I can give you,” Gabriel said with a deeper sincerity.

Dean’s lips snarled and his eyes searched for some way out but he saw none. Sammy had left him. The angel had paralyzed him. Now, Gabriel and Castiel approached him slowly. Jesus, almost reverently…

“I regret very much that this will probably be the greatest pain you will feel on this Earth,” Gabriel
pulled a glowing blade from his back, setting it down on the mahogany coffee table.

Almost instantly, his wings freed themselves and stretched outwardly. The beautiful feathers unfolding and casting a dull glowing light around them. He closed his eyes and rolled his neck as they fluttered effortlessly behind him. Castiel followed suit and the jet-black wings unfurled with similar desires. Castiel dipped his neck and flapped them gently in a steady rhythm.

Gabriel pressed his lips as he approached Dean. He grabbed the shirt Dean was wearing, a faded Metallica shirt, tearing the thing strait down the middle. Hey, fucker! That was his favorite shirt! Dean tried to throw as much hate as he could at the angels as he could but nothing deterred them from their mission.

The hunter felt the sting of modesty, as he never had before. His muscled chest twitched as a blush made its way across his face. Damn he was showing less skin than he would at any public beach, but this was different. He watched the glowing blue blade as the angels seemed to keep their eyes on each other.

Gabriel grabbed the giant blade, and used the tip to pierce the palm of his left hand with an obvious wince of pain. He turned to his brother, the spell required two. Castiel looked Dean in the eye as he allowed Gabriel to open his palm. Both brothers began to chant in Enochian. Their voices impossibly deep and inhuman. The tock and clicking so loud Dean would cover his ears if he had use of his hands. The voices grew…

The archangel inched closer and closer to the terrified man. Dean stopped caring for his shirt and now just feared for his life. The blade shown with sharp blue and it heading straight for him. Gabriel rested his blade, its tip over Dean’s heart, beating furiously in his chest.

Gabriel looked to Castiel who nodded back. Yes, this was necessary and right. Gabriel nodded back and plunged the blade deep enough to pierce Dean’s heart. Gabriel withdrew the blade, throwing it carelessly to the floor as both he and Castiel placed both their bloody palms on top of Dean’s wound. As the blood and grace eased and filled his body, Dean regained control of his faculties. Then, from the strain of the pain, his legs gave out, collapsing boneless onto the floor.

Dean lay helpless on the floor. The turmoil boiling inside him as his body twitched. Finally, Dean gained the strength to convey his deep suffering, screaming violently with everything he had. It felt as if every cell in his body was on fire and burning their neighbors, creating a raging inferno deep in his body.

Sam raced back to the room only to have Gabriel use a hand to toss the boy like a ragdoll into a grey green wall, hard enough to knock him unconscious. Dean continued to scream and howl for what seemed like hours. He writhed on the floor, yanking out hunks of hair, kicking his feet manically. Tear welling falling as his voice raged against the pain.

Then as if by magic or some unseen force, all the pain dissipated. It was as if there was a clear delineation from where the pain started and then just stopped. Dean coughed, expecting his throat to be sore and horse from screams. Nothing came. Dean scowled at Gabriel who was sprawled out exhausted on the sofa. The blade put away as had the angels’ wings. Dean searched for Castiel but did not see any sign.

Dean blinked rubbing his eyes. “Hey! What the fuck was that? What did you do to me?” he said growling.

“A protection spell. Very intricate, very dangerous,” Gabriel said weakly, softly.

“Dude. That rivaled a torture session in hell. Fuck,” Dean said shaking his hands. “Where did the
“Castiel is exhausted. The spell we did will render him unconscious for at least a week. Probably more. How do you feel?” Gabriel asked concerned.

Dean examined the archangel. He looked oddly human. His hair was everywhere, his cheeks were shallow, and dark circles lined his blue eyes. Gabriel managed to give the young man a partial smile.

“I feel… really good,” Dean said as he flexed his muscles, staring at his sculpted body like it was brand new, “Seriously this is crazy. I feel like I could run a freaking marathon… Really, what the hell did you do to me?”

“The only protection spell I know. The spell that takes so much Grace I had to call as Zachariah to stay a few weeks. You are feeling the effects of the Grace. As for me? I do not know when I will be up to full power… or if I ever will be. Here. Here is your t-shirt,” Gabe threw the cotton wad at his guest, “You looked angry that I destroyed it. I did not think explaining the process would bring any solace so I did not. I hope you forgive us and see this as what it is. A small offering for what is owed.”

Dean caught the shirt, examining it and then pulling it over his body with a smile. Then Dean scanned the room and seeing his brother passed out on the floor in a broken heap.

“Oh my god! Sammy!” He cried as he rushed over to the limp body. Thank God, there was a pulse.

Gabe shook his overgrown blond locks as he looked at Sam on the floor.

Zachariah pushed open the door, seeing the boy and running over to him.

Zach cradled the boy’s head and touched his forehead gently, placing a kiss where his finger had released the Grace. The older angel looked to Dean and pulled back with a grimace. “What the hell is he doing here? You get another love slave, Gabe?”

“Zach… I am too tired,” Gabriel said weakly, “And no. No, Zach. Dean is not my slave and never will be. He may have been a renegade in your universe, but in this one, he is our savior. According the Angel tablets, Dean prevented a civil war and mass extinction of our kind.”

Zachariah huffed a laugh. “By doing what? Banging girls, drinking till he passes out, or wearing flannel? Your Metatron has a serious deficiency if you think this waste of flesh would save anyone but himself or Sammy, here,” Zach said pointing to Sam.

“Hey, shut the fuck up! And who the fuck are you? I don’t drink. And you?” Dean shot a look to Zachariah, “You, don’t call him that! And yeah, what fuck did I do?” Dean asked Gabriel.

“Dean, because the seals were not broken, because you attended to your brother when he needed you most, because of your sacrifice, angels did not turn on one another, a civil war was avoided.”

Gabe said softly, as he laid on the couch rubbing circles into his temples.

Sam slowly opened his eyes, smiling. “Dean, Zach?”

“See? He asked me to call him that…” Zach said pulling up the side of his cheek, smiling archly at the hunter. Dean caught the glare. Knew that look.

“Damnit Sammy! How many angels did you bed? Seriously? Demons and Angels? Pick a damn
“Come on!” Dean said through his teeth, shaking his head.

“Shut up, Jerk,” Sam said sheepishly looking to the floor, as he rubbed the back of his head.

“Do not think you are getting out of a talk Sam.” Dean said with a stern glare, looking down on his little brother as he stood up.

Dean stretched his arms with a yawn. “Well this has been real. But Sam and I really need to get going so… Can anyone blink us back to my car? Hopefully it’s still in Tulsa.”

Gabriel frowned. “Dean, I am very sorry boy, but you are not ready. It is going to take some time for the spell to work. Until then I took the liberty and mark you with a sigil. And Sam? Sam is still Castiel’s. I do not know any spells to undue that mark, Dean.”

“Dude, I need my car. And I need to be in Jersey next week, I am helping Mel with a shifter case. Some Broadway dancers have gone missing. A few were acting strangely a few weeks before they disappeared. I know you don’t understand or care about human beings… but it’s my job to save them. So you are going to let me go,” Dean said firmly.

“I am sorry. You will need to remain in the manor for at least a few months. There is no way around it. You will be too vulnerable. My sacrifice will not be in vain. You will remain here until the spell is complete,” Gabriel said with firmness even Dean had pause to rival.

“And how long will that be? Look. This is ridiculous! She needs back up. Who the hell is going to help her? If I am not a prisoner or a slave, I should be able to leave. This is illegal,” Dean as if he just asked a detective for his lawyer.

“I am the law. I am an Archangel,” Gabriel reminded him with a forced smile.

Dean exhaled. He looked around and huffed. There was no talking this guy out of this. “So what am I going to do for the next… how long?… at your,” Dean waved his hands around, gesturing at the room, “this. How big is this here?”

“The manor is forty acres. That should give you enough space with which to run around. Sam can show you around. You will obviously stay in the main house. Dinner should be served in an hour. You and Sam should sample our cuisine. I will contact someone about helping your friend… Mel? Please give me his information.”

“Mel is actually Melissa Young,” Dean scrawled her number on receipt he found shoved in his pocket.

“I will contact some friends in New York. I will also work to retrieve your vehicle. Now, I need you to take care of yourself for a while. I cannot argue with you anymore. If you wish to leave, feel free to try but it will be a good year or two for me to recover enough to put you back together. Now go. Feed yourself and get some rest. You are going to need it,” Gabriel closed his eyes and did not open them.

Archangel’s do not pass out. Zachariah looked obviously shaken.

“Get out, the two of you!” Zachariah shouted, rushing to his brother’s side.

Sam’s eye widened as he jumped to his feet, pulling Dean by the back of his t-shirt.
“Yeah, you should really obey the Angels, Dean. The consequences are pretty harsh.” Sam said smiling at his brother, who looked a little dazed as they walked down the long hallway to the kitchen.

Dean paused, pushing Sam to a halt.

“Sam, oh my God! I have been looking all over creation for you! Why the hell didn’t you call, you sonofabitch?” Dean asked wrapping his arms around his brother.

“Didn’t want to give away your position and Dude! I am a slave. They don’t hand out iPhones to the help,” Sam said with a shake of the head.

“Yeah, I get it. What the hell do they have you do here? You polishing boots? Scrubbing floors? Eating out the Missus?” Dean asked giving his brother a smile and a nudge.

“We can talk about it later. Now, I should get you dinner. It’s actually the best part of the day. I think you’ll like it,” Sam said hopefully, starting up his pace again.

“How the hell is it dinnertime? I was just eating lunch. I thought you were in Oregon?” Dean asked rubbing his head again.

Sam huffed a smile as he jerked his hair to the side. “I have a lot to catch you up on…”
Dinner Time

Dean walked around the manor in a daze.

A chill ran down Dean’s spine as he traversed the enormous house with his brother. The size of the place intimidating. Everything seemed oversized and foreign. He felt smaller as they made their way to the kitchen. Dean found it almost hard to concentrate he felt so out of place. He tried hard to take it all in and to listen to Sammy walking beside him. The boy gleefully chatting about the other slaves who had clearly become his friends.

The brothers walked down a long wide hallway paved with large white marble tiles, fifteen-foot high ceilings, and beige walls accented with several nooks. The contents of which housed fresh flowers, ornate marble statues of cherubs, horses and saints. The thud of work boot following them and echoing down the brightly lit space. Dean’s mind raced as he looked at the sheer opulence of everything in the place. It was like Las Vegas, expect this was the real shit. It would be so Rock Star if it were not so fluffy and gaudy.

Dean rubbed at his head as they continued their walk. A headache was creeping in and sending needle-like pains deep into his brain. What the fuck had they done to him? Protection my ass, he thought to himself. Mixing blood was gross and unsanitary even if you were a damn angel. He definitely was getting tested after he got out of this joint.

Then Dean paused to look Sam over. He looked so healthy. His hair was longer and lighter. His skin a light amber. He looked to be in perfect health, in better shape than Dean even. He walked a little taller. Sam held his shoulders back with a confidence his older brother had not seen since the kid was still at Stanford with Jess.

Of course, there were clear signs. Sammy was a slave. No question. His brother now sported a very weird collar but other than that? His tailored black clothes fit him snuggly and he looked good. Sam walked free of chains and did not appear to be beaten or deprived of food. Honestly, from the information Dean had gathered about Gabriel, he was actually not a bastard. The archangel’s reputation was that of secrecy and containment but also fairness and kindness. Dean slept easier knowing Sammy was with a damn angel and not a demon.

The brothers passed a grand formal dining room, laden with fine china cabinets, flowers, expensive floral art and finely carved tables and French chairs covered in delicate silk. This room as obviously not for slaves. They continued.

Sam led Dean in the great kitchen. It smelled amazing. Not bacon cheeseburger amazing but real food amazing. Dean picked out mushrooms, beef and sour cream. Sam pushed a big wooden door open, holding it open and throwing one arm aside as a grand gesture of presentation. His smile wide and proud.
Dean walked in spellbound. So many people laughing, talking and chatting. A redhead ran up wrapping her thin arms around Sam.

“Where the hell have you been?” she asked giving his arm a slight nudge.

“Finding this guy,” Sam said with a smile. “Dean, this is Charlie. Charlie, my brother Dean.”

“Nice to meet you,” Charlie said with welcoming smile and warm hug. “I have heard literally nothing about you,” she said cocking a sideways glance at Sam, who blushed slightly in response.

“Been kinda busy, Charlie…” Sam said in his defense. “But it’s going to have to wait. Dean, I think there is someone you’d like to meet…” his brother said cryptically. Charlie took the hint and returned to her table with Gilda with a smirk.

Sam waved and smiled to a few more people then directed Dean to man, hunched over his meal like a man who spent too much time in the clink. His arms surrounding his food like someone was going to take it.

“Bobby? This is my brother,” Sam spoke to the man, who straightened up and pulled a half smile.

“So this is Dean? Not sure if you remember, but we’ve met before. You about were knee high,” Bobby said with warmth and affection.

Dean blinked a few times, then a smile took over. “Uncle Bobby?”

Bobby smiled stood up and outstretched his hand. Dean walked in and hugged him. Uncle Bobby… His Dad had tried so hard to find him.

“I’m going to get us some grub. Looks like Ester made Beef Stroganoff. Totally delicious. Be back in a few. Coffee?”

Dean gave a slight nod of the head, his eyes not leaving his ‘old uncle.’

Dean remembered his last weekend of pure childhood with glassy eyes and sugary sweet memories. Dean had never met anyone like the Singers. They listened to everything he said. Smiled and never threatened to beat him. They did not argue or throw things. It was one of his best weekends. If Dean had happy memories without his mother, they were locked away in Bobby’s old Victorian in the back hills of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

“It’s real good to see you. Honestly, dude… you have not changed. Wait. How the hell have you not changed?” Dean asked surprised, wondering how the man won so many years off a witch.

“Guess you didn’t notice me sitting like a damn sheepdog at Gabriel’s feet. He took off some 20 or so years. Now, this is what I got…” Bobby said with a defeated smile. Dean had noticed the thick black collar. His heart sank a little. No one else in the room had one on. That could not be good.

“Well, you look good. Sam getting around okay around here? What’s it like?” Dean asked feeling slightly guilty for pumping his “old” uncle for gossip on his brother.

“He’s doing fine. Now. We had a tough go of it for a while, but I’ll let him fill you in there. Jez, you are sure different than I expected… Saving the damn angels. Not sure if I want to shake your hand or ring your neck,” Bobby said pulling up his cheek.

“Yeah, yeah. I have no idea what the hell they’re talking about. Something about my sacrifice for my brother… No idea. Sammy hasn’t been getting into trouble around here, has he?” Dean said
more serious.

*Bobby pulled back his head. He lifted his chin and gave Dean a serious nod. Sam was not kidding about this kid. Dean liked to have a clear handle on his younger brother at all times. No matter where he was.*

“Dean, Sam told me about what’s been going on between you two. And son? It’s wrong,” Bobby said looking deep into Dean’s green eyes as they hardened with the accusation.

“And what exactly did he say was going on? Hunting?” Dean asked slowly.

“Damn it, boy. You know what hell I am talking about,” Bobby said with a glare. “You have to stop beating on him, son. He’s a good kid and now? He’s not your problem.”

“Bobby, it’s great to see you and everything, but there are things you don’t know about Sammy. Since he’s so happy to let you in on family business, he tell you about the demon blood? About him having the stuff coursing through his veins? The minute I pop off to Hell for a few months, to save his damn hide by the way, he starts fucking drinking it. He will make bad decisions without a firm hand. I hate that it’s true, but Bobby? I’ve seen what happens when no one looks out for him.” Dean’s voice was firm and steady.

Bobby closed his eyes and shook his head slowly, with marked disapproval. There was no doubt in Bobby’s mind that Dean believed this crap.

“Your daddy was a fucking moron if convinced you of that Bullshit,” Bobby slammed his fist into the table. Dean’s eyes opened wide as he gnashed his teeth back and forth.

Bobby realized the commotion he was causing and lowered his voice, but not his tone. “Now, Sam is good kid. Jesus, he’s a man, Dean. You got to cut the apron strings some time…”

“I would fucking love to. I am just worried he will decide to turn dark-side on me. Hopefully, leashed up and fucking that Angel Castiel will help keep him behaving so it’s not on my ass anymore…” As Dean rubbed his head, he did not see Sam behind him who now dropped a tray loudly in front of him. Storming off, leaving the dining hall behind him.

Dean looked up, going a little white. “Shit, Sammy… I didn’t mean for you to hear that!” Dean shouted out as his head popped up. Then Dean tossed his chair aside and ran after him into the open field outside the dining hall.

“Sammy! Sam! Samuel Winchester! That is an order. Stop.” Dean said sternly.

“Jesus, Dean. Really?” Sam turned around tears already forming and threatening to flow.

“Sam. I love you and you have never been a burden. It’s just been a long two months kid.”

“Dean, has it been that bad for you? Could it be as bad as it’s been here?” Sam spit with disgust.

“I’m sure it’s been bad, Sammy…” Dean said sadly.

“Has been hard for you Dean? Was it as bad as sleeping on the floor of a goddamn barn? Made to wear almost nothing? Eating on the floor, without my hands! Seriously Dean, just how bad has it been?” Sam asked incredulously.
“You probably shouldn’t eat with your hands, anyway Sam. That’s kinda unsanitary if you are living in a barn…” Dean said deflecting and shifting his feet.

“Dean, I didn’t have utensils either…” Sam said with a squint.

Dean shook his head, his empathy fading and frustration laced with guilt taking its place.

“You know who has to live in a goddamn barn? A fucking slave. I told you to come with me. You disobeyed a direct order,” Dean scowled as his anger grew. “Where the hell is all this attitude coming from? You know better! I know because I fucking taught you!”

“You have always been such a great teacher Dean… Daddy’s little soldier,” Sam said hatefully.

“Dude, what the hell is wrong with you? I haven’t seen you in months. Do we need to have a talk Sammy?” Dean asked as he raised his chin.

“You are not laying a finger on me!” Sam said trying his best to be brave. He puffed out his chest and tried to stand taller, but felt so weak. Like he was still ten years old.

“Oh, I’m not? You start making good decisions and I stop this crap entirely,” the older man growled as he narrowed his eyes.

“How the hell am I going to do that? I am a freaking slave. There is no more choice.” Sam retorted angrily.

“You made a choice to tell Bobby about our talks. Family business stays in the family. Our first rule and one you are answering to. Along with disobeying a direct order that got your ass here in the first place!” Dean was pissed. Getting so pissed it was hard to see straight. His hands shook, blood boiled into head as his faced reddened, his perfect lips and nostrils flaring.

Sam face burned red. Dean watched the look a guilt wash over, quickly replaced with retaliation.

“He was going to die, Dean! We were killing him!” Sam snarled back.

“Yeah, the eternal being was going to die. He played you Sam… And he keeps playing you. You suck his dick yet, soldier?” Dean huffed spitefully.

“You are such a fucking Jerk,” Sam choked, his voice cracking with pain.

“Come on, let’s get this shit over with,” Dean said looking off into the dense forest.

“Not going.” Sam said, his hands shaking slightly.

“You are really testing me now, you know that? Sam. You know how this ends. You really want to fight me again?” Dean asked staring back, his chest puffed out and eyes fierce like something wild they would hunt.

Sam stared at his feet. Who the hell was he kidding? There was no way out. And he was going to do it. He was going to follow his brother off in to the woods. Dean would pick a tree and he would stand next to it and try to take his beating like a man.

Sam stared off into the trees, lamenting his fate when Dean lost his temper.

“Get your ass in there before I decide to double it!” Dean threatened. No hesitation in his voice. He was dead serious.
Sam looked back shocked. This was not his brother. He looked like Dean but Dean never spoke to him like that. That was Dad’s job. He knew better than to push any further. Sam jumped a little and quickened his pace, trying to maintain some form of dignity by not running into the woods like an eight year old.

As soon as the two were in the woods, Dean yanked his belt from its loops. Then choked up on the thing, wielding the business end.

Sam’s eyes widened with terror. He had never gotten the buckle. His tan skin paled, as he looked around the forest helplessly, stricken with fear. He stared blankly into Dean’s face pained red with rage.

“You are going to wish you had just followed the goddamn rules! Do what your told, when your told and keep in the fucking family!” Dean roared like some fucking Windego.

“Jesus Dean. Calm down,” Sam said with hands up in defense.

“You’ve had this coming for months now!” Dean slapped the belt with crack on his thigh without flinching.

“Holy Hell Dean!” Sam said as backed way, tripping carelessly on a stump, falling to the ground and kicking is feet back from his brother.

“You haven’t seen Hell, but you’re sure as shit going to feel it!” Dean moved lightning fast, grabbing Sam by waist, pulling back is arm and raining down blows. Every strike taking his brother’s breathe away.

Sam panicked. He howled and screamed. He grabbed at anything in his grasped: dirt, weeds, air. His pain so deep, ringing with hate and feeling thousands of times worse as it came from his hero. His tortured cries so loud, they echoed back to the dining hall.

Ellen and Jody prayed quickly to Zachariah. As Bobby flew up from his seat to find out what kind of hell John’s boys had gotten into.

Moments later, as Dean continued to beat the limp body of his brother, Zachariah appeared. Zach held up a hand and Dean slowed. His arms felt like weights had been attached but he could still move, slowly. His big arms still trying to wield the belt.

“What the fuck?” Zach asked amazed. How the fuck was Winchester fighting his grace.

“Is your brother actually psychotic in this dimension?” Zach asked a weak and weeping Sam. Zach placed a finger on Sam’s forehead. A white light issued forth but Sam remained unhealed. He shook with fear and pain.

“What the … God Damnit Gabriel!” Zach hissed. His stupid brother. Really? Dean Winchester was worthy? Look at him! He can’t fucking control himself.

“Kicked some Grace behind those blows didn’t you?” Zach asked snidely. “How the hell did you learn to do that?” Zach snapped and produced some manacles etched with Enochian symbols. He slapped the metal bonds on Dean’s wrists, his eyes once filled with rage softened instantly.

Dean fell to his knees, trying so hard help his brother. Want to hold him like he did when Sam was a child. Whispering, “What the hell did I do? What the fuck did I do? I am so sorry Sammy… I’m so sorry…” Dean wept and pet Sam’s long hair.
“You’re a fucking piece of work anywhere you go, you know that child?” Zach huffed looking down at the two with piercing disappointment.
A quiet rustle of the ancient pines and giant maples echoed through the dense brush as a cool wind blew through the air. The sun made its slow disappearance, casting shades of pink and purple in a gentle haze of the sky. The beauty and tranquility of the night broken as the servants of the manor crowded around another one of their own, struck down for disobedience.

Dean watched helplessly as Bobby fumbled with and constructed a makeshift gurney. The hunter shook with adrenaline and regret, as tears streamed silently down his perfect skin.

Dean fixed his eyes on Sammy. His brother looked despondent, his hazel eyes shut tight as the rest of his new ramshackle family attended to him in ways Dean could not. Charlie crouched down beside the beaten man. She hummed a sweet tune her mother sang to her when she was a girl as she pet the long strands of dark brown and sun bleached blond. “You are my Sunshine” she sang with a sad smile. Bobby pieced together the poles of the old ladder with duct tape and an old tarp as he cursed and threw sideways glances at Dean. Andrea roused Sam and administered pain pills, saved from Joann’s wisdom teeth removal. Sam opened his eyes as he accepted the pills with a pressed smile, then stared up into the night sky that slowly turned to a blanket of stars. Caleb gently rolled Sam to his side, sliding the gurney under the massive slave, easing him on to the stretcher. Bobby grabbed the front poles and took to hauling Sam back to the dorms, Caleb taking the rear.

Dean tried to follow but was pulled back when Zachariah look a firm hand to his shoulder. Dean’s heart skipped a beat but he allowed it.

Any other day. Any day other than that one, Dean would have fought. Deflected, parried, kicked, or hell, punched anyone who tried to hold him back. Today? Today, he just allowed it. His head hung low.

“Come on son, we’ll get you back to your room. I’ll have some food sent up for you…” Zachariah directed Dean away from the mass of slaves that followed Sam back to the dorms.

As they walked, Zachariah looked over at Dean. The resemblance for the two of them was remarkable. This Dean looked exactly like the one that had tried to pierce his head with an angel blade. Everything in tack, but this one looked tired. Defeated. His deep green eyes staring blankly at the metal chain that clanged softly against the steel cuffs as they walked.

Zachariah shook his head looking upward to heaven. He watched Dean shutter as he pulled at his restraints. Sadness etched deep into the lines of the man’s face. He must know, thought Zachariah.
These were the same manacles Dean used on Castiel. They blocked grace.

“How the hell did this happen?” Dean asked keeping his eyes cast down, looking deep into the Enochian symbols.

“All I can guess is that it is the effects of the grace. How much did my older brother give you?” Zach asked with a squint.

“Enough to make my insides feel like they were on fire…” Dean said looking pensively off at the old red barn.

“Too much grace can wreak havoc on your impulse control. Way too much can alter the fabric of your being…. Transform and transcend…” the angel said cryptically.

“Okay. What?” Dean asked abruptly, stopping dead in his tracks.

“Dean I am not sure if you will ever be fully human after that spell.” Zach's words were slow and tempered.

Dean laughed more than a little disturbed. It was like someone hit him hard in the gut. The wind left his body as it tensed. Was this guy serious? “Not human? Okay. No. No. That is not happening… He said protection!” Dean hissed, fury and confusion playing a deadly game in his voice. “He said protection…” His voice now lower and slower. “What does that mean? You really need to tell me what the hell that means!”

“Castiel and Gabriel… They gave you a gift. One you cannot return. I’ve heard of the spell…” Zachariah looked up, past heaven, out to a home he was so far away from now.

Dean did not respond. This did not feel like a gift.

“No one dared used it, at least where I came from,” Zach paused. The gravity of the situation weighing heavy, Gabriel really took a huge risk with this one. The angel shook his head to the ground, “You’d think they'd of given it to Gandhi before they would have blessed you with that much power…” Zach chuckled.

