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"Say what you will about Meg, but she's still loads better than Bela."

"I don't get why you think she was a canon Sue—she was mean, yeah, but her backstory—"

"Was an ass-pull by the writers in an attempt to make her sympathetic," the Aviator said, folding her arms. "Come on, if she weren't a canon character on the show, we'd be out there hunting her ass down. Sooper-speshul mysterious character who specializes in dealing with supernatural artefacts, regularly shows the Winchesters up and makes them look stupid so she looks good by default, betrays them repeatedly but is easily forgiven, and has a Trajek Backstory? Yeah, no, she's a Sue."

"Her death redeemed her, you know," Zeb said hotly, folding his own arms. "And anyway, I don't think she was supposed to be seen as a sympathetic character from the start, she was supposed to be a villain nobody liked and then gets better the more you learn about her."

"We learned hardly anything about her, even at the end," the Aviator said, rolling her eyes.

"And what we did was tragic and poignant!"

"It was Trajek and an ass-pull!"

"Meanie."

"Fanboy."

"Jerk."

"Bitch."

Zeb laughed and punched her on the arm. "No stealing canon characters' lines!"

"I could say the same to you," the Aviator said, popping a pretzel in her mouth and grinning. She folded her hands over her stomach where a faint bump was beginning to form, and settled back against the sofa. Zeb reached for the remote so they could watch the next episode.

[BEEEEEEEEEEEP!]

"Aw, dammit!" She got up and answered the console, groaning when she saw the summary.

"Zeb, this is all your fault!" she called.

"What did I do?!"

"It's all your fault you wanted to watch *Supernatural* again, and now look what we got!" The Aviator gestured at the screen and Zeb came over to see for himself.

Castiel was a broken angel when Lucifer finally won on Earth. So when God gives him the chance to go back and stop it from happening, he was quick to agree. There was one catch...he would have to abandon his gender and become female to avoid a paradox. Now Castielle is on a mission from god to save the Winchesters and hopefully make things right between her and Dean. Destiel!

"Wait, what?" Zeb said, staring at it. "Lucifer never won anything except in the bad future! Unless you count getting out of the Cage, but... I mean, what?"

"Your guess is as good as mine," the Aviator said, shaking her head. "I'm more concerned with genderbending Castiel, though, especially on the bullshit excuse that it's needed to avoid a paradox. I mean, what exactly is having a different sex supposed to do? Dean and fetus!Dean were in the same time period without anything bad happening. Same for Dean and bad future!Dean. This is the shittiest premise I've ever seen." She grabbed her boots and began trying to put them on. Keyword being 'trying'.

"Think canon will just snap back once we kill the offenders?" Zeb asked, watching in amusement as his partner failed to shove her feet into her combat boots.

She finally gave up and reached for a pair of running shoes instead. "Most likely. But for that, we're gonna need special equipment." The Aviator finished tying her shoes and headed to the RC's doors. "Wanna come with me to the Armory?"

Thirty minutes later, armed with their newly-borrowed angel blades, the agents landed in the fic and stepped out of the TARDIS, looking around. Thanks to the narration neglecting to describe their surroundings, they were in a wasteland of fire.

"Yeah, definitely don't remember this," the Aviator said, looking around. She patted the side of the TARDIS and took a few steps forward, squinting. "Is that Castiel and Chuck over there?"

It was all over. Lucifer had won, all because Heaven wanted to end the war between the two arch angels and damn the consequences. Through it all, he had tried to keep his faith in humanity right until the end.

But Castiel had lost faith in himself a long time ago. Turning to drugs didn't work, but it dulled the pain of his wings. Turning to alcohol was useless, but it stopped him from remembering the pain of being banned from Heaven by Micheal. And carnal pleasure hadn't interested him since he learned Dean no longer wanted anything to do with him.

"Okay, I ship Destiel as much as the next fangirl," the Aviator said, bending down and feeling around before she was able to grab the mini-hellhound, "but there's only so much subtext to go off of in canon."

"It *is* a lot of subtext," Zeb pointed out, opening a portal to send Micheal through.

