

Anything But That.

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I don't own Code Lyoko.

I arrive at Kadic, not really knowing why I'm here. This boy won't stop trying to be my friend. But ever since I lost her, I don't want any more friends. Please, anything but that. .:Vienna:.

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1 - Here We Are

(A/N: This is my first fanfiction on here, please be nice ^^)

~Anything But That.

Chapter 1: Here We Are

I step outside of Mr. Delmas' office. I've been through a few school registrations, so I can do it myself. Mom doesn't have to do it anymore for me.

Out in the courtyard now, I look around. There are so many kids here; it must be lunchtime. I'm not hungry at lunch. I usually draw or write during that time. I look to my left, and close my eyes. *Oh no.*

A girl dressed in mostly pink was coming my way. I analyze her quickly: preppy, thinks she's all that and a bag of chips, probably has a squeaky, squealy voice.

Hey, you're the new girl, aren't you? she asks. I smirk.

That I am. What's it to you, though? I say back.

She purses her lips for a moment; they then turn to a smile. My name's Sissi.

More smirking. That must be short for something. Something like---

She cuts me off. *I'm Sissi*, the principal's daughter, as a matter of fact. Who are you?

Vienna. I say it apathetically. I think she's actually *enjoying* this! I look in a different direction, causing me to see a group of kids that stand out to me. Before Sissi can say anything else, I blurt out Who are they? It's kind of to myself, but Sissi hears it, and being the person she is, has to reply.

Oh, those are just weird kids. Except for Ulrich of course & She goes on to tell me this epic story that I just tune out. The one that really catches my eye is a kid in purple with a blonde spike for hair. There's a purple highlight in the center as well; I'm guessing he really digs purple. He seems to feel me staring and looks my way. We lock eyes for a few short seconds, then I smile and look away, shaking my head. I attempt looking interested, but I know my eyes look distant. & and that's why Ulrich *should* be mine, but *that Japanese girl won't back off*. She finishes and looks at me. *Were you even listening?*

I shake my head to clear my mind and focus on Sissi. Yeah. Great story, you should write a book. I slap my hand on her shoulder, then turn to walk away. She makes a humph noise and walks away too. I smirk again, but immediately drop it. The kid in purple was standing behind me. My eyes narrow for a split second; wonder what he wants.

His hand comes out in front of him, and he smiles at me. I m Odd. And I heard your wisecrack to Sissi, so don t make fun of my name. I stare plainly at him.

Vienna, I mutter. I try getting past him and succeed, only to be followed.

Hey, wait! I keep walking. *I d rather not, thanks.*

What s to wait for? I ask. I don t want to be mean, but since I lost my best friend in the world, I d prefer to not go back. He runs ahead and turns in front of me, forcing me to stop.

I m *trying* to be *nice* to you. His voice is the same tone, but firm.

I can see that. Thanks, but no thanks. I almost tell Odd about my best friend, but soon decide against it. I remove his hand from my arm gently and put it at his side. That s when I notice he s actually just a tad taller than me. **Wow I m short.**

He lets me leave and turns to go back to his friends. I m pretty sure I hurt him, but it s hard; I loved her, she was like my sister. I held my hand in front of my face and look at the scar. It ran from the crook between my thumb and index finger, along my thumb, and down to the base of my palm. I wouldn t think her name, it hurt too much. Though it was all those years ago, I still feel the pain, all out. I knew her inside out, and she knew me the same way. I laugh bitterly. One day we had cut our hands and put them together to mix our blood. We wanted so badly to be related to each other. I clench my hand to a fist, and shut my eyes tight.

I don t want to remember.

I head towards where Mr. Delmas told me my room was. Thankfully, he said that I would have my own room. I open the door and step inside. I sigh in relief. I set my duffel bag down next to my bed and take the messenger one off my shoulders. Falling on my new bed, I sigh gigantically, bigger than the previous one. I must have fallen asleep, because when I wake up, I check the clock: it reads in green, digital numbers: 2:38 A.M. I run my hand over the length of my face. I kick my shoes off and lay in bed correctly. I curl into a ball and close my eyes, waiting, almost *begging* for sleep to come. When it does, I lose control of my mind; ideas and memories running *wild*.

(Hope you liked it!

~Dark Frigid Night.)

2 - Was It A Dream?

[A/n: Hush, I know she likes saying anything but that. That s why I called the story that, lol.]

Anything But That.

Chapter 2: Was It A Dream?

I look around, studying my surroundings. *Not again& anything but that.* See, it seems almost& *virtual*, like a video game. Though something tells me this is the real deal. I m in the mountainous area again, and there s one of those towers just barely in my line of sight.

That mechanical noise meets my ears. I quickly turn around. It s one of those block-type monsters. I always think at this time: *Why don t I have any weapons?* I turn back around and run for the tower. One of its lasers hits me in the center of my back, knocking me to the ground. I try getting up, but more monsters appear, including the huge crab kind. It stands directly above me, and aims its laser at me. I curl into a tight ball and clench my eyes shut. I feel the immense pain and let out a scream. My mind starts going blank, and my body numb.

I sit straight up in my bed, gasping for breath. My hand slaps against my chest, over my heart, my pulse beating wildly. I don t feel much except dizziness and some pain from where the monsters hit me. *Why does this happen, and why do I feel it after I wake up?*

What *is* that place? I whisper to myself, frowning. I shake my head and glance at the clock. 7:00 A.M. on the dot. I get up and get to my bag. I open it up and take out shower things and a change of clothes. I m about to go out, but I remember something. My hair probably looks impossible, so I brush out the knots and tie it back. Then I m out the door.

