

# Of Angels and Demons

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Submitted: November 12, 2004

Updated: December 25, 2005

*Each time he's hurt he loses a single feather... How long does he, the angel, have to live if he's losing his feathers to his demon? [Drama/Angst][Bakura/Ryou]*

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# 1 - Harsh Realities

## Of Angels and Demons

Chapter 1: Harsh Realities

By: Nadako-Mika

**Brief Explanation:** (AU....Absolutely nothing to do with the world..O.o)

*On Earth there are Angels and Demons. Each person having both a light, angelic side; and also a dark, demonic side. Such sides were created to keep the balance of nature. But if one side takes more control, the other may be forced somewhere else. Resulting in Sins and Religions. Murderers are controlled by their dark sides. Their light's flee to a sanctuary, a church perhaps. There they occupy the minds of worshippers and followers. Everything must be balanced!*

*But there are special cases. Where a person's sides are split into two. Giving them two people who are similar and different in many ways. Yuugi and Malik are an example; they are the Hikari's\*, and Yami-Yuugi and Yami-Malik are they're dark sides (their Yami's\*\*). In their cases they are fortunate enough to be handed kinder Yami's. Ryou on the other hand, had a more demonic Yami.*

**==((Ryou's P.O.V))==**

"Ryou! Get down here!"

I hear someone yelling at me from downstairs. He's back. I sit up straight in my bed; I've got to get downstairs before I make Bakura angrier. As I try to climb off my bed I trip, my legs were tangled in the white sheets.

"Ryou? Where are you?"

Footsteps... He's coming! Slowly I hear quiet thumps; he's at the stairs. I try my best to wrench my legs from the mess of sheets. My futile attempts only resulted in a loud bang, as I fell from my bed. Suddenly the footsteps stop.

"Are you in there, hikari?"

I freeze. He's going to check in here, I know it! What is he going to do to me once he finds me? I get up slowly and walk towards my bedroom door. *'There's no use hiding now. Even if I did get away, he'd be twice as angry when he does see me.'* with that thought I turn the knob and slowly creak open the door. I see Bakura, my yami, smirking evilly at me.

"So, my little Hikari. Trying to hide from your dear Yami are you?" he says with a cold voice.

I say nothing. I just look at the ground, trying to avoid staring into those dark, wicked orbs of his. Several moments pass and there we stand not moving an inch. He's still staring at me; daring me to look him in the eye. It's not going to work. Giving in would mean I would get a severe beating. Minutes roll by as we

stand silently. Bakura was the first to break it.

"Tell me Ryou," he said smoothly, "Why were you in bed?" He looked over at my unmade bed. I didn't answer him. I'm not suppose to answer unless I'm told, it's one of his rules. He seems to be getting a little impatient. "You may answer," he says quite simply

I look up a little, my eyes never meeting his. "I was tired," I answered. Suddenly I feel a sharp pain on my cheek. He slapped me.

He looked angry. "Did I say you could take a rest? Didn't I specifically tell you to clean up downstairs while I was away?" he asked.

I say nothing. *'That's right. Ryou, you baka! You were suppose to clean the living room today!'* I mentally scolded myself. Building up courage I stare into his eyes. "I-I'm sorry, B-Bakura..." I say. I suddenly find myself being slammed up against the wall. My feet were just a few inches off the ground.

"Sorry? Sorry isn't good enough!" my yami yelled as he gave a strong punch to my stomach. "What do you have to say for yourself?" he asked. He dropped me onto the cold floor.

I didn't answer, I couldn't. He knocked the breath out of me. I clutched my stomach as I tried to take in air. A few seconds later I was kicked in my side.

"Answer me, you worthless being!" he hollered.

Still I could not say a word. It hurt so much. I was still gasping for air when he kicked me, but that made it worse. Tears were threatening to spill from my eyes. *'How much more of this can I take?'* I wondered, *'How many times more before he finally realises? Before I finally crack?'* I stayed in my spot, shuddering. I wouldn't be able to take much more.

I wince as I feel Bakura pulling me up by my hair. "Why are you shaking?" he asked, he'd gone back to using that smooth, even tone again. "I'm sorry. Did I hurt you, Ryou?" he whispered into my ear with a sly tone. He received no answer from me. Letting go of me he stood up. His face looked grim. He walked towards the bedroom door, stopped, then looked back at me. "Come downstairs Ryou," he told me. I hesitated a little. "NOW!" he screamed. I jumped a little, and with some trouble followed him out the door.

The living room looked horrible. Papers, vases, and other junk were tossed around the room. The couch had been flipped over, and the television had a dent. There was also blood. Blood was smeared all over the walls. You could clearly see handprints on one side. The tiles on the floor were stained with blood; large dried pools lay in a corner. I shivered at the sight. This was all from last night. I had come home late because of the rain, and he had beaten me. He had punched me, kicked me, and wounded me with a knife for hours on end. It was horrible. I had lost a great amount of blood (as you can tell) and had collapsed in a corner. Just thinking about it made my pain greater.

"Look at this mess!" Bakura shouted, snapping me back to reality, "What if Yuugi or some of those pathetic 'friends' of yours came by? What would they say? Your filthy blood is smeared all over this house!" he scolded, "Clean it up! NOW!" He gave me one last blow to my chest. I kneeled over, panting

and gasping for air. It hurt, he had hit one of my already bruised ribs when he did that. He left me there, all alone.

As soon as I recovered my strength I went to work. Grabbing a bucket of water, and a cloth I started cleaning the blood off the walls. As I worked my mind wandered. How could he do this to me? I've done so much for him in the past. I was the one that freed his spirit from the Sennen Ring! I let him occupy my body in order to perform his desired tasks. At any point in time I could have thrown away the item, just leaving him. But did I do that? No. I didn't. Even though he had been abusive and harmful to me, I know there is some good in him.

Over the years I had given him his freedom. Taking blame for what ever he had done. Letting him do what ever he wished; he did what he wished, and I did not hold him back. Worst of all, I let him take all his frustrations out on me. Everytime something never went his way he'd come home and yell at me. I'd never say a thing, and eventually he'd start the abuse. I never talked back or anything. I just stood or sat there absorbing all the pain.

Tears started to spill out of my eyes. I paused momentarily to wipe them off. Then I continued cleaning and thinking.