"Yes, it is, but still not canon!" The Aviator paused. "Yet," she added under her breath. She put a hand on the hilt of the angel blade in her belt, swallowing nervously when she realized just how close they were to Chuck and Castiel.

"Hey Cas... if you could change things back when there was still hope, would you?"

"You mean stop the angels from succeeding in letting him out? I haven't got that kind of power, and even if I did still have the ability it wouldn't work. The same soul can't exist in the same time twice for more than half an hour at most. There's a reason why time-travel is restricted without the approval of a higher angel."

"Bullshit!" the Aviator cried.

"That's been shown to be untrue so many times in canon," Zeb said, his mouth slightly open as he stared at Castiel in disbelief. "Completely, totally, absolutely untrue. Bad future!Dean? Anyone?"

"Bueller? Bueller? Bueller?" the Aviator droned.

Zeb just gave her a blank look.

"That's it, we're watching that movie when we get back."

"Do you still believe in your creator?"

"After all the pain I've gone through... I still believe. It's heaven I have doubts in," admitted Castiel.

"That's all I needed to hear," said Chuck, sounding much stronger than he should have.

The Aviator positively swelled with rage. "Chuck didn't bother trying to stop the apocalypse and it took a shitload of prodding from Metatron before he got off his ass and fought Amara," she said. "That's a straight-up replacement, that is." She *hmm*ed. "Think we should kill him now?"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, let me get this straight," Zeb said, his eyes nearly bugging out of his head. "You want to kill *God*? Like, *now*?"

The Aviator twirled the angel blade between her fingers, looking pensive. "He never shows up again in the fic," she said. "Might as well get the replacement now and save us the trouble of coming back for him later." She shrugged. "If it helps, don't think of it as killing a God replacement—think of it as killing Tashlan."

"Oh, yes, because that makes it so much better!"

The Aviator shrugged. "Well, it's not like we haven't killed OP stuff before," she said. "Greek gods, a Rogue who could overpower the Phoenix Force... I don't really see the big deal. Just stab not!God and then go prancing around the rest of the fic following Suestiel."

"Just walk up to him and stab him? Just like that?"

"Sure, why not?" The Aviator tapped the flat of her blade against her palm, a rather wicked smile on her face.

"Remember Castiel this is the only chance I can give you. I refuse to let Lucifer's hissy fit end everything."

"Even though God didn't care when he and all the other angels tried to jump-start the apocalypse," Zeb said, rolling his eyes.

"Remember what he said about the hands-on approach?" the Aviator said, matching Zeb's eyeroll with one of her own.

God snapped his fingers in the silence around them.

Castiel felt himself falling through time and space...before he blacked out completely.

"I do believe that's our cue," the Aviator said, striding forward and ignoring Zeb's attempts to grab her arm and drag her back. She stopped in front of not!God, who looked at her in bemusement. "Hi, you've been charged with replacing God," she said, and stabbed him in the chest.

Not!God's eyes and open mouth began to glow with a blinding gold-silver light; the agents averted their eyes from the impossible color, and when the glow died down, there was nothing left but an equally impossibly-colored scorch mark on the ground.

"Did you just kill God?" Zeb said blankly, staring at her.

The Aviator shrugged and wiped her blade on her pants. "Killed a replacement, that's for sure," she said, examining the stain on the ground. "Say, have you ever seen that color before?" When Zeb shook his head, she said, "I'll just call it argent for now, then."

"You just killed—" Zeb mouthed, following her back into the TARDIS so they could go to the next scene.

When they landed and stepped outside, they found themselves on a street corner, where Castiel was staring at his—or, rather, her—new reflection.

He wasn't a he anymore. The body that Castiel inhabited now was most definitely female in every way, shape and form. He...she had breasts for crying out loud. (Further inspection in a bathroom revealed she had *all* the equipment, not that she had ever gotten the point of caring for that part to begin with. Angels were asexual originally.)

"I'm sorry," the Aviator said, folding her arms, "but I wasn't aware that gaining a different vessel was such a big deal. Cas gave zero fucks when he took Claire for a brief joyride, remember?"

Zeb, however, was squinting at Castiel in confusion. "She looks like a genderbent Misha Collins," he said. "So where did this vessel come from? Did not!God make it?"

