

The Idol

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This is a fanfic based around my OC, Vohkula, and his meeting with the Black Beauty sisters. There is going to be alot of rock lyrics in this song, maybr some you might recognise.

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Chapter 1 - Vohkula's First Gig

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1 - Vohkula's First Gig

Vohkula stared vacantly into the mirror fixed into the wall above the sink; A blank face stared back, a red Mohawk sprouting from the centre his head, milky white eyes set into a thick skull. Black eye shadow streaked down from the farthest corners of his eyes. His lip ring glistened in the dim light of the backstage toilets; he also had an earring, which hung from a fin like, leaf green ear. He briefly shot a glance down at his clothes: a tight red tank top and baggy, black jeans.

His thoughts, of which were about tonight's performance, were interrupted by the door opening, Vohkula didn't turn, merely looking in the reflection to see who had entered.

"Mr. Urikami, you're on now." the proprietor of this club stated, before promptly leaving. Vohkula gave a deep sigh.

"Well, here I go." He said to no one in particular, then pushed himself off of the sink unit, slowly turned around and headed out the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen, presenting to you a new musical sensation at 'Shuojo's', here he is: Vohkula Urikami!" Boomed the proprietor (who has now been named Mr. Shuojo) on the microphone to the crowd, of which the majority gave a loud cheer.

Vohkula heard them, and trudged out onto the stage; he glanced at the other players; two guitarists and a drummer, people who thought they had talent. He didn't know their names, and neither did he care, they weren't his companions, so they meant nothing to him.

As he approached the microphone, noticed his guitar 'Blauwe Donder' Resting against the large Marshall speaker/amplifier, he picked it up and hoisted it over his head; fixing the strap in place.

"Hello, tonight, I'd like to sing you a song, it's my own material , its called 'Arena of Pleasure'." There was a slight 'ooh...' , probably came from the male members of the audience.

'*Humph, how pathetic*' Vohkula thought bitterly, he never liked the human race, they cast him aside for being different, it was only because of his talent as a musician that he had been accepted into this backwater town, which was full of cut-throats and brigands anyway.

And so the music started up, and after a while, Vohkula stood up to sing:

' I don't know where I'm going, but I can't wait to get there.

All I know is, I'm just going '

The excited roar from the crowd had died down since Vohkula had begun singing, he continued regardless.

'I ran away from home last night, gone forever,

I was running for my life.

And I've heard the words of what I should be Live, Work, Die.

I am the orphan of the night '

The crowd seemed to have died, it was deathly quiet as he sung the chorus.

*'Take me down, I'm coming home, the road to ruins,
Inside the pleasure dome.
Take me down, I'm coming home, arena of pleasure's,
where I belong'*

The crowd gave a mediocre cheer during the three-second pause, much to the satisfaction of Vohkula.

*'I'm in the eye of my rage, where the hurricane lies,
oh, a storm's in my eyes.
And like the beast that's in my soul, I'm the restless child.
Ah mama, I'm running for my life'*

Again came the chorus, which some of the crowd had memorised quickly, and so joined in.

*'I was sixteen going nowhere, will I see seventeen alive?
And I was running from the nightmare.
I stand at the Promised Land with fire in my eyes.'*
Vohkula continued throughout the screams and cheers of the crowd.

*'I'm at the crossroad of my destiny and desire,
Oh, God, what will I be?
And my obsession is the gasoline to feed my fire
Oh it's burning in me.'
Don't waste the tears on my wasted years
Mama I'm outta here.'*

The crowd gave a frantic roar of appreciation as Vohkula played a twisted, high-pitched melody, gradually get silencing, After the music had died down, the crowd gave him one cacophonous applause of claps and cheers. Vohkula merely bowed, then turned and departed.

What he hadn't noticed was two figures; obscured by the lack of lighting at the back of the club. They had been watching and listening to him carefully. They got up off of the leather-topped barstools they were perched on, vulture-like. And had crept past Mr. Shuojo into the backstage area, who was having a hard time trying to control the crowd.