

# The Werediva of the Opera

By shadowkimby

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*A beautiful, young diva comes to the Opera Populaire and the Phantom soon takes interest in her, but is she what she appears to be?*

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# 1 - The Attack

A beautiful, young diva comes to the Opera Populaire and the Phantom soon takes interest in her, but is she what she appears to be? Erik is going to have to help her, with a little help, whether he wanted it or not. Can he help this diva, or will everyone be doomed?

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The moon shone brightly upon this dark and gloomy night in Paris. The only sound that could be heard was very hard breathing and the running of feet. Monsieur Lefevre was running like a bull was chasing him. But it was worse. He ran into a dark alley with old cardboard boxes. He ran and wasn't paying any attention and he tripped. He cursed to himself and looked up. A dead end. He got up shakily and he straightened his shirt and took a step back. He ran into something furry. He put his hand and felt more fur, then something slimy fell on his head. He looked up and screamed. What he saw were two eyes as red as blood and fangs as white as snow. The creature let out a roar and tried to bite right where Monsieur Lefevre was, but he sprinted just one second before. He made a U-turn and ran out of the alley, with the creature chasing him. He could feel it's hot, stinky breath on his heels. Never before had Monsieur Lefevre run like this, because he felt like passing out, but he knew he couldn't, because he'd be eaten. He made a sharp turn on a corner of a street and almost slipped, but managed to keep balance. He saw his house and knew he had to get there. It was the only place he could go to escape this beast from hell. Almost there... The cool breeze help him keep cool, but he tripped again. He looked up and saw a shadow that was the creature. It was upon him and it raised a paw, with razor sharp claws that shone in the pale, white moonlight and attempted to strike Monsieur Lefevre. He rolled on his side, but was unable to dodge all the blow and got cut a pretty nasty-looking cut on his arm. He got up and ran to the door of his house, got out the key while the beast roared, unlocked the door, and jumped inside and closed the door as the monster leaped at him and smacked itself against the oak wood door. Monsieur Lefevre sat down on the floor, warm blood trickling down his right arm. "Monsieur, what in God's named happened to you?" his maid asked, wide eyed. "I was chased, by a monster sent by the Devil himself. Now hurry up and dress this wound before it gets infected!" he barked at her.

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I know, it's short, but it's only the prelude...

## 2 - Beth

Thanks to all the reviewers, or should I say reviewer?

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It was a beautiful autumn day. The sun made the Opera Populaire look like a building made of pure gold. A carriage pulled up to the entrance to the beautiful building. The carriage was black with the edges trimmed with gold. A man dressed in a black tuxedo got out of the front and ran to the passenger part of the carriage. He opened it and said "Mademoiselle, we have arrived." The man nudged the sleeping figure dressed in an ocean blue dress. "What?" she asked sleepily. "We have arrived at the Opera Populaire." She woke up and the man helped her out. She signaled for him to take the carriage away. The man nodded as another man shouted "Beth, my diva, you've arrived!" She turned around and saw two men dressed in a scarlet red outfit. One man was taller than the other and had more color than the other, shorter, man. "Ah, Monsieur Firmin and Andre! I was hoping I'd find you soon!" Beth cried back. "You look so beautiful today, Beth." Monsieur Firmin said as he led her inside the grand, glittering Opera Populaire.

Beth passed many people, rushing and running, even a few that were drinking, despite the fact that rehearsals were going on. Monsieur Reyer was instructing all the instruments when Monsieur Lefevre led Monsieur Firmin and Andre to the stage. "We're rehearsing Chalumeau's *Hannibal*..." "Monsieur Lefevre, I am rehearsing!" Monsieur Reyer shouted. "Monsieur Reyer, Madame Giry." Monsieur Lefevre directed. Beth noticed something with his right arm, like it was bothering him. A feeling of dread swept over her as he continued "As you may know, there have been rumors of my retirement, and know I tell you that is true." "Ah ha!" A woman in a red and golden dress said and pointed to a man, who bowed his head in acknowledgement, and embarrassment. "I'm here to tell you that some new men have bought the Opera Populaire. I welcome Monsieur Richard Firmin and Gene Andre." everybody clapped as the two men gave a small bow and wave. "You may have heard about their recent fortune unmasked in the Junk business." "Scrap metal, actually." Andre corrected and Firmin rolled his eyes at his partner and he stepped up and said "I'm happy to introduce our new patron..." "The Vicomte de Chagney!" Andre finished, and everybody clapped as a young man, that had many boyish looks. All the girls looked happy at his sight, except for Beth, for she gave a small yawn because she was tired and that Raoul, she didn't care for him. She always thought of him as a rich, uninteresting man. Beth always thought mysterious men were more attractive. She didn't pay attention to what Raoul said, but her thoughts were interrupted by Firmin. "Along with the Vicomte, we have a diva from England. Please, welcome the young and beautiful, Mademoiselle Beth Rosseters!" Everyone clapped as Beth smiled and waved.

