

Inside This Head of Mine

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ONESHOT Lying awake at night Kai just can't seem to stop thinking about what his team really mean to him.

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Chapter 1 - Inside This Head of Mine

2

1 - Inside This Head of Mine

To the friends that I've lost on my way,

To the friends that I've been pushing away,

You could say that I've made it,

But I'm jaded,

Disclaimer: I don't own Beyblade or any of its characters, merchandise, TV rights, ect... (I think you get the point.)

Summery

ONE SHOT – Some language - This is my first fic, like all of my work this is just something that happened to float through the empty void inside my head. I think it's kinda my idea of what might be going on inside Kai's head. Like it or hate it please R and R as honest opinions are always welcomed.

Muse: Lamanth's Muse (that being me) would like to dedicate this fic to Hidden Portrait who gave her the inspiration to try to write a story instead of just sticking to poetry. So this is for you HP!

Lamanth: Thanks Muse and if you (that's the readers not you Muse) feel the need to through thing at me please wait until I've hidden behind the sofa kay!? On with the fic.

"Thinking"

'Little voice' I know that sounds weird but just go with it. Please?

Inside This Head of Mine

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Two flaming eyes snapped open in the darkness. His breathing was fast and shallow as the scream continued to echo around the inside of his head. 'It was just a dream, just a *fracking* dream. Get a grip'. But even as he tried to remember it was already slipping way from him. Memories fading even as he tried to hold on to them. Slipping away, just like sand through his fingers, until all that was left were a few in-cohesive thoughts filled with blood and pain and above all misery. Blinking his Crimson eyes as he tried to clear his head, he lay there in the darkened room still fighting to get his breathing back under his control. Taking deep, steady, breaths he allowed the last remnants of the dream to fall from his mind.

He sat up quietly and glanced around at the other sleeping occupants of the room. All five lay peacefully asleep in their beds. Lucky bastards. Deep asleep untroubled by nightmares that so often plagued his dreams. Absentmindedly he reached up and brushed away the cold sweat that had formed on his brow,

letting his eyes roam over the sleeping figures. His team-mates, *team*, know that was a joke. He'd been part of this team on and off for almost four years. Part of the team yes, but part of the gang and of their friendship, no. Sighing, he let himself fall back on to the pillow. *shoot*, who was he trying to kid, nothing had changed and nothing ever would! He was still just what he'd always been a *loner*. A loner surrounded by people. Sighing again he rolled on to his side, closed his eyes and let his mind drift, trying to relax and slip back into sleep.

The minuets passed and still he lay there waiting for sleep to clam him once again. "Just relax and stop thinking. Great now I'm telling my stop thinking." Grunting quietly he flipped himself onto his back staring at the ceiling and waiting for his eyes to adjust to the dark. If he was going to be wake he might as well use the time to work on his strategy for the next battle. The team could not afford another loss, especially after Tyson's humiliating defeat. And that just what it had been, he reflected moodily, *humiliating*. The kid had gone in his normal cocky self and completely underestimated his opponent and in doing so gave away what should have been an easy victory for the team. And that was the problem, the boy had the talent, if only he would bother to work hard in training instead of messing around with his friends. But the annoying voice in the back of his head kept saying – '*OK yes Tyson did mess around but at lest he had friends to mess around with. Maybe it was Kai who needed to loosen up more not the team that needed to be worked harder? If it had been Tyson who couldn't get back to sleep he wouldn't have thought twice about waking Max up to keep him company. And Max may have grumbled about being woken up in the middle of the night by his friend but he wouldn't have really minded, because that's just what they were **friends**.*' "frack, now I'm giving myself lectures about how I train the team." And not for the first time he wondered why he bothered to stay with them, *his team*. He didn't belong with them, this he already new. He could never truly be one of them, he would always be the outsider. The little boy with his faced pressed up against the cold glass, staring longingly in to the warm fire in the room beyond. "Ha, now I'm going all sentimental, just what the hell is wrong with me tonight? I'm Kai Hiwatari for fracks sake, I don't care if they think of me as an outsider and I shore as hell ain't got my face pressed up against any glass. Metaphorical or not!" But once again that little voice came in with '*But that's just what you are, aren't you? A little boy looking in through the window at all the warmth and comfort within. Because that's why you stay. That's what you want. You hate to admit it especially to your self but more than anything else in this world you want somewhere to belong. Isn't it?*' He glared at the ceiling while yelling in the privacy of he's skull. "No! NO IT FUCKING ISN'T!" But if it wasn't then why did he keep coming back? And the voice once again was there ready and waiting with the answers. '*Because they're the closes thing to family you've got and you don't want to be on your own any more. Do you?*'

