

Vampires...? Are you kidding us?

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What happens when my friends and I get kidnapped by vampires? Utter insaneness, that's what! Some chapters may contain sexual content and violence

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1 - A Night Club and A Paper Bag

Vampires...? Are You Kidding Us?

Chapter 1: A Night Club and a Paper Bag

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Nanc © Nanc

MBS POV

“Why are we going there again?” I asked, placing a bag with a crappily drawn smiley face on it over my head. “You know I hate night clubs. They’re too loud.” Hey, me name is Monkey_banana_smoothie, but you can call me MBS for short. Or shinolover94. Or SL94. Or SMBLS94. Or something on the lines of that.

“Same reason you’re wearing that bag over your head, MBS, and a scarf when it’s the middle of summer,” my Italian friend, Nanc, answered back. Nanc’s real name is Nancy Carcioppolo. She’s totally awesome. Why? She’s Italian. That’s why. Duh, dude.

The two of us were going to some night club. Nanc was driving. We were in her car. MMMM! So comfy...oh, sorry. It’s one of those cars that runs on the stuff in corn. I like corn. It has a weird name. I wonder where corn originates. Hmm...I don’t care. Anyway, she was wearing a white v-neck shirt. The sleeves went to her elbow. Under that she had on a sleeveless maroon shirt. She also had on a pink skirt with a belt put so that the buckle was near her right hip.

I was wearing an outfit that had, probably, everyone on the streets—and in their own cars—always looked weirded out by. I don’t get that. I was wearing a purple scarf—I luv purple—and a paper bag ^—I luv paper. My shirt was a red polo shirt—I luv red ^. My jeans were black—I luv black and jeans ^. My shoes were green high tops—I like high tops and green ^. Hehe. Sorry. We finally came to a stop.

“Red light?” I asked. (I can’t see through the bag!!! >.<)

“Nope, we’re here,” she answered.

“Ah.”

I got out of the care. That probably also had people staring...more. I’m about...six foot something? Six foot four, I believe. Yep, I tall.

I heard foot steps and I fallowed—thinking they belonged to Nanc. I then got tired of that and wanted to see. I stopped in my tracks—and the foot steps stopped too—and lifted up my bag. It wasn’t Nanc...it was some dude.

He had cool contacts. And shreds. And fake vamp teeth. And bod. Dude, he hott. Yep.

Stop thinking that. You don’t even know him.

Dude, like that never stopped MBS before!

....true.

I then noticed he was looking at me. Oh, gosh. What I to do?! He looked totally hot, if I do say so my self. His arms were covered in fishnet. His hair blew in the wind. It was very long. Black. Ponytail. Drooling in pickle mind. His shirt was black with two huge buckles on it. His pants were ripped. Still drooling in pickle mind. His eyes glowed yellow. He had slits for pupils...MBS still drooling in mind. He also had combat boots on. His—most likely fake—vamp teeth shown. “DUUUDE! Awesome contacts! And shreds!” I said to him, amazed by his eyes and clothes.

“Same with you,” he answered sarcastically and then added, “Along with the bag. What’s your name?”

“Dude, I am the one, the only, monkey_banana_smoothie, but you can call me MBS for short, or shinolover94 or SL94 or something on the lines of those two...four! What’s yours?”

“I cannot give you that information...yet.”

“HUH?! WHA’?! Dude, you gotta tell me!”

“Nope.” He then stepped a bit closer to me. We were about a foot apart now. And MBS’s brain now is drowning in drool...and doesn’t notice because brain still drooling.

He then lifted up his hand. I looked slightly at it. He then hit me in my neck.

WTF, DUDE?!

THE HOTT DUDE ATTACKED ME?! OR WHAT?! IS THAT’S A DUDE’S WAY OF FLIRTING?!?!

I told you, but did you listen, NOOOO!

Oh, SHUT UP, PURPLE!

I remembered I felt dizzy. I was suddenly on the floor. I then blacked out. I remember something was still there, though. Two things, actually. A dancing Hershey® bar and a dancing Oscar Mayer Weiner® hot dog.

Yay! Dance, chocolate and---Wait a second...chocolate reminds me of cocoa, and cocoa reminds me of Cocoa my old hamster, and that reminds me that he’s dead. WHY MUST THE GOOD DIE YOUNG!!!
sob, sob

NANC POV

~few minutes earlier than then~

I got out of my car and looked to the passenger side. “Hey, MBS! Where are you going? Why are you following that dude? Did you fall again for some stranger?” I called after her. She didn’t hear me.

I guess she’ll make it inside shortly. Plus, I guess it’ll help her not be so shy! She needs to do things like that and—She’s still wearing the paper bag. Sigh....

Sometimes she can be...very different. Hey, is that Z?!

?Do, do, do, something Italian, do, do, do?

I noticed the guy that MBS walked off with (more like, followed idiotically) heading towards me with—IS THAT MBS?! SHE'S KNOCKED OUT!!!!

“OH MY GOSH! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?!” I asked the guy as he sat her down in the seat next to me. (MBS: Nanc is in a restaurant—wait—I'm supposed to be knocked out! BLEEEEEEE)

“She'll be fine,” he said casually. I noticed his teach. Maybe that's because it's a Friday night, and everyone pretty much goes insane. He stood up and looked over at me. We both were a foot apart. Who is this guy? He sends chills up and down my spine? And what happened to MBS?

He stared at me for a couple of seconds before he spoke. “You are her friend, correct?”

“Correct.”

“Do you know why she was fallowing me?”

“No clue. That's MBS for you. Bag over her head because...well, I don't really know. No one knows much about her. My name's Nancy Carcioppolo, what's yours?”

“It doesn't matter,” was the last thing he said before hitting me in my neck with something (MBS: sounds familiar? Wait...I'm still supposed to be knocked out!)

I stared at him as well as I could, grasping my neck and I asked him weakly, “Wh...what did you...do?”

“You'll see when you wake up, human.”

“Human...?”

To Be Continued...

MBS: There you go, the first chapter! Wait, I'm still supposed to be in a comma-knocked-out thing!

Anyway, you'll see who that dude is....IN CHAPTER 2: TWO VAMPIRES! ONE SMART, ONE JERKY!

2 - Two Vampires, ONE SMART ONE JERKY!

Vampires...? Are You Kidding Us?

Chapter 2: Two Vampires, One Smart, One Jerky!

MBS POV

Ooooo....my heeeeeeeaaaad. Ow. What happened, again? Oh, yeah, a super hott bishie looking dude hit me in my neck with something. Now, open eyes, MBS. Open them. See where you are. I feel warm stuff. Liquid?

Hehe...Sa-Quid.

Green, you can think of that old Dairy Queen cameral once MBS opens her stupid EYES!

Berries and cream, berries and cream, I love berries and CREEEAM! RED, JOIN IN!!

YOU DO THAT, RED, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!!!

ANGER MANAGEMENT, PURPLE!! (?Red + Green talking @ same time “)

I slowly opened up my eyes. I looked and I saw the red liquid—

SA-QUID!!!!

SHUT UP, GREEN THOUGHTS!!

Anyway, it was blood. I then felt my ears stand up. Wait. A. Second. My ears can't move. That's the

exact reason I get jealous of the people who can move their ears up and down. Or something like that. If I try, I get to get my ears to move, I move my nostrils....sigh.

I reached to where I believed my ears to be—where every human's ears are. They were there, not standing up straight, though. I reached up, consciously, and felt two ears. Fury ones. Almost like my puppy's ears, but...standing up straight. I tried to twitch one, and it did so.

I then noticed my environment (holy crap, I am slow). It was a bedroom. It was darker than Dark himself.

Well, duh! Dark is far away from being dark! I don't even know why we named him that!

MBS named him that, though...on her own...

Why do we belong to such a moron?

I looked down. I was on a bed. A book beside me and some dude with red hair sleeping in a chair.

She may be a moron, but that dude must be even more dumber! Hmm...Let's see—

Even more dumber...? Maybe you're 'even more dumber' than MBS and that dude COMBINED!

Will you two stop bickering? DUDE! It's annoying!

Will the three of you SHUT UP SO I CAN FINISH?!?!

Sure thing (?Red, Green, and Purple)

Thank you! Now, I picked up his book (I'm a nosy person at times) to see what he was reading. I quickly screeched and threw it...at the dude. Who just woke up.


~~~

Fire: You're just a magnet for destruction, aren't you?

MBS: SHUT UP!

~~~

He caught it with ease. I stared a bit scared of this. He looked at me with such a serious look.

<Gulp>

SEE? This is your entire fault. Green! If you didn't suggest that MBS looked at the book in the first place, that dude wouldn't be made at her!

Oh, SHUT UP!

"I'm sorry," the guy said. I noticed he was smiling, "that my brother kidnapped you. He's a bit different. He doesn't understand that humans have lives like we do."

"We...?"

"Hai, us vampires."

"Vampires..."

"OH, my names Akihiro, by the way. What's yours?"

"Everyone calls me monkey_banana_smoothie! Or MBS. Mostly MBS. Or moronic genius."

"A moronic genius. Wow, you humans are really something. I understand why my sister enjoys playing with you guys, but not two at a time."

“Two...?”

“Hai, your friend is in the other room. She’s a very pretty girl. I very much enjoy how she looks.”

“Uh...may I ask some questions?”

“Sure thing.”

“Do you know why your brother took my friend and I?”

“It’s for my sister. She asked for him to. I don’t understand why she does that.”

“What are your two siblings’ names? Your brothers said that...um...what did he say? OH yea, ‘he cannot give me that information...yet.’”

Akihiro laughed, “OH! That’s always like him! He’s never open to giving people his name. His name is Lyndon. My sister is Cristina. Our parents wanted to name us names that come from all over the world. Do you have any siblings?”

“Yea, three! Two brothers, one sister. I’m the youngest.”

“Cool, I’m the oldest. What are your siblings’ names?”

“My oldest brother’s name is Jonathan, my sister’s name is Blythe, and my older brother’s name is Quintin. Um...where are we?”

“In our mansion. In Qwandara. Which is on Squindi.”

“Oh. Do you guys have rock music?”

“Hai. Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, The Doors, The Who, AC-DC, O-Zone, No Vacancy, School of Rock, among others.”

“Johnny Cash?”

“A lot of that, too.”

“SWOOOT!”

Akihiro started to snicker, “You’re a very funny human.”

“You know I—”

“Well, ex-human.”

“Ex-human...?”

“Hai, now you’re a kitsune with a demon.”

“Kitsune...demon...”

“No, not a kitsune demon, a kitsune with a demon. The demon dragon, Sumi. My brother insisted that I changed you into a different creature, for he saw you as a...different...creature.”

“THAT’S RIGHT! MBS DOESN’T GO INTO ANY CATEGORY OF RIGHT OR SAME!” I said, triumphantly, “EVEN IF I’M A...WHATEVER NOW! IT’S STILL NOT GOOD ENOUGH! I SHALL STILL WEAR A SCARF DURNING SUMMER! BEGINNING, MIDDLE, OR END! AND SHORTS IN THE WINTER!”

“HAHAHA! You’re very funny! Even about this ‘summer’ thing!”

“Summer? You don’t know about summer?”

“I’ve read about it. As you probably saw, I love to read books with a lot of information in them,” Akihiro said holding up the book I accidentally threw at him. I laughed nervously.

"I'm sorry about that. I get nosy at times. Especially with books. I couldn't understand anything in that book."

"You couldn't? I think it's very dumb actually. Talking about light and that."

"OOO! Light's my friend!"

"Hmm...I bet its friends with most people."

"Yea, Light's defiantly friends with everyone! She's very social."

"She...?"

"Yeah, Light's my imaginary friend," I then looked left to right suspiciously, trying to see if anyone else was in the room. Nope. I then whispered, "She likes Dark and doesn't want to be called an imaginary friend."

"Then what does she want to be called?"

"Light."

"I can deal with that. Do you have any other questions?"

"OH, yeah, um, when I was waking up, I felt some warm liquid—and Green, don't you dare say 'Sa-quad'—and I don't feel it any more. Do you know what that was?"

"A liquid? Warm? Probably some blood. Don't worry, it's probably because my brother couldn't help himself. Your last question?"

"Nope, one more! Is it alright for me to walk? I mean, I woke up here and that...and I don't really know..."

He nodded, "You're fine."

I jumped out (more like fell) of the bed. I stood up, "I'll be as fine as I can."

I then heard a somewhat familiar voice, "So, you're finally up?" I quickly glanced over to see that JERK Lincoln.

~~~

Fire: Did you just call him Lincoln? o\_O

MBS: Yea, so?

Fire: You are SO a moron!

MBS: YOU KNOW IT—Wait what?

~~~

"Oh, it's you," I said, making the 'you' a bit darker.

"You humans aren't good on your feet, are you?"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!"

"You just fell out of that bed."

"I fall out of tones of things!"

"Like that car? With a paper bag on your head? And did you say 'tones of things'?"

"I'm unoriented, I'm not a SMART board, duh! AND YES I DID!"

“And you humans are dumb, too.”

“Lyndon! You know it’s even dumber to call another species dumb!” Akihiro scolded London.

“Yeah, Jefferson!” Silence just crowed around us.

“Did you just call me ‘Jefferson?’” Jefferson asked.

“Yeah, Periwinkle!”

“It’s Lyndon.”

“Washington!”

“Lyndon.”

“London!”

“Lyndon.”

“Lincoln!”

“Lyndon.”

“Loos!”

“Lyndon. It’s not that hard.”

“I give up.”

I then heard commotion from the other room and I started to walk past Draco (Lyndon: It's Lyndon).
YAY, ADHD-NESS!

"Hey, what's up with you?" asked P. Diddy.

"Huh?"

"Are you that easy to forget something?"

"What do you mean, P. Diddy Jefferson Lyndon Dude?"

"How many names must you call me?"

"MANY! Until you start being nice...to me and Nanci!"

"Tsk. This is so annoying."

"Wha' is?" I asked continuing my search for whatever made that commotion!

"And you forget again."

"ADHD, Pennsylvania."

"Pennsylvania...?"

"I'll call you that, Virginia."

"I give up on forcing my REAL name into your small mind, human."

"It's MBS, Chicago," I said stopping in my tracks, and looked up at Richmond.

“Stop calling me by human civilizations.”

“Sure thing, Australia!” I said saluting to the air and continuing my search—only to find that it was Nanc.

