

THE SIREN OF ATLANTIS

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THE SIREN OF ATLANTIS

by [FireCats20](#)

Summary

Two teenagers sat on Rei's Beach; a modern-day Romeo and Juliet. The boy's hazel hair hung low on his shoulders, his eyes a majestic blue deeper than the ocean. The girl at his side could have been mistaken for a porcelain doll with snow white hair, rose colored lips, and the most unusual sea colored eyes. After their adoptions, they would meet at the place the isolated beach, to watch the sunset together. However their lives are about to change.

One

A girl sat on a deserted beach looking out at the setting sun. She could have easily been mistaken for a Greek Goddess with hair that sparkled like moonbeams, rose lips, and unusual sea colored eyes. She heard the voice of her best friend fallowed by the sound of crashing waves. He was the perfect contrast to the hazel hair, majestic blue eyes, and tan skin girls. The two were a modern-day Romeo and Juliet in the corporate world. Panting heavily, the boy fell on the sand resting his head of his friend's hip. The two watched the sun disappear into the ocean as they reflected on their past, without saying a word.

***** (Flashback) *****

Brothers, Seto and Mokuba, walked home from school in silence. The elder brother was unusually quiet that day and Mokuba could tell he had something on his mind. Their silence was broken by the dark-haired youth asking, "Big Brother, what's that?" Seto looked up to see his brother was standing half leaned over a fence pointing at the figure of a girl laying on the sand, "Seto it looks like a girl and she looks hurt."

"Mokuba, I think I saw someone a little way back. I need you to go ask them to call an ambulance; tell them someone is hurt and wait for them to get here." The 10-year-old couldn't tell if the girl was breathing, and without thinking, he ran to her side, "I'm going to stay and make a fire."

"Is she going to be ok, Seto?"

"I don't know," Seto called as Mokuba ran off in the direction of a pier to look for help. It was a miracle they had even seen the girl. The beach they had been passing wasn't used that often and Seto normally read as they made their way to the orphanage, 'Thank whatever God was watching I forgot that book.'

As Seto approached the girl, he noticed a blue tinge to her skin; she looked dead. Her tattered cloths looked like an Ancient Tunic and she was close to his age. The youth's hazel hair tickled the girl's flesh as he bent to place an ear to her chest. "Bhrater {Brother} , " A soft whimper escaped the girl's lips.

The silver hair girl was ice cold and barely breathing. Seto could tell her heartbeat was dangerously low and he knew he had to do something fast. The fire was simple to start however getting the girl's body temp back to normal would be tricky. "You need to wake up, open your eyes, something," Seto wrapped his shirt around the girl, moved closer to the fire and held her close to his chest.

"Se..." a sound escaped the girl's lips, "Set...Seto." She grabbed hold of an amulet clutching it tightly, as she drifted in and out of consciousness. "Seto tu cemjo awou ana me {Seto you came back to me} · "

Seto wasn't exactly sure how, but he was able to understand the girl. "That's right, I came back to you." The hazel haired boy was willing to say whatever it took to keep this girl alive, "Now I need you to stay with me. Help is on its way."

"N sme n kejo ana wiwermi me bhrater {We need to find my brother} ," the girl whispered.

Seto was doing everything to keep her talking, "Where is he?"

"Aljos naws {another ship} . "

A few moments later, Mokuba was running back with help. "Over here! This way! Hurry!"

The first responders made their way across the shore. It didn't take long for them to realize how desperate the situation was as they approached two. "Rei," Seto said the first thing to come to him, "help is here. These people are going to take you to the hospital."

"Ne Seto {No Seto} !" The silver hair youth winced as she was pulled from the boy's arms and wrapped in a warming blanket. "Ghawod leidmi teuta emo me extrod, ghawod lingo me ati {Don't let them take me away, don't leave me again} !" She fought the paramedics continuing to call out to the boy begging him not to leave her.

She was scared, and Seto could feel it. "Rei I'm right here," he grabbed ahold of her hand calming her instantly. 'This doesn't make sense,' he thought as his blue eyes met with a beautiful mix of Caribbean and seafoam. He hadn't been a large believer in the unexplained, but it wasn't like he didn't believe in the supernatural and right now the girl before him seemed anything but real. At the deepest part of his core Seto knew he knew this girl and wanted to protect her as much as he wanted to protect his brother. "I promise I won't leave you. Not now, not ever again."

"Wait up young man," the voice belonged to a woman in her mid to late 20's. "We need to know exactly what happened," the officer asked, as she and her partner approached the scene.

"Seto," the younger boy said, grabbing a hold of the older boy.

"Mokie," Seto looked at his brother, "go hold Rei's hand. Tell her I am here, and we are staying with her." Both boys had an overwhelming urge to run to the ambulance, after seeing something dark and twisted in the second officer's eyes. "There isn't much I can offer," the elder boy answered. "My brother and I were just heading home when we found her. I thought it was odd someone would be down there because this beach is never used. Normally I'm reading to my brother, but something about today just felt off and I forgot my book. The sound of seagulls must have caught his attention when I looked over, I saw her. I don't remember much after that; I just remember the desire to save her."

"Seems like you did just that," The man said. A strange lust was growing in his eye and when he spoke again the boys could hear a darkness that put them on edge, "I don't think I have heard that language before, is it something you're learning?"

“Yes,” Seto said sharply, the aura surrounding him almost began to take on a life all its own. ‘What should I do? I feel the need to be by her, but...’ A thought entered his mind, “She didn’t tell me much, but her and her brother were on a yacht that sank. Maybe you could start with that? I have to go; sorry I couldn’t be more help.”

****** (Three days later) ******

The girl as sat in the hospital bed, Seto’s arms wrapped around her possessively. The boys had been stopping by for the last three days. Seto settled in beside her as Mokuba found his spot on a reclining couch. The girl they had been calling Rei fingered the amulet hung around her neck as Seto nuzzled into her long silver hair and breathed in her scent. She smiled playing with the star patten on the amulet as she watched the waves.

“Do you remember anything?” Seto asked.

She closed her eyes and shook her head. The long moonbeam strands tickled Seto’s arms. It didn’t matter how old they were, the two children just felt right laying together, and Seto couldn’t get enough of the oceanic scent that radiated from his siren.

Seto’s hazel hair and warm breath tickled the girl’s ear as he kisses it softly. Mokuba moved to the foot of the bed, “Nothing at all?” he asked hitting his brother with a pillow, “Stop being gross big brother?”

With help from the boys, she had started to speak in their native language. “There is something,” the girl sighed, “but it doesn’t make sense.”

“What is it?” Seto asked. “There might be a clue to what happened to you, why you were on that beach and how you know me.”

“You’re going to think I’m crazy.” She looked at Seto seeming to lose herself in his eyes, as he became lost in hers. Their world faded, and they found themselves 3,000 years in the past. The girl was on her knees, arms bond behind her back; the soldiers forced her to bow. Seto stood in priest robes next to his cousin and Egypt’s current ruler. The faces of those around them were hidden by shadows.

The two were suddenly back in the hospital room, “Hello,” Mokuba stared at the two, their lips barely touching, “earth to Seto and Rei,” blinking, they quickly jumped apart, Seto lost his balance and went crashing to the ground, attempting, to prevent his fall, the girl ended up laying on his chest, the hospital sheet between them. Mokuba leaned over the side of the bed, gazing at the two asking, “where did you go just now. Your bodies were here, but it was like your sole was somewhere else.”

“Was that—” Seto started to ask.

“It was when we first met, our previous lives,” She answered. “It doesn’t happen all the time, but when I look into someone’s eyes while they are touching me, I can see the past. My name is Areigna, but I went by Reign, and I have a twin brother. Aside from gender, we are identical twins. My birthday falls on the equinox, at the time of a total eclipse. From the time we could talk, my brother and I were taught many languages.”

Both boys looked at Areigna, “Is that why you said, Seto and I would think you’re crazy?”

Areigna nodded, eyes grew distant, “I come from somewhere beyond space and time, a place that shouldn’t exist in this world.” She began playing with the amulet again after climbed back on the bed with Seto by her side, “The patterns on this amulet are a language, and when look at in the right light I’m able to read it. On top of that, this strange power allows me to know things I shouldn’t; like your family’s accident and why you’re at that orphanage.”

Seto and Mokuba took her hands in theirs. “We believe you,” Seto said. He now understood his desire to keep Areigna safe, “You can’t tell anyone about this, no matter what.

“Is there anything else you remember,” Mokuba asked.

The girl nodded, “But Seto...” she paused. “You are not going to like this.”

“Why not?”

“Do you remember the officer?” The boys looked at each other and nodded, “He came to visit me alone. He said my brother and I were to be eibhō dōsos {sex slaves} and when he called me Potnja Reign {Lady Reign} I knew he was telling the truth.”

“He called you Lady,” Seto said with a hard edge to his voice, “so you are a princess?”

“We were the queen’s grandchildren. The man told me our grandmother, Queen Zelyna, was jealous of the attention we received, so she sold us; me to a man who wanted a sex slave, and my brother to a woman who wanted someone she could train to be an obedient toy.” She looked back out at the ocean, “He told me the sky look was darker than he’d ever seen it that day. ‘It was like the god were punishing the Queen for selling you,’ he said, ‘but I’m just as guilty, because I made a bid for you as well.’ That night the king was told my brother and I were playing too close to the cliffs and we drowned. When the man got home, he found out the ships we were on sank. He said he’d make sure I was sent to the same orphanage as you. I don’t know what happened between the two of you, but you scared him.”

***** (End Flashback) *****

“Hey Seto,” as the finale light of the sun was chased from the sky Areigna ran her hand through the hazel hair of her best friend. His eyes met hers as she took a long deep breath, “There isn’t an easy way to say this, but I can’t put it off any longer.”

The boy sat up alarmed, “What happened?” his majestic blue eyes reflected a hint of fear remembering how this girl cried to him the first time she was subjected to the torture that came with having parents like theirs.

“It’s not like that,” Seto moved loose strands of hair behind Areigna’s ear and lifted her face to meet his gaze. “This is just so hard for me to say, and I wish there was another way, but there isn’t. Yamato just bought out several tech companies state side and we will be moving overseas for a while.”

“Your butlers can look after you like they have been since the adoption,” Seto hated the fact he hadn’t been able to protect his friend the way he wanted to, and if she moved...it was just something he didn’t want to consider.

Trying to think of a way to comfort her friend Areigna said, “I tried that already. Yamato just said he wanted to be sure no one could use me against him so I wouldn’t be left on my own.”

“But if you leave me...” Areigna bit her lower lip forgetting the effect it had on her friend. Seto decided to change the subject, cupping the girls chin he run his thumb over her lips.

“Seto?”

“Your lips are mine to bite,” Seto said darkly his voice sounding almost primal. He pressed his lips to the girls, with a carnal need he forced her to the ground. Areigna knew this was as far as Seto was willing to go, legal consenting age or not; but she didn’t care any attention from this boy was enough for her.

Areigna moaned softly as Seto’s leg grinded on her sensitive clit. Her arms pressed against his chest as their tongues fought for dominance. The boy’s hands explored Areigna’s body one stopping to rest behind her knee the other twisted in her hair, pulling it tightly. Areigna arched her back grinding up on Seto, this time it was his turn to moan; he leaned his head back breaking the kiss. Nipping at the girls neck he flipped them; his hands pressed into her back, his face buried in her cleavage.

“Seto,” Areigna breathed heavily her hips moving across his covered cock, “I don’t have a choice in the matter,” he hugged her to him noticing she was silently crying. The two were getting close to their climax when Areigna continued, “I can’t stand the thought of leaving you, but he won’t budge. I can see what he means by ‘not wanting me used against him’.” Both teenagers let out a moan as they came hard. Panting they lay on the sandy shore, “I need to know no matter what happens to us in the upcoming years. I need to know nothing will ever change between us. I need your promise.”

Seto gently played with the platinum hair of his best friend, “I swear I will always protect you.” He cradled Areigna as she settled into a more comfortable position. Tears fell down her cheeks, but without looking you wouldn’t be able to tell. Seto tried his best to reassure her things would be fine, “No matter what happens, nothing will ever change between us.” Areigna could tell he was just as scared as her, kissing the top of her head he said, “lets camp here tonight.”

Areigna smiled and nodded already falling asleep. Seto sent a text to Mokuba informing his little brother of the situation, promising to be home before their father noticed. With their hands tied, and no way to help, the two just prayed Areigna’s Gods would protect her.

Two

'No matter what happens, nothing will ever change between us.' Seto's words raced through Areigna's mind. It had been nearing four years since she had moved, three and a half years since she started her career as "The Singing Goddess" known as REIGN YAKUSHI, and two years since the accident and Gozoabru's disappeared.

"Get into place," A stagehand said. "Final wardrobe check."

Areigna had been thinking a lot about Seto recently. He hadn't really kept his promise, but she knew he wouldn't. She kept him up to date on her life through e-mail, and she kept up to date on Seto's through the news. Mokuba and Seto would e-mail, text, and call her daily, but Mokuba's accident changed everything. Areigna knew Seto blamed himself, *'If I had been there my brother would still be alive,'* it was all she could do to keep him from tracking down and killing the man. *'I swear I will always protect you,'* she also knew he was still checking her messages, because she missed a "check-in" due to the lack of service and broken-down tour bus. Minutes after Seto should have received her message, the local police were pulling up with a tow truck.

"Lights, props, que the fog and..." The music began playing, the stagehand pointed to Areigna.

Eight months into her two-year world tour, this was Areigna's 17th concert. "Hello Dublin," she yelled, walking onto the stage. Her clothing had become a little risky after the accident, her favorite outfit being: a Faux leather studded bra with straps that connected to a choker; matching leather skirt that hung to low on her hips, making it imposable to bend over; and thigh high 13 inch spiked boots. The arena was packed, and the crowd roared with excitement. "I have a great mix for you tonight from my new album *COVER*. I'm going to start off with one of my favorites by G Tom Mac (Gerard McMahon) titled *Cry Little Sister*." Without a pause Areigna went straight into the next song, by Alice Copper—*Poison*.

This was followed by The Pretty Reckless—*Take Me Down* and *Fucked Up World*, Egypt Central—*White Rabbit* and *The Drug, Pt. 1*, Stone Sour—*Absolute Zero* and *Through Glass*, Halestorm—*Still of the Night* and *Let Me in Your Room*, Five Finger Death Punch—*Wrong Side of Heaven* and *Remember Everything*, Starset—*Monster*, *My Demons*, and *Trials*, My Darkest Days—*Porn Star Dancing*, and Hinder—*All American Nightmare*.

Areigna was lost in thought hiding out in her dressing room, "18 songs in and 8 more to go," she laughed, "and you were scared this tour was a bad idea Father." Areigna knew she had to return to the stage soon, this was just a wardrobe change. Finishing off her water, she started feeling dizzy and couldn't keep her thoughts from drifting back to her hazel haired friend. She decided to text Seto, but all he received was a blank message. *'What is wrong with me,'* Areigna thought looking at her reflection.

"I slipped you something so just try and relax miss Ishikora," a voice said before pushing her against the vanity. "It's too bad your security suck at their job."

“What do you want from me?” Areigna asked fighting the haze washing over her. *‘He’s Russian,’* she thought, *‘probably mafia. His hands are soft with a roughness that says he’s been doing this for a while. If he was going to take me, he wouldn’t be waiting for the drug...’* It didn’t take long for her to realize what he was waiting for, “The stagehand will come looking for me if I miss my que.”

“I guess it was a good thing I found a look alike,” the man slid his hand under her top painfully twisting her nipple. “Yamato owes me quite a lot of money,” his other hand moved down the front of her skirt a device replacing his fingers on her clit.

“No, what is that? You’re hurting me,” Areigna whimpered at the painful sensation going through her lower half, “it feels like electricity! Stop, please.” Her screams of pain were drowned out by the music, *‘He has to be using a taser,’* at this point she was just pretending to be scared, waiting for the perfect moment she could run, but her pain was real.

When he turned off the taser Areigna collapsed holding the vanity and her stomach. “You are going to help give Yamato a message?” The man grabbed Areigna’s silver hair yanking her to her feet. This time he shoved her face down on a table and ripped off her panties. “I am told you are still a virgin,” he toyed with her clit threatening her entrance, “Fucking you will be payment this time.” He buried his face in her hair and kissed the back of her neck.

