

Change is Inevitable

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A sinful Goddess is shrunken into an infant and has her memories erased. She is forced to live a life on Earth among the humans, until she has proven she has mended her evil heart. OCxMarik. Contains Mild Language

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1 - Judgment

It was a cool and uneasy night above the white clouds. The streets of the glorious Kingdom of Iados were silent. The only proof of life was a luminous light as bright as the full moon burning upon the candle of a large ship, the size of a small island. It swayed upon the fluffy clouds in a lullaby motion. How can it float on clouds or be as large as an island? The answer is simple. This is no ordinary ship. In fact, it is the mighty sun god Ra's ship, where a fateful trial has brought the attention of every fantasy creature of the City of the Gods.

"Let the trial begin" echoed the deep voice of Ra, as he banged his golden gavel onto the table. He was in a large courtroom along with thousands of other supernatural creatures. In front of Ra there were twenty eight golden thrones all in a row, each possessing its own small table. Upon these thrones were the twenty eight most important gods and goddesses of Egypt. Some of these were Ammut, the devourer of souls, Anubis, the God of death and Seth, the God of chaos. To the left of Ra sat the accused. She had light bronze skin and long black shining hair that flowed around her feminine body; it was twisted and untamed, representing her actions and personality. Her aqua eyes glistened with confidence yet held a glint of hate. She sat with poise and majesty as if nothing was wrong. Unbeknownst to her, was that nothing could go more wrong in her books, after this trial was done. "Tonight, we shall resolve the fate of Sêshafi, the daughter of Ra, Goddess of Goddesses, and the eighth key" read the speaker for the trial. "Firstly, answer these questions with your hand against your heart" he spoke. "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" "I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" she repeated emotionlessly. He went through the book having Sêshafi swear to every question given. It was now time for questions and answers.

"Sêshafi, answer this question. Did you or did you not freely and willingly aid Bakura in summoning the darkness of the Shadow Realm, by collecting three millennium items out of the seven, causing many innocent lives to be lost?" questioned Ra.

He didn't seem at all fazed by the fact that his daughter was sitting next to him in the accuser's chair, although he couldn't be more upset by his daughter's actions. He had had millions of years to master the control of human emotions and expressions, so it was no surprise that he seemed unfazed by the issue he was facing at this very moment.

"I did" she answered truthfully.

"And is it true that you attempted to hide this information from anyone, and succeeded in doing so for nearly five thousand years?"

"Yes, it is"

"Well what do you have to say for yourself?" he questioned rather irritated.

"I shouldn't have done it" she replied.

"Why is that?" Ra's eyes held a hint of hope that his daughter understood of the wrongs she committed. These were soon diminished.

"Because I did, I have to listen to a load of shoot spoken by weak, contemptible excuses for supernatural beings, discuss the wrongs I never regretted, or never shall regret" her voice rose from its surprisingly innocent tone, to an irritated whine.

Gasps were heard from the crowd of viewers at her statement.

Various arguments had now begun between the Gods and Goddesses of Egypt. After a couple of minutes Ra had had enough.

“SILENCE!” he shouted as loud as his voice would allow, as anger and frustration bubbled up inside him. Immediately, the courtroom was consumed in silence. It was enough that his daughter was the accused, let alone having to put up with full grown humans, no, Gods and Goddesses, who are as close to perfection as one can possibly get, acting like a bunch of bratty three year olds. “Now, would you each share your opinions in an orderly fashion” Ra emphasised the word ‘orderly’ as he rubbed his forehead in frustration.

“Very well” they responded simultaneously.

Anubis stood from his golden chair as he spoke “it is obvious Sêshafi has no guilt, nor compassion for what she has committed.” Several nods were made in the crowds of creatures. “I propose we kill her and be done with it, as if nothing ever happened” he ended with satisfaction.

“Why can’t I just swallow her soul?” Ammut questioned as her lips twisted into a cunning grin.

“No. Banish her to the shadows to suffer for eternity” Seth protested.

“She’ll like the darkness. She is dark!” retorted Isis.

Many other opinions were given such as suffering eternal curses and losing her powers and during the suggestions the biggest action committed by Sêshafi was a scoff and eye roll.

“No. My idea is this. We wipe out her memories, de-age her to an infant and leave her with an Egyptian family to live a normal life. Should she make up for what she has done she shall become a Goddess again.” As Ra explained his plan everyone began to nod in agreement.

At this Sêshafi became noticeably unsettled for the first time that night, as her eyes widened and she began to fidget in her seat.

“Yes. All in favour of Ra’s plan raise your hand.”

At these words nearly every creatures hand rose.

“Then it is decided.”

It was now morning. Nut had been consumed by the re-birth of the sun (also called Ra or Re in Egypt) as the Gods were about to cast magical spells upon their victim, who had many victims herself. Sêshafi was being dragged from her cell.

“Get your hands off me you filthy vermin. I demand you release me, for you shall pay dearly if you don’t. There are things far worse than death you ignorant idiots! Things I can bring to reality” she screamed several threats and insults as they dragged her towards a large room, designed for criminals to be disposed of or dealt to.

The five guards that had her chained threw her into the room before quickly running back out. They didn’t want to be with her for another second. She laughed insanely at their cowardliness.

“What wimps. Father, next times get some slaves that at the least, possess the foolishness to stand up to me” she smirked insanely.

“How is it I raised you, just as I did your siblings, yet you are led by the path of hatred? At least answer that before you are punished.” Ra questioned slightly sympathetically.

“I’m not a fool. I don’t need love, compassion or any emotion such as that. I killed all those idiots without those meaningless traits. I did what I love. Killed. Brought chaos. Destruction. Terror. Misery. Mmm...” she licked her lips smugly.

“And yet, here you are now” he sighed. “I’m not sorry for this Sêshafi. I’d rather you were dead than any of those innocent lives” he stated truthfully. “Goodbye” he finished emotionlessly as he left the room, leaving Sêshafi at the mercy of the Gods and Goddesses of Egypt.

“Well now Sêshafi. How does it feel to be unloved?” Seth questioned stirringly.

“It feels great. Now can we please hurry up? I’m sick of looking at you all” she swiftly stirred back irritably.

“As you wish”

He and many other Gods and Goddesses chanted several spells. Sêshafi just sat there with a blank expression on her face. 'Those fools think they can just erase my memory. They underestimate my-' her thought was cut short as her mind went blank. Sêshafi was as clueless as a baby, which is what she was about to be altered into. After a few more moments of chanting Sêshafi's limbs became tight, her world began to spin, as her body was shrunk and her mind was engulfed by a sea of darkness.

2 - Not one, but two

“Quick Isis. We don’t want her to awaken before we get there” Anubis whispered slightly panicked as they made their way through the chilly Egyptian desert.

“We’re close Anubis. Don’t worry yourself. What can she do to you as a baby?”

“I still disagree with the court. I would’ve taken her powers away, but no. If you ask me, Ra went soft on her. Daddy’s little daughter. Daddy’s evil, little, blood sucking, pain loving monster of a-”

“Will you be quiet. You speak of waking the baby. Look at yourself!” Isis scolded at a tone a little louder than a whisper. Anubis sighed and apologized for his unnecessary ranting.

Isis placed the peacefully resting baby near a wooden trap door. The baby, you know as Sêshafi, was lying in a beautifully carved wooden cradle, the size of a small basket. She was enclosed by many blue silk cushions and had a single white blanket hugging her tiny body. She, herself, wore a crème coloured Egyptian dress. It was long sleeved and also covered her feet. Around her neck, was a necklace with six pure white pearls. These were no ordinary pearls. Every time one pearl changes from white to pitch black, it indicates Sêshafi has committed an evil act. If it changes colour from white to somewhere in between the white and black (grey-ish), it indicates she has been simply unkind, yet not overwhelmingly, that, or she has gained an experience that could lead her down the path of darkness. Each time she is unkind or gains an influencing experience the pearl that has begun its course from white to grey, turns greyer, until it eventually becomes black. If all the pearls turn black then Sêshafi loses her distinctive powers.

“Why did Ra let Sêshafi have her powers anyway?” Anubis asked in curiosity as he gazed over the sleeping infant.

“Well, perhaps he wants to see how she re-acts to them or something along the lines of that. Ra knows what Ra does. Leave it at that” she sighed

He nodded before saying, “The note. Sêshafi will need this. It took me ages to write a note that didn’t give away who she was” Anubis grumbled at a whisper placing the small papyrus next to the blanketed Goddess. “May fate be with you, Sêshafi” he spoke truthfully.

“And may you choose the path of righteousness” Isis finished in her soothing tone as she smiled lightly at the serene baby. They silently watched Sêshafi, wondering how such a peaceful thing once caused the death of millions. After a few moments Anubis broke the silence.

“Now, shall I?”

“Yes. It is time we left” Isis replied gently as she turned towards Anubis.

He banged on the wooden trap door several times resulting in a noisy wave of echoing knocks, flowing through the cold corridors of an underground tomb. ‘BOOM BOOM BOOM!’ Far off conversation was heard and as seconds passed the speech became louder and louder. At this time Sêshafi was anything but serene and peaceful. She was very much awake. She wailed as much as a teenager, after being awoken by a preventable noise, after a late night, when you’d planned to sleep in. (It’s happened to me a lot lately -_- so I just had to say it xD)

“Quick! We must go” Isis whispered as they disappeared from the Ishtar clan’s vicinity, and back to the city of the Gods.

As swift as the supernatural’s disappeared, the humans slammed open the trap door. A bearded grey

haired man left the tomb that was dimly lit by a candle held by a young boy with a single pony tail of long black hair, every other inch of his head was neatly shaved. While the boy remained at the entrance to the tomb, the rather old looking man journeyed out into the ruins. Following the cries of a baby, his angry violet eyes met Sêshafi's bed in a matter of seconds.

"What's this?" he mumbled more to himself as he crouched down to get a better look. As he lifted the blanket his eyes widened. 'Not another baby. I can't make the same mistake with this one' he thought cruelly.

"Master Ishtar. Is that a baby?" the boy questioned quietly, as he wasn't sure whether his Master was in an alright mood to be questioned. He was already certain it was, but he was still rather curious.

