How You Help 101 - By Adam A.K.A. First Dick

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by Rogue_Ragnarok

Summary

Charlie thought she had been doing everything right... until Adam showed up on her roof and tore her delusions apart.

(Or rather, something that I would have liked to actually see in season 1. Oh well...)

Notes

Just a little piece to vent my frustration at Charlie's inability to really help people.

Or rather, a piece I wrote after watching her wreck Val's studio and making Angel's situation worse.

I think like someone should tell this girl how things are. And who better than the Dick master himself.

This story is set after the season 1 finale. And yes, Adam is not dead. He still hates Charlie's guts but... He kinda grew to respect her "lady balls" as he'd put it. Mostly because in my mind the battle went a little differently and Lucifer didn't come to the rescue so Charlie had to do the heavy lifting herself. (Which is obviously also why Adam is still alive, I refuse to believe Nifty killed him lmao)

Charlie sits on the roof of the hotel, the same place where her father and Adam had fought almost six months ago. She hugs herself tightly, eyes drifting out over Pentagram City.

If only they had succeeded back then. Maybe things now would be different. Despite fighting tooth and nail against the exorcists, despite almost killing Adam in that battle, nothing has changed. The next extermination is still scheduled just weeks away, and there's nothing she can do to stop it.

Why does it have to be this way? Pentious is gone. Adam, somehow, is alive again. And everyone else in Hell… it’s like they never mattered in the first place.

Something catches her attention. A... flap of wings?

Charlie raises her head expecting to finally see her dad but there's nothing there. She sighs again and lowers her gaze.

Her phone buzzes and she fishes it out of her pocket. It's Vaggie.

Vaggie: Honey, dinner's ready. Everyone's here. You coming?

Charlie almost smiles as she types "Be right there."

She makes her way towards the roof door but before she can grasp the handle, she hears it again. That same sound. She turns around.

An upside down black face with neon yellow eyes is a few inches from her face.

"'Sup!"

“Woah!” Charlie gasps, flinching and hitting the door with her back.

Adam hovers there, golden armor strangely missing, which makes him slightly less intimidating. He grins, that same maddening grin he always has before blowing something up or making her day a hundred times worse.

“AH! Never gets old,” he says, landing with one last flap of wings.

“Adam…" Charlie says. She's too shocked to even sound angry. "What are you doing here?”

“Nothing,” he's standing there, looking around towards the city and... Gagging?

"Uh... Are you oka-?"

"Fine..." he interrupts her, shaking his head.

He's really trying to compose himself apparently and... Nope, still gagging.

"Just, what the fuck is this smell?"

Charlie sniffs the air. "What smell?"

"Oh, my God I'm gonna be sick..." He groans and Charlie is kind of worried now.

"Uhm... I'm gonna go grab a bucket."

"No need. I think I'm getting used to it."

"Are you sure, 'cause you're-"

"I said I'm fucking fine, bitch."

"Well, as long as you don't puke rainbows on my roof..." She mutters.

"The fuck was that?"

"Nothing..." She waits for Adam to take another deep breath. "So, uhm... Why are you here?"

“Just flying by, y’know? Wanted to make a mental map of all the places on my shit list. Oh, and by the way? Your hotel’s number one on my 'you're fucked’ list.”

Charlie folds her arms, glaring at him. “We’ll see about that.”

“Ugh,” Adam rolls his eyes, already bored. “This shit’s getting old. Let’s cut to the chase. Where are your wings?”

She blinks for a moment. What kind of question is that? “I… I don’t have wings.”

Adam scoffs. “Bitch, you’re Lucifuck’s daughter. An archangel’s daughter. You should have the whole damn package. If not that, at least one pair.”

Her shoulders tense. Why is Adam suddenly so interested? “I don’t know what to tell you. I just don’t. What’s it to you, anyway? Shouldn’t you be asking Vaggie?”

Adam scoffs again, his eyes hardening. “What does Vagina have to do with this?”

Charlie’s fists clench at her sides. “Don’t play dumb," she growls. She didn't get the chance to confront him last time at the hearing, but he's here now, so... "She was one of your exorcists, Adam. You abandoned her here!”

“She's a filthy demon sympathizer,” he says, dismissing her. “This is where she belongs. I did her a favor." He turns to look at her, flapping his wings once and getting in her face. Charlie stares right back at him. She really wants to punch him in the nose "And if you think about it, you wouldn’t have a girlfriend to fuck if I hadn’t left her here to rot, bitch. So you’re fucking welcome.”

Charlie can feel her cheeks grow hot. “She didn’t deserve any of that!”

“That’s not the point! She was a traitor. This is her punishment. End of story.”

“Don’t you even feel a little remorse for what happened between you two? She was devastated when I found her. She could’ve gotten herself killed.”

