

# Broken Wings

GabrielxOC

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## Three Winchesters, a Demon and an Angel walk into a bar

*Lebanon, Kansas*

"No! Hell, no!" Dean shouted sternly.

"Why not?" Adam yelled as well.

"Because you could die, that's why!"

"So could you and you do it, anyway!"

"We don't have a choice!"

"Bullshit! You chose this life and so do I!"

"You are either stupid or suicidal! Or both!"

"I want to do it because it's the right thing to do!"

Dean and Adam were arguing for over ten minutes now – about whether it was a good idea to let the younger one become a hunter. Sam and Amelia were sitting at one of the tables in the library of the bunker and watching the two men. They had already given up on trying stopping them.

"Right thing, my ass! Sam and I have been doing this job for years, so let me tell you one thing: there is no 'right' in this. Not really!"

"You wanna tell *me* how unfair life can be? I lost my mom because of a monster. Because of a ghoul who wanted to take revenge on my... our father. We..." Adam pointed at Mia and then at himself. "...just want to get to know the only family we have left. You."

At this point, Dean was silent and looking sympathetically at his youngest brother. He knew the feelings of losing family members all too well. How sad, desperate and helpless he had felt about it.

"Please... Let us stay here and help you defeat those monsters." Adam pleaded.

"Adam? Can I talk to you for a second?" Amelia interrupted after all while standing up from her chair. She pulled her cousin with her, a few feet away from his brothers. "You said we should stay and help them."

"Yeah! So?"

"Where did you get the idea that I wanted that, too?"

"I will not leave you behind all by yourself."

"Adam, we both are grown-ups. I can take care of myself. Besides, maybe it's time that we start living our lives separate from each other."

"You don't mean that. Do you?" Adam was promptly uncertain.

"I do. I can't just leave my present life behind and hunt monsters. I have a job, you know. And what about our house?" Mia lectured him.

"Oh, yeah, such a great life! Working twelve hour shifts or more and living in a house where a family member got killed. Can't imagine anything better than that." He said sarcastically. "I for one would really like to start anew." He added determined.

"And you can do that. But I can't. I'm sorry." She reckoned a bit sad.

"Why do you have to be so stubborn?"

"You should talk!" She smiled.

"Well, we are family." Her cousin grinned. He couldn't be angry with her.

"Thank you for understanding!"

"I don't like leaving you alone at home but I know I can't change your mind." Adam seemingly gave in and shrugged. "Yet." He thought obstinately and held back a grin. There was still time to convince her otherwise.

"Hey, sorry to interrupt. We found a case." Sam told them unexpectedly.

"What does that mean?" Adam asked eagerly.

"It means that we have to go on a hunt." Dean answered while already grabbing his backpack which was sitting on one of the chairs.

"Okay, let's roll!" His youngest brother rejoined.

"No! We've discussed this. You stay here!"

"Try and stop me!"

"You can't hunt!"

"Then show me!"

"Are you serious? You wanna die?"

"No, I want to help you! Don't you get that?"

"This kid is driving me nuts!" Dean looked at Sam, irritated by Adam's stubbornness.

"I'm not a kid!" Adam stated displeased and crossed his arms.

"Alright! You can come with us." Sam quickly decided before any of his brothers could start fighting again.

Dean grumbled; he didn't disagree though. It would be no use, anyway. Adam grinned satisfied.

Twenty minutes later, all four were riding in the Impala and heading to a town called Hastings in Nebraska, merely a one hour drive away from Lebanon. At first, Amelia didn't want to come along. She had to work the dayshift tomorrow, which meant that she needed to go to bed quite early. And hunting monsters wasn't the kind of adventure she had been expecting when meeting Adam's brothers. At least, she was with her cousin and Sam had suggested that Castiel could teleport her home anytime she wanted. Nevertheless, she didn't want to stay in the bunker all by herself either, so she was sitting in the backseat of the car and listening to Sammy's explanation regarding the case.

"There has been a series of strange incidents in Hastings in the last three weeks. One of them occurred two days ago. A teacher, William Gallagher, got drunk and stabbed his wife to death." He explained composedly as he was reading the online newspaper.

