

Calypso

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Calypso

by [SamTheGreatandPowerful](#)

Chapter 1

Dean was tense, they, they being him, his father, his mother, and his little brother Adam, had been at sea for two months with no sign of the Calypso. His other little brother, Sam had been kidnapped by pirates about oh, three years ago. They had finally gotten word on which pirates had. Or, ya know, the pirates who could tell them who the pirates who took Sam where. They had caught up with them two months ago. The Calypso's captain was rumored to be, well, the pub they had been in had gone silent the second they had mentioned just the ship. Dean was praying for Captain (that's what everyone knew him as, as he never told anyone his name) to have been like every person met, wrapped around his finger at the first trace of those thrice damnable eyes of Sam's. Of, course he was sixteen when he was taken, and tending to show his stubborn side more often then not.

Flashback

"Samuel" John growled.

"I just think it's a good idea to see what they know, they are small fish." the skinny sixteen year old argued.

"What would they tell us but lies?"

"What reason do they have to lie?" Sam shot back.

"They are pirates."

"Pirates are men, same as you or I, and capable of telling the truth."

End of Flashback

Dean hoped that his brothers stubborn pride and big mouth were in the middle of a fight. Otherwise he hoped Sam's death was quick, because Captain wasn't quick to forgive any man his trespasses.

"Dean." His fathers voice snapped him out of his thoughts.

"Yes?"

"The Calypso." John pointed out. While he had been pondering his brothers fate, sure enough the ship they had been hunting for, for two months had sailed up behind them, quickly pulling up close to them. As the Calypso pulled close, several of her crew boarded the Amsterdam.

"The Captain 'eard your captain was lookin' for 'im." said the first pirate, whom Dean was going to call Pete.

"So where's he?" said the second, we'll call him Larry.

"Here." John called. "I'm the captain of this ship. But I am not the only one looking for the captain of the Calypso."

"Then who else is?" asked Larry.

"My wife and two of our sons, we hear that he may know the where-abouts of my second son."

"S that so? If he does he's in the crew or in Davy Joneses locker."

"May we speak with him?"

"We woulda blasted you to kingdom come if you couldn't."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They were seated, staring at the captain of the Calypso, waiting for him to speak.

"I am assuming you were looking for me for a reason." His stance screamed "successful pirate captain" and "well trained fighter", but his voice held a high class, cultured quality. He had obviously been the son of a nobleman before turning pirate. "What is it?"

"Uhhh."

"Uhhh? That is seriously the best you can do?" He scoffed.

"We are looking for my brother, word is that you know where he is." Adam spoke up.

"If I do he's either crew or dead." Captain wasn't the type to beat around the bush, then. "Who is he?"

"His name is Sam. Skinny. Short. Brown hair. Stubborn."

"How about this? You have three days to tell me who your brother is, not what he looks like, who is he? What kind of man is he? And you have to tell me why you want him back. Then I will give him back to you."

"You have him?" Dean roared. "Where is he you son of a -" All of a sudden Dean was pressed against the table, Captains sword at his throat.

"Listen 'ere, boy, I didn't gain the reputation I have by letting anyone insult me like that. There is one reason I am letting you live."

"And what reason is that?" Mary asked in a shaky voice.

"Pete! Take them back to the Amsterdam." Captain called.

The first pirate that had spoken to them, wow, Dean was good at naming people, came in. "Yessir!"

"There is a port nearby, we'll dock there until your three days are up."

Three days later, because they just stayed inside and tried to figure out Captains question.

"So, who is your brother? Why have you chased down the most feared pirate captain in the world for him?"

Dean answered first. "Because he's my little brother. I've watched over him since the day he was born. Same as I have Adam."

Mary spoke up next. "He is one of my boys, he vanished three years ago and" Mary burst into tears, Sam was a scholar, he wasn't really cut out for life as a pirate. John wrapped an arm around her. Adam caught a look in Captains eyes, as if he wanted to help her.

John scowled. "He's my son, what more do you need to know?"

Captain sighed. "Look, Captain, my brother is hot headed, stubborn, and keeps arguing even if he knows he already lost, his pride wouldn't have it any other way." Adam was praying that his big brother was still alive, even if he was forced into the Calypso's crew, it wasn't so bad, really.

"Dean, you are wrong, he is not a child anymore, you cannot coddle him like a newborn. Mary, you as well. You both see a small child still in need of a caregiver, he is nineteen years, let go. John, you look at Sam and see a disobedient soldier. He is not. He is, as you said, your son. Act like it. Adam," Captain moved to stand in front of Adam. "You are worried for your brother, you pray that he is still alive, and hopefully well. I can tell you he is, Adam, but he is not an invincible god-like being. He has changed, and done great things. Terrible things, but great."

