

Reasons

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 8: Of beauty and beastliness

8. Of beauty and beastliness

Mirrors don't reflect the inside

The morning came too soon for Dean Winchester. His eyes had shot open when Sam knocked on the door of his room.

He muttered and turned around just to face a silent looking angel. Well, he had not opened his eyes yet but he knew, Castiel was there, staring at him, as always.

Dean shrugged mentally, he did not care about that, it was way too comfortable right now. The warmth of the other body close to his own and the arm around his...

Stop.

Dean opened his eyes, not able to move. He gulped.

Not good, he thought.

Castiel had been in thoughts until the older Winchester had woken up. Watching the man sleep had been quite interesting for the angel.

While following every move of the hunter he had noticed some strange thoughts wandering around in his head.

He was partially ashamed of even having those thoughts in the first place.

For the next couple of hours he had just thought about telling Dean or not and now that he saw into those green eyes in front of him, he knew he had to keep it for himself. Even though he doubted this would work for long.

Dean was supposed to be his charge and he had a duty to fulfill. He could not let himself be distracted by such kind of thoughts and feelings.

"Good morning, Dean. How did you sleep?" Castiel asked, his voice a little rough. Dean felt goose bumps crawling down his back. He cleared his throat and smiled vividly.

He was not sleepy anymore.

"Like a baby." Dean had to admit that this was actually the truth. The nightmare he had before had not occurred again and he really had slept quite well. When he saw Castiel narrow his eyes, he explained.

"It's a figure of speech, Cas."

"I figured that since you are obviously no baby anymore." the angel replied matter-of-factly. Dean smiled. This angel was just weird.

"Then, how did you sleep, Dean?" When the angel repeated his question Dean cocked his brows.

Right, he thought.

"I slept well, Cas." The angel nodded. This horrible and awkward silence Dean disliked so much set in again.

Another knock on the door almost ripped Dean out of thoughts.

"Dean, c'mon, open up, dude." The older Winchester moaned, disentangled himself from the angel and sat up. His hands ran over his face.

"Do you want me to open the door, Dean?" The hunter nodded a little absent, glad of the angels offer.

A long yawn escaped his lips when he stretched himself.

Oh hell, I slept well. Those beds are awesome.

Meanwhile, Castiel had moved, or better, zapped to the door and opened it. He stepped aside to let the younger Winchester in.

Sam was more than surprised to see the angel without his trench coat and without his dress suit. He narrowed his eyes.

"Cas? Is there something I should know?" he asked, tilting his head trying to find the answer in the angels face.

Before Castiel could say anything though, Dean joined the questioning.

"There's nothin' you need to know, Sammy. He just stayed overnight, so he had not to wait on the roof. What did ya think?"

Dean could not even believe how fast this excuse made its way over his lips. At least, it sounded very reasonable.

On the roof, Sam furrowed his brows but nodded understanding.

"Well, let's get ready then! Time for some breakfast before we leave this place of joy and happiness! No need to stay here much longer." he said, rubbing his hands together and tried to act cool in the situation.

When Dean furrowed his brows too, observing his brothers weird behavior he rolled his eyes. "Something wrong Sammy? Did a pink little monster bite ya in your sleep?" He placed himself on the bed, grabbed his shoes and started to put them on.

While his brother tried to remain collected, shaking his head and making a few huffing sounds, Castiel walked back to the bed and sat down on it next to the older hunter.

Dean threw the angel a look from the side.

You should get dressed too, Cas, he thought and watched, as Castiel simply nodded and moved to the other side of the bed immediately, retrieving his clothes.

"Actually not a pink monster. Whatever. Could you hurry up? I wanna leave!" Sam continued, crossing his arms over his chest. His facade was breaking quickly.

Dean started to grin victorious.

His brother just could not keep anything from him.

"So, I guess you hadn't quite the awesome sleep I had with my personal dream catcher!"

"I have no idea what you're talking about but fine. If you're satisfied, I couldn't sleep that much. Busy... thinking." Dean just shook his head and enjoyed to tease his brother.

In all those years, Sam had not managed to keep everything for himself, he tried it but in the end, he would always reveal it by his own acting.

Dean jumped to his feet, grinned and made his way to his brother, leaning a bit closer to him and tried to speak in a low voice.

"If you want I can lend you Cas for the next 24 hours!" Smacking the younger hunter on his shoulder, he turned around and looked towards Castiel, who had finally managed to pull his dress suit and trench coat over and was actually busy, with something on the floor.

"Do you have to wish the ground goodbye or what takes you so long?" Dean spoke up again, hoping, his little joke about sharing him did not insult the angel.

Finally, Castiel rose to his feet and walked around the bed slowly, nearly stumbling over nothing but the floor.

"Cas? Are you hurt?" Dean could see that something was odd about the angel. He

wasn't moving the same at all.

Instead of the elder Winchesters worry, Sam could not resist to grin, since it looked like the angel had serious problems walking straight.

He was about to ask Dean once more, if he did not miss anything special that night, when the angel eventually managed to move around the bed, facing the ground all the time, like it would burst open and swallow him if he did not do so.

The Winchesters stared at him in confusion and followed his gaze towards the floor. When Dean found the reason for the weird walking, his eyes widened in disbelief as opposed to Sam, who bursted out laughing.

