

Sundaila

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It's about this french guy named Vincent Daae, his four best friends, his astoundingly gorgeous family, and his "guardian angel", Rei Kuzuki. They get into some serious crap... vampiric crap... my original stuff, not a fanfic.

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Chapter 1

Hey, V-babe!

&

V?

&

VINCENT!!

Ack!

Thud.

Vincent Daae (who had just fallen off his chair and onto the floor) looked up at Alex Ray with a look of pure shock (will be called Ali from here on out because that is his nickname).

Yes, Ali?

Ali's bronze eyes were blazing brighter than 10,000 suns. V, we started to practice, like, ten minutes ago! We need vocals and rhythm guitar!

Omg, Ali! I'm uber sorry!!

Vincent hopped up and ran toward the soundproof room that his parents had ever-so lovingly installed for his band to practice in. Ali simply glared at Vincent's mop of shiny, black hair.

Sensing the cold glare, he turned to face Ali, a taunting look in his ice blue eyes.

Ali, you know you still love me.

The intense flame in Ali's bronze eyes died away as he smiled at Vincent. You know that it's impossible to stay angry with you?

Vincent's smile was blinding in its brilliance as he turned away and skipped up the (enormous) staircase toward the room where the rest of his band was waiting.

oooOooo

Yo, V! Where ve ya been?

Vincent glanced over at Dawn Carson. He was busily twirling his drumsticks in between his long fingers. His deep blue eyes, however, were intently focused on Vincent.

Ali popped Vincent lightly on the back of his head. He was staring into space again.

Vincent promptly delivered Ali a fierce glare of doom (he basically glared and pouted at him simultaneously) and brushed off the comment. (Now, if anybody else had hit him over the head, they would be down for the count right about&wait for it&now! But, V had a soft spot for Ali, so he let it slide.

Why did he have a soft spot for Ali, you ask? Because, Ali was British and even though Ali was obviously male, the accent still made him melt!)

Alright, let s practice, you goobers, Vincent mumbled.

oooOooo

Dude, we were so totally awesome!! Let s do it again!!! Dawn exclaimed and he tried to start up a beat, but was stopped cold by an icy glare from his twin brother, Dusk (he s the bassist).

As their names stated, Dawn and Dusk were complete opposites. Dawn was handsome in a preppy sort of way: he had short golden blonde hair that emitted a halo-like shine around his head in the sunlight; his eyes were deep ocean blue and were the type of eyes you would expect to radiate intelligence&but they didn t& (I m not saying that he was stupid, but he wasn t the brightest crayon in the box&) He was in excellent shape from playing football and several other sports for his entire life and he was probably one of the nicest guys to ever roam the planet.

Dusk, however&he was something else& His flowing black curls fell to his shoulders and framed his gorgeous face magnificently. His usual expression was that of a china doll: beautifully blank (around Dawn, however, he s all like: GRRRRRRRR!!!!!!) and his eyes were pitch black and held an intelligence that surpassed his nineteen years. He couldn t share this knowledge with others, though, because&he couldn t speak (well&maybe couldn t isn t the right word& nobody could tell if he was mute or if it was just his personality&the reason they can t tell if he s mute is because he refuses to see a doctor! Anyhoo, enough digressing!!!)

Dusk held his glare until Dawn simply couldn t take it anymore. Okay, okay!!! You win!!

He showed his defeat by letting out an exasperated sigh and throwing his drumsticks on the floor. Dusk grinned slightly at the massive power he held over his brother.

Nothing like forcing your brothers to do what you want them to do is there, Dusk? asked Vincent in a sickeningly sweet voice.

Dusk's grin turned into a maniacal smile and he nodded vigorously.

You boys are positively evil! said a voice from the doorway.

The fab four glanced over and there stood possibly one of the most gorgeous women to ever walk this planet: Vincent's mother, Rose.

Rose's sculpted red lips were curled into a matronly smile and she walked (and that woman always walked as if she was at one of her famous runway shows) toward her fourth eldest son. Her elbow length, black curls swayed gently as she brushed past his band mates and came to a halt in front of him.

Hey, Sweetheart, she said, laying her soft hand upon Vincent's surprisingly cold cheek.

Bonjour, Mama.

You look pale. Are you alright, hon?

Vincent placed his over hers and smiled brilliantly. I'm fine, *Mama.*

Rose's almond shaped eyes narrowed dangerously. She leaned close and whispered so no others could hear. You've always been a horrible liar. How long?

His smile faded around the edges. A few weeks.

He felt her body begin to radiate massive tension that he was sure would leave her with an enormous migraine.

I'll call Rei later this evening. she mumbled (she also added several comments about how stupid he could be sometimes and several profanities that&well, I'll leave those to your imagination because I don't curse&)

His smile grew soft. *Merci, Mama.*

She rolled her eyes and turned to his friends, smiling as if nothing had happened.

