

# One Final Question

By DarkPhoenixIncarnate

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*Erik x Christine What if everything in the movie happened but Raoul never existed? Christine is at the cemetery while a familiar Phantom is watching her. 10 Reviews or this fic is out!*

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# 1 - Chapter One

Jenn: Hello! And Welcome to my First POTO Fanfic! This was co-written by my other POTO crazed friend Mindi. I hope you love it!!

## One Final Question

### Chapter 1

Christine shuddered beneath her red velvet cloak. It was inappropriate to be wearing colour on this particular day, but then, nothing had been the same since she'd met... him... He showed her that there was more beyond the stiff rules of conduct and order in society. Why was black the mourning colour on the day of a loved one's death? Wasn't red more passionate, more fiery, so much more descriptive of the turmoil that boils inside at such a loss? Erik knew how ridiculous setting rules according to a collective agreement was when there were so many different schools of thought. And Christine had come to realize that she felt the same. With a deep sigh she turned into the wild storm and began down the pavement to her awaiting carriage. "To the cemetery..." she muttered.

Erik smiled under the clock and started driving her to the cemetery, glad that she didn't notice he was stalking her. He observed the buildings as he drove by them. How could it be that any other day they'd be vibrant and full of color, when on this day, they were dark and shadowed, as was the sky. It seemed when his angel was unhappy, the world was unhappy with her.

Christine sat languidly against the hard wood of the carriage bench. Every year, on this anniversary of her father's death, her feelings would leave her to be replaced by apathy. She simply chose not to feel on this day, for whatever she was inclined to feel would swallow her up in despair. If there was any good thing to be felt she would welcome it, but she simply could not bear to give into anguish.

He turned his head slightly and glanced at her. His heart sunk at the sight. 'She's so sad yet she refused to show it...Why? Why must my angel feel such dark emotions? She is the light she is pure, it is I who deserves to feel these things not her, I wish I could endure the pain for my beautiful angel.' He thought to himself.

He wanted so badly to do something for her, to stop the carriage and reveal his presence. But to interrupt her journey to her father's grave? He couldn't stop her from paying her respects. And he knew very well from her hostile behavior of late that she wanted nothing to do with her teacher now. She'd seen her dream dismantled into nothing but a pile of ruins and he was the cause. Christine dwelt on this as they came ever closer to their destination. Erik, her Angel, had paid the greatest disrespect to her father's memory. He had taken something precious of their past and twisted it for his own gain. She was ashamed that she had even believed, but even more disappointed that someone who confessed such immense love to her would toy with her deepest scars. The carriage jostled as the wheels came into contact the cobblestone path that led into the cemetery. It pulled to a silent halt, and Christine descended the steps.

He watched her, face hidden, when she entered the cemetery, he got off the carriage and followed her in the shadows. Watching her every move.

Christine suddenly felt the watchful eye of the predator on her, and she stopped for a moment, breathing shakily. With a swallow and new resolve to leave her worries at the Opera, she continued toward her father's grave. Erik stopped behind a glorious angel statue and concealed himself. She was so beautiful, even in sorrow amongst the dead. For a moment he hesitated. Should he follow through with his plan? Or was it better simply to leave her be and let death numb his yearning for her? He desperately wanted

to see her happy again, but he had stolen it from her... If he was gone, would it be restored? She couldn't help it anymore, silent tears started streaming down her face. He stared at her, wanting nothing more than to wrap his arms around her and wipe away her tears. Her inner pain became outward agony and she fell to her knees and leaned her face into her hands. What hope was there left in the world when all good things perish? Erik instinctively left his hiding place and stretched out willing fingers, but then hesitated once more...

She felt it, someone was watching her she snapped her head up and spotted him, then glared. "What do *you* want? Have you not done enough!?!"

Part of him blazed with rage. Had he done enough? He had done more than enough, he'd given her all that kept blood pumping through his veins! His very soul was linked to his music, and he had placed it as a gift at her feet. Yes, he'd done enough, if not too much... But then... As he watched the angry tears ruin her makeup and magnify the pain in her eyes he sympathized with her. The loss of a dream was never easily forgotten... "Christine..." he stepped nearer...

