

# Broken Wings

GabrielxOC

Von sakura44

## ...makes you stronger

*Lafayette, Indiana*

Since they had slept until the afternoon, they arrived in the town Pestilence currently stayed at in the evening. They had to quickly find and defeat him 'cause Logan had told them that their plan was to spread diseases all over the country to kill people or turn them into some kind of zombies who would kill each other eventually. Consequently, the humans would exterminate themselves in the end.

They knew by now where the Horseman was staying – at a hotel in town. Still, they had to figure out a way to take the ring from him.

"So we need a plan to get into his hotel room or to catch him somewhere outside of it." Sam pondered as all six of them were sitting in a diner and eating their dinner.

"Yes and it has to be a good one. Pestilence is the most dangerous of all Horsemen." Castiel stated.

"Well, maybe, if a certain archangel would help us, it would be easier for us to come up with one." Adam reckoned and looked intensely at Gabriel who was devouring his second piece of pie.

The Trickster faced him smirking. "Let me think about it... No." He replied mockingly, turned to his pastry again and finished it in merely a few seconds.

Adam scoffed in disbelief, Dean stared at him impressed, Sammy and Cass both sighed frustrated while shaking their heads and Amelia eyed him frowning.

Right in this moment, their waitress put another two pieces of pie, which they had ordered earlier, in front of Mia and Dean. They thanked her friendly and the oldest Winchester immediately began eating. The blonde woman also wanted to do that but before she could stick her fork into the delicious pastry, it was taken from her.

"Hey!" She exclaimed indignantly and glared at the culprit, Gabriel, who was sitting opposite from her. Of course, she tried to reclaim what was rightfully hers. However, he was holding it so that she wasn't able to reach it and grinning widely, amused by her hopeless attempt to get it back.

"Can you just once stop being a total ass and at least try to behave?" She said angrily. It had been enough that he had mocked her nearly the whole car ride about her encounter with Logan. And now, he stole sweets from her? She wasn't a defenseless, innocent child!

"I'm just watching your figure!" Gabriel answered laughing and not at all regretfully.

"You... You think I'm fat?" She was irritated. It was not because she thought she was

fat. She knew she wasn't. It was because of the fact that he assumed her body was his business or that he had the right to tell her what she could and couldn't do. And that it sounded like he didn't like the way she looked which somehow bothered her. Why? She had no clue.

"Oh shit..." Dean mumbled alarmed. Even he knew that this was something you should never ever say to a woman.

The archangel stared at her speechless. What should a man answer to a question like that?

Surprisingly, Mia simply stood up from the bench they were sitting on. "I'm going to the bathroom." She declared somewhat prideful and left their table.

"What?" Gabriel asked as he received reproachful looks from everyone.

"You really are an ass!" Adam confirmed annoyed.

"So what?" The archangel scoffed and started eating the piece of pie he had taken from Mia. Although after what he had done, she would definitely be mad at him, he didn't care. He had gotten what he wanted – she didn't ignore him anymore. Okay, maybe he did care, at least a little bit. He wanted to have fun and arguing with her was. He needed her to talk to him – she was the only one who really did – or he would die of boredom. Except he couldn't die that easily. Anyway...

Shortly after, Mia returned to their table. Since everyone had finished eating (and she didn't want another piece of pie), they got the bill and left the diner. Then, they headed to a bar due to the fact that it was around 8 pm and they had decided that it was best if they took this night off and think about Pestilence again tomorrow.

Cass wanted to go and spy on the Horseman, perhaps he would leave his hotel room and he could follow him around.

"Be careful, okay?" Sam was worried about his friend. If demons caught him, God knew what they would do to him.

"I will." The angel nodded and gave him a small smile.

"See you tomorrow!" Dean uttered confidently, yet he was concerned as well.

"Bye Cass!" Mia and Adam spoke simultaneously and smiling.

"I'll see you soon." Castiel said his goodbye and disappeared.

Admittedly, Sammy preferred to search for Pestilence too and because of what had happened last night, Amelia didn't have much desire to go out. Nevertheless, they tagged along.

Therefore, they walked into the first bar they found and sat down at a table. They ordered drinks and talked about something other than the Horsemen or the Apocalypse.

"A big talking teddy bear? Seriously?" Mia laughed while picturing the described situation in her mind.

"Yeah, I'm not kidding!" Dean explained enthusiastically. "We couldn't believe it either. He was sitting on the bed and complaining about life. This was definitely one of the weirdest things we've ever seen."

"I can imagine!"

"I wish I would've come up with that!" Gabriel grinned. That was exactly his type of humor.

"Be careful what you wish for." Sam reckoned smirking and a bit gloating. "Dean had to learn that the hard way."

"Hey, it was a good sandwich." His older brother shrugged and took a sip of his beer.

"So how did you solve the case?" Adam inquired curiously.

"The guy who threw the magical coin into the wishing well finally took it out and all

wishes were reversed." Sammy clarified.

"What did he wish for?"

"A girlfriend." Dean responded.

"Wow! He must have been really desperate."

"He kinda was." Sam confirmed thoughtfully. "Poor guy."

"Don't pity him! He caused us and the people in his town a whole lotta trouble." The oldest Winchester spoke displeased.

"He didn't know that the coin was magical and the wishes would go south."

