

Connie's nerves were rattled so badly, she couldn't remember how to file. She had somehow forgotten the letter that came after A. Her thoughts kept going back to her opening the front door. Connie had almost peed on herself when she saw the angel Gabriel standing in the doorway. Gabriel was the Creator's right hand angel. She was just as famous as Michael. Was every frigging angel in all of Caelus protecting this child? Maybe, if she ignored them, they would ignore her, and everything would be fine. Besides, if they had a problem with her, they would've already chopped her head off. She giggled hysterically at her irrationality. She needed to calm down, she was overreacting. Right then the office door opened. Gabriel and Michael stood in the doorway and all Connie could think of was that she should have taken that job stripping at the rusty nipple.

Gabriel and Michael entered the office. Gabriel sat in the seat across from Connie, who was in Robin's seat behind her desk and Michael stood by the door as if he was guarding it, with his hand on his sword. Connie swallowed deeply. It was uncomfortably quiet and downright awkward as the two angels just stared at her.

"Who are you?" asked Gabriel finally.

"My true name is Constantiam Malebiche," squeaked Connie.

At the mention of her name, Michael withdrew his sword. All of the saliva in Connie's mouth disappeared.

The Malebiche witches were a group of the wickedest, foulest, and most revolting of Lucifer's witches. They had no regard for the lives of the innocents or other supernatural's lives for that matter. They lived only to serve their master, Lucifer. Michael despised them and had killed a number of them over the years.

"How are you related to the Malebiche's?" asked Gabriel?

"Hortencia Malebiche is my mother," said Connie. She hated admitting that she was related to such a horrendous creature.

"You seem--- different," said Gabriel. "Why is that"?

"I-I don't know. I was born deformed. Because of my deformities I have been treated differently, but I don't mind. I never wanted to be a witch, they are horrible creatures. All they do is eat innocents and worship "him" said Connie with a look of disgust. "I left the Abyssal realm to get away from them and came to here to start a new life."

Gabriel chuckled a little bit at this. Connie was definitely not the typical witch. She didn't buy that whole story about her being deformed either, there was more to that story, but at the moment she couldn't pinpoint what it was.

"What brought you here?" asked Michael roughly.

"I saw Robin's ad for the position on Craigslist, I applied for it and she hired me on the spot. B-but if you want me to, I will gladly quit and never come back," she quickly added.

"I take it you know who Robinette's daughter is then?" asked Gabriel.

"Yes I figured that out yesterday when I saw her and him," said Connie daring not to look at Michael.

"Why did you come back then?" asked Michael sneering.

"Well because I need a job and I thought if I mind my business and leave yours alone, I could go on with attempting my normal life."

"I believe you Connie, and you have nothing to worry about," said Gabriel standing. "We will not interfere in you working for Robinette." Connie breathed a sigh of relief at hearing this. "I actually think you will be a great asset to her and to our team."

"Wait, what?!"

"Yeah, I guess we could find something useful for you to do," said Michael sarcastically.

"Whoa, did you not hear the part about me leaving the band of crazy witches so that I can have a normal life?" asked Connie wide-eyed. "I need a job, but not this bad." Connie began gathering her things to leave.

"I am not asking you to drink the blood of a baby innocent. I am simply asking you to help us protect Angelica, that's all. If you are truly nothing like your family members, then do something good," said Gabriel walking over to Connie. "I promise you, you won't regret it." Gabriel held out her hand for a handshake.

Connie stared at Gabriel's hand hesitantly. The last thing she wanted to do was piss off these two and who was she fooling she needed this job if she wanted to support her new lifestyle. She slowly took Gabriel's hand. At first her hand felt a little warm and then she could feel the warmth traveling up her arm and throughout her body. Light began to radiate from Gabriel and then it stopped, along with the warm feeling.

"It is done," said Gabriel letting go of Connie's hand.

"What is done?" asked Connie confused.

"You made a pact with her," said Michael rolling his eyes upward.

"But I didn't give you any blood!"

"I am an angel, not one of those horrid witches you grew up with," said Gabriel haughtily. "All I need is your free-will to make a pact binding, and you gave that when you shook my hand.

Welcome to the team."