"At this point, it wouldn't surprise me," the Aviator muttered. "Canon has been so thoroughly fucked over already."

Women were generally weaker in the muscle mass compared to the males. The also tended to be more hormonal during times of the month, and had the ability conceive life despite all odds.

The Aviator let out a slow breath from her nose. "The physical abilities of a vessel are irrelevant once an angel takes over," she said. "Super strength and super durability? Anyone? Hello?"

"Would angels get... you know... things... when they're in a vessel?" Zeb asked, tilting his head.

"You can say 'period', you know," the Aviator said, rolling her eyes.

Zeb's cheeks pinked. "Fine, can angels even get periods while in a woman's body? They basically freeze them so they don't age, so..."

"We don't know that for sure," the Aviator pointed out. "But I agree, it is a weird assumption to make. I'll just charge for Castiel whining that women are weaker."

The scene shifted and the Aviator winced, putting a hand to her head. "Time jump," she said, looking around. Zeb tapped her arm and pointed.

Castielle (she had decided to change her name slightly to avoid picking up on any prayers or orders directed to her) walked into the college tiredly.

"That's not how it works!" Zeb cried. "Especially not if it's still pronounced the same way!"

The Aviator pulled out her C-CAD and held it as far away from her as possible before taking a reading.

[Castiel. Castielle. CasCasCastiel.le. MaMaMaFemale angel (vessel). Supernatural canon: wait, what? Ow, ow, ow, glitter, glitter, gl!tt3r - - - - ERROR]

The Aviator's lips thinned to a line and she shut the device off before stowing it in her pockets.

"Welp," Zeb said, "good to know we have a freaking seraph to kill. Oh, wait, that shouldn't be any harder than, I don't know, *God*."

"You're never going to let this go, are you?"

Zeb shook his head and set off after Suestiel, who **had been picking up hints of Grace heading towards this area for over a week, and despite having finally gotten used to her new body (and picking up a new fighting style in the process) she was not looking forward to this. At all.**

After the narration took the time to make sure the readers knew the story was set during season two, it cut back to the action, dropping the agents in front of a familiar-looking school.

"You have *got* to be shitting me," the Aviator said, staring at the scene before them.

About halfway there she caught the sensation of angel Grace, almost hidden but still there. She looked around until she spotted a man who hadn't been on campus the day before pretending to be the janitor.

"If Lucifer himself had trouble finding this guy, there's no way *she'd* be able to," Zeb said, jerking his head at Suestiel.

"You're asking for canon where there is none," the Aviator said grumpily, scribbling the charge in her notebook.

There was a lurch as time jumped forward. **Castielle waited until night, when the school was practically emptied out. She hid her presence until the man was alone. Then she slammed him into the stone wall with perverse glee.**

"Perverse glee?" the Aviator whispered, peering around a corner to watch Suestiel shove an angel blade against Gabriel's back.

"Perverse glee sounds more like Gabriel's thing, not Castiel's," Zeb agreed.

"Maybe she learned that from the pizza man," the Aviator said, and she and Zeb lapsed into silent giggles.

His power was too strong for anything lower than a seraph... her eyes widened. There was only one angel that powerful who had gone missing.

"Gabriel."

"Time the fuck out," the Aviator said, holding up her hands, "if this is supposed to be after Lucifer allegedly won, then that would mean Castiel has already met Gabriel. So my question is, how the *fuck* does Suestiel not recognize him?"

"Drama for drama's sake?" Zeb suggested.

"That's seriously the only explanation I can think of," the Aviator said. She looked down at her notebook and sighed. "I swear, I'm gonna need to get a new one what with all the charges this is racking up," she muttered, flipping to a new page.

She let him up and he finally got a good look at her face. He didn't recognize her offhand, but he recognized the blade.

"No way. You possessed a *girl*?" he said in open amusement.

Zeb made a noise like he was trying to choke up a hairball. "How hard is it to understand it makes no difference?!"

"Well, if we want to demonstrate how Speshul Suestiel is, very!" the Aviator said with mock cheerfulness.

Suestiel dramatically announced who she was to Gabriel, and the world lurched at another sudden transition. The agents landed on their backsides in Gabriel's apartment and immediately scrambled to hide behind the sofa.

