

Residens Ivel

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What happens when the creator of the T-Virus helps two girls to steal the Virus for the Umbrella Corporation's downfall? Is the creator really against the Corporation? Only offensive language occasionally.

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"Yeah, yeah, I know." I said boredly, and I stuck an over-sized suction-cup to the middle of the window, and took out my lazer-gun and silently cut the glass, "Piece of cake."

I finished making a hole I could go through, and slowly and carefully pushed the window through, following and lightly setting it behind a chair, and began striding through the hall.

"There should be an elevator on your left," said Alexis, "It goes to the floor where they keep the T-Virus. The elevator looks like a normal wall, and you'll have to feel around for the switch - you also need the password."

"Well," I said, walking to the left, "What's the password?"

"I'm working on it!" snapped Alexis, and I smirked, figuring that she was having difficulties - of course.

"The password is.... 0273659194617491946532." said Alexis.

With a slight yawn, I quickly typed the password in, one handed, and walked into the elevator.

The bell dinged and I got out of the elevator, stifling another yawn.

"Ari, are you tired?!" yelled Adalanté, and I rolled my eyes, rummaging around in a pocket for my make-up powder compact, "And this is no time to be doing your make-up!"

"Okay, Ari," said Alexis, interrupting Adalanté, "There are infra-red beams criss-crossing the hallway, I'm trying to figure out how to disable them..."

"Don't bother." I said, and, taking the compact, I threw it into the ceiling mid-way across the hall, loosening all of the powder, which drifted through the hall, making the beams appear, "My

gymnastics classes are going to come in handy..."

I started flexing through the hall, and found a circuit breaker along the way, and switched the beams off.

I strolled down the hall, and came to the laboratory, and punched in the code without waiting for Alexis to tell me.

"How did you-?" asked Alexis.

"I've done my research too." I replied quickly, stepping into the room.

"Okay." muttered Alexis, "Anyway, the briefcase is through the door on your right, it's your for the taking.

I walked through the door, and grabbed the briefcase and strode back the way I came, and I was standing in front of where I had come in, when I heard a shout, and saw guards running into the hall.

"Get her!" yelled the chief, "She has the T-Virus!"

"Ah ah ah." I said, holding up the briefcase, "Don't want to risk catching it, do you?"

They stopped halfway to shooting me, and I climbed out of the window.

"Open fire!!!!" yelled the chief, "And don't hit the briefcase!!"

I rolled my eyes. How couldn't they hit it when they were using machine guns?

I was almost in the helicopter when a bullet went through the hand that was holding the briefcase, and I, accidentally but inevitably, dropped it, and it fell down, down, down, towards the streets...

With a few colorful curses, I scrambled into the copter.

"You dropped it!!" yelled Adalanté as she flew off.

"I got shot through my damn hand, you moron!" I yelled right back as Alexis began wrapping my hand in gauze.

"We have to go get the briefcase!" said Alexis, "Adalanté, take us down!"

§§§§§§§§§Meanwhile....

A young man about eighteen years old was running for his life down the street - he was being chased by the cops, rather murderous cops, to be correct.

He had spiked blonde hair and bright blue eyes, was about six-foot one-inch tall.

He skidded to a stop and looked down at the black object at his feet. It was a briefcase.

He picked it up, and began running again.

§§§§§§§§§Arianna's POV

Adalanté brought the copter down, and landed a little more roughly than necessary.

We got out of the helicopter, and we heard shout.

I didn't see the briefcase.

"What are you ladies doing out here at this time?!" demanded a cop, running up to us, followed

by a troop of cops, whom ran past us, continuing down the street, "You are past your curfew!"

"I'm afraid we've lost something, Officer." I said sweetly.

"What have you lost, Miss?" asked the cop, immediately falling for my voice - of course.

"I'm afraid I've lost my briefcase." I replied, fluttering my eyelashes, ignoring the looks I was getting Alexis and Adalanté; "I'm a writer, you see, and my stories are in it, but I'm afraid that someone stole it from me..."

"I think I know-" started the cop, when several shouts came from down an alley.

"We've got him!" yelled one of the cops.

We watched as a blonde-haired young-man was dragged towards us, and another cop was carrying a briefcase.

"That's it!" I said ecstatically, pointing at the briefcase, "That's my briefcase!"

"I'm afraid we will have to take you all down to the station for questioning." said the cop, and then he gave me a suspicious look, "And confirm what is in that briefcase."

I refrained from scowling, and then noticed that Adalanté; was staring rather openly at the blonde captive.

"What is he guilty of?" asked Adalanté;.

"He was caught consorting with...unfavorable company." replied the cop, and I barely managed to keep a straight face as Adalanté's face went red, and then we followed the cops to the station. She always took things the wrong way...

"What kind of unfavorable company did he mean?" asked Adalanté, "Like, prostitutes?"

"Probably." I said simply, and grinned as her face went red again.

"Of course, he's probably just a manager - not a customer." said Adalanté, obviously trying to convince herself he was "innocent".

"Well," I said, "You've heard what happens between girls and their managers..."

Before Adalanté could yell at me, I quickened my pace, catching up to the officers and the captive.

We arrived at the station a few minutes later, and Blondie was dragged off to a cell, and me and the other two girls followed the Chief of Police.

"Well," said the chief, "Let's see what is in this briefcase of yours."

I winced inwardly as he managed to open it, and was happy to see that the vials weren't broken or cracked.

"What is all of this?" asked the officer, looking at me, "Devon! Take these three to cells! I'm taking this to the lab!"

The young officer and several others dragged me, Adalanté and Alexis off to the cells.

§§§§§§§§§§Two hours later...

