

The Phantom of the Digiworld

Von Semiramis-Audron

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Prolog: Introduction

The Phantom of the Digiworld

Chapter one: Introduction

Dedication: This fanfiction is dedicated to Gaston Leroux, Susan Kay, Andrew Lloyd Webber (for their fantastic work), Alexander Goebel (as the best original German Phantom ever), Steve Barton (as a nice original English Raoul but a much better vampire), Gerard Butler (as a wonderful Phantom), it is also dedicated to BANDAI (for their wonderful work), to Richard Epcar (as a wonderful English VA), Bernd Schramm (as a wonderful German VA), it is also dedicated to all the nice people I've missed beside of the guys in the next paragraph and of course a big dedication to Erik and Myotismon (for the chaps that they are).

This fanfiction however is in no way dedicated to: Uwe Kröger (You're a terrible Phantom and a terrible VA for the film, too! And in my eyes you'll never be such a good actor like Steve or Alex!) And it is especially not dedicated to ----F----F---- (For I'm sorry Sir if this is too rude, but your version was a rape (hint to the meant person) of my aesthetical sensitivity... So with all the annoyed fans around, you probably should keep your hands at the level of your eyes and away from your typewriter in this topic!)

Explanation:

I started this fanfiction after watching the Myotismon episodes because at that time I was on a really bad PotO-trip and I just thought Myo to be damn cool for this, actually I liked all things with a mask and Myo even got style! I finished it in a rare form and saved it on a diskette and my hard disc... The diskette went astray somewhere in my room and as I hadn't known the story remained on my hard disc... Until that disastrous night when I switched off my pc like normally and the next day I wanted to switch it on, the monitor stayed black. And the nice guy at the repair service asked me, gasping with widened eyes, how I managed to delete even the last bit of my hard disc... So what never should have been forgotten went lost...

Now, some month ago, I was rummaging through for Myo stories to read in my holidays and there I found one, by a really nice person--AthEnA1999 . Her particular fanfiction is a Digimon/ The Nightmare Before Christmas crossover called "The Digi-Nightmare Before Christmas"... And I really love it! Now you may ask... Why is this the reason for bringing up this story here? Well that's a long story, too... Ok... In AthEnA1999's fanfic, Myotismon is Jack Skellington... In the German version Jack's Voice Actor is Alexander Goebel, this guy was the original Phantom in the German premiere 1988 in Vienna and the guy on the German Phantom of the Opera CDs... So in my mind was a Myotismon with Alex's voice now... If you add to this that TNBC is a musical... well that rang a bell in the back of my head! And then at that time I went to the Phantom of the Opera movie that was in cinema just at this time and so I thought... "Mhm..." Hadn't you something like this, too? So after five days of

desperately rummaging through my room and closets... I finally found the lost diskette! But as I had slightly improved my English and was highly inspired by the film, I decided to work over the fic again and have it beta read...

You could call this fanfiction a Digimon/Phantom of the Opera-crossover-songfic-thingy... As I've decided to use almost every song from the musical and change it in parts to fit to digimon.

Not all in this story is in rhymes; please don't be scared away by the beginning!

The attacks used in this story are either from the Digimon television series or from Digimon World 01 for PSone.

Yes it is gentlemon instead of gentleman and in the songs it is always partner (as digi destined) instead of father and some things are changed, too.

I hope I did a good job and so please R and R! Thanks!

Initiation and Disclaimer:

It is a large cinema, with a stage in front of the screen. It is the premier of "The Phantom of the Digiworld" And the auditorium is filled with, readers, digimon and actors.

Semiramis walks onto the stage in a long black frock, like an image of death itself. She bows in front of the audience (that means you, dear readers.)

"What you now will read is a narration like a day without light. It is about love, darkness and might. I need you all to understand how it could come to such a dramatic end. How was it possible, this struggling of three lives about, what fate divides? Day became night and night became day... but let us begin now, our little play..."

She throws the frock away and reveals a blood red velvet dress.

"Let me now draw the background for you. I do not own Digimon or Phantom of the Opera, it's sad but it's true! I hope all actors got their fees because we'll lead you now into a world of peace. The Digiworld after all struggle and fight was now gleaming in all its pride. Those who brought peace were the vaccines, the holy family and their son, the handsome, young, and strong Angemon. The digimon were happy and glad that there was nothing to fear of evil and bad. Every day was a party, celebrating the freedom from strife; everyone was satisfied with his or her life. The Digiworld now was ruled by two of reliability, Gomamon and Agumon honored and known for bravery. From one place they'd decided to lead, the Digiworld's most shining bead. The theatre, the place of every day's feast, with battles, comedy, music, karaoke and plays. All digimon came there from north, south, west and the east. It's female star was Arukenimon a classic example of a primadonn' her love, and as well a star was Mummymon behaving like a male primadonna. The theatre was famous for its choir and ballet, Pixi-and Floramons nice and coquet. Their teacher was a former dancer, LadyDevimon; she was demanding but still quite handsome. Her ballet-dancing

daughter was Lillymon. The stage, sets, curtain and all constructional stuff was Wizardmon's job, he was good at it, no clumsy muff. There was a new member in the troupe, with fighting skills and the voice of an angel. She had lost someone she had never known; Angewomon was the name of her own.

The digimon liked this place to go there, it was like a never-ending, happy funfair. But since a few years strange things occurred, small accidents, some digimon had even been severely hurt. A shadow was seen scurrying along the panes, digimon were found half dead, no drop of blood remained in their veins. To make Gomamon and Agumon get the lead, the former director would have taken an oath that there were no rumors of... a ghost. The choirgirls shivered in their desire to make Wizardmon tell his stories of a vampire. This, of course, was not good for the business, so Gomamon and Agumon were demanded for a patron; the one who answered was Angemon.

Everyone knew what no one dared to say, as they feared they would have to pay. The dread which had unfurled, confirmed the reign of... *The Phantom of the Digiworld!* Semiramis makes a curtsy and withdraws while the stage begins to change until the audience stands in the Digiworld.

A/N: I'd like to thank *AthEnA1999* for doing the Beta for me... and believe me... correcting my grammar is a very! hard job:P

Kapitel 1: Angelic voices

A/N: As my dear Beta-reader Athena is terribly busy but I can't wait any longer I'll put up the other chapters now... With all the grammar mistakes... I hope you'll enjoy it although... well y'know... My English isn't that bad for a German girl, is it? (I wonder how many mistakes were in these few lines...) Well... Read and Review please!

Chapter one: Angelic voices

The large building was like a castle of hope in the rays of the sun. On its roof a golden statue of MagnaAngemon killing a demonic Devidramon like the legendary Siegfried in the Ring of the Nibelungen. It heralded the victory of light over darkness. Gomamon and Agumon stood in front of the digimon-theatre, together with Angemon and Etemon, the former director.

"I hope our collaboration will be productive! I would be really disappointed if we'd lose an attraction like this just because of some budget problems!" Said Angemon looking up to the statue of its ultra level form. Agumon and Gomamon nodded while Etemon suddenly coughed out loud, he had not told Angemon about the chorus girl's little stories of a phantom or something like this. And Agumon and Gomamon would not tell the vaccine digimon about them because they thought them to be nothing more but yarns. "Well then, fans! If you need me. I'll be in the desert doing my show!" Etemon spouted and walked away. Actually this sentence's message was. Good Bye... this shed is your problem now! The three digimon looked after him and shrugged. "I think, Angemon we should show you the theatre which influences all of the Digiworld now."

"Yes, Agumon is right." Added Gomamon and the three of them walked into the edifice. Its great foyer had large stairs with a red carpet. Everything was out of marble with golden ornaments reflecting the light, curtains of a velvet red and figures of men and women that seemed to follow the example of human's antic Greek art, their marble skin like ivory. It was the glorious epitome of the happy times the digimon lived in at that moment. But the more light, the darker the shadows...

"Oh it seems there's a rehearsal for this evenings show. Do you want to have a look at it Angemon?" The vaccine nodded and they went into the great auditorium which's ceiling could be opened to let the sun- or moonlight in when the weather was good. As it was always sunny those days in the Digiworld, the hall stayed open day and night. Just the stage that could be turned into a battle arena was covered with a high roof, from which the curtain, movable sets and so on were lowered at the plays or battles. Wooden bridges and walkways were hidden up there for Wizardmon to do his job. "This is our primadonna Arukenimon, she is whom all the digimon want to see! Don't you think her voice is wonderful? And her attacks are quite strong." Began Gomamon rhapsodizing, Angemon raised an eyebrow under his helmet and cleared his throat. "Well... yes, certainly." They walked onto the stage while Mummymon started his solo, but suddenly a female voice shouted at them. "Please my dears! I am training here! Agumon, Gomamon, would you please leave the room. I need complete silence

for my lasses to raise their stats!" A tall good-looking woman in a black leather cat suit with long silver hair rushed over to them in fury. "Ah yes, just a minute." Said Agumon looking up to her. Gomamon addressed to the ballet dancers, the singers, fighters and the stars. "May I have your attention please? I know there have been rumors about that Etemon would finally retire. And I can tell you now. These rumors are true! Agumon and me, we will take over this theatre and with it, we can guard the Digiworld." A lot of the girls screamed in joy that this stupid unmusical baboon would no longer tell them what to do. Even Arukenimon thanked the digi-gods in the sky that they finally had listened to the troupe's fervent prayers. Agumon now continued. "And it's a pleasure for me to introduce you my dear cast to our new patron: Angemon! His holy family of vaccines will support us, as the whole Digiworld." Everyone applauded and Angemon bowed slightly. "I'm proud to support such a good and famous team as you are." The digimon in the tight cat suit cleared her throat and looked at Angemon suspiciously. Gomamon who noticed it decided to perform a little tourist guiding. "Ah well, Angemon... Here we have our dear trainer and dresser, LadyDevimon. She is really good in those jobs. Oh by the way, this Lillymon you can see there at the chorus girls is her daughter. And here our dear soprano Arukenimon we've already shown you. And this is our male star Mummymon, also an amazing talent." Angemon had to shake a lot of hands, fins, branches and so on, finally he bowed and said. "It's an honor for me to meet all these famous digimon, but I believe I'm keeping you from your training. I will be here this evening, to see the show. If you would excuse me now." Angemon bowed and walked down from the stage, through the aisles of red velvet seats and out of the theatre. Two of the chorus girls whispered in the background, one of them was Lillymon; she listened closely to her friend. "It's him... I remember him; we used to play together when we were at rookie level. He was such a cute Patamon." The girls giggled but Lillymon looked after Angemon. "Did you think he noticed you, I believe he glanced at you, when you aimed your celestial arrow, or what ever you call it." Angewomon regarded the crowd of chorus girls and shook her head. "No, I don't think he would recognize me. I had been a Salamon at that time." They were interrupted by LadyDevimon who called them back to continue the training and rehearsing for the evening's show.