Why do I let him do this to me? Why do I let him slowly kill me? The reason was simple. He was my yami, and I was his hikari. Without him I would be incomplete! Where ever there's a light, there has to be a dark side. Everything had to be balanced.

Why don't I just fight back then? That was the complicated question. Why didn't I fight back? I'm sure I had the power to do so. Every beating I would just lay there like a helpless puppy and take what I'm given. I never could hit him or even verbally assault him. Why is that? What was there about him that made me stop everytime? I'd always feel weak in his presence. But there's something about him that keeps me living. Gives me a reason to live. It can't be his assaults, I hate those. Suddenly the answer hit me in the head. Could it be? Am I in love with Bakura? It can't be... He's the person that hits me, and makes me shed blood, every night. He wouldn't have a care in the world if I just suddenly disappeared. Why would I love him?

I stopped and dropped the cloth into the red tinted water. I looked up at the wall. It was white again, and you could clearly see the patterns of the previously bloody tiles. Putting the water away I returned to the room. All I need to do now is to pick up the scattered items.

As I did so I started thinking again. It probably is true. I do love him. But what's the use. I would never be able to tell him. If I did confront him he'd either laugh at me, or he would be disgusted by my presence. He'd never love me back. He only thinks of me as a pathetic being. He's hated me from the beginning! Says I'm weak and useless. I'd never be able to win his heart. Does he even have a heart? If he did, it certainly turned to stone.

Snapping out of my thoughts I stood up, surveying the room. It was neater now. The couch was flipped right side up again, there weren't anymore papers on the floor, the broken glass from vases had been picked up, and no more blood could be seen. There was just one problem... the dent on the television could be clearly seen. I'd have to get that into a shop some day.

I yawn loudly and look up at the clock; half past ten, its pretty late (for me anyways). I decide to go to sleep. When I walk into my bare room I notice a sleeping figure on my bed. Being very careful and quiet I stepped closer. It was Bakura. I wish he had gone back into his soul room. There were no more beds in the house (my father had moved out because of his job), and I didn't want to sleep on the floor. I had no choice but to sleep on the couch.

Before I left my tiny room I notice something reflecting the light from the hall. Holding my breath, I walk even closer to my sleeping yami's form. In his hands I see a small knife. I despise that knife. I hated the finely crafted blade that Bakura always used to pierce my skin. I hated the dull metal handles that was constantly used to form bruises on my pale skin. That one knife brought hell to my little world. It was Bakura's most valuable (and only) possession. He would never go anywhere without that damned thing. Sometimes I just wished I could take it from his hands and dispose of it.

Finally I left my bedroom. I almost tripped and fell down those blasted stairs. I was drowsy and my eyes were being forced to shut. I just barely made it to the couch. As soon as I got to the couch, I collapsed. I wasn't asleep yet, just too tired to move my limbs. Like always, I recalled the day's events. It wasn't so bad. My yami wasn't all that violent today, which was very unusual. Maybe something was on his mind. Again my mind drifted to the question: *Why do I love him?* It seemed that this question would never go away. After a few minutes, sleep finally crept into my mind. '*He would never love me back...*' was the last thought that ran through my dazed mind.

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**A/N:** ARGH PLEASE DON'T KILL ME ~\_~

Yes, yes. I know. Kind of dark for a beginning ^^;  
\*sigh\* as for now... To be continued?

## 2 - Fading

### Of Angels and Demons

Chapter 2: Fading

By: Nadako-mika

*Through darkness I'm wandering.  
Through darkness I'm faltering.  
Where once I thought was home,  
Now is black  
From the lack  
Of light piercing the walls of my home.*

*Of all a sudden a voice calls,  
Where the blinding light falls.  
I reach for the welcoming light.  
I give a loud shout  
I need to get out,  
Of the darkness and into the light.*

*There two people stand,  
One weeping and holding Time's sands.  
"He's fading fast," the other says.  
A single feather fell,  
Tattered and weathered as can tell.  
"You have to stop," the other says.*

*"Stop what?" I wonder.  
They fall silent making me ponder.  
The weeping one holds out Time's sands.  
"He's fading fast,  
He's not going to last.  
"He'll live until the last grain of Time's sands."*

*"Who are you talking about?" I ask.  
She said behind her teary mask,  
"The one you truly love."  
Love has no meaning  
It's a dead feeling.  
So how can I possibly love?*

*"Bakura, you must stop," the other calls.  
His face stern stare makes your soul fall.  
"Stop what?" I ask again, "Who's fading?"  
"Stop the hurting,  
He's truly dying.  
"Stop everything or your hikari will continue fading."*

*It struck me hard, "Ryou?"*

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**((Bakura's P.O.V))**

I woke up with a start. What kind of dream was that? Poetry? POETRY in my DREAM? I still remember it vividly. I was just wandering around in the dark when I went through some really bright light. Then there were two people, a man and a woman. The woman was weeping heavily and staring sadly at an Hourglass, that she was holding, like it was her life. Then they spoke to me. At first I didn't know what they were talking about. But then I came to understand that they were talking about the fate of my Hikari. They said something about Ryou dying and fading away. I huffed, what nonsense!

I sat up and noticed something at the foot of the bed. It was my hikari. I felt a pang of guilt come over me, but quickly shrugged it off. Guilty? Why should I feel guilty? After all it was....no..it was MY fault, not his. I'm the one that made him sleep there, I'm a spirit and I don't need a bed. What's this? I'm becoming soft, not good. Must have been that dream I had. I have to remember to block that dream out.

What to do? What to do? It's raining outside and there is absolutely nothing to do! Ryou's upstairs hiding as usual. I'm here stuck on the couch...trying to find something to occupy my time. Maybe I could set this house on fire... But the rain would drench the flames, not to mention Ryou and I would become homeless. Perhaps I could find some unwary animal to torture... Nothing seems to be outside because of the rain, and I would NEVER hurt the cat that Ryou keeps. Cats are sacred! They're very intelligent creatures, \*nod nod\* yes they are. I sink further into the couch. Rain just ruins everything.

"Rain, rain...go away..." I sighed heavily and reached for the phone.

