

RANDOM YGO STUFF THAT I WROTE! >_<

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meh...

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big brother take them to a hospital,
CANDY! CANDY! CANDY! CANDY!

I don't think you need any more candy, Yugi, Grandpa smiled.

4pm

Yugi's cousins, Kiki, Niki, and Lane came to visit. As usual, it was ask Atem as many confusing questions as possible for Niki and Lane.

After at least fifty questions (the answer was yes to), Atem wasn't really listening to them.

Niki smirked. Would you have Tea's children?

Ye- Atem slapped a hand over his mouth and went bright red.

The children laughed.

What did you just say? Yugi's jaw dropped.

Atem shook his head.

He said he would- Lane cut off, Atem clamped a hand over the boy's mouth.

11:30pm

Yugi was still awake, giggling about what had happened earlier.

Grandpa was awake too.

Atem was fast asleep. He was exhausted from coughing all day.

Grandpa came into his room. He smiled.

Atem lay on his side, snoring. He had thrown his shirt and trousers onto the chair.

Grandpa pulled the covers up to his chin and patted him on the shoulder. He had always thought of Atem as his second grandson and treated him the same as Yugi.

He left, closing the door behind him.

Is he asleep already? Yugi asked.

Grandpa nodded. I don't blame him, it's too cold!

2 - *yawn* -_-'

FLASHBACK

Something silver flew toward Atem. Pain shot through his bottom lip. Blood splattered on the wall and he gasped with pain.

Join the club, punk, someone laughed as pain shot through his left ear.

He span round. *Skeletons!*

His eyes widened.

BANG!

Atem s eyes flickered open. He couldn t speak. It hurt. He gaped at Tea as she looked over him.

W-Where did you get your ear and lip pierced? she frowned.

Pierced?

Grandpa was going to kill him for that!

Seriously, you re too punk for your own good! Look, you can t even talk! Must have been a really bad place you went to have those done!

Atem took a trembling hand and felt his lip and then his ear.

You look awful. Why didn t you come home last night? Are you hurt? Tea asked.

END FLASHBACK

Atem sat at the back of the dining hall. Everyone except his friends bullied him for it. He stared at his lunch. He wasn t hungry. He never was, but his body needed the energy. He only ate breakfast and dinner. Nothing between.

Come on, Pharaoh, you need to eat something, Tristan said.

Two boys sitting on the opposite table laughed.

Watch it doesn t rip your mouth off!

Yeah! Tin can!

Atem had had enough. He threw the tray across the table and left.

Ooh! Skinny Tinny s got a bad mood! one of the boys called.

Shut up, Tristan grunted, getting up and also leaving.

Jerk, Tea added.

Idiot, Joey muttered.

Yugi followed silently.

When they got outside, Atem had climbed over the fence and was walking home!

Pharaoh! Yugi scrambled over the fence and ran after him. You can t just walk out of school in the middle of the day!

I just did, Yugi, Atem grunted.

Yugi followed his disgruntled older brother all the way back to the game shop.

Atem turned the key in the door. It clicked open.

You can t just- Yugi cut off as the door slammed in his face. He groaned and headed back to school.

Atem dropped his bag by the stairs and went up to his room. Grandpa was out, so he had the house to himself.

He flopped onto his bed and sighed.

He decided to take a shower, and steer clear of the mirror . . .

3 - BREAKING THE HABIT SONG FIC!

BREAKING THE HABIT

Memories consume

Like opening the wound

I m picking me apart again

You all assume

I m safe here in my room

Unless I try to start again

Atem had changed back from his werewolf form, but it was still the night of the full moon. His mouth was bloody. As were his feet and hands. He ran through the streets, away from the pain and darkness. He wore ripped trousers and the remains of a T-Shirt.

I don t want to be the one

The battles always choose

Cause inside I realize

That I m the one confused

He ran. He fell to his knees at the door of the house, no matter how fast or far away he ran he couldn t escape it.

I don t know what s worth fighting for

Or why I have to scream

I don t know why I instigate

And say what I don t mean

I don't know how I got this way

I know it's not alright

So I'm

Breaking the habit

Tonight

Atem ripped some of the wooden boards from over the windows of the old house. He jumped up and grabbed the top board. He pulled himself up and slipped through the gap.

Clutching my cure

I tightly lock the door

I try to catch my breath again

I hurt much more

Than any time before

I had no options left again

Atem stumbled into a room. His entire body trembled and pain still surged through him, mind and body. He locked the door; clutching the bottle of blue liquid that Ishizu had given him as a cure. It only lasted an hour per mouthful.

I don't want to be the one

The battles always choose

Cause inside I realize

That I'm the one confused

He gulped down the liquid until the bottle was empty. His jaw trembled. He gaped, holding the empty bottle close to his lips. Not one drop. It truly was empty.

I don't know what's worth fighting for

Or why I have to scream

I don't know why I instigate

And say what I don't mean

I don't know how I got this way

I know it's not alright

So I'm

Breaking the habit

Tonight

More. He needed more, a lifetime's worth. He threw the bottle and turned away, eyes filled with tears. He sobbed and buried his face on his hands.

I'll paint it on the walls

Cause I'm the one at fault

I'll never fight again

And this is how it ends

Atem staggered to his feet. He kicked and screamed at the walls. He thrust a fist into the door, threw himself forward and slid down it, tears streaming down his face. He kept a hand on the door, like it was his only hope.

I don't know what's worth fighting for

Or why I have to scream

But now I have some clarity

To show you what I mean

I don't know how I got this way

I know it's not alright

So I'm

Breaking the habit

I m breaking the habit

I m breaking the habit

Tonight

Atem needed someone to find him, to help him recover and cure him. He lay on the floor curled up.

He curled up to die.

4 - LOOOOOOONG chapter?!

Nina lowered her head and sunk her fangs into Atem's neck. He froze and gave a sharp gasp. His eyes flickered shut.

Nina hissed and dropped him.

Atem groaned and woke up. He and Yugi were sharing a room. They had bunk beds. He was on the top and Yugi was below, pulling on his shoes.

Atem! Time for school! Yemi called up the stairs. Yugi! Breakfast is ready!!!

Coming! Yugi replied.

Yugi? Atem croaked, What . . . happened?

Yemi made us share a room because she needs yours for her computers. We found you in the street, out cold. You've been out for three days. Yemi was going to call a doctor, Yugi said.

Atem yawned and stretched. His throat felt dry, sore and rough and his voice was croaky.

He felt a little strange, like something was going to go wrong at school today. Something to do with science . . .

He's immune to sunlight, Yemi said quietly.

Are you sure? a voice asked.

Yes, Tea,

Okay, but I hope you're right or he'll die out there,

Atem grabbed his school bag and slung it over his shoulder. Yugi had already started down the road.

Yemi kissed him on the cheek. Have a good day, Wozzuls! Aren't you the cutest wittle kid?

Atem rolled his eyes. I'm seventeen, he grunted.

Uh . . . right . . . eheh . . . Goodbye teenager! She corrected.

Pharaoh! Tea waved her hand.

Atem smiled and jogged over. He put his hands in his pockets.

They walked down the path together.

Um . . . Pharaoh? Are you okay with the whole . . . you know, she trailed off.

What are you talking about? he frowned.

Tea froze. He didn't know!

Tea? Atem stopped and turned to her.

I need to tell you something, she said.

Go ahead, he smiled.

Tea didn't know what to say. She lost the will to tell him when she stared into his eyes.

Y-You . . .

Yes?

Her eyes darted all over his face. She noticed the faint facial hair around his jaw and said the first thing

that popped into her mind.

You need a shave! she blurted out.
Atem's face dropped in disappointment. Oh . . . I . . . thought you . . . were going to ask . . . - I thought you liked guys with facial hair, he added quickly.

I do . . . Tea muttered. She figured out what he thought she was going to say and sighed. Sorry,
X : :| ~ |:: X

In Science, they were studying blood cells (Uh-Oh!) and to make matters worse, Andy cut his finger on the desk. Atem stared at the blood. He gaped as his fangs grew.

He snapped out of it when Tea clamped a hand over his mouth.
What are you doing? Mrs. Fret asked.
Atem's going to be sick! I need to take him home miss! Tea said quickly.
Are you going to vomit, Atem?
Atem nodded quickly.

Go on then, Mrs. Fret nodded.
The pair hurried outside the classroom.
Atem broke free of Tea's grip and ran past.
Where are you going? It was only a- she began.
No! Seriously! I really am going to be sick! Atem yelled.

He heaved and scrambled into the boys toilets, then burst into a cubicle.
Tea heard him vomit. Ew,
Atem stared at his reflection in the mirror. He noticed the fangs as they shrunk back to their original size.

He groaned and put his head in his hands.
Pharaoh? Are you okay? I tried to tell you, Tea called. I can walk home with you. Then, maybe we can spend some time at your place,
Atem came out to her and nodded.

He was Tea's height now and they could accidentally gaze into each other's eyes.
They took their bags and walked home.

Yemi was out.
Atem and Tea listened to some music and chatted for a while.
Atem's eyes hung half shut and he was almost asleep while Tea played with his hair
She couldn't help but think how cute he looked like that.
You like that don't you? she said.

He gave a small nod.
Yemi said that your father used to do that to make you sleep when you were a baby . . . she smiled.
Atem nodded again.

Tea never thought she could ever relax him so much or see him like that.

5 - HE SLEEPS NAKED?! O_O

But, I-I m sick and I m a vampire, Atem said.
There was a short silence.
I can t hold this back any longer! Atem kissed her deeply on the lips.
They pulled apart, both blushing.
I love you, he said.

I love you too, Tea smiled. A-And thank you,
She returned the kiss.

::| ~ |::

It was 1am. The streets were almost empty. Atem was taking a walk in the cold December air. He put his hands in his pockets. Even though he ate and drank as normal, he still felt so hungry.

Yesterday, he had drained a girl s dog of its blood.
It wasn t enough. He needed *human* blood.
He breathed through his mouth and his icy breath was visible before him. He shuddered as a cold wind breezed through him.

Yemi came up to him.
What are you doing out here this late? You ll get sick out here, you re only seventeen, she said.
Atem was watching the two girls behind her. His fangs grew and he bounded forward.

ATEM! Yemi struggled to hold her bloodthirsty son back.
Atem freed himself and leapt onto the girl before draining her blood. She screamed then stiffened as he got back up.
He stammered into a wall as people crowded around her and gasped. They glared at him.

Breathing heavily, Atem quickly wiped his mouth. His oversized, overly sharp canines still stuck out of his mouth.
It began to rain.
Atem, Yemi breathed. Listen, you need to come with me and-
NO! Atem spluttered. He turned and ran.
Atem! Yemi cried.

Atem sprinted down the alleyway, stumbling over rubbish, clattering over the wrecks of old cars.
He came to halt when a woman stepped in his path. She had fangs, too.
Atem had to go before any of the witnesses found him.
He quickly sunk his fangs into her neck, took a few sips, dropped her and carried on running.

::| ~ |::

Is he a vampire?

Yes. He has a taste for human blood and animal blood,

::| ~ |::

Atem threw himself into Tea s front door. Tea opened it and gasped.

Pharaoh?

::| ~ |::

Tea s mum had got Atem out of his wet clothes and he was now sitting on the sofa, in his boxers with a towel wrapped around him.

He was shaking, eyes streaming. His fangs had gone.

::| ~ |::

Yemi had taken Atem home. He was grounded for running away like that and he stayed in his room.

Atem had been playing Jesus Of Suburbia on his guitar for the last hour.

He was so bored that he sang the swearing extra loud, but nobody heard him because his amplifier was so loud.

Yemi banged on the bedroom door. Keep it down!!!!

I DON T CARE IF YOU DON T, I DON T CARE IF YOU DON T, I DON T CARE IF YOU DON T CARE!!!! I DON T CAAAAAAAAAAAAAARE!!!!!!!!!!!!

Atem ignored her, but the lyrics matched the situation!

Yugi sniggered at his brother roaring lyrics.

ATEM!!!!

Everyone s SO FULL OF SH-

MIND YOUR LANGUAGE!

I DON T CARE!!!!

Dearly beloved are you listening? I can t remember a word that you were saying . . .

::| ~ |::

It was 11pm. It was silent upstairs.

Yugi peered in and his jaw dropped. Atem was fast asleep in his bed, naked!

EW! He sleeps naked?! Yugi exclaimed.

Always has and always will . . . his father was the same, Yemi said blankly, like she had been telling people this for years.

Yugi raised an eyebrow. Oh, boy. Poor Tea . . . do I have to sleep in here? What about when he gets up in the morning? he shuddered and mimed vomiting.

Don't worry, he'll get up before you. He's always up early, well, sometimes, Yemi yawned.

No! He sleeps in! He even sleeps through thunder!

There you go then. You'll be downstairs having breakfast,

I hope so,

Yugi got into his pyjamas and got into bed, mumbling something about guys like Atem shouldn't sleep naked and Pharaoh's being taken off the throne for being completely naked in public.

6 - sleepy...

It was now 11:30pm. The twins were in the dark. Yugi was watching ice hockey on the TV.

Are you really naked? Yugi asked.

What? Atem croaked, opening his eyes. No, I m wearing my boxers,

Yemi said you sleep naked,

I did when I had my own room,

EW!

Yugi felt all over the bed and glanced around. He froze and frowned.

Pharaoh, pass me the crisps,

Atem sighed and reached under his pillow. He dropped a bag of crisps down to Yugi.

And the chocolate, Yugi grunted.

Atem groaned and tossed a chocolate bar down.

Atem s arm still dangled over the edge of the top bunk and Yugi could see his hand.

Atem was half asleep.

Yugi tugged on his hand.

Hhn . . . what? he muttered, opening his eyes again.

Yugi turned the TV off and the room fell completely dark. Sshh!

Yemi came up the stairs. There was a scream and a clatter.

I HATE TEENAGERS!! she exclaimed.

Atem and Yugi snorted and burst out laughing.

Yugi laughed more than Atem.

There may have been only a year between them, but age wasn t the only difference.

Yugi was still a kid at heart, and though he was sixteen, his voice hadn t deepened yet. Atem was the mature one of the two, and if he said something, he meant it . . . well, most of the time.

He was more of a father than a brother to Yugi, because Yemi wasn t even related to him.

All right, Yugi, it s getting late. We should get some rest- Atem began.

Why should I listen to a vampire? Yugi protested.

Because, if you don t sleep, you re going to be in a bad mood,

I m staying up!

Fine, Atem grunted. See if I care when you get grounded,

Fine, Yugi grinned.

Fine,

FINE!

FINE!!! All right, that s it! End of story! Finished! Good night! Atem finished.

The room fell silent. Atem lay down, rolled over, pulled the covers up and sighed. He closed his eyes again. He almost instantly began to snore quietly.

Yugi finished eating.

Hey, Pharaoh, did you hear about the dog that went to the moon? he giggled.

Pharaoh?

Realizing that his brother was really asleep, and that it was genuine snoring that he heard, Yugi yawned and tucked himself into bed.

7 - um...

Atem came home from school before Yugi. Yugi had detention.
Atem froze and gaped. There was no house. It had been destroyed.
Yemi was in there!

Atem dropped his keys and bags. He stepped into the rubble and called for her. There was no reply.
Fearing the worst, he began to dig through the rubble. He worked faster, digging like a dog burying a bone.

He scrambled through bits of wood. He had searched the whole house. Nothing.
Atem couldn't believe this.

She's gone, an old lady said quietly. She carefully came over.
NO! SHE'S NOT! SHE CAN'T BE! Atem began to tear through the piles of burnt wood again.
He grinded to a halt. She can't be . . . his voice cracked.

Atem slammed a fist onto the pile of planks. He buried his face in his arms as tears uncontrollably ran down his face.

::| ~ |::

Atem's eyes snapped open. Breathing heavily, he sat up in bed. 3am flashed on the digital clock. Atem sighed and lay back down.

::| ~ |::

10:50am now showed on the clock. Atem was still asleep. It was Sunday December 3rd. He could be asleep all day . . .

The phone rang. Yugi picked it up.
Hi, Yugi,
Hey, Tea, he smiled.

Can I talk to the Pharaoh?
He's still in bed. I can wake him up, if you want, Yugi said.
No, it's okay. Just leave him, Tea said.

Atem's eyes fluttered open.
. . . Okay, I tell him you want to ask him out, he heard Yugi say.
Atem practically fell out of bed and snatched the phone off Yugi.
Hey! Yugi snapped.

Tea?
Oh, hi, Pharaoh! I was thinking, would you go out with me tonight?
I . . . can't, he muttered.

Why not?

I can't go with you at night. I would kill someone,

Oh, yeah. Sorry, I forgot about that, Tea muttered.

I'm sorry Tea, but- beep!

She hung up, didn't she? Yugi grinned.

Atem threw the phone at him and silently walked past. He got dressed and sat on his bed, disappointment plastered all over his face.

Hey, I'm sorry bro. I didn't mean to- Yugi began.

Atem sighed and turned away. He put his head in his hands.

I'll be downstairs if you need me, Yugi said. He left.

Atem sighed again. Why did *he* have to be a vampire?

8 - HIC!

Atem had been cured.

He had lost Tea. She still had her crush on him and he felt the same, but she was too busy thinking of how to apologize that she hadn't noticed Seto Kaiba.

He, Yami Marik and Yami Bakura had taken a like to her.

Atem was furious. One day he lost it . . .

He stormed down to Domino Park, growling to himself.

Yugi followed, trying to calm him down.

Yami Marik and Yami Bakura were fighting Kaiba for Tea. Tea just sat on the bench, confused.

Atem stood in front of Seto and punched him so hard that he collapsed.

Yami Marik, Yugi and Yami Bakura gawped in amazement.

Tea? Atem took Tea's hand, his features softened.

Tea smiled and stood up.

They kissed and walked away, hand in hand.

The two Yami's stared at Seto blankly.

Yugi followed Tea and Atem.

::| ~ |::

Yemi let her brother, Scott; take care of Atem for the day, while she was at work.

They didn't get back until at least midnight. Scott held Atem up, as he stammered at his side. He vomited on the pavement and swore at Scott.

Scott hiccupped and banged on the door.

Yemi opened the door. The stench of alcohol hit her.

Where have you been? she exclaimed.