After Firmin and Andre were given a small tour of the stage and rehearsal, a man came down from the catacombs. He looked filthy and very drunk. He had a friend, who looked equally as well as the other man. "Joseph, she's a sapphire. Are you going to get her to take interest in you tonight?" "Nah" was Joseph's response. "Women as beautiful as her usually turn out as rotten as rotten apples. Either they're greedy, or they're a vampire or werewolf..." "Joseph!" Joseph turned his ugly head and saw Monsieur Lefevre coming toward him. "What's all this crap about werewolves and vampires? You trying to scare

our new singer, Beth?" Joseph stared at him in the eye. "I'm just sayin' that she might be a werewolf or vampire, that's all." "That's just crap and legends." was Lefevre's response. "Oh yeah?" Joseph said, eyeing to Lefevre's right arm. "If it's true, then what happened to your arm?" That got everyone's attention. They all stopped and pivoted their heads, to look at Monsieur Lefevre. He blushed and bowed his head. After a moment, he brought his head up again, and rolled up the sleeve of his right arm. It was a gruesome sight, sending shivers down everyone's spine, but the most impact was on Beth. She blinked and tried to remember anything, because she had a feeling that annoyed her, since she saw Monsieur Lefevre. He began to explain last night. A furry beast from hell, with blood red eyes, snow white teeth, and a hunger for human blood and flesh. Now Beth was greatly impacted, she even paled a little. To make things worse, a letter was found, by Madame Giry. It was signed O.G., and addressed to Monsieur Firmin and Andre. They were furious about all this superstition, and didn't calm down till an hour later...

Everybody went to dinner an hour and a half later. It was a good luck dinner, for not to later, the opera was going to start, and it was going to be Christine Daae's first time to sing. There were many different foods, but all the meat was the target for Beth's dinner. Crab, lobster, beef, chicken, even... Rabbit? She was in heaven, she just wished she could eat all of it, but she knew she'd make a bad impression. But, she got all the ballet girls' attention, because Beth seemed not at ease by having to use silverware. She seemed to flinch when she grabbed her fork...

Beth felt full, and it was now time to take her seat in box four. She had asked Monsieur Firmin and Andre if that could be her personal box. They shrugged and said "Why not?" She sat down in the velvet chair, feeling relaxed, when she frantically started to for a window. She sighed a sigh of relief when she saw there were no windows. *Relax*, Beth thought. She relaxed and watched the play happily, and felt as if she was being watched....

### 3 - Erik and the Beast

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The opera was wonderful. Beth was thankful she got to see Christine perform her first singing act, which was like listening to an angel. *"She's good, very good..."* Beth thought as she walked to the main entrance, to chat with some people. They were all dressed in very expensive dresses, all of shades of blue, red, or pink or very nice looking tuxedos. Beth greeted many people, whom some she reconized, from long ago, but they didn't remember her. Beth's memory was real good, because she remembers people she didn't hang around a lot from ten years ago. Very amazing, and interesting. When beth looked around, she saw many smiling faces, which would make you think there'd be no harm here, but Beth kept feeling like something very bad was about to happen. She felt like a penguin catching fish, you feel like there's no harm and bam. A leapord seal comes and attacks the penguin. So much for feeling safe.

