

Deserts Flower

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Merrilee Hansen never really believed in magic until her life was saved by the royal guardians of none other than Pharaoh Atem. With no known way of getting back home she often wonders if she ever will, or if she even wants to. Mahad/OC; slight Atem/OC

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/ShiningGalaxy/59041/Deserts-Flower>

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1 - Journal Entry One

Disclaimer: I don't own Yu-Gi-Oh! I only own my character Merrilee Hanson.

Author's Note: So I just got back into Yu-Gi-Oh! again hahaha. Gotta love how inspiration/urges comes along eh? Haha, anyways, another fic. Who woulda guessed hehehe.

This is also found on fanfiction.net here; http://www.fanfiction.net/s/6969501/1/Deserts_Flower

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Genre: Drama/Romance

Rating: T

Pairing: Mahad/OC, Atem/OC

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CHAPTER ONE

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If someone told you that they have time traveled would you believe them? What would you say?

Some may think that you've been smoking a little bit too much or something. Or asking if you could prove that you had. You'd know beforehand that people wouldn't believe you right? Or you wouldn't believe them. I mean, after all, it is a pretty far-fetched theory right?

Then again, magic isn't that far off from the that far-fetched theory either. However, what happens if magic was the culprit and the time travel was the consequence of it?

Now, don't you roll your eyes at me. Have an open mind and take that damned logical and scientific stick out of your arse. It's 'what if', a possibility, a guess if you please. Thank you. Let me explain;

Some may or may not believe in magic. That's totally up to you. We're not talking about Harry Potter magic and apparition. No, none of the sort. We're talking an item that can transport you to a different part of time, without any harm to you whatsoever.

Would you think it a dream? Would you jump for joy when you realized that you were in the past? Or

would you start crying, frantically trying to find your way home?

Well, you're about to find out.

~Merrilee Hansen

2 - Chapter One

Merrilee Hansen stared at the tablet with her sisters. Captivated by the hieroglyphs that depicted of great battles and the dangers that they have faced. She had to admit the Ancient Egyptians were actually really great artists. She was so entranced by the tablet that she felt drawn to it. It felt as though she was being pulled to it. Being ripped from her very being, it felt. Why, why was she feeling like that?

Well, that's because she was. As she was pulled towards where she stood as she was pulled to the eye that held onto her. Her body falling to the ground with a thud. Her sisters calling her name frantically. On the verge of hysteria they were.

She called for them. Her voice, sounded so distant, it sounded like an echoe in an empty room. Before she even knew it she was sucked into the tablet. Everything went black.

Her whole body ached, her head swam, sweat made her short dark brown hair cling to her skin. The sun beating down on her pale, burnt skin. Opening her eyes she groaned softly, as she lifted her head. Where was she?

Sitting up slowly she took in her surroundings. Sand, sand and more sand. With nothing in sight for miles. She remembered being in a tomb looking at a tablet, then she found herself there.

How did she get there? Why was she there?

She didn't know but all she knew was that she wasn't gonna stay there in the scorching hot sun before she got an even worse sunburn than she already had. Picking up her napsack and reaching into the front pocket she grabbed her fully charged Ipod and stuck the buds into her ears, wincing a bit as she realized they were slightly hot. Just the sound of the wind blowing was enough just to drive her insane.

She didn't know how long she walked but she felt a little dizzy. As she reached into the back she groaned, remembering that she didn't have any water with her. All she had was sunblock, extra batteries for her Ipod, her glasses, sunglasses-which she was wearing, a couple packs of spearmint gum, a couple strawberry yogurt cereal bars, sketchpad and pencils and the Green Rider series by Kristen Britain.

Fixing her pack onto her back yet again she went forward. She looked at the sky. Not a cloud in sight and the sun was slowly making its way to the horizon. Soon, it would set, leaving her in the darkness of unknown land. She noted, that she was being followed by many falcons in the sky. Were they waiting for her to drop right then and there so they can begin their feast? She shuddered at the thought, averting her eyes to the miles of sand ahead of her.

What felt like an eternity passed and she didn't think she would see civilization at all. The falcons still hovered above her. Her breathing became shallow and uneven, her hands shaky and clammy, her head pounded and vision blurred. Her legs felt like Jello and would give out at any given time.

Soon, she lost the battle with her legs and she fell with a slight yelp into the sand. She felt so weak.

'So,' she thought. 'This is how it's like to die alone and from heat exhaustion is it?'

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"Seto, Mahad. What are those falcons doing in the sky? It looks as if they are circling something?"

Placing their hands in front of their faces, they looked towards the desert and sure enough they saw at least three birds in the distant hovering above something, circling it. Atem had a strange feeling that someone may need their help.

"Their next meal." Came Seto's cool reply. Atem's violet eyes narrowing at his guardian.

"I think we should check it out. I have a feeling that someone is in trouble." He glanced to his guardians. Asking them to argue with their king. No words were uttered. A nod of acknowledgement could be seen from them as they headed towards the desert on their Arabian horses.

It only took them a few, very short minutes to arrive and when they did they had a curious look on their faces. Who was this that dropped into their backyard? Atem, got off his horse, handing the reins over to Mahad before going over. Ignoring the protests from the both of them of going near the 'creature'. Atem picked up the weird Satchel, figuring out how to open it was easy, pulling the zipper back he peered inside, taking out its contents. What were these things? He looked at the book, flipping through it. The text was nothing like anything he has ever seen before. Placing it down beside him he averted his attention to the person in front of him.

Carefully, he knelt down. When his hand met her shoulder and he couldn't help but wince. However it was, was burnt badly from the sun. Turning the 'creature' over he realized that it was a girl. No younger than they themselves. Her eyes were closed, sweat beaded her forehead. "We have to get her to the palace, she is in dire need of water."

They agreed, hoping off of their horses to help their king put the girl on his horse, holding her up as he mounted, with one arm around her slender frame he motioned for his horse to head back towards the palace. Mahad and Seto soon following suit.

Once they reached the palace they headed towards the medical wing. Isis and Mahad were always meticulous in their medicinal endeavor. As they reached the door Mahad turned to the Pharaoh. "My king, I can take it from here."

Atem had a concerned look. He was worried about the strange girl. Reluctantly, he placed her into Mahad's arms and watched as Mahad bowed then disappeared into the room. As the door shut behind him he looked over to where Isis was located, striding over to the vacant bed, gently he placed the girl upon it. There the both of them stripped her of her strange clothing as well as her eye-piece; placing them on the table behind them. Her undergarments-they figured-were left on.

She was so pale. Where was she from? How did she get there? They didn't know, hopefully when she woke up some light could be shed on their unanswered questions.

Mahad stepped back, folding his arms across his chest he watched as Isis placed a hand on the girls burnt shoulder. Wincing, she pulled back, turned, and into a bowl filled with water mixed with aloe. Cloth after cloth was taken from the bowl and placed it on her reddened skin until almost all of her upper half was covered.

She sighed, turning to Mahad. "All we can do now is wait."