

Lorie's Phantom

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I know this says its harry potter but its a Phantom of the Opera fan fic! I'm writing it on Wattpad!

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0 - Prologue: The Fallen Star

Prologue

Earths Time: 1624

Celestial City Time: None

Everyone flinched when Soul's hand swept across and back-handed the High Archoness across the face. She gasped and fell to the ground, staying low.

"I do not save those who do not spare others," she said coldly at her. The High Archoness sat up on her knees and looked up at Soul timidly. The Great Goddess, ruler of all living things with a breathing soul and beating heart, was turning red with anger.

"The human killed my husband. My action was a first response," she reasoned. This only infuriated Soul even more.

"Your first tactic was to kill one of my humans? You were trained to keep yourself in place!" she screeched.

"Mother, my place is at your side. I want to always be the High Archoness to your humans and gods!" she wailed.

"You are no longer a daughter of mine," Soul said back and turned to the Order. "Gods, Guardians, Celestials," she addressed to each group. "My children," she said softly and a small breeze collected around her. Her voice was then soft, but strong. "Your leader has sinned against you and most of all...me," she said. The Order stirred and whispers spread. Soul then walked over to the High Archoness and grabbed her hand. The Order fell silent. Most of the Celestial beings covered their eyes, not wanting to see the gruesome way Soul took a life. The gods, a supreme set of beings who were in charge and accorded to some particular conception, such as "god of mercy," covered their goddess's eyes, not wanting them to witness such an awful and terrifying experience. But the Guardians, those who swore from their birth to protect and serve the People like an army, studied the ways of their Queen at her darkest time.

No one can explain how Soul does it and no one else has the power to do so. Those who ask her how have come back and said that it starts with the chilling of winter, and then ends with the fires of summer. Soul sent an icy chill through the girl's body and soon her lips turned blue, meaning that her internal organs were frozen and were as fragile as glass.

"No," the High Archoness mouthed but not before the fire scorched though, breaking the glass and ending her life. It was a fast but painful death, one she deserved. Soul pushed the melting body away, intimidating the Order. Do you see? Soul questioned with her eyes as she looked up around at them.

This is what happens when you kill a human.

1 - Dream On

1: Dream On

Earth's Time: 1873

Celestial City Time: None

Her love is a star that I cannot reach; a diamond that I will never be able to afford.

She runs at a pace that I must sprint to catch up but am never fast enough.

If you saw her smile, you'd say it was the reason the sun came out, but dangerous to look at for too long.

Hearing her voice is taking a long drink of ice water on a hot summer day and she avoids my eyes coyly as the words stumble out of her mouth.

A woman with murky eyes that see through me; past my soul and she knows who I am; what I am. If you find her spirit, catch it for me because it is wild and I wish I could feel it everywhere I go.

With feelings more fragile than a baby, fear that if I drop her, she breaks. A bleeding heart and no matter how many times I try to patch it up, she is cut once more.

She dances with a passion of the gypsies, and I watch fascinated as it keeps her sane and stable. Every aching day I know I do not deserve her; am not worthy of her untamed heart but I will fight for her even after my heart stops beating.

Dylan put the poem down and pressed his hands to his face. With his eyes closed, he could see her face, her murky brown eyes, and her freckles that looked like stars scattered across her skin. He could see her fine-cut lips curl up into a coy grin and her button nose wrinkles as she laughs.

He opened his eyes and she was gone, only a figment in his imagination. He sensed a presence standing over him reading over his work. Dylan pulled open a drawer and crammed them in, closing it tight with the others. He turned to face his intruder and was quickly caught off guard.

"I promise you, I'm going to tie a bell around your neck. Stop sneaking up on me," he scolded.

"Those aren't about me, are they?" his fiancé asked. Ally had a cocked hip, arms folded over her chest. Dylan let out a sigh. He knew that humans could hold grudges over anything and he didn't want to fight with her.

"Ally," he began but she threw out her hand to stop him.

"Who is she?" she asked.

"No one," he lied. Ally rolled her eyes and stepped around him.

