

Abused, Tortured and Then Destroyed

By Lamanth

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Just a little thing that came to me about one of my favourite bit-beasts, Black Dranzer! Like it or hate it please R and R as honest opinionse are always welcomed.

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

Summery

ONE SHOT – Just a little thing I did about on of my favourite bitbeasts, Black Dranzer. Like all of my work this is just something that happened to float through the empty void inside my head. Like it or hate it please R and R as honest opinions are always welcomed.

Some of them want to use you,

Some of the want to be used by you,

Some of them want to abuse you,

Some of them want to be abused,

Abused, Tortured and Then Destroyed

Men in white coats walk around the labourite, some checking that everything was running to schedule, while others where observing and making copious notes on clipboards. One man walked to the centre of the room and placed a black beyblade in a large glass bell gar and steeped back signalling to his superiors that everything was in place and that they could proceed. When they were ready they would send a massive electric surge through the bell jar and the beyblade held with in. This electric plus will shatter the blade and destroy the bitbeast held with in it.

The task, for which I was crated, has failed. And now they have no further use for me. When they have no more use for you, you become a waste of energy and of resources. An inconvenience. Something to be disposed of.

Power is the biggest addiction there is, it's all-consuming. There are some people who once they have tasted it can never let it go. Their desire for it turns into madness. Voltair Hiwatari was such a man; his ultimate goal was for an all-encompassing global rule. And he was willing to do anything to get his own way.

Nothing and no one is born bad. Evil is something that is created it's something that you become. I

never set out to become what you see before you, this pitiful, ugly creature. Something from a nightmare gone awry.

It's not just people who can be manipulated. It's not just people who feel pain. It's not just people who can have their spirits crushed.

I was once a thing of grace and beauty, a free spirit. And then Voltair Hiwatari took me captive.

From that day on I became something loathsome and abhorrent. I was branded as just one more tool for in to use in his never-ending quest for global domination. I can not begin to describe the thing that they did to me, the ways that they tainted my spirit. Over years they slowly broke me into pieces and then refashioned me in their own demonic form.

Fire is a good eliminate for me to be. As I have spent the last god alone knows how many years burning in the devils own hearth. But it wasn't always so. When I was my former self, my real self, I was a true fire spirit, full of life and passion. I burnt with a spark that could light up the night. And now I am as cold and grey as the ash in an empty grate.

Have no illusions, I know what I am. I know every line and contour of the vile creature that I have become. And I am not proud of who I am, but I became what I had to. What I need to be, to survive. Survival of the fittest, no. Survival, of the most ruthless. The strong pray upon the weak, and the weak destroy each other. Trust no one, not even your shadow.

For all my power and strength, I have been used and manipulated. Forced to hurt and exploit those that I would willingly have served. People who have done nothing and did not deserve the torment that I was made to put them through.

I was even made to turn on my own kind. My kith and kin. One spirit should never dominate another, and what I did was wrong. To tare friendships apart, to separate loved ones. These are my sins and they are unforgivable. And for those sins I now have to pay the price.

Lighting flashed inside the bell jar and then bolted itself through the beyblade which imploded with a burst of ice white sparks. Until all that remained was a small smoking pile of metal fragments. More notes where being made on clipboards as the disintegrated blade was removed and on a cardboard file someone wrote the inscription: 'Project: Black Phoenix TERMINATED'.

Please R and R I'd love to know what you thought.

Big luv see ya

Lamanth