

Yearning

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24334591) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24334591>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Yu-Gi-Oh! Duel Monsters (Anime & Manga)
Relationships:	Kaiba Seto/Reader , Priest Seto/Reader
Characters:	Kaiba Seto , Priest Seto , Yami Yuugi Atem , Thief King Bakura , Pharao Akhenamkhanen Pharaoh Aknamkanon
Additional Tags:	Belly Dancing , Ancient Egypt , Food Poisoning , Manipulation , Slow Burn , Crime , Cussing , Enemies to Lovers , Eventual Romance , Murder , Poison , Prison
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-23 Updated: 2022-05-27 Words: 7,378 Chapters: 6/?

Yearning

by [Seshen](#)

Summary

After a victorious battle, the Pharaoh has called for a celebration. As one of the best belly dancers, you're summoned to perform for him and his guests. Everyone seems to enjoy your performance except for the newest member of the Pharaoh's court. Insulted you try to get a reaction out of him.

I'm going to attempt to make this fit with the last few episodes of the anime and be somewhat accurate to history. I'll do my best but don't be surprised if I get things wrong.

Banquet

Today was a day of celebration for the Egyptian people. The Pharaoh and his court won a battle against the Bandit King Bakura. It was a battle that carried on for a few days, so a celebration was great morale. For these celebrations they hired dancers for entertainment.

Since you were considered one of the best dancers in the kingdom you and your dance troupe were hired to perform. The event would take place in the evening when it was cool. These events were always exciting. There was always good food, drinks and you had fun as the entertainment.

You liked dancing. Especially belly dancing. It was what you were good at and you had fun with it. You've danced for the Pharaoh twice before, so you weren't as scared as the other dancers. Before the event you all got together to practice and go through which songs and dances you would do.

The plan was to do five dances, then you could all enjoy the rest of the event or go home. There were usually other forms of entertainment before or after you, so you didn't have to dance the entire evening.

The time to go to the palace soon approached. You donned your best outfit. A red two piece adorned with gold and precious jewels. It was quite revealing but was needed to show off how you moved. Everyone in the dance troupe shared a similar outfit.

As you approached the palace you noticed everyone was being searched for weapons and any other dangerous objects. You got a little nervous. But as you went up to the guards, they just let you through. They said that with how little clothing you're wearing it would be hard to hide weapons.

You and the other entertainment for the evening had to wait outside the banquet while the people ate and enjoyed celebrations. You were brought food and drink while you waited. After your performance you'd all be allowed to mingle, eat and drink into the night.

Soon it was your turn to go up and perform. You and your group got ready to go up. You went out into the grand banquet room. The tables were set up to circle entertainers so everyone could get a view. You all quickly got to your places. You were positioned to be nearest the Pharaoh and his court.

Once everyone got in position the music started. You wore a smile on your face while dancing. You noticed that there was a new person in the Pharaoh's court, Priest Seto. You heard rumors but now you knew they were true. He looked so serious and seemed to be dissecting you. You continued to dance trying to appear unfazed.

The crowd appeared to enjoy it so far. Everyone was staring in awe at how you all moved your bodies and the way the jewels on your outfit glistened. You made eye contact with the Priest. His expression was still as stone. Was he bored by this? It was a little insulting. You did your best to keep your face smiling.

You liked to keep the first two dances serious and then as the crowd relaxes you make it a little more fun to watch. Maybe once the more fun stuff happens, he'll let up. Maybe he's seen so many dances that yours looks like any other.

As you moved onto the third dance, your dancing became more loose. Each dancer could do their own little thing to the music. You always loved getting to do this. The music started and you moved your chest to the beat. You pretended to put it down each time it came up. You got a couple of laughs from the audience for that.

You looked over at Priest Seto just to be met with a stone-cold stare. Tough crowd. You continued the dance being a little silly and getting some laughs from your antics. Priest Seto was straight faced the whole time and it was getting you upset.

As the fourth song came you decided to try something else. If you couldn't get him to laugh or smile, why not blush? The music was fitting for it. You moved your hips and chest to it. You focused a little bit on the Priest.