Most everybody was not really paying attention to Beth, because they were too busy sharing gossip. One, though, Beth noticed kept giving her glances. It was a short, some-what chubby man with black hair and dark eyes, wearing a black tuxedo. Beth showed no attention to him, except when the man kept staring at her. Beth was just finishing a conversation with a woman, in her fifties, when the man came up to Beth. "Hello. My name's Max. I belive your name is Beth, am I correct?" Beth just stared at him, then blinked. "Uh, yes. My name's Beth..." Before she could finish, Max grabbed her arm and started to take her to the entrance of the Opera Populair. "What are you doing?!" Beth asked, real startled. "I'm taking you to supper, of course." Beth tried to get her arm out of Max's grip, but she failed. "You know, you didn't ask if I wanted to go." Max stopped brefily and turned his head and said "Oh, I know you'll just love it, no question about it." One thought went through Beth's mind about max: Spoiled brat. Max continued to drag her to the door. Beth saw a carriage with a fat woman sitting in it, and a chubby man sat next to her. Max's parents, Beth thought, but her thoughts were broken as she was about to step out into the cold night. The moon shone brightly and Max kept pulling her towards the outside world. Beth tugged harder and harder to escape, but it was no use. "Stop pulling!" Max shouted. This got some people's attention. Max was standing in the pale moonlight and started to tug at Beth's arm, which was starting to become extreamly sore, but as soon as her arm came into moonlight, she managed to escape from Max's grip. Beth ran like a cheetah to the ballet dorms. Max was stunned, then all of a sudden, a stinging pain shot through Max's arm. He held up his hand and warm, bright red blood trickeled from cuts in his hand that he held onto Beth with. Max ran to his mom in the carriage, like a child and his mom babied him. (Beth was right about him being spoiled)

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Beth ran through the crowd of people backstage. She tried to dodge all the people she ran into, but everything seemed like a blur of bright colors because she was running so fast. Beth needed to get to a room, but all of them seemed to be blocked off. That soon changed as she saw Raoul comming out of Christine's dressing room, and nobody but him was around there. "Are you ok?" Raoul asked as Beth charged into Christine's dressing room and locked it. Beth breathed heavily from all the running. She looked around at all the roses, flowers, and gifts Christine got from her performance tonight. She saw a

rose with a black silk ribbon, then looked at the mirror. Beth had a feeling that mirror wasn't what it seemed to be and she went up to it and investigated it. She found that it slightly moved when she touched it, and soon found a crack along the side. Beth grabbed it and pulled the mirror frame to her left. A stone passageway was before her. Curious, she stepped into the dark and wet passage way. She closed the mirror behind her, and began to walk. She felt light-headed all of a sudden, then she blacked out...

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Erik was working at his organ. The candle lights made flickering shadows across the room. Erik reflected on the night. He had to listen to his pupil, Christine, sing, instead of watching her because some idiot took his personal box. *I'll have to show those stupid managers I mean bussiness...* After the performance, he decided to congratulate Christine, but when he came to her room, the same person who was in his box was in her room, attempting to ask her out to supper. Christine plainly said 'no' when he went out of the room, saying he'd return in a few minutes. Two thoughts went through Erik's head about that boy: Spoiled brat and fop. After the boy left, Erik showed himself to Christine and took her to his house on the lake. He showed her around and she eventually fainted. Erik took her limp body and put her in the swan bed he made. Then there was that new girl Beth. There was something about her that made Erik want to meet her, or just talk to her. Was it her singing? Her voice was as beautiful as a thousand doves, but that didn't seem like that was the reason...

Erik's thought's were interrupted by a very distant howl. He got the feeling someone, or *something* was intruding. Erik got up and took his cloak and went to his small boat. He got in it, and rowed to the opposite shore in a few minutes. When he got to shore, Erik climbed out and began investigating this laberinth. Erik noticed rats were running away from a certain point. He walked towards the hallway, which they were running away from. It was a lot darker, and Erik saw that several of the tortches were out. "Who same and put these out?" Erik wondered out loud. He took an extinguished torched and examined it. Nothing out of the unordinary, yet. It was just a plain, extinguished tortch. That's when he heard it. A growl from behind him. He turned around and he froze. There were two, blood red eyes staring right at him. He could barely make the outline of the monster. It was a bit taller than he was, had pointy ears, and nasty looking teeth and claws. It was also covered in fur. Erik just stood there, untill the monster crouched and pounced. Erik managed to sprint away, just in time. This was what was scaring all the rats. He ran, and dared not look back, for fear of being killed. Erik knew the beast was catching up, and he made a sharp turn. The monster attempted to strike him when he turned, but he just made a nasty scratch in the stone wall. A flying piece of stone hit Erik on the back of his neck, but luckily, it was small. The creature caught up. Erik could feel it's hot breath on his heels. Erik made another turn and he became happy. There was his boat in the lake. Erik sprinted and then jumped into the boat. He began to row the boat quickly, and looked back only when he was five feet away from the shore. All he saw of the creature was those blood red eyes, which looked very hungry. Then the eyes disappeared. Erik was relived only when he was sitting back down at his organ...