"Honestly Dylan, how stupid do you think I am?" she asked and opened one of his drawers in his desk.

"Hey!" he snapped, not appreciating his privacy being invaded. But it was too late. Ally was already pulling out his art.

"What the hell is this?" she yelled as she tossed each sheet of paper on to the floor as if they were trash.

"This is all the same girl!"

"It's just a drawing," he stated with a tired monotone edge.

"Who is this girl? Who is this Brown-Haired Maiden?" she asked as water started to swell in her eyes.

"For weeks you have been mentioning this young girl that you dream about," she said but Dylan quickly snatched the pages from her hands. "You're in love with your dreams, Dylan," she said and stomped out of the bedroom. He cleaned the mess that Ally had made and put each poem and drawing back in its place, where no one would see them. A light knock came to his closed door. Whinny was home.

"Entrar," he said softly.

"Dylan, Ally and her belongings are gone. Qué pasa?" she asked.

"It is done," he said, turning away from her.

"You do know what the consequences are for this, right?" she asked. Dylan nodded his head slowly.

"Soul will cast you out, you know she will!" Whinny said, her melodic voice rising with fear.

"Maybe Ally and I were not supposed to be mated," Dylan said.

"Soul never makes mistakes," Whinny told him. "And besides, mates are in existence for a reason being that they are the only person who can complete you. Who else would be your mate?"

Dylan only took out the profile picture he drew of his Maiden and smiled. Whinny only saw a girl of 16 years and shook her head.

"And what are your plans?" she asked.

"I'm going to find her."

"Dylan, thunder will roar," Whinny warned him, as if it might change his mind. He only smiled and said,

"There will always be thunder. So bring on the rain."

2 - Final Goodbye

2: Final Good-Bye
America, Washington
2012

"Are you going to finish that?" Jax asked and receive a glare from me. I quickly gulped down the last of my mocha latte before dumping it in the trash so that he couldn't swipe it away. I sat back down, nearly slipping off my seat, and watched as he finished the last of his coffee.

"I can't come tonight," I told him suddenly. Jax's face fell as he set down the drink.

"Soccer again," he said. It wasn't a question but I nodded my head and tucked a strand of hair behind my ears, only to have it slip away and fall back into my eyes.

"My team needs me to be there. I can't skip practice to go to another Frat party." Jax tossed his cup in the trash and avoided my eyes.

"I need you, too," he said. With a sigh, I rested my head against my hand on the table, waiting for Jax to lecture me about how we never spending enough time together. But all he did was squeeze my hand and kiss it softly.

"I miss you, baby" he whispered to me and pressed his forehead against mine, making my eyes close. It was moments like these that made me fall in love with him all over again.

"I need to get home before Gabrielle gets back from Europe-" I said and gave him a soft kiss before standing. "I'll call you later." The corner of Jax's lips twitched up into my favorite smile and said, "I love you." He did that every time we had to depart and it wasn't fair how he made his golden- brown eyes wide to look shy and cute.

We're childhood sweethearts; soul mates. But ever since The Mistake, I could never make the three letter words escape from my stubborn mouth.

"I know you do," was all that came out before I turned away. But not before he grabbed my waist, pulling me back to him. I felt my cheeks grow red from all the stares in the small café.

"Without pain, there can be no true love," Jax reminded me. I allowed a giggle as his lips tickled my ear as they whispered, "Baby, you are my soul and life love. Every day I strive to become a better man for you." His words made my heart fly, but everything must come in for a landing.

"You're so cheesy-" I said and slapped his hand away from my waist before it could travel any farther down. "-and you know I hate P.D.A." Jax smiled and kissed my forehead. "Call me when you get home." With a nod of my head he let me go.

A strong gust of wind blew into my face as I stepped outside, making me zip up my coat and dig my hands in my heavy jacket pocket. After having a minor heart attack from not feeling a bump in my pocket, I pulled out my cell-phone and car keys as I walked out into the severe storm. The weather looked like a typical winter day in University Place with dark clouds over head, promising rain. I spotted my small, white Volvo sitting next to Jax's black, pick-up truck. My eyes peered up at the sky, a thought coming to my head.