“What the hell are you talking about? What, I am some minion of heaven now? Some kind of angelic ghoul? I do not want this. I did not mean to hurt Sammy that bad. Jesus, I just want to go hunting with Sam. I want to get the hell out of here…”

“I know son. I know,” Zachariah said with surprising empathy. Poor kid.

They reached the manor with some silence. Zachariah ushered the man into the house. Zach requested that the hunter be stored as far away from his chambers as possible. Zach liked, but still did not trust the man who bore such a close resemblance to the beast who very nearly ended him out right.

“This place is too big,” Dean said with a huff, looking around, rolling his eyes at the mural of Gabriel as a Greek God, surrounded by nymphs and sprites, kraken and cyclops in a decidedly pastoral setting. Everything about this place was way to over the top.

“You are on the first floor. If you need anything, do not call me,” Zach said as he opened the door to Dean’s new room. As Zach started to close the door, Dean stopped it with his hand.

“Wait. Stop man. You need to explain this like I'm five. Because seriously? I am getting real fed up with this fucking double talk of yours. What the hell am I transcending into? What the hell am I going to do with this fucking angel bondage gear?” Dean growled as he shook his chains.
Zach spoke plainly. “I believe you are going to become an angel. A low level one at first. Not to worry. We always needed grunts in the angelic army. You’d fit in nicely there, to be sure. Your father taught you to be a good soldier, like the other one. But honestly, I have no idea what the hell kind of plans Gabriel has for you,”

“An angel?” Dean closed his eyes, “Really? They are total douchebags! What does this mean? Huh? I am stuck here or in heaven? That is ridiculous. Didn’t I save the angels or some crap? Shouldn’t I get a damn choice?”

“Dean. I would have never given you that much power of my own accord. You are arrogant and irresponsible. I do not see this ending well…” Zach said pulling his neck back toward the door. Distancing himself physically and emotionally.

“Power? Huh... You kind of a dick, you know that?” Dean said scowling.

“So I’ve been told. Both you and I are new to this place. If you are to survive, I suggest you start attempting to accept your fate. From what I have learned, all you have is never yours and all you believe will always be can change in an instant. Live where you are Dean. Not where you think you should be,” Zachariah said looking out the window of Dean’s beautiful new room. The snow on the mountains had melted, leaving them green and majestic for the time being. The cool of winter’s frost looming and threatening to wipe them clean and start fresh the next the spring.

“Yeah, that’s bullshit. I have fought for everything I have. I am not going to start throwing it away now. Jesus. An angel. Does it suck?”

“I mean it’s lonely. It can be mind-numbingly lonely. Flying is very nice? Dealing with you creatures is eternally frustrating. But there are perks. A flock of brothers and sisters. I did my job very well in my universe. The rewards and praise? Seemed limitless…” Zach chuckled. “Until I met you and your brother. You really have a talent for destruction and disrupting the natural order… Maybe you’ll find a way to work with the system. Bending it to your will, like Gandhi… Be the change you wish to see in the world, Dean,” Zach paused, then licked his lips. He would have to explain this to Jody. At least he would see her. His mood lightening as he said, “A slave will be by later with substance and help you with your… handicap.” The angel and Dean both looking at the handcuffs that were certainly going to make like at the manor more difficult.

As Dean closed the door he took a long hard look at it before he turned around. Dean looked around the room he had been placed in. Dean flicked the light switch which illuminated a geometric chandler. Large white glass globes fixed together by shiny brass. He looked over the giant bed. Gazing up, he saw an ornate and beautiful ceiling. A plat formed bed on expensive red hardwood, draped in the pale grey coverings. Three floor length windows that were possibly doors outlined in thick silver velvet.

Across from the bed, a fair distance away, sat a large white fireplace. Curved and graceful in lines, smooth granite and painted wood. Dean looked around the room a little stunned. It was beautiful. Beautifully masculine. Elegant and solid. Expensive beyond anywhere he had really ever been before. It was humbling. Tucked in the corner by the wall was long bookcase. Dean looked it over, large Enochian texts, college and research books in English written about Angels, and a few of Gabriel’s favorite books of literature and comedy. Dean felt a chill race down his spine. This room had been prepared for him. Diligently and careful prepared. Gabriel brought Sammy. Bought his brother. His brother taken here, kept as a pleasure slave. Was this his fault? These
thoughts barely had time to register. He felt very tired. His green eyes heavy and body so weak.

Dean collapsed on the cool silk of the bedspread.

Dean jolted from sleep as he heard a knock on the door.

“Where’s my brother?” Dean managed to slur out, still fresh from sleep.

A small redhead popped her head into the massive room. She was curvy and thin with soft flowing dyed red hair. She wore a tight teal tight tee shirt and a flowing dark green skirt with a small pinafore white apron complete with a blue ribbon tied in her hair. Honestly, she looked a little like a redhead version of the kawaii maids of Japan.

The girl smiled wide at his question, leaning her head against the door, carrying a mountainous pile of breakfast on a tray. “He’s taking a nap. Our little Sammmy is going to be fine. Probably pissed but okay…” She continued her smile as she walked a tray of breakfast over to the bed.

“Oh, he’s ’ours’ now?” Dean asked pissed this chick was taking ownership of his brother, rubbing his head. Man, he need some water or coffee. Umm…coffee…

“Pretty much. Unless he’s getting sold, kind of ours for life. I’m Sara,” she said with a curtsy.

“Alright now, I need to cut off your shirt,” Sara said directly, pulling a set of sewing shears from her apron pocket.

“Um… No you don’t,” Dean pulled himself up.

“I do. You need to wear this. Master’s orders. It’s cute in a Book of Mormon kind of way…” Sara held up a short-sleeved white Oxford shirt.

“Seriously?” Dean’s face soured.

She nodded incredulously. “Just how do you think you are going to get in and out of that tee shirt with those chains on?”

Dean considered this. He looked down unhappily at his favorite shirt, shook his head quickly. Sammy had to wear a fucking collar. He pulled himself from the bed and stood tall, rolling his wide shoulders uncomfortably.

“Fine,” he said finally. “Just watch the skin…”

“I was a stylist. I can handle a pair of scissors, handsome,” she huffed.

“Wait how the hell am I going to wear that?”

“See?” she asked showing off some small buttons that lined the under arm and sides of the truly nerdy shirt. “Please, take a shower first. I can smell you from here…”

“Ha. Ha,” he said as he looked her over again, still not trusting the giant pair of scissors. She approached him carefully. Cutting the fabric as he cringed every time the blade came down. She placed a hand on his shoulder to soothe him.

“Shush,” she cooed into his ear. The soft cotton fell unceremoniously from his body. A clumsy and ungraceful sheading of his old life. He watched as the shirt fell around his body.

“There,” Sara said as she gathered the discarded fabric. “When you have eaten and showered, ring the bell on the wall. It will buzz me. Anything you need gorgeous, I am here for,” she said with a
Dean pulled his head back. This girl might be a bigger player than he was.

She disappeared out the door. Dean worked fast. Scarfing the surprisingly delicious breakfast of bacon, eggs, fruit, broccolini, and pancakes. No wonder Sammy loved it here. Rabbit food at every meal? Homegrown everything? He must be foodie heaven. Dean had to admit. The food was damn tasty. If Dean had learned anything from his father, it was that good food made bad situations better. His dad was such a bad cook, Dean took over at young age, overcompensating to make their lives more tolerable.

After his meal, Dean took one of the best showers of his life. The bathroom was bigger than most of the hotel rooms he lived in on the road. A powerful shower, large soaking tub, wall of mirrors and marble floors and sinks. Probably worth more than most people’s homes.

Sara came in quick after she was buzzed. She gently and carefully applied the new threads, buttoning the small buttons, maneuvering around Dean’s muscled chest. Dean shifted his shoulders.

“Are there holes in this thing? I feel a damn draft,” he asked suddenly as she finished fastening the last of the buttons.

“I think they are for the wings?” she said as she turned to leave. “Anything else I can help you with?” she asked coyly looking back, putting a finger in her mouth.

“Keep moving Juliet…,” he said playfully.

Dean walked playing with the chains of his bounds as he looked around the Manor. He quickly found the dorm. Bobby had put up a hombres and senoritas signs to indicate designations.

Dean ducked into the hombre’s door and cased the place out. The baby blue tiled shower room, looked immaculate but embarrassing. Line of urinals, sinks, mirrors and two stalls on one side and a gym-like shower situation on the other side. He moved on.

Traversing the hallway, Dean found a couple of doors leading to dorm rooms each equipped with a sturdy thick bunkbed. A quick check revealed they were all empty. The end of the hall had a staircase. He ventured up the stairs and found a door wide open. It smelled like Sammy. Dean quickened his pace, reaching the room and saw Sam. On his belly, asleep as some brunette with really long hair pet his hair.

The girl looked up at him startled. Dean blushed a little as he caught the eye of the pretty girl caring for his brother. She was beautiful. Like fairy princess beautiful. She wrapped her long thick brown hair into a massive bun, framing a flawless creamy peach skin, plump pink lips and piercingly deep blue eyes. Her clothes were frumpy, a faded baggy blue dress with faded green leggings that had pilled from too many washings. She still looked like nobility with her high cheekbones and highly angled face. Maybe a little elvish? Regardless, she looked terrified of Dean.

“Hi, um, I’m Gilda?” the girl said as a question.
Dean nodded his head slowly, wondering what was wrong with his chick. “And?”

“I am a slave here. Um, I am looking after Sam. Maybe I am supposed to protect him… from you. That does not sound very well planned out now that I say it… You don’t want to hit him anymore, do you? Or anyone else?” Gilda asked nervously twirling her hair, looking around the room to avoid eye contact.

Dean closed his eyes and furrowed his brow, rubbing his forehead.

“Look. I really do not know what is going on right now. Gabriel did something wacky with the whole grace thing and I hulked out. These fucking chains should help. I am okay. Really. One time thing, okay? Now, is it alright if I talk to my brother? Alone?” Gilda shot a distrustful glare. “You can even sit outside the door. Go get someone if I lose it, okay?” Dean promised hoping logic would prevail.

Gilda nodded and slowly walked outside the door, closing it with care.

Dean looked over the room and took the chair next to Sam. Standard room. Looked similar to the ones downstairs but this one had nicer furnishings. Thicker mattress, one bed, a separate bathroom, a closet and a very healthy potted plant cozying up to a half empty bottle of twenty one year old Scotch.

“Hey, buddy. You doing okay?” He asked his brother gently.

Sam stirred and rubbed his eyes. “Dean?” Eventually pulling himself up, resting on his elbows.

Dean let a huge sigh of relief. “Jesus you scared me. How are you feeling?”

Sam looked at his brother with glazed half-closed eyes. “Like you beat the shit out me…’

“I know. I know. Look Sam, I’m sorry. I am not even going try and justify that. I’m done. I… Look, I am just never going to do that, alright?” Dean promised, trying his best to be sincere. He meant it

Sam obviously did not believe him as rolled his eyes, “What part?”

“Dude! All of it. I’m sorry. I am just so sorry,” Dean tried again.

Sam gave Dean an absent nod. “Dude, you laid into me. Why the hell couldn’t Zach heal me?”

“I hulked out. I got angry. So angry, I couldn’t control myself. Look, Gabriel and Castiel gave me too much Grace. But really, Sam. I am done being Dad. You can handle yourself. Apparently, better than I can…” Dean pleaded again.

“It’s fine. I think I’ll be okay. Tomorrow maybe? Doesn’t explain why Zach couldn’t heal me. What the hell happened?”

Dean grabbed his shoulders, holding his arms closer to him. “I think I released some kind of grace into the blows? I do not know, kid. I just know I cannot do that ever again. I love you, man. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Sam looked off out the window again. This was going to be hard to forgive. Crap ever part of him hurt. He had never felt this kind of pain before. Worse than anything he had ever gotten from Dad and that was saying a lot. Worse than Dean, worse than Mark, worse than Greg, hell he felt more
fucked up than when he arrived from the detention facility.

Dean followed his gaze, staring out the window that over looked a beautiful mountain range, ungodly tall trees, and billowy white clouds. He scrunched his face remembering the mention of Zachariah. The bastard angel. “Did you really sleep with that guy? That old guy?”

“Don’t be a dick,” Sam said eyeing his brother. Like Dean was one to talk.

“Yeah, yeah. Just saying. You could do better…” Dean gave Sam a charming smile that caught. Sam smiled back.

“Angels… Man…” Sam said looking out the window with a sigh.

“So what the hell is going on here? It’s like ‘Let’s play Farm?’ And why the hell are you wearing that bondage gear? You look like some kind of gimp…”

“That’s a little harsh… And you are one to talk!”

“Yeah, yeah, keeps me subdued. And sorry. So… is this just some kind of new lifestyle choice of yours?” Dean asked looking at the thick black collar.

“I am Castiel’s favorite,” Sam said annoyed. “Look, I guess it just came with being one?”

“He’s not around Dude. Why are you still wearing it? He’s knocked out for like ever…”

“I don’t know…” Sam looked perplexed. So much about this life had been insane. Wearing a damn collar didn’t seem so bad compared to rest of it.

“Here… Let me take this crap off you…” Dean leaned over as Sam bent his head. “There’s some kind of writing on the back of this thing…”

“Really?”

“Jesus, Sammy! Please inspect everything these freak tell you to wear… as like a general rule,” Dean unbuckled the thing and handed it off to Sam. What he saw underneath caught his breath.

“Eternally bound to Castiel? What the fuck does that mean?”

“Excuse me?” Sam’s eyes wide and shaken.

“Yeah, some kind of brand… Or tattoo? Did you approve all this?” Dean asked raising his voice.

“What the fuck do you think Dean? No. I approve of none of this. I would like to leave. But hell that’s not in the cards, is it? Eternally bound? What the hell does that mean?”

“I’d ask big daddy Castiel when he wakes up.”

“Don’t call him that.”

“He’s not your daddy, Sammy?” Dean teased.

“Stop making this weirder than it is. I did research Angel Favorites and Chosens and zip. Nothing. All the research said the Favorite is the highest rank a slave can have and is often a romantic partner. You know? Bobby did say Gabriel did not ‘mark’ Derek…”

“Wait. Back up. Who the fuck is Derek?”
“Some dude who’s probably dead or undead? No one can find him. He was Gabriel’s chosen before Bobby.”

Dean’s eyes widened. “Oh! Oh my god! Is Uncle Bobby fucking that gigantic angel? What kind of dick does that guy have? That sucks.” Dean said shaking his head.

“Dude. Tact?” Sam chided.

“Sorry that is just fucking wild. So what kind of perks do you get? Massage? Gilda?” Dean asked quietly pointing toward the door.

“That’s Charlie’s girlfriend!”

“Dude, Charlie hasn’t put a ring on it. She looks into you…” Dean nudged Sam’s arm.

“Charlie is the redhead you met last night. The girl, you met last night?”

“Oh,” Dean mouthed. “So are you into this Castiel?”

“Yeah, I like him. He is weird. Epically weird, but good and kind. And we have fun together…”

“Huh.”

“I mean, I feel like I can talk to him or yell at him. It’s comfortable. I couldn’t really be myself around Jess. She just needed so much… Attention. Time. Therapy…”

“That’s good. I mean, good for you. I support you, I mean. That’s what you want…” Dean paused. “He doesn’t beat you does he?”

“Not any more than you…” Sam said with a smirk.

“Touché, touché… He’s good to you though…” Dean shook his head, then looked hopeful.

“Yeah,” Sam said firmly.

Chapter End Notes

Modified from original.
The Arrival of the Twins

Chapter Summary

Modified from original post
I split the last chapter.

If you were following along, go back to the previous chapter. Skip to half way down.

I know, reading my fiction must be as bad as choose your own adventure.

The following day, a playful shave and a haircut knock at the great door echoed throughout the manor. Mrs. Blacker’s heart skipped a beat. The familiar tune sank deep into her belly. Her memory of the guests flooding back with mounting dread. And there were two of them. There always were. Thick as thieves, cruel as a pair of cats toying with a grasshopper, ruthless and deadly as jackals launching an attack.

Mrs. Blacker frantically texted Zachariah. Two of Gabriel’s older brothers had come calling. This was the absolute worst time for Gabriel to being taking another extended catnap.
She opened the great doors with forced pleasantries and let in the two handsome men. Paying her no heed, they both looked around walking and talking like twins. Raphael examined the left side of the hall and Azrael taking the right.

Raphael ran a hand threw his mass of wide brown ringlets circling his head in an even halo. His large brown eyes surveyed Gabriel’s manor critically. Raphael walked easy but had an odd habit of not turning to meet anyone’s gaze. No matter if they spoke or simply dared to be in his presence. He maneuvered his body in his own sync. A habit that some saw as eccentric but actually was more indifference and pride.

Consequently, Raphael rarely looked anyone in the eye as he spoke. When he did, on the rare occasion, lock eyes, he was disarmingly charming. The denial of attention married with undivided and whole body awareness could win almost anyone over. His skill at manipulation almost sociopathic. Physically, the angel was at an advantage. He was athletic and pleasing to the eyes. His cinnamon skin and large almond shaped, almost golden brown eyes complimenting a symmetrical blockish face. Cheekbones high and smile wide, Raphael expected everyone to vie for his attention. Very few could look through his mask and see what lay lurking beneath the surface.

His companion was the archangel Azrael. Azrael walked and talked like pampered model. He basked in every ounce of attention given to him. Especially if it came from Raphael. The pair had been inseparable since creation. This association and gluttony of power made the two of them dangerous at best. He had a rich honey skin and mass of strait black wiry hair spiked up high. The
young man had a thin muscular physique and a thick neck. His two-piece suit hung loose on his compact frame like the clothing was designed to his body. His deep chocolate eyes so dark they were almost black. His vessel picked from a small province outside of Seoul, South Korea. A boyish grin crossed his face. This archangel appeared ready to play, Mrs. Blacker noted as she held her breath following the brothers.

“He’s picked up a new statue…looks like a bird?” Azrael said looking to his side on the right.

“The collector…” Raphael sneered, looking around critically. “The collector of art and the collector of slaves. I cannot wait to meet the new one…”

“You know Gabe, easily excitable. Do not dare to expect much,” Azrael said snidely.

“I expect nothing but to have a little fun…” Raphael replied darkly with a low laugh.

Zachariah blinked in right as the two prepared to knock on the door to Gabriel’s quarters.

Both brothers stopped, looking the man up and down amused.

“Gabe’s found a new Zachariah! I heard ours finally duked it out with Balthazar! How the hell did you get here?” Raphael said, smiling generously into Zachariah’s eyes.

“Mystery to me,” Zach smiled said with a half bow, “Just here to keep the peace while Gabriel is away.”

“Our brother! Always around and in the way, like an annoying little gnat or grub you can shake, until you need him and then? He’s fucking AWOL. And where exactly would he be hiding?” Raphael pressed a smirk.

“Just said he’d be gone awhile…” Zach lied, badly.

Azrael drew a long breath. “Well, we’ll just have to wait for him. I want to see his new slave. Heard he really lost his head over that one,” the angel snorted.

Zachariah closed his eyes. “Ezekiel?” he said with a knowing sigh.

Raphael replied with a half-smile. “She is so worried,” the angel sang with mock concern.

Mrs. Blacker stood by ringing her hands impatiently. This was bad. So very bad.

“Yes, please have him fetched. I have to see the mud monkey that could take down my playboy brother…” Raphael said candidly.

“Right then,” Zachariah said knowing he was in no position to fight two archangels, “Go get them Bobby, Joyce.”

Mrs. Blacker looked a Zach as if he was someone else.

“Joyce, I am sure our guests will respect Bobby’s new marks…” He hinted slowly. Mrs. Blacker jumped a little and scurried off.

Raphael slapped his hand to his mouth, eyes wide and deviously joyful.
Azrael looked the hint, “He didn’t!”

Raphael just puffed a laugh, “You think he did!”

“No. Michael would have a fit!” Azrael giggled like a child with a look of someone in trouble.

“He cannot be that crazy!” Raphael looked genuinely surprised, shaking his curls with a smile plastered to his face.

“Gabe’s a fucking lunatic. You saw how freaked he got over that last one!”

“I heard about how freaked he got over this one!”

The two continued their jabs and giggles.

“There’s something I’m missing?” Zach asked with concern.

“You think he’ll take his feathers?” Azrael asked with a laugh and a cringe.

“Too light. We did that to him 500 years ago. That was really fun. No. I think Mike’ll get more creative this time…”

Zach pulled up his lips and furrowed his brow.

“Oh, Brother. You do not know! Michael explained the process of marking a slave and then went on for like a millennia about why he required permission. I swear Gabe was asleep for that part or staring off into space like an idiot. What a fucking half-wit! Did we drop him on his head too many times?” Raphael laughed. Hard.

“Come on. He had just lost his pet… After that, truly crazy,” Azrael smiled looking up at the intricate molding on the ceiling, attempting badly to illicit some kind of empathy from his obviously callous brother. “I heard he’s really tall now. Positively enormous. Legs and arms everywhere… Speaking of… Remember the time we left him legless and armless in the middle of the Black Plague?”

Raphael lost his composure and choked on his laugh, spastically trying to catch his breath. “I know! He kept saying, ‘Just wait till Dad gets home! Wait till Dad gets home!’ Oh, that was classic! He was so mad! Heh, heh… Who got him out that anyway? Jeremiel?” The angel asked honestly.

“Who gets him out of damn near everything? Lucifer. Left him there for a few years, then he came, hauled him out. Gave him back his grace…” Azrael lamented with a drawn out sigh.

“Not very devilish by my standards…” Raphael quipped.

“Too true. What should we do with Gabe’s new toy? Since our brother sees fit to not entertain us himself…” Azrael said giving his hand a quick rub.

“Do I always have to come up with everything?” Raphael asked annoyed.

“No, you’re just a bit more devious than I. I mean, I’d come up with something torturous. You’d come up with something torturous, humiliating, and ironic. Just your gift,” Azrael responded with a light smile.

“I am good,” Raphael said with dark grin. “Well let’s meet the puppy and we’ll decide together.”

“Capital idea!” Azrael laughed clasping his brother’s shoulder.
Zach shifted on his feet. These men were nothing like the serious and noble archangels from his realm. They were exhausting. Exhausting to look at and appeared to be a headache to reason with. Zach pulled his neck back. As much as he enjoyed Bobby’s company? That boy was on his own. Zach learned a few things in his time in heaven. Never argue gardening advice with Peter and never get in the middle of two archangels doing absolutely anything. It was like trying to convince a pair of grizzlies they’d get better healthcare in the circus. The beasts already thought everyone fell beneath them and it’d be easier to simply kill you than explain their point.

Beyond Bobby, Zachariah had deeper concerns. Gabe might be in real danger. Gabriel very well might have transformed Dean Winchester into one of them. He had no idea how the rest of the flock would take that news.

~*~

Mrs. Blacker scrambled to the male dormitory, down the hall and up the stairs to Samuel Winchester’s room.

It was early morning, Bobby sat there staring deep into the kindle with his lip pulled up reading a novel by a English woman name J.K. Rowling, waiting patiently for his friend to wake up. He had little hope of that happening soon. Andrea gave Sam another painkiller and he was deeply sleeping it off.

Bobby put down the kindle and looked at Mrs. Blacker concerned. “What the matter, Joyce? You see a ghost?”

“No, Bobby. Worse. The twins are here,” she said ominously.

“You worried about that? They’re harmless! What the hell do they want anyway? Gabriel’s out cold,” Bobby said dismissively.

“They would like to meet you, Bobby,” she said panting slightly, her anxiety rising.

“Hell, they’ve met me dozens of times, Joyce. What in Sam hill are you worried about? Jez, you need a drink?” the man asked. She looked faint and wound up all at same time.

“Bobby,” she said more seriously. “Gregory is dead. Dead. Raphael’s favorite trainer. Bobby, they want to play with Gabriel’s new favorite…”

“Joyce, please. I know how to handle Raphael and Azrael. It’s been my job for decades. What the hell makes you think this is any different?”

“You did not see what happened to Derek when they came calling. Bobby. Just do what you’re told. Please. Just be good, Bobby. Oh my God… I hope you have had enough training for this…” tears welled in her glossy eyes, her hands trembling.

“I will be a good boy, Joyce,” Bobby said sarcastically. “Just show me to ‘em. And don’t worry. Here. Here’s my keys. Drink some of that whiskey. Everything is going to be fine,” Bobby said with kind eyes, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder and placing the set of keys softly in her old hands.

If Joyce Blacker had learned anything at the manor, it was nothing was ever ‘fine’ when the twins came to play. Still, she pressed a smile and nodded her head, pretending she believed him. Pretending she had faith that he would not end up broken. She prayed silently to Gabriel. Hoping quietly that he could save the old foreman. Knowing privately that he could not.
Bobby walked back to the manor. His black boots thudding beneath him. He listen quietly as he heard the men calling out to the cows, hauling hay and laughing. He could smell the distinct smell of Jedidiah taking a nature break as he called it. Everyone else called it getting stoned on the job but Garth and Bobby just kept his work simple enough.

Bobby huffed a breath of fresh air, looking around irritated. As generous as extending someone’s life span was, Gabriel had also extended Bobby’s sentence as a slave. The thought weighed heavy as he opened the grand doors of the manor. He used control to swing the great pieces of wood open. If you didn’t go slow the gigantic swinging planks would up and carry you away. The smaller of the slaves always learned the lesson the hard way. He remembered Gilda swinging helplessly, losing her footing and falling on her little bottom.

Bobby tried to explain momentum in meeting one time, but half the slaves just looked confused. “So you’re saying… Open the door slowly…” Jacob said slowly. Bastard was always a damn smart-aleck. “Yes,” Bobby said throwing up his hands, “That whole explanation was just to get you open the door slower, not broaden your damn mind, ya idjit…”

As Bobby entered the foyer, Raph and Azzy looked shocked to see him.


“Good to see you, Sir!” Bobby replied relieved. “Nope,” he hooked a thumb to his collar. “Gabe decided on a new job title…”

Both the archangel’s eyes widened. Then the two of them turned to each other cackling loudly.

“I am going to say it again… He didn’t!” Azrael looked to Raphael in surprise.