"I cannot fix them. I tried but it does not work." Castiel said, looking up and felt ashamed to admit, that he had such a minor problem right now.

"Are you pulling my leg, Cas? You seriously have to!" Dean could not believe what he saw but gladly his brain worked the problem out for him.

The angel's problem was simple, he could not tie his shoelaces. He never needed to do so, so he never tried it before.

Now, the laces were loose and he could not walk steady ahead.

"I'm sorry, Dean. I will just move without walking." he said and demonstrated by fly-zapping himself a few feet closer towards them.

"Yeah from now on every human will start screaming. Good idea." Shaking his head nearly violently Dean had no choice and just got down on his knees right in front of the angel. As he reached out for the laces, he could hear his brother laugh and snicker next to him.

"Oh Dean, don't forget the square knot so they won't open up again!"

"Shut up or bend down, bitch!" Dean yelled angrily at his brother and turned his attention back to the angel's shoes.

Wait a moment, Dean remembered yesterday.

"How did you put your shoes on, yesterday at the lake?" he asked.

"I slipped in, as you would call it. But it does not work now, have I broken them?" Castiel replied curious.

Dean smiled at this.

"No, you didn't." He still could not believe, he had to do that but somehow it reminded him of those days, when he had to do it for Sam, a much younger and more innocent version of course.

Each day, he tried to teach him how it was done but his little brother seemed to enjoy those moments, with his older brother by his side or better, at his feet.

That thought made the hunter grin a little and he finally finished to tie the shoes in front of him and looked up to the angel.

"Done. You're now able to walk again." With a slight smirk, he stood up from the floor again. Castiel concentrated on the hunters head the whole time and when his face got in sight again, he managed a little smile combined with a nod.

"Thank you, Dean."

The spoken to felt another one of his little brothers elbows poked into his side. Sam witnessed it for the first time that the angel showed something like joy on his face.

"Does that mean, Dean flipped the switch in you and you're going to grin at us all day, Cas?" Sam said, showing a big smile himself.

He tried to enjoy the sudden show of feelings on the angels face, instead of emotions of other kinds, which just had crept him out before, was this one quite a sight. Castiel just tilted his head and the smile on his lips vanished in the motion.

"Great job, professor. You confused him, if he doesn't do it again, I blame you. Now let's go. I could swallow a whole melon right now and afterwards another and hotdogs and maybe some omelet and maybe a nice slice of apple pie and..."

"Yes Dean, you're hungry. We got it." Sam interrupted his brother's fantasies, turned around and led the way towards the huge stairs of the hotels auditorium.

The older Winchester followed him a few steps, before he turned towards Castiel. As expected, the angel did not seem to dare to follow them.

You always wait for an invitation, Dean thought and sighed heavily.

"C'mon Cas, we're leavin' afterwards anyway. Just stay with us." he said and walked a little faster, to catch up to his brother.

As he reached the entrance of the dining hall, he took a glance over his shoulder, searching for Castiel but he could not see him on the stairs or above.

Frowning, he was about to enter the Disney like decorated hall when he stopped in his motion and noticed the angel right next to him, staring into the great hall with hundreds of hungry, eating and talking people.

Dean wondered how he could even believe, that Castiel would have left them without any words and shook his head in amusement.

He kept wondering though, why he had felt a low wave of disappointment inside of

him, when he thought the angel had seriously left. His thoughts got cut off when he noticed Sam waving towards them from a free table, already piled up with different types of exotic fruits and bottles.

Before he moved to his brother, Dean caught the curious look on Castiel's face next to him.

"Amazing what humans do to enjoy their food, eh? C'mon, Sam's waitin'!"

Tapping the angels back slightly, they finally entered the hall and Dean was sure, he would not leave before he was filled to the top with everything that looked good and expensive.

Who knew whenever they could enjoy something exclusive like this again?

An hour later, they were still sitting on their table. Both men had shoveled so much food in that Castiel was expecting them to explode sooner or later if they kept doing this.

Concerned, he kept watching the Winchesters until Dean started coughing.

He started hammering his fist against his chest, choking.

"Dean?" Castiel asked when the hunters face turned red. The angel looked at Sam, helplessly seeking for an advice.

"You have to slap him on the back. He just ate too much! Nothin' to worry 'bout." Castiel did as he was told.

He slammed his hand on the older hunters back and it seemed to be helpful indeed. Except for the fact that Deans face was now in his apple pie!

Sam started laughing and earned a few confused looks from other guests.

When he heard his brother grumble a 'thank you Cas' he laughed even louder. That was a sight to behold!

Castiel lowered his sight.

"I am sorry, Dean." he said, handing him a napkin so the hunter could clean his face. The older Winchester glared at his brother. For this, his baby brother deserved to be punished. But later! First things first. Dean cleared his throat.

"Fine, if everyone's ready, Cas can you zap us back? I don't wanna stay here for any longer!" When the angel moved his hands to touch the hunter's forehead, Dean insisted.

"Wooh, not here. We're goin' back in our rooms. We don't wanna freak out some innocent people!" he said, grabbing Castiel's hand and lowering it again.

Just a few minutes later, all three men were back in their room.