Scott grinned. Went to the bar. Asked your son if he wanted anything - HIC! - I got him a drink, but he didn't want it,

So you forced it down him?! Yemi snapped.

He's just a bit tired. I didn't want to waste my money,

TIRED?! He's as drunk as a duck! My son is seventeen and you think it's funny to get him drunk?!

Yemi shouted.

Atem groaned and staggered into a wall. He vomited again.

Scott shrugged.

NEVER COME NEAR MY FAMILY AGAIN! Yemi yelled.

Atem swayed, but Yemi caught him. Are you okay? she asked.

He collapsed.

NOW LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE! GO AWAY SCOTT! DON'T COME NEAR HIM AGAIN!!!! she

screamed.

::| ~ |::

Atem found himself in his bed, with his hands rested over his abdomen. He felt sick and had a headache. He felt awful.

He wrapped his arms around his stomach and tried to go to sleep, but he felt worse.

9 - *cough, shuffle*

Atem took a long, relaxing bath.

His hairstyle was natural so it stayed the same.

He lay back, and held his breath under the water for a few seconds.

He sat up and put his head in his arms- which were rested across his knees-and sighed.

He was so relaxed that he began to doze off. The silence was broken when Yugi banged on the bathroom door.

I need the bathroom!!! Hello!!!! he called.

Atem grunted and opened his eyes.

HELLO!! PHARAOH, I NEED TO PEE!!!!

All right, I m coming, Atem groaned.

He stood up, got out of the bath, pulled the plug, quickly dried himself off and was shoved out of the bathroom by Yugi.

Hey! I need my underwear! Atem snapped.

Have your flipping underwear, then! Yugi threw a pair of black boxers at him and slammed the door again.

Atem swiftly pulled them on and went into his bedroom to get dressed.

::| ~ |::

Tea and Atem were alone in the kitchen. They had been talking for a while.

I ll never find another guy like you, Tea said. Your personality is perfect *and* you re good looking, I feel the same way about you, he smiled.

Their lips met. They closed their eyes, changing angles as their tongues danced. Atem wrapped his arms around her waist and she gripped his hair with one hand and held him with the other.

They moaned and opened their eyes a tiny way. Their eyes snapped wide open and they froze, blushing. Yemi was staring at them! She sweatdropped.

They quickly parted. Tea continued to pour herself a cup of tea and Atem cleared his throat and ruffled his hair.

Yemi grabbed Atem.

It had better be no more than just kisses until you re at least twenty! Understand? she hissed.

Atem nodded rapidly.

Tea overheard her and almost spilt her tea. Neither of the couple had had that in mind, they just wanted a little romance.

::| ~ |::

It was the school trip. It took ages to get there. Atem had had a headache all day and had been travelsick all the way there. He fell asleep on the way back though.

Tea had to sit next to him, at the front of the coach. She had been sick too.

Yugi and Joey sat behind them.

Is he asleep? Yugi giggled.

Joey leaned over and craned his neck. Yeah!

Poke him! Yugi hissed. Tea, I dare you to poke him!

Tea poked Atem's cheek and they all giggled. She poked him again.

Go away, he croaked.

The three sniggered.

Yugi reached over and tugged his hair.

Atem opened his eyes, reached over the back of his seat and grasped Yugi's wrist.

Ah! No! Gimme my hand back! he yelled.

10 - random chappie, set after the final ep of YGO

Is it really him?

Tea walked down the street. It had been a whole year since Atem had left. She was still upset. She heard loud music coming from a building. She felt drawn to the building and wandered over. There was a long line of punks and Goths that spilled across the roads.

The heavy metal was deafeningly loud, even from outside. The bass shook the ground as she approached. Tea pushed through the drunken crowds, screaming girls and roaring guys. Her ears hurt. The language of the band's lyrics was explicit.

She tripped over and quickly got up. She pushed through the crowds faster. Then something clicked in her head. This was a song that Atem used to like. It was *Wake up Hate* by KoRn. Now she could see the band. The lead singer had long black, greasy hair. The drummer had a Mohican, the bassist had dreadlocks and one of the guitarists had hardly any hair at all.

It was the second guitarist that caught Tea's eye. He must have been the youngest member of the band; he only looked about seventeen years of age. He had spiky hair, consisting of blonde bangs and red-tipped black spikes behind. He, the other guitarist and the bassist sang the chorus. The young man that Tea was watching, also had his lip and eyebrow pierced. He wore a pair of ripped leather trousers, with a ripped shirt.

His chest was scarred. They were all scarred. They sang and played so hard that they almost looked like they had been tortured onto the stage. They roared down the microphones. Tea's eyes watered. She couldn't help but think that she had seen the young man before. She stared as he slammed on his seven-stringed guitar and screwed his face up as he bellowed down the microphone.

He put a headset on and leapt into the crowds. Still, screaming, they carried him across. Sweat ran down the band's bodies. The teen leapt back onto the stage for another chorus. He was shaking. It looked like he had been doing this for at least a year, and his body couldn't take the strain anymore.

Tea could see the strain on his face and he was clearly becoming dizzy and weak. She could hear his rasping breaths from the headset.

STOP! she screamed. STOP IT! HE CAN'T TAKE IT! HE'S NOT AS STRONG AS YOU!!

No one heard her.

The punks around her shoved her away. NO!!!

Tea's eyes filled with tears.

The teen spotted her.

Tea? she lip-read him saying.

Pharaoh? Tea gasped.

It was him!

She stared into his lifeless amethyst eyes. What have they done to you?

Atem collapsed. He fell straight from the stage and onto the hard floor. The music grinded to a halt.

Not again, the lead singer muttered.

The crowds groaned and soon the place was empty except for Tea and the band.

The drummer hopped down from the stage and jogged over to his unconscious band mate. He s really lost it this time, he grunted.

Nah, the kid s just fakin it again. You know what he s like, a man smirked. He wore a black suit. The band cowered away from him.

And you know the punishments, he sneered.

Tea gasped. Punishments? It was the band s manager that had got them in this state!

The man lifted Atem by the collar and shook him. WAKE UP, YOU STUPID BRAT! THE SHOW S OVER AND YOU RUINED IT! he yelled.

Atem didn t move.

I TOLD YOU, HE S UNCONSCIOUS! LEAVE MY SON ALONE! the drummer bellowed.

Son? This was the modern day version of his father?

Fine, the man said coolly. He threw Atem across the floor and left. The rest of the band followed.

The drummer ran to his son, who was now awake and weeping.

You, girl! Help me carry him out, he called.

Tea nodded. The pair pulled Atem s arms over their shoulders and helped him limp out.

He left a trail of blood and tears on the floor.

11 - getting away

Atem was laid down on a messy old bed. This was the room they had to share, they all had beds like this. The place was a mess.

The drummer gave Atem a bottle of water and sat down.

Atem could barely hold the bottle. His hands and fingers were covered with scars. He trembled as he drank the water.

Tea furrowed her brows. He had to live in a dump, was forced to go on stage by a mad man, and what s worse he was covered in scars.

Come on, get dressed and we can leave this place for good, Atem s father said after a short silence. Atem sighed and put the bottle on the table.

He sat up and pulled a backpack from under his bed. He pulled out a black pair of jeans, a red tie and a black shirt that had white pinstripes on. Those were the only clean, normal clothes he had left.

Tea watched his trembling fingers as he put his clothes out on the bed.

She helped him get dressed. His fingers throbbed when he tried to move them. That was what made it so hard to play the guitar.

Atem winced as he pulled the old ripped shirt off. He had to peel it off because it had stuck to the wounds.

No matter how different he looked, or what had happened to him, one thing stayed the same; he always wore the cartouche that Tea had given him.

He pulled his clean shirt on and she buttoned it up for him. He thanked her and pulled his jeans on, then fumbled with the red tie.

Atem managed to do the tie up and pulled his trainers on. He left his old clothes in the backpack and left it under the bed.

Tea had to admit; he did look sexy in his new clothes. The top button was undone, the cuffs were undone, the shirt was un-tucked and the tie wasn t all the way up-it hung loosely around his neck and the knot was on his chest.

Atem s father handed him his guitar and he slung it onto his back (it s in a case!).

Are you coming with us? the drummer asked Tea.

She paused and nodded. Yes,

Are you sure? Atem croaked. There is a chance that they could find us and-

Pharaoh, think of the good side of things first, Tea said. I mean, yes, that could happen, but hey! What have we got to lose!

Atem smiled weakly.

They began to leave, Tea clinging to him as he limped at her side.

12 - Too far away!

Atem, his father and Tea had gone so far from the city that they had lost sight of civilization all together. Atem froze and glanced around. He saw great stretches of rainforest and towering waterfalls. Where are we? he breathed.

By now, his foot had healed itself and he was able to walk on his own.

His father stepped forward, grunted with consent and carried on walking.

What are you doing? Atem called. We don't know what could be out-

Tea put a hand on his shoulder and he fell silent. He turned away, brushed her off and followed silently.

After a few hours of wandering, tempers began to fray.

I feel sick . . . Atem mumbled.

You always feel sick! his father snapped.

What is your name, anyway? Tea asked.

My name is Chad in this world, came the reply.

That is, if we are still in This world , Atem grunted.

You're just like my sister, you are, depressing! Chad growled.

Atem glared at him.

And you can stop glaring at me too! Chad added loudly.

Pharaoh! Tea hissed, grabbing Atem as he lunged for his father with his fists clenched.

A couple of hours later, everyone was exhausted. Chad pushed on, even though Atem and Tea had suggested, more than once, that they take a rest.

We need to rest! Atem barked.

We need to get out of here! Chad called.

Atem rolled his eyes.

There was a thud and Atem and Chad turned round.

Tea had flopped onto the ground and had folded her arms. Goodbye, then, she grunted.

Fine, Chad sighed. We rest here tonight and leave tomorrow,

Atem grinned at Tea and sat down beside her.

Night came quickly. Everyone was asleep, close to each other on the ground.

Whilst Tea and Chad slept peacefully, Atem wasn't dreaming at all. He was having painful flashbacks of how he ended up in that band.

He breathed heavily and tossed and turned.

FLASHBACK/DREAM thing . . .

This will be the first human we have brought back from the dead. You had better not have messed this up, a woman grunted.

No, miss, others called, after a pause.

Good. Now, let him live! She raised her arms and cackled.

Atem's eyes fluttered open. He found himself in a tank of blue liquid, lying on some sort of submerged platform, naked. He brought his hands into view and squinted. He had his own body! There were wires and tubes all over his body and a large tube leading into his mouth and down his throat.

Suddenly the tubes and wires pulled out of his body. It was swim or drown. The glass began to crack. Atem was trying to reach the surface but wasn't quick enough. The tank shattered, blue liquid spilled everywhere and Atem was buried beneath the waves.

The liquid drained out of the room and Atem gave a sharp gasp as he quickly lifted his face out of the water.

He was on his hands and knees, gasping for breath and dripping wet. He passed out.

I NEED A NEW BAND MEMBER AND YOU PROMISED ME ONE!

I AM THE ONE WHO GAVE THIS YOUNG MAN LIFE!

Atem opened his eyes. He was lying in what seemed like a horsebox, fully clothed. He squinted through a gap in the wood. It was moving and the driver was yelling at a woman outside.

3 days later . . .

YOU PLAYED THE WRONG CHORDS! Dave yelled. He snatched a belt from the other guitarist's hand.

Atem braced himself. He was on his hands and knees, shirtless and bleeding.

He grunted with pain as the sharp pain of the belt spread down his spine.

He was shaking.

You weren't supposed to play a D chord were you? Dave growled.

No, Atem croaked.

WERE YOU?

NO!

END OF FLASHBACK/DREAM thing . . .

Atem's eyes shot open. He sat bolt upright, gasping for breath. He leaned over and then vomited violently.

Are you okay? Tea croaked.

13 - Random X-Men-like stuff >_>

We need to do this quickly, before they find out!

I can't work any faster! This is a huge operation and it takes time and skill. Why do you want to do this to them, anyway?

It's for their own good,

So you think changing the lives of two adolescent boys is for their own good? We don't even know them! You do this every week, pick random teenagers and adults and make me do this to them,

Just do it!

Atem's eyes snapped open. He was in a room, on a bed. The walls had wooden panels on and the windows were wooden too.

AAAAAH!

Yugi! he hissed.

He tried to get up, but was pulled back by two burly men. He struggled.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY BROTHER? he roared.

What are you waiting for? a female voice whispered.

Atem froze. What? he whispered.

You are stronger than this, the voice said. You have heightened senses, greater strength and a few more modifications to your body,

What are you talking about? Where am I? Atem muttered.

Who are you talking to? one of the men snapped.

You will see, Wolf, the voice faded away.

Atem closed his eyes, feeling great energy surge through him.

His hands twitched and he opened his eyes and looked down at them. He gasped. His hands were covered in fur. His fingernails were more like claws. The fur was spreading up his arm.

Atem backed into a wall and leaned his head back, rigid. He gaped as the fur consumed his face and energy and pain came with it. As the wiry fur covered his jaws, his ears began to change. They were pointed and on top of his head. A tail grew from the base of his spine. He felt his teeth lengthen.

He choked as the fur covered his lips and soon his entire body was furry and wolf-like. His eyes widened, pupils the size of pinpricks. The amethyst colour faded to crimson.

The men that had tried to hold him back were backing out of the room.

Atem snarled and leapt onto them. He devoured two of them while the others fled, screaming.

ENOUGH! a woman yelled. YOU MUST CONTROL YOURSELF!

Atem roared at her and scaled the walls near the stairs.

The woman pulled out a gun and fired. Two tiny pieces of metal struck the beast in the neck.

Atem snarled and stiffened. His eyes faded to amethyst again and he fell to the floor. He rolled down the stairs and stopped on the floor, at Yugi's feet.

Pharaoh? he gasped as the fur faded from his twin's body.

Atem lay motionless, eyes wide in a deathly stare.

Don't worry. I stunned him. He'll wake up in about an hour, the woman said, coming down the stairs.

I see we need to teach him how to control his new abilities, she said.

Have you discovered yours yet?

Yes, I can heal myself and others and I can breathe underwater, Yugi said. It feels weird though,

Ah, you must be Dolphin, the woman smiled.

Let's get your brother back to his bed. By the way, my name's Lily,

. . .

It was exactly nineteen minutes past one. The afternoon sun lit the room.

Atem was sitting in Lily's office. He wore black jeans, his Green Day T-Shirt, trainers and his black and white striped arm warmers. The soles of his feet were up on the edge of the table and he leaned back on the black leather office chair, fiddling with his cartouche with both hands. His arms rested on his knees.

He had been waiting half an hour for Lily and now he was starting to doze off. He was even snoring when a woman opened the door and called: Lily will now see you!

Atem grunted and jolted, opening his eyes. He quickly sat up and pulled himself closer to the table, to look more presentable.

14 - ...o-o...!

Sunlight poured in through the blinds.

The radio alarm sounded, playing Paint your target by Fightstar.

Atem, of course, was still snoring.

Yugi smirked and came in. He flicked his brother's lip ring and poked his eyebrow piercing.

Go away, Atem croaked.

It's time to get up, and it's only 8 days till Christmas! Yugi jeered.

Oh, no, Atem groaned, slapping a hand on the alarm. It stopped abruptly.

Let's go, punky! Yugi smiled as he left the room.

Atem groaned and opened his eyes. He sat up and stretched and then rubbed his eyes.

First, he went to the bathroom then, after a shower, he pulled his jeans, T-Shirt and fingerless gloves on-

It was getting cold and his hands were coldest, anyway, he just wanted to look his punky-best.

He sat down at the table for breakfast, his eyes hung half shut and he fiddled with his lip ring.

The clock struck ten. Moonlight lit the halls and rooms.

Someone screamed, someone with a deep voice, some one that sounded like-

Pharaoh! Tea screamed.

She sat bolt upright in her bed and glanced around, breathing heavily.

Where am I? she breathed.

Something growled.

Tea glanced quickly at the door. Something slammed against it.

It snarled and slammed again.

It broke through the door. It was a hideous beast, at least six feet tall.

It had the features of a wolf, a terrible crimson glare and huge teeth.

Tea screamed.

Tea!

Tea felt someone shake her roughly.

Tea, wake up!

She suddenly felt sick.

TEA!

Her eyes flung open. Atem was standing over her, eyes shaded over, concern written all over his face.

Are you alright? he asked.

Tea shook her head.

What's wrong?

Without warning, she suddenly lurched forward and vomited all over his bare chest.

Urgh . . . he moaned stepping back.

Sorry, Tea squeaked.
Atem was one of those people who felt sick as soon as they saw vomit.
Lily entered the room. Okay, Atem go and clean yourself up. I'll take care of Tea,

Atem sat in the dining hall, after cleaning himself up. He felt horrible.
Yugi put a glass of water on the table. Drink up, he said.
Oh! Only take sips or you will be sick. And I don't want my cooking to go to waste, he added.
Thanks for the sympathy, Atem grunted, rolling his eyes.

It's dark in here. I'll get the lights, Yugi smiled.
No! Wait, I forgot these, Atem reached across the table and put on a pair of sunglasses.
If he didn't wear them his eyes would really, really hurt.
Tea hadn't noticed why the room was still dark and why she couldn't see his eyes. He stood in the very darkest corner for a reason.
His eyes were blank, literally a circle of shining violet against a white background.
He didn't have pupils.

Although his eyes were extremely sensitive to light, he could see perfectly with the sunglasses to protect him.
That dream that Tea had had was real. It was a flashback of the night before, when she had first arrived.
Atem had been attacked by Sandy in her uncontrollable werewolf form. The beast had ripped his eyes out.
What Atem had now was the best and quickest repair that Lily could give him.
If it weren't for her, he would be dead or blind.

The next day, someone playing their guitar really loudly woke Yugi and Tea up. It could only be one person!
Pharaoh! Yugi called over the loud music.
Tea just stared at Atem as he played his guitar solo, still only wearing his boxers.
/He looks good in shades . . . ooh, look at that! He's only wearing his boxers! Listen to that voice! It's so sexy! He's even starting to get a six-pack! / Ran through her head.
Tea! Stop checking out the Pharaoh! Yugi grinned.
I wasn't checking out anyone! Tea snapped, blushing.
Yes you were! Yugi smirked.