So, how did practice go, my beauties?

Fabulously, Mrs. Rose! Ali said. He walked over to the beautiful woman and kissed her atop her shiny black hair. She laughed melodiously and patted Ali on his muscled, t-shirt clad chest.

Now, now, Alex! Let's not drive Jean Claude into a jealous rage!

I don't care, dear sweet Rosie! You are the only woman that I will ever love and a husband won't stop me!! Come, come away with me!

With that wonderfully melodramatic performance, Ali literally swept her off her feet and made for the door. Rose was now laughing uncontrollably and was weakly beating Ali on the shoulder in mock protest. Ali! Ali! My husband!! she laughed.

Ali laughed maniacally and said, He does not matter!!!! He is no threat to me!!!!

Hmph. Maybe not, but your girlfriend could sure do some damage.

Ali stopped cold as that sultry voice (with a British accent) floated across the room. He turned slowly, eyes wide (at this point he vaguely resembled someone from an old silent movie) and gazed at the blue-haired beauty (yes blue-*haired*).

Alice Marsden was Ali's girlfriend of five years and she was most definitely someone that you would stop and stare at on the street. Her eyes were thickly lined with black liner on the top lid and with a light blue on the bottom and she had several layers of black mascara on her (insanely) long eyelashes (and yet, on her it didn't look trashy&). Her eyes were different colors: her left was a deep blue and her right was a frosty mint green. And (as stated before) her hair was dyed a shocking shade of cerulean blue.

Alice glided across the room, her black heels clacking sharply on the tile floor. As he watched her advance, Vincent took in her outfit: patterned short-shorts over black tights and a silky black top underneath a fitted blue jacket.

Awesome style, as always, he thought.

Alice came to a halt next to Dawn and turned her body toward him, but her eyes remained focused on Ali. She took a few steps forward and laid her hand upon Dawn's chest.

If you really like her better, I'll just go out with Dawn then.

Ali's face drained of the little color it had and he sat Rose down. He walked over to Alice, dropped to his knees and said, You are the only girl that I will ever love, Alice.

Her mouth dropped open in surprise for he had never said such a thing to her; not even as a joke. She could tell that he was serious for once in his life. He lifted his head and gazed at her through his blonde bangs.

Stand up, Alex.

A small smile tugged at the edges of his mouth as he stood and Alice (who was a petite girl) was now eye level to his chest. He tilted her chin up and planted a kiss upon her soft pink lips.

And then the moment of pure sweetness was ruined&

Awwwww!!!! How CUTE!!! Dawn exclaimed.

Ali pulled away from Alice and made a very rude hand gesture in Dawn's direction. Alice laughed in pure delight as she wrapped her arms around Ali's waist in a secure hug and he returned the favor.

Rose giggled softly and let her eyes wander around the room. She came to a stop at Vincent. He was tense around his eyes as if in some sort of pain and his hand was resting lightly on his tight shirt over his chiseled stomach.

Not now, she thought frantically and she dove into action.

Kids, it is nine in the evening and our family needs to rest!! Time to go home!

After several groans of disappointment from Ali, Alice, and Dawn (and a smoldering glare from Dusk), she got all of them out of the (ginormous) mansion and into their cars. She watched as they drove away and then rushed inside to Vincent.

Honey, go to your room and wait for a minute. I'll call Rei and put Danny and Sammy to bed.

oooOooo

The door to Vincent's massive room creaked open and a petite figure slipped into the room an hour later. Rei's footsteps were soundless on the hardwood floor as she scurried across the room to his bed. She carefully crawled into bed with him.

Her stick straight, elbow-length black hair rustled quietly as she leaned over his still form. Awaken, Immortal One.

His eyes snapped open and his ice blue gaze had turned black from hunger. Rei clicked her tongue in disapproval. You should not have delayed this long, my Lord. Your hunger is deadly.

You shall be fine, Rei. he said, his voice raspy and low from depriving himself of nourishment for so long.

Rei's lips twitched upward in a shadow of a smile and she unbuttoned the top of her high-necked Chinese dress. Several scars decorated her lightly tanned neck and below her collar bone was a mound of thick, white scar tissue that he had given her when he had first come down with the sickness.

He fingered the scar lightly as his other hand went to the back of her neck and pulled her down to meet him. His lips lightly brushed her tainted neck as he whispered, *Domo arigato, Rei-san*.

She smiled, her teeth a dim whiteness in the darkness of the room. Drink, my Lord.

He grimaced and took hold of her mind, numbing her body for the pain that was about to come. Then he bit into the soft flesh and drank the dark liquid that provided his eternal life.