

# **Cecilia 2 Point 0**

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*Pegasus tries a new approach to getting Cecilia back. AU in which YuGiOh didn't end the way it did.*

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**Chapter 1 - Cecilia 2 Point 0**

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## 1 - Cecilia 2 Point 0

“So can you do it or not?” The tired man asked, irritation clear in his voice. He’d been here for over an hour, haggling for the services he so desperately required. This was his last chance, if he was refused, his plan could not work. Not that he’d let the other know that, oh no, the already ridiculous price would sour off the chart if he let that slip. One did not let on to the King of Thieves that his services were that vital; it would be just plain stupid. The smirk alone would be enough to drive anyone mad, he was sure. The smirk he was seeing now was bad enough. Bakura seemed to find it amusing that someone he had maimed would come, in his words, crawling back to him for help. Pegasus was not so amused, it had taken every ounce of his will power to force himself here, and there was no way he was getting out of it without a bollocking from his dignity. But it would all be worth it if he could pull it off, finally complete what he had started all those years ago...

His vision snapped back into focus as he realised the ex tomb robber was staring at him. He gave him his most withering look then waited impatiently for an answer.

“Weeell, what you are suggesting is not impossible, as I’ve said, but it is very dangerous. I would be putting my life at great risk, so I am afraid I can not do it for any less than I already stated.” Leaning back in his chair until it was balancing on only two legs, the snowy haired yami swung his feet up onto the table between them and folded his arms. Pegasus just stared. He knew, and he could see in Bakura’s eyes that he knew that he knew that he knew, that he had no choice but to accept his terms.

“Very well” He said coldly, pushing himself up out of his chair and smoothing the wrinkles from his neat red suit, “You’ll get your money, but I expect the best you can give in return. Any less and our agreement is terminated.”

Bakura gave a short nod and unfolded his arms, lifting his feet from the table at the same time. He opened his mouth as though he was going to reply, but cut himself off with a squeak before any words even formed. Instead of falling back into its usual position, as he had expected, the chair was rapidly going the other way. Flailing his arms uselessly, all he could do was tense his body as he, and the chair, crashed to the hard stone floor. Hauling himself back up almost instantly, he flashed Pegasus a look that clearly said ‘one word and you die’. Taking the hint, Pegasus bit his lip to hold back the line up of sarcastic comments he’d prepared in the ten seconds Bakura had been on the floor and took his leave instead, making sure to laugh as loud as possible once he was outside and, he assumed, safe. Unfortunately, he failed to foresee Bakura’s formidable knife throwing skills so, instead of the dignified exit he had planned, he found himself running for his life with nasty looking silver knives whizzing past his head.

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The very next day, much as he detested the idea, he was back. This time armed with a briefcase full of cash. The door wasn’t even fully open before the briefcase was taken out of his hands.

“This way” Pegasus said, indicating the car behind him and ignoring the satisfied look on Bakura’s face

as he checked the contents of the case, “Everything is prepared, all it needs is your...finishing touches.”

Bakura barely even acknowledged him, just shoved him out of the way and stomped towards the car. Before Pegasus could follow, he felt a grip on his arm. Turning back, he found himself looking down into a softer version of the face that had just stormed off to torment his driver.

“I’m not going to ask what you’re doing” Ryou said quietly, “But I will give you a warning. He’ll double cross you. Even if it’s all going perfectly and he stands to gain more by fulfilling his end of whatever bargain you’ve made, he’ll still double cross you, just for the sake of it.”

Pegasus just blinked down at him then pulled his arm away, turning immediately towards the car and trying to ignore the feeling of Ryou’s eyes on the back of his head as he went to stop Bakura attempting to show his poor driver all the pressure points in a persons neck that cause instant death, using the terrified man as the example.

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A short car ride and a long helicopter one later, they reached their destination, Pegasus’s home on the Duellist Kingdom Island. They wasted no time in getting down to the dungeons; they were both keen for Bakura to be in and out as fast as possible.

“And you’re sure nothing can go wrong?” Pegasus asked nervously as they reached the door to his state of the art laboratory.