She stood up and took a step back, she glared at him. "Stay away from me...I hate you!" She knew it wasn't true, she loved him, she admired him, but she wouldn't admit it to him, or to herself. Her words pierced like a dozen arrows to bare flesh, but he stood still and quiet in response. "Then, you'll return my ring..." Fear gripped at his chest. If she did return his ring then there was no hope left for them. But if not... If she even hesitated... There was a chance that she didn't wish for him to leave. Christine clutched at the thin gold chain around her neck as if to protect it. She didn't answer, she continued to clutch it. She looked away. "Just...take me back."

Erik took off his fedora and brushed past her until he came close enough to Daae's grave to read the inscription well. "You haven't laid your flowers at his grave..." He turned slightly and reached for the bundle of roses in her hands. She pulled hands away and glared at him. "Don't touch me, I'll do it myself." She walked past him, then set the flowers down gently. Still clutching the ring in one hand, but not noticing. Erik leaned down next to her and held his palm open, "The ring...Christine..." His cool and calm exterior hid his inner struggle well. She dared not look at him for even a moment. But he was right, after all... If she didn't give him the ring, her attachment to him would be exposed. She bit her lip a conflict in her mind. "I'll give it back when we get back to the opera house, can I mourn my father in peace? Or will you keep interrupting me?" She glared. Erik pulled a single rose from inside his coat, somehow unmarred and with not a petal out of place. At first he gazed at her steadily, and then turned his eyes to the grave and laid the bloom beside her flowers. "I have come to mourn myself... He was a famous musician who I admire not only for his passion for music, but for the brilliant talent he nurtured in his daughter." He stood again, returning his gaze to her, and replaced his fedora. "Aurevoir, M. Daae..." Erik pivoted on his heel and began quietly down the cobblestone path as the wind picked up and danced wildly beneath his cape. His nerves were on edge being so close to her and left him shaky, despite how he tried to remain composed. She watched him in the corner of her eye. 'Erik...' She fingered the ring caressing it with her fingertips. She followed, staring at his back. 'Why does his mere presence warm my soul?'

As though she had truly uttered his name aloud he stopped and listened for her voice, but there was nothing. He quickened his pace and disappeared beyond the gate to traverse the vacant and dark road. Christine swallowed and wondered if it was pride that held her back from him... But it was impossible to tell now, with so much confusion burdening her mind. She got in the carriage as Erik got into the driver's seat. His presence enchanted her, she had the overwhelming need to sing she heard the music in her mind, without even realizing it, she started singing quietly. *"Past the point of no return...no going back now..our passion play has now at last begun...past all thought of right or wrong...one final question...How long should we 2 wait until were one? When will*

the blood begin to race...The sleeping bud burst into bloom? When will the flames at last, consume us?" Her eyes widened as she realized what she did, she immediately clamped her hands over her mouth. 'I hope he didn't hear!!' she thought to herself. Erik smirked. 'Well well, singing one of my songs dear Christine?' He thought.

She swallowed her own breath and slipped out of the carriage before they could start on their way. She flew down the street, clutching her crimson cape to her along with the ring. Erik leapt to the ground and unhinged the horse from the carriage. He mounted and gave the mare a kick in the side and followed. She continued running. 'He's driving me mad! I can hear the beautiful music in my mind, everytime he's near! What has he done to me!!' She started slowing down, she knew he was following her. She stopped running, panting she ripped off the ring and put it in her pocket before he reached her she'd just say it fell off as she was running, she didn't want to give it up.

Erik pulled the horse to a halt in front of her, a look of surprised fear in his face. "Christine!" He dismounted and came toward her, "Have I driven you mad!" He searched her face for an explanation and drifted downward to where the ring no longer was... "So.." he sighed and stepped backward, "It is true..." She must've thrown it to the street, he thought. He suddenly felt ill at the idea and turned to face the mare. His hands laid over the horse's back as if he was about to climb up, but he paused and turned back to look at Christine. "Simply tell me to go and I will disappear to a place where you will never find me... If this horrible visage," he gestured to his emotionless white mask, "disturbs you to insanity I will not continue your torture."