It could be today.

Then, out of nowhere the dark clouds let out a roar of thunder. It sent a long boom everywhere, causing a few people to hurry inside the little shops. My feet quickened their pace, my eyes throwing glances up at the sky for lighting and counting the seconds.

"Please don't be in the..." I mumbled but to my horror, a bright light flashed in the East. "That doesn't mean that it's time," I told myself and jammed the keys in the ignition. I tried to find a song on the radio, but everything was static. "Damn it!" I was not looking forward to a quiet drive home.

But then it happened and there was no stopping it. Like a female's PMS, you can't prepare for a late one. I slammed on the breaks and let out a gasp. My hands automatically flew to my stomach where something deep down inside of me seemed to split part.

It was then that I pressed my foot on the gas.

Two worlds were dividing as my car sailed past streets until I turned onto my home road.

The wind made my face turn numb and blew back my hair as I stepped out and slammed the door shut. The storm was coming fast and I was already running late. Rain pounded on my face, causing me to squint as I pounded in the four digit pass code for the garage door. I screamed as more thunder roared and lightning flashed overhead. Looking up, I murdered a swear word that I will not bother repeating. It was as if angels and demons were fighting in the heavens for whatever reason.

I threw the door open, making a loud bang! as it slammed on the wall. The cats scattered as I dashed up stairs and checked the clock. Time was back tracking. The numbers on the alarm clock were racing back days, weeks, and years. The theories of time found their way into my memory.

1. Time is a straight path; no way forward or back.

2. Everything happens at once.

3. At certain points, time crosses over like knots.

My experience had pretty much confirmed lucky number three. The magic of Time had found me and was pulling me back.

Normally on a Saturday, a girl my age would be out with friends or studying for exams, but I was not a normal girl. I knew a thing or two about what made everyone different in their own ways, but I didn't have the same definition of "different" in my dictionary.

At 18 years old, I was pretty proud to know that I held the ability to throw a knife at 75 mph (Oh yeah, you read 75mph) and at 50 yards away, hit a target right on the dot. To you, that is some skill but where I got it from is what will blow you away.

Since I was 16, I disappear back in time with the girl that changed my life. Melanie was a close friend of mine ever since the 6th grade and our friendship grew stronger over the years. The place where we are about to mysteriously travel to is why I was sitting on my bed and punching in Jax's phone number as the clock ticked down to the final seconds. The line rung and I forced back tears when I heard Jax's voice on the massage machine.

Some books tell true stories. The Phantom of the Opera is one of these books. My skin started to tingle and I felt myself slowly become light-headed, meaning that I was fading away. I should have been scared and freaking out but once you develop a friendship with the Phantom himself, nothing scares you.

"Hey, it's me," A lump formed in the back of my throat as I spoke into the phone and took in a breath. My eyes made a bold moving gliding over the clock and my heart beat faster as it ticked down to the final 10 seconds. "I wanted to tell you this in the Café but I didn't know how. I have always been deeply in-"

A fire scorched through my veins, burning away the part that made Cassandra Jené Hansen exist. I released an ear piercing screech and dropped the phone onto the floor. I was gone, but still there; resurrected, but somewhat dead. The end of one was the beginning of another. Casey would not exist for another 140 years.

Paris, France

The world was dark and the air was icy but it felt good against the young girl's burning skin as her body finished the last of the transformation. Her hands parted her hair that hung around her face and she looked up around the room. She shut her eyes again, trying to back track what had happened. She remembered being in a hurry to get somewhere but everything else was blank. Feeling frustrated with herself, she stood slowly and gave out a soft groan. Her muscles ached and her skin felt numb. Had she fallen in her hurry and was now stuck in a pit? The thought made her giggle. She didn't remember being so clumsy. With her arms out stretched, she walked around the room, looking for anything that would end the dark. It was pitch black and she couldn't see a thing. Her foot kicked a hard object and she stumbled before catching her balance. A cool breeze caused a cloth-like material to blow against her legs.

