

Slivered Mirror

Von MeltingPenguins

Prolog: In The Beginning

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A warning to the reader: You came here to read about what became of Aziraphale and Crowley in a timeline in which things went different from the very start. Be aware. Things not only went different, many of them went horribly wrong.

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It had been a nice day.

There had been rather more than seven so far and rain had been invented only recently. Fitting, seeing what else had happened recently.

Now the first thunderstorm raged over Eden and the Angel of the Eastern Gate huddled under a nearby tree, trying to use his wings to shield himself from the rain and the cold.

Above him, there was a cracking sound.

"Who's there?", said the angel. His name was Keruvael and he regretted that question the very next moment. There was no one here who could answer, now was there?

It was then when two small red eyes peeked down at him from between the leaves.

"I know you", Keruvael said, glaring bitterly, "You're the demon that caused this"

The serpent pulled its head back, flicking its tongue at the angel.

"Can't hardly disobey orders, can I? They said 'Get up there and cause some trouble'. Not my fault if He overreacts like this."

Keruvael blinked.

"I mean, first offence and so. Poor buggers, I tell you", said the serpent. Its name was Phelan and it was a name he was happy with. Not many demons of his rank had ended up with a decent name after their Fall.

Keruvael rubbed his arms. He wanted to agree but that would have meant to doubt His decision.

"Makes you wonder what He's really planning, you know. What with putting that bloody tree where He put it and all. That was bound to go awry, if you ask me. Can't imagine that that wasn't on purpose."

The angel was about to protest when Phelan let himself flop down onto the angel's wings.

"Get off", Keruvael flailed, pushing the serpent off.

"I'm freezing", said Phelan, looking up miserably.

"You're a demon. And you brought nothing but trouble so far. Why should I help you?"

"I'm a serpent. And I am still one of His creations. You wouldn't leave one of His creatures to wither in the cold."

Keruvael frowned, looked around quickly and picked the serpent up, pulling it against his chest.

"You're horrible", he said.

"Thank you."

For a while they looked at the rain.

"Say, did I see that correctly, you gave them your flaming sword?", asked Phelan eventually.

The angel blushed.

"Well, I..." he began, looking wretched.

"You did, didn't you? Well, I won't judge you. Might have done the same in your place, seeing those poor buggers."

Keruvael frowned again.

"You make it sound as if that was the wrong thing to do. Stop that."

"Worried?"

"Of course."

"You will laugh. I'm worrying if the thing with the apple was what Downstairs expected of me when they sent me up here."

"It certainly was wrong."

"But wrong enough? And what did I say about the bloody tree? In the worst case I just did the right thing and you did the wrong one."

The angel cringed.

"That's not funny."

"No", said the serpent, curling into the angel's arms, "Not at all."

They continued to watch the storm.

In the far away woods something fiery and bright flickered.

It already was a dark and stormy night.