She shook her head. "As I've told you before... Your face holds no horror to me, it's your soul which the true distortion lies." She stared him in the eyes. "I apologize for running. I...was overcome with emotion on behalf of my father. Trust me, I'm still sane."

Erik smirked at her words, but the look of concern returned to his face. "Here," he held out his arms as if to help her slip onto the horse. She gazed down at his beautiful hands, sculpted to perfection by years of piano training. How she wanted to feel the warmth and safety of his embrace... Perhaps this once she could steal a moment's touch under the guise of needing help to mount the horse. Walking closer she allowed him to lift her onto the horse, their eyes meeting. He took a moment longer to let go of her and reached for the reins, silently leading her down the sidewalk.

A frown crossed her features. 'I was hoping he'd ride with me...' "Erik...there is no need to walk...it's getting colder by the minute."

Erik glanced up at her and held her gaze. He then slipped his hand over the back of the horse and pulled himself up behind her. "It is rather cold..." He reached over to take the reins and let his arms relax beside her.

The horse began a gentle trot as the evening darkness slowly moved in.

She subconsciously pressed her self closer to him, needing warmth. Or that's what she wanted him to think

The wind continued to blow at their backs and his cape swam with hers through the air. The sweet scent of her lightly perfumed hair drifted up to him, and he committed the aroma to memory. He tried to memorize everything about her for those lonely hours when only thoughts of her could occupy him while he awaited their next meeting. He allowed the mare to go slowly, hoping Christine would not entreat him to hurry. Moments like these were rare and precious, and were to be savored.

She closed her eyes and leaned in closer taking in his scent...which was surprisingly close to cinnamon...She grinned slightly to herself. 'It suits him perfectly, half sweet, half spicy.' She almost laughed at the thought.

Erik felt her shoulders move with an inaudible giggle and he smiled softly to think that she might be happy. "What is it, Christine..." His voice was lilting now with the contentment of having her so near. She grinned and said without thinking. "You smell like Cinnamon..." Then her eyes widened slightly

realizing she opened her mouth without thinking...again.

He suppressed a laugh and leaned his mouth to her ear, "I don't know how that could be..." He chuckled lightly and leaned back again. The reins slipped from his fingertips as he released the horse to travel at whatever pace she wished. He had an unnatural ability with animals to gain so much of their respect that they would willingly do as he wished, without any prompting from him. Christine was a little worried that he had let the reins go, but once she realized that the mare had no intention of veering off of the path she felt comfortable again. 'How is he so forgiving?' she wondered... 'I told him that I hated him, and yet he pays respects at my father's grave... I tell him to leave me, and he does so without a protest... I run away like a mad woman and he is concerned for me!' She sighed and closed her eyes. She did not deserve this kind of treatment.

'I know he loves me! Why don't I just tell him!?! UGHH! ...I know...I'll pretend I'm slowly falling in love with him...It would make me look insane to tell hi I hate him, then tell him I love him.' She leaned into him again. "Erik, would you do me a favor?"

He felt his breath hasten as she grew closer. "Tell me first what it is... and then I'll tell you if I'll do it." He continued to seem relaxed but his mouth was already dry.

She blushed slightly. "Well...would you....sing for me? ...." "Music of the Night" If...you don't mind." She blushed harder.

Erik noticed the intense rosiness of her cheeks, and whispered, "If you'll do me a favor in return..." She felt the side of her neck tingle at the feel of his breath.

She bit her lip. "Tell me what it is first, and I'll tell you if I do it." She grinned slightly.

Erik smiled, "If you'll meet me for one more lesson... Tomorrow, midnight, on the stage."

She smiled. "That I can do. I'll be there."

A part of him was relieved that she didn't refuse. Just moments ago she'd been furious with him. There were many things about mankind that puzzled him, but women were by far the most confusing of all of them. Like the light rumbling of a waterfall his voice caressed the air, "Nighttime sharpens, heightens each sensation..." He paused and leaned closer, "Darkness wakes, and stirs imagination.... silently the senses abandon their defenses..." he lifted his hand to touch her arm, "Helpless to resist the notes I write.... For I compose the music of the night...." Thunder bellowed overhead, spooking the horse some, but he grabbed the reins and calmed her.