Gabriel mused for a bit about how awful it would be if Lucifer won, and that **it didn't take a scientist to figure out that the angel had a deep crush on the older Winchester.**

From behind the sofa, the Aviator mimed throwing up, much to Zeb's amusement.

The chapter ended abruptly, throwing the agents into a gas station. They ducked behind a shelf of junk food and watched as Suestiel knocked out a possessed Sam.

Knocking him out was ridiculously easy. Especially since the demon wasn't thinking to check for a drugged alcohol went it went into the store.

"So that places us in 'Born Under a Bad Sign' for the timeline," the Aviator mused.
"Interesting."

"Ten Poké says she mucks with the timeline here, too," Zeb said immediately.

"You're hilarious. And no."

She paid for the damage and dragged his sorry oversized ass to the first hotel, going by the name Mary Winchester.

Zeb opened a portal and pushed his partner through before the scene change could land them in a bad position. They sat against the wall outside the hotel room, ears pressed against the wall to listen.

If that didn't get Dean's attention when he came looking for his brother, nothing would.

Castielle looked annoyed when she saw the mark which would make exorcism impossible. So she used a bit of Grace to smite the demon and not the human instead.

The Aviator's fists clenched. "Well, that just took away all the conflict of the episode!" she snarled.

"General charge for basically ripping apart the timeline and, by extension, canon?" Zeb suggested.

"I might have to start keeping a running tally," the Aviator said, marking it in her notebook. "First having Lucifer winning, then going back in time, then meeting Gabriel way too soon and not recognizing him, and now this?" She shook her head and added four tallies to the count. "I'd suggest a drinking game—"

"Let's not," Zeb said hurriedly.

"I wasn't being serious," the Aviator said, glowering at him. "I'm not an *idiot*, thank you very much."

They heard a groaning from inside the room and realized Sam had woken up.

"Call me Castielle. You're lucky I noticed the odd behavior otherwise you'd still be possessed."

"Thanks. How did you get rid of her anyway?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you. Not now anyway. Call your brother Sam, and whatever you do, don't trust a demon when they say they remember being human. Demons always want something."

"Why would he want to call his brother Sam?" Zeb whispered, grinning. "I thought *he* was Sam!"

The Aviator sniggered and added a charge for attempting to sabotage the Ruby plotline.

There was a slight lurch at a time jump, and then Suestiel was gone and Dean was in the room, questioning Sam.

Dean pinched the bridge of his nose.

"So let me get this straight. This girl came in and saved you from demon possession, uses our *mother's* name as a cover, and then leaves without a trace?" said Dean.

"I'm pretty sure I've seen her before too. Back when we were hunting Loki," said Sam.

The Aviator put her forehead to her knees, gripping her head. "Fuckin' timeline distortions," she said, rubbing her temples before sitting back up. "This episode, or what *should* have been this episode, took place *before* Sam and Dean encountered the Trickster—and they didn't even realize he wasn't a regular trickster then!"

Zeb patted her arm and sighed heavily. "Even with all the other stuff that's messed up, you'd think the episode order would be easy to get right."

"But Googling is *haaaard*," the Aviator whined. "You have to open a new *tab*, and then you have to *type*, and then *read*..."

Dean ran into the mystery woman himself shortly after Sam went missing. Again. He had his gun on her, but something about her set him entirely on ease. Like he could spill everything to her and she wouldn't care.

"Yeah, just ignore that he was set on edge by the real Castiel even when he knew what he was," Zeb said.

"Never mind her somehow knowing all this information about where Sam is would definitely send up red flags," the Aviator agreed as Suestiel began summarizing what Dean needed to know about the season two finale.

"Who are you?" asked Dean. Those eyes...it was like he was drowning in them. He felt he could trust her and he didn't know why.

"You know, if anything, that would only send up *more* red flags," the Aviator said, folding her arms.

"If I were in Dean's position, I'd be thinking she was a demon or something equally nasty," Zeb said, nodding. "But nope. Such is the power of Twu Wuv."

"Call me Castielle," she said simply. She ducked behind a nearby tree and he heard the sound of large wings. He went to find her, only to discover her missing.