I was sitting in a dark back corner in the cell, watching Adalanté staring at the blonde who was in the cell across from us. And Alexis was about to have a fit because she didn't have anything to pick the cell door's lock with.

"Visitors for the blonde bastard." said a cop snidely.

The blonde teen didn't even move.

Two more teens walked in between the cells, and looked in at the blonde teen behind bars.

The first one had shoulder length, dark brown hair, and brown eyes, and was probably about six-foot four-inches tall.

The second teen had platinum blonde hair that exceeded mine in length, and bright blue eyes, and was possibly six-foot two-inches tall.

"Cloud!" hissed the brunette, "What were you doing?! You nearly ruined our plans!"

"I was set up!" snapped the blonde, Cloud, irritably.

"Well, anyway, we're going to bust you outta here," said the second visitor.

Cloud glanced across the...corridor...at us.

"Alright." said Cloud.

It'd be nice if they'd bust us out of here too... I thought, glaring out of the barred window. I was all the way across the cell from the other two girls, cradling my injured hand, really wishing I had a pain reliever.

"Argghh, Adalanté..." I muttered, taking off after her, followed by the others.

A few minutes later we were in the air, and I was bent over my hand in pain as I cleaned it again, and then stitched it, and wrapped it in a gauze splint, wincing. Ignoring the looks I was getting from the three males. They were probably wondering how I could stand to stitch myself.

"We're going to have to go back for the briefcase." I stated, walking back into the main part of the helicopter, "Those idiots down there...well... They'll probably sell my stories for money." I had learned how to cover up over the years...

"Ari!" said Alexis, "That will be virtually impossible!"

I shrugged, and sat down in one of the seats.

"We all never got properly introduced." said the platinum blonde.

I remained silent as Adalanté and Alexis introduced themselves.

"I'm Cloud." said the blonde.

"I'm Squall Leonhart - but I prefer to be called Leon," said the brunette.

"And I am Sephiroth." said the third.

I continued to remain silent, staring out of the window.

"And you are...?" asked Leon.

"...Arianna Black." I replied, not turning to look around, "Adalanté, I said we need to go back! Stop mooning over people and get this contraption of mine back to that police station! Or I'll boot you out of the chair and pilot it myself!"

"But-" started Adalanté.

"Now!" I snapped, "You know how stupid those people are! And worse, they figured out who I - Never mind."

"Oh, yes, you are right..." sighed Adalanté, turning the helicopter, "And I'm not mooning over anyone! And what do you mean, 'they figured out who you are'?"

"Urgh..." I muttered, and began typing into a keyboard with one hand, hacking into the police station's security data, "Yeah right."

The helicopter landed just outside of the station, and we walked out.

"That's odd..." muttered Leon, "This place is under lock-down..."

The girls and I exchanged worried glances.

"You don't think they...?" asked Alexis.

"Probably." I replied.

"Are you three hiding something from us?" asked Cloud.

"Do you three have any guns?" I asked, "Me more so than them, believe it or not. Is the answer to your question."

"Yes." replied Sephiroth, "Why?"

"You'll need them." replied Alexis.

"Have any spares?" asked Adalanté

The three guys exchanged looks, and handed us each a loaded gun and two clips.

"Alright," said Sephiroth, "Let's go in."

"We'll stay out here on look-out." said Adalanté faintly, and Alexis nodded in agreement, they were both ignoring me, who was petting the gun, and grinning maniacally at it.

"What are you three hiding?" asked Leon.

"Nothing." I replied, keeping my face expressionless, "Besides the fact that Arianna and myself are schizophrenic."

"Well," said Cloud, ignoring me as well, "We shouldn't split up, so come on you two wimps."

I smirked when I saw the looks on the girls' faces, and followed the guys into the building.

"Why is it so quiet...?" muttered Leon, "Where are all of the police officers?"

The girls and I were having a heated conversation, at the moment.

"They opened the vials!" hissed Alexis, "How many people are in this prison?!"

"About one-thousand-five-hundred sixty-three prisoners." replied Leon, making us jump, "Plus about two-thousand officers."

"We don't have to worry about the prisoners..." whispered Adalanté, "They're behind bars!"

"You idiot!" I hissed, "Those things can break down a four-foot thick wall of steel! And the bars here are iron! And steel is harder than iron! At least the Virus is out of its air-borne stage..."

"But-" muttered Adalanté.

"What are you three-?" started Sephiroth, but we had entered the first room of prison cells.

"What the-?" muttered Cloud, looking at all of the holes that had been punched through the bars.

"Oh shit." muttered Adalanté, and I gaped at her.

"What?" I asked, "And I didn't know you knew that word - or phrase."

"Look...behind us..." said Alexis.

I turned around and then ran over to the boys.

"Guys!" I said, tapping the three boys on their shoulders, "Guys!"

They turned to me, and I pointed.

"Holy-!" started Cloud, but he clamped a hand over his mouth.

Zombies in shredded uniforms of two different sorts were slowly making their way towards us.

I raised my gun, and started shooting the zombies through their heads and necks.

"Shoot, you imbeciles!" I snapped at the others, "And don't get scratched or bitten!"

We killed the zombies after a few moments.

"What the hell is going on here?!" yelled Leon, and I winced.

"Long story." I said, "There should be a re-inforced room around here somewhere..."

I began to trot down the corridor, and then continued up a staircase. We all ran into a rather dark room that we could just barely see in.

"These are re-inforced steel doors," I remarked, "And so are the walls... What we need is light, but..."

"But... What?" asked Cloud.

"But those... Creatures," I decided to use an unknowing term, "Are at least smart enough to hide in a room like this..."