"Yeah, whatever! If his girlfriend hadn't tried to kill us, we would've had to force him to remove the coin." Dean was certain about that. "The things you do for love..." He added smirking, tilted his head briefly to the right and took another sip of his beer.

"Sounds like he just wanted to be loved." Mia remarked sympathetically.

"Or maybe he was an egoistic jerk who only thought about himself and his happiness." Gabriel reacted tauntingly and received a glare from her – the twelfth on that day. But who was counting?

"Look who's talking." The blonde woman countered and regretted it immediately even though she was not wrong. She wasn't the kind of person to be mean to someone or to speak without thinking first. However, she was slightly mad at him for constantly teasing her and taking her pie. He somehow made the words fly out of her mouth and she couldn't do anything about it.

The archangel didn't seem to be offended by her words though. He merely gazed at her with this stupid cute grin on his face. She quickly looked away. She couldn't stand that he gave her the impression that nothing she said mattered. That she could say anything to him but he wasn't hurt or moved by it. That he could say anything and instantly make her feel sad or angry or both at the same time. That she would reveal details about her past because he teased her but he wouldn't talk about his. It wasn't fair.

"Alright, let's get another round!" Dean declared now to lighten the mood and raised his right hand to signal the waiter who was just passing by their table that they wanted to order again. They received their shots of vodka not long after that. Everyone drank and Sam and Dean continued to tell stories about their past cases.

A few minutes into their narration, Amelia noticed that Adam, who was sitting next to her, didn't pay much attention to his brothers anymore but rather to a woman at the bar. He was repeatedly looking and flirtatiously grinning at her and she happily returned the gesture every time.

"Adam, would you please just go already?" Mia unexpectedly blurted out.

"What?" Her cousin laughed.

"The girl at the bar? You are flirting with her so go over to her."

"Okay, okay! You don't have to be so pushy." Adam didn't really fight his cousin; he simply grinned and stood up from his chair. "Don't wait up for me." His grin grew even wider and he quickly left their table. Sam and Dean gazed after him puzzled.

Adam was a bit of a ladies' man; however, he was always respectful and kind around women and could accept a 'No' – in case he ever got one.

"You never do that for me." Dean turned to Sam.

"What?"

"You never tell me to go over to a woman."

"Are you serious? Dean, you chase after every woman you like and never ask me about my opinion! Besides, you would never listen to me, anyway!" Sammy complained.

"Good point." His older brother had to admit. "But you could be a bit more

supportive."

Sam scoffed and shook his head in disbelief.

"I wouldn't call it supportive." Mia rejoined the conversation. "I just shortened the time from when Adam started flirting until he walked up to the woman he likes. But usually, I don't get involved. He is a grown-up after all." She shot a glance at her cousin who was currently having an animated conversation with the mentioned woman.

"What about you?" Gabriel asked suddenly. She faced him confused. "Do you flirt with men?" He grinned curiously.

At this point she glared at him again. Number thirteen. Still not counting.

"Why would I tell you?" The blonde woman inquired somewhat annoyed.

"You can tell me anything, sugar." The archangel replied teasingly.

"I don't think so."

"Come on, Gabe! Cut it out!" Sam rebuked him.

"Gabe? Does that mean we're friends now?" The Trickster grinned.

"It's only a nickname. Don't flatter yourself." Dean uttered dismissively.

"Are you gonna call me Gabe, too?" Gabriel re-focused his attention to Amelia.

"No." She rejected him displeased.

"Hm." He muttered smirking while crossing his arms before his chest and leaning back on his chair.

Mia on the other hand excused herself once again to go to the bathroom. She needed space and time to compose herself. Why did she let him get to her that easily?

As she was walking out of the ladies' room, she stopped by the bar and considered not going back to their table. No, that was stupid! Why would she not go back because of him? She could ignore him if necessary, it had worked earlier. ...Kinda.

"Hi!" All of a sudden, a young man appeared in front of her, immediately snapping her out of her thoughts.

"...Hi!" It took her a few seconds to realize he was there and to respond.

"I've been watching you for a while... Wait, that sounded creepy! I'm sorry!" The brown-haired man laughed nervously, his brown eyes looked at her apologetically.

"Let me try that again. Hi, I'm Daniel." He spoke smiling and held out his right hand.

She hesitated for a moment; nevertheless, she shook his hand in the end. "I'm Mia." She smiled.

"Mia, do you wanna have a drink with me?" Daniel asked friendly.

"Um, I... I should get back to my friends." She answered hesitantly.

"Maybe they're able to spare you for just a bit?" He eyed her charmingly. "For one drink?"

Amelia shot a glance in the direction of the table where Sam, Dean and Gabriel talked excitedly.

"I guess one drink is fine." She finally agreed and the young man smiled happily.

Consequently, they went to the bar, sat down on the bar stools and ordered drinks.

To Mia's surprise, talking to Daniel was extremely pleasant and she felt comfortable. She couldn't remember the last time that was the case. He was charming, considerate and he had a good sense of humor. He listened to her and didn't tease her about anything she said or had done in her life. So, they ordered a second drink.

This didn't go unnoticed.

"I guess that answers your question. She does flirt." Dean grinned. "And it seems she's quite good at it too."

"Who cares?" Gabriel shrugged and downed the rest of his Scotch.