“Oh, I think he did… Come here boy…” Raphael said, his eyes now colder, his voice lost its familiarity.

Bobby scrunched his face. The Archangels never called him ‘boy.’ He thought he was on good terms. His hands shook a little as he approached the angels who looked at him devilishly. He felt their eyes sweep over him critically. It was more than a little off putting.

Bobby kept his distance, but Raphael extended his arm quickly, yanking the collar hard and toward himself and his brother. Bobby’s feet faltering below him.


Bobby straightened up and clasped his forearms behind his back. Raphael fiddled with the collar, unbuckling it and twirling the slave around.

Raphael smiled, pushing a fair amount of air through his nose. “He did it, brother. ‘Cherished, Beloved of Gabriel.’ Pretty words for a pretty slave…” Raphael said taking a knuckle to the man’s chin, lifting his head high and getting close, too close. So close, Bobby could smell the angel’s sweet breath. Like the artificial saccharine sweet mint, so strong his stomach lurched.

The words played weirdly into his mind. He was completely unprepared for actual words of the
mark... Now was not the time. Bobby tried desperately to keep his composure, but knew he was in for it. His stomach jumped and twisted in knots. Raphael and Azrael were not like Gabriel. Master Gabriel, in his own misguided codependent way, tried to force a relationship. These men wanted something far more sinister. They wanted a toy. And today was Christmas morning.

“Heard you upset my little brother, boy… By the way… How did you do that?” Raphael looked over the man critically. He backed away from the slave to get a better look.

After staring a few moments, “You don’t even stand properly…” Raphael huffed annoyed, the angel roughly handled the man, pulling and pushing his body until he felt like a ballerina, balancing precariously.

"Heard you caused him to kill my pretty trainer. I liked him, Bobby… You are going to have to pay for your sins slave,” Raphael said as he pushed his knuckle deep into the slave’s jaw, forcing his chin as high as it could go without snapping. Bobby let out a soft whimper of fear. His breath increasing and tears filling his wide blue eyes.

“Undress,” Azrael ordered. Then the angel gaze casually at his brother who had worked up a decent amount of rage.

Raphael pulled his knuckle straight up and out, jerking Bobby’s head. Bobby cast his eyes down, shame and fear creeping slowly in. He pulled the string on his pants, they pooled to the floor. No malice or contempt, he repeated to himself, no malice or contempt, as he stepped out of soft fabric. He kept his shoulders back as he lifted his shirt over his head.

A snort escaped Raphael’s lips as they curled at the sight of the cage and the rings. This was all very amusing to him.

“My!!! Seems my little brother has trussed up his little princess and taken to dripping him in gold. Very interesting… Hands at your back, slave,” Raphael chided.

Bobby shifted his weight, stabilizing himself. Hands gripping his forearms tightly. Mind racing.

“You really have changed. I remember when you were a foreman. In charge of the many little boys and girls in this hovel. Gabe has always been very proud of you. You have proven yourself worthy, boy. Too bad it all came this, correct?” Raphael said slowly, grazing fire hot finger tips up and down Bobby’s chest as he spoke.

“Something’s bothering me. I cannot understand why Gabe did not just train you himself… Where you a bad little boy, Bobby?” Raphael asked slowly, pausing to cock his head and gazing at the slave. “Answer me boy,” Raphael barked.

Bobby jerked his shoulder slightly. “This slave’s master required him to have training. I live to please my master,” Bobby said evenly, surprised his voice did not break.

“You hide behind your slave rhetoric, boy,” Raphael said as he ran a warm hand down Bobby’s long back and ended at his rump, the hand so hot, Bobby thought he might start to sweat from the heat. His heart sank as the logic behind it came together. Raphael and Azrael were created after Lucifer. The archangel was definitely more powerful than his master. Bobby felt his hands perspire as they gripped his arms tighter behind his back.

Raphael took a step back. He looked over Bobby with a grin.

“You know, slave, before all this madness, Gabe would talk about you about at parties. He was very proud of you. After more than a few drinks, he would muse over what you might enjoy. He said you were his forbidden fruit. Derek would not approve, but he like talk about you. He asked
me once my opinion. I told him he should take you whenever he wanted, that is what you are there for. Then I said, you reek of Mommy and Daddy issues. That you’d be needy and cold like that one over there,” Raphael smiled pointing Azrael.

“I am not!” Azrael protested, with a flash of pain in his eyes.

Raphael ignored him.

Raphael grabbed him roughly. Then pulled his hand back and slapped the slave’s ass with a crack that echoed through the foyer, reminding the man where he was and how public this humiliation could get. He exhaled a soft cry, trying his best to temper his voice and keep as silent and good as possible.

“What made my brother decide to use Gregory to train you boy? What did you do?” Raphael asked at hiss. Azrael giggling in the background.

“This slave was disobedient. Master Gabriel hired Master Gregory to train him.”

“You really do not want to talk Bobby…” Raph said with surprise.

Azrael spoke up. “I think I know why…” the angel smiled through his words, grinning like a Cheshire Cat. “Didn’t like being a bed slave did you? You wanted to keep that little life of yours, didn’t you?”

Raphael eyes widened. “Clever, brother! You are right! I bet the boy could not stand the idea! You had to give up your little women, didn’t you? Look at your little dick… All caged up. He wants you to himself.”

Bobby’s face burned red hot. Fear, anger and shame mixed a deadly brew all at the same time, all the emotions barely registering individually in his mind.

“What was her name? The little girl Bobby hitched himself too?”

“Weren’t there like five?” Azrael laughed.

“Two… Elsa? Elly? Nora? Jolene? Gabe really must enjoy you boy! Is it your mouth? Your cock? Your secret little pucker. Maybe we can try out all three… See which is the most enjoyable…Should we dig for some magic brother? See if this little boy can get us to release our wings? Are you that good, boy?”

Raphael placed his hand on Bobby’s rear, spreading his cheeks with a few fingers and roughly tapping his middle finger dead center.

“EHHH HMMM!” echoed loudly throughout the long hall. There standing, leaning on a cane stood Gabriel. The master of the manor dressed in thick red smoking jacket and black pants, possibly in attempt at looking large, not that it was needed. He stood large and looming despite his obvious weakness. His eyes full of hate, under thick dark circles. He looked terrifying.

“Leave him brother,” was all he said. Firm and solid. No room for interpretation.

Raphael’s eyes widened. He lifted his hands in retreat and backed away from the slave.

“Get your clothes on and be gone,” Gabriel spit not looking at Bobby. Bobby reacted quickly grabbing what was his and high tailing it out of there.
“You! Get into my chambers. Where I look forward to you explaining why in God’s name you saw fit to molest my favorite. My marked favorite…”

“I apologize Gabe. We were just so curious how your old foreman could caused you lose your damn mind. He needs to be punished for crimes, brother,” Raphael said plainly.

“I Will Decide who and who does not require punishment. Go. Go back to the torture chamber you call a home and leave me.”

“I have never seen this side of you brother! You love him, don’t you?” Raphael teased.

“I marked him, brother. That is all you need to know,” Gabriel said at a hiss.

“I was getting bored anyway. Let’s go Azrael. We’ll find some more toys to play with. Gabriel has no intention of sharing…” Raphael blinked out.

Azrael following shortly, mouthing, “Sorry, brother…” as he did.
As his brothers left the great hall, Gabriel began to feel unsteady on his own feet. He needed more rest and this was taxing. He was so close to his chambers, he looked at the great doors longingly. Rest. All he needed was rest…

The archangel would not have stirred if he had not heard Mrs. Blacker’s tortured pleas. If he had not felt his favorite’s overtaking fear. Just a few steps he told himself. He thanked his father he had some strength left and that twins, for once in his long life had listened. That they saw fit to leave him alone instead of inflicting greater torture. He really did hate Raphael. He hated helping him, dealing with him through correspondence, pulling his incompetent ass out of trouble with the alpha vampire, and most of all the intolerable parties he was required to attend or host every year.

Still, responsibility was responsibility. No mess Raphael created was ever going to clean itself up. Might as well not let derelict problems fester into something worse. Fixing Raphael’s incidents also gave him some sick satisfaction. His life, his sex life, his slaves, his unorthodox governing, and his tongue could only get him in so much trouble. His brothers needed him.

Now? He needed someone else. His steps faltered. His beanpole long legs gave out beneath him. He fell feeling as if he were falling from the sky, his stomach dropping on the long way down.

A large crash echoed through the marbled hallway. The stone cracking beneath him. He closed his eyes, whispering, “Zach…” as he fell deeply into unconsciousness, the cold stone broken and cold under his flawless cheek.

The next few weeks were uneventful at Gabriel's manor. No demons or angels came calling. Zachariah kept order and careful watch.

Bobby was having a more difficult time. Garth had developed new systems on top of his old ones. He cycled out the men and women between the house and the farm. Garth also had no idea how to take care of the pigs and two had died on him. Bobby cursed and threw things. He was a bear to be around. He chalked up his attitude to the collar and the cage but really there was something else. Something he really did not want to admit to himself.

His mood possibly caused by the elimination of his usefulness. At first, he just assumed the Master wanted a toy. A way to release some sort of weird sexual fetish. That fact had proven to be untrue. Gabriel could probably talk anyone into anything. Hell, he was fucking Joyce, Carl and Ester. This news weighed heavy in his gut, like a stone. And honestly, it shouldn’t have. He should feel
This news weighed heavy in his gut, like a stone. And honestly, it shouldn’t have. He should feel freer. Some small part of that giant dumb bird was growing on him. He tried desperately to convince himself Gabriel could not penetrate his wall. His deeply rooted, firm and long standing wall. A wall erected the night he lost Karen.

Karen. Her smile so warm, her love so unquestionable. She worshiped him. She loved him. Now? The similarities between her and Gabriel were adding up uncomfortably quick. Except Gabriel? A glutton for punishment. Bobby could tell himself all of Gabe’s actions were sinister, misguided, unhealthy, codependent, and wrong, but there was a deep kindness beneath it. He felt a warmth and security he had never experienced. He felt like the whole world could collapse around them and he would be safe, loved and happy. There was a depth of acceptance and admiration that he had not felt since he was enveloped in that small woman's thin arms.

Despite all of these dark and secret emerging feelings, or maybe because of them, Bobby? Was pissed. And it showed.

The handsome younger muscular man walked around the manor and the farm in a low hanging rage. His fiery red hair spilling around his head served now as a warning sign. Anything could set him off. Dean especially.

One bight fall morning, Bobby found Dean sitting on the seat of the tractor, about to turn the engine.

“What the hell you think you’re doing up there?” Bobby shouted, climbing the fence and stomping up the big John Deer.

“Sammy was just teaching me how to plow. I have read about it in books, I just wanted to try…” he stuttered, his uncle’s mood bringing out the little boy in him.

“Well that’s just peachy! You come in here and think you can play cowboy? Well go back to your free fucking life before you break something we can’t replace! You had better get the hell off that machine pronto before I come up there and do it myself!” Bobby threatened, his hands shaking and his body filled with adrenaline. His eyes smaller and serious, more green than blue as blood filled his head, coloring his cheeks.

Dean reacted quickly, taking the keys out the ignition, trying to shimmy off the seat that stood high, almost up to his neck. His chains caught the gearshift and he looked around helplessly at Sammy. Not wanting to try and get back up to free himself.

“You damn fool…” Bobby said as his face still spelt rage. He pulled the man up on the platform by his jeans, yanked Dean’s hands way from the bar and threw him down on the dry grass. Grass that was desperately needed a good plow.

Dean stared back awestruck and hurt, rubbing his hip that had broken his fall.

“Get on your damn feet, boy!” Bobby said at a snarl.

“Okay Uncle Bobby… Sorry Uncle Bobby…” Dean said shyly, his eyes tearing slightly from the pain and admonishment.

“And I ain’t going to be your goddamn uncle until you stop beating hell outta your damn brother, that clear?”

“Yes! Yes, sir,” Dean said earnestly.
“Good. Stay out of trouble before I pick up where your daddy left off!” Bobby said with narrow eyes, staring the boy down.

“Yes, sir,” Dean said forcing himself to meet his uncle’s cruel eyes, like John taught him, feeling a rush of fear for his hide that made him feel about six years old.

Bobby turned and didn’t look back. Not to Sam. Not to Dean. He swung over the fence with the ease of a gymnast, his big arms made stronger by the pull-ups and endless training. He walked hard over to where he was sure Garth was. He was sure because it was assignment time for the week. With his work boots, he wasn’t going to fuss with the housework. At least if he had any say about it. He still resented the fact that he was now taking to orders instead of giving them.

Chapter End Notes

Gabriel was taken back to his chambers by Zachariah, if you were worried. Did not know how to make that clearer with out being trite.
Bad Boys

Chapter Notes

Following along for the story?

The second half of the chapter is heavy into BDSM and non con. Just some lemony lime bondage and kink party.

Kinda proud of it.

This one’s for you Thor...

Garth stood silent looking over this year’s crop of corn. He smiled suddenly. Man, next year they should do a corn maze! That would be fun. He chewed idly on a piece of wheat. The past few months had been a whirl. Promotion to foreman. Complete change in everything around them. New clothes. New laptops. A breath of freedom and celebration every month. This month they were going to show Encino Man and maybe George of the Jungle. That Brendon Fraser…. Such a card!

Everyone else was doing great. Andrea was showing and complaining, her belly growing and swelling. They were going to have a baby girl! The kids were happier. Especially now that Zachariah was here to help with homework and to keep them company after school. Dean helped too. He was teaching the kids self-defense, knitting and introducing them to comics. Lisa kept her eye on Dean. She said it was because she didn’t trust him, but Garth saw a spark somewhere hidden deep.

Garth closed his eyes and shook his head when he thought about Bobby. The man had gone through hell and back, no question. The guy had been wrung through the wringer more times than a body should have to. But now? He was one man wrecking ball. His temper was out of control. Garth was worried what the master would do to him after he woke up. Damn if he woke up. Bobby chewed Garth out daily. Garth was at fucking loss and the abuse was escalating.

Garth had just had to intervene earlier today at the pig pen.

“Now, Bobby? You can’t just fire Kimberly. She’s just trying to feed the pigs. You have to show her how to do it or come get me…”

“She doesn’t belong there,” Bobby huffed. “She’s a goddamn ditz and she’s going to hurt
herself.”

“That’s not nice,” Garth said slowly. “Everyone needs some grace Bobby. She’ll get the knack. She just needs some practice…”

“Had about enough grace to kill a goddamn elephant. I ain’t about to give it back out…” Bobby exhaled.

“Bobby maybe you could build a fish pond? Some koi would be real pretty to look at…” Garth treaded lightly. He knew Bobby would see through this. He just hoped he didn’t care.

No such luck. Bobby prickled.

“Are you fucking retarded or did Momma Garth just drop you on your head too damn much?” Bobby asked seriously, pulling up the side of his lip.

“No one says retarded anymore…” Garth said quietly, looking down into his new work boots. Knowing those boots might as well have cost Bobby his soul.

“Fine,” Bobby said shortly, losing his temper faster than a cat dropped in a bucket of tar. “Are you a dullard? Nincompoop? Dunce? You need help getting on the short bus? We are in fucking Oregon, Garth… I suppose we could just buy some new damn fish every fucking spring when the old ones die because it’s too fucking cold here!”

“Fish hibernate…” Garth said softly. Not really wanting to make a point.

“Really. I would like to thank you for educating me on the nuances of owning a fucking fish. Now can I please get back to work or do you have something else you would like to prattle on about? I would like to make sure these pigs don’t up and kill each other. Know that’s been hard for you to prevent,” Bobby smiled darkly.

“Go ahead. I’m fine,” Garth said with a sad smile, backing away. Garth turned and found Kimberly. She hid behind the pig house, holding on to her legs, weeping a little. Garth gathered her up and led her off to help shuck some fall corn.

Dinner came faster than it should have. Bobby scowled his way into the dining hall. Angry he had to look at any of them. The burly man got his food without too much incident. He was just about to put his food down on an empty table, when Roger threw open the dining room door scanning the room until his eyes locked on Bobby.

“You and I need to have some words Robert Singer!” Roger shouted across the room.

“Oh! Do we now?” Bobby answered back in mock surprise, crossing his thick arms on his barrel chest.

“I think I need to have some words with you outside,” Roger said pissed as hell, fire shining deep in his pale eyes.

Bobby blew out a breath of air. “You think you can take on a former marine? A former resident of Rockbridge? Son. I’ve killed men smarter and bigger than you. So, come on, Scrappy, think you handle me?” Bobby barked back, standing up and kicking his chair across the floor, daring Roger to come at him.

Sam and Dean shot desperate looks at each other. They grabbed Bobby just as he started strutting
over to the irate slave. Sam started talking quickly and softly, “Calm down. Jesus, Bobby. Just calm down…”

“Oh big talk Bobby! Gabriel will have your ass if you lay a finger on any of us!” That is when Devon and Caleb leapt up and put hands on Roger. Holding him back.

Bobby pulled back hard against Sam and Dean. “You motherfucker. I’ve been beat so much, I just don’t get a fuck anymore. Might be worth kicking your ass!”

“Roger!” Kimberly scolded quickly. “Sit the fuck down. This isn’t worth it.”

Charlie watched the scene with increasing concern. She rubbed her neck as she followed Sam and Dean who pulled Bobby out of the dining hall and back to his dorm room.

Ester marched into the cold autumn air right out after them, carrying her long spoon.

Charlie looked back, trying to calm her, “We’ll handle this Ester… Go back inside,” she said coaxed.

Ester ignored her. “You try and start another fight in my kitchen and I’ll tan your ass good, Mr. Singer!” She promised holding up her spoon.

“You fucking slut!” Bobby called back to her. “You had better not even try…” he warned back hatefully.

Ester narrowed her eyes and glared as Dean and Sam pulled harder on redheaded slave.

Charlie’s stomach lurched as her eyes shot open. Did Bobby just call old Ester a slut? Was Bobby sleeping with the entire female staff? She had only counted five, but hell maybe he had a thing?

As Sam and Dean hauled Bobby bodily back to his room, Charlie followed dumbstruck. She shook her head and itched her auburn hair, trying her best to decipher the situation. All of that would have to wait.

Sam shoved Bobby inside the room and shut the door, staring Dean and Charlie down. “Leave him to me,” Sam said firmly.

Dean and Charlie started to protest at the same time. “Dude, he’s fucking crazy..”

“Sam, I can help…” Both of them began. Sam shut it down.

“Both of you. Get the fuck out. I know what he’s going through. Just go,” Sam said sternly. Probably the first command he had ever given his brother. Fuck it. His friend need help. Real fucking help.

They both resigned and trudged back to the dining hall. Dean put a manacled hand on her shoulder. She smiled weakly and crossed her arm across her chest to rest her hand on his. This was fucking terrible. If any of them were going to get through it, they’d need to do it together.
Sam inhaled a deep breath before opening the door to Bobby’s room. Sam watched him. Head in his hands, hiding his face.

“Sam. Just shut the door. Just get the fuck out of here before you get hurt, boy…” Bobby sniffed, trying his damnedest to pull himself together with limited success.

“Oh. I’m a boy now?” Sam exhaled a slight smile. “I know your game. What the hell is going on with you? Did something happen?”

“No, Sam. Everything is just rose colored glasses and penny candy…” Bobby stared out his window. The shades were drawn but that didn’t matter. It all looked the same.

“Bobby. We’ve been through enough hell to be nothing but honest with each other. And really? Ester is a slut?”

“I don’t know what the hell is going on, Sam… I just… Hate it here… Nothing’s right. Everything tastes, smells, and looks plain wrong…”

“You miss him?” Sam asked seriously. “I miss Castiel. It’s okay if you miss him…”

“Fuck. You.” Bobby said pointedly, but failing still to make any eye contact.

Sam laughed.

Bobby defended himself quickly. “Yeah Sam. I miss the bastard who turned my life of servitude into a life of constant torture. I miss the bastard who is fucking damn near everyone…”

“You knew that didn’t you? I mean… Gabriel. The most promiscuous and perverted angel in heaven, right?” Sam said quoting Zachariah lifting his eyebrows.

Bobby inhaled a shaky breath. “Yeah, yeah…” The parade of guests in and out of that giant room had been the talk of the slaves for years, Bobby just never thought of it. Fucking Joyce...

“You could tell him to stop…”

Bobby slumped deeper into his bed, raking his fingers through his mess of copper hair. His heart beat slowly and sadly. His stomach turned and knotted up so tight he felt sick.

How? How in God’s name did this even happen?

“It will get better, Bobby. It will get better,” Sam promised. “But… You might want to work on your apologies. You’ve pissed off and or offended almost everyone… And? Think you can let go of some of this piss and vinegar?”

Bobby looked up to Sam, sitting high in the chair next to the bed. His eyes teary, but he nodded.

~*~

Castiel slowly opened his dark blue eyes, rubbing his forehead, looking blankly around the room of his chambers. Stark, hollow and lonely. Maybe that was just the way he felt. He stretched each limb one by, contemplating his next move…
Sam and Dean had decided to take Sam’s off day to go fishing. The brothers leisurely dropped lures in the water and waited patiently the trout to bite. The dock the brothers sat on was long and reached a quarter way out. Perfect for catching a decent bite. Both looked a bit ridiculous in their uniforms. Dean in his oxford shirt and Sam still decked out in black. Neither seemed to mind. Though a flannel would have been nice.

The boys had never been fishing together and Dean looked happier than he had been in a long time. This was the life! If not for the near constant annoyance at being bound, didn’t matter. He had his brother for the first time in a long time.

Sam smiled wide looking at his brother. The worry was gone from his eyes. The uneasiness that marked all of his brother’s decisions seemed to fade away into the depths of this manmade lake. The water stirring gently with the motion of the wind, the sweet smell of pine and low rustle of fall leaves bring a sublime peace.

They chatted idly. The words not mattering as much as feeling a familiar bond. It was a warm, pleasant feeling as Sam explained the dynamics of the manor, the farm and his master. Dean would smile and nod offer simple words of encouragement and praise.

After a long and comfortable silence, Sam exhaled, “This is nice, Dean.” And he meant it heart felt and sincere.

“That it is, Brother, that it is…” Dean replied with a smile, staring off into the water, listening to dull chatter of nature and calm breath of the wind.

Just as Dean started to swing his legs, something made him jump. Sam looked at his brother as the color washed from his face. He tapped Sam on the shoulder as Sam stared blankly at his brother, until he turned his head.

Castiel stood firm, legs slightly apart, stiff and planted. His face severe and his eyes wide with warning. Sam shot to his feet, a feeling of terror creeping up his spine, the likes of which he had never felt before.

“Castiel… Master? If everything alright?”

“You disappoint me, slave…. Where were you as I slumbered? Did you not think that I might need protection? Did you forget your obligation?” Castiel’s voice rising with every question he did not want answered.

“I umm… This boy is very sorry to displease you, master,” Sam fell to his knees, bending over to place his forehead on folded hands, attempting the pose Mark had drilled into them. Attempting to submit fully. Sam had never been so scared as he shuttered in his pose.

Castiel did not notice.

“Castiel… Master? If everything alright?”

“You will be very sorry, Samuel…” Castiel said pointedly, snapping to produce a thick black leash, as Sam looked up helplessly. The master bent down fluidly, clapping the thing lightning fast to the thick gold ring on Sam’s collar, using his knuckle to force Sam’s gaze to his, sending a greater rush of fear Sam felt deep in his gut. His heart pounding in his ears.

Castiel choked up on the leash, pulling Sam roughly up to his feet, as the boy’s head bowed in shame.

Dean looked back with pure blinding rage. Only Castiel saw his face. Castiel lifted his chin high, his mouth spread in a wide grin as he winked one eye to Dean, blinking himself and Sam back to
Castiel’s chambers.

Sam scrambled behind Castiel as the angel pulled him roughly to the bed.

“Gabriel did a fine job selecting the bed, slave,” Castiel said as he looked over the massive bed with its straight modern lines and towering canopy. “The frame, he assured me is very sturdy. It should have no problem supporting your weight even as you receive you punishment for your laziness…”

Sam had fallen to his knees again. His knees aching from the fall on the solid floor, he cast his eyes to the ground, trying desperately to remember Mark’s words and teachings. What to do during a beating, how to apologize, how to make it out alive. Sam’s heart raced rabbit fast as he felt shivers crawl up the length of his back.

Castiel looked down on him with a slight smirk. “You won’t get out of this that way… Remove your clothing. Now.”

Sam’s fingers flew to the buttons as pulled the soft fabric over his head, stepping out of his, hooking his thumbs to yank his underwear off.

Castiel snapped and in his hands were two small belts that darkly resembled Sam’s collar. Thick and black, each with matching gold rings.

“I do look forward to seeing you in these. Put them on your wrists. Quickly. I am not feeling very patient.” He did not sound patient. Sam swallowed hard, remembering his master’s incredible strength and speed. Sam was no match. What had he done? Was someone supposed to tell him to wait at Castiel’s side? Guard him? Sam fumbled with the belts, working as quick as his shaky fingers would allow.

Castiel produced a fair amount of rope and began securing it to the overhanging supports of the bed, as Sam watch spellbound. He tried to think quickly.

“Castiel… Whatever you want to do… I can stay still… I accept it,” Sam said looking to the floor and meaning it.

“This pleases me. You wish to please me don’t you boy?” Castiel asked as he threaded the rope through the wrist bonds.

Castiel pulled Sam high, his arms stretched and pulled. The angel turned his slave facing outward from the bed.

“You know, Bobby has received so many compliments on his rings, I think I may not have choosen carefully enough. I would enjoy seeing you pierced,” Castiel said he opened a familiar box of black lacquer. Sam shook his head, then forced it to stop.

“You are so pretty like this… How pretty will you be when I am through with you? Your ass red, you nipples gold. I must give lasting reminder to obey me… Will you behave, Samuel?”

Sam nodded his head, still looking hard into the floor. Then Castiel ran his long warm fingertips over the slave’s bare chest. Sam closed his eyes, as a soft moan escaped. Sam felt a bite on his nipple, a cry escaped as he felt the next one, shutting his eyes tighter. A flash of bright light jolted Sam as his eye shot open to look at Castiel, who smiled easily.