"Oh snap," she gasped and felt down her body. She had the curves of a woman with a slender figure, much like a dancers and was wearing a tight corset dress. The girl's eyes squinted from seeing a bright glow that blasted on in the room. Standing by the door was a man that made her stomach twist and legs twitch from wanting to run. He had a boney body that he hid under black clothes that belonged to a gentleman. A white mask was covering his entire face but the girl could see his smiling, confused yellow eyes, which looked back at her as if they were laughing.

"Lorie, what are you doing?" he said carefully, thinking his words offended her.

"I-"

"Did you fall again?" he asked with an amused smile while looking down at the floor. Lorie followed his gaze and saw a candelabrum on the ground and figured that's what she had kicked.

"Yeah, I fell somehow," she said.

"You're bleeding again," he stated. Lorie looked down at the cuts on her fingers from her constant nibbling. But they were fine.

The man's face was familiar to her, but she couldn't quite put a name on him. He came forth slowly, and the movement seemed to scare her, causing her heart to race.

"May I?" he asked and raised his hand and placed it on her neck. Lorie flinched at the feeling of his dead, cold, bony hand to her skin and jumped back. Seeing as he startled her, the man took a step back as well. On his finger was her blood.

"Your scar, Lorie-" he said, "-you need to stop picking at it."

"What?" she trembled and touched her throat. The skin was rough and itchy and a sticky liquid covered the top of it. A trigger went off in Loire's brain and she suddenly remembered:

The window was left ajar, making the curtain blow softly. The room was dark and smelled of death with a mixture of new life. A soft noise had awoken her as she lay in bed. Her shoulder was numb but when she tried to change her position on the bed, it stung and made her groan.

That's when she saw a yellow pair of eyes glaring at her from across the room. Her stomach flipped and she was about to scream when a dark figure sprang on her and covered her mouth. A sharp blade was held to her throat and the man dug it into her skin.

"Thanks to you, my Dove got away," he spat in her ear. Pressure was pressed upon her shoulder, but her high-pain tolerance caused her only to flinch. "To pay for your sin, you are going to sing in my opera," he told her. Lorie squealed and bit his hand. Erik yelped and recoiled, giving Lorie time to scream.

That's when it happened. Erik sliced her throat three inches across her neck. He cut deep enough to leave a scar, but not to kill her. He wanted to use her.

"Lorie, let me help you," Erik said again and started to come near her once more. Lorie dodged him and looked daggers at him.

"Don't touch me!" she snapped dashed around him and ran like she stole something. Memories flooded into her head and she saw her life through the ages flash before her eyes. Her body seemed to know where to go so she followed her instincts and found herself running up a spiral staircase and throwing open a door and found her standing in a room.

The walls were Japanese Cherry-Blossom pink, Lorie's favorite color and a small smile tugged on her lips as she looked about the room. It was Victorian style with a light pink quilt on the bed to match the walls of the room. White drapes made of satin hung over what hid a closet and a small desk was placed in the corner of the room along with a bookshelf. The mood of the small dorm was calm and soothing and Lorie walked around it. She spotted a full sized body mirror behind the door and took a good look at herself. Her hands pulled at her oval face with soft feminine cheek bones and touched her light, pink lips. She looked into her dark, brown eyes that peered back at her shyly. Lorie turned away and got to work. She needed to find out who she was now that she was stuck in The Phantom of the Opera.

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"I'm telling you, Donna, it was as if she had no idea who she was." Donna put on a puzzled expression on her face, pretending to be confused as Erik helped her hang up her coat.

"When was this?" Donna asked and shook out her golden locks from the tight bun it was trapped in. Erik marveled at his young beauty as she looked up at him with ocean blue eyes. "That doesn't sound like Lorie at all," she said although she knew that Casey's soul was back in Lorie's body. Sometimes when they traveled back they lost their memory including who they were. Although it had never happened before, Time could set them in a different place and they would be lost in time.

"About two hours ago. She ran up to her room and I have not seen her since," Erik told her. Donna spun around, her eyes wide with fear.