Adam raises a brow... Or at least that's what his mask does. It's really hard to read his face when he's wearing it. “She’s still an angel. Whatever demons threw at her, she’d have been fine. Besides,” he makes a lazy gesture toward his eye, smiling. “she still had one left.”

Charlie sees red. She feels her own body shifting involuntarily. “How can you say that?” She growls, her voice suddenly lower.

“You don’t get to talk to me about remorse,” Adam retorts, stepping forward. “Not you. Not when you, the fucking princess of this hellhole, don’t even do the one thing you claim you’re here for!”

Charlie blinks momentarily. “What…?”

“Helping!” he barks. “You go around preaching redemption, hope, change but I’ve never seen you help a single fucking demon in any real way!”

“I’m trying, okay?" Her body back to normal. She's suddenly very tired. She doesn't want to fight anymore. "Before the hotel, I always went out to talk to-”

“You are fucking unbelievable!”

She recoils. “I… I’m sorry?”

“You better be!” Adam shouts, voice raw with something dark. “You left me to do your work. For a fucking demon, no less!”

Charlie stares at him, cold seeping into her bones. “What are you talking about?”

“Oh? So now who's playing dumb? Or is that just part of your whole dumb princess act?”

She opens her mouth, but the words don't come out.

“That Angel Slut, you bitch!” Adam snarls. “Have you even once tried to help him?”

“Angel’s… complicated,” Charlie says, defensive, her voice faltering. “Vaggie and I cleaned out his drug stashes. He’s got a problem. With drugs. And drinking-”

Adam throws his arms wide. He's... exhasperated? “That’s not the real problem!” His voice booms, echoing across the cracked stone tiles of the courtyard. “Don’t tell me you’re so fucking stupid you thought cutting him off was gonna fix him!”

“It's true,” Charlie snaps back.

“No, it isn’t!” Adam is in her face now, eyes burning with fury. “You are the fucking princess of Hell! Six months you’ve had! Fucking six! Did you ever, even once, try to break his contract?”

Charlie’s throat goes dry. “I… I don’t know how.”

“That’s it,” Adam says with venom. “That’s the whole fucking point, bitch. It’s not about whether you can. It’s about whether you try!”

He takes a breath—no, a growl—and pushes on, voice breaking just slightly. “I had to break into a porn studio and carry that mess of a demon out of there just to get him somewhere safe. That’s how you help someone! You do something, anything, you don’t just sit on your pretty little throne and wait!”

Charlie can barely breathe.

“You never even thought about it, did you?” he asks, bitter now. “You just played your good little princess act and let him go back again and again to that abusive asswipe. So here’s the next fucking question: why didn’t you use your powers? Why didn’t you storm that tower, punch Vox’s teeth in, and bring him back yourself?” His voice drops. “Why did it have to be me?”

Silence. Charlie’s heart slams in her chest. It's like Adam just punched her in the face. "So, it was you..." She murmurs, shocked. She still remembers that day almost a week ago. Angel had been missing for two days. No one knew where he was, everybody figuring he was busy at work. He showed up on the third day, fur ruffled and eye bloodshot. Muttering something about needing sleep.

Charlie had been so preoccupied with the next extermination, she had completely forgotten to check on Angel. No wonder Angel has been so distant this past few days. Charlie wants to slap herself. Friends are supposed to be there for each other. But you're an awful friend, aren't you?

“I wasn’t even looking for him,” Adam mutters. “I was just flying past on my way to the fucking Embassy…”

Charlie looks at him, really looks at him and she feels like she's seeing the angel underneath all for the very first time. She almost doesn't realize that Adam is not in front of her anymore. He's flying away. She wants to call him back, but she doesn't. What would she say to him?

She's always asked herself, why did Adam get to be an angel while all the other people she knows and loves didn't back when they died.

Her eyes widen. It's all so confusing but, something inside her shifts. Maybe it's not just about their mistakes, it's about what they're willing to do to right them.

For the first time, Charlie feels like she's come to a realization, but it's still too fresh in her mind, she doesn't completely understand it. Her head is spinning. But she sees the angel in front of her, that reality now undeniable and she understands now

She's been going at it all wrong!

Memories of her going into Valentino's studio months back, resurface in her mind. What had she done that time? Other then making a mess of the set? Well, in all fairness, she doesn't feel guilty about that part. Not one bit.

She had just... let Angel get manhandled by the Overlord. Charlie wants to slap herself unconscious. She should have... Stuck up to the man. That's what Adam meant. That's what Adam apparently did, when he brought Angel back to the hotel.

Charlie looks at the red sky. Her phone buzzes again. It's Vaggie again. Charlie closes her eyes for a moment, taking a deep breath, going towards the door and opening it.

She knows what she has to do now.

Charlie turns around one last time, eyes settling on the far away silhouette of the Embassy. She nods to herself and closes the door behind her.

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