“Yeah, she’s here too.”

I walked over to Nanc’s bed side. She stirred.

“Hey, Colorado?”

“What?”

“....you’re a jerk.”

~Nanc’s POV~

I hear people...

“ADHD, Pennsylvania.”

Pennsylvania...? What is...Is that MBS? It is...what is she talking about...?

“Pennsylvania...?”

Who ever said that, I agree. Wait. That sounds familiar, too. That guy...! Who was he?

“I’ll call you that, Virginia.”

Virginia...?

“I give up on forcing my REAL name into your small mind, human.”

Huh...?

“It’s MBS, Chicago.”

Chicago...?

“Stop calling me by human civilizations.”

“Sure thing, Australia!”

Australia...?

“Yeah, she’s here too.”

Who is....? Me...? They sound closer.

“Hey, Colorado?”

Colorado...?

“What?”

“....you’re a jerk.”

That’s it, I’m getting up! I opened my eyes to see MBS standing in the door way and that guy that did something with my neck. And—OMG! That dude is HOTT!!

~MBS’s POV~

I noticed Nanc was up! YAY! “Na—” Before I knew it, she was up by my side and asking me something.

“Hey, MBS? Who’s that guy?” she said pointing to Akihiro.

“Oh, him? He’s Akihiro.”

“OH.” She looked very happy. Hehe...she thinks he’s hott! She then whispered to me, “If I’m dead and I’ve gone to heaven, do not call 911. But if I’m in a dream, do not wake me!”

“Neither. Tis real”

“Even better!”

“You know it!”

“What are you humans talking about?” Jerry asked.

“Well, Michael, we’re talking about girl things! You’re so nosy!”

“What are you two talking about?” asked Akihiro.

“Oh, well Nanc gets a little off sometimes and she wanted to know what happened.”

“So your name is Nanc?”

“Actually, it’s Nancy Carcioppolo, but you can call me Nanc.”

“May I call you Akemi?”

“Sure. It sounds very cute.”

The jerk started to walk away, “Lemme go gag.”

“YOU DO THAT, DENVER!” I answered the jerk, saluting to him.

“IT’S LYNDON!”

“SURE THING, IDOHO!”

To Be Continued...

Next Chapter: THE LITTLE SISTER NAMED CRISTINA! ANGEL OR DEVIL?

3 - The Little Sister Named Cristina! Angel or Devil?

Vampires...? Are you kidding us?

Chapter 3: The Little Sister Named Cristina! Angel or Devil?

~MBS POV~

“Oh, MBS? You do remember me saying when I told you about my little sister, Cristina, right?” asked Akihiro.

“Yea, didn’t Lyn get Nanc and me for her? HEY, MICHAGAIN?! Shouldn’t you take us to show her to us or us to her or what ever?” I asked, asking Minnesota.

“It’s not my job. You two need to find her yourselves. Along with your breakfast,” Maine said to Nanc and me, before disappearing down the hall.

“JERK! I WILL NOT LOOK FOR MY BREAKFAST! I’M AN AMARACAN! THAT MEANS MAKE IT FOR ME AND SHOW ME IT, JERSY!!!”

“I don’t care what you are, idiot, you’ll have to look for both. And seeing how stupid you humans are, you’ll die soon enough.”

“OH, SHUT UP! I’M A GONNA COME AND GLOMP YOU!”

“MBS!” Nanc yelled to me as I was heading towards where I heard that JERK’S voice coming from and did a tackle on what I believed to be him.

~Nanc’s POV~

I saw MBS start to run the direction that Lyndon’s (I don’t get why it’s so hard for MBS to say) voice was coming from. “MBS!” I called after her, but she was to determined to hear me.

I heard a clatter. Akihiro (he's totally hott) and I ran to where we heard it. The two of us came upon MBS...on top of Lyndon.

"That was a bit drastic," I said to her.

"Yea, well Alaska needs it!"

"For the last time, my name is Lyndon, human," Lyndon said.

"And for the last time, whatever your name is P. Diddy, my name is monkey_banana_smoothie. You shall call me only by monkey_banana_smoothie. Not monkey_banana, banana_smoothie, MBS, or monkey_smoothie!"

"I don't care, get off of me!"

"NO! CALL ME MONKEY_BANANA_SMOOTHIE THE ALL MIGHTY MEMBER OF AKATSUKI!"

"Just a few seconds ago, you said that I could call you monkey_banana_smoothie only-"

"I HAVE ADHD!!"

"Stop yelling. I'm right under you."

"That's what they want you to think, Canada."

Just then I saw Lyndon stand up with ease and MBS fall off of his back like she was nothing. He turned to her, "You will call me Lyndon only." This guy...we should watch out for him. Just...something about him...makes me so uneasy. He started to walk away, but someone stopped him—again. One guess who.

~MBS POV (reader: Oh, lordy Lu)~

I jumped onto....WHATEVER his name's back, and yelled, "PIGGY BACK RIDE!!!!" He started to turn

around, fast. “WEEE!” This was so much fun!!!!

“Hey, Lyn-Lyn? What’s going on? Who are those two creatures? And what’s that thing on your back? Are you giving her a piggy-back ride?” asked a sweet, feminine voice.

“Huh?” we all said, turning to see a young girl, probably my age, with long red hair and a bun that was black.

“Who the—!” was all I could say before ‘Lyn-Lyn’ (LOL) dropped me! I feel offended! “OW! THANKS A LOT TEXAS!!”

“Shh...!” Did he just SHUSH me? “Oh, Cristina, we’re just playing around with these two. They’re names are Nancy and monkey_banana_smoothie. Monkey_banana_smoothie is a....uh....whatever. And, she was forcing me to.”

“What are they doing here, Ki-ki?” asked Cristina, turning to Akihiro. You know what? I may call him Ki-ki...no, Aki-ki!

“Lyn-Lyn got them for you to play with, Cristina.” Suddenly, Cristina was right there, up in my face.

“You’re a funny looking what-ever you are!” she said, laughing. I nodded my head. “Do you speak at all?” I nodded. “Then, go on. Speak.”

“Tamaco is dumb,” I said. Tomato must of known that I was talking about him, because he shot me a death glare.

“How about you?” she then moved onto Nanc. “You’re a pretty neko girl!”

“Neko girl...?”

“You don’t know what you are? That’s pretty funny!” laughed Cristina. I slowly got up and looked (down) at her. “Wow!” she then turned around to me again, “You’re very tall! How tall?”

“Six foot four.”

“WOW!” she stared at me like I was Bill Gates or someone.

What did Bill Gates make?

Microsoft, I think.

How could you NOT know that, Green?

...I'm slow...

“So you’re monkey_banana_smoothie! You look totally cool! Especially with that bag on your head as a hat! I wanna copy that!”

“Bag...?” I felt at the top of my head. It was a bag. I wonder why I didn’t feel it before.

“HAHA! You’re probably wondering how that got there! Lyn-Lyn put it on your head.”

“Lyn-Lyn...? Oh, Tostada!” I said, turning and looking up at Tennessee.

“For the last time, MBS, it’s Lyndon to you.”

“Fine, fine, Tim. Then you have to call me monkey_banana_smoothie the almighty Akatsuki member that can never be brought down and has the all powerful Sumi in her!”

“No.”

“Fine, I’ll call you whatever I want to call you, Tele.”

“It’s Lyndon.”

“HAHA! Lyn-Lyn!” she ran up and hugged Taco, “Thank you! She’s very funny!”

You know it.

“Sure she is,” Toad said, patting her. She let go of him, grabbed Nanc and I, and in a few minutes (it seemed) we were in a kitchen, breakfast on the table. WAFFLES!! MMMM! AND PANCAKES!

“You look very hungry, monkey,” said the red/black head. “Do you want to eat?”

“Hai,” I said very fast.

~Nanc’s POV~

Once we got down to the kitchen, I noticed a huge table. All sorts of breakfast foods were lined up on there. I noticed MBS drooling. She must see all this glorious food! I’m so hungry!

~Lyndon’s POV *OMG, did MBS just type Lyndon CORRECTLY!?!?! oO*

Sigh, again I’ve done, haven’t I? Been a jerk to someone I love. I should learn to be better than that. She is very funny, as Cristina said.

“Oj, ototo? Why are you smiling?” asked that little...

Why is he my ‘brother?’ I don’t even see him as a brother...more like an older annoying geek.

“Why should you care, b—”

“Don’t you dare curse,” he said to me harshly.

“Oh, and what will you do? Tell our parents? Go running to mom and dad?” I asked, teasingly.

“No...I will bite you. I will make it so that you will not be able to become what you most favor to become—a human.”

How does he know that!?

“What do you mean?” I asked, still keeping an emotionless look, “That I, Lyndon Taylor of the vampires, would want to become something so dumb.”

“Don’t act dumb, brother. I do see the surprise in your eyes. It’s hard to miss. Any creature with a mind can’t miss it.”

“So, even that ‘monkey_banana_smoothie’ girl couldn’t see it?”

“She does have a brain. She has a very wide knowledge of what she is—even if she was just changed into a few hours ago. She knows what she is, but won’t tell. And she knows exactly how to handle tough situations. She is a very good person. Better than you. You need to learn to be kinder to people, not just whisk them away to here. Though, I must thank you for bring Akemi here. She is quite beautiful. Tell me, why did you kidnap such beautiful girls?”

“W-what do you mean?” I could feel my emotionless mask fall. My cheeks turning a light pink, “I-I don’t know what you mean, Akihiro. I didn’t kidnap—OH, why should you care?!”

“You have a thing for one of them...and you do see me as a brother. You didn't see this coming didn't you?”

“No, I only did this for my little sister, you idiot!” WHY MUST THAT ANNOYING GEEK KNOW EVERYTHING?!?!

“Why call me an idiot? You and sister know that I was blessed with the brains, sister was blessed with the happiness and joy, and you...you were blessed with...the....uh...hmm...what WERE you blessed with? It seems that everything you’ve gotten thrown at you, especially that ‘MBS’ character, you’ve acted like you hated it more than anything.”

“Oh, shut up, smart-@\$\$\$. I’m going downstairs to get some breakfast.”

~MBS POV~

I sat there, stuffing my face with pancakes, syrup, waffles, bacon (I spotted that 2 ^^), butter, and hot chocolate (which burned my face a lot) (YAY for my paper bag).

I then turned around, because Nanc turned around and made a sour face. I said, still having some hot coco in my mouth (still burning), "Lemonade?" Nope. Even more sour than the most sourest sour thing in the universe (probably Oscar the grouch or Sasuke the emo-kid-grouch)—Harry.

Still having the hot coco in my mouth, I said coldly (as best as I could), "Lyndon P. Fergusson!"

"My last name is Taylor," he said calmly, sitting down and just sitting there staring at the table in the way that annoying emo kid from NARUTO, Sasuke, does. Man, I hate Sasuke! It's always 'I have to kill Itachi', 'I have to kill Itachi', 'Naruto, I'm not gonna tell you that I like you', 'I'm gonna kill Itachi', GEEZ! I just so happen to LIKE Itachi! Sasuke will DIE if he kills Itachi (well, tries)!

"Why are you so calm, Lyndon?" asked Nanc. OMG! HOW COULD SHE SAY TELEPHONE'S NAME CORRECTLY?!?!?!?

He slowly looked up, above Nanc's head to some bald dude (yes, I call even people that are balding bald) (I'm 2 lazy to add the 'ing'), "Excuse me, my I get some A?"

"Yes, sire."

"Thank you," he said nodding to the butler (hehe, butler) and then turned to Nanc, "Because I don't feel like getting HER," referring to me (grrr), "all riled up. I'm a bit tired."

"DUDE, MBS ALREADY RILED—I tired," I said, falling asleep in my chair.

~Nanc's POV~

How the heck could she just...FALL ASLEEP like that?! She was so hyper, and drinking hot coco (more like burning herself to death with it), that I couldn't see a hint of sleep in her.

"Is she always like that?" asked Lyndon.

"Yes, she is."

“So, she’s the number one hyperactive, knuckleheaded, show-stopper, idiotic slowest human?”

“I think so—but she can be smart.”

“How so?” he asked, as if to quiz me.

I stared at him. What is he trying to get at? “She can learn about something if she really tries, or really wants to, in minutes, she puts up with it, and she memorizes books in minutes of reading them.”

“Really?” he asked, and grabbed a glass of--! IS THAT BLOOD!

“A-are you d-drinking bl-blood?” I asked, eyes widened. MBS’s ear twitched.

He stared at me puzzled, like I said something very stupid. “Yes,” he said slowly, still looking confused, “A positive, to be exact.”

Just then, MBS jumped up, AWAKE?!?!

~MBS POV~

BLOOOOO! BLOOOOO! I HEARD ABOUT BLOOD! I SMELL IT! IT IS CLOSE!

What the...? What was that? Oh, well! BLOOD! I LOVE BLOOD! IT TASTES—

SO GLORIOUS! SPLENDED! UNCURED!

WHAT THE FUDGY GOSH?!?!

BWAHAHAHAHA! ATTACK, MY VESSAL! ATTACK! GET THE BLOOD!

Why?

Do not question Sumi, the almighty demon dragon, power of all demons except the genso yokai, combined!

YES, MA'AM!

I lunged towards Lyn-Lyn (lol) (I'm making a lot of comments oO), took his glass of blood and drank the blood right out of it. I licked my mouth clean of any lingering blood.

“OH MY—MBS! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?!?!”

“Huh?”

“YOU JUST DRANK BLOOD! VIOLENTLY!”

“I did?”

“YES!”

“When?”

“JUST NOW! THAT'S WHY I SAID 'JUST DRANK'!”

“OH, yea, I think Sumi was controlling me.”

“Well, I guess you've meet Sumi already.”

“Yea, she was my new thoughts! HORRAY BLUE! Though, I like purple a lot better.”

What did you say, child?

“Nothing, ma’am!”

Good.

“I am not a ‘ma’am’,” I heard Oscar say suddenly.

“Excuse me?” I asked, standing up on the table.

“I’m not a girl. I asked you, ‘How much of a relationship have you’ve built with her.’”

“When?”

“Just now. You replied saying ‘nothing, ma’am.’”

“I was talking to Sumi-semi, duh!”

“Whatever, Jives, get me another glass, please...actually, make that two.”

“Why two glasses?”

“So you don’t steal mine again.”

“Lyn-Lyn?” asked Cristina, suddenly, scaring me, so I fell of the table.