Sam pulled at shoulders, the weight of the rings unsettling and delicious if he was honest about it.
His cock hardening in response.

“Now. Now, you are being good,” Castiel, cooed into Sam’s ear, as he began to stroke the human until his toes curled on the cold hardwood floor and he panted desperately.

“But… I still need to punish you. You need to learn I will not tolerate disobedience…” Castiel said as a dark smile pulled his lips. He grabbed Sam, spinning him, so he faced the bed.

Sam looked helplessly into the crisp sheets and cool blankets he had so recently shared with Castiel. He shook his head and bit his plump lips.

Castiel stood at the slave’s side. Fondled his rump, caressing it, occasionally landing a series of loud slaps that would force Sam to pull up a hip to combat the pain. With his other hand he gripped his boy firmly, gently stroking in time with his slaps.

Sam’s head fell back, his neck feeling boneless and useless at keeping up his heavy head as he moaned and gasped every time Castiel’s hand slapped hard or stroked him gently or play with the shiny rings on the boy’s nipples. The insane tease did not register in Sam’s muddled mind as started to buck hips that would not obey his commands to stay still.

Just as Sam began quicken his breath, when his gasps had reached an apex, Castiel slowed, rubbing the sore bottom as he let go of the cock, nibbling kisses down the length of Sam’s long neck. Sam tilted his head into Castiel’s, gently grazing his cheek to his master’s.

Castiel pulled back, enjoying the scene. This was going far better than he had hoped. Just one more prop to set the boy in orbit.

Castiel snapped and produced a paddle. Long black leather, smooth and studded. A gift from Gabriel to keep his pet in line.

Castiel rubbed the paddle on the little ass that had already showed signs of reddening, burning hot at the touch. Sam shuttered somewhere between pain and ecstasy, he let a sad wail issue forth. A cry that almost stopped his masters. But Castiel knew what was best for his boy. He pulled the paddle back and slapped the boy across the full length of his ass. Sam cried, as Castiel used a free hand to stroke the boy’s cock again. Sam drooled, as his nose ran, tears rained down and he cried in pleasure.

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK

Sam became blubbery mess. His tears flowing, cock so hard it almost burned, the weight feeling too heavy. Until Castiel cut the ropes, the boy falling hard to the bed, he body boneless and unresponsive.

“On your knees,” Castiel commanded.

Sam obeyed, whimpering as he did. Sam’s swollen ass exposed, he felt the chill of the room breath over him, consumed with his own nakedness and shame.

Castiel walked over to the side of the bed and retrieved a bottle of lube. Sam shuttered as he heard the viscous liquid escape.

Castiel worked in a slick finger inside as he began stroke Sam faster. Sam’s eyes rolled back into his head as he lost time and reality. He could barely fathom where he was as Castiel wiggled his finger, playing gently and curling it as if to beckon him near.

“Tell me you will be a good boy, Samuel…” Castiel whispered into his captive’s ear.
“I’ll be good, master. I’ll be very good!” Sam stuttered out, the words sending jolts down his spine, fueling desire that was close to max.

“You are my good boy, aren’t you boy?” Castiel smiled.

“Yes, yes master. Anything…. Ahhhh,” Sam was losing his speech.

“Good boy. You want to come don’t you?”

“Yes… Please, God… please…”

“Good boy…. Now. Now you may come Samuel…” Castiel whispered.

Sam’s body jerked. Jerked hard, he howled, drooling onto the bed, his head rolling in wide circles around his neck, as he came in a series of undulating waves. Obeying his master as his hips bucked into his masters firm grasp.

Castiel worked quickly to remove the restraints, the collar, so that all that was left was a sweaty naked ball of blissed out human. Castiel yanked at his tie, pulling off his clothes fast as he curled up to his lover, intent to hold him all day.

The angel held the sleeping boy close. Kissing him sweetly. Caressing him.

Eventually Sam pulled himself from sleep. His eyes jolting open as he surveyed the room, wiggling his sore bottom, not minding in the least. Sam smiled blissfully, losing himself in the warm arms of his lover.

“Thought you were mad?” Sam asked confused.


“Wha?” Sam asked rubbing his head into bare of Castiel’s chest.

“After I woke, I read the rest of the black book,” Castiel snapped producing the thing. “The book suggested if your slave enjoys his punishment, you should set clear boundaries. You now understand that I can and will punish you. But it said you would enjoy be punished for that which is out of your control. I see that you did like that. Quite a lot.” Castiel said raising his eyebrows.

Sam nodded. Smiling deep and satisfied.

“Okay,” Sam thought to himself, “Angels are scary. But in the most divine of ways…” Sam was lulled back to sleep by the gentle hands of his master.
Yes, I realize how embarrassingly unedited the last version of this chapter was... my humble apologies. I think I didn’t save my edits? Anyway, here it is. More readable and everything.

Gabriel long eye lashes fluttered in his sleep, he rolled his cheek on the cool smooth silk of pillow. He really was going to have to thank Zachariah... His body must have been difficult to maneuver back to this position. He shut his eyes tighter and listened. Listened to the whispers and shouts of the day. What he heard made him want to curl up and sleep for another month.

Damn. First, the New York Gala at the Met had come and gone. Gabriel had been looking forward to taking Bobby. His pretty little show pony was coming along nicely. The slave was fit and walking taller. He knew appropriate postures and the hands signals.

Very well indeed. Unless you counted the fact that, the boy? Was a complete and ridiculous mess. A serious talk was in order. Damn it. Gabriel hated serious talks. He much preferred to do nothing, claim no responsibility and enjoy himself. Sadly, this life? So many responsibilities.

Second. Second, really. What the devil was going on? His staff seemed completely on edge. From what he could determine, Garth seemed depressed. Dean was angrily training in the gym off the garage. What had gotten his feathers ruffled? Gabriel rubbed at his head. For fuck’s sake! The new human had only been there a few weeks. Well... at least Samuel and Cassie were all right. Very all right. Huh? Way to go Cassie! Gabriel smiled wide for the first time in a long time.

His smile faded. Bobby. Gabe did not know where to begin. This level of disobedience was wholly unkeeping for the manor. Gabe arched his eyebrows. Probably because Bobby had been so good at keeping order.

The angel should string the boy up and punish him as he did to Devon... Shut up, Gabriel... Because that worked so well the last time.

Bobby opened the master’s heavy door slowly, the weight of the thing feeling heavier and colder. He really did not want to be there. Really anywhere close to his master. He knew he was in a fair amount of trouble. Trouble he was in line to pay for.
The room was so still. Gabriel sat idly at his desk, making notes of some sort in a folder, and delaying his reaction to his petulant slave.

“Come in, Bobby. So good of you to come by…” Gabriel still peering deep into the file.

Bobby shifted on his feet. “Yes, Sir… Master… Sir…” Bobby stuttered, looking around the familiar room, feeling the sorted history. Dread rolling around like a lump in his throat.

“We need to have a little talk, boy. Take a seat. Do you know what this is about?” Gabriel asked still looking into a file and writing notes in the margins.

Bobby walked over to the desk. Sat down in front of Gabriel. He looked at the blond head, perfect posture, perfect lips, and eyes hooded by their brow.

“This boy regrets his actions,” Bobby said, slowly seriously.

“Interesting. I suppose Gregory’s employ and sacrifice was not completely in vain,” Gabriel said noticing the slave talk. Moving on quickly, “I am going to punish you, boy. Do you have anything to say in your defense?” Gabriel set down the file and looked at the man square in the eyes.

Bobby shuttered.

“Not much to say…” Gabriel drummed his fingers on the desk, face vacant and irritated.

“Have you been minding your manners, boy? Gregory did try imposing some upon you, at the expense of his life. Tell me you learned something from the man…” Gabriel waited for a response he was most assuredly not going to get.

“You have managed to be a great disappointment boy. It was at great expense to me to save you from my brothers, would you prefer I send you to visit them? There is always fun abound at Raphael’s mansion…” Bobby shook his head in quick shakes, looking deeper into the floor.

“Then. After that? You begin a relentless and childish assault on your foreman. One of the happiest humans I have met, you have reduced to angst and misery. He does not know what to do with you. He prays. To Me! Bobby I hate that,” Gabriel furrowed his brow.

“So… we need to have a talk little one. Your trespasses extend past your master and foreman and have touched nearly everyone you come in contact with!”

“I wonder, should I teach Mr. Fitzgerald to strap you? I could call him in now, considering his mood, I am near positive he would not object. Perhaps even be inclined to lay in some retribution,” Gabriel asked his slave seriously.

Bobby’s ears burned hot at the suggestion. Mother of mercy. He was in for it. Well, Greg did teach him a few things. How to get out of this mess without being a complete jackass.

“This slave regrets his actions, master,” Bobby attempted the ‘very sorry’ kneeling posture. His arms long and thick straight as his wrists pressed together as his hands attempted a perfect ‘T’ between his thighs. His head bowed low. His long back arched slightly as he knelt.

Gabriel looked at the sight and gawked, breaking what little composure he had. “Oh, yes! Very mature! Get up.”

Bobby looked up confused. That fucking dick. Master Gregory, useless pile of...
“Yes. Yes. I know the forms boy. And yes, if you prefer that I tie you up outside and horse whip you this is the appropriate way to accomplish that. If you prefer to have a conversation, we can start there…”

Bobby stared blankly, still confused.

“If you would like to visit anyone of my brother’s houses, yes, that is the way to resolve differences. Do not play me boy.”

Bobby looked hard at his master, his neck craning. Wasn't this the 'I'm very sorry' pose?

“Take. A. Seat,” the master said firmly, pointing back to the ornately curly and feminine chair across from his desk.

Enough for me! Bobby hustled over to the French pale violet silk of the uncomfortably straight chair.

“Now, that you are feeling civilized, let us go over each of your infractions, then. Then I will determine what I deem appropriate punishment. So! I hear you are having some problems with Mr. Fitzgerald. Please. Explain.”

Bobby swallowed audibly. His damn hands were already sweating.

“I should not have disobeyed my foreman, master,” the slave replied, pressing his lips together, looking like caught teenager.

Gabriel laughed. The bastard laughed. “Do I need you over my knee to get you to talk? Please. Explain.”

This was worse than a beating... “We… I… We haven’t been getting along. I don’t like taking orders from him. He… has fucked up years of my hard work and now? Now, no one knows what the hell they are doing and why!” Bobby forced out, speaking too fast in an earnest attempt to get this out, before he lost the nerve mid sentence.

“Interesting,” Gabriel chuckled, slightly, "Continue, love. Why did you call our beautiful Ester a whore? Or tramp, was it?”

Bobby could not contain his tongue. “You really need me to explain that one?” Bobby squinted his left eye in disbelief.

Gabriel cocked his head to the side, caught back. A moment of realization surfaced.

A smile crept across Gabriel's once serious face, “Really? Are you jealous?”

“There is no way I am jealous of Joyce Blacker or Ester. I wish you three all the happiness in world…” Bobby said squinting one eye. That old witch….

“You are!” Gabriel protested in disbelief.

“I AM NOT,” Jealous of geriatric sex? No thank you…

“You are, Pet!” Gabriel coaxed. “Boy, you need’nt be so dramatic. I could have claimed Joyce. She would have more than willing. Hell, Carl would have taken it better than you did… Ester? Might not really know any difference at this point…,” the master paused, troubled. "I find this situation very odd, beloved… Your deep concerns for my infidelity suggests you believed, mistakenly, in my fidelity.”
Bobby looked on, irritated. “Perhaps what I found confusing was how you locked up my dick. I did not know the same rules did not apply to you,” Bobby said smugly.

“Huh. Did you assume that I had moved next door to you in your dormitory? Should I have renounced my throne to sit beside you? Should I dispelled my grace so we might marry? Have a few children? Do you forget it is I who is your master?”

“Ho! Big talk, Gabriel! What might have been confusing is that you marked my neck and balls with ‘Cherished Beloved.’ Or could it be that you transformed in to a goddamn prehistoric beast when you saw I was hurt. Gabriel, this arrangement is beyond insane.”

“You are! You are my beloved. But I did not remain faithful even to Derek and he was a far better Chosen than you have ever been.”

Bobby threw his head back in to the couch, “Gabriel. What the hell do you want? You want to beat the crap out of me? Well that’s well within your rights. But don’t expect I should be pleased as punch with this god awful situation.”

“That my love, brings up another salient point and yet another infraction. How pleased you are with this god awful situation of ours!” Gabriel began more animated than before. “Seems you are not interested in me. Which… I accept… but I must find use for you somehow. The current job of foreman is aptly taken by your predecessor. You need to find employ… What to do with you…” Gabe dramatically putting a finger to his chin.

“You find me monstrous, that I cannot fault you entirely for that… Although, I do not believe you understand the term. I could very easily become your monster. The beast who tortures and molests you. Cages and burns you. I could simply take you at my desire. That is also within my rights, little one.” Gabriel’s eyes darkened and narrowed, staring the man down. He stood up and strut slowly around his desk to Bobby’s chair. He placed his overly long arms on the arms of the chair. The master surrounding the man. Bobby could feel the warm presence of his master, but he did not feel safe any longer.

Bobby felt his breath as the master spoke so close into his ear. Not at a whisper, as before. Louder, firmer, the volume causing him to wince slightly. Bobby pressed back against the chair lost in Gabriel’s threats.

“Should I bind you up so you cannot move, tease you until you cannot stand another minute and then fuck you to oblivion giving you have no choice but cum from my cock? Or would it be more humane if I start easing you into different toys until you can take my cock to its hilt? Or would you prefer I just ravage you? Take you. Bite the back of your neck until you howled. Rocking you deep on to my cock as you moaned with pleasure? Giving you no choice by comply or face severe consequences… All of this is within my rights, dear boy. Who? Who am I, boy? Who is really your monster, Bobby?” Gabriel hissed, keeping his scowl as he returned to his desk.

Bobby blushed hot. Terrified and fighting hard against his cage. He closed his eyes and glared back. “You’re an asshole, you know that?” Bobby asked feeling a rush of retaliation.

Gabriel ignored him, balling his hands on his desk.

“You could be my pet? Sleep at my feet. Eat from my hand. And. If you are a very good boy, I might just give you a special little rub, if you ask. The choice is yours.”

“Really? The choice is mine? Well give me my old job back and leave me the hell alone.”

“You really are so very unfamiliar with the concept of slavery, aren’t you?” Gabriel laughed
gently, rubbing his chin.

“I think so pet training would do you good. Let us try it out for a while. We can see which you prefer. Let us see if you’d rather be a good boy or a good pet…”

“Now, what the fuck does that mean Gabriel?” Bobby shot back with a look of disgust, no fucking way was he fetching any damn newspapers or shitting on the lawn.

“You are going to be my constant companion. I will have your meals brought here. You can see what your master actually does during the day while you and yours play in the garden, feed the animals, play, cook, and tidy up.”

Yeah... that's what it's like. Bobby barked back. “You know it’s no picnic being a slave, Gabriel. We are not all singing the ‘Hills are Alive' around here…”

“I know hippies that have it worse boy…” Gabe said rolling his eyes with a sly smile. Bobby snarled a little. “Really? That’s interesting… Do they have rights? Do they have the right to marry, hold a job, or leave the goddamn grounds without being burnt to a crisp?”

Gabriel laughed heartily. Bobby’s glare intensifi ed. Gabriel smiled back. “I gather you never have tried the barrier have you?” he asked with an obvious giggle.

Bobby rolled his eyes again. Fool. No, he hadn’t tried the damn barrier. Though he was not too keen on his circumstances, he did enjoy some aspects of his life.

“Bobby, yes there is pain, but Bobby, you must know that I would never kill anyone of you. I barely discipline you. The slave ends up at the Sheriff’s office in town. I pay for a sizable cell, Darling. After that? The slave is sold or comes back. Really that simple. I told Joyce to tell the story about the slave and truck.”

“You’re a dick! What the hell is wrong with you? That fence gives most of those slaves of yours nightmares,” Bobby said appalled.

“Nightmares are better than demons, Bobby. You don’t know the length I went to get Ester back… After that? She fell to drink, boy. I love her dearly. It is heartbreaking to see the pain of her abduction still haunts her. After that? Sigils and lies, my boy. Sigils and lies,” Gabriel looked off with a sad smile.

“I am yours, Bobby. Beit unrelenting boredom or unequivocal ecstasy. Sadly, you have been more tedious than not, but I think with a few adjustments… You may come along nicely.”

“You are going to be my little pet, boy. If you want any human treatment, I expect obedience and submission. You can earn your privileges back…”

“Huh? You honestly want me to bark like a damn dog? And honestly? What privileges do I have?”

“Far more than you know dear boy, far more than you know… I believe you will understand that much better after they are removed… Now. Let us discuss punishment. You remember Devon’s punishment? Do I need to dust off my cane, boy? Should I borrow Loui’s switch? Whip your little rump until it is tender and sore? Or should I call Joyce to fetch me a spoon from the kitchen? Or… Perhaps the lesson would be better served if you retrieved it…”

Bobby felt his fear clenching up to his throat. All of that sounded terrible. His eyes wide and the
color draining from his face. And fuck. Look at that. Gabriel was enjoying himself.

“Come. Come stand beside me, child,” Gabriel snapping impatiently to his side, smiling deviously.

Bobby’s legs felt boneless beneath him, blood filled every part of his body making him feel weightless and prickly as he obeyed.

Bobby stood side by side with his master. The master gripped his arm and pulled him to the side of his thigh. Once there Bobby felt the long arm of the master wrap around his waist. Then he felt several pops to his bottom. It did not hurt but was firm enough to jolt him.

Gabriel used his other arm back around then grazed Bobby’s neck with a long finger. It tickled as Bobby shook a little the touch.

“You realize, in all my time on this earth, and that has been quite a while, I have never had a lover reject my advances after I gave them pleasure… That was more than a little insulting. Remember too, of course, your daily fights with your foreman and staff. I am afraid I had to get creative with you after this infraction. For seven days I will take away your voice. You will be required to listen. Listen to every fool thing these people would like to discuss with you. You rely too heavily on that sublimely forked tongue of yours. This might offer you some perspective…”

Bobby tried to rebut, wanted to explain he was sorry. That maybe, maybe a small part of him was interested. A small part of him missed the master in his slumber, but the words would not come. His eyes widened as he grasped at his throat. He opened his mouth but all that came out was air. He could not moan, groan or scream. Panicked, he coughed trying desperately to make any sound at all.

“Calm down. Calm yourself little one. I told you. I relaxed your vocal cords. They will recover in a week’s time. Enough time to mend fences and such… Now to determine your punishment…” Gabriel rubbed the Bobby’s bottom as the slave clenched and shifted.

“The most fitting punishment I can think of… at the moment would be to spank you raw, as you try to fill you cage… My bad little boy… I regret that you need such reminders. Derek required very little punishment at all. I know he explored some of the other slaves, but he was so cute with his painfully bad sneaking around. His guilt served him better than any punishment I could dish out…” Gabriel paused, then exhaled and landed a sharp swat. Bobby would have whimpered. Instead, his eyes watered and his hands flew to backside.

“Uhh-uhh-uhh…” Gabriel shook his head, hooking a finger to the collar and pulling Bobby down over his lap. He fell over the master's lap, the fall jarring and violent. Bobby's arms gripped his master's thighs bracing himself as his bottom perched high in the air, his leg bents. Gabriel pinned the boy’s errant hand to the boy’s back. Gabriel used his free hand to shimmy the slave's pants and underthings to his knees.

Once across his lap, the master pet and soothed the rump below him. His legs kicking a little, Bobby tried to relaxed, trying not trust the gentleness. Knowing full well, he was in for it.

Without warning, Gabriel began his assault. Large powerful hands proceeded to slap his boy’s bottom. Bobby tried his best to stay still, to offer some form of recompense, to show his obedience, but failed. It stung like hellfire. His bottom clenched itself, fought hard against the swats. Blows that came predictably and firmly.

Gabriel pause to rub and pat at the bottom that quivered bright pink below him.
“You have earned this ten times over… Know that you have disappointed me. I thought better of you. It is clear I need to make my point clearly. You will obey,” Gabriel land three swats to the bottom of his ass.

Bobby knew this was correct. He felt like he did as a teen, when his mother took a break beating to ask him some fucking questions just to make sure he was crying hard enough...

“You will mind your manners.” Three more purposeful slaps. Bobby panted as more tears fell as he winced, feeling humiliated and guilty.

“You will remember you place, your crimes and your penance.” Three more. Harder and applied to his thighs. Bobby’s legs kicked and his arm fought against Gabriel’s grasp, his free hand hanging useless behind the chair.

“And.” SWAT. “YOU WILL.” SWAT, SWAT. “MIND YOUR FUCKING TEMPER.” SWAT. SWAT. SWAT.

Hot tears began to come against his wishes. Bobby choked and tried to sob, only breath rushed from his mouth. Helpless and defeated, his shame and misery grew unchecked.

Gabriel stopped. He cupped the firm ass, rubbing and petting. Bobby closed his eyes, enjoying the soft warm hands.


The angel gathered Bobby up and held him. Bobby felt warm and safe again. Gabe pulled the man to his chest and rested his head on Bobby mop of wavy red hair, rubbing his boy’s ailing bottom.

After some time, Gabe drew back, pausing to look at Bobby.

“You are such a mess. I thought I told Sara to cut this hair of yours… Would you like to go back to the salon?” the master asked seriously.

Meanwhile…

Dean had enough.

Dean marched Charlie down the dark hallway to Castiel’s chambers. He had not seen his brother in hours and she knew where the hell to find him.

“Dean. You don’t know me, but dude. I’m telling you. This? This is a really bad idea,” Charlie said skipping steps to catch up with irate hunter.

“Keep moving, Sunshine. I have an ass to kick and this appointment ain’t gonna wait.”
Recompense

Chapter Notes

Changed the description of Mrs. Blacker. Small point I know. As a noob, if your trying your hand at writing? Don't try to describe someone you have never seen or do not have a photo of. Just don't like her very much. Have been putting this off. Sophomore mistake.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean threw a fist into the sturdy hardwood of Castiel's chambers. Charlie left prior, soon as her first glimpse of the door. She absolutely wanted nothing to do with this. She had Gilda to look out for and did not need a stint in obedience school.

Dean did not even notice she left. More pressing, he had no idea what to expect, accept he was going to get some fucking answers. This Bastard was not going to abuse his brother. The words uttered earlier that day burned like the fiery pit of Hell. That was saying something as he held many memories of Hell, still vivid and horrible. The words clawed and etched themselves deep in the corners of his brain. The cold hiss, “You will be very sorry, Samuel.” All with that smug face Dean wanted not more than to break. Slowly. He wanted to feel the familiar gush of blood and flesh. Wasn't like he hadn’t done it before.

Dean shook his head. His nerves ready. Ready to fight. Just like dad taught. Break through it. No fear, boy. Think quick, know your enemy. Get out alive. And for fuck’s sake... Keep your brother safe, boy.

After unreasonably long silence, the door unlocked. Okay… this fuck had a flare for the dramatics...

Dean pushed the door open hard, strutting into the room, casing it quickly.

Mostly empty room. Desk. Bed. Dean narrowed his eyes as he saw his brother wide eyed and terrified in his master’s arms.

“Oh fuck this! What the fuck did you do to him?” Dean growled.

Castiel’s eyes narrowed darkly. In seconds, the angel was dressed in his trench coat and white shirt and blue slacks. Standing beside the bed, with the same pissed as shit expression.

“You dare come into my chambers? Who do you think you are?” Castiel growled in his guff voice gravely, deep and angry.

Dean pulled an eyebrow, a lip. “Me? I am Sam’s fucking brother. And you? You better not touch him again unless you are lookin’ for a world of pain,” Dean smirked, eyes now fierce and threatening. Sam watched on with rising dread, the hair on the back of his neck standing on end.
Castiel tilted his head with a manic smile. He blinked next to Dean, whispering in his ear. “Just who do you think you are playing with?” Dean cringed as the hiss danced in his ear.

In seconds, Castiel was across the room. “I could break you,” the displacement of the angel’s voice disorientating. Dean twisted around the room, trying to determine his enemy’s new location.

The hunter visibly shaken, eyes wide in warning and teeth grinding.

“I could blink you into oblivion, boy. Whip you bloody. Beat you stupid. Or simply set fire to your ever nerve. And still you dare....”

Castiel now faced the man, so close Dean could smell his brother all over the master. Dean felt his stomach lurch forward. “Dare to dirty my bed! Dare to disturb my peace! You dare threaten me?”

After what you did to get him here in the first place.

That is when Dean swung. Swung his shackled arm aimed straight at the angel's jaw. Castiel’s reflexes too fast. Quickly the angel was far from grasp in an instant. Dean nearly fell to the ground from recoil of the miss. Jesus he should have set an angel trap. Not fucking supplies... Not without Baby. Where the fuck was his car?

“Castiel!” Sam shouted out. “Dean. I’m fine. Get the fuck out of here!”

“Fucking Stockholm Syndrome…” Dean hissed. Then he commanded, “Come on Sam! I am getting us out of here.”

“Dean,” Sam said slowly. “Just go. Seriously, I’ll explain later.”

Castiel spoke directly into Dean’s ear. “Next time you interrupt me in my bed chamber? I’ll string you up and beat you myself. This?” Castiel pointed cruelly, “is my marked favorite. You have no claim to him. Learn your place as he learns his.” Castiel said evenly, snapping his fingers. With that? Dean was at the far end of the property, so close to the fence, the sigil on his leg burned red hot. Dean hopped away from the fence in distress. T

That mother fucker...

Bobby shifted on the hard thighs of his master, seething silently. His bottom still sore and steaming from the spanking, and the rubbing too arousing, causing him to fight against the impossible small cage. That sensation was one he had learned to control but this? This was happening to quickly. Second. Really? Fuck no. He did not want to go to the salon! No way to say that now... Not that his opinion was carried much weight at this point.

