

The Descent.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24117193) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24117193>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	M/M , Other
Fandom:	Van Helsing (2004)
Characters:	Gabriel Van Helsing , Carl (Van Helsing) , Cardinal Jinette , Vladislaus Dracula , Satan , Mephistopheles , Akephalos , Bartzabel , Valerious the Elder
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-10 Updated: 2021-07-02 Words: 1,320 Chapters: 2/?

The Descent.

by [Hellicidae](#)

Summary

Still plagued by nightmares, Gabriel Van Helsing seeks to learn more about himself. There is only one man who truly knows Van Helsing, but he is dead, and in Hell...

Gabriel.

Cold spiders of panic crawled down Gabriel Van Helsing's spine.

He sat up, bathed in sweat. The room was completely dark save for the light of a few distant stars, and the glimmering of candles in the dark windows of surrounding Rome. Gabriel's heart was hammering violently and his mouth was dry. He scrambled from the bed, almost upending the little chair and table which were the only other furniture in his sparse room beside the bed. He opened the window to his small room. Slowly, he took a deep intake of the warm night air, releasing it in a single, shaky breath. He continued to breathe, listening to the whirr of crickets and the tinkling of water in the fountain as the hard beating of his heart gradually subsided... then gently, he laid his tousled head against the cool stone of the window sill.

'How can this be?' he whispered to himself. 'Why now?'

There came a rapid, albeit tentative knocking on the bedroom door.

'Van Helsing?' came Carl's timorous voice from behind the oak. 'Are you alright?'

The doorknob twisted and rattled. Carl knocked again. Gabriel heaved a sigh. He wiped his forehead with the back of his arm and went to open the door.

Carl stood as he always did, slightly stooped. He was dressed in his night-cap and gown, his unmanageable blonde hair stuck out in tufts from beneath his cap and he was holding a burning tallow candle. From the candle's soft light, Gabriel could see Carl's blue eyes were full of concern beneath his long pale lashes.

'What is it, Carl?'

'Whatever do you mean, 'what is it?'' said Carl, looking offended. 'I heard you crying out from my room down the hall, practically screaming, I'd be surprised if you haven't woken the whole Vatican.'

'It was just a nightmare,' said Gabriel. 'It was nothing.'

Gabriel turned to go back into the room and sat beneath the wooden crucifix hanging on the wall above the bed. Carl followed him, closing the door behind him and perching on the chair opposite Gabriel, placing the candle down on the table.

'You haven't had a nightmare for almost a year,' said Carl. 'Not since we left Transylvania... and it certainly didn't sound like nothing. As a matter of fact, I have never heard you scream like that in the whole time I have known you. What was it?'

'Now's not the time, Carl.'

'Oh well, suit yourself then,' Carl promptly stood up again. 'I know I can't force it out of you, but I shall be informing Cardinal Jinette in the morning. I know you, Van Helsing. You haven't been yourself recently.'

Carl went to leave, his hand fell on the doorknob once more and pulled it ajar.

'I remember it, Carl...' Gabriel said quietly. Carl paused, his hand still on the door.

'Remember what?' asked Carl, turning, the light from the candle falling in a slant across Gabriel's face. Gabriel's russet eyes flickered upward to Carl's face.

'I remembering murdering him.'

Gabriel (Continued)

Chapter Summary

Follow-on to the previous chapter.

Shout-out to CloeliusPrincess for telling me to 'give us the story'. This is for you.

Carl looked at Gabriel quizzically.

'What do you mean, remember?' he asked. 'You were just dreaming, as you always do.'

'No,' despite the warm and humid night, Gabriel shivered in his night-shift, 'I realized something, Carl, something I have never spoken about to any soul.'

Carl released his grip on the door and came to perch at the end of Gabriel's bed.

'Realized what?'

Gabriel Van Helsing sighed, turning his head toward the window again.

'He asked me something, you know. He asked me if I ever wondered why I had such horrible nightmares, horrific scenes from ancient battles past... He knew me, Carl. Knew about my nightmares, knew about my training, knew that I was despised for being a murderer... It was like he knew me better than I know myself.'

"You were the most wanted man in Europe, of course he knew about you," said Carl, righting the upturned table and placing the candlestick on it. "Your face was plastered on every noticeboard from Paris to Istanbul."

"But the dreams, Carl. Everyone knows I have them, but he was the only one who knew what I dreamed about.

He offered to help me remember, to give me back my life and my memory... but despite my desire for self-realization, I refused... said some things were better left forgotten..."

"He was lying to you!" cried Carl. "He was trying to catch you off guard, manipulate you, make you vulnerable. That is what he did best... put people under his control, and that same Devil's magic is the reason he knew about your dreams... and what is the use of this conversation, now? He is dead, Van Helsing. He is spending eternity in the deepest circle of Hell."

"You're not listening to me, you weren't there, Carl." Gabriel pulled open a bedside drawer, rummaged in it for a moment and pulled out a ring, the dragon ring that he had always worn previously to their Transylvanian assignment, but no longer did...

"This was his," Gabriel placed the ring in Carl's hands. "It matched the insignia in the corner of the map that led us to his castle. Dragulia, the Dragon, it was his symbol, and I took it from him. Why would I do that?"

Carl no longer seemed to have words. He turned over the ring in his hands, touching the dragon insignia with the tip of his finger.

"We were both Knights of the Holy Order, we were friends, he said... and I murdered him. Why? Why would I do that?" He said again.

"Van Helsing, I don't think..."

"I had peace for six months but now... Now every night I see him," Gabriel took a sharp intake of breath, he seemed to grow paler before Carl's very eyes. His eyes widened as if he was seeing the very thing he was describing happening in front of him. Of all the things Van Helsing had done and seen, Carl had never witnessed him appear so troubled.

"I see him laying there, on the blood-soaked snow... I cut it from him... and there's a smile on his face. It's as if he knew, then.

"Van Helsing," said Carl gently. "It's just a dream..."

"No," Gabriel's eyes flicked back to look at him. "It's a memory, Carl."

A silence lapsed between the two men. Gabriel ground the heels of his palms into his eyes and groaned. Carl seemed at a loss.

"Yes well, there isn't very much we can do about it just now... But we will try. I will speak to Cardinal Jinette."

Gabriel did not respond, he still held his palms to his eyes.

"Do try and get some more rest. You have a new assignment."

Gabriel uncovered his eyes.

"A new assignment?"

"It came in this evening, you were already asleep so I did not want to wake you, that is, until I heard your screams, of course..." Carl dug around in the pocket of his night-gown and produced a letter. He handed it to Gabriel who promptly turned it over.

"This is from Bucharest," he said, frowning. "The East... but they have not been plagued by evil since Dracula's death."

Gabriel tore open the envelope and unfolded the letter, moving the candle closer. Carl watched as his brown eyes scanned the parchment.

"What is it?" asked Carl, growing concerned at the expression on Gabriel's face.

"There is something strange at work in Romania, Dracula lorded over most of the monsters and they disappeared once he was destroyed... but now they are saying there is an influx of imps, dark faeries, strange beasts coming down from the mountains and the forested hills... People are disappearing, seemingly straight from their beds at night... They want us to go and investigate."

"Romania?" said Carl. "Where in Romania?"

Gabriel folded the letter away. "Load up the silver bullets... we have orders to return to Transylvania."

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