"Hey, can you tell me Gomamon?" Whispered Agumon into his mate's ear. "Yes, what'd you want to know?" He whispered back not to disturb the rehearsing. "I still don't understand why this theatre here is supposed to have so much power over the whole Digiworld..." Gomamon sighed he had explained it already a thousand times, it was not so difficult. "The Digiworld is a digital world, created out of computer data, and music is something that is very hard to create with a computer, because euphonic tones consist of so many different and irregular kinds of oscillations and waves that they are very hard to calculate for a computer. That's why music is such a commanding thing in this world. And so, who rules the music, rules the Digiworld. Did you finally understand?" Even though Agumon nodded, Gomamon was sure that his friend did not really understand it, actually because he himself could not quite grasp the whole reason. "Anyway, I don't like Arukenimon singing." Agumon admitted, pointing at the spider digimon. Gomamon scratched his chin with his claws. "Do you think I do? I'm just leading this theatre because of the power of music thing." Agumon nodded and added: "And we earn a lot of money with it!" Gomamon regarded the ballerina's. "AND the money, yes!" Both looked at each other and grinned. Arukenimon came to her final number she whirled around like a gyroscope, her silver hair waving in her own

wind. She screwed her voice higher and higher and suddenly... One of the wooden training tree trunks which hung stored under the roof, crashed down directly into her direction. It banged against her head and knocked her out for some minutes. A loud murmuring went through the heap of chorus girls and Angewomon looked up to the roof, wasn't there a black shadow rushing away? "It's him!" She whispered to Lillymon. "He's here, the phantom of the Digiworld!" Mummymon rushed over to his love. "YOU IDIOTS! Keni! Keni! Are you hurt!" LadyDevimon looked up, too, but she saw no shadow, there was just Wizardmon running to the cable that had been holding the trunk. He shouted down from his walkway. "Please Gomamon, don't look at me! As Azulongmon is my wideness, I was not at my post! And... There's no one there, or if there is... well then it must be a ghost!" He chuckled and added to himself: "... or another undead digimon..." LadyDevimon raised an eyebrow and walked over to the three trunk. There was a crimson letter attached to it...

"Please Arukenimon, these things do happen it was an accident!" Gomamon tried to calm down the just awoken digimon, but she simmered in rage.

"These things do happen? THESE THINGS DO HAPPEN! In the last three years these things do happen permanently and did anyone stopped them from happening! NO! Well if you don't stop these things from happening THIS thing won't happen ever again!" She shouted pointing at herself. She called out for Mummymon to follow her and he did as a little dog would. "Amateurs!"

LadyDevimon walked over to Agumon and Gomamon, moving the crimson letter between her fingers. "I have a message for you two! From the Digiworld's ghost!" She said and opened the letter Agumon groaned and rolled with his eyes. "Oh please! Azulongmon in the skies! Are you all possessed by this stupid fable!" He and Gomamon listened when LadyDevimon told them what was written in it. "He merely welcomes you to his theatre---." She was interrupted by Gomamon who snorted unbelieving. "His theatre? Who does he think he is!" LadyDevimon continued as if she hadn't heard something. "And commends that you continue to keep box five empty for his use!" She pointed at the right side of the stage, a box very much like the others, just that its crimson curtains had been pulled closed. "And he reminds you that his salary is due." She ended without an expression in her face. Agumon and Gomamon glared at this piece of crimson paper. "HIS SALARY!" LadyDevimon shrugged as if she wouldn't care. "Etemon used to give him 20.000 Bits a month, but you can probably afford more. Now you have Angemon as your patron!" The two rookies gasped at such an amount of digital money, and then Agumon got furious remembering something. "Twenty-thousand bits? Actually I wanted to announce our takeover of this theatre at the show today, but obviously we have to cancel it. AS WE'VE SEEM TO HAVE LOST OUR STAR!" The murmur started again; of course he was talking of Arukenimon. "We cannot cancel, we have a full house! We shall have to refund a full house? Are you nuts! Think of all the money!" Gomamon begged at him. LadyDevimon grinned smugly and grabbed the hand of one of the chorus girls. "Angewomon here could take her part. She's in a very good training!" Angewomon blushed as the two rookies looked at her skeptic. "Oh really? Who's your trainer then?" She stammered something that sounded as if she would not know his name, but LadyDevimon interrupted her. "Just let her do it! You'll see she has been well taught." Gomamon and Agumon decided that it could not become worse and let her

do it. At first she had to fight against Leomon, but actually the show was not supposed to be a battle, it should be art combined with what the digimon were born for. Fighting. And Angewomon seemed to be a natural talent, she jumped up, spread her wings and every move was in perfect harmony. It looked magnificent when she rammed her boot into Leomon's face. Everyone applauded and then, the second part followed the part of her singing...

"Think of me...

Think of me fondly, when we've said goodbye.

Remember me...

Once in a while, please promise me, you'll try!

When you find, that once again

You long to take your heart back and be free...

If you ever find a moment

Spare a thoughts to me..."" The whole auditorium was silent as they heard her singing. It was so wonderful, the voice of an angel; of course it was obvious who would get the part in this evening's show, as Arukenimon was still refusing to appear on stage. So Angewomon repeated her fighting and the eyes of the digimon in the audience were filled with tears when she sang...

We never said, our love was evergreen

Or as unchanging as the sea

But if you can still remember

Stop and think of me.

Think of all the things we've shared and seen

Don't think about the things,

Which might have been..." She breathed deeply, she could feel all the eyes on her skin but she did not care, as she knew there was one pair of eyes watching her fondly and giving her the courage to sing.

"Think of me,

Think of me waking, silent and resigned.

Imagine me, trying too hard to put you from my mind

Recall those days; look back on all those times

Think of the things we'll never do,

There will never be a day when I won't think of YOU!" She had her eyes closed feeling the music vibrating through her body. She heard her warm blood rushing in her veins, felt its warmth in her blushed cheeks. Meanwhile in one of the boxes Angemon stand in front of his seat leaning over the parapet to have a better look at her. "Can it be? Could this be my old girlfriend Salamon? Bravo! Bravo!" He was quite sure, this Angewomon was his friend from his rookie days. He applauded and cheered for her. "Long ago, it seemed so long ago... How young and innocent were we...I remember her even though she might not remember me!"

Now as fate, the fruits of summer fade

They have their seasons, so do we

But please promise me that sometimes,

You will think of ME!" She trembled, the hall was full of emotions, she could hardly breath. Her heart was throbbing against her chest. This was it, her great entrance to the Digiworld's power and she knew she never would have achieved it without him... When the music finished and she could leave the stage, with all the flowers the audience had sent up to her in her arms, she was nearly fainting. But she still heard it, the soft voice inside of her head... **"Brava. Brava. Bravissima!"** Lillymon came running to help her walk; she feared her friend would fall unconscious. "Angewomon, Angewomon!" And there it was again this soft and silky voice inside her head. **"Angewomon..."** Lillymon shook her gently. "Where in the world have you been hiding? Really girl you have been perfect! I only wish I'd knew your secret! Who is your great tutor!" Angewomon had to sit down; she shivered slightly and rubbed her arms. "Someone once told me, I would be waiting for someone, I used to dream he'd appear... Now as I sing and fight I can sense him...And I KNOW he's here!" She sighed and walked together with Lillymon into her dressing room. One little candle flared on her table, petals of ruby roses arranged in a circle around it. "Here in this room he calls me softly, somewhere inside, hiding...Somehow I know he's always with me...He the unseen genius..." Lillymon added: "Maybe a virus?" The angelic digimon slumped down onto her chair, she was really exhausted. Lillymon brought her a glass of water. "Angewomon you must have been dreaming! Stories like this can't come true! Angewomon you are talking in riddles! And it's not like you!" But Angewomon did not listen to her friend she was lost in thoughts, lost in her dreams... "Angel of Music guide and guardian, grant to me your glory!" Lillymon grew slightly worried she laid her hand onto Angewomon's forehead but she seemed not to have fever. "Who is this angel---" She was so curious about Angewomon's talent that she joined into her entreaty. "Angel of Music hide no longer! Secret and strange angel!" A cold shudder suddenly ran down the back of the to girlish digimon. "He's with me here by now... all around... it frightens me..." Angewomon suddenly said shivering. "Your hands are cold!... Your face Angewomon it's white... don't be frightened!" Lillymon thought that her friend would just behave so strange because of all the strain, from the show

and so on. When she fell asleep, Lillymon carefully sneaked out of the room trying not to arouse her. She would need her sleep.

Meanwhile Agumon and Gomamon congratulated themselves to their new star, as Angemon asked everyone for Angewomon's dressing room. The new directors showed him the way, with spoiled grins in their faces. Angemon could just shake his head disparaging and silently opened the door. When he saw Angewomon there half laying half sitting stroked down by her tiredness, he softly kissed her lips. "Gatomon where is your ring?" Immediately she startled and jumped up from the chair, blushing. "Oh hello...?" She was confused, not recognizing him. "You can't have lost it. After all the trouble I took. I was just rookie and soaked to the skin..." Slowly her memory came back. "Because you had run into the sea to fetch my ring. Oh, Patamon. So it is you! Angemon." He smiled at her pleasantly. "Salamon, let her mind wander! Salamon thought: Am I fonder of Puppetmons or of sweet little Piximons or shoes?" A smile appeared on Angewomon's face too, she sighed. "Oh Angemon... those picnics in the attic..." As if she wanted to say that he would still be a tall child. "Or of riddles... of Gekomons? Or of chocolate?" She closed her eyes and tried to remember... "Someone was playing the violin..." He liked to help her. "As we read to each other dark stories from the north and of Overdell..." And then Angewomon remembered something she thought to be long forgotten... "No what I love best, Salamon said, is when I am asleep in my bed and the Angel of Music sings songs in my head..." Angemon knew that little verse of her very well, he sighed. "You sang like an angel tonight!" He took her hands into his and tried to kiss her again, but she looked away, absent-minded. "Someone said... When I'm reconfigured, I will send the Angel of Music to you... I think the one who said that must have been reconfigured, Angemon... because I have been visited by the Angel of Music..." She looked at him and he smiled. "Oh no doubt of it! And now we'll go to supper!" He wanted to take her hands but she laid them onto her lap. "No Angemon, the Angel of Music is very strict!" Angemon raised an eyebrow under his helmet he thought she was fooling around like in their rookie days. "Well I shan't keep you up late!" He laughed slightly but Angewomon kept hard. "Angemon no!" She made him laugh even more, although it was a kind laugh. "You must change! I'll order my carriage, two minutes Salamon!" He kissed her hand before she could say something and rushed out of the room. "Angemon, no! Wait!" But it was too late he was already out of the room... She paced up and down, considering whether she ought to follow him or not. But what she did not know was that even if she'd decided so, she had not been able to leave... As someone had locked the door and taken the key with him...

