

The Angel Room: Makael Trains With Ketch

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/17345729) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/17345729>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Supernatural
Characters:	Arthur Ketch , Ketch - Character , Makael , Original Angel Character(s) , Original Female Character(s) , Sam Winchester (mentioned) , Michael!Dean (mentioned) , Castiel (mentioned)
Additional Tags:	Canon Compliant , Season/Series 14 Spoilers , Season/Series 14 , Episode: s14e08 Byzantium , Training , Weapons , Angels , the egg , Newton D Hyperbolic Pulse Generator , Enochian (Supernatural) , spellwork , Angel Blades (Supernatural) , Grace - Freeform , Blood Magic
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of The Angel Room
Stats:	Published: 2019-01-08 Words: 3,237 Chapters: 1/1

The Angel Room: Makael Trains With Ketch

by [CatherineinNB](#)

Summary

After speaking with Castiel, Makael decides it's time to take a more active role in events back home. But she's not going in cold. Which is how she ends up with a gun at her temple and an Englishman with an itchy trigger-finger holding the weapon.

Note: this takes place after "Byzantium" and Castiel's visit with Makael, but before the events of "The Spear" and her strategy session with Sam, Castiel, and Jack. I thought it might be worthwhile explaining how she came by the angel blade.

Also ... I am a total Ketch girl and have been wanting to write him for months. :)

Notes

The Context:

Author's Note: This scene takes place after Makael has met with Castiel, but before she has seen "The Spear," and thus takes place before her strategy session with Sam, Castiel, and Jack.

Everything is changing.

The Angel Room started as a way for seraphim Makael, a refugee from the *Supernatural* universe, to keep track of events after Michael's arrival from Apocalypse World.

Makael has always been good at keeping to herself. It's why she survived the intra-angel conflicts after the Great Fall. So when Michael arrived and started tracking down angels, Makael decided that it was time to find a new universe to call home. Using the spell that, years ago, propelled the Winchesters into an alternate universe, Makael was ready to make a new life for herself in ours. A quiet life. A human life, much like the one she had lived after the Fall.

Then she discovered *Supernatural* .

She told herself it was boredom, that it was curiosity, that it was about immersing herself the very human phenomenon of fandom, which prompted her to start pulling characters into our universe for interviews after each new episode of Season 14 aired.

But now she's realizing that it's more than just interviews. It's more than just about experiencing humanity through fandom. And it's much, much more than simple curiosity.

Makael is discovering that she *cares* , which is a very disconcerting realization for an angel who's always put self-preservation above all else.

She worries about what's happening to the people she's interviewing. She's preoccupied with their well-being and with their struggles. She cares about their survival.

Which, in her estimation, doesn't bode well for her own.

What does this mean for *The Angel Room* ? For Makael herself? As of yet, it's all very unclear. The only thing that is clear? *Everything is changing*.

The Training Session:

Makael sits alone at her desk. A series of paper maps are spread out before her; three are shoved off to the side, and looking rather worse for wear: each bears a precise, circular scorch mark over an area, and, if one were to look closely, one would see that each map is progressively more detailed. The one in front of her now is down to the street level.

“All right,” she mutters, “where are you, exactly?”

She picks up the already bloody knife on the table and slices her right palm afresh, then picks up the lit beeswax candle and holds the flame beneath her hand as she chants in Enochian. As the droplets of her blood pass through the fire, they flame to a brilliant life of their own, slowing their descent and circling the map, seeking. When they finally come to rest, they scorch a perfect circle around the outline of a building.

Makael smiles. “Gotcha.”

She cleans her knife, slips it into her boot, and heads to the door, snatching up the hawk’s feather from the bookcase on the way by. Dipping the feather in her still-bloody palm, she paints the familiar sigil on the door, and begins to chant.

But this time, when the magic flares, she’s the one to open the door and walk through to the other side.

There’s a pressure wave and a pop in her ears as she passes through the portal.

She blinks, and surveys the empty, dilapidated room before her with a tilted head and a frown. A cot with a neatly folded blanket rests in a corner against one wall. Beside it sits a large black go-bag, packed and ready for departure. These are the only signs of current human habitation. Across everything else—an old, beat-up bureau, a chair missing a leg—there is a thin layer of grime, showing that the place hasn’t seen other use for some time. Green shutters on the windows are badly in need of paint and are thrown wide open, letting sunlight stream across the dusty concrete floor and lending the entire scene a vaguely European air.

As she stands in confusion, a Smith and Wesson SD40 comes to rest against her temple, pressing gently against her skin. She starts at the first touch of the cool metal, then freezes, raising her palms slightly. Ever since Lora levelled a weapon full of angel-killing bullets at her, Makael tends to err on the side of a caution when under a gun.

Which has been happening rather a lot, lately, she realizes.