The room was silent save for the breathing of the teenagers within. And still Kai's thoughts continued to swirl chaotically inside his head. Disturbing images from his past, memorise of success, all flashed wildly in his minds eye. He saw himself standing across from his team on a frozen lake. Then he was bloody and cut, fighting a deranged red head with wild eyes. And now he was on the edge of a cliff tightly

gripping the arm of a frightened brunette, desperately trying to stop her from falling into the raging sea below. He kept coming back to them *'That's right. You keep coming back to them.'* "But I keep leaving them, cus I know I don't belong here. They are NOT my friends!" Leaving, he was always leaving them. Mentally he started to go over all the times he had left this team and was shocked not so much by how often he left but by how often he'd come back. First in Russia, when he returned to the Abby to join his grandfather and the Demolition Boys. Then he left after his first world championship was over. He left again just before the third championship so he could compete with the Blitzkrieg Boys. And finally when BEGA took over the BBA he not only joined their team instead of GRevolution but also had betrayed them by joining forces with of all people Boris. But after his defeat by Brooklyn it was it was the GRevolution he went crawling back to "Not crawling. frack that! I'm Kai and I don't crawl! But I did go back." Again letting his train of thought wonder he realised that every time he came back they always let him stay. It was almost like they knew that he could never truly leave them. That when he left no matter how long it took he would always return to them, for they were his team and they knew it. When he came back after BEGA's crushing defeat they were all there waiting for him, as if they could sense that he wouldn't stay away from them for long. And when he did return they took him back once again. Hell, Kenny had already built a new blade for him. He always came back! But why?

Dam self analyse was so not his thing. He'd been brought up to always know what he was doing and where he was going. He'd been trained to go in and deal with any situation he found himself in no matter what. He had had it beaten into him that weakness was something he could not afford to have and relying on other people was the greatest weakness there was. Hell, his Grandfather and Boris had taught him that, and their lessons weren't the kind that could be forgotten quickly. He still had the scares and would carry them for the rest of his life. But was relying on people that you could trust a sign of weakness? And he knew that he could trust his team. He wasn't shore if he *did* trust them but he knew he could rely on them to be there and support him if he needed. When he thought of all the things that had happened in the past four years and the all the dangerous situations that GRevolution was so good at getting into. The only reason that any of them were still breathing was that when it had really mattered they had stood up all together as one united team. There was that time they were caught on the island fighting Team Psykick, *frack* that time they'd even needed the help of the Saint Shields to get their sorry asses out in one piece. Was weak to let other people help you when you couldn't manage on your own? Was it a weakness for him to help other people, his team, his *friends*?

frack, now he was starting to second-guess himself. Why couldn't things just go right for once in his miserable life!? Why did everything have to be so complicated? "WHY!!!" he mentally screamed. *'Why do think? Life's always going to be tough, and maybe yours has been tougher than most. But you won't let anyone close enough to make it easier. You don't have to take on all the responsibility you self. Let your self be part of the team. Your team.'* His team. And just what kind of a team were they. Nothing but a bunch of strays' form all over the world, but they all seemed to fit together in-spite of it. Maybe that's why they did work so well as a team, because they were all so different.

Tyson, well he was over confident, annoying and he never ever knew when to keep his mouth shut. But he loved to blade you could see it every time he fought and he was always ready to do anything and everything to win. Yeah sure, sometimes he let his emotions get in the way of his head but he always came through in the end. There was the time during the third world tournament when he had stormed off when he wasn't down to fight first. That was when the pressure was really starting to get to him and he'd just bolted. But when he found out that Kenny was battling in his spot he had high tailed it back to the stadium and was cheering his friend on from the sidelines. He always came through in the end, even if it did take time for him to get his head on straight.

Max, sugar high happy go lucky Max. Always trying to keep everyone's spirits up. His defence was second to none and would willingly sacrifice himself for the good of the team or just for one of the team. He remembered during his first world tournament when Max had told him to battle in his place, just so he could try and get revenge on the Demolition Boys and his Grandfather for all that they had done to him. He'd lost but at that point he had felt more like part of the team than he had ever done before. When Max had been set to go up against Mystel in the Justus 5 tournament everyone had already written him off as a dead loss. But he had stuck to his defence and OK he didn't win but he did tie with the flashy offence blader and it was enough. Max might not be the strongest blader out there but that didn't matter he knew how to play to his strengths and his opponents weaknesses. Privately he wondered if the Blue eyed American new knew just how good he could acutely be. Max, who was always so confident that things would turn out all right in the end. It's all good right.

Daichi or monkey boy as Tyson liked to call him. That kid was a fracking manic and it just drove him nuts. He was always so full of energy and life. He never knew when to back off or admit when he was beaten. And that was just it he never quite it was like he didn't know how to give up and he wouldn't let the rest of them give up either. He'd fight and he'd fight and then he'd fight some more. He wanted to be the best there was and to archive that he was prepared to take on the whole world. But at the same time he would do anything in his power to help his team. Like stretching the finely match of the third world tournament. Kenny had need more time to fix Tyson's Beyblade so Daichi had to prolong out his match with the Blitzkrieg Boys captain Tala. And he did, he gave Kenny the precious time he needed to reaper Tyson's blade. He stretched out his match and even through by the end he was both physically and mentally exhausted the still managed to pull off a draw, which was enough to give his team a chance at the title.