You couldn't tell if your dance was working or if he was just glaring but he was paying more attention to you. You definitely noticed him looking you up and down. You gave him a little wink and watched as he quickly turned his head. Goal accomplished.

With the final song you just continued your dancing as usual, just having fun. Soon it was over, and you bowed before the Pharaoh before making your exit. Once out of sight the next performers came out.

You and your troupe decided to cool down first before you made your way out to mingle in the banquet. You managed to sneak away from your troupe while they cooled off. You wandered around the palace a bit. It was huge.

Soon you came across the kitchen. You stood nearby as you saw them leave some food out waiting to be taken. It looked like something that would be taken to the Pharaoh's table. You looked around and didn't see anyone nearby. You took this chance. You pulled a vial out from your top.

It was filled with a white fine powder. You tried to spread it over the food as best as you could. That's when you heard footsteps approaching. You quickly put the vial back into your top. You quickly started coming up with excuses for whoever was coming. Most likely a servant.

You turned and were face to face with Priest Seto. Fear immediately hit you. In your head you prayed to whatever god was listening that he didn't see you pour powder on the food.

"What are you doing here?" He asked. His tone was harsh.

You quickly came up with an excuse. "I got lost looking for the entrance to the banquet hall. I followed the smell of food and ended up here. I figured I could follow a servant back." You replied.

He glared down at you. His height was imposing, and you were hoping he was believing your lie.

“Follow me.” He said.

He started making his way down the hall. You were relieved he believed that. You started to follow him. It was quiet and the silence was killing you. You sped up your pace to match his and started walking beside him.

“Did you enjoy my dance?” You asked.

You smiled up at him. He looked down at you and then back up. He stayed silent.

“You insult me Priest Seto.” You said.

“How so?” He asked.

“I put so much work and effort into my dance and you showed no interest in it. You didn’t even look entertained.” You stated as you placed your hands on your hips.

“I was watching.” He replied.

“But were you enjoying?” You asked.

He stayed silent. He just kept walking forward. You were closely approaching the door to the banquet room. You could hear the noise of people applauding.

“From the way you were looking at me, I’ll take it as you were enjoying it.” You said and quickly ran into the banquet hall.

You made your way around the hall picking up foods and looking around for a while. You watched as they brought in the tray of food you poisoned. It went straight to the Pharaohs table. When you saw that you decided it was time for you to leave.

Home Sweet Home

You made your way out of the Palace. You didn't want to stick around when they questioned people and the screaming as the people watched their precious Pharaoh die. You quickly made your way through the streets of the city. You made sure no one followed you and kept walking. You find where you had hidden your cape and other belongings earlier that day.

You put it on to hide your clothes and lift the hood over your head to hide your face. You quickly walk into the desert. It took some time, but you saw the camp coming into view. As you made your way towards the camps the guards pointed their spears at you. You put your hands in the air.

"Guys, it's me." You said as you took off the hood to your cape.

They lowered their weapons and let you pass into the camp. As you walked through some of the children that lived there came up to you. They always loved seeing your clothing and how the jewels sparkled in the light of the torches. They followed you until you reached your tent.

You entered the tent to be met with your "king". Lounging in your fucking bed. A bed you would love to collapse into after the hard work you had to do today. You went over to your chest filled with more of your comfortable clothes.

"Did you do it?" He asked.

"No, I just enjoyed festivities and decided to return not doing my job." You replied. You were tired and feeling a little irritated that you were being imposed upon.

You tore off the wig you were wearing to reveal your short hair. You kept it cut short so no one could grab onto it. You tossed the wig into the chest and grabbed your clothes to sleep in.

"Don't give me attitude. Tell me what happened." He said and got up to walk over to you.

You chose to ignore him and walked to a bowl of clean water. You grabbed the nearby clean cloth. You dipped it in the water and began to scrub away the makeup on your face. That's when you felt him grab the hair on the back of your head and pull you. You needed to cut your hair again.

"Don't ignore me and tell me what happened." He demanded and threw you forward.