“Dimitri, I’m begging you,” the words were out before she knew it. *‘Shit, I can’t lose my virginity to this man, but whatever he slipped me is strong. It’s so hard to stay focused.’*

“You are too smart for your own good little girl,” she felt him shift to undo his pants, “Yamato taught you well.”

“He taught me how to defend myself against the Underground,” Areigna grabbed a kunai hidden in her skirt and stabbed the Russian in the leg barely missing the artery.

“Fucking cunt,” the man yelled as the girl run from the room, “someone grab that bitch and when you do make sure you aren’t gentle.”

Areigna ran down the hallway trying to find a way to safety. She was turning corners, dogging fake security, and sliding through legs. “Stop her before she reaches the street,” a man with unruly white hair yelled he reminded the girl of a scarecrow. By the time she made it to the emergency exit, the drug was beginning to take full effect.

Once outside, Areigna ran through the ally. Dialing a number on her phone, she desperately wished Seto were there. She hadn’t been watching where she was going and ran straight into the arms of a guy with magenta hair and mauve bangs. He and the group with him were wearing an *ALL ACCESS PASS* for the concert. *‘Don’t make eye contact, don’t make eye contact, don’t make—’* she thought, but it was too late, Caribbean seafoam eyes were already lost in a pair of magenta eyes. “Help me,” was all she was able to say before the two were transported to Ancient Egypt.

***** (Egypt 3,000 Years Ago) *****

“Joeri,” priest Seto said.

“Pharaoh I captured these thieves entering your treasure room,” Joeri was dressed as officer. He shoved three prisoners to their knees, “This is Merik and Bakura, the girl is unknown and refuses to speak.”

A sadistic smile crossed the pharaoh’s lips. “They were working together?”

“Yes, my Pharaoh,” Joeri said, “Bakura and Merik began working together some time ago. There was talk they were sharing a girl, but nothing was known of her.”

The pharaoh walked to the three his eyes settled on the girl. White hair, porcelain skin, fierce and unbroken Caribbean seafoam eyes, she would cost a fortune at the slave market; the price for her alone would cover whatever they stole. As he studied her, something deep within this man wanted to claim her as his own.

“Pharaoh,” priest Seto started, “what do you wish to do with them? Should I bring the tablets and have their soles seal—”

“I have another idea,” the voice was dark and emotionless, “I am feeling forgiving today.” The Pharaoh circled the three before stopping in front of the girl, “Marik, Bakura your crimes are punishable by death...”

“NO!” the girls cry seemed lyrical, “No, please you can’t kill them, please.”

The room fell silent. This was the first time Joeri or his men had heard the girl speak. The pharaoh lifted his hand as the solders moved forward, “I did state I was in a forgiving mood,” his violet eyes met her unnatural green gaze, “I will let the three of you choose. I must make an example of someone so one of you three will die. I will free one of you and the last will become my slave.”

Shock spread across the prisoner’s faces. How could they ever choose to kill one of their own or sentence another to slavery. Bakura had been left alone after his people was slaughtered to create the totems the pharaoh and his court had. Merik lost everything when the pharaoh’s solders destroyed his home. The only good thing that happened to them was the girl they found and raised. She had become their sister and this man was trying to take them from her.

“Take me,” a soft voice said. Bakura and Merik turned to look at the girl.

“NO!” Bakura said standing to his feet and facing her.

“NO!” Merik mimicked his friend.

The silver hair of the girl covered her face as she said, “Take me and let them go.” Her eyes lifted to meet the pharaoh’s. He was looking at her with curiosity, “Please let my brothers go. They saved me, took care of me, feed me, and found me cloths. I never asked how, I was simply happy someone was there.” Both men started to object, “You shouldn’t be here, you were only caught because you fallowed me.” Tears ran down the girl’s face, “Please take me in exchange for them. I will give you my freedom, my life, my existence. I’m untouched, still pure. I’ll do anything as long as both can walk away.”

"You need to stop," Merik said.

"He plans on killing us for our crimes," Bakura added, "just let us—"

"Take the blame," the girl snapped, "no way. If I had listened to you in the first place..." she paused before continuing, "I broke into the palace. I thought I was alone; I had no idea they were following me. I wasn't after your treasure, all I wanted was an herb. There are children that are sick and without this herb they could die. When I went to the market, I was told that herb was for the pharaoh and his family. I tried to ask the guards at the palace gate for some, but they just laughed at me. The children are sick because your soldiers rapped them and left them for dead..."

"My men wou—" Joeri tried to interrupt.

"Merik and Bakura tried to stop me from coming here, but I had to help those children." Her eyes locked on Joeri's, he could see a fire blazing within them, "They are about to walk in, so ask them yourself if you don't believe me."

She was right. The soldiers walked in just in time to be questioned about the assault and dealt with accordingly. Seto advised his cousin to accept her proposal, as he saw something in her that would benefit and challenge everyone in the room.

***** (End Vision) *****

Areigna shifted slightly feeling an arm wrap around her, "Welcome back to the land of the living," a dark voice said, before adding, "Mind telling me what the hell that was?"

"Mind telling me who you are and where the hell I am," Snowy hair tickled the boy's nose as Areigna turned to see magenta eyes looking back at her.

"My name is Yuri and you are at the hospital," he moved straddling Areigna and pinned her to the bed. *'I wonder if it will happen again; if I'll see something else?'* His breath tickled as he leaned in to kiss her neck. "Now answer my questions," he whispered closing the gap between them, "what happened back in that ally and why do I feel like killing the person you were running from?"

She could feel he had a dark thirst, equal to that of a vampire. There was an overpowering evil deep within his soul, despite that she felt safe. *'Can I tell him the truth?'* Yuri nipped at Areigna's collarbone playing with her hair, *'If he was friends with Seto back then I should be able to trust him.'*

"Why do I feel like this?" He asked continuing to nip at her collarbone. *'I can't lose control... I can't let her see my dark side. I need to stop, but it would be just so easy to take advantage of this situation.'*

Areigna was lost in Yuri's kisses and she knew if she let him continue the result would end badly, "Like what?" Her words came out breathless. The full force of his body pressed down on her. His hand continued to play with her hair as the free hand entwined their fingers..

“I want to possess and possess and protect you. I want to claim your body but I’m afraid of what I might do to you. There’s more, however I don’t know how to put it into words.”

“You have an overwhelming darkness in you,” Areigna said, “You don’t know how to control it.” Using her free hand, she tried to push Yuri back, “You need to stop now. If you don’t your darkness will consume you and you will do something you regret.” Another vision raced through Yuri’s mind causing him to move away from the bed. “The vision in the ally was when our souls met for the first time,” she answered honestly. “The way you feel now is the result of your past lives. You’re remembering them and how you felt during them. The vision you just had was what you are capable of if you lose control of your dark side.”

Areigna stood in front of Yuri holding his hands, “So I was some General in an army that took you prisoner and fell for you or something?”

Areigna hadn’t felt this vulnerable in months, “Egyptian army 3,000 years ago.” She saw the same possessiveness in Yuri, that she saw in Seto, “It was our first life together. You had feelings for me, but I belonged to the Pharaoh and you my protector along with the High Priest Seto.” Areigna nuzzled Yuri’s chest and closed her eyes. “Preko ghawod stawo, ei pontis tu cistis km̄ti me pilos, ei abhro sekn̄is {Please don’t stop, the way you play with my hair, it’s very soothing}.” Timidly and with a shaky voice she said, “Ego jowestos wekmi ana leito weiks {I just want to go home}.”

***** (20 Minutes Later) *****

Yuri sat against the top of the bed flicking through the TV channels. He played with Areigna’s hair. The girl had decided to send Seto a message informing him she was safe and thank him for calling the police.

To: Seto Kaiba

From: Areigna Ishikora

Subject: Safe

Thank you. Someone snuck into my dressing room and drugged me. I’m at the hospital with Yuri Sakaki. I know you’re going to run a check on the name, but I can tell you he makes me feel the way you do. He knows about my power, by accident. I ran into him outside the building I was singing at. The two of you were close friends in ancient Egypt.

I wanted to tell you how much I missed you.. I just really want you to message me or call, anything would be better than silence right now. And I want you to know my feelings haven’t changed if anything they have only gotten stronger.

As always love your Rei

“I’m sorry to bother you miss,” a young man in a police uniform said. He looked to be around 22-25 years of age with messy fire red hair and bright emerald eyes. His voice was light and timed as if he felt out of place. “I’m Officer Reid and this is Officer McLoughlin. My partner and I have a few questions we need to ask. Do you mind if we come in and talk?”

The second officer was slightly older, blue eyes and cherry hair, “We would have asked earlier; however, you were unresponsive when you were brought in.” This man had more confidence than his partner.

Areigna narrowed her eyes and nodded, “Qodhei esmi {Where is} Yuri?” The young man wrapped his arms around Areigna from behind her, calming her instantly. “I’ll tell you what I can.”

“Like what?” Officer Reid asked.

“For starters, the amateurs you picked up where a few locals,” the ash-blond hugged herself. “I know who drugged me, but I can’t tell you his name.”

“Why not?” Officer McLoughlin asked annoyed.

“I’m forbidden to say.”

“His first name is Dimitri,” Yuri said. “He’s with the Russian mafia and a business associate of her father. The man broke into Reign’s dressing room, drugged her, and tried to rape her after he used a taser for a vibrator. She only got away after stabbing him with a knife she keeps in her skirts.”

“She told you this?”

“Not exactly,” Yuri looked at Areigna, *‘I can’t really explain it. It’s like when we locked eyes in that ally, I saw everything. I could hear her voice in my head telling me what just happened.’* After thinking about the question Yuri finally answered, “She was talking in her sleep saying Dimitri, taser between legs, Russian Mafia, father business, tried rape, etc. I just put the pieces together.”

Officer McLoughlin noticed Areigna’s fidgeting worsen, “What’s that on your back?” the man made no attempt to touch the girl, but he was drawn to a barely visible mark on her back. “Is that a tattoo?”

“My father insisted I get it when I was adopted. He said by having this *brand* I would be safe from the men he did business with. It was just recently that his business associates have been targeting me. I can only assume it’s because they want to get a message to my father, or they are after my best friend. I’m sorry but I’m tired, the drugs haven’t had time to leave my system and I’ve answered all the questions I can.”

By the time the officers left the concert had been over for an hour. Yuri leaned against the top of the bed Areigna rested between his legs. As if on instinct he played with her silver hair,

“You shouldn’t fight sleep. I won’t leave you alone, but you should know my parents are on their way to get me.”

“I’d feel safer if you stayed with tonight.”

“I will do my best Reign,” Yuri said and kissed Areigna’s hair. *‘What have I gotten myself into? My parents will hate the idea, but if I told them I saved her, and she feels safest when I’m here.’*

“Yuri!” a kind, but stern voice said, “What kind of trouble have you gotten yourself into now?”

“Wow bro,” a blue haired, blond banded look alike said, “you’re in the hospital and you—Is that Areigna!”

“Mom, Dad, pains in my ass,” Yuri said as his family entered the room, “I’m not the one in trouble in fact you could say I’m the hero.”

“Yuri, ne djejo ego bhewmi sesmi kei {Yuri, don’t move I’m sleeping here},” all heads turned to the girl.

“I’m sorry,” Yuri pet Areigna’s hair, “but my parents and reason I was at the concert just walked in and the way we are laying...” He looked at his parents, both standing in shock, “Reign I should really move now.”

“Yuri please don’t leave me,” Areigna met Yuri’s gaze. “I don’t want to be alone. What if he comes back, or someone worse? I don’t let anyone see me act this weak but I’m terrified.”

Yuri pulled the girl up their lips barely touching, “I vow I will never leave you alone.” He pressed his lips to Areigna’s surprising her, “You are my goddess and I am here to serve and protect you until I am no longer needed or my last breath. If it is your wish, I do not move then I will suffer in silence beneath your lovely body.”

“My dear commander I want you to protect me always,” Areigna smiled, “but what we have cannot go further than this. I am the Pharaoh’s servant and you his personal guard.”

“I have a responsibility to protect the future queen in her time of need,” Yuri brushed his fingers through silver hair, “as much as I want you as my own, I will never overstep.”

“Is that really our brother?” A gothic looking young man with black hair and purple bangs said. Areigna noticed the 5 young men looked identical the only difference was their hair and eye color were different.

“Are you quintuplets?” Areigna asked.

“Unfortunately,” Yuri responded. He shifted to a more innocent position, “Mom, Dad and my brothers. I wish I could say they’re adopted but we look too much alike.” He looked over at his family, “To answer your question Yugo, yes this is Areigna. And no Yuto my brain has not been remodified or taken over.” Looking back at the girl he continued lifting her chin for

another kiss, “I found a reason to exist, my purpose, whatever you want to call it, I found it in me deiwa {my goddess}.”

As Areigna slept Yuri informed his family what had happened. He left out the past life experience, but he did tell them his desire to protect the girl. Leaving out a lot of the details he explained the attack and how he saved Areigna. Yuri’s brothers felt a strong connection to Areigna and begged their parents to stay at the hospital. The next morning Areigna woke to her 28-year-old butler, Sebastien. He helped her get dressed after being discharged, she thanked Yuri for everything he did to help her. She gave them her personal contact information and told them to call or message any time before telling them goodbye.

Three

The Ironheart jet landed on the small island Nekami Ensla {Killer Island}, “You must be Elric?” the voice belonged to an elderly man, his body mostly wrapped in bandages. He dressed in a kimono and wooden shoes.

“Danzo Shimura?” the 26-year-old asked. “I want your best. I’m after Yamato Ishikora’s daughter.”

“Fallow me,” the man nodded. “I’m told quite a few groups after this girl. Your father told you about the Underground and its high members?”

“I know all about it,” Elric said. “Yamato is in a prominent position and that makes it difficult. One of his friends on the force, Solf Kimblee, tried to buy Areigna but someone out bid him. The Kaiba boys found her near death on Rei’s Beach. Kimblee was one of the officers called to the scene. He visited Areigna at the hospital a few days later finding out she had amnesia. He made the arrangements to have her placed in the same orphanage as the boys. After words he contacted Yamato and my father informing them of her unique powers. After they met Areigna, Yamato ended up being the one to adopt her.”

Danzo led the man to a building with spy gear and other equipment. The groups stopped their training exercises to watch as Elric was told to sit at a table covered in files, “You seem to know quite a lot about this girl, so why do you need my men?”

“That’s right,” Elric said sliver bangs falling in his eyes as he looked through the files. “My brothers and I have experienced her power firsthand and it’s something that cannot be put into words. Yamato and my father have been using her in some crazy experiments.” The groups eavesdrop eager to learn more about this girl.

“So, tell me what you want with this girl?” Danzo asked.

Elric looked up at the man, “To be honest I want to fuck her aside from that I want to use her powers to rise to the top.”

Danzo handed the younger man a file. “These five should be just what you need. They are my most elite having earned many titles in this organization. Their skills are unmatched, and they work best as a team. Isn’t that right my Death Gods?” Danzo smiled at Elric’s confusion, “Why don’t you come introduce yourselves,” he said and turned to leave as the group of five stepped out of the shadows, curiosity reflecting in their eyes. He placed a hand on the leader’s shoulder and in a hushed voice added, “I expect you to do as you are told. We cannot afford another incident, can we?”