Maybe Mariku may have some ideas. I hate to admit it, but that blonde always seems to have something up his sleeve. Ring, ring, ring. Answer the freaking phone Ishtar! Hmph. The answering machine just came on. Argh...he's already found something to do, and left me out of it. I refuse to call that so called 'Pharaoh'. His all mighty self is too busy to spend some time with his fellow yami. Gah! What was that? Did I just THINK about calling that Pharaoh? Couldn't be...never would happen...

Pitter Patter, Pitter Patter. Oh what fun! The rain makes sounds... snore... I make sounds too! How interesting... I wonder what my sad excuse for a hikari is doing. He can't expect to hide all day can he? Being a mortal, you have to eat. And if I'm not mistaken, I'm pretty sure the kitchen is DOWNSTAIRS not UPSTAIRS. I stare at the ceiling and start counting the little paint droplets. Wait...Paint droplets? I stand up on the couch and poke at the material. I never knew paint dripped so slowly. The paint must have been pretty thick, it takes a while for paint to dry. Maybe the carpenter was just bad at constructing the ceiling, and tried to cover up the mess by painting over it. Who would be dumb enough to do that?

Am I actually interested about PAINT? What has come over me? It's the rain I tell you! The rain! It's EVIL evilevilevilevil! Not GOOD goodgoodgoodgood! Aye...I'm repeating repeatingrepeatingrepeating everything I say. \*blink\* GARGH! Must stop repeating repea- NO! Not going to say sa- I'm twitching again. That could only mean one thing... I MUST RELEASE MY ANGER! \*calms down\* Alright I'm done my rant. This rain is seriously making me insane. Must keep my mind occupied. Think of other things, Bakura.

I wonder what that dream meant... NO! I promised myself that I wouldn't think of that anymore... no no, no dream. No thinking of the dream. No wondering what the dream meant. No wondering if the dream was really telling the truth, and wondering if Ryou was soon going to fade away and die. Twitch. Must find the real meaning of the dream. Who cares about that promise, I need to know. Curiosity kills...only if you keep it in.

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**(( Ryou's P.O.V ))**

I feel so...weak. So tired...no energy at all. Why is this happening to me? I know the answer, but I don't want to believe it. Every since I first met Bakura, I've had this dream... There are always two people standing by my side. They tell me to get stronger and resist my yami. They said that everytime he hurt me, it would cost me dearly. I was only eleven years of age when I first recieved that message. I didn't believe it. I didn't understand what it meant...until now.

The two people in my dreams say I'm an angel, or I represent one anyway. They said that all Hikaris are angels, and their Yamis are the demons. Not in a bad way though. It just meant that the hikaris were light and yamis were darker. Anyways... Since angels really have no way to die, we're supposedly 'immortal' right? And demons can somehow, almost always be killed. Well, the two people told me how an angel dies...

Angels have wings of feather, correct? Is an angel still an angel if it loses its wings? Each time us hikaris are hurt by our darker halves...we lose a single feather. Doesn't seem like much right? But you must remember, feathers are limited. They may grow back after a very long period of time, however. If an angel loses its feathers quickly he or she may die. I don't really know if it's true, the two people just told me. So an Angel's life is timed. Once the last feather is gone, the angel is gone. I don't know where to, but it's gone.

I've come to realize that everytime Bakura abuses me...I fade. My spirit weakens. Right now I'm too exhausted to do anything. Why did I have to be stuck with him? Does he know what he's doing to me? I wonder if he gets the same warnings in his dreams. Does he even dream?

Malik used to have the same problem as I. Mariku used to be as bad as Bakura, and had taken out all his anger on Malik. But the two learned to love each other... I envy them. Yuugi has been ever so lucky. His yami is nice and kind. Never has Yami been rude or abusive towards Yuugi. I growl slightly. Why did I have to be the one with bad luck? Why couldn't I live a good life liky Yuugi? That Motou... he gets everything he wants. I think I'm starting to dislike the pair.



Why is the house so quiet? Is Bakura out? I didn't hear the door, so he must still be in. He's never this quiet. He always has something to talk or yell about. I wonder if Bakura is mad, I don't want to stick around to find out. I have to get out of this house. I try to sit up on my bed, only to find gravity pull my weakened body down. No energy at all. But I'll lose even more if Bakura gets mad and I'm still here. I need to take a walk, maybe I'll regain some energy from the fresh air.

I manage to get out of my bed. As I slowly walk towards the bedroom door, I notice it's raining outside. The rain isn't going to stop me. I need to get out, I'm not staying here with Bakura. I walked down the stairs as silently as I could. Would Bakura stop me if he saw me? I'm not taking that chance. I quietly made my way towards the front door. I saw Bakura napping on the couch as I passed the living room. No wonder it was so quiet, he was sleeping. Not waiting around to make sure Bakura was fully asleep, I grabbed my coat by the door and stepped out.

I took a few steps from the door and instantly feel the rain beating against my hood. It was raining heavily and no one was in sight. There wasn't a single vehicle on the road. Everything was silent. I didn't mind though, I preferred it quiet. In just a few minutes my coat was soaked and stuck to my skin. I pulled my hood off and let the rain fall onto my face. It was soothing... but awfully cold.

I still feel exhausted. With each step I become weaker. I don't know where I'm walking to, but I can't turn back. I'm already too far from my house, and I'd collapse from exhaustion before I even reach the door. I doubt Bakura would take me into the house himself. I trip slightly as I continue walking. Where are my feet taking me?

I reach an unfamiliar park. Great how am I going to get home? The rain was coming down even harder. I feel cold and numb. I need to rest. I walk towards a near by bench. I just need a little rest, then I'll be fine. Just a little rest... But I never reach the bench. My legs give out too soon, and I tumble down to the ground. I had no energy left in me. I couldn't get up. I just lay there, collapsed on the soaking ground. Before sleep overtook my mind, I hear footsteps coming closer...

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**To Be Continued?**

## 3 - Despise

### Of Angels and Demons

Chapter 3: Despise

By: Nadako-Mika

"Oh my God. What happened to him?"

"I found him outside in the rain."

"He's developing a fever."

"What should we do?"

"Put him into bed, I'll tell 'ji-san."

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Ryou woke up groggily. His head pounded, like waves breaking against tall cliffs. His nose was stuffed, and his eyelids were heavy. The teen turned over and snuggled deeper into the warm blankets. He wondered why he felt so warm, usually his bed was ice cold. Bakura always blocked the heating vents to his room. Ryou didn't mind the change though. He was warm for once, and he'd like to keep it that way.