Some minutes went on and Angewomon sat on her chair regarding the candle, suddenly for no further reason it began flickering as if there was wind around... She felt slightly cold and observed; something was different... ***"INSOLENT BOY! This slave of fashion! Basking in your glory! Ignorant FOOL this brave young suitor! Sharing in my triumph!"*** There was it again this sonorous voice but different this time from before. This time the voice sounded infuriated. Angewomon looked up joyously that was what she had waited for. "Angel I hear you! Speak! I listen! Stay by my side, guide me! Angel my soul was weak, forgive me... Enter at last, master..." She fell onto her knees, her hands folded as to a prayer, tears running down from her face. ***"Flattering child you shall know me... See why in shadows I hide... Look at your face in the mirror! I am there INSIDE!"*** Angewomon opened her eyes and turned her head,

indeed there was a misty shadow in her mirror. She stood up and carefully walked over to it... "Angel of Music guide and guardian, grant to me your glory! Angel of Music hide no longer, come to me strange angel!" Her fingertips were already touching the glass when the angel's enticing voice answered her prayer. **"I am your Angel of Music... Come to me, Angel of Music..."** Someone jogged at the door-handle, it was Angemon shouting for her, but she did not listen to HIM. "Whose is that voice? Who is that in there?" But Angewomon could hear nothing but the angel's voice it was like fog gently floating into her head covering her in darkness. **"I am your Angel of Music... Come to me, Angel of Music..."** From outside Angemon was banging his fists against the door, desperately bawling her name. But Angewomon could hear nothing but the angel's voice and all she saw was a dark silhouette in her mirror, coming closer to her. She did not even see the mist skulking into the room, broadening, covering everything in darkness and even smothering the little candle. And all she felt was the cold glass at her fingertips... until it vanished and instead she felt fervent hands seizing her, drawing her into the darkness... It was like flying and she knew she had left the room long ago...

*Uh what will happen now! Don't ask me *eg**

Kapitel 2: The angel of darkness

Chapter two: The angel of darkness

The angel's voice was now closer to her than ever before and not just his voice, she felt his hands leading her ... and she saw him, punting their boat lined with candles over an ocean of darkness, guiding her through a mysterious labyrinth of stone bridges that would never withstand the physical principles. But Angewomon merely noticed those, she could not keep her eyes from that Angel of Music. He had no wings as she had imagined but his black cape weighed in the slight air both caused in running down the stairs. She noticed that its interior was red like blood, but it did not make her shiver, neither the golden bat brooch which clasped it to his medieval-aristocratic suit of pure cerulean. It followed his adequately sculptured body with every fiber, lined with gold and two magenta bat symbols on each sleeve. Two belts of leather black as ebony embraced his thin waist, his just as black boots with a shiny silver bat on one, a skull on the other leaded his persistent pace forwards. The strong but gentle hands holding hers, rested in ash-colored gloves with bat tableaux on the backs. She could not see his face, just his hair, well groomed and combed back as golden as hers, maybe even more angelic. He led her into a dark stone room as high and wide as the theatre's hall. Black and crimson candles were the only lights brightening it, in the middle stood a throne of black marble with crimson veins in it, like lightning, in front of it a stone table, with candles, cards and scripts thereupon. At the back of the room, a giant door was carved into the rock. Angewomon shuddered slightly; this was not what she had dreamed of. He felt her hand quivering in his and slowly he turned his face to her. Everything she saw, everything she felt was petty when his eyes met hers under the helmet. She descended into their shining, icy sapphireiness, captivated by them but still able to behold his well-chiseled face with his strong chin and his glossy amethyst lips with the pointy canine teeth. She noticed the three stray strands of his cherubic hair falling gently over the mask... The mask that veiled the upper part of his face, underlining his pale blue skin in its opaque crimsonness, its tips shaped like a bat's wings... She could not withhold her emotions to overwhelm her, could not hinder the words to burst out of her deepest heart...

"In sleep he sang to me

In dreams he came.

That voice which calls to me

And speaks my name...

And do I dream again?

For now I find

The phantom of the Digiworld is there

Inside my mind... "She fell onto her knees engulfed of her feelings, her mind spinning in black spirals of darkness and craving. She felt her body lifting from the ground and then realized that it were his powerful arms, supporting her feeble flesh. She gazed up to his face as he carried her and saw him rocked by emotions too.

"Sing once again with me

Our strange duet!

My power over you,

Grows stronger yet.

And though you turn from me,

To glance behind.

The phantom of the Digiworld is there

Inside your mind!" His voice, that voice which had encouraged her all day and night far away in the theatre, now as she heard it purely, its gloomy but equally persuading and heartening intonation, made her soul surrender to his tune... But his eyes were so strange, stunning but still... they reminded her at something she had known far away in the theatre...

"Those who have seen your face,

Draw back in fear...

I am the mask you wear...

It's me they hear!

***My spirit and my voice
In one combined.***

The phantom of the Digiworld is there

Inside your mind." Voices like ghosts echoed in her ear. "He's there, the Phantom of the Digiworld. . . Beware the Phantom of the Digiworld . . ." White shadows floated through the room like specters, she began to shiver but he expelled them away with a wave of his hand.

"In all your fantasies,

***You always knew
That man
And mystery...***

Where both in you...

*And in this labyrinth,
Where night is blind,
The Phantom of the Digiworld
Is there inside my mind...
Sing, my Angel of Music!*

He's there, the Phantom of the Digiworld... "She began upraising her voice in a high and steady tone, standing in front of him, not looking at him, her wings pressed against his chest...**"Sing my Angel of Music!"** While his hands sustained her, recumbent at her sides, approximately at the level of her breast, cautious not to touch her. **"Sing my angel!"** She sang, upraising her voice the more, the tighter his hands lay onto her ribs, gentle but in firm support. **"Sing for me..."** She had to close her eyes as the candles began to blind her; she felt his soft breath on her throat. Relishing it and shivering slightly she hurt the tune. **"Siiing!" Sing my angel!"** Slowly her lungs began to sting and her heart throbbed in rhythm with her voice, she laid her head into her nape. **"SING FOR ME!"** And she sang as fervidly as she was able to, she felt his quaking hands and her feet loosing the ground...

And then it was like vacuum in her lungs and the blood rushing in her ears simply drowned every other sound out. It was like being born, when the oxygen filled her lungs again and she subsided into his arms. He carried her to the throne, feeling her long golden hair falling softly over his arm. She watched him out of half closed eyes and listened to his reassuring voice. "I have brought you, to the seat of sweet shadow's throne. To this kingdom where all must pay homage to darkness...darkness." He sighed silently laying her down in his throne. "You have come here, for one purpose and one alone... Since the moment I first heard you sing, I have needed you with me to serve me to sing for my music, my darkness..." He looked at her and closed his eyes, sighing deeply. He skimmed over his hair like pondering and then he let her succumb to his tempting voice.

"Night-time sharpens

Heightens each sensation

Darkness stirs and wakes imagination

Silently the senses abandon their defenses..."He began slowly pacing through the room, hiding there where the candles' light could not touch him.

"Slowly, gently night unfurls its splendor

Grasp it! Sense it! Tremulous and tender.

Turn your face away

From the garish light of day

Turn your thoughts away

From cold, unfeeling light...

And listen to the music of the night---!"Angewomon had sat up and was listening to him, spellbound by the sound of his voice and the conjuring of his eyes, which seemed to rest in hers under the helmet.

"Close your eyes

And surrender to your darkest dreams

Purge your thoughts

Of the life you knew before

Close your eyes

Let your spirit start to soar-----

And you'll live

As you've never lived before---..."Wherever he wandered his eyes were with hers, as much as his voice was with her heart. She felt him like the blood rushing through her veins and hoped he would feel her, too.

"Softly, deftly music shall caress you

Hear it, feel it,

Secretly possess you...

Open up your mind

Let your fantasies unwind

In this darkness which you know

You cannot fight...

The darkness of the music of the night---!"He took a deep breath as if to suck in all the darkness and then he upraised his voice to its full splendor...

"Let your mind start a journey

Through a strange, new world!

Leave all thoughts

Of the life you knew before!

Let your soul take you where

You long to BE-----" He stand quite in front of her, she looked up to him like a rookie to an ultra, with naïve curiosity and inexperience, believing he would never, could never, hurt her. And he shivered when he kneeled down to be at the level of her eyes. Softly as his hand caressed her hair, his voice caressed her mind.

"... Only then

Can you belong to me...

Floating, falling, sweet intoxication

Touch me, trust me

Savor each sensation

Let the dream begin!

Let your darker side give in!

To the power of the music that I write

The power of the music of the NIGHT!" He took her hands into his, leaning his head against her shoulder, hearing her lively sensual heartbeat at this moment of touch. And when he stood up he almost whispered than sang...

"You alone

Can make my soul take flight..." She looked at him and he steeped aside revealing an image of her... Like a ghostly reflection of herself... in a silken white wedding gown, slightly veiled by a velvety fog. Amazed and ingenuous she reached out to touch the heavenly dress, slightly dazed and unaware of the person wearing it... When suddenly the image thrust its hand through the fog grabbing her arm roughly. She screamed and fainted. As he caught her, a silent smile flew over his lips. He took her into his arms and carried her to the room he had prepared in his castle of darkness, just for her... He laid her down onto the four-poster, wondering how light she actually was. His forefinger fondled over her cheek, carefully not to touch her helmet. He did not want her to arouse.

"Help me

Make the music of the

N-i-g-h-t-----..."He sighed and walked over to his study room, next to hers.