“Yes, sister?” asked what’s-his-name, turning to his sister (he was looking at me).

“Why do you want the A? It’s icky!”

“I like it.”

“It tastes like alcohol!”

“Now, how does Cristina know how alcohol taste?”

“I had a sip, one day. Just a small sip. It tasted icky.”

“My dad gave me some beer when I was a baby,” I said, still on the floor, “It tasted icky.”

Wyoming looked at me strangely. “Well, it’s TRUE!” I said, angrily. “Now, could you help me up.

~Lyndon’s POV~

Gulp. Did MBS just ask me to...help her up? Hopefully, she won’t try to play around and—too late.

~MBS’s POV~

TOTAL LOL, DUDE! I had my hand go out, so Florida could grab it. Once he did, I gave it a really hard pull, and now his on the ground with me! Serves him right! I mean, stealing me away from my home? He could’ve asked. I would’ve gladly gone. Wait a second, he’s ON TOP OF ME!

Oh, fudge king. I noticed his eyes were wider than ever before and he was blushing a lot. “Uhm...” he said, looking around to find an excuse, “Sorry...about that.” He said, standing up and grabbing my hand.

I started to laugh before I stood up. “What the hell are you laughing about?”

“I liked it! You looked funny! Fall down again!”

“I don’t fall down for.....whatever the hell you are.”

“I’m MONKEY_BANANA_SMOOTHIE! I DO NOT HAVE A CATEGORY! FOR I AM TOO DIFFERENT!!! BWAHAHAHAHAHA! AKATSUKI FOREVER!”

“Whatever, just stand up, idiot.”

“Maybe I like the floor. It feels like a floor. And a dog.”

He let go of my hand, “A dog?”

“Sorry, I couldn’t resist from saying something random. French oranges, fresh from the onion.”

“You can get up on your own,” he said angrily.

“No I can’t.”

“I do not trust you anymore.”

“Whatever,” I said standing up and going over and grabbing the blood—both glasses (lol)—and started to walk where ever.

“OH, and where do you think YOU’RE going, moron?”

“Where ever.”