When I get to the bathrooms, I m happy to see that there isn t a line. I rush inside and slip into an empty shower stall. Once I m the shower, I close my eyes and focus on the hot water. It s like meditating in the shower almost. This actually made me smile. Soon enough I m done. I turn the water off, and get dried off. I dress myself quickly and run my brush through my hair again. Without noticing anyone or looking at anyone, I m out of the bathroom in a flash.

I run back to my room and put my stuff back. I grab my messenger bag and sling it across my body. I m just about to open the door, when it gets a knock. My arm drops and I sigh. *What now?*

Vienna? a familiar voice chimes into my consciousness. *Aw, come on! Why does he like me so much?* I open the door with a straight face.

Yes, what do you need? I ask. He blushes lightly and takes a breath.

Well, I was wondering if you needed help getting around campus? he asks casually, his hands in his pockets. I smile. I know he's just trying to be nice, but I just can't do this.

Thanks Odd, but no thanks, I can handle it. I push my way past him and head towards where I was told my first class was. On the way there, I keep thinking about the dream. This kind of dream wasn't new; I've been having these types of dreams ever since I was little. That how I lost my friends--- I would tell them about the dreams and they wouldn't believe me. They always thought I was a freak. But not her. She always accepted me for everything. The day I was going to tell her about the dreams, we had to move. I never really got to say goodbye. I like Odd, I do, but I just don't want to get hurt and most importantly don't want *him* to get hurt. I'm not really sure if he *would* get hurt, but I'd like to not take the chance.

I walk into the classroom and tell the teacher my name quickly. He points to a table with two chairs, and I go to sit at one. I take the sketch book out of my messenger bag and begin drawing. After a few minutes, my basic sketch is almost done and the bell rings. Kids suddenly start flooding into the classroom. I see them all out of the tops of my eyes. A load of purple comes to my 180-degree vision; my eyes close and I sigh. *Oh, anything but that.* (a/n: sorry if she sounds superior or something. But if you try, anyone can do that. The 180-degree vision thing.)

Hey, cool, we have the same class together. His voice is cheerful, like he's happy to see me. He takes a seat next to me and glances at my drawing; rather, my work-in-progress. So you're an artist?

I guess so. My answer is blunt because I hope to discourage him. But this other small yet gigantic word slips out. *Why?*

He points to the paper. It looks pretty good so far. Can't wait to see it finished& he says hopefully, as if he really would like me to finish. *I wonder why he took such an interest in me. I mean, it's not like I'm special or anything& okay, scratch that. I don't look special, do I?*

I nod abruptly. I'd love to be his friend and everything, but I just can't! I'd end up telling him about the dreams, and he'd think I was a freak& just like everyone else. I assume he either understands what I mean or gets the message, because he looks to the front of the room. I sigh very quietly to myself, glad that he has left me alone.

Class is basically a blur because I'm not really paying attention. When the teacher hands out our homework, I take a look at it. I'm not entirely sure how to do it. *Sure wasn't learning this stuff in my other school...* I shrug. *I'm sure I'll pick it up in no time.*

The bell rings and I shove the paper in my bag. I stand up, slinging it across my body again. Odd stands with me, and I turn to look at him.

Yes? He looks surprised because I'm sure he wasn't expecting that. I can't read minds, but I can certainly tell when someone was going to say something by the way they act, what their face is looking like, things like that. Sometimes I even have an idea of what they are going to say. It's an interesting ability.

Odd shakes that off and begins speaking. *Would you mind meeting some of my friends later? he asks me. I ponder it shortly in my mind: Let s think for a second, Vi. Everytime you meet someone new, you end up telling them about the dreams. It slips out, they drag it out of you, somehow they find out. Now. What would happen if maybe you make some new friends and then watch what you say? Maybe you can make this work. Maybe they don t have to find out. Man I need more time, but I don t have any right now. Let s just go with it, savvy? Great.*

Alright, sounds good. See you at lunch. I flash him a quick and polite smile and almost run out of the room.

Lunch time comes around fast. Before I know it, Odd suddenly has me by the wrist and is nearly dragging me through the cafeteria. He soon stops us in front of three other kids. Teenagers, actually, they look older than kids. I laugh at this to myself. I pop back into reality and look over the teens. Two boys, one girl: one boy is a blond with glasses. The other boy has brown hair and wears all green. The girl looks Japanese and wears all black. I sense a kind of connection between the green boy and the girl.

Odd points to the blond boy. This is Jeremie. Jeremie waves. Odd s finger moves in front of the green boy. Ulrich, and Yumi. So Ulrich is the green one and Yumi is the Japanese girl. Guys, this is Vienna. She s new.

Yeah, I think I saw you yesterday, Yumi says, pointing at me. I nod, raising my eye brows and looking away. I m kind of uninterested right now.

Oh! I almost forgot. There is another member to our little group, but she s not here right now. When Odd says this, I look at him with piercing blue eyes. There is a good reason I m suddenly interested now. My friend that I had a long time ago; the one I m blood sisters with, or rather Lyoko sisters as we called it& we liked the name Lyoko when her father created a program with that name, and decided to call ourselves the Lyoko sisters; these are the kind of people she would hang out with. When I met her, we lived in France. Not too far from here, actually. My family has moved many times because my mother s a photographer. My father got sick of my mother having to move so much so he left us. I ve not heard from him since.

What s her name? I ask.

Aelita. Why? Odd replies.

My body freezes.