"She has been alone?!" she hissed, "You know her condition is dangerous! She must not be alone with all of those knives up there-" she said and trailed off. Erik took his wife's shoulders and rubbed her arms, soothing her.

"Fear not my Dove; if she wanted to harm herself, she would have done so a while ago," he informed her.

"And she is still in her room?" Donna asked. Erik nodded and placed his hand on the small of her back, bringing her closer to him. Donna wrapped her arms around him, giving him a gentle squeeze. Erik took Donna's face in his gloved hands.

"She will get better," he promised. "I know it stresses you out, but we just need to give it time." He then brushed his lips over hers slowly and parted away, leaving her wanting more.

"I better go check on her," Donna flushed.

"Be careful," he warned. "I know what she is capable of doing."

"Lorie will not hurt me," Donna said. "She is only going through a tough time. Last time, the doctor said-"

"Don't speak of the doctor," Erik demanded with a hint of ice in his voice and let her hand go. "I am not proud of what I did," he said and walked into the vast cave with twinkling candles that looked like stars had fallen from the sky.

"Erik, you had no choice. Dr. Alex was a drug dealer," Donna reminded him.

"But he was the only one that knew how to get through to Lorie," he said over his shoulder as he sat down at his organ.

"There will be more Doctors," replied Donna and made her way to Lorie's room. Donna knew that she would have to explain what had happened to Lorie while they were away. She knew that Lorie would

never give her heart away to another man after The Mistake and one thing that she learned was that words cut deeper than the sharpest knife and they stay with you if you don't allow them to be healed. But actions hurt more. Actions kill. Actions are stronger than words.

Donna knocked softly on the door to Lorie's room and opened it slowly. "Hey, Lorie," she said and stepped in. Lorie snapped her head up violently, her eyes wild and red from tears.

"Is it all true?" she whispered. "The stories...are they real?"

"What do you mean?" Donna responded and followed Lorie's gaze to papers that were lined in a row on the carpet.

"Lorie, what is all of this?" inquired Donna and crouched down and squinted and found that she had made a time line starting with the year that Time pulled her back: 1862, the year she was discovered by the circus folks and taken in. They were all reborn in the lost time and Donna remembered the story of when Lorie's parents dumped her off in the cold and rain, or that's what she told everyone. Lorie was only eight years old when she lost her memory of her past and she did not remember her real parents. The lost little girl didn't even recall her name so she picked the name of the famous knife thrower, Lorie du Couteau. On top of that, Lorie forgot she had a little sister.

Madeline, taken in and named by the Gypsies, was a sash dancer and mastered the art of flying through the air with the other Gypsies in sashes. The sisters met and quickly became inseparable. With their talents raving and becoming better, the Circus was able to travel more.

In 1864, Lorie and Maddie went on a voyaged to perform all over Europe and Persia, including Moscow. Then, in 1866 the Circus came back to stay in Paris where they fell in love with the sights.

Donna glanced over at Lorie who had her head resting between her knees and was rocking back and forth slightly. "Hey," Donna said and reached out to pat her on the arm but Lorie recoiled and told Donna to keep reading with a husky voice.

One set of articles was set aside from the others. Donna squinted at the tiny date in the corner and smiled. It was the year that she first met Lorie and Maddie in 1869 at the circus and they became their own trio. Their friendship became a sisterhood when the trio moved in to a small cottage and sold roses the following year. "The Phantom disguised himself to buy roses for Christine," the article said. Donna swooned at the memories of when she first met Erik. Of course, she didn't know it was him. He was a gentleman and kind to her and bought tons of roses every week. When Donna's father died, the trio decided to move into the Paris Opera Populaire to start a new life. That's when it all happened: The trio found themselves living in a horror story. They all regained their memory when Donna turned 16 on July 27th. Melanie, Casey, and Gabrielle adapted to the life style they grew up in and continued to live as Donna, Lorie, and Maddie.

In 1870, when Erik's heart broke after Christine left with her one true love, he went after Donna and doing so, he tortured Lorie and Maddie out of his craziness and madness.