~Do, do, do, something MBS style, do, do, do~

I found myself in the gym and—HOLY CRAP! THEY HAVE A GYM?!?! Hey, a basketball. Maybe I could try to shoot some hoops from half court—that’s what it’s called, right?

~~~

Here she goes, she’s at half court, 5 seconds left in the game, 98 to 98, if she makes it, her team goes home the champions of the universe (and more)! She shoots she—SWOOOSH!!! BREEEEEEENG! MBS WINS! W00T! ONION’S JUST GRABED THE BALL-wait, what?

"I see you're very good at imagination and basketball," he said smirking.

"Well, actually just imagination, not basketball," I said, a bit shyly, fanning myself with my shirt, by pulling on the collar.

"By the way it looked like it, you didn't even hesitate to stop and aim."

"Yea, well, that was just luck. I suck really."

He slowly walked up to me. What is he up to? Is he going to hit my neck again? "Is that so? Are you also tired and sweaty?" he asked, slowly bouncing the basketball up and down as he walked closer and closer to me. I nodded. "Too tired to run if someone came in and just tried to rape you?"

"WHAT?!"

"Nothing. Just not enough energy to run, right?"

"OH, yea. Of course."

"Good."

"Good?" Good. The last word I said before I lost my first kiss. His arm rapped around me, like a snake, around my waist ad pulled me to him. His lips met mine slowly, and slowly departed from eachother.

"Good," he said a bit more seductive.

"What are you doing...?"

"How many things could a kiss say?"

"I donno, that was my first one, actually," I said. My inner self started to cry.

'I'm so pathetic!!!'



“Really? Would you enjoy a second one?” he asked me. I sat there and thought. “Take your time. We’ll stay like this the whole time you’re thinking,” he said. I looked down, my hand was on his chest....and I just noticed my scarf....MMMM! I WUV PURPLE!

“I donno....maybe,” I said. “I was actually conversing with Sumi if I should or not.”

“That’s alright,” he said, smiling—wait, did Tissue just smile!? He then kissed me again, a bit more hard. I felt myself go. Why am I so easy to get swiped off my feet by men?

‘I’M STILL PATHETIC!’

Once he pulled away he said, “Don’t think of yourself as a pathetic individual. You have your strengths and weaknesses. It’s not your fault.” I noticed he had his forehead placed gently against mine. “Plus, that’s very low self-esteem. Do you believe you’ll get anywhere with that?”

“It’s not my fault I have low self-esteem. I was born with a disability, pretty much, that makes me think things like that.”

I felt something bring my hand up (my hand NOT on his chest) (SQUEAZY, get off of Canada!). I looked over slightly. He was lacing his fingers threw the gaps between my own fingers slowly and gently. “That’s alright. You are a very special person in my eyes.”

I sat there for a moment then asked, “Ok, what’s up Mexico? You’re not nice to Nanc or I. Why the hell are you nice now? Who upducted you?”

“No one. I’m truly, incandescently happy with you. Do you want to know why?” he asked, his forehead still sitting on mine.

“Even if I said ‘no’ you would probably tell me, so, shoot.”

He paused and smiled a soft smile and looked me in my eyes, “...I love you....monkey\_banana\_smoothie, the almighty Akatsuki member of all time.”

Lol. He did what I told him to do. Lol. Wait.

~Nanc's POV~

Where's MBS? Lyndon (I still don't see how that's so hard for MBS) said he was going to search for her too. I wonder if he found her, yet.

"Are you lost?" asked a caring voice. It sounded familiar. THAT HOTT DUDE! I turned around to see Akihiro. Maaaaaan, he is so hott, he makes Sasuke look like a nobody (MBS: SASUKE SUX)!

"Um...sort of. Have you seen MBS up here?" I asked, putting my hands behind my back.

"Don't worry, my brother found her. She's fine. She was just in our gym," he said calmly. AHHHHH! He is so HOTT!

"Where's the gym? I want to see her so badly! Who knows what Lyndon will do!" I said, very concerned. Those two hate each other so badly!

"I wouldn't worry about that either," he said calmly, "They're both fine. And not fighting."

"Oh?"

"Yes, Akemi."

"Um...Akemi is a complement, right?" I asked.

"Yes. Very much. I wouldn't have the heart to call such a lovely lady, such as yourself, a horrible name."

"What does it mean?"

"It means....brilliant beauty."

Oh...my....gosh. Is this really happening? "R-really?"

“I would never lie to someone so beautiful.”

I noticed he was a bit closer than before. Very close. Like, our noses could touch at any given moment. He then leaned in and closed the small gap by placing his lips on mine.

....If I'm dreaming, please don't wake me.

To Be Continued...

**NEXT CHAPTER: New 'Toys' For Cristina! Along with three new Vampires! MBS, GET YOUR BRAIN A-WORKING!!!**

## 4 - New 'Toys' for Cristina! Along with Three New Vamps!

Vampires...? Are you kidding us?

Chapter 4: New 'Toys' For Cristina! Along with Three New Vampires! MBS, GET YOUR BRAIN A-WORKING!

MBS: I AM! IT HURTS! Wait, I'm done.

~MBS's POV~

Yawn. I'm tired. I don't feel like getting up. I feel like just lying here forever. This is a nice bed. It's big, too. But still, nice. And puffy. HE was so nice to me yesterday. He must be planning something. Oh, well. If it's against me, then it'll fail. I'm not getting out of bed no mater what. No, sir. I'm too comfy to.

"BREAKFAST!" someone yelled. I'm too lazy to make out who it is.

....Is there bacon?

"THERE'S BACON!"

....What about pancakes?

"AND PANCAKES!"

...Waffles?

"AND WAFFLES!"

...Can I bring my blankets?

“NO BLANKETS!”

Ok, not getting up.

“MBS! Get up!” shouted Nanc.

“No,” I said, putting my face to the pillow. Ahh....nice pillow.

“Get up! Bailey, Wendy, Claire, and Peter are here!”

“Which Bailey, Wendy, Claire, and Peter?”

I heard her sigh. “Bailey Rosavere, Wendy Gilmore, Clair Etherigde, and Peter ‘Chalk-boy’ Trant. Our friends?”

“I’m still not getting up.”

“Why?”

“Bed too comfy.”

“Talk right.”

“Comfy.”

“...I give up. Fine then, you’ll miss the three hott vampires coming here in a short bit.”

“....Can MBS have MBS’s blankets?”

“What do you think?!”

“....MBS think...?”

“OH MY, you’re right! You don’t think!”

“DO TOO! Just no thinks now. MBS tired.”

I heard someone approached my bed side and I felt a hand on my back. And then I felt hot, blood smelling breath near my ear. “Come on, MBS. Get up,” said the voice calmly.

“Hmm....MBS try think...No,” I said as fast as I felt like going.

“Then, you’ll have to miss your friends.”

“They not real here. You just say that two get MBS up.”

“Hmm....maybe.”

“Not work.”

“Hmm....then you’ll miss the three other vampires coming by.”

“They not real, either.”

“Yes they are. And your friends are really here. Cristina requested that I’d go and get them.”

“Make MBS get up.”

“Chocolate.”

“Not work.”

“You can bring your blankets with you to breakfast.”

“OK! TALK ‘BOUT MOTOVATION!” I said, springing out of bed, with all the covers (and the mattress itself).

“I said the blankets, not the whole bed,” said Lizzy, just sitting there.

“OH, you were whispering in my ear. That felt truly weird. Well, I’m going back to bed. MBS tired still.”

“Fine, you can take the mattress...though, it’ll be quite stupid.”

“If you put it that way, MBS never get up,” I hissed back, still lying down. “Plus, MBS wasted remaining energy on getting out of bed.”

Just then I heard some foot steps enter the room. I got up and looked. Then screamed. OMG! WHEN DID CHALK-BOY GET HERE?!?!?

I covered my chest with the fluffy blanket. “EEEEK! W-WHAT?! WHEN!?!?”

“You didn’t listen to us really, did you?” asked Enchilada.

“Nope, Nacho.”

“Your human friends were transferred to here by me. Cristina requested that.”

“So? WHY ARE YOU IN HERE?!?!?”

“Don’t worry...wait, why are you even holding up a blanket?? You have a shirt on,” said KKC member

“Maybe...”

“I saw! You have a green shirt on!”

“So?”

“You don’t need to do that.”

“YES I DO! WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?!?! SOME SANE PERSON?!”

“Oh, right. I forgot.”

“That’s right! And because of that, Ted here will get slapped with a pillow then a fish...if I get a hold of a fish.”

“Ted?”

“My name’s Lyndon,” said the vampire.

“Sure it is,” I responded, then threw the pillow I named Eric at him, “Now, don’t interrupt me.”

“Oh...? Too bad. I was planning something,” he said sarcastically.

“I FEEL WEIRD!” I said, all of a sudden. “Why do people crowd around my bed like I’m sick or something?!”

“Don’t worry, just get out of your bed.”

“NO!”

I was cut off by Lashly pressing his lips gently onto mine. He slowly pulled off. I noticed that Nanc and KKC-member were wide-eyed and shocked. “Now, if you get up...I shale get you anything you desire. Anything your heart desires.”

“ANYTHING?!?!” I said, jumping up, with only the blankets this time.

“Yes, anything,” the vampire said, his eyes like bed room eyes.



“I WANT ITACHI!!!!!!!!!!” I fangirl screamed.

“What...?” His face changed. To confusion mixed with jealousy.

“You know, Itachi Uchiha?! From Naruto! I just LOVE HIM! I’m attracted very much to long, black, haired dudes that are evil. Except you. You’re different.”

“Hmph....”

“Uh...MBS...? Did he just...kiss you?” asked Nanc, scared from what stupid Caribbean did.

I sighed, a little annoyed. “Yeah. Third time, too,” I said.

“You’ve already been kissed?” asked Peter. I could tell he was sad for that.

“Uh...yea. Well, more like been forced to kiss someone,” I growled, glaring at the vampire.

“Couldn’t help myself, koi,” Harry told me.

“Fine, then, Mississippi. You win. But...I want an Akatsuki outfit, a fishnet tank top, a sound head band, an Itachi head band, and....\$200, 000.”

“Why do you want all of that?”

“DON’T QUESTION ME! US HUMANS—I MEAN—WHATEVER THE HELL I AM EXPECT TO BE TREATED LIKE GODS!!!! TREAT ME AS THOUGH I WERE A GOD!!!!!!”

“Fine, fine...I’ll be going out to the store today to get some things for here as well. You could come to see around town.”

“MBS CAN ALREADY! MBS DON’T NEED TO DO THAT! MBS IS A WHATEVER THE HELL!!!! AND YOU SHALE CALL MBS SL94!!!!”

“A new name...great...”

“IT IS NOT NEW! I’VE HAD IT FOR....uh....5 YEARS!!!” I yelled.

“And what does it stand for, oh-so great SL94.”

“Shinolover94! WORSHIP ME AS THOUGH I WERE A GOD!!!”

“You also like some one else?” he asked, again jealousy and curiosity painted his expression and WHAT THE HELL DID I JUST SAY?!

“OH, yea. Shino Aburame from Naruto? OH, and Shikamaru Nara. OH! OH! And-and Yondaime! OH! Yea, and Jun Manjoume from YGO GX. OH, and Koji Minamoto from Digimon Frontier!! OMG HE’S SUPER HOTT! OH, and Ritsuka Aoyagi from Loveless! I LOVE LOVELESS! Oh, oh! And...um....DRACO MALFOY FROM HARRY POTTER! He’s hott, too! AND SHADOW FROM SONIC! OH, and...um...CHASE YOUNG FROM XOLAIN SHOWDOWN! HE’S VERY HOTT AND EVIL!! And...hmm....THAT’S—NOPE! ORPHAN FROM ORPHAN!!! He’s hott too...that’s it...right?...hmm...OH! HAKU FROM SPIRITED AWAY! Is that it...?...CAP’N JACK SPARROW FROM PIRATES!!! I think that’s it now...hmm...OH, just now, KIMIMARO, though I made him my cousin that’s not blood because I’m adopted into the clan...yea....So I do incest I think...OH! AND D! FROM REAL LIFE!! And...uh...Th-th-th-that’s ALL!” I could see in Shonen’s eyes that he was very jealous and said that he didn’t fit any of those guys....EVEN IF IT WAS A VERY BIG RANGE!!! XP

“And why do you like all those guys?” he asked me with narrow eyes, as if to squeeze the truth from me.

“Uh....I DONNO!! I guess because...well...hmm...Oh, most have black hair and are evil! No, that can’t be it...I guess because....I STILL DONNO! I just do. And also they look hott to MBS.”

Sleen sighed a sorrowful sigh. I decided to be kind....ish. “It’s alright, Sushi. I bet if you try hard, you could fit in there and have my heart.”

“Uh...MBS. You’ve said that to me and its still haven’t happened with us,” Peter said, slouching.

“Well, you haven’t tried hard enough and,” I paused for a 10 second dramatic pause and then turned and started to run down the hall and yelled out, “WE’RE ON A BRIDGE CHARLIE!!!!”

~Nanc's POV~

I still don't get the 'We're on a bridge Charlie' thing. Maybe that's just a MBS thing...but, I have heard many kids at EC Glass say 'We're on a bridge Charlie', too. Maybe MBS got them rapped up in it to. Weird. Well, I won't get breakfast just standing here.

I walked down the steps to the kitchen to see Akihiro setting down a plate.

"Oh, good morning, Akemi. I hope you had a great sleep."

"Good morning, Akihiro! I had a WONDERFUL sleep, thank you! What about you?"

I noticed MBS and she made an 'ya know...he is a vampire, Nanc' kind of face.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I forgot that you're a...vampire."

"That's alright, Akemi."

"Hey, what does Akemi mean? Is it an insult?"

"Far from," MBS said. I could catch a hint of tiredness. "It's a very nice complement, Nanc. HEY! DENIS! WHY DON'T YOU COMPLEMENT ME!?"

"I do complement you," Lyndon said back. I noticed he was sitting across from MBS.

"I'LL BITE YOU!"

"Actually, I would like to bite you...again."

"OH, YOU SHUT UP!"

"I'll shut up when you shut up."

"SHUT UP OR I'LL KEEP TALKING, DEIDARA!"

"...I don't think I will...."

"Wait, did you say that you would bite her...again?" I asked Lyndon, sitting down and putting a napkin on my lap.

"Yes...before I brought you two here...I sucked out some of you're friend's blood."

~MBS's POV~

"DID YOU SUCK ANY OF NANC'S, YOU PERV?!" I yelled.

"Stop yelling."

"NO!" I yelled, standing out of my chair, trying to make a dramatic thing happen with my chair falling, which failed. I just kicked it. Ly-Ly then grabbed my shirt collar and kiss me for a fourth time.

"OMG! MBS! DID YOU JUST GET KISSED?!" came a chorus of three familiar voices.

"BAILEY! CLAIRE! WENDY!! And, yes. Trust me, Jake is a very jerky perv. Don't trust him," I said, running over to the three (oh, and KKC member). "Oh, and who are you three?" I noticed three dudes. One had brown hair that was short but messy, another had about to the part where the neck begins long red hair, and the third had just long blonde hair. All had the same eyes as Cristina, Akihiro, and Micky.

"I'm Charlie Taylor, Cristina, Akihiro, and Lyndon's cousin," said the brown haired one.

"I'm Eric Taylor, also their cousin," said the red haired one.

"I'm Steve Taylor, another cousin," said the blonde.

“And I'm MBS! OR MONKEY\_BANANA\_SMOOTHIE THE ALL MIGHTY WHAT-CHA-CALL-IT! OR SL94! OR MONKEY\_BANANA! OR BANANA\_SMOOTHIE! OR MONKEY\_SMOOTHIE! OR SHINOLOVER94! OR SMBSL94! I DONNOT GO INTO ANY CATAGORY! OOOOO!” I said, introducing myself.

“You are not! You are a human! I think,” Wendy said.

“No, I'm a WHAT-CHA-CALL-IT! Look at my awesome tail...of awesomeness and awesometude.”

“Or idiotic and moronic,” X-box said, a smirk on his face.

“You know what, I won't get riled up. YOU DO THINGS WHEN I GET RILED UP!” I said.

“Sure I do.”

“Lyndon, what did you do?” asked Eric. “She looks sweet.”

“Yea, but insane,” Taz said.

“I ARE SO INSANE!” I yelled. “Hey, butler—snicker--may I have a O?”

“You're a moron,” Fire said.

“OH!!! YOU SHUT UP FIRE! YOU'D DRINK BLOOD TOO! YOU KNOW THAT!”

Everyone just stared at me weirdly.

“Whaaaaaat?” I moaned, “Fire's being mean and saying that I'm a moron....again.”

“I don't think he's far from that,” Wendy said.

“HEY!”

To Be Continued...

MBS: NEXT TIME: NEW POV'S!

## 5 - NEW POV'S

Vampires...? Are you Kidding Us?

Chapter 5: NEW POV'S

~MBS's POV~

I stood up (somehow I fell, again) and walked back to my seat. And sat down.

“Dark, you shut up, too! Nobody loves you! Your father never hugged you as when you were a kid!” I yelled as Dark tried to say something.

“...I don't even know my--”

“I SAID SHUT IT!”

“MBS, you are very rude,” Fire said.

I jumped (ok, fell) out of my seat again...this time, thanks to an almost nosebleed. I ran up to Fire and hugged him so he'd almost suffocate.

“Fire-san has joined the fun side! The yaoi side of the world! YAY!” (ok, I mistook what he said for: 'I like Dark, so stop talking so rudely to him, damn it!'....man, I'm delusional)

“I AM NOT GAY! FOR THE LAST TIME!!! I WILL NEVER GO YAOI!”