"How are we-" started Adalanté, but Sephiroth suddenly disappeared, and then the lights came on, and he was standing next to us again.

"Handy." remarked Alexis.

"Oh great..." I muttered as a lot of zombies stood up. I looked in my gun, and found it was empty, and I didn't have any ammo left, "Anyone have swords...?"

"Too bad I left mine at home..." muttered Cloud.

"Same here." groaned Leon.

"What kind of men are you?" I asked, giving them disgusted looks, "What kind of men go anywhere without their swords?"

Adalanté and Alexis exchanged looks, and looked like they were going to start laughing, and I glared at them.

Sephiroth just smirked, opened his trench coat, revealing a lot of guns.

"This will only take a moment." he said, and then he began shooting zombies, while Cloud and Leon began punching zombies with enough force to obliterate their necks and skulls, "They all have one shot each, but that's plenty for me."

I heard a thump on the door, and saw it creaking open. In "panic" I shoved against it, left-hook punched the single zombie in the head, and managed to close the door, then locked it.

I turned back around to find that all of the zombies were dead.

"You three all right?" asked Adalanté and Alexis in unison with the three boys.

"We're fine." replied Adalanté.

I remained silent - I was currently locking all of the doors.

"So," said Leon, and I jumped - he was right behind me, "Are you three going to explain?"

Adalanté and Alexis both glanced at me, and then took seats.

"Sit down," said Alexis, "It may take a while."

The three boys sat down, and I began to pace the room, waiting for the two girls to start explaining everything.

"Ari," said Alexis.

"No." I said flatly.

"But-" started Adalanté.

"No." I said.

"You're the best one to explain." said Alexis flatly as I examined my throbbing hand.

"Oh, alright!" I said irritably, "Alex and Té recruited me to help them," I turned to look at the three teen boys, whom were all gazing over at me, "Recruited, to help them steal the T-Virus from the Umbrella Corporation so that they could send the Corporation to its end.

"I...dropped the briefcase while getting back in the helicopter." I ran a fingered lightly over my right hand, "I was shot through the hand, that's why I ended up dropping it.

"The briefcase had forty, four-ounce vials of the T-virus - and back on our helicopter, as I can tell Té forgot, we have the antidote.

"The zombies are the spawn of the Virus - humans turned into...undead." I thought for a minute, "But of course," I added under my breath, "There are things that they don't even know."

A rhythmic banging began on the three doors to the room.

"Uh-oh..." muttered Alexis.

"Those doors should hold for about ten to twenty minutes," I remarked noncommittally, "The air ducts are not an option, since the zombies will just tear them down..."

I glanced around, "A single zombie's strength is enough to break through a four-foot thick steel wall in ten hits," I added, "These are reinforced to one-hundred times their normal strength, so the only way for them all to knock the doors down would be for all of them to attack their doors in unison about one-hundred times. Unfortunately, since they are already zombies, the antidote wouldn't work on them even if we had it with us, and then of course," I added, "It would be hard to use it on them anyway, at least, without getting scratched or bitten..."

I thought a moment, "There are about a hundred outside of each door, and we hardly have enough ammo or stamina to kill them all. They love to eat human flesh. The only instinct that they have left is 'the need to feed'. And they are naturally attracted to humans."

"Ari? How...how do you know so much?" asked Adalanté, and I winced - I'd said too much.

"That's what I think we all would like to know." said Leon, crossing his arms and looking at me.

"I've...done my research." I replied.

"Come on, Ari!" said Alexis, "You knew the password to the room with the Virus in it! It's impossible to hack into the system and find out that password! I tried! You're hiding something!"

"Everyone has their secrets." I replied, crossing my arms, "And I'm a better hacker than you are, then."

"You.... you.... worked on the Virus, didn't you?" asked Adalanté, "You were it's creator, weren't you?"

"One of its creators." I replied, "Someone on the team tainted it, though..." Under my breath I added, "Not that it's a bad thing anyway, though I was hoping it would kill people, not just turn them into zombies..."

"Someone tainted it?!" gasped Alexis.

"Yes," I replied, "It was originally going to be an acne treatment..."

They all gaped at me, and I smirked maliciously inwardly. They fell for it! Ha! The fools!

"Oh well, I guess due to that we will have to wait here for our inevitable deaths.... Or rather 'un-deaths' as us scientists so fondly call it..."

"You're lying to us, aren't you?" asked Leon, gazing at me, arms still crossed over his chest, "You are the one, and the only one, who created it."

For a moment, shock sprawled across my face, and then I quickly regained my composure.

"What would make you think that?" I asked, pretending to be hurt, "Not that humanity doesn't deserve to die anyway..."

"You what?!" yelled Alexis, and I winced - my eardrums!

"So what?" I said blandly, "What are you going to do about it?"

There were several more bangs on the doors, and I noticed they were beginning to buckle.

"Anyway, anyone want to bet on which door will be broken down first?" I asked, "Not that we'd live to use the money anyway..."

A few moments later, all three doors went flying off of their hinges in unison.

"That ruins any bets." said Alexis as zombies began limping and moaning into the room.

"Time to die." I remarked, linking my hands behind my head.

"Are you craz-?!" started Adalanté, but suddenly all of the zombies froze in place, and

then there was a flash of...oddly enough, darkness.

"Oh no..." I muttered as a tall, seemingly eighteen year-old man appeared in the room about five feet away from me, "No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no."

The young man had combed back turquoise hair, and orange eyes. He was taller than Leon by possibly four inches.

"Arianna, this is your mess, isn't it?" asked Rabere.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, glaring at him, my arms crossed.

"I am here to help you and your little friends." replied Rabere.

"You help us?" I asked doubtfully.