Not much to do but enjoy this. He allowed himself to be pet and stroked. Laying flush with the master’s baby blue velvet jacket. The formality obvious. Stillness, softness and warmth welcoming. Large arms wrapping themselves around him like a warm blanket. A large hand sank deep in to his overly thick, massively in the way, at the point of clouding his vision, mess of red hair. Allowing himself to look up. The master’s eyes warm and sad. As they met eyes, Gabriel closed his and held the man tighter. Pulling his head up to graze his lips on the man’s forehead. Kissing him sweetly.
Gabriel paused as if in thought, then extended an arm to press a button on his desk Bobby did not know existed. “Joyce. Tell Sara I need her in my chambers…” Gabriel’s voice called out, expectant and direct.

“Of course, master. Would you like me to give her the reason?” Mrs. Blacker’s voice echoed back.

“No. Just tell her to come now… quickly,” Gabriel replied annoyed. He paused. “I need you too, Joyce.”

“Very well. Of course, Master Gabriel,” the old woman replied dutifully, with a familiarity that sent prickles to the hairs on the back of Bobby’s neck. That fucking bitch… Bobby stiffened. He hated her now more than ever. Never acts or sides with her fellow slave because she is too busy getting boned by the playboy…

As Gabriel released the button to look back at his papers, pausing to slap Bobby on the side of his thigh, pointed back to the opposite chair. Bobby obeyed, pulling up his trousers sheepishly, looking back and attempted to interject. Tried to comment on the obvious favoritism. Of course, nothing came. No utterance of contempt, no sharp-tongued jab. Just air. Embarrassed, Bobby just shook his head, feeling smaller and more vulnerable. Ignored and dejected. A chill caused him to wrapped his arms around himself.

Typically, Bobby was aware of the presence he gave off. His father drilled in the need to appear strong even when you were at you lowest. Chin up, boy. Shoulders back, you better look like nothing just happened or something’s happening again! Bobby just could not give a shit right now. He held his body close in that ornate arm chair. Gabriel enthralled in his work did not seem to notice or care. That chill? Probably caused by the abandonment he now felt.

In a few minutes, Sara arrived a little breathless with Mrs. Blacker. Bobby looked Sara over. Jesus could she look more like smurffette? More like Alice and wonderland, complete with a ponytail and a long black ribbon tied in bow trailing down her back. Important to say, way sluttier versions of both. Kids today...

Joyce Blacker? She dressed in her usual attire. She donned typical dress of the head of the house. Typical for 1850 if we are being technical. A dark navy dress that covered her arms and fell down to her dark brown nurse’s shoes. A long line of white buttons that ran down the front, while a straight apron that hid her ample bosom. The tiniest bit of lace poured out from her clergy-like collar.

Bobby looked at her wearily. That collar a reflection in her values. A god-fearing woman, she read the bible on her off days and like to debate sin with anyone who would listen. She believed her work at the manor was of divine importance. Trust me, nothing more is dangerous than a religious fanatic who believes they are doing ‘God’s work.’ Most become judge, jury and executioner of their beliefs. Joyce Blacker was no exception.

Her role as executioner not up for debate. Her ship ran soundly and if someone crossed her line? She’s haul them into her small apartment in the main house. And as Bobby remembered, she was stronger than she looked. Anyway, Mrs. Blacker would order the offending slave to place their hands on her small table. She would then proceed to beat the daylights out them with a thick maple paddle. Extra whacks for removing your hands.

Bobby remember the stale air in her apartment. The meager furnishings religiously maintained and
ordered. Mausoleum like in its solemnity. He hated it and hated that he had to be there. He wound up there for sass and outright obstinacy. The young green slave caught the brunt of her wrath. Once and only once. He was still in his twenties and she in her early forties. He submitted to her because of his naïveté, his fear and confusion of his displacement for normal society. Mostly because she acted like his damn mother and he just followed her back there. Jez. His damn ass ached for a week, more than enough to remind him to mind his manners around her, and to watch her like the lion watches the snake. No question, Bobby? Was bigger, stronger but that woman had cunning and chip on her shoulder that made her more than a little unpredictable and dangerous. Especially if you operated under the assumption, most people prescribed to the social contract not their interpretation of right and more importantly wrong.

After Bobby took over as foreman, he doled out punishment. Which mostly entailed him getting straight up in someone’s face. With clear boundaries and productivity high, the manor quickly lost its need for corporal punishment.

Bobby looked at her critically for the first time since Gabriel announced their affair. Her face still serious and stern with its rectangular shape and small almond brown eyes. Eyes that peered behind perfectly round spectacles, causing them to look smaller than they were. Those hazel brown eyes that wore deep lines of time and disappointment. However, in her master’s presence? Bobby saw them soften. She really looked happy. Damn had he ever seen her really happy. He had seen her enjoy someone else's pain or humiliation. But that is not what he saw now. She barely looked at him. She looked spellbound by her master.

Bobby didn't like to admit it but she was handsome... She had a long noble nose, a few gentle laugh lines around her mouth and prominent chin. Her figure, though hidden through folds and folds of fabric, was trim and solid. She was no beauty, like Ellen or Jody… but handsome. Her most prominent and proudest feature? Her rank. A rank which she wore like a badge. Causing her to keep her nose clean and her head kept high.

Bobby reasoned it was her attitude he found so unattractive. She was actually pretty as Bobby thought of it. Her full head of hair had fully greyed with no designs of covering it up. She kept it tight and pulled back in a bun, giving her face a severity that matched aptly her disposition. Any of the slaves would tell you, all attempts to get to know the woman? Shunned by her own hand. Currently the older woman eyed Bobby suspiciously. Spell broken... Bitch. Bobby shot back a disapproving glare.

Gabriel ignored the exchange, smiling brightly at the two of women, licking his lips a little. The master stood up and walked over Joyce, leaning in to whisper in her ear, causing a blush to blossom on her pale cheeks. Then kissing her lips, Joyce smiled easily. Gabriel took his hand to graze her cheek. His fingers tips continuing a slow path down her neck and down her side to follow the curve of her breast, she blushed harder. Gabriel then turned his attention to the younger woman. He kissed Sara’s cheek with gentle affection. Bobby tensed, shifting in chair. This was too much.

“Joyce, please alert the staff to Bobby’s current condition,” Gabriel tapped the side of his neck with his fore finger. Mrs. Blacker’s eyes widened in understanding. How did she know about this? This sadistic punishment… Had he used it before? On whom?

Gabriel continued. “Our boy is not allowed to speak for one week. In such time, he is to resolve his differences with each one of the staff. His sole job to complete this task…” Gabe snapped. Producing a small clipboard. The action coming at slight expense to his head as he tapped fingers on his hairline with a wince.

“Now. Come here, love…” Gabriel beckoned his slave as Bobby narrowed his eyes and looked
down at the ground. Gabe snapped his fingers quickly, standing taller, pointing at a spot on the floor beside him.

Gabriel snapped again as Bobby approached. The slave’s breath caught as he saw what dangled from his master’s hands. A pair of wrist cuffs, matching his collar, of course. Bobby glared back at Gabe, pissed as hell.

Gabriel blew out a puff of air. “You will take your punishment as prescribed or I may decide to employ new trainer my boy. Only you this time. Samuel is behaving beautifully,” the master smacked his lips.

Bobby complied as the master of the manor applied the cuffs, securing them behind his back. Bobby felt oddly criminal and shamed.

“Sara, please give this boy a wash, haircut, and shave for your master, beautiful. You have not forgotten your former profession, have you?” Gabriel sang with a devious smile. And that? Makes this worse…

Sara blushed, smiling. “I remember master… Where would you like me to wash him?” She asked hopeful the master did not want her to bend over a tub to wash this smelly giant.

“I installed a wash in the barn…. Bobby has lost the privilege of speech, washing himself, and a few other minor rights…” Gabriel snapped again, this time a thick brown strapped appeared his grasp.

Bobby’s eye narrowed and widened hatefully. That thing was thick and nasty looking. He felt the pang of terror as he shifted on his feet again, feeling unsteady and a little sick.

Gabriel smiled wearily at his naughty slave, giving the boy’s sore rump a few pats. He then threaded the suede tether of the strap through the boy’s cuffs.

Rage filled Bobby’s large body, his muscles tensing and contracting, his stormy blue eyes twitching slightly. That damn strap was going to be humiliating enough. Now? The fucking thing would lick his thighs as he walked if he was not careful. This was unfair. So brutally unfair. Fat tears gathered. Tears that Bobby held back with all he had, taking deep huffs of breath, taken in a vain attempt to calm himself.

Gabriel looked down his nose at the conduct, keeping his head high. “Your punishment extends the week, boy. Be on your best behavior. You should not have problems…” Gabriel thought a minute. He really did not want to keep up his petulant favorite’s infractions… “Mark,” the master said finally, out of nowhere. “Mark will strap you should you misbehave or fail to resolve your differences… I’ll call the boy in later,” Gabe remarked mostly to himself, “Go on! Sara wash him, shave the beard and cut his hair close, you have any trouble, call Mark.”

Gabriel produced a leash, hooking the clasp and handing it over to the spritely slave. She took it with a smile. She ran a thumb in circles over the thick black leather of the leash. Tugging a little roughly to get him moving. She smiled pulling up one side of her lip. She had not been in control like this in so long!

“Sara, wash and groom him. Mark will take over from there. Mark will facilitate the staff meetings with Bobby. He’ll take the strap to the boy should the staff have problems. I doubt it will come to that, but this one needs to understand his place…” Gabriel’s voice trailed off as he gave his boy another little rub to the ass. Sending waves of fear down Bobby’s spine, pooling in his belly. The slave’s face burning red hot as Sara covertly snickered at him.
It was late November and Mark busied himself by putting to bed the asparagus and rhubarb for the long winter. Mrs. Blacker found him and told him to ready himself for the master and then go to the master’s chamber. Mark screwed his face. What the hell did that mean?

Mrs. Blacker did not explain or wait for complaints. She trotted away, nose high in air. Ignoring Mark’s exasperated sighs and quiet protests.

He watched silent as the old woman walked away. Jez. Ready himself? Is that what he thinks it means. Jesus. Here we go again, Mark thought. The young slave kicked at the dirt. He was filthy. Suppose he should start there. Then? Who the hell knew? During his time under Greg, he was privy to a variety of the sick, uncomfortable or just plain odd proclivities of slave owners. The bulk of which were outright sadist bastards. Some were weak men of money, but they were the minority. Most just wanted submission at any cost, as long as that cost was not their time.

Mark trudged back to the dorms, washed, shaved and groomed himself. Trimmed his hair. Feeling sick to his stomach. With his blond hair parted to the side, combed and slicked with water, he started his walk, the coarse cotton of his slave pants wearing at his short thin legs and thighs. Mark felt a little dapper but only about three feet tall as his approached the main house.

Mrs. Blacker was waiting for him. Mark wondered if all the hype about this woman was true. He heard the other slaves talk about Joyce Blacker. Bobby’s mortal enemy. Word was the two got on as well as fire and ice or oil and vinegar. She looked down her nose at him as he passed by. Noticing her scowl, Mark began to see the problem.

The small man walked in the great room, again. Gabriel perched on his long light violet couch with a wide and welcoming smile.

Mark, operating at a loss, offered a small salute. Fuck, he had no idea how to handle this new master. Really nothing specific had been required of him since Gregory had met his end. Garth did tell him if he wanted to eat his three squares, he should try to make himself useful.

So, Mark got to work. Growing up on a farm, he took to the garden. It was early November and the last of the produce was poking its head from the fertile ground. Onions, garlic and potatoes. First frost had not yet come. Mark created garlic braids for the kitchen and spoke to Garth about putting the gardens to bed for the winter and pruning the trees.

This life had been interesting. More comfortable and predictable than his former sentence with Greg. Allusive though… Mark had not even seen his new master since the ‘Great and Awesome Devouring,’ as Mark liked to put it.

Truthfully, he was a welcome addition to the staff. Charlie forgave him for being Greg’s slave and found him hilarious. He got on well with just about everyone. For the first time in a long time, Mark felt like he belonged.

Virginia, felt like home but he never really relaxed. Most of the men joked around with him but there was always the threat of beating from any one of them. He was always at the mercy of their teases and taunts. At the manor, people were so happy. About as happy as any zoo animal could be… Still there was a community here. Now that Greg had passed on from this mortal coil, Mark’s discipline left up to Garth. And Garth? The incredibly green foreman just took away dessert and then lunch. After that? Well, no one had gotten past there.
“Good to see you my boy!” Gabriel belted across the room. “Come sit down. We have met formally but not had a chance to get to know one another.”

Mark’s shoulders jerked slightly as he looked behind first, and then sat down on the opposite sofa.

“I have a problem, dear boy. I require your services as a slaver for about a week. Nothing as dramatic as before. But Bobby requires guidance for his recompense. Just make sure he is not rude or abrasive. I mean the boy can’t talk, but make sure he listens and is respectful,” the angel said shortly with a smile.

Mark blinked his eyes, his skin paling. “What? No… God, no,” was firing through his brain. These cruel orders should socially isolate him even more. Brand him further as the Red Devil’s Igorish assistant. An eager assistant vying to take his master’s place.

Apparently, all of this clearly written clear across the pitiful boy’s face. Gabriel exhaled, tilted his head, and furrowed his brow slightly.

Gabriel pulled up his lip. “Damn. You do not want to do it either, do you?” The master sighed. “Foul work this. It was worth a try… I will meet with him small one. Carry on with your work. We are better for having you, Mark. Now go. I have… work… Soul crushing… terribly boring work.

“Best to give the assignment to Joyce… Should divined that… Say, we have not had a conversation about your employ boy… In two days, come back to my chambers. I would like us to be formally introduced,” Gabriel smiled gently.

The attempt at reassurance was not lost on Mark. That did not matter. Mark walked back to his work with a tremble.

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter is called Charlie to the rescue! Don’t stress too much.

Chapters may come slower as it’s summer and we’re drinking it in!
The chill of the mid-November had set in. The early morning frost had melted but the ground was still frozen and there was a definite chill to the air. A fact our poor, recently spanked slave was painfully aware of. He watched Sara in her flared black cropped wool coat as she walked unimpeded, strutting happily. Her white knee socks were a poor choice but she at least had a black beret covering the top of her copper hair. She looked cozy… He on the other hand, wore his hippie garb and shook like a fall leaf. Stumbling precariously behind her as he tried to keep his footing with hands tied at his back.

Sara tugged Bobby down the main hall, out the door and straight to the barn. Bobby looked at the thing, feeling a moan try to escape. Nope forgot that’s not allowed anymore. Butterflies flittered about in his stomach. Bobby closed his eyes as he walked.

The barn stood large and red, around three stories high. Bobby had been avoiding the thing as much as possible. This was going to be a fucking nightmare.

Bobby watched as Sara swung her hips in front of him. Look at that. Spring in her step. Like it was her damn birthday. No one gave her a chance to fuck with any one lower than her on the social ladder in a long time. She looked back, smiled, turned around and giggled. Bobby felt a chill run up his back.

Apparently, Sara did not appreciate Bobby’s pace. After a while, she paused, looking back, “You know, don’t think Master Gabriel would mind if I used that strap… right now. Out here. You want that? Didn’t think so. Chop. Chop.” Sara turned back around, jerking his chain hard.

Bitch. Bobby sniffled, cold, bitter, and angry.

Bobby looked at the big red barn and shook harder than he would from the cold. What was once a workspace, animal pen, and storage was now traumatic and about to be more so.

Bobby’s bath was going terribly… terribly for him. As for Sara? She enjoyed herself fully.

Sara could not stop giggling as she trotted Bobby out to the barn.

Sara shut the barn door with a gentle swing. The door slid easy, she sauntered up it and secured the lock. She tied him to his old stall, hanging her coat and hat on a hook.

Bobby’s eyes widened with serious warning.

“Oh that?” She pointed at his face. “That is not going on, today.”

“I am glad we could do this now. I mean when you can’t scream or bitch… it’s really a perfect
situation for me… God! You do not know how mad I am at you! I mean… Really? … How could
you? A few seconds… You know a few seconds to give me the time to maybe unlock the damn
Not that you’ve had it that great yourself. I mean, seriously? Could you be more pathetic?”

Sara walked back over to him, arms swinging hard at her side.

“And expect to enjoy this,” she said coolly as she unclasped his lease. “Take it all off, Bad Boy.
Let’s see what you got…again…” She took a step back to watch him.

He looked at her incredulously and shook his hands behind his back, the metal on the bonds
clanging softly.

“Ohhh!” she said embarrassed. “Okay. Yeah, sorry about that… I can help you do that…” she
said quickly walking over to him.

She stood behind of him, her fingers resting on the chains, tapping on the metal with a fingernail.
“You’re going to be a good boy, right? Because bad boys get the strap… We clear? Nod if we’re
clear.”

Jesus, Bobby felt that everywhere. He nodded in small shakes. This was not going well.

“Good boy!” she said shortly, giving his ass a few good slaps. He pulled up his legs in response
and looked back to throw daggers. She just smiled wide, shaking her head.

“You know I have the control here? Right? Don’t you give me that look. You don’t want to give
me looks… do you?” She said raising her eyebrows about to laugh.

Bobby turned his head back around and shook no quickly.

“I know… It’s just so hard for you to be a good boy!” she said as she undid his pants.

As the fabric fell, Sara laughed. Breathless she said, “Look at your bottom! You! You…were…
spanked by an angel! Look. I can see the handprints! Wow it really is very hard for you to be a
good boy!” She laughed as she rubbed his behind.

She landed three quick smacks on the reddest areas, just to watch him squirm. She watched his
arms flinch as if he was holding himself back form beating the ever-loving crap out of her. Didn’t
matter. He was in no position to do more bad. He was in the doghouse already. A literal
doghouse. Okay a figurative doghouse… just until the real one arrived from Amazon.

She watched him take the rest of his clothes off, more like leered at him. He felt her eyes crawl
over him like phantom spiders. Bobby cursed himself for wholly inappropriate and uncontrollable
blush. A blush that burned so hot it reached the tops of his ears. She seemed unaware or
uninterested, as she gestured toward the slave wash, wide eyed and pointing toward the thing like
he should already be there.

This was humiliating. He was forcing himself into that torture chamber his own volition. Bobby
battled the shakes as he slowly climbed into the thing. Jez, was the barn always this cold?
Swearing at his conscience to shut the fuck up and we are not making a break for it, so get in the
damn thing coward.

Once in Bobby felt the cold chill of the thing. The memories causing his shallow breathing and
tremble. Greg was never real respectful or careful when he was strapped the damn thing, bound
and helpless. He felt the cool familiar feeling of the textured rubber underneath his fingers and
shins.
Once in the basin, Sara strung the man up like the Christmas hog. The handmaiden busied herself pulling out the tact cart and thumbing through the late trainer’s tact cart for items both cosmetic and disciplinary. Bobby had the time to listen to the rustle, trying to pick out what she was pulling out of the magic torture cart. The rough, brutal sessions with Greg. All of the scrubbing, soaping, spraying, shaving, clipping, cutting, and more invasive cleaning that he did not want. What was worse? He had a feeling… this? Might be worse.

Sara adjusted his straps pulling his head and hips higher than Bobby felt they could go. Bobby breath increased, panicked, and laboring to breathe.

“Oh! Fine, you baby,” she loosened the neck strap but kept some of the tension of the back belt so his could not move an inch out of place. The slack so short, he felt unsteady and dizzy.

Bobby jerked his head around to hear the echo of barn off her small body. No luck, he had no idea where she was or what she was preparing to do…

Then Bobby felt a rush of air and a sharp slap of the thick strap Gabriel attacked to him earlier. Bobby convulsed, shocked and shaken. Owe! Fuck! His lip shaking. Wanting desperately to rub out that pain.

“There. Now you know what it feels like. That I’ll use it. And that I liked using it so do what I say, when I say it or we’ll all spend more time together… Capiche?” She slid the leather over the red welt the strap just gave him, tapping him slightly. Bobby willed himself not to pull away to jerk and fight, he knew he did not want that again. His head still held too high, he shook the strap as a desperate, yes.

Sara took her long nails, dragging them over his back, ass, thighs and arms. Truthfully teasing him to his limit. It felt great, ignoring the cage filling to capacity.

“You really liked that…” she said in mock surprise.

Bobby relaxed, really relaxed, closing his eyes. Maybe this wasn’t so bad…

He opened them when he sensed movement. Nope. Here comes Crazy. Sara came at him with a blindfold. Bobby threw his head around in an unsuccessful attempt at figuring out what the fuck to do…

She manhandled him into position, pulling his hips higher, ass up in the air. He rattled his straps a little.

“No offense. But I don’t want your fuck off face… or shame on you face… or even your damn Sara’s hot face. I want to see nothing. Because we are going to play a game. A game I like to call Fuck you Bobby! Okay to play, I swat you with this paddle…. “ She popped him with what was definitely a small paddle straight to his sit spot. He jerked, his ass already burning from Gabriel’s attempt at correction and her hard swat.

“Then I am going to tell you what to do…You do it and then I swat you again…” She landed another pop. “If you do not do what I said I’ll wallop you some more… Oh? You recognize the paddle. Real similar to the one I used on you all those happy months ago… You wondering why we are playing this little game? Well… you screwed my life and then you got everyone here to hate me so that… That’s why…”
Then? She did not punish him at all. She glopped soap into her hands, proceeding to rub soap into Bobby’s body sending unwanted waves of pleasure as her soft hands worked over his entire body. She then gave him a scrub with a firm sponge, gently rubbing tiny circles. Sluicing warm water over his body. Trimming his body hair carefully, he remained still and compliant, uneasy and anxious.

Then, Sara caught him with hard with the paddle. “Right hand up,” she said firmly. Waiting for a response then striking his thigh. Bobby felt every fiber of his being telling him to tell this bitch off. No sound came, his breath caught.

SLAP. “Left hand.” SLAP.

Yep, here come the tears. He held them back as best he could. This was just so unfair. He huffed, increasing his breathing to calm himself through the humiliation. Jez, Greg might have been rougher. This just hurt in a different way.

SLAP “Right leg.” SLAP. SLAP. God, it was so damn cold. He shivered... Sure, he had worse, but the sting on top of being punished? His ass was on fire. Causing big sloppy tears, as his nose running as he sniffled. At least she appeared to be avoiding the welt she gave him earlier.

“I said right…” Rub and a giggle. Worse than a slap. She pulled his leg out straight. Supporting it with her body, wrapping her arms and holding it close as she filed and snipped. After she finished, he braced himself.

SLAP “Left leg.” SLAP. She worked the other foot over, filing and buffing. God. If he had his voice, he would cave and beg her to stop.

“Good boy,” she said gently. Bobby heard the buzz of the clippers. She took off most of his hair. Then took his beard again. Bobby felt the hair fall as his poor bottom pulsed with his heartbeat. She left a little on the top. She took off his blindfold to assess her work.

“Ah! Baby!” She said as she set down her shears and rubbed his cheeks. That’s it keep treating me like a damn child. He looked at her dejected.

"Come on little boy. You can take a spanking. I've seen you take much worse."

She huffed a smile. Now focusing on his hair and using her comb to part, pull and measure. Smiling she combed his hair to the side, looking very pleased with herself. Then, she proceeded to shave his beard clean off.

She talked while she worked. Bobby hated talkers.

“You know I am not all monster. I did this for a living remember. Well almost a living. A job. But! I did always enjoy playing you boys… The straight ones with the gay, bi, onmi or omnipotent masters… you know? You. And a few others. We had lots of angelic clientele. I know now that’s probably because we were owned by one…”

~*~

Mrs. Blacker found Bobby in the barn. Sara had dried and dressed him, reapplying the cuffs and strap. Giving his bottom a dull slaps that still caused him to pull up his leg again in greater pain.
“He’s ready to go. Shave and a haircut… two bits…” she smiled satisfied.

She grabbed his collar by the large ring bringing it close to her face. She breathily whispered in his ear. “We’re even…” She kissed his lips softly. His lips still tingled as she backed away, giving him a shit-eating grin, like she knew something, like they shared a fucking secret. Yeah.

Mrs. Blacker pulled up her chin, smiling slightly. If you knew anything about the old women, you knew this signaled great amusement.

Joyce stood by Bobby’s side, huffing slightly, shaking her head. Bitch was really drinking this in. He felt naked without his beard, humiliated by his strap and being led around by his nemesis? No picnic either.

Joyce led Bobby toeing the leash as if there were goddamn poodle at the end. They walked from the barn and down the hallways of the manor. Well, at least he had fucking clothes on.

The head of the house led Bobby to his music teacher’s classroom. Wait. What the hell happened to that guy?

~*~

Two desks set up face to face in the empty room. Joyce directed Bobby to the smaller desk. Tethering him to the table with his leash.

Joyce sighed. Doubts about the fairness of this punishment surfacing in her mind. She looked down at Bobby who looked miserably out one of the open windows. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

God, her master was wearing this man down. And quick. Bobby had not yet been a favorite for a year! Look at him. Derek was happy from the start. Required no training. He had a few awful run-ins with the brothers, but so had she, a long time ago. Lucifer. She shuttered.

She hummed “Michael Row the Boat Ashore”. Her aged hands rubbed his shoulders. He allowed it. Not even bracing or cringing at her touch.

~*~

Bobby felt defeated as she rubbed his back as they waited for Charlie to end her shift and come by for her chat.

She eventually showed. She had gotten new clothes from Gabriel’s attempt at being a just and noble slave owner. She did looked cute. A yellow peasant shirt that hugged her snuggly and a pair of designer jeans. Come on, Gabriel just said to pick 15 new articles of clothing. He did not say to watch costs or find clothing on the slave sites.

She came in with a slight smile and slid into the chair opposite Bobby. The dejected slave pulled his eyes up wearily.

“Bobby?” Charlie asked in her small voice.

The slave pressed a smile.

Joyce seemed to find an ounce of humanity in her icy heart and left them alone, closing the door behind her.

“Jesus Bobby!” Charlie shook her head, “You realize this is crazy. You have been crazy.”
Bobby smirked.

“Okay, we need to talk. Mrs. Blacker said we had as much time as we need. Damn. Bobby. What the fuck is going on? We should talk… Looks like I should talk. Okay. Haaahmm! You need to talk about Gabriel,” she said quickly. Charlie always talked too quickly when she was nervous.

Bobby pulled up his cheek in an irritated glare. Charlie could not contain her laugh. You could get the man in great shape, take twenty years off his body, subject him to all kinds of torture, ridicule and he still kept that spunk…


Bobby shook his head, with a sniff. Not too bad. Humiliating and terrible. Just like this.