Tossing and turning, Ryou finally gave up. He wasn't going to get anymore sleep that day. He sat up, feeling his limbs heavier than usual, and gave a content yawn. He stopped mid-yawn. He noticed something out of place. Since when was his room littered with all sorts of toys and games? His room was never a bright red, always a plain white shade.

At that moment the door to the room opened. Yuugi's grandfather, Sugoroku, walked in. At first Sugoroku didn't seem to notice Ryou. He only walked towards the window to pull open the blinds, picking up a few misplaced toys along the way. He turned around and almost jumped out of his skin.

"Oh! Ryou, you're up," he said walking up to the bed. He placed the back of his hand on Ryou's forehead. "Hm... The fever's cleared."

Ryou, in the meantime, just blinked and stared confusingly. How did he find himself at Yuugi's house? Wasn't he in the park?

"I'll go fix you a nice hot bowl of soup. The boy's will be glad to hear that you're awake!" Sugoroku said with a kind smile. Before Ryou could say a word, the old man had closed the door behind him.

*'How did I end up at Yuugi's?'* Ryou thought. The boy stood up. He realized that he was no longer in his own clothing. His mind was foggy and his limbs were heavy. He walked towards the door with much effort. Before Ryou had a chance to turn the knob, the door opened. Yuugi and Yami walked in.

"Ryou, you should be in bed," Yuugi said. He guided the dazed boy back to the bed.

"I-I'm fine Yuugi," Ryou said tiredly, "I really have to get home."

"In this weather?" Yami asked looking out the window. The rain was still pouring down heavily. Droplets were pounding against the windows and rooftops. "You'll probably collapse again. I found you at the park, you were ice cold!" The ex-pharaoh turned towards the white haired teen, "Why were you out there anyway?"

Ryou stayed silent. Did he really want to say that he had to get away from Bakura? "I went out for a walk this morning. Then it started raining, I never thought it would come down this hard," he lied.

"Oh," Yuugi said simply. He wasn't too convinced, but decided not to push the subject.

*/ Yami... It started raining yesterday night, and it hasn't stopped yet. / Yuugi said through their connection.*

*// Really? Why would Ryou lie to us? //*

*/ I think he's trying to hide something. / There was a slight pause in the conversation. Until Yuugi quickly said, / Don't ask him though- / It was too late. Yami had already spoken.*

"Ryou... is there something you're hiding from us?" Yami asked slowly, trying not to sound too suspicious.

"No, no! W-why would you think so?"

*/ Yami. Don't push the subject. / Yuugi warned.*

Yami ignored his hikari though. "It's just that... When we changed you into dryer clothing, we noticed some scars on your back."

Ryou stayed silent.

*/ Yami... / Yuugi started in a threatening voice. / Stop it. You're making him uncomfortable. /*

*// Don't worry Yuugi. I know what I'm doing. //*

*/ I'm not sure about this... /*

"What do you want from me?" Ryou asked suddenly, making both Yuugi and Yami jump. His eyes were emotionless and his face was blank.

"We just want to know what had happened." Yami answered. "Did Bakura have something to do with it?"

"No!" Ryou answered suddenly. He had practically shouted. He quickly calmed down and turned away.

"You're hiding something," Yami put simply, "Tell us what happened. We can help you." He got nothing

out of Ryou. "Look, if Bakura was the one that caused you these scars. We can find a way to stop it all. We can help you out, Ryou."

"How can YOU possibly help?" Ryou said in a tone so unlike him.

"Well...for one, we can talk to Bakura-"

"Ha! Talk to him? You think 'TALKING' will help? Look Yami," Ryou spat out the name as if it were poisoned, "There's NOTHING anyone of you can do for me. Nothing."

"Why do you think that is?"

"Because you have to understand what I'm going through to help. And you two have been lucky enough to have never experienced such pain! You two have never had a problem with each other. Always being there to help each other out, always there to comfort each other. And do you know what I get? PAIN. Never once in my life have I been truly happy. And when I think my life couldn't get any worse, Bakura shows up.

"He showed up at the worst time in my life! My sister had just passed away, and my life was very unstable. My father had gotten a new job, and because of that he's never home anymore. He's always in some other country digging up fossils and artifacts. I was always home alone. When I first saw Bakura, I was happy for once. But that feeling came short as I got my first punch from him. From there on, my life was always going down." Ryou looked up and stared at the two boys with anger.

"But you wouldn't know," he turned around and proceeded to leave.

Yami just hung his head low. He stood with Yuugi in silence.

"*Oh hello Ryou. Are you feeling better?....Ryou?.....Ryou what's wrong? Where are you going?.....Hey wait-*" They heard the voice of Sugoroku trying to talk to Ryou. But the sound of a door slamming shut came shortly after.

Yuugi turned to look at his other self and frowned deeply, something you hardly see him doing. "You knew what you were doing huh?"

Yami just sighed deeply and walked out of the room.

-----

*"Bakura..." a voice echoed through the darkness.*

*The tomb robber looked around the dark scene. He couldn't see anything.*

*"Bakura..." again the voice called, "You have to stop..."*

*He growled slightly, this was getting annoying. "Stop what?"*

*"Stop all the pain."*

*Suddenly, he felt himself being tugged on. His body was hurled in an unknown direction, and was thrown onto solid ground. When he came to, he saw two familiar people standing in front of him. Yami and Yuugi. Their backs were turned to him. Bakura took a look around him and saw that he had somehow ended up in a cemetery. He stood up quickly and walked towards the two men, stopping shortly when Yami bent down and placed a single white rose on the grave. A quiet conversation stirred, and Bakura caught every word.*

*"Poor Ryou..." Yuugi started, his voice was deeper than Bakura remembered.*

*"We should have helped him," Yami answered.*

*"Was there anything we could have really done?"*

*"...Yes... Yes, there was."*

*"What would have that been?"*

*"We could have stopped that blasted tomb robber from getting to him." Yami scrunched up his fists and tried to calm down.*

*Yuugi placed a warm hand on his yami's shoulders. "Calm down, Yami. There's nothing we could do to fix this right now. He's been gone for two years, we have to accept this and move on."*

