

"THE WINGMAN EXEMPTION"

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Series: Supernatural

Pairing(s): Dean/Castiel

Spoilers: You just need to know who Castiel and Gabriel are and you're good.

Length: 824 words

Rating: *14a* for language

Summary: *"Gabriel is a firm believer of 'Grace before Blood'. Yup. It's true. Deep down he's a family guy... Well, only if the family member in question isn't a big bag of dicks."*

Gabriel is a 'big bag of dicks' and proud of it. He likes hunting the wicked, finding their deepest darkest secrets and rubbing them in their faces. The darker the sins, the more salt he poured into their festering wounds. The worst of the sinners he smote off the face of the earth—after he's had his fun, of course.

To Gabriel's acquaintances he is a '*medium bag of dicks*', though they certainly didn't know that. Having never experienced Gabriel in a '*big bag of smitey dicks*' mood, his friends would bitch and bitch, never realizing that they were, in fact, getting Trickster *Diet*.

He loves to dig up their secrets and rub them in their faces, as per usual, but instead of trying to drive them to insanity and/or death, he aims for plain and simple humiliation. He makes sly remarks about Sam Winchester's hair and his habit of '*sharing his feelings*', for instance. The moose was insecure about his masculinity, courtesy of Dean's incessant teasing, and poking at it never got old. Speaking of Dean, that boy had so many buttons to push: his car, his overprotective big brother complex, the amazing layers upon layers of repressed feelings *all of which are all fair game*—

Except one.

Gabriel has made a *single* exception, though it wasn't out of respect for Dean—*pfft, as if!*—but for his brother, Castiel.

Don't get Gabe wrong, riling up Cas was just as fun as pissing off Dean. But this...

Castiel was truly *good*. The **epitome** of *goodness*. Gabriel makes fun but he couldn't deny the purity and innocence of his brother's grace. Hell, even after being battered and tainted as he struggled to do what was right and just, his brother remained well and truly good, though very much broken. Though this makes Gabriel incredibly jealous and resentful—*duh!*—this also makes it *impossible* for him to use his baby brother's own *love* as ammunition against him.

It seemed *sacrilegious* somehow—which is saying a lot considering he hasn't used that word outside of a joke in a millennium—to mar an emotion so great and pure that it was nearly blinding. Especially since this miraculous love belongs to a brother who had endured so much for so very little, which Gabriel thought was incredibly stupid yet somehow *admirable*.

For Castiel, he would leave this *one* thing unbroken. Well, at least not by *his* hands.

It's a shame that such a beautiful and fierce devotion was being wasted on the likes of Dean 'the shrimp' Winchester. Alas, Gabe couldn't do much about that. The growing power within Castiel's grace only existed because of the '*righteous man*' and continues to exist for the '*righteous man*'.

Seems that being a 'big bag of dicks' is hereditary.

I'm looking at you, Dad!

Regardless, Gabriel never teases Dean about his crushing on Cas, nor subtly (like a two by four) bringing up how attractive Castiel's vessel is when in earshot, nor make kissing noises whenever Dean praised Castiel... Gabriel really, *really* wanted to, but Dean would get defensive and deny everything which, in turn, would hurt Castiel and Gabe is having none of that.

Boy did Gabriel want to find that treacherous sliver of empathy hiding in his grace and smite it into oblivion!

He listens to Castiel wax poetic about Dean, ignores the stupidly long stares Castiel frequently directed at Dean, offers comfort whenever Castiel fretted over Dean's wellbeing, did his best to save Castiel's sorry ass whenever he stupidly risked his life for Dean... Gabriel did all this *without* teasing his brother.

Who says I have no willpower?

"Gabriel?" asked Castiel after a particularly long and disgustingly fond bout of staring at Dean's profile.

Gabriel held out his index finger and quickly tapped it against the tip of his brother's nose—*BOOP!*—and just as quickly pulled it back.

"Wassup, little bro?"

"You know, don't you?" Castiel asked softly, eyes averted.

Gabriel knew exactly what Cas was talking about because, after all, he hadn't exactly been subtle. Nope, not at all. So he answered bluntly, "Yup."

"When did you—"

"Since day one, kiddo." Gabriel answered before his baby brother could finish.

"Then why haven't you—"

This was getting a little too 'chick flick'—*why am I quoting Dean? Ick.*—for Gabriel so he cut straight to the heart of the matter.

"I'm a **dick** but I'm not *heartless*."

"Oh..." said Castiel, contrite.

"Don't worry about it! Not like I'm going around wearing my heart on my sleeve, right?" Gabriel slung an arm around Castiel and pulled him into a side hug, a small relieved smile tugging at the corner of his baby brother's lips. "As for your pining, I'm cool with it, though now I know you have *terrible* taste! Terrible! Did I mention terrible?"

"Thank you..." said Castiel, quiet but sincere.

"Don't sweat it, Cas." Gabriel waved off the gratitude. "But the second he hurts you I'm going 'pagan trickster' on his ass."

THE END