“YES YOU WILL! AND I'LL DIE FROM NOSEBLEEDS! JUST THE TWO OF US AND SOME OTHER GUY!...or two...or more,” I said, putting my arm around him.

~Wendy's POV~

'She's loony! She just hugged the air, and now is still talking to it.'

~Claire's POV~

'Her normal level is UP VERY HIGH! YAY!' (\*\*In Claire speak that means she's insane! ^^)

~Bailey's POV~

'Oh, not again with the imaginary people.'

~Peter's POV~

'I wonder what Fire is doing.'

~Lydon's POV~

'That dumb idiot.'

~Akihiro's POV~

'Hm...Must be another one of her friends.'

~Eric's POV~

'Interesting...'

~Charlie's POV~

'I sense this isn't the last of it.'

~Steve's POV~



'She's so strange.'

~Nanc's POV~

"OH, I'm sorry guys. Fire do that POOF thing to show yourself," MBS announced suddenly.

Suddenly a person that looked like a mix between a wolf and a human with a flap of his hair (it was black like Sasuke-kun's!) over his left eye, a red short sleeve button up over a black long sleeve shirt. He also had some tight jeans.

He had black ears that came out of the top of his head. They were lying backwards on his head. I think MBS told me that meant he was angry at her. He also had a black tail.

"This is Fire! See, Wendy! I TOLD you!" MBS said.

Fire just took his fist and punched MBS on the head. Hard.

"OOOOW! OW! OW! OW! Whaaaaaaat?! I wasn't doing anything, FIRE!"

"That's what you think. I'm going home."

"Ok, bye! WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE TOO DARK?!...I DON'T WANT YOUR EXCUSES GO HOME, DARK! YOU'RE UNLOVED! DON'T TOUCH ME!"

"MBS...you're talking to air again," I told her. She didn't answer. "MBS!" O...my....She's asleep.

~Lyndon's POV~

"...ototo...? Why don't you bring Miss. MBS back to her chamber...? I'm sure she'll be happy to be back in her bed," my so called 'brother' requested me to do.

"Oh, sure, 'brother'," I said back, in a sarcastic way. I picked up the burnet bridle style when she started

to move.

"Itachi-kun," she said in a happy way.

"I'm not Itachi."

But, before I knew it, she was grabbing my shoulder and pulling herself up and pressed her lips to mine. Once she pulled away, she placed her head gently on my chest. Everyone in the room gasped. Well, the girls sighed a happy sigh and that 'Peter' guy let out a mournful sigh.

"...I love you, Itachi-kun...use me as your weapon...to wound....to use anyway you want...to use to kill...anyone you want me to."

"MBS...?"

Suddenly her eyes opened and she looked up at me in complete boredom. "You're not Itachi-kun...ah, well." And with that, she just jumped out of my arms. "Well, Tom, I'm going back to my bed. I'm tired."

"And delusional," I said under my breath. She stopped.

"I'm not delusional, Sharpie. I actually took you as Itachi-kun because you have hair almost exactly like his," she said, not even facing me. She then continued to her bed.

"...My name's Lyndon."

"WHATEVER RITSUKA!"

I glared at the back of her. I then heard Cristina pipe up, "Lyn-Lyn...? Where's MBS?"

"She's in bed."

"Is she sick?"

“No...just tired...and delusional.”

“I'M NOT DELUSIONAL!” she yelled from the upstairs.

“How can you...never mind.” I looked back to Cristina.

“She's awesome! Thank you, again, Lyn-Lyn!” she said, running up and hugging me. “OH, and you four! You're her friends, aren't you?” She ran and hugged the new four humans.

I decided to go find MBS...I'm not in the mood to stay here...and I smell a hint of blood..

~MBS's POV~

I decided NOT to go to bed, and trick everyone and go to the gym. YAY! I'm gonna run back and forth all day long—AND NOTHING CAN STOP ME!!! BWAHAHAHA! OOF! Ok, something did stop me.

I tripped. I'm o....I'm bleeding...Suddenly Fire poofed out of nowhere.

“What is it? Dark got flushed down the toilet? Or did he just get a swirly? Please say he got flushed...”

“No...I just want to tell you...in a place with blood-thirsty vampires...It may NOT be a smart plan to just have your knee bleed like that, master,” he said sitting down on his knees in front of me and placed a wet cloth on my bleeding knee.

I looked at it with a blank look. “...I'm sorry to have to have you work like this, Fire-san.”

“It's fine. You're hurt, and getting you better is the only concern of mine that I have to worry about.”

“...Why?”

“Without you...I can't live.”

“Really?”

"You're my creator, master, and you gave me my life. I've got to live."

"...Thank you..." Fire looked up at me and smiled.

"You're welcome...my master."

I kept a blank look. Just then, Fire's ears perked up and he turned around and looked angry at the door. THAT'S RIGHT, FIRE! THAT DOOR ATTACKED ME LIKE MOST DOORS DO! KILL IT! "I'm sorry, master, I've got to go," he said before disappearing with the cloth.

"...bye...Fire-san..." I stared at my knee. It had started to bleed again. I then heard the door open. I looked up with my eyes and saw Soubi. "What do you want?" I asked, looking up the whole way covering up my knee and wincing at the burning sensation of my hand touching the wound.

He smiled, "You're not in bed..."

"So?"

He didn't answer. Only walked over to me slowly and said, "You hurt yourself."

"So?"

"Let me see..." He pulled my hand off with ease. He stared at the wound blankly and I felt very suspicious. He then leaned down and licked my knee clean of blood making me wince...until it started to flow out again.

His eyes then turned blood lusty...like Zero's did in Vampire Knight! I tried to back away but he placed his foot directly on my foot to hold me down...which worked and MBS is talking very smartly! :D (may not be the best time to think that, but, whatever! :D)

I noticed his teeth enlarge and then sink into my knee. 'This it bad...very bad,' I noted. 'He'll probably go for my neck next! I must protect myself! But how? Come on brain! I know you don't like me, and I don't like you, but let's work together so I can get back to killing you with root beer and Buffalo won't kill you instead of me and root beer!' I took my left hand (YAY SQUEEZY!) and placed it on my neck, in the spot

that he would probably go for next. I also noted that I was shaking a lot more than usual.

Once he was finished, he looked up at me. His eyes made my body almost feel limp, but I must keep Squeezy on my neck. He asked me in a very strange voice, "May I partake from your neck...?"

"No!" I squeaked, scared of what he might do. Ignoring my answer, he went up and went to the opposite area of my neck of Squeezy. I felt sharp knife-like objects go into my skin.

Next thing I heard was the gulping of blood by James. "NO! I SAID NO! STOP! PLEASE!" Ignoring my screams, he continued. 'Now, this is very, very, very bad. Very, very, very bad! I'm going to die! I'm gonna die! I'm gonna die! I'm gonna die! I'm gonna die! I'm getting cut down by God. Holy crap! I'd never gave J a Valentine! There's so much more I haven't completed in my life! I'm only 16! I wanna get home and drive my car! I wanna go and become a mangaka and comedian! I wanna see Charlie the Unicorn again for the 50 million billionth time!'

To Be Continued....bwahahaha....

Next Chapter: Blood

## 6 - Blood

Vampires...? Are you kidding us...?

Chapter 6: Blood

~MBS's POV~

'Oh no...how the hell do I get out of this?' I thought looking around. Then an idea struck me.

"Please, stop....Lyndon," I said, trying to pull him off. He then stopped and looked at me in disbelief.

"Did you just say my name...?" he looked very shocked. I slowly nodded. He blinked and backed off and I sat up. "I'm sorry....I lost control."

"NAH!" I yelled. "I hate you, Pickles!"

"And we're back at calling me by things other than my name. What's it now? Vegetables?"

"YEA, PEANUT!"

"That's not a vegetable...that's a nut."

"NO IT'S NOT! I don't remember what it is...but....still, Apple, you scared me to death. Am I gonna die now?"

"No, you--"

"HERE I COME, COCOA! I'M COMING!" I yelled, lying down.

"You're not going to—"

“YOU, TOO, TED THE BEAN PLANT!”

“You're--”

“AND YOU TOO, GRANDMA MABEL!”

“Stop--”

“AND YOU ALSO, GREAT AUNT SADIE!”

“Hey--”

“AND EVERYONE ELSE I KNOW WHOSE DIED THAT I'VE FORGOTEN!”

“Listen--”

“OR MAYBE I'LL BE GOING TO HELL! WHO KNOWS!”

“L--”

“Sorry, were you going to say something?” I asked, sitting up.

“You're not going to die, idiot. And I said I was sorry for going insane and sucking your blood! That also meant that I'm sorry for ignoring you!”

“Sure you are...”

“I am! I would not lie to anyone I love!”

I sat there registering that. “I don't think you do.”

“WHY DO YOU THINK I KISSED YOU?!” he yelled at me.

“...you were bored and drunk. Brunk!”

“No, I--”

“Crazy and drunk? Crunk?”

“No, I love you. Incandescently. I want you to teach me things...”

“Teach?”

“Teach me...to be...human.”

“Human? You want to be human?”

“Hai...I don't want to be undead. You don't know how boring it gets.”

“Oj, being human ain't the best thing in the world either. I mean, pretty much you do the same thing day in, day out. Sleep, eat, drink, work, sleep....sleep....sleep....um...sleep more...go to school...sleep there in the classes and making sure the teacher never knows...uh....being lazy and going to sleep too...”

“I want to be human...that's it.”

“I think it's cool to be a vampire. I mean, you can suck blood,” I said pointing to the wound, “Ow...that hurts....”

“But humans get have so much more.”

“No we don't! Ok, we have Wal-Mart, but that place sucks. That smiley face smiles too much! Then there's Target...and Barns and Noble. And Bed, Bath, and Beyond...but don't go into the beyond part...I remember what happened.”



“But you humans can walk outside during the day. I want to feel the sun on my face and not burn.”

“Then you must have some strong sun screen or be like MBS! MBS DON'T BURN! MBS DARKENS!!!!”  
I said, doing weird hand movements...also I had a weird voice.

~Lyndon's POV~

“Heh...whatever...so, are you going downstairs to have breakfast with your friends or what?” I asked her, opening my eyes, only to see her asleep...again. I then heard the door open behind me and I turned to see....

TO BE CONTINUED...

MBS -drooling and talking in her sleep-: Next chapter: Beauty of Human

## 7 - Beauty of Human

Vampires...? Are you kidding us?

Chapter 7: Beauty of Human

~Lyndon's POV~

"Yes...?" I asked. I noticed that it was Charlie, Eric, and Steve. "What do you three want...?"

"We smelled some blood...O+ to be exact," Charlie said very slyly.

"You're too late to get any. MBS stopped bleeding a while ago." The three looked at MB—I mean, 'SL94' sleeping.

"Oh, that crazy girl? She's...weird. You sucked her blood?" asked Steve. "I think that Bailey human's should be a lot better than....hers," he continued, sneering at 'SL94'

"Yea? Well, MBS is better when you get to know her."

"Yeah, Steve, be nice! But I have to say, cousin, that Claire is better than her," Eric argued (Kenny-Killer: YEAH RIGHT!)

"I donno...I think that Wendy human would be better than any of them," Charlie said.

Suddenly, MBS sat up. She looked pissed.

~MBS's POV~

"OH SHUT UP! YOU'RE DISPUTABLETIBLE! JUST BECAUSE NANC IS ITALIAN DOESN'T MEAN SHE DOESN'T HAVE FEELINGS! THAT ONLY MEANS THAT SHE HAS EXTRA COOL FEELINGS THAT NOT ANYOTHER HUMAN—ERR, NEKO HAS!" I yelled at the three arguing about Claire, Wendy,

and Bailey, "But I feel very happy that you don't love Nanc and only like her as an acquaintance because I can already tell that Akihiro has claimed her."

"Oh, you're awake! Here, put this on your wound," Eric said, sitting down near me and handing me a band-aid.

I sat there staring at the band-aid. "Um....on the one I made accidentally myself or the one PS2 made?"

"On the one my cousin made. I'm sorry for that, but you have to make sure that you don't get cut here. It's hard." The red head handed me another band-aid to put on my wound made by the one and only MBS.

"Thank you. Your name is Eric, right?"

"Yeah."

"Oh! Like Eric Carl! He's a famous author for humans and ex-humans. He writes little kids books, but I love to read them....wait.."

"Oh, I've heard about him. He wrote something about a caterpillar that had a big hit on Earth, correct?"

"OH, yeah. The Hungry Caterpillar! And one day he ate through one pair, the next day he ate through two plums, and the next day three things MBS forgot what, something, something, something, and on the fifth day or something like that, he ate threw a lot of junk food, MBS think."

"Seems you do know what I'm talking about!"

"Then he turned into a prettyful butterfly!...and flew away because he hated MBS."

"Now, that's impressive, thought that last part doesn't sound right. How can you memorize that?"

"Same way I memorized all that crap about stupid Sasuke! I worked hard and long! Same thing with getting the stuff for Shikamaru, Shino, Kimimaro, J, Itachi, Chase Young, Shadow, Draco, Koji, Ritsuka, Jun, Yondaime, Orphan, Haku, Cap'n Jack, Alucard, Zero, and Kaname, pushing out the Sasuke crap, thank the Lord."

"Wow. You're interesting. I'm actually a human investigator. I find things out about humans."

"Really? May I quiz you?"

"Sure."

"Ok, Number one food in America?"

"Pizza."

"Nice. Number one people in the world?"

"um...Italians...?"

"Good! Do humans need every organ that they hopefully are born with?"

"Nope."

"Good. Do they need the pancreas?"

"Yes."

"Nice. Where is the pancreas?"

"Right here," he said placing his hand directly where it is on me. It tickles! Hehe...

"Good. Is the pancreas the most vital and friendly and coolest of all the organs that humans are hopefully born with, especially an Italian one?"

"...they didn't teach us that, but...I guess."

“Wow, you are great! You got everything right!”

“You're very funny!”

“I got the pancreas thing from the song...Pancreas by Weird Al Yancovic.” (probably spelled that wrong!)

“They told us about him, too! It was in my 'Human Entertainment' class. Tell me, have you heard of Green Day?”

“Who?”

“Green Day?”

“....nope. Never. Wait. They're that emo band. Sasuke's emo. I wonder if he cuts himself with his sword....”

Suddenly, Wendy, Claire, Bailey, Akihiro, and Nanc came running into the gym.

“Yo, yo, yo, wassup, wussup in the hiz-houz?” I said, trying to act street...failing...miserably....including the hand movements....hitting myself with my own hands more than once.

“Are you trying to talk street?” asked Bailey.

“Yea. I know, I failed, dawg! Don't judge me!”

“Don't do that again. You should just stick with 'sup'. Not 'yo.’”

“Can I act like Fat Albert? Hey, hey, hey!”

“You already do,” Wendy told me.

“Who's Fat Albert?” asked Charlie—hehe.

“He's a...is he fictional or real? Because I've seen the Fat Albert Movie with my dad, and at the end they were at a grave and it said, like, 'Fat Albert' on it or something. I don't remember.”

“MBS, Fat Albert's famous as a fictional character made by Bill Cosby,” Nanc told me.

“And his famous line is 'Hey, hey hey! Fat Albert is in the house!’,” Wendy told Charlie. The brown haired boy stared at Wendy. “Why are you staring at me?!”

“No reason,” he responded.

I jumped up, “IT'S A LAPLURADON, CHARLIE!”

“What are you talking about?” asked Charlie.

“Oh, I'm sorry. I memorized Charlie the Unicorn and so I'll quote it at times.” I then heard Claire gasp in a happy way.

“WE'RE ON A BRIDGE CHARLIE!!!” she yelled.

“Enter the Candy Mountain Candy Cave, Charlie! Magical wonders are to greet you when you enter!”

“HAHAHA!” The two of us burst into laughter and fell onto the floor.

“What the hell?!” yelled Charlie.

“Don't listen to -haha- us! It's the Charlie the Unicorn!!!”

~Later~

~Claire's POV~

I found myself wondering the halls alone. This place is pretty scary. Scariest than the Dunbar haunted house (MBS: a pickle is scariest than that 'haunted house'). Suddenly, someone appeared behind me. I turned around to see Eric.

“Oh, hi! I'm lost, do you know where I am?”

“Oh, of course. You're near my cousins' library. Your name's Claire Etheridge, correct?” he said, bowing to me.

I laughed at that, “Yes. I am. You're Eric, right? MBS told me that you all were vampires. That's a joke right?”

“No. We are vampires.”

“Oh...ok!”

“Well you're persuasive.” He grabbed the end of my long braid (MBS: REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY LONG BRAID) and held it for a second. “You have such long, gorgeous hair.”