Heero Yuy Duo Maxwell

Trowa Barton

Quatre Raberba
Winner

Wufei
Chang

Code Name: Kyra	Code Name: Shinigami	Code Name: Nikuya	Code Name: Azrael	Code Name: Arawn
Ethnic origin: Japanese	Ethnic origin: American	Ethnic origin: Russian	Ethnic origin: Arabian	Ethnic origin: Chinese
Height: 156 cm	Height: 156 cm (5ft, 1 1/2in)	Height: 160 cm	Height: 156 cm	Height: 156 cm
Weight: 45 kg	Weight: 43 kg (94.8lb)	Weight: 44 kg	Weight: 41 kg	Weight: 46 kg
Hair: Dark Brown	Hair Color: Chestnut Brown (waist length; braid)	Eye color: Dark green	Eye color: Blue	Eye color: Black
Eyes: Prussian Blue	Eye Color: Cobalt Bluish-Violet eyes	Hair color: Brown	Hair color: Platinum gold	Hair color: Black
Skills and Abilities: Close Combat Computer Hacking Firearms Explosives Self-discipline	Skills and Abilities: Basic Combat Firearms Melee Weaponry Cloaking/Sensor-scrambling Communication (bug/hack communications) Computer Hacking	Skills and Abilities: Acrobatics Firearms Infiltration tactics Mechanics Emotional control Tamer (able to calm humans & animals with ease)	Skills and Abilities: High Endurance Extrasensory Awareness (Perceptive) Limited Telepathy/Empathy Medical Knowledge Poison Expert	Skills and Abilities: Close Quarter Combat Hand to Hand Combat Intelligence Aptitude in Sciences

Extreme Mechanics
Body
Control

Drug Manipulation

Ability to
Reason

	Weapons:		Weapons:	
	Firearms		Firearms	
Weapons: Firearms	Explosives		Explosives	Weapons: Firearms
	Technological gadgets (watch and personal beam-propeller glider)		Knives/Daggers	Weapons: Swords

***** (Flashback Areigna age 9) *****

A boy lay on the sand, of a deserted beach, “You’re getting me wet and blocking my sun.” He looked up at the girl straddling his hips, a sea colored gaze met his majestic blue as if searching his soul. “What?” his tone reflected alarm.

“Seto, are you sure you want to challenge him?” she asked, both unaware they were being watched. “What if you lose? Or even worse, you win, and he doesn’t want all three of us?”

He ran his fingers through the white hair of his friend, and smiled at her tenderly, “I plan on winning Rei,” his voice was determined. “I have to win for my brother, and for you.”

“Is that her, crotsos bhrātēr {big brother} ?” A young man of 18 asked. His dark bangs hung in his amber eyes.

“Jāi paukos bhrātēr {Yes little brothers} It is.”

Another young man of 18 with the same dark hair and amber eyes leaned on the fence with crossed arms, “Shouldn’t we tell the master?”

“Not yet.” The two looked at their older brother. “Aloysius, whatever you and Ceil are thinking, forget it. Besides, we can’t go against orders.”

“Yeah, but...” Aloysius trailed off.

“Hey, Bastien,” Ceil placed his hands on the fence.

“Yeah, what is it?”

“We were thinking,” Aloysius said sadly, “what do you think Yamato is going to do with her?”

“I don’t know,” Sebastien responded. “We’ll call from the limo, the two are leaving.” Sebastien, Ceil, and Aloysius road anxiously to the orphanage.

A man about 18 was waiting for them to arrive, “Gozoaburo, Yamato, my dad and the others are just finishing. What took you?”

“Traffic,” Sebastien said bowing.

They walked in just in time to see Seto challenge Gozoaburo to a chess match, “If I win you adopt me, my brother, and my friend.” Gozoaburo accepted the challenge thinking he couldn’t lose to a kid, but Seto had the upper hand, he had memorized all the man’s game strategies.

Yamato chose that very moment to approach Areigna, “Your friend is good. Gozoaburo hasn’t got a chance in Hell of winning.”

“I know—”

“Your right to worry.”

Areigna examined Yamato. He appeared young, mid 30’s, no mark where a wedding ring should be, his aura radiating with danger. His deep azure eyes entranced her as he took hold of her hand and kissed it softly. She envisioned him as an ancient gladiator, a friend of the Roman Emperor Caesar; a betrayer of the crown and conqueror of kingdoms. Seto’s sharp possessive gaze caused Yamato to break eye contact, bringing Areigna back to reality.

She snatched her hand away and turned back to the game, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Her visions of the past were happening a lot more often, but she still couldn’t remember anything from this life.

“Gozoaburo will lose, your friend will be adopted, and you will be left all alone.”

His words cut deep, but she knew they were true. ‘How could he know?’ Areigna thought.

The girl jumped at a voice that came from behind her, “What do you know about your family, where you came from?” The white-haired male placed a hand on her shoulder and knelt on one knee; once again Areigna was lost, this time, to his violet gaze. The man standing before now was Middle Eastern, a cruel Sultan, who got off on watching his people suffer and things he did to his concubine was unimageable.

“Dartz,” Yamato hissed.

Again, Seto’s sharp possessive gaze brought Areigna back to reality. She felt dizzy as she tried to focus on the last few minutes of the game. Once her head cleared enough, she answered, “The only thing I remember is the ocean. Seto found me on a beach, I was barely alive, my cloths ripped by the surf. I remember my birthday and someone telling me I was incredibly special because I’d been born on the equinox, at the time of a total eclipse. This amulet is my

only clue to where I come from. I know this isn't my true home, and I come from the sea, aside from that, I know nothing else about my past." Choosing not to mention how she arrived, Areigna looked at the two with a hint of knowing in her eyes, then she looked back at her friend. "We as humans are doomed to repeat the past; to live and die as we did in our previous lives, forced to make the same mistakes with each reincarnation, unless we can find a way to change our fate." Areigna spoke with an understanding far beyond her 9 years of existence. She started to go congratulate Seto when she paused, her eyes never left his, "I knew he would refuse me. He didn't expect to lose, but Seto's determination to protect his brother is the only thing that drives him, it's the only reason he's never lost at anything. Officer Kimblee said he'd contact someone he trusted. Without him I'd chose Yamato, even if he is a sadistic bastard, his aura reads safer than yours Dartz."

"In that case," Yamato smirked and snapped his fingers. The three men that had been standing off to the side walked over. They knelt by Areigna and bowed their heads, one hand on their knee the other formed a fist on the ground. "Let me introduce you to your personal butlers, Sebastien, Ceil, and Aloysius Gjeolhan."

"What is your command my mistress," The three said in unison.

***** (End Flashback) *****

'I should have known that bastard wouldn't come get me himself,' Areigna thought hitting send on her phone. Under the glow of the moon, her white hair sparkled like moonbeams as she looked out at the dark cotton candy sky. "Not that it really matters or anything but why didn't Yamato come get me?" her voice was unreadable as she waited for Seto's replay, knowing it wouldn't come.

'But you do care, Mermaid,' Sebastien thought looking at the young woman in the rearview mirror, wondered when *his* little girl had grown into this amazing confident strong-willed 16-year-old. "Yamato wanted to come and get you but there was an emergency at the research facility," a hint of a smile crossed Areigna's lips. "When your father was informed of the attack, he walked out of an extremely important meeting with the Akaba's."

"He actually walked out of a meeting?" Areigna asked in surprise.

Sebastien laughed, "He did, and the look on Leo's face was priceless; Declan didn't even know how he should respond."

"I wish I could have seen it. What were they negotiating anyway?"

"Some form of cloning as far as I could tell or DNA replication and creation. Basically, *Jurassic Park* and *Splice* taught them nothing." The limo turned down a coastal road, the white-haired youth couldn't resist the urge to roll down her window. "I'm not taking his side, but Yamato truly hated he wasn't able to come get you himself."

Areigna let out a soft sigh, "I know in his own sick twisted way he cares about me." Seafoam eyes met amber eyes in the rearview mirror, "I know everything he put me through was to make me stronger, to teach me how to stay cool under pressure, to survive, and prepare me for any danger given who his associates are."

“What is really on your mind?”

“I keep thinking about Seto,” the girl sighed and leaned back against the cool leather. She looked up at the ceiling, before closing her eyes, “Qalis mlakos mogho ego eiko bhutos {How foolish could I have been}” Areigna mumbled to herself. “Yamato tortured me nonstop, but he did show some kindness, unlike Gozoaburo.” Sleep was beginning to take hold of the girl, “You know Sebastien, I didn’t mind the extreme discipline that much, nor did I mind the punishments after a while. Then moving here gave me a chance to find my voice and take back my life, but Seto was my only reason for singing. I did it to have the chance to be with him, I doubt he waited though. Seto wanted me to be his first everything, and he’s...he...” She paused tears streaked her face, “I thought I could trust him to keep his promise, but after Mokuba and Gozoaburo’s death, I guess I was wrong.”

Areigna slowly drifted off to sleep under the intense gaze of her private butler. ‘Reign,’ Sebastien thought, ‘*you will never get over the boy that saved your life on the beach that day.*’ He knew all too well how sadistic and creative Yamato Ishikora could be with shock collars, riding crops, and tasers, but he also knew the secret about who Areigna truly was; something that Gozoaburo Kaiba hadn’t realized, when she and Seto were adopted. ‘*If only you remembered the truth of your royal blood little mermaid...*’

***** (Areigna’s Dream) *****

Areigna entered the dark mansion, “Father, I have something to discuss with you.” her voice was strong and determined. She was willing to walk through fire by this point. Areigna was going to give her father a birthday surprise he wouldn’t forget. She had expected to see her father, but something was wrong, ‘My father should have answered by this point; or at least one of the servants.’

Areigna turned the corner entering Yamato’s study when she froze at the site of her father’s lifeless body. All she could focus on was the blank expression and her father’s eyes glazed, a trail of blood coming from his mouth and a single bullet hole to the chest and another to the forehead.

Cold metal was pressed to the back of her head, “Don’t move.” The voice was cold, emotionless, “keep your eyes on the ground.” Her heart raced as she heard the click of a gun being cocked.

***** (End Dream) *****

Sebastien looked at the sleeping girl and smiled, ‘*One of these days you will be the death of us all.*’ he thought as he started up the long winding driveway.

‘*I wonder if that was just a dream, or a warning?*’ Areigna thought as the limo came to a stop. The estate was completely dark giving the man a sense of unease, “Sebastien don’t worry about my things; I’ll get them later,” Areigna said waving from the steps. ‘*I hope he doesn’t notice me trembling,*’ she thought.

“When did you—”

“As soon as you parked,” Areigna smiled over her shoulder, “Yamato is probably still at the office or out with a hooker. We had a long day, just go home, and get some sleep. We can deal with my bags in the morning.” After making sure Sebastien was gone, she entered the large doors, *‘Whatever you do, don’t come back to the manor tonight.’*

“Father?” Areigna called out. The mansion was unusually quiet, and nothing happened when she tried the lights. “I ended the tour,” she said making her way through the dark, afraid of what she would find in the lounge, but her father wasn’t there. Areigna walked from room to room but, there was no sign of Yamato anywhere. She hadn’t seen a single servant, hadn’t heard her father yelling, and she was beginning to get worried. “I decided to take a break from singing and finish high school.” She made her way up the stairs, something inside her was screaming run but she also knew she may never get to see Yamato if she didn’t continue. *‘Running water,’* The ash-blond stopped at her father’s door, *‘What if it’s one of his mob connections...’*

“Keep your eyes forward,” the voice was cold and emotionless, the steel of a gun pressed to the back of her head, “open the door and go to the bathroom. If you do everything, I say you might make it out alive. If you make eye contact with anyone except you father, I *will* kill you.”

“My daughter has nothing to do with this Kyra, just let her go,” Yamato said in a growl. His eyes softly asked his daughter, *“Does he know you made it to the house?”*

“No,” Areigna answered. She and Yamato had found a way for them to communicate with their eyes.

“Do you think we would just let her walk away old man,” a different voice said. “As ordered the servants have been taken care of.”

“What are we doing with this goddess?” a third more angelic voice asked.

“Our orders were to kill everyone,” The male holding the gun said. “That’s what you wanted to know right?” He could feel Areigna’s legs starting to give out as he answered her unspoken question. “Now Yamato start cooperating, or I will start torturing her right in front of you.”

“Before I do,” Yamato said, “I have something I need to tell my daughter.” The man nodded, “Thank you Reign. This is the best birthday gift I could ask for. I want you to know I’m thankful you chose me at the orphanage that day, I know it couldn’t have been easy seeing what kind of man I was and accepting my offer to adopt you.”

Areigna noticed Yamato holding something in his right hand and it seemed these men hadn’t noticed it, “Pōtēr dhídhēmi-dhōkjō ghawōd gálgaljō iwe tū seqō mānos. {Father please don’t talk like you’re saying goodbye.}”

“Egō spes tū moghō me, qe egō tū dō peumi weqtis egō bhūm ana tū bēlowents. Me cīwos sētjosi, mō tū mudstos cejwō. {I hope you can forgive me, and I want you to understand everything I did was to make you stronger. My life is meaningless, but you must survive.}” Yamato turned his attention to the group standing behind his daughter, “Please don’t make her watch this.”

The gun was removed just long enough to have five bullets removed, the chamber was spun and placed back to the girl's head, "Let's see if the bitch knows how to listen any better than you do, strip."

Terrified Areigna grabbed her shirt pulling it off slowly she exposed a tattoo used by the Underground. Yamato closed his eyes and looked away as she stepped out of her pants, "Stop this," he said pained. "Please don't do anything to her. Just let my daughter leave, lock her in another room, anything but don't force her to watch you torture me. Interrogate me any way you want. I'll tell you anything without a fight just let her go."

Heero pulled the trigger beginning the game of Russian Roulette, "I left one bullet looks like that wasn't it." The gun was re-cocked, "Finish taking off your cloths, Areigna." She slipped out of her bra and panties leaving only her amulet, "The way I see it you have three options: you keep this up and I shoot your little girl, I shoot you so you slowly bleed out as we rape her right in front of you, or you do everything we say answering every question we have and I promise nothing bad happens to her. It's your choice."

'I doubt she e-mailed her protector,' Yamato thought about his options started stripping and climbed into the water. He knew he wasn't making it out alive, "Tell me who sent you?"

"Sorry old man," an American voice said smiling, "we ask the questions and you answer. And my first question is when did she get this tattoo?"

Areigna remembered Yamato telling her, *'It's for your safety.'* It was the reason he had forced her to get *that* tattoo, his words rang loud and clear now, *'You know I'm connected to many underground crime rings, if any of them see this brand, you will at least have a chance of surviving.'*

"I took her to get it when the adoption was complete."

"How many of your guys have fucked her," Areigna tensed and tried not to react as Duo wrapped his arms around her from behind. He pinched her nipple and played with her clit rubbing it slowly, "better yet how many times have you?"

"None to both your questions. She is my daughter; I might have beaten her with various whips and crops and used various shock collars when I was disciplining her but that's all I ever did. I adopted her because one of my butlers had taken an interest in her and I knew the Ironhearts wanted her for a unique power she possesses."

"So, you got her for the butlers entertainment?" Duo said angrily releasing the girl.

"NO! If she fucked anyone it was her choice. I adopted her so the Ironhearts couldn't abuse her powers." The questions went on until the group started diving into a project Yamato refused to acknowledge. *'I'm sorry it has come to this Reign I just hope I bought you enough time,'* he looked at his daughter with regret, "Areigna, I'm sorry for abusing you and your power the way I did. I'm very proud of you. It took me some time to realize but I love you as if you were truly my blood. I know I'm not getting out of this alive and someday soon I hope you can see how much I care about you and forgive me."

“I did know the type of person you were and could have become. I chose you because I knew you wouldn’t turn me out like Gozoaburo Kaiba or Dartz Ironheart. I already forgave you for everything, the torture and moving me out of Damino.” Yamato smiled at Areina and released the item from his hand hopping now his death would postpone his daughters. “FATHER!” The group watched as Yamato was electrocuted by the device he’d dropped into the water.

“Fuck!” one voice said.

“Grab her,” another yelled.

A different pair of arms wrapped around Areina to keep her from running to Yamato, “How could you fucking bastard, how could you!” she cried cursing Yamato. *‘I can’t believe that selfish fucking bastard. Killing himself like that. So, what if it bought me time, they said it themselves they still plan on killing me when this is over.’* Falling to her knees in her captors’ arms she finally gave up fighting and just cried, “Why do you always leave me alone? Why can’t you choose a path that lets you live for once, Father.” The group watched as Areina lay in Trowa’s arms her screams slowly becoming nothing more than whimpers. As upset as she was, she silenced her mind enough to make out 5 different whispered voices, all male.

“Azrael you have your bag?” she heard the cock of the gun being put back in place.

“Want me to grab the sedative?” Quatre asked.

“Might be a good idea,” Heero crouched holding the gun between his legs, he was completely monotone as he spoke, “Arawn make the call. Tell him Yamato wouldn’t give up anything. Nikuya you alright with her?”

