

Dark Angel of the Opera

By RyouGirl

Submitted: December 24, 2004

Updated: December 24, 2004

My newest Yugioh fic like Phantom of the Opera with a twist! ^_^ Read and Enjoy! Bwahahaha!

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/RyouGirl/9874/Dark-Angel-of-Opera>

Chapter 1 - Dark Angel of the Opera

2

1 - Dark Angel of the Opera

Dark Angel of the Opera

"Isn't it great?! We can practice our play here as much as we want and then have it here when we're ready," Miho told everyone waltzing around the stage.

"This place gives me the creeps," Joey said looking around through the darkness filled with dust and spiderwebs. The Domino High School Drama Club had just arrived at the theater where they would be showing their newest play "The Phantom of the Opera."

"It just hasn't been used in a while, that's all," Miho explained. "We just have to clean it up a bit before we begin."

"Oh joy," Joey said sarcastically. And so the cleaning began.

In about a week the theater had been fully cleaned out of all the dirt and dust that had collected over the larger amount of time the theater had been unused. "I wonder why this place has been closed for so long, it seems alright," Tea said. "Judging by the amount of dust I cleaned, it's been closed for at least 100 years."

"Maybe it's haunted Tea," Tristin said in a spooky voice trying to scare Tea.

"Oh grow up Tristin. I don't believe in ghosts," Tea said rolling her eyes.

"Come on up here on stage everyone! It's time to hand out the parts!" Miho yelled excitedly. Everyone proceeded to the stage anxious to find out what roll they got. "All right, the first part goes to Tristin who will be the Auctioneer."

"What?!" I did great in my audition and I got the smallest roll?" Tristin complained.

"It may be small, but it's very important," Miho explained. "You'll be the first person everyone sees!"

"Alright, I'll do it!" Tristin said sounding heroic.

"Oh brother," Tea said ready to slap Tristin upside the head.

"Tea, you'll be playing Meg since you're one of the best dancers," Miho said. "Monsieur Firmin will be played by Yugi and Monsieur André will be played by Duke. I will be playing Carlotta," Miho said with pride in her voice.

"Well she's got the personality to match that," Duke whispered to Yugi. Yugi giggled realizing Duke was right.

"Raoul will be played by Joey," Miho continued.

"Oh yeah! I'm bad, you know it. I'm bad, I'll show it," Joey said with his ultra ego shining through.

"Christine will be played by Molly and finally Bakura will play the Phantom."

Molly turned to Bakura and smiled. "I'm so glad we have the lead roles." Bakura blushed seeing Molly's smile.

"Okay people! Let's get to work," Miho directed. "Get busy reading your lines and learning your stage directions!"

Bakura took Molly's hand and together they left the theater for a quieter place to practice so they would be ready to start the next day. Eventually everyone had filed out and went home to work hard memorizing their lines.

* * *

The next day everyone gathered back inside the theater to begin their first run of "The Phantom of the Opera." Molly was in one of the restrooms behind the stage washing her hands when she felt her foot step on something. It was a poster of some sort promoting the exact same play their group was going to be performing. "The Phantom of the Opera" Molly said picking up the poster. "What a coincidence." On the poster was a man who must have been playing the Phantom because he was wearing the mask. And beside him was a very pretty woman dressed in the most beautiful Classic dress Molly had ever seen. The woman must have been Christine. "I'm going to make my dress just like this one," Molly said. She rolled up the poster and was about to put it in her purse when she heard the floor creek behind her. She spun around, but no one was there. Her heart was pounding fast, so Molly decided to leave the room quickly.

Thinking the creek was only her imagination, Molly didn't say anything about it. She simply returned to the group ready to start practice.

Along with her hard work on the play, Molly was also hard at work on her dress that she would be wearing. She only had one picture to work from, and she wanted it to be perfect. At last the play had reached perfection and it was time to rehearse with dress rehearsals. Molly had been waiting for this time to come, because no one knew about the beautiful dress she was creating from a former Christine's dress.

Everyone was dressed and ready to go, so the stage was set for start of their first dress rehearsal. The start was a huge success as Tristin put his full life's work into his character. "Lot 666 then: a chandelier in pieces. Some of you may recall the strange affair of the Phantom of the Opera: a mystery never fully explained. We are told ladies and gentlemen, that this is the very chandelier which figures in the famous disaster. Our workshops have restored it and fitted up parts of it with wiring for the new electric light, so that we may get a hint of what it may look like when re-assembled. Perhaps we may frighten away the ghost of so many years ago with a little illumination, gentlemen?!"

