

Dean, is that you?

"Dean? Can you hear me, Dean? God, please... don't be dead-"

A 34-year-old woman screams into her earpiece as a plea for help from the only person she feels that she can lean on now, in the midst of all the surrounding horror closing up on her.

"...I can hear you."

She hears a man's voice, which she recognizes as her Dean. "Maybe things aren't too bad," she thought to herself for a second. She finally felt hope and a reason to keep fighting.

The woman looks to her left as she sees the clouds form into darker ones than before; the vast whiteness of them becomes a very dark grey. Gloomy and despair-filled, rain began to pour out onto all the dead soldiers that lay all around her. However, she knows that rain is very much the least of her problems now. She looked ahead, knowing the storm would take them all.

"Kara, I'm dying-" A vicious cough escapes, blood trickling down the man's jaw. "Please... hurry."

Her heart dropped hearing those words. She knew she needed to hurry, but she found herself unable to move. Fear took over in an instant, and the clouds watched her intensely.

"Thousand eyes... thousand faces..."

To her, he was speaking total nonsense, but at the same time, these phrases sounded not only familiar to her but terrifyingly nostalgic.

She finally moved, running as fast as she could toward a finish line that could never be the one she hoped for.

"Dean...? Is that you?"

Dean's body lay still, covered in dark marks and bruises. He was attacked, not ordered, but as a game.

If anyone wants their own story, let me write it! I love making stories, and if you like this story, know I'll be making more in the future, plus an upcoming novel of mine!