Charlie took in a breath of relief. The current theory about Bobby’s rage debunked.

“So let’s talk Gabriel. I know you don’t want to but… I kind of of have the mic right now, so my turn? You do feel something for him or you would have taken a happy little vay-cay while he dozed off…” she reasoned flawlessly.

Bobby shifted in the seat. His bottom hot and sore. Really, he hadn’t he already gotten it? Twice? This just added to the misery. Charlie did not seem to care.

“You like him?”

*sour face*

“Right. You kind of of like having him around. I mean come on. I’m gay and I think he’s handsome…”

*scowl*

“Bobby… that is not helpful. You know, I can stay here all day. You are getting me out barn duty. Man, I really hate it there…” she said, her voice trailing off. “It smells. Jez, how did you live there for so long?”

Bobby started to rub his head on his shoulder. Could this be over? Please.

“And are you handcuffed? Is this some kind of boy sex thing? Never mind. Okay. What is going on with you two? Did he really like morph in to some giant dinosaur?” Charlie’s eyes wide with wonder.

Bobby eyes widened. He nodded his head vigorously, then shook it slowly.

“Jez, Sam said it was because he saw your back?”

Bobby rolled his eyes.

“Oh! You? You stop it. This is some serious shit. I mean I have a laptop now,” Charlie suddenly beamed ear to ear. “It’s really awesome, but the internet has no clue why an angel would turn into a dinosaur. You really saw a dinosaur… That is just freaking cool. I mean the part where you got knocked out and were fed that really evil man… not so much… but the rest of it! Wow. I have been blogging about some of this crap. Some of my followers think dinosaurs could have had an advance society. I mean without opposablethumbs, metal work would be impossible but there could have been a society. Maybe one that communicated with scratches, hoots, who knows… I
bet Gabriel knows… He probably won’t talk to me,” she said lost in her own thoughts, “You think you could get him to talk to me?”

Bobby looked at his best friend as if she had done lost her mind. Snarling a little as he shook his hands, which were still neatly place behind his back.


Bobby raised his eyebrows and wobbled his head. Does spanking count? His ass still warm and still stung. Uncomfortable and slightly arousing. At least he could sit down. Hell that was more mercy Mr. and Mrs. Singer ever showed… Sometime he got it from the both of them. Asking if the Virgin Mary had sex with the angel in Sunday school? Legit question if you think about it. I mean the angel did ‘visit’ her. Then all the sudden pregnant. Simple. Still, that Sunday? The worst Sunday he ever had. Maybe worse than this? I mean the last four months had been a close second to that day… Take away? Don’t ever talk in Sunday school and don’t ever ask questions.

He also got into a tiff about gay rights when he younger. One of the jocks in his Confirmation class was spouting off about how all gays were definitely going to hell. He asked a simple question. “Jesus comes down from above, (no one had ever seen Jesus and the angels would just smile and ignore the question) asks you to fuck him. Seriously. Do you do it or tell him to take himself directly to hell?” The kid just stared at him. Smirked then trotted off to tell Mrs. Singer. She tried her very best to beat the hell out him, at that point though he was huge and though he allowed her to do it, at the end, he asked, “Are you done yet?” She looked back and him tired and sweating slightly. From that point on? She gave him a hard smack to the face and grounded him.

Charlie brought him back. To more unpleasantness…

“I mean dude is kinky as fuck… You should hear Sara talk!” Charlie stopped herself, opening her eyes wide, realizing who she was talking to and shaking her head a bit.

“Damn. Drama. Okay. Let’s try that again. Is that why this is so hard?” she asked referring to his relationship with Gabriel. “I mean, you were in relationships but they were mostly monogamous. Unless you count Pamela, but dude… even I hit that…Before Gilda showed up, of course.”

Bobby looked off to a far corner of the room. Looking hard into it. She might be right.

“You know they miss you? And it’s not your dick they miss. Jody is with Zachariah now. She didn’t want to tell you. She’s been watching how hard this been. They love you. You won’t even talk to them. And now? You’re all agro. Sorry aggression…” Charlie smiled brightly again. “I’ve been playing World of Warcraft. So great… But, Bobby I miss you. I can’t even sit next to you anymore. It’s like you want nothing to do with any of us. I mean I’ve know you a long ass time. You have your days. But this? This has been months. Everyone was cool because you know, dinosaur, bird chow, Greg the dead, the twins, and then Gabriel of course. But you always reek of whiskey, now… Bobby, we are more worried than mad. Garth has cries, Bobby. I had to hold him last time. Drew that short straw… Well Glinda kind of voluntold me… Anyway, big puppy dog eyes and messy tears… It was ucky and uncomfortable. I blame you,” she smiled sweetly.

Bobby huffed. Jesus, she was right. About as right as a three dollar bill, but right.

“Come here, you lug!” she said opening her arms. She got up, walked over to him and took both hands, placing them on his cheeks, kissing his nose and then his cheek. “I love you, dude.”

Bobby forced a smile. She took him into her arms, resting her head on his chest. She pulled back
as her attempts at pulling his great arms around her attempts failed. She craned her neck, stealing a look behind him.

“Oh! Dick move! What the fuck is this?” Charlies asked as she grabbed at the strap. “Who the fuck is supposed to use this. Fucking dicks. All of them!” she shouted. Dropping the leather like it burned her hand watching if fall behind his back.

Bobby’s cheeks burned red hot with shame. He looked down at the floor. Charlie shook her head violently. Bobby always had a confidence about him, in his relationships, in his swagger, in his leadership and in his rage. Now? He looked weighed down. This oppression becoming too great to bare.

“Fuck this!” Charlie seethed as she snarled at the leather.

Charlie grabbed the thing, pulling the straps hard. Pulling and yanking, barely aware of what she was doing, coming damn close to breaking the suede tether of the strap.

“I am fixing this shit!” Charlie blurted out, blind with rage and determined to get justice.

Her hands shook. Her adrenaline escalated exponentially as she threw the door open. Bobby tried to stop her. He opened his mouth. Nothing came out. He coughed in a futile attempt to get her attention. Alas, he was still leashed him to the damn table. Guess Joyce did not want him wandering off. You know, to piss or anything.

~*~

Charlie charged out the room and was soon face to face with the giant door of her master’s quarters. She hesitated, briefly. She could not let this stand. She took her small fist and pounded hard on the big door. So hard, she pulled her fist to her mouth combat the pain. The door opened.

Gabriel looked lost in some document. Pouring over the text like it held some damn secret. He barely looked up at her.

“Joyce, I told you I’d be busy today… year end harvest reports… fiscal is rolling around…” not hearing his head slave, he looked up blankly.

“Ahh! Charlie is it? Let me summon Mrs. Blacker or Garth. They can help you…” Gabriel pushed a button his desk.

“Save it.” She stormed up to his perfect desk, looked him right in his perfect eyes, perfect smile, perfect teeth, and perfect skin, throwing the strap at his perfect face. “This is not love you bastard!” She hissed.

A tide of fear, took the place of her anger as she watched her master narrow his eyes at her. He pulled his face up and to the side, trying to ascertain why his slave was being so overtly disobedient.

“Little girl, I am very well aware who loves me and who does not. You should be aware, Bobby? He is one of the only one of you that deserves this life. His crimes? Truly unpardonable… If you would like to be added to that list, I can put you on the block tomorrow. Someone else might enjoy breaking this spirit of yours…” he looked down at his papers again. Expecting the threat would be enough to calm her. Gabriel hoping that enough to get her to leave.

“No little one. Leave me. I have deadlines and responsibilities to attend to before I can play. If
you are desperate, I can call Raphael… he seems very interested in my little flock…”

Charlie paled and her lip shook, she bit it uncomfortably. Her confidence returned. She took the seat across from his desk. “No. Bobby is my friend and we are going to talk about that!” she pointed to the thick leather strap his desk.

Gabe closed his eyes and rolled his head against the tall backed, white throne of a chair. “I do not want to hurt you, Miss Bradbury. But unless you desire a session with ‘that’ I am going to ask you to leave.”

“Do you want to break him?” Charlie asked fire and fear burning in her stormy blue eyes.

Gabriel petulantly threw his papers to the ground with a dramatic sweep of his arm. Paper still flying everywhere, he balled his hand and looked her dead in the eye. “I suppose the fate of the Western United States can wait for this very important conversation about my latest bed slave…”

Charlie looked at the debris of the papers her master looked to be pouring over moments prior. Shit…

“Do. You. Want. To. Break him?” She said firmly with more diction, her hands sweating and balled up in her lap in desperate attempt to stop the shaking. That was no use as her whole body vibrated. If she was going to be punished? She was going to at least get some goddamn answers.

“No. Of course not,” he said pulling his neck back and tilting his head to the opposite direction.

“Why are doing this to him? I mean losing his voice? He does need to shut up every now and then but the cuffs and the strap?”

“I spank him because he is a willful child and because he enjoys it…” Gabe sneered, his beautiful eyes smaller and terrifying.

“I did not need to know that. Okay. But really? That is humiliating! I mean Greg the bird feed was bad. Like hella bad. You did not see half of what that bastard put him through. Now? That?” she pointed again to his desk, “Grow the fuck up!”

Gabriel blinked. In an instant, he was behind her whispering in her ear.

“I do not think you want to continue this, Miss Bradbury,” he spoke quietly, deliberately. Charlie started to shake uncontrollably. This was her master. Someone who actually haunted her dreams. A master she lived in very real fear of since the hire of the Red Devil.

“No. Stop humiliating him in front of his family,” Charlie said firmly.

Gabriel threw his head back. Blinking back to his desk. He slumped forward, elbows supporting his head as he raked his long fingers threw his too long blond hair.

“What if… I offered to set you up in Europe? I could blink you and that little princess of yours to the south of France. You could live out your days, her by your side, leaving this place behind. I could supply you with a sizable amount of cash…” he sang slightly, tempting her.

“You really are a child! No. Just leave my friend alone! I mean all of that does sound great if you are offering later, but now? No. Just stop hurting Bobby,” She said mostly firmly. Her heart pounding fiercely in her chest. She tried to calm herself.

“Also do you mind telling me about the dinosaurs? I mean really. Jurassic Park was cool. But did they really communicate? Did they have religion? Were you angels nicer to them? Sorry I get real
babbly when I am nervous…” she said quickly, almost skipping her syllables.

Gabriel just rolled his eyes, waved his hand, blinking her to the far side of the farm. It would take her an hour to walk back.

Gabriel stopped at the door. He shook his head at it with a scowl.

He threw to the door open obstinately, startling his pet.

“Now? Now you send slaves to my door?” Gabe tapped his foot, demanding an answer.

Bobby gave him a fuck you look, shook his arms and pulled at the leash secured to the desk.

“I see your point. Fine. Fine. You had better behave yourself!” the master warned, eyeing the boy harshly. “You begin your training with me right after all this is resolved.” Gabriel stated, snapping his finger. Then held a white board with a marker attached. The cuffs gone.

“I will get a report from Joyce at the end of the day. You can redeem your offenses at the end of the week. Do not think I am hanging that strap up. I will and can strap you raw. You? Make. This. Right. Because if I have to deal with anymore whining from the other slaves? I am going to start strapping them on the front lawn!” Gabe pulled a snarl.

He watched his boy’s eyes widen and a slow nod. Good, Gabe thought to himself. His first day awake and he had to deal with his more of his staff in the last day than he had for the last year! One of his least favorite activities. Gabriel left the room, the simple reason being that he wanted to slam the door. Blinking back to quarters to take a well-deserved nap. Regaining his grace was going to be a bitch.

~*~

Joyce Blacker raced back to the room that still held Bobby, hearing the slam of the door that reverberated off the marble floors.

“What in God’s name happened in here? Where the hell is Charlie?” She paused. Gabriel. She sighed, taking a hand to her head.
Sunlight poured through the shear draperies of the room Mrs. Blacker left Bobby in. It was mid November and the first snow had not yet fallen, but was threatening to do so. The crisp air and hazy clouds gathered and Bobby guessed it would not be long.

The winter was a blessed time at the manor. The farming came to a complete halt. It was a time to relax, lay around, converse and get fat. Jody spent her time teaching a few of the staff how to knit baby blankets and booties. Ellen sewed pink animals and tiny dresses. Gilda had discovered shopping on the internet and was coordinating the baby’s room. The little one’s name had not been decided but almost everyone weighed in. Adele, Juliet, Mary, Charity, Dolly, Lily, and the list went on...

Zachariah remained vigilant and watchful as the two other Angels recovered. He was really enjoying his time at the manor. He doubted whether he even wanted to return to heaven. Gabriel granted him leave and that was about as much authority as an angel needed. His past life hidden from most and still a mystery.

Currently, Bobby sighed, rolling his head against the ornate French chair his was seated in. Running his hands through the buzz cut he just received. He fingered his newly shaved face, deep in thought. What the hell happened to Charlie? And who the hell was next?

Jeb swaggered into the room, his head full of dread locks jostling in time. He walked up to his chair and swinging it on one of its leg full around so he could straddle it. He relaxed in the chair smiling gently at Bobby. He gave Bobby a smirk as he rolled his eyes at the room they were in.

“Far cry from our old room, eh Bobby?” Jeb joked, smiling sadly.

Bobby just shrugged, trying hard not to be as miserable as he was.

“Why the hell is he doing this to you Bobby?” Jeb asked straightly.

“Fuck. Forgot our gracious master stole your voice like Ursula from the fucking Little Mermaid… Damn man.”

Bobby closed his eyes and shook his head. Inside he felt a little lighter.

“You need a smoke? Brought some,” Jeb hushed.

Bobby tapped the board. He had no wish have his clock cleaned again tonight.

Jeb raised his eyebrows as he caught on. “That? I have no beef with you dude,” Jeb pulled himself up, signing quickly. “Keeping a light burning for you, Bobby.” Jeb locked eyes with Bobby. He pushed himself and sauntered toward the door. That door promptly shut in his face.

“Dude… We got an hour… Time to kill… time to kill… You wanna know what got me here?”
Bobby looked at the man quizzically. My God. How did he not know Jeb’s story. That made some sense, Bobby was not one to pry or gossip, so if someone didn’t want to talk? Fine with this Marine… Bobby’s eyebrows raised and he nodded his head.

“You know my last name?”

*Mars…as in Mars Candy?… Formally Ernest Jedidiah Mars the third. No joke… Lost a frat brother at a party. My dad pulled as many strings as he could but angel law is angel law. The dude’s eyes turned black. Stone black. Like fucking midnight black. He grabbed my girl, pulled out a knife, put it right on her throat. Then? I picked up and hurled a keg at his head. Fucker’s head popped like a grape. Epically gross. Black smoke pouring out of him like a fucking fog machine. Then? The cops came. Don’t regret it though. Justine? Still writes me. She’s got like four kids and a mortgage. A dude who treats her nice. He knows what he’s got… She’s happy. Worth it…” Jeb said smiling pensively.

Bobby stared at the man for a long time. Jeb just ran a hand through his dreads, looking up from them with a shy smile.

“I know right? Didn’t want anyone to know. My dad is tight with Gabriel. When I ‘go to the doctor,’ I’m having lobster with my father. He checks in. Tells me how things are going. Gives me a fucking candy bar… which kind of rules… then pops off to his life. My mom left years ago. She just… gone one day… He married, later. Bitch didn’t want the shame and embarrassment of having a slave for a stepson. Whatever. Probably happier here. No one beating my ass or telling me to take a shower. Just you and Pam,” Jeb chuckled.

Jeb smiled into Bobby’s eyes. Shaking his shoulders a little.

“Don’t tell anyone. You’re the only one who knows… so if this gets out? I’ll come for ya…” Jeb said raising his chin with a smile.

Jeb rubbed his shoulder, “Seriously, I will kick your ass… kick it. Do not want to talk about summers in Monaco and winters in San Moritz. It’s fucking depressing and I like my life. Story is I set fire to a vampire nest and got blamed for the deaths. Kinda makes me more badass… less 90210… dig?”

“The fire I ‘set’? Set it off with doobie… Such cred with Roger, Christian, Caleb, Devon… And Carl? He fucking loves that story. Dude!” Jeb eyes lit up with excitement. “Got Carl to smoke with me! He ate like all of those cookies in the red tin. Ester had a talk with everyone about it,” he giggled. “You missed it. Classic…” Jeb smiled.

With remainder of the session, Jeb filled Bobby in on how things were going. Mostly about the Garth. How he really hated cleaning the main house. Mrs. Blacker kept smacking him upside the head for not doing the job ‘properly.’ She kept watch over him like a damn hawk.

After some time, Jeb looked up at the clock, scratching his scalp in between the great masses of hair.

“And as my therapist use to say, ‘My dear? Our time is up.’” Jeb pushed himself up with both hands on the desk, gave Bobby a salute and walked out the door.

Bobby sat the silence of the room while Joyce got the next appointment. He chuckled a little to himself. They had a goddamn celebutant in their midst. Jeb. Bobby had little time to reflect as he heard a small knock at the door….
Gwen had been staring at that door for near on ten minutes. She sniffed a little. Shaking her body loose like a child tries to psyche themselves out.

She watched Jeb stroll out and give her the eye as he passed by, gracelessly tripping over his own feet as walked down the hall. She giggled, bastard. He’s been trying to ‘get to know her better’ for about four months now. Gwen had to admit, the boy was looking nicer in his new clothes… And he was showering far more frequently. He might just be wearing her down, she thought as she watched him walk away unable to turn away until he was out of sight.

She pushed it open and saw him. Jez, she felt like crying. She gulped and pressed a smile. He looked so different. So sad. He smiled back, mimicking her. He tried to get up as she entered the room. Pulled back, he pointed a finger to the collar leashed to the table.

Her eyes lit up and she rushed him, throwing a set of thin arms around him. She cupped his face in her hands as she looked him directly in the face. She kissed him sweetly. Not passionately like she once had. Sweet and kind. The hunger seemed to have faded. Bobby felt a drop in his stomach, but understood. It had been a long time. Their romance burned blistering hot, now seemed to be an echo of a memory.

Her lips trembled as she fought to find the right words to say.

“Missed you handsome…” she said, now staring at an imperfection in the large desk. A scratch on the intricate inlay. Her eyes slowly lifting to his. Her mind inappropriately racing back to the campfire. The night he took her. The night the fire burned low. The night the air was so sweet with summer and chirped with life. Late June…

and he took her to the far side of the property. Where the picnic table sat next to a fire pit. All of which the man built with bare hands. She was more than a little impressed. They laughed and talked the night away.

You see, Gwen studied Philosophy at Ithaca College in New York. The two slaves took a brief vacation from slavery to debate the Wittgenstein’s Theory of Knowledge… for hours. Drinking wine and eating from a picnic basket Bobby assembled.

She giggled and fought back. He quipped and debated, withdrew and leaned in. The debate was on whether there were in fact universal truths or whether everything we know is just an incarnation of our own perspective. Gwen argued that there were solid laws of science and mathematics. Things that happened regardless of whether they were being measured or not. Bobby countered with “Well, how are we do you know if no one measures or observes. She laughed. “NO! You are not arguing the tree in the woods… We have derived laws and if the laws are sound we use them. Pi is always the ratio of circumference and diameter.”

"And if we find a circle that breaks those laws. Does that law have to exist before it can hold true?"

"Of course not. But it has. And does hold true."

"For a long time we only used Newtonian Physics, then along comes Quantum Mechanics. All a measure of our senses…"

"You're splitting hairs. You're everything we know is just a construct of our intellect. Then why
study anything at all?"

"We only operate with six damn senses. They are flawed and subjective. All our instruments are just enhancements of those damn senses. Hell, we know just enough to keep fucking and existing in this portion of the universe..."

Truthfully, Gwen was mind fucked before she was actually fucked. It was a perfect night. The fierce intensity, how he set her on his lap and fed on her breast until she couldn’t think straight. She remembered her body feeling like it was not her own as ground her hips desperately against him. How far away they were from everything and everyone. She howled into the night. Feeling free like one of the wild animals that rustled near in the brush. How he did not even bother to remove her clothes. He pushed them aside, popped buttons and almost grappling with her. For a moment, a brief moment, she had no control. He took care of everything. Enveloped her in raw muscle, holding her still as ran his tongue down the nape of her neck until she cried out, rutting her hips edging him take her. Goddamn, it was hot. Not like anything she had ever felt before. She could feel herself lose complete control. His musk so potent. His drive and passion so high. He was like a beast. A feral thing in complete control. She could not fight back even if she wanted to; he was lost. Lost in her, lost in his desire to please her. To please himself. To elevating this to a reality where they were together. So very together. He kissed her so deep, like nothing else was worth a damn.

Gwen got back to the dorm, with a smile and a skip. Ellen met her at the door, shaking that long brown hair.

“T ook you to the campsite didn’t he?” She asked almost politely. “Watch out for that man, Gwen. He’ll break your heart. Then? He’ll just continue to break it. Over and over and over until you don’t know any other way but to just let it happen,” Ellen said bitterly.

Ellen looked the girl up and down. Those fiery eyes, that thick raven black hair and perfect skin, such a pretty little thing… Young and lithe, full of hope and dreams that she had let go of yet. She painfully watched the glimmer of the girl she had been once before…

What Ellen didn’t know and Gwen was not going to tell her, Gwen had played these reindeer games before. And Gwen? Played to win and was damn good at them.

“Oh, I know! Well he is great for good lay… Thanks for the advice. I’ll try and remember that the next time his dick is in my mouth… Really? Great advice. Good talk,” Gwen said easily. Fuck, do not let them see you cry. Fuck that. She bit her lip hard, hard enough to bleed. She made it to her room. Andrea was there brushing her wavy hair, looking dreamily into the mirror. Her hand resting on her belly.

“Ellen’s such a bitch…” Gwen said as she let her tears go, her lip going with them. She collapsed onto her bed, holding her pillow too tight.

“Oh, honey! What happened with Bobby?”

“We had mind-blowing sex on the picnic table…” she choked on a sob.

“Not having lunch there anymore…” Andrea teased gently. “That’s not so bad. Ellen give you a hard time?”

Gwen nodded slowly, sniffling on her bottom bunk.
“Darling, you can do whatever you want. Ellen and Jody do not have a say in who you do or do not have good fuck with. Unless… You like him? He’s a player Gwen. He’s not going to stop for you or anyone else. I’ve been here too long to see any different.”

Gwen pulled up her shaking lip.

~*~

She talked cordially to him. Told him about Andrea and the baby. How the little peanut was kicking up a storm. She told him she loved him and always would. That he meant the world to so many of their family. To take good care of himself. That she of course forgave him.

She told him to calm Olivia down. That she was on the internet finding out the best way to remove a sigil so she could bust him out of there.

*I’m sorry. I’m sorry if I hurt you.*

He felt bad. Ever since he lost his wife, he left nothing behind him but a world of hurt. He told himself he didn't. But evidence mounted against that assertion.

She smiled.

“You never did anything but love me Bobby… I’m not mad. I’m worried about you. Do what that prick says. He’s either gone or knocked out most of the time anyway. Derek had free reign Bobby. I… I just can’t watch you get beat down anymore…”

~*~

Adam strolled into the room, looking at Bobby with a shake of the head, taking a seat with full on and irritated stare.

“Dude. What are you doing? *Seriously*?” Adam demanded suddenly after a long silence. Adam had been carefully choosing his words.

Bobby eyed Adam in disbelief. Bobby drew a question mark on his board.

“You? Do what the bastard says. He’s our fucking master and a megaton of powerful, holy, divine dickweed. Are you holding out on him? Jesus… let him fuck you now and then. Why? Why are you putting yourself through this?”

“You know this effects everyone here. Not just you and your inflated sense of justice. Please. Olivia wants to murder the fucking master. Oh! And she’s planning it. If he ever checks her internet history? She’s gone. She’s been cozying up to the delivery guy. I think she’s trying to get some holy oil. Yeah. It’s bad.” Adam slapped at the table. Looking off, too distracted by the thought of loosing his girl to play nice.

“And the kids? They want to know where you are. Why you won’t talk to them anymore? This is just selfish. Holy crap. Bobby. No one has the energy for this… We are fucking slaves dude.” Bobby could see the rage spilling out of the kid.

“That dude before you? Derek? Happy. Pampered. Look at you. You look like shit. You look like you feel like shit. Swallow your damn pride. You think he’ll break before you? Bastard has been a slave owner going on centuries. Have you even thought about an end game? Your final move?”
Adam dead serious, about to pound the desk with his fists.

Bobby picked up his marker and wrote:

*I’ll try.*

Then he pointed toward the door, indicating Adam should take his surly ass out of there.

Adam pushed himself up with both hands. When he got to the door, Bobby heard Mrs. Blacker start her lecture. Adam closed the door in her smug face and went back to Bobby.

“So, did you know that Sam and Dean are my half-brothers? What the fuck is that? Did my mom die so I could be wrapped up like a present for these dicks?”

*You went up for sale. Gabe bought you. All I know.*


*Give them a chance Adam. They’ll surprise you.*

~*~

Bobby heard the same thing over and over again. Be a good boy. Do what you’re told. Except now doing what you’re told involves much more than making out with the weird angel. Really? What the hell kind of sick kink is pet training. He had to admit, at least to himself, Gabriel? Was better than Greg. Better than Raphael. Better than Lucifer…

Whatever. Bow. Fucking wow. Here we go….

~*~

Dean and Castiel


All of that faded to red as he looked at the giant door. What the fuck had this angelic dick gotten him into? A fine fucking thank you for saving the entire damn race.

“You awake, asshole?” Dean shouted as he pounded his fist on the large door to Gabriel’s quarters.

The door opened. Gabriel reading documents at his desk, looking to be barely awake. He saw Dean and lit up.

“Dean Winchester!” the archangel boomed, then stopped, starring at the man. “What the devil are you wearing?” Dean felt the angel’s eyes fall to his fetters.
“Hello to you too. Yeah, thanks to you and your totally gross and unnecessary blood spell, I’m a fucking wad of rage and these are supposed to help,” Dean said rattling his chains. “Not why I’m here. You need to get my brother away from that sadist. Now. Like yesterday. Maybe last week. Just get him away from your sick as fuck brother anyway you can.”