“Yes,” Trowa answered, “remember its Shinigami you have to keep an eye on.”

When she couldn’t cry anymore the ivory-blond said, “Please, I’ll do anything you want, and I promise not to say a word, please just don’t kill me.” Based on their tone of voice they had to be close to her age, “I’m begging you please just don’t kill me.” Areina sat there playing with the neckless as Trowa held her tight to his chest one arm around her waist the other between her breast.

“You were never in danger,” Heero popped open the gun and slid it to Areina, “I made it look like I left a single bullet.”

“We were told you were the only one to be left alive if you came home.”

“Who sent you?” Areina asked fighting the urge to look up, “What are you after and why leave only me?”

“Do you think we need to sedative?” Quatre asked crouching in front of her with a cloth in one hand and a syringe in the other.

“Is that your only one?” Heero looked up at the blond.

“Yeah,” Quatre said, “I guess I forgot to grab the rest.”

“You can ask him yourself my pet,” Heero said standing. “Hold off on it for now I have a feeling we’ll need it when the boss shows up.”

“I’m going to blindfold you,” his angelic voice was soft, almost kind. After covering Areigna’s eyes, he ran his fingers down the left side of her face, from temple to throat. He was surprised when she leaned into his touch, but then again one of his specialty’s was getting people to drop their guard. *‘That language wasn’t one we’d been taught, so how could I know what they were saying?’*

“So, what we gonna do with her?” the voice sounded playful. “I mean look at this body…” the words faded as Areigna was pulled to her feet. She felt nails slide across her chest and stomach his chipper cockiness carried a hint of malice. She flinched, this time a soft moan escaped her lips as the American’s fingers continued to slide across her skin and over the tattoo.

“Shinigami,” Areigna felt Duo’s weight shift after catching some rope, “do what you do best and tie her up.”

“With pleasure,” his voice reflected a smile. He leaned into her back, not bothering to hide his erection. He slid his hands down her arms in a sensual manor pressing his lips to her ear, his warm breath tickling as he whispered, “I’ll try to be gentle, but I can’t promise I’ll be able to.”

“Do you know what that tattoo is?” Trowa asked.

‘Why is my heart pounding? Is it because these guys are close in age to me, or the fact I can almost picture how hot they are?’ Areigna thought. “It’s a brand that marks me as an assassin’s whore.” The rope bit into her flesh, *‘What is wrong with me? I just watched the man I called dad electrocute himself and all I can think about it how good this guy’s cock feels pressed against my ass.’*

“It gives us permission to do whatever we want to you without consequence,” Wufie said, grabbing her away from Duo.

‘I wasn’t this anxious when that guy attacked me in Dublin,’ She fidgeted under their gaze, as if, they were appraising her at auction. As she was escorted to Yamato’s bed Areigna asked, “May we go to another room? The thought of my father’s body being so close makes me feel sick and I don’t believe your boss wants to see me like that.”

“Which room is yours?”

“The entire 3rd floor of the east wing,” Areigna answered.

“Hey Kyra,” Duo said.

“Yeah, what.”

“I know we have this mission and all, but can’t we keep her as a pet instead?”

“That’s up to him,” Heero said turning his attention back to the ash-blonde, “You don’t seem to have a problem navigating the stairs in your condition.”

“I walked this mansion in total darkness to the point I could easily escape it if I needed to,” she paused at the top of the landing, “turn left and it’s the second door on the right.”

The entirety of the room was fit for royalty. The bed was a four-post canopy, much larger than a king, a balcony overlooking a pond and garden; vanities, dressers, chests, wardrobes, paintings, photographs, and Areigna’s albums lined the walls. The room had its own private bath complete with two extra large walk-in closets. *‘They must be using code names,’* Areigna thought, *‘and they’re good at what they do to have earned those names.’* She was thrust forward caused her to stumbled and fall onto the bed, *‘The way they touched me is different from the other men,’* managing to sit upright on her bed, she listened to everything they said, piecing together the clues, *‘they came after me to get something from my father. They act like they are being forced to be here, a mission they didn’t want to take.’* Areigna fidgeted trying to see if she could get free of the ropes, *‘He really is good with bondage knots. I couldn’t get free of this no matter how much time I had.’* Her back connected with the metal headboard causing her to gasp in a way that made the five want to take advantage of her bindings. *‘Keep focused, Shinigami was the one teasing me, he got mad when Yamato wouldn’t confess to using me, so I wonder if they turned him out? Azrael must have medical training. Kyra is the leader and most logical.’*

“Boss,” Wufie said answering a cell, “I’m sorry I know you said not to call but we have a problem...No the staff has been taken care of...No he took his life before we could...His daughter is here now...Understood.”

“Arawn what did the boss say?” Heero asked.

“He’s pissed. He said Yamato was the only one with any answers, aside from his father and Elric—”

“Elric Ironheart!” The white-blond gasped. “Please tell me you’re not working for him.”

“Azrael, do something with her.” Heero made himself comfortable in a soft high back chair.

“Like what?”

“Give her that sedative.”

“Nikuya can you grab the red box out of that bag?” Quatre said softly, “Kitten kōnājai ana esmi eikō. {try to behave.}” He tenderly cupped her chin and tilted her head up. He leaned down as if to kiss her, but stopped just shy, “Prāi ke kā kod (eke ekā ekod) uperi, egō weltis qínúmoi tū qām me ghōbhējō. {Before this is over, I will claim you as my own.}”

Areigna felt the pinch of a needle enter her shoulder. The drug she was given stung far beyond those Yamato had experimented with. The effects taking place immediately, she felt as though she was sinking into the ocean. The five voices became distorted, like trying to talk underwater, and then there was nothingness.

Four

The white-blonde spiraled into sweet oblivion. Though she had been blindfolded, Areigna found herself in an even darker abyss.

***** (Flashback) *****

“Paukos regeinā, tū mudstos ghawōd eimi ei dew {Princess, you mustn’t go that far} ,” one of four beautiful white-haired teenagers said, “regeinā d r kō tū ud kei, weltis membhō tū. {if the queen sees you out here, she will punish you.} ”

“Areigna!” the voice of an angry woman came from a cliff, “tū enim Elijah gurnos kei nū! {you and Elijah get back here now!} ”

“Swesōr, {Sister} ,” the little platinum blond said, “juwes / juwe en kādos k m ti áwijā ati. {you got us in trouble with grandmother again.} ”

“dhídhēmi-dhōkjō ghawōd mérneumi ita pelu bhrātēr, {Don’t worry so much brother,} ” the little girl said, “qis qid anus ana dhídhēmi-dhōkjō? {what is grandmother going to do?} ” The children climbed up the cliff, their servants keeping close.

“Queen Zelena are these the children?” A woman asked.

“They are,” The queen answered. She was the most beautiful woman on the island, “The girl is my granddaughter Areigna. The boy is my grandson Elijah. I do not believe anyone on the island has ever seen the two apart.”

“So, they do everything together?” A man asked. “And their servants, are they for sale as well?”

“Take them,” Zelena said. “Sylvio and I could care less.”

“Anus, {Grandmother,} ” the 8-year-old Areigna looked confused, “teutā {who are these people?} ”

The queen turned to the children, “tū new(ij)os ghōbhējō. egō jówestos juwes / juwe ana qām eibhō dōsos. {Your new owners. I just sold you to them as sex slaves.} ”

The group of teenagers tried to protect their prince and princess but ended up in chains. The man and woman chose which of the servants they wanted and grabbed the child they purchased. Areigna was dragged off to one ship with a male and female servant while Elijah was dragged off to the other ship with the other male and female.

Two days into their journey, the ships entered a series of storms. Both ships ended up sinking. Only the four servants and the two 8-year-olds survived, however, each child ended up separated from the two servants with them. Each pair ended up drifting further and further

away from each other. After weeks drifting at sea Areigna washed up on Rei's Beach only to be found by Seto.

***** (End Flashback) *****

“Nē! {No!}” Areigna yelled realizing she wasn't in her bedroom. The blindfold had been removed and it took her a moment to notice she was restrained to a bed by her ankle. The room she had been moved to was one of her fathers “training rooms” and one she hadn't been in yet.

The sound of the door opening terrified her. “Don't be scared kitty,” Quater said “Elric told us to make you comfortable and move you to this room.”

She felt the bed shift, as the five sat around her. “He said it was dark enough you wouldn't be able to see us, and it had super bright lights as a backup. He also said we can touch you all we want; we just can't fuck you for some reason.”

She tried backing away from them, but it was no use. A hand wrapped around her ankle and yacked her down, “AAAHHH!” she yelled.

Duo's long braid tickled the girl's skin; he roughly pushed her legs apart causing her to half yelp half moan; his desire pressed against her “It's to bad really, I could make this experience pleasurable for you.”

“He's right about the room,” Areigna said in a shaky voice feeling more sensitive than before. “If your boss is Elric Ironheart he doesn't want anyone else to take my virginity.”

“With a sadistic old pervert like Yamato,” Duo said with surprise, “you're still a virgin?” He laid his head on her chest, “The old mad never turned you out or played with you at all?”

“He was telling the truth about everything,” the brunette never offered to move, he just snuggled into Areigna as if he was a lost child seeking comfort. “You were, weren't you? That's why you got so angry, why you're the only one who's touched me this way?” Duo went to sit up, Areigna stopped him, “Don't move, please, this feels nice. I wasn't asking what they did, I don't need to know. It was just an observation.”

Duo laid back down, “What else did you observe?”

“None of you want to be here,” she ran her hand through Duo's bangs, “Kyra is the leader, he was born into the organization you're with. They started training him just as soon as he could walk. The rest of you stumbled into your roles. Azrael knows his way around drug manipulation, poisons, and things of that nature. Arawn joined to rebel against his family and Nikuya was taken in at an early age when orphaned.”

“You figured all that out just by what you could observe?” Trowa questioned.

“I did and you should know Elric won't have much time.”

“What do you mean by that?” Heero asked.

“Elic what’s me for two reasons. He wants to change his fate and make me his personal fuck toy.”

“Elic will be here soon,” Wufie said.

“What do you mean by change his fate?” Heero said.

“We as humans are doomed to repeat the past,” she said, “forced to make the same mistakes with each reincarnation. Living and dying the same as we did in our previous lives; unless a person can find a way to learn from those mistakes there is no way to change their fate.” The room was quite for a little while, “Are all of you craving a fix?”

“What are you talking about?” Trowa asked.

“You all seem to be on edge like a junky needed a fix,” Areigna said. “I can tell it isn’t a drug craving, but something more lustful.”

“Are you offering us your body?”

“Would it help?”

Duo moved to sit on Areigna’s stomach. She felt something cold trace the V shape between her breast, Heero and Wufie ran a hand up her inner thighs the same cold feeling following, Quatre’s lips brushed the side of her neck, and Trowa nipped her left forearm. She squirmed and arched as they licked and nipped her, moans and gasped of pain and pleasure escaped her lips as each cut into her flesh biting at the incisions, getting a taste of her blood. They violated her, teased her in ways she didn’t believe was possible. The world around her became dark once again as their actions caused her to climax.

Areigna’s body moved under a gentle touch. Soft moans escaped her lips, as she became more aware of her, not so visible, surroundings. Her head felt swimmy, her heart pounded, she was terrified. Gentle lips kissed her ear, “He just arrived,” the velvet sound of Quatre’s voice echoed in the room. Areigna felt the bed move and a sudden pinch in her forearm followed by a burning sensation, “It’s the same serum as before, to make you more compliant for Elic. This dose isn’t as strong, it isn’t going to put you to sleep but you won’t be able to fight him.”

“Azrael,” Areigna whispered. She could since something change in him and was sure the other four assassins did as well. She also felt them turn to look at her, when she called his name. “Please Azrael, Motis, tū dhídhēmi-dhōkjō ghawōd eikō dō me awti kadhō me dídēmi. Egō weltis ghawōd katus qām dīnghos qām tū dhídhēmi-dhōkjō ghawōd me dō. {Master, you don’t have to drug me, or keep me tied up. I won’t fight as long as you don’t want me too.}” She pulled at the chain attached to her leg. The ivory-blond had always been able to keep a level head and think through any situation, but this was different, “I’m begging you, all of you. I’ll give you what he can’t, please don’t let him have me.”

“Your father wasn’t so forth coming and killed himself before answering our questions...” Quatre’s voice trailed, Areigna could tell he wasn’t focused now.

“He kept saying your powers,” Duo said, Areigna jumped at his touch.

“Shinigami keep your hands off. Let’s have a look at these scratches,” Quatre gently applied a cream to every bite and cut, pausing over the mark he had placed on her neck. “I’ll be honest with you. I’m sure you guessed but we are teenagers like you.”

“Are you sure you want to tell her that? The more she knows about us the less the chance of keeping her,” Heero stated. She felt Quatre nod. “Alright then, before he gets in here, you should know I hate being in the dark about our missions and Elric has kept quiet about a lot, and your observations were right. We’re stepping out to wait on Elric.”

Quatre lay beside Areigna, propping himself up with one arm he started tracing lines over her body. His touch was different this time, it was light and kind, soft and gentle. Areigna snapped back to reality when she felt his fingers run across her already hard nipples, giving them a quick pinch, he continued down her body, stopping at her hips and making his way back up with gentle circles. She arched and moved with his touch wishing he would continue touching her like this forever as soft moans escaped her lips. This felt more intimate and less humiliating, nothing like the way he touched her before. *‘Is this the drugs?’* Areigna thought. “My body is so hot, why?”

“It’s a side effect.”

“My body is burning; this lust, I haven’t felt anything like it before,” a memory of her past life came in to view. “No, there was one time. I was rushing into battle, no longer his slave, but a warrior queen, his queen.” The lust continued to grow inside her, making Areigna want to feel him entering her body, raw and unprepared. *‘I don’t understand this feeling seems familiar. His hands, his touch, but how, from where?’* Areigna was no longer afraid and beginning to think clearly once again. All she had to do was be patient, to wait quietly and hope she wasn’t killed before help arrived.

“My companions and I want to know more about the purpose of this mission. What is this power Yamato kept mentioning?” He moved to straddle Areigna’s hips, she could feel his desire pressing against her sex as he leaned down leaving a trail of tender kisses from her neck to each breast, taking turns sucking, twisting and pinching her nipples, occasionally biting them, “You have no idea how much I want you, how much all five of us want you.” He ran his thumb over her bottom lip before nipping it, “I want to fill your lips around my shaft, my hands curled in your hair while I force you to take more of me in.”

Seto’s last words before the accident played in her mind, *‘Your lips belong to me, I’m the only one allowed to bite them. Your body belongs to me, I’m the only one allowed to touch it. Last, your virginity belongs to me, I am the only one allowed to take your innocence.’*

“I want to fill just how tight you are, as I bury myself in your hot wet pussy,” Quatre leaned in pressing his full weight on Areigna, his warm breath tickled her ear as he dangerously whispered the last word. She breathed heavily, unable to hide her moans, not that she was resisting, now the drug had completely taken over her body. “Do you want me?” he asked,

before pressing his lips to hers, sliding his tongue along them begging they part, his fingers dipped between her legs.

Her hips bucked automatic as his fingers toyed with her sex, “Mmn,” she moaned. Areigna’s lips separated allowing his tongue access. *‘I’ve never been kissed like this, not even by Seto. This hint of danger; how could I deny him anything?’* She nodded as he deepened their kiss, *‘Is this the drugs or my own lust begging to be free.’* The kiss was broken for just a minute, but it was just enough time for her, “Magic is real. The Ironhearts want the magic I have. Stay by the door and you will get all the answers you need.”

She felt him smirk as her lips met his, “So eager.” The kiss was broken as the door opened, both captor and hostage panted heavily, breathless. “I promise I will make you mine when the time is right,” he whispered into her ear, before removing himself from the bed, “She’s all yours boss.” His tone was venomous.

“Elric, please don’t do this.”

Once the room was empty; Elric turned on a dim light and removed the chain from Areigna’s leg. The man pulled her off the bed, stood behind her, and pulled her hair back, twisting it around his hand. “When did you realized I was behind this?” he asked as he kissed the mark on the base of her neck.

“One of your men gave you away,” Areigna answered.