Rei, he was the peacemaker. He was the one that stepped in before Tyson and Hilary could start the bare knuckles boxing. He was defiantly the most level headed person on the team with the possible exception of Kenny and of course himself. But then again when was he Kai Hiwatari know to get overly emotional or emotional full stop? He always put his team first and always thought things through. OK he nearly always thought thing through. But there have been times when he's had to rely on those cat like reflexes to get him out of danger. Once or twice he'd privately wondered what it must be like to be a neko-jin. Did Rei like to drink milk or did he hate being caught out in the rain? But did it really matter; he was prepared to do anything to help the team no matter what the cost to himself. When he's fought Bryan of the Demolition Boy's in his first world championship, he got the win for team even though it had meant putting himself in hospital. Bryan had started to use his wind attacks on Rei instead of on his blade. By the end of it was beaten up so badly he was on the point of collapse, but he still went back to the dish. It had been surreal to watch. But some how he managed to win the second of the best two out of three round. But he was getting weaker by the second and he still went back. And he won even if they did have to carry him out on a stretcher. Anything for his team no matter what.

Kenny, Chief, he was the brains behind the team. shoot, if comes to a point was there anything about Beyblades this guy didn't know? And with Dizzi in his laptop they probably had more brain power than all the other teams put together. He had built the new Hard Metal System blades from scratch when the GRevolution had gone up against the BEGA and couldn't parts for their old blades. Truth be told they would have in all probability lost with out them. And he'd entered the tired world tournament with a costume made blade with a spring base, and he'd almost one with it too. Yeah, they owed him a lot. And it made his sick to his stomach to think of how he'd treated the guy in the past. When the Dark Bladers had held him hostage and demanded a match the rest of the team had been ready to fight them on the spot and he'd just turned around and told them to enjoy their home cooked Kenny burgers. frack, he'd never given him enough credit.

Hilary, hellfire Hilary. She had spirit and a lot of guts to. When she'd first started to hang around with them it seemed like the only reason she did it was to piss Tyson off; she couldn't even see the Bitbeasts to start with. And then she really started to get into Blading and went out of her way to help the team. Coming up with training schedules, travelling with them, training with them. She was now just as vital to the team as anyone of the others. After he'd lost Dranzer to Zeo he had been ready to quit blading for good and it was Hilary who came and found him. And she didn't give him any sympathy and she didn't fawn all over him like one of those stupid fan girls. She had screamed at him. Told he was being a coward and that turning his back on his friends just when they needed him was the most pathetic thing she'd seen. That if he left the team that they wouldn't be a team anymore. There had been a moment or two when he was shore that she was going to turn round and hit. Just land him one right in his face,

but she had stormed off in stead. And he went to find Tyson to help him prepare for his match with Zeo. Hell, that girl had more balls than most of the guys he knew and she wasn't afraid to through her wait around especially with Tyson.

And finely, him. Kai. Moody, aloof, the lone wolf. The guy who didn't care for anyone, or any thing. But was that really who he was anymore? He'd leave and then he'd come back and they'd never say anything about it. Could he really have changed so much in almost four years without noticing it? Every day changes so subtly that he'd barely noticed and hardly known. He on longer felt like the arrogant teenager who hadn't given a flying frack what the Dark Bladers did to Kenny. Maybe it was time to face facts that in-spite of all he'd thought and all he's said that he did in fact belong here with them. After all where else could and outcast like him really belong? His upbringing in the Abbey had help to isolate him even more. He had never found it easy to communicate with others and his overly strange childhood had only served to alienate him even more. And when the suppressed memories of his past had resurfaced during his first world tournament he had almost managed to destroy his entire team. But once again the team had come through, and pulled him back from the edge.

He sighed. They were one hell of a mixed up bunch that was certainly true. And from the out side it probably looked like it should never have worked. On paper they should have self-combusted with in the first five minuets. But some how it worked. But living with them was like living life at war, or then again maybe life was just war period and it was a good thing to know who's side you're on and who you're fighting with. frack it. He just didn't know anymore, but then again maybe he did. Maybe the time had finely come to stop running. If he was honest he didn't want to leave them, any of them.

The early half-light of dawn began to creep through the half-closed curtains of the hotel room. The sleep deprived Russian lay on his back, his head supported on his arms. His troubled mind had returned to a calmed and relaxed state. It was all finely starting to make sense. He'd spent so long running away from them because he was scared to admit that he acutely wanted to be with them. If he tried, if he really tried then maybe there was still time. Maybe there was still a chance that he could really be a part of them. His team. His friends. His family.

I'm not really shore about the ending but my creativity was starting to run out, so sorry. Please R and R I'd love to know what you thought.

Big luv see ya

Lamanth