15 - Every time we touch

Tea came home from school with Yugi to find Atem in the hall. There were mats on the floor and he was doing the fastest Kung Fu they had ever seen and had gotten through twenty black belts already. Amazingly, his shades stayed on.

Come on, kid! a man smiled, catching Atem in a headlock. Atem struggled. He grabbed the man's wrists, pulled him straight over his head and slammed him down onto the floor. The man got up, grinning. Atem blocked every one of his attacks, and then kicked him in the gut.

Yugi gawped and Tea stared with awe. Atem stood still. The kick was perfectly executed, both legs were straight and his fists were out of the way.

The man lay on the floor. They were both breathless.

Atem glared for a moment, then his expressions lightened and they chuckled as he helped him up.

You were great, kid, he smiled, giving Atem a pat on the back.

The next day, everyone was up and dressed for the Christmas party. Atem was the odd one out. He didn't seem to feel bothered. He wore black trousers with two studded belts, black trainers, a black T-Shirt, a studded dog collar, his shades, his cartouche and black fingerless gloves.

He hadn't seemed in the mood for anything since he had his eyes ripped out.

All Tom and Jack had done was bully him about things like he was going out with Tea, his eyes were very sensitive, the clothes he wore and his piercings.

Pharaoh? Tea came over.

She took his hands in hers and swung them loosely. Hey, don't let those dorks get you down, she said softly. She gazed into his eyes. Look, they're just jealous because they'll never meet a guy like you. It doesn't matter what they say about us. You may be the complete opposite to me, but I like that. That's what I like about you the most, you're individual.

Come on, Tea kissed Atem on the cheek and led him into the hall, holding his hand.

She put her arms around his shoulders and swayed to the beat of the music, singing the lyrics. Every time we touch, I get this feeling . . .

Atem began to sway with her, not wanting to feel silly because he wasn't dancing. This made Tea smile. Half way through the song, their lips met.

The pair held each other close and kissed deeply. They closed their eyes. People stopped dancing and stared as they slowly levitated from the floor.

Atem had never experienced such a feeling before.

When they touched down and pulled away, Tea smiled again.

Was that you? Atem asked.

Tea pulled him close and whispered in his ear. It was, and I love you,

That s your power? Levitation?

Yep, she nodded.

Are you wearing eyeliner? Tea frowned.

Atem nodded.

Me too! she smiled.

16 - Bad luck, Pharaoh!

Atem roared. He had become the Wolf-like beast and was out of control. He had already killed someone's sister and trashed the corridors in the process.

1am flashed on the screen of the digital clock that lay in the hall just outside Yugi's bedroom. It had finally fallen silent.

Lily cautiously undid the lock of the door and silently stepped in. She glanced around. The room was a dump; paw prints and claw marks were all over the walls, floors and ceiling, there was a trail of blood, the bed was upturned, things were broken and scattered across the floor and Yugi lay in the corner.

He had collapsed. Yugi's lip bled.

He was bruised and bloody. It wasn't his blood. It was the girl's.

A man came up from behind Lily.

YOU KILLED MY SISTER YOU FREAK!!! he bellowed, raising a gun.

No! Lily snapped. You don't understand! That's not Ate-
BANG!

The gun fired, but it wasn't a bullet that came from its tip. A small piece of metal shot from the pistol and slowed in mid air. It acted like a tiny robot, sensing its surroundings and finding its target. It spotted Yugi and hovered over.

NO! Lily cried.

The tiny machine shot down his mouth.

Once inside his body, three sharp prongs shot from its sides. It traveled deeper and then fixed itself to the wall of his throat. A small probe came out of its head and plunged through the wall and into a vein.

Yugi's eyes flung open. He was lying in a bed.

The following day, the tiny piece of metal took control of him completely. Now, the only thing he understood was musical notes. It was like a code, telling him whom to destroy. He had an earpiece in his left ear, and the music didn't stop.

A glare was plastered on his face and he destroyed everything in his path. The lights flickered wildly and the windows smashed as he passed them. KoRn and Slipknot boomed in his ears. Sandy followed him, under the same trance.

I almost killed my own brother, Atem put his head in his hands. And he was blamed for the death of Lucy,

Tea put a hand on his shoulder. Come on. You're in a worse state than he is right now, you need to rest,

She played with his hair as he fell asleep, still exhausted.

A few hours later, Tea had gone. Atem was still asleep.

Tea screamed. Atem sat bolt upright, shielding his eyes as they stung bitterly. He fumbled about the table for his sunglasses, a hand clamped over his eyes. He found them and put them on. He was blind

without them in the dark.

The light flickered and then the bulb blew. Atem fell out of bed, knocking his shades off. Sh*t! he hissed, getting onto all fours and feeling the carpet for them.

He heard Tea scream again and searched faster.

Then, he heard someone come into the room and froze.

Who s there? he asked, turning his head in all directions. Tea? Is that you? What do you want?

The person came very close to him. He could hear their breathing and the music in their ear. Hey you, hey you. This won t hurt a bit, a female voice whispered the familiar tune.

AARGH!!!!!!!

Sound came into focus. Atem could hear everything, but couldn t see a thing.

I m sorry, but we couldn t save his vision . . . or his eyes for that matter, a male voice said.

Atem was on the hospital ward, bandages covering where his eyes were.

Where am I? Who are all those voices? Why can t I see? he breathed.

He sat up. WHERE THE HELL AM I? ANSWER ME!! he yelled.

Shh, take it easy, a female voice said calmly as Atem felt someone push him back down.

WHY CAN T I SEE? GET ME OUT OF HERE! NOW- Atem quickly leaned over the edge of the bed and vomited violently. What came from his mouth was blood. He flopped forward and an alarm sounded.

Lily rolled him back onto his back and she and the man made several efforts to get him to breathe again.

On the third attempt, he gave a sharp gasp and the machine began to bleep at a steady beat again.

Lily wiped Atem s mouth and checked that everything was okay.

17 - KUNG FU PHARAOH! HI-YA!

Tea entered the hospital ward. She walked down the rows of beds until she found Atem. Doctors, nurses and paramedics surrounded him. She couldn't see him; they were swarmed around him, saying all sorts of things.

Then she caught a glimpse of him. He was very pale, shaking violently and blood poured from his mouth.

Pharaoh! Tea gasped.

I'm sorry, but this is a really bad time- a nurse began.

What's wrong with him? she cried.

He's fitting, okay, now you have to go and sit in the waiting area! she replied quickly.

Tea blinked at her as she hurried back to the fitting teen.

About an hour later, Tea was allowed to return. Atem lay very still, his chest rose and fell softly and an oxygen mask covered his nose and mouth. There were wires and tubes in his wrists. Something was different about him.

Tea gasped. He had eyes! They may have been closed, but he had them!

We fixed those up earlier, Lily said, strolling over. He can see perfectly,

The next day was Christmas Eve.

. . .And then I find, it all falls back on you!

Tea sighed dreamily. Isn't his voice so beautiful? It's so deep and gravelly . . .

Oh boy, Yugi groaned. Wait, I thought he wasn't supposed to be out of hospital for another week,

Nope, they let him out today! Tea smiled.

Once again- Ow! Agh, hey! the band cut off.

I need bass in my choir! Lily growled.

Tea and Yugi raised an eyebrow and blinked blankly as Lily dragged Atem and Joshua past by the ears.

Atem still had his guitar and Joshua had his bass guitar.

Atem noticed Tea and waved, grinning.

Christmas Day was the best!

Atem and Tea made out under the mistletoe. Tea had gotten him a new guitar and he had gotten her one because he had taught her to play.

At 8pm, Atem, Yugi, Jack and Joshua were playing Rockin' Robin as everyone danced.

Atem and Yugi played lead guitars and sang a verse and chorus each, Jack drummed and Joshua played bass and backing vocals.

During the night, someone had broken in.

Atem stirred. He could hear footsteps and his mind was telling him to get up. He finally opened his eyes and glanced over his shoulder. His eyes scanned the room. It was silent.

He sighed and lay back down, pulling the covers up.

Atem lay awake for a few seconds. One part of him wanted to get up, but the other wanted to sleep. He was so exhausted . . .

BANG!

Atem jolted, his eyes flung open. He heard voices from in the corridor.

He barely had time to pull his trousers on before he heard someone scream after what sounded like a gun firing.

He crept out of his room, silently locking his bedroom door behind him.

There were men in the corridors. They were all dressed in blue suits, armed with at least five guns each. They scanned the corridors cautiously, guns at the ready.

Sir! There s another mutant over there! one called.

The men all pointed their weapons in the direction of Atem.

They frowned.

Atem was gone! (Or so they thought)

AAAAAAAAAAH! he leapt from the landing of the floor above, changing to his wolf-ish form as he did so.

He did his fast Kung Fu on them.

Dazed and confused, they fired rapidly, in all directions, Atem dodging every single bullet and attacking them in between.

18 - OW!

It was now 11:19am. Everything and everyone was back to normal. Atem had just had a late breakfast because he had slept in. he then decided to go and see Tea. She was in her bedroom. Atem knocked on the door. Tea! Open the door! I just want to talk to you, Tea got up off her bed and opened the door. She glared at him.

What s wrong? he asked.

Liar, she growled.

Tea slapped him. He stammered backwards from the force as she slammed the door in his face.

What was that for? Atem asked, rubbing the red mark on his cheek.

You said you loved me! Tea yelled. You lied!

I didn t-

I saw that girl in your room! You made out with her!

Did you see my face?

NO, I was behind you! And I don t ever want to see it again!

Atem couldn t recall being with another girl. He was so in love with Tea that he would never do such a thing.

It must have been-

Yugi, he grunted.

Atem hurried down the corridor.

He found Yugi and Yasmine in the hall, giggling.

Yugi! Atem called. Were you making out with her yesterday?

What! How do you know? Yugi snapped.

Listen! Tea saw you and she thought you were me!

Yasmine slapped him.

WHAT DID I DO NOW?! he spluttered.

You ve been watching us! she exclaimed.

No, I haven t! Tea saw you! It was an accident and she thought Yugi was me! Atem shouted.

Oh! So you think that just because you re Yugi s BIG BROTHER, she poked his chest as she shouted.

You can blame anyone!

No I don t! IF YOU D JUST LISTEN TO ME-

WHY WOULD I LISTEN TO YOU? YOU RE A LIAR!

While Atem and Yasmine were shouting down each other s throats, Yugi had brought Tea to watch them. She knew the truth now and was going to apologise.

Oagh! STOP SLAPPING ME! Atem bellowed.

NO! Yasmine snarled.

She kicked Atem somewhere VERY personal!

Atem bent over, pressing his fists between his legs and wincing.

Yasmine turned on her heels and walked over to Yugi.

Men! she growled, grabbing him by the wrist and dragging him out.

Um . . . Pharaoh, I m sorry about earlier, Tea said.

That s all right, he said through clenched teeth.

Are you okay? she asked, coming closer.

No! Do you know how much this hurts? he croaked.

Uh . . . well . . . er, no, I m a girl, she muttered.

Well, good for you! At least it doesn t hurt when you get kicked in such places!

19 - randomness

It rained outside. The room was completely dark. Her eyes fluttered open and she heard snoring. She turned over.

Atem was lying right next to her, wearing only his boxers.

She blushed and looked under the covers. Atem had wrapped a leg around her.

Tea was so close that she could see the short dark hairs starting to grow around his lower jaw.

She noticed that the stubble had spread a little way down his neck. She liked a guy with stubble!

Suddenly the door creaked open. Tea squeaked and dived under the covers.

Atem? Tea? Are you asleep? Lily whispered.

She was going round on her nightly checks, seeing if everyone was okay and resting well.

Tea secretly cringed. Only Atem's snoring was heard.

At 6pm, the next evening, Yugi, Atem, Joshua and Skylar had to do a gig. They were too nervous! Joshua couldn't stop sweating, Skylar locked himself in the toilet, Atem felt sick and Yugi was very pale.

There are only five thousand fans! Lily called.

Atem played his guitar quietly, and then a string snapped and fell off. My E string! he cried.

Great! Lily growled.

Then another string snapped!

There goes B, D, G, C, A, Joshua counted as each of the strings came off.

What are we going to do? Yugi asked.

Oh! Hold that thought! Atem grabbed the bin from under the table, stuck his head in it and vomited.

I'm with the Pharaoh on this one! Yugi snatched the bin off his brother and did the same.

Ew, Joshua groaned.

The following day, it rained again. Atem and Tea were in the middle of town, staying dry under the bus shelter.

They had to catch a bus to get back though. One pulled up near a shop.

There's a bus! Tea pointed.

Ready? Atem smiled.

Yeah! Tea giggled.

The couple held hands and jogged through the rain, giggling. They reached the bus, got in and Tea sat down. Atem paid, as usual.

Tea insisted on paying, but he did anyway.

Atem sat down next to her and put an arm around her.

She chuckled and they shared a small kiss. She rested her head on his shoulder and smiled warmly.

When the rain stopped, they had to go to the park to and look after Yugi's nephew, who was three.

His name was Troy.

Two boys came onto the park. They looked about twelve years old. They rode their bikes.

Hey, you! Get off *our* park! One yelled.

Why? Tea asked asked.

Because I said so, so get off our park! the other boy snarled.

That evening, at 6pm, everyone was bored!

Atem sat on the sofa, fiddling with his MP3 player as it played Linkin Park.

Turn that down! Yasmine snapped.

What? Atem took an ear bud out.

Turn that down! I can hear it over here!

Sorry, he mumbled, switching the MP3 player off and slipping it into his pocket.

20 - Tea's secret

Tea smirked, her over sized fangs sticking out of her mouth.

A glare was painted on her face.

Atem clung onto the rock with all the strength he had. There was a very big drop below, into deep water.

Tea leaned forward and dug her black nails into his wrists.

He winced, but still kept eye contact.

Tea licked the blood from her fingers and hissed. She stood up and dug her heels into his palms. Atem yelled with pain.

She took her feet away from him and he lost his grip.

NO! he bellowed, digging his nails into the rock as he slid down.

His caws snapped out and held him in place.

Tea hissed again.

Atem clambered back to where he was before. She clasped his wrists again.

Tea, please. I know you re in there somewhere. Help me! he cried. I love you!

The vampire froze. Those words echoed through her mind. She shook her head and growled.

Enough! she croaked.

She threw him.

TEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!! Atem screamed, eyes streaming. He reached out for her as he fell through the air and his claws retracted.

He crashed into the water. He gave a pathetic attempt to scramble for air as his body slowly pulled him down deeper. The water around him was stained red.

Within minutes Atem began to drown. He clamped his hands over his throat and struggled to get to the surface. He didn t have enough energy.

Water filled his lungs and he was unable to breathe. He reached for the surface, which was becoming harder and harder to meet. He could hear his heart beating in his ear, getting slower.

Atem stared at the white star that was the sun. His eyes slid shut.

It s 1pm, those two have been gone ages, Lily muttered. Where s Yugi?

Yugi ran down to the beach.

Tea sat on the sand in tears. He jogged over.

What happened? Where s the Pharaoh? he breathed.

Probably dead! Tea sobbed.

What?

I killed him! I couldn t control myself. I threw him off that cliff over there, but that was three hours ago!

Yugi gasped. He headed over to the deep water near the base of the cliff and leapt in.

As he swam, his legs transformed into the tail of a dolphin, allowing him to go deeper and breath under water.

He spotted his brother, motionless and sinking. He grabbed him and pulled him to the surface. He

changed back to normal and dragged Atem onto the shore.

Yugi rolled him onto his back. His mouth hung open and he was very pale.

Tea gasped and put her hands over her mouth, eyes steaming even more.

Check his pulse! she ordered.

Yugi checked the Pharaoh's pulse and found nothing. He turned away, eyes watering.

Suddenly, Atem gave a sharp gasp and rolled onto his side, coughing and spluttering. He spat out a mouthful of water.

He lay down, shaking and breathing heavily.

We need to keep him warm, Yugi said. Come on.

Tea nodded and took her jacket off. She pulled it over Atem, whose eyes hung half open.

Come on, stay awake! Yugi cried, rubbing the jacket on his arms to try and keep him warm and dry.

Tea stayed silent. She had done this to him. It was all her fault. He was going to die because of her.

It was 3pm. Atem was in bed, recovering. Tea felt depressed and guilty, even though Atem had assured her that he was okay.

21 - *shrugs* (lack of better title)

It was Lucy's funeral. Everyone at Lily's School had to attend. Atem felt horrible. He was the one who killed her.

Lucy's brother glared at him.

Tea found herself to be a vampire again. She glared at him too.

Atem was wearing a black suit, they were in the church and he could drop dead at any time considering what happened yesterday.

Perfect.

I need to tell you something, outside, Tea whispered.

Atem gave a small nod and followed her outside.

Tea pulled a bottle of what looked like perfume out of her purse and sprayed it in his face.

He gave a small moan and collapsed.

Perfect.

Tea dragged him to a small shed behind the church. She dropped him into a coffin, crossed his arms over his chest and sealed the lid.

She nodded to a pale, ugly old man and they carried it to the church.

They switched Lucy's coffin with his and let them carry on. She was to be cremated, but now he was.

He was just about to reach the flames.

The band played My Chemical Romance's Welcome to the Black Parade .

Perfect.

Atem's eyes flickered open. He could smell something burning. Sweat drizzled down his face. He looked down. The bottom of the coffin was starting to burn!

AH! LET ME OUT!!! I M NOT DEAD! HEEELP!!!! he roared.

He slammed his fists on the lid and screamed for help.

The vicar paused, and frowned.

He turned to the coffin and gasped. He and two other men ripped the lid off.

Atem burst out of it. The band fell silent and everyone gawped.

He sprinted out of the church as Tea left, growling in anger.

She got into a black car, which sped away.

Atem didn't run after her. He was still recovering from yesterday. He was too weak.

Lily sat him down on a bench.

Atem put his head in his hands.

Lucy's brother was sure to kill him now.

Later on, when they got back, Atem was asleep on his bed.

Tea was so upset. She had tried to kill him twice. She wondered if he would ever forgive her.

Tea had been picked to sing in the school production, but she was still upset about Atem.

Her song was Evanescence's Bring me to Life .

Atem sat beside her. Tea, I've already forgiven you. You need to practice this one song,

I can't sing, she croaked, drying her eyes.