You tried to keep your balance but failed. You landed on your hands and knees. Partially blind from scrubbing the kohl off your eyes. You held your head down in shame. He wasn't in a good mood today, so it was better to bite your tongue than back talk him anymore. You began to tell him the events of the evening lead up to when you left.

"Are you sure that new priest didn't see you?" He asked.

"Yes. I was careful not to get caught." You said.

He seemed satisfied with your answer and left your tent. You let out a sigh of relief. You picked yourself up and finished washing up your face. You changed your clothes and got ready for bed. Tomorrow you had to find out if the Pharaoh died.

You were woken up that morning by one of Bakura's men. He threw an empty sack at you. You jumped up, not knowing what was thrown on you. You grabbed it and looked at him.

"You need to go out and collect supplies for us. Food, medicines and clothing." He said and turned to leave.

"Why me?" You complained.

"You're the only one that looks Egyptian out of everyone." He replied and left your tent.

You laid back down on your bed and let out a loud groan. He was right, most of the people in this camp were foreigners, outcasts or criminals. You were one of the few Egyptians in the camp that could get supplies in town without being harassed.

Going out and running errands would take all day. You had your own things you wanted to do, but if the others here needed supplies you should at least help them out. You quickly got dressed into a plain tunic and shoes. You applied kohl to fit in with the crowds in the market. As soon as you were ready you quickly made your leave.

You made your way into the desert and towards the town. The walk in the day is torturous as the sun beats down on you. After some time, you make it to town. You walk into the market to gather all the supplies and listen to the daily gossip.

Thanks to your short hair and too big tunic, no one noticed you were a girl. You bought most items you needed. There wasn't much talk of the poisoning. Did you fail? Was the palace keeping it under wraps? It was pretty early in the morning. You continued shopping maybe word will spread later.

As you continued to shop word finally started to spread around. From what you were hearing the Pharaoh didn't die, instead he was bedridden. There was also a suspect they were looking for, a belly dancer. You tried to seem unfazed as you heard it. You failed at killing the Pharaoh and now they're looking for you.

You quickly finished up your shopping. You had to report this to Bakura. You were scared, you didn't know what punishment he'd give you. But you didn't have anywhere else to go. You would not survive the streets of the city.

Right as you finished paying, luck would have it the Priest Seto and his team of Medjay showed up. This was not turning out so good. You heard muttering amongst everyone and tried your best to hide your face. As he came along, he passed by you. You didn't notice you were holding your breath until he was gone.

As quietly and quickly as you can, you sneak out of the crowd and back towards the desert. You kept making sure that no one saw you leave or followed you. Seeing as the coast was clear you freely walked into the desert and made your way back into camp.

When you got to camp you delivered the supplies. After you did that you begrudgingly walked over to Bakura's tent. You were regretting this. As horrible as a punishment you were going to get, it wouldn't be as bad as the punishment you would get if you didn't tell Bakura.

You called out his name from outside the tent. You waited for a while till you heard a come in. You walk into the tent. You find Bakura sitting at his table, stuffing his face like a mad man. You stood away from him, just in case.

"While I was in town, I heard some gossip." You started.

He was stilling eating his little heart out as you spoke.

"The pharaoh isn't dead. The poison just made him sick." You continued.

He finally stopped eating and turned to look at you.

"So, you failed?" He asked.

"Y-yes."

He got up and walked towards you. You slowly backed away from him and raised your hands.

Time to Leave

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took forever to put out. Got writer's block and decided to focus more on my artwork. But I'm back now. I'm actually planning this one out compared to my other fics, so that's helping me write a bit.

Even though you held your arms up to protect yourself it didn't help. He was stronger than you. He was able to knock you down to the ground. You did your best to protect your head, but he started kicking you. You curled up into a ball to protect yourself as best as you could.

He was yelling at you, but you couldn't make out what he was saying. You wanted this to be over with, but he was angry, and it wouldn't stop. You felt him grab you by the hair and pull you to face him.

"Has anyone followed you here?" He asked.