She wasn't paying attention to anything else just his beautiful voice she leaned deeper into him melting as his voice broke all off her barriers and set her soul free.

With fervor he continued his song, relishing their moment, knowing it was wrong and would have to eventually end. He knew the power of his voice to entrance and attract, and that once the song ended she would realize how he'd taken advantage of his ability to draw her in. But she laid against him without protest and vulnerable to his will. How could he pass up an opportunity to revel in her affections? He carefully drew his hand up to her face and felt the hotness of her cheek with the back of his fingers, "Close your eyes, let your spirit start to soar! And you'll live.... as you've never lived before...." Oh, to have her so safe in his arms, it was all he'd ever wanted..

She melted into him, a blush on her cheeks. She knew what his voice did to her. (HAVE him notice that she ASKED him to sing for her, and he knows that she knows what it does to her, lol. Why don't I be Christine and You be Erik?)

But then, of course, she had -asked- him to sing... She'd willingly stepped into this trap, so was it then really a trap? He stopped for a moment, "Christine... Do you want me to continue?" They'd stopped at the Opera, and if she asked him to finish the song they would have to travel beyond it...

She smiled still entranced talking without thinking again. "It is a beautiful night and it's a bit early to return...please continue Erik...I love hearing your voice." her eyes widened and she snapped out of her trance realizing what she just said. 'DAMN! Me and my damn mouth!' She thought.

Erik pulled his hand from her cheek, letting it glide along her shoulder and rest at his side, "Are you sure?" Christine bit her lower lip and closed her eyes, berating herself for being so stupid. And yet... She wasn't entirely unhappy... "Y...yes...Erik." she sighed.

He smiled and continued singing. "Slowly gently night unfolds its splendor, grasp it sense it, tremulous and tender.... Turn your face away, from the garish light of day, turn your thoughts away from cold unfeeling light.... and listen to the music of the night." She shivered on purpose, hoping he'd wrap his arms around her.

Christine drank in the timbre of his voice. It awakened her wildest fantasies and brought her to an entirely different world. Suddenly, the city, in all of its dull grey and white shading, looked colorful and rich. Feeling her shoulders quiver drew his arms around her along with his cape. "Let your mind start a journey through a strange new world... Leave all thoughts of the world you knew before! Let your soul take you where you long to be!" She clutched his hand, "Only then can you belong to me..."

She held his hand tighter forgetting her facade, then wrapped his arms around her waist instead of her shoulders, leaning into him.

Erik couldn't stand it any longer and pulled the horse aside in the middle of a grassy pasture and slipped down, pulling her along with him. He drew his fingertips along the side of her face and gently took her chin, "Floating, falling, sweet intoxication..." The thunder rumbled above, "Touch me, trust me.. Savour each sensation!" Again the lightning lit up the sky and a deafening crash brought rain suddenly falling from the clouds, "Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in, to the power of the music that I write-" He held her cheek in his hand, their lips just an inch or so away. "The power of the music of the night..." Christine slowly opened her eyes to watch him. He looked pained, as if he wanted to kiss her but knew that if he did it would be violating some rule of conduct between them. No woman looked upon a dangerous, deformed man with love... No woman willingly shared in his affections.

No women, but her. She leaned in and met his lips.

His eyes widened and kissed back. 'She's kissing me!! Her lips, touching mine! can this be real?'

'I'm in heaven, my angel, my Christine...does this mean she loves me?' He kissed her passionately and pulled her close to him. 'He's an amazing kisser..although he's never kissed anyone else....oh my god! This is my first kiss! And his!!'

Christine felt her pulse hasten and her corset didn't let her breathe deeply enough. She suddenly felt weak and a bit light headed, but in such bliss, and sighed. What was she going to do? He had first believed she hated him, now she'd changed everything. Did she really want to head full throttle into this relationship? How would they live? How could she be happy living underground, away from the world? Erik's mind was on other matters. He was shocked and perplexed, relieved and pleased. As they parted he realized what a mistake they'd made... Now she'd bound herself to him, unknowingly, and he would never let her go... He could never let her leave, not after this...

She looked away. "...That was a mistake...I'm sorry...just...take me back."