*"It's....It's just that...It's such a shame that he had to die at the age of seventeen," Yami shook his head slightly, "He wasn't even old enough to drive, or go to bars. He was still just a child. Couldn't he have died just one year after? at least he could have experienced adulthood."*

*Yuugi sighed heavily. "We need to go, we're going to be late for work."*

*Yami nodded and turned to leave, but accidentally bumped into Bakura. "Oh, Excuse me," he said before walking on.*

*Yuugi followed, but took one last look at Bakura before catching up with his yami. "Yami... That guy looks a lot like Bakura, don't you think?"*

*Bakura couldn't believe what he had heard. 'What? Ryou, dead?' He hesitantly turned his eyes to the tombstone where Yami had placed the rose. There, carved neatly into the hard stone, read the name 'Bakura, Ryou'. Bakura backed away from the stone and closed his eyes, trying to even out his ragged breaths. 'This isn't happening...'*

*-----\*\*-----*

*Bakura shot up from the couch he occupied. Another dream... Will they never stop coming? He stretched lazily and gave a content yawn. He was becoming a bit hungry, maybe he could get Ryou to fix something for him. Dragging his feet across the creme carpet, he made his way upstairs. He was surprised to find Ryou's door open, but when he peered in, no one was there. 'Maybe that hikari is in the bathroom...' He looked down the hall, but the bathroom door was open as well, and the light wasn't on. 'Where could he have gone?'*

*After searching the house, Bakura took into consideration that Ryou had probably gone out. 'Who would*

go out in this kind of weather?' He sighed as the doorbell rang.

"What do you want?" Bakura snapped coldly upon seeing Yami.

"Do you know where Ryou is?" the former pharaoh answered calmly.

"Funny, I could ask you the same thing."

"Well? Do you?"

"No, dumbass! I don't!" Bakura was getting annoyed. What exactly did he want anyways?

"Well...then..."

"Spit it out,"

"Do you know anything about how Ryou may have gotten those scars on his back?" Yami asked, his voice clearly filled with suspicion.

"No, I don't!"

"Are you sure you don't know?"

"Why do you always come to me when Ryou gets hurt? Why do you always suspect me of everything?!" Bakura was letting his anger get the best of him.

"Because you're always the one that causes his injuries," Yami stated simply.

"And? So what if I did?"

"You would need to seek help."

"Help? That's the best you can do? Get me HELP? HA!"

"It would really help this situation." Yami said, beginning to get really irritated by Bakura's stubbornness.

"Oh really? And how exactly would you help me? By giving me a lesson on how to 'Properly' treat a hikari?" Bakura mocked, "You wouldn't be able to help. You don't even understand this situation of ours. How would you help someone if you haven't experienced the problem yourself? You don't know the answer...do you *pharaoh*?"

Yami paused for a moment before saying, "I'm only trying to stop you from KILLING your hikari."

Bakura laughed maniacly. "Stop me from KILLING? That's a good one. But I'm not stupid enough to kill my Host, Yami. I know that I need a host in order to survive. I wouldn't give my life away, just to kill someone else. Now if you have nothing better to say, which you don't, LEAVE!" Bakura slammed the door shut and stomped away angrily.

*'Help? What do I need help for? So I won't kill my hikari? Hmph, does it seem like Ryou's dying?' Bakura thought angrily as he flipped on the television. 'The pharaoh thinks he can help? He doesn't know what the problem is. Of course he doesn't! He always gets along with his Light. There's never an argument or fight between the two. They're just happy to be by each other. Lucky Bastard. I can't even look at Ryou without making him shake uncontrollable. I can't even TALK to my hikari without making him stutter!' Bakura hated the two now, Yami and Yuugi. Even though he hated them before, he despised them even more now.*

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**A/N:**^.^;; oh-hoohoo Touchy Baku-san XD  
Until Next time.. bwahaha

## 4 - Changes In Our Lives

**A/N:** I'm glad those of you who have read it likes it ^\_\_\_^ and i'm sorry for slow updates... I'm really a busy person.

### **Of Angels and Demons**

Chapter 4: Changes In Our Lives

By: Nadako-Mika

*Splish. Splash.*

*Splish. Splash.*

Ryou raced his way away from Kame Game Shop. He had no idea where he was going, or where he wanted to go. He gave his trust to his rapidly moving legs. He didn't pay any attention to where he was being led, or anything around him. He was only aware of himself, and what he felt. His senses had pricked up.

*Splish. Splash.*

He stomped through the large puddles of rain water on the concrete ground. The freezing water caught onto the pants he wore, gluing them to his fridged legs. The heavy rain pounded against his crown, dampening his white hair. His vision was blurred by the strands of hair hanging limply. The water was ice cold, cutting into his already numb skin. A loud rumbling filled his ears, followed by a sudden flash of light illuminating the cloudy gray sky.

Thunder and Lightning.

Maybe he should head for cover. He shouldn't be out in the rain, let alone be in a storm. He ran towards the park again, but this time, he headed for thick bush of trees to the right. The park forest. He would be able to find shelter there.

The flooded grass flattened before his feet. Loose dirt and mud splashing upon the clothes he wore. He didn't notice it. he just kept running deeper and deeper into the thick forest. He didn't notice the soggy ground below him become harder and dryer with each step. He didn't notice the raindrops lightening to a stop. Nor did he notice the air in the atmosphere grow thicker, and the light grow dimmer. By the time that he did stop, his surroundings seemed unfamiliar.

*'I must be in the center of the forest.'* he thought. The trees were unusually tall, their wide tree tops blocking out the rain. Every once in a while, a single drop of rain would fall onto Ryou's semi dry clothes.



There was a large willow tree nearby. Ryou made his way slowly towards it, still trying to catch his breath. He brushed aside the lightly hanging leaves and sat upon a low branch. He leaned back and closed his eyes, waiting for his heartbeat to die down. One of his eyes opened when he heard a loud, painful chirp of a bird. On an upper branch, higher than he was, were two doves. He sat quietly and watched the two animals.

*'Doves?' he wondered, 'What are Doves doing here in the city?'*

He gasped as he saw the larger, darker dove peck at the more fragile one. The little one cried out, trying to push the older one away. The dove gave one last hard peck at the other and watched as it fell off the branch. It floated gracefully towards Ryou. He held out his hands as the small white dove fell upon him. It withered under his touch. Ryou frowned as he saw the bird's clipped wing.