“Oh, why thank you!” He then grabbed my hand and kissed it.

“And a gorgeous face to go with it.” I felt myself blush.

“Oh....why...” I could really get myself to thank him again for a complement. Oh, also he put his lips on mine. I stood there shocked.

~Bailey's POV~

I sat in the game room with MBS, who fell asleep again (during the most exciting part)(I paused the game for when she woke up), when I heard someone come in. Turned out to be only Steve.

“Oh, hey,” I greeted the blonde.

“You're Bailey, correct?”

“Duh!”

“And she's the 'infamous shino-monkey\_banana\_smoothie-lover94, next leader of Akatsuki?’” (MBS: I CHANGED IT AGAIN! >:D)

“Yea. I guess you've seen her insane side. But, she can be calm.”

“I'll take your word for that. When I see that day, I'll give you \$50.” He then touched my hair.

“Uh...what are you doing?” I asked, arching my eyebrows.

“Your hair feels like silk.” He then came in and smelled it and then smirked, “I like silk.” He then kissed my hair. What the hell is going on?!

~Wendy's POV~

I sat there in the living room, flipping through the channels when that brown haired dude came in and sat by me.

“Yo,” I said, too into the TV. It was a plasma.

“That's a nice greeting,” he said sarcastically.

I turned to him and sneered, “Why are you here?”

“To tell you why I was staring at you, koi.”

“What does koi mean?! Wait....did MBS tell me what that meant?” I sat there, remembering every time that MBS told me something in Japanese and what it meant and turns out, nope. “No. She didn't. What does it mean?!”

The guy started to chuckle, “It means love, koi.”



“Love...? I thought MBS told me that love was either ai or suki! Not koi!”

“It does mean love, utsukushisa.”

“Now what does that mean?!”

“Did that moron tell you anything? It means beauty.”

I felt myself blush a bit. “What's your name?”

“Charlie Taylor. You're Wendy, right?”

“It's Wendy Gilmore to you!”

“Ok, utsukushisa.”

“Stop calling me those names! Call me by my name!”

“Fine, koi.”

He then leaned in and kissed me gently.

~MBS's POV (thought I wouldn't have one, huh?!)-~

WEEEE! Marshmallows and ice cream....manga. HEHE! I love light-ish red...strawberry muffin-like telephones! Yum. And, OMG! I'm a popsicle! And, OMG! That electronic piñata is hitting some dog made out of soda and a hamster made out of tin cans! YAY! Duuuuuude, what root beer did I have?!

I then woke up to see Bailey being caressed by Steve.

To Be Continued.....

Next Chapter: Troubles

## 8 - Troubles

Vampires...? Are you kidding us?

Chapter 8: Troubles

~MBS's POV~

"Hi!" I said friendly, not registering what was going on.

"ACK! MBS! YOUR AWAKE?!" Bailey yelled, surprised by my greeting and she then hugged Steve from her fear.

"Yea. I wonder what root beer I had. There were light-ish red strawberry telephones and marshmallows and ice-cream manga. OH, and an electronic piñata hitting some dog made out of, like, soda and a hamster made out of tin cans. And I was a popsicle."

"....what the heck...?"

"Exactly."

"Can you go back to sleep...?" asked who ever that was.

"Oh, hi, what's-your-face!"

"I'm Steve Taylor."

"I'm monkey\_banana\_smoothie! The great and powerful shinolover94!" I said like Oz did.

"...you're an idiot," said someone from behind the couch. Suddenly, I saw Gum jump over the couch. I

hit him on the head, and kept trying to hit him and he scolded me, "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!"

"DO NOT SCARE ME LIKE THAT!!!" I yelled.

"I ONLY WANTED TO ASK YOU SOME THING! STOP HITTING ME, DARN IT!"

"DON'T YOU YELL AT ME!"

Bunny grabbed both my hands in one hand, stopping my attacks. "Now, as I was saying, there's a carnival today....would you like to go?"

"....as a date?" I blushed a bit. Why the hell am I blushing? This is Chopstick we're talking about here.

"No....as like....a 'start again' thing."

"....it's a date. I guess I would LIKE to go....sounds fun! I like fun! I'll go!"

"Hey, I wanna go too!" Bailey said.

"What rides are there? IS THERE THE SCRAMBLER!?! OR THE...um....what was that one.....TIDAL FORCE!? HUH?! HUH?! HUH?!"

"...yes...." Twinkie replied.

"Ok, I'm totally physicked. LET'S GO!" I said, standing up and pointing plus running to what I believed was the door....and I was right! :D YAY! I'M NOT BLIND WITH DRUNKNESS!...and the door attacked me like every other door.

~Lyndon's POV~

"She's a weird one," Steve told me.

Bailey got up and said, "um...I'm going to get ready, too. May I go too?"

“Sure,” I said.

“Sweet!”

Bailey then ran off in the direction that MBS—I mean, SL94—did.

“...I'm guessing you scared her, Steve,” I said after a few minutes of silence.

“What would you mean by that? Me? Scare a human? I would never,” he replied sarcastically.

“Hmph...at the carnival you can take Bailey with you. Akihiro will take Nanc with him, Cristina has her eyes on that 'Peter' kid, Wendy will be taken by Charlie, and that Claire girl will get taken by Eric. We'll split up in groups like that.”

“...what about you? You're going to have that stupid 'MBS' girl? You're brave...wait, you must like her, don't you?”

“...It's none of your business.”

~MBS's POV~

I ran down the hall—forgetting quickly what I was looking for. I then noticed Bailey running up to me.

“Hey, Bailey! I forget where I'm running to!”

“We're going to the front door so we can go to the carnival, DUH!”

I stopped running. “oh....I'MA GANNA GO TELL NANC!” I ran to find Nanc.

“I'LL TELL CLAIRE! THEN WE'LL GO FIND WENDY AND TELL HER!”

“YOOOOOOOOSH!!!”

~Bailey's POV~

“What does 'yosh' mean....?” I asked myself. “Oh, like I'd know. Probably something in Japanese.” I walked down the hall to find Claire. And, of course I found her...but, not in a situation I would've actually thought of. Being kissed by Eric. I THOUGHT ERIC WAS A—oh, she's enjoying it...oh. I guess I'll just stand here and wait...

~MBS's POV~

Hmmm.....crap. I forgot what I'm supposed to be looking for! Ok, ok, my ADHD has kicked in to high and—OMG! Look it! Butterfly! :D Hi butterfly! Wait...I'm in a garden. OH. Not only has ADHD come, so has SLOWNESS! THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL DAY!! WEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!! I SEE TREES OF GREEN! RED ROSES TOO! I SEE THEM BLOOM, FROM IN YOU! AND I THINK TO MYSELF, WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD! I SEE SKYS OF BLUE! CLOUDS OF WHITE! I LIKE WHITE! AND BLACK! WHY HAVEN'T YOU FOUR BEEN TALKING MUCH?!

Huh?

Did you say something?

I'm tired...

I want blood....why didn't you suck your own blood?

I feel woozy....hey, EVERYTHINGS BLACK! WHAT HAPPENED!!!

~Aurthur's POV(whoever the author is)~

DUN, DUN, DUN!

To Be Continued...

Next chapter: Safety

## 9 - Saftey

Vampires...? Are you Kidding us?

Chapter 9: Saftey

~Lyndon's POV~

I was walking threw our garden when I stumbled (literaly) on the loveable goof, MBS.....asleep....figures....

"Hey MBS. What are you doing sleeping here?" I asked her, before I noticed the distinded smell of blood in the air. I noticed that her neck was bleeding again! I knew she shouldn't have ran out of the room! "Hey, MBS! Wake up, you idiot!" I started to shake her.

She groaned like someone would to tell you to not to wake them.

~MBS's POV~

I see trees of green. Red roses too. I see them bloom from in you. And I think to myself...what a wonderful world. I see skies of blue. And clouds of white! The bright blessed day and the dark sacride night. And I think to myself....what a wonderful world! The colours of the rainbow so pretty in the sky are also on the faces of people going by. I also see friends shaking hands and saying 'how do you do'. They're really saying 'I love you'. I hear babies cry. I watch them grow. They'll learn more than what I'll ever know (:P). And I think to myself...what a wonderful worl! Yes...I think to myself....what a wonderful world....Oh, yeah....

"Hey, MBS! Wake up!" some one screamed to me from above me, shaking me. NO! I'm going to sing What a Wonderful World for the 60th time! NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY!!

I see--



MBS! WAKE UP! You're bleeding again! You need help!...and....I'm scared to lose you." Who are you?....are you Tinkerbell? Your awesome, Tink. I then felt the person push my hair back where my human ear should be, but isn't anymore....I'll miss you forever, left ear. (they both fell off sometime back, somewhere....someone will find them....I'll glue them back on with crazy glue...)

Ok, ok...I'll sing a different song...fine...I'll sing I won't back down...by Johnny Cash...

Well, I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You an stand me up at the gates of hell. But I won't back down. Gonna stand my ground. Won't be turned around. And I'll keep this world from dragging me down. Gonna stand my ground and I won't back down. Hey, babe. There ain't no easy way out. Hey, I will stand my ground. And I won't back down Well I know what's right. I got just one life in a world that keeps pushing me around. But I stand my ground and I won't back down. Hey, babe. There ain't no easy way out. Hey, I will stand my ground. And I won't back down. No, I won't back down.

How you like that, TINK?!

Ok, something else, huh?.....hmmmmm.....OH! IRON MAN!!!! BY BLACK SABBITH!!

I AM IIIIIIRRRRRROOOOONNNNNN MMMMMMAAAAANNNNN! Has he lost his mind? Can he see or is he blind? Can he walk at all, or if he moves will he fall? Is he alive or dead? Has he thoughts within his head? We'll just pass him there, why should we even care? He was turednd to steel in the great magnetic field, when he travelled time for the future of mandkind. Nobody wants him, he just stares at the world. Planning his vengeance, that he will soon unfold. Now the time is here for Iron Man to spread fear. Vengeane from the grave, kills the people he once saved. Nobody wants him, they just turn their heads. Nobody helps him. NOW he has his revenge. Heavy boots of lead fills his victims full of dread. Running as fast as they can, IRON MAN LIVES AGAIN!!!

Another one, TINKER-PUNK?! OK! LET'S DO BACK IN BLACK BY AC-DC, PUNK!!!

BACK IN BLACK! I HIT THE SACK! I'VE BEEN TOO LONG, I'M GLAD TO BE BACK! YES, I'M LET LOOSE FROM THE NOOSE, THAT'S KEPT ME HANGIN' ABOUT! I MEEN LIVIN' LIKE A STAR 'CAUSE IT'S GETTIN' ME HIGH, FORGET THE HEARSE, 'CAUSE I NEVER DIE! I GOT NINE LIVES, CAT EYES, ABUSING EVERY ONE OF THEM AND RUNNING WILD 'CAUSE I'M BACK! YES, I'M BACK! WELL, I'M BACK! YES, I'M BAK! WELL, I'M BAAAACK, BAAAACK....WELL, I'M BAKC IN BLACK! YES, I'M BACK IN BLACK! BACK IN A BAND, I GOT CADILLAC. NUMBER ONE WITH A BULLET, I'M A POWER BACK! YES I'M IN A BAND WITH A GANG, THEY GOTTA CATCH ME IF THEY WANT ME TO HANG! 'CAUSE I'M BAK ON THE TRAK AND I'M BEATIN' THE FLACK, NOBODY'S GONNA GET ME ANOHTER RAP! SO LOOK AT ME NOW, I'M JUST MAKIN' MY PAY, DON'T TRY TO PUSH YOUR LUCK, JUST GET OUT OF MY WAY! 'CAUSE I'M BACK! YES, I'M BACK! WELL, I'M BACK! YEAH, I'M

BACK! WELL, I'M BAAAACK, BAAACK...WELL, I'M BACK IN BLACK, YES I'M BACK IN BLACK! LET'S GO! WELL, I'M BACK! YES, I'M BACK! WELL, I'M BACK! YES, I'M BACK! WELL, I'M BAAAACK, BAAACK...WELL, I'M BACK IN BLACK! YES, I'M BACK IN BLACK--OW! AWWW, YEAH! LET'S GO! KEEP ON GOIN'! YEAH, YEAH! YEAH....AWWW, YEAH, YEAH! HERE WE GO! WELL, I'M BAAACK....I'M BACK! BAAACK....WELL, I'M BACK! BAAACK...I'M BACK! BAAACK! BAAACK...I'M BACK! BAAACK...YES, BACK IN BLACK, YES, I'M BACK IN BLACK! OUTTA SIGHT!

Ok, something else, Twinky....? OK! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK BY AC-DC!

WE ROLL TONIGHT! TO THE GUITAR BITE! YEAH, YEAH, OH! STAND UP AND BE COUNTED FOR WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE! WE ARE THE DEALERS! WE'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED! HAIL, HAIL TO THE GOOD TIMES! 'CAUSE ROCK HAS GOT THE RIGHT OF WAY! WE AIN'T NO LEGEND, AIN'T NO CAUSE! WE'RE JUST LIVIN' FOR TODAY! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, WE SALUTE YOU! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, WE SALUTE YOU! WE ROCK AT DAWN ON THE FRONT LINE! LIKE A BOLT RIGHT OUT OF THE BLUE! THE SKY'S ALIGHT WITH GUITAR BITE! HEADS WILL ROLL AND ROCK TONIGHT! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, WE SALUTE YOU! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, WE SALUTE YOU! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, WE SALUTE YOU! YES WE DO! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, WE SALUTE YOU! OOOOH, WE SALUTE! OOOOH, OOOH YEAH! WE'RE JUST A BATTERY FOR HIRE WITH A GUITAR FIRE! READY AND AIMED AT YOU, SO PICK UP YOUR BALLS AND LOAD UP YOUR CANNON, FOR A TWENTY-ON GUN SALUTE! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK--FIRE! WE SALUTE YOU! WE SALUTE YOU! THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK--FIRE! WE SALUTE YOU! FIRE! WE SALUTE YOU! WE SALUTE YOU! COME ON, WHOA! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, WE SALUTE YOU! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, WE SALUTE OU! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, WE SALUTE YOU! FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, WE SALUTE YOU! SHOOT, SHOOT! SHOOT, SHOOT! FOR THOSE OF YOU, FOR THOSE WHO ROCK! YEAH! AIN'T GONNA GET TIRED, WON'T TAKE A BREAK, WE SALUTE YOU! WE SALUTE OU! WE SALUTE YOU! WE SALUTE YOU! FIRE!!

ONE MORE!? (reader: oh, hell) OK! HIGHWAY TO HELL! W00T! (MBS: THANK YOU READER!! XD)

LIVING EASY, LIVING FREE, SEASON TICKET ON A ONE-WAY RIDE! ASKING NOTHING, LEAVE ME BE! TAKING EVERYTHING IN MY STRIDE! DON'T NEED REASON, DON'T NEED RHYME! AINT NOTHING I WOULD RATHER DO! GOING DOWN, PARTY TIME! MY FRIENDS ARE GONNA BE THERE TOO! I'M ON THE HIGHWAY TO HELL! HIGHWAY TO HELL! HIGHWAY TO HELL! HIGHWAY TO HELL! NO STOP SIGNS, SPEED LIMIT! NOBODY'S GONNA SLOW ME DOWN! LIKE A WHEEL, GONNA SPIN IT! NOBODY'S GONNA MESS ME ROUND! HEY SATAN, PAYIN' MY DUES! PLAYING IN A ROCKING BAND! HEY, MOMMA, LOOK AT ME, I'M ON MY WAY TO THE PROMISED LAND, I'M ON THE HIGHWAY TO HELL! HIGHWAY TO HELL! HIGHWAY TO HELL! HIGHWAY TO HELL! DON'T STOP ME! HIGHWAY TO HELL! HIGHWAY TO HELL! HIGHWAY TO HELL! HIGHWAY TO HELL! HIGHWAY TO HELL! AND I'M GOING DOWN! ALLLLLLLLTHE WAY!!!! I'M NO THE HIIIIIGH WAAAAAYYY TO HEEEEELLLLLLLLLL!

Ok, I have to do one of the most awsome songs in the UNIVERSE!!!! STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN BY LED ZEPPELIN! THEN WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD AGAIN FOR THE 60TH TIME!!! :D

There's a lady who's sure all that glitters is gold. And she's buying a stairway to heaven. And when she gets there she knows if the stores are closed. With a word she can get what she came for. Woe oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. And she's buying a stairway to heaven. There's a sign on the wall but she wants to be sure. And you know sometimes words have two meaning. In the tree by the brook there's a songbird who sings. Sometimes all of our thoughts are misgiven. Woe oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. And she's buying a stairway to heavin. There's a feeling I get when I look to the west. And my spirit is crying for leaving. In my thoughts I have seen rings of smoke through the trees. And the voices of those who stand looking. Woe oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. And she's buying a stairway to heaven. And it's whispered that soon, if we all call the tune. Then the piper will lead us to reason. And a new day will dawn for those who stand long. ANd the forest will echo with laughter. ANd it makes me wonder. If there's a bustle in your hedgerow. Dn't be alarmed now. Its just a spring clean for the May Queen. Yes, there are two paths you can go by go because you don't know. The piper's calling you to join him. Dear lady, can't you hear the wind blow and did you know, your stairway lies on the whispering wind? And as we wind on down the road. Our shadows taller than our souls. There walks a lady we all know, who shines white lightand wants to show how everything still turns to gold. And if you listen very hard, the tune will come to you at last when all are one and one is all, to be a rock and not to roll. Woe, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. And she's bying a stairway to heaven. There's a lady who's sure all that glitters is gold. ANd she's buying a stairway to heaven. ANd when she gets there she knows if the stores are closed. With a word she can get what she came for....And she's buying a stairway to heaven, uh, uh, uh.....