"Yes." replied Rabere, looking around at the others, "I can send you back in time to undo this little mess of yours."

I scowled at him, crossing my arms.

"I...take it you two know each other?" ventured Adalanté.

"His name is Rabere," I replied, "He's a vampire."

"So, you'll help us?" asked Leon.

"Yes." replied Rabere, and I managed to refrain from scowling.

"What do you want in return?" asked Sephiroth, and I figured he must have had dealings with vampires before.

"I want you all to make the T-Virus what it was supposed to be." replied Rabere, "Also..." he glanced over at me, "I want her. I want her to be made into a vampire."

I managed not to yelp or drop my jaw.

He extended a hand towards me, "Join me, and I will help you out of this situation."

"What makes you think I didn't mean for any of this to happen anyway?!" I demanded, thoroughly freaked out for once - especially since he had a grip on my mind, so that I was going to spill almost everything about myself to the others, plus, I didn't really have a choice anyway, knowing Rabere...

"What do you mean?" asked Rabere calmly.

"What makes you think I didn't mess with the original formula so that I could wipe out the world's population of humans?" I asked.

"You are perfect." said Rabere, "You are the perfect person to become a vampire."

That didn't work...

I noticed that the others weren't saying anything but just watching me freak-out.

"Arianna," said Adalanté, and my head snapped around so fast I was surprised that I

didn't get a crick in it, "It's your choice. Don't do it if you don't want too."

That made it all worse.

"Join me," said Rabere, "Or I'll kill your little boyfriend."

"Huh? I don't have a boyfriend." I said, confused, "What have you been smoking? I'm not the type of idiot who makes that sort of commitment. You should know that."

Rabere motioned somewhere over my shoulder, and I turned to see Leon standing there, probably as confused as myself and everyone else in the room.

"Or maybe you don't care what happens to your little friends..." remarked Rabere, raising a hand, "But let's see what you think about this."

Rabere snapped his fingers, and several zombies lurched at Leon. Rabere snapped his fingers again and the zombies stopped about six inches away from Leon.

"Your answer?" asked Rabere, thoroughly pissing me off.

"Why do you want to make me a vampire when I killed some of your brethren? Including your brother?!" I demanded, crossing my arms, trying not to show how freaked-out I was.

"So it was you who killed my brother?" remarked Rabere, "He was an idiot anyway..."

That doesn't work either?! Jeez!

"Why did you kill vampires?" asked Cloud.

"How else was I going to create the Undead Factor of the Virus?" I pointed out, "Very handy..."

Too bad Rabere wasn't amongst the ones who got killed.... And he'd better let go of my mind - and soon!

"Besides," added Rabere, "I have my own plans for the human race. This would be bringing them to an early end..."

Lair! If you wiped out the human race, you wouldn't see me anymore!

"But then-" I started.

"But then vampires wouldn't have anything to feed off of?" asked Rabere, "Exactly. Then all of the vampires would die. This existence is tiring. Nothing survives long enough to be a good play-thing..."

I remained silent.

"My patience is growing thin!" growled Rabere.

"You need one of us, don't you?" asked Adalanté, "Ari obviously doesn't want it, so take me instead."

Now this time my jaw dropped.

Rabere glanced at Adalanté for a moment, and then went to go over to her.

"Stop!" I said, the word flying from my mouth, unbidden.

Rabere smirked slightly and turned back towards me.

"Your answer?" asked Rabere.

"Why do you want to turn me into a vampire?" I asked.

"You know why." replied Rabere, "Now, my patience truly is wearing thin," he raised a hand like he was going to snap his fingers again, "Or would you rather your boyfriend died?"

"I already told you, I don't have a boyfriend." I replied, crossing my arms, "And I don't see why Adalanté tried to keep me from becoming undead."

"Because even if you are the creator of the T-Virus, you're still our friend!" said Adalanté.

"I don't have any friends." I said flatly, "Friends and loved-ones, I believe most human beings call them, are large burdens that weaken others."

Rabere snapped his fingers again, and this time he didn't snap them again, though I could tell he was amused by what I had just said.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" I yelled, and Rabere smirked, and stopped the zombies, one of which had its teeth half a centimeter away from Leon's neck.

"Your answer?" asked Rabere, extending his hand towards me again.

I gritted my teeth together, "Fine. Have it your way."

"Take my hand." said Rabere, coming to stand a foot away from me.

I did as I was told, and he pulled me against him, our bodies against each other, his lips pressed to mine as he pinned me against a wall, one of his arms wrapping around my waist, and his other hand other behind my head, entangled in my hair. I was, needless to say, thoroughly shocked.

He pulled away for a moment, just as I was actually beginning to like him kissing me, and then he brought his lips to mine once again. I wasn't even aware, as Alexis so graciously pointed out later, that Rabere had seduced me. Which I, of course, argued with. Rabere wouldn't seduce me...would he?

I was basically oblivious to everything and everyone else in the room, though I could tell someone in the room was jealous about something...

Rabere began to French kiss me, surprising me again for a moment.

The his lips strayed from my mouth and traveled to my neck, where he kissed me for a few moments, and then I gasped in pain and my knees buckle as he sank his fangs through the layers of my skin, and pierced one of the main arteries in my neck.

He continued to drink my blood for a few moments more, and I was almost unconscious by now. Rabere gazed at me for a moment, and then took out a penknife and slit his wrist with it and pressed it against my mouth. I tried to resist at first, as was my instinct, but he began talking in calming, seductive tones, urging me to drink his blood so that I would live, and I obliged, and was soon latched on his arm, drinking his blood, the only thing my mind would focus on. Finally, Rabere wrenched his arm away from me, wincing slightly, and rubbing his wrist.