"What's weird about that? Murders happen all the time." Adam inquired skeptically.

"He stabbed her seventeen times and after that, he tried to take his own life. But he survived and is currently in the hospital to recover."

"That's terrible." Mia said compassionately.

"It is but why are we on this case? Can't the police handle it?" Her cousin wanted to know.

"We think it's something supernatural. It's too strange that he can't remember anything before the murder. Also, he is a good man. I mean really good. According to his family and friends, he is a rather coy and calm person as well as a private tutor in his free time. He goes to church every Sunday, works in the local homeless shelter on weekends and never drinks alcohol. Furthermore, he was highly religious and wouldn't have risked going to Hell after his death."

"Okay, that actually sounds weird." Adam acknowledged.

"Nothing we can't handle." Dean spoke confidently.

At around 10:45 am, they arrived at the sheriff's station in Hastings and got out of the Impala right away. Sam and Dean were wearing a suit. They had changed clothes back in the bunker due to the fact that they would pose as FBI agents to get further details about the case. Amelia wasn't sure how to feel about that, yet she didn't bother them with questions.

"Alright, we will go in there and speak to the sheriff. You two wait here." Dean eyed his youngest brother and Mia strictly.

"No way! I'm coming with you." Adam insisted, facing him resolutely.

"Fine." He didn't even try to talk him out of it. "But hang back."

Adam nodded in agreement and Dean exhaled sharply. Subsequently, they went into the building and directly into the sheriff's office.

"Hi! Sheriff Dunn? Agents Jones and Smith, FBI. We are here regarding the murder of Gloria Gallagher." Dean introduced Sam and himself to the bewildered older man, showing him their badges in the process.

He now stood up from his chair. "Hello gentlemen! Can I ask why the FBI is investigating this? We didn't call for help."

"We have reason to assume that we are dealing with more than a murder since there have been similar incidents in the last three weeks. But we are not allowed to talk about details." Sam explained.

"And who are they?" Dunn pointed at Amelia and Adam.

"They are trainees within the FBI, top of their class." Dean responded smirking.

"Alright, then..." The sheriff sighed. "What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

"We need all the files on this and the other cases and we have to speak to Mr. Gallagher." Sam answered politely.

"Will do." Dunn instantly fetched the requested files from the drawer behind him and handed them to Sam. Afterwards, he rang one of his colleagues who was watching Mr. Gallagher in the hospital, telling him that the two FBI agents would visit the man.

On this occasion, the older Winchester brothers went alone to question Mr. Gallagher in his hospital room while Adam and Mia waited by the car. Sam and Dean introduced themselves once again when they were standing in front of the older man. He told them that the only thing he could remember was coming home, being extremely angry at his wife because he had been convinced she had been cheating on him and eventually, he had stabbed her. "I... I can't remember anything before that, I swear! I don't know why I would kill Gloria. I loved her! I would never harm her. And why would I get drunk? I hate alcohol." Mr. Gallagher stated desperately.

"Maybe you don't remember a thing because you were too drunk." Dean uttered.

"Have you suffered from severe stress lately that you would get yourself drunk?" Sam cut in.

"No! I mean, yes, I had a lot on my plate in the last few weeks. But like I said, I hate alcohol. I haven't had some in years so I would never get drunk. You can ask all of my friends. Every time we meet at Leo's I simply drink water or alcohol-free drinks."

"Leo's?" Sam asked keen-eared.

"It's a bar in town. I was there the night of the... incident. At least that's what my friends have told the police."

"Okay, thank you, Mr. Gallagher!"

Since the bar would be closed until the evening and they all were hungry, they decided to go to a diner for lunch. Dean and Adam both ordered a burger and fries; Sam ate a salad with chicken and Mia got pasta with veggies. Dean and Adam, who were sitting opposite from one another, practically devoured their food. They ate so fast as if it was the first meal they had had in days.

"You really are brothers." Amelia laughed, amused by their similar eating habits.

"There's no denying it!" Sammy agreed smirking. His brothers looked at each other baffled, yet they immediately continued eating, a little embarrassed by this realization.

Anyway, Sam began studying the police reports. He found out that each offender – a bank-robber, another murder apart from Mr. Gallagher and a kidnapper – had been drunk when they had committed their crime and afterwards, they had committed suicide.