"Alright! Let's get us back to my baby. I hope it didn't miss me too much and I swear to god if I find any bird poo on it I will...!" Castiel looked at Dean, his expression annoyed.

"Please do not take my father's name in vain." Sam just smiled and Dean threw his hand up in defense. "Won't happen again!"

They did not bother in checking out or anything else, therefore, they just grabbed their stuff, burned the key cards and access passes and left without a trace of ever being there. The cooling ash was the only sign that somebody had been here.

The next second the hunters opened their eyes they were standing right beside the '67 Chevy Impala. Dean turned around immediately and inspected his baby.

"Aah, baby, I missed ya. How you doin'?" He opened the door and fell into the seat, gripping the steering wheel.

"That's good." Dean purred and leaned back into the leather. "Dude, you've left your car for just a day! Not a month or somethin'." The older Winchester did not care about the look his baby brother gave him, he just gave him the finger and with this, the discussion had ended. Sam rolled his eyes.

"Dean, move your ass outta there. You're gonna dismantle those tents. Meanwhile, I'm gonna tell Bobby we accomplished the mission." Dean moaned.

"C'mon Sammy. You expecting me to do that all alone?" Sam shrugged.

"Castiel surely will help ya, right." The angel in question nodded slightly.

"I shall do so."

"Fine."

And now the discussion had really ended. Sam went aside to call Bobby and Dean moved himself out of his beloved car.

Dean pointed to the tents.

"Let's get started before the bitch starts complaining again." Castiel tilted his head.

"Why do you call your brother a dog, Dean? I do not understand the meaning of offending him." The Winchester could not help but smile.

He turned his head to the angel, while he started walking.

"It's not like I'm really insulting him. I'm just bullying him. He does the same with me sometimes. So don't mind it, Cas." The angel nodded.

There was not much he could do but trust the hunter. Castiel knelt down next to Dean, watching him pull out the nails which secured the tent.

The angel walked over to the other tent doing the same what the hunter did. He pulled out the nails, loosed the cover and rolled it up. He put the poles next to each other and fixed them with an elastic band.

For Castiel it was far more complicated than for Dean and he was glad, when the hunter gave him a hand with it after dismantling the other tent.

"Let's store them in the trunk. We'll give them back later." Dean said, noticing the abrupt turn of Castiel's head towards his baby brother, ready to fight.

Sam walked around the Impala slowly, waiting for the dial tone to be replaced by the sound of Bobby's voice.

When the called one finally picked up, he could hear him murmur something that sounded like 'son of a' before he turned his attention to the young man.

"Sam, I didn't expect ya to call so early! Did ya find this trickster-angel and smacked his bottom a few times or what?" The old hunter seemed less stressed, even though Sam could hear someone else around him.

"Well, you could say, we managed, talked it out and in the end, we got nothing but we're alive. At least something!"

Sam did not feel the need to talk about any details to bother Bobby with, it was not necessary for the old man to worry about more than he already did.

"Fine then. Listen, we... I mean, I found something that might save us a bit of time to think about, how we can stop the apocalypse. We should have thought about it earlier but whatever. If we could destroy the current vessel of Lucifer, he will seriously have a hard time to find another one that will not burn right away." Bobby was fumbling around with some paper.

Sam just nodded, forgetting again he was talking on the phone and waited for his friend to continue, when suddenly he could hear the old man curse on the other end again.

"I'll do the rest."

A familiar voice from nearby made the young hunter jump. Crowley had appeared right beside him and snatched the phone out of the Winchesters hand.

"Thanks Bobby, I'll be home before midnight. Bye!" he said and hung up, throwing the phone back into Sam's hands.

Placing his hands back into his pockets he rewarded the confused Winchester with

one of his patronizing smiles.

"Crowley."

Sam took a few steps backwards and stared at their new guest, turning towards his brother and the angel for a second, only to look at Crowley again.

"What are you doing here? What did you do to Bobby?" "Relax, we worked together. Doing some... proper research." Showing his teeth in another wide smile, the well dressed man made a few steps forward.

The smile on the demons face froze, when he noticed, how the angel of the Winchester brothers drew his blade.

Dean saw the reason for Castiel's defensive behavior and got to his feet in a split second, walking towards the demon in fast steps, even passing the angel in the process.

"Crowley. What do you want? You better have a good reason or just go back where you came from!" Dean welcomed the demon with one of his death glares and was about to draw his colt, to at least hurt or ruin the suit of the demonic bastard right before him.

Castiel had approached them too, his angelic blade still ready to do what needed to be done, just waiting for any sign or some kind of order.

"Dean, Bobby said that he'd find a possibility to throw some stones at Lucifer and even to slow down the apocalypse."

The younger Winchester raised his arm and placed a hand on his brother's shoulder, to stop him from doing something stupid.

"We should probably listen to him." Sam continued. Since nobody seemed to attack, Castiel finally lowered his guard but kept his weapon in hand.

"Remember the times when we said we don't work with demons? I miss these times." Dean said and shot one bullet straight towards the already gone demon.

Murmuring and grumbling, the older brother kept his eyes on the new position of the demon that had saved himself a few feet towards the Impala.

"I saved your ignorant little butt last time and that's how you thank me? Dean, I'm hurt!" he said with a mix of amusement and anger. A thin line between both emotions!

"Yeah, thanks for letting me suffer because of your angel phobia!"

