“Moose Poop”

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**Series:**  Supernatural  
**Pairing(s):**  Dean/Castiel  
**Spoilers:**  You just need to know who Gabriel and Castiel are and you’re good. :D  
**Length:**  1,372 words  
  
**Rating:***14a*  
  
**Summary:**  “Gabriel has a unique gift for his Valentine. A VERY unique gift.  
  
  


“Gabriel…” Sam sighed. “This isn’t funny— Ow! Quit it!” he snapped, making a grab for the box of the archangel’s mystery projectiles but the asshole merely popped over to his other side via angel airlines.  
  
“It’s not supposed to be funny, Moose!” laughed Gabriel, which completely discredited his claim. “It’s Valentine’s Day and I’m showering my Valentine with gifts!” to emphasize his point he flung some more of his still unidentified ammunition at Sam’s head.  
  
“Damn it, Gabe! Those hurt!” Sam’s glare turned into a confused puppy expression. “What are those, anyway— Wait. What do you mean ‘Valentine’?!”  
  
Gabriel ignored the second question and waved the open box in front of the hunter’s face, its contents rattling inside, to answer the first one.  
  
“Why, it’s moose droppings for my Moose, silly!” he stuck out his tongue playfully.  
  
“What?!” that revelation had effectively distracted Sam from the passed over question. “Chocolate almonds?” he read the print under the disgusting product only to be baffled further as who in their right mind would name a chocolate product—  
  
“Moose droppings!” Gabriel corrected gleefully as he showered Sam with more ‘poop’. “They are moose droppings, Sammy boy!”  
  
“Stop it! They’re not marshmallows, you know!” exclaimed Sam as he rubbed a tender spot just above the brow where a ‘poop’ had hit him particularly hard. He was suddenly taken aback when Gabriel actually looked a little contrite at his words. Sam was so very close to forgiving the archangel until said angel opened his big fat mouth again.  
  
“Yum!” Gabriel was munching happily on the remaining chocolates. “Who knew poop could be so delicious! Canadian’s are geniuses!”  
  
“You are disgusting.” said Sam as he rolled his eyes in defeat. “You’re giving a 'moose' his own feces for Valentine’s Day? I can't even begin to list all the fucked up fetishes revealed by this!” he had a small smile on his face as he was finally playing along with Gabe’s game.  
  
“You have taken this joke way too seriously”—Gabriel was being the reasonable one? Something wasn’t right—“Wait! You can identify all fetishes? Who's disgusting now?” Now there was the Gabe Sam knew: sticking out his tongue ridiculously and humming a taunting tune.  
  
Sam doesn’t know what in the Hell possessed him to do what he did next: He leaned in quick, somehow catching the archangel off guard—causing him to pull his tongue back in at the sudden movement—and kissed the jerk smack dab on the lips.  
  
A strained silence followed and Sam started to panic.  
  
What am I doing?! I’m giving the archangel more ammunition to use against me, that’s what!  
  
…Or a reason to smite me.  
  
Shit. Shit. Shit*—* Oomph!  
  
Gabriel was kissing back.  
  
He was kissing back vigorously.  
  
He’s kissing back.  
  
…  
  
Wait. He’s kissing back?!  
  
Sam wrenched himself out of the lip lock with a gasp, “What the fu—“  
  
“Awe, Moose. I hope you’re not regretting that because I have been waiting to do that for a long, long time.” Gabriel’s tone was light and playful, but his aloof expression was so forced and Sam couldn’t help thinking that maybe, just maybe, he wasn’t messing with him this time.

“So you wasted all that precious chocolate to get into my pants?” the hunter’s guards were up so he was treading carefully into this unexpected shift in their conversation.  
  
“Not into your pants”—smirked the angel, though it was less snark and more sap—“and not wasted. I see it more as an… investment toward something bigger. Something much, much bigger.”  
  
Sam’s eyebrows disappeared into his hairline.  
  
“Moose? Moose? Uh… Sam?” the archangel waved the now empty box in front of the hunter’s eyes. “Earth to Sammy… Did I break you? Because if I did, this isn’t how I wanted to do that.” he finished with a sultry voice.  
  