"Okay, so the criminals were drunk. This means we should go to every bar in town and find out if anyone there knows anything about these cases." Dean stated.

"You only want to go to a bar and drink." Sam claimed tauntingly.

"Yes, I do." Dean admitted grinning. "And I say we start at Leo's."

"Yeah... Well, we can't go there until 5 pm so I suggest we go to Mr. Gallagher's house first and search for clues."

"Good, let's go!"

"Great!" Adam was excited; finally they could carry out real hunter's work.

They arrived at the address that was written in the police report fifteen minutes later. Dean and Sam both grabbed a gun and something else from the trunk of the Impala. Although Adam complained, they didn't give him a gun. The last thing they needed was to be shot by him. As they entered the house, Sam pulled out the other item he had taken with him.

"What's that?" Amelia inquired surprised.

"It's an EMF meter, it measures electromagnetic fields and can detect if there's a ghost in here." He enlightened her friendly.

"A ghost radar, so to speak." She concluded smiling.

"Yeah, you could say that." He chuckled. "But it doesn't indicate anything."

"Hey, Sam! Take a look at this." Dean shouted from the living room where the murder had taken place.

"What is it?" His younger brother wanted to know while he and Mia walked into the room.

Dean showed them his right palm. There was some sort of powder on it.

"Sulfur." Sammy was certain about it. At this moment, he noticed the smell of rotten eggs too. "A demon."

"Yeah."

"A demon?" Amelia was nervous.

"Cool!" Adam on the other hand was thrilled. His oldest brother shook his head in disbelief.

"How about we check out the other murder victim's place next? It's not far from here." Sam proposed. "Maybe it's a coincidence that a demon has shown up here."

"Nothing's a coincidence with those sons of bitches." Dean spoke angrily. "But, yeah, why not."

Although they were pretty sure it was a demon they were dealing with, they drove to the second location regardless. As expected, they discovered some sulfur there. Now they were completely certain what kind of monster they would have to fight. However, they needed to find it first.

When they eventually pulled up at Leo's bar, all four of them were impatient in their own kind of way. Dean wanted to drink, Sam to find the demon who was behind all this, Adam to hunt and Mia honestly to go home.

"Hi! You ready to order?" The brown-haired waitress inquired cheery. "Oh my gosh, you are so beautiful!" She complimented Amelia.

"Uhm... thank you..." The blonde woman answered timidly. Then she quickly ordered her drink and the others did as well. The waitress gave her another big smile and left their table.

Afterwards, the boys made a plan – sort of. As soon as they got their drinks, they intended on questioning the folks in the bar.

"Alright, let's mingle with the crowd and see if we find out anything important." Dean knocked on the table, stood up and grabbed his beer. "I'll start with our waitress." He grinned and seconds later, he was on his way over to her.

"Let's do it!" Adam was eager to help in any way possible and promptly followed his oldest brother.

"Dean!" Sam yelled but it was to no avail. He exhaled sharply. "Come on!" He said to Amelia, briefly touching her arm and smiling softly.

The young woman smiled back at him. She liked him. He was very kind and he seemed as if he always wanted to do the right thing. Consequently, Adam and Sam were also incredibly alike, there was no doubt her cousin was a Winchester. She was happy for him that he had found his brothers.

After almost two hours of chatting with people, Sam and Mia had had enough. Mia hadn't planned on drinking anything alcoholic at all. Nevertheless, she had ordered a caipirinha an hour into the 'interrogations' given that she hadn't been to a bar or a club in ages. This is why she kind of enjoyed being here, even though it was because of a demon and she had to work tomorrow. In all honesty, at the moment, she didn't care. Besides, all the talk about demons and killing were a tad too much for her.

"So, what did you find out?" Sam asked as Dean and Adam came up to him and Amelia.

"Well, she likes Lady Gaga, vodka, American football and BDSM." Dean declared humorously and pointed at the brown-haired waitress from earlier.

"I mean the cases, Dean." His brother spoke a little annoyed.

"I know! Come on, Sammy, lighten up a bit!" The older one hit him on his left upper arm. Sam simply looked at him reproachfully.