"No! I make sure I'm never followed!!" You exclaim.

He stares you down. "If this camp is raided it will be your fault." He spat out at you.

He threw you back down. Kicking you a couple more times. After a while he calmed down and stopped beating you. You relaxed a bit, glad that was over with.

You felt some people drag you out of his tent and into yours. They helped you get into your bed and left. You decided to just sleep. You'd probably feel better in the morning.

When you woke up it was nighttime. You were sore all over and your head was pounding. You got up and went to the closest mirror. You were a little worse for wear. Your face was okay, bruised but okay. You didn't dare look over the rest of your body yet. You weren't ready to see the damage done.

You went outside your tent. You needed food and water. You managed to get to another camp resident. You asked them to help you get some water and food. They were kind enough to get you what you needed. You then asked what happened while you were asleep.

They told you that you had been asleep for two days. In that time Bakura went out with his henchmen. They went to get surveillance on the Pharaohs Palace and came back just a little while ago. Apparently, they were planning something big.

You finished up your water and headed back to your tent. You couldn't believe how long you had been out. You were tired of this life. You were angry. It was time to leave. You didn't care if Bakura killed you for leaving. Death would be better than getting beat every other day.

You started to pack some of your things into a satchel. Only what you would need to start up life somewhere new. Somewhere far away from here. But what of the others in the camp. They relied on you to bring in some money and get them supplies.

The Egyptians in the city would never let them go about getting supplies peacefully. You battled yourself. Suffer here and help the people or leave. As much as you hated it, you'd have to stay. At least until you were sure everyone could get by without you.

A scream from outside broke you from your thoughts. Maybe another cobra got into camp. Then you heard men shouting and more people screaming. You ran outside to see what was happening.

It was a raid. Medjay and Bakura's henchman were fighting. Others were being arrested or fleeing into the desert. One of the Medjay notice you standing there and starts towards you. You run back into your tent. You gather your satchel and a dagger. You cut a slit in the back and run out through it.

You wanted a chance to run away from this life and this was your chance. You didn't want it like this, but you'd never get another chance. You made a run for the desert. You looked back to see the Medjay run after you. He stopped in his tracks soon after though. You were a good distance away.

That's when you hit the reason he stopped chasing you. You ran into Priest Seto. Luck was just not something you were well acquainted with. Before you could run away from him, he grabbed your wrist. He called over the Medjay to come and take you.

You tried your best to get away from them. His grip tightened as you struggled, and you stopped when it felt like he was going to break it. The Medjay soon reached you and tied your hands together. He led you over to a cart filled with others from the camp that didn't escape.

As it filled up, you were transported to the prison. When you arrived, you were put into a small room underground. It had one small window near the top. You were the only put into the cell. You walked over to the bed. There was nothing else to do now but sleep.

It was hard to fall asleep. Your body ached and your mind was restless. Others were screaming or crying out. Many of the guards would shout back at them to quiet down. With all the noise you were surprised you even fell asleep.

In the morning you were woken up and given food. Ful Medames, bread and grape juice. You ate and sat in your bed. You surveyed the room. There wasn't much, it was all rock. The window was taller than you and there wasn't much hope of looking out of it.

As the day went on, people were still crying out to be freed. You recognized some voices, but you weren't sure if it was just making things up. That's when you heard the guards tell you that they were coming in.

Two of them came in and grabbed your arms. They walk you out of your cell and into the hall. They lead you to a room with a table and chairs. At the table you see Priest Seto. The

guards sit you down across from him.

You watch him prepare his papers and reed pen. You were nervous. Just a few days ago you were dancing for him and the Pharaoh. Then you tried to kill the Pharaoh. Did he know it was you? Finally, he looked up you.

“What’s your name?” He asked.

You debated giving him your real name. If you were going to be punished for a crime, might as well give them a name to write down. You told him your name. You didn’t even look him in the eye. You could feel his eyes burning into you.

“What were you doing at that camp?” He asked.

“I live there.” You responded quietly.

“Did you know that an enemy of Egypt was living amongst you?” He asked.