The hunter could not express how much he disliked to be in the demons debt but remained calm anyways.

None of them seemed too proud of the current situation and silence fell over the odd group. Dean eventually decided to not shoot at the demon anymore, put his gun away and took in a few breaths.

"Why did you come here? Bobby could've told us everything. So why exactly are you here?" Sam managed to ignore the need to punch his brother's guts and focused on the demon's words instead.

"The same reason as always, Dean. We have to kill the devil. What else?" Crowley answered, not waiting for any response.

"The one million dollar question is: how are we gonna do it?" He looked around and met the eyes of the hunters and the angel, lingering at those blue ones for a bit longer.

"No one? Fine. Since I'm such a generous guy, I got something that might be of interest for you. Actually, your old friend Bobby helped me figure out the main facts. You might honor him later." He pulled out a piece of paper and throwing it towards the Winchesters. Sam caught the crumbled paper and unfolded it.

"Stone carving at its best. You'll think they're alive. Huntsville Museum of Art. Grand Opening." he read out loud, looking up in confusion.

"So what? Are we gonna to bore Lucifer to death with a little bit of culture?" Dean snarled snatching the paper away from his brother to have a closer look.

"No, you brain ache! Gorgons!" Crowley spit back, annoyed by the fact that the older Winchester always had to be so damn clueless.

"Gorgons? You mean like, Medusa? You serious?" Sam asked and granted Crowley's idea with a faithless smile.

"Medusa? You talk about hot chicks with snake hair?" Dean spoke up and grinned, the kind of Medusa he knew was naked and would not turn anyone into stone at least not the whole body.

"The thought has some kind of foundation actually." The Winchesters and the demon turned their face towards the speaking angel.

"You see! Your pet angel said it!" Crowley was rather amused to get approval from the always moody angel. When he earned a threatening look from Castiel he just shrugged. "What's the matter, darlin'?" Dean snarled. He did not like the demon call the angel 'darling'.

"Cas, what do you mean by 'kind of foundation'?" he asked, not willing to show his anger. "Having a gorgon looking at Lucifer, he's gonna lose his vessel. Consequently, he would have problems to find another one who could keep him inside without being destroyed at once." Sam nodded understanding.

Bobby had said the same so Crowley had a point there.

"And if Lucifer doesn't have a vessel he can't fight Michael which means, they can't devastate the planet." Crowley smiled proud about the fact that the Winchesters understood his plan.

Dean furrowed his brow.

"You know we could simply die and turn into stone. Why don't you go and try it yourself? Scared?" he mocked the demon and smiled. Crowley rolled his eyes.

"Guys, I don't know if you noticed but I was the one who gave you the clues. So you're gonna do the dirty work! Do you understand?" The demon kept his professionalism while he spoke. Besides, he already knew that Dean Winchester was a royal pain in the ass.

He still could not believe that this very human was Michaels 'oh-so-preferred' vessel. Crowley sighed.

"We're all in the same boat, floating towards the edge of a huge abyss. So you think I care? Let's face it boys. You have no choice. My enemy is your enemy. How about we just take each other by the hand and are a big happy family?" Crowley reached out and showed his best fake 'best friends' smile he could offer towards his audience.

The brothers exchanged a glance.

"What do you think, Sammy?" The young hunter shrugged.

"Worth a try." Now it was Dean who sighed. "Don't worry, I'll be there too, watching over you." Crowley said smiling, his hands shoved in his pockets.

Dean surrendered. He threw up his arms.

"Fine, okay. We'll do it. We'll catch Medusa. Sounds like fun. Can't wait for it." The older hunter's voice was dripping with sarcasm when he said that. Dean walked past by his brother and the angel towards his car.

He sank into the seat, moaning.

Sam turned back to the demon and held up the leaflet.

"Hope, this is gonna work. Don't be late." Crowley smiled and waved at the two men.

"I never am." With this, the man in the black suit disappeared.

After Crowley had left, the silence was very welcomed by the hunters. They did not like this demon and they did not like it, that he spent so much time with Bobby either. But they had other problems right now.

Those gorgons for example! If Crowley was right and this was a big if, than they could smash Lucifer's vessel and stop the apocalypse. Dean could hear his brother talk to Castiel before he heard footprints approaching the Impala. The car door creaked a little and moved down when Sam got beside him.

The fluttering sound of wings told him that Castiel was now at the back seat, staring at him with those blue eyes of his.

Geez, Winchester! Dean rubbed his palms over his eyes.

"I don't like the idea Sammy. I really don't trust this dude. He's a douche. What does he expect us to do? I mean, shall we ask Medusa nice and politely to come with us to face the friggin' devil or what? Doubt she's gonna come with us."

"Dean." The hunter could almost feel the angel leaning forward.

"We have to try, Dean. There are not many possibilities left to defeat Lucifer. We must not let him fight with Michael." The Winchester groaned.

"I know. It's just don't trust this guy, okay?" Sam put a hand in his brother's shoulder.

"It's not that you're goin' there alone. We're comin' with you all the way." Sam smiled comforting before he put on his puppy gaze, saying 'start driving, we don't have much time'.

Dean could not help it but laugh. He started the engine and drove back onto the asphalt street. "First things first, though." the older hunter started.