Gabriel face soured. “You see Dean that is the problem with marking a human. They are yours… indefinitely. Castiel is a gentle soul. I cannot think of a master better suited to care for your brother.”

“Oh me? I’d be better. Hell, I was better. And. No. That guy’s a dick. That training he ordered? Just a shit show. That collar and the uhh… Oh yeah. The fucking bowing and cowering? Not a very decent way to treat your worst fucking enemy. Just get him out. If I saved your ass? And all the other crazy angel asses? You owe me. He owes me. Get him out. Give him back.”

Gabriel inhaled deeply. He needed another nap. Today could not get any worse.

“Dean Winchester, I have it on good authority that you treated your brother with far more harshness than Castiel. And my dear boy, not everyone believes those tablets as I do. I did what I thought was fair compensation. What you do with it is your decision.”

“Fuck you. This is some sick shit… And where the fuck is my car?”

“East garage… You still may not leave the grounds until your change is complete.”

“Woah! Back it up cowboy. What change? Am I really about to become one you assholes?”

“Well yes Dean. The council would not abide Lucifer harming another angel. The only way to ensure your safety and longevity was that spell. And really Sir… This has been exhausting and tedious. I gave you so much of my grace I have to eat, Dean. I have to sleep. Like a fucking peasant, I have to shit and a myriad of other unpleasantness…” Gabriel’s voice trailed off quietly as he rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“Dean… I have sensed Samuel enjoying himself. I really do not think this is a problem…” Gabriel put two fingers on each of his temples. Waving his hand, Sam appeared naked, falling straight to the floor at the sight of his brother. His hands flying to dick which did appear to be caged.

Dean growled low. His voice taking the same timber he had when he found Sammy drunk out of his mind in the tenth grade. Dean’s eyes fixed on the new rings and what Sam covered with his hands.

“No. Just no,” Dean declared as he stomped his way over to his brother who backed up sliding on the floor, kicking his feet in a futile attempt to get away from his domineering older brother. Dean over took him, grabbing one of the rings, pulling hard then let go. “Take that shit off Sammy.” Dean’s words like ice on a wound.

“No, Dean… I can’t…” Sam stuttered.

Dean pulled a hand back and let it fly into Sam’s face. His hand caught by the chains but leaving his little brother a little bloodied and terrified.

“What the fuck did you do to your dick soldier?” Dean’s eyes flashing bright blue.

“My God Boy! Behave!” Gabriel shouted waving a hand. Sam was dressed and Dean was chained to the floor.
“Damn that hurt… Castiel!! You bastard… GET DOWN HERE! NOW!” The archangel’s voice now impossibly low.

Castiel appeared rubbing his eyes. Rumpled and disheveled. “Gabriel. This insane spell has cost me nothing but trouble. I need sleep, brother. What is it?” the angel said trying to focus his eyes.

His brother, the archangel, now sat on the floor, rubbing his head and pulling at his too long hair.

“What in God’s name is going on?” Castiel asked gruffly, surveying the crazyiness.

“FIX THIS. All of you! ’M going to bed… Call me when Bobby gets here… I need a cuddle…” Gabe steamed as he climbed back into bed.

Chapter End Notes

Finally finished my outline! Yeah, had a rough draft but this one rules. Hope you stay with me :)


Chapter Notes

Missed you!

Here is a new chapter. We are working our way down. But because it's me and I love this fic, should be a least ten more chapters.

I had a hard time bridging this chapter. Took me a while but I am pleased. Took a different style for some of it. A little lazy but I think it works.

Hope everyone enjoyed their summer. More to come :)

Mrs. Blacker called Bobby to the master’s chambers. She told him his presence was required immediately. Bobby sneered a little. Do not pass go. Do not collect $200. Go get your whistle whistled by the insane master. Ruff. Ruff. He would work on his damn bark if his voice hadn’t been taken from him.

Bobby pulled the grand door expecting to find the master at his desk. Not there. Not lounging about regally bored and looking to play. Instead Bobby found him huddled deep in the blankets. More human than Bobby ever saw him. Pale and sick.

Gabriel beckoned Bobby with a sly look and curled finger.

“I need a nap and you are taking one with me,” the master said firmly, patting the bed as he opened the blankets.

With nothing and no way to say it, Bobby complied. Walking on unsteady feet to the bed, unsure what to expect.

“Hush now. None of that,” Gabriel said, taking the slave into his arms, kissing at his neck sweetly.

Bobby relaxed into Gabriel. His warm and tender arms holding him lovingly. To be honest, it felt damn good. Better than he deserved… Yeah, okay. Bobby felt guilty. Though the words needed to be said, he choose neither the correct time nor the correct place. Okay. And it was rude. Not really right to slap someone in the face after a blow job… and damn good blow job at that. Mind blowing. Bobby knew that.

Gabriel’s rage seem to dissipate, he pet his boy’s hair with long strokes. Smiling sweetly, content in their warm cozy silence. Until he could no longer keep his eyes open, falling into a blissful sleep.

~*~
After two hours, Gabriel stirred. He reached his very long arm over Bobby, grabbing the phone, neatly placed on the bed.

“We are due at a function tonight, boy. I expect best behavior. A few angels, a few friends, a beach house in the Hamptons, nothing too formal…”

Bobby’s stomach dropped. His hands shaking slightly. Jeez, last time they went anywhere it was a train headed to South Dakota. Bobby had gotten so familiar and settled in the hundred and fifty acres Gabriel owned he really did not care to leave it at all. His tether so tight he did not even think about escape. Now? He felt like a shut in. Terrified to leave, not completely thrilled about staying.

Gabriel made quick work of getting them dressed. Gabriel in a white linen shirt and khakis, Bobby in tight fitting light grey shirt and black slacks. Hating Gabriel gussied him up for his rich friends’ amusement. Yep. There was the leash. Be good, Bobby. The man pulled his chin to the side of his neck. What the hell is next?

Zachariah arrived with a knock and blinked them over to the front door, departing immediately. After a soft ding of the doorbell, a coco skinned woman with soft fluffy hair pulled back in a half wrap, smiled wide and embraced Gabriel, who kissed her cordially on the lips. Probably an angel, Bobby thought to himself. Or one of his many lovers…

“This is the new one!” she said looking Bobby up and down, staring a bit too long, until a blush colored his cheeks. She stalked around him. Gabriel looked on with a happy smile.

“He is. Guess the word is out, Muriel… This is my chosen. My marked chosen,” Gabriel said licking his bottom lip gently.

She raised her eyebrows and looked the man over with more interest. “I have never met one… a marked one, before… Does Michael know?” Muriel went a bit pale. Her soft brown eyes anticipating the reply.

Gabriel huffed at her. “He’ll know soon enough…”

She looked baffled. “Didn’t he tell us to inform him if there was even the slightest hint of someone considering marking a human?”

“Michael does have a flare for the dramatics, yes. I made my decision and do not regret it,” Gabriel said, placing a warm hand on Bobby’s shoulder.

“You are so very, very brave or you are so very, very stupid…” the angel said firmly, brown eyes blinking, hand on her waist.

Gabriel exhaled through his nose, shaking his head slightly. “I am both love, but let us not talk of my prick of older brother. Now. This is Bobby. Please excuse his lack of conversation, poor boy was naughty and lost his voice for the week,” Gabriel said tapping Bobby roughly on the head with two fingers. Bobby blushed harder, embarrassed and a little miffed to be honest.

“Well he is handsome. Come along. Tessa will get him something to eat and drink,” the woman said with a low sharp whistle. A young woman scampered over, bowing her head when she got
“Take the boy with you to the kitchen, Dear. Take note of him, girl. This one received his mark,” the angel said raising an eyebrow.

“Thank you, Muriel,” Gabriel smiled, handing Bobby off to the young blond woman, giving her his leash. Bobby’s eyes grew larger and rounder as she pulled him off to the kitchen.

As they walked, the small woman chatted. She was pretty. Soft blond hair, easy smile, tiny delicate features, and the excitability of a cheerleader. She eyed Bobby with keen interest. Like an exotic pet. She stopped him to ask a question.

“You really marked? My master said I am too clumsy and silly to mark. I don’t even know if I am sure what that even means… What’s your name anyway?”

Bobby pointed to his lips, then slashed his throat with a finger.

The little woman gave him a knowing look and a nod. “Yeah, I get that a lot. Mistress tells me I talk too much. I’m Tessa. Real name’s Margret, Mistress Muriel doesn’t like it. So now I’m Tessa. You drink wine?”

Bobby squinted. Was this allowed? Fuck it, he decided, giving her an eager nod. Tessa led him through a giant beach house. Pale blue, pale green, fresh cut flower, and stark white everything blurred by as she hurried him into the kitchen, keeping the slack tight on the leash. Jez, she moved quick for little thing.

Bobby caught his breath as they reached the kitchen.

“Gotta stay out from under foot,” Tessa explained. She sat down at a worn round wooden table at the back of a kitchen. Noise and voices heard from behind a pair of double doors. More of Muriel's friends.

Tessa saw his confusion and attempted to calm him. “This place is crazy. You know there are two kitchens? One where slaves eat and actually cook the damn food and another where the mistress and her friends sit around, pouring wine and eating cheese. I do not even know if that stove works…” she said with a smile, trying to be charming.

Bobby nodded as she poured a giant glass of wine and set it in front of him. He smiled and drank. Bitter and sweet. Tasted like slave wine but what the hell...

A few house slaves in starch white uniforms busied themselves arranging and bringing out hors ’oeuvres and canapes, drinks and fruit the next room. Bobby noted a definite distinction between the regular slaves and the favorites. Tessa’s dress, a beautiful baby blue flowy, eyeshadow satin blue, perfectly manicure nails, and flawless makeup. The rest? Crisp white uniforms.

A four other young men and women joined them in a steady flow. All collared and happy to be there. They chatted gleefully, exchanging hugs and kisses. They had keen interest in Bobby. They smiled warmly, accepting him right away. He smiled back nervously, taking too large gulps of wine. Feeling the buzz too quickly.

Tessa poured more wine, emptying about half a bottle in each glass. The bottles clanging loudly in the recycling bin.

“Don’t worry. This happens all the time. Angel party, angel orgy, slaves drunk in the kitchen. Kind of a unspoken perk…”
“Did you see Joseph’s new car?” a thin Hispanic slave asked rolling his wine glass in his hands.

The conversation went on without Bobby, but kept him interested. The attacks on angel slaves were increasing. About three a month. The slaves just seemed to vanish out of thin air. Master who cared kept their slaves close to home. Most did not think much of it. Slaves were expendable in most regards but the reports did add heighten suspicion and mistrust. There was definitely something supernatural about the attacks. Everything from ghosts, goblins, vampires, shifters and fairies had been blamed but no evidence surfaced.

Everything was going along swimmingly until Meredith dropped her wine glass, shattering it on the hard tile floor. She accused Tessa of knocking her hand and was so drunk she did not let up. Tessa in her own domain took offense and grabbed the girl’s raven hair and yanked, causing the bowl of fruit follow the glass and shatter on the ground into the sizable puddle of wine. The crash so loud, the slaves froze. All of them booked it out of their seats and began looking to clean up. Fast.

Not more than a few minutes later, a pale sturdy bald man entered the room. Stout thick, imposing and angry. His eyes narrowed and his growl low as he grit his teeth. Probably pulled from his own good time given the state of his breathe. The giant of a man pulled his weight steadily across the room. Smirking slightly he headed straight for the table of slave scrambling to clean up. Bobby stiff and silent, eyeing the man’s belt loop. A cat and nine tails with tails that swished in time with his steps. Overseer. Bobby guessed he heard the crash.

Tessa pointed quickly at Bobby. The accused slave squinted back angrily at her. She shoved Bobby’s leash in the man’s hands. The man’s lips snarled in irritation. He snatched the leash, hooking it harshly and yanking harder, so Bobby choked under the force.

The man choked up on leash, his hold inches from Bobby’s neck, dragging him carelessly through the house, Bobby tripping on his feet, desperate to keep up, following close to those giant feet.

The slaver presented Bobby with a shove to the group in the other room. Commotion in the room ceased.

“Sire, would like me take care of this?” The man poked two huge fingers into the middle of Bobby’s shoulder blades, jolting him forward. Bobby paled. All of the thick skin beautiful members of the party looked on, a few giggling, a few smiling archly.

Gabriel snarled a look of disgust. He pulled himself up from a very large comfortable chair, grabbing the errant slave by the high of arm, pulling him coarsely into another room.

“I believe I told you to be on your best behavior. I am considering changing your name to Spanky, Darling. Now. I am going to punish you when we return home. Not just like before. A proper punishment. One I doubt you have ever had before. One you will definitely remember… Now. Go back to the kitchen… Try not to think about what is coming to you…” Gabriel sent his boy off with a solid pop to the bottom, making him jump a little.

~*~

The slave blushed hard, having to adjust himself, feeling an ache ride deep into his belly. He walked through the crisp white house in daze. He pushed open the double door and pulled up his
cheek at Tessa in accusation.

“Bobby!” She smiled, she giggled a little. “You’re new princess… New guy gets it if we get too loud… Damien’s in line next if it makes you feel better?”

Damien offered a smile and dramatic bow, complete with a wave of the hand.

Bobby inhaled deeply and took his place again. This time, Tessa brought him a pad, paper and another glass of wine.

“Bastards.” Bobby scrawled quickly on his pad.

Tessa placed a warm hand on his shoulder.

When Gabriel did finally come to collect his little slave, Bobby was drunk. Gabriel was drunk. And Zachariah had to collect them.

Zachariah blinked the two to Gabriel’s room without prompting. Where Zach went? Neither could be bother to consider.

Gabriel and Bobby stared silently at each other. Gabriel looking deep in Bobby’s eyes. Both braced for a fight. Gabriel snarled his lip a little. Sending chills down Bobby’s back, with nothing to say, he glared back.


Generally, most of the staff appeared to him sheep in desperate want of a shepherd. But Bobby? The man now looked like another one of his many objects. A painting. A statue. A fine piece of furniture. An object he was in desperate want to hold. Finger and handle. His.

A dark smile crossed his full chiseled perfect lips. Bobby breathe caught. He knew now why they called Gabriel Loki.

Gabriel walked into Bobby, grabbing him by the shirt with both hands, pulling him up, growling deep… too animalistic to call human, kissing the man deep. Lips that had previously only grazed his own now locked. Hell of a first kiss. His hands so strong and unnaturally steady. His gaze fearless, determined. Bobby froze.

Then Gabe’s hands began to wander as he urged Bobby’s lips open with his own. The master’s hands ran over the man’s chest, sides, back and ass with rough fingertips. The slave complied. Too scared to do anything else. His pulse quickening as blood flew from his head and started to feel woozy.

Gabriel unbuttoned the shirt quickly. Then fingered the gold rings coarsely, watching himself. Not looking Bobby in the eye. Not looking for permission. Not looking for a sign the man even enjoyed it. Really, he didn’t have to. Bobby panted as the long fingers worked his nipples over and over, rolling them back and forth. The angel’s thick whiskey soaked tongue pushing itself back in, nestling deep into his mouth. Winning an unsolicited fight. Bobby fought to breathe
though his nose. His breath ragged and fast.

Gabriel was drunk. Bobby felt it. The angel did not handle him gently or respectfully. Gabriel herded his slave bodily over to the bed. Pushing him down with enough force to knock the grown man off his feet and into the plush bedding. Gabriel knocked him around, easily maneuvering the slave until he lay flat on the bed. Stunned and nervous. Stone hard and confused. Shaking with equal amounts of fear and desire. With the timid look of rabbit when the hand comes to pull him out of his cage.

Then the angel fought with Bobby’s pants. Roughly grabbing, freeing the boy’s cock with one hand and with the other, he removing his own loose garments. Bobby’s heart skipped two beats as he lay helpless wondering what kinds of fun the master had planned. His very naked master. This was new. Flawless skin and chiseled frame blurred as his master came at him.

He noticed very suddenly, his cage gone. Gone for the first time since that insult. The hand less hot than before and now dry. The master naked and huge, leaning over him, touching bare skin for the first time. His master’s hands firm, deliberate. Thumbimg the head coarsely back and forth. Back and forth until Bobby’s eyes rolled back.

The master pulled himself back, rolling his neck from side to side with the devilish look of the trickster. Working his own cock as he watched. Loki had finally made his appearance. He looked darkly at his captive, his little bug on a pin, squirming and moaning despite himself, with every pull and tight pulse he gave the slave. Feeling so much more helpless without his voice to protest. Not that he would have the balls to anyway, with that look in his master’s eyes. Hungry. Distant. Wanting.

“Pretty little boy…” Gabe sang as he ran fingers along the man’s hairline, making him shutter with the touch. Gabe grabs Bobby’s cock. Stroking him up as Bobby’s chin lifted high, like a puppet pulled at the strings. Bobby swallows hard. His heart beating so fast he’s afraid the pounding’s going do permanent damage.

“Scared of what’s to come? Rightly so!” Gabe edges himself closer. Too close. Bobby wishes they could just go back to the light bondage. Gabe grabs his slave’s hand and teaches him how to work his cock. He likes it in long slow strides. Not gentle and quick like Bobby. Gabe closes his eyes. He’s on his knees but feels like he’s standing he’s so tall, his dick so long. As Bobby continues, Gabriel’s hand still on Bobby’s setting the pace and stride, Gabe begins to lose it. He starts his moaning, he’s so human right now. His eyes are watering as his body shivering, quaking. Bobby notices Gabe has slowed the pace, he’s lost as he rolls his head on his overly long neck.

Bobby pauses a second. A small one. To watch his master in throws of his ecstasy. His thick blond hair long and in need of a cut falling into his perfect face. His large crystal blue eyes all but hidden behind the locks. Beautiful. Especially like this. On the verge of a howl. Losing control faster than he ever tried to take it. But shy. He looked embarrassed, trying his best to keep it together and keep from failing right before his slave’s eyes.

Then their eyes locked. Gabriel found his footing again. He pulled a happy smile, his body pulsing again. He watched the man’s face he put own his hands on the back of his own neck as Bobby stroked and pulled exactly how Gabe taught.

*He was being such a good boy…* It sent Gabe over the edge. He bucked his hips into Bobby’s large hands, howling unnaturally loud and desperate. He crumpled onto Bobby’s stomach as his hips bucked steady, his thighs shaking as hot thick cum spilled on the slave’s stomach.

Bobby watched helpless as the seed made its way into his body. Seeping in like grace. Warm,
cold and powerful all at the same time.

Bobby looked down and found himself harder. Stone hard. Granite hard. If that was even possible. **Harder.** More wanting.

“Angel’s cum first my dear…” Gabe smiled. Composed and statue beautiful, running long fingers from inside Bobby’s mouth, slowly lazily, down the length of his body. All the way down the long path of curly red hair and muscles, down to the V that Gabe had to stop himself from thinking about at odd times of the day. Into the mass of recently trimmed hair, neat and tidy, framing a hard thick cock in dire want of attention. Attention it was about to receive...

All Bobby could was pant and hope he was next. That the damn cage would not be applied again. That the disciplined promised could wait. Wait a few more minutes. That was really all he needed. He was so close. So very desperate. Fuck now he’s negotiating with himself…

Gabe took pity. Smiling the whole time. Watching Bobby screw his eyes shut, bracing for what was next.

“**If you want this darling… eyes on your master…**” Gabe said through his delighted smile. Smug and terrifying. Sexy and scary all in one deep breathe.

Bobby obeyed. Immediately. **Christ… whatever you want. Whatever….**

Gabe stroked long and slow. Teasing and satisfying. If Bobby had his voice he’d be whimpering… possibly begging. Begging for faster. Begging for release. Instead, he raised his hips. Bucking lightly. No knowing if that was allowed but not quite being able to obey either.

Gabe took him into his mouth. Smiling through curled lips. Happily flicking the top of the cock with his too warm tongue. Running his tongue with finger like pressure up and down until Bobby could no longer obey and watch. The master’s mouth so warm and hot. He felt so very grateful. His eyes rolled into his head as he opened his mouth in a ragged pant, his breath catching as Gabriel swallowed the mass of cum accumulating for weeks. Bobby’s body curling in on itself as he felt the cum sucked deep.

Bobby allowed himself to be held by his master… **Jesus, his lover, if we weren’t splitting hairs.** Bobby allowed himself to be held through the aftershocks. Held well past. Curling into his master in a grateful lump. Gabriel gently petting his hair, like he was a girl and needed it. A gesture both kind and degrading. Sweet and loving, making Bobby feel loved and confused.
Bobby slept wrapped in the warm embrace of his lover’s arms. Once morning broke, the sun shone brightly threw the intricate and delicate pieces of beveled glass in the skylight. Gabriel would explain later the massive thing, was hand crafted in Italy. Bobby was not impressed. But on his mind was not the rainbows from the prisms that cast themselves around the room. The fact he had not been returned to his room per unusual disturbed him more. More pressing were the threats Gabriel promised last night. Threats that woke him up several times that night.

Gabriel, at his desk again, combing through mounds of paper. Looking intently at each piece making notes and then wearily eyeing his laptop screen. He noticed Bobby awake, looking up amused at his boy’s apprehension. He chuckled slightly.

“I know the game, beloved. I have known Muriel for centuries. I know you were not to blame. And if you were, twas a small infraction… I do enjoy teasing you…” Gabriel smiled coyly. Sending jolts through his spine. Wait. The cage was not on. Curiouser and curiouser.

Gabriel snapped his fingers and pointed to a new addition to the room. A large low French couch at the side of the desk. A smaller, more square version of Gabriel’s silk couches. Goddamn it. We are doing this, are we? A dog bed?

Bobby pointed to the chair, a snarl edging it’s way onto his lips.

“New rules. I do not care where you choose to sit, little one. But know that if you would like to eat, you will sit here. If you would like to drink from any where besides the toilet or the sink, you will sit here. Know that if you would like to be anything more than the pet of an archangel, you will learn to be obiedient and good. Go ahead, read from the library. There will be little else to do unless I have business outside this room.” Gabriel barely looked up from his papers during that speech. Bobby’s body quaked with frustration. This? Was a load of bullshit.

The next few days were uncomfortable. Becoming predictable. Gabriel did not speak to Bobby. Bobby could not speak to Gabriel. His shirt disappeared with the cage, small price, really...

Gabriel kept a water bowl besides his desk. Mrs. Blacker brought in trays of food. The master would eat from the plates, begrudgingly. Sighing while rubbing head. Feeding his boy out of his bowl or snapping his fingers to hand feed the slave a snack. Bobby read books, sat on his pillow and behaved. Like a good boy. He did not like it but there was no choice really. No path to retaliation that did not end in pain or more humiliation. But really? This was damn humiliating.

Still, he both like it and hated the undivided attention of his master. Gabriel handled him frequently. Petting his head, combing through his hair with his overly long fingers, using his nails to scratch lines down his back. Bobby’s shirt had not come back.

Gabe would snap his fingers quickly pointing to the large human bed. Rub his temples. And say, “Time for bed, boy.” They would cuddle, wrapped together contently. Sometimes a hand would graze Bobby’s chest, ass or back. Truthfully, Bobby expected more play. Because every morning, he would wake up with a giant erection touching his ass, back or thighs. Gabriel just tucked it
away. Looking at his pet with pursed lips. The only respite was when Mrs. Blacker would come and lead him away to the former classroom. Bobby would wade through the complaints of the staff. Ellen was worst. She bitched him out the entire hour. She wanted to know everything from why he was an unfaithful son of a bitch to why she had to watch him defy the master at every turn. Why he was such a disobedient little shit, that he had to be beaten, whipped, spanked and humiliated every week or so. She asked if he had love left in that cold heart of his. Why he was such an asshole. The list went on. There was about twenty years of hell brewing in her eyes. All he could do was write apology after apology. When Mrs. Blacker asked if she felt better, Ellen responded with a hard glare. Mrs. Blacker sighed, walking over to Bobby, hooking his leash to lead him back to the master for correction. “Guess you’re in line for another whipping boy…” Joyce said sadly. Luckily, Ellen understood, stopped her, and asked for more time.

It was the fourth day of Bobby’s punishment. Gabriel propped formally at his desk riffling through some papers. Bobby seated patiently at his feet, kneeling on his large French silk flat couch, eyes locked in Conrad. Occasionally the master would pet the boy’s head, or look down with a slight grin.

Gabe shook the thoughts from his mind. He had so much work to catch up on. He sorted a thick stack of letters and correspondence from heads of state, presidents, and dictators. The angel frowned when he came across Greg’s death certificate. Gabe shook his head in partial shame and greater anger. He placed a warm hand on Bobby’s back, caressing him now more gently. Gabe ran a hand threw his hair and pulled. Damn it. The extra slave. Well, no use putting it off. He had not heard any reports of wrong doing from Mrs. Blacker. Then again, she stopped reporting anything all together after he shredded Gregory. Gabe still felt weak. This was nothing he wanted to deal with.

Not that there was much of choice. Big bulbous rotten problems rarely solved themselves. He pressed the button to ring the head of his house.

“Mrs. Blacker… Send Mark to my quarters… No, just tell him I require his presence… Good Girl.”

Within fifteen minutes, Mark was taking a small fist to Gabriel’s door. The door unlatched and opened slowly. Mark’s heart pounding too fast.

“Come. Sit down, boy,” the master said casually, pointing to the small sitting area, walking slowly from his desk to the purple couches.


Mark looked uncomfortable. He made his way nervously over to the couch, sitting down carefully, perched at the edge of his seat. He rolled his shoulders to fix his posture and looked attentively at his new master.

“Castiel did a search of Gregory’s belongings. We did not find any of your records. I have
searched a few contacts, you do not have a police record… that I can find… Why are you here, boy?” Gabe asked gently with a smile.

“My former master is no longer with us?” Mark said hesitantly, choking a little.

Gabriel let out a loud sigh.


The boy shook his head quickly. “My mother killed my father…” Mark said slowly.

Gabriel’s eyes widened. “Ahhh,” Gabe said rubbing his chin, “This changes things considerably. Please give me your full name. Let’s see…” Gabriel shifted through some papers on his desk.