"Odion. What you see must never leave your mouth" Master Ishtar commanded as his piercing gaze met Odion's puzzled one. What did Master Ishtar mean?

"What do you mea-" his question was cut short as he watched his adoptive father withdraw a thin whip from his cloak, and began to raise it, ready to strike the weeping infant. Odion's eyes widened. "NO! Please d-" his plead was overlapped. Except instead of shock like the previous time, it was by a woman's ear-piercing scream. Lucky for Sêshafi, Master Ishtar quickly placed the whip in its rightful place and swiftly disappeared by means of the trap door. A relieved Odion swiftly grabbed Sêshafi's basket and followed his Master, after closing the trap door.

Half an hour later found Master Ishtar and Odion in the birthing room, after Mrs Ishtar had given birth. A girl, with long black flowing hair and beautiful dark blue eyes had also been at the distressing scene. The scene was not only distressing because of the woman's blaring screams at the pain of giving birth, but also because of the loss of blood she had received from the agonising birth. She would be dead in a matter of minutes. There was nothing they could do. What options did they have for blood loss, in an underground tomb, about twenty minutes walking distance away from a small town, let alone a hospital where a suitable doctor for this type of difficulty could only be found?

Master Ishtar didn't seem at all fazed by his wife's crisis as he raised his son to the sky, as moonlight shone down upon him, better revealing his appearance. He had very light blonde hair, beautiful violet eyes and soft bronze skin.

"Call" Mrs Ishtar gasped for air before continuing, "Call..him..Marik" she pleaded as tears filled her gentle bronze eyes.

Master Ishtar nodded.

"Mother, what of this baby girl?" Odion questioned as he held up Sêshafi, attempting to fight back tears. His adoptive mother couldn't die, could she?

"Look...after her...Od..i..on. Look after...Car...men...Set..en....het. She....was...my mother" she pulled him closer and whispered in his awaiting ear, "Carmen Setenhet." These were her last words, before her caring, compassionate eyes lost their glow, and her skin appeared pale and felt cold, clammy and lifeless.

"NO! MOTHER!! DON'T DIE MOTHER. PLEASE!!!!" Odion pleaded as tears streamed from his light green eyes. He placed the infant down and searched for any sign of a pulse, but to no avail. She was dead. He then turned his attention to hiding Ishizu from the sight of their mother's corpse, as their father paid all mind to his newborn son.

3 - Dear Diary and Torturing Jobs

Nine years later

Clings and clangs were heard from the small stone kitchen as Odion made a delicious breakfast for his adoptive family. Once he'd finished he set up the dining table for their meal. He lit four small candles and rested them on the table in a row. Their shadows flickered and danced up on the table's cool wooden surface.

Once the table was set he made his way through the tomb's corridors notifying everyone of their awaiting meal. His shadow followed along behind him, grown to almost twice his size as it trailed him down the halls. The source of light, creating his shadow, was emitted from the burning flames that hung along the cool stone walls.

"Master Ishtar, breakfast is ready" Odion spoke lightly as he tapped on the man's door. He heard a grumble, confirming that the man understood. That was usually the most recognition Odion would receive from his Master. He then wandered further down the hushed, ominous corridors.

Meanwhile, nine year old Carmen Setenhet lay on her stomach upon her small hard surfaced bed, expressing her feelings within her secretive diary. Ishizu had given her this diary for her last birthday, almost eleven months previously. She hadn't written anything in the small book because she couldn't think of what to say, and she couldn't be bothered, however, she had finally decided to give it a go.

Dear Diary – November the Twenty Third

I'm sorry that I haven't written in you. However, I'm now feeling motivated and also rather bored, so I thought I'd give this diary thing a go. Maybe it will wash away the troubles I've faced, sealing them within an unreachable den, never to be reminisced again. I suppose you're wondering why I am upset. Well, I've been more poignant than usual as of late, because, lately, Master Ishtar has become a lot more malicious than usual, and has pointed his livid emotions towards Odion and myself. Sometimes I yearn that someday, he would disappear forever, taking with him every inch of pain he's bestowed upon us, or maybe we could escape from this painful prison, dare I say raging hell, that he has inflicted upon our inauspicious lives. What have we done to make him hate us? Abominate us even? Whenever I find the courage to stand up to him, he punishes me, yet I can never deny the laughter I welcome whenever a smirk is swept from his aged face by one of my remarks, or a vein pulses intently as anger builds up inside him. It is rather amusing.

On another note, on my tenth birthday, apparently I'm going to start learning about health. Wonder what interesting topics there are in health? Ishizu said it is of a great importance that I learn of the human body, mind and emotions. Well, I guess learning never hurts. She also said I'm going to learn about the human reproduction system. I have one word to that. Ugh! Perhaps I'll learn how many shades of red one can turn.

Perhaps I should tell you a bit about myself, now that my predicaments are clear.

I am Carmen Setenhet. I am nine years and eleven months old today, as it is the twenty third of November if I am correct, which I usually am when it comes to dates. My last name is Setenhet because my adoptive mother named me after her mother. This information may not be accurate as it came from none other, than the sadistic Master Ishtar, who lies on a regular basis.

I don't have a favourite food, although Odion's cooking is more than satisfactory.

My favourite colour would have to be white, as it's so pure and innocent.

I'm a fun loving girl, with pitch black medium length hair, of which I cut myself. Go me! I also have deep aqua eyes. I wonder what my parents look like. Will I ever know? Probably not.

I may seem like a serious person as I talk with a long list of descriptive vocabulary, however, I am usually joking around with Odion or singing, dancing and drawing funny looking pictures in my room. These pictures consist of humans with huge heads as well as snakes and other animals I've read about. I usually stand up for what I believe in, however, I can't seem to find the courage needed to put Master Ishtar in his place. If you're wondering why I call him Master Ishtar it's because I have no idea what so ever of his birth name. I DO NOT worship or even respect that egotistical psychopath in any way, shape or form!

Well, I have probably written enough, right?

Thanks for listening Dear Diary!

Yours sincerely,

Carmen Setenhet

Carmen closed the purple, hard covered book, locking it securely and placing it under her crème coloured pillow. She smiled as she lay on her back resting her hands behind her head. She slowly closed her aqua eyes, relaxing on her hard mattress, of which was all too familiar to her. She ruffled her silken hair with a tanned, feminine hand, enjoying the silence her room presented.

A few minutes slowly passed by, before she heard a faint knock, yet loud enough for her sensitive ears to pick up.

"Carmen, breakfast is ready" Carmen heard the tanned teenager announce from beyond her wooden door. "Oh and please present yourself appropriately today. Master Ishtar didn't take it too lightly when you wore your tee shirt to breakfast" he chuckled.

"Hey, that shirt almost reaches my knees" she joked with a large grin as she elevated herself into a sitting position upon her bed. Master Ishtar hated when clothes didn't cover the arms and legs, so Carmen had worn her sleeping garment simply to annoy him.

"Just present yourself properly this time" he laughed emphasizing the word properly.

"Okay then. I shall be there in ten minutes, okay?"

"Sure" he replied as she heard his fast-paced steps echo down the corridors, toward the kitchen.

Minutes later found her dressed and well presented, with her long, smooth black tresses caressing her small body. She wore a traditional Egyptian outfit, much like Ishizu's. It was a dull crème coloured dress that was loose around her lower arms, but hugged her torso, although slight creases were present throughout the dress, due to Carmen's laziness when folding her clothes. Kohl stuck carefully to her skin as it flicked away from her eyes in one small straight line. She didn't wear a lot of kohl as she found it hard to apply the sticky make-up in such a complicated fashion. She examined herself in her small, dusty bathroom mirror, and when satisfied with her appearance, made her way to the dining room.

As she strode down the familiar track to the dining room she passed Marik's door, wide open. Deciding that she might as well walk with him to breakfast she tapped on the open door.

"Ohm. Marik? Are you in here?" she questioned hesitantly. She didn't know Marik very well as he was either eating, sleeping or in his room studying, giving her no time to interact with the enigmatic boy. He did, however, take a liking to Odion, as did she. Odion was like a brother to her. They both had the same bewildering questions willing to be answered about their past, before they were in this isolated tomb. He

had always comforted her and made her laugh when she was down. As she ceased her reminiscing she repeated her knock, only a little louder.

"Marik?" she repeated confused. His candle flickered and his bed wasn't made, so where was he? As she doubtfully left his cool room she heard a faint hum from beyond the entry, Carmen assumed to be the bathroom.

A slight blush grazed her cheek. 'Marik must be in the bathroom' she thought diffidently as she made her way towards the door. As she examined his commonly sized room her eyes met a large desk smothered by scrolls and scrolls of papyruses. "Woah, how boring is that?" she muttered, feeling queasy simply from the sight of so many dreary papyruses. 'I feel somewhat sorry for him, just having to read all that. I mean, the mahogany is barely visible because of the amount of scrolls' she sighed deeply. She had now made her way towards the bathroom door. "Hmm...uh? Marik?" she spoke timidly as she lightly tapped on the poorly carved wooden door.

"Yes? What is it?" a faint, relaxed voice questioned from beyond the door.

"Well, I noticed your bedroom door was opened and I was wondering if you wanted to join me on the way to breakfast, but if you're busy then take your time" she insisted swiftly, "I know I wouldn't want to be rushed out of nice, warm bath" she giggled lightly.

"Oh, sure. Is that Carmen?" he questioned, not seeming to mind the interruption.

"Yeah, so, should I wait for you then?" she was astonished that he knew her name, as they had never even talked before, other than when Carmen was sent to give Marik a message from Odion or Master Ishtar.

"Yes, I shall be right out."

"Okay then" Carmen smiled as she sat down on his bed, quickly tidying it as she did so, she began to entertain herself by lightly bouncing on the vastly springy bed.

After about five minutes Marik's bathroom door opened, revealing the platinum haired, amethyst eyed boy, his bronze skin glistened softly due to his soothing bath. He wore a light crème robe, identical to Odion's and his fathers.

"Shall we go then?" he smiled lightly.

"Sure" Carmen returned the smile as they made their way down the hall towards the dining room.

"So, you must be busy with all those scrolls" Carmen attempted to make conversation with the young boy.