Myotismon sat down in front of his desk a large book covered in black leather laid

down upon it. He had studied in it this evening before he had heard her singing in the show. He laid his head onto the book's cold pages... "What have I done... How foolish can one be?" He never wanted to take her with him, never. She did not belong into this world, into this castle of darkness... But when he heard her voice this evening he lost his mind to her. And how she had yearned for him to reveal himself... "Angel of Music..." He gasped despaired. "How suitable... Angel of darkness, angel of blood, angel of death... wouldn't those fit much better? How could I be so naïve, such a lovelorn fool!" He tried to calm himself, but his mind was wandering... "They surely have noticed her disappearance already... And this loathsome Wizardmon will surely scare the chorus girls by now." He shook his head, rebuking himself. "Why did he have to see me! Why had I been so careless when I bowed over one of these stupid chorus girls that night? And why did she have to defend her self and beating down my mask! My unlucky fate that this drunkard of a workman was stumbling around there... WHY DID HE HAVE TO SEE MY FACE!" He banged his fist onto the desk, making the candles on it nearly topple down. "But well... It is advantageous though too... When this stupid chorus girls and these incompetent directors are timorous of me, no one will sniff around in my matters..." -Beside of one little blonde Angel of Music!- A malicious tiny voice in his head remind him. "This is my own shortcoming... I never ought to begin training her... But she had so much talent, all she needed was a stimulus." -You could have stopped after you gave it to her.- Said the little voice. He wondered where it came from; it was surely not some sort of conscience... "Yes I could have... but... no I couldn't, I could not withstand her longing to hear me... I tried to... I know I did... but only two days without my voice sufficed to made her throw herself helplessly to the floor of her dressing room, sobbing in desolation. Like a spoilt child... Five days and she smashed her fists into the mirror, cutting her hands and wrists, bleeding onto my addiction... She nearly had discovered the digiport I use to get to the theatre... That's why... That's why I cannot leave her!" He sighed but the little voice inside of his head would not ease. -So that's the whole reason, is it? How altruistic you are!- He screamed in frenzy and rubbed his temples. The walls were of thick stone, she would not awake. "Why! Why don't YOU leave!..." He buried his face in his hands and felt tears running down his wrists. "Because I cannot... I am incarcerated in my darkness... I cannot be with ...her... BECAUSE OF THIS!" He whipped off his mask and walked over to one of the mirrors. He had them everywhere in his castle, those mirrors bewitched with darkness so they would never show a data or vaccine, but a digi-vampire. This was his way to remind himself why he would never be able to be with those happy little digimon in the world out there. He forced himself to stare at his reflection, to look at his face. He turned round leaning his back against the heartless glass, gasping and nearly suffocating on his tears. He needed to get out, needed the cold air of night on his skin, needed blood... Angewomon would surely be sleeping for some hours... He took his mask from the dark corner in which he had flung it, grabbed his cape and plunged into the night.

Meanwhile Lillymon managed to find the second key for Angewomon's dressing room. Carefully she unlocked the door and entered into the dark. After lighting up a candle, the room seemed quite homier to her. She looked around but there was not even a blond hair of Angewomon. Lillymon found that her friend was obviously not there. She turned around and wanted to leave the room when she noticed that her candle flickered in a slight draught. Again she looked around and this time she saw that Angewomon's mirror was leaned slightly aside, like a door... She went over to it

and was surprised when she found that it actually seemed to be a door. Behind it was a dark aisle; at its end something glowed gently. She walked down the corridor and saw a misty gray sphere incorporated in the wall. Her curiosity told her to touch it while her mind shouted a clear and unmistakable NO! But as she was a very typical chorus girl, her curiosity prevailed. Her hand converged to the sphere, her fingertips where just atoms away from it... and suddenly out of the darkness behind her, a hand grabbed for her shoulder and drew her back into Angewomon's dressing room. LadyDevimon glared at her. "Foolish girl! I always told you not to sneak around in the phan...in those matters!" She pushed Lillymon out of the room and closed the mirror door, sighing. Then she locked the door of Angewomon's dressing room.

Myotismon strode the night; yes night was his element, no one around... Hardly anyone, and those who were, did not care for a guy with cape and mask. This district was good... at least for him. It was full of inebriated digimon or the sort of female digimon that... well let's just say: streetwalkers. He was handsome, beside of what was hidden under the mask and often one of these girls blinked her eyes at him, like this night, too. A condescendingly grin appeared on his face and he nodded. She walked into a blind alley with him, not knowing that he unlike her other suitors was not yearning for her tainted flesh.

No one took notice of the fact that she was not with him when he left the alley. He wiped down the rest of blood from the corner of his mouth and wanted to pace into darkness again... "Myotismon?" He stopped petrified. How could someone...? "Why do you think you know me?" He said slowly turning around and then looking toward a familiar face. "I never forget someone who saved my life, twice." DemiDevimon said with a friendly smile. "Once when I had this terrible disease and the second time, when that Scorpimon had hit me with its sting." Myotismon was surprised of meeting him, and in a deep struggle whether this was a good or a bad incident. "Yes, yes!" He said slightly bored and impatient. "And you saved mine, when Piedmon tried to kill me...I'll never fail to remember: blood with crushed glass splinters. And when you helped me to flee from File Island... We're quits! You do not owe me something, neither do I... So why did you come to Server?" He was still not sure if he was pleased about seeing DemiDevimon or if this could become a problem. They walked through the city's dim park. "Well after your flight from File Island... I wasn't very popular there. Of course they had no proof that I had helped you, but I was suggested to leave... I'm a policemon now!" Myotismon looked at the fluttering digimon and raised an eyebrow. "I thought only vaccines were permitted to?" DemiDevimon denied and told him that now, as times had changed into peace, vaccines and viruses worked together in harmony. Somehow this idea made Myotismon shiver. "And? What have you done all the time?" Myotismon writhed inward, now he knew this meeting was not good... "As you know me. I have studied most of the time..." DemiDevimon flapped in front of him now; obviously he wanted to get rid of something. "Yes as I know you! That's quite the cue, because I KNOW you!" Myotismon looked at him astonished. What did he mean? Actually he knew something... "Well in my role as policemon, I became acquainted with the case of the digimon theatre..." He left a short break to see Myotismon's reaction, but there was none. "Ahem... Did you know that many accidents happened there? Peculiar accidents?" Myotismon shrugged and walked on. "These things are not my concern! Anyway, why should I care?" DemiDevimon followed him; he fluttered onto the level of Myotismon's eyes. "Well... there is a

certain blackmailer calling himself the 'phantom of the Digiworld' and those accidents were really strange... I mean digimon without blood in their veins... petrified digimon... reconfigured digimon... digimon hanged and strangulated with crimson lightning ropes... This handwriting seems to be yours, Myotismon!" The tall' s eyes narrowed to slits and he grinded his teeth. "So the first one that you thought of to be the perpetrator, was me? Even though at that point you did not even know I was here? It is quite exhilarating to learn how much you actually trust me!" He turned and wanted to leave but DemiDevimon would not let him. "You're not factual. I did not say it was you, I've just admitted a certain analogy... Well I thought if you know that guy... inform him that it would be wise to stop these accidents from happening..." Myotismon smiled impressed. -He's cleverer than I thought!- Flashed through his mind. "I will tell him so, if I ever should come across him!" He said and paced into the darkness, while DemiDevimon looked after him. "Myotismon!" The rookie called out for his old friend. "Angemon is already searching for her... Let her go!" First Myotismon just twitched, then he was like petrified. He did not turn around. "The ice on which you are walking is very thin... DemiDevimon!" He had not even thought of going away when DemiDevimon flapped over to him. "Oh please Myotismon! We both know it very well!" Myotismon whirled round and shouted at him. "Yes we both know it very well! That whenever a digimon is reconfigured or disappears, it is the guilt of the vampire, the monster, the deformity!" He clenched his fists and stared into DemiDevimon's eyes. What hurt him the most was that this little bunch of feathers was objectively even right. She was with him... But she was... Myotismon calmed down. "Yes... She is with me. But do you know what! She's with me on her own will! Unbelievable right? But in fact she asked me to take her with me!" His lips curled in a smugly smile. "But thank you for reminding me. I must go now and see whether my guest had woken." DemiDevimon grabbed his arm to hold him back and the vampire suddenly winced like he was hurt. "Myotismon, are you still...?" He sounded quite worried and released him. "No... Yes, infrequent. They are fairly difficult to get here. You had been my only source." Myotismon said rubbing his arm. "Well this way it is better for you!" DemiDevimon admitted, while his friend could just laugh disdainful. "Yes, of course! It is much better for me that my eyes start to ache at the slightest piece of light and my skin begins to itch with every ray of the sun! You are right, that's so much better for me!" DemiDevimon sighed, probably he would regret it later but... "I think... I could bring you some..." Myotismon looked at him pleasantly surprised. "Are you serious? You do remember you're a policemon?" DemiDevimon nodded and said that he should tell him where he could find him. Myotismon trusted him enough to explain him how to align a digiport onto his castle of darkness. "There's only one condition. You have to let Angewomon go!" Myotismon groaned in disbelief. "You should not overstrain our friendship. I told you. She is granted to leave whenever she likes to do so! Good bye my friend." He said disappearing in the night.

LadyDevimon drew Lillymon into the chorus girl's dormitory but everyone was awake, listening and cheering to one of Wizardmon's stories of the phantom of the Digiworld... He jumped around with a torn blanket as a cape; grunting and snorting like a monster. Trying to scare the little chorus girls, obviously with success as they laughed in joyous fear.

"Like pale blue parchment is his skin! A black hole around those ice-cold eyes, where data never grew!" From under his jacket he fetched an old rope bound like a hangman'

s loop.

"You must be always on your guard! Or he will catch you, with his crimson lightning lasso!" He grabbed one of the girls and acted as if he wanted to strangle her. LadyDevimon could not stand this way of ridiculing something so dangerous. She walked over to him and sent the girl away.

"Those who speak of what they know, find to late that prudent silent is wise! Wizardmon, fool, hold your tongue!" She slapped him in the face and lay the loop around his neck and fastened it with one strong pull. "KEEP YOUR HAND ON THE LEVEL OF YOUR EYES! Or he will burn you with his' cold as ice!"

It was dawning and Myotismon had come back into the eternal darkness of his castle and returned to his studies.

When Angewomon slowly opened her eyes, at first she did not remember where she was or how she had get there. She looked around in the dimness feeling the velvet pillow at her cheek. Gradual she got up from the bed and barefooted walked through the room, her hands groped for the walls to lead her to the door... And slowly her memory began to return... "I remember there was mist... swirling mist upon a vast glassy lake..." She opened the door and made her way stumbling down the corridor until she saw a faint shimmer of light at a threshold. "There were candles all around, and on the lake there was a...boat..." She carefully opened the door, first blinded after the darkness, even by some little candles' light. "And in the boat there was... a man." Myotismon lifted his head for a second, listening up. He briefly turned around glancing at her and then... returned to his studies... He had a strange feeling, as if he could not look into her eyes. She walked over to him, remembering her Angel of Music. She reached for his mask but he turns almost catching her. "Who was that shape in the shadows?" Again and again she attempted to grasp the crimson veiling, being stopped by him several times. But she still caressed his face. He tried to ignore her, tried to ignore the soft hands on his shoulder and cheek. "Whose is the face in the mask...?" He still tried to ignore her though his head followed every movement of her hands upon it, as if an intuition would tell him to do so. But he could not ignore her hands removing his mask eventually...