I haven't heard you. Why don't we just try it and we'll see how you feel, Atem reassured. Come on, if I just play my guitar, you might pick it up,

He grabbed his guitar and hopped onto the stage.

Tea sat still.

Are you coming? he asked.

She shook her head, letting out a sob.

Atem sighed and sat back down with his guitar. He put an arm around her and she gripped him, sobbing onto his T-Shirt.

About ten minutes later, Tea had calmed down and sat in silence.

Atem played random songs on his guitar and sighed. He put the guitar down on the floor, kicked his shoes off and lay on his back on the stage.

Smile! he suddenly jeered.

Tea grinned, but hid her face.

Smile or I will possess your soul! Atem grinned, in an evil, deeper-than-normal voice, with his hands cupped over his mouth.

Tea snorted and giggled, trying to hide her smirk.

Ah! I saw that one! Atem pointed at her.

Do you have the time, to listen to me whine? Atem sang. No, I don't, go away! he squeaked.

Tea chuckled and covered her face with her jacket.

See, I can make you smile! he smiled.

22 - Don'y give up

No! Tea screamed.

It was too late, she had already thrown Atem from the cliff again.

She thought fast. Maybe she could use her vampire wings to do good for once.

She nodded. Two huge black demonic wings burst from her shoulder blades.

She swooped down and grabbed Atem, then placed him back on the ground in an alleyway. She noticed a small cut that bled on his neck and her fangs extended.

Atem was so weak. This was going to be easy.

Blood poured from the cuts on his hands and arms. Tea grasped his wrists with one hand and dug her nails in. she pinned him to the wall.

He gasped with pain. What are you . . . d-doing? he winced.

Before he could say another word, Tea ran a sharp nail over the cut, opening it further. Atem choked as she licked the blood from the wound and healed it up again.

He was shaking. She grinned and leaned his head to one side, revealing the beautiful throbbing blue vein that contained so much fresh, salty blood.

Tea ran her hot tongue over it. Her fangs grew larger still. Atem could feel her heavy breathing on his cheek. She hissed in his ear and gripped his bloody wrists harder. He clenched his teeth, his rigid fingers curled into fists.

He could hear his heart pounding in his ears. His entire body shook with his racing pulse and sweat slid down his face. He gaped.

Tea leaned forward and finally sunk her huge canines into the flesh.

Atem almost instantly retched, causing blood to spew from his lips. His pupils shrunk to the size of pinpricks and he stiffened. He could feel the blood leave his body as his skin turned a greyish white. She pulled away from him and his eyes rolled shut.

Later, Atem lay in his bed. Lily and Yugi watched him carefully. Soon, the vampiric blood would take over and he would grow fangs and, eventually, wings.

His eyes snapped open and he began to toss and turn violently, shaking. Pain surged through his jaw. Yugi tried to hold him still while Lily fiddled with a needle and some sort of green liquid in a small bottle. She quickly filled the needle and plunged it into Atem's neck.

Tea sat up in bed, hearing him scream. There was no going back for him now.

Her eyes welled up and she put her head in her hands.

Lily pulled the needle out and threw it in the bin. Atem settled and Yugi let go.

Breathing heavily, he gave one final jolt.

Easy, Atem, easy, Lily said softly. Just relax,

His breathing eased and his eyes flickered shut again.

The next day, Yugi and Tea were rehearsing for the production.

Atem was resting.

It was now 9pm. He had been asleep all day. Tea had only just gotten up herself. Now that she had

bitten someone, the sunlight burned her and her victim.

She put down her script and sighed.

Do you want to go and see him again? Yugi asked.

She nodded and swallowed back tears.

Tea and Yugi walked down the corridor until they got to Atem's room.

Yugi opened the door and waited outside as Tea went in.

To her surprise, he woke up just as she came over. His arms were in bandages and there was a dressing over the bite marks on his neck. She sat down beside him, eyes streaming again.

Don't get . . . upset, Atem could barely speak. He wiped away her tears with a trembling finger and put his hand on hers.

I promise . . . I'm going to be all right, he kissed her on the lips. I forgive you . . . Don't get yourself so upset and . . . worried about me, okay? It's going to be fine . . . I promise,

He pulled her closer and wrapped his arms around her as she sobbed onto his chest.

Sshh . . . he whispered, rubbing her back.

23 - EEK! VAMPIRES!

The following evening, Atem had grown his wings. He had gone Gothic! He wore ripped black jeans with chains, big black boots with buckles and chains, a black T-Shirt with rips showing a mesh vest underneath, a studded belt, eyeliner and a dog collar with spikes on. (The bite marks had healed quickly, just the scars remained under his dog collar.)

It was rehearsals again.

This time it was band practice. The band played and sang while Lily organized the stage and groups. Atem and Yugi played lead guitars, Joshua drummed and Kevin played bass. Atem was doing well, especially since he was still quite weak. He didn't sing.

His canines had been replaced with fangs that he somehow managed to contain in his mouth like they hadn't been there, his throat was dry and sore and his voice sounded awful.

He could smell tonight's dinner being cooked. It was a Curry. He didn't care what it was; he couldn't taste anything, anyway.

Although he felt hungry, it wasn't food that his body wanted. It was blood.

Atem stopped playing and hopped off the stage. He left his guitar leaning against an amplifier and pulled on his black trench coat.

Jasmine spotted him, outside.

Hey, what's wrong? she asked. Where's Yugi?

He's rehearsing, Atem croaked.

You're as white as a ghost. What's wrong? she noted.

Atem sighed and turned away. Just leave me alone,

Why?

Because, if you annoy me, I will suck your blood!

Okay! I'm going! Jasmine raised her hands. Sheesh, why does Yugi have to have a brother that's Dracula's cousin? she mumbled, turning on her heels.

I'm not related to Dracula! He was a fictional character from a novel. I'm real! he snapped.

Whatever, smart @\$\$, Jasmine rolled her eyes.

Atem hissed and bared his fangs at her. She shrieked and ran inside.

10pm flashed on the face of Yugi's digital watch.

He and Jasmine were taking a walk around the grounds. They were happily talking, holding hands. Yugi turned a corner and suddenly spotted Atem and Tea making out under the old weeping willow.

ACK! Let's *not* go that way! he quickly jogged the other way, dragging Jasmine with him.

Tea and Atem finally parted.

We need to find you some blood, Tea said quietly. Atem opened his mouth to speak, But- she pressed a finger to his lips.

You're dying. If we don't find you some blood, you won't last. This is all my fault, so I'll find you a victim, she said.

I can't . . . Atem muttered.

Okay, if it makes it easier, take some of mine, Tea held out a wrist.

Atem shook his head. What if I take too much?

You won't. Vampires never run out of blood. The only way to kill us is to stab us straight through the heart with a silver stake, she took one sharp nail and made an opening in her wrist. Atem held it with both hands. The blood poured out. Are you sure about this? he asked.

Just do it. You'll find it gets a lot easier after your first bite, she nodded.

Atem leaned forward. He closed his eyes and took the bite. Tea gave a small gasp. She hadn't realised that he was so hungry.

Atem breathed heavily, grasping her wrist as vampiric instinct took over. The blood was warm and salty. Tea gave a sharp gasp. He felt her arm tense up.

Pharaoh! she hissed. Pharaoh! Let go! she shook her arm but his fangs were tightly clamped around it.

She finally pulled her wrist free, but it was too late.

Mom! It's not what it looked like, I swear! Tea gasped.

Atem just gaped, blood dripping from his fangs and pouring from his lips.

Mrs. Gardener, I-

Get away from my daughter, you brute! Mrs. Gardener threw him to the floor.

Agh! he sat up and grasped his arm.

24 - blood!

Tea's eyes fluttered open. It was 8pm, just the right time for a vampire to get up. She heard a familiar baritone voice from the room above. It was band practice again and Atem's voice had cleared up nicely. He was in his usual gear; a black sleeveless top, black trousers, studded dog collar, big black boots and armwarmers with buckles, chains, spikes and straps everywhere. Black eyeliner shaded his eyes. He sang down the microphone, playing his guitar. He and the band played 'How You Remind Me' by Nickelback.

(Well, in English, we read an extract from 'Dracula' and he was a vampire, right?? Right! He was also able to transform into a wolf! So, now you know what's gonna happen next...BACK TO DA FIC!)

Atem and Tea looked up, blood dripping from their lips. "We need to hide the body," Tea hissed.

Atem nodded. "Leave it in the shed, no one goes in there anymore,"

They lifted the body of Lucy's brother and carried it to the shed, then locked him in.

"Atem? Tea?" Lily called.

Atem swore and they glanced at each other.

"Come on," he took her hand and they ran across the grounds.

The couple huddled inside an unused garage. Tea breathed a sigh of relief and Atem was still hungry. He pulled the bandages off his left arm. Blood oozed out of the unhealed wounds. He pressed his arm to his mouth and began to suck the blood.

"Don't do that! You're wasting your own blood!" Tea snapped, slapping his hand.

"We can't take anymore victims here, there are too many witnesses," he grunted.

"We'll find someone."

Atem wiped his mouth and replaced the bandages. He looked up and paused. "The full moon!"

Tea gasped and smiled. "Tonight I can show you a new ability. You will be able to do this any time after tonight,"

They stared at the moon, as if in a trance. "It's so...beautiful," Atem breathed.

"I know. It makes me feel...alive!" came the reply.

"I...have this urge to..."

"Yes...I do too..."

The pair raised their heads and howled. As they howled, they transformed into wolves. They stopped howling and glanced at each other, panting. They muzzled each other and exited the garage. They ran through the night, across the woods and into the city, frolicking. They eventually returned to their rooms, just before sunrise, and changed back to their human forms before going to sleep.

The next evening, Tea had to rehearse for the performance. She had to sing 'Bring Me to Life' by Evanescence. She was too shy, so Atem stayed with her by the stage as everyone else went to have dinner. He sat on the stage and tuned his guitar, then fell silent. "If I play my guitar, will you sing?" he asked. "You need to do this. I'll be right here on the night, anyway. Just imagine the crowds aren't there," He hopped onto the stage and plugged his guitar into an amplifier. He held out a hand. Tea hesitated, then took it. She stood before the microphone.

"I'll sing with you," Atem said, stepping towards another mic. He cleared his throat and began to sing quietly. He toned down his voice, so that it was quieter and softer. Tea took a deep breath and began to sing herself. Her voice was smooth and clear, just the right tone.

Atem played his guitar and eventually stopped singing. He only joined in in the chorus, with his normal, gravely singing voice.

"Wake me up,"

"Wake me up inside,"

"I can't wake up,"

"Wake me up inside,"

"Save me!"

"Call my name and save me from the dark,"

"Wake me up,"

"Bid my blood to run,"

"I can't wake up,"

"Before I come undone,"

"Save me!"

"Save me from the nothing I've become,"

...

*"All this time I can't believe I couldn't see
Kept in the dark but you were there in front of me,"*

*"I've been sleeping a thousand years it seems
Got to open my eyes to everything,"*

"Without a thought without a voice without a soul

Don't let me die here THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE!" Atem's shouting-in-a-KoRn-song voice filled the room.

"Bring me to life!"

"Wake me up,"

"Wake me up inside,"

"I can't wake up,"

"Wake me up inside,"

"Save me!"

"Call my name and save me from the dark,"

"Wake me up,"

"Bid my blood to run,"

"I can't wake up,"

"Before I come undone,"

"Save me!"

"Save me from the nothing I've become,"

"Bring me to life,"

"I've been living a lie

THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE!" Atem screamed. His fangs were clearly visible.

"Bring me to life,"

25 - final chapter of vamps!

Darkness crept along the corridors of the school. Shadows of trees reaching for the sky with crooked fingers covered the walls. The moon's rays reflected from the crimson river that flowed from under the door of the head master's office. The echoes of a man's last scream faded into the night. There was heavy breathing and hissing from behind the door. Everything fell silent. The silence was broken as the fire escape door was blown off its hinges. "Police!" A man boomed, raising his gun with his troops. They glanced up and down the halls and progressed to the door.

"Great, they found us!" Tea hissed.

"Shh!" Atem replied.

He leapt up and onto some pipes that covered the ceiling. He helped Tea up and they held their breath as the police came in. A drop of blood fell from Tea's finger and some more drizzled from Atem's fangs. The head master lay over his desk, eyes wide and glazed, mouth wide open. His neck was severed and his skin was blue. Atem and Tea cautiously and quietly made their way along the pipes as the troops scanned the room. "They're up there!" A man shouted, pointing his gun at Atem and Tea. A torch was shone on them. They hissed and winced.

"What the-" the man cut off as Atem leapt onto him and bit into his neck. Blood spewed everywhere. The torch was smashed. Atem dropped his lifeless body and wiped his mouth. The others pointed their guns at him. He opened his jaws wide and hissed, revealing his now large pointed fangs. Bullets went straight through him, and his body healed itself in an instant. Tea hissed and bit into another's neck.

The remaining three men shuddered and cowered away. Atem dropped his trenchcoat. Huge demonic black wings burst from his shoulderblades. He picked it up. Tea did the same. They held hands and exploded through the roof and into the night sky.

The next evening was the performance. "Thanks for the memories" by Fall Out Boy was played by the band. Atem, Yugi and Matt sang. Yugi sang the verses. The crowds gave a loud applause and cheered. Suddenly the curtains dropped. The drum solo made the floor shake. "*One night and one last time. Thanks for the memories. Even though they weren't so great,*" The stage was flooded with a blue light. The audience clapped to the beat as the cast filed onto the stage. The band finished their song as the cast bowed, holding hands. As the final chord faded out, the curtains were once again drawn and the lights were turned on.

Backstage...

Tea hugged Atem. "We did it!" she smiled. They kissed on the lips. Atem handed her a single black rose and a box of chocolates. "Happy valentines Day,"

"Aww! I love these roses! They're so hard to find. I thought you said you didn't know what to get me? I said I didn't want anything," she giggled.

"Care to dance?" he grinned, with his own black rose between his lips.

"Oh, you romantic tease!" Tea chuckled. They held hands and hurried off to the Valentines Prom.

Daylight came quickly. Atem was on all-fours over Tea. They were making out on her bed. Tea ran her hands through his hair, pushing his tongue deeper into her mouth.

"Wait," she stopped him. "We're not gonna...you know...because I don't think We're ready,"
"It might be mating season for vampires, but we can't do that until we're twenty years of age anyway. It's the law," Atem smiled.
"Oh, yeah. Well, let's carry on where we left off!"
He smiled and they continued. Suddenly they heard a door creek open. He gasped and looked up. "Dear Ra, please don't be Yugi!" he muttered under his breath.
Tea's hand crept up his cheek and she turned him back to her.

"ACK!" Yugi spotted them and covered his eyes.
"Yugi, we can't do anything more than kiss. It's vampire law," Tea said. "Please don't tell anyone!" she begged.
"We were just kissing..passionately...." Atem said.
Yugi pulled a face.
"You have such a dirty mind," Atem grunted. He got up and kissed Tea. "I'll see you tonight," and with that, he headed to his own room and went to bed.

He was just about to fall asleep when he sensed Yugi staring at him from the doorway. "What do you want? he croaked, raising his eyebrows.
"I'm sorry about that. It was a misunderstanding," Yugi replied.
"I suppose one of these days It will be you and Yasmine,"
"Me and Yasmine?! How dare you!"
"Ooh...here come the hormones..." Atem groaned, pulling his pillow over his head.
Yugi ranted about how bad Yasmine was at kissing, during one of his teenage moodswings.

26 - umm...i dunno...

"Did you have a good day at school?" Yemi asked in Ancient Egyptian(AE) from the kitchen.

"Yes, but why are we speaking in Egyptian?" Atem called, hanging his jacket up. He was now seventeen, Joey's height and ,at the moment, in need of a shave...facial hair didn't really suit him, even though it was only stubble. Yugi was jealous though! That was probably the only reason he wouldn't shave unless it grew to more than stubble. (Sorry, I had to do that! XD I love guys with stubble!!)

"We always speak in Egyptian to each other. Haven't you noticed?"

"Well, only because Yugi keeps staring at me, and I accidentally did my Algebra test in hieroglyphics," he sighed.

"Well, son, how is that brother of yours?" Yemi said, chopping carrots and tossing them into a pan.

Atem strolled over to the staircase. "Yugi!" he shouted.

"Yeah?" came the reply.

"What are you doing?" he asked in AE.

"Excuse me?" Yugi frowned.

"Uh, I mean, what are you doing?" the former Pharaoh corrected.

"I'm playing video games with Joey and Tristan,"

"He's playing video games with Joey and Tristan," Atem reported to Yemi.

"Tell the boys that dinner will be ready soon," she nodded.

"Mom say's dinner's nearly done!" Yugi said loudly.

"Hey! I'm supposed to say that!" Atem snapped.

After dinner, Joey and Tristan headed home and Yugi was greeted by the sound of Atem playing his drums loudly. He had to admit, he was a skilled drummer. Maybe after giving up Duel Monsters, her needed something elso to do with his arms! He played American Idiot and a few other songs, before going to the bathroom and then going to get a drink. He grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and drank it whilst spinning his drumsticks between his fingers.

His drumkit was in the spare room. He and Yugi shared bunkbeds in a room with an en suite bathroom. Time passed quickly. Before they knew it, the two teenage twins were fast asleep. It was midnight by the time they had finally settled down. Yugi was wearing his blue pyjamas, and snored softly, lying on his back with his arm across his brow. He was on bottom bunk.

Atem was on top bunk, wearing only his boxers and his cartouche, snoring loudly and lying on his front with an arm under the pillow that his head was on. His other arm was at an angle beside his head.

Yemi opened the door and smiled warmly. She tucked Yugi in and kissed him goodnight then moved up to Atem. She pulled the covers over his bare shoulders. He stopped snoring and gave a croaky groan. He opened his eyes halfway.

"Go back to sleep," Yemi whispered, in AE, ruffling his hair.

"Did you find a way to bring father back?" he croaked.

Every day, ever since Yemi found Atem again, she was trying to find out how to bring her husband back too.

She shook her head sadly. "I'm sorry Atem,"

He sighed and closed his eyes again. Yemi ran a hand through his hair and kissed him on the forehead. She sighed herself and quietly left as his snoring returned.