"Yes, I have to study for the Tomb Keeper's Initiation" he replied bitterly, showing his hatred towards the Ishtar clan's tradition.

"So, I take it you don't want to be a Tomb Keeper" she asked sympathetically. Poor boy.

"No, I loathe it. My father just won't understand."

"Won't find it in his heart to accept your wishes" she interrupted as loathing built up inside her. How she detested that poor excuse for a man, as well as her ill tempered trait.

"What?" Marik questioned shocked.

"I said he won't-" she began rather annoyed, not at Marik, but at the repulsive elder Ishtar.

"I know what you said. I'm simply shocked that you would say such a thing. I mean, he raised you!" Marik interjected confusedly.

Carmen scoffed. "Your father didn't raise me. Odion did. Odion basically raised you too. The only reason your father wanted another ch-" she cut her retort short. She didn't want to either hurt, or anger Marik. If he was told that his father only had him because of the initiation and that he couldn't escape it then he'd probably never like her.

"What?!" Marik half questioned, half commanded.

"Never mind" she ended as they entered the Dining Room.

"You're late, Carmen" Master Ishtar stated from his large seat at the head of the large wooden table.

Judging by white candles, that had melted and re-dried, she was indeed late.

"I'm late too father, sorry" Marik apologized as he made his way towards a seat next to Ishizu.

"Yeah, sorry" Carmen mumbled irritably.

"Excuse me. Speak properly in my presence mutt" he commanded, narrowing his eyes on the fuming girl.

Did he have to scold and insult her whenever she breathed!?

"Yes, I am very sorry, Master Ishtar" she replied in the most tenacious voice she could conjure.

Unbeknown to Carmen's attention, as well as anyone else's, her pearl altered into the slightest tinge of grey, due to her stubborn remark. Although it was towards a sinful man, it could still affect her future attitude and personality, in a tiny manner.

Ishizu gasped, where as Marik began eating his food, ignoring the girl who had insulted his father, a matter of minutes ago and was doing so once again.

"Ten whips!" he shouted ferociously, rising from his cushiony chair.

"Uhh...again?" she mumbled drooping her posture, as if she was tiresome of whips.

"Hmm...I do know how much you loathe cleaning. Perhaps a day's cleaning will see to you learning some respect" he pondered raising a large, wrinkled hand to his chin, of which was hidden by his whitish grey beard.

"What!" She was shocked. He was always up for a good whip. "Damn it" she muttered, as her eyes focused on the snickering Marik. "What are you laughing at?" she shouted angrily. She really hated jobs, as she would rather commit something recreational, or, well, fun.

"Five days worth, for speaking towards Marik in such an insulting manner. It's insulting enough coming from your tongue, to my ears" he corrected irritably, "now get to it you wretched wench. Odion, supply her with a list of jobs now, starting with cleaning the table."

"What about breakfast?" she questioned in her annoyed, high pitched tone.

"You're not worth the food"

Carmen rolled her eyes. "Fine. I wasn't very famished anyway" she spoke matter-of-factly, as she grabbed his and Ishizu's dishes. She glanced at Ishizu, who gifted her with a sympathetic smile. She nodded, in acceptance. She then turned her gaze towards Marik, curious as to what he would do. His actions repeated Ishizu's, causing Carmen to smile brightly.

For the remainder of the day, Carmen found herself washing robes and dishes, removing cobwebs and cleaning a few of the many rooms lined along the corridors of the humungous tomb. To satisfy her boredom she would shout noises and giggle at the echoes they conjured. That's how irked she was. Master Ishtar would question her on her wrong doings and allow her a plate of leftovers from dinner, before she would retire to bed.

On the last day despite Carmen's pleading and assurance that she had learnt her lesson, the elder Ishtar forced her to clean the bathrooms, wash more robes and rearrange and restack every book in the vast tomb's colossal library from A to Z.

She was now up to the library related task. In her boredom she decided to whistle casual tunes that came to mind.

"Okay. 'Pharaohs of Our Past', that would beee...here!" she stated as enthusiastically as possible at the time, as she placed the book under 'P' in the history section. Sighing, she trailed back to the table of which contained the many books she needed to restack.

"Well, only three hundred books left to go" she stated in sarcastic joy.

"Very zealous, aren't we?" came the amused voice of the platinum haired boy.

Carmen laughed. "I just loooove books!" she stated in fake enthusiasm, hugging one in as if she were comforting the thick manuscript.

It was now his turn to laugh. "Need some help?"

"Why are you offering to help?" Carmen asked rather astonished.

"Well, it was, to a certain extent, my own doing" he replied grabbing a five thin texts.

"What if your father found out?"

"He won't. He's in his room doing Ra knows what"

"Oh. Okay. Well, I guess I could use some extra hands. Thanks for this" she smiled as they both began to stack the informational books in their correct localities, as light conversation began to mingle between the duo.

4 - The Tomb Keeper's Initiation

It all took off from those few eventful days. Carmen and Marik began to talk a lot more, taking interest in each other's hobbies, although, for Carmen, it was rather difficult.

"How can you read all this? Seriously. I'm almost asleep and I'm on the first page"

"It's my duty to read this, and it does my father proud" Marik replied, not daring to remove his vision from the long crème scroll clutched in his tan hands. It was as if his face was glued to the tiresome scroll.

"Right" she replied collapsing on his springy bed, "I forgot." She sighed.

"Well, I-I only have five days until the Initiation" he stuttered. Carmen could sense an air of fear, drifting around the nine year old boy. Distinguishing individual's emotions was a trait Carmen praised, as it gifted her with an understanding of the character she was interpreting.

Carmen sighed. "I thought Odion was going to enquire with Master Ishtar, concerning the matter. He wants to experience the ceremony in your place, does he not?" she questioned laying on Marik's bed, on her back, as she rested her head on her bare bronze arms. She was wearing her long top, as she was visiting her recent, and first best friend, past her bedtime. She had frequently done this, since they had begun to converse, as it was usually the only time the pair could interact, without being distracted with jobs, punishments, or in Marik's case, studying.

"He did. I don't know if he'll actually question father in the matter though" he replied sorrowfully.

"Well, how about I ask Odion tonight if he could confront your father first thing, tomorrow morning?" Carmen smiled weakly as she elevated herself to a sitting position on Marik's soft, cosy bed.

"Please Master, let me bare the Ancient Scriptures on my back, in Marik's place" Carmen heard Odion's pleads through the cool wooden door.

'Please, please, please Master Ishtar. Accept Odion's request' Carmen begged amongst her thoughts.

"No, The Ishtar's sacred duty can only be placed to a true heir" Master Ishtar replied sternly, anger began to bubble within his tone, as well as the atmosphere around him. Carmen could sense its unwelcomed presence as her body stiffened and her hands began to quiver. 'Oh no!'

"But Marik is frightened, Master. Why should he take the Initiation reluctantly, when I would take it willingly? I promise to uphold the Ishtar clans sacred duties, Master" he beseeched honestly, with all due respect to youthful Marik. Carmen could picture the distressing scene. She pictured Odion stooping low against the chilly stone floor, as Master Ishtar towered over him with reluctant inferno irises.

"Idiot! You're nothing more than a petty servant. Never think of yourself as my son!" he commanded as you heard a groan escape from who you presumed to be Odion, as a clang rippled faintly across the cool stone chamber, barely perceived through the thin timber door. That clang being a thrown metal plate that held a candle. "Marik shall receive the Tomb keeper's Initiation, and if you speak another word of it I shall cut out your tongue, you pathetic whelp!" he loathed from within the stone chamber. Footsteps were heard leading towards the door, of which Carmen was stationed next to, causing her to retreat at a swift, discrete pace.

Carmen ran as fast as she could down the dimly lit corridors as her weeps echoed solemnly. She wiped her eyes watching her shadow trail behind her like a haunting ghost. Her destination was her peaceful room, where she could hopefully find comfort and silence, so she could think things through. How could she help her best friend? She had no place in this daunting tomb.

“Carmen?” a young boy questioned. “Carmen, what’s wrong?” Marik shouted after her, as he pursued the weeping aqua eyed girl. His calls went unnoticed, until she felt a sudden tug on her shoulders, causing her to fall back into a hard chest. She pulled herself into Marik’s embrace, finding comfort in her dear friend’s grasp. “What’s wrong, Carmen?” he looked down at the girl, who was only inches shorter than himself, however, due to her cries against his chest, he was somewhat taller than her at the present time.

“M-Marik. Odion, he-he asked your father, but he just...wouldn’t listen!” she sobbed weakly.

Marik tensed at her words. “He...said no?” he queried slowly. He wanted to hear the exact words, before his hopes of one day being free, were crushed.

“Yes, in four days you’ll receive the initiation” she nodded simultaneously to her answer.

Tears formed in his eyes, as the duo comforted each other in the gloomy corridors that seemed dimmer than usual. Carmen’s pearl necklace, once again, turned a slightly darker shade of grey.

Those four days slowly skulked by, as the tomb held an eerie darkness, building higher and higher as the twenty third crept closer.

“Odion, please, I don’t want to be a Tomb keeper! Odion please, stop them” Marik cried as floods of tears caressed his bronze cheeks. “Carmen, help me, please!” he pleaded, turning his gaze towards the black haired girl. Carmen simply nodded and gifted Marik with an encouraging smile telling him that everything would be okay. He didn’t take notice of this attempted comfort as two robed men dragged him into a mysterious chamber, of which the Initiation would take place.

Carmen turned her gaze to Odion, frowning at her older brother, whose gaze was directed at the bare, stone floor.

The thick wooden doors closed with a dull thud that seemed to echo through the thick atmosphere of fright and dejection. Anguish began to bubble inside Carmen, as she balled her soft bronze fists.

“You could have at least given him some sign of reassurance” she barked venomously, as she narrowed her piercing aqua eyes on the anguished teenager, situated opposite her in the icy stone corridor.

“Sorry Carmen. But I have to go” he stated as he distressingly made his way down the dimly lit hall. The fiery torches emitted peacefully along the granite walls.

“Where are you going? Are you escaping my accurate contradiction?”

“No, Carmen. I’m performing my own ritual, in order to prove to Marik that he’s not alone” he replied gloomily.

“Oh. I’m sorry, Odion” she apologized solemnly.

