

What Will Be, Will Be

By Fayalargo

Submitted: December 12, 2004

Updated: December 12, 2004

an experience of Tyson, bit beasts background, a little bit of Kai, bit beast conversations

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Fayalargo/9585/What-Will-Be-Will-Be>

Chapter 1 - Prologue	2
Chapter 2 - Chapter 1	5

1 - Prologue

Disclaimer: I don't own it

A/N: It's not very serious, so take it lightly

Prologue

Tyson fervently wished for the consoling presence of his friends, but he knew that this was a fight he had to face alone. He clutched the blade in his pocket so tightly that its edges dug into the skin of his palm painfully. *Dragoon, please help me. Lend me your power in this fight, I need you.*

What was up with him? Why was he so nervous? Not even before the World Championship Finals had he been so anxious. He would take any challenge fearlessly and anticipating. Unfortunately, now he didn't know what was happening to him. He almost wished he could run away, but he suppressed the urge to leave the waiting room. Too much was at stake here. Far too much. His entire future depended on this fight.

He was not a coward boy and never, ever drew back from a battle, but this time ...

He shifted uneasily on the bench he was sitting; small drops of sweat forming on his temples on the palms of his cold and clammy hands. His lips were pressed together in a tight grimace and his brow was furrowed over his closed eyes. He tried not to think of the dread that was filling him into his bones. It was only just that he didn't tremble. He prayed silently to Dragoon for his strength and his support, his ears closed to the tense chattering noises that surrounded him.

Far too soon a hollow voice called out his name and Tyson jerked. His eyelids flew open and his face

grew deadly white, his blade digging even further into his palms. It was his turn. No, please, do not faint, do not faint, do not faint... he had to get through this. *Dragoon, please do not let me down now. I need you in this battle for life and death.* If he did not succeed, he would starve. He inhaled deeply, trying to calm down his panic ally flying thoughts. *Dragoon, we will go through this together, we will do it for food...*

He stood up, his teeth almost chattering. Slowly, on slightly shaking legs he went through the heavy white oak door. He entered the arena where the final battle would take place.

Everything was as dreadful as he had expected. The people, the marrow-shaking grinding. The overwhelming stench which made him almost faint. He clenched his teeth together, sending stabs of pain into his head. He wouldn't faint. He gripped Dragoon tighter, red bruises forming on his palm where the blade's edges cut into his skin.

He took in the battle position. He knew he was at the mercy of his opponent, but he only had to survive this. Besides, it was far too late to flee now. No, fleeing has never been an option. He needed to go through this, even without his friends. His life's continuing was at stake here. He needed only to survive this to amend the throbbing pain in his head and mouth, and to be finally able to indulge in food again. Maybe he should have brushed his teeth more often?

Please, Dragoon, help me, he cried in his mind as his opponent approached with slow, menacing steps. I will survive this, he told himself, I will. He needed all his famous willpower to not declare defeat at the sight of the white-clad demon bending over him. He must not run away or he would never eat again...

He tried hard to conjure a picture of his favourite meals (almost everything edible) in his head and he felt Dragoon strength supporting him as the battle began.

The adversary, a monster, greeted him falsely friendly; Tyson knew that it was a feint. The demon told him to open his mouth. He was taken surprised by this order, normally people only told him to shut his mouth, and he opened it under great pains.

The monster peeked into his mouth and shook his head: "Boy, boy, what do we have here ..." He bent away and took the evil instrument into his hand, the one which made the grinding noises. He lowered it into Tyson's mouth. Tyson pinched his eyes together and he saw the demon in the white mantle smirking evilly as he said: "So, boy, keep still, this is going to hurt a little..."

One and a half ours later, he finally returned to the dojo, where his friends were out in the garden, training. Should have been training. At the moment the three heads of Max, Ray and Hilary were bent over Kenny's Laptop, evidently listening to some analysis Dizzi had done. For some reason they were grinning, well all except of Kai naturally, who leaned cross armed at the wooden column of the dojos's porch and watched Tyson crossing the lawn.

Tyson did not shout his greeting from the entrance as usual. His face was bandaged in a white cloth and he felt extremely exhausted, but extremely victorious as well, having faced the worst battle of his life

Kai was the first to open his mouth, as the others were still bent over the laptop.

“ Hello Tyson, “ Kai greeted in is cool and distant voice, but Tyson could have sworn that he saw the tiniest glint of a twinkle in the grey eyes of his team-mate. The notion disturbed him somewhat.

“ Hello, “ Tyson murmured back, his voice muffled by the cloth that bound his jaws together.

The other four looked up, smirks spreading on their faces.

“ Hi Tyson, how was your visit to the dentist ?” Rei asked innocently.

Tyson only `hmp'h'ed, speaking being far too painful for his mistreated mouth.

“ You know, you look really cute with that bandage around your head, “ Maxie added.

“ And it finally keeps your big mouth shut!” Hilary added jovially. “ Very nice for a change!”