"Pharaoh!" Yugi shouted for the fifth time.

"What?" he moaned, finally opening his eyes.

The warm rays of the Egyptian sun covered the room. (Yes, he, Yugi and Yemi had moved to Egypt. Live with it!) Today it was Atem's turn to take care of the cattle, Yugi's turn to harvest the crops and Yemi's turn to go to the market and buy some food for tonight.

"And remember, don't lose that bull again! I'm counting on you," Yemi said to Atem.

The sun burned down on the small farm. Atem had taken his shirt off and tucked it under his belt. He rode his horse, Horus, the bay Mustang and rounded the herd into a field.

Once again, the great black bull had headbutted through the fence...

Atem spotted him. "Nooo! Get back here!" he urged Horus into a gallop and they jumped over the fence, racing after the bull. They sped through the streets, leaving clouds of sand and dust. People gasped and stumbled out of the way and young women swooned at his perfectly tanned body.. Yemi was opening her purse, at a fish stall, when they zoomed by. "Atem?!" she snapped, wide eyed. Atem leaned over and grabbed the rope tied around the bull's neck. It halted and grunted. Then it snorted loudly. Atem breathed a sigh of relief. Suddenly, the bull charged forward, taking him with it. He clung onto the ropes, being dragged along the hot sand on his front. "Woouoooooooooooooooooah!" he yelled.

27 - Egyptian-y chapter

It was 8pm. Atem was riding Horus and taking the bull back. He steered the herd into their sheds and locked the doors. After putting Horus back in his stable, and eating a late dinner, he took a walk through the town. He paused, hearing a girl shriek and fall over. A camel galloped from nowhere. He grabbed its reins and it moaned, halting. It looked at him lazily. Atem noticed the girl picking herself up off the ground. "Are you alright?" he asked, helping her up.

"Yes. Thank you," she breathed. "I fell off,"

She had deep blue eyes and long black hair. She wore white robes and looked about the same age as him. She took the camel from Atem.

"Ah! I see you are that farmboy who was dragged away by that bull," she smiled.

"Uh...Yes," he muttered, slightly embarrassed.

The girl giggled. "Don't worry. I won't make fun of you. Oh, by the way, my name's Ixi,"

"I'm Atem,"

"Aww...I like your name. Infact, I know of a Pharaoh who shared your name. My grandfather's friends found his tomb a few years ago by the River Nile,"

Atem stared down at the sand. That Pharaoh was him.

"The hieroglyphics looked very much like you...with the sort of...spiky hair and...those big...violet eyes..." Ixi trailed off, staring into his eyes. Deep pools of glistening violet.

Atem blinked, snapping her out of her gaze. She gasped. "I'm sorry,"

Atem put his hands in his pockets. "Goodnight," he croaked. She noticed his slim frame, but still couldn't help staring into his face.

"Goodnight," barely escaped her lips as he turned and began to walk away, into the darkness.

Suddenly, an image of him in his Egyptian attire flashed before her eyes. She gave a sharp gasp with wide eyes, then collapsed. Atem span round and ran back to her. He knelt over her. "Are you alright? Ixi, can you here me?" he asked loudly.

Ixi saw a blurred image of the Pharaoh himself standing over her. No sound came from his mouth. The image faded and she closed her eyes.

Atem carried her in his arms. He took her back to his house and laid her on the sofa. Yemi checked her over, while Yugi teased Atem saying she was his girlfriend.

Ixi opened her eyes. It was now midnight. Atem was asleep on the floor beside the sofa. He was snoring, snuggled up under a sheet with his messy hair sticking out of the top. Yemi came in from the kitchen. "You're awake," she smiled handing her a glass of water.

"Who are you?" Ixi asked, taking a sip from the glass.

"I'm Yemi, Atem's mother. He brought you back here after you collapsed," she replied, sitting down on a chair.

Ixi looked back at the seventeen-year-old on the floor. She furrowed her brow. Maybe he really was that Pharaoh.

"Trust me, you do not want to share a room with him," Yemi said. "He snores a lot louder than this on some nights!"

Ixi gave a small smile.

The following morning, Atem was drumming, as usual. He started slowly, then worked up to a fast, noisy beat. He hit every part of the kit that was meant for hitting. His arms swung in all directions.

The following morning was back to school!

First lesson was English. They had to work in pairs to write a poem, and Mr. Fur chose the couples. Atem had to work with Antonia, a huge fan of his. The Pharaoh dreaded it . . . Antonia sighed dreamily and rested her head on his shoulder. He gave her a glance and edged away.

Yugi had to work with Tisha, a stinky, dirty, drooling fangirl . . . He wrote "I'm with stupid" on a piece of paper and held it up.

Antonia held up a sheet that read; "I'm with sexy!".

Atem noticed it and raised an eyebrow. He grabbed it and threw it in the bin.

"Will you go out with me?" Antonia asked.

"No," Atem grunted.

"Can I have a kiss?"

He got up and went and sat next to Yugi.

Next lesson was PE. The students had to do press-ups.

"So, what...were you...and...Antonia...talking about?" Yugi grinned.

"We...were...not...talking!" Atem breathed.

"I bet...you were... flirting...with Ixi!"

"I only...saved...her!"

"She's staring...at your @\$@"

"Whu?!" Atem collapsed flat on the floor, blushing.

28 - Duality

"They say that number thirteen, Quent Street, is haunted by a five thousand year old spirit of an Ancient Egyptian Pharaoh. He was murdered on that very spot, right underneath the basement. Before that, I've heard that his parents were devoured by demons. People say he was reborn, a goth of seventeen years of age. Now, they say he's a vampire. People hear screams and catch glimpses of murders. He lives alone, and never comes out. He gets his food from his victims and sleeps in a coffin. They even say he can transform into a bat or wolf, or even grow wings. He doesn't go to school, doesn't have any family or friends, just him and the wandering spirits of his meals...No one has ever entered that house since it was built..." the girl finishes her story and her friends gasp in awe.

I step away from the window, hissing through my teeth. The sunlight no longer sizzles my skin. I've become immune to it after stalking my prey for so long. I hate it when they spread rumours about me. It may be true, but I don't want people bursting into my house and dragging me away to laboratories. Nor do I want police arresting me for my blood lust. Nobody will believe those kids anyway. Those pathetic humans still think demons, vampires and werewolves are a myth. I have experienced them myself, and chose to join them. If anyone took me away, they'd say I was mentally ill.

I sigh and look around the room. There's no wallpaper, just cold, hard, bricks. No carpet, just wooden floorboards. I grabbed this place and moved in just before they could finish it. The builders? Sucked them dry of that crimson lifeline. This place was already furnished. Luckily enough, it was set to be a gothic museum. All I did was release some ungrateful human soul of his coffin. I have everything I need here. I keep it clean and tidy -vampires are proud creatures- and keep myself to myself. I don't see why I'm such a bother to them. Humans take everything for granted!

I have a basement full of bats. They're wonderful creatures. They help me devour my prey and dispose of the bodies. I keep myself busy by playing with them, reading, writing and sketching. According to the humans, I'm spending too much time alone. I don't need them! They won't understand me. I'm not alone anyway; I have my bats and arachnids. I have a large collection of spiders that I enjoy studying. I can socialise with my bats, if I wish. After all, I can become one of them.

I yawn and stretch, ruffling my hair. I've gotten into the habit of not sleeping much. Humans are getting up later and going to bed earlier. That makes them hard to get hold of. The stairs creek as I stagger lazily down them. Two hour's sleep. I must be trying for a record! I stumble into the kitchen and flick a switch on the stereo on the dining table. Ah, a favourite song: Good Charlotte - 'Murder'. I sniff and pull my boxers up slightly. That's all I wear when I'm being lazy or sleeping. I reach into a cupboard, pull out two slices of bread and drop them into the toaster. As I wait for my breakfast, I grab a knife, butter and a saucer and place them on the counter.

I sit at the table and sleepily sip at a glass of fresh blood, nibbling my toast in between. I hear a quivering postman push a newspaper through the letterbox. I groan. "Leave me alone," I growl, getting up and going to pick it up. When I returned to my seat, 'I Just Wanna Live was playing'. "I just wanna live!" the stereo sang.

"Why live when you can be immortal like me?" I muttered, observing the newspaper with disgust. "Why

do you humans have to tell each other about everything? You can't do a bloody thing without them publishing it and translating it into every language so the whole flipping world knows!"

I toss it into the bin and finish my breakfast. The stairs creek again as I jog up to my bedroom. I place my clothes out on my bed and take a quick shower in the en suite bathroom. I trudge back into the room and pull my clothes on. I'm wearing a black shirt, black trousers, a spiky dog collar, big gothic boots and black eyeliner. I go back down, change the disk to Slipknot and skip to 'Duality'. I turn the volume up. No neighbours. They're too scared.

I grab my guitar. Slamming out the tune, like a heavy metal star on stage. I pretend I am. I close my eyes. The crowds are screaming at me to carry on. I drop onto the floor, roll onto my back and lift my guitar up high, still playing. The crowds are reaching for me. I leap onto the table, pretend it's an amplifier. Suddenly trip. Lose my balance. Fall flat on the floor. Slipknot are the only ones who scream at me. The guitar makes my gut pang. I lie on the floor, weeping like a child. I don't have family or friends to support me. My dreams are as good as dead. I never had a proper childhood, just thrown onto a throne and expected to rule a country.

Humans did this. They destroyed everyone I knew.

I. Hate. Humans.

My eyes flicker open. I groan and pull myself up. I must have fallen asleep. It's been three hours since I fell over. I hear children's voices.

"I dare you to knock on the door," one says.

"Fine," the other agrees.

I hear shaky footsteps as the kid approaches my front door. I silently wait behind it, ready to pounce. It knocks. Once. Twice. Three times. I shove the door open. The children scream. I grasp the human, that knocked, by the neck. I hold her up. The shrieks and struggles. Her friend has run away. My wings grow from my shoulderblades. My fangs lengthen. I hiss at her. Her screams begin to alert the rest of her clan. I quickly throw her inside and slam the door.

"Don't hurt me!" the female yelps as I glide over. She gasps as I grab her hand. There is a cut on her palm. It bleeds. I lean in and lick it. She tenses up. I narrow my eyes. Spit it out in disgust. "Your blood is sour," I grunt. "Your family is cursed."

I shove her hand back at her and she looks up at me, still shaking. "W-What will you do to me?"

I shoot her a glare, then turn away to think.

29 - Haunted

I give a loud snort and sit up. I must have fallen asleep again...That girl. She's still here, playing with my spiders with the TV on. I crawl over to her. Sit down beside her. She notices me. Drops everything, startled. "I'm sorry! I was just...You were..." she trails off. I put my hand out. A tarantula crawls onto my palm. I stand up, go and sit on the sofa.

"I'm so sorry, I-"

"Go home," I cut in, watching as the spider scuttles over my hands.

"But...Aren't you going to-"

"Go home!" I shout roughly, snapping my eyes onto her. "Look, you have a family waiting for you. That's more than I'll ever have! Your family is cursed with a short life. They have a disease. Go and see them before their time runs out. I don't want you to end up like me!" What have I just said? I've never said anything like that before, especially not to a human.

"I-"

"GET OUT!" I explode. I jump to my feet and throw the table over, onto its side. The girl bursts into tears and runs out of the house. My spiders scurry back into their boxes. Even they can't stand my wrath.

I collapse back into my seat. Put my head in my hands. I'm breathing heavily, shaking with rage. I close my eyes. Sleep consumes me once again...

"Pharaoh," a female voice whispers. I look up and glance around. There's no one there. A bat flutters over and lands on the table leg. She heard it too. She squeaks as she hobbles about on her tiny feet.

"Pharaoh, we need you,"

"Who are you? Show yourself! How can I help you if you don't tell me why?" I call.

My eyes open. I'm in a tomb. This was the tomb of a Pharaoh. Everything floods back to me. These artifacts are all mine. Everything in here once belonged to me. Everything is made from pure gold and stone, painted with colourful patterns. "Read from the tablet," a voice hisses. "Hurry!"

Which tablet? There are many in here. I uneasily step further into the chamber. Something gleams in the corner of my eye and I wander over. Lying on the floor is the most beautiful piece of carved gold. My crown. I kneel down and pick it up. It shimmers, even in the darkness.

I hear something clatter across the floor. I spin round, dropping everything. There are pieces of the walls crumbling all around me, my world is shaking. This has happened before. I cannot move, my body won't let me. My body won't let me scream, I'm frozen to the spot as the place collapses before me. If I don't move soon, I will be crushed by the very tomb I was laid to rest in. Move! Come on, move, move, move! I mentally throw myself forward, but only the falling chunks of stone jump away, only just evading me. Suddenly, the floor beneath me begins to crack. My mind and heart are racing, in an effort to keep me alive, in competition with each other to see who fails first.

When I open my eyes again, I'm in ancient Egypt. I'm my younger self, seven or eight years old.

"Mother! Father!" I call. I walk to their chamber. There is a growling sound. I peer round the corner, into the room. My pupils shrink to the size of pinpricks. My parents are dead. Their bodies are severed, limbs torn from torsos, heads ripped from necks. There's blood and flesh everywhere. There are two creatures

feasting on the corpses. One has the head of a lion and the body of a bear. The other has the body of a cheetah and the head of a crocodile. My eyes water. I'm shaking.

There are scarab beetles writhing all over my parent's skulls, devouring their eyeballs and sinking in and out of their skin. The insects ooze from their open mouths. I stand there with my mouth agape, tears running like the Nile down my face. The beasts see me. They growl and hiss, stalking me. I begin to sob, wide eyes fixed on them. I stagger backwards. They pounce. The pair of monsters snarl and roar, ripping the flesh from my bones. I scream and scream, until one of them clamps its teeth around my throat. I choke then stiffen. Silence. There's still one drop of life left in me. I scream one final time as they tear my head off.

My voice fades to a deeper tone. I'm drenched in sweat, clutching the rug beneath me. I stop yelling and get up, feeling ill. I tremble as I make my way to the bathroom. My stomach lurches, I heave and just make it to the toilet in time. I shudder as I lean over the seat and the vomit drizzles from my lips. I spit. It isn't long before I throw up again. I think I'm done now. Flush the toilet and wipe my mouth. I feel dizzy and hot. Oh, no! Not again! I drop back onto my knees and retch. Nothing. My stomach's empty. I know I should get more rest, but after that nightmare, I'm afraid to.

I feebly drag the covers from the spare bed down to the living room. I pour myself a glass of blood and leave it on the coffee table. Pull myself up onto the sofa and curl up under the quilt. It's about one O'clock in the morning according to the clock on the wall. I close my eyes and pray to Ra that I don't have another bad dream. Fortunately, my prayers were answered and I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

30 - Bat Country

The sun rises the next day. I snore. My mouth hangs open. Still snuggled up on the sofa. The blood in the glass on the table had gone stale. Makes the air smell lovely though. I left the TV on. KERRANG! TV is on. My head rolls from left to right, my short dream of being eaten by a giant fish that came from a puddle is invaded by Trivium. Semi-conscious, I roll onto my side, facing away from the screen. I finally open my eyes. Switch off the TV and get up. Nausia still exists inside of me...I gulp down the stale blood and slam the glass back down, grimacing. I put my head in my hands and take deep breaths. That normally calms me down. It works. I pluck up the courage to get something to eat and head to the kitchen.

About an hour later, someone knocks at the door. That's the second time this week! What do these humans want? I answer the door. Standing before me are a group of people about my age. They smile at me. "What do you want?" I growl.

"Atem!" the female brunette cries.

"Is it really you?" a shorter boy asks. He looks like me, except younger and less serious.

"I am Atem," I mutter. "How do you know me?"

The pair frown at me. "Um...we don't speak in ancient Egyptian. Could you translate that?"

Another pair of humans pop up. They have a tan, remind me of people I used to know. "He says he is Atem and how do you know him," the male says.

"I'm Yugi," the short boy smiles. "This is Tea. That's Ishizu and her brother, Marik. Don't you remember us?"

I study them closely. They do seem familiar to me, I feel like I've known them before. "You were...my friends?" it's then that I notice my thick Egyptian accent and the ancient language I use. Is that why that girl wouldn't listen to me when I asked her to leave? I pause to think. I can't understand them anymore. I used to. I used to speak their language.

I allow them into my house and we settle on the sofa. The first two that I saw speak to me about old times. In the past, I knew them. Ishizu and Marik translate for us both. The female, Tea, just sits there blushing. "What's wrong?" I ask.

"He said what's wrong?" Ishizu replies to her.

Tea whispers something to her and she leans closer to me. "Er...She thinks you're sexy!"

Later, we get the gossip that there are demons in an Egyptian tomb. The humans want to investigate, but I'm weary. It's in the city. That's where the kids'll make fun of me. They'll attack me. I'll be forced into prison. I want to kill those demons, but I'll never forget what they did. Never.

I'm wearing a leather outfit. Tea is too. I sigh and put my helmet on. She does too. There's no room for us in the car. I glance around. The whole neighbourhood is out, staring at me as if they've never seen a vampire before. I snort and get onto my motorbike. Tea gets on behind me. The car starts off and heads into the road. I start the bike up. We cruise into the road and follow the car. Tea doesn't say a word. I can sense her nerves. Almost smell her fear. But, somewhere inside of her she loves me, for who I am, not what I am. I'm not that sure though. It might be a trick. I concentrate on the road, dragging my mind

away from the female human with her arms wrapped around me.

"Are you all right?" I ask, loudly over the roaring engine.

"What?" she calls.

What did she say? She probably doesn't understand me either...I'll have to teach her some of my language when we stop for a break.

It's such a long way to the city. The sun has already set, and given way to the beauty of night. We finally stop at a service station. I park my bike and me and the girl take our helmets off. We sit around a coffee table. Order drinks. Yugi has cola. Tea and Ishizu have hot chocolate. Marik has tea. I have water. Don't really like water, but it's the most flavourless thing I can get. I unscrew the top and reach into my pocket. I pull out a small vial of crimson liquid. Pour a few drops into my drink and swirl it around. I put the blood back in my pocket and take a few swigs. It's like an instant meal to me; quenches my thirst and soothes my hunger. Yugi grimaces. Tea watches intently, like she's studying a new breed of ape. I don't like it here. Too many humans and their vile habits. Tea's watching me again. I snap. "Would you like to learn my language?" I mutter.