*'Poor thing...'*

The little dove eventually stood up on Ryou's palm. It nipped at it's wings a bit before stretching it out. It tended to it's wounds, oblivious to Ryou's presence. The bird ruffled its feathers for the last time, then turned to look into the boy's eyes. It then turned to look at the other dove, who ruffling it's feathers arrogantly, and cooed softly.

"You've been driven out of your home too, huh?" Ryou asked softly, not expecting an answer. "I know how you feel..."

The dove hopped off Ryou's hand with some effort. It wobbled off and jumped onto a tree, sure to avoid the other dove. The bird perched there contently, ignoring the fact that the other dove was drawing closer to it.

Ryou got up from his resting place, he had an inkling as to what may happen next between the two birds. He decided to leave; not wanting to watch what would happen, and not wanting to interfere.

*'Where am I to go now?' he pondered as he took slow steps into the pouring rain. 'Should I even consider going back home?...Back to..him?' His heart ached for the site of Bakura. It had only been a few hours, but he longed to see him. His mind told him to go back, but his body objected.*

*Why?*

A gentle whisper of a voice drifted across the air.

*After all he's done to you...Why?*

*'After all he's done to me?' Ryou stared into the open, quite confused.*

*Why?... Why go back to him?... After all he's done to you...*

A sudden wave of pain hit Ryou with such force, that he was thrown onto the damp concrete ground. He lay deadly still, unable to move his limbs. He felt numb. His nerves were shut down, and his mind was slowly drifting into unconsciousness. His head ached as past memories of Bakura's beatings flashed back

at him. He didn't want to see it all again. Each time he would shut his eyes, a new scene was played before him.

*'Why?... Why is all this happening to me?'*

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Bakura paced around the house. Where could his hikari have gone? He knew Ryou had gone to the pharaoh, but then had run off again. Now where could he be? Questions concerning his hikari's whereabouts flooded his mind.

*...Where is he?*

*...Is he alright?... What happened to him?*

*...Did someone take him?... Will I ever see him again?*

*...Why would he leave?*

*...Why do I even care?*

That last question resounded in his mind. Why DID he care? It was Ryou after all. If anything had happened to him, it was his own fault. He knows enough not to go out into the rain. And of course, if anything WERE to happen, Ryou would have contacted Bakura through the Sennen Ring. There was nothing to worry about. And besides, He didn't care.

*...Should I care?*

Guilt hung heavily on Bakura's heart. It was his hikari that was out there. His other half, his other soul. Wasn't it his job to protect his other half? Why should he? Yami and Mariku do, but..why not him? Should he start taking better care of Ryou? What would happen if he didn't?

*...Ryou would end up dead.*

Dead? Ryou dead? Just like that dream. But that was ONLY a dream, couldn't have been a real message...could it?

Bakura sat himself on the couch and sighed in frustration. So many things were going in his life, so many changes. Things were different than way back in ancient Egypt. There were many dangers in life now, it wasn't so simple anymore. New diseases, political problems, wars, nuclear chemicals and weapons. The world had turned to Hell. Ryou was stuck out in the world right now...

*...It's my job.*

He would change. He would change for Ryou. It wasn't something Bakura would like to do, but his hikari's very existence depended on it. He would try his best not to hurt the little one. Why did he hurt him in the first place? He didn't know. It was just...a reaction. A reflex. He did it without even knowing it.

Where should he start? Maybe finding Ryou and bringing him into the safety of the house would be a good start. Yes. He'll do that. He would march out into the rain, coat or no coat. He would search all day

and night for his hikari. Bakura knew very well that Ryou couldn't fend for himself out on the streets.

He stalked out of the house, ignoring the icy sheets of rain coming down upon him. The cold wasn't important right now, Ryou was. Ryou's well being was important. It was his responsibility to take care of Ryou now. His hikari had no family left; his mother and sister were dead. He hadn't heard from his father in nearly five months, and he had no living relatives to this day. Bakura didn't know why he felt the way he did. He didn't recognize the feeling.

The park. Bakura had a feeling that Ryou would be at the park. He walked through the damp grasses, eyes wide open in search of his hikari. As he neared the forest edge, he was sure Ryou was near. He could feel the boy's agony, though he didn't want to.

'*Why the pain, Ryou?*' he recieved no answer.

Bakura came upon a figure drenched with rain, his snowy white hair fell over his face, covering his features. Bakura was sure it was Ryou, he recognized his presence anywhere. The spirit quickly ran to his hikari's side, checking to see if he was alright. Bakura shook the boy slightly, but recieved no response. He shook a little harder, still nothing. What was wrong?

"R-Ryou? Wake up," Bakura checked for a pulse, it was still there. '*He's sleeping. Just sleeping.*'

He picked up the boy with little effort. He was awfully light. Bakura watched sadly as Ryou's closed eyes darted around in his sleep. What was he dreaming about? Walking slowly home, Bakura sometimes stopped when Ryou would mutter something inaudible. He was obviously in some sort of discomfort or pain. Bakura wished he could cure that, but there was nothing he could do at the moment.

Hours had passed and Ryou still showed no sign of waking. The boy still seemed to be resting peacefully, with the occasional twist or turn in his sleep. Bakura sat with Ryou on his lap, gently rocking the other boy in his sleep. The old spirit sang something to his hikari in a language now lost to the world. He watched Ryou anxiously, hoping he would wake up soon. He's only asleep. Bakura told himself. Just asleep...

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**A/N:** T\_\_\_\_\_T Comments? Reviews?

## 5 - It's Better This Way

**A/N:** I don't have much to say about this chapter...I'm not in a very happy mood. Which is sorta good, because I'll be able to write more angst.. All I have to say is that this chapter will be somewhat of a tear-jerker..I'll warn you to get out your tissues when I start crying as I write... Though, I don't cry much anymore... I'm just really depressed right now, I WANT to cry but I can't. And I'm just rambling on and on... So I think I'll shut up and let you read..