“Absolutely positive” Bakura said confidently, following him into the room full of scientists and high tech, whirring machines that Bakura couldn’t have figured out if his life depended on it.

Breathing deeply, Pegasus led his temporary partner to the middle of the lab, instructing the scientists to leave as he did. Once they were alone, he took another steadying breath and turned to a large covered piece of machinery that had cables running to all the other pieces of equipment in the room. He reached up with shaking hands and grasped the heavy material covering in both hands. He glanced once at Bakura to make sure he was still there, and then pulled the covering off. Bakura’s eyebrows shot up immediately as he laid eyes on the project Pegasus had been working on for nearly two years. There, suspended in bio-fluids in the centre of what looked like a giant test tube and wearing nothing but tightly wound bandages for modesty, was Cecilia Pegasus. Or, an exact replica of Cecilia Pegasus to be more precise. Pegasus had explained to him what it was on the journey to his castle, but Bakura had barely understood a word of it. He only vaguely knew what he was looking at; a robot. He had no comprehension of the complex piece of machinery before him, no idea that he was looking at the most advanced android ever created. He did, however, know what his role in the project was. Standing up a little straighter, he put his hands out in front of him, palms out, and laced his fingers together, cracking his knuckles in what he considered a businesslike manner.

“Shall we then?” He asked, bringing his Millennium Ring to the outside of his shirt with a casual flick of his mind.

Pegasus gave a short, sharp nod and stood back to let him work. He was praying with every fibre of his being that this worked, because if it didn’t, he’d be back to square one and he wasn’t sure how many

more times he could lose her. It wasn't that he didn't have faith in his plan; it was more that he didn't trust the one carrying it out. Unfortunately, he had no other choice. Yami would never agree to something like this, Marik was just too insane to ever be trusted and he had no idea how to contact Shadi, but he doubted he would have been very willing to help in any case. Bakura was his only option, it had cost him more money than he'd ever spent on one thing in his entire life, but there was no other way. Only Millennium Items could manipulate souls, and Cecilia's soul was the only piece of the jigsaw left. Once it was in place, she would be alive once again, and they could be together at last.

He held his breath as Bakura's Ring flashed a brilliant gold and a ripple of energy pulsed through the room. Anxiously, he waited...and waited, and waited. Finally, he could stand it no longer and opened his mouth to question the apparently unbothered thief, idly picking at his nails in front of the bio-tank. At first, Pegasus thought Bakura had read his mind, as he lifted his head almost straight away, but he soon realised that it was not himself that was the focus of the psychotic yami's attention. Cecilia's eyes were slowly sliding open, her hands and feet twitching as she reacquainted herself with the feeling of a corporeal body. He felt hot tears slide down his face as he watched life return to the only woman he had ever loved. Rushing forward, he initialised the annoyingly slow draining sequence and gazed up into her beautiful face lovingly. Slowly, her eyes dropped to his and, to Pegasus's shock and horror, a look of deepest loathing took over her fair features.

"C-Cecilia, why...?" He stuttered, taking a nervous step backward. Instead of answering, she raised her hand, balled it into a fist and punched clean through the three inches of glass encasing her. Pegasus took another few hasty steps backward as glass and green tinted bio-fluid hailed down on him.

"Bakura?!" He shouted, his voice tinged with fear.

"Oh crap...I was hoping this wouldn't happen" Was the only response he got. Glaring, he closed the distance between them in four quick strides and grabbed the front of the ex tomb robber's shirt, hoisting him clean off the ground.

"You were hoping what wouldn't happen?!" He practically screeched, trying to ignore the sounds of the Ceciliabot punching through the glass repeatedly.

"Uhhhhh, well, there was always a possibility that, given the nature of my Ring, it would only bring back...certain parts of her soul." He replied, chuckling slightly and seemingly oblivious to the fact that he was a good foot and a half off the floor.

"YOU SAID NOTHING COULD GO WRONG!!!!!!!"

"I lied. What do you expect?"

