

**Disclaimer:** I do NOT own Marik, Bakura, Dumbles, or Harry Potter. So put away your lawyers. Torture section was inspired by the story Ménage a Trois.

***WARNING: GRAPHIC, DISPLAYS VIOLENCE AND BLOOD. THOSE WITH WEAK STOMACHS SHOULD LEAVE THE PAGE NOW.***

### **TO CONFRONT THE HEADMASTER**

Yami Marik sauntered into the headmaster's office of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore was sitting in his chair eating those damned sherbet lemons. It pissed Yami Marik off to no end.

Yami spoke first. "I. Hate. You."

Dumbledore was shocked. This evil, scantily clad Egyptian boy dared to defy him and his authority. Dumbledore rose to his full height, which wasn't all that tall to begin with, and glowered down his nose at Marik. "I'm afraid I don't know what you mean my boy."

Marik smirked, "Don't you 'my boy' me old man. I'm nobody's boy. You left Harry James Potter with those atrocious muggles who starved him, locked him in cupboards, and permitted their whale of a son and his friends to beat him to a pulp. They lied to him about his whole life."

Dumbledore paled faintly. How did this boy discern all that? But Marik wasn't finished yet.

"You also came up with all of those disasters you encouraged him to participate in to test him to see if he's the actual boy-who-lived. You knew Quirrell was being controlled/possessed. You knew the basilisk was roaming the halls. You have the portraits reporting back everything that happens in the halls. You knew Sirius was innocent and that Peter Pettigrew was alive and had been the one to sell out the Potters. You had to know that Alaster Moody was being

impersonated by Barty Crouch Jr. You knew Voldemort was contacting Harry in his dreams and he felt all the emotions that he felt. You know he's a horcrux." Marik stopped to breathe then continued, "How can you justify all of that? If you say it was for the greater good I'll rip your tongue out."

Dumbledore swore in his head. How did this kid know that? Dumbledore tried to cast a wandless, wordless *obliviate* but it didn't have the desired effect. Instead of removing all the memories from Marik's head it conjured Yami Bakura.

Yami Bakura smirked and asked a grinning Marik. "How did I get here?"

Marik smiled and pointed to Dumbledore. Bakura snarled at him and demanded, "Why the bloody hell did you bring me here?"

Dumbledore started to sweat. He tried to think up an excuse, but he'd taken too long and Marik was pissed. Marik pounced and tied him to a chair. Dumbledore squirmed trying to get free but the bonds have no give to them. Marik and Bakura were deciding what to do first. They had found a razor and they'd had the Potions professor bring up some flesh-eating beetles. To start Marik began to peel Dumbledore's eyelids away from the eyeball and then sliced them off with the razor. Then he put the razor to Dumbledore's forehead and started peeling away the skin on his face down to the muscle.

As he was doing that Bakura was rifling through desk drawers. He found a hammer and some lemons and salt. Bakura mixed the lemon juice with the salt and created a painful mixture for the man being tortured. As he was finishing the mixture Marik was finishing up peeling Dumbledore like a peach. Bakura brought over the bowl with the mixture and they put their hands in it. Then they put their hands on Dumbledore's disfigured face. They finished up that rather quickly and Marik looked at the hammer Bakura found. They didn't exactly have a plan

for that yet. Marik was bored again so he continued peeling Dumbledore. He started with the neck and worked his way down. He smirked as the blood flowed freely down the muscles and over his fingers. Then he started to peel the legs and laughed merrily as the blood flowed. They could see the tear tracks on Dumbledore's cheek muscles. They could tell the places where the tears had met the blood and making it unclot.

Dumbledore was in extreme pain. But they delighted in his pain. After they'd run out of the lemon salts, they decided to release his lower bindings.

“Marik, what if he tries to escape?”

Marik smirked and cut off his feet at the ankles.

Bakura laughed, “Oh but why stop there?” He then cut off his legs at the knee.

Marik continued with this theme, cutting off the legs from the torso altogether. Bakura laughed again and asked Dumbledore, “Have you ever had to use a catheter?”

Dumbledore's eyes widened and he let out a hoarse scream. They had to slip the tube into Dumbledore's urethra, and without anesthesia it was pure agony. It was too much for Dumbledore and he passed out. Marik and Bakura stopped and decided to see what their congenial host had in the way of drinks.

~\*~\*~\*~\*An Empty Void of A Time Lapse\*~\*~\*~\*

Dumbledore finally woke up. They decided to skin his balls. Bakura made him get into a better position for him to smash his testes with the hammer. When he did this Dumbledore reflexively vomited bile.

Bakura found a closet with a cauldron big enough to fit a body into and brought it to Marik. Marik smirked and let Dumbledore's, still alive, body fall into the cauldron. Then he let

the flesh-eating beetles out and put the lid on the cauldron. Then he and Bakura left and went back to Domino, Japan in the KaibaCorp. plane Marik had “borrowed” to get to Hogwarts.