... all the more reason for being here.

“Not. Another. Step.”

The voice is low next to her ear, and threatening, and very, very British.

Makael slowly nods her understanding, breathing in gun oil as she's given an efficient, albeit one-handed pat-down for weapons, the gun always held on something vital. The knife tucked into her boot is found and removed.

Arthur Ketch steps deftly out of reach and gives the knife a cursory examination, his lip curling in a sneer as he keeps the gun trained on Makael. He's wearing a grey suit today, with a pale blue dress shirt and a darker blue, striped tie and matching pocket square. He's clean-shaven, and looking immaculate—in stark contrast with the room itself.

Makael allows herself a moment of appreciation for the getup, looking past the sneer.

“Not very well-armed, for someone looking for an assassin—are you?” says Ketch.

“That's not—it's not a weapon. I just used it to get here,” she replies, glancing down at her still-bleeding palm.

He catches the glance as he pockets the knife. “That's how you found me, eh? Blood magic?” Ketch purses his lips and looks at Makael appraisingly, his eyes cool, as she nods. “Must be quite the nifty spell. Right. Who are you, and why are you tracking me? You're lucky I wasn't in a ‘shoot first, ask questions later’ mood, you know.”

“My name's Makael,” she begins, and sees the flash of recognition in his eyes at the name. “Sam's told you about me?”

“He did mention something about another halo helping out the lads from behind the scenes. But I thought you were hiding out in another universe, or some such.”

“I am.” Makael nods, then cants her head to the side and offers him a wry smile. “Well, mostly, anyway. Do you mind if I—?” She tips her chin toward the door, then her bleeding palm, and he nods curtly. She closes the door gently with her good hand, then brings her palms together, healing the slice with a golden glow of angelic light and a low whine of energy. When she removes her hand, her injured palm is clean of all the blood, and the cut is gone.

Ketch's expression doesn't change as he watches, but when she's done he slides the gun's safety on, then slips it into the shoulder holster under his jacket. “*Not* loaded for angel,” he says, dryly. “So, tell me: why are you here?”

Makael gives him her brightest smile. “I'm hoping you can help me.”

Ketch lets out a soft scoff. “Not sure what, exactly, the younger Winchester has told you, but I'm already chock-full on the helping front, love,” he says. “A little busy on an errand for the boys—”

“Yes, I know. The Newton D Hyperbolic Pulse Generator,” says Makael matter-of-factly.

“... and *how* do you know that?” If Ketch's expression was cool before, it's positively chilly now.

Makael shrugs apologetically. “Television.”

“Tele— ... bloody hell, so there really is a show about their lives, then?”

“Yup,” says Makael simply. “No luck searching for the egg in London, I take it. Since we are *not* currently in England.”

“... and you also knew I was previously in London from this ... television show?” He looks as if he’s swallowed something sour.

“Yes. They mentioned it in one of the early episodes of the season. You should know, your fans in the other universe thought it was super brave of you to venture into the heart of the British Men of Letters’ territory to look for it, given the lengths you’d gone to stay off their radar previously.”

A pause stretches between them before he says, working hard to sound disinterested, “My ... fans?”

“Yep.”

“I have ... fans? Really? I rather thought I’d be ... hated.”

“Well, you weren’t exactly beloved in Season 12, if that’s what you’re asking. But now? Yeah, you have fans.” The smile she gives him is genuine, and tinged with affection. “We’ve really been enjoying your redemption arc.”

Somehow, Ketch’s eyebrows get even higher. “... redemption arc?”

“Yeah, it’s been your character’s whole journey over the last season.” As she speaks, she walks over to the bureau and dusts it off. When he says nothing, looking rather stunned, her smile becomes sympathetic, and she changes the subject as she hops on, pulling up her legs so she can sit cross-legged. “Hey, why don’t you have angel warding up, by the way? I thought I was going to have to do extra work to get in here, but ... nada. I was able to portal right in.”

“Make yourself at home,” he says sardonically, before he answers her question. “Castiel told me about the angel situation. I had hoped you lot might form some sort of resistance against Michael, but he told me—albeit, reluctantly—that there are so few left of you that you wouldn’t stand a chance, even if any of you could leave heaven without, well, breaking it. So it seemed rather unlikely I’d run into any of you while running my ... errand for the Winchesters. If anything, having up angel warding might attract attention from the wrong corners, hmm? And I wasn’t exactly expecting a visit from the angel who’s been hiding in another universe.”

“Good point.”

Ketch gives her an impatient look, folding his arms. “What is it that you *want*, Makael? You didn’t come here just for chitchat.”

She sobers, gives him a long look. “Training,” she says finally. “I want to learn how to fight.”

“Training? Aren’t all you flyboys and girls soldiers?”

“No, we aren’t. I’m not.” She lets out a soft sound of frustration.