“There is no need to apologize, Carmen. Behave, and don’t anger Master Ishtar” he commanded, looking back at the anguished girl.

“Wait, what is that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing” he swiftly stated, as his tone’s pace concurred to his walking rapidity.

Carmen grunted. Why would she get into trouble, when Master Ishtar was in the Initiation? Unless, he thought she’d seek to impede the ceremony. That’s something she wouldn’t do, even if she tried, Master Ishtar thought himself too superior to think of any being but him, so no good would come of her attempts, only more pain and suffering.

Carmen sighed, wishing her adoptive family could one day escape that man’s loathing wrath.

She fumed with impending rage as Marik’s begs and screams resonated through the humungous tomb. His father bared no sympathy for the deprived amethyst eyed boy.

As rage peaked she slammed her balled fist hard against the stone wall positioned next to her, as her own tormented screams intertwined with her distressed friend’s. She wished she hadn’t as pain pierced her flesh, travelling up her arm, causing her to wince in pain. Her sight pointed downwards, as her view

narrowed on her precious pearl necklace. Her aqua irises widened as it darkened to a dark grey right before her eyes. She swiftly grabbed the delicate piece of jewellery, she had owned since before she had even resided in this gloomy, painful crypt, raising it to eye level.

“What in Ra’s name is this?” she queried herself, anxiety was evident in her gentle, yet assertive voice.

She quickly made her way down the corridors, towards her room, resting her pearl necklace upon her bronze skinned neck.

She slammed open her poorly cared for wooden door, shutting it with simultaneous rage to her opening the object, before she began to pace about her dwelling. Her mind raced as many questions were evident dashing about her thoughts. What would happen to Marik? Would the Initiation affect Marik deeply? What did Odion mean by saying he was going to perform his own ritual? And why did her pearl necklace just change colour right before her eyes? She decided to express these feelings in her purple covered book.

Dear Diary – December Twenty Third

It’s been a month since I last wrote in your pages. I apologise for abandoning you again. I’ve decided upon writing in you when I feel anguished and distressed, as I feel somewhat at ease after I have expressed my feelings within you.

Today, it is not only mine, and Marik’s birthday, but also the tomb keeper’s Initiation. Marik is currently undergoing this ritual. We have recently become best friends and so I can’t help but feeling deeply sorrowed by Marik’s pain and suffering. He told me what happened in the Initiation, well, I begged him to tell me. What happens is that, on the chosen son’s tenth birthday, the heir has the Pharaoh’s memory carved into his back, by means of a heated blade. Salt is placed upon the deep cuts, causing a fiery sensation upon the bearers back, as well as the fresh cuts to turn into black scars, sort of like a tattoo. The Initiation is agonizingly painful. Can you see why I’m anguished?

I only hope that Marik won’t be deeply affected by this, not that I can blame him if he is. I know he will be enraged and sorrowful, due to his fresh experiences, but I don’t want him to change.

I not only think of him as a friend, but I believe I feel something else for him too. Maybe a crush?

Odion also said that he was going to perform his own ritual, to prove to Marik that he’s not alone.

Perhaps I should do this too. Marik needs all the reassurance we can offer. I shall do this now, dear diary.

Thank you for listening!

Yours sincerely,

Carmen Setenhet

“Okay, Marik, I’m performing my own ritual” she stated firmly, closing the hard covered diary.

She made her way towards Odion’s room; determination glistened within her aqua eyes.

She knocked on the poorly carved timber door, “Odion, are you there?” she questioned, focus and assurance evident in her voice.

“Yes, Carmen. What is it?” came Odion’s surprised tone. Why was Carmen there?

“I wish to perform my own ritual” she stated, praying he would fulfil her wish.

“Absolutely not! Carmen, you are not to scar yourself with-”

“You performed your own ritual in order to prove to Marik he’s not alone. Why should I be any

different?" she interrupted strongly. She would receive her wish, even if she had to perform the ritual herself. "I wish to prove to Marik that I pledge my loyalty and faith to him. He's my best friend!" she stated, as a warm tear caressed her slightly scarlet cheek.

"But Carmen, I bare this scar for the rest of my life. Do you really want to do the same?"

"Yes! I do"

Odion sighed, opening his door, as light slowly radiated the dim corridor of which Carmen stood, due to the many candles lit in Odion's dwelling.

"Woah!" she squinted as she strode into his luminous room. She then gazed at her elder adoptive brother. "Woaaah..." she repeated, as she gawked at the deeply tanned teenager. The right side of his face was bandaged in thin white material. "You performed the ritual on your face?" she gasped.

"Yes, now, what do you want me to carve on you and where do you want me to carve it?"

"The back, that is where Marik's is, right?"

"Yes"

"Then I wish for you to carve it on my back" she stated, explaining to Odion what to engrave. He agreed regrettably, as he began the agonizing ritual.

"Marik?" Odion questioned as he tapped on Marik's cool timber door.

"What is it?" Marik replied, resentment palpable in his voice.

Odion, followed by Carmen, entered the tortured boy's room. Marik was lying on his bed, on his stomach, of which was covered in freshly placed bandages.

"My life has changed forever" Marik slowly stated, stricken with grief.

"Yes, you're a tomb keeper now" Odion replied worryingly.

"Go!" He commanded, raising his arm towards the gaping door, however, pain shot swiftly through his healing torso causing him to wince in agony. "I'm sorry" he apologized, "I feel so alone. Why should I have to pledge my life to some Pharaoh?!" he queried raising himself slightly, as he stared at the duo standing before him.

Odion raised his hooded face, "As you know, I'm forbidden to join this clan so I-" he paused for a second.

"Go on" Marik commanded impatiently.

"I performed my own ritual" he continued, as he undid the bandages to reveal scriptures on the right side of his bronze skinned face, "I hope this mark proves my loyalty to your family, sir. You're not alone" he reassured in his calm, soothing voice. Odion then turned to Carmen, nodding as he did so.

"I also performed my own ritual, thanks to Odion" she stated, lifting her nightgown, and untying her own bandages, revealing her nauseating scars, which were written neatly in ancient hieroglyphics.

"I pledge my loyalty to Master Marik Ishtar. May he know he's never alone in these dark and desolated times, and always trust in me when all faith seems to have diminished and emaciated" Marik read from the scars on her bronze skinned back. "Thank you. Both of you" he gratified, as reassurance slowly seeped into his scarred heart, easing the pulsing pain from his torso, and keeping the darkness at bay, but not for long.

Months later found Carmen Setenhet trailing down the stone halls of the desolated tomb, as she strode towards Marik's room.

"Marik? Are you in there?" she queried, tapping lightly against his timber door.

"Come in, Carmen" came Marik's faint voice from beyond the cool, carved door.

"How are you?" she questioned, opening the door, and closing it lightly behind her, so that she wouldn't wake the eldest Ishtar, as she was forbidden to interact with Marik, because, according to Marik's father, she was a mere slave.

"I'm fine. I was just thinking about the outside world" he replied solemnly. "Don't you ever wonder what it's like up there? Don't you ever wish to see the sun? To feel its warm rays against your skin?" he questioned dreamily.

"All the time" she smiled, situating herself at the end of his bed.

"We should go up there Carmen!" he stated, hope glistened in his innocent amethyst orbs.

"But Marik, we can't go up there. Your father wouldn't."

"He wouldn't even know we were gone" he interrupted, "We could go up there right now, while he's sleeping, and be back before he awakens" he schemed, gazing, pleadingly into her aqua irises.

"What are you two talking about?" Ishizu questioned curiously, as Odion and herself entered the dimly lit room.

"I'm going!" Marik stated towards Carmen, as determination gleamed within his begging gaze.

"Going where?" Odion queried, as he sat on a small wooden chair next to Marik's bed. Ishizu followed suit.

"To the outside world" he answered slightly smiling, simply at the thought of it.

"No!" Ishizu spoke firmly.

Marik leaned towards his older sibling, "Please, sister, you promised we would one day visit the outside world. Why can't we go now? I want to see the outside world, and father's asleep. He won't even know we're gone" he pleaded enthusiastically.

Ishizu sighed. "If father finds out we'll both be in big trouble. Don't you know the code of the Tomb Keepers? The outside world's off limits to us" she informed Marik, sadness present in her dark blue orbs.

"Relax, sis. Odion will cover for us and father won't suspect a thing" he replied smiling, he then turned to Odion, "Right Odion?"

Odion nodded persuasively, as he smiled reassuringly at doubtful Ishizu.

"Ishizu, come on. I want to live like a normal person for once. Please sis. No one will ever know" he assured her, as he placed a bronze hand atop his sister's. Ishizu's eyes widened in surprise and frustration. What should she do? "Oh come on. Just this one time Ishizu. Aren't you a little curious?"

"Ishizu, we promise we'll take care of everything" Carmen assured her, as she smiled weakly at the contemplative girl.

"Yes, Miss Ishizu. It is my duty to make sure Master Marik is safe" Odion continued, encouragement evident in his soft tone.

"I don't know" she replied, confused.

"Why not? Just for a little while" he replied with softened eyes.

Ishizu replaced her right hand atop Marik's, "Okay Marik. If it's that important to you" she smiled with enthusiasm.

"Thank you sis!" he beamed as he hugged her tightly.

"But promise me this. After one hour we'll return to the tomb and never speak of this again"

"I promise!"

"I knew you'd soften up, Ishizu" Carmen grinned.

"Carmen. Aren't you coming?" Marik asked hopefully, as he ended the hug.

"Sorry Marik. I'm going to stay here with Odion. We need to make sure you're not discovered."

"Oh. I guess"

"Quickly Marik. Let's go" Ishizu stated, striding from her seat to the wooden door, of which was standing ajar.

"Right" he nodded, as he excitedly followed her from the room, leaving Odion and Carmen beaming at each other. Marik is finally going to see the outside world!

5 - A Fateful Tragedy

"This should work" Odion stated, gazing at Marik's bed. Pillows created lumps under the sheets, giving the appearance of a sleeping Marik.

"I hope so, or we'll have to face the wrath of Ishtar" Carmen joked, emphasizing wrath.

Minutes passed as Carmen and Odion conversed quietly in Marik's dwelling.