The Aviator facepalmed. "You know, for all she keeps prattling on about keeping her identity a secret, she's not exactly trying very hard. 'Hmm, so she calls herself Castielle—which, incidentally, is pronounced *exactly the same as his real name*—and makes wing noises whenever she vanishes into thin air? Google, what do you have to say about this, oh, look, that's the name of an angel.' Not that he'd believe angels are real, but there you go. Chuck dammit, this fic is moronic."

"You're awfully crabby today," Zeb noted.

"I have to use the loo again, my feet are killing me, and I'm having to put up with this crap. Of course I'm crabby."

"We're in a motel," Zeb said, looking around. "Use one of the bathrooms here."

The Aviator stared at him for a moment before turning to one of the hallway's Generic Doors and unlocking it with her sonic. "I'll be right back," she said, and disappeared inside.

Zeb chuckled to himself and laced his fingers behind his head. "Superior Time Lord brain indeed." He waited while Dean mused about how mysterious Suestiel was, and had just started drumming out a rhythm on his knees when the Aviator rejoined him.

"Next scene?" she said.

He stood and stretched, groaning when he realized he'd been sitting too long on the hard floor. "Yep, sounds good." He dug his remote from his bag and opened a portal; they stepped through and immediately ducked behind a large desk covered in papers.

"A woman walked up to you and point blank said where Sam was. Are you a damn idiot?!" said Bobby.

"Bobby!" both agents cried, albeit quietly.

"Bobby will make everything better," Zeb said, nodding sagely.

"Especially since he's acting as the voice of wisdom here," the Aviator agreed, nodding. "Chuck bless Bobby Singer."

"Every fandom has that one character who really didn't deserve it," Zeb said mournfully.

Dean was about to reply to this when he had a sudden migraine. He saw a vision of an oak tree in metal.

Suddenly the tip on where to find Sam had a hell of a lot more credit.

The Aviator sighed again. "As the great Bobby liked to say: *balls*. She just keeps making herself look better by the minute."

"Did you really expect anything else?" Zeb said, glancing at her.

"Not really," she said, and gave a muffled yelp when the scene changed and dumped them in a Generic Apartment that appeared to be Gabriel's. They ducked behind a sofa and peeked out from behind it to watch as he spied on the Winchesters **from a mirror he had enchanted to keep an eye on the muttonheads.**

Zeb glanced at his partner. "I suppose just bamfing down to watch them in person was too hard for him?"

"I guess doing it all those times in canon just made it too hard to do now," the Aviator said, giving an exaggerated sigh. She dug into her pockets, produced a binder with Gallifreyan words on the

front, flipped it open, and pulled out what could have easily passed as a small mountain of paperwork.

"Whatcha doin'?" Zeb asked, glancing over at her.

The Aviator tapped her pen against her teeth. "I'm contemplating the best way to train dire woolly mammoths for the circus."

"Really?"

The Aviator just gave him a flat look and shook the papers slightly.

Zeb grinned sheepishly. "Oh. Wait, Council stuff? Now?"

"Not like we have anything better to do," the Aviator said, shrugging. "Other than watch Gabriel fart around and let his every waking thought be consumed by the Sue. 'Sides, I gotta have these ready by this afternoon and I might have been putting off double-checking them." Under her breath, she muttered, "Don't think missing three meetings in a row will endear me to anyone..."

"You'd rather do paperwork than...? No, never mind, stupid question. Can I help?"

The Aviator raised an eyebrow. "You able to read Gallifreyan?"

Zeb stuck his tongue out at her and half-rose from his crouch to peek over the back of the sofa again. Gabriel was still standing stock-still by his mirror, mouth hanging slightly open as his thoughts drifted to Suestiel.

The woman was more likely to flip him off or throw something sharp and preferably pointy on more than one end if he ordered to do anything. And the inventive curses she knew... he still got the giggles imagining the boring Castiel cursing worse than any sailor he had ever met.

"So we go from 'assbutt' to 'cursing like a sailor'?" Zeb said, frowning. "Just because of a random sex change?"