Erik took her arms and made her face him, "Christine! How can you say that...." Anger and a feeling of betrayal filled him until he simply let her go and mounted the horse. He took off his cape and threw it to her, "For the cold, though I doubt that you can ever escape the icy chill of your own betrayal." With that, he kicked the horse in the side and began to gallop away. Christine wasn't far enough away from the Opera to be caught in the storm, but he wasn't going to have her tempt him again.

She fell to the ground sobbing, after a little while, she forced herself up and made her way back to the opera house, only to enter her room, and continue weeping clutching his cape, he watched her from the mirror.

There was so much he wanted from her. Not just her touch, or her lips... He wanted her to genuinely smile at his wry jokes, to write songs with him, to be his companion, to raise their children, to blush at his attentions to her. He wanted to earn her trust... And he wanted whatever darkness that loomed over

them when they were together to dissipate. As she sobbed he assured himself that he had unwittingly torn her life apart, piece by piece, and now she was forever his. Did she know this? Perhaps not... But soon she would know... He would never leave her side, and his eyes would never cease their watching over her. She was his now... And rightfully so...

She continued sobbing, for her father, for her love, for her damn emotions. "WHY DON'T I JUST TELL HIM!?!!" She yelled out, but not loud enough to wake anyone. She choked back her sobs and pulled out the ring from her pocket, staring at it, fondling it. "I love him....what am I afraid of?"

Erik had gone before anything was said. He couldn't bear to stay any longer and watch her fall apart in front of him. It was a grim fate that she had chosen, yes, to be his wife. But there was no escaping it now...

She decided, she'd tell him at their lesson tomorrow night she'll tell him of her feelings...

With a contented sigh, finally feeling that she'd come to a resolution, she stood and wiped her tears and changed into her nightgown. The soft sheets of her bed felt good against her skin and gave her added comfort. Suddenly the world seemed better and she was excited about something for once in her life... She would tell him, but... what if... what if he didn't want her back?

-That next night-

The clock chimed midnight she felt as though tonight would be the most important night of her life. She made her way to the stage. The ring once again around her neck. 'Is he coming? He seemed so mad the last night....please....be there...' She walked onto the stage

It was finally time... The clock on the wall chimed 12. He folded his cape over his arm and put on his fedora. Everything was set.... He took the note that had taken him all day to write and tucked it into his coat. Soon, he ascended the spiral stairs that led up to the upper levels, and headed toward the stage. She waited there for him. 'He's...not coming?'

From above a note fell to the center of the stage, unsealed.

She looked down and picked it up. 'No! I wanted to see him in person!' She opened the note.

M. Daae,

You should thank me for my generosity in this matter, as you very well could've been enslaved as my wife for the rest of your life. But how can a demon possess an angel? Light normally dispels darkness, but in this case, the darkness would swallow you whole and whatever purity was left in your soul would shrivel into nothingness. I want you to live, and not only to live, but to do so happily. My end does not have to be your end... Your career at the Opera will continue to grow until you are finally Prima Donna. That is one gift that I may leave you without regret.

-Erik

**xI Killed Teax (10:02:19 PM): Her eyes widened. "What!?!!" 'Oh god! is he going to kill himself?!? NO! ERIK!!' She ran into her room desperately trying to open the mirror She almost screamed in frustration when it wouldn't open, she felt around for the switch and finally found it, she ran down the unlighted corridor and into the boat, rowing as though her life depended on it she found his laid and jumped out of the boat, getting her dress wet at the bottom, but she didn't care. "ERIK!!!!" she screamed out her voice echoing through the walls.**

**The cellars echoed like a catacomb. It was silent without its master. Behind her the gears beneath the lake that kept the water moving groaned for him to return. Everything, even the flicker of the lanterns that remained lit, seemed lifeless and cold. The mirrors surrounding his home were shattered, some laying on their sides. Other furniture had been thrown over. The little set of dolls he'd fashioned after the stage players had been scattered over the ground. He'd left his fedora and cape in his rage, as well as his coat. And finally, the music box with the cheerful monkey that played the cymbals had been dismembered.**

***"No....ERIK!!!!!!!!!! She collapped unto his organ chair tears fell down her face as she played a few keys saddly knowing that she could never made such amazing music like he could.***