“Yes.” You said.

“Do you know where the thief Bakura is?” He asked.

“You didn’t capture him?” You asked, horrified that he’s still free.

“No. Do you know of any of his plans?” He asked.

“He wants the Pharaoh and his descendants dead. Apparently, he has something big planned. You need to capture him. He’ll stop at nothing.” You pleaded.

He scribbled some things down. You watched; you weren’t able to read very well but that still didn’t stop you from snooping. He stopped and looked back at you. His stare lasted for a while and it made you a little uncomfortable.

“I recognize you from somewhere.” He said.

“Maybe you’ve seen me in passing in the street.” You said. You didn’t want him to know you were at the banquet.

“How did you end up in that camp?” He asked.

“I was taken in by them at a young age.” You replied.

“Where are you from?” He asked.

“You won’t believe me.” You replied.

“Just answer.” He demanded.

“A small village outside Asyut. It no longer exist. It was burned to the ground by slave traders.” You responded.

“You survived that fire?” He asked.

“Just barely. A woman I worked for helped me escape.” You replied.

“Did you see the dragon? Were there other survivors? Who did you work for? What else do you remember from that day?” He asked quickly.

Just as you were trying to answer, you were interrupted. Guards burst into the room and informed Seto that Bakura had been captured. Fear and joy ran through you. Glad that he was caught but scared that he might find out you talked to Priest Seto about him.

Priest Seto got up and gathered his belongings. He looked at you and said he would talk to you later. He told the guards to take you back to your cell and left. You were taken back to your cell and left to your own thoughts. How did he know about the dragon?

Death

You waited in that cell for a while. You wanted to talk to Priest Seto again. You had questions for him. How did he know about your village? Maybe it was just something that he has to know about.

Just before dinner arrived you were summoned again by Priest Seto. The guards led you back to the room for questioning. Seto was sitting at the table and you sat across from him. He had the paper and pen out to record what you say.

“Bakura escaped us again. Do you have any idea where he may be?” He said.

“No.” You said. Bakura hardly shared his plans with me unless he wanted to use me.” You said.

“He used you?” He asked.

“Yes...” You answered slowly.

“What did he use you for?” He asked narrowing his eyes at you.

You gulped and felt a cold chill run up your spine. If you told him, you were sent to kill the Pharaoh you would be sentenced to death. But you felt bad not telling him. So, you looked down at your hands and kept silent.

“I guess we’ll find out at your trial.” He said.

You grew more nervous. You heard about the trials held at the palace. Each of the Pharaohs priests had magical items that they used to get the truth out of people. Eventually you would be found out. Your days were numbered.

“So, tell me, what do you remember from the fire in your village.” He inquired.

“What do you want to know?” You asked and looked back up at him. You were glad he changed the subject.

“Were there other survivors?” He asked.

“Yes, not many. Some went to other towns or they joined bandits.” You said.

“You joined Bakura?” He asked.

“Yeah. My family was killed I had nowhere else to go.” You said.

He started writing again and you watched. That’s when you remembered you had questions for him as well.

“I have a question for you.” You said.

He looked up from his writing. He looked annoyed; you didn't care.

"How do you know about my village?" You asked.

He looked back down at his papers and continued writing. Seemingly ignoring your question.

"How do you know about the dragon?" You asked.

He stopped writing again. "So, you've seen it?" He asked.

You nodded in response. He stared at you for a while before he went back to writing.

"We will discuss this for another date. Your trial will be held in a week." He said and gathered his papers.

With that he left the room and you watched. As soon as he left, guards came into the room to escort you back to your cells. Your dinner was waiting for you when you arrived. You ate it and handed the plates back to the guards.

You waited around in the cell for a while. From the window you could hear chatter and music. Probably another celebration. The sound made you miss your freedom and you wondered what life would be like if your village never burned down. As you daydreamed, you slipped into sleep.

You awoke not too much time later to the whole place rumbling. You sat straight up and could hear people screaming and guards out your door rushing around. That's when you heard it. Bakura's Ka, Diabound. You covered your ears from the god-awful screeching, but it did little to nothing.