He did. Her flirting with another guy, it bothered him. Very much. What was that called again? Jealousy? No, that wasn't it. Perhaps he was irritated that she could talk to a stranger so lightheartedly and laugh at his jokes. But jealous? No, surely not! Why would he mind that she spoke to him only angrily or reproachfully and not smile at him for just an instant? He didn't need her. He didn't need anybody. He was the Trickster and an archangel for his dad's sake! He could do whatever and whoever he wanted.

"So, do you live around here?" Daniel inquired interested.

"No, I recently moved to Kansas. I'm only staying here for a couple of days."

"Why's that?"

"Um... Family business."

He wanted to ask more when suddenly a woman screamed with horror. They turned to the side and saw that a young woman had collapsed among the crowd of people in the bar. She was lying on the floor shaking and blood was coming out of her nose. Instantly, a few people gathered around to check on her and to call an ambulance.

Mia jumped down from the bar stool but held onto the object to have some kind of support as she was shocked by what she was witnessing. Merely a few seconds later Sam, Dean and Gabriel were running up to her. Sammy softly grabbed her and said something she couldn't quite understand. There was too much noise. Afterwards, he led her outside to their car followed by the other two men. They didn't drive off though.

"That looked bad." Sam uttered calmly, still holding Amelia in his arms.

"Yeah, it did." Dean spoke seriously.

"Could it be..." His younger brother stopped as a few people passed by them and waited until they were far enough away. "Pestilence?" He almost whispered that name.

"Sure looks like it."

Sammy only nodded uneasily.

"So what are we gonna do now?" Amelia inquired while freeing herself from Sam's hug.

The two brothers pondered for a moment.

"We see what we can find out." Dean decided and showed them his fake badge to make clear what he meant.

"Alright." Sam agreed confidently.

"What about Adam?" Mia was worried.

"I don't think he was in the bar anymore. Otherwise he would've come with us." The oldest Winchester reckoned.

"I'll text him." The blonde woman pulled out her cell phone and typed her message.

'Adam, where are you?'

It didn't take long until she received an answer.

'At Holly's. Don't wait up for me ;-)'

"He's fine." She concluded relieved.

"Good." Dean responded shortly.

The paramedics arrived a few minutes later. The two brothers waited until they came out with the patient before questioning them about her medical condition.

Amelia and Gabriel stayed by the car. He stared at her smiling but she ignored him. Well, she tried.

"What?" She asked more harshly than she had intended, facing him after all.

Like always, the archangel didn't seem to mind as he shrugged. "Nothing." His grin

remained.

She merely sighed. There was this feeling in her stomach again, yet she disregarded this as well.

Meanwhile, Sam and Dean were speaking to the patient's friends. They claimed there had been nothing out of the ordinary going on this night or the days prior, except that Julie – the patient – had been making out with a boy who she had met on said evening. That hadn't been like her; on the other hand, she had just broken up with her boyfriend so she probably had wanted to distract herself from the pain this had caused her.

"Not really enlightening." Dean wasn't pleased that they hadn't learned anything useful while he and Sam were walking back to the Impala.

"I wouldn't say that." His brother disagreed pensively.

"What do you mean?" The oldest Winchester eyed Sammy doubtfully as they eventually reached their car.

"The paramedic said that there has been a similar incident a few days ago. A young man broke down, he was shaking and blood was coming out of his nose. They didn't know what kind of disease it was and he died one day after being admitted to the hospital. So it can't be a coincidence that the same thing happened tonight. It has to be Pestilence!"

"You got a point! But we still don't know for sure."

"Dean, are you serious?! What else could it be?!" Sam was indignant.

"Alright, alright! I'm just freaked out, okay? We know where this SOB is but we can't get to him! He's probably playing with those people around here and with us! And I bet he's enjoying the fact that we can't do anything about it!" Dean yelled upset.

His brother was speechless for a moment 'cause he was searching for the right words. Instead, Mia jumped in. "You can do something! We can do something! We can figure out a plan to defeat him. And we will! Maybe we can't save everyone but we can save many."

Dean looked at her rather unconvinced and next glanced at Sam who was smirking at her appreciatively.

Consequently, he had to smile too. "Then what are we still doing here? Let's go save the world!" He swiftly approached the driver's door of his Impala and waited for the others to get into the car.

Sam and Gabriel were already seated when he addressed Amelia. "Hey..."

She faced him quizzically.

"Thanks!" He grinned softly and she returned the smile.

"You're welcome!"

They worked on their plan together with Castiel for hours. Unfortunately, the angel hadn't figured out much about Pestilence. Nevertheless, he had found the hotel the Horseman was staying at and he was sure it was the right one. In addition to that, he had researched about Pestilence victims. The ones from the cinema hall and diner had died right away when they had gotten infected in mentioned places. Others, like the young man from a few days ago, were showing symptoms and dying some time later after the infection.

Anyway, at some point they went to bed because naturally, they needed to sleep.

Amelia was woken up at around 5 a.m. by banging on her door. Startled, she sat up and stared at the entrance.

"Mia..." She heard her name through the door and recognized her cousin's voice. He

repeated her name several times and the knocking didn't stop either. She immediately jumped out of bed and quickly walked towards the door with an uneasy feeling in her stomach. He sounded... she couldn't describe it but something was not right. He had his own room so why would he come to hers unless there was something going on. As soon as she opened the door she knew that for sure. The young man was pale, sweating and breathing heavily.

"Adam, what's wrong?"