And with that, the music began to blare out and the chandelier began to rise. The blaring music echoed off the walls in such a perfect way one might say that the theater was built specifically for this play. Only Molly was aware that "The Phantom of the Opera" had been performed here once before. When at last Christine's entrance had arrived, there was a sound of gasps coming from the girls as they admired the beautiful dress Molly had made.

They had arrived at the scene in Christine's dressing room. Meg had come and gone and Raoul had just stepped off. Expecting to here the Phantom voice of Bakura, Molly had a little smile on her face. However, a different voice had come, one much deeper and darker. "Insolent boy! This slave of fashion, basking in your glory! Ignorant fool! This brave young suitor, sharing in my triumph!" the voice spoke, saying Bakura's lines.

Instead of answering back, Molly looked around in silence wondering who had spoken. Bakura stepped out from behind the mirror searching for the one who had stolen his lines.

"What's going on here?" Tea asked, confused like everyone else.

"Hey, it wasn't me," Joey said, stating the obvious.

"Well duh," Tristin said.

Molly somehow found the courage to continue her lines to see if the stranger would continue to sing along with her. "Angel! I hear you! Speak- I listen... stay by my side, guide me! Angel, my soul was weak- forgive me... enter at last, Master!"

"Flattering child, you shall know me see why in shadow I hide! Look at your face in the mirror- I am there inside!" the voice answered in a confident singing voice.

Everyone on stage ran to the mirror to see if the mysterious person was really in the mirror, but no one's face appeared. Bakura stepped behind the mirror to see if anyone had taken his place, but

there was no one.

“Okay, I’m kind of freaked out now,” Tea said.

“Alright! Who is it playing around?!” Miho asked with a hint of anger in her voice.

“Maybe we should stop for the day,” Yugi suggested. I think if we leave, this person who is here will lose interest and leave too.”

“Yeah, it’s probably just some stupid kid,” Duke claimed. “I’ll bet it’s some punk who didn’t get his emergency medical forms filled out on time and he’s just jealous.”

“Yeah, probably,” Tristin said. “Let’s go home for today. It’ll be alright, we’re ahead of schedule anyway.”

“Okay, 9:00am sharp tomorrow, got it?!” Miho shouted so everyone could hear.

“Yeah, yeah, we heard you, you don’t have to shout,” Joey said. And so everyone left the theater not really sure of who was behind the interruption of their play practice.

* * *

Molly couldn’t help but feel this mysterious person had it in for her. She remembered the incident in the restroom that involved a noise with no source and now a mysterious voice entering in her scene? Could there be someone else in the theater or perhaps something? She told Bakura about the creek in the restroom knowing that he would believe her. Bakura could only say that it was probably just a student playing tricks on them. But the voice had sounded older than a student, much like a grown man.

The next day they had to start over again from the top. This time starting just as grand as the day before. The only problem was that everyone sounded nervous, afraid that the mysterious voice would jump in and steal their lines. Only Miho didn’t seem phased by the event as she continued to sing louder than everyone. The scene in Christine’s dressing room had come again and everyone couldn’t help but anxiously await the voice to enter again in place of Bakura.

“Things have changed Raoul,” Molly said finishing her last line before the Phantom would enter. There was a silence. Apparently even Bakura was waiting for the voice to speak and forgot that they were his lines.

“Oh uh... Insolent Boy! This slave of fashion...” Bakura finished his part, but this time the voice did not interrupt. The scene was completed as it was first intended to and there were no interruptions at all.

Then they moved on to the scene where the Phantom has brought Christine to his lair. Bakura began to sing “The Music of the Night” and everyone seemed to be at ease with the sound of his soft, calm voice. He was near ending the song. “Floating, falling, sweet intoxication! Touch me, trust me, savor each sensation...”

“Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in...”

Bakura stopped singing looking at the fright on Molly’s face.

“Oh no, he’s still here,” Tea said looking scared.

“Let me at him!” Joey said looking tough.

“What are we going to do, he’s obviously still here,” Duke said.

“Molly, are you okay?” Bakura asked looking at her horrified face.

