

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 to 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. Michael stared at me, hard his gaze returning to a emotionless statue.

"You have become much of a human, brother" 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. 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. 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. 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.

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?" 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."

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"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 soldier, 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.

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