He yelled out agonized and jumped up from his chair, turning from her, hiding his face with his hands. In the first second he was paralyzed by distress but then his wrath was as hellish as the darkness filling his castle. Brutally he thrust her away and glared at her. "DAMN YOU! YOU LITTLE PRYING PANDORA! YOU LITTLE DAEMON! IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED TO SEE?" She was on her back trying to skid away from him; his eyes were filled with hatred. "CURSE YOU! YOU LITTLE LYING DELILAH ! YOU LITTLE VIPER! NOW YOU CANNOT EVER BE FREE!" He yelled at her and swept away the candles from his desk with one strike. "DAMN YOU!...CURSE YOU!..." He suddenly saw his reflection in the mirror and then his ire lessened deferring to his anguish and black despair. "Stranger than you dreamt it, can you even dare to look? Or bear to think of me? This loathsome gargoyle! Who burns in hell... but secretly... YEARNNS FOR HEAVEN... secretly... secretly... But Angewomon..." He gazed at her and lost the rest of his rage when he saw her watching him with fear of his outburst but still with sympathy and shattered faith...

"Fear can turn to love

You'll learn

To see,

To find the men

Behind the monster, this

Repulsive carcass who

Seems a beast,

But secretly, dreams

Of Beauty, secretly

Secretly...

Oh Angewomon..."He fell down onto his knees next to her covering his face with one hand, the other reaching out to her. She trembled still shocked, not so much of his face but of his fury. Though there were hardly three candles burning, she could see the shiny moist lines down his cheeks as clear as she could taste her own salty tears. It took her a moment, which appeared to him like eternity, to realize that her hands still clutched his mask, with outstretched arm she passed it over to him. He turned from her and put it on. Still slightly shaky he got up, calming himself... Now he felt no longer as vulnerable as he had without his mask. He looked down at her. "Come. We must return. Those two fools who run my theatre will be missing you."

He led her to the digiport without losing a word. –He's no angel...- She thought. –He's a digimon, like me, like Lillymon, like Angemon...- There was still a difference between angels and angelic digimon. "Angewomon." His voice was slightly husky from the shouting so he nearly whispered. She looked at him absent-minded. "You can... return to me, whenever you like..." She regarded him like a rebuked child, not really grasping what she had done wrong. He explained her how to use the digiport in her dressing room, it was a special one connected to only two places. His castle of darkness and her room... "Just do not tell someone about anything you have seen and learned here." She nodded and almost touched the digiport when she remembered something. "Wait... I still do not know your name..." She said looking down onto her feet, she did not dare to look into his eyes although he was looking much more amiable now. "Certainly not Angel of Music..." He sighed deeply and revealed the proper denomination of the angel of darkness. "... Myotismon..." And she felt herself drawn back into her dressing room... There she slumped down onto the floor, she was so mentally shattered, when LadyDevimon found her, she stammered in her arms. "My Angel of Music is no angel. He is a man... He is a digimon... He is not immortal and heavenly... He is defenseless... His soul suffers in purgatory... His name is not Angel of Music... His name is Myotismon..." She fell asleep held by LadyDevimon, who

skimmed over Angewomon's blond hair. "I know... He's a poor child..." She sighed looking into the mirror.

Please R&R

Kapitel 3: Poor fools they make him laugh

Chapter three: Poor fools they make him laugh

It was afternoon when Agumon walked into the theatre with a print copy of "Shellmon's board" in his claws. He looked at it in and shook his head, looked at it again and nodded. "Mystery after gala night... It says mystery! A soprano's flight!" He shook his head again and paced up and down the hallway. "Mystified, all the papers say. We are mystified, we suspect foul play!" He crumpled the paper and burned it with a little flame. "Bad news on soprano's seat. First Arukenimon, now Angewomon, what a treat!" He looked up and down the hallway, but there was no one yet. "Still... at least the seats get sold... Gossip's worth its weight in gold!" He sighed and leaned against the marble decorated wall. "What a way to run a business! Spare me these unending trials! Half your cast disappears but the Digiworld still cheers... Theatre! To hell with cluck and handle, have a scandal in your show to have a hit!" Suddenly Gomamon rushed over to him with a crimson letter in his claws. "Damnable! Will they all walk out? Damnable!" Agumon hopped to him dragging him away from the entrance. "Gomamon please don't shout! It's publicity and the take is vast! Free publicity!" Gomamon shook his head, pushed him away and shouted at him. "But we have no CAST!" Agumon still tried to calm his colleague down and led him to a window. "Gomamon have you seen the queue?... Ahem... It seems you've got one too?" He pointed at the crimson letter he had just noticed. The white digimon unfolded it and started to read aloud. "Dear Gomamon, what a charming gala...Angewomon enjoyed a great success! We were hardly bereft when Arukenimon left! Otherwise the chorus was entrancing, but the dancing was a lamentable mess!" Agumon showed him his own crimson letter and began reading it for Gomamon. "Dear Agumon just a brief reminder! My salary has not been paid! Send it 'care of the ghost' by return of post... p.t.o. ..." He turned the letter and read on with discomfort. "No-one likes a debtor, so it's better, if my orders are obeyed!" He looked at Gomamon who just could shake his head. "Who will have the gall to send this? Someone with a puerile brain?" Agumon compared the two letters and told him. "These are both signed D.G.!" Gomamon was not surprised about that but he wondered. "Who the hell is he!" And then both came to the conclusion. "DIGIWORLD'S GHOST!" Agumon shook his head in disbelief. "It's really not amusing!" Gomamon took the letters and destroyed them. "He's abusing our position!" And Agumon rolled his eyes distressed. "In addition he wants money!" Gomamon agreed with him. "He's a funny sort of specter to expect a large retainer, nothing plainer!" They both came to a solution about this phantom. "He is clearly quite insane!" Suddenly they heard a voice and turned around.

"Where is she!" It was Angemon who faced them. "You mean Arukenimon?" He denied fast. "I mean Angewomon! Where is she?" Agumon just shrugged. "Well, how should we know!" That was not what Angemon expected. "I want an answer! I take it that you sent me this note?" He pointed at them with a letter... "What's all this nonsense?" Agumon replied looking confused. "Of course not!" Gomamon told him, while Agumon tried to express. "Don't look at us!" Angemon walked closer to them, puzzled. "She's not with you then?" They shook their heads. "Of course not! We're in

the dark!" They shouted and Angemon tried to calm everyone including himself. "Dear digimon, don't argue! Isn't this the letter you wrote?" Agumon looked at him bewildered. "And what is it that we're meant to have wrote... nghn.. written?" Gomamon took the crimson letter from Angemon and started reading it aloud. "Do not fear for Angewomon. The Angel of Music has her under his wing! Make no attempt to see her again!" The three looked at each other in uncertainty. "If you didn't write it... Then who did!" Angemon slowly said when suddenly from behind them a shrill voice resounded. "Where is he?" It was Arukenimon, Gomamon cheered. "Oh welcome back!" But she was in no good mood. "Your precious patron! Where is he!" A crowd of fans followed her, including some Gotsumon and a Pumpkinmon with a bunch of roses in its arms. "What is it now?" Angemon asked, walking over to her. "I have your letter! A letter, which I rather resent!" She shrieked. Agumon looked up to Angemon. "And did you send it?" But the vaccine shook his head. "Of course not!" Gomamon nodded viewing the letter from far. "As if he would!" Arukenimon did not want to believe him. "You didn't send it!" She asked him, using her pitched voice. "Of course not!" He replied and Gomamon still wanted to know: "What's going on!" Arukenimon did not notice him; she was still occupied with Angemon. "You dare to tell me, that this is not the letter you sent?" Angemon took the crimson letter from her. "And what is it that I'm meant to have sent?" He opened it and as for the other three, started to read it aloud. "Your days at the digimon theatre are numbered... Angewomon will be singing on your behalf tomorrow night...!" Arukenimon pointed at her rookie directors with disgust. "Angewomon!" But she was shushed out for the others wanted to know the rest of the letter. "Be prepared for a great misfortune, should you attempt to take her place!" A silence followed, then Agumon spoke out what everyone was thinking. "Far too many notes for my taste! And most of them about Angewomon!" He took Arukenimon's hand and Gomamon followed. "All we've heard since we came is Angewomon's name!"

Suddenly LadyDevimon walked over to the group together with Lillymon. "Angewomon has returned." Agumon turned around to her slightly dryly. "I trust her midnight oil is well and truly burned!" Gomamon looked at her with curiosity. "Where precisely is she now?" LadyDevimon bowed and replied. "I thought it best, that she went home!" There was a strange look in her eyes. "She needed rest." Lillymon added and Angemon rushed over to them. "May I see her?" But LadyDevimon refused. "No digimon. She will see no one!" Arukenimon furiously asked: "Will she sing? Will she sing!" LadyDevimon smiled jovial but it looked kind of spiteful. "Here, I have a note." She said handing a crimson letter over to someone who would take it. Everyone rushed to her, in unison they shouted. "LET ME SEE IT!" But Agumon took it from her. "Please?" He unfolded one more letter this afternoon and again everyone listened tensed. "Gentlemon! I have now sent you several notes of the most amiable nature, detailing how MY theatre is to be run!" He looked up from the letter at the crowd around him and showed his disgruntled disbelief.

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-Flashback

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After Myotismon had send Angewomon back to the theatre he returned to his desk and drafted a certain note. He caused every communication system to collapse, so he could not utilize e-mails. As he was alone he let his mind wander and spoke while his quill was flying over the paper, drawing ink as red as blood. "You have not followed my instructions! I shall give you one last chance!" He dunked the raven's quill into the inkstand and continued. "Angewomon has returned to you and I am anxious her career should progress. In the new production of 'Il Muto' you will therefore cast Arukenimon as the pageboy!" Myotismon grinned as he imagined the directors' faces on this order. "And put Angewomon in the role of countess..." -A countess...- He thought. - Will be the perfect role for her... A count's bride...- He was alluding to the fact that many of the famous vampires he knew had been counts. "The role which Angewomon plays calls for charm and appeal. The role of the pageboy is silent, which makes my casting, in a word: ..." He leaned back and smiled derisory. "Ideal!" He dunked the quill again and wrote on. "I shall watch the performance from my normal seat in box five, which will be kept empty for me." He licked over his lips and mused about; what would be a polite ending for this letter. "Should these commands be ignored, a disaster beyond your imagination will occur! I remain, gentlemon, your obedient servant. D.G." He was pleased and carefully he folded the letter, he took one of the crimson envelopes and inserted his note. The blood red wax was hot enough and he sealed the letter with his hallmark. A bat whose head was a skull. Afterwards he went to the digiport and took care of the note being found by someone reliable...

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Back in the theatre.