The smell of fires and screams brought back memories of your village burning. You got into a corner you felt would be safe if everything came crumbling down. You cowered in that corner for what felt like forever. To calm yourself you sang a lullaby, it helped a little bit. It couldn't drown out the sounds of people screaming and crying. You ended up staying awake most of the night in terror.

Eventually you did fall asleep once things had settled down. You were woken up by guards moving you to a different location. You noticed that your cell had a hole that led to the outside. It wasn't big enough for you to fit through, but you guessed it was enough to concern them.

You noticed that plenty of other people were being moved from their cells as well. Still dazed you didn't fully realize that you were being relocated until you were on a wagon. You had asked one of the other prisoners what was going on. She told you that everyone was being moved out to a different city since attacks by Bakura were becoming more frequent.

You decide to take a nap since the nearest town would still be a while away. After an hour you were woken up by screams and Medjay yelling. You looked around and recognized some of the people that were attacking. It was Bakura's men. A lot of people taken prisoner did belong to Bakura's camp.

Soon you were all freed and taken back to Bakura's new camp. You were greeted by a few people you knew you had gotten arrested. Greetings were cut short when one of Bakura's guards told you Bakura wanted to talk. You groaned and went to his tent. Once you get into his tent, he starts yelling at you.

"That raid was all your fault!! Now I have to spend precious time and resources to get people back." He starts.

"I made sure that no one followed me!" You yell back at him. You've had enough of him yelling at you.

He raises his hand to hit you. You flinch but he stops before he gets to hit you. Another guard comes in and whispers something into his ear. You see his face grow even more enraged. After the guard leaves, he looks back at you.

"So, you've been talking to the priest?" He asks.

"How did you- He smacked you across the face. You fell to the floor. You had enough it was time to fight back. You kicked him in the leg and watched as he fell. Once he hit the floor you got up and started running.

You didn't make it very far as he grabbed your ankle. You hit the floor and could feel him dragging you back. You decided to kick him with your free leg but he was able to grab that leg before you could land a hit. You screamed out hoping someone would help you.

"I'm going to make it so you never fucking talk again." He said as he grabbed a dagger from his pocket.

You always said death would be better but now that you're at this point you're pretty sure you don't want to die like this anymore. You grabbed some sand and threw it into his eyes. He let you go to tend to his eyes. As he let you go you got up and started running again.

"Don't let her leave!" You heard him yell out.

You managed to run out the tent but only got about a foot away before the guards managed to grab you. You screamed out for anyone to help you as you were dragged back into that tent. You did your best to get away but so much was out of your hands.

When you woke up the camp was gone. You were alive but everything hurt. A few of your things had been left behind. You picked up what you needed and left. You wouldn't survive the desert for long so you needed to find some way back to civilization.

You did your best to walk for a while but your legs didn't make it far. You ended up crawling and eventually just pulling yourself through the sand. At some point you even gave up on that. Everything hurt and you didn't feel good. Maybe it was the unrelenting heat. Then again it felt cold. Maybe that was because the sun was setting.

Heat Stroke

When you woke up, you were in a cold bath and people were surrounding you. Shocked you tried to move and get away. Your body was so sore and tired that you couldn't even really fight back against the people trying to stop you. You did your best to stand up and get away. They pleaded for you to calm down and that they were only helping you.

Once you stopped fighting, they put you back into the water. The water was cold, but it felt so good after having been in the sun. You noticed you were dressed in white linens and the people were checking your temperature before talking amongst themselves.

Eventually one of them runs out of the room. It's silent for a while until they return with someone behind them. As they got closer you could see the person following was Priest Seto. You watch as they come closer.

"If you're wondering how you ended up here, we had tracked down the wagon after it had been infiltrated." He said.

He looked down at you as if he suspected you had something to do with the wagon being attacked. His stare was so cold that the bath water started to feel warm.

"I need you to tell me what happened and why we could only find you in the desert." He demanded.