Therefore, Dean cleared his throat and reported what he had heard in the last two hours. The waitress had actually been helpful since she had told him that all of the offenders had been at Leo's hours before their criminal acts. They had gotten drunk and at some point, they had left to go home.

"I see you allow yourself a night out. Good for you!" Their conversation was suddenly interrupted. They focused their attention in the direction the male voice came from. Sam and Dean knew it all too well.

"Gabriel? What the hell?!" Dean exclaimed angrily.

The man with golden hair who was wearing blue jeans, a wine-red shirt and a grey

jacket approached them. "Hi, guys!" He greeted joyfully.

"What are you doing here?" The oldest Winchester inquired rather unfriendly.

"I just wanted to see you. It's been a while."

"Oh, yeah? The last time we saw you, you trapped us in TV-land in order to force us to say 'yes' to Michael and Lucifer." Sam explained upset.

"Yes, I did! And you exposed and left me in a ring of holy fire, so let's say we're even."

Dean scoffed. "You gotta be kidding me."

"Who are your friends?" Gabriel grinned mischievously and looked at Adam and Amelia.

"None of your business!" Sam replied seriously.

"Come on, guys! You can't be mad at me forever."

"We can't trust the Trickster, either!" Dean countered resentfully.

"What's a Trickster?" Amelia was confused.

Gabriel unexpectedly stepped right in front of her which is why she was a bit startled.

"I am! The name's Gabriel." He introduced himself officially while taking her left hand and placing a kiss on its back. "Enchanté!" He smiled and wiggled his eyebrows.

"What's your name, darling?"

"A-Amelia." She stuttered and blushed. It had been years that a man had given her any attention and frankly, she couldn't handle proximity from strangers very well.

"Okay, pal, that's enough!" Adam interfered protectively and shoved the other man away from his cousin. "Who exactly is this dude?" He turned to his brothers.

"He's an angel." Sammy stated more calmly.

"Wait. I thought he was a Trickster?"

"He is, but he is also an angel." Dean clarified.

They were silent for a moment until Mia realized something. "Like Gabriel the archangel?"

"That's me!" Gabriel confirmed cheery.

"Oh my god!" She was stunned.

"Yeah, that's my dad."

"One more time, Gabriel. Why are you here?" Dean was impatient.

"Alright, alright. I'll tell you." The angel gave in, lifting his hands in surrender. "I want to help you find the demon that's responsible for the crimes around here."

"And why would you do that? Last time, you made it very clear that you would never help us." Sam scoffed and crossed his arms.

"Well, I've changed my mind."

"You expect us to believe that?" The oldest Winchester spoke distrustfully.

"Believe it or not. Your choice." Gabriel shrugged.

The two brothers faced each other doubtfully. How could they trust him after all he had put them through?

"Forget it! Go and annoy someone else. We don't need anything from you." Dean rejected him.

"Your loss, guys!" The archangel reckoned nonchalant.

"Yeah, whatever." Dean stared at him, smirking confidently.

"Alright, I'm off! Good luck with your demon." Gabriel said frustrated. He waited a few more seconds; possibly they would change their mind. They didn't, instead, they left him standing there and went straight to the bar. Damn! This was harder than expected. Still, he wouldn't give up that easily.

"Scotch." Dean ordered immediately. "Can you believe this son of a bitch?" He asked shaking his head.

"Not really." Sam responded pensively. "How does he know that we are hunting a demon, anyway?"

"Well, he is the Trickster. He probably was spying on us the entire time. Again." The oldest Winchester took the glass the bartender just put in front of him and drank the liquor in one go.

"I want to go home." Amelia surprisingly requested.

"Mia-" Adam started, however, she cut him short.

"Adam, I mean it. Please, I want to go home." She looked pleadingly at the three men.

"Okay!" Sam smiled hesitantly.

"Thank you!" She was relieved. "I have to go to the bathroom first. Then we can call Cass to bring me home."

"Yeah, sure!" Sammy agreed since none of the other two men said anything. The blonde woman gave him a quick smile and headed to the bathroom.

"Scotch, please!" Adam ordered and like Dean, he downed his drink instantly. His brothers faced each other baffled.