"She... She's dead." He spoke desperately and showed her his hands. His palms were covered in blood.

She looked at them shocked, needing a moment to understand that this was actually real.

"I didn't kill her, I swear!" He stated miserably.

Mia turned her attention back to his face. Currently, it was showing nothing but despair which caused her ability to think to come back. Therefore, she pulled him into her room and closed the door behind them.

"Go wash your hands. I'll call Sam and Dean. Everything's gonna be okay." She said softly while pushing him slightly towards the bathroom. Adam did as he was told and she called Sam on his cell phone. Luckily, he picked up almost instantly and not a minute later, the two older Winchester-brothers were standing in Mia's motel room.

"Okay, what the Hell is going on?" Dean wanted to know tensely.

Adam, who was sitting on the bed next to his cousin, eyed the other two men anxiously. "The girl I went home with last night... I... I woke up and when I was facing her, she was lying there on the bed, shaking like crazy and bleeding from her nose. I tried to help her and called an ambulance but she died shortly after they arrived. Then I bailed 'cause they asked questions and even wanted to call the police. I was afraid they would suspect me to have killed her! Shit, maybe I shouldn't have left! Maybe they are searching for me now!" He almost screamed the last few sentences, panicked by what had occurred.

"It's okay. We know you didn't kill her." Sam appeased his younger brother calmly.

"Yeah. It was Pestilence." Dean agreed. "We need to do something. Fast."

"We should confront Pestilence before it gets any worse." Sammy said confidently.

Mia nodded nervously. She knew they had to go after the Horseman. Nevertheless, it was dangerous and of course, she was scared and worried. Not for herself but for Sam and Dean.

Suddenly, Adam groaned with pain and was hugging his belly with both of his arms.

"Adam!" Amelia was alarmed, so were his brothers.

"What's wrong with him?" The oldest Winchester wanted to know.

Adam only moaned louder and got on his knees on the floor. However, he immediately fell to his left side and then, he started shaking. His cousin got on her knees as well and tried to soothe him.

"Fuck!" Dean exclaimed as he also kneeled on the ground and noticed the blood running out of Adam's nose.

"Pestilence..." Sammy assumed taken aback although he didn't want to believe it.

"No..." Mia breathed out distressed. It couldn't be. It just couldn't. "No!" She already cried while still holding her cousin, afraid of what might happen if she let go of him.

"CASS!" Dean yelled loudly and the angel showed right away. He was accompanied by Gabriel who had heard the screaming and was curious what it was all about. They had no chance to ask and they didn't need to.

"Heal him! Now!" The oldest Winchester commanded harshly yet he didn't care.

Cass complied and knelt beside Adam. Dean pulled Amelia to her feet so that he could do his work unimpeded. The angel laid his hands on the young man and they glowed. Although the shaking and bleeding stopped, he had no good news.

"I can't heal him." He stated sadly.

"What?" Mia sobbed.

"What do you mean you can't heal him?" Dean was angry. Of course, it was not because of Cass.

"I was able to diminish the symptoms but the illness itself... it remains."

"But that would mean he..." Sam couldn't finish his sentence.

"Yes. He's going to die." The angel confirmed gloomily.

"No! No, you have to help him! You have to help him!" Amelia shouted frantically, grabbing his trench coat in the process. "Please, you have to help him!" She begged crying.

"I'm sorry." Castiel apologized, not able to look her in the eyes.

She cried even more which is why Sammy pulled her away from his friend and into a hug.

"Let's put him on the bed." Dean spoke quite composedly and placed his arms under Adam's shoulders. Cass took his feet and both laid the youngest Winchester carefully on the bed.

"How long?"

"I don't know. From what I've learned, maybe a few hours, a day at the longest. It depends on when he got infected and how strong his body is. I was able to buy him some time but it will not last long."

"How did he get infected anyway?" Sam inquired.

"No idea. He was with us the entire time. How could he have gotten in contact with Pestilence?" His older brother was at a bit of a loss.

"Wait. He was with this girl, Holly, last night."

"So?"

"So maybe, she gave him whatever disease she had. I'm sure they kissed and did... well, you know what. That must be how it's passed on. And the girl from the club. Her friends said she has made out with a guy."

"Yeah, sure! But that doesn't help us saving Adam! Everyone who was infected by Pestilence died! Everyone! So we're screwed!" Dean was furious. Why did they always have to lose family? Especially when they had just found a new one.

"Then we go and defeat Pestilence! It's the least we can do for Adam!" Sam uttered impatiently.

"You better or you will get into trouble with me!" Amelia surprisingly declared and looked at them resolutely.

"Alright." Dean spoke seriously. "Let's go crush this SOB once and for all!"

"I'll come with you." Castiel wouldn't let his friends go alone.

The two Winchester-brothers nodded in agreement.

"Just... come back, okay?" Mia was close to crying again, yet she fought it.

"We will!" Sammy smiled slightly and gave her another hug.

His older brother merely nodded for a second time and before anyone could say or do anything more, he rushed out of the room. He couldn't bear being there for another second.

The others gazed after him concerned.

"Gabe, you stay here with Mia, okay? Keep an eye on her and Adam." Sam said friendly.

"Since I don't have anything better to do... Why not." The Trickster shrugged with his



hands in his jeans pockets, trying to lighten the mood a bit.

The Winchester smiled at him thankfully and finally, he and Cass left as well.

