Supernatural (fan fiction)

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Castiel, has struggled with previous mistakes but now he wants to...change. Join, cas and the two winchesters on just another fan fic, crazed fan. :)

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I stood behind Heavens door. Which memory was it going to be this time? What would I succumb toï¿½ instead of choosing my destiny? What peace would I meet?

I turned the knob, my vessels heart beating heavy though I knew it was my emotions fluttering it. The disaster I had caused...the destruction, my heart fell, knowing the mistakes I wished could only be taken back. I was ruined and now I had come back to apologise, hoping for the best further more expecting the worst.

"Castiel." I knew of only one voice that deep and constructed.

"Michael, forgive me, I have come back...I have changed" my voice was far less weaker than his, I sounded distant and childish as he never tore his gaze from mine.

Michaels voice softened a little. "Castiel, you should know I can't let you back in. The gates of heaven need to be protected, I have to fulfil my job. My men are standing down at the moment, I do not wish to call upon them. Though, you give me uncertainties too. The wraths of heaven do not welcome you anymore...I'm sorry." I bowed my head in understanding.

"I don't wish you any trouble I just want to set in my apologies." I coolly replied.ï¿½ Michael stared at me, hard his gaze returning to a emotionless statue.

"You have become much of a human, brother"ï¿½ he blinked. "I will dismiss you with that."

"Why do you say that like it's a bad thing, it's not a flaw?" Hidden in the arm of my trench coat, I felt my sword slip down into the palm of my hand.ï¿½ Michael studied me, slowly his expression changing, understanding tingling at the tips of his brain.

Before he could stop me I pulled my sword out into the air, resting for a millisecond before hitting the hard thump of what I thought was Michael chest. I waited for the sparks, the deathly glow and the silent screaming- there was nothing.ï¿½ My sword was meant with another, it's silver glimmer, reflecting. Michael startled me as he thrashed at me, a blow hitting me in the stomach. I clutched at it while he lifted his sword in the air, waiting for the pain, I waited for death.

I saw the glow, as sparks lifted up around me, cocooning me in a spoon of pain-except- there was none.ï¿½ I flickered my eyes and saw only a few metres away Dean Winchester, holding a used sword and Michael's body slumped on the ground. I could see how his soul was burnt out , ripped right out of his carcass of bones, from that one sword. From the angel sword. One of the only things that could kill us.ï¿½

Dean ran over to me, Sam following on his heels. "Cas? Are you okay?" I heard his deep accent tinged voice shake me fully awake.

"What happened here?" Sam asked, one eyebrow raised out of curiosity.

"They don't understand. I need to get in there."

"So you killed him? Nice one, no other way. Maybe a little tamed down of one?"ï¿½ dean asked.

"No other way" I confirmed, letting dean clutch my arm and lift me up. "We need to get out of here! Michaels army would of heard the death call by now- they will be here any second."

"What-" Sam and dean only managed to say before their heads were ripped out of their body. A smug grin was planted on the first solider, armed with a sword he flipped it towards me, I cascaded out of the way just in time. I manage to grab my sword off the ground, and slam it into the young angels head, he opened his mouth, a silent scream before slipping down beside my fellow friend.

I knew I was out numbered, I did the only thing I could think of, I opened Heavens door, my only chance.ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½

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