Meanwhile, Gabriel was in the act of leaving Leo's when he spotted Mia coming out of the ladies' room. She passed by him and in doing so she smirked and winked at him. He gazed after her perplexed.

"Hey, I changed my mind. I want to stay." Amelia declared happily as she came back to the three Winchesters.

"Are you serious?" Her cousin inquired doubtfully and thrilled at the same time.

"Yes, of course!"

He grinned widely and hugged her. "Glad to hear that, Sis!"

Next, she ordered another drink and even though they already had all the information on the demon, she decided to talk to some people – alone.

"Something's off with her. She's different." Adam realized alarmed while he watched his cousin chatting and laughing with four men. The bar was currently pretty crowded.

"What do you mean?" Sam was worried right away.

"She's not shy but she wouldn't just go up to strangers and talk to them. She simply wouldn't."

"What are we supposed to do? We are not her parents and she's a grown woman. Maybe she just wants to have fun tonight." Dean grinned naughtily.

"Dean, it's not funny!" Sammy lectured him.

"Alright... Sorry, kid!" The oldest Winchester apologized to Adam who reacted disgruntled.

"Don't call me that!"

"Okay, sorry! Jesus, relax for a second."

"I will, as soon as I know what's up with Mia." Adam expressed his concern afresh. Therefore, the three brothers re-focused their attention on the crowd of people in the bar and tried to detect Amelia. But she was nowhere to be seen. "Fuck!" Her cousin exclaimed frantically.

"Calm down! We will find her." Sam attempted to comfort him.

His younger brother didn't seem to listen because he now approached one of the four men Amelia had chatted with. "Where is she?" He asked sternly.

"Who?" The other man was confused.

"The young blonde woman you and your friends talked to earlier."

"Oh, her! She wanted to go home and asked one of us to accompany her to the nearest taxi stand."

"And did you?"

"Yeah, Phil did."

"What's your friend's full name and address?" Dean demanded.

"What? Why would I tell you?" The other man scoffed. Dean grabbed him firmly by the collar. "Name and address." He repeated harshly.

"Okay, okay!"

Ten minutes later, the three brothers arrived at the address they had received.

"Listen carefully. If we are walking in on a one night stand, you go home tomorrow. No discussion." Dean urged his youngest brother.

"Alright." Adam spoke unfazed. He was pretty certain that they were in on something completely different.

As they were standing in the dark house, Sam switched the light off and on again. It didn't work. Due to this they turned on their flashlights, Dean and Sam had their guns out too. They instantly split up and began searching the first floor. When they met again in front of the staircase, they merely shook their heads to signalize that they hadn't found anyone or anything. Then they heard a noise coming from upstairs. They quickly headed to the second floor and discovered a woman lying on the ground, bleeding from a wound on the side of her lower belly. They could discern the smell of rotten eggs.

Sam directly knelt down beside her. "She's alive." He reported relieved.

They didn't have much time to ponder about their next move because they heard rumbling from a room on the left side.

"You stay here." Dean commanded Adam and the younger one complied.

Sam and Dean stormed into the room, seemingly a child's bedroom, and pointed their guns at the man who was turning it upside down. He was obviously searching for something and held a bloody knife in his right hand. He noticed that they had entered so he turned around.

"Where is she?" He screamed at them. "Where is Ellie?" The brothers glanced at one another frowning. Who was he talking about? "Where is she?" The other man was in a rage and moved towards them.

Dean wasted no time talking to him; instead, he knocked him out with a punch. Sam gave him a judgmental look. "What?" The older one shrugged.

After that, they dragged the man out of the room into the hallway.

"Hey, where's Adam?" Sammy tried to spot their younger brother.

Dean wanted to reply, probably even curse, when Adam appeared from another room.

"I'm here." He said calmly. In addition to that, he was not alone. A little girl was holding his hand. "This is Ellie. I found her hiding in the closet in her parents' bedroom."

Sam got down on one knee in front of the girl. "Hi, Ellie! I'm Sam. Can you tell us what happened?"

"My daddy was very angry at mommy. So Mommy told me to hide." She explained sadly.

"Don't worry, everything's gonna be okay."

"What about the blonde woman who came with my daddy?"