**Disclaimer:** I don't own Yugioh.. I'd have been a lot more cheerful if I did...

### Of Angels and Demons

**Chapter 5:** ...It's Better This Way

**By:** Nadako-Mika

*The air around him was warm and still, making him feel unusually comfortable. He embraced the feeling readily, never has he felt so at peace. The area around him was colored in a welcoming blue; the colors shifting and twisting in various shades. It kind of reminded him of the sea. The calm and vicous waters, the melodious and raging rhythms of the waves. The soft and rough feeling of the water against your skin. The place was filled with so many emotions.*

*Tears escaped from his blinking eyes. Tears of joy and sufferings. So many emotions flooded through his mind. Happiness and sadness. Depression and anxiety. His heart ached from sufferings and leaped for joy; beating heavily in his chest. He smiled and frowned at the same time, never thinking it was even possible.*

*"Ryou, my little boy." a soft voice called for him.*

*He closed his eyes in bliss, savoring the soothing tone of that familiar voice.*

*"Ryou, my little boy." it called again. "You must listen carefully.."*

*"I'm listening.."*

*"He is harming you, my boy... He's hurting your soul. You must do something about it, Ryou. You can no longer let these events go,"*

*Ryou's eyes snapped open. Large warm brown orbs filled with such pain. His senses no longer danced with each other. No. He only felt pain. He felt incredible sadness as memories came flashing back at him.*

*"Bakura..."*

*"Yes.. He is the one." that voice..it sounded so familiar to him.*

*Ryou looked up sadly. Hope mingled within the depths of sadness. He hasn't seen her in such a long time...*

*"Mother?.."*

*"Ryou, my little boy..." the woman said. She floated down towards the teenager, her silvery hair whipping through the flashing blue colors. Her eyes were a gentle gray; so full of life, yet showing the sadness of death. Her smile was gentle and warm, and could easily melt the hearts of many. But it couldn't penetrate through Ryou's saddened heart. "Why so much pain?"*

*"M-Mother..." he looked away. Never has he felt so ashamed. Has he done something wrong with his life? He felt like a bad son, letting someone else control his life. This wasn't why his mother had brought him into the living world.*

*"Hush, my child," she ushered. "There is no need for worry. There was nothing you could do, Sister Fate had already chosen your path. Fate may be cruel, but no worries. You can still change your destiny. Sister Fate can allow that, Ryou."*

*None of what the woman said had made sense to him. So what was he to do? Let Bakura go? Get rid of Bakura?*

*"I don't understand..."*

*"Make him realize the mistake. Confront him. Make him see."*

*Ryou only looked down, trying to figure out what his mother was trying to tell him. He felt warm arms embrace him lovingly. He looked up to see his mother's smiling face. The smile he had seen so many times as a little boy.*

*"Ryou, my little boy... Go to sleep. Rest your mind." she suggested. She rocked slowly back and forth, cradling her son as if he were still four years old.*

*Ryou felt his eyes grow heavy and droop slightly. Before sleep overtook his senses, he heard the soft hum of a soothing lullaby.*

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*Ryou's eyes fluttered open. He was surprised to see warm strong arms embracing him in a tight hug. The arms were quite thin and pale. Painful red scars traced along the healed veins. Ryou frowned, who was holding onto him? He looked around the room, it was his own home. The white walls, the blood red fabric of the couch, the familiar scent. It was all his, his home. Then who...?*

*The boy stiffened as realization dawned on him. Could it be... Who else? Who else would have the keys? The person behind him shifted slightly. Ryou only guessed that he was asleep. As the person moved, one arm was lifted from atop of Ryou. Ryou took this opportunity to slip away silently. The boy*

quickly stood up, and almost toppled over. He felt dizzy from the sudden movements. When he had steadied himself, he walked towards the door. He had to get out before the person woke up. Ryou proceeded to unlock the door...

A small click was heard. A pair of sharp brown eyes snapped open. Eyes squinting, trying to focus on the figure by the main door.

"Ryou?" a quiet voice asked.

The boy turned around. His body grew rigid as he saw his yami heaving himself up to a sitting position. "B-Bakura.."

"Where do you think you're going?"

"I n-need to go for a walk."

"In this weather?" Bakura asked somewhat innocently. He slowly advanced on his hikari, though not in such a threatening way. His eyes no longer held the deep hatred and cold feelings. No. They had softened a little, revealing the tiniest shine to the dull color. He held out his hand. "Come on. You need to rest." he said.

Ryou backed away and stared at Bakura's hand, as if it were some sort of harmful weapon. What was the yami trying to do? He started shaking violently as Bakura walked closer. What was happening?

Bakura instantly stopped when he saw how frightened his hikari was. Was this his doing? Had he scared Ryou to such a point? Bakura frowned deeply and looked at Ryou. "I-I'm sorry..."

Ryou's eyes shot open. Did... Did he just hear Bakura ...apologize? Was this some sort of trick? He stood in shock. He didn't notice Bakura walk closer to him, but was snapped back to reality when his arms embrace him once again. Ryou's body froze in fear.

Bakura pulled Ryou into a loose hug. Tears threatened to spill from his sharp eyes. Why was Ryou so afraid of him? "Hikari? Will you ever forgive me?" he asked in his unusually quiet voice. "Can you forgive me for what I've done to you?"

"Bakura..." should he trust him? A part of him wanted to return his yami's embrace. A part of him wanted to scream and lash out. Ryou's heart told him to give in, to forgive him. His mind screamed out in protest. After all, Bakura had hurt him in so many ways. Could he really trust him? And what about that dream? It had felt so real, was it really his mother? Was what she had said true? If so.. he should be careful around Bakura.

Ryou pushed away from the hug. His mind running in confusion. Tears lined his vision as he stared down at the floor. What was he to do? Was Bakura telling the truth? Why would Bakura change all of a sudden? If he gave in, he would probably be hurt all over again. Then again, this could be his only chance to tell him how he felt. That he loved Bakura. Ryou looked up hesitantly and locked eyes with Bakura's.

He wanted to burst out crying, right then and there. Bakura's eyes... So full of sadness. Anger,

depression, hate, and sympathy all mixed together and then enveloped by a sea of brown. Could Bakura really care about him? What about the hate? There was hate deeply embedded in those eyes as well. It was all so confusing. "E-excuse me..." Ryou whispered before running upstairs.

"R-Ryou, wait!" Bakura was at the base of the stairs when he heard a door slam shut, and a lock click loudly. He made his way up slowly and gracefully, his feet never making a sound. The bathroom door was closed, and light leaked from under the slight crack. Pressing his ears against the door he heard something. Sobbing. Ryou was crying.