“ But you had Dragoon to help you out, hadn't you? Making sure you didn't fain...?” came Dizzi's voice.

Now everybody chuckled and soon they all broke out in a collective, rip-roaring group laugh. Kai did not participate, but even his harsh features were softened by a good-natured smile.

Tyson, who wanted to yell at them, but felt unable to do so for it would hurt his sore teeth too much, grew beet-red in his face. Furiously, he stomped his foot and the ground and was about to jump at his friends, as fresh pain surged trough his head at the harsh movement. So he simply turned and stormed off into the house, followed by the laughter of his friends.

2 - Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I don't own it

A/N: The story takes places after season one, shortly into season two.

Chapter 1

Some days later, when the toothache had finally subsided and the shock from the dentist's evil treatment had faded, Tyson again indulged in his most cherished activities: eating and talking (and of course, beyblading). But as he hadn't spoken very much to his friends since they had laughed at him so mercilessly after the dentist, he didn't really have someone to talk to. He was growing bored fast, and Tyson generally being an open and good-natured person, he thought to sort it out by confronting the others with their offending behaviour.

At dinner time the other day, he finally decided to end his silence towards his friends, *after* he had eaten his ...fair share of pizza. He first let out a contented belch, followed by the question that had been bothering him for days.

“ Hey, guys, why did you laugh at me after I came from that evil dentist?” he blurted out. Tyson was a boy who didn't beat around the bush, he directly came to the point.

The others, somewhat startled by this sudden charge of Tyson's, eyed each other uneasily. (Except of Kai, of course, who looked as if he couldn't care less.)

“ Well ...” Kenny started, looking at Max.

“ Well ...” Max continued, seeking help with Rei.

Rei glanced at Kai invitingly.

Kai only uttered an indifferent: “ Hn.”, so Rei glanced back at Kenny, whose gaze was fixed at Dizzi's screen. “Well...”

Tyson tapped impatiently with his foot, his arms crossed over his chest: “ I'm waiting...”

The other boys again glanced at each other and then finally at Dizzi, who started to chuckle softly at their unease.

“ Hey, don't look at me so accusing. It's not my fault Tyson didn't speak to you after you laughed at him... It's that you were just soooo dying to hear what Dragoon had told me...Hey, Tyson don't scowl at ME! Your Dragoon kept calling me every few minutes while you were at the dentist, distracting me from my duty of training these inapt bigheads...”

There was a collective angry yelp from five mouths, these of Kai, Rei and Max being the loudest:” Whaaaaat !?! Dizzi! “. But all of them being overpowered by Tyson's question...yell:” What did Dragoon call you for, of all bit beasts?”

They could almost hear Dizzi's smirk in her voice as she answered them:” Calm down, guys ... I didn't mean it personally. Don't get me wrong, but if you can't take even some slight criticism, then you should better not ask me what your bitbeast talk about you... *mega smirk*. No reason to grow so pale, guys, and please be so kind as to lower your fists. You wouldn't attack an unarmed laptop...”

Kai, Max and Rei emitted a loud growl that resounded through the kitchen and Kenny looked almost like a turtle with his head drawn in deeply between his shoulders, sitting behind the offending laptop, frightened of the wrath of his team-mates.

Dizzi, maybe growing unsure of herself, made a noise that very closely resembled a swallowing: “ Hey, guys...”

Kenny was torn between the fright of his team-mates and being protective of his laptop: “ Eumh...”

Tyson dissolved auf the tense situation:” Let her talk...”

Dizzi respired:” Thank you Tyson...”

But Tyson had already continued speaking:” What did Dragoon call you for? And how are you bit beasts even able to talk to each other?”

“ Tyson, never underestimate the power of us bit beasts. We are in our blades, or, in my case, in our laptop out of our free will. We act out of respect for our holders...”

The bladers around the table relaxed visibly.

“ ...though I don't know how Dragoon, Draciel, Drigger and Dranzer came to respect you four of all people...”

The bladers around the table tensed again, shooting death glares at Dizzi.

“ I, for myself,” Dizzi continued, “ choose to live inside Kenny's laptop, because he is by far the most intelligent guy of you all...”

Kenny smiled proudly and closed his arms protectively around his laptop, shielding it from the death glares of the other team members.

“Dizzi has a good point,” Hilary stated wisely, smiling generously at Kenny, who blushed a little, but beamed even more.

Now, Hilary, as well as Kenny and Dizzi, got her share of the death glares. [Kai has been a good teacher]

“Of course I have a good point,” Dizzi continued, “Unless you haven't noticed, I am always right, and I really don't want to sound presuming ... I might not be the most powerful of bitbeast, at least not when it comes to raw force, but my strength lies in my wisdom...”

“Yes, yes, Dizzi, we know,” Tyson interrupted her impatiently, “but now back to the important things...how and why did Dragoon call you?”

Dizzi kept silent for a few seconds, enjoying Tyson's fidgeting. The other three bladers sat with their arms crossed, staring pointedly away from her, their expressions so very Kai-like that they could have been clones. Kenny's and Hilary's glances changed between Tyson, Dizzi, and themselves, both blushing slightly when their eyes met for the parts of a second.