"Did she hurt you or your mommy?" Adam inquired tensely.

"No, she just talked to my daddy. But she said bad things."

"Alright, let's get them out of here." Dean suggested.

"What about Mia?" The youngest Winchester was understandably worried.

"First, we bring them to the car. Then we can search for Mia."



Adam nodded although he was not completely okay with it. Nevertheless, they carried the woman as well as the man downstairs and headed for the front door.

"You really wanna leave? The party's just getting started." Amelia's voice let them stare in the direction of the living room. The lights started to flicker and before they could do anything, they were pulled into said room.

"Mia?" Adam asked warily. Ellie hid behind him, obviously afraid of the blonde woman.

"Yes and no." Mia responded. Her green eyes changed to completely black for a short moment. "She is in there, I can hear her screaming. She's quite strong. It's pretty annoying actually. The waitress didn't put up that much of a fight." She elucidated wickedly grinning.

"The waitress from the bar? You have possessed her too? Did she kill those people?" Sam questioned her while he and Dean laid the bodies carefully on the floor.

"Yes, I have. But then I saw Mia and I wanted her body so badly. I followed her to the bathroom, dumped the other body there and voilà." She laughed. "And no, she didn't kill anyone and neither did I. I only convinced those humans to drink and do the bad things they did."

"Oh, you convinced them. You mean you forced them. Like the coward you are." Dean stated angrily.

"Don't you dare insult me, you worthless human!" She yelled furiously and lifted her right arm. The three Winchesters flew through the air and were eventually pinned to the wall. "I'm gonna show you why Lucifer chose me to strengthen his army!"

"Lucifer's army? What the hell?" The oldest brother was irritated and shocked at the same time.

"You stupid humans! You think you are the only ones preparing to fight?" She mocked them. "Lord Lucifer may be weak now but he gets stronger with every soul I send to Hell."

"You send souls to Hell?" Sam couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Hells, yeah! I manipulate people into committing crimes. I tell them that their wife is cheating on them or the man they kidnap wants to hurt their family. I can be pretty persuasive. And after they commit their sin, I make them kill themselves. That will get them sent to Hell for sure." She enlightened them proudly.

"You use them for your sick plan and on top of that, you make them commit suicide?" Dean was truly heated.

"Duh! I can't wait for them to die of natural causes, can I? Lucifer needs his souls now. Besides, it's so much fun to see them suffer."

"And why make them drunk?" Sammy's question prompted her to grin even wider.

"Because it's fun! With him..." She pointed at the man on the floor. "...I couldn't do it though. You were watching me the entire time so I had to act faster than usual."

"You really are sick! Go back to Hell and leave Mia alone!" Adam shouted heatedly.

"No way! I love this body. I think I'm gonna keep it." The demon grinned. "So, let's get back to business." She lifted her left arm. The man who was originally lying unconsciously on the ground instantly opened his eyes. He stood up, walked over to his wife, knelt down on top of her and began choking her.

"No, daddy! Please, stop! Please don't hurt mommy!" Ellie begged crying heavily.

"Ah, isn't this great? Humans killing each another and children crying. Imagine the world being like this forever. Nothing's going to stop-" The demon ended her speech abruptly and the satisfied expression on her face changed to a surprised one. She slowly lowered her arms causing the Winchester-brothers to be released from the wall and the man to end his involuntary killing attempt and faint once again.

"You... You have to get them out of here. I don't know how... how long I can hold her... back." Amelia faced the three men desperately. Due to the sobbing little girl, who reminded her of herself as well as her trauma, she had been able to finally break through and prevent the demon from causing more pain and sorrow. For now. "Please... Get out!" She pleaded.

All of a sudden, the front door swung open and ultimately, Gabriel walked into the room.

"Crazy night, huh, boys?" He said grinning while coming nearer. "Who would have thought that the waitress was possessed by a demon?"

"Gabriel, what are you-" Dean interrupted himself. "Wait a second! How do you know about the waitress?"

"Well, I am an angel. I could see right away what she was. And if my angel eyes don't fail me now, I'd say that Amelia here is possessed too. Sorry about that, by the way." He explained casually.