“He touched me,” Molly said, not once blinking. “I could feel his hand on my face.”

“What?” Bakura asked. “I was right beside you, I didn’t see anyone touch your face.”

“Are you sure Molly?” Yugi asked stepping up next to her.

“Y-yes,” Molly answered, still in shock.

“Miho, we’d better stop for today,” Tristin suggested.

“What?” Miho said. “We barely got farther than yesterday, we can’t stop now.”

“Miho, someone or something is in here and they’re starting to cross the line.” Tristin argued.

“Whatever, all of you back to your places. We’re gonna show this pucker who runs this show!” Miho exclaimed ordering everyone back to their spots.

So they continued on with the scene of the next morning when Christine wakes up and finds herself in the lair beside the music box. “I remember there was mist... swirling mist upon a vast, glassy lake...” Molly and Bakura continued through the scene nervously awaiting the return of the voice.

At last Yugi and Duke could perform their scene and since the Phantom was not in it, they continued on knowing no mysterious voice would jump in and interrupt. Even Miho and Joey got to join in as the others watched to make sure everything looked good. Molly couldn’t relax at all knowing the hands of the invisible man could reach out and touch her again at any moment. Towards the end of the scene Bakura’s Phantom voice had to read a letter, but the mysterious voice did not try to join in.

Each scene after that had seemed to run smoothly and at last they were nearing the end of Act 1 feeling a sense of accomplishment feeling as though they had managed to overcome the mysterious ghost for the day. Molly and Joey were singing their final lines. “Share each day with me, each night, each morning...”

“You will curse the day you did not do all that the Phantom asked of you!”

“Ahhhh!” all the girls started to scream. Everyone was covering their ears at the volume of the voice’s song. Molly clung to Joey as he was the only thing nearby she could hold on to in order to avoid being dragged away. The boys were all up on stage now looking around for the source of the voice. Even though everyone had stopped their acting, the ghost apparently was not done. The voice continued on as to finish the scene on his own.

“GO!” the voice screamed. And then just as it would end Act 1, the chandelier was sent flying down towards the stage. However the crew behind stage was supposed to be directing it in such a way it would fall on cue and slow enough it wouldn’t actually break. But the ghost was in control now and he had actually cut the cord causing the chandelier to fall at full speed right down towards Molly and Joey who were sitting under it.

“Watch out!” Joey yelled rolling out of the way carrying Molly with him.

SMASH! The chandelier shattered into millions of pieces of broken glass. Everyone was still running around screaming and shielding their eyes from the broken glass.

“Hey, is everyone alright?!” Tristin yelled.

“Molly! Joey!” Tea screamed having seen them just before the chandelier landed.

“We’re okay,” Joey said. Both him and Molly were cut up pretty bad from the amount of glass that had flown at them.

“Miho, we’re stopping for today!” Tristin decided.

“Well duh Tristin!” Miho yelled back. “We need a new chandelier and medical attention for our actors.”

“How can she just go on thinking this was just an accident?” Tristin asked Duke and Yugi who were standing next to him.

“She was really excited about being in charge of the play and now everything’s falling apart,” Yugi explained.

“Yeah, she’s probably pretending it’s nothing so she can carry on doing her job,” Duke added.

“I guess,” Tristin said. “But she should be looking out for best of the rest of us rather than just her job.”

“Yeah I suppose,” Yugi said. “I find it hard that she could hear that voice and not be frightened by it.”

“She should be watching out for herself,” Duke said. “She’s got that scene when the Phantom messes up her voice. If she’s not careful, she might really lose her voice. Tristin, she’s your girl friend, talk some sense into her.”

"I'll try," Tristin said hopelessly. And so, play practice had ended for the day and was postponed for a week due to the most unfortunate event.

* * *

A week later, when the wounded were healed and the chandelier had been replaced, the Drama Club returned to finish getting through some dress rehearsals before opening night. Everyone was shaken up and afraid that the events would occur again, but never the less they went on with the show.

They had arrived at the scene of Christine's dressing room once again. Molly was more nervous than she had ever been in her entire life somehow knowing that the Phantom would return again. She sang, "Angel of Music! Hide no longer! Come to me, strange angel..."

"I am our Angel... Come to me Angel of Music..." In an instant the mirror Molly was standing in front of shattered and the mysterious ghost grabbed Molly and took her through the mirror into darkness.