"He doesn't like you watching him. I think you should just talk to him, not stare at him," Marik says to her quietly.

"No, he asked you if you would like to learn his language," Ishizu cuts in, scowling at her brother.

Tea smiles and nods. I say a simple sentence. She tries to repeat it, but it takes several tries for her to understand pronunciation and accent. I try another sentence, this time, a longer one. CRASH! We gasp and spin round. I jump to my feet and sniff the air. I frown. I can smell vampires, here, in this room. I scan the place, ready to attack who or whatever just broke in. Wait. We're the only ones here. Just a second ago, this place was crawling with humans, loads of them. How could they escape so quickly and unnoticed. I should have noticed them with my heightened senses. Only demons can move that fast. They can't have been demons; I would have smelt them, they would have killed me.

There's a shattered window to my right. "Show yourself!" I shout. "Now!"

"Your senses have failed you, Pharaoh," a female voice sneers. I growl. The humans huddle together behind me.

"What do you want from us?" Yugi yells.

"What I want is standing in front of you," the vampiress grins. She speaks both my language and theirs. I glare and flash my sharp, pointed long canines.

"Is that a challenge?" she hisses.

From out of nowhere, a large brown wolf leaps into view before us. I snarl like an animal, lunging at her, whilst transforming into my own wolf form. We clash into each other. The fight's on. We tackle each other, clawing, scratching, biting, snarling. She snaps her teeth around my hind leg. I howl with pain and swirl round, clamping my jaws around her throat. She chokes and throws me off. I pounce onto her. We wrestle on the floor. Blood stains our fur and spills everywhere. Our bodies cannot heal themselves if it is an attack from another of our kind.

We suddenly switch, from wolf to bat, in a split second. We flutter in the air, still battling. She snaps at me. I snap back, withdrawing just as she goes for my throat. Another change. We're in our strongest form. With black, demonic leathery wings, claws and teeth twice as long and sharp as when this began, we rage on. The vampiress slams me onto the floor. "Give up, young man, you're wasting my time!" she growls in my ear.

"Never!" I hiss, kicking her away. I grasp her by the neck and roar at her face. She screeches and smacks me. I drop her. She hovers above me. I glower up at her, a fresh scar bleeds across my face. She smirks, proud of her work. I launch myself at her, pounding her into the wall behind her. I lean in and bite into her neck. CRUNCH! She screams at me, peels me off and thrusts me into a window. The group of humans duck.

The glass shatters into the night sky and I hit the pavement below. I begin to pick myself up, arching my back, wings drooping. My hands slip in my own blood. I'm on all fours, gasping for breath. My face is smeared with crimson. The female vampire holds me up by my spine and nose dives into the building. She drops me and I smash into it. She cackles and swoops away, into the night. I slip down to the ground and tumble into the road, unconscious. Tea gasps and puts her hands over her mouth.

"Pharaoh! Are you okay?" Marik calls.

"Oh, no," Yugi croaks.

"We need to help him!" Ishizu cries, hurrying to the staircase.

31 - Coming Undone

I can't believe it. I have human friends and I have feelings for a human girl! I even protected them! I guess they're not so bad after all.... I'm drained of energy. Need blood. Need to heal. I lie, still unconscious, on a bed in the Ishtar's mobile home. Luckily they brought it with them when they flew over here to find me. I still don't know why they need me. I'm no longer a mighty Pharaoh, just an unfortunate, skinny young creature. Marik's an expert in the first aid department. He's treated and bandaged my wounds, given me oxygen from one of those machines humans use in hospitals and checked that I'm doing fine. He, Yugi and Ishizu are sitting in the main room, discussing what to do about the incident the other night.

Tea sits on a chair at my bedside. She watches me and talks to me. I've been out cold for three days now, except for when I woke up for about an hour just as they brought me here. She says it's getting serious. I can't hear her. Can't hear, see, feel anything or anyone, just out cold. I lie on my side, breathing softly, a creamy-white fang protruding from the corner of an unmoving mouth. The covers are tucked over my shoulders. My wings are folded neatly behind me. Tea sighs. It's getting late. She slowly turns away and quietly leaves.

The next morning, she returns to check on me. My wings have gone, and my claws. I'm staring out of the window, fully clothed. I'm paler than normal, shivering. "You're awake!" she smiles. "Why are you shaking?" I taught her some more Egyptian a few days ago. She learns quickly.

She approaches carefully. "Are you cold? Y-You need blood don't you?"

"Why do you need me?" I ask quietly. "I will only cause trouble,"

"We need you because you're the only one who can save us," Tea says.

"Why can't you save yourselves?" I snap. "Everytime I try to save someone, it all goes wrong and I end up hurt. Why do you think I live alone?!"

"You're the only one who has the power to do this! We need you! If you don't do this, we all die! No more humans; no more blood for you!" Tea yells.

I glance at her over my shoulder. She can clearly see the red slashes across my face. The light and my pale complexion makes them stand out even more.

"I'm sorry," she sniffs. "I'm sorry we took you away. I can see why you did that. I understand,"

She begins to weep. Sits down on the bed. I limp over to her, sit down beside her. Pull her into my embrace. Tea sobs. Something in my mind clicks. What am I doing? I hate humans. I should be slaughtering her, not embracing her. What if the other vampires find out? That'll be the end of me!

"You shouldn't be out of bed. You need to rest," she says softly, drying her eyes. I stare unblinkingly at the window. What's wrong with me? We stand up.

"Pharaoh?" Tea looks up at me. "Are you okay?"

I slowly, intimidatingly, look up at her, glaring and smirking. My eyes are deep crimson.

I suddenly clamp my fingers around her throat and pin her to the wall. She shrieks. I hiss loudly, opening my jaws wide and moving in for the bite.

"Pharaoh, no!" Yugi shouts, throwing the door open.

"Enough!" Marik yells, tearing me off her. He drops me on the floor and Ishizu helps Tea up.

"What is wrong with you?" she splutters.

"I'm sorry..." I whisper. "I lost control..."

"A vampire that has been unconscious for a long while can be a deadly creature. He should be fine after he consumes some blood," Ishizu says calmly.

I take a long, cold shower. I find myself standing there, staring at my trembling hands, with hundreds of questions clouding my mind. The ice cold water nips and stings at my scars, making tiny flowers of red seep through and create pink trails down my body. I'm jittering. I turn the shower off, dry myself off and get dressed. I flop onto my bed.

"Hey," the door opens. Tea's standing there. "We saved you some dinner and found some blood," I sigh and follow her into the main room. There's Sushi on the table. The others are still eating. I take a pair of chopsticks and sit down with them. Not sure if I'm hungry. Feel weak and tired. I take a few small mouthfuls and pause to swallow.

"Here you go," Marik hands me a bottle full of fresh, warm blood. Silence. I drop everything, stare at it for a few minutes, then take the lid off and gulp it down. Feeling better, I stop, breathing heavily. "Where did you get this?" I ask.

"Found a funeral parlour. There were some new arrivals..." Ishizu says in a hushed tone.

We finish dinner. The girls clean up. I put my head in my hands on the table. Questions again. I still don't trust humans. Tea goes to tap me on the shoulder. Sensing her, I turn to face her. She gasps. My eyes are still crimson and wild from my attack earlier.

"S-Sorry," her voice is fragile.

I finish my meal in silence, then return to my room. I switch the stereo on. Evanescence: 'Like You'. I pick up my guitar and strum along. I'm sitting in the corner, on the floor, not even looking at the guitar, staring into space. The song reminds me of my parents. The lyrics... My hands and fingers move with a mind of their own. I find myself playing the next song also; Lostprophets 'A Town Called Hypocrisy'. I end up playing a whole hour's worth of songs. Marik knocks and comes into the room. He watches, intrigued. He turns the music off, but I still play. I do a fast solo, all over the fret board. My mind is elsewhere. Marik steps over and stops me by putting his hands on the strings. I blink and glance at him, returning to my senses as the violet returns to my eyes.

The following morning, as usual, the Ishtars are the first up. I'm still fast asleep, snoring loudly. Sleeping naked because I need new clothes, so I'm saving them for when I need them. My eyes flicker open. I get up, washed and dressed. Tea wants to take me shopping and show me the city. We leave the others in the mobile home and walk there. Tea's got her arm wrapped around mine and grins broadly. I have my hands in my pockets and my guitar on my back. Wearing black eyeliner, a fingerless glove on one hand, an armwarmer on the other arm, ripped leather bootcut trousers covering huge combat boots covered in buckles and a black T-Shirt with leather straps across it.

I buy some new clothes. Tea buys some too. We return to the mobile home for dinner. There's a programme on the TV. A news report. I recognise the area. It's Egypt. The reporter is in a palace, a large palace, near the Nile. She steps into a room, carrying a microphone and babbling on. I look beyond her. There's a throne, priceless amounts of gold and jewels, the walls carry the scars of a thousand storms, there's dried blood on them and the floor. I follow bloody paw prints with my eyes. I stop, narrowing teary orbs. There on the floor. There they are. Shattered spines, cracked skulls, splintered ribs.

I begin to shudder, hiding my face as clear beads of sorrow tumble down my cheeks. I break down. Yugi asks what's wrong and they all try to talk to me. I shrug them off and stagger to my room. Throw myself onto my bed and bury my head in a pillow. I sob loudly. Sorrow and fury rage through my mind. I find myself screaming into the pillow between long moments of weeping noisily. It's all my fault. I should have protected them with the power from the Millennium Puzzle.

"Pharaoh! We need to get to the tomb now!" Marik shouts. "GET OUT HERE AND FACE THEM LIKE A MAN!"

He'll never understand. He's never been through what I have. I'm not leaving at his command.

"GET UP!" he roars.

"Marik, stop," Ishizu barks.

"GET UP NOW!"

"You should never anger a vampire! Brother listen to me!" she exclaims.

"COME IN HERE AND ATTACK ME, BAT-BOY!!!"

I quickly burst into the room and grab him by the collar. My wings are spread wide and held high, my fangs have doubled in size and my fingernails are now claws. I glare like a raging bull. We're almost nose-to-nose. He can feel my cold breath over his face. My eyes burn a fiery red. "Is that a threat?" I growl. My voice is deeper and rougher. I sound like a monster from a horror movie. I narrow my eyes. "Because if it is, I can personally see to it that you never see the light of day again. I can rip your head off and tear you limb from limb, whilst wallowing in your blood." I say the last sentence deliberately slowly.

"It's not a threat! It's not a threat! It's not a threat!" Marik squeaks, shaking his head vigorously.

"Liar," I spit, baring my fangs.

Yugi struggles to try and hold me back. "Enough!" he yells.

I drop the quivering human and toss Yugi aside. "I hope you burn in hell," I grunt. I return to the safety of my room and slam the door behind me.

"I warned you," Ishizu scowls, lifting her shaken sibling up.

"What was that?" Tea breathes.

"That," Ishizu notes. "Is the true wrath of a vampire,"

32 - Anubi

"I found this," Yugi says holding up a small piece of plastic. "It's the latest in high-tech learning. If we put this on the Pharaoh, he'll understand us and speak English too."

"What are the side effects?" Tea asks.

"Where did you get that?" Ishizu adds.

"Grandpa gave it to me. He said I might find a use for it someday," Yugi replies. "If you don't trust me, then we don't have to-"

"We are going to use it...but only if you get him up and put it on him," Marik grins.

Yugi tip-toes into my room, holding the plastic chip in a clenched fist. I'm in a scruffy state, after last night's share of flashbacks and nightmares. My hair is messy, the covers are in a heap on the floor along with the pillows and I'm hanging half way off the edge of the bed. I have smudged eyeliner across my face. My claws and teeth have gone, just my wings remain. I snore loudly. Yugi approaches quietly and braces himself. The human quivers as I stir, moaning and giving a sudden punch at an invisible foe.

He freezes as I start to slide off the bed. Fortunately, I stop myself by grabbing the bed and pulling myself up. I turn over and curl up under the warmth of my wings. Yugi walks over to me and carefully taps me on the shoulder. I groan in response, screwing up my face. He talks to me in that strange language of his. I can't figure out a word he's saying. I stretch out -shuddering and yawning as I do so- and several bones click in my legs and arms. I press my palms over my eyes.

My head hurts. I want to sleep, but can't because of nightmares, flashbacks and now Yugi! CURSES! Yugi suddenly presses something against my arm. I gasp. Suddenly, my mind is being filled with new words, new phrases, a new language. It's like being in a room full of people talking. My headache progresses. I screw my eyes shut, clench my teeth. "Stop it!" I snap. Yugi lets go. The plastic falls onto the floor. "What was that?" I breathe.

"You did it!" Yugi smiles. "You did it! You learnt English! It worked!"

"What?" I mumble.

"Hey look," Tea smiles, pointing to an ad in a newspaper. "Band auditions!"

She beams at me.

"No," I grunt.

"But, you're really good at guitar! I bet you would do well in a band. Your voice would be good too," she says.

"No!" I say louder.

"Aw, come on, you're gorgeous and talented!"

I find myself in a hall, with the humans, on a stage, with musical instruments. Tea sings 'The Phantom of The Opera'. I'm forced to play along and sing as the Phantom. I can't help it! It's a favourite song! I put on a scary tone. We then do 'Wish I had an angel' by Nightwish. The judges are impressed. Days pass. Weeks. We've quickly become a popular touring tribute band, something I had never thought possible in my condition. Changed my hair. Down, to my shoulders, slightly wavy.

We're on the tour bus, cooling down after a great gig. Tea keeps fiddling with my hair as I lie stretched across the seats. I bat her off.

"What?" she smiles.

"Stop it!" I mutter.

"Why?"

"Because you were going to put my hair up and make me look like a girl," I mumble.

Tea smirks. "How did you know?"

"You do it every time," I grin. She runs her fingers through my hair. "No!" I clamp my hands over my head and try to move away. She chuckles and puts the headband away. I cup her face in my hands and she looks up at me. We stare into each other's eyes for a moment, drowning in each other's core. We close our eyes and move closer. Our lips finally meet. We both blush. A first kiss. I finally pull back. She stares into my face, azure eyes glistening in the light.

"I..." she breathes.

"Sorry..." I say quietly, sensing her feelings.

"No," she says softly. "Don't be,"

Tea returns the kiss, leaving me sitting there, still. I kissed her. The vampire clans will no longer accept me. They'll want to slay me. I'm doomed. Damned and doomed.

Human scientists are after me. I run across the rooftops, sprinting, panting, running for my life. I gasp. I'm nearing a dead end, the edge of the building. My leg pangs uncomfortably. I reach the edge, leap up, yelling. Spread my wings, glide down to a lower roof. I land on my bad leg, lose my balance with the pain and tumble across. The scientists are in a helicopter, catching up. I curse harshly and pull myself up quickly. I run to the edge again, jump off. No! My wings are tangled in chains, thrown from the helicopter. "WOOOOAAAHH!" I shout, the chains pulling me down faster than I had expected. I struggle. The chains snag at my black feathers. Falling faster. Feathers fluttering over the streets below. I finally break free, wings bursting to their full span. The humans under me duck. I swoop up.

I fly back to our hotel. Make a pathetic landing: turn into a bat, get through the window and slide across the floor, returning to my human form. "What did I tell you about going out alone with your wings out?!" Tea scolds.

"Uh..." I grimace.

The scientists spot me. I switch into a wolf and sit like an obedient dog. Yugi spins round and notice them. He quickly turns to me. "Um..." he pets me. "Good puppy!"

I pull a face as he rubs his hand all over my head and ears, like a toddler. Now I know why Grandpa won't let him keep pets! The humans move on in their helicopter. I growl at Yugi. Resume my teenage human form again. Yugi's ruffling my hair like mad. "Yugi," I grumble.

"Huh?" he opens his eyes and looks down. "Oh!" His ruffling grinds to a halt. "Heh...Heheh..." He tries to redo my hair, but I shove him off.

Another night, another gig...!

We're all sweating. Nearing the end of our performance. The crowds scream at us for more. My hair is wet with sweat. I'm arched over my guitar, playing hard, one foot on a speaker, throwing my head madly. Tea sings beautifully. Yugi plays bass, jumping up and down on his toes to the beat. Marik drums. I step back, throwing my hair back, out of my face. The girls shriek at me, reaching desperately. I sing with Tea.

33 - Hybrid Theory

"Let us see what this hybrid is capable of," a man smirks. He has long black hair, tied back. He wears a fine black suit and a top hat. His eyes are a cold shade of grey. I'm trapped in a cage, directly under the moon. There is a fresh wound in my side. The man laughs as I wince, gripping the stinging flesh. He cackles as the clouds move away from the glowing orb. I slowly look up. A full moon. This is it; goodbye cruel world, hello pain.

The moonlight shines on me. My heart pounds in my ears, my breath catches and my veins throb. I feel my fangs grow uncontrollably. I grip the bars. My muscles pang as I arch my back. Falling to my knees, I grasp my painful skull and yell with pain. The man just laughs madly, as if my pain is his joy. I scream, lunging, throwing myself into the walls of iron bars that contain me. I feel as if I'm going to explode into a million tiny pieces. I snatch the bars again, managing to compose myself into a stance, breathing hard.

The moon reveals itself again. The pain intensifies. My aching heart skips a beat. I fall forward, back onto my knees, screaming, ripping, tearing my clothes off. Still the man laughs. My eyes are an inferno of bloodshot violet. My bones snap and crack into different positions, an unnatural wiry fur spreads over my skin, my hands and feet turn into clawed paws, a muscular body replaces mine. I'm howling like a banshee, my ears grow tall and pointed, shifting themselves to the top of my head. I can't hold on.

I shake the cage wildly, wailing. My jaws and nose lengthen, molding together to form a muzzle full of razor sharp teeth. It's complete. I'm a fully fledged beast - a hybrid that is more dangerous than anything Dracula and Frankenstein could ever imagine. Vampire and werewolf cells cannot both inhabit the same body. I will either be cursed, killed or overrun by one of the groups of cells. I only hope that it's the vampiric cells that gain victory.