Pegasus closed his eyes for a moment then resumed his glaring. "What, exactly, do you mean by parts of her soul? Are you telling me that that actually is Cecilia in there?"

"Yes. But her soul has been divided. Only the negative aspects made it through; the evil half of her soul. And before you say anything" He quickly added, holding up a hand to silence Pegasus as he opened his mouth furiously, "Yes she did have an evil side, everyone does, most people just learn to suppress it."

Clamping his jaw shut so forcefully that he was pretty sure he loosened a few teeth, Pegasus dropped Bakura unceremoniously on the floor and turned back to the bio-tank.

“Cecilia, darling, don’t you remember me?” He cried desperately. The only response he got was the front of the tank exploding in his face, sending a wave of fluids crashing towards him and sweeping him off his feet. He groaned from his new position on the floor, slumped against a machine covered in rapidly blinking lights, and spat out a mouthful of liquid. Shaking his head, he looked up to find Cecilia striding towards him, her face still twisted in that furious scowl.

“Yes, I remember you, Maximillion Pegasus. You are the man who declared me his and bound me to him for eternity! Even now, in death, you won’t leave me be. Oh yes, I remember you!” She snarled, raising her hands as though she intended to rip him apart. He had only a second to look heartbroken before he was forced to dive out of the way or die.

“Cecilia, I would never do something against your will, you know that!”

“Liar” She growled, crouched like an animal and keeping her unblinking eyes locked on him as he retreated to a safer distance, “How could you possibly know that this is what I wanted? For all you know, I was happier where I was. You wanted me back, so you brought me back!”

Pegasus opened his mouth to reply, but could find no words. She was right, he had never considered that she might not want to come back, he had only thought of what he wanted. Shaking, he looked down at the floor in shame.

“I...I’m sorry...” He whispered, his tears splashing silently onto the already soaked floor.

“It’s too late for apologies, my love” She jeered, “I will only be satisfied once you are dead.”

Pegasus choked back the wail that threatened to tear from his throat at her blatant mockery of what they’d had and staggered backwards once again, over halfway to the door by this time. She was going to kill him?! If she attacked, he had no way of defending himself; she was as strong as ten men and as faster than most humans could ever hope to be. Looking around desperately, he noticed for the first time that Bakura was gone. He was annoyed, but not overly surprised. Biting his lip as she stalked towards him, he did the only thing he could and pulled a cable from the back of one of the machines.

“I’m sorry, Cecilia!” He cried, leaping out of the small lake that was spreading outwards from the destroyed tank and throwing the cable down into the liquid once he was safe. He didn’t wait to see if it worked, taking off as fast as he could instead. He was both reassured and horrified as her agonised screams echoed down the stone passageway after him. He knew it was not enough to kill her, he never would have done it if it was, but the thought of causing her any pain at all made his blood run cold. Blinded by his own tears, he ran out onto the roof and clamoured into a helicopter, taking off as soon as he could reach the control panel. He could think of only one solution; Yami. His Millennium Puzzle had the power to make her soul whole again. Whether that meant in this world or the next was unimportant right now, all that mattered was making Cecilia Cecilia again. However this turned out, he knew one thing, the look of utter hatred etched on his beloveds usually serene face would haunt him forever.

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The helicopter touched down on Yami's front lawn and Pegasus was out of it and heading for the door before the blades had even begun to slow. Hammering desperately on the door, he called out the pharaoh's name and prayed that he was home. His prayers went unanswered. Slumping against the door, he groaned again. He had no time to think where the Pharaoh might be, however, as the insistent chopping of another helicopter's blades drowned out the sound of his own dying ones. Whirling around in horror, he saw Cecilia bearing down on him at an alarming speed. He stood and gaped for a whole two minutes before he realised she was coming in too fast to land. She was going to crash right into him! And, after spotting her crazed face through the front window, he had no doubt that was her intention. Pushing off from the door, he ran as fast as his legs would allow. Fortunately for him, his earlier hesitation saved his life; the ground Cecilia had gained in those two minutes didn't give her enough room to manoeuvre so, instead of turning the helicopter and following him down the street, she hit Yami's house at a 45 degree angle. The resulting explosion knocked Pegasus flat on his face. Coughing, he twisted and lifted himself up onto his elbows to look back at the flaming wreckage that had been a two story house and a helicopter.