After what happened you would gladly tell him everything. As you tried to speak the noise that came out was hoarse and raspy. Then you started to cough which made the pain worse. That was until you saw the blood sprayed into your hands.

You began to panic and look at the people around you. Were you dying? One of them approached you and examined your neck. The area they poked and prodded was tender. You toughed it out as best as you could. She turned to Priest Seto when she was done.

"It looks as if they suffered severe damage to the neck. It will take a while to heal." She said.

You sighed in relief. It wasn't death but it wasn't also good. Priest Seto looked pretty angry though.

"Keep a close eye on them." He said before leaving in a huff.

The lady who looked at your neck then turned back to the group of people who were attending you. They all gathered around talking amongst themselves. You watched for a while before turning your attention to soaking in the bath again.

Eventually you notice most of the group leaves with only you and the woman from earlier. She comes over to you and checks your temperature with her hand. Once she finished, she helped you out of the tub.

“From here on out, I will be your doctor. We will work on getting your voice back.” She said.

She helped you to get dressed and dress your wounds. She put different types of lotions and ointments on your skin and to your wounds. Some felt nice, other stung when they made contact.

“You are also under arrest and will be kept under observation until you can speak or give a written confession.” She continued on.

Well great, you could read a bit, but you could not write. Now you couldn’t even speak. You wondered what you were under arrest for. They probably suspected that you were helping Bakura with an escape of prisoners.

Once you were dressed, the doctor led you outside. Out there you were introduced to two Medjay. You were informed that they would be guarding you and making sure you wouldn’t escape. Then you were led to a room nearby.

The room was huge and spacious. There was a huge balcony that showed the courtyard. They weren’t lying about you not escaping. Your room was high off the ground floor, any attempt to jump would result in a broken bone or death.

Other than that, your room was furnished with what they probably thought you needed. A bed with a few throw pillows, a desk and chair, and a chest. Other than that, the room was pretty plain, you’d think with money they could have afford to decorate more.

Bored, you opened the chest and checked out what was inside. It was mainly filled with clothes and accessories. They weren’t really your taste of clothing or jewelry, but you couldn’t really complain. You decided to take a look at the desk. A few papers, ink, and reed pens. For a prisoner, you sure weren’t being treated like one.

It was suspicious as hell, but you weren’t really sure why you were being treated differently this time. After looking around you were a bit sore and tired. You decided to take a nap, no harm in doing that. The bed looked so comfortable too. You threw the throw pillows to the side and laid down.

When your woken up, it was for food and for the doctor to check on you. You had forgotten it had been a while since you’ve last eaten. The smell of the food was making your mouth water. Servants brought in the food and left it on the desk for you.

Unfortunately, the doctor had to check up on you before you could eat. You sat up in bed while she examined you. She reapplied some ointments and changed your bandages.

“You should be fine for now, but you should drink some more water. I’ll check on you again tomorrow morning.” She said.

You watched as everyone left your room again. When they were gone you went straight to the food. It tasted so good, and you were quickly finished with it. You also quickly finished off the pitcher of water they had brought you.

Once that was done, you were tired again. You decided to take another nap. It's not like you had much else to do around here. Not that you could even do much anyways, your body was still sore. You climbed into bed once again and drifted off to sleep.

Problems

You could have sworn your doctor was the goddess Auset herself. Only a week has passed by, and majority of your injuries were healed. You regained a lot of your strength, but you still weren't completely healed. Your bruises were also mostly gone with only a few of the real nasty looking ones remaining. However, your voice had still not returned.

The doctor, who's name you learned was Kiya, told you that she wanted to focus on your other minor wounds before your throat. When you first came to her, your neck was swollen and there wasn't much she could do besides bring down the swelling.

Over the days you didn't have much to do besides being examined and treated. You did gain a bit of a habit of just gazing out the window. You watched as different people came and went. You would hear people talk loudly about a coronation of the prince to happen soon. You even would see the prince roam the grounds every now and then with his friends.

Was someone so small really the prince? He seemed young and a bit childish. Although you were just watching through a window, you had no idea what he was actually like.