The look he returns is laced with confusion. “So, to be clear ... you’re an angel who’s *not* a warrior,” he says slowly. “You’ve never *been* a warrior?”

“Right.”

“I didn’t think there was such a thing.”

“Common misperception,” she says, quietly.

“Why do you want to fight *now*? What ... changed?”

She lets out a soft laugh, raises her eyes to meet his. “Same thing that happened to you. I met the Winchesters.”

There’s an echo of her wry smile on Ketch’s lips. “Mm,” he agrees, thoughtfully.

“Look, Ketch ... things are bad right now, and I’m done with staying on the sidelines. But as it stands, I’d just get myself killed if I tried to help them. The only reason I’ve survived all this time is because I’m good at hiding. I never took a stand. About anything.” She squares her shoulders. “I’m ready to take a stand now.” She takes another breath, and humor sparks behind her eyes. “Still don’t wanna die, though.”

The look that Ketch rakes over her now is the look of an analyst taking in a potential asset.

Makael sees it, looks down at her curves, and pushes herself off from the bureau. “It may not look it,” she says, “but this vessel is strong. *I’m* strong. All angels are. I just don’t know how to use that strength.” She holds up her hands, flexing her fingers, her expression mildly perplexed.

“*If*,” says Ketch, after a long moment, “I did train you, it would take more than one session. Fighting is more than raw strength, and training takes repetition. Time. It’s not some ... television montage.”

Makael grins at the disdain in the last part. “That’s why I brought this.” She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small, downy bit of feather, holding it out to him on her palm.

He looks it over warily. “A piece of ... fluff?”

“It’s the mate to this.” She pulls out the hawk’s feather. “Same bird. And *this* is what powers the portal. If you have this ‘piece of fluff’ you can do a simple spell to let me know you have a few spare minutes for training. I know you’re busy, and I don’t want to interrupt your work, or bust in in the middle of an ... op, or whatever.”

“Yes, that would be ... disastrous,” says Ketch, finally plucking the feather from Makael’s outstretched palm and examining it closely.

“So ... is that a yes?” Makael’s face brightens.

Ketch's lips quirk. "It's a 'possibly.'" He pockets the feather. "Have you ever worked with a gun before?"

"Actually," says Makael, with a grimace, "I'm hoping you can teach me how to use blades. As you know, Michael's working with enhanced monsters and ... guns don't work. Machetes do."

Ketch arches a brow. "You've thought this through."

Makael nods.

"And you really want to get in the middle of that fight?"

She looks at him steadily, and says nothing.

"Right. Stubborn."

Somehow, despite his tone, Makael feels like she's gone up in his estimation.

"Bladework is much more difficult to learn than shooting," he says, finally. "It's close-quarters, practically hand-to-hand."

"I know." Makael's face scrunches, but then she smiles. "On the plus side, your student can heal herself if she manages to slice off her finger. And you. I can heal you, too."

"... not exactly reassuring."

Makael grins.

"Mm. How much time do you have? I was told your portals have a limited window of use?"

"Not a problem," says Makael, pulling a vial of shining blue, viscous plasma from her pocket. "I've figured out how to give it an instant recharge."

"That ... wasn't there before." Ketch's brows practically meet his hairline.

"It was. You just couldn't find it because I had it obfuscated with an Enochian spell. I'm not going to leave my grace unprotected. Didn't know what I might be walking into here."

"You're just full of surprises, aren't you?"

Makael smiles.

"Well, let's give it a go, then. And *afterwards*, I'll tell you if I'll train you."

Turns out, Ketch is a good teacher.

He starts simple, showing her self-defense moves: how to break a choke hold and a hair grab ("Although you'll likely still lose some hair in the process," he tells her), how to block different blows ("If it's a werewolf, of course, you'll probably end up bleeding if you use that one—claws, and all that. Although with your healing powers, that shouldn't be too much of a

deterrent ...”), turn an attacker’s momentum against them, what to do in the very situation she found herself when she arrived (“Just because you can’t use a gun against them doesn’t mean they won’t use one against you—Michael knows all about AU ammunition, and there’s no reason he wouldn’t share with his ... pets, since angel-killing bullets won’t do a damn thing against him.”).

As it so happens, Makaël is a quick study. And after an hour, Ketch is the one with the most bruises. Which she keeps apologizing for, especially after flipping him onto his back on the hard cement.

“No, no, you were just doing what I told you to,” he gasps as he accepts her handhold and pulls himself up. He dusts himself off, unbuttons the top button of his shirt, and loosens his tie. The suit jacket is already discarded on the cot. “Next time, I’ll be wearing more ... suitable attire.” He gives his begrimed pants a rueful look.