Amelia sat down next to Adam on the bed. His breathing was shallow and he was sweating. She placed the back of her right hand on his forehead to check his temperature. He was burning up. She quickly stood up and headed to the bathroom.

Gabriel was watching her every move. Somehow, he was impressed by how caring a human could be. He had seen it with Sam and Dean and now those two. Sure, Adam was a tad overprotective of his cousin but that was only because he loved her, the archangel assumed. Although he had been living on Earth for a very long time, he didn't know much about human love, not to say love in general. Yes, he loved his father and brothers. Still, that was a different kind of affection.

Mia returned with a wet towel in her hands and without looking at the man who was standing there observing her. She sat on the bed once more and placed the towel on Adam's forehead to cool him down. It broke her heart to see him so weak and suffering. She was already crying again, nevertheless, she held back the sobs. She felt so damn helpless.

Gabriel noticed her misery regardless. He had never been able to deal with situations like this well. Okay, he had never had to deal with situations like this. And with someone like her. He didn't know what to say or do. The one thing he knew at the moment was that he didn't like seeing her sad.

"I guess it won't make you feel better if I say that he's going to a better place?" Alright, maybe that wasn't the smartest thing to say considering the circumstances.

"Please..." She whispered because her crying made it impossible to speak in her normal voice.

Shut up? Leave me alone? He thought of several sentences that could come after that.

"Heal him."

He merely stared at her and it took a few seconds until he answered regretfully. "I can't."

The blonde woman unexpectedly rose up from the bed and faced him angrily.

"You are one of the most powerful beings in the universe! You can create fake worlds and people and make them do whatever you want! You can teleport wherever you wanna go anytime you want and you can heal people! I've seen it! So heal him!" She yelled, not realizing that she was approaching and eventually standing right in front of him.

Gabriel eyed her in a baffled way. Then, she surprised him yet again. She pressed herself against his chest while holding fast onto his shirt and burying her face in it. He froze as he felt her trembling as a result of her crying and heard the sobs that left her mouth. Before he could fully comprehend what was going on, his body was already reacting. His arms wrapped around her upper body and held her tightly towards his. Consequently, his heart began beating faster and a weird feeling spread in his stomach. Despite the bad situation they were in, he was happy and relished this moment. He closed his eyes, inclined his head a bit and immediately, the smell of roses reached his nostrils. He even thought about stroking her hair – he was sure it was extremely soft – but he didn't wanna overwhelm or startle her. So he just remained in this position.

*Meanwhile...*

"Dean, you really think that's a good idea?" Sam asked doubtfully.

"No but we don't have a choice. He knows we're coming for him, anyway."

"He will make you suffer, that is certain." Castiel uttered seriously.

"Great. Thanks for the build-up." Dean turned to his friend sarcastically.

"You're welcome." The angel replied undeterred. He didn't quite understand the human language sometimes, especially sarcasm.

The oldest Winchester simply shook his head and re-focused his attention to the trunk of his Impala.

"Alright. We do it the old-fashioned way." He declared as he loaded the shotgun he had taken out. "We storm the hotel and kill everything demonic that comes our way. And don't get killed ourselves."

Sammy nodded in agreement while tightly grasping his demon-killing knife, feeling uneasy and determined at the same time.

Dean on the other hand put some more shotgun shells into his jacket pockets and eventually closed the trunk of his car.

"Let's do this!" He was all set to confront Pestilence and get his ring.

To their surprise, the front entrance of the hotel wasn't guarded by anyone and when they entered the building, there was not a single person on the first floor. Of course, they were aware that it was probably a trap. However, they headed for the second floor and soon found people lying on the ground.

Sam instantly checked the pulse of a chambermaid. "She's dead."

They continued walking through the hotel despite passing by other dead people, until they finally reached the top floor where Pestilence had his room.

Suddenly, the Winchester-brothers started coughing and feeling dizzy. They staggered across the hallway, trying to maintain control over their bodies. But that was easier said than done. They had already fallen victim to the Horseman's powers. Their condition worsened the closer they got to his room and as soon as they arrived at the door, they almost couldn't stand on their feet anymore. Although Castiel supported his friends, they were about to faint and even he felt Pestilence's influence.

The door now unexpectedly opened and two bellboys were standing in front of them. "Sam and Dean Winchester! Welcome!" A happy voice from inside the room greeted them.

The bellboys stepped aside and before the Winchesters could reply anything, they fainted and fell onto the ground after all. Cass was forced on his knees as well, he had to cough heavily and his vision began to blur. He was an angel; still, he was affected by the Horseman's powers.

"Get rid of him. I need some alone time with the boys." Pestilence spoke satisfied and the bellboys complied. They grabbed Castiel and dragged him away.

Then the Horseman used his powers to pull Sam and Dean a bit further into the room. They were barely awake and groaning with pain.

"You boys look sick. Are you not feeling well?" Pestilence reckoned somewhat cheerfully. "Here, have some water." He took a bottle of said liquid and poured some of it over the Winchester's heads. "That's better, isn't it?" He mocked them as they coughed and moaned. "No? Don't worry. It will get so much worse." He smiled evilly. Sam tried to grab the knife he had dropped earlier but the Horseman noticed his attempt and stepped on his hand. Once more the Winchester groaned with pain.

"Humans are so fragile and impure. Not like disease." Pestilence explained contented.