I wasn't aware of the next couple of things that happened. Apparently, as I learned later, Rabere teleported us all to a "safe" part of the building, and I was oblivious because of the indescribable pain I was in from the death that one's body goes through after the whole process of being turned into a vampire.

A while later, I don't know how long, I was able to get my bearings and half-wonder where Rabere had gone, since he was no longer there.

"Now," said a voice, echoing through the room we were in, "I have taken the liberty of setting a

sort of test for the lot of you to go through. Your objective is to get to your helicopter. And, Arianna, my dear, you will be finding yourself...hungry...soon, so you of course will have to be grouped with someone. You all will most likely find ammunition scattered in places... I have also taken the liberty of re-loading all of your guns."

Suddenly, Alexis and Sephiroth disappeared, then Adalanté and Cloud.

I felt a hand on my shoulder and noticed Leon, who was offering me a hand up. Without saying anything, I accepted his help, and slowly stood up.

"Are...you alright?" asked Leon after a moment.

"Yes." I said shortly, brushing dust off of my clothes, "I'm fine."

"I'm.... sorry." said Leon.

"Huh?" I asked, confused, "Sorry for what?"

"I... For being...a weakness to you." said Leon uncomfortably.

I stopped halfway through brushing myself off, and glanced at him, slightly disturbed that I could read his feelings.

"Why were you jealous when Rabere was kissing me?" I asked carefully, making Leon stare at me, surprised, and I didn't look at him, "And no one is my weakness. I thought I had made that point rather clear."

"I... I wasn't...?" he stuttered, "Why...? How could you tell?" He looked as if he wanted to clamp a hand over his mouth.

Cloud started to laugh, shaking his head.

"Not that sort of unfavorable company." laughed Cloud, "You ought to take a look at that officer's record..."

We started walking down the hall again, and I realized that the lab was farther down than I'd thought.

§§§§§§§§§Arianna's POV

"No, that way is north!" argued Leon, pointing to our left.

"No," I said, pointing my finger towards the right, "That is north, you imbecile!!"

"What makes your sense of direction so much better than mine?!" demanded Leon.

I shot him a look, "Did you have to remind me, moron?"

"Oh... Sorry." said Leon uncomfortably.

"Forget it." I said.

I started off down a hall without him, and after a moment he caught up with me. I was currently looking at each of the doors, slightly confused.

I had completely forgotten that Leon was walking with me, because I was trying to figure out what was with this prison.

"What's wrong?" asked Leon, and I jumped, "Oops. Sorry."

"What is a prison doing with all of this kind of equipment in it?" I muttered to myself - I had forgotten about Leon again.

"Soooo," said Leon, and I glanced at him - I didn't like his tone, "How did you like Rabere kissing you?"

I stopped and turned to him - now I was pissed-off.

"I didn't." I said flatly, and began walking off again.

"Oh really?" asked Leon doubtfully, "You sure seemed to like it. Though, Alexis seems to think that he seduced you."

"Vampires have a talent for doing just that - especially him - though, I thought he'd never go as far to seduce me, we've known each other for a really long time..." I muttered irritably, putting a hand on a doorknob, and pushing the door open, "No, not including me - I'm not the type to try and seduce anyone."

Leon entered the room behind me, and looked around, then asked, "You sure?"

"Nothing interesting here..." I said blandly, walking towards the door at the other end of the room, "Yes, I'm sure."

"Hey, here's some more ammo." said Leon, leaning over to pick up a magazine.

I looked behind him, and swung my gun up, firing a shot.

"You missed." said Leon.

"I wasn't aiming at you, you ignoramus." I snapped at him, "And I wouldn't suggest sticking your gun through your belt. You never know when it will go off by itself. I doubt you wish to lose anything."

I walked to the door and was about to open it when I heard the floor behind me cracking.

I turned around to see the floor directly underneath Leon cracking.

"I guess Rabere booby-trapped the places you find ammo." I remarked, not going to grab him and pull him to safety, "Be glad you have the extra ammo."

I turned the doorknob as Leon fell through the ground, and I walked through the door.

I walked down the hall, glancing around, slightly nervous, until I came up to a computer with the Umbrella Corporation logo logged on it.

"What the heck?" I muttered, sitting in the chair in front of the desk.

"Please enter password." said the computer, and I smirked, each system had a personalized voice to it.

"Red Bishop." I said, naming one of the many AI's that were the coordinators for the various Umbrella Corp. buildings - I had access to every system.

"Accessing..." said the computer, "Please enter name."

"...Professor Arianna Black, creator of the T-Virus." I said hesitantly.

"Please enter the file or files you wish to access." said the computer.

"Assassination attempts on Arianna Black, and Barlow Prison operation." I said, "And the identities of the assassins."

"Assassination attempts - 100,098." said the computer, "Main assassin identities - unavailable.

"Barlow Prison Project - six-hundred laboratories - most holding the experiments of Professor Arianna Black, also guarded by five-hundred German shepherd watch dogs genetically enhanced by the Professor with added poison sacks which inject venom through the two main canine fangs."

"Oh joy..." I muttered, "Files for Squall Leonhart, and two individuals known as Cloud and Sephiroth."

"Inaccessible information - to access would cause every defense in Barlow and Umbrella Corporation facilities to go off - including immediate distribution of the T-Virus."

"Information on the T-Virus. Specifically what it was originally supposed to be." I said, leaning back in the chair.

"Originally to be an over-the-counter poison, used to kill someone in twenty-four hours. Contains many reptile poisons - but Professor Black included an Undead Factor by taking the blood from vampires and adding it to the T-Virus. Also she added six hundred milligrams of an air-born flu-virus to it per ounce to make one of the stages an air-born one." said the computer, and I scowled.