"NO!" Bakura shouted. Everyone could see him on the other side of the broken mirror where he was hiding before his entrance, but Molly and the ghost had vanished into thin air.

"Where is she?!" Joey said running over to the mirror. Everyone went on a frantic search to find her all around the theater.

"What's going on here?! This is impossible!" Miho said running around the mirror trying to find a trap door they could have slid through. But there was none.

Down below the stage in a dark room that was locked, Molly laid flat out on a vintage coach that smelled of dust. She was breathing hard, frightened to see the face of her kidnapper. And suddenly there was song... "Night-time sharpens, heightens each sensation... Darkness stirs and wakes imagination... Silently the senses abandon their defenses..." The ghost began to caress Molly's face. Molly shivered at the cold touch of his hand. And there above her appeared the silhouette of a man. "Slowly, gently night unfurls its splendor..." He sang to her looking deep into her frightened eyes.

"W-what do you want with me?!" Molly stammered.

The man leaned in close to her ear and whispered, "Close your eyes and surrender to your darkest dreams. Purge your thoughts of the life you knew before..." Molly breathed harder afraid she would not be able to escape. Then the man continued singing in her ear while making his way to sitting on top of her on the coach. "Let your soul take you where you long to be. Only then can you belong to me..."

"Stop it, please..." Molly said feeling hopeless.

The man ignored her and continued singing this time kneeling over her and caressing her again. "Touch me, trust me, savor each sensation. Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in to the power of the music that I write- the power of the music of the night..." And he finished ever so close to her face. He made an evil grin and then began to kiss her passionately.

Molly tried to pry him off and managed to free her lips from his and then turned her head and screamed as loud as she could.

"Ahhhh! Somebody help me!" she called out.

"I can hear her!" Tristin said to Bakura as they were walking down under the stage searching for Molly. "This way!" They ran towards the door that closed the room that Molly and the ghost were in.

"Take this door!" Tristin said kicking the door with all his might.

The ghost man looked down at Molly and smiled. "I'll be back," he said. Then black tattered, torn wings appeared from behind his back and he flew upwards vanishing through the ceiling. Then the door fell in and Tristin and Bakura came in.

"What happened?" Bakura asked as he rushed over to Molly.

"He, he..." Molly tried to say.

“He what?” Tristin said impatiently. “Did he hurt you, cause I’ll find him and I’ll kill him if he did!”

Bakura embraced Molly trying to calm her down so she could explain what happened. “He’s an angel, a fallen angel. His hair was bizarre. Sort of like Yugi’s only messier. And his clothes looked Egyptian all torn up and dirty.” she explained.

“What?” Bakura said. “Didn’t know there were such things.”

“He was singing to me,” Molly explained. “Singing Music of the Night and then he kissed me.”

“Oh man, he’s so dead!” Tristin said. “No one gets away with that!”

“We have to get out of here before he comes back,” Bakura said.

“I agree,” Molly said sounding weak. So they left as quickly as they could. Molly needed time off since she was so shaken up by the incident. She stayed home for a few days while the rest of the club, under Miho’s orders, continued practicing. For the 2 days Molly was out, the Mysterious Dark Angel did not make an appearance to ruin the play practice and so the gang was able to get through several runs without problem. They believed that the Angel’s visits were over.

* * *

When Molly had returned it was coming close to opening night and the actors were more nervous about it than they thought possible. The Angel had not returned, but that never ruled out the possibility that he would return to cause havoc again. Everything was running smoothly and the last of the costumes had been finished. The props were set and ready to go and the theater was being inspected from head to toe for clean perfection. No one inspecting the theater found any trace of the Dark Angel and so everyone started to relax assuming he was gone for good.

“Come now, everyone get ready we’re starting in 5 minutes!” Miho yelled out to everyone in the hustle and bustle back stage. Molly was looking out through the curtains at all the people who had come to watch who were unaware of the events that had taken place to make the show possible.

“Good luck Molly,” Bakura said to her handing her a rose.

“Aww, thank you Bakura,” Molly said giving him a hug.

“Ready people?!” Miho continued shouting. “Tristin, out you go! Joey, you too!”

The curtain rose and the play began. Everyone back stage was silent listening to the others on stage working magic. When the music began it sounded just as perfect as the first time they had rehearsed with it. Everything was going so well.