The articles about what happened in 1872 were of Donna and Erik's wedding. And then Donna realized why Lorie's shoulders were now shaking from her tears. It was all in the fine print.

In 1873, the editorial said the following:

It was a late night when Lorie arrived at Devin's house for a dinner date and everything seemed to be in order. "The food was delicious," Lorie told the reporters after finding out about the terrible event. "He made me Spaghetti and I ate the whole thing." What Lorie didn't know is that Devin drugged the food and took advantage on Lorie's body while she was passed out..."

Donna couldn't read anymore. She skimmed the lines until she found the part about the baby. Madam Giry was interviewed and told the story of the painful night.

"Lorie is a very strong student of mine. She works very hard every day and her dancing always takes the crowds breath away. If she was in pain, no one would know about it. I never heard a complain come out of her mouth. So when she threw open my door that night, I knew something was terribly wrong. She was hugging her stomach, saying that something had broken inside and she was bleeding. 'I'm not pregnant. There is no father,' she told me. I lay her on the bed and gave her morphine to take the pain away. The baby boy came out quickly but he was dead."

Donna remembered the investigation of who the father was and everything came down to Lorie's now ex-boyfriend, Devin Laree. He was charged of rape and sent away. She glanced over at Lorie who was looking at her through her streaks of hair.

"You called him Zach," Donna whispered. This only made Lorie cry out in sobs. They sat together, Donna's arm wrapped around Loire so she was forced to cry on Donna's shoulder.

As Donna thought of something to say, her eyes caught on an article that Lorie must have missed and it was a good thing she did. The heading was partly hidden but she still knew what it said.

Devin Laree Escapes His Death Sentence.

3 - Hunt

The shrill ringing of a phone woke Jax with a start. He fell out of bed and stumbled down the hall and picked it up at the last ring.

"Blake residence," he answered and looked at the digital clock over the microwave.

"Where have you been?" asked a harsh voice.

"Casey?" he asked and rubbed his eyes.

"No, it's Gabrielle. Casey didn't come home last night," she said with her voice full of worry. "We thought she was with you."

"Last time I saw her, she was heading home," he replied as he poured himself a bowl of Casey's coco puffs. "Did you try calling her?"

"Don't you think that would be the first thing I would have done? She left her phone in her room. And you're the last person she called."

"Alright, alright, my phone has been off. Let me check my messages and I will call you back, ok? Don't worry Gabbs," he said and hung up before she could scold him for calling her Gabbs. Jax found his phone on his desk and pressed the END button and waited until it came to life. He received a voice mail from Casey and listened carefully.

"Hey, it's me," Casey said and there was a slight pause. "I wanted to tell you this in the Café but I didn't know how. I have always been deeply in-" Jax waited anxiously to what she would say next but all he heard was her scream into the phone and then a thump as it hit the floor.

"What the f-" he whispered and called her on her cell once more. Gabrielle picked up.

"Jax, Casey doesn't have her phone with her."

"Did you file a missing person's report?" he asked.

"No, Joel is already on the case." It was this one time that he was happy Casey's older brother was a cop.

"Alright, I'm going to drive over to Haley's. She might be there."

"Can I come?" Gabrielle asked.

"No, I need you to stay home in case she comes back. Can you do that Gabbs?"

"Fine. But call me Gabbs one more time and I'll-" Jax pressed the END key and got dressed. Casey's words over the phone ran over and over in his head. What was she going to say? It was obvious but he needed to hear it out loud. I love you. He cringed as he heard her scream and the silence didn't make it any better. He pulled into Haley's drive way and knocked on the front door. Footsteps were heard inside running to the front door. Jax took a step back as the door was wrenched open. Not only was Haley there, but Kelsey as well. Both girls were two of Casey's best friends and if no one knew where Casey was, these two were sure to know.

"Is Casey with you?" he asked them.

"We were about to ask you the same thing," Kelsey replied.

"Come inside, it's freezing," Haley ordered and Jax stepped in. "You look like crap by the way," she said. Jax glanced at himself in the hall mirror to see his scruffy hair and wrinkled T-shirt which was the first thing he grabbed off the floor.