"We'll return those tents in the trunk, then buy some pie and then we're gonna head for Huntsville." Sam cried out.

"Haven't you had enough for breakfast already?" Dean shrugged.

"It's a long way, we'll need supplies!" Sam threw him a 'sure, a long way, of course' look before his brother turned the key and the engine roared up.

Huntsville

"So, this is it? The place where the key for Lucifer's doom is located? Seriously?" Dean could not believe his eyes when he put the car on hold in front of a little rustically but also old fashioned building. Before they had left Winchester, they had returned the tents and since it was not Wednesday, the stores were open.

Sam could not believe how much food and beer his brother had stored in the trunk but if it made him happy, he just let him do so.

Castiel had placed himself on the backseat, since the older hunter had somewhat ordered him to stay with them. Possibly it was not even an order, more like an opportunity to spend more time around human behavior.

He did not mind it. The only thing that irritated him was the slow movement and the steady concussion of the car. A weird way to travel.

It took them less than two hours to get to Huntsville and the museum was still open for visitors.

"It's a museum, Dean, Not a plaza hotel. Let's get inside before they close." Sam did not even wait for his brother to say anything stupid again, got out of the car, smashed the door violently and walked towards the entrance.

"One day I'll smash him as hard as he does my baby." Dean grumbled and glared bloody holes into his brothers back.

"Dean, we shouldn't let him go alone." The low voice from the backseat rose and the hunter turned around.

"Anyone who hurts my car gets to feel my wrath. Even Sam can respect that and I'd say, you wouldn't want anyone to hurt your beloved things either, right Cas?" All he got from the angel was an intense stare, followed by silence and finally, the angel dropped his head and nodded.

"Let's go. Can't let him walk around alone, he might get lost." The hunter grinned a little, gaining nothing but a confused look and got out of the car too, waiting for the angel to follow him.

Sam was already at the entrance, checking the flyers with the one Crowley had given to them. They were identical.

"So what? Are we going in and friendly ask if they come with us or what?" Dean narrowed his eyes a bit as the sun that rose above the trees burned into his eyes.

"I don't think it will be that easy. It's never easy to ask a mystical creature to work with you. Especially when we're talking about the devil." The younger Winchester opened the door and made his way towards the box office, his brother and Castiel close behind.

"No free entrance? Well, those gorgons know what money's worth, I guess." Dean said and waited for Sam to buy them three tickets, when he froze at the sight in front of him.

The first attraction of the museum was obviously a group of young adults carved out of stone, nearly stripped down to the shorts which seemed to be running from something.

Those bastards even go for kids, dammit, Dean thought and frowned at the stone figures and turned away. Castiel moved past him and knelt down next to the attraction, reached out with his hand and slightly touched the stone.

The woman behind the shelter started to yell.

"It's strictly forbidden to touch any of the exhibits! Please, respect the rules when you enter the next room! Some pieces are fragile!" She seemed upset and shook her head, even after Castiel had slowly removed his hand from the stone.

"Dean, this isn't simply stone." He said quietly, staring into the stone grey eyes of the human statue.

"Obviously not! They're humans turned into... I mean they look like real human beings so life like. We should send the creator a gift basket with a card!" Dean turned towards the woman behind the shelter and grinned a little.

Who knew if she was not one of them? Sam thanked her, paid and tried to push the angel and his brothers out of her side.

"What did ya mean, Cas? What's wrong?" When they entered the big hall, with the main attractions, their mouth fell agape. The place was crowded with people, not only with stone statues but also the amount of visitors seemed huge.

"Nowadays even gorgons know how to make a living." Dean took a few steps into the hall and observed another pair of statues.

He leaned towards a woman-figurine with nice features that was sitting on a chair and holding a phone in her hand.

Whoever you were calling, never got the chance to say goodbye, he thought with a sad smile on his lips. He took in a sharp breath as suddenly Castiel was placing his hands on the woman's bare leg, remaining there for a second.

"Cas, remember, no touching just watching!" The hunter said with a slightly amused tone in his voice. Without a warning, the angel grabbed Deans hand, placed it on the same spot where his right hand was lying.

"It's not cold, Dean. These people seem to be turned into stone recently. Their still alive!"

Sam looked into both directions if someone had noticed that his brother and the angel were touching the exhibits but it seemed they were lucky.

Dean removed his hand from the statue. As the angel had said: warm stone!

"What do you mean, still alive? How can they be alive if they're turned into stone?"

"I don't know. I have never encountered gorgons before." Castiel got up again and glanced around the hall, noticing the many excited and happy looking visitors staring at the statues.

"Wait, you don't know? How can you not know something this important?" Dean

furrowed his brows and got up from the ground too. Castiel remained quiet and lowered his gaze.

He could not know everything but Dean was obviously thinking the angel was a huge book of information.

The lack of it always seemed to make him upset and the angel had to deal with that.

"But this kind of information would have been of importance before we accepted to work with Crowley!" Dean continued to ramble but the younger Winchester interfered.

"The question is, if the people are still alive, how will Lucifer react inside his vessel? Maybe he will be caught?" Thinking about Lucifer being unable to move again, made the older Winchester grin.

They just needed to convince the gorgon that the world would be a better place without the devil walking on earth. Sounded easy!