"How long has it been?" Carmen asked in a hushed tone, so that should Master Ishtar walk passed Marik's cool chambers, he wouldn't eavesdrop on something, that would hint to Marik's disobedience.

"They should be back in ten minutes" Odion replied softly.

"Great, everything's going smoothly" she grinned blissfully.

"Oh really?" came a sadistic voice, that could only belong to the arrogant elder Ishtar.

"Oh no" Carmen gasped.

"Get here you little wench!" he dragged her from the room by the back of her dress, commanding Odion to follow, or he'd cut off her tongue.

"Let go of me you arrogant jerk" Carmen commanded at a screaming tone.

"Silence girl!" he retorted shaking her violently, his grasping hand situated at the upper back area of her dress. There was a piercing rip as she fell to the cold stone floor with an echoing scream.

"What's this!?" he questioned, referring to her now revealed back, engraved with her assurance to her amethyst eyed friend.

"It's my oath to Marik, that he's not alo-"

"I don't care what it is, you pathetic girl. How did you get that in your back?!" he shouted lifting her forcefully against the hard rock wall.

"It-it was carved" she stuttered, gasping for air.

"By who, you idiotic slave?"

Hearing the words 'idiotic' and 'slave' angered her deeply. She would never be either in his presence. She narrowed her eyes on the infuriated Ishtar, as all traces of trepidation were replaced by resentment and exasperation. "Shut up you filthy monster. I'll never answer to you again" she stated stubbornly, as her pride became over satisfied. She attempted to free herself from his grip, by means of splitting his tanned hands apart, but to no avail.

"What was that?" he shook her angrily.

"You heard me, you obstinate jerk" she remarked smugly, as a large smirk presented itself upon her face.

"Pathetic girl, apologize now or face severe consequences"

"Never!" she retorted determined to never show weakness, nor fear towards Master Ishtar.

"Then consequences it is!" he yelled drawing a thick brown whip from beneath his cloak, as his grip on Carmen's dress loosened leaving her on the hard stone floor, with the now venomously vengeful Ishtar towering over her.

As he raised the whip above his head, ready to strike, he was thrown to the floor by an anger-driven Odion.

Carmen's eyes widened in shock as both Odion and the elder Ishtar collided with the merciless floor.

"Odion! What are you doing?" she screamed, as she slowly stood from the hard stone floor.

"Odion, how dare you! It is your own doing that led to Marik's disobedience. You let Ishizu and himself journey to the outside world. You shall pay for your own insubordination!" he coiled his whip at the

teenage boy, who was currently lying on the hard stone floor. It was a flash before Carmen's eyes, as she heard herself screaming his name.

"No! Leave him alone" she screamed as she grabbed the arm holding the horrid weapon. Her efforts were ineffective as the enraged man threw her off with a swing of his arm, throwing her back against the solid chamber walls with a thud, ending up positioned on the floor, once again. A single tear escaped her eye as she dare not look at the punishment situated in the room. She winced as each lash met her sensitive ears, continuing to echo throughout the anguish confining room.

"Odion!" she raised her head towards the door as vexed Marik's shout met her ears, followed by Ishizu's frightened shriek.

"Master Marik, I'm sorry I failed you" Odion stuttered faintly, as he collapsed unconscious against the firm, chilled floor.

"Odion, Carmen, I want you both to leave and never return!" Master Ishtar commanded between breaths, as he regained his energy, from whipping Odion. "Marik, Ishizu" he stated, before turning to look at the stunned duo, "How dare you! You know you are forbidden to walk with the outsiders. Now Odion and Carmen must pay for your disobedience by leaving us forever!" he informed loathingly. "That decision is final."

Marik quickly entered the room, still shocked at the site of unconscious Odion.

"Marik!" Carmen gasped, as she once again, stood up, leaning against a cold stone wall located next to her.

He slowly glanced at her, and then re-gazed at Odion, insentient on the floor, before screaming in pain as he grabbed his head, placing pressure on it in order to try and diminish the agonizing throb, ripping against his head, that was forcefully begging to be given into. Marik easily gave into the evil presence. His hair rose, giving it a gel smothered appearance, a golden eye was revealed, emitting upon his bronze temple, as his eyes narrowed, losing all innocence, leaving only hatred, in its place. A deep chuckle emanated from his throat as he narrowed his gaze onto his father.

"Stop laughing! Right now" Marik's father commanded as he hissed his whip Marik's way, however, Marik easily stopped his assault, gripping the whip firmly in his hand, before recoiling the weapon from the elder Ishtar's grasp.

"You don't scare me anymore" he stated in a deep and foreign tone, as he threw the whip against the hard ground.

"What? Marik, what are you doing?!" Ishizu queried, confusion and panic evident in her voice, as Marik made his way towards a table, of which the Millennium Rod and Necklace resided upon.

"From now on these Items are mine" he stated in his new deep, frightening voice, before turning towards the table and grasping the Millennium Rod. "You shall inherit those when the time is right, and no sooner!"

Marik raised the Rod towards his torso, "Why don't you keep quiet old man? I'm making my own rules now."

"I order you to put that down!" he shouted, intolerantly.

"And if I don't?!" Marik questioned turning towards his angered father.

His father flinched, "Marik, drop it!"

Marik paid no mind to his father's command as he used the powers of his stolen item to throb his father against the rigid stone wall across the room, as his sister cried, "Marik, don't!" and Carmen gasped in shock.

"My son" his father wheezed as he hit flat against the solid foundation.

"Marik! Stop this right now" Ishizu pleaded as she ran towards her angered younger sibling.

"This doesn't concern you Ishizu!" he replied as he repeated his action by throwing her against the wall with the Millennium Rod's force. Her eyes widened as she too, followed her father's fate, hitting

vigorously against the wall behind her.

“You’re not Marik” she groaned in agony.

“Very perceptive” he agreed, “Now then, father, time for you to die” he informed as he strode towards his father, unsheathing the golden dagger the Rod possessed.

“No!” Carmen screamed as she raced towards Marik, and tightly grasped his arm, “Don’t do this, whoever you are, please stop!” Carmen begged, as she clung onto Marik’s arm for her dear life.

“Stay out of this, foolish girl” he remarked as he shook her off, but to no avail. Marik grasped his head, wincing in anguish. “Yes! Marik. Fight this darkness” Carmen encouraged as her eyes widened, she loosened her grip on the boy. He chuckled as he struck her on her arm with the rod’s golden sheath, leaving a deep cut. She winced in pain, instinctively clutching her agonizing wound, as he threw her against the wall. Her head smacked forcefully against the hard stone wall. As the world spun, a faint scream met her ears. It would’ve been a lot louder to her ears, had she not been at the peak of unconsciousness. Her vision duplicated doubles of objects viewed by her sensitive aqua orbs, as she closed her eyes, allowing herself to be swallowed by the shadows of sleep.

6 - Questions Answered

Shadows. Nothing, but shadows for miles. They shrouded every inch of the desolated realm. Carmen circled, in panic, afraid that should she not watch every corner of the dimness, a single creature would creep up behind her, and swallow her into the grasping gloom, although there wasn't a single being in sight.

'This is a dream' Carmen thought as an attempt of comforting herself. 'I'll pinch myself and won't feel a thing'

And so she did. Expecting to feel nothing, Carmen unexpectedly flinched, simultaneous to her squeal, as a stinging sensation ran through her lower left arm. Carmen gasped. This was no dream. If it wasn't, then how did she get here? The last thing she remembered was sitting in Marik's room with Odion, guarding, to make sure Marik and Ishizu weren't found out, after that scene her memory was blank. So why was she here, in this strange space?

Carmen snapped out of her thoughts due to a sadistic chuckle, echoing through the shadows, as if there were speakers invading every corner of the gloom. "Who's there?" Carmen queried, "Show yourself" she commanded, gaining needed audacity.

"If you insist" a sly female voice replied.

Carmen was surprised at how easily the mysterious being had accepted her command, yet, that was nothing compared to what she would discover.

A body length mirror appeared out of the darkness, about ten metres from where she stood.

"What is this?"

"Step in front of the mirror" the echoing voice stated, rather impatiently.

Carmen raised a brow as she slowly stepped towards the mirror. What was she supposed to see? A mirror shows one's self, does it not? She came to a halt in front of the ancient seeming glass object, satisfied as she saw her own reflection within the mirror.

"It shows me. What else would it show?" she shouted into the darkness.

"Yes. You wanted to see me. Carmen, your ignorance is irritating. If you possess at least a fragment of my ingenious mind, then you should be able to figure this out" the voice informed exasperatingly.

"Wait. You...you're not saying that...you're me?" she stuttered, with astonishment evident in her tone.

"Exactly"

At that moment Carmen's reflecting figure faded into nothingness, as it was replaced by a sadistic smirking form, yet her features were difficult to make out, due to the mysterious darkness. Carmen gasped, swiftly backing away from the expanding mirror. She repeated her gasp as the figure glided out of the mirror, standing in front of the astonished girl, yet all that could be seen without doubt were her sly, leering lips. She felt an eerie, sinful presence, clouding around her, from the woman, yet she didn't sense a threat.

"You're not here to hurt me, are you?" Carmen queried, already assured that her focuses weren't on harming her.

"No. I'm here to inform you of your past" she replied in a shrivelled, icy tone.

"My past?" she asked, as a flame of hope was lit, from within her heart.

"Yes"

"Show yourself" she demanded, as reality struck her. She needed to know who she was talking to.

"Very well" her voice echoed as an unknown light shone upon the figure, revealing long black dried up hair, twisting wildly, as it scratched against her faded bronze skin, of which highlighted her aqua eyes,

covered by an icy wall. Her feminine figure was ancient, and slightly wrinkled, as well as possessing no leg. She was floating impossibly in the air (think of Eris from Sinbad. How she has no legs and moves strangely.) Carmen's mouth gaped at the atrocious female figure.

"What! Why don't you spend ten years amongst the shadows and see how much you age" she snapped irritably.

"Uh. Sorry?" she apologized bewilderedly. What should she say?

"I suppose you're wondering who I am?" she mumbled impatience evident in her tone.

"Yes. I am."

"My name is Sêshafi. I'm your other half, so to speak."