It wasn't the usual cries. Not the ones full of agony and pain. These cries and tears were so full of confusion and sadness. Bakura's heart twisted painfully upon hearing it. He reluctantly tore himself from the place and headed back downstairs. He would let the boy have his time.

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Bakura was about to knock on the still closed bathroom door, when he heard a loud thump. He held his breath, it came from behind the door. It had sounded like something heavy had fallen. He knocked loudly, but there was no response.

"Ryou?" he called, rather worriedly. "Ryou? Are you okay?"

He began to panic. What happened? There wasn't a sound from the boy inside. No sob, no sigh, not even a 'Go Away'. What could he have done?

Something began to leak from under the door. Bakura looked down, and he paled. A crimson liquid was seeping through.

*'Blood?! The Hells... Hikari, what have you done this time?'* Bakura tried to open the door, but it was still locked. He furiously twisted the knob, trying to force it open. He then resorted to picking the lock. He took out a thin strip of metal and started poking at the doorknob, fumbling many times in his panicking state.

After what seemed to him like hours, the door clicked and was swung open. Bakura rushed in and gagged at what he saw. Ryou was sprawled across the tiled floor, a blood covered razor by his side. Blood was quickly escaping from his self-inflicted wounds. The stench of copper quickly filled the air. Bakura backed away slightly, surprised to see such a thing. His hikari, his light. How could a pure light such as Ryou do something like this?

(Nadako: \*cringes\* Ooh... a bit bloody... Sorry you had to read that...)

Coming out of his shocked state, Bakura headed for the cupboards. He quickly pulled bandages off the shelves. He worked quickly trying to wrap up Ryou's wounds. He propped the unconscious Ryou against the wall and proceeded to clean up the bloody mess. Throwing the blood-red clothes and mop away, Bakura turned on the bathtub tap. He was going to wash the blood out of Ryou's purely white hair.

*'Ryou.. Why did you do this?'*

Ryou was on the bed now, resting peacefully. Bakura came in every minute or so to check up on him.

He was obviously worried about his hikari. Why would Ryou do such a thing? What would have driven him to harm himself? The answer was obvious, but Bakura didn't want to believe it.

*'Am I the one who's been doing all this?' he pondered, 'But.. I've changed. I've changed for the better...right? Why is he... Why is he still dying?! WHY?! I've done what I've been told to do. But no change. Ryou's still drifting away. I can feel it, he's still fading.'*

*'Maybe it's because I'm around. He can't stand me... He's dying because I'm always around to hurt him physically or mentally. I'm probably just a plague to him. Then what do I do?... Leave? If I leave, he would never be hurt by me again. He'd be free to live his own life. Maybe I should leave...'*

Bakura frowned and sighed heavily as he walked into Ryou's room again. How was he going to leave? He couldn't just stay in the Sennen Ring, Ryou could still barge in. He could leave physically. He could move out. He did, after all, have his own physical body. Yes. That's what he would do. He'd move out and close the link between him and Ryou. Perhaps he should pack some things before just heading out the door.

What did a spirit like himself need? Some clothing would be nice. Bakura shifted through Ryou's wardrobe and pulled out the outfits with dark colors. His hikari never did wear dark colors, it was always him. Money. He needed money to survive out in the world. But he couldn't just take all of it; Ryou needed some too. He'd just have to borrow some at first, make his own over time, and return the borrowed money to Ryou's bank account. Bakura seemed to have this all planned out.

Ryou stirred in his sleep, though Bakura took no notice. Pained eyes snapped open and took in the surroundings. He was no longer in the cramped little bathroom of theirs. He was on his own bed, in a new outfit, with bandaged arms. He turned his head in the other direction and saw Bakura putting a few of his belongings into a suit-case. Curiosity got the better of him and he sat up carefully; his arms were quite sore. Ryou staggered slowly to his yami.

"Bakura?" a small voice called from behind him.

Bakura turned his head and met eyes with his hikari. He frowned slightly. He hadn't wanted Ryou to know of his departure. "What is it?" he asked softly.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm packing," Bakura answered simply. He quickly turned around and shut the suit case closed. He stood up and took the case with him, trying to avoid looking into his hikari's sad eyes.

"Why?"

"I'm leaving."

Ryou frowned. He was leaving? Where to and why? Why would Bakura leave? He wasn't going to leave him all alone was he? "Why are you...leaving?"

"It's for the better..." Bakura answered again, trying to conceal his sadness. He didn't want to leave, he



wanted to stay with his hikari, but he knew he shouldn't.

"What do you mean it's for the better?! You're not just going to leave me alone are you?" Ryou asked frantically. He didn't want to be alone in this house. He wanted some company, even if it meant it had to be Bakura.

"It would be better for you if I left,"

"I don't understand-"

"You don't have to." Bakura snapped. He twirled around and stared at Ryou. He saw the fright in the boy's eyes again. No, he couldn't stay any longer. "Look, hikari. It's just too complicated to explain. It.. It's better this way." He spun around and hurried downstairs, Ryou chasing him.

"Bakura! Wait, what do you mean?! Just wait! Don't leave yet. Bakura-" Ryou watched sadly as his yami sprinted out the door and into the rain. Bakura dashed through the puddles, not daring to look back once. Ryou shook with tears. Why had he left? Was there something about him? *'Maybe he finally had enough of me...'* he thought bitterly, *'He probably couldn't stand to see me anymore.'*

He didn't want it this way. He wanted his yami to stay. If Bakura really had changed, they could have fixed the little gaps in their relationship. They could have started over. It felt as if his heart had died on him; aching badly in his chest. Tears flowed non-stop; soaking his clothes. He ran out the door and saw Bakura's disappearing figure.

"**BAKURA!**" his shout echoed through the abandoned streets.

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**A/N:** O\_o;;; i actually forgot I had an account on Fanart-central... x\_x;;; go me.... Yesh..anyways.. That was the next chapter. PLEASE (if i haven't told you all yet) remember this is an old fanfiction i wrote YEARS ago..&gt.; so.. my grammar and junk is kind of terrible xD

Want the next chapter? keep emailing me or reviewing and remind me .\_. i have bad memory.