"What do you mean terrible?" Worry crept into Adams voice. What had Sam done?

"These waters are treacherous, Adam."

"Meaning?" It sounded as though Captain was implying that Sam was a pirate or something.

"Piracy, Adam." Oh God, oh God.

"Nonsense!" Barked John, Mary still not calm. "Sam? A pirate? Who are you to-"

"Enough John!" Captain cut across. "You do not know who I am or what I have done. It would be wise for you to remain silent and consider yourself lucky."

"Why have you forgiven us for things that you have decapitated any other man for?" Adam questioned. "And how did you know how old Sam was?"

"It just has to do with who I am."

"Who are you, then?"

"Who am I? I am the great and feared captain of the mighty Calypso."

"Not what I asked."

There was a bang from outside the door. "What are they up to now?" The captain got up and stalked out onto the deck. "What is going on out here?" The crew just looked at him. There was a man lying face down in front of the captain. He turned around to look up. "What is going on?"

"Jus' a small scuffle captain."

"Just a small scuffle? Over what?"

"Nothing, Captain."

"If it's nothing then why have a small scuffle?" His voice the deadly calm of the sea before a storm.

"Ah, well, you see, captain,"

"No, I don't see." The man behind the helm remained quiet after his captain had cut him off. Captain sighed, it would be a lot easier if he would tell us his name, "Bring these two somewhere I don't have to deal with them for a few days. James?"

"Aye, Captain?"

"Take the helm, get us started on a course for the Winchester's colony."

"You haven't answered the question." John cut in. Didn't the man know by now that cutting off the Captain of the Calypso was a bad idea, and that the only reason he wasn't dead yet was for some mysterious reason the captain had, but his, the captains that is, patience was wearing thin with John.

"You want to know who I am?"

"Yes."

The Captain jumped up onto the railing on the side of the ship. The captain had started walking along the rail towards the front of the ship. He stood at the very front, facing the ocean they were sailing out into, and had been for the past thirty minutes. He quickly turned on one heel. "I am the captain of the Calypso." He pulled off his heavy coat. "I am the Pirate King." He pulled the ribbon from where it was holding his small ponytail together. "I am the second son of a governor." He pulled his hat off, and gave a small bow, when he came up from his bow, "And you can rest assured that with out a doubt I am Samuel Winchester." With that he turned around and dived into the ocean.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I am, geez how many times am I going to write that? I am going to tell you that I had most that small monologue written in my head for almost the entire summer, I just had to find a place to put it. So I wrote a pirate AU. Sorry.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"SAM!" Dean ran to the edge of the ship. Looking over, there was no sign of Sam.

"What was he thinking? Jumping off of the front of the ship? Is he thick?" Adam asked. Now that he knew that Sam was more or less okay, it was easy to call him stupid for jumping off of the front of the ship.

"Sam?" said a rather attractive brunette standing behind them. "No, he is just dramatic."

Mary thought she looked familiar. "Madeline? Madeline Moore?"

"Madeline Winchester, now." Madeline looked rather smug about that too.

"Really?" John raised an eyebrow.

Madeline's chin juttet up. "Yes."

"Well then, welcome to the family." Mary was so happy. Mostly because both she and Sam detested Jessica, Madeline's sister. Who, of course, John was all too happy to arrange a marriage contract for. The girl pranced around with the scum of the port and never one gave a thought to decency. Despite being engaged, she constantly flirted with the elite of the port, more often than not they were old enough to be her father, or grand father. She refused to let any of her babies to be married to that wench. Okay, so, it was plain to see that neither she nor Sam liked the girl. No one but John would consider a marriage between her and one of their sons/themselves. While Jessica was busy gold digging, Madeline was not. She was always polite, sincere, kind, and not afraid to whack Sam upside the head when he did/said/suggested anything stupid. Plus she never "wandered" around the redlight districts*.

"So, does he do this sort of thing often?" Adam asked.

"He says it is for 'dramatic flair'"

"So, Madeline, how did you and Sam end up married?" Mary asked.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it's so short, I started with one idea for the chapter, and ended with another. To be fair I just needed a bad guy for the story, Jessica was the one metaphorically pulled out of the metaphoric hat. We don't know much about her from the show, so she's the easiest

to manipulate, personality wise. Also, for those who don't know what a redlight district is, it's the area prostitutes hang out in and there are a lot of sex oriented businesses there.

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