I snap at the man who imprisoned me. I'm out of control. I will destroy anything in my path. I growl, standing on my hind feet, towering over the shadowed male as the remains of my clothes drop from my body. He clammers upon my cage and begins to rattle the locks. I snarl and sit back on my hocks, awaiting my release. A group of humans is flung into view, in chains. I narrow my eyes. The locks drop to the floor and the door is thrown open.

I launch myself at the humans. They are suddenly pulled up the tower, screaming and yelling as I leap up and scramble up the walls after them. They're dragged along the halls. I race after them, snapping and clawing for them. They disappear. I rise back onto my hind feet, scenting the air. There's half of a shriek from behind me. I whirl round and charge after the humans. They've been set loose. They run away together. I'm on all-fours, hurdling after them, snapping, knocking things out of the way, smashing things, making a complete mess of the place, hungrily.

I don't remember anything after that. It's all a blur. My whole body aches. I groan and open my eyes. I'm lying on my front. My wound has healed itself. My wings are unfurled from my back. Ishizu stands over me, tending to them. She flexes my left wing. Pain shoots down my spine. "AARGH!" I explode.

"Stop squirming!" she mumbles.

"AHAAA!"

"Stay still!"

"AAAAGH-oooh...you sound like my grandmother!" I moan.

"Good!" she scolds.

"I don't feel well..." I mutter.

"Well, Mr.Rockstar, you do throw a gig whenever you can," Ishizu says loudly, folding my wings. "And what happened last night must have been painful..."

Marik sticks a device in my ear. It beeps and he removes it. "You've got a high temperature," he grunts.

"Looks like those cells are starting to attack each other,"

I sniffle and sneeze.

"Now they are," Ishizu nods. "Stay in bed and try to sleep through it,"

"We'll have to cancel tonight's gig," Yugi says.

"What?" I cough, eyes snapping wide open. "Argh!"

"Try to relax," Tea says soothingly. "You're sick and weak,"

"I don't want to miss-" I break off, coughing.

"See!" she grunts.

"I'm fine!" I protest.

"Don't lie, Pharaoh," she says stubbornly. "Let's promise not to lie to each other. That way, everything's gonna be a whole lot easier,"

Night comes sooner than I had expected. The Ishtars are asleep already. Yugi's watching movies on the TV and Tea's sipping at a mug of hot chocolate, hiding behind a pillow when scary scenes come on. I sit next to her.

"What does the C in KFC stand for?" Yugi suddenly pipes up.

Tea giggles. "You don't know?"

"Corpse," I smirk, just as the woman in the film is attacked by a zombie.

Yugi shudders.

I pick up a glass of blood from the table and begin to drink. The woman on the film screams as the zombie pulls her legs off. Tea turns to me and notices what I'm drinking. She shrieks and jumps behind her pillows.

"What?" I frown.

"Don't do that!" she whimpers.

"He's a vampire, remember?" Yugi says. "He needs to do that,"

I put the glass back on the coffee table and sit with my elbows rested on my lap. My chin is in my palms and I'm running a finger up and down my left fang. It's a habit I have, I do it when I'm thinking or bored.

After coughing for what seemed like ages, and then finally coughing up a dark liquid, I manage to get into bed. I still don't feel well, but I'm pretty sure the vampiric cells are winning. I lie awake, long after my friends had fallen asleep. Can't get comfortable. My back, head and ears ache. For once I actually want to sleep. My arm hurts. Luckily I have my own room so that if anything goes wrong, I can keep it to myself.

"Hey, Pharaoh!" Tea knocks on the door. I'm still asleep.

"Pharaoh! Woohoo! Hello?" she bangs on the door.

"Hey, Atem!" Yugi yells.

"Did he lock himself in again?" Marik asks.

"He must have," his sister agrees.

"Pharaoh!" Tea tries one last time. "We'll see you at the beach okay?" she calls.

The group leave. My eyes flicker open. My body no longer aches. I hiss as I squint through blinding sunlight. My right arm feels different. I look down at it. "Aaargh!" From my shoulder down, it's covered in dense, wiry fur, my hand has leathery pads, on the tips of my fingers, my palm and on my wrist and my nails are claws! My arm's a werewolf! Please don't be permanent! I lump out of bed and try everything to return my arm to its original form. Nothing works. I need to hide this from the humans!

There goes my career of being a guitarist...I find some bandages in the bathroom and wrap them round my arm, tightly. Mummify it! The best way of preserving and protecting something, plus no one can get at it...I think...I get washed and dressed.

I wear black trousers, a black shirt under a hoodie and black boots. Put my hands, wallet and keys in my pockets and hope the bandages work. Jog down the stairs, have a quick breakfast then walk down to the beach. Tea, Yugi, Ishizu and Marik run over to me.

"You changed your hair," Yugi notes. "How come?"

I don't answer, just clench my fists in my pockets and fail to hide a wince as my claws dig into my palms. Tea keeps glancing at my arm suspiciously. I keep looking into her eyes, bringing her face up from it with my own. She reaches for me and I step back. Big mistake. I just made her even more anxious.

She catches a glimpse of fur. Grabbing my wrist and pulling my hands out of my pockets, she unwraps the bandages. "I thought we promised not to lie to each other," she says, smug that her rumors were true. She drops the fabric on the floor.

"I'm...sorry to tell you this, but that will be with you until you die," Marik says in a small voice as I glare at Tea.

I sit down on a bench and suck the blood from my palm. Another habit, for when I'm worried, scared or just in a bad mood.

"Why didn't you tell us?" Ishizu asks quietly.

"Looks like those cells had a tie then. Will he still transform?" Yugi mutters.

"No," Marik replies. "There is enough vampire blood in him to prevent that, and enough lupine blood to keep him immune to sunlight,"

34 - Leave Out All The Rest

We finally get to the tomb. It's full of demons. They're munching on mummies. We jump straight in and attack. I grab ancient swords and strike furiously. I raise thye blade above my head as the beast squirms beneath me. I bring it down, drive it through the heart. Tea is cornered.

"Tea!" I yell, throwing the sword. It spins toward the demon, then stabs its back. It spins round and comes after me. It has the head of a wolf and the wings of a bat. Perfect. I bet I could show it a lesson. I jump onto its back and bite down on its ear. It pins them back and crouches, tail between its legs. It whimpers. Now that it knows who's boss, I get off and take the chance to kill it.

The tiles beneath me give way. I fall through the gap, to the gloomy floor below. Tea falls after me. My wounds just about heal themselves before I leap up and grab her, spreading my wings. I touch back down with her in my arms and place her safely on the ground. She thanks me with a kiss. I return it. "Hey! Stop playin' tonsil tennis in public! Sheesh...kids these days..." an old man yells from the shadows. "Where...?" Tea looks round anxiously.

I raise my nose slightly and scent the air. I open my mouth, taste the air, frown and turn my head to my left.

"What are you lookin' at, ya hairy toothpick?!" the man shouts.

I snarl and pounce onto him and raise my clawed, furry, right hand, ready to strike.

"Whaddya want from me, punk? A razor for your arm, maybe?!"

I press my free hand into his throat, baring my extended fangs and growling.

"Sorry!" he chokes, waving his hands.

"Pharaoh, get off him, now!" Tea barks, stalking over.

I turn to glance at her over my shoulder. My features soften. Her innocence causes me to melt. I turn back to the man and toss him away. Tea helps him up, appologising for my attack. The old man has a tuft of grey hair on his head and a long white beard. He wears a cloth tied around his waist and seems to see the sarcastic side of life.

"Sorry about that," Tea says.

"Don't you worry, missy. I suggest ya keep your lads under control. I coulda taught him a lesson though..." he shakes his fist at me.

I narrow my eyes at him and let a hiss escape my lips.

"I'm really sorry," Tea repeats.

"Sorry?! He nearly killed me!" the man yelps.

"It's just his...nature," she says.

"Oh, yeah? What's his problem?"

"Um...it's a disease. He got it from...his brother," she lies.

I haven't even got a brother. I hope this old man doesn't know me!

He stares at me for a while then hobbles over, quickly.

"Oh! I know you!" his face light up.

DAMMIT! I slap a hand over my face and turn away. I should have known. I know him well.

"You're Atem! How could you attack your poor old Uncle Ankhan??"

I roll my eyes and try to walk away. He grabs my arm and pulls me back.

"I take back everything I said," Ankhan grins. "I hope you and this young lady aren't causing too much trouble,"

"I-"

"What have you done to your hair, ya scruffy little asp?" he takes a hand full of my hair and inspects it like an ape during social grooming.

I get annoyed and glower at him.

"Your hair's quite long, mind if I-"

I clamp my hands over my head and shuffle away. I remember what happened last time he gave me a bad haircut. Tea giggles.

I hear the humans above screaming.

"Let's go!" I grab Tea and my uncle. I run towards the pile of rubble that we slid down and take flight. I land perfectly and drop them at my sides. The beasts spot me. "Move!" I splutter, leaping out of the path of a raging bull-headed zebra. The humans huddle together in a corner.

I'm thrown into a pile of rubble. I slide from the stone and fall onto the floor, unconscious. The rocks begin to shake, then collapse on top of me. Tea gasps, teary-eyed. The statues of Anubis either side of her come to life, guarding the debris that I'm buried under. The demons approach, but they drive their spears through them. They cross their spears over, blocking the way to me. Tea and Yugi are allowed through. They dig frantically. The Ishtars keep the demons busy with the help of the jackal-headed Gods.

Blood spurts all over the place. There are screams, yells, roars, growls, snarls and snaps. They finally uncover me. Tea pulls me out. I cough and splutter, finding my feet as she and Yugi try to steady me. I insist I'll be fine, but they won't listen. I need to help the others, but they won't let me.

"I'm all-" I break into another coughing fit.

"You're not okay!" Yugi shouts over the chaos. "We need to get you out of here,"

Tea rushes to help Marik and Ishizu.

I toss Yugi off. He grabs me again.

"Let me go!" I snap.

"You'll die! They have silver stakes hidden between their teeth! I've seen them!" Yugi yells.

"Then it's a battle worth dying for," I growl. "They need help! These monsters can control magic beyond your knowledge!"

"You're-"

"NO! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD STAY OUT OF THE WAY!" I roar, eyes wide and a sizzling

shade of red.

I elbow him in the gut. He bends over, yelping in pain. I charge into battle, taking flight as I transform into my strongest form. the fight rages on for another hour or so. I can't find Tea. She's lost in a sea of beasts. Marik gets knocked into a stone tablet. It glows at his touch and suddenly the demons are gone. Tea lies on the floor in a pool of blood. Her skin is a grey-blue colour. Her chest doesn't rise and fall and her eyes are closed. I land roughly beside her and return to my normal state. I drop down beside her, gaping. Speachless. Silence. Yugi cowers away. The Anubis statues take their places and turn back into stone.

Tears drip onto the sandstone tiles, staining them. I hold Tea in my arms, plant a final kiss on her cold lips, draw blood from her neck and sup at it, then gently put her back down. Sorrow is replaced with rage. My fangs extend. I tremble, slowly glancing up at Yugi. I glare wildly, clenching my teeth. My eyes are on fire. Shaking with fury. I stagger to my feet, hair covering my face, looking down.

35 - Highschool Never Ends

Disgussions. We have to head back to the city. Have to fit in like everyone else and try to act normal so the scientists don't find us. Have to go to school and rent out a flat. Ishizu becomes more like a mother to us all. Her and Marik keep the house in order while Yugi and I are at school. I pass my arm off as a skin condition. Pretend the bottles of blood are medication. Tea's alive, recovering in hospital. Thankfully, she woke up and stopped me killing Yugi. She should be coming home soon.

"So, what's next?" Yugi asks, strolling along at my side down the corridor.

He wears a blue jacket, white shirt, white and red trainers and black trousers. He has a brown backpack. I wear a black hooded jacket, a black T-Shirt with a scruffy look to it (rips, rough stitches, chains hanging from it, mesh seen through rips), black trousers covered in chains and pockets with straps crossed over the back, and my all important gothic combat boots with buckles and yet more chains. I wear my spiky dog collar and eyeliner that looks like someone ran a finger from it down my cheeks (think Benji Madden from Good Charlotte!! ;)). I have a black satchel across my body.

"History," I mutter.

"Aww...We got a test," he moans.

"What's it about?" I frown, having forgotten all about the test and visited Tea instead of studying.

"The Romans, duh!" he says coolly.

"Oh..."

We reach the classroom and take our seats at the back of the class. Yugi delves into his bag under the table and pulls out a pencil case. I slip a pen out of my pocket.

"Hey!" someone hisses.

I spin round. It's Ren. He taunts me some times and makes fun of my fashion sense. He thinks I'm a mutated wolf. He's overweight, has red hair, green eyes, a smug grin and freckles. He's also quit big-headed and thick. He cheated his way into this group; top group. I'm in top group for everything but maths. I hate maths.

"I'm gonna beat you, skinny wolf-zombie." Ren sneers.

I narrow my eyes and growl softly.

"You can start your tests now," Mrs. Rago nods over her book. She's got brown hair, always in a tight bun. She's always reading something. I don't know how she still manages to mark all of our work and finish the latest 7 novels in an hour.

I turn back to my desk. There's a piece of lined paper, my pen and a sheet explaining what I have to do. I have to write an essay about Roman history. I rest my head in my palm as I begin the most boring essay of my school life so far. I'm actually right-handed. Despite my claws and paw, I still manage to keep my handwriting neat. I get through two peices if paper, both sides. Ren's still struggling to understand the joined handwriting on his stolen papers under the desk.

The bell rings. My wrist aches. That's what you get from writing non-stop for a whole lesson.

"Put your pens down," Mrs. Rago puts her book down - for once.

We all put our pens down and sit up, sighing in relief. People start to mutter.

"Ahem!" she scoffs loudly.

The class falls silent again. "That bell is a signal for me that it is the end of the lesson, and not you. Now, when I collect your papers in, you may pack away,"

She collects our work and returns to her book. We pack away and stand behind our chairs. I sling my bag over my shoulder. Ren shoots me a glare. I return it. Mrs. Rago scans our tests and clears her throat again.

"Your marks are as follows..." she announces. "Marko, C, Natali, A-..."

She reaches the end of the scores.

"Atem, A, Ren, F,"

"HA!" I slap a hand over my mouth.

Everyone stares at me.

"Well, you can go now," Mrs. Rago turns a page in her book.

It's hometime already. Time for a walk back to the flat. I turn my mobile phone on and play some of my favourite, heavy tracks at full volume, and put it in my pocket. Yugi winces. "How can you listen to that all day?"

"Because I like it," I say. "It's better than all that crap everyone else is obsessed with..."

"Did you know, according to gothic slang, you're a Baby Bat?" he folds his arms.

"Ooh...someone's done their homework," I roll my eyes. "Did you not think I already knew?"

"You knew? I thought-"

"I was told all of their terms by this kid who knocked on my door, just before I bit him..."

Yugi's jaw drops.

"A vampire's got to survive some how," I grunt.

"Did the demons make you a vampire?" he asks quietly.

I lean against the wall, put my hands in my pockets and stare at the ground. I ignore the question, instead I sing along to my phone.

"Love song, for the dear departed, headstone, for the broken hearted..."

He can see I'm not in a good mood. I haven't been since he stopped me helping Tea.

We get back to the flat. Tea's there, waiting for me. The first thing we do is kiss. I shizu begins to talk about demons being sighted near by. We freeze and listen, tense. I stand behind Tea, with my hands in her pockets, my head rests on her shoulder. She has a hand on mine, the other at her side. Yugi keeps giving us sideways glances and Marik writes everything down.

"There's an old church down the road. It's supposed to be home to a rogue vampire that is controlling demons," Ishizu says grimly.

Babysitting...My long lost cousin, Kaylee. I hate her.

"Move!" I grunt. Kaylee's lying across the sofa.
She pokes her tongue out at me. She's four.
"I want to sit down, now move!" I growl.
"No!" she grins.
"Fine, then," I fold my arms, turn round and sit on her.
"Hey!" she squirms.

"I don't care," I say.
"You stink!"
"Come to think of it, your breath does smell like something died," Yugi shrugs at me.
"So do you,"
"I hate you!"
"I hate you too,"
"Kaylee, shut up. Pharaoh, grow up," Tea says loudly. The phone rings and she answers it.

"Atem's got girl's hair!" Kaylee announces.
"No I haven't!" I snap.
We continue to throw insults at each other.
"And I thought the Pharaoh was the most mature of us," Marik sighs.
"Pharaoh!" Tea breathes. "They need you at the church! There are monsters!"
"I wanna come!" Kaylee pipes up.
"No, Kaylee. It's too dangerous. Stay here," I say swiftly, trying to hide the sword hanging from the belt I'm fastening around my hips.

"Are you sure you wanna do this alone?" Tea asks quietly, as I open the door.
I sigh. "Yes,"
"Good luck," she nods.

We exchange kisses and I set out as quickly as possible. I hate churches. As you've probably guessed, vampires stay away from religion. The demons are ready and waiting. One snaps hungrily at me. I bare my fangs as they double in size. I charge, sword raised, toward the nearest beast. It's the zebra again. My pace quickens as I draw closer. I swiftly swing the blade. Sliced into two halves, the demon drops onto the floor, dead. I work my way through the group, slashing and hacking them down. I gain wounds.

I bite, scratch and stab. It seems to have worked on most of them. It rains through smashed glass windows and the shattered roof. The last one. It looks like some kind of mutated elf. It swings for me. I jump out of the way, grabbing a book and throwing it at the monster. The book does nothing but anger it. A wooden stake is launched at my heart. The stake pierces my chest, millimeters away from my heart. I yell in pain and pull it out, throwing it away. The demon picks me up. It has a rib-crushing grip. It sends me hurdling into a wall. My sword snaps. My wings unfold, my claws sharpen, I open my jaws as wide as possible and let out a huge snarl. The demon screeches. We clash into each other. It grasps my throat. My jaws are wide open. We're almost nose to nose, roaring down each other's throats. I kick it hard in the gut. It squeaks and drops me. I leap back up and onto it. Shaking as I snarl at it. I think my jaws snap. I lunge forward and bite into its neck. It chokes. I sever its throat. Blood spurts from its veins. It

stiffens and, at last, dies.