"Shut down." I said, "Make all files inaccessible except to Arianna Black -voice print required."

"Acknowledged." said the computer, and then it shut off.

My head snapped up as I heard one of the guys cry-out from somewhere.

"Oh well," I sighed, getting up, "Not my concern."

I continued walking for about half an hour, and had gone up several flights of stairs, killing about a magazine's worth of zombies.

"The guard dogs are immune to the Virus," I muttered to myself, "And they know me, so I won't have to worry about them... And I'm immune to the Virus when its in its air-borne stage, but I don't know about when getting bitten or scratched by the zombies..."

I went up another two flights of stairs, and walked out into a hallway and began walking down it, looking around for any zombies that might appear out of anywhere.

I had been walking down the hall for several minutes, when suddenly an arm slung over my left shoulder, the hand coming to rest at my waist, and the other arm wrapped around my waist from the right, the hand underneath my shirt, resting on my side. A pair of lips began kissing my neck, and traveling around to the front of me so the person was kissing me around the breastbone.

"Where have you been?" I asked Leon, as I realized it was him, "And by the way, arms, hands and lips off."

I was rather relived it wasn't Rabere, though. I began to try and pull away from him.

"I've been killing a lot of zombies," said Leon pulling me against him so that his lips were against my neck again, "And finding some things out on one of the computers that wasn't shut down completely."

"I should of known there'd be another computer." I muttered, trying to pull out of his grip again, "Would you please let me go?"

"Bite me." said Leon.

"Don't even joke about something like that." I growled.

"I wasn't joking, Professor Arianna Black." said Leon as I managed to pull free of his grip and turn to him.

"Okay, why weren't you joking?" I asked, backing away from him as he took steps towards me.

In response, Leon stripped of his jacket and shirt.

"Why did you -" I started, but then my eyes found long fresh gashes across his well-built abs and chest, "The zombies? Or my pet poison puppies?"

"The zombies." replied Leon, discarding his jacket and shirt on the floor and continuing to walk towards me, "I did see a few of your...pets. And they are hardly puppies."

I ended up backing into a wall, and in a moment Leon was in front of me, too close for me to get away, his hands resting on my waist.

"If we get out of here soon I can give you an injection of the antidote-" I began, but he cut me off.

"Didn't you know? Your cure doesn't work - it speeds up the process." said Leon, "To many

ingredients to counter."

"Damn it." I muttered, then I reached up with my left hand, which was holding my gun, propping my wrist on Leon's shoulder, and fired two shots off, killing two zombies that were sneaking up, "I could, that is, if you wanted me to, I could always put you in one of the many crio-stasis chambers until I have an antidote."

I currently had my head flat back against the wall since Leon was getting closer. He was close enough now that I could smell the blood on him.

"Why not just make me a vampire?" he asked, his mouth against my neck again, "I know you can smell my blood," he paused, and I felt his tongue running over part of my neck -the part where Rabere had bitten me, "And of course, your...maker...said that you would be getting hungry soon."

"Don't call him that." I said, trying to pull away from Leon, "And, whether you take this as a compliment or not, you're acting too much like Rabere."

"Oh, does that mean you like the way I'm acting?" asked Leon, and I would have slapped him, except for the fact that he was too close for me to successfully do so.

"No." I said firmly, "And I would appreciate it if you would stop."

Leon shifted slightly, and his neck brushed across my lips momentarily. I pulled away sharply, and tried to escape him, ignoring the instinct that was ordering me to bite him.

Leon didn't say anything, but brought his lips to mine, his arms wrapping around me, pulling me as close to him as he could. I refused to kiss him back, but he was holding me so close to him, and so tightly, that I couldn't pull away, so I kept my mouth firmly shut.

I pulled my left arm free, and shot another zombie.

"You know," I said, managing to turn my head away from him, "We really should get out of

here. There are too many zombies."

"I don't care," he whispered, and pressed his lips to mine again.

"How long has it been since you got injured by a zombie, and how many managed to sink their teeth or nails into you?" I asked, pulling my head away from him again.

"About a half an hour ago," He whispered into my neck, "One particularly strong zombie. Five gashes, in case you hadn't already counted."

"Leon, please stop this." I said, forcing the vampiric passion from my voice the best I could, and dropping the previous topic, "I don't want you to suffer, but I don't want you to become a vampire or any type of undead either."

"You and I both know you want me." he whispered into my neck.

"If you don't do it, I will." said a voice in my head, and I realized it was Rabere, "You ought to be more open with your instincts - don't shun them. You'll either have to kill him or make him a vampire anyway."

A disturbing image of Rabere pulling with Leon what he had with me popped into my head, and I barely managed not to grimace. I was beginning to wish Rabere had gone ahead and killed me the first time we had met.

Leon brought his lips to mine again, and this time I wasn't able to pull away from him because he had one of his hands behind my head, and the other one, which was resting in the small of my back, was pushing me up against him, and, almost without myself noticing, I began to wrap my arms around him, pulling him the rest of the way to me, and I began kissing him back.

"I knew you would be the same as I." said Rabere in my mind, "I knew from the moment I met you that you were the same as I... Oh well I guess now I won't get to have any fun with your boyfriend." I mentally yelled at him for several reasons.

Rabere's presence faded away from my mind, but I hardly noticed, and wasn't entirely sure that he had left my mind entirely. I was still forcing myself from letting my mouth travel to Leon's neck, and therefore forcing myself to not bite him, though the vampiric passion was reaching an unbearable pitch, but I was too soft, amazingly enough, to bite him. I didn't want to hurt him.