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Arukenimon was furious, she yelled. "ANGEWOMON! It's all a ploy to help Angewomon!" Her directors tried to calm her. "This is insane!" But she was in a rage that could not be stopped so easily, she was a diva! "I know who sent this! Angemon, her lover!" She pointed at him malicious. "Indeed! Can you believe this!" He replied not caring for her accusing face. Arukenimon rushed away followed by her fans and the pleading Agumon and Gomamon. "Arukenimon let us not listen from afar! You are our star! And always will be!" She just pushed them away not listening to them. "My dear, the man is mad! We don't take orders!" Agumon stood there telling everyone the decision. "Angewomon will be playing the pageboy! The silent role!" The crowd listened up, and Gomamon announced. "Arukenimon will be playing the lead!" She heard him but she was still sulky and waxing melodramatic. "It's useless trying to appease me! You're only saying this to please me!" No one was able to convince her, her voice just drowned the others out. LadyDevimon shook her head onto such foolishness. "Who scorn his word, beware to those, the angel sees the angel knows!" She told Lillymon, while Arukenimon was still relishing her diva-fit. "You have reviled me! You have rebuked me!" Angemon did not listen to them he was worried. "Why did Angewomon fly from my arms?" But the rest of them cared about their star and everyone groveled for her. "Arukenimon pardon us!" She shouted at them "You have replaced me!" And everyone, especially Mummymon bootlicked. "Please Arukenimon we beseech you!" She rushed down the stairs to the entrance. While LadyDevimon

was prophesying "This hour shall see your darkest fears, the angel knows the angel hears!" Angemon asked himself where Angewomon went to. And the others followed the spider digimon. "Please Arukenimon sing for us! Don't be a martyr! What new surprise lies in store!" She opened the door and saw the cheering masses. It pleased her, especially as a little Patamon handed her a single red rose. "Could you please give this to Angewomon?" And she stared at him with big eyes. Agumon and Gomamon drew her back into the theatre closing the door. "Your public needs you!" Gomamon said to her with his most adoring look. "We need you, too!" Agumon added with a heartening voice. "Would you not rather have your precious little ingénue? She hissed at them but they replied lenient. "Arukenimon, no! The world wants you!" They took her hands and walked with her up the stairs again, when some of the watching chorus girls mocked. "Anyway... who had the idea to perform operas! If we wouldn't we wouldn't need a bitch like her!" The Floramon said to her friends. "I think after Etemon they wanted to have a little bit of posh culture in here..." They continued chatting while Agumon and Gomamon were still occupied with Arukenimon. "Primadonna, first lady of the stage! Your devotees are on their knees to implore you!" Gomamon actually always was on his knees. "Can you bow out, when they're shouting your name?" Agumon petted her hand and twinkled up to her. "Think of how they all adore you!" The whole crowd of her fans begged her. "Arukenimon enchant us once again!" She looked at them far more pleased. "Think of your muse!" Even Mummymon had joined them now. "And of the queues round the theatre!" Agumon reminded her. "Can you deny us the triumph in store? Sing! Primadonna, once more!" Added Gomamon appellative. Meanwhile Angemon stood slightly away from this hubbub. "Angewomon spoke of an angel... Is this her Angel of Music?" After all Arukenimon was pleased with them, finally she decided to stay. Gomamon whispered to Agumon: "We'll get our opera!" And Agumon whispered a reply. "She gets her limelight! Leading ladies are a trial!" Arukenimon lamented to herself. "Follow where the limelight leads you! You'll sing again, and to unending ovation! Think how you'll shine in that final encore! Sing, Primadonna, once more!" Agumon and Gomamon cheered to her and encouraged her. "Tears . . . oaths . . Lunatic demands are regular occurrences! Surely there'll be further scenes -worse than this!" Lillymon stood close to LadyDevimon and they both pondered deeply. "Is this ghost an angel or a madman... Bliss or damnation? Which has claimed her...?" LadyDevimon shook her head in appraise. "Heaven help you, those who doubt...this miscasting will invite damnation..." Angemon mused about the letters of what seemed to be Angewomon's angel. "Angel or madman? Orders, warnings, lunatic demands!" LadyDevimon heard the directors talking and did not agree with them. "Oh fools, to have flouted his warnings! Think, before these demands are rejected!" She made Angemon nervous with her foreshadowing. "Surely, for her sake..." But Lillymon interrupted him. "Surely he'll strike back!" But he was not a sissy that could be scared so easily. "I must see these demands are rejected!" Lillymon however was more than worried. "...If his threats and demands are rejected! Angewomon must be protected!" Meanwhile Agumon and Gomamon were more than relived about Arukenimon coming back. "Who'd believe a diva happy to relieve a chorus girl, who's gone and slept with the patron? Angemon and the soubrette, entwined in love's duet! Although he may demur, he must have been with her!" Agumon said and Gomamon joked happily. "You'd never get away with all this in a play, but if it's loudly sung and in a foreign tongue it's just the sort of story audiences adore, in fact a perfect opera!" Angemon grew more and more confident. "His game is over! And in Box Five a new game will

begin... Angewomon plays the pageboy, Arukenimon plays the countess!" Indeed he was very optimistic unlike LadyDevimon who had a negative presentiment. "This is a game you cannot hope to win! For, if his curse is on this theatre... then I fear the outcome... should you dare to..." She knew it was perilous to pick a quarrel with the phantom of the Digiworld... As Lillymon knew, too. "But if his curse is on this theatre... then I fear the outcome... when you once again..." But the theatre's directors did not care very much about this superstitious phantasm. "Primadonna the world is at your feet! A nation waits, and how it hates to be cheated!" And the less believed Arukenimon in it, she had enough problems. "The stress that falls upon a famous Primadonna! Terrible diseases, coughs and colds and sneezes! Still, the driest throat will reach the highest note, in search of perfect opera!" So all but three digimon hailed to Arukenimon and to the new opera. "Light up the stage with that age old rapport! Sing, Primadonna, once more!" And no one noticed the flock of bats drooping high under the stage's roof listening conscientiously and no one noticed their master's voice... "So, it is to be war between us! If these demands are not met, a disaster beyond your imagination will occur!" Maybe three of them heard it, but if, they displaced it...

The next day came, the day of the digimon-theatre's first opera. Everyone was nervous, especially Angewomon. No one had informed her about the letters as the casting remained as it was originally planned. But still she was nervous as it was a very important play for the Digiworld, because it was so full of the thing ruling this world... music... "I wonder... what he thinks of me being mute this time..." She said to herself pacing through her dressing room in the late morning. "I'm so excited, the tension is killing me..." She sighed and thought of so many things she could do now to calm herself... But nothing that came to her mind would really help, nothing but one thing...

Myotismon was just searching for a special book in his library when he heard something... strayed steps slightly away from this room. –A suicidal intruder!- He thought malicious. –Surely one of these nosy chorus girls... I have to belay the mirror's lock more thorough...- He readied his Crimson Lightning and plunged into the blackness of his castle's corridors. No one could see a hand before one's eyes in this darkness, beside of him. It was his element and his azure eyes got used to it in all those years. It was indeed a young woman, with light steps, obviously a chorus girl, feeling the walls to find a way. He saw the vague shape of her back, about fifty feet in front of him. Little crimson sparks imperceptible began to flash under his gloves. He was ready to jump, to sling his Crimson Lightning around her neck and throttle her, or break this feeble shaft... He felt the energy floating out of each fingertip binding to a crimson rope of lightning. He shoot out of the dark towards her. And suddenly she turned around with a little lantern in her hands. She screamed in shock and fear it was her luck that he was blinded by the sudden light, if not she would have been dead immediately. He tripped backwards taken by surprise and brightness, covering his eyes and then he heard her screaming in the dimness through which she could not see what had attacked her. And he realized how close he had been to the most disastrous mistake he ever could have made. "Angewomon!" She gasped and listened up, then she blew out the candle in her lantern. "Myotismon where are you?" She felt a hand taking hers and instantly breathed a sigh of relief. He led her through the darkness. There was a slight reproof in his voice. "What are you doing here, girl? You should be

rehearsing!" She did not answer she feared the darkness too much, she was scared if she would open her mouth it would creep into her body. She sighed again when they came into the candle enlightened study room. She sat down onto his chair while he watched her his arms crossed in front of his chest. "I don't like you to be ambitionless!" She looked at him like a sulky child and his annoyance vanished. "I'm just so nervous... I needed to hear your voice, angel of... Myotismon..." He could not withhold a kind smile for her. "Angewomon..." He said gently. "You have to return at once, they'll be missing their star." She smiled her most angelic smile. "It is nice of you to say that, even though my role is completely mute and no one will hear my voice tonight." He gasped slightly. –They dare to disobey?– He was consternated for a second. They had outraged him. "Is it so, indeed?" She did not like the way his gaze darkened. "Anyway you must leave me now, for I am engaged, my dear." She was disenchanted, why did he send her away. "And next time you come here, call out my name. Be assured I will hear you." He said before she parted. When she was gone, he embarked on taking certain measures for the evening, of which he thought he would not have to bring them into play. "But as it seems, you are quite refractory gentleman. You compel me to set an example..." He said with a vicious smile.

When Angewomon sat in her dressing room again, thinking about this short visit, an ominous notion crept into her mind. She was thinking of that incident in the dark corridor... "...Oh my God! He... he would have... he would have killed me!" And she remembered his outburst when she had taken his mask... How she had feared he would harm her in his raging madness... She shivered at that memory... And then she saw it in front of her... his face... And all of a sudden she felt bereft of all warmth and light inside her... But then again she remembered his eyes... those eyes of pure, deep sapphire blue... And she felt life returning to her veins... –But he sent you away, earlier on!– A little voice inside her head told her. "Yes... So you don't want me with you Myotismon? Well... I know a six winged vaccine who will take me out for supper tonight!" She said sullen, somehow hoping he would hear it, somehow hoping he would be... jealous...

It was evening and masses of digimon streamed to the digimon-theatre. All of them were full of curious expectancy. This would be their first opera! Although some of them stayed at home, as they thought this kind of amusement to be in a word: Boring! A Vademon rushed over to his friend Datamon, he had just gotten the last three tickets. "Here's yours... I think I should call Gazimon and convince him to come. He will miss a lot...huh? What's with you Datamon?" The machine-digimon looked sick, as far as this was possible. "Ah... my head... I have a ringing in it all the time... it hurts." Vademon searched for his cell phone and dialed. "Well we won't go home! I want to see that opera-thingy!... Ouch!..." He held the phone away from his head. "There's a nasty sound in it too. And I can't get a communication, I think the network has crashed..." Datamon pushed against his head several times it sounded as if some sort of wire was uncombined. "Anyway, let's go in now. This mist coming up won't be good for my components, I can nearly feel how I'm rusting already!" They walked pass Angewomon into the theatre, like many others. She looked around, she was waiting for someone. "Angewomon, I'm here! Oh Azulongmon in the skies, where is all this fog coming from?" She cheerful welcomed Angemon and took his hand. He was slightly surprised after she had not come with him that evening. "I wonder, too. It had been so sunny all the days..." They sauntered into the entrance hall holding each other's hand.