“Who was it?” the man asked as he held Areigna’s white hair tightly and moved to stand in front of her. The girl’s haunting gaze was almost enough to make Elric rethink the situation. “I’m glad you escaped those men in Dublin.” He sighed, “My father won’t tell me the truth about you and yours took it to the grave.”

“What truth is that?” Areigna held Elric’s copper gaze. He was almost frozen and hadn’t notice her remove the gun from his back pocket.

“Your father’s secret project.”

“The Atlantis Project?” she questioned. Areigna took noticed how Elric’s hair shined like raven’s wings, “I know nothing about it,” her tone was short. The sedative was out of her system and she was thinking clearly, “Those men in Dublin, were they working for you? Do you have any idea what that bastard tried?”

“I know,” His tone was dark, and his aura reflected pure evil, “he wasn’t one of mine, and his pieces will never be found. Now, back to the project? These guys said they weren’t able to get any information out of your father.”

“Even if I knew something, intoxicated or not, I’d never tell you or anyone for that matter.” Areigna, wasn’t stupid, she had figured out they were assassins and her knowing what they looked like meant her death, now she knew Elric had hired them to find out about her father’s side project.

Within an instant Areigna was pinned to the bed, Elric looked down at her wrapping his hand around her throat, taking her in appraisingly; her hourglass figure, porcelain skin, flowing moonbeam hair, mysterious sea eyes, and her perfect round and plump 38C breast. “The only way you’re making it out of here alive is to stain your hands,” he growled darkly. “I think, before I kill you, I’ll take your virginity. It’s too bad actually, this group really wanted a pet,” Elric shifted, positioning himself between Areigna’s legs, he held her wrist making it difficult for her to struggle. Elric moved his hand from Areigna’s throat to twist her nipple the pain causing her to cry out.

Areigna began fighting against his weight, “No! Stop! Get off!” When she was 12, she often fantasized about Elric. “Stop! You’re hurting me!” Ceil, and Aloysius told her it was normal for girls that age to have “dirty” thoughts, air quotes include, about guys, and Elric was everyone’s walking wet dream. He was always with Aloysius and Ceil, so he often came with them to pick her up from school. Every girl in her class talked about him and how they all had a crush on him. If only they could have seen just how dangerous he was. In public he seemed kind, but behind closed doors his true colors shone brightly. He took advantage of most of Areigna’s classmates, and when they tried to say no, he forced them. “Stop! Please! Please don’t! Get off! No! Don’t touch me!”

“I’ve wanted to do this for the last 6 years,” his hand slid over her, and he began playing with her clit. “That very first day I saw you playing by the fountain, I wanted you. No, it started before that, it started the day you chose Yamato.” He slipped a finger in her, “And don’t think I didn’t notice your little crush, and when you started to develop.” He slipped a second finger into her.

“Stop!” Areigna yelled, whimpering at the feel of his fingers stretching her entrance. *‘I have to do something, before he breaks my hymen.’* She was determined to get away from him. *‘If Seto can take a life, the life of his father, I can take Elric’s. I’ve seen it happen so many times before, I just have to pull the trigger.’*

He was prepping her, she knew he was large, and he knew he’d do more damage if she wasn’t prepped. Elric nipped at her ear, “Do you remember the first time you saw me naked? I’ll let you in on a little secret, I left the door open expecting you to walk in on me.” Elric was about to insert a third finger, when Areigna was thrust into a flashback.

***** (Flashback) *****

“Father, I don’t see why I have to go with you,” Areigna was furious, “I can stay here with my butlers. Other children do it all the time.”

“I’ve heard enough from you,” Yamato yelled at his daughter, “I told you it isn’t safe for you to be here on your own. Your power will bring out the elite. I can’t just leave you unattended even if it is with those three.”

“But father can’t you just hire—”

“I’m not listing to another word. If you don’t want me to strap you down in my special room you will forget this, find Elric and apologize for dumping paint on him, then you will go tell Seto and Mokuba you are moving.”

Areigna knew when Yamato was in that kind of mood to just walk away, but she couldn't shake this feeling that he was hiding something. She wondered if he knew more about who she was and just didn't want to tell her. As she wondered lost in thought she heard Elric. The door to the room was open so she walked in, "I'm s...so...sorry," embarrassment echoed in her voice. "I...I...I did...didn't mean to...but...the door..."

Elric stood there dripping wet. Not only had he left the bedroom door open, but he left the bathroom door open as well. Areigna turned to leave, "It's alright don't run off," he wrapped the towel around his waist. "It's my fault, I must not have latched the door," Elric glanced down to see a bright red blush, "Areigna are you ok?"

"Yes," the girl squeaked, "I was looking for you so I could apologize for the paint."

"That's alright, it was an accident, right?" Elric said locking the door. "I heard those girls talking about Aloysius, Ceil and me being above average in that department." Elric looked down into sea-green eyes. Areigna was holding his arm in between her breast. He tried not to let the fact he'd seen his own death sway him from his goal, "That is quite the power you have. Why don't we sit down?" he said walking her to the bed.

"I'm sorry, if Father finds out about you seeing my power, he'll punish me."

"I can keep quiet," he couldn't help but notice Areigna was already more developed than other girls her age, he guessed she was at least a 36B, "If you keep looking at me like that, I cannot be held accountable for my actions."

Areigna's eyes lit up a deep red blush covered her porcelain skin, "I'm sorry." She knew Elric had had a dark side, but she didn't think he was brave enough to try something with her father and butlers around.

"No need to be like that," Elric laid back on the bed, not bothering to put on his cloths. Areigna sit beside him instinctive he rested his head in her lap, "They come in different sizes. I'm way above average. The most common sizes 6" in length and 1.5" wide or girth. I'm about 13" in length and 3.5" in width. Ceil, and Aloysius are about the same."

The ivory-blond blush deepened, "What?" She was staring at the bulge hidden by the towel.

"Do you want to touch it?" Elric's tone had changed slightly, "It's ok. I know that Kaiba kid hasn't taken advantage of the time you've spent alone." Elric took hold of Areigna's hand placing it on his already half erect shaft.

"Elric, stop," she felt him growing in her hand. She tried to yell for help, but Elric pushed her down and kissed her, "Mmn."

"That kid probable doesn't even know what to do," He held her with one hand and ripped her cloths with the other.

"No Elric, please don't touch me," Areigna fought to get free of his hold, "no, stop, please. Don't put your fingers in me please."

Elric toyed with Areigna's clit before he plunged a finger into her virgin lips. He sucked her nipples and squeezed her breast. The more she fought the more aroused he became. He wanted inserted another finger and then another. She cried out hoping someone would help her.

"I'm going to enjoy this," Elric whispered rubbing his tip against her entrance. Areigna cried out again as he pushed his tip inside her. Just as he was about to thrust, Yamato broke through the door with Sebastien, Ceil, and Aloysius.

***** (End Flashback) *****

Areigna came crashing back to reality when she heard Elric's zipper. She was so innocent back then, the flash back had given her an idea, something he wouldn't expect. "Elric, please," she said, in her best 12-year-old voice, "I don't want it like this." This new resolve caused him to waver, "You're right, I did have a crush on you. That guy from Dublin, hearing how you killed him for me makes me happy. You don't have to take my life. I really don't have a clue about The Atlantis Project, but I can tell you about another project." Areigna knew the 5 were stand by the door listing and watching, they were in the dark about Elric's true goal and they didn't trust him.

"What project could interest me as much as The Atlantis Project?"

"I'll tell you while fuck my tits," Areigna looked up into Elric's eyes, remembering how his past life had ended, "After I've told you everything I know, you can give me to them."

How could he deny her request, as he fucked her chest and played with her clit, she sucked him off. He never noticed the five were watching them from the doorway, nor did he realize Areigna had taken his gun when he entered the room. "That's a good little slut. Suck me like a fucking whore. You're so fucking wet. I'm really going to enjoy this." One final thrust and he was cuming. Knowing how much she hated it, he forced her to swallow him. She gagged and coughed around his still erect shaft. "Now it's time for your tight wet pussy to get a taste." He started pumping himself as he withdrew from her mouth his seed spilling on her breast and stomach, "I promise to make this the most painful experience of your life."

"My father was almost finished with something called The Assassination Project," She felt him spread her lower lips, and without warning his hand came down hard on her sex. "Ahh! The reason...I thought it would...interest you..." She squeezed her eyes tight and clinched the sheets gritting her teeth against the pain, vibrating through her with each slap, "Mnn! I know you...like working...with..." tears fell from her eyes, "Ohh! Assassins...and this...this project..." When he finished his assault, she was raw and swollen. "If this project gets finished, the mob, assassins, and everyone in between, will be in danger. Crime bosses everywhere will be on the run, hunted like rats." He didn't seem phased by this news, but the group at the door, was eager to learn more, "Elric, please don't do this."

He rubbed his tip against her, getting into position, he started sliding into her entrance. Tears slide down her cheeks and he thumbed them away his voice rang clear, "I've waited so long to claim you." Even with him prepping her, he was still too big, "Your father's project doesn't worry me. I can have the team killed in an instant." The sound of a gunshot echoed, followed by the sound of Elric screaming, "Fucking bitch, I'll fucking kill you!"

The group ran in just in time to see their boss fling Areigna against the wall. He squeezed her throat tightly; a second shot rang out. Elric fell to the ground, Areigna stood covered in his blood. The last thing she remembered was the five. She heard one of them saying they had to leave, another placed a shock collar around her neck, while a third sprayed something in her face, the world went black after that.

***** ***** *****

Areigna sat in the back of an ambulance, a blanket draped around her shoulders, knees pulled to her chest. She was in a state of shock, “I shoot him,” she thought. In the second ambulance, Elric laid barely breathing. The first shot had grazed Elric’s leg, but the second shot nicked his heart. She stared down at her hands, *‘Why didn’t they kill me?’* she thought touching the collar, *‘I saw them so why, what kind of plan do they have in mind?’*

“Areigna,” she heard three voices shout above the crowd that was gathering, “Areigna! Let go of us!” Sebastien, Ceil, and Aloysius were fighting to get through the officers. As they argued with the cops, Areigna flung herself into Aloysius’s embrace. He collapsed to the ground holding her tightly to his chest. Ceil wrapped the blanket back around her naked trembling form.

“I want to go home,” she cried uncontrollably, “Please take me home, back to Domino, back to Seto.”

***** ***** *****

The group stood off in the distance watching to see what she did. “I thought you took care of the staff?” Heero and Quatre was in agreeance that Areigna would be useful to them alive, not that they wanted to kill her. They did want to learn more about this mysterious power of hers.

Five

Areigna walked into her room, followed by her fateful three butlers, “Call everyone for a meeting.”

“Wouldn’t you rather wait until you’ve rested?” Ceil asked concerned.

“No,” the blond said, “I think they should know what they are dealing with first. I want them to know what happened to Yamato from me.” The three nodded and started to walk out, “I want every major employee at each branch on coms and every single person that works here to meet me in the study in two hours. That should give everyone time to get here and inform them it doesn’t matter what kind of clothes they wear.

***** (2 hours later) *****

“There is no easy way to say this and I’m sorry to have woken you up at such a late hour, taking away from your family time, and any other inconvenience I may be putting you through right now, but I feel this news cannot wait.” Areigna placed a device on the desk and continued, “For anyone the doesn’t know me, I am Yamato Ishikora’s daughter, Areigna Ishikora. I was away on tour in Irland when someone tried to kidnap me. I managed to escape them and decided to return to the states to learn the business.” Areigna took a deep breath. She had no idea the five assassins were listening to her explain how Yamato was killed, she had narrowly escaped being raped and killed, and what was going to happen as far as their employment status. “I understand if any of you or your employees want to take a leave. I will give anyone that chooses to walk out enough money to survive on for the next five years. I fell this has only just started and it will most likely only get worse from here.” She gave her butlers a look as if to say, *‘They don’t need to know who was behind this. As far as they are concerned Elric tried to help me,’* the three only nodded, “I never saw my attackers, but everyone I’m addressing tonight or today, knows the kind of man my father was and I wanted to be the one to tell you, I want you to think of your lives and loved ones. If you don’t think you will be safe, or anyone in your office buildings will be safe, tell me and I’ll wire the money now.”

Everyone took a moment to process what the 17-year-old had just told them. They talked it out and Areigna felt she would be hiring an entirely new staff at every branch of IC (Ishikora Corp.). Areigna played with the electrical device, she looked out at the yard envisioning how she planned to change the face of IC for the better. A voice pulled the blond back to reality, “We believe it would be best if every person associated with your father take the leave you offered.”

As she had predicted, “And done,” Areigna hit a button on the keyboard, “all the money will be deposited into your accounts yearly for the next five years. I’ve also sent an email stating which employees I will be placing in charge starting the 1st of the month. I would like everyone to read over the email carefully. There is a list of those that will be staying on with the company and those that will be taking leave. I have sent a video informing each department of the changes. Please play them at the beginning of the shift.”

After spending 24 hours at a police station, a twelve-hour flight, a ten-hour drive and a five-hour meeting, two of that preparing everything, Areigna was ready to collapse. The mansion felt empty with only four people, but she knew it was for the best. Areigna had a strong feeling the five would make an appearance soon; she wanted to deny seeing them, but she couldn't, and she felt they knew that.

"I'm going to lay down now," Areigna said. "I want the three of you to move into the manor now that it's just us."

Sebastien looked at his brothers, "I will get our thing moved, why don't the both of you help her unpack and get ready for bed. She hasn't slept since we left Dublin."

Ceil, and Aloysius agreed with the 30-year-old. They watched their brother leave the house and headed up to the fourth floor. Areigna's room was set up the same in all the Ishikora homes. She stood in the doorway almost afraid and jumped when she felt the twins behind her.

"Do you want us to stay until you've fallen asleep?" Ceil asked.

Aloysius had started unpacking Areigna's bags, when she spoke softly, "I'll take that gown. The clothes can wait until morning and yes, but I want the two of you to sleep in the bed with me tonight, and Sebastien." The two were stunned, they had only seen her this way once and Elric had nearly lost his life that time as well.

Ceil quickly yanked off Areigna's shirt as his brother replaced it with the gown. Aloysius unzipped the skirt and let it fall to the floor. Sebastien walked in and pulled her hair into a tight ponytail. The three watched as she walked to the bed. Her voice, her movements, they were all the same as Elric's first attempt. It had taken them weeks to get their mermaid back to normal.

Sebastien walked to the bed, "Both of you should get changed, I'll stay until you do."

"I don't want you to leave me either," Areigna said.

"It won't take long," Sebastien kissed her head. "I want to fix a cocktail for you. It will help with your anxiety, and help you sleep."

Areigna took that time to prepare herself for the final year of high school, putting all thoughts of Elric and the assassins out her mind. By the end of her second month home the ash-blonde had IC running better than it ever had. She built a new amusement park opened that rivaled KC (Kaiba Corp.), new gaming systems hit the market, and funded research to help fight diseases. The only thing she hadn't been able to do was face her best friend, and he made no attempt to see her.

Areigna was out shopping a few days before school began, when she noticed a group of young men approximately her age and different ethnicities. She realized they had been following her from day one. There was something familiar about them, but she wasn't sure what.

Her mind was racing trying to figure out where she had first seen the five, when she bumped into someone. "I'm so sorry," Areigna bowed with respect, "I should have been watching where I was going."

"Think nothing of it," Areigna refused to look up, her body was frozen, knowing that voice instantly. Their expressions were cold and calculated. Heero lifted Areigna's chin he leaned in close to her ear and whispered, "We've been keeping an eye on you this whole time to make sure you hadn't seen our faces, or tell anyone about us," his breath was hot, his tone deadly. "I have to say I'm very proud of you my pet, for keeping your mouth shut and putting a stop to the old man's work. What do plan on doing with IC and the side projects now? Would they survive without you?"

"I don't care what happens to me now," Areigna whispered resigned, "I can't fight you and no one is expecting to see me for a several hours. I won't beg or fight. I just want to finish my last year of school and tell my best friend how I truly feel about him." She took a deep breath, and with a new resolve she said, "You know the truth, that's why you followed me here. You know I saw your faces and you only had enough time to knock me out." Areigna's voice resonated with power, "I'll give you my body as payment, you can make me your personal plaything. I don't care how you use me, but I want revenge. Accepting my job offer might mean you can collar me, but it means payback to those bastards that trained you."