"N-no..." He whimpered, wincing as he pushed himself to his feet. All that work, all that effort to bring her back, and she was gone, just like that? He took a few steps forward and stared in shocked blankness at the inferno before him. It was a few moments before he realised that something was moving. Shaking his head, he blinked and looked harder. There was a dark shape in the middle of the dancing sheet of flames, moving slowly towards him. Surely it couldn't be her...? He took in a sharp breath as his mind went over her design schematics. Of course! He'd had a personal energy shield built into her body! It was only a theoretical design, but apparently worked just fine. Again, he had a rush of mixed feelings. She was alive, which made him happier than he could describe, but he was dead now, for sure; there was no way he could outrun her. He hadn't even made it fully to his feet before she was upon him, undamaged and livid with her hand clamped tightly around his throat. Forcing him back down onto his knees, she bent until her face was inches from his.

"You will not escape me, I have waited too long for this! All those wasted years spent meekly at your side, helping you follow your life's dream instead of pursuing my own!" She cried, her words cutting into him deeper than any knife.

Choking, he stared up into her hate filled blue eyes. Was this really his sweet, gentle Cecilia? He found it hard to believe that she'd had this monster inside her all that time. But, even now, as she squeezed the life from him, he found he couldn't hate her. He could never hate her.

"C-Cecilia...I...I-love y-you" He rasped, forcing the words out as her face started to fade and his body went numb. The effect was instant, the hands withdrew from his throat and the look of insane hatred turned to one of mingled shock and horror.

"Maximillion?! What is going on? I...oh no! No! What have I done?!" She cried, sinking to her knees as the memories of the last few hours washed over her.

Coughing and shaking, Pegasus stared at her in disbelief. What on Earth was going on? "Cecilia?" He asked nervously. His confusion only increased as she flung her arms around him without hesitation. All confusion was quickly forgotten though, as he realised that his love was truly back this time. There was no mistaking that look of infinite kindness in her eyes, it was really her. Sobbing, he held her close and

stroked her hair.

“Well well well, looks like everything turned out alright in the end then” A nearby voice observed, somehow sounding both smug and disappointed at the same time. Pegasus’s head snapped up immediately.

“Bakura!! Where the hell have you been?!”

“Out of the way” Bakura shrugged in response.

Pegasus frowned and decided it would be pointless to press the issue. Instead, he turned the conversation to what had just occurred. “I don’t suppose you have any idea what just happened?”

“Sure” Bakura replied without hesitation, surprising Pegasus and Cecilia completely, “It was the force that has the most power over a soul, probably the only thing that could have repaired it properly” And here he pulled a face as though he were spitting out something that tasted exceedingly vile “Love.”

“...What?” Pegasus blinked.

“I know” Bakura sighed, “Horribly cheesy, isn’t it? Well, I should be going, this city won’t pillage itself. Later popeye.”

Pegasus just gaped at him as he left, apparently oblivious to the insult and looking very much like a goldfish. Cecilia on the other hand, turned a delicate shade of pink and gazed up at Pegasus lovingly, tears still shining on her face.

“Oh how wonderful!” Burying her face in his shoulder, she started to sob once again, begging for forgiveness and professing her undying love.

“Cecilia, you don’t have to apologise! I’m the one who should be sorry, I never should have attempted something so reckless without proper guidance, but, I must confess I find it hard to be sorry with you in my arms.”

Staring up at him with huge, watery blue eyes overflowing with love, Cecilia could find no words to describe her joy, but she didn’t need to. Pegasus could see it in her face as easily as she could see his. They were together again at last, and as long as they had each other, they had everything they could ever need. Eyes locked, they began to lean towards each other, intending to seal the moment with a tender kiss. Instead, they both jumped violently as a loud, furious voice shattered the silence.

“WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO MY HOUSE?!?!?!?”