The Aviator glanced up from her paperwork. "I don't know what's worse: that, or the fact that Not!Chuck apparently also decided to get rid of her drinking problem. Except not, because she's still addicted, he just **forcefully cleaned out her system**. That doesn't sound creepy or anything."

Gabriel wouldn't have cared normally, but he had gotten one simple message from dear old Dad about Castielle since the two were pretty much stuck with each other.

Keep her from delving too deep into humanity's dark side or else I will turn every sugary food within your reach into the most foul thing imaginable for next thousand years Gabriel.

"So glad we got rid of that replacement when we did," the Aviator said, going back to her papers. "Can you imagine how much of a pain he would have been to deal with later?"

"A hands-on Chuck is not one I want to see," Zeb agreed, shuddering.

The Aviator nodded absently, marking off a series of circles in a checklist, only for her head to snap up when Gabriel thought about how nice it was that Suestiel liked to wander around with her shirt off. "Bwah?"

"I don't remember Castiel doing that, ever," Zeb said, frowning. "I mean, one of the jokes was that he never changed his clothes. So what's with this?"

"I'd bet anything it's so Dean can stumble in on her while she's running around topless," the Aviator said, her lip curling. "That's just lazy writing if that's the case." She grabbed her papers and tucked them back in their binder a moment before the scene changed, dumping them in the next. After looking around and realizing they were in Cold Oak, the agents scrambled to hide behind one of the run-down buildings, peeking out from around the corner to watch. It was dark out, so Zeb had a slightly more difficult time making out what was going on, but the Words filled in what he couldn't see.

Dean barely stopped the soldier from killing Sam, shooting him in the shoulder and just missing his brother. Sam looked at him with surprise.

Jake, the soldier, fully looked like he was going to get up and try again, but Bobby had his sorry ass pinned.

The Aviator reeled when the paradox made itself known in her mind, and she pressed her hands to her head, trying to block it out.

"What's the matter?" Zeb asked anxiously, taking hold of her arms.

"Suestiel messing with time, causing problems," the Aviator ground out, finally getting ahold of herself and straightening up. "Look at that and tell me what you see."

"How did you get here so fast?"

"The girl who saved your ass paid me a visit and all but said where to find you...and get this, she knew the demon's name!"

"Suestiel messing with time and causing problems?" Zeb said. The Aviator swatted him and he grinned. The grin faded as he said, "But if she saved Sam from getting killed, then Dean won't make his deal with the crossroads demon... which means he won't—" His eyes widened. "Oh. That's bad. That's very bad."

The Aviator nodded grimly. "Right, you see what I mean. I think it's time to end this now." She reached into her pocket and produced a flask. "Somebody order holy oil?"

Suestiel was standing in the shadows, watching Gabriel taunt the Winchesters, when she felt somebody tap her on the shoulder. She whirled around, angel blade in hand, and Zeb jumped back.

"Whoa, hey, easy!" he cried, holding up his hands in surrender. "I'm on your side, little brother. Or should I say sister?"

"Who are you?" Suestiel demanded, shoving her blade against his throat. "And how do you know who I am?"

"I'm an angel, like you," Zeb said frantically, resisting the urge to swallow. "I, uh, our Father sent me back as well. I'm on your side."

Suestiel pressed the blade harder against Zeb's skin, drawing blood. "Why can't I sense your Grace?"

"S-same reason I can't sense yours?" he offered weakly. After a long moment, Suestiel finally relented and withdrew her blade. Zeb put a hand to his throat, wincing when he felt stickiness. "Come with me," he said, turning around and praying to the real Chuck that she didn't decide to stick the blade in his back. "There's someone who wants to talk to you."

Suestiel followed him behind one of the buildings, and they both stopped when they saw the Aviator leaning against the wall, playing with a box of matches. "Castielle. So nice of you to join us." She struck a match and threw it on the ground, where it ignited the ring of holy oil she'd poured earlier. Zeb jumped out of the circle while Suestiel just stared at them dumbly.

"I thought you were on my side!" she yelled at Zeb.

He shrugged. "I lied."