"I'm sorry that I'm late. There must be hardly a standing-place left for me in there." Angemon said sighing and she smiled. "Yes we have a full house, but... I know a perfect place for you to follow the show. You'll see." She drew him with her up the stairs onto the higher story. She pushed a door open, made him sit down in one of the velvet seats and pulled the crimson curtains open. "Angewomon isn't this...?" She grinned and looked down onto the stage. "The most perfect place to see me? Yes you're right. By the way... Would you like to take me out for supper afterwards? Yes, fantastic!" She said and rushed out of the box. Angemon looked after her a bit baffled. "She seems to be really nervous about this show... But good for me. Looks as if this evening would be getting better and better." Angemon rejoiced while he closed the door, with the silver plate on its outside, which said: Nr.5.

Slowly the lights in the auditorium faded and finally went out. The audience was staring onto the closed curtain in excitement. Meanwhile Myotismon squatted in the shadows of the stage's roof. He surveyed the audience and found a lot of vaccines amongst them. "This will make it an even greater triumph for me..." He whispered to himself. He looked to box five; already sure they had given it to a guest, as they had dared to disobey his other orders too. Suddenly his eyes narrowed to slits and he stooped to have a better look. "This is the most audacious impertinence, I have ever... Well, dear boy, you'll find that you have chosen yourself a rather uncomfortable seat! You shall not take my place, in any way!" He hissed and skipped down from the walkway as Wizardmon was coming into his direction. In the systematic fall he seized one of the stage's ropes and descended on it, gracefully he touched the floor behind the sets. "But foremost, to the accomplishment of our little show!" He said grinning smugly and fetched a dark green phial from under his cape. He pussyfooted to a small table with make-up, combs and different kinds of bottles. There was a silver white flacon on it, he winded it open, then uncorked the phial and poured a few drops into the flacon. He left the table as he had come upon it...

Finally the music started and the curtain rose. The set was enormous and colorful; it imitated a sort of aristocratic bedroom. Lillymon was standing at the center of the stage with Kiwimon and Mushroomon. "They say that this youth has set my lady's heart aflame!" Lillymon whispered aloud for the audience to hear it into Mushroomon's ear. "His lordship sure would die of shock!" He answered and Kiwimon added: "His lordship is a laughing-stock!" They all nodded and Lillymon continued. "Should he suspect her, God protect her!" And all agreed with her. "SHAME! SHAME! SHAME! This faithless lady's bound for Hades! Shame! Shame! Shame!" They walked backwards and sat down around a large four poster, which's curtains withdrew and revealed Arukenimon sitting in the bed together with Angewomon, who was covered like a male in a woman's dress. Agumon and Gomamon watched the scene pleased. "Nothing like the old operas! The old singers...And every seat sold!" Mentioned Gomamon looking down into the crowd. "Or the old scenery. The old audience. Hardly a disaster beyond all imagination!" Agumon admitted and both chuckled, then nodded to Angemon in the opposite box who acknowledges them.

On the stage the scene went on. "Seraphimon, your disguise is perfect!" Arukenimon said to her in an amorous way, then she listened up for someone was knocking onto the door. "Why! Who can this be!" Lillymon hobbled to the door and opened it. "Gentle wife, admit your loving husband!" Mummymon said walking into the set. He

slapped Lillymon on the rear and the audience laughed. "My love I'm called to File Island on affairs of state! And must leave you with your new maid!" He said while slapping Seraphimon/Angewomon onto the rear, too. "Though I would happily take the maid with me!" And the audience cheered with laughter. "The old fool is leaving!" Arukenimon whispered to them with a joyful look. When he left Mummymon mumbled to the audience. "I suspect my young bride is untrue to me. I shall not leave, but shall hide over there to observe her!" With high voices the two actors gave each other a long adieu.

Kapitel 4: Death lurks amid the fog

Chapter five: Death lurks amid the fog.

At the rim of the opened theatre roof, stood Myotismon watching the performance, noticed by no one and covered in fog. He was awfully bored of Arukenimon's acting and waited for his moment to come.

"Seraphimon away with this pretence!" Arukenimon said to the disguised Angewomon and dragged down her skirt so she was to be seen as Seraphimon. "You cannot speak, but kiss me in my husband's absence!" They bowed forward and pretended to be kissing. The audience murmured when they saw Mummymon hiding behind the half closed door. "Poor fool he makes me laugh! Hahaha! Time I tried to get a better, better half!" Arukenimon started mocking about her deceived husband.

Myotismon looked up into the night sky. Dark storm clouds gathered silently and unnoticed by the audience. He smiled and returned to the stage's roof. There he continued watching the show, though his gaze rested on Angewomon.

"Poor fool he doesn't know! Hohohohoho!" Arukenimon laughed while she embraced Angewomon and kissed her tender. "If he knew the truth, he'd never ever go!" She chortled together with the other actors and the audience. Suddenly a thunderclap made the crowd startle, followed by a single lightning hitting the stage inches away from Arukenimon. A voice like thunder itself resounded from the darkened sky or at least somewhere above the stage... "DID I NOT INSTRUCT, THAT BOX FIVE WAS TO BE KEPT EMPTY!" Everyone looked up but no one saw the holder of this voice. Just those who knew it, identified who had spoken, and regardless of Angewomon, they were shaken. "He's here... The phantom of the Digiworld..." Whispered Lillymon to the others. "...It's him... I know it... it's him..." Was all that Angewomon could say but she was hushed by Arukenimon. "Your part is silent, croaking little Gekomon!" She walked over to her small table next to the stage and grabbed a silver white flacon, she took a sip of her secret remedy, which she used to supple her throat. Myotismon watched it contented. He knew this habit of her and utilized it for his aims. "A Gekomon, madam? Perhaps it is you, who are the Gekomon." –Assuredly with the essence of Shogungekomon's sweat in your silly mouthwash...- He thought smiling gleeful. Arukenimon returned to the set and they repeated the scene. "Seraphimon away with this pretence! You cannot speak, but kiss me in my husband's AOOOOAHRG---." Everyone looked at her in shock. It sounded as if she had burped, but actually it was the quack of a Gekomon. She tried to continue playing as if nothing had happened. More perturbing however was a new sound, Myotismon was laughing, quietly at first then more and more hysterically... Meanwhile Wizardmon was walking up the wooden ladders to the stage's roof. "Poor fool he makes me laugh! HahahahaAOOOOAHRG---AOOOOAHRG---AOOOOAHRG." Now she could not stop quacking, the digimon in the audience wondered whether this would belong to the play. As before the 'phantom's' laughter rose, the croaking continued and the lights of the chandelier belonging to the set, began blinking on and off, while deep red lightning flashed through the sky. Myotismon's laughter by this time overpowering,

there crescendos into a great cry. "BEHOLD! SHE SINGS TO BRING DOWN THE CHANDELIER!" Agumon and Gomamon rushed to the stage, and ordered that the curtain should be closed, while Arukenimon darted into her dressing room. The audience was roaring with laughter and chuckling, as most of the actors were, when Agumon spoke to them. "Ladies and Gentlemon, we apologize!" Even Myotismon could not withhold a rather normal laugh at their precious Primadonna. Agumon considered a moment and went on. "Well...err... The performance... will continue... in ten minute's time..." He grabbed behind the curtain and dragged Angewomon onto the stage. "When the role of Countess will be played Angewomon!" An ocean of applause waved through the audience. Myotismon nodded assent from his place on the stage's roof and gathered his bats as the chandelier returned to normal "Why not initially then? Do you always have to be forced into your gain, my friends?" He smiled pleased while Agumon spoke. "Until then we would praise your indulgence for a few moments!" And Gomamon took the lead. "Meanwhile we'd like to give you the ballet from act three of tonight's opera!" Both directors withdrew behind the curtain, while the ballerinas rushed onto the stage in a big upheaval.

Myotismon listened up; he heard rapid footsteps and looked down. "Why! Wizardmon... My dear witness! You have been a thorn in my side, long enough. It shall be time for you to meet your programmer!" He whispered maliciously. The ballet girls hobbled disordered as if they had never learned it.

Wizardmon stood directly above the stage, he had been sure the phantom's voice had come from there. Suddenly he heard a noise and whirled round, there was a black shape disappearing in the shadows between the ropes and equipment. He followed it along the walkways. The audience was still chuckling when the ballet girls slowly started their dancing.

Wizardmon walked over a bridge between two wooden joists and looked up, but he could not see someone. Myotismon however watched him closely and skipped down from his upper joist onto a walkway. The ballerinas, mostly Floramon leaped over the stage in harmony now.

Wizardmon who wanted to follow the phantom, felt more and more followed up himself. Agumon and Gomamon watched the ballet together with the audience, glad that they would not have to refund.

Cold sweat was running down Wizardmon's forehead, he felt chased and was nervous. He looked but no one was there so he turned around and was in front of a wicked grinning Myotismon. He gasped in shock and ran down the wooden walkway. Meanwhile Angemon followed the ballet absent-minded, he was thinking of Angewomon.

Wizardmon climbed up a rope to a higher joist when Myotismon pulled himself up a walkway above himself on the other side of the stage's roof. Angewomon sat in her dressing room changing her costume from a pageboy into a countess.

Wizardmon stood shivering on a walkway and stared at Myotismon standing three meters away from him on another walkway, smiling derisory and akimbo.

LadyDevimon watched two shadows chasing above her, wondering how long the one of them would persevere.

Wizardmon darted along a boardwalk while Myotismon climbed up a rope to a higher level. Angewomon wondered about what just had happened to Arukenimon and if she had to feel guilty.

Myotismon and Wizardmon were on the same hanging walkway, when Myotismon crossed his arms in front of his chest. "Grisly Wing!" A flock of bats rushed towards Wizardmon, causing him to stumble and fall onto the wooden planks. Angewomon left her dressing room and walked back to the stage again.

Wizardmon was struggling to get up, while Myotismon paced towards him. LadyDevimon decided to watch the ballet and stopped looking up into the fearful digimon's face.

Little crimson sparks conducted around Myotismon's fingertips as Wizardmon turned his back to the planks, staring at him petrified. Angewomon had returned to behind the stage, the audience, Angemon and the directors watched the ballet.