"Interesting..." remarked Rabere lightly, not revealing what was interesting.

Though I figured it out in a moment - I was on my back on the floor with Leon on top of me, kissing me passionately. We remained like that for a couple of moments, until suddenly it was me on top of him, which really excited my vampiric instincts - and to such a degree that my lips moved from his mouth and to his neck, where I actually bit him. Once that happened, there was no stopping me - I was latched onto him, sipping the wine that was his life force.

After a few moments, I realized what I was doing and that Rabere was right - I was either going to have to kill him, or turn him. I chose the latter, and, still straddling him, I bit my own wrist open, and pressed it against his mouth, forcing him to drink as he resisted at first.

I winced as he latched onto my wrist, now drinking my blood. After a moment, I wrenched my wrist away, rubbing it, refraining from wincing.

Before I could move away, Leon reached up to me and pulled me into a kiss again, this time he French kissed me, and I tasted my blood on his lips.

I managed to pull away from him and watch from several feet away as his body died, watching every muscle that I could see as it convulsed repeatedly, and I winced slightly as a few moans of pain escaped him.

I shoved another magazine into my gun, and shot several zombies that were approaching Leon, and another several that were coming down the hallway on my right. I was glad I'd been trained to shoot with both hands, since my right one still hurt from getting shot.

"What made you change your mind?" asked Leon, and I jumped slightly.

"Do you really want to know?" I asked, looking at him over a set of glasses I had shoved on so that I could read something I'd found on the floor.

"Why do I get the impression that one of the reasons I won't like?" asked Leon.

"Because you won't." I replied, looking back at the paper, crunching it into a ball, and taking off my glasses, "And yes, I killed several more zombies. And I suggest we get out of here and find the others, and hope like hell that they haven't found the laboratory with my experiments in it."

I stood up, and then gave Leon a hand up, and began walking off down the hall that zombies hadn't been coming from.

§§§§§§§§§§Later...

There was a yelp down the hall, and both Leon and I took off at a run down the hall, and skidded to a stop in a laboratory.

"Adalanté," I said, "What's wrong?"

"Two things," said Adalanté, looking from me to Leon and back, "One, Rabere just informed us that there isn't only one vampire amongst us anymore, and two, what the hell are those things?!"

Adalanté was pointing at many glass tubes filled with a clear liquid, and what appeared to be humans in them, both male and female, stripped naked, and only half of their bodies had a coating of skin, the other half you could see the muscles, veins, and the heart beating.

I put a hand on the glass of one of the cryo-stasis chambers.

"They are vampires that I used the blood from for part of the T-Virus." I replied, "I did a better job than I thought... This one is Rabere's brother. The female with blonde hair is one of the whores from a vampire club. They aren't...exactly...dead. But in a good enough sense they are."

"Leon..." said Cloud from somewhere behind me as I logged onto a computer so I could find out what the vital signs were for the zombies, "What are those marks on your neck? And where

did your shirt and jacket go?"

I kept a straight face, and began rapidly typing on the keyboard.

"So did you and Leon have a little fun?" asked Adalant; in a low whisper.

"Very funny." I muttered, "He got scratched by a zombie while grappling with it and- Uh-oh... This isn't good..."

I stood up and walked over to the control panel for the tanks and began typing rapid instructions.

"What's wrong?" asked Cloud.

"If I don't get the rate of these vampires' heart beats lowered, they are going to wake up and bust out of their confines - and they won't care who they feed off of either." I replied, typing in the lowest heart rate I could set it on without the vampires dieing, "Vampire or human, they won't care who they feed from..."

"Let's go find Alexis and Sephiroth." said Adalant; "And then we can get out of here!"

"Hold on a second." I said, sitting back down at the computer, "Computer, give me thermal imaging maps of every living life-form still in the building."

The computer whirred, and several maps showed up.

"Here's where we are..." I muttered, pointing at two dots on one map, "And... I don't see any other living creatures... So they either got captured, or they got out before any of us did. The other, smaller dots are some of my pets..."

"That's probably because they didn't want to stick around and investigate." said Cloud.

"Well," I said, standing up, "I think I found out not enough, and I can't get access to the files I want access to. So I guess I'll have to hack into the system once we get back to our-"

I was interrupted by the floor shaking, as if there had been a large explosion. I looked at the computer screen, and saw several new dots.

"Oh shit." I muttered, "We got problems. Looks like some of my experiments got loose..."

"...Experiments?" asked Adalanté

"Uhm...yeeeeeah hah haa...." I said, "Too much to explain, but I suggest you save your bullets for the creatures."

We took off down one of the halls, and reached a flight of stairs, and began running up them. As I passed a door, something flew through it and tackled me, sending me through the glass door opposite of the one the creature had come through. The creature, it would have it, was one of the ones I had mixed human DNA with a shot of the T-Virus, and injected it all into a poodle - but now the creature was about six feet tall with hands, that it was currently using to crush my wind-pipe.

"Get off of her!" yelled Leon, and suddenly the creature went flying off of me, and I grabbed a wrecked pole and skewered the thing as it leapt at me.

"Sorry, forty-eight." I said, "You shouldn't have attacked me."

"Forty-eight?" asked Cloud, "How many...?"

"Too many." I replied, "Shall we get out of here?"

We began running up the stairs again, and I was pulling bits and pieces of glass from my arms.

I heard a noise off the edge of the staircase, and stopped, listening.

"What is it?" asked Adalanté.

A tentacle wrapped around one of the posts.

"A tentacle." I said, and then another tentacle appeared, wrapping around another post, "Uh...two...tentacles?" a lot more tentacle appeared, "Okay, a lot of tentacles! Run!"