"I know it's got a bad reputation. It's described as filthy and... chaotic. But that's only because of you humans. I mean... look at you right now." He laughed. "You don't

understand it like I do. Disease itself is pure and unswerving. It spreads around and fulfills its purpose. It can't be exterminated – unlike you humans. You will die eventually but disease prevails. It comes back no matter how hard you try to wipe it out. In the end, it always wins. Always."

Gabriel didn't know how much time had passed – could've been hours or merely a minute. Mia was still wrapped up in his arms; yet, the sobs had stopped.

All of a sudden, she pushed herself away from him. The look in her eyes was a confused and sad one.

"I..." She said hesitantly. "I need some air." She rushed outside, slamming the door shut behind her and leaning against the wooden entrance. Shit, what had she been doing? Leaning onto Gabriel and crying in his arms like a little child, like he was her friend or even her... Amelia shook her head to get rid of those inappropriate thoughts. She scolded herself in her mind. How could she be thinking about something like that when Adam was dying? That was the only reason she had let Gabriel get so close. She had needed someone to console her and he had been there. That was it. Her eyes were watering up once again.

"Hi there, doll. Why so sad?" Crowley's voice startled her.

She didn't answer. Instead, she eyed him distrustfully. He simply stared at her expectantly. "Why do you care?" She asked after all.

"Uncle Crowley always cares." The demon grinned despite her obvious misery.

She focused her attention on something other than him. She didn't wanna talk right now, especially not to him. As fast as he had shown up, he disappeared. Good. She figured he had understood. But only seconds later, he was back.

"I see." Crowley spoke more seriously. "Pestilence got him."

Mia bit her lower lip to prevent herself from sobbing. A few tears were rolling down her cheeks anyway.

"You know, I could help him."

She looked at him surprised and hopefully at the same time. "Are you serious?"

"Of course." The black-haired man replied smirking.

"Don't believe anything he says." Gabriel unexpectedly interfered in their conversation.

Gosh, she hated when they did that!

"My, my! Why so serious, Gabriel?" Crowley's grin remained.

The archangel ignored the demon and kept his gaze on the blonde woman.

"And why should I trust *you*?" She inquired slightly angrily.

"You don't have to." The Trickster shrugged. "But you definitely can't trust a demon."

"I think I can make that decision for myself."

"And what about Sam and Dean? You trust them, right?"

"Of course I do."

"Then maybe, when Pestilence is defeated, Adam will be cured."

"But you don't know that for sure."

Gabriel didn't response.

"Yeah, that's what I thought." Amelia reckoned disappointed.

"Please, you don't have to fight over uncle Crowley. There's enough for everyone."

The demon now cut in self-assured.

Mia finally turned to him. "So how can you help Adam?"

"Don't do that, honey. Help from a crossroad demon never comes without a price." The archangel warned her.

"I don't care, okay? I just want Adam to live! So stop telling me what I can or can't do! I don't need your help!" She rebuked him insistently and quite unfriendly.

"Fine." Gabriel uttered sulky. "Don't say I didn't warn ya." Then he vanished.

She regretted her behavior yet again. However, she needed to do what's best for Adam.

"Well, that settles that." Crowley said undeterred. "Now, where were we?"

Was that the end? No! Dean refused to believe that, even though it didn't look good for the two brothers. They couldn't move and Cass was gone.

Pestilence really was a tough son of a bitch. He smirked, completely certain of his victory over them.

Out of the blue, Gabriel appeared in the hotel room.

"Hi guys!" He greeted, yet not as cheerily as usual.

The three other men stared at him surprised.

"*Gabriel, what are you doing here?*" The Trickster asked in a deep voice, imitating and mocking Dean who couldn't talk at the moment. "Saving your asses. Again." He answered in his own voice while eyeing the two Winchesters reproachfully.

Pestilence wasn't exactly intimidated by his appearance. "An archangel. To what do I owe this pleasure?" He inquired curiously.

"Nothing special." Gabriel shrugged with his hands in his jeans pockets. "I was just bored so I thought I'd stop by and watch you all do your thing. But don't worry. I won't get in your way. I have no interest in fighting."

"That's a real shame! Such great power but no intention of using it? You should reconsider your decision. Because now that you're here, I can't let you get away." The Horseman stated confidently.

Without further hesitation, he approached the other man with the goal to also infect him with the worst disease he could think of. As soon as Pestilence reached Gabriel, he grabbed him by his shoulders. The Trickster didn't even move. Therefore, the Horseman grinned, feeling victorious again and next, he sneezed right in Gabriel's face. The green mucus was spread all over it and the archangel would lie if he claimed that it wasn't disgusting. Nevertheless, he stayed put.

"Have fun fighting this." Pestilence spoke spitefully as he kept on grasping Gabriel's shoulders.

After that, the archangel started feeling sick. His expression changed from a calm one to a somewhat hurt one. He instantly had to cough heavily; this is why he dropped his head. The other man didn't let go of him regardless.

"Archangels. You always think you are invincible. But even someone like Lucifer can't carry out the Apocalypse on his own. He needs us Horsemen to do the dirty work." Pestilence tapped Gabriel briefly on the left shoulder. "However, since I'm here on Earth anyway, there's no harm in doing what I do best. Spread disease and make humans suffer. Don't you agree?"