Molly was still a bit nervous, but she went out and did her best growing more and more confident as the play continued. Everything was going well without interruption. They had actually made it all the way through Act 1 without trouble and everyone was so happy. Spirits were lifted as Molly, Joey and Bakura returned to back stage so everyone could congratulate them. “Ha! See, no ghost will stop us!” Miho explained confidently.

Act 2 started out quite nicely as well with everyone performing more confidently than when they had started. The Masquerade was pure beauty on the stage with all the bright colorful costumes. They had even made it all the way to Scene 7 of Act 2, the Phantom’s performance of “Don Juan Triumphant.” Never had there been an interruption taking place anywhere in Act 2, so of course Molly would enjoy the time she’d spend on stage with Bakura.

“... no thoughts within her head, but thoughts of joy! No dreams within her heart, but dreams of love!” Molly sang entering as Christine. She was waiting for the moment when Bakura would enter as the Phantom disguised as Don Juan.

“You have come here in pursuit of your deepest urge, in pursuit of that with, which till now has been silent, silent...” The disguised Don Juan entered, but it was definitely not Bakura. “I have brought

you, that our passions may fuse and merge- in your mind you've already succumbed to me, dropped all defenses, completely succumbed to me- now you are here with me: no second thoughts, you've decided, decided..." Molly continued playing along, not sure what else she could do in front of the audience.

They both began to sing together. "Past the point of no return, the final threshold- the bridge is crossed, so stand and watch it burn... We've passed the point of no return..." And then line for line the Dark Angel continued to sing the lines of the Phantom. Something about the way he was speaking caused Molly to fall into a sort of trance.

"Say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime... Lead me, save me from my solitude... Say you want me with you here beside you..." He moved ever so closely to Molly and wrapped his arm around her to bring her closer to him. "Anywhere you go let me go too- Monet that's all I ask of..." The Angel threw the cape he was wearing around them both and suddenly they were gone.

"Molly!" Bakura shouted, finally freed from the spell he was under to prevent him from coming out on stage. "Bring her back you monster!"

"Ahhh! What are we going to do?!" Tea shouted.

"Ugh! My play is ruined!" Mihos screamed.

"I have to go find her!" Bakura yelled.

"Not alone you're not," Tristin said.

"Yeah, we're all going," Yugi said followed by Joey. They all began another frantic search for Molly and the Dark Angel.

The Angel continued singing as though the play was still in progress. "Down once more to the dungeon of my black despair! Down we plunge to the prison of my mind! Down that path into darkness deep as hell!"

"Why did you bring me here?" Molly asked, scared for her life.

"Because I've missed you more than life itself," the Dark Angel answered, staring once again into her eyes.

"I don't understand," Molly said. "You called me something else back there. Monet, or something."

"Oh, but that is who you are my love," the Angel answered again.

"What do you mean," Molly said. "My name is Molly, not Monet."

"Haven't you been listening to what I've been saying all this time," the Angel explained. He gave a little tune to his voice as he sang the words. "Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in." He stared at her. "Your darker side is who I have been searching for."

He walked up to her and pulled her in close. Then he brought his lips to hers and began to kiss her passionately like before. Molly pulled away. "I'm not who you think I am."

The door to the room burst open and Tristin, Joey, Yugi and Bakura entered to find Molly in the arms of the Dark Angel. "Hnhaha, you'll never catch me," the Angel said. Taking Molly in his arms he flew towards the ceiling and vanished.

"Gah, he got away!" Bakura said in disappointment.

"Come on they went back up," Tristin said. They went back up to the stage, but Angels can fly faster than that. The Dark Angel took Molly up to a secret room far above the stage that was unreachable to everyone below.

"Will you please explain what's going on?" Molly asked of the Angel.

"The last time I was alive, my love and I were happy together here at this very Opera house," the Angel explained. "We had performed the Phantom of the Opera as well which you would very well know."

"The poster," Molly said. "You're the man in the poster who played the Phantom."

"That's right," said the Angel. "My name is Yami Atemu and I was the Phantom."

"And the woman must have been this Monet you keep talking about," Molly figured out. "She was... Christine."

"Yes, we were the most perfect staged couple ever and that play was our greatest achievement," Yami said. "That is why I cannot let you perform without me."

"Without me? But I told you I'm not Monet," Molly said.