Dizzi started to answer Tyson's question: “How we do communicate? That's pretty easy, how do you communicate? We talk with each other. Don't look at me this stupidly, Tyson, what did you expect? We don't talk as noticeably as you do, though faster, and no, it's not telepathy. But as you know, you all have very powerful bit beasts, far too powerful for...” Here she paused for a second. “...never mind..., you all have very powerful bit beasts, and the more power a bitbeast has, the farther his/her call reaches out when he/she wants to speak with another bitbeast. It's more like a part of us reaches out, us being energy, we touch the energy of another bitbeast and that enables us to communicate. And, naturally, the better you know a bitbeast, the easier it is to reach out for it and to talk to it. I would find your bit beasts over a distance of a thousand kilometres at least. When I know where they are, then the distance between us doesn't matter any more, so well do I know them...”

The Bladebrakers had forgotten their grudge on Dizzi and were all listening intently on what she said. Even Kai's face showed some sign of interest.

Rei timidly raised a hand: “If I get that right, Dizzi, you and Drigger could have been in contact all the while the Bladebreakers were split up and scattered around the world...”

Kai nodded and Dizzi confirmed their theory: “Of course! It's not only that you people are friends, but we bit beasts as well! Through your/our training together, not only you have become a team, but we bit beasts as well. It is this linking of bit beasts as well that has made you so powerful. Not only you support each other, but we as well. How do you think, Tyson, you would have won the World Championship in Russia against Tala, if not Dranzer and Draciel had helped Dragoon and fought against Tala...”

The bladers around the table tensed at the mention of the Demolition Boys.

“... you thought that the bit beasts couldn't hear you, because they were trapped in Tala's blade. Well,

that's true, they couldn't hear you, but they still could hear each other and so, when Dragoon launched his last attack on Tala's bitbeast mix, he called upon Dranzer and Draciel....”

“ So we owe the defeat the Demolition Boys and the thwarting of Voltaire's evil plans to the friendship of our bit beasts...” Rei summarized.

“ What I don't get,” Max interjected, “ how they were able to take our bit beasts away from us, if they are so powerful...”

“ If you recall when the bit beasts have been stolen, you will notice that this was only possible after you were defeated.” Dizzi answered.

“ A bit beast uses much of his power when fighting other bit beasts...” Kai added.

“ You are right. After a battle the beast as well as the blader is weakened, so noone could help when the Demolition Boys claimed their victory's prize. It was pretty bad for Dragoon, Drigger and me, when in the end we alone remained....”

“ Wait...” Rei interrupted. “ I thought Drigger left after the end of our battle against Falborg.”

“ She did. Leave you and your blade, because she was so weakened by defending herself as well as you, her blader. And she felt unable to take care of you anymore, so she left. She was in a pretty bad state when she came into my laptop, barely able to contain her energy so long to even talk to me. But she wanted to watch Dragoon's fight by all means, and, by the way, she discovered that I'm not so bad a nursemaid. My treatment brought her back to strength far before she would have regenerated her strength normally...”

Rei smiled a glad smile: “Thank you Dizzi. I would have thanked you before, but I didn't know...” he said gratefully.

“ You, a nursemaid?!” Tyson exclaimed disbelievingly.

“ Well, yes...what did you think?”

“ I only knew you as the lady of biting sarcasm...”

“ The lady of biting sarcasm will tell you something. In fact, I was the one who helped you out at the dentist when you were frightened to death. Dragoon was very concerned about your state, but he didn't know how he could support you, because even if he is one of the most ancient and powerful bit beasts, he has never encountered a situation like this...”

“ And you have?” Tyson asked doubtfully.

Kenny answered in Dizzi's stead. He shook his head: “ Not exactly, but she has been living in diverse alchemistic and shamanistic artefacts before, so she has quite the experience in healing.”

“ Wow, how do you know that?” Tyson asked.

“ I asked her.”

Kai chuckled at Tyson's sheepish grimace and murmured: “ Dunderhead...”

“ Whaaaaat!” Tyson yelled at Kai, who seemed very unimpressed by his team-mate's outburst.

“ Did Dragoon ask the other bit beasts as well?” Hilary inquired as Tyson has calmed down.

“ Yes, he did.”

“ And?”

“ Tyson is not going to like the answer ... “

“ The better,” Hilary stated smirking evilly, “ Come on, please tell us.”

Dizzi let out a theatral sigh, waiting till everybody was listening impatiently.

“ Dragoon did ask Dranzer, Draciel and Drigger as well, but unfortunately they couldn't help him. None of their holders has ever panicked this severely before....”

Everybody was now looking at the beet-red Tyson.

“... or believed they would die any moment just because they had to face a DENTIST...!”

“ Dragoon....!!!!” Tyson wailed. He then ran from the room, again followed by the hilarious laughter of his friends.