"Alright, let's go then! We've gotta talk to Medusa!" Dean said cheerfully and received an odd look from another visitor standing behind another stone figurine. The man just shook his head and walked away.

"Dean, if the information on those flyers is correct, we don't talk about one person. It says something about a duo of genius art creators. So we're obviously dealing with two of the gorgons." The younger Winchester tried to speak not too loud so the rest of the audience would not notice them.

"I don't think we can just walk into their office and have a chat with them."

"Why not, Sammy? Maybe we should ask them for an autograph or a little stone souvenir for us to take home? C'mon, we gotta try it!" Dean walked over to a man in a black suit with sunglasses.

How stupid to wear sunglasses inside of a building, he thought and put his 'hey buddy' smile on.

After Dean got thrown out of the museum, Sam and Castiel just followed him with their heads facing the ground, they got back to the car and decided what to do next. They knew it would take them some time to plan things, so they checked in at a nearby Hotel, the Embassy Suites, booking one room for two days.

Sam insisted to share one room, he said it would be too expensive to book two rooms but in reality he wanted to keep his eyes on his brother and the angel since Gabriel honestly asked him to do so. Dean just shrugged it off and entered the suite.

It was just a standard room with two beds, couch and a bath including shower and toilette.

At least everything was working.

The little room even had a small, old television and a big cupboard. Everything smelled freshly cleaned, so they would enjoy their stay for sure.

The taller Winchester placed himself on the right bed close by the door and started his typical way of research, asking the World Wide Web about myths and urban legends.

Since Dean had lain down onto the other bed, silence and the soft typing of Sam was all to be heard. Castiel stood nearby the door for the first ten minutes but he somehow felt drawn towards the couch next to the older hunter's bed and took a seat on it, facing the floor and waiting for anything to happen.

"It seems it's not easy to kill a gorgon. The only thing that comes up over and over is..."

"Best way to kill them is probably to behead them. There's nothing that excels that method." Castiel looked at Sam, who just made a turtle face and closed his laptop again.

"Fine. Beheading. Not really creative but it should work."

The younger hunter stood up and shoved his computer back in his bag.

"I suppose we go for it tonight. The museum closes for the weekend so we should have enough time to convince them to help us or to get rid of them. Both will do." Dean nodded slightly when he turned his head and stretched on the bed.

When his brother opened the door again, he asked.

"Where you goin'?"

"Getting some mirrors of some kind. Don't wanna end up as part of the exhibition. Besides, I'm getting hungry, too." his little brother replied and shut the door behind him.

After dusk, around ten-ish, the men had decided to get going. Packing all the things they needed in a bag which actually were only three machetes and a gun, just in case. Sam had left to buy pocket mirrors when he left for food.

He did not like the idea of using their weapons as mirrors, especially not, when they intended to talk first.

Dean on the other thought about running into the building with the blades in their hands. Sometimes Sam even wondered whether his older brother was just kidding or was serious about the things he said.

Whatever it was, Sam wanted to do it the easy way first before covering everything in

blood. It was a short walk of twenty minutes from their hotel to the museum.

Castiel could not help but frown, when he sensed the demonic force of the man standing nearby the entrance. He knew how smart Crowley was and this made him dangerous. He could not trust him.

"Look at that dude." Dean snarled making a disgusted face. Sam rolled his eyes.

"At least he's there as he said. We still can get rid of him after we shoved Lucifer's ass back into that dark pit he crawled out of. But for now, be a little professional, dude." The older Winchester shrugged and put on one of his patented smiles.

Sam laughed.

"Dude, you don't wanna get laid, do ya?" The smile on the hunter face vanished.

"Bitch."

"Jerk."

Both men turned their faces to the demon.

"What took you so long? Did you walk your little puppy there or what?" Castiel tensed his muscles and glared at Crowley. The demon looked at the older hunter.

"You better leash him. Don't wanna get him hurt, do you?" Crowley's smile grew wider when Dean stepped forward threatening him.

"Try him." the Winchester hissed. That went far enough. Sam stepped in between.

"Okay, stop this. We've got work to do." he said, indicating to the door.

"Well then, enjoy." Crowley said and stepped back.

"Wait, you're not comin' with us?" Dean asked surprised. He had not expected that.

"No, you idiot. I'm gonna wait here and take care that no one gets in!" The elder Winchester smiled wickedly.

"Of course you do." When the three men reached the door, they could hear the demons voice one last time.

"Oh, and, don't forget to shut your eyes!"

They finally broke into the museum and made sure to stay as quiet as possible.

Dean made his way straight towards the stairs where the guardian had prohibited him to pass and talk to the artists.

He figured that their targets would either be inside their office or, if they were not, they might find some information of their whereabouts instead.

Dean was about to break into the office, as he could hear voices from inside.

"Jackpot." A jarring laugh rose and the hunter made a face.

What a voice, hell. No doubt they can turn people to stone, he thought not moving. Dean glanced back hoping to see his brother or the angel.

When nobody was in sight, the hunter prowled back. Turning around the corner he could see Castiel helping his brother to search the giant hall.

"Hey, Sammy, Cas. Found them." he stated and waved his hand.

Right when the angel and his brother decided to move to the hunter, they heard the clicking of heels.