"What!" Carmen's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Well, we're here, in the Shadow Realm, where I was banished to ten years ago, after our personality split in two" she explained, "Myself, being the dark personality" she gestured a hand towards herself, before gliding towards Carmen, redirecting her wrinkled hand towards the aqua eyed ten year old, "And you being the good personality!"

"So you're telling me that you're my dark side?" Carmen questioned in disbelief, as well as disgust at the woman's appearance.

"You're so bothersome!" She sighed, raising a hand towards her temple in frustration. "Look, have you ever seen something or perhaps possessed something that seemed as if it didn't belong? Seemed like it was out of the ordinary?" she questioned trying to remain calm with her clueless other half.

"No, I haven't." she replied, as her mind drifted into thought, until it came to halt at an extraordinary pearl necklace. "Wait! My necklace. It changes colour" she informed.

"Yes! You have noticed."

"It's pretty hard not too" she mumbled gripping a firm bronze hand upon her unique jewellery piece, of which currently possessed five paper white pearls and one pitch black pearl, due to her latest experience, of which was so frightening to her, that she forced her brain to forget everything that had taken place earlier.

"Have you figured out why it changes colour?" Sêshafi queried as she smiled, satisfied that her other self was beginning to understand what she was attempting to explain.

"No" Carmen replied, wiping the smile off Sêshafi's face. Sêshafi slapped her forehead in irritation.

"Bloody hell! How are you my other half!? The pearl changes from white to black, or somewhere in between depending on how horrible the scene you have experienced, or the deed you have committed is! Your father, Ra, gave the necklace to you when you were an infant, to record all your sins! If all six pearls turn pitch black then you will be banished to the shadows with me" she explained at a snapping tone, "But" she raised a finger, "If you prove that you have changed your evil ways, then you'll become a Goddess again, and our souls will rejoin as one!" She seemed happy at the idea of rejoining with her other being.

"Woah. Wait...just a second. Goddess! I'm a Goddess?" she gestured both hands towards herself, disbelief was once again evident in her tone.

"Yes. Our father is Ra, the sun god, and our mother is Nut, the night Goddess."

"Woah. So, what Goddess are we?" she questioned astonished. She was sure that Sêshafi wasn't lying. She was in the Shadow Realm after all, or at least that's what she thought Sêshafi called it.

"We're the Goddess of Goddesses. Great, isn't it?" she chuckled, wearing a smug smirk, for no apparent reason.

"You know, you don't seem so evil, why are you here?"

"I slaughtered millions and aided a man named Bakura in destroying and controlling the Egyptian Empire. I failed thanks to some Pharaoh Atem, and as a result, I was shrunken to an infant and somehow, I ended up here, where as the little good I had left, stayed within my body, but good can turn

bad, as bad can turn good” she sighed, “I do regret what I’ve done, and it’s taken five thousand and ten years for me to see that, but I have to prove it before I can rejoin with you, as one” she informed as she placed two fragile hands upon Carmen’s shoulders, one hand on each as her icy stained eyes pierced her other’s innocent orbs, “We have to prove it. Please, don’t make the same mistake I did. Be righteous, and don’t turn towards the darkness” she begged, sadness hinted through her shrill tone. “Look where the path of aberrance gets you!” she chuckled, gesturing to herself.

“It shouldn’t be hard to be righteous!” she replied enthusiastically.

“Don’t be so sure, Carmen” she sighed.

“Okay” Carmen nodded, with a small smile upon her bronze lips, “Uh, Sêshafi, could I ask you a few questions?”

“What is this? An interrogation” she queried dramatically, causing her other half to raise a pitch black brow, “Okay. Question away, Carmen” she sighed tiredly.

“Well, how did I get here, in the Shadow Realm?”

“Our bodies share a special connection, and I seized the chance to speak with you, and seeing as I cannot leave the Shadow Realm, I sent you here instead. Well, at least your mind.”

“So, we can talk whenever you want?”

“No. Only when your mind is in a state of shock, or is unconscious due to anything, except sleep.”

“Why’s that?”

“Well, Ra placed some safeguard upon you so that I can’t talk to you when you’re sleeping as he presumes I will give you nightmares and could threaten you. I’m not that cruel, although I could give you nightmares unintentionally anyway, if you consider my appearance as of late” she chuckled at the insult towards herself, “He still believes that I’m adamant on destroying the world.”

“Oh. Well, why am I in shock?” Carmen questioned, eager to know what happened after the latest images within her memory.

“I’m not sure. I just sensed that you’re shield was down, and so I decided to contact you.”

“Ra damn it” she muttered irritably.

“Don’t say that. Ra’s our father. Remember?” she teased with a snicker, “Anyway, if that’s all then you should be going now.”

“I know I’ll think of other questions, but-”

“You need to get back, Carmen. Your body is trying to wake up, but it can’t without you” she replied half scolding, half informing.

Carmen sighed. “Okay, thanks. See you later, hopefully.” She closed her eyes for mere seconds, before reopening them. “Uh, how do I get back?” she queried, feeling sillier with every word of the sentence she spoke.

“I shall send you back. It’s all my own doing bringing you here, and it’s the same sending yourself back to your body” she chuckled with a wide smirk.

“What! You just made me look like an idiot!” she shouted in aggravation, looking up with riled aqua orbs.

She laughed as her smirk grew. “Exactly” she replied amused, as she received a stubborn glare from her righteous half, “Now, Carmen, be good. I’m sure we’ll see each other again, hopefully when we’re rejoining.” She smiled, “Goodbye, and good luck” her rather icy tone, faded with every word as Carmen slowly closed her eyes, allowing the all too familiar shadows to once again engulf her mind in a sea of sleep.

7 - The Outside World

Change is Inevitable: Chapter Seven: The Outside World

“Carmen” a sorrowful voice spoke, hoping to get a reaction from his simultaneously aged best friend, but to no avail. The voice was a mere echo, distant to Carmen’s temporarily senseless ears. She was unconscious, due to her delicate head colliding forcefully against the firm stone walls of the violent scene, of which Marik’s dark character, Yami Marik, killed his loathed father. The fact that Carmen had obtained a deep wound from Yami Marik only diminished Carmen’s strength further, as well as intensifying her adoptive family’s worries and sorrow. Unknown to Marik, was that it was his own doing that concluded in Carmen lying motionless in her white sheeted bed, with a deep, healing injury of which he had bestowed upon the aqua eyed girl. He cursed as his fists balled, turning a light shade of bronze, due to his blood flow being affected. He was furious towards the Pharaoh, who he believed to have not only murdered his sinful father, according to a mysterious soul, by the name of Shadi, yet he misinterpreted what the peculiar man had attempted to explain. but he also believed the Pharaoh had severely injured his insentient friend.

“Please, Carmen” he sobbed in distressed emotion, “Wake up!” he screamed in frustration, as he slammed his balled fists heatedly against the hard end table, which was situated next to Carmen’s bed, that contained her sleeping figure.

A light groan emitted from Carmen’s throat, gaining Marik’s attention. As he crawled over, stationing himself beside his peacefully slumbering friend, a clear knock was perpetrated, followed by Ishizu’s soothing voice, “Marik, can Odion and I enter?” Her voice possessed a hint of sorrow, due to the recent events. Her father had died the previous day. Ishizu, Odion and Marik had concluded in adding Master Ishtar’s body to the colossal family tomb, of which held five thousand years worth of the Ishtar genealogy’s remains.

“Sure, sis” came Marik’s mumbled reply. As long as Carmen was unconscious, Marik’s mood would be bitter and unwelcoming.

Ishizu sighed, as Odion and herself opened the timber door, closing it behind them, before standing in discontent, observing the sleeping girl, they missed dearly.

“She hasn’t woken up, but I did just hear her groan. Does that mean she’ll be okay, Ishizu?” Marik queried, begging her to inform him that she was alright, diminishing his worry.

“She should be fine, Marik” Ishizu reassured, smiling weakly in order to intensify how high her faiths were to her younger brother. Marik needed all the hope she could give. He had been through a lot lately and Carmen’s state only increased Marik’s depressing emotions.

Marik smiled, “Thanks, sis” before he once again, turned his attentions towards Carmen, “Please, Carmen. Wake up. You’re my best friend. Please, just...just wake up” he pleaded solemnly as his sobs were hushed by the white sheeted bed his head was currently laying upon.

For a few moments all was silent, until a faint ‘Marik’ escaped the aqua eyed girls lips.

“Carmen!” Marik exclaimed, as he leaned over her, examining her features for any sign of consciousness. As he did so Odion and Ishizu watched hopefully.

“Marik” she whispered, yet, her tone was definite and strong. She groggily opened her eyes, revealing blue irises.

“Carmen! You’re alright” he shouted with glee as he embraced the unprepared girl in a tight hug, Carmen smiled, as she came to grips with what was going on around her. Her earlier conversation with Sêshafi was still a bewildering reminisce, in her mind. She was still coming to grips with all she had learned, such as herself being a Goddess, her necklace’s strange ability and Sêshafi killing millions, resulting in her sinful half dwelling in the Shadow Realm while she was placed in the care of the Ishtar clan. A thought hit her, should she tell her family of her recently learnt past? No. She shan’t. They would believe her to be delusional or something of the sort. With this question answered she began to accept comfort from her relieved family, in her reminiscence place.

Days passed, as the quartet organised their shifting to the outside world, although it had taken tiresome effort in order to convince sceptical Ishizu to journey to the world above. She finally gave in to Marik’s and Carmen’s begs. Odion followed Marik’s opinions, therefore he also pleaded Ishizu in leaving the colossal tomb, yet his begs weren’t nearly as strong as his two younger siblings. Ishizu organised an abode for the four of them to live in. It was situated in the city of Al-Qusair, of which was located beside the colossal and famous Red Sea.

Where did Ishizu get all this money? Days after Marik’s incident, of which Ishizu and Odion had concluded in keeping between the two of them and away from their younger siblings’ ears, had found the bronze skinned ten year olds rummaging curiously through the deceased elder Ishtar’s study, where they had found a bountiful amount of currency, of which they had informed of to their wise sister. They had moved into the already furnished home weeks later, and had shopped for groceries, clothes and all of the luxurious and effective necessities the outside world had to offer.