"Where's Gabriel to duct-tape her mouth shut when you need him?" the Aviator muttered. She pulled out her notebook and cleared her throat. "Right, Castielle, formerly known as Castiel, also known as Mary Sue, you are hereby charged with the following crimes against canon: replacing the canon Castiel; claiming Lucifer won the war; claiming Chuck would have bothered to interfere with that; throwing out this universe's rules of time travel to suit your crappy excuse for a story; having Castiel's personality do a complete one-eighty just because he's suddenly a woman; making up information about angels for no reason; ruining the show's timeline; dragging Gabriel into this where he had no business being, and saving Sam Winchester."

"My Father sent me back to fix things!" Suestiel shrieked. "I was carrying out his orders!"

Zeb cleared his throat, grinning. "You do realize, that by preventing Sam's first death, that you essentially erased yourself from their timeline?"

Suestiel stared at him. "What?"

The Aviator picked at her nails. "Since Sam didn't die, Dean had no need to make the deal with the crossroads demon. And since Dean never made the deal, he never got dragged down to Hell. Since he didn't get dragged to Hell, the first Seal was never broken, meaning Lucifer was never unleashed, and *you* were never needed to break Dean out."

There was a brief pause, and then the Sue disappeared with a scream and a poof of glitter. Her angel blade clattered to the ground.

The Aviator and Zeb glanced at each other.

"Dibs on the shiny!" Zeb said, stamping out a section of the flames and retrieving the blade. He'd barely picked it up when the real Castiel popped into existence where the Sue had been a moment before. He stumbled, and Zeb caught him.

"Who..." Castiel looked at them in bewilderment. "Who are you?"

"I'm the one who gripped you tight and raised you from a plathole," Zeb said, somehow managing to keep a straight face.

Castiel just gave him a blank stare.

"Okay, that's enough references," the Aviator said, pulling out her neuralyzer. Zeb quickly shut his eyes. "Cas, if you'd look here, please..."

FLASH.

"Right, Cas, you don't remember ever being in a plathole, and you certainly weren't ever replaced with a genderbent version of yourself," the Aviator said, opening a portal to season four and nudging the confused angel through. "And now all that's left is to neuralyze the others," she said, pulling out her sunglasses and heading back to the main road. Zeb hurried to follow her. "You know who wears sunglasses at night?" she said suddenly, turning to him and handing him his own pair. "No-talent douchebags."

Zeb grinned and put the sunglasses on. "You've been waiting all mission to use that reference, haven't you?"

"You betcha." She raised her neuralyzer. "Oi! Lookit me! I'm a demon!"

FLASH.

"Gabriel, you go poof off and do whatever it was you've been doing. Bobby, Dean, Sam, you didn't meet Gabriel or Castielle, and Sam... you're dead right now."

There was a moment where the canon characters looked at each other in confusion; Gabriel shrugged and poofed away, and Sam fell over, a knife wound suddenly in his back. Dean broke down crying and fell to his knees, cradling his brother. The agents exchanged uncomfortable looks.

"I always hate this part," the Aviator said thickly.

Zeb nodded and swallowed back the lump in his throat. He pulled out his remote and opened a portal back to the TARDIS.

The Aviator stood by the controls for a minute, staring down at them.

"You alright?" Zeb said hesitantly.

The Aviator nodded, several tears dripping down her face. "Just hormones," she muttered, wiping them away. She pulled a lever and the engines rumbled to life.

"Wanna watch more of the show when we get back?" Zeb said. "Maybe that would help."

"Pff. Sure. Best way to counter feels is with more feels." The Aviator jogged around to the other side of the controls and the TARDIS shook as it dematerialized. "But sure, after we watch *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. Fair warning, I'll probably fall asleep on ya."

"Not like you haven't seen it before."

"True. I'd need you to wake me up in time for the Council meeting, though. Authors, I'm not looking forward to that..." The Aviator trailed off and began humming 'Carry On, My Wayward Son' to herself. "This was a nice break from the usual, at least. I shudder to think about the *Harry Potter* explosion we'll have to deal with soon."

Zeb grimaced. "Well, whatever we have to deal with, we'll make the best of it, you know? Saving canon, hunting Sues, the agent business."

The Aviator flipped a switch and glanced at him. "I thought we were done with the references?"

"Please. We're never done."