Dean froze in motion as the door opened. He nearly prepared himself to be turned into one living sculpture too, when his eyes met the sight of the woman before of him.

"Simply knocking would have gotten you in earlier." The hunter stared straight into the eyes, waiting for something to happen but it seemed he was out of danger.

"Oh, don't worry dear, if I wanted you in my collection, we could've done that hours ago." Another woman appeared in the doorframe and smiled nearly friendly.

Since he was still alive he could finally observe what exactly was standing right in front of him.

Dean could have sworn that artists never looked that great, more like old hags with nice grandma smiles but these two women seemed completely different.

He could not say if those two were twins but they surely had some looks alike upon them. Long curly hair, nice curves and even their faces expressed pure beauty. Before his brain managed to work again, he threw a suggestive grin to both of them.

"I prefer to leave amemorable first appearance but you took that goal for yourselves." When he did not get any response, his smile weakened slowly.

"You're not the one for small talk I see that. Well we have... I have a little something to ask one of you or both if you prefer working together. Uhm, which one of you is Medusa? I forgot your sister's name, unfortunately." he continued and his smile grew again.

The two pretty alike looking women shared a glance at each other, before they turned their gaze towards the hunter.

Their pretty faces and sweet smiles had changed into deathly glares.

Facing her sister, it looked like they were talking to each other silently before the other one nodded, moved past Dean and walked down the stairs.

He moved out of her way, not daring to touch even an inch of her.

"You have no idea, human, what you got yourself into." An inhuman hissing appeared behind Dean but when he turned around, the second one was gone too.

Shit, Sammy, I guess talking won't get us anywhere, he thought, while he glanced towards a group of figures where he thought his brother and the angel had hidden but he could not see them anymore.

Then, he turned his attention back towards the gorgon sister number one. She had moved even closer to him.

"We know why you're here and the answer is: no." she said with a bloody sweet smile on her lips.

She reached out with one hand to touch him, but the hunter stumbled backwards, nearly taking two steps at once he managed to get away far enough to feel save again.

"We haven't even started talking yet dear. If the end of the world comes, you and your sister will die too! Medusa, gorgon whatever! You will die, if you don't work with us!" he said, trying to convince her with the fear of death, which managed to get a few demons to work with them the past few years.

A low not amused laugh escaped the woman's throat and she fixed her eyes on Deans.

"Don't you dare taking our sisters name into your mouth again vile creature! You have no right to speak her name out loud. Ignorant and proud humans like you were the reason for her death! Don't think, don't even consider that you could ask us to help you with anything!"

With a swift move, she jumped down the stairs and landed right next to the Winchester.

"Don't you think you're special just because you're still alive. We could have killed you earlier, if we wanted but it seemed unfair to us. We prefer a proper fight before we take our prey." The woman shook her head, making her curled hair flip and swing around her, her bones slightly cracking she moved closer towards the hunter.

"I haven't killed any of your kind, okay? You must be mistaken." Dean was not sure why but since he was able to see what they had to fight, everything felt alright, but who knew how long this would last? He still wondered how it was possible that he was not a fossil already but he did not feel like asking right now.

"Foolish ignorant human. You're all the same." With another deep growl the woman reached forward but stopped her move immediately, sniffing into the air and grinning a wide smug smile.

"Angel? You shouldn't come out yet, we love to play hide and seek with our new exhibits." she said, glancing around for a sign of the feathered friend of the hunter. Well, that was definitely not good! Dean stepped further back.

"Uhm, just a question before we start the whole slicing thing." the hunter started, receiving an impatient and greedy look from the gorgon.

"How come, that I'm still me? How come, that I haven't joined your little army of the Flintstones?" The creature laughed loudly.

"Because, you impertinent little human, I am wearing contact lenses. That's a very nice invention of you humans, if I am perfectly honest. With these, we can lure more victims into our traps." she hissed and put one foot before another, getting closer to the hunter.

A long serpent like tongue flicked between her lips and Dean flinched. It would have been great to have his machete now but Sam was the one who had the bag.

The only thing he had right now was the pocket mirror in his back of his jeans.

The moment when the first of the gorgons started to move, Sam pulled on Castiel's coat and signaled him to hide with him behind some stone figures.

If the gorgons sensed the angel's grace, they could possibly screw their plan to convince the women to help them.

"I will get them." one of the sisters said and while she moved away, her body started to twist and transform into something else.

The last thing Dean saw was a long scaly tail sliding out of his sight before he turned his attention to the one before him.

As he noticed that she was obviously preparing herself to transform into her real form too, her clothes fell to the ground.

The lady watched her sister walk away and around a corner, searching for the other two men. She would take care of the single hunter in front of her.

"Whoa. That's the first time I'm not glad to see a brunette hot chick with big boobs right before me!" Dean said, mouth agape and staring but immediately hiding his eyes when the head of the woman moved around to face him.

The air around him was suddenly filled with noisy hissings and he did not need to see, what the woman's hair turned into. Her beautiful curly hair wriggled and slithered on her head, forming itself into fifty or more snakes at once.

"Dean! Move your ass outta there!" He could hear Sam from somewhere behind him and turned around, opening his eyes just enough to see where he was running to.

Behind him he could hear a wet sound, followed by ripping skin and stretching bones. The second woman was transforming her body into something else too it seemed. When he finally reached Sam and Castiel behind a group of stone figures, he caught his breath and smiled a bit.