"Looks like your kitten has a mission of her own," Duo said.

"What's your offer?" Trowa asked.

"I want to destroy the Underground."

Wufei ran his hand over the tattoo on Areigna's back, "You were forced to get this brand, yet you are willing to embrace its meaning just, so you can get revenge?"

"I will do whatever it takes to survive, even if that means I have to give myself to a group of assassins."

Quatre pulled Areigna's face to his, "I want you to look at me Kitten." His lips brushed hers tenderly, "I want to look into your eyes," his voice was entrancing, "At this point our job is complete and we're just normal high school students. As Kyra said we were watching you, but you kept quiet, and I wouldn't let them take your life. Now, please, look at me, let me see what makes Elric and his family want you so badly."

She couldn't help herself, knowing that his past would come crashing toward them, Areigna opened her eyes and welcomed the shift in atmosphere, losing herself in his Persian blue eyes, the world around them began to change and they soon found themselves in the past...

***** (Egypt 3000 Years Ago) *****

They were crossing the desert. Areigna found herself shackled in her Egyptian cloths, the blond across from her looked like an Arabian Prince. "When Yami finds out about this—"

Azrael yanked the chain, causing Areigna to fall between his legs, "Your Pharaoh can't help you." He ran his hand through her hair and pulled her face to his, "You see, he was in my way, so my soldiers are taking care of him as we speak."

"No!" Areigna said eyes full of tears.

"Don't worry, he won't be alone," Areigna looked up with confusion, "I made sure my soldiers knew not to leave anyone in the palace alive, slaves included. You were the one I was after, Akashic Princess. You will have no choice but to submit to me."

"I will never submit to you," she pulled away. A fierce gaze in her eyes "They cannot be killed that easily."

"Then I guess I'll have to take what I want."

"YAMI!" Areigna yelled, as she was forced to the ground. She had just become Atemu's bride, though her first time with him had not been consensual, she couldn't imagine another man claiming her body. "Stop...leave me alone...No don't touch me..."

Areigna cried out begging Azrael to stop his assault. With one swift thrust, he buried his entire length inside of her. Tears poured down her checks. Azrael started moving before she became accustomed to his size. Nothing in his actions were kind or gentle. As he approached his climax Areigna begged him to stop. A final trust, and she felt his seed fill her. He tenderly kissed her throat and promised she would accept her new role as his servant, his sex slave.

***** (End Vision) *****

When he came to, Quatre was kissing Areigna. Soon as the kiss was broken, she passed out. He picked her up and carried her to a car. His mind raced, as he tried to make sense of what he'd just seen. The vision was so real, he could literally feel Areigna fighting him, he could taste her tears, and now he wanted to know if she was still just as tight as she was in the vision.

"Whatca doing?" Duo asked.

"I'm taking her back to her mansion," Quatre said, "and I'm enrolling in her class tomorrow." He gave his friends a coy grin, "Looks like I'm sticking around for a while, so any of you want to join me?"

"I'm game," Duo said climbing into the car. "I'm interested in seeing how she plans to take down the Underground. By the way, what happened when she looked at you? It was like you left your body."

The other three climbed in the car before Quatre sped off, "She knows more then she thinks, and we need to find out how to push her to remember."

"What are you talking about?" Heero asked.

“Elric didn’t know what he was looking for, and honestly if I had not just seen it, I wouldn’t believe it, but she is the thing he wanted.” His friends looked at him with confusion, “Areigna is a guardian of life. She is descended from Atlantean blood, the keeper of the Akashic Records. That’s why everyone in the Underground wants her so badly. That kind of power in the wrong hands can lead to chaos.”

“So, what did you see?” Trowa asked.

“Us 3,000 years in the past.”

The car fell silent as Quatre’s words sank in. the five had already decided to mark Areigna as their property just to keep her alive and away from anyone that would traffic her, but this was something none of them considered.

They had been given a secret mission by someone in the Underground no one had even seen. This mission was to find twins with white hair and green eyes. They weren’t given much detail outside of that. Now the question on everyone’s mind was whether to let this mystery person know they found her.

Six

***** (Areigna's Dream) *****

As Areigna entered the dark kitchen and placed her bags on the counter hands grabbed her and shoved her into the closest wall. One hand wrapped tightly around her throat and the other held her left wrist by her head. Using his knee, he forced the white-blond's legs apart. Instinctively, Areigna flinched and tried to pull away, but Heero held her in place. The hand holding her throat only got tighter as she tried to push Heero away becoming paralyzed with fear sea-colored eyes stared into deep sapphires.

'Is this how it ends? Without even telling him how I feel? Are they going to kill me before I'm able to lose my virginity?' Areigna felt her skirt being ripped off.

"Enough playing around," Azrial's voice was much softer, but just as deadly. "You begged us not to take your life, we let you go," his nails were soft as his hand ran over her skin, "now you ask for a year to complete high school," Areigna knew this touch warm, but deadly; he was the one that blindfolded her, "Why should we give you that?" His hand snaked its way to the top button of her shirt; with one swift movement, the shirt was ripped completely in half.

She heard one of them say, "matching black lace bra and thong," as his lips brushed against her thigh. "How cute," Areigna felt two blades slide up her skin, one slid under the side of her panties and the other under her bar, "must be a lingerie set."

"Please," Areigna managed to whisper, the knives ripping through the material, "Please, not like this. I don't want to lose my virginity like this." The hands holding her loosened just enough that she collapsed gasping.

"What makes you think we care about that?" Wufei asked tossing a rope to Duo. "Your better at that."

"Please, just give me this year." Areigna was pulled to her feet what was left of her clothes were removed and she was tied.

Wufei grabbed her arm pulling her ahead of the group, "Walk."

She knew there was no getting away this time, so she stopped in front of her father's study, "There is a secret door in here, Yamato liked to keep his guests entertained."

The room was carpeted floor to ceiling. There were couches, beds, bondage chairs and swings, whips and chains of all types, ropes, toys and blindfolds. Areigna was walked to a bed before being blindfolded.

"Aaahhaa!!!" Duo flicked Areigna's right nipple before twisting it between his fingers, he yanked and kneaded her breast, and spanked her flesh; nothing kind or forgiving in the he touched her. "Ahn," her body instinctively arched as she wriggled under there sadistic taunts. Trowa circled his tongue around her left nipple, sucking and biting her hard, making

deep red ridges over her ribs, as he dragged his nails across her skin. They were causing her pain, but the way they did it made her want more. Areigna tried to fight them, but the ropes held her in place. *“What’s wrong with me? Is this the effects of that drug? They’ve untied me, but my body won’t do what I want it to.”* Quatre’s nails, piercing the sensitive skin of her inner thighs, was enough to have her moaning, “Mmn...Mnn...” They ran their hands up and down her body again and again. She could feel tiny droplets of blood trickle from the deeper scratches, no longer in control of her actions she wasn’t able to be silent, “HAHH...Uhh...”

Lips brushed her right ear, his breath hot, words harsh and degrading, taunting, “I bet you’re soaked,” Duo kissed the side of Areigna’s throat. “You’re such a little whore, letting us touch you like this,” he whispered burying his face in her neck, they could tell she was approaching her climax, and continued to tease her body, refusing her the one thing that would push her over the edge, “I want to hear you beg, beg us to take you.”

“Please,” she begged, in a voice she didn’t recognize, “please, more, touch me more, I need you, need to fill you inside me, please, please fuck me.” The words were nothing shy of true lust, “Please fuck me now.” She could feel all 5 smile as their lips barely touched her skin, their tongues brushed the bleeding cuts. *‘What am I saying? These guys just killed the whole staff in cold blood and you’re begging them to...to...’* Areigna kept screaming to herself trying to rationalize against her newly found lust.

***** (End Dream) *****

Areigna sat up in bed gasping, “What a dream.” She shook her head and lay back down. Her thoughts raced, *‘What happened after that flashback? Did they bring me home? How did I end up in this gown?’*

Unable to go back to sleep she walked down to Yamato’s study, half hoping the five would be there, and into the secret room. Areigna hated that room because of the punishments she received when she got a bad grade or misbehaved. Becoming lost in thought she remembered how Yamato used shock collars and whips when she was studying.

“Looks like a fun room,” five voices said. Areigna turned to see Heero sitting in the high back chair at Yamato’s desk. Quatre and Duo were to the right of the desk, Trowa and Wufei was to the left. Quatre and Trowa were sitting on the desk, Duo and Wufei were sitting in the floor backs against the desk. All five looked like ancient gods, danger reflected in their eyes.

“Am I still dreaming?” Areigna whispered.

All five stood and began to walk to the white-blond. She felt entranced by their movements. Everything in her was screaming run, but she couldn’t force herself to move. The closer the group got the more her heart raced. She wanted to feel their deadly touch once more, no matter the cost.

“So, you were dreaming about us,” Quatre said blond bangs hanging in his blue eyes.

“Why are you here?” Areigna managed to ask. “What do you want?”

Trowa's brown hair covered one of his dark green eyes, "You're a smart girl," he said taking out one of his daggers. "You did promise us your body, right?"

"Be a good little pet," Heero said, "if you behave, you will be rewarded. Take off the gown and go lay on one of those beds."

Areigna's body was reacting on its own. Fear of what they were about to do made her back away from the assassins. She found herself in the secret room falling on one of the beds.

"Please, I'm begging you—"

"You don't have a choice," Duo played with a long braid, "you can take the gown off or we can. And don't worry so much," he said sitting beside Areigna, "we don't plan on fucking you yet. Your lover will take your virginity."

"What?" Areigna asked. "If you're not here for that, then why do I have to take off my gown?"

Wufei yanked off the gown and pushed Areigna down on the bed making sure not to make eye contact as his body pressed down on hers, "If you like we can take you tonight," his lips moved along her neck, between her breasts, and down her stomach, "or would you rather we just make you our pet without the sex?"

Wufei was about to move between Areigna's legs, she was trembling, when they heard a soft whimper, "Please stop."

"Roll over," Quatre said. "That friend of yours gets to be your first, as much as I hate it," his voice was calming. "We all agree that we won't react like Elric. We might be assassins, but we do have somewhat of a code."

"Yeah," Duo said, "Like that stuff we did back in the states, that was just our orders. Elric said you might show up while we were still at the house and told us to do that stuff to get you talking. He said that we weren't allowed to fuck you if you showed up, but he wanted use to toy with you to get you prepared for him."

"So, you only did that as part of your job? What would you have done if he hadn't told you to play with me like that?"

"We would have just stripped, blindfolded, and tied you up," Heero said.

"You see," Duo started, "unlike some people in this room," he looked at Heero, "we actually have feelings." Areigna just looked at him, "How about this, I was living at a church when I was recruited."

"You were?"

Duo nodded, "My family and best friend were killed right in front of me. I lived on the streets for a while and Father Maxwell took me in. Life was starting to feel normal, that's when *they* showed up. I was hiding with one of the Sisters when they killed everyone at the church. I

lost my family a second time. When they found me, I was taken to some military base where I met these four and we've been together ever since."

Areigna could tell he was being truthful. "Does this mean you will be taking me up on the job offer?"

"That's right," Duo said.

"We decided to attend school with you," Trowa said as he prepped a small device. Areigna jumped when she heard the sound of a tattoo gun, "I'll try to be gentle. I was just going to use my blade, but I thought this would be better. This way no one else will be able to claim you; by the rule of the Underground, you will belong solely to the five of us. Also, there will be less blood by branding you with a tattoo."

"Now let's talk about those nightmares?" Duo smirked.

"I'd rather not," Areigna turned away from the bubbly brunette. "What do you care anyway?"

"We work for you, and you are our pet," Wufei said. "It will help us know how to approach you."

"I know your reputation. People call you the Death Gods. No one who's seen you has lived, so why am I different? I mean you have had so many chances, why not take them? Why not just take me or kill me then?"

At once four voices said, "Azrael."

Heero sighed, "It was a lot of factors, but he was the main reason. Plus, for some strange reason, we didn't realize what Yamato was doing, but we all understood that language and thought you might be able to explain it."

"It's my native language," Areigna said as Trowa finished with the new addition to the tattoo. "The only people that understand it are those I have a connection to. Some are good and some are bad."

"What do you mean?" asked Wufei.

Areigna sat up holding the gown over her chest, "It's hard to explain. I don't have control over it, and it happens every time someone touches me. It's stronger when I'm looking at the person."

"You should be able to put your gown back on now," Trowa cleaned the tattoo and rubbed a sav over it. "Is that what happened earlier?"

"Yes, but it all depends on the person. With Azrael and a handful of others I shared in the vision of their past lives, but in Yamato's case I just saw the type of person her was. How can I better explain this? Let's say the four of you were guards to Azrael back in ancient times and one of you grabbed me and our eyes met, if I were involved in your life both of us would experience something like a lucid dream, what I call a vision. When Azrael asked me to look at him, I awoke in some form of carriage. He'd kidnapped me and forced himself on me in

that carriage. Once I have seen something like that, it may or may not happen with that person again. Sometimes, like with my best friend, it might happen every time or randomly.”

It took the five time to process what they just heard, they continued to ask questions and agreed to Areigna’s terms of employment. They wanted revenge on the Underground just as much as she did. Areigna ended up falling asleep as they talked. She asked for their names, but they informed her she would learn them soon enough. Heero carried Areigna to her bed before the group left for the night.

***** ***** *****

“AREIGNA!” Ceil yelled, “If you don’t get your ass out of bed, I’m going to dump a tub of ice on you.”

“Why are you being so mean?” Areigna whined. “You are not acting like a proper butler.”

“You don’t pay me enough to behave like a butler,” Ceil said as he flung open the curtains allowing the sun’s rays to shine directly in Areigna’s face.

“Sebastien,” Areigna cried pulling the sheets over her head to block the sun, “Ceil is being mean and threatening me with ice.”

Aloysius sat on the bed, “Bastien isn’t going to help you, and you know that, so you might as well just get up now. You’ve slept long enough, I mean if you stay in bed any longer, you’re going to miss your first class; and what would that say about us?”

Areigna pulled the covers down so only her face was showing, “But I’m comfy, and I don’t wanna move.” The truth, however, was the new tattoo caused her pain.

Ceil stepped to the bed and played with Areigna’s white bangs, “You haven’t changed a bit, gotten older and filled out a bit, but you still act like the 10-year-old brat that caused so much havoc. You should know I admire you.”

“Really? Why?”

“You have continued to stay strong, even though you suffered abusive punishments and torture. But if you truly want to take over IC you will get out of that bed, now.”

Sebastien laughed in the doorway, “He is right you know, behind closed doors Master Ishikora talked about you with pride. He truly saw you as his daughter.” He walked over with a school uniform, “The late master once told me he wanted you to let the abuse make you strong, he wanted it to awaken a hidden side of yourself. He told me one day you would shine bright as a phoenix. You behave as though past events never happened, it’s as if you tell fate to go fuck herself, that you decide what happens not her.”

Areigna sat up, “Your wrong,” she said quietly. These shifts in her mood reflect the lives of pain and torture she suffered, “I know I cannot change the events of the past, so I simply look to the future. I keep telling myself if we don’t learn from our past, we are doomed to repeat it.” Areigna looked at her hands, “In my former lives I shot Elric. He attacked me and I killed

him. That feeling is something that will haunt me for the entirety of my existence. I kill him in every life we share, but I want to save him. I want this life to be different.” She climbed out of the bed, allowing the men to strip and dress her hoping they wouldn’t notice the brand. “When I became a singer, I had many close calls with kidnappers, stalkers, and rapist. I just refuse to be the victim, instead I will let that make me stronger, and the Underground will see just what kind of person they have molded me into, because I plan on going after them. I will see to their destruction.”

“Your father would be proud of who you have become,” Aloysius said, a hint of pride in his voice. He wanted to tell her the truth about her parents, but Yamato had made the trio swear they would keep quiet.

Areigna smiled at the three and started for the door. “You should tell the new driver we’re ready, after all, I don’t want to be late on my first day,” she said mockingly, a light smile played at her lips. She had no Idea what the day held, but she would embrace it head on, *‘No matter what happens, I will discover just what The Atlantis Project really is and how I am connected to it.’*

The limo was a midsize able to fit at least 30 people. It had a black exterior with illegal grade tinted windows. The interior had three full bench seats, complete with a fully stocked mini bar. It was still shy of Areigna’s 17th birthday, and a year off the legal drinking age, but that didn’t stop her from trying to mix a cocktail.

