

Closeted

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It doesn't matter who you are, or what powers you possess, someone will always find a way to trap you in a closet. Shadilsis

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1 - Closeted

Haha, I kinda of half-read a story by Misura called 'Into the closet' and I really couldn't resist rewriting it, I hope she doesn't mind. She was brave to attempt the characters, and I don't claim to do any better job with them, but some bits with Shadi made me cringe a little ; for some reason he seemed really...*English*. Don't ask me why.

So here's my version.

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She was going to kill that meddling little blond bother of hers. Yes. She was quite sure of that. And it would be painful. *Very* painful. Although she had to wonder herself just *how* not only she'd been unable to avoid this situation, but the man she was also currently enclosed with.

Not that he looked all that bothered. In fact he didn't really look much of anything, except maybe bored. And that was a big maybe.

"I apologise for this, Shadi, I don't know what has come over Malik." She sighed, and would have tipped her head in the apology had she not been too afraid she might headbutt the man in such close quarters.

There was a long moment of silence before the male Egyptain spoke, sounding just a little irritated, "I don't suppose you know how long he plans to leave us here?"

That was the question, and truthfully Isis had no idea. She hadn't a clue as to what Malik was thinking when he sealed them in this closet with the help of the Sennen Rod, but she knew even the slightest distraction of the blond could mean their imprisonment here for more than a short while.

"I'm sorry, I do not." Both Egyptians sighed in unison, although Isis' was definitely heavier.

Both stood for many minutes in silence, and Isis began to realise just how uncomfortable it was. It was dark, almost pitch black save for the border of light around the door to the closet which cast an eerie light on their faces, making them look like they were exploring some haunted house in a cheap horror flick. It was also narrow, far too much so to comfortably enclose two adults, so both Egyptian's were far to close for either's liking, Shadi because he despised people invading his personal space, and Isis because she was very aware of this fact. They were just fortunate, it seemed, that the closet was tall, so they could stand up straight and not have to stoop over, which would have made things even more unbearable.

Finally Isis broke the silence again, "Shadi, can you not use your Sennen Items to break my brother's seal?" She asked, blue eyes looking to him expectantly, thinking maybe he just hadn't thought about it.

Again there was a long pause before he answered, as though he enjoyed making her wait uncomfortably, and his amber eyes flickered to her briefly with a slightly condescending look.

“My Items enable me to judge a person’s soul, not escape closets.” He said bluntly with no hint of amusement as he looked towards the crack of light with a faint frown. Isis sighed again and looked down, beginning to think rather than dwell on how long it was going to take someone to rescue them.

She guessed that Shadi and herself were around the same age, as in such close quarters, and even in the poor light it was evident he was maybe early to mid-twenties, and yet his seriousness and the aura of wisdom that surrounded him made her feel like a child. Even with her Tauk she knew he in a complete other league.

But still, here he was...and here she was...stuck in a closet. Apparently Fate was the only one laughing at her own joke.

Thirty minutes passed slowly, and Isis could feel her nerves beginning to fray. She supposed it would have been all right if she’d been stuck with someone she could talk to, like Rishid. They would be fine inventing new and more painful ways to get their own back on Malik for putting them in such an annoying position until he let them out. But Shadi remained completely unresponsive; apparently just waiting patiently for Malik to released the Shadow bonds and set them free, all but ignoring Isis unless she shifted a little to get comfortable and ended up nudging him with a apology when there was no room to move.

A few more, nerve shattering minutes later and Isis had to close her eyes to stop from screaming in frustration. She was normally cool and collect, she had to be to put up with her little brother’s antics after all, but this was ridiculous! It was cramped and uncomfortable and she kept hearing the most unpleasant scuttling noises around her feet and above her head and-

Her blue eyes snapped open sharply as soft lips pressed over her own, her mind calling a complete blank when she asked what the hell was going on but her body was more than willing to respond without her consent despite the circumstances. Her hand rose slowly, fingers curled a little in confusion as they drifted across Shadi’s cheek, and she never noticed the faint whooshing sound as the Shadow locks dissipated. The male Egyptian pulled back almost instantly although the kiss lingered, pushing open the door and stepping out into the room beyond the closet, leaving Isis standing dumbstruck with a blank, wide-eyed expression.

Before he could leave the room completely, she regained her senses enough to stumble rather ungracefully from the closet, and gasp a slightly indignant question.

“You knew?” She couldn’t believe Shadi had let her suffer like that when he had known what her little brother was playing at all along. The amber-eyed Egyptian turned to look at her with a slightly tilted head, looking completely stoical as usual, as though nothing had transpired between them.

“I suspected.” He told her, blinking as the pink blush on her cheeks darkened.

“You *suspected*? What if you’d been wrong?” She asked incredulously, only working herself up more each time her mind flickered back to the kiss and also made herself more annoyed when she realised

Shadi had only done it as a means to an end.

“Then we would have had to find another way to get out.” He replied as though it was completely obvious, waiting courteously for a few moments to see if Isis had anything more to say before leaving, expression changing as soon as he was out of sight to a decidedly aggravated appearance, which was accompanied by a slight eye roll and a mutter of ‘*women...*’ Isis watched him leave with a blank expression, looking none of the regal figure she usually did, in fact she looked outright frazzled. However, slowly, after a few moments her dark brows drew together and her eyes finally shifted and flashed dangerously. With cruel languidness she tapped into her Sennen Item to read her brother’s future and find out exactly where he would hide from her when she came for his blood.

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Oo A moment of oddness. I don’t usually write stuff like this, it’s kind of something of nothing really. Erm...well...I hope it was an okay read, it was just one of those things I HAD to do, you know ;

And hey! Het! Haven’t done that in like...ever. =3