"You knew? Why didn't you tell us?" Sam reproached him.

"You didn't want my help, remember?"

"Can you help now?" Adam asked friendly and glanced worriedly at his cousin who was still fighting to keep the demon at bay.

"Sure can." The Trickster smirked. "And I will. But you'll owe me one."

"Deal!" The youngest Winchester agreed without consulting with his brothers first.

Gabriel grinned and wasted no time. He approached Mia swiftly and once he was standing in front of her, he placed his right hand on her head. Soon after, she threw back her head and the demon in the form of black smoke escaped from her mouth. Subsequently, she lost consciousness and collapsed, which is why Gabriel had to catch her so that she wouldn't meet the floor. Nonetheless, he managed to snap his fingers, killing the demon in the process.

Adam quickly ran over to them. "Is she alright?" He wanted to know nervously.

"She will be." The angel answered softly as he studied Mia's face. He had to admit, she was really pretty. Anyway, he cleared his throat and tapped her on the forehead. Amelia opened her eyes and he assisted her with standing on her feet again. She blinked a few times and put her right hand on her head.

"Mia?" Adam spoke somewhat doubtfully.

"I'm okay." She assured him smiling slightly.

"Thank god!" He hugged her tightly.

"You still think demons are cool?" She asked teasingly.

"Definitely not! I'm sorry I dragged you into this."

"It's not your fault."

"No, it's Lucifer's fault." Dean uttered disgruntled by this undeniable fact.

"Yeah. We mustn't underestimate him." Sam affirmed, looking at Ellie who was sitting on the ground. She was crying, as well as scared and distressed because of the events that had occurred.

"Can you help them as well?" Mia examined Gabriel sadly. She felt responsible for the little girl's misery.

"Anything for you, sugar." He grinned and snapped his fingers.

She and the three Winchesters were surprised as they found themselves standing next to the Impala outside of the house.

"What just happened?" Adam was confused.

"I healed the parents, cleaned the house, erased the family's and friends' memories

and teleported us out of there.”

“They won’t remember anything that has happened tonight?” Amelia inquired uncertainly.

“Nope.”

“Thank you!”

“Sure thing, darling!” The archangel smirked and winked at her.

Although she was thankful for what he had done, she didn’t trust him and felt uncomfortable when he used those pet names. To her, he came across like a womanizer. He wasn’t attractive in the typical sense; however, he was good-looking. At least to her. Not that it mattered, anyway. She was almost certain that he merely wanted to play with her.

“Stop it!” Adam was annoyed by him.

“You gotta relax, kid!” Gabriel uttered laughing.

“Don’t call me that! My name is Adam.”

“Alright! Sensitive much?”

Sam chose fast to intervene. “Gabriel, we appreciate your help. So if you come up with an idea for us to, uh, pay you back, let us know. For now, we should hit the road and get Mia back home.”

“Don’t worry, I will.” The archangel assured grinning and in the blink of an eye, he disappeared.

“I, uhm...” Amelia began hesitantly while looking at the three Winchesters.

“Yeah?” Adam faced her eagerly.

“I wanna stay.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

He hugged her yet again.

“Oh, great.” Dean wasn’t exactly happy about her decision. How the hell were he and Sammy supposed to take care of someone else? They were barely able to keep themselves alive.

“What changed your mind?” Sam was genuinely curious.

“I have seen what Lucifer is capable of and I want to help you stop him.”

“We both will. I don’t care if it’s dangerous. We have to help you.” Adam declared determined.

Dean sighed. He didn’t want to put them in any danger; on the other hand, they needed every aid they could get. “Alright, you can stay.” He agreed eventually.

“Seriously?” His youngest brother was puzzled to hear him say those words.

“Yeah, seriously! Don’t ask again or I might change my mind.”

Adam shook his head. He would never take that risk.

Back at the bunker, Adam and Amelia started moving in immediately. Castiel teleported them home so they could pick up everything they needed. After all, they hadn’t brought more clothes or other things since they hadn’t expected to stay for... well, a long time. Even though it wasn’t that easy to just leave their home and old life behind, Mia and Adam were happy to start anew.

Nevertheless, they could not in the slightest anticipate that they had set off more than a family reunion.