“I’m sorry to hear about your father,” a voice called out as Areigna was getting into the limo, “and I want to apologize for my son’s behavior. If you don’t mind, I have something important to discuss with you.”

“Now isn’t the best time,” Sebastien said, “our mistress’ education is more important than a conference.” Ceil and Aloysius climbed in the back seat with Areigna, followed by Sebastien. “You should make an appointment.”

“My sons Evan, Eden, and Eli will be attending Domino, so we can talk on the way,” His determination annoyed Areigna. “My nephews Alec, Yoshi will be there as well.”

“If I agree, will you back off Dartz?” she asked, a hard edge reflected in her tone. Areigna had avoided contact with him until that moment.

“Absolutely,” he said, waving to his driver. “My limo will stay close.”

“Mm hmm,” Areigna was less then interested, “How is Elric?” She looked out the window as though lost in thought.

“He is doing better,” Dartz answered. “They said the bullet just missed anything vital. You should know that I had nothing to do with that event. You chose Yamato and I respected that.”

“I know you have been trying to meet with me and it wasn’t to say how sorry you were, so out with it, what was so important it couldn’t wait?”

“To put it simple the Underground had nothing to do with the actions of my son,” The man said, “Elric acted on his own to get back at your father for the events that took place just before you moved to the States.”

“Is that all?”

“Not quite,” Dartz was hesitant, “Do you intend on stepping up as the head of the Ishikora family in the Underground?”

Areigna looked at the man sitting across from her, an unreadable expression completely dark in nature, “Yes and no,” her voice was void of all emotion as her gaze cut into Dartz. He could have sworn she was staring into the depths of his soul. “Let’s put it this way, I have employed the Death Gods. You know the ones Elric called in to kill my father. No one is safe from my wrath at this point. If anyone cross me and not even witness protection will save them.” Areigna paused to look back out the window, “By the way, I remember Dartz. I know who you are, what you want with me. I know who I am and who Elijah really is all thanks to Elric letting the Death Gods test a new drug on me.” Areigna looked at the long white hair that mirrored her own, “I suppose I should think him when he is released. You should tell the others not to fuck with me anymore, because I’m finally getting the hang of this power.” Her eyes met his again, “I will decide how to use my power once it fully awakens. Now I want to enjoy the rest of my ride in peace. When the car stops, you will get out and Dartz, you should spend as much time with your children as possible, because the next time Elric or any of them step out of line, I can promise no one will be able to find their pieces.” The man couldn’t get out of the car fast enough, Areigna smirked, happy to have frightened Dartz and she truly hoped he took her at her word.

“Here are the reports for the European division,” Sebastien said after the car started moving again. He and his brothers were looking at files, wondering how to ask about the brand and what she remembered.

“I know you want to ask,” The three looked at her. “They were at the house last night. Don’t say anything, just let me talk. When you dropped me off and parked the car back in the States, I’m glad you didn’t come to the house. As I told Dartz the five everyone refers to as the Death Gods were in Yamato’s room. He told me how proud he was and then he killed himself just like I said in the meeting. The five were following orders and when I shot Elric, I saw them. They followed me home. They were outside during the meeting. I only know that because they told me. All five want revenge on the Underground for one reason or another. I told them they could work for me to gain their freedom in exchange they brand me as their pet. I know you were sold off and came into Yamato’s possession. Elijah is my brother and we are from the royal family of Atlantis.”

The three listened, hating most of what they heard, but Areigna was smart and often knew what she was doing. As they continued talking about her memories and going over paperwork from IC the limo swerved. The driver was saying something about stupid kids, “Are you alright Reign?” Ceil asked.

“Stop the limo! I’m fine, but I don’t know if they are.” the ash-blonde yelled, the driver stomped on the break when he noticed the back door being opened and Areigna jumping out of the moving vehicle.

A blond was holding what was left of his bike, “Damn rich people, now how’m I gonna get ta school?”

Areigna crouched beside the boy, she guessed he was 17 or 18 and he went to Domino High, based on his uniform, “I’m so sorry,” she said sweetly, “my driver must not have been watching the road. Are you or your friends hurt?” There were five other guys with him wearing the same uniform.

“Black is a good color on you baby,” the voice was sexy smooth. “Do the panties match?”

Areigna’s eyes lit up, “Duke!” Excitedly she hugged him seeing two more familiar faces, “Merik, Bakura! I didn’t expect to see you here. Well I mean I expected Bakura, but not the two of you. Wait, does this mean you don’t have to do anymore creepy grave watching? Oh! And you must have decided to stay around for your new shop. I remem—” before she knew what was happening Duke wrapped his arm around her waist, tilted her head up, and pressed his lips to hers. His tongue demanding entry Areigna parted her lips. *“Seto will be pissed if he sees me like this, but I don’t want him to stop.”*

“What do you think you are doing dice boy?” The kiss was broken by Aloysius pulling the black-haired young man away from Areigna. He moved to stand between her and the six. “Your top buttons came undone when a stopped you from falling into the bar,” he quickly rebuttoned them.

Areigna looked at her butler in shock. She touched her lips thinking, *‘Wow! I don’t think I have tasted something that intoxicating in my life. Compared to Seto, and those assassins Duke’s kiss was heart stopping.’*

Duke may have been dressed in the Domino High uniform, but he still wore his bandana and dice earring. He shrugged his playboy attitude ever present, “She looked like she needed mouth to mouth.”

Aloysius grabbed Duke by the shirt, “Aloysius I command you to behave at once.” The tone in Areigna’s voice was that of a master scolding their servant. “You, Ceil, and Sebastien return to the car at once, that is an order not a request. Clean up the back, and Sebastien, tell the driver I will not tolerate someone that cannot pay attention to his surroundings, working for me.”

The three stood at attention, hand over their hearts they bowed, “Yes my lady.”

When Areigna’s attention returned to the group, she was back to her carefree self, “Duke, I cannot protect you if someone catches you kissing me, so no more.” She looked at the blond, “Let me make this up to you by giving you a ride to school.” Her smile was light and friendly, “Please, it the least I can do to repay you for my driver’s incompetents.”

“If you insist,” the playboy said, “then my friend accepts.” Duke pushed his friends to the car, “Come on Joey, Yugi, Tristan. You two have her right?” He asked looking over his shoulder to see Areigna laughing, Marik and Bakura on either side of her.

Once everyone was settled and the limo was moving again, Areigna glanced at the three new faces. The boy that sat in the middle, Yugi, was short and childlike. He looked too young for high school, his tri-colored hair and the item he had seemed oddly familiar to her. The blond, Joey, to the right and the brunet, Tristan, to the left reminded Areigna of bodyguards.

‘What’s on your mind?’ Merik’s voice raced across Areigna’s mind.

‘I was just thinking about the visions of our past lives,’ Areigna replied, *‘You also know I hate the invasion of privacy that comes from you using that rod.’*

‘We promise not to go diving into your private thoughts,’ Bakura added. *‘The reason he looks familiar—’*

‘He is the Pharaoh you keep seeing,’ Marik finished.

“HE’S WHAT!” Areigna exclaimed forgetting they were communicating telepathically. She blushed as both Merik and Bakura covered her mouth.

The boy with tri-colored hair broke the silence that fell over the car, “We completely forgot to introduce ourselves. I’m Yugi, this is Joey, and Tristan,” he pointed to his friends.

Areigna pulled the hands from her mouth letting them rest above her chest, “I guessed that when Duke was pushing you. Oh! I wasn’t paying attention, did Dartz drive around us?”

“Yes,” Sebastien said. “When the driver swerved Dartz car almost hit us.”

“It looks like ya already know Bakura, Duke, and Merik?” Joey said more as a question.

Smiling she looked directly at Yugi, “I’m Areigna, and yes I met these three a while back.” She looked at Joey, “When I moved to the States, Duke was the first friend I made, he even helped get my career started. I met Bakura and Merik while I was on tour.” Areigna sighed and said, more to herself, “Seems like I have bad luck when I’m on tour, but I wouldn’t have made friends with three outstanding guys if not for that bad luck...Oh! Sorry I’m rambling.”

“What’ch ya mean?” Joey asked.

“I guess I do look different when I’m not performing.” Areigna’s sea eyes met Joey’s, “I’m Areigna Ishikora the famous singer Reign.”

“You, you’re jokin’ right?” Joey asked.

“She’s not joking,” Duke said, “She really is the famous singer.” His tone reflected sympathy when he looked at Areigna, “I’m sorry to hear about your father, but the rumor is you—”

“I didn’t think the rumor would hit so soon, but no it isn’t true,” Areigna said cuddling into Merik’s side, while Bakura played with her hair. “You two are so much like my big brothers,”

she sighed starting to feel calm. “What I’m about to say cannot leave this car. I came home early to surprise my father for his birthday. He wanted me to learn the company and give up on singing. The mansion looked abandoned, as I made my way to my father’s room I... This feeling of dread washed over me. I was about to turn and leave when a gun was put to my head. It’s not the first time and probably won’t be the last, I was led to where my father was being held. He told me how proud he was, and he killed himself with an electrical device he’d been developing. The men... They... I...”

“You don’t have to say anymore,” Duke said. “We don’t need the rest of the details, but does he know what they did?”

Areigna nodded, “I haven’t told him. I thought that should be done in person.” Just then the school came into view, “Open the sunroof, I want a better view.” She stood on the seat, all guys in the car fighting the urge to look up her skirt. “It’s bigger than I expected.” Calm now, she looked around and noticed yet another familiar face, “Yuri?” The boy looked up, “Yuri!” Areigna yelled, “Wait there don’t go anywhere.” Without a second thought she climbed out of the sunroof and jumped off the still moving car. The three men had become use to her random mood swings and recklessness, but she was pushing things a bit too far this time.

Duke looked at the butlers, “Does she do that a lot? I mean has she been that way all this time?”

“Yes,” The butlers said in unison as every guy in the car noticed the black lace thong Areigna had decided to wear.

“Yuri!” Areigna yelled and waved as she ran to meet the third person to save her while on tour. A classmate the ivory-blond had known as a 4th grader decided it would be a good idea to trip her.

Areigna ended up landing on Yuri, “Looks like you are destined to be in my arms,” he said seductively giving her a quick kiss.

“Maybe,” Areigna said blushing, “but Lafay has been jealous of me since day one,” she glanced over at a girl with cherry hair. “She loves Seto, but he won’t give her the time of day. Why didn’t you tell me you were from Domino?”

“You had a lot going on, plus I didn’t think it mattered.” Yuri helped Areigna stand, “You were heading to the states, I didn’t know this was where you called home.”

“You damn adrenaline junky,” Ceil’s voice cut through Areigna, worse than any beating, “if you ever pull a stunt like that again I’ll... I’ll...”

Before Ceil could finish, a student with hazel hair walked past him pulling Areigna to him. His mystic eyes were cold, and his voice was void of all emotion, “What the hell do you think you’re doing?” His grip on Areigna’s arm a little tighter than necessary, “Are you trying to get yourself hurt? I mean honestly, jumping off a moving vehicle! Do you even care how many people you just flashed?” He was quite for a second, “More than that what the hell is with your stage costumes? You’re asking for someone to... to... What happened to you in Dublin was your own damn fault.” His attention turned to Ceil and his brothers, “You three

were entrusted with her safety,” His attention turned back to Areigna, “Your job is to protect her when someone decides to break in and kill her father.”

“Seto,” Areigna’s voice was barely audible. “I guess I just lost myself. I’m sorry.”

Seto’s voice was softer, “What would have happened if…”

“If I hadn’t checked in with you? If I hadn’t told you I was coming home early?”

“I already lost Mokuba, I can’t lose you too. And that stunt just now!”

“You won’t lose me, ever.”

Seto suddenly became lost in pools of green, “Your lips belong to me, I’m the only one allowed to bite them.” He ran his thumb along Areigna’s bottom lip, “Your body belongs to me, I’m the only one allowed to touch it.” He ran his nails down her neck and kissed the bite mark on her throat, “Last, your innocence belongs to me, I am the only one allowed to take it.”

“It’s yours, even if I wasn’t your first, I promised you my virginity and I plan on keeping it to the best of my ability,” Areigna buried her face in Seto’s chest, “I was, however, overpowered by Elric and his men when they executed my father.”

Seto lifted her chin to meet his gaze, “You know I am a selfish bastard and just the thought of them touching what’s mine… When I find them, I will make them pay the same way my brother’s killer payed.” Seto pressed his lips to Areigna’s in front of the entire student body. She felt a mix of emotion as his tongue forced its way into her mouth. The kiss left Areigna feeling dazed; Seto’s breath was warm against her ear as he whispered, “You are the only person I will share that experience with. I’ll let Yuri’s kiss slide this time, but you should warn him I don’t share.” The ring of the school bell brought Areigna back to reality, “By the way Devlin, kiss *MY* girl again and I’ll chop your dick off and feed it to my dragon! I’ll see you in class Rei.”

Before another word was said, Seto walked off, “Damn he’s scary.” Areigna turned to the voice, “Wait a minute, did he just call you his property?” Joey asked.

“Isn’t he going to call Yuri out?” Duke questioned.

Areigna giggled and wrapped her arm through Yuri’s, “Joey take a good look at the collar I’m wearing.” *PROPERTY OF SETO KAIBA* was engraved in the nameplate, “Seto and I have a history. He saved my life when we were 8 years old, three days later I became his for life. As for Yuri, he didn’t kiss me the same way you did so he’s letting it go this time.”

“You can’t be ok with being considered property,” Joey said.

“Hey, you three,” Areigna looked at her butlers, “Head over to IC and make sure things are running smooth.” She turned to Joey, “Seto views me as a person, and something he is sworn to protect. In a way I’m his only reason for existing. I’m the reason he is still alive, and he is the reason I am still alive.”

“And here we thought he didn’t care about anyone,” A boy with green and red hair said, “but the way he kissed you tells a different story.”

Areigna blinked, “When did you get here?” Yuri couldn’t help himself; his free hand covered his lips and he laughed. Yugi and his friends joined in the laughter, “Did I say something funny?” He wasn’t sure what it was about this girl, but Yuri couldn’t be the twisted coldhearted bastard everyone knew him to be when she was around, “What did I say? Come on you guys, why are all of you laughing?”

“We were standing beside him the entire time.” The silver haired Zarc said, his light green highlights shining brightly in the sun.

Areigna looked at Yuri’s brothers, “I’m sorry. I guess I was so focused on my fourth savior I didn’t notice you.”

“I wanted to ask about that,” Yuri said. “Who were the first three?”

Bakura and Merik used the power of their items to enter Areigna’s mind, *‘Do you think it’s a good idea to be hanging all over him like that? You know Kaiba will be pissed.’*

‘It will be fine,’ Areigna thought. She had this odd feeling she was being watched. Her grip on Yuri loosened and she latched onto the white-haired boy walking by and kissed his cheek, “Eli, I’ve missed you.”

“To answer your question Yuri,” Elijah stated, “Seto Kaiba at age 8, Bakura Ryou at age 13, Merik Ishtar at age 15, and you, Yuri Sakaki at age 16. I’ve missed you too, Reign.” He wrapped his arm around Areigna’s waist, “Does this feeling you have, have anything to do with shooting my brother and threatening my father?”

“It might,” Elijah was the only one of Dartz’s sons that hadn’t tried to fuck Areigna and like her, he was found with amnesia, “but for the record, I didn’t threaten your father, I made him a promise. As for Elric, I was ready to kill him, but you stopped me. I felt you there beside me, you moved my hand at the last second.”

“We should hurry,” Elijah said changing the subject. “What class are you in?”

“Class 10.”

“We are in the same room.”

“Looks like we’re all in the same room,” Duke said as everyone headed to their homeroom.

Elijah walked Areigna to the seat next to Seto, “Close your eyes,” he said before kissing her forehead. He knew enough about Areigna’s power, to make sure they never locked eyes, no matter how much he wanted to.

Just after the students took their seats the teacher walked in introducing himself as their homeroom instructor. *‘Looks like you’re the only girl,’* Merik thought to Areigna.