"Well I feel fantastic. My girlfriend is missing, how am I supposed to look?"

"Dude, chill," Kelsey said. "I bet she is with Melanie. That's where Joel found her last time she ran off."

"Listen to this," he said and played Casey's message for them on the speaker. Both girls gasped when they heard the ear piercing scream. "Does that sound like an attack from Melanie?" Kelsey and Haley

gave each other a look before they both crack up laughing. "This isn't funny!" Jax yelled.

"You've seen them together! Remember Hansen House?" Kelsey asked him.

"This isn't a web show where everything is planned!" Jax said growing frustrated and threw his hands up in exasperation.

"What Kelsey means is that Casey is one of the carefree persons we all know. She's a goof ball, but she knows when to be serious. I'm sure she is just fine," Haley coxed him.

"The worst that could happen is that she could be dead," Kelsey said carelessly. That triggered something off in Jax's head. Anger shot through his veins like adrenaline. He grabbed Kelsey's shoulders and pinned her hard against the wall, his eyes on fire.

"Don't you ever make a sick joke about that again," he hissed.

"Let go of me," Kelsey ordered and Jax released her. "I would slap you but I don't want to get arrested for animal abuse," she said as she stepped away.

"Don't over react so much," Haley said, her green eyes stinging his skin.

"If I over reacted, you'd be dead," Jax snarled and slammed the door on his way out. He knew that Casey would give him crap about it later but he would not tolerate hearing about his love being dead, even if it was a joke. Just the thought about Casey being gone forever made him step on the gas on his way to Melanie's house.

4 - Rebirthing

Jax slammed his car door and walked up the little hill as if ready for a battle. He scowled when he saw Casey's Volvo in the drive way, meaning that Gabrielle left her house and she drove with no knowledge of what she was doing. Gabrielle was a rebel at 15 years old and she did what she wanted. The garage door to the house was open and Jax felt wrong to be at Melanie's house uninvited but it was Casey he was looking for so he made his way in. Her parents weren't home so the only trouble he could be in was running into Melanie's little brother, Ben.

"Hello? Is anyone home?" he knocked on the door in the garage. No answer. Inside, Jax poked his head around and saw that it was completely vacant. "Gabrielle? I know you're here," he said and waited for her to reply. But all was quiet.

Then, he heard something coming from down the hall. It was an electrical sound, like a wire had been clipped and someone was messing with the cable box. "Hello?" he called again and slowly made his way to the sound. It led him right to Melanie's room. Jax burst through the door and almost fell right in to it. It wasn't a cable box. Melanie's whole back wall had been turned into a pit of blackness. The edges of the pit rippled as if it were caught in a soft breeze, making the electric sounds.

Not to worry. It's just a straight plummet to certain death, Jax thought. "Casey?" he called and listened as his voice echoed and vibrated down the tunnel. He squinted and saw a small light at the very end. "Don't go in the creepy, dark tunnel, Jax," he said and took a step back. He closed his eyes and thought of Casey; her brown silk of hair that fell down her back, her deep eyes and soft kissable lips. He felt her soft, innocent touch when they had intimate times together and it was enough to make him jump through. She was the breath of air that his lungs needed to survive. His very core was screaming for her, until he was numb. This world was nothing but a trap without Casey and the need to break out slammed inside of him, causing him to fall deeper into the black pit that promised nothing in return. The worst was only the waiting and if this trip led him to his demise, he would die for her in the blink of an eye.

A sharp pain suddenly jerked his body and shook his skin. It wasn't physical, more of a spiritual matter, as if everything he believed in was coming undone. All of his morals and his back ground were shrinking and continued to get smaller and smaller. Jax's eyes clamped shut from a force, much like one right before a sneeze. There was a shout, but if he had screamed, his ears were clogged. There was a tightness that spread down Jax's muscles and his head jerked violently in all places. He couldn't think. And the darkness flooded all around him, pulling and tugging, like he was being made into a brand new person, each part being put together all over again.