OK, I'LL WAKE UP NOW! WAKE UP ME!!!

~Lyndon's POV~

MBS's eyes flicked open slowly. "Oh," she said boredly, "Its you. I'm going back to that happy place. I forgot to sing What a Wonderful World again for the 60th time!"

"...you sing?" I asked. "It must be quite beautiful. Sing for me."

"....No. You woke me. I'm going back to sleep. That was a fun place. And you still haven't given me all the stuf I asked for and the 40 million bucks for interest."

"Sing."

"NO!"

"You should."

"Shouldn't."

"Should."

"Nope."

"Just sing a cord."

"No."

"Yes."

"Not gonna happen."

"C'mon, just sing."

"Nope. Not gonna happen."

"One song, please?"

"Your mother."

To Be Coninuted....

## 10 - Love Me

Vampires...? Are you kidding us?

Chapter 10: Love Me

~MBS's POV~

Nanc, Bailey, Claire, Wendy, KKC member, and I got to go, finally, to the carnival. Well, we all had to go as couples. Sigh. I'm paired with Zero. Well, actually...maybe I'm still drunk on the root beer or something like that or someone has drugged me while I was sleeping one time or another or I'm acting like that one elephant with the big ears, but Kaname does look hott. Plus, he's been kind enough to wake me up and has complemented me and so now...I guess he's officially in that huge mess of random guys that I find hott.

YAY! RON AND I ARE GONNA GO ON THE FARRIS WHEEL TOGETHER! YAY!

I yanked Cola over to the Farris Wheal and after 30 minutes of waiting, were on the Farris Wheal and high up. I looked over to Tech.

"You know, I could actually like you...maybe," I said.

"What's gotten into you?" he asked.

"Well, you've grown nicer. Tell me...you said you wanted me to love you, correct?"

"Yes."

"...well...Lyndon P. Ferguson, I do."

"My name's Lyndon Taylor...there's no 'P's in it...but, I guess that's as close as your ever going to get besides that one time, huh?"

“You know it,” I said a bit devilish.

“...you've been drinking?”

“Yup. Root beer. Or I'm just drugged because probably Charlie or Steve got me back for doing something to them. Or I'm like that flying elephant....um...started with a 'D' I think....”

“That's good enough for me. So, if you find out later your not drunk or anything, why'd you change your mind?”

“Why not...?” And with that, I grabbed his collar and kissed him ruffly. “...plus, your my ticket home.”

“You want to return to your home?”

“Yes. I miss my dog and hamster. And my family—minus my brothers—must be worried sick about me. I've been missing from there for two days now.”

“...how about one more day? As you said, I haven't given you all that you said you desired.”

“...true...how about...another week? That shouldn't hurt my parents and my sister's hearts TOO bad.”

~Nanc's POV~

Akihiro and I decided to go on the tunnel of love! OH! It's so romantic! I'm so happy! -place high pitched fangirl scream here-

Once we were on there, we cuddled and I noticed a lot of people staring at me. Is it because I look so strange? Or is it they want my blood? No...I know what it is....They're jealous for the two of us! >:)

~Peter's POV~

The little whats-her-name pulled me around the carnival grounds and I only had to fallow. “He-he! So, how old are you?” she asked.

“I'm 16. I don't even know your name.”

“OH, I'm Cristina Taylor! Your name is Peter! My idol told me that!”

“Idol...? Lemme guess, Akihiro? Or Lyndon?”

“No! MBS!”

'Oh, Lord...'

~Claire's POV~

OMG! THERE'S A MOVIE THEATER TO SEE CHARLIE THE UNICORN!!!!!!

~Wendy's POV~

Charlie and I walked around the carnival. OH! ROLARCOSTER!!!!!!

~MBS's POV~

Spider and I were now walking around the carnival and I spotted something that I know I love and I know why...I think—SIMS 2!!!!!! [place very high pitched fangirl scream here]

“Oj, Elementary! You guys have the Sims 2 here?!” I asked, my soul almost out of my body and over at the counter where the Sims 2 was.

“Yea...we're still on Earth. My brother only knows the vampire way of calling Earth and our home country.”

“What country if its not....uh...what was it....Qwandara or something like that, right? Ok, what country then? In human standards?”



“Ever hear of Liechtenstein?”

“HOLY CRAP! I love Fürstentum! It's one of my favorite countries! You're joking me, right?!”

“Did you just say 'Liechtenstein' the German way?”

“JA! That's how obsessed I am with it! I love Fürstentum! I've always wanted to live in Fürstentum! Oh, I love you!” And with that, I hugged Pirates. I let go and noticed him a light pink. I smiled at that.

~Lyndon's POV~

D-did she just say....she loves me....? No way....that's not possible...and she didn't call me a name yet...this can't be happening. Does she really love this country, too?”

“OMG! I still love Sims 2! Hey, dude? How many Swedish Franks do you have on you?” MBS said, looking from the table selling Sims 2 stuff back to me.

“Um...we don't use those at this time of night.”

“OH, its night?” she asked, just noticing that it was dark. “I knew that...” (MBS: I am so slow...)

“How did you think we could be out here?”

“...so what type of money DO you use?”

“None. We don't use money.”

“Oh! Ok, trade?”

“Nope.”

“Blood?”

“No. We don't do anything like that.”

“So, how come you guys have a huge mansion?!”

“We're purebloods.”

“SO I AM GOING TO BE A VAMPIRE!!” I yelled, grabbing my wound where Itchy bit me!

“No, your not. We can control that.”

“Oh...ok...Hey, is it alright if I get some Sims 2 games? I love Sims 2! I've downloaded many Naruto skins and that and I've made many sims....and the next sims I make and force off to collage will be....Akihiro, Nanc, me....and you.”

“....really....?”

“You bet! I'm very good with the game! All my Sims have mansions!”

“Really...?”

“And not a single one has died other than the old people that die of old age and some sims I make randomly when I'm angry and drown.”

“Really...?”

“Yea, and I had a NaruFoxy couple and a SasuNanc couple and Naruto and Foxy had a girl child, she was named Kikyo I think, and Sasuke and Nanc had a boy child, he was Ren, and they grow up together and fell for eachother and now their in collage. And so is Akatsuki. And I'm there too. We have a Greek house.”

“You're a fan of Akatsuki?” I asked, starting to walk over to the table with Sims 2.

“You bet. Akatsuki is the best! That's why I'd love to have an Akatsuki outfit! I really want to be part of it! I want to be evil! I love evil! I'm attracted to it!...well, most of the time...but, also they have ½ of my favorite colours...black and red.”

“That's two...”

“I have four favorites and I simplified the fraction.”

“...how good are you in math?”

“A+ strait...maybe an A here and there...but its alright...my home-schooling is going better than a public school would've....and maybe my genetics of having a nuclear engineer for a dad may have an effect on that too...”

“Home-schooling...? Wait, your being home schooled? Why?” I asked, stopping abruptly. She's being home schooled? Why? There couldn't be something wrong with her, right? She couldn't be cursed with anything. She couldn't hate, could she?

“...I have three disabilities...”

“Three...?” No. She can't. I will not believe that she's retarded or something like that.

~MBS's POV~

I looked down. Oh, crap, here comes depression...JUST when I thought I was out of it, “Yea. ADHD, OCD, and depression....”

“Depression...? You have depression?” Gamecube said to me, looking at me in disbelief...and worry.

“...yea...I've had it for my whole life, and that fights ADHD, while ADHD fights with OCD, while OCD fights with depression, and....well, you get the idea....I feel tired...”

“...how about this...after we get you some Sims 2 stuff...I'll get you the stuff you said...”

~Lyndon's POV~

SHE'S ASLEEP AGAIN!!!

To Be Continued...

Next Chapter: Sisters

## 11 - Sisters

Vampires...? Are you Kidding Us?

Chapter 11: Sisters

MBS's POV

I stirred in my sleep and finally woke up to find I was on one comfy bed. Yum, bed. And someone's arm rapped around my waist, along with being held close to a freezing object. I turned my head to see Ren!

"Morning, Kojo," he said, smiling. I screamed, and fell out of the bed.

"YOU BETTER HAVE CLOSHES ON, DUDE! THAT IS NOT GOOD OR FUNNY!" I yelled, checking to see if I had clothes on. Yup, I'm good. He had some PJ bottoms on. "And...wait, did you just call me 'kojo'?"

"Yeah, I decided you do deserve a nickname."

"Revenge for all my nicknames, Mac?"

"No. I want to be kind to you and kojo means--"

"Princess. Is that because my real name is deprived from Sarah, which means princess in some language or something..."

"Your real name?"

"OH, crap! I wasn't supposed to say that out loud!!"

"What's your real name?"

“A name a hate! That's what my real name is!”

“Why?”

“I am no kojo! I am far from it! WATASHI WA NI BAKA, MAE NO SAKEBU SOTO NI YAKAMASHII!  
Watashi wa ni baka....”

“...what the hell did you just say...? I don't speak THAT much Japanese...”

“Huh? Oh, sorry...I said that I am an idiot, for crying out loud. And then I repeated, I am an idiot...”

“You aren't. You know many things. Like...uhm...something I haven't asked you about.”

“Like you just finding out my real name after me being here, what? Three or four days?...hm...”

“Three...”

“Oh....and you don't even know when my birth date is or anything about me...yet you insist on loving me...even my stupidity part...”

“Fine...here, we can spend the first few hours of the day discussing things about eachother...like your true name, your birth date, and other stuff...and your not stupid...”

“Ok...” I jumped back onto the bed, only to almost slip off, only to be caught by Lynd—phew, close one...almost called him by his true name and—DAMNIT, I'M TALKING LIKE HIM!

“So...what is your true name? You know my name is Lyndon Taylor...and you insist on calling me some random things...most of which aren't even names.”

“My true name is Sadie...and I hate my last name too....I've been teased because of it...”

“Why? How could a surname be so horrible?”

“...you will never get it out of me....”

“Sadie.....that's a beautiful...first name.”

“You say that only to make me smile and it won't work....”

“...when's your birthday?”

“August 28th...”

“What's your favorite color?”

**PICK ME! I'M THE COLOUR OF BLOOD!**

**NO, ME! I'M ALL SILLY! YOU LOVE ME BEST! SAQUID!!!!**

**I'M THE MOST INTELEGENT ONE!! CHOOSE ME!**

“Well....black, red, purple, and green....”

“Four...?”

“Problem with it...?”

“No...not at all...”

“When's your birthday? What's your fav colours?”

“Huh? Well...I was born....June 9th...my favorite colors....black and red.”

“Hm...”

“Whose your idol?”

“Huh?”

“Who do you look up to the most...?”

“....no one.”

“You've got to have an idol.”

“I guess....um...Masashi Kishimoto, Tsugumi Ohba, Takeshi Obata, Yoshiki Nakamura, CLAMP, Yoshinobu Akita, Halimeda Sawada, Yuuya Kusaka, Queenie Chan, Yoshiko Sakai, Aki Shimming, Matsuri Hino, J.K. Rowling, Kazuki Takahashi, Naoyuki Kageyama, the people who make Digimon, ktp14, Tot, my sister, you, Sumi, Larry the Cable Guy, Itachi, and Nanc.”

“That's more than one idol...”

“I know...I'm influenced easily...ish.”

“Cool...”

“What about your idols?”

“...I donno...I guess Paul, James and Devin.”

“Paul, Devin and James? Huh? Who? What?”

“Oh, three of my friends. They are really powerful vampires.”

“...really...?”

“Really.”



“He-he, that's three reallies, really. Four. Now enough really business...really more powerful than a pureblood!?...six reallies...”

“Sorta...”

“Ok....”

“Oh, by the way, look over at the dresser.”

Instead of turning around like Nato Bean probably was expecting me to do, I put my head so that it was upside-down by the dresser's standards. I noticed an “Akatsuki outfit...!”

“As your heart desired.”

“Thank you! Thank you very much!” I said, not really thinking again. I grabbed Jim's shoulders, pulled him in and kissed him right on the lips. A big one too!...and I only just know realized that. He sat in shock, as I jumped (ok, fell again) out of the bed, ran to the dresser (slamming into it accidentally) (man, I am so clumsy), throwing the Akatsuki uniform on, tying both hitai-ate on, the Konoha one around my head like a true shinobi, and the Oto one around my neck after slicing it with my just-now-discovered-after-having-them-for-3-days-strait sharp teeth, making it Akatsuki-ized.

“Thank you again!” I said again, now standing in a Gai-sensei-like position, “What do you think?”

“Huh? So...that's what you wanted that for...dressing up....?”

“Its not dressing up, its cosplay....wait a second...”

“What?”

“What time is it?”

“oh, 6 pm...very early in the morning for us...but I guess you could go and that....though, its a bit early. I donno about you, but I'm going back to sleep...”

"I'll sleep," I said after great thinking (-sarcastic gasp- MBS THOUGHT?! GREATLY?!?!?!?!).

"Ok, your room is just down the—what are you doing?" he asked blushing as I climbed back into bed with him and placing my head on his chest.

"I want to sleep here falling asleep to your heart beat...." He blushed a darker blush.

"Ok...."

I slowly fell asleep and had a wonderful sleep...I should sleep on a vampire more often. They feel absolutely wonderful!

~Long Time Later & Nanc's POV~

I woke up and walked over to MBS's bedroom, that Akihiro had given her to sleep in, to wake her up...she's probably not awake at all right now. Man, I love Akihiro! ^^-

Sorry about that! ^^" Anyway, when I got to her room I noticed she wasn't there!!! Where could she have gone?! She couldn't be awake yet! I looked all around. On either side of the bed, under the bed, under the covers, in the closet, in the dresser (she could fit in there somehow), and every where else when I heard some footsteps. I looked over and saw Akihiro and—BLYTHE, SAM AND BRITT?!?!?!!

"Nanc!" the two sisters yelled then glomped me.

"Huh? Huh? What's going on?" I asked looking around, after they got off me. Akihiro walked up to me and held out his hand.

"I'm sorry, Akemi, I didn't know you and your friend were missing in your country. Cristina asked that I'd get your two friends, Samantha and Britteny, and MBS's sister, Blythe."

"Why didn't Lyndon get them?"

"It's the same reason why MBS isn't in her room."

“...what?”

The five of us walked down the hallway to Lyndon's room and Akihiro (so dreamy) opened the door to reveal MBS and Lyndon...sleeping. MBS's head on Lyndon's chest. That's so sweet. I noticed that she was wearing...an Akatsuki outfit. That little idiot. I smiled and shook my head.

“Something wrong, Akemi?” asked Akihiro.

“Huh? Oh, no. Nothing's wrong! Just thinking some things,” I whispered.

“What does Akemi mean?” asked Britt.

“Oh, it means--”

“BRILLIANT BEAUT!” MBS yelled waking up, along with abruptly waking Lyndon up and both of them falling out of the bed. “Hello! OH! Hey Turtle, Blythe and Sam!”

“Why'd you say Britt's nickname first?” Sam asked her looking a bit ticked and a bit sad.

“I dunno. I felt like it and its early and last night I believe I was drunked I think...er....doof....”

“WERE YOU GOING TO SAY DOOFIS?!”

“No, no...I never would call someone else a doofis.”

Lyndon stood up and stretched. “That was a ruff wake up call...”

“Your welcome, Matches,” MBS said happily.

“...and you still insist on calling me other names than mine.”

“Your welcome, Tootsy Pop.”

~MBS's POV~

I then noticed that Blythe was there. After I already greeted her. Man, I'm slow. "Sis???" I jumped up and ran to her and literally glomped her, "I MISSED YOU SO MUCH!"

"I should say the same thing, you've been gone three whole days! Ever since the day you went to that nightclub."

"....yea?"

"Mom thought you were kidnapped by a rapist or something...seeing that you've actually found someone...hah...I'm proud of you!"

"Blythe, its not like that, see, Mashed Potatoes is just trying to make me feel like his girl and I think I was still a bit drunk off of some A blood I had some time ago and--"