I took off up the stairs, running really fast now.

"It's a plant, and it's spreading fast!" called Cloud.

"I designed it like that, you idiot!" I called back, "Its seeds were going to be distributed through this countries armies, and dropped in bombs from airplanes on their enemies - overtaking and eating the opposing armies!"

"Geez, even when you weren't a vampire you were blood thirsty!" said Adalanté as we ran through the front doors of the prison, and towards the helicopter.

I started banging on the helicopter door, "Open the fricken' door you two idiots!! I don't have the keys you know!!"

The door cracked open slightly, and Alexis peeked out. I shoved the door the rest of the way

open, and held it open for the others as the plant creature continued to spread towards us. I shut the door behind me, cutting off a tentacle in the door.

I reached down and stabbed it with my pocketknife, but, unfortunately, it wriggled off and burrowed down into my arm. I let out a blood-curdling scream, and fell to me knees, trying to get a grip on my knife so I could get the tendril out, my breathing becoming harsh.

Leon came over and grabbed the knife, and then noticed the thing burrow the rest of the way into my arm - and he froze. I snatched the knife and jammed it into my own arm, skewering the plant tendril, and pulling it out. I grabbed a lighter, and set the tendril on fire.

"Are you...okay?" asked Leon after a minute, obviously trying to recover from seeing me jam a knife into my arm.

"Yeowch." I muttered, "Yeah, I will be, in a moment."

I ran into my on-board lab, cleaned my new wound and after that was done, I removed the rest of the glass from my body, and started stitching up my arms.

I ignored Leon as his arms wrapped around me from behind and he began running his tongue over my neck where shards of glass had once been.

"That stupid plant." I muttered, slitting my arm the length of where it had been, and removing seeds with a set of tweezers and dropping them in a jar, and I ignored Leon's flinching as I slit my arm.

I began stitching my arm up, and then looked at the ones on my neck, and cleaned those, and then held a rag to them to get them to stop bleeding.

"Hey, Ari!" called Alexis, "You iight?"

"Yes," I replied, walking back out into the main part of the helicopter with a second jar.

I slammed the jar down over the smoking plant, and put a lid on it.

"You all certainly did well," said Rabere, appearing in the helicopter suddenly, "Though you, my Angel, managed to get yourself beaten up rather well."

Rabere made a motion with his hand, and I felt all of my wounds heal up. I elbowed Leon in the ribs as he was about to go and start yelling at Rabere for calling me his Angel.

"She is quite the beauty, isn't she, Squall?" asked Rabere of Leon, "And she tastes good too."

Rabere wrapped one of his arms around my waist and began licking off the excess blood on my neck.

I heard Leon cracking his knuckles as Rabere's lips came closer to my mouth, until he was kissing me again.

"Hands off of her." growled Leon, and he pulled me away from Rabere, a protective look on his face, while I was managing to look beyond embarrassed.

I noticed that Adalant and Alexis were both looking between the two male vampires, half amused, half confused.

Suddenly Rabere teleported so that he was behind me and he wrapped his arms around me, kissing my neck again.

"You said you'd take us back in time so that Arianna could undo her tainting of the T-Virus?" said Alexis, interrupting Rabere, which I could tell thoroughly irritated him.

"Yes..." said Rabere, "But then none of you would remember each other, and none of this would ever have happened." He began kissing my neck again, "And that would be a tragedy. Not only would my darling not be a vampire anymore, she wouldn't have gotten any of her... interesting experiences that happened down in the prison. Nor would she remember me - and that would be even worse. She wouldn't have even met me. And I wouldn't remember her..."

And if I did, I would end up hunting her down..."

"You're going to have to tell us about this." said Adalanté, grinning at me.

"So I will leave you all to clean up the currant mess, and dispose of the T-Virus." said Rabere, and then he vanished, and a long stream of colorful curses burst out of both myself and Leon - all following about the same genre.

"Well, Ari," said Alexis, "I think that someone has a crush on you."

"Well damn him!" I yelled, finally thoroughly bursting my bubble, "He ain't gettin' me!" I turned on my heel and stalked off to my part of the helicopter, slamming the door behind me, still cursing.

"You know she's pissed when she starts using bad grammar." remarked Adalanté.

I scowled and sat down in a chair, putting my fingers to my temple and muttering.

"Are you alright?" asked Leon, opening the door slightly.

I just looked at him giving him a "is it really that hard to figure out?" look.

"Ari!!" yelled Alexis from the front of the helicopter, and I glanced towards the door slightly, "You gotta see this!!"

I stood up gracefully and strode past Leon and to the cockpit.

"What is it?" I asked shortly.

Wordlessly, Adalanté and Alexis pointed out of the windshield. I braced myself, my hands on the control consol as I looked out.

"The zombies are no longer in the prison." said Alexis.

I shoved Adalanté out of one of the pilot chairs with a foot, and sat down.

"Take your seats." I snapped as everyone just stood in place, "And hold on tight. And I suggest you put your seatbelts on if you don't want to get thrown through a window while we're flying."

I fired two missiles at the zombie hoard, and then punched a button, transforming the helicopter into its true form - an airplane with the maneuverability of a helicopter - and took off.

"Where are we going?!" demanded Cloud as I began to fly east.

"We," I said, "Are going to my mansion."

"Mansion?" asked Adalanté blankly.

"I'll set the auto-pilot." I said, punching coordinates into the flight computer, "Computer, maintain a stable flight course, and make a direct bee-line for my mansion, outskirt any storms that you cannot fly through safely."

"Acknowledged." said the computer, and I got up and walked past everyone back to my private chambers.