Mark responded quickly, “Mark Jacob Page, Sir.”

The angel snapped his fingers. A hand flew to his head as he winced in pain. “Well. This is going to take much longer than I expected. Let’s take a walk shall we? I will have someone look for your file as the paper work is giving me a headache and I keep getting these damn papercuts…”

Gabriel showed his fingers with a fair amount of bandages. Gabriel fingers glided quickly over his phone, fingering a text to Mrs. Blacker.

“The fresh air will do Bobby some good,” Gabe grabbed a leash from his desk, snapping at his pet to Heel, hooking it onto Bobby’s collar. Bobby looked back shell-shocked. Gabriel dug deeper into the desk and pulled out a fresh shirt for Bobby to wear.

Mark gave a small salute. Fuck. He still had no idea how to handle this new master. Really, nothing specific had been required of him since Gregory had met his end. Garth told him if he wanted to eat his three squares, he should try to make himself useful.

Growing up on a farm, Mark got to work. He loved to garden. It was mid-September and the last of the produce was poking its head from the fertile ground. Mark had a few conversations with Garth about putting the gardens to bed for the winter and pruning the trees.

Honestly, he was a welcome addition to the staff. Charlie forgave him for being Greg’s slave and thought he was hilarious. He got on well with just about everyone. For the first time in a long time, Mark felt like he belonged. Virginia, felt like home but he never really relaxed. Most of the men joked around with him but there was always the threat of a beating from any one of them. At the manor, people were so happy. Well. As happy as any zoo animal could be. Still there was a community here. Now that Greg had passed on from this mortal coil, Garth took charge of Mark’s discipline. And Garth? He just took away dessert and then lunch. After that? Well, no one had gotten past there.

~*~

The three men filed out the massive doors to the more massive doors leading to the outside. Bobby kept his distance, walking a half body length away from Gabriel, minding his step and trying to remember all the damn rules in that stupid manners book. Mark tried to hang back with Bobby but Gabriel grabbed his hand and directed him to his side. Bobby could feel Mark’s discomfort at the special attention his master was showing. Bobby frowned. Just another notch in the belt. Jeez with Gabe’s numbers, his ‘belt’ was probably so notched up it would hardly be functional.

~*~
October's chill was beginning to take hold. Gabriel shuttered, feeling suddenly very human. He did smile into the sunshine, which felt like a very warm embrace he had not felt in a very long time.

“Mark, tell me how you found yourself entangled with Gregory Pine…” Gabriel smiled as he talked, attempting to gain trust.

Mark blushed, looking to the ground, stumbling as he tried to keep Gabriel’s pace. The piercing blue eyes almost too much for him. Gabe noticed, smiling gently.

“You find me attractive, don’t you, handsome…” Gabe asked coyly.

Bobby shot a confused look at pair. Bobby bristled. Couldn’t really say why. That’s just his angel. Well, mostly…

Mark just blushed deeper and giggled very slightly.

“I don’t bite, beautiful… How did you two meet?” Gabriel asked more gently, hoping to elicit some more conversation.

Mark inhaled, pulling together his strength, exhaling his story in a few short breaths. “Greg bought me at a horse race. I used to be a jockey.”

“Did he ever offer to free you?” the master asked confused as they walked around the grounds.

The small slave nodded with a sniff. “Yeah, he promised. I think he changed his mind ‘round about the time he broke my arm.”

“You use humor to mask that pain of yours. You are a very interesting young man…” Gabriel said, looking at the man like a complicated puzzle. The archangel was intrigued.

Mark smiled brightly at the comment. He could not ever remember anyone calling him interesting or special. Bobby bristled again, turning his attention away from his master and into the forest.

“Well, my boy! You are welcome to stay here as long as you desire but know you are now staying as my guest. Mark, my boy, you have committed no crime. You reached the limit of your contract with me and I must say I am very impressed with your work. Bobby and Sam have learned much under your yoke. I will help you set up an account and deposit your wages… and Gregory’s wages to start,” Gabriel said with bright eyes and renewed energy.

“Come along Bobby…” Gabriel said without looking back. “We are off to the bank. Bobby? You are driving my boy.”

Bobby slowed, hesitantly as the leash started to pull the length of its slack. *He have not driven a car in 25 years.*

“Keep moving, boy,” the master said pulling up his lip slightly, not looking back and pulling back on the leash. “These are your new responsibilities. You know I have no patience for disobedience. If you do not wish to obey your commands, Gregory was not the only trainer available to me. He just seemed the most reasonable. The others I looked at seemed a bit too extreme for my tastes,” Gabriel said with cold eyes, looking at Bobby as if he were a dog who disappointed him.
Mark picked up his pace to match Gabriel’s as he got Bobby moving again, at a much faster stride.

“Master… This boy does not understand the directions given to him…” Mark said with some distress.

Gabe stopped, smiling to his side. Poor kid. The angel paused putting a warm hand on the lad’s shoulder. He spoke softly and clearly, carefully minding his phrasing did not appear condescending. “We are going to the bank young man. ‘Gregory Pine’ had limited paperwork on you but we do have enough to open an account and start paperwork. Mark, we are going to the bank and City Hall. Then, I assume you would like to try contacting some of your family. Is your mother still living?” Gabriel said plainly.

*Of course, just going on some errands…* Mark thought going pale.

“What… Why does this slave need money, Master?” Mark asked trying to keep composure, afraid to hope for what he thought was happening. Falling back on his training to get through it.

“Please do not call me Master, Mark. My friends call me Gabe. I hope that we can be good friends. I am freeing you…” Gabriel said with a gentle nod back to Mark then focusing on getting to the garage.

“Wait, why? You could get good money for me, Sir! Wh… why would you do this?” Mark shouted, panting a little, his mind racing, feeling like he was on the verge of a panic attack. Mark’s brain raced and his struggled to keep his breath and step at Gabriel’s quickening pace.

Gabriel choose to ignore Mark’s comment. “You know Gregory had a sizable sum accrued. I have his death certificate; I should be able to transfer that as well. Come along. We will have a pleasant afternoon in town. This should give Bobby some practice behaving in public…,”

Gabriel looked back to catch the slave’s eye. “This is a test, boy. Do not disappoint me,” Gabe snarled a little at the end.

Bobby’s face etched in confusion and obstinacy, he squinted one eye and shook his head. Gabriel was so fucking petty. And this? Was nothing but confusing.

Mark rubbed his sandy blond head, pulling on the hair as he walked along.

They entered the large garage. The ceiling so high and the smell so stale, Bobby rubbed at his nose.

“The Rolls, boy. This is a special occasion,” Gabriel snapped and now held a few legal sized file folders. “Ahh! I am so good!” the angel said pleased with himself as he looked down at the appropriate file, his grace was returning. Albeit slowly, but returning.

Gabriel found the shiny set of 14K gold keys on a key rack and tossed them too roughly at his favorite slave. Bobby caught the set and stared star struck into the keys that bore double Rs and sunburst lines radiating outward. His hands trembled a little, trying to wrap his head around driving again.

Bobby walked over to the overly priced and sleek automobile. He turned the key into the shiny white door unlocking it.

“The door, Bobby…” Gabriel said curtly. The distance and the bitter cold radiating from the exceedingly warm body. Bobby noticed this and jumped slightly. He opened the door wide and let the very tall master and tiny slave into the car, respectively. The fine tan leather and
embroidered emblems the first thing Bobby noticed. Then he let his eyes wandered over the undulating patterns of the unique cherry wood grain.

As, Bobby walked around the car to his seat, he noticed the master’s long arms fooling with the screen on the dash. When the hell did cars come with TVs? Bobby looked at the thing exhausted. Then damn thing started to spout off directions. Bobby glanced back to the backseat with a questioning glare.

“Just follow the instruction and please. Do not watch the screen too closely. I do not want to have to call a tow. I cannot put this damn thing back together in this state… so be careful,” his eyes wide and warning.

Bobby inhaled. Well alright then. Singer, keep your damn wits about you, he told himself. He turned the engine and started down the long path to nearest town. Manor’s Landing. Aptly named for the town’s biggest draw. The governing lord of the Western United States and beyond, besides being the most holy figure the populous would ever get the privilege to meet.

Mark, Bobby and Gabriel drove to the bank first. As they enter the bank, Bobby’s eyes widened. There was a kind of waiting area for him. It seemed all Gabe had to do was hitch his leash to a long brass railing. A few armed guards stood at attention, watching over the few men and women on their knees. Gabe snapped impatiently, again pointing two finger down. Kneel. Gabriel motioned for one of the guards. He handed the man a folded bill, pointing to the designated restroom. The guard pressed his thin lips into a disappointed smile. The man snapped and pointed impatiently. He gathered Bobby’s leash, pulling hard into toward restroom as Gabriel took Mark’s hand and led him to the back of the building, not looking back. Leaving Bobby stumbling, cold and scared, watching them disappear out of site.

An older man in a suit with a ring of white hair greet directed Mark and Gabriel to the back offices. The office had two chairs facing a very large desk. As Gabe took his seat, Mark kneeled his feet. Gabe snapped and pointed to the seat next to him with a slight smile. This was going to be difficult. Mark quickly scurried over to the other chair, feeling like a child in a too big armchair. He held his shoulders and making himself even smaller than usual.

“Please bring my friend here a whiskey, neat, Mr. Meadows,” Gabriel said more as an order. The senior manager leapt to his feet. Archangels were important clients, very important clients. The man would have probably found anything the man wanted. Luckily, he kept some aged whiskey for important clients. The man handed Mark a glass with gold lined linen napkin. Mark took the drink with both hands with an uncertain smile.

After some time of going over the file, Mr. Meadows smiled.

“My Grace, it appears everything in order. The deceased amassed over $75,000 dollars, which could be transferred to any of your accounts,” the older man explained. “It seems he owned one slave… Mr. Pine has already scheduled the slave’s sale at the auction in Texas at the end of December. That should bring the total upwards over $125,000 or more. It seems there should also be a red Ford Ranger. Late model 1990. I could liquidate that as well, Sir,” the rotund man looked very pleased with himself, believing the news he gave was very good.

Mark began to shake. The drink in his hand nearly spilling out the crystal glass. Gabriel moved quickly over to the boy and grabbing the glass. Kneeling next to him, putting the fine crystal highball to the man’s lips as the boy drank it quickly. Gabriel pet the boy’s back.

“I should not have brought you here,” the angel's voice dropping, frowning at the thought. “I had
no idea he had scheduled a sale,” Gabe said slowly.

Then Gabriel decided he should lighten the mood. Turn lemons into lemonade as it were. As Mark looked to regain some of his composure, Gabriel took his seat again, abruptly saying, “We will stay here tonight, Mark. We will go out, have a few drinks, eat an expensive meal and listen to some simply perfect mediocre jazz. Were I up to full power, I would take you to Paris. For now, let us just stay in town. I know a simply beautiful hotel with an exquisite restaurant. Everything will be all right, boy. No one is taking you to Texas, unless you would like to go… I have never felt so good about carrying out a death sentence.” Gabriel said distantly, placing a few kisses on the man’s forehead as he scowled into one of the floral paintings of the wall.

Mark looked a little awestruck. Greg evidently had no intention of freeing the boy. In fact, the opposite was true. The bastard had several buyers he was in correspondence with.

The tiny man broke down. Gabriel pulled the small man onto his lap, holding the boy and stroking his hair as he wept quietly.

Bobby watched as Gabriel emerged from elevator, appearing to hold up his former handler. There was a familiarity that Bobby found disturbing. They were too close. The gestures too intimate. Bobby shook his head. Fuck that, hopefully Gabriel will find a new boy toy and leave him the hell alone. Perhaps too wrapped up in a new romance to take care of a pet as it were. Maybe… Bobby’s heart dropped a little at the thought.

Gabriel huffed disappointment as he saw a red sticker with a frowny face stuck to his pet’s white uniform shirt.

“Excuse me, beautiful, I need to take care of something,” the master said to Mark as he rubbed the boy’s thin shoulders, feeling his weight to ensure his stability.

The angel sauntered over to his pet, pulling the childish sticker off the slave’s shirt, placing it on his finger, and pressing a smile at the guards.

“Had to take him out back, did you?” Gabriel asked shortly, impatiently, expecting a good answer.

“Yes, sir,” the guard said quickly. “That one has attitude on him. Fought me when tried to clean him up, sir. Gave him a few licks in the back room. He has been very well behaved since then…” The guard was nervous. He knew Gabriel was an important client. Probably the most important client.

Thankfully, for the guard, Gabe just shook his head, relaxing slightly. He approached Bobby and gave the slave’s bottom a quick pat, watching as Bobby winced. His bottom still fresh and raw from the five quick blows of the cane.

“Hope you learned a lesson, boy,” he said at a whisper gently into Bobby’s ear, the sweet breath playing easy, tickled. Giving the slave a spark of electricity that flew through his body. Bobby’s hands shook at his side. This was too much.

“Come along boy, we are going to a hotel in town. The Belvedere. Let me check to see if they have my suite available and if there is room in the kennel…” the master said as he untied the leash from the pole, tugging firmly and returning to Mark, who stood rubbing at his forehead. Consumed in his own turmoil.
Mark perked up at the new plans. “Kennel?” Mark asked timid and confused, voicing the same concerns Bobby had spinning cartwheels in his mind.

“The Belvedere is simply lovely. The kennel is just a place to hold Bobby while we are out tonight… I never had to kennel Derek, but he was better able at to control himself,” Gabriel said causally.

Mark nodded his head slowly, his face marked with concern. Most of this was too good and too awful to be true. At least it was not him going into a kennel for the night. Mark remembered the dirty places Mr. Franklin left him when they traveled. Substandard food, filth cages, rough treatment, sleeping on a cold grate with little more than a towel or blanket if he was lucky. His inner voiced ached to speak to Gabriel about how cruel the kennels could be. The voice silenced quickly by fact that he was not a freeman yet and Gabriel was one of the most powerful creatures on the planet.
The November sun was just setting as Gabriel directed Bobby to drive them to the famed Belvedere Hotel. An attendant took the keys from Bobby and another man in uniform held the door open for three of them. Mark felt like they had just stepped on the red carpet.

The swell of pomp equaled or matched the splendor of the hotel, Mark thought with a gulp. Spellbound by the brass, marble, and velvet, not to mention the staff in their clean crisp uniforms, ties and scarves scurrying around to attend to his master.

Hotel Belvedere was simply stunning. Standing firm amid the few towering office buildings, the hotel stood ten stories high. Manor’s Landing, though for the most part a quaint little town, served as a small financial hub of the West Coast. The rooms of the hotel filled to capacity most of the year with business travelers and tourists.

The hotel itself, gothic in its style, had long white stone molding stretching high into sky in between red brick, settling on a grander palace on the top of the building, guarded dutifully by twelve vicious looking stone gargoyles. Mark had truly never seen anything like it. He pushed himself closer to Gabriel, feeling like he hid behind his skirts. Mark felt five again.

Mark followed Gabriel into the lobby. The master’s head and chin so high he looked to have grown six inches, making him a veritable giant. All eyes turned to the man, a few people covertly taking photos. Gabriel did not seem to care. Bobby trailed behind them at a distance, looking lost and miserable.

Mark really wanted to have a frank conversation with Gabriel… no Gabe, about Bobby. However, the lump in his throat that had collected would not allow him to speak. His former masters smacked him down too many times for defending slaves to try again. Never seemed to do anything accept end in more punishment for him. Not that he would mind if he could enact change. Just never seemed to help. Still, Gabriel… Gabe seemed like a different animal all together.

Upon entering the grand lobby, a man in a fine suit approached Gabriel handing him a set of embellished keys labeled Penthouse. Gabriel bowed his head to the side and smiled slightly taking the keys, promptly turning to Mark.

“Mark, please excuse me. I need to drop Bobby off at the kennel. Get settled in our room,” Gabriel began until he noticed the confusion in Mark’s face.

“Mark. Go to the room, explore, there should be a basket with something to eat… take a shower, shave and then I should be up soon. Not to worry, handsome. All of this will get easier.” Poor kid, thought Gabriel. Getting the man use to making simple decisions was going to take time… Mark startled took the keys and obeyed.

Gabriel looked over Bobby. Every time he looked at the man, he felt jilted. The angel was no stranger to rejection. It gently rolled off him. The impermanence of everything around him gave him a great comfort. No reason to feel insecure by another’s choices and proclivities. Gabriel
accepted that he had no control over someone else’s preferences. Therefore, it was useless to bemoan a fact previously stated. These trues all of us should embrace, but Gabriel had an advantage. He was very well aware of the fact that he was free to alter their decisions at will. His good nature just kept him from doing so. His brothers? Different story entirely.

“Come along Bobby! I need to put you somewhere you will be incapable of spoiling my good time…” Gabriel said loudly.

Gabriel walked on, keeping the leash taut. The master oblivious to Bobby’s narrowed his eyes, locked in a deep scowl.

They walked down the stairs to the basement floor. The kennel and the hotel built in 1904. As Gabriel opened the old-fashioned window plated heavy wood door, the stench of sweat and fear filled their senses.

Gabriel shuttered slightly, hesitating only for a moment, and then regained his compunction. The boy needed to learn. And learn he would. This place would be unlike anything the slave had experienced.

The angel balked at the desolation of the place. It was prisonlike in its form. Barren smooth concrete walls, stale air and black and white tiled floors that surrounded a small drain in the center of the room.

Bobby noticed how stark, cold and still the chamber was. Unnervingly still, even though it held about fifteen half-naked men and a few women locked in odd concrete cells. The cells were stacked in two rows, making standing up or sitting up near impossible. A few of the slaves concentrated on small spatial puzzles, but overall, most focused their attention on the new comers and the broad, bulky man at a 1950’s style grey metal desk.

Bobby eyed the man nervously. The guard in question looked to be in his late forties, well built with olive skin and thick grey hair. He grinned, extending a thick hand. Gabriel grasped it, uncomfortable.

“Name’s Ronny. Dropping off or picking up?” the man asked lazily.

“Dropping off, Sir. This is Bobby. Normally, he is such a good boy, but today we got into some trouble at the bank. I hope that will not color your opinion of him. Treat him well,” the master said quickly not making eye contact until the last syllable. A trick of power.

Ronny did not seem to notice or care, Bobby noticed with a swallow.

“They’re all good boys and girls with me. We won’t have a problem, will we boy?” Ronny asked the slave with a hard grin.

Bobby answered the man a few slow shakes, his heart racing fast, keeping his gaze down.

“Good! We’ll do a quick inspection and then you can be on your way. What time would you like to pick him up? You could also have him brought to your room, clean and prepped,” Johnny asked politely.

“Thank you, no. Tomorrow morning with suffice,” Gabriel said looking around the room, reconsidering his decision.

“Alright then,” Ronny took Bobby’s leash and led the two to the only other door in the place. He
left it open.

A slave wash stood ominously in the corner of the room, tiled floor to ceiling with a hard concrete floor with another drain. Won’t have to worry about mess from a beating, Bobby noticed getting more anxious by the minute. In the center of the room was a tall thick metal pole. Worn and shiny, where Bobby supposed where one would wrap a leash.

He was right.

Ronny tugged at the leash with jerk, twirling the collar around. He wrapped the leash high, pulling up Bobby’s head, keeping him straight unless he did not care to breathe. Once Bobby’s was secure, the mountain of a man roughly pulled at stripped the boy down to his underwear, folding and placing his clothing neatly in a red velvet bag with gold tassels.

Looks like my clothes are going to get better treatment than I will, Bobby thought with a chill, as his breath hitched. He looked to Gabriel who looked lost and avoided his slave’s eyes. Ronny spoke aloud as he wrote on a carbon copy form of white, yellow and pink in small neat writing in black ink on a metal clipboard.

“Two gold rings on the nipples, gold cage… no other jewelry. Five welts… from a cane?” Ronny asked, setting the clipboard down, snapping on a glove and pumping some lubrication on to it. The man snaked thick fingers around into Bobby’s underwear to plunge into the boy’s ass as he squirmed and whimpered.

“Good. Good. No damage to the anus… Good!” Ronny threw the glove into the trash. “Here we go. I need you to sign a release stating that should discipline be required we will mark it and explain it…” Ronny said with a pressed smile at Gabriel. “He will be just fine. No one dies or loses limbs on my watch. He’ll just have some quiet time… And at night, if he is very good, we show a movie…” Gabriel wagged a finger, the paper signed with magic, grace or both. The man, unphased, handed Gabriel the white form and tucked the rest into a file.

The angel nodded, kissed Bobby on the cheek, giving him a final warning glance and left the room and basement quickly. Bobby huffed. Like he need warning to be good around this Gregory-like dick weed.

Bobby took a second to look Ronny over. Ronny rubbed his greasy face and head with a large hand. His arms wide thick, his mood tempered by the stale air and hot temperature of the place by a faulty or broken radiator. He unclasped the leash, snapping his fingers impatiently for Bobby to walk toward of the door.

The slaver choked up on the thick leather strap that hung from a tether around his wrist. He pulled his massive arm back and flung that thick strip of leather square into the boy’s ass. The crack echoed through the chamber of cold concrete. Bobby yelped, tensing all of his muscles. Swallowing hard, red faced as he turned back to see just what he had done wrong. His hands rubbing at his rump, fingering the angry red welt that formed under the thin fabric of his boxers.

Ronny lips curled around a set of pearl white crooked teeth. “Hurt. Don’t it? Every time your push that little button in your cage? You get a swat like that one. You have to piss? You have to shit outside of bathroom time? You need another fucking blanket? You get a swat like that one. You understand me, trash?”

Bobby choked, eyes down, nodding slowly. He pulled his hands away, afraid to cover his bottom like a six year old. He brushed away a few tears. This? This was terrible.
Ronny opened one of the lower, let’s be honest, cages, motioning for Bobby to step in. The thick man patted Bobby’s rump with some affection, as Bobby had to stick it out to maneuver himself into the cage. Chills chased up and down his spine. At least with Gregory? He never had any fear of rape… This might get worse…

As Bobby shivered, he desperately wanted to curse Gabriel. He wanted to be angry and blame his fool master but it just wasn’t there. He didn’t hate his master. He actually wanted to be Mark right now. Off in the lap of luxury, bantering about science, politics or art and feeling safe and secure. Adored. That does not make any damn sense Singer, he told himself. Just a few hours, days, nights? Fuck, he had nothing but time. Forty years or more.

“Now, I will need to make an example of one of you. I really don’t care which one you dogs it is. I do this all day long. The rest of you just watch and learn. But, it does not pay to break my rules. So follow them to the letter. This is a free service of the hotel, if your masters trusted you scum, they would have gotten you a regular room, had you sleep with them on the floor or left you at home. I get lots of bad boys and girls in here. So here we go. These are the rules again… Do not speak unless spoken to. Do not make noise. Do not do anything offensive or disrespectful. And make sure if you ask me for anything, you remember the tax,” he said with a turned up smile, flapping the strap slowly back and forth. The leather softly slapping the man’s thick hands. Bobby turned his head, his heart falling to the floor.

Gabriel rapped gently on the hotel room door, finally opening it slowly. His heart swelled for the little man behind the door. His life thus far had been so difficult. Yet he always managed to pull a smile. Look forward and not behind. Resilience a trait his mother had given him. Chin up! Could always be worse and a smile can make even the darkest times a little brighter.

What Gabriel saw now was not that man. Broken and terrified. Unsure of himself and reality in general at this point. The boy shrunk down in to the “very sorry” pose.

“Master… Gabe, I… I want to give you something… I am trained sir. I am very skilled, I can pleasure you, Sir… Please just don’t… don’t free me, Sir… I don’t know what I’d do…” Mark was small on his knees, looking into the floor.

Gabriel smiled sadly at the kid. The angel gently lifted the man to his feet, crouching to look him in the eye. “Dear boy, if I am your master then you concede that I know what is good for you. You may stay with me indefinitely. You may wear slave clothing, slave shoes, work with Garth and the others, but you will have the freedom to not do those things if you choose. To leave and collect your mother. Bring her to the manor if you wish, but Mark… I am going to give you your freedom. I would give all of my wards their freedom were I allowed. As for pleasure? I am yours to command, if you desire it. But, I will not exchange sex for the life you deserve.”

Mark considered the master’s words. He nodded then scrunched his face again, tears gathering as Gabriel took the boy in his warm arms, stroking and petting him.

Gabriel took Mark shopping. Found him a few more than a few changes of clothes. Mark blushed through the whole thing.

Then it was off to Chez Denouement. The restaurant, classy and exclusive, though Mark thought it served too many courses. Most of the elite in the town, wealthy patrons, celebrities, and heavenly hosts all around them, caused Mark to watch his manner and shiver slightly. He held tight to his water glass and silverware to keep from shaking too noticeably.
A regal redheaded waitress rolled and dainty salad cart to their table. She proceeded to prepare the course at the table. She smiled at Mark and spoke softly. She was very pretty.

Gabriel looked at her star struck. Mark stared at the angel. Wondering why Gabriel looked so human right now.

“Anna?” the archangel whispered. A familiarity in his master’s voice Mark had never heard before. Who was this girl?

Mark saw a snarl form on Gabriel’s lips. He shivered again. Then the master reached over with those impossibly long arms, grabbing her by the high of her arm too tight. Angel tight. She winced. Her skin not buckling under his grip as it should.

“ANNA,” Gabriel sneered into her eyes. “I thought you dead. Anna. Where? Where have you been, child?”

“Name is Tasha,” she said roughly, still pulling away. “And… I am not who you think I am, Sir…” she said still wrestling. He held her firm without thought.

“ANNA. I searched everywhere for you! I sent scouts, I put my brothers and sisters on alert. Where? Where have you been, girl?”

She looked at him queerly, looking around the room for help that would not come.

“Mark? We are leaving. You?” he jostled her arm, “are coming with us.” Gabriel flagged down another waiter easily. All eyes in the restaurant were on him anyway. Not that they weren’t to begin with, but after this? No one had the restraint to look away.

“Have our order delivered to my suite at the Belvedere... Do hurry. He is famished…” Gabriel commanded to the wait staff.

The archangel grabbed both Anna and Mark’s shoulders and blinked them back to the hotel.

Chapter End Notes

It's been a hell of a month!

But... Anna's back!

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