He was distracted by Castiel who stumbled into the room coughing. He had managed to kill the demons that had taken him away. Despite that, he was still influenced by Pestilence's powers so he was forced on his knees.

"The family that stays together dies together. Isn't that the saying?" The Horseman reflected mockingly. "You can all die here and now. Just let it happen and it will all be over soon."

"You're right." Gabriel surprisingly reacted, lifting his head in the process.

Pestilence faced him shocked. The archangel wasn't sick at all. If anything, he smirked

gleefully.

"It's over."

Subsequently, he grabbed the Horseman and pushed him towards Cass.

The angel quickly picked up the demon killing knife, stood up, took Pestilence's right hand and pressed it on the desk under the television. He cut off two of the Horseman's fingers; the ring they were after was on one of them.

"It doesn't matter... You can't defeat him." Pestilence claimed weakly while holding his bleeding hand. And in a blink of an eye, he was gone.

"Good job, bro!" Gabriel praised his brother grinning.

"Thank you, Gabriel. For your help." Cass expressed his gratitude kindly.

The Trickster only wiggled his eyebrows and afterwards, his body began to blur until he eventually disappeared.

"It was... just an illusion?" Sam said hesitantly. He and Dean were finally able to stand up.

"Well, he is the Trickster." Dean reckoned not really surprised.

"At least we got the ring." Castiel declared relieved.

"Yeah. Let's get out of here."

As they approached the Impala, they saw a very familiar person standing next to it.

"Gabe?" Sammy was puzzled.

"Why are you still here? And why were you here at all?" Dean questioned the archangel disgruntled.

"I figured it wouldn't hurt to check on you guys. It was no fun back there at the motel." Gabriel explained. "Especially with Crowley showing up-"

"Crowley was there?" Sam interrupted alarmed. He knew the demon wouldn't appear without a good reason.

"Why did he come?" The oldest Winchester asked seriously.

"No idea. But he noticed that Adam is in bad shape so he offered to help." The Trickster clarified nonchalantly.

"What?! You're telling us just now?"

"What about Mia?" Sammy was worried.

"I didn't want her to do anything stupid and tried to convince her she shouldn't trust a demon but she wouldn't listen." Gabriel shrugged.

"So you left her alone?! With Crowley?!" Dean was furious. "Dammit Gabe!" He exclaimed and opened the driver's door. All of them quickly got into the car and drove back to the motel.

When they arrived there, Sam, Dean and Castiel stormed into Amelia's room. They were baffled to see Adam as well as Mia sitting on the bed. The young man was seemingly fine, except he was a bit pale.

"Did you make a deal with Crowley?!" Dean walked swiftly towards the blonde woman who immediately rose from the bed.

"No!" She replied upset.

"Don't lie to me! This is serious!"

"I'm not lying! Yes, he offered it but I refused. I'd never make a deal with a demon!"

"Then why is Adam not dead?"

"Because you defeated Pestilence." She assumed more calmly.

The oldest Winchester stared at her sternly for another moment. Ultimately, his expression softened. "I guess you're right. I'm sorry." He apologized.

"It's okay!" Amelia smiled.

"Oh, I'm fine, by the way! Thanks for asking." Adam now intervened sarcastically.

"Adam, we are so sorry! Are you really okay?" Sam uttered concerned.  
"I'm good! Really." His younger brother assured them smiling.  
"Yeah, well, you look like shit." Dean remarked smirking.  
Sammy and Mia had to chuckle. Thank God everything had turned out all right!

Even so, the blonde woman hadn't quite told the truth about her encounter with Crowley...

*Some time earlier...*

*"Well, that settles that." Crowley said undeterred. "Now, where were we?"*  
*"How can you cure Adam?" Mia repeated her question.*  
*"I can't." He admitted. "But there is someone who can and coincidentally, I owe her a favor."*  
*"If this someone is like Logan, I'm not interested."*  
*"I assure you, doll, she's not."*  
*"How can I be sure you're not fooling me? Like you did before."*  
*"If you prefer making a deal with me instead, be my guest. I won't refuse."*  
*Amelia pondered for an instant. She remembered what Sam and Dean had told her about crossroad demons like Crowley. That they'd grant you any wish as long as you were willing to trade your soul. However, given that he claimed there was another way, she turned down his offer.*  
*"No, I don't."*  
*"Well, I can't blame you." The demon grinned. "So, are you approving of my proposal to call Morba?"*  
*"Morba?"*  
*"She's the only one who can help your cousin." He reckoned. "And no, she's not a demon."*  
*He promptly answered her unspoken but obvious question.*  
*"Okay."*  
*That one word was enough. Crowley smirked satisfied and they went back inside the motel room. Adam was still unconscious and it seemed that his condition had worsened. His cousin quickly sat down next to him and took his right hand into her hands. She was about to cry again.*  
*The black-haired man merely looked at them irritated. Human emotions. Even when he had been a human himself he had wished he hadn't had possessed something useless like that. Anyway, he cleared his throat to gain Mia's attention.*  
*"I will call her now. Let me do the talking or else I can't guarantee anything. Understood?"*  
*The blonde woman simply nodded.*  
*"Wait." She remembered what he had told her earlier.*  
*"What?"*  
*"You said you owe her. Are you sure she will help us?"*  
*"She will. Trust me." He spoke confidently.*  
*Although she didn't trust him, she nodded again. What other choice did she have? Consequently, he started calling. "Dear sweet beautiful Morba! This is Crowley, king of the crossroads. Would you be so kind to grace us with your presence?"*  
*Amelia looked around the room expectantly. Nothing happened. She faced the demon doubtfully.*  
*"Just wait. She will show." He claimed, yet not as confidently as before.*