As days went by your examinations would go by with better news of your healing progress. The swelling on your throat had gone down significantly. Finally, your throat was able to be assessed. Kiya asked for you to speak but what noise you could make would hurt and sounded raspy.

She decided that for treatment you would have to breathe in humid air, warm teas and for your bed to be elevated at the head. It may take some time but with some prayers for the gods you would be healed in no time once again.

One day you were brought in for an examination. and Priest Seto were there. He stood nearby and watched as Kiya looked at your throat.

"Why can't she speak yet?" He said.

"She's still healing. The damage that was done was immense." Kiya responded.

He looked down at you before looking back at Kiya.

"How long will this take? We need her help with capturing Bakura. She was important at some point to him." He starts, raising his voice.

While he was talking, he would move his hands to express himself. With each movement you would flinch. You were a bit scared he would start hitting you or Kiya. To stop him, you tried to speak up.

"Sorry." You tried to speak.

Your voice was scratchy and hoarse. Speaking hurt so badly that a tear started to form in your eye. But you were able to get out more than the last time you tried to talk. This time you were able to say a word.

The look on Priest Seto's face did not look good. His eyes were wide, and his mouth was ajar at your attempt to talk. You couldn't tell if he was surprised you were trying or horrified about the way your voice sounded. Both him and Kiya looked at each other and Kiya looked upset.

"Priest Seto, Step outside for a minute." Kiya spoke up to him.

You watched as he stepped outside, Kiya told you to wait there and followed him outside. You couldn't hear what they were saying but you sounded like Kiya was upset. You heard her voice a lot more than his. A minute later only she came back in.

"Don't attempt to do that again. I don't want you to overexert your voice. You'll do more damage than good." She scolded you.

You nodded in response. You thought it was good progress though. She did have guts speaking to Priest Seto like that though. You kind of admired her for that.

"Do you know how to write?" She asks.

You shook your head no. You never learned how to read and barely even know how to read.

"Guess we'll have to work on that." She responded.

You smiled at her in response. With that your appointment was over. Kiya told you that you had gone through enough for today and it'd be best if you spent the rest of the day recovering. You were escorted back to your room by guards and left on your own once again.

Once back in your room you spent time looking outside the window. This time you noticed as things were being brought into the palace. All in preparation of the coronation. You wondered how big of a party they would have. If the feast would be grand. You doubted you'd be invited or even get to dance at another party for royalty again.

As you lamented about the current situation of your life, a knock at the door startled you. You looked at the door, unable to respond and unwilling to get up for where you were sitting. You watched to see who disturbed your people watching. In walked a guard.

"Priest Seto wants to see you." He said.

You rolled your eyes; you'd groan if you could. Hasn't that man tortured you enough for today? What more does he want from you? You follow the guard over to the priest's office. You were a bit nervous, and your stomach felt like it was turning.

Once at the office doors, you knocked and waited to be called in. When you were allowed, you walked inside. The room was about the same size as the room you were staying in. The doors close behind you and you notice the Priest sitting at the desk, overlooking some scrolls. After looking over the scrolls, he finally acknowledges you.

“Please, sit down. I’d like to discuss what happened earlier.” He said.

You were more nervous than ever. You slowly approached the chair and sat down. You were definitely in trouble. He didn’t like the progress you were making, and you were about to get the brunt of his anger. You didn’t even notice how heavy you were breathing.

Priest Seto started talking but you weren’t paying attention. You were more focused on trying to breathe. Everything started to get blurry and fade. You did your best to try to focus on his face or to what he was saying.

“Are you okay?” He asked.

You couldn’t really respond. You watched as he got up and made his way towards you. This was it. As he reached his hand out towards you, you shut your eyes in anticipation for the hit. Instead, his hand was on your forehead.

Timidly you opened your eyes, to see him looking at you with some concern. You were a bit surprised that his face could even do that.

“Stay here.” He demanded.

Once he left out the door, you let go of the breath you didn’t even know you were holding. You started seeing some spots in your vision. It wasn’t looking too good for you. The last thing you saw was him coming back into the room with Kiya.

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