Makaël gives him a sympathetic smile, then reaches up and places two fingers lightly on his forehead. Golden light and a hum of energy come and go, leaving Ketch looking as crisp as when he started. As she removes her touch, he gives her a look of something approaching awe ... for Ketch, anyway.

“Never actually been healed by an angel before,” he says, rotating his shoulder experimentally, raising an eyebrow when it moves freely.

Makaël grins. “Just booped. I saw the episode where Castiel knocked you out with his touch.”

“... not my finest moment.” He pauses. “Did you *really* just call it ‘booping?’”

Makaël shrugs. “What else would you call it?”

Ketch shakes his head and hides a smile. “Right. Well. I have a question for you. The spell that found me—does it work on objects, or just on people?”

Makaël looks confused for a moment, and then realization dawns. “The Egg.”

“Indeed.”

“I’ve never tried it on something inanimate before,” she says, thoughtfully. She squints as she runs through different ideas; the look is remarkably similar to Castiel’s. “Question for you: a lot of the British Men of Letters’ gear looked like it was manufactured from the same metal. Golden but low-sheen. Is that correct?”

“It is. A lot of metal isn’t good for holding magic, as you know, so we tended to use the same kind for most of our magical weapons. Why?”

“Sympathetic magic might work here,” she says. “Do you have anything made of the same metal as the Egg?”

“In fact I do,” he says, throwing a glance at his bag.

“Cool. Pen, paper, empty vial if you have one, please? I can’t guarantee it will work, you understand. This is theoretical. Of course, so was my spell to find people, at first.”

Ten minutes later, and Makael hands Ketch a vial of her blood and two sheets of paper covered in a mixture of English and Enochian. “The first one is for finding the Egg,” she says. “Of course, if it works, you’ll need to discount any other Men of Letters gear that might be kicking around Europe, so I’m not sure how helpful this will be.”

“I’ve heard rumors from some fairly reliable sources about it being somewhere in Eastern Europe: Slovakia, Austria, the Ukraine. That should help narrow things down quite a bit. The second spell?” He asks glancing down at the two sheets of paper.

“It’s the spell to call me—if you decide you will train me.” Makael looks down at her bloody palm. “I should be going, she says, pulling out the vial of her grace and the hawk’s feather again.

“Before you go,” interjects Ketch, reaching out to lay a light, staying hand on her forearm, “I need to ask ... why me?” There’s something curious and oddly vulnerable in his expression as he looks down at Makael. “You could have asked ... anyone. The Winchesters. Castiel. Another angel. So, why did you come to me for training?”

Makael’s eyes soften as she looks up at Ketch. Then she sighs. “Honestly? There’s no one left upstairs that I’d trust to train me, let alone let me leave after they were done. And I’ve watched the Sam and Dean and Castiel with Jack, and ... they fuss way too much. I needed someone who’d be practical about it. Which made me think of you.” She flashes him a smile. “But more than that? I knew you’d understand *why*. The need to change, to remake myself into something new. To ... redeem myself.”

Ketch lets out a soft breath, the barest hint of amusement touching his lips. “Redemption arc,” he murmurs.

“Redemption arc,” Makael replies, softly. “Yes.”

Ketch arches a brow, then echoes her nod, straightening and seeming to resolve something internally. “All right then.” He goes over to his bag and unzips one of the outer pockets, then pulls out a round, slender blade. He walks back over to Makael and holds it out to her, hilt first. “Next time, I teach you how to use this.”

Her eyes are wide as she stares at the silver weapon. “I can’t take this—they so hard to come by—”

“Not as hard to find as they used to be,” he says, gently, but she still winces at the implication. “I have three. Take it.”

Makael takes the offered angel blade, tests its weight in her hand, checks the grip as Ketch looks on approvingly. Finally, she looks up at him. Her smile is bright, and determined. “Next time?” she asks.

“Next time. I’ll be in touch, love.”

Makael's eyes are warm. "Thank you, Ketch," she murmurs, before she turns to the door.

He watches as she pours her grace over the feather, dips it in her still-bloody palm, having not healed herself after giving Ketch the vial of her blood. She chants Enochian as she paints the sigil on the door, and it smolders to life. She pulls the door open, and he catches a glimpse of a simply-furnished room beyond it—bookcases, red couch, a wall full of windows—before she steps into the threshold, and turns back to face him.

"Take care of yourself," she says quietly, "and stay safe."

"Not exactly in the job description, love," he says, with a lopsided smile.

She frowns, then turns back to the room, and steps through the door, pulling it shut behind her.

He looks at the door for a long moment after she's gone, then shakes off whatever reverie had fallen over him. "Right. Newton D Hyperbolic Pulse Generator." He looks down at the spell in his hand, and stills again. "And training an angel." he murmurs, shaking his head, an astonished smile touching his mouth. "Maybe there's hope for you, yet."

END SCENE.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!