Myotismon glared at Wizardmon. "Crimson Lightning!" The sparks united to one long, curving, crimson ray in Myotismon's hands. The ballerinas were just dancing in circles when Wizardmon's garroted body plummeted down from the roof. But he kept hanging in the middle of the air, writhing. A crimson lightning rope tied close around his neck, tightening itself with every choking movement. Pandemonium broke loose. Screaming ballet girls, shocked, frightened, panicking audience, partly rushing out of the auditorium. Fleeing in dread of the twitching corpse. When the lightning disappeared and the cadaver smashed onto the stage in starting deletion, Angemon rushed over to Angewomon. "Are you all right?" She nodded shivering and drawing herself close to him. "Angemon, we're not save here!" He embraced her gently, when Agumon tried to calm the audience. "Please ladies and gentlemon! Remain your seats! Do not panic! It's simply an accident!"

Myotismon ascended onto the high roof of the entrance hall with its golden statue on a terrace. Easily he skipped onto the turret's cupola. He stood there for a moment regarding the fleeing digimon beneath him and the storm clouds above him. Verily this was his theatre! It was created for his use. He closed his eyes and began moving his hands to a music only he could hear. He almost seemed conducting the upraising mist to the music. "It's almost done! Soon now not in fire or ice, but in fog. This world will soon be mine!" Meanwhile Myotismon summoned the mist that would cover the Digiworld in eternal darkness, and keep him together with HER, Angemon and Angewomon rushed up the stairs behind the stage. "Why have you brought us here?" Angemon asked following her up. "Don't take me back there!" She replied fearful. "We must return!" Said the confused patron of the theatre. "He'll kill me! His eyes will find me there! Those eyes that burn!" Angewomon revealed to him. "Be still now... Angewomon don't say that! Don't even think it!" They ran up the stairs in haste. "And if he has to kill a thousand 'mon!" She said rushing on. "Forget this waking nightmare!" Angemon startled on her fears. "The phantom of the Digiworld will kill and he will again!" She admitted her own presentiments. "This phantom is a fable! Believe me!

There is no phantom of the Digiworld!" Angemon tried to calm her. "My god who is this 'mon? Who hunt's to kill?" She took two steps at once. "This mask of death?" Angemon did not know what she had seen under the mask. "I can't escape from him! I never will!" She was close to tears. "Whose is this voice you hear! With every breath?" Angemon wished he could understand her. They had nearly reached the roof. "And in this labyrinth, where night is blind... The phantom of the Digiworld is here inside my mind!" Angewomon said making the first step onto the foggy roof. "There is no phantom of the Digiworld!" Angemon told her grabbing her shoulders and shaking her softly. "Angemon I've been there to his world of unending night. To a world where the daylight dissolves into darkness... darkness... Angemon I've seen him! Can I ever forget that sight?" She clenched around him making him hold her.

Myotismon's pointy ears twitched. He could see in the darkness and he had a hearing like no one else, for music and sounds. He heard rushing steps and disputing voices... familiar voices. -Angewomon...- He thought. -And that boy...- He heard them coming closer. -Why would they come up to the roof?- He opened his eyes and skipped down from the turret, just as the two left the staircase. He slinked to the statue and concealed himself behind the dying Devidramon.

"Can I ever escape from that face! So distorted, deformed it was hardly a face in the darkness... darkness." Angemon held her close skimming over her hair. Myotismon twitched and rammed his fangs into his lower lip. -Is that what she..?- "But his voice filled my spirit with a strange, sweet sound. In that night there was music in my mind! And through music my soul began to soar... And I heard as I'd never heard before..." She closed her eyes and released him. "What you heard was a dream and nothing more." Angemon said while she walked slowly away from him. "Yet in his eyes... all the sadness of the world... Those pleading eyes... that both threaten and adore..." She was only inches away from the golden statue when Angemon called her comforting. "Angewomon, Angewomon..." Myotismon's breath was choked when he silently called her, too... Unseen, a ghostly echo of Angemon's words... **"Angewomon..."** Scared she looked up but then thought her fearful mind must have played tricks on her. "What was that?" Carefully Myotismon licked his own blood from his lips and shivered. She stood so close to him he could even smell her... and him, when Angemon took her hand and led her slightly away.

"No more talk of darkness

Forget these azure-eyed fears!

I'm here, nothing can harm you

My words will warm and calm you.

Let me be your freedom

Let daylight dry your tears.

I'm here, with you, beside you

To guard you and to guide you!"Angemon looked into her eyes under the helmet, giving her warmth with his holy energy. She thought that his voice was not as sonorous as Myotismon's but it had a certain brightness, Myotismon would never knew. And his warmth made her reveal her feelings.

"Say you'll love me every waking moment.

Turn my head with talk of summertime.

Say you need me with you now and always.

Promise me that all you say is true!

That's all I ask of you..."She was only looking at him and did not even notice that Myotismon had stepped next to the statue to watch them. He did not care whether they would become aware of him or not. He did not want to see them together, he did not want to watch them, but yet he was so shaken to turn his head from the scene. And Angemon laid his arms around her, with encouraging words.

"Let me be your shelter

Let me be your light!

You're safe, no one will find you

Your fears are far behind you!"Actually he was wrong her fears were indeed behind her, but not far... Her 'fear' was standing barely six yards from her with a heart that throbbed against his chest and a numb feeling in his head. Myotismon had no control over his body, he wanted to hide, wanted to move, wanted to get away from this lingering flirtation, but it was as if he had become a statue, too, when he heard her voice...

"All I want is freedom

A world with no more night.

And you, always beside me

To hold me and to hide me." Myotismon tried to unclench his fists but they shivered in strain. He felt betrayed. –How can she talk to him this way? ... Angel of Music, guide and guardian... Stay by my side, guide me!...Who was guiding you in the last few years? Who was guarding you? Who held your soul and made your music fly? Who hid you, feeble bloom, from this world that would have trampled you without a care? NOT HIM! I have been your angel...Why, Angewomon, why?- While he was beginning to mope Angemon could not stop feeling like the happiest 'mon in the Digiworld, now that Angewomon seemed to choose him.

"Then say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime.

Let me lead you from your solitude!

Say you need me with you here beside you

Anywhere you go, let me go, too

Angewomon, that's all I ask of you!" They ambled together upon the roof's terrace, while two eyes blue of color and blue of world-weariness followed them. –She is not blameworthy alone... It is this... handsome young Angemon who never knew the callousness of the light he serves... He is to be blamed. He spoils her pure soul with his ludicrous vows. I have seen enough digimon of your kind, young 'mon! You won't be good for her!...- He listened up as Angewomon spoke to her new savior.

"Say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime!

Say the word and I will follow you!

Share each day with me! Each Night! Each Morning!

Say you love me!" They stood in a sweet embracement; her head leaned against his shoulder, their holy energy shimmering around them. While Myotismon breathed irregularly, his head smarting, desperately trying to fade out what would follow now, inescapable.

"You know I do!" Angemon whispered to her and Myotismon cursed his sensitive ears.

"Love me that's all I ask of you!" The heads of the two vaccines came closer and then their lips met in delight. Myotismon turned his head away in a silent outcry, he smashed his fist against the statue, but the lovers heard nothing. He sank down onto his knees, his breath went jerkily... Summoning the fog had cost him already a lot of energy, but this... Angemon lifted her from the ground and whirled in circles with her, smiling gaily, kissing her again and again.

"Anywhere you go let me go too!

Love me, that's all I ask of you!" And again they kissed, keener and more lighthearted than before. Myotismon felt as if he was heavily punched against the chest, he could hardly breathe when Angewomon spoke to Angemon with an amorous voice. "I must go, they'll wonder where I am! Wait for me Angemon!" And all he answered were four little words that threw Myotismon into a darkness so deep, he had barely known before. "Angewomon, I love you!" She kissed his lips and caressed his cheek, then she turned to the staircase. "Order your fine Unimon. Be with them at the door!" Angemon would not let her go so easily, he drew her back again and once more their lips met. "And soon you'll be beside me!" She answered his affectionate gesture and both went down the stairs. "You'll guard me and you'll guide me!" Myotismon still kneeled on the roof, his view adjusted into the dark sky. He breathed heavily through clenched teeth and slowly he felt hot torrents floating down his cheeks.

"I gave you my music

Made your song take wing...

And now...

How you've repaid me?

Denied me and betrayed me...

He was bound to love you

When he heard you sing...Angewomon..." He could not remember when he had cried for the last time, it was too long ago and now she caused him to wallow in tears for the second time within a few days. Her voice was angelic and he was magnetized from her like the moth from light. He should have known that he would have to burn in hell for it... Sluggish he paced along the cornice, looking down from the high edifice onto the stony ground. –I've always hated the fact of reconfiguration... Dying and then coming back on a lower level as if nothing had happened... and maintain your mind and memory... I wonder how much it is from top to bottom here... Would she even care?... I once was told suicides were not granted this apocryphal treat of reconfiguring... Deletion means being taken from the cycle... eternal oblivion... eternal redemption... Nothing that would remain... perhaps a cape... or a crimson mask... I am so weary...- He stood on the rim with closed eyes and composed breathed the fresh air. He felt a soft breeze on his skin that made his cape wave behind him. He stood there in the darkness with arms wide opened, ready to past the final verge... And then he heard her voice again, hers and his echoing up the staircase. "Say you'll share with me one love one lifetime. Say the word and I will follow you. Share each day with me, each night, each morning..." And it was her voice, which intonated this vow with the most resoluteness, full of love and emotion, full of fidelity as if she had never loved someone else before... Myotismon knotted his fist. –No she's not so guiltless... Everything I did, I did it for you... I have been your Angel of Music... of darkness... And you and your impudent suitor tore down my wings... Now! I'm nothing more than a fallen angel... A creature of the dark...- He felt rage arising inside him, felt he needed to shed blood, needed to delete or at least release his destructive forces. He glared at the tall golden statue of MagnaAngemon and Crimson Lightning shot out of his fingertips. He slung the lightning around the oversized statue's neck and pulled it tighter and tighter...Until finally it had scorched through the gilded stone and the icon's head rolled to Myotismon's feet. He jumped onto the shoulders of the decapitated vaccine, spread his cape like ominous wings and shouted his passion into the dark night. ***"YOU WILL CURSE THE DAY YOU DID NOT DO, ALL THAT YOUR MASTER ASKED OF YOU!"***With a disdainful smile he plunged down into the darkness... The curtain closed and the cast appeared on the stage for its applause. Angewomon conspicuously dressed in Arukenimon's costume, when suddenly the laughter of Myotismon was to be heard as he stood high above the stage. "Grisly Wing!" A dark cloud of bats assembled around the chandelier. At a great cry of him they clutched into it. "GO!" They tore it down and it crashed to the stage at Angewomon's feet. Myotismon turned, his cape waving behind him and vanished into the shadow.

*End of act one... So what will happen now? Well I know it and you don't! *eg**