

# Reasons

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## Prolog: Prologue

### Updated Version

#### Prologue

*THEN*

It still seemed like a dream. Everything that had happened until now! He would have never believed in angels. In his world demons existed, yes. Monsters as well! Many different kinds of monsters, but angels, heaven and hell? Christ, it was already hard for him to live his life, having a little brother he had to worry and take care about.

Sam Winchester: brother, freak and demon blood addict, it could not get worse, Dean had thought. But he was wrong, as always. He had been wrong in so many things and ways.

He probably would not have known about his brother's secret yet, if Castiel, an angel of the lord, had not shown him. He still was not over that and it would take a while until he was.

To make things worse, his little brother had started the freaking apocalypse, unintended but he did. There were angels telling them they were some kind of vessels for the archangel Michael and the fallen one, Lucifer. That was not even the worst thing about it.

The worst thing was God! After the chat with Joshua, Dean had felt a cold shower of despair. And Castiel? He was disappointed. He finally had reached the bottom of his existence.

Lost, betrayed and still, he was moving on.

Dean could not believe how the angel kept going but he did, somehow. This all sounded like a stupid teenager love-drama book. And he certainly did not want to read it since they always ended with a kiss, though!

Now, the big question was: what were they going to do next and how? Those damn angels were always one step ahead. How in god's name was he going to fight them if he did not even trust his little brother? It almost seemed like he only had Bobby.