Sam blinked out of his stupor, “What? Oh! Um…” he bit his lip nervously before making what was probably the most impulsive decision he would ever make in his life. “Don’t you mean ‘better’?”  
  
“That’s what I said! Bigger is better, right?” Gabriel waggled his eyebrows lewdly.  
  
Sam rolled his eyes again, only this time it was affectionately, “Does that mean smaller is worse?”  
  
“In your case, maybe.” laughed Gabriel.  
  
“What?! Who knew you could be honest—” the hunter had a sudden epiphany, interrupting his train of thought. “Wait… That box… Wasn’t that jerk from a couple blocks back eating from a box… like…” queue the Sam Winchester patented bitch face.  
  
“The guy who was crudely hitting on you”—the bitch face was becoming more and more menacing—“to whom I might have pretended to be the spirit of the moose whose poop he was eating and may have proceeded to convince him he was in fact eating poo and that it was 'mine' and it probably freaked the jerk out so much that he perhapsran by that bridge and 'fell'…”  
  
“GABE!”  
  
“Sam, let me finish,” tutted Gabriel. “Where was I? Oh yeah! At that point I definitely made sure that he survived without a scratch on him and then totally haunted him down a couple more blocks.”  
  
Sam had never been so surprised.  
  
Ever.  
  
Even when a few minutes ago an archangel implied that he liked Sam more than an angel should.  
  
Gabe spared a life.  
  
…  
  
Holy shit!  
  
“You didn’t kill him?”  
  
“I swear on my grace, I did not!” said Gabriel as he did an exaggerated Boy Scout salute.  
  
“You just scared the crap out of him? And nothing else?”  
  
“Well, I stole his poop…”  
  
Sam laughed at that, smiling brilliantly, “Who are you and what have you done with Ga—”  
  
“What the Hell are you doing here and why the Hell would you steal poo?” Dean had picked the best time to arrive—in all seriousness; he really did as he could have walked in on his brother smooching the jerk or the archangel’s strange profession of love to his little brother.  
  
“Norse God sorority prank. I was just telling Sam about the good old days,” he nudged the giant Winchester, “right Sammy?”  
  
“Right…”  
  
“Besides, who are you to judge?” Dean opened his mouth to tear him a new one but Gabriel just plowed right on. “I mean we’ve both done some questionable things, me more than you of course, but the only difference is that I am open and unashamed about mine. Tell me, Dean-o, where’s Cas? Hm?” the archangel raised a brow and the shorter hunter paled.  
  
“I’m here, Gabriel. Is something the matter?” the aforementioned angel arrived, adjusting his collar and his hair was messier than usual.  
  
“I don’t know. Dean-o, is something the matter?” drawled the archangel.  
  
“Gabe...” growled Sam, well aware of what Gabriel was needling Dean about and was not happy about it.  
  
“I am not ashamed of Cas, you son of a bitch!” to both Gabriel’s and Sam’s surprise, Dean rose to the bait. However, they were nowhere near as surprised as Cas was about to be.  
“Dean, why would you be— Oomph!” the incensed hunter grabbed the clueless angel by the lapels of his trench coat and jerked him into a deep, bruising kiss. Castiel melted into the heated embrace instantly, questions be damned.  
  
“Gabe! I was waiting for Dean to tell me when he was…. ready… Ew….”—the kisses were getting pretty explicit what with the hands joining in—“Let’s get the Hell out of here. Hopefully someone will walk by and catch them and they’ll never do this in public again. Ever.”  
   
“As you wish!” Gabriel grabbed Sam’s hands and led him away.  
“Gabe!” Sam was going to call him on his Princess Bride reference but the handholding took precedence. “Dean—”  
  
“—is too busy to notice at the moment. Would you like to leave him a message?” this got a laugh out of his human. “Besides, I’m pretty sure I have exceeded my quota of good deeds by a lot today so I should probably isolate myself before I return to my usual Trickster self again. Perhaps in a bedroom?”  
  
“Slow down, dude. Technically I’m not your Valentine yet.” a smartass smile spread across Sam’s face. “I still didn’t get my moose poo.”  
  
  
**THE END**