"I wonder why all of these dudes got turned into stone. It's not really worth the sight! They're nice but..."

"Dean!" Castiel screamed out when a long scaly tail wrapped itself around one of the statues next to them and got thrown in the air. The long tail of the beast gripped another and diminished their defense.

A sound of broken and splintering stone was hearable in the huge hall.

It was quite a mess. During the fight many of the statues hit the ground and broke into pieces. The hunters could not help it but they were no match for the gorgons. Not even Castiel could block all their attacks. It was difficult to fight with closed eyes.

At least for the brothers.

Castiel's senses were more sensitive due to his grace, but now, that he was cut off from heaven his strength had weakened. Therefore, he knew what to do but he was not that strong anymore.

Castiel moaned when he hit the glass cabinet. He had been fast but the gorgon's tail had been faster. The glass crunched beneath him when he stood up again.

He heard Sam cry out and turned his head in the direction where the sound had come from.

"Sammy." he heard Dean yell just before another cabinet shattered. Castiel senses told him that something moved forward to get him. He knew it was one of those creatures. He held on the blade in his hand, moved forward, ducked and whirled around. He could hear the gorgon cry out.

"You little... how dare you? I'll enjoy tearing your feathery ass apart!"

"Don't think so, bitch!" Somehow, Dean had managed to get behind the creature in front of the angel.

The hunter drew back his arm intending to cut the machete into the gorgons flesh but before he could do so the tail wrapped around his leg moving upwards until the Winchester was not able to move anymore.

The angel had no time to react because Sam ran into him. Both men fell to the ground

but managed to get behind a small partition wall.

"Cas, we need a plan." Sam said, breathing heavily.

"We first need to get Dean back." Sam opened one eye, staring at the angel beside him. "What?"

"That's right, little boy. We got your friend." One of the gorgons said. Like a command Dean started to yell painfully.

"Stay where you are, Sammy. Don't open your eyes-shit." The eldest Winchester hissed in pain when he felt one rib breaking and piercing his flesh.

"Come out come out wherever you are."

"I actually like where I am, right now." Sam said and could hear a displeased murmur when he slid his pocket mirror to spy on the gorgons.

"Cas, I need you to do something. You've got to trust me on this." The young hunter whispered and felt the angel's eyes on him immediately.

"Oh, boys, come out and play. Shall we? Or do you wanna let this hunter enjoy the fun on his own?" One of the gorgons hissed cheerful. Dean moaned when the creature tightened its grip around him.

He felt a stinging pain in his arm before the bone broke. All the air was dragged out of his lungs when another bone broke.

"Hey, little human! Why don't you open your eyes? It would be over faster, don't you think?" Dean turned his head when he felt the warm breath of the gorgon next to his ear.

"Thanks but no thanks, I'm actually quite enjoying myself right now." he snapped back and earned another cracking bone.

The older hunter bit painfully onto his lower lip. He had been through hell, literally.

There was no pain he could not take. Before Dean could say anything else he heard Castiel's rough voice. Both gorgons turned their head in his direction before another closer sound occurred.

It was the sound of something sharp slashing through wet leather and something very solid. The forceful grip around him diminished until he got loose. Somebody grabbed the hunters arm pulling him away.

"Dean?" Sam's husky voice stated, but was drown by the loud yell of the gorgon.

The older Winchester could not help but to open his eyes and stare at the still moving body of the creature, head off.

"Sister!" The other creature cried out, let go of Castiel and rushed forwards. Dean looked automatically at his brother before turning his vision to the gorgon.

Sam was fast enough to cover his brother's eyes with his hand but he did not make it. Staring right into the stunning eyes of the furious gorgon he felt how he started turning into stone himself.

"I shall destroy all of you." she cried, but before anything else could happen, a loud growl cut through the chaos, followed by a painful scream of the snake like creature.

"My Eyes! How dare you, demon? You will pay for this."

"Don't lose your head, darling. Isn't that healthy as far as I know! Besides, where you're going you won't need your eyes anymore, assure you that." The familiar voice of the black suited demon Crowley occurred.

"You can open your eyes now, boys." the demon said and Dean wished he had not done that. He stepped back and stared, mouth agape. His brother had turned into one of those stone figures.

"No, no, no, no, no, Sammy." This was his fault, he knew.

"Dean, she is escaping." Castiel said, intending to follow the other gorgon when he saw Dean collapsing next to his brother's statue.

"Oh dear, what a shame. You better fix that!" Crowley said shrugging. The angel threw him a furious glare before hurrying to the brothers. Castiel knelt down beside the older hunter. The man in front of him was a complete mess now. Therefore, the angel laid a hand on his chest, trying to heal the broken bones.

"Cas... Sammy is..." Dean's voice sounded weak and his breathing was hard and fast.

"I know, Dean." the angel replied quietly, watching the hunter sliding into unconsciousness. Castiel frowned.

This time he had to concentrate more than last time he had healed the Winchester. His powers were certainly weakening with every day.

After healing the older hunter completely, Castiel rose back to his feet. Crowley was standing beside him.

"Now, what are we gonna do, darlin'?"

Both men silently stared at the stony figure of Sam Winchester.