5 - Family Relations

5: Family Relations

Paris, France

1874

"Dylan, look at this place!" Whinny cheered as she looked up at the tall buildings in Paris. She let out a little squeal and turned to her brother. Dylan grinned and looked back down at a little piece of paper.

"So what is the plan? We barge down there and demand to see Erik? That sounds rude," she continued. Dylan chuckled and slipped the paper into his pant pocket.

"We search for his wife. She is the key to him," said Dylan. Whinny nodded.

"And if we can get to his wife, we can get to him!" Whinny said happily. Her brother nodded. "And if we get to Erik, we can cure this girl and go back home!" Whinny cheered. Dylan chuckled as his sister put the puzzle together.

"Can't we just teleport to the Opera House?" she asked.

"The humans cannot know what we are, Whin," Dylan reminded her. "We can't just suddenly pop out of nowhere in the middle of the street." Whinny nodded and they walked on in silence.

A group of people had formed outside of the doors to the Opera House and made a line. Whinny noticed that they had pieces of paper and were giving them to officers at the front doors. "I didn't know we needed tickets to get in," she said.

"Of course you do," came a voice. The siblings looked over to see a young girl leaning against a statue. By the looks of her, she was about 15 years old. Her face looked like it belonged on a billboard for everyone to see and gaze at and you could stare forever into her deep murky eyes. The light-pink casual dress that she modeled was tight to her slim, fit figure and her bouncy curls were pulled back into a long braided waterfall. "I believe it's these you need to get in," she said calmly, as if she has been expecting them and held out two tickets. She smiled at their puzzled expression and said, "He has been waiting for you two."

"You know, that's a little freaky," Whinny said bluntly.

"Yeah, scary and I go way back," the girl said. "Call me Maddie." Dylan stepped forth and took Maddie's extended hand and kissed it.

"How will you get in?" Dylan asked.

"Workers get in for free, duh!" she said. "You two don't work here yet. But luckily, he is generous and paid for your tickets. So he obviously wants you to work here."

"He, who?" Whinny inquired.

"The manager, dumbass! Who else do you think would send you here?" Maddie chuckled as Whinny's face turned red. "Just check in and go to the west corridor. There will be a long hall way and then turn left. I will be waiting there," she said and before they could say another word, Maddie disappeared in the crowd.

"I think I will come to like her," Dylan said with a grand smile. That was the Brown-Haired Maiden's sister.

The Managers' office was mostly quiet and they sat in the chairs, opposite to the desk. The door opened and in came Fermin and Andre.

"Bienvenue Missouri Dylan, Madam Winifred," Andre greeted them and shook Dylan's hand.

"Merci," Dylan smiled and they sat back down.

"We are ever so thankful that we found a doctor," Fermin said in a rough French accent. "Lorie is in great need of a doctor, and the news is, you two are the best in all of Europe." Whinny and Dylan shared a glace.

"Are you two the ones that sent the red skull letter?" Whinny asked and unfolded it from her bag. The Managers drew back in fear as Whinny smacked it down on the desk.

"O.G claims that this is his Opera House," Dylan told them.

"Of course, he assumes it is because he grew up here," Andre said.

"Oui, he said you would say that," Dylan replied coolly. "Is there any chance that we can talk to him, seeing as he is the one who sent us here?"

"The Opera Ghost shows no mercy to new comers. You two are both safe up in the light."

"Whinny and I do not believe in ghosts," Dylan said.

"That is until you see him," Fermin sighed.

"I thought you couldn't see ghosts..." Whinny started.

"Does this ghost have a name?" Dylan asked while rolling his eyes at his sister.

"He calls himself the Opera Ghost. Or the Phantom of the Opera," Andre informed him. Dylan's heart beat rapidly. He looked over at Whinny to see that she was taking in deep breaths.

"Would his name be Erik Destler by any chance?" Dylan asked. The managers both shook their heads.

"Why do you ask?" Fermin wondered.

"If his name is Erik Destler, then he is our half-brother."

And cue jaw dropping.