Yes. This Chapter was kind of short but at the moment I'm writing the significant parts of Carmen's life. Also the next chapter's kind of wierd. It's a filler chapter but shows how Marik got his boat, seeing as no one else has written an explanation I thought I'd give it a go. It's random in my opinion but oh well. The main Battle City is coming up in three or four chapters (I'm estimating as you can tell ^^)

As usual I'm blabbing to much ^^

Hope you enjoyed this chapter. Please rate and message ^^

Laura

8 - The Questionnaire

Change is Inevitable: Chapter Eight: The Questionnaire

Three Years Later (Carmen and Marik are Thirteen)

“Carmen?” Marik whispered, waving a sun kissed hand in front of the peacefully sleeping thirteen year old girl.

“Go away Marik” she groaned irritably as she rolled towards the wall, facing away from Marik.

The young boy pondered silently for a matter of seconds, before a great strategy of which would hopefully result in his best friend getting out of bed presented itself to him.

He took a deep breath, before screaming the word ‘FIRE’ as loudly as possibly, directly in her ear. He soon regretted it when she screamed, laying upright and head butting him in shock.

“Ouchy!” she mumbled rubbing her head, as Marik mirrored her actions, frowning in pain and frustration, “Well, where’s the fire?!” she questioned panicky as she swiftly departed from her bed, revealing a long white top, she slept in at night. It reached just above her knees. She turned towards the now recovered boy who was smirking smugly, with his arms crossed over his white tank top, The top possessed a hood and a gold chain.

“There is no fire. I just said that to get you out of bed” he laughed hysterically at her dumbfounded expression, of which soon changed to one of vexation.

“You bully! If was dreaming about hot gu...I mean hot chocolate”

“I’m sorry for interrupting your fantasy dream of which you were married to ‘stud muffins’ as you usually call them” he apologized in sarcasm, emphasizing ‘stud muffins’ by means of his middle and index fingers.

“Actually, if you hadn’t noticed I laugh after saying stud muffins, as it’s a joke” she corrected as she irritably made her way into the bathroom to have a shower, grabbing a full ensemble as she did so. ‘She really isn’t a morning person’ Marik thought still smirking.

Marik had already had his shower, and was now getting breakfast for the duo, as Ishizu and Odion were out grocery shopping.

About ten minutes later found Carmen running down the stairs, and sitting beside Marik at the well cared for oak dining table.

“Thanks” she spoke, referring to the cereal and juice awaiting to satisfy her appetite.

“No problem” he smiled, before taking a mouth full of his own.

“Oh. Sorry for being so irritable this morning. I guess I’m not really a morning person” she apologized, as her eyes wandered over her food, obviously not wanting to look at him, as she was a little guilty.

“I’ve noticed” he chuckled, “So, we are going to the carnival right?” he queried, unintentionally changing the subject.

“Yes! I really want that boat. Good thing we’re home schooled because we’d never have time to study for the Questionnaire otherwise” she beamed, clapping her hands together in excitement.

“Yes. I sure hope we win!”

“If you’re on the team we will. You might as well be an old man with your uncanny amount of wisdom!” she giggled.

“Well, let’s go get ready. Ishizu knows we’re going, right?” he queried, worried that should she be

unaware of their plans, they'd be unable to attend the thrilling event.

"Of course she knows. Do you think she'd let us finish our teachings early without an explanation?" she laughed at his ignorance.

"Oh. Right."

"You better start thinking for those questions as they're actually going to be challenging" she smirked. Marik once again mirrored her expression, before getting ready for the carnival.

Two hours later found the duo standing nervously at one of five wooden tables, of which each contained a buzzer that was equal to the amount of competitors stationed at each table. In this case, there were two buzzers at Carmen's and Marik's table. They were located at the far left of the Questionnaire scene. The man who was to ask the questions was raised high above the competitors on a large stage. He read the simple rules to the entrants. These rules were that the participants were to hit the buzzer, only after the question had been fully asked. Interrupting the quizzer would result in disqualification. The first person to hit the buzzer would have the first chance to answer and partners aren't allowed to share the answer with each other. There are seven questions, one question per topic. The final rule was that, should a competitor answer every question correctly, they'd win a boat!

"Now, the first topic" the quizzer spoke, as his deep voice was magnified by his microphone, "Mythology!"

"You're good at that, right?" Carmen whispered towards Marik.

He nodded in reply, smiling lightly.

"What is Amut's position in the Gods?"

BUZZ

"Amut assists Anubis in the judging of the afterlife. If the deceased's heart weighs more than the feather of truth, Amut eats the person's heart" Marik answered nonchalantly.

"Correct! One point to Team A" the quizzer informed enthusiastically.

Moments later found Marik answering every question with ease, resulting in the duo with a huge lead of six points, and obviously one question was left. Carmen was rather bored that she hadn't answered a single question, and showed this by sighing deeply. Her back ached slightly from standing all day at the carnival, concluding in her standing slightly slouched over.

"The last question's topic is music" the quizzer informed, in his same enthusiastic tone.

Carmen rose slightly in excitement. She might know something Marik doesn't.

"Who sings Love Song? A line from the song is the following, The breathing gets harder, even I know that."

'Oh my Ra! I know this!' Carmen thought, and before she knew it, her hand had almost unconsciously slammed the buzzer.

BUZZ

"It's Sara Bareilles. Sara Bareilles sings Love Song!" she burst jubilantly.

"Correct! Team A not only wins the Questionnaire, but because they answered every question correctly they win this very expensive launch.

"Oh my Ra!" Carmen screamed in excitement, as she embraced the equally overjoyed Marik in a strong hug.

"You did it Carmen" he beamed gleefully.

"My addiction to music came through!" she laughed loudly, as they separated and made their way to the stage, in order to organize the papers etcetera for the yellow, light blue and white launch, that would

play an important role in the destiny of several individuals.

I think this chappie is very strange in accordance with the story, but it's an interesting concept for how Marik came to have an impressive launch. HOT! XD

I want to explain and show the significant parts of Carmen's life.

Thanks for reading, faving and commenting katieXatem! ^^

Also thanks for faving jman! ^^

It means A LOT! :D

9 - Surprise, surprise

Authors Note: I've been asked the following questions and shall now answer them.

Question: *Is there any way to change a black pearl white?*

Answer: There is no way to change a pearl back to white, once it's black she can't make up for it, although, depending where the story goes I could possibly change this.

Question: *What did she do that made one go black?*

Answer: Remember that a horrible experience causes a pearl to change colour too. Her latest one being Marik killing his father, although she doesn't remember it, it still counts.

Change is Inevitable: Chapter Nine: Surprise, surprise

Carmen and Marik swiftly made their way along the virtually deserted streets of Al-Qusair. The only inhabitant other than the thirteen year old duo was a young male runner, who ran just after dusk, in order to elude the Egyptian sun's searing rays. Luminous street lights lined the narrow avenue, as the occasional light flickered. Carmen and Marik's unknowing and jubilant shouts echoed throughout the vast street.

"I can't believe we won a boat. No. A launch!" Carmen spoke in a tone that revealed her obvious joy and enthusiasm.

"Nor can I! What do you think Ishizu and Odion will say?" Marik replied with a slight smirk, as he pictured the amusing scene. His sister would most likely express a mixture of shock and anger, well, as much as Ishizu could express of these two emotions anyway. Odion would probably simply stand there, unsure of what to say. He wouldn't mind the least that they'd won a boat.

Carmen replied to his query with an exact replicate of his thoughts, on their older sibling's reactions.

Minutes later found them entering their moderately sized dwelling.

"Marik. Carmen. Where were you? The festival finished nearly two hours ago!" Ishizu questioned half relieved, half irritated, as the duo entered the dining room, where Ishizu and Odion sat ominously. Odion had eaten his food, as he wasn't nearly as panicked as Ishizu, whose food still rested untouched upon the small wooden dining table.

Marik glanced swiftly towards Carmen, in hope that she'd inform Ishizu of what they'd been up to, however, his aqua eyed friend hastily made her way towards the kitchen, smirking as she did so. She had informed her caregiver of their escapades many times before, and now it was Marik's turn.

As Carmen entered the kitchen to serve out her dinner she snickered as Marik nervously answered livid Ishizu's question.

"Well...uh...we sort of...won a launch...at the festival...in the questionnaire" he stuttered nervously, as he sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck.

"Marik! What do you mean you won a launch in the questionnaire?!" Ishizu screeched with the same mixed tone of anger and surprise, however, slight disbelief also seeped through her pitch.

"Well, we did tell you that the winner would get an impressive prize" he murmured tensely. He'd never seen Ishizu so incensed and it added awkwardness to the predicament he currently faced, however, he

wasn't afraid of Ishizu, just uncomfortable with her out of character characteristics at this moment. "Marik, you know better. Money is a fine prize, however, how will a launch benefit us?" she questioned angrily, she then glanced towards the kitchen doorway, of which was currently wide open, revealing a giggling sun kissed young teenager, "And Carmen, get in here now. You're at fault just as much as Marik" she ordered, gesturing for Carmen to stand next to her by means of her index finger pointing towards the ground.

Carmen grinned cheekily, as she placed her dinner plate upon the tiled kitchen counter and obeyed Ishizu's commands.

"Now, begin your explanation in an orderly fashion" she requested, now using her usual harmonious, soothing tone.

They once again obeyed her requests, as they explained of how they came to possess an expensive launch as well as how it could be of use to their quartet family of siblings.

Ishizu hesitantly accepted to keep the launch, to her sibling's delights, and so Carmen recorded this euphoric event within her small diary, of which now contained four entries, including her latest entry, of winning the expensive launch. Her third entry involved her now inhabiting the outside world and it was written three years previously, when the aqua eyed, black haired teenager was but ten years of age,

Hope you liked this chapter! A reader wanted me to write a chapter involving Ishizu's and Odion's reactions, and so I did.

Thanks for commenting katieXatem! ^^

10 - When She's Angry

Here's the longer version of the story summary. I just edited it:

Summary: A fatally beautiful and sinister Goddess is shrunken into an infant and has her memories erased clean. She is forced to live a life on Earth among the humans, until she has proven she has mended her evil heart. Will the influence of a callous, amethyst eyed man prevent her from fulfilling this destiny? Or will she mend his poisoned, bitter heart along the way?