*After almost a minute, still nothing. He laughed uneasily.*

*"Come on, Morba! I know you heard me!" He yelled impatiently.*

*Only seconds later, a black cloud materialized in the middle of the room and a tall woman with long black hair who was wearing a long black dress stepped out of it.*

*"Hello Crowley." She greeted far from delighted.*

*"Morba, you look great! Gotten any new diseases lately?" Crowley complimented her overjoyed.*

*"Why did you call me here?" Morba wanted to know unfriendly.*

*"Straight to the point, like always." The demon smirked, she only glared at him. "All right." He gave in. "I owe you a favor. Remember the Spanish flu?"*

*"How could I forget." The woman spoke displeased. "I helped you clear up the mess some of your demons had caused."*

*"It was an accident!"*

*"You call killing millions of people an accident?" She scoffed.*

*Mia stared at them flabbergasted. One of the worst diseases in human history had been caused by demons? Somehow, she wasn't really surprised.*

*"Fine, I admit, those were not my best years. But let's not fight over an old matter, shall we?" Crowley gazed at the black-haired woman emphatically.*

*"Fair enough." She consented. "Now, what can I do for you?"*

*"Oh, it's rather what uncle Crowley can do for you. Like I said, I owe you." The man grinned proudly. "The young man over here..." He pointed at Adam. "He was infected by Pestilence."*

*"Did you say Pestilence?" Morba asked astounded.*

*"Only the best for you!"*

*She eyed the demon skeptically; nonetheless, she approached the bed and leaned over Adam to examine him closely.*

*"Crowley... Always good for a surprise." She smiled sassy, straightening herself again in the process. "With this, I can feed my children for months."*

*"I'm glad to help." Crowley reacted self-assured.*

*"Feed them? What exactly are you?" Mia inquired nervously after all.*

*"Didn't I tell you not to speak?" The black-haired man rebuked her.*

*"Please, Crowley!" Morba looked at him calmly. "Let us girls have a talk."*

*"As you wish." He complied.*

*Therefore, she turned her gaze to the blonde woman. "I am an Illeater." She began her explanation while pacing gracefully in front of the bed. "I absorb diseases you humans get infected with. Cancer, syphilis, the flu... Whatever illness there is, I take it in. This way, my children and I get provided with food and stay alive."*

*Mia couldn't quite believe what she was hearing.*

*"I see you have a question, dear." Morba stopped and faced Amelia once more.*

*"It's just..." The younger woman hesitated briefly. "If you can cure any disease, why are there still so many sick people who, in the end, die because of it?"*

*"You have got the wrong idea." The Illeater clarified. "I don't cure them. I take the disease they are stricken with out of their bodies. Sometimes they survive, sometimes they don't. It depends on how strong they are and if it's their time to die. I only take what I need. I don't choose who lives or dies."*

*Amelia was silent and looked sadly at her cousin. What if Adam wasn't strong enough? What if his time had already come?*

*"I would choose fast if I were you. Once he's dead, I can't help him anymore." Morba remarked.*

*Mia glanced at her, then at her cousin and eventually back at her.*

*"Do it." She agreed at last.*

*The Illeater nodded. "Please step aside."*

*The blonde woman did as she was told and rose from the bed.*

*Morba bent over Adam again, held him down by his shoulders with both of her hands and eventually sealed his lips with hers. First, nothing special occurred. But then, Adam suddenly opened his eyes. They were wide open and he was breathing as well as shaking heavily. Still, the Illeater didn't let go of him. She needed to absorb everything so that nothing of the illness was left in his body. After a few more seconds, Adam's breathing slowed down and he closed his eyes. Morba finally released her grip on him.*

*Amelia had watched her anxiously. Did her cousin survive? Please, let him be alive!*

*"He will live." The Illeater confirmed as she stood again.*

*The blonde woman laughed relieved with tears in her eyes. "Thank you."*

*Morba smiled slightly and approached Crowley.*

*"Can I assume that my old scores are settled?" The demon asked.*

*"Yes. Please don't call me again." The black-haired woman said sternly.*

*"I make no promises." He grinned mischievously.*

*Morba glared at him one last time before she vanished in a black cloud.*

*"What a woman!" He exclaimed cheerily before he spoke to Mia who was currently sitting by her cousin's side. "Since Adam is feeling better, my presence is no longer required. So I'm off. But I'm guessing we will see each other again."*

*"Thank you, Crowley." The blonde woman gave him a small smile.*

*He eyed her surprised; he hadn't expected her to thank him.*

*"This will be our little secret, all right, doll?" He responded smiling.*

*"Sure." She agreed honestly.*

*After that, he was gone.*

*Adam woke up just a minute later. And it didn't take long until Dean, Sam and Cass stormed into the motel room.*

Mia wasn't certain if it was okay to not tell the others about Morba and Crowley. On the other hand, she wasn't really sure about anything anymore. Except one thing – that she had made the right decision to save Adam.

She would do it again because she knew he would do the same for her. Yet, she truly hoped that day would never come.