"Oh aren't you?" Yami said. "Take a look in that mirror over there and tell me otherwise."

Molly walked over to the mirror and looked at herself. There was only one problem; it wasn't her face she saw staring back at her.

Molly gasped feeling as though she were staring at a ghost. Yami came over to the mirror too to glance at his lost love's image in the mirror. The reflection looked at Yami with a sad, hopeless face. She looked as though she belonged to be with him, but was being held back. Yami reached out and touched the mirror gently striking it with his fingertips making marks on the mirror wiping away the dust.

"We are Egyptians that had come to Japan to work in the theater. The Phantom of the Opera was our greatest success," Yami explained. "Later we chose to do a play based on an Egyptian love story called The Princess of Egypt. That is why our clothes are Egyptian."

Molly looked back in the mirror seeing that Monet was also dressed that way. "But why are you still wearing them?" Molly questioned.

"Because of what happened on opening night," Yami said with sadness in his tone. He closed his eyes and Molly thought she could see a tear fall from his eye. "During the closing scene, someone in the audience shot her."

"Oh I'm so sorry," Molly said, shocked to hear why he was so sad. "That's awful."

"I couldn't save her, she died so quickly," Yami said. "I could only cry as she bled all over the stage. I didn't want to accept the fact that she was gone. So I took the closest sharp object I could find and took my own life."

Molly shuddered thinking of the picture in her mind. "So you killed yourself here and that's why you are still here. But where is she?"

"She died of innocence when her time had come. I took my life out of spite, before my time, so I am stuck here as a Fallen Angel," Yami continued to explain. "I frightened everyone away as the Phantom of the Opera so they closed the theater so that I could live in peace, alone with the memories of her."

"So were you trying to scare us away too?" Molly asked. "We did intrude."

"I could feel her inside of you and I knew I had to get you away from the others," Yami said. "When I caressed your face and kissed your lips, I could feel her warmth all over again."

"Why is she in me?" Molly asked. "How long has she been there?"

"She has been apart of you ever since you were born and she will remain until you die," Yami explained. "She is your Guardian Angel, your other half... your darker half."

Yami pulled her close to him in an intimate embrace. This time Molly did not pull away because now she knew why he wanted to be close to her all the time.

"Molly! Molly!" the gang was shouting down on the stage floor. "We've looked everywhere, where could she be?!"

"This is horrible," Tea said. "What are we going to do?"

Yami looked over his shoulder at the frantic searching actors down below. "Perhaps you should return to them," Yami said. "They are worried about you. Please don't forget about me."

"I won't," Molly said softly, looking truthfully into his eyes.

"Hang on," Yami said taking hold of Molly. Then together they rose from the after and flew

slowly down to the ground. Yami did not want to be seen by the audience so he made sure to stay out of sight behind the curtains.

“Good bye my Angel of Music. Finish the play. You would not want to disappoint the audience,” Yami told Molly.

Molly smiled at him. “Okay Dark Angel of the Opera.” Then Molly went to find Bakura because that’s who she was suppose to be with in the next scene. Yami watched her walk away and then took flight back up to his secret spot where he would watch Molly and the others complete their performance.

Everyone did the best they could to complete the play as though nothing had gone wrong. Somehow they managed. As Yami watched he kept thinking of his story and how it related to the Phantom of the Opera.

Molly sang out as Christine in the last scene. “Pitiful creature of darkness... What kind of life have you known...? God give me courage to show you, you are not alone!” As Christine and the Phantom shared their passionate kiss, Yami watched thinking of the same kiss he had given his sweet Monet when they had arrived at that part of the scene.

“I do miss those days,” a voice said behind Yami.

Yami turned his head hoping the voice was who he thought.

“I’ve missed you Yami,” Monet said looking at the surprised expression on Yami’s face.

“Monet, is it really you?” Yami asked in high hopes.

She smiled at him and opened her arms to embrace him.

Yami held her tightly as he had never been so happy in his entire life. “I missed you so much my love,” he said with tears of joy streaming down his face. They kissed passionately as the scene progressed until the final lines were spoken. Bakura stood on the stage as the Phantom of the Opera and Yami sat high in the rafters as the Dark Angel of the Opera. In unison they both sang...

“You alone can make my song take flight- it’s over now, the music of the night...”

The End

~by Molly Malone~