"I heard the girls in his class always skip," Bakura added. "They must have divided them among the other classes this year."

'Why do they skip?' Areigna thought back. "And why have me in here?"

'He's a perv,' Marik replied. 'He's a bit too touchy with the girls.'

Bakura added, *'Every girl at this school has complained about him trying to grope them.'*

'What I'm hearing is, he's trying to fuck the female students?' Areigna asked. 'That must mean this was the only available class for me because I enrolled yesterday?'

'You're so blunt.' the two replied.

'It's the only way I know how to be.'

"Alright class," The man said after attendance, "if you have no questions," Areigna raised her hand. "Yes, miss Ishikora?"

"It has come to my attention that you may be behaving inappropriately with the female students. Look I don't care what you and your students do," she shrugged, and propped her head on her hands, "but I do care if I'm a target of a perverted old man who's having sex with his students. I just want to make you and every male teacher here is aware that I'm not the type to fuck someone for passing grades." Areigna looked at the eight guys surrounding her, "Also, the first teacher here to try something with me has a one-way ride to the hospital if they make it out of the building breathing."

The teacher looked from Seto to Yuri, Bakura to Merik, Duke to Elijah, and Yuto to Zarc. Fear plastered his face as he stuttered, "I need to meet with the principle if there are no other questions," he didn't wait for a response before fleeing the class.

"That was amazing."

"No girl has ever called him out."

"I wonder if he will come back?"

"He has to, he is our homeroom teacher."

The door opened to reveal a man dressed in traditional Japanese clothing. His black hair was pulled back in a ponytail. He looked like he was from another time, "I'm Jushiro Ukitake and this is Shunsui Kyoraku we are your first period teachers. There are some last-minute additions to the class as well. Why don't you go ahead and introduce yourselves?"

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

I've been dealing with a lot of health issues and struggling with mental health, but I'm back now.

Without having to look up the ash-blonde felt their gaze of appraisal, just as she had the night they met. The eight around Areigna felt a shift in the air as she raised her sea green eyes to meet the five standing before the class. It was as if an unspoken contract was being formed between them.

The one known as Kyra said, "Heero Yuy." His appearance was that of Japanese origin. His messy brown hair fell in his cold blue eyes.

"Duo Maxwell," also known as Shinigami, appeared to be American. His hair chestnut in color a waist length braid draped over his shoulder bangs falling in his face. His vibrant indigo eyes seemed to peer directly into Areigna's soul.

The next to introduce himself was Azrael, "Quatre Raberba Winner." He looked like an Arabic prince just the same as Areigna's vision. His hair was more platinum, with Prussian blue eyes. By the way he presented himself anyone could tell he came from money.

"Trowa Barton," The one known as Trowa said. Brown hair covered half his face, and dark green eyes stared at Areigna. He looked almost Russian, slightly taller than the others; the blond thought she'd seen him perform in a circus her father had taken her to.

"Wufei Chang," known as Arawn was the last to introduce himself. His shoulder length black hair was slicked back in a traditional Chinese style ponytail, his eyes looked like coal. He too appeared to come from money or at the least raised in a way similar too Seto.

"Thank you," Shunsui Kyoraku said. "There are a few sets in the middle there. I'll get you some books in a minute, before I do does anyone have any question about what we will be covering this year?"

"I have one," A blond boy with whisker markings on his cheeks said, "can Areigna teach the class?" The room once again erupted with students saying she how hot she was and way better to stare at. Areigna wanted to disappear. The only thing to silence the class was Seto slamming his book on the desk. Aside from Areigna correcting the teachers the rest of the day went smoothly.

As the students were making their way to the gym Areigna communicated to Bakura and Merik telepathically. She told Bakura how the classes differed from the school she went to in the States. Merik finally explained how they found out the identity of Yami and what kind of person her was. Areigna told them how happy she was to be in the same class with them, Seto, Duke, Yuri and his brothers, and Yugi. She explained how she thought Joey was funny and wanted to be friends with the other guys in class. One thing did concern all three of them and that was Elijah's behavior after the assassins showed up.

"Yer jokin right," Joey said, "Come on Tristin, tell me yer jokin."

Tristin shook his head, "Sorry Joey we have Kakashi Hatake, Asuma Sarutobi, and Might Guy as coaches this year and the girls have Anko Mitarashi, Kurenai Yuhi and Izumi Curtis."

"Are they trying to kill us?" the blond with whiskers asked.

"Oh, get over it," a raven hair said. "Let's just get changed."

As the guys went off to the locker room Areigna continued her conversation, *"So what's their story and what is the big deal with the coaches?"*

The two blonds sighed, *"If they are our coaches, I doubt any of us will pass."*

"Alright class we are doing an obstacle course today," Kakashi said. He was a handsome man with dark eyes and white hair. He wore a mask that he claimed was for medical reasons and he had a scar on his left eye. "The girls will start first then the guys. This is a test to see where each of you stand so we know how to divide you up."

"If it's alright with you I'd like to start when the guys do," Areigna said. "Just because I'm a girl I don't want to be treated like one. I don't feel we should be singled out due to gender. I know gym has always been a male class and female class, but I don't feel like it is fair. I for one prefer wrestling over volleyball." She glanced at Seto, "In fact I was the only girl on the wrestling, baseball, American football and soccer teams at the high school I attended in America."

There were a few low growls from Areigna's friends. "Alright," Anko and Izumi said, "You want to play with the guys feel free, but you better not go easy on them."

"Yes mams," the white-haired girl maintained a lead through the course. It wasn't designed for those out of shape in fact the course was more suited for someone who does stunt running. All six coaches watched Areigna move through each obstacle with ease. She showed no sign of being out of breath. Her time was the fastest overall finishing before any of the girls. The group of assassins couldn't even keep up.

"That was amazing," a coach in a green jumpsuit said. "How would you like to join—"

"I'm sorry coach, um, which one are you?" Areigna asked. "Guy or something like that, not to sound rude or anything but I run my own company, so I don't have time for sports. If I did,

I would join a stride team. Outside of singing, running is my passion.”

“Both have always made you smile,” Seto said. “When did you get so fast? I remember we always tied, and you were the one winded.”

“Yeah, I remember, but when we moved to the States, I met up with a group of stunt runners. They taught me so much and honestly I could have finished this course in under 30 minutes if I really pushed myself.”

“Yer jokin’ right?” Joey asked gasping.

“Want to time me?” a smile played at Areigna’s lips. She truly wanted to show off how fast she was. The Death Gods thought about challenging her later that night.

With gym being their last class of the day, Areigna decided to wait until she had the shower alone. She was thinking about how nice it was to be able to be alone, when a hand wrapped around her mouth, “Looks like we finally caught you alone,” one guy said.

“Do you remember us Reign?” another asked. “We have been waiting a while for you to come back.”

“No one is here to help you this time,” the last guy said pulling out a blade.

“Still don’t remember?” Areigna was spun to face the three and shoved into the stall wall. “Don’t scream or I’ll let him have some fun with that blade.”

“Eden, Yoshi, and Alec,” Areigna said. “I was here for Seto when his little brother was killed. You three were harassing a girl and I stopped you. Am I right?”

“You embarrassed us pretty bad,” Eden said grabbing Areigna by the throat.

“Where’s your body guards this time?” Alec asked taunting running his blade down her arm.

Fighting back a moan Areigna asked, “What do you want?” She had already seen into their past once, “Are you here to teach me a lesson or just show how much of a virgin you are?”

“We’re going to teach you a lesson alright,” Yoshi said.

“You will be begging for our cocks by the end of this,” Eden’s twin Evan said as Areigna was thrown to the floor by his feet.

“We’ll show you just how brutal we can be,” Alec whispered angsty her ear, his blade sliding across the brand of the Death Gods, a moan escaping the ash-blond’s lips.

“You’ll forget all about Kaiba by the time we’re done with you,” Eden said kissing Areigna.

She had nowhere to run, blood coated her white hair red and for once in her life Areigna had no idea what to do. The four closed the circle as fear held her. She was drawing a blank, with

all her training and she was drawing a blank. *'Why can't I do anything?'* she thought, *'Why won't my body respond?'*

"Can't you tell?" Alec asked breath hot on her ear, "I coated my blade with a special drug. It takes affect as soon as it enters the blood."

"It will give us just enough time to tie you up," Yoshi said darkly.

'This can't happen,' Areigna thought as the four tied her to a bench. She closed her eyes against the feel of their hands on her body. The way they toyed with her entrance and sucked on the chest was proof they had done this before. As the drug began to wear off, she began to kick, lips overtaking her own when she tried to cry out each of the males shoving a finger into her at once. Areigna fought as hard as she could. She tried to stay calm the way she was with the assassins, but this was different she knew who this group was she had seen the horrible things they were capable of. "Stop, your hurting me. Seto and the others will notice me missing," the words came out as half scream half moan. Her body had betrayed her as it moved with their touch, "Please stop," she could feel herself being pushed over the edge as the guys played with her body.

"You came pretty hard with just our fingers?" Eden teased he put his coated fingers in Areigna's mouth.

Alec pushed her legs apart and licked her clit, "I'm surprised that didn't rip your hymen." He darted his tongue in and out of her opening, "You guys should taste how sweet she is."

"Hey Kaiba," Duke said, "I can't seem to shake this feeling."

"You too," Yuri said, "I have been feeling off since we changed."

Seto looked at Merik and Bakura, "Hey try to—"

"She won't answer," Merik responded.

Bakura looked up, "Something bad is happening to Reign."

Seto ran from the class fallowed by Bakura, Merik, Yuri, and Duke. The Death Gods realized something was wrong with Areigna and fallowed after the Seto hoping another group hadn't taken her.

"Who wants to go first?" Evan asked.

"Why don't we fuck her at the same time," Eden said.

Alec stood, "I want her ass," he said, "aside from that I don't care if we take turns or fuck her at once."

The four were just about to rape Areigna when they heard Seto's voice, "Let her go now and I might let you live."

"What makes you think we're afraid of you?" Evan smirked.

"Do you really want to face Kaiba and Merik?" Bakura asked.

"What," Yoshi looked at the three, "little Bakura not want in on the action?"

"People end up missing when I get involved, so I would rather stay out of it," Bakura said his aura was dark, almost evil. Both he and Merik held their totems ready to use their power.

Realizing they were outnumbered, as more of class 10 started showing up, Eden leaned in his breath tickling Areigna's ear as he cut the tie around her wrists, "This isn't over yet me paukos skortom. {my little slut.}" He pulled her to feet forcing a lustful kiss on her before shoving the ash-blond into Seto's arms, "Kaiba you should really taste how sweet her orgasms are when she isn't willing," he taunted.

Merik and Bakura started after the four when they heard, "Let them go," she was trembling, "you can't give into it, you can't let the darkness overcome you. If you do there won't be a way back this time." In that moment she didn't care how many of her classmates saw her. She only cared about feeling safe.

Seto held her tight to his chest, "It's okay," he said trying to comfort his friend without much luck, "they have control of their former selves."

"I'm sorry," she whispered clinging to his shirt crying. "I could have done something, but I just froze and there was a paralyzing drug on the blade used to cut me. If I hadn't wanted to be alone, if I had just..."

"You couldn't have stopped them," Seto ran his fingers through blood-soaked hair, "That's the problem with the Ironhearts, they don't stop. They would have found a way to get you alone eventual."

"Here Kaiba," Elijah handed Areigna's clothes to him, "Want me to help?"

"Hey Yuri," Seto said reluctantly shaking his head, "get over here and sit down." Seto sat Areigna in Yuri's lap, "Work your magic," Yuri looked confused, "Do whatever you did to her in Dublin." Yuri began singing and racking his fingers through Areigna's platinum hair.

"Kaiba, looks like she's still bleeding," Crow, a bad boy with face tattoos and piercings said. It was only then Seto noticed everyone from class 10 and the addition to Areigna's back. He decided to leave it alone for now as he helped her dress but once they were alone, she would have to tell him everything.

"Kitten," Quatre said softly the blond crouched gently touching Areigna's arm, she flinched, "Would you like me to give you something to calm you?"

Before she could answer the raven haired from earlier said, “Naruto go get your dad and Tsunade.”

“No,” Areigna stood, she was still missing her shirt. “Nē oinos krpos moghō skjō mínusi ei skjō bhodjós. {No one else can know the less who know the better.}”

“You need to tell the principal and that cut needs to be checked,” the raven hair said, “it shouldn’t matter who you want to know or how weak it makes you feel.”

“Sasuke is right,” Naruto, the blond with whisker like marks said, “just let me go get my dad and the nurse. She can make sure you’re ok.”

“Its up to her if she wants to say anything,” a red head said.

“Stay out of it Renji.”

“Quatre moghō spekjō sékāmi, {can check the cut,}” she looked at all the guys in the room. Areigna knew a few of them could understand the language, but how many in her class knew it? “Tū moghō peumi me? {You can understand me?}” she asked silencing the room.

“Of course, we can,” Crow said.

Areigna was feeling dizzy from the blood loss. Elijah’s caught her from falling, having temporally forgotten her powers, he stared lost in an abyss. The scene before him was of the day he lost everything. Suddenly Elijah remembered his childhood, the ship he was on capsizing, and waking up in a hospital with amnesia. “Swesōr, juwes / juwe en kādos kṃti áwījā ati. {Sister, you got us in trouble with grandmother again.}”

“Dhídhēmi-dhōkjō ghawōd mérneumi ita pelu bhrātēr, qis qid anus ana dhídhēmi-dhōkjō? {Don’t worry so much brother, what is grandmother going to do?}”

Elijah pulled Areigna into a tight embrace, “So, you’re the long-lost brother?” Quatre’s voice sent chills through Areigna’s body. “Tell me Eli, are you just as powerful?”

“You stay the hell away from my sister,” Elijah growled at the change.

“She invited us,” Duo said pulling Areigna to him, her back pressed into his chest. Trowa and Wufie stood between the groups.

“Duo let her go,” Quatre’s voice was dark this time. “I need to make sure she isn’t losing to much blood.”

“Its fine I’m ok,” Areigna locked eyes with her best friend, she hadn’t expected things to escalate this much. “These five are trained assassins and they won’t hesitate to kill any of you.” She paused the Death Gods looked to where she was staring, “I hired them to be my bodyguards and help me find my father’s killer.” Areigna looked at everyone, “I didn’t think Eden and his group would try to come after me yet, so I told them to act like normal seniors, that way they won’t draw unwanted attention to themselves.” Quatre examined the cut, “I’ll

stand by my word and give you anything you want as payment, but please don't harm my friends or our classmates."

"Then we can forget you told them the truth about our profession but under these circumstances it's only fair the others revile themselves."

"So, you knew who we were?" Sasuke asked.

"We all started in the Underground, didn't we?" Heero smirked.

"You shouldn't have to go to the nurse, but I want to use an experimental sav on your back. It's designed to instantly heal anything within the hour." Areigna nodded allowing Quatre to cover her back with the sav. "Kaiba, you should know there are others after her, it seems that everyone here was just concerned this time around, however I know that each of the assassin groups here were sent to investigate our little record keeper." Quatre slipped Areigna's shirt over her head and looked at Seto, "To answer your questions about the new ink you should know it's nothing more than a contract between master and servants. Yamato forced her to get the tattoo in the first place, she just decided to take advantage of it in a different way."

"Do you think it's wise to let everyone know who we are?" Renji asked?

"Yeah," Sasuka added, "I'm with porcupine on this one."

"It's only fair to everyone," Areigna said. "I trust Seto, Yuri, Duke, and all their friends. Elijah and I were sold to be sex toys in the Underground. I know each of you were trained by the Underground before being sold off to the highest bidder. They stole my life and I plan on destroying them." Areigna had decided it was best to have as many assassins on her side as she could get. She looked at Seto knowing she would make him mad, but she was tired of hiding, "I have the power to see a person's past life, just by looking at them. We have to be touching or it won't work. I'm sure that's not all I can do, for all I know Eli and I were experiments; all I can say is organizations in the Underground want this power and I don't plan on just handing it over. I will offer you freedom if you want it. Don't answer now, just think about what I can give you and your families. They treat you as weapons that are disposable, but if you decide to trust me, I will treat you as people and not as tools."

Author's note

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