Finally, Chapter Ten. I hope it's alright. I'm a tad rusty. Thanks to the readers that have stuck with the story. Feel free to add into your reviews your favourite/least favourite scene, opinions and what you'd like to see happen. I'd love to read them and would really appreciate them. Enjoy this chapter!

Change is Inevitable: Chapter Ten: When She's Angry

Two Years Later (Carmen and Marik are Fifteen)

Ra shone luminously upon his teenage daughter as she groggily departed from her cosy double bed, scanning her reasonably sized room as she did so. Carmen now possessed her own room, as it seemed awkward and inappropriate for her to bunk with her platinum haired adoptive brother. Marik now slept in the unneeded study, which was formally used by Carmen and himself for home schooling, yet, they now used their own rooms to perpetrate this. The bedroom had pure white walls and light blue carpet. A wooden desk and small bookshelf rested beside the timber ensuite door. A silver alarm clock rested upon the end table residing beside her sky blue sheeted bed. Posters of many singers such as Evanescence, Flo Rida, Britney Spears and Linkin Park smothered the wall, as well as pictures of attractive tanned actors. She had a certain liking for tall, dark and handsome men, as many described such males.

Carmen checked her alarm clock. It read 6:37am. She grumbled, concluding that she would be unable to get back to sleep and slowly made her way downstairs, in order to please her ravenous appetite.

She scoped the fridge for an easy meal, as she felt too lethargic to cook a large and complicated breakfast. As she did so Ishizu entered the room, placing dishes on the smooth counter, residing beside the small kitchen sink.

"Carmen? I didn't expect you home so early" Ishizu commented, as surprise seeped through her soothing tone.

"What do you mean, Ishizu?" Carmen questioned in befuddlement, "I've been in bed this whole time."
"I assumed you had accompanied Marik and Odion on their walk this morning" she replied, replicating Carmen's perplexed tone.

“Why would I accompany Marik on a walk? You know how arrogant he’s been lately! I couldn’t spend a single second with him right now” she replied irritably, accentuating Marik’s name, “Wait a second. Did you just say that they went for a walk, because Odion told me last night that they were going to go on the boat for a fish or something today?”

“Perhaps we should search for them?”

“Yes, starting with the docks. I don’t think Odion would lie to me” she informed loudly as she swiftly ran upstairs to change out of her sleeping garment.

Half an hour later found Carmen quickly running towards the warehouse that contained their family’s impressive launch. Ishizu had dropped her off at the dock, and was now awaiting Carmen’s feedback on the situation, in their family car.

Ishizu watched as Carmen sprinted towards the large warehouse, where their family launch was kept. Once out of sight, Ishizu restarted the cars motor.

There is no further need in my presence. I have foreseen Carmen’s capture. Although there may be a dispute between Marik and Carmen at first, fate shall see to their relationship shifting drastically. I wish my luck to you both, Marik and Carmen.

As Carmen hastily grasped her warehouse keys from the rear pocket of her light blue denim shorts, in order to unlock the door to the large timber warehouse, she slightly jumped in startle due to the dull noise of the warehouse’s garage door slowly opening. Concluding that Marik was indeed in there, she replaced her keys within her small pocket, before curiously peering through the half open metal entry. Her eyes immediately recognised fifteen year old Marik, standing with folded masculine arms, of which were hidden by his loose flowing dark purple robe. It possessed an equally as loose hood which bared the Eye of Horus, and currently caressed his platinum haired head, along with a golden chain lining the collar section of his large robe.

Aloof Amethyst met benevolent aqua as the two teenagers gazed at each other.

“Odion, I believe dear Carmen should accompany us on our little trip” he smirked coldly, not bothering to even glance at his dark skinned adoptive sibling as he dare not break his unannounced staring contest with the ebony haired girl.

“Yes, Master Marik” Odion agreed, although slight reluctance seeped through his deep tone at the proposition.

Carmen simply stared anxiously, pondering what the duo were conversing about, as her sensitive ears were unable to perceive the discussion between her two brothers. Her thoughts of this matter were momentary due to two men in replicate cloaks to Marik’s, seizing each of her upper arms from behind, giving her no time to avoid their ordered assault.

She screamed in panic, attempting to free herself of their grasp, but to no avail.

““Marik, help me, please! Odion, stop them” she begged in dread,

She eyed Marik to discover him smirking menacingly, as he held the golden millennium rod close to his chest. Her aqua orbs widened in silent reply to his cruel expression.

“Marik, what are you doing!? Who are these people?” she cried fearfully.

Her queries went unanswered as the cloaked men dragged her inside the timber warehouse towards the multi-coloured launch, consisting of white, light blue and yellow shades. Carmen ceased her resistance, noticing that they were going into her boat, where she assumed she couldn’t be harmed.

Moments later found her being forcefully pushed into a foreign room. Carmen had known this room to be

a large family room, however, the only piece of furniture present inside the gloomy, unwelcoming room was that of a large golden throne, reached by means of three small stairs. The only source of light emitted from flickering torches, which lined the cool smooth walls. Carmen shuddered. This room reminded her of the daunting tomb she had spent the majority of her mortal days within.

"Master Marik will be with you shortly" one of the two men informed, before the duo swiftly left the bleak room.

'What in Ra's name did he just say? Master Marik!' she thought with a mix of anxiety and shock, before glancing briefly towards the conspicuous golden throne, 'What's that doing here? Don't tell me this room is Marik's own doing.'

Her thoughts were ceased, as a dull thud, followed by slow steps, echoed throughout the gloomy space.

"I believe this is yours" came Marik's somewhat amused voice, as a small object made contact with Carmen's bronze skinned feet, which were enclosed by light blue jandals. Carmen gazed towards her feet, to discover a small purple, hard covered book. Her diary! She had left it in her bedroom within the launch last time she had gone on a holiday with Marik and Odion, a few months previously. She had planned on recording her fun-filled days within the secretive text, however, she had forgotten all about the book until this present time. She swiftly stooped down, grabbing the object and protectively pulling it close, before standing upright once more. Then it hit her!

"Why did you have this?" she queried, attempting to remain calm and collected, although failing miserably. Her voice came out as a broken shout. Before he could answer she began to interrogate him with a long list of anger driven questions. "Did you read it!? And how did you get it?! Did you search through my room? What else have you snooped through?! And most importantly, how could you invade my privacy like this!?" she screamed, stepping meaningfully towards the smirking teenager, as each question corresponded with a stride Carmen took.

"Did you miss me?" he questioned, amusedly.

"What? Why would I?" she queried, in a vexed high pitched tone.

"I believe two sentences of your diary went something like this?" he began, as he slowly closed the space between them, "I not only think of him as a friend, but I believe I feel something else for him too. Maybe a crush?" he chuckled subtly.

"What! You did read it? How could you?" she sobbed weakly, "HOW COULD YOU!" she screamed lividly.

Marik laughed uncontrollably at her unexpected reactions. He never expected her to be this angry. Anger bubbled within Carmen as she balled her fists, causing her knuckles to whiten slightly from affected blood flow. Marik's laughs deepened her already overwhelming rage, and she merely wished to silence his vexing chortles.

"SHUT UP, YOU STUPID BASTARD!" Carmen screamed, almost unconsciously raising her balled left hand preparing to punch the platinum haired teenager with powerful vigour, however, just as she commenced her anger-driven assault a luminous sapphire light emitted from the stunned teenager's fist. This light concluded in her victim being thrown vigorously against the durable wall, as well as the second of six pure white pearls to turn pitch black, as overwhelming shock reflected within his icy orbs. She gasped in devastating regret as reality struck. Marik was now lying slightly dazed against the noticeably dented wall, which was roughly seven metres from where he first stood. He turned his attention towards black haired Carmen, whose expression was one of deep regret and fear of what was to come. He sent her a livid and menacing glare as venom glazed his hostile stare, freezing her where she stood, ever so hopelessly awaiting the dire consequences she simply knew would present themselves momentarily, should she not escape from within his grasp, purely because of the predatory amethyst gaze she was currently receiving. This wasn't the Marik she had known since childhood.

Carmen gathered needed bravery, as she sprinted as hastily as her long, slender legs could carry her. She was relieved to be a swift runner, avoiding Marik's futile seizures, and quickly opening the exit, before making her way down the hallway towards her room, as an irritated Marik pursued.

Marik ceased his chase on terrified Carmen. Why pursue her himself when his Rare Hunter's could do it for him?

He could not bring himself to controlling his dear friend, which would be an easier option, as he could get her to halt her attempted escapes and return to him. He couldn't do this because he cared for her too much to manipulate her sensitive mind. In actual fact, he felt more than friendship for her too, unbeknownst to himself, although he would learn this soon enough.

Carmen took Marik's discontinuation as a sign of giving up as she gazed back at the platinum haired teenager. She should have known better. Marik would never give up so easily.

Beginning to return her gaze to her front she emitted a sharp gasp as her body collided with a rather round belly, before she rebounded, hitting the merciless floor.

She glanced before her to find four men beginning to circle around her wearing replicating purple cloaks to Marik.

"Hey. What are you- Let go of me!" she commanded angrily as two Rarehunter's grasped each of her wrists and the remaining two grasped her legs. They continued by lifting her up and carrying her along the narrow hall, towards Marik's room, ignoring her irritated commands to let her go and her vexed ear-piercing screams. She never wanted to face Marik again, after what she had done to him. Also, he would most likely discover her identity as a Goddess. What can I do? She thought hopelessly, although, Marik wasn't the only one to not give up so easily. Her expression hardened. *Give me your worst Marik!*

Well, how was this chapter? I decided on Marik not injuring Carmen...for now. Mwahaha!

I don't want it to be lovey-dovey and I'm going to try to add angst into the story. I find angst/romance stories interesting.

By the way, did everyone seem to be in character (Marik and Ishizu) ? I'd like some feedback as I'm not too sure.

Thanks a million to katieXatem. I hope you're still reading the story. I apologize for the late update D:

I'm posting a new story which is a prequel to this story (Seshafi: The Sinister Past)

Please review!

Thanks,

Laura