I'm exhausted. My wounds are throbbing. I can't walk back home. I'll have to improvise...I transform into a bat and flutter through a broken window. I have to wait to fully heal. (Demons have the same effect as vampires) Until then, I'll have to rest. I get back to the humans. Don't want Kaylee to see me like this. She must never know my dark secret. I fly in through my open bedroom window. I change back to my humanoid form and close the window. I carefully peel my ripped T-Shirt from my chest, trying to keep the wincing as quiet as possible. I manage to get it off. I flop onto my bed and let my eyes close.

"Are you sure he's not sick?" Yugi asks Ishizu. She nods.

"He's been sleeping for ten hours already!" Tea says worriedly. "I can't take this!"

She bursts into my room and gasps. As I've been sleeping, the wound in my chest has bled. The white sheets on the bed are blood stained. My chest rises and falls feebly. Tea sobs, hiding her face behind trembling hands. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"I...I c-couldn't let K-Kay-"

She shakes her head and turns away. Ishizu and Marik try to help me. My eyes slide shut again.

My mouth hangs open. My fangs extend. Tea steps back. Demons. More demons. I. Hate. Demons.

36 - The Sharpest of Lives

I awaken suddenly from a nightmare. I'm lying in a bed. A very soft and cozy bed. After a while I finally decide to get up. I get dressed. Tea suddenly comes running in. She throws her arms around me. "You're awake!" she cries.

I look down at her and swallow. She buries her head in my T-Shirt. The wound in my chest pangs, but I ignore it. She carries on talking. I don't listen to a word. I'm too busy trying to control myself. I stare at her neck, then screw my eyes shut. My hands are twitching. My lips quiver. I can't contain my fangs. I take deep, shaky breaths through my teeth. My jaws hang open. I'm so hungry...

My eyes snap open. I push Tea away.

"What's wrong?" she asks. She turns to me. "Pharaoh?"

I sit on the edge of the bed with my head in my hands.

"Tea?" Yugi calls. "Ishizu wants to talk to you,"

Tea sighs and walks out of the room. My sensitive hearing picks up the quiet conversation.

"...Do you not know how dangerous it is to be in love with a vampire?"

"I..."

"He could kill you at any moment. His blood lust is too strong to control in his state,"

"No..."

"He's hungry, Tea. That's why he tried to attack you yesterday,"

Tea and I take a walk. She says nothing. I keep glancing at her. Does she know I overheard? I take her hand in mine. She looks at me. I give a small smile. We stop in front of a poster on the side of a building.

"Do you want to take a tour of the Old Streets?" she says at last.

"If that's what you want," I nod.

We join the group of humans waiting at the gates. I pay for the tickets, although Tea wanted to. We take the tour.

The funny thing is, as soon as we step through the gates, we're the only ones there. Following the tour guide cautiously. The old woman has two dogs. A small one and a large one. The larger one isn't on a leash, but the smaller one is. They both look exactly the same; black, with mane-like fur around their heads and necks. They have bushy tails. They're always baring their teeth and growling. The larger dog catches my scent. It turns and barks furiously. The old woman just carries on with the tour.

I grab Tea's hand and run. The dog chases after us.

"What are you doing?" Tea yells.

"Those dogs...they know I'm a vampire!" I breathe.

We hurry round a corner. Trapped between the old woman and her two dogs! I grab Tea and pull her into the nearest shop. The dogs howl at us. The woman grins and walks over to the door.

"Don't you dare...!" I growl, clutching the handle.

She holds a key in her hands. She waves it to us then lowers her hand. I watch her through the letterbox. She's locking us in! The smaller dog snap at me. I fall back. She turns and walks away. Tea falls silent. I take a few steps back and ram into the door. The door has been strengthened with steel frames. I ram into it until a cut on my forehead is caused and I bleed.

"Pharaoh!" Tea snaps. I throw myself into the door once more. The frame shakes and the windows rattle.

"Stop it! You're hurting yourself!" she pulls me away.

We turn around. There is no shop. There's a wide open space. A meadow in a forest. The door's gone.

"Wu-Where are we?" Tea stutters.

"A young couple have been found supposedly in comas in a shop in the Old Streets. They were said to have been taking a tour with the missing woman Gladys Illton. They're now recovering in hospital..."

"That's Tea and the Pharaoh!" Yugi gasps.

"Let's get to that hospital then!" Marik says.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

When Tea and I finally stop screaming at each other...

"You look....uh...different?" she mutters.

"So do you...." I reply.

Tea's covered in fur. She has paws, (like my werewolf hand!) retractable claws, the ears face and the tail of a cat. I'm also covered in fur. I have the ears face and tail of a wolf.

"Does this mean I'm going to cough up hairballs?" Tea growls.

I shrug.

"You're a Gothic wolf!" she yells. "I'm a stupid cat! We're stuck here like this forever!"

"Maybe not," I disagree.

We follow a path through the woods and come across a battered old building. The windows are still intact, but the doors are hanging from their hinges and the walls are worn. I step inside. Tea follows, wearily. I pin my ears back and flick a switch on the wall. A light flickers on. I explore the room. There's a sofa, a coffee table and a bookcase. I check for traps. Nothing.

"HELP!"

"Tea!" My ears prick up and I bound into the kitchen.

She's shivering, trembling in the center of the room. There's a dead man lying on the floor. He's fresh. I kneel down and take the bite instinctively. Tea turns away. I'm lapping up the blood that pours from the wound I made.

"M-M-Maybe he was the last one who tried to spend the night here?" Tea squeaks.

The ground gives way. It splits into two halves. I reach for her. She reaches too.

37 - Nemo

The scientists have held me captive for their studies for three years now. I have not aged. Vampires don't. I have been through so many tests, operations, interviews with the police, questions and days and nights of solitude. The humans? I did it. I killed them all. Can't sleep. Demons rule my mind. I'm locked in a cell, with a single bed and a glass wall. There's white paint on the walls, and a wooden floor. They observe me. My hair covers my face. No one has seen my eyes since the deaths. My skin is deathly pale. I pace the room, staring at the floor. I sit on the bed, seeming to be deep in thought. Put myself on a diet. Hope to die of starvation. I get given blood by my nurses. They bring me glasses of it every so often. They have to force feed me. I find myself replaying those awful scenes in my head, destroying them, greedily draining their blood. No one really knows what happened that night, except me and the demons.

Another interview. They ask some questions, slowly, clearly. The clock ticks. Minutes pass like hours. I say nothing. The woman at the other side of the table holds my cold, fragile, trembling hands in hers. "Please tell us what you know," she pleads softly. "We need this information," "Show us your face, young man!" a frustrated policeman snaps. "We need evidence!" I slowly look up. They see my eyes; faded, worn, glazed, lifeless. Dead.

They gasp. They don't know what I've done, what they've done to me, what the demons did. Slaughtered me a second time. I survived. Just.

"What is he?" the woman asks.

"We need answers!" the man shouts.

I get to my feet. Widen my eyes, holding out a hand. The windows shatter. The man chokes. I hold my hand up. The man flies up to the ceiling. He bursts through it and disappears. I spread my wings and take off through the gap. The doctors spill out of the building and go after me, claiming that I am too ill to be out alone. I land on my hands and knees in an alley. I jump back up and sprint down the road.

I turn into a wolf. Dog catchers! I freeze.

"That's an Egyptian wolf!" one of them gasps. "They're an endangered species,"

"How did he get here?" the other frowns.

"I bet they would pay a fortune for him at the kennels,"

He bends down and reaches for me. "Come here, boy," he smiles. I step back.

"He's sure got big ears," the other man snorts.

I growl.

"Is he meant to be that skinny?"

"Yeah, they all are," the man nods. "Scrawney little thing, huh?"

I pin my ears back. Why you - something slams into my shoulder. I can't move. I return to my human

form. I'm on my hands and knees, pawing the ground, whimpering.

"What's your name, kid?"

"U-uu-h," I collapse. What ever landed in my arm paralyzed me.

"Got him!" a doctor walks over. He ties my wrists and ankles together. Pulls me over his shoulders. A hunter with a dead animal. He pulls a needle out of my shoulder and tosses it away.

Back in the cell. They question me about the killings again. I'm being monitored by cameras. Supposed to be watching a video about crimes. They're trying to persuade me. I hold the remote in my hands. "Tell us what happened to your parents," my nurse says from behind the glass wall. "What brought you to murder your friends? Why do you kill?"

"It won't stop," I say bluntly.

"What won't stop? You don't wanna kill anyone. That's bad,"

"They ruined my life. They killed me...and my family," I say.

"What? You're alive!" the policeman says loudly. "Who killed your family? Could you show us what they looked like?"

I clutch the remote. The picture on the TV screen goes all fuzzy. The lights flicker. The scenes that haunt me so much are played out on the screen. I glare wildly.

"Oh my god," the nurse stutters. "He's got ESP!"

"Don't be stupid!" the policeman grunts. "He's messed with the tape."

They watch the scenes. The lightbulbs burst and the whole room shakes.

"Stop!" my nurse cries. "Please!"

I drop the remote. The room stays still and the lights repair themselves, flickering back on. My tears drip onto the floor between my feet, staining it a darker colour. "It...won't...stop..." I whisper. "And...I'm sorry," I look up. My pupils shrink to the size of pinpricks. The TV explodes. The glass wall shatters again. The wires spark into flames that travel along like a fuse for dynamite. The bulbs burst again. "STOP IT!" they scream. Their equipment blows up. I just sit there, in the center of a ring of flames, on a plain chair.

I get up and walk over to the nurse. She is burnt, but still alive. She gives a sharp gasp as I hold her up in my arms. My fangs extend. Her head falls back. I move closer to her neck, then sink my fangs in. She chokes, stiffens. Her blood is sweet and warm. A river of it forms at my feet. I swallow a final mouthful, drop her and take off into the night sky. It rains. I land in a dark corner of town, sink to the ground and curl up. Shaking. Weeping. I grip my shoulders, arms crossed over, and dig my claws into my back. I drag them along broken skin.

Days pass. Weeks. I grow weaker. Haven't had any blood since I got here. Depressed. Very depressed. Just sit there, staring at the floor, rocking back and forth. I'm nothing. Nothing. My mind has been fed to the demons. I'm just a body. Empty. No soul. No mind. No heart. Just a shell. A dying shell...

A cold night. It rains. I lie on the hard ground, shaking. I want to die. Anything is better than being

trapped in this state. Getting a bit too thin. Can't see properly. It's all blurry at times along with double vision. Can't speak properly. Hearing tunes in and out. Can't move.

"Hey!" a woman shouts. "There's someone over here!"

Footsteps. Someone kneels down beside me. She brushes my hair out of my eyes. I squint. From what I can make out, she has short blonde hair, long nails and a blue dress on.

"Hey, dude," she says softly. "What are you doing out here like this, huh?"

"My name's Laylah," she says. "I guess your not a kid. You must be about...somewhere between sixteen and nineteen...am I right?"

I open my mouth to speak, but let out a small stutter.

"I need to get you to a hospital," Laylah croaks. "Okay?"

I stare at her. My vision blurs again.

"Is there anything you need?" she asks, getting a mobile phone out of her pocket.

I gape like a fish out of water. No! The doctors will take me to the police again!

Laylah begins to make her phonecall, but notices something. My fangs and my arm. She slowly puts her phone away.

"Y-You're the hybrid?" she whispers hoarsly into my ear.

I muster a small nod. Hope she's not a hunter or a demon in disguise.

"You poor thing," she furrows her brows. "What have they done to you? I-I'll take you back to my place.

I'll take care of you, I promise. I won't tell anyone that you're there,"

I lift my head off the ground, sniffle at the air and flop back down again. She's a human.

38 - Intro to a new story!!!

I do not own Yu-Gi-Oh! Because if I did, Atem and Tea would have joined me for a picnic in the graveyard with some blood to drink. This is written from Atem's point of view, in present tense, because I'm stuck with this habit for now. There are VERY big hints of Revolutionshipping, some OOCness too! Rated T for violence, blood, gore, language.

NOTE: No undead were harmed during the typing of this fic.

NOTE 2: I'm English, so spellings will be English, things such as school will be English style and laws will be British.

Cast: (with age and position in fic)

Atem: 17 (may fav number!) (Has a job in a secret society that he refuses to tell anyone of)

Tea: 16 (Has a HUGE crush on Atem)

Yugi: 15 (is Atem's younger brother) (Has left school early to help Eva look after the Game Shop, since Grandpa has gone on a business trip)

Joey: 16 (Best friend)

Tristan: 16 (Best friend)

Eva: 35 (Loves her son to pieces)

Atem: A short summary!

He had been banned from the afterlife, basically. According to Amun Re, his soul was not pure, for reasons even he does not know of yet. His mother, Eva, was sent back with him. He came back to his friends and a new journey awaits. He and Yugi quit school to help Eva take care of the Game Shop whilst Grandpa is exploring ruins with an old friend. Atem just wants to be normal, and be called by his real name. Eva accepts this and does so. His friends still call him 'Pharaoh' though.

Stealthy and alert, he is sometimes overprotective and quick to anger. His confidence and belief give him a will of steel and a heart of gold. He is quiet and serious about matters. All of his traits remain from his days on the Egyptian throne. He does have feelings for Tea, but does not know how to tell anyone.

Girls. Atem can't escape them! Whether they fall for his looks, his personality or his strong baritone voice, they'll do anything to get him!

39 - *Insert wolf howl here*

Dear Diary,

This will be my last entry. I need to go to the forest tonight. The moon will be full. I lie to Yugi, my friends and my own mother; told them I was going to visit another friend's house. What they don't know is that I haven't actually got a job. I discovered something I wasn't supposed to when I was younger, and I met people who were the same. My life changed then. I don't feel safe around humans anymore. I fear them. I can swallow swords and dance with fire, but nothing is as risky as what I am going to do tonight. I have to stay awake. Most participants are exhausted after the run, and just collapse and sleep under the trees. I need to get home, before anyone suspects anything. I need to make a plan...

"Boys! Dinner's ready!" Eva calls. She prefers to be called Eva other than Mum for some reason.

"Coming!" I shout in reply.

"Me too!" Yugi adds.

I shove my pens and notebook under my pillow and jog downstairs. Yugi slides down the banister after me. I chuckle and ruffle his hair.

"Hey!" he giggles, shoving me off.

We sit down at the dining table. Eva serves food onto plates.

"Now, boys, feet off the table," she scolds.

"Feet off the table!" we grin, putting our feet up on the table.

The night arrives quicker than I expected. Eva and Yugi are asleep. I manage to catch a couple of hours before getting up and dressed at midnight. I don't switch any lights on. The moonlight is liberating. The stairs creek under my heavy boots. I'm wearing a black hooded shirt, black trousers, a studded dog collar and combat boots covered in straps and buckles with a flame design. The stairs are far too noisy! I glance around to find another way. Wait. Yugi. I slide down the banister, just as my twin did, and land on both feet at the bottom.

I sneak through the kitchen as cautiously as possible and snatch a key from the table. Quickly and quietly make my way to the front door. I open it, step outside and lock it again, clipping the key to my belt. I put a helmet on and hop onto my motorbike. I have to be quick, to get there on time. The engine roars into life. Hopefully Eva and Yugi will think it's someone else. I set off into the night.

The Great Forest comes into view. I hear the howling. I'm late! I drop my helmet and bike near the curb and run through the trees. There's a clearing at the centre, with ruins of a temple scattered around, and a fire. A large group of people are gathered around the fire. *My pack*. A tall man clad with leather stands on a large rock protruding from the ground. He has long black hair and a beard. He's dirty and wears nothing at all. *The alpha male*. He's our leader. He leads our hunts and enforces rules. He taught us that what we are not should be feared and destroyed. *Humans*. The Alpha lives in the forest all the time. He was born here and raised by our ancestors. *Wolves*.

I join the cluster. Everyone takes their shirts off. We all bow before him. He nods and we stand up again. "The hunt will begin shortly. Prepare the bait," he says to his mate. *The alpha female.* She is naked too. She nods and brings forth a struggling, blindfolded human. "You are all starving, no?" he calls. I raise my head to the moon, as do the others. A choir of howls. The human's blindfold is torn off. "There is a river. If you cross it, you are free. No one ever crosses the river," our Alpha female hisses. "Run free," She cuts his arm with a blade. The scent of blood is strong. We are so hungry. We almost leap forward as the human staggers past. We clear a path. He passes through us, reaches the trees and runs. We start after him.

Breathing hard, sprinting, hungry. I jump over half-buried ruins. Following the scent, letting the animal inside me take over. Getting closer, faster, faster, faster. Closer, closer. Then it happens. The same thing that happened when I was younger. I bound forwards. As I leap, fur spreads across my entire body, my bones rearrange themselves, my face lengthens, a tail grows from the base of my spine. When I land on the forest floor, I am no longer Atem. I am a wolf. The rest of the pack transforms. We reach the human. He has nowhere to hide. We clamp our jaws around any of his limbs. He screams, chokes, silence. The feast begins. Tearing away flesh from bones, scratching away the skin, devouring him. Gasping for breath. I can't eat anymore. I can run anymore. I need to get home! The sun is rising! I change back. The river. I scramble down to the river, wash myself and head out of the forest.

I crawl up the stairs and into my room. Still gasping for breath. I pull myself into bed and curl up under the covers, trembling. What did I do last night? I lost control. I was an animal, literally! I feel weird. Wait a second...I check under the covers. ACK! I've just run from the forest to here with nothing on! I must have lost my clothes when I transformed. Eva usually throws the covers off me to get me up in the morning. Oh, no!

I jerk out of bed again, search through the draws under the wardrobe, find what I'm looking for and quickly shove them on. A pair of black boxers. That normally all I wear in bed. I curl up again. My head is pounding. My breathing has calmed down, but not the rest of me. I'm completely drained. My mind is still buzzing. I have to think of an excuse to spend the day in bed!

"Atem," Eva knocks and enters.

I close my eyes, pretend to be asleep. She walks over to me and taps my shoulder.

"Atem,"

I groan in response.

"You don't look too good," Eva furrows her brows.

Aha!

"I feel sick," I croak. Good thing I'm losing my voice from all the howling.

"Aw...You poor thing. I'll go and tell Yugi not to disturb you and I'll get you something to eat that'll be

easy on your stomach,” she brushes my hair out of my eyes and kisses me on the cheek. She tucks me in and leaves.

I close my eyes and fall asleep.