"Hey, don't say that about me!" Pink Panther yelled to me.

"Wait, why do you have these ears? And a tail?" my sis asked, feeling my ears and tail.

"Oh, Toothpick had his brother, Akihiro, change me into a....whatever...my head hurts..."

"They look so cute!" Turtle said.

"Oh, hi Turtle! WAAAAAAAAAAAAZZZZUUUUP, dude?"

"Yea. Are you THAT slow?"

"...maybe....s"

"MBS's sister," Chocolate chip said to Blythe, "What's your name?"

"My name's Blythe. Tell me, has MBS been any trouble with you?"

"Not at all," Akihiro said.

"I fall asleep at the most inappropriate times," I just said to be random.

"That's nice to hear," Blythe said ignoring my comment. Well, I guess that's reasonable.

"Though she is a bit clumsy," Trevor remarked.

"That's no surprise," my sister laughed and I joined in.

"What are we laughing about?" I asked. I forget what's going on.

"Nothing, MBS, nothing."

"I'm sorry for the inconvenience of her disappearance from your world," Akihiro apologized to my sister, "My sister, Cristina, really wanted a human to play with and I think she's grown out of hand a bit..."

"It--"

"Was probably quieter without me? I know, it probably was. Without me yelling at the top of my lungs that I am a ninja and that I will be the next Akatsuki leader along with the world, or ich ban ish Berliner? I beat it was," I said really fast. (oh, ich ban ish Berliner means I am a jelly donut)

"That's not what I was going to say. Plus, I wouldn't know. I don't live with you anymore and mom and dad are worried sick about you, but it's alright. I mean, I'm happy that she wasn't a bother or anything. And it's not a problem."

"I beat to Artichoke I was a bother," I mumbled.

"Whose Artichoke?" Blythe asked me.

“Oh, David's Artichoke. I call him all sorts of names.”

“My real name's Lyndon. She only likes to call me all sorts of names—not all being true names,” Lyndon told my sister.

“Yea right, Banana!”

“...there's your proof.”

“And who are you?” Blythe asked looking to Akihiro.

“Oh, I'm sorry, I'm Akihiro Taylor, Lyndon's brother. MBS told us a little bit about you.”

“Kangaroo bit me,” I said randomly.

“What? A kangaroo bit you?” my sister asked me.

“No, Muffin did.”

“...what?”

“Nevermind. I'm tired.”

“..so is there anything else MBS has been doing and—MBS, stop leaning on me.”

~Blythe's POV~

I turned because MBS was leaning on me, only to find her asleep. “She's...asleep?”

“Is that new to you?” Akihiro asked me.

“Yeah. You see, she is the most hyper person ever, and will hardly ever go to sleep...and now since she

fell asleep with no problem...there's something different about her.”

“Maybe its that she's no longer human?” Lyndon (I don't see why it's so hard for my sister to say that) suggested.

Brittney came up to MBS and poked her ear, “That's probable.”

“I like potatoes,” MBS mumbled in her sleep.

~Brittney's POV~

“How could she fall asleep so fast?!” I asked, “And why did she just say 'I like potatoes'?!”

“I don't really know,” Blythe answered me. “You know she is random at times...I know how to wake her.” Blythe then bent down to MBS's ear and whispered something into it and MBS's eyes opened fast.

“OK!” she yelled, standing up in a matter of ONE second.

“What did you whisper to her?” asked Lyndon(why is it so hard for MBS?) a little shocked.

“That we're going to get a new sketchpad. She loves art,” Blythe explained.

“She does...?”

“YOU BET!!” MBS yelled.

~Nanc's POV~

I decided to cut in and ask, “Um...no offense, Akihiro and Lyndon, but are we all going home today or what?”

“Well,” Lyndon told me, “MBS said yesterday that she would like to stay another week.”

"I think that was from the lack of blood," MBS said, pointing to her neck where a patch was on it. When did she get that? "Or overflow of root beer or A blood...probably all three. And the elephant's name was DUMBO!!! IT WAS DUMBO!!! I REMEMBER! DUMBOOOOO!"

"What?" asked Sam.

"It's a long story involving root beer, Dumbo, drugs, a hamster, a dog, love, a Ferris Wheel, three vampires, and hearts."

"...how does that all connect?" asked Britt.

"No clue," MBS told her, "But I'm happy I remembered Dumbo."

Lyndon sighed and said, "She and I were on a Ferris Wheel and I asked her if she were drunk and she responded by saying 'Yup. Root beer. Or I'm drugged because probably Charlie or Steve got me back for doing something to them. Or I'm like that flying elephant....um....started with a 'D' I think....' word for word."

"..or its very short," MBS said, staring off into space, her hands on her hips and her legs spread apart, making her look dynamic.

"Why'd you ask her if she were drunk?" asked Britt.

"Now that's a long story," Lyndon told her.

"We were still on the Ferris Wheel and I said something along the lines of 'Well, you've grown nicer. Tell me...you said you wanted me to love you, correct?' and he said something along the lines of 'yes' and then I responded by saying something on the lines of '...well...Lyndon P. Ferguson, I do,' then he responded to that by saying something on the lines of 'My name's Lyndon Taylor...there's no 'P's in it...but, I guess that's as close as your ever going to get besides that one time, huh?'. After that, I said devilishly along the lines of 'You know it,' and then he asked if I had been drinking," MBS told Britt.

"...as I said, it's a long story. And that's exactly what we said," Lyndon told MBS, sitting down on his bed.



“It is...? Maybe I'm still drunk or something...”

“How'd it lead up to that?” asked Britt.

“Well, it all starts three days ago...” MBS said.

~MBS's POV~

I continued saying, “...and I'm too lazy to think back to then...”

“Britt, you ask too many questions,” Sam scolded her sister.

“No she doesn't. It's nice to ask questions. It gets you out of sticky situations. Or turns the tables. Or confuses peoples. But MBS can do better than that just by talking and saying whatever which never really works.”

“...what?”

“Wha'?”

“What?”

“Wha'?”

“What?”

“You make no since, man. Ok, I'm kidding. I kid. I kid. I have no clue what I'm saying, though.”

“Oh, MBS,” Akihiro said, gaining my attention, “I've returned Claire and Bailey back to their home.”

“Why not KKC member—I mean, Peter, too?”

“Well...Cristina actually wanted him to stay. Along with you and Nanc. She says that you are her idol. And something about how she wants Peter to stay here for something.”

I looked over to Chucky to see him shake his head, “That's not good.”

“Ey!...I'm an idol?!” I asked, just realizing that Akihiro said that Cristina thinks of me as her idol. “That ain't good. I'm ADHD and slow! It's not that good. It takes me four days to figure out one problem...that takes a kindergartener one minute and gets it right....while I fail, damnit! FAIL!!!!”

“Whose Cristina?” asked my sis.

“Oh, she's our sister,” Akihiro told her.

“Good morning,” a small voice came from behind Akihiro, scaring Blythe, Nanc, Turtle, and Sam a bit and scaring me to death.

“Good morning, Cristina,” Akihiro greeted the small girl. She then noticed me and ran up to me and glomped me.

“Good morning, MBS!”

“Yes,” I said.

“Did Ki-ki tell you about who my idol is?”

“Oh, yeah. MBS, right?”

“Yeah. Cristina will try her best to be like MBS!”

“OK! Just fallow and learn, grasshopper!” I told her, turning around and running down the hallway.

~Nanc's POV~

Man...MBS will be a horrible influence on Cristina! "MBS!" I yelled to her, running off to get to her to stop her.

To Be Continued...

Next Chapter: Leader

## 12 - Leader

Vampires...? Are you Kidding us?

Chapter 12: Leader

~Nanc's POV~

Once we all finally got down to the dining room, we saw Peter, Cristina, and MBS sitting down talking to each other. As it looked, MBS tried to make breakfast...well, her eggs are good...not good looking, but good.

“Oh, wazzup? I decided to try to cook breakfast today!” MBS said, smiling.

“...you can cook?” asked Lyndon a bit shocked.

“Yeah. Is that a problem?”

“...not really...unless you used some poison in it.”

“I don't even know how to use most poisons, so how could I poison food? Plus, I'll have trouble figuring out which one is the one poisoned so I'll run risk to accidentally poisoning my friends or my beloved sister.”

“Hm...well put.”

“Thank you, MBS,” Akihiro thanked MBS as he sat down and bowed his head to her.

“Oh, no need to thank me. I love to cook. Eggs...toast...this special thing that's been passed down in my family.”

“What special thing? Do you mean the nacho thing?” asked MBS's sister.

“No! The Frito-chili thing. The thing mom makes us sometimes,” MBS said, moving her hands in a weird way while explaining whatever that thing is.

“Oh, yeah. That. She never taught me how to make that, though, MBS.”

“She taught me. I forgot, of course, but she did teach me. I remember she did teach me.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked.

“Oh, that thing I served you guys at my..uh...14th birthday party...?”

“Oh! That was good. I told my dad it was better than his cooking.”

“WHAT?!”

“Its true. You do get sick of his cooking after awhile if your his child. Plus, his version of small isn't exactly what small is.”

“So?! He's Italian! I'm a mutt! German, Polish, Native American, Swiss, you name it. Italian is better than mutt.”

“British?” asked Cristina.

“Little bit. I'm mostly Native American and German. BOW CHICKA-CHICKA BOW WOW!”

“French?” asked Peter.

“Nope. YES!”

“Smells nice,” Lyndon said, sniffing the air when he sat down.

“Huh? I'm not sure if I got Smells-nice in me. Wait...”

“I meant the food.”

“Oh...I knew that...”

“...It doesn't look edible, though...”

“HEY!”

“It's pretty good, Lyn-Lyn,” Cristina said suddenly, taking a bite of her eggs.

“Yeah, what Cristina said!” MBS said triumphantly.

“Hey, MBS?” I asked, “You and I need to talk.”

“Ok...”

~MBS's POV~

Nanc pulled me into the hallway and looked at me with an angered look. “What I do?!” I asked.

“You aren't our leader! You decided for all of us that we will stay a week!” she scolded me.

“Is that a problem?”

“A bit! Don't you think how much everyone will worry about us!”

“What about Akihiro, Cristina, and Snow-cone?”

“...I don't know...It could be possible for them to visit us...you know what? Nevermind about. Don't you want to return home soon? I mean, I bet you miss Lapper, Bandit, and Ritsuka.”

“...a bit, but...I really like it here...I mean...I think I'm actually falling in REAL love...not that stupid love where its just a dumb crush but you think its true love. Like Z!”

“Shut up about him...he isn't anybody in my life anymore!”

“...sure he isn't...”

“MBS! Stop going off on different things that have nothing to do with the real problem. We need to get back home! Our parents must be worried sick! We've been missing for three days!”

“Yeah...I know....”

“And probably by now even your brothers must be worried sick.”

“And most likely Veto is too.”

“Yeah. And I miss my little Meow-weow!”

You've got to think of little Meow-weow, MBS...

Yeah, MBS...Poor little kitty-kitty!

SA-QUID!

“So, what do you say that we go home today? I mean, sure its fun to have a relationship with Akihiro and him calling me 'Akemi'....but...I really am home-sick...”

“...And I must admit that Season is a bit alright and that but I am also home-sick...and I miss hearing Car Wash...”

I noticed Nanc's eyes widen. Wait...what did I just say?...Oh, right...Car Wash and—I forgot that the doctor said not to say that near Nanc....O.O'

Nanc had a grin appear that spread from one cheek to the other. I gulped. Oh, no...either she's going to yell the song or sing it...I really hope that its the second one...

“You might not ever get rich, but let me tell ya it's better that diggin' a ditch. There ain't no tellin' who ya might meet. A movie star or may be even an Indian Chief. Workin' at the car wash. Workin' at the car wash yeah! Come on and sing it with me car wash. Get with the feelin' y'all car wash yeah. Come summer the work gets kind a hard. This ain't no place to be if ya planned on being a star. Let me tell you it's always cool, and the boss don't mind sometimes if ya act a fool. At the car wash. Talkin' about the car wash yeah! Come on and sing it for me car wash. Car wash yeah! Work and work. Well those cars never seem to stop comin'. Work and work! Keep those rags and machines hummin'! Work and work my fingers to the bone! Work at five I can't wait 'til it's time to go home! Hey, get your car washed today. Fill up and you don't have to pay. Come on and give us a play. Get a wash right away. Car wash talkin' about the car wash yeah! Woo car wash! Those cars never seems to stop comin' Well, I say keep those rags and machines hummin'!” she sang in her best voice. I looked back to the dinning table to see everyone looking over at her.

“I forgot what the therapist said! I'm sorry! I'm not supposed to speak of that song around Nanc! I forgot!” I yelled flapping my hands.

“That was beautiful!” Akihiro said smiling and clapping.

“Thank you,” Nanc replied blushing a bit. I looked back to see MacIntosh smirking at me.

He then asked me, “Can you sing like that too, monkey?”

“...Maybe. I never try singing...And right now I'm too lazy to think of a song.”

“How about Car Wash?!” Nanc asked, sounding crazed.

“Uh..n-no...I'm not good enough for it...”

“Beautiful Soul.”

“Hell no.”



“What Dreams are Made of?”

“No.”

“OH! Another Brick In the Wall Part 2.”

“No...I don't remember it off the top of my head...”

“Rusty Cage...”

“...don't know the lyrics...”

“You do too! You googled it! I was there!”

“...did I? I didn't memorize it...”

“Yes you did! It was the same day that you googled them! I was still there!”

“...was it? I don't remember it...”

“It was four days ago.”

“I have a horrible memory.”

“No you don't. AND YOU CAN SING!”

“...no I can't...I can only sing when I'm passed out.”

“You never passed out.”

“Did I?”

"It pretty much says 'I'm gonna break out of my rusty cage'..."

"...does it?"

"You're only saying that so you don't have to sing..."

"Sing, MBS!" Cristina yelled, laughing and clapping. Petter looked from her to me.

"Yeah, MBS! Sing!" he cheered.

"It must be nice," Akihiro said smiling. Blythe got up and walked up to me.

"Here, I'll sing with you. How about America the Beautiful?" she asked me.

"...I forget that, too...and if I try to sing it, I'll end up singing My Country Tis of Thee...Same thing with the American Anthem, trust me...."

"Here, I'll start it off and you finish, alright?" Blythe asked me nicely.

"Ok, I'll TRY, I guess...."

"Oh, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain, now you go."

"...uh...um...for purple plains above fruited mountains that could not be right at all."

"You mixed up mountains and plains...That's alright. And you were speaking it."

"I know...I've got it. For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain! America! America! I forget the....rest of the song....and I was speaking it again...."

"Yeah. What if I help, too?" asked Nanc. "Let's try Beautiful Soul!"

“HELL NO! HELL NO! I WILL NOT SING THAT SONG!”

“What about She's no You?”

“NO! NO JESSE MCCARTNY SONGS! I DON'T MEMORIZE HIS SONGS!” Nanc started to pout.

Suddenly, Sunday said, “Why don't you sing What a Wonderful World?”

"Oh, I could do that! I see trees of green. Red roses too. I see them bloom from you. And I think to myself...what a wonderful world. I see skies of blue. And clouds of white! The bright blessed day and the dark sacrilegious night. And I think to myself...what a wonderful world! The colours of the rainbow so pretty in the sky are also on the faces on people going by. I see friends shaking hands saying 'how do you do'. They're really saying 'I love you'. I hear babies cry. I watch them grow. They'll learn more than what I'll ever know. AND I think to myself...what a wonderful world! Yes...I think to myself...what a wonderful world...Oh, yeah...wait...I thought I pledged to myself that I would not sing for you and damn it to hell...oh, nooo..."

“You have a beautiful voice, though.”

“So? I hate to sing. Its troublesome.”

To Be Continued....

Next Chapter: Home