

# The Ouran High School Host Club Meets The Flock

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*What will happen when the flock meets the Ouran High School Host Club? Will Max fall in love? Will Fang get jealous? Read and find out!*

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# 1 - Chapter One

Chapter 1:

Max's P.O.V

"That was close!"

We had just gotten the erasers off our tails.

"Look, down there!" said The Gasman. He was pointing to a big fancy building surrounded by trees. It looked somewhat like a school.

"No way, we are not going to that place. It could be crawling with erasers," I said. "Besides, it looks like a school." The thought of any school, even the academic one, made me twitch. Nudge found sudden interest in the fancy building. She gave me the bambi eyes. Don't look, I thought, but I couldn't resist.

"Okay. Everybody, down to that fancy looking building."

I let the rest of the flock in front of me so I could keep a watch on them. Fang flew next to me.

"You know you're making a mistake," Fang expressed. "I know that you know by the look in your eyes."

"So, bird kids can't always be perfect, can they?" Fang gave me a smirk and went to go catch up with the flock.

*There's no time for mistakes, Max, when you're saving the World,* said the voice.

"Whatever," I said, thinking aloud, and flew down to the fancy looking building.

"It's huge!" Fang cried, looking at the front of the building as we landed.

"Fill me in." Iggy, being a blind mutant bird-kid, couldn't see. (DUH!) The Gasman went over to Iggy to describe the landmarks. We were hiding behind a tree and apparently it was class-change time.

"Oh, look at those pretty dresses," said Angel. "I want to wear one." The dresses she was referring to looked like school uniforms.

"Yeah! Me too!" cried Nudge. I guess there's nothing wrong with it. I mean, we have to blend in, right?

"Okay," I said. "We need to head to the Uniform Storage room without being noticed." I motioned to the flock, and we went inside the school. Fang looked at me like I was crazy. Maybe I was, but that was for another story.

"Oh my gosh! I look like a princess!" said Nudge. We had just gotten on our uniforms. They hid our wings pretty well.

"Nudge, you look like the rest of us. Now let's go try and blend in." Fang, Iggy, and The Gasman were dressed up in the tuxedo uniforms the boys wear. The uniforms looked expensive, but I guess this is what they wear in Japan.

We walked out. Lucky for us, it was class change time again. We acted like we were going to our next class. My flock was such a good actor. It almost brought tears to my eyes. Anyways. Iggy said that he wanted to be somewhere quiet because he didn't like the noise.

We walked into all of the libraries, but all we heard was chatter.

"This place is huge. You'd think there'd be someplace quiet," said Total. We were disguising him as a see and eye dog for Iggy.

"Total, shut up!" I Hissed. "We're supposed to be blending in." A few more doors down, Iggy found interest in a room.

"Sounds quiet," he said as we walked to the door.

"I have a feeling I'm going to regret this," Fang said as I turned the knob. I opened the door and there were six cute boys and a girl standing there like they were waiting for us. They were dressed all emo.

"Welcome," said the cutest one, "We are the Host Club. My name is Tamaki." He walked up to me, taking my hand and leveling it with his chest. "I do not recall you making an appointment with us, but I can pencil you in, say right now." He pressed his lips against my hand and kissed it. "Would you like to join me to a walk in the courtyard?" Without thought, I said. . .

"Yes, of course," as I blushed. I barely managed to signal to Fang, telling him that he was in charge, before walking off.

## 2 - Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

#### Fang's P.O.V.

She gave me the 'two fingers behind the back' signal, meaning I was in charge. She was actually going with that loser! I knew coming here was a bad idea. Like when Max opened the door, they were all dressed emo! I think they were trying to mock me! They knew we were coming, I know they did! "Calm down, Fang," I told myself. I scanned the room for a dark corner, I walked over to it, sat down and curled up into a ball. *Am I going insane?* I asked myself. I've never acted like this before. *Fang, you've never been sane,* I reminded myself. How could I be sane? I grew up in a freaking lab. I sat there for a few minutes. And then. . .

"Do you wanna play with Bun-Bun?" a small voice asked. I turned around and put my head up. I had a confused look on my face. "Hi, I'm Hunny. So do you want to play with Bun-Bun?" Hunny looked no older than Angel, which made me wonder what he was doing in a high school.

"Um. . . Sure," I said. I took the stuffed rabbit and he skipped away. I looked at the rabbit as if it would solve all of my problems. It didn't, so I just got up and walked somewhere. I saw the Gasman, Nudge, and Angel with Hunny. Iggy was with the twins. They were playing the 'Which One is Hikaru' game. He seemed to be getting it right every time. How do I know? Because the twins were jumping up and down with frustration every time Iggy gave an answer. I was bored, so I went over to Kyoya and Haruhi. Then it struck me. Wait! How do I know all of their names? Maybe it was a new-found skill. I'll find out later.

"Hey you!" I shouted at the taller one, "Who are you and why are we here?"

"We are the Host Club. And you are here simply because, well, I don't know."

"HA!" I pointed a finger at his nose. "Listen you! I know what you and your stupid little host club are up to, And don't think we're going to fall for your stupid little tricks!"

"Dude, calm down," he said. "First off, the Host Club is not mine. I am but the Vice President. And second of all, every girl falls for our tricks."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. Really."

"Oh, yeah? Well. . .well you, you STINK!"

Kyoya went back to writing in his notebook and I stomped away, sobbing. I realized I was still holding Bun-Bun. What's a fourteen year old doing with a stuffed rabbit? I have no idea. I saw Mori pass by.

"Your pride is hurt," he explained. "I can tell because you're carrying a stuffed rabbit."

"Shut up you - you, just shut up." I was stunned at my loss of words. I was usually good and quick with sarcastic come-backs, but not as good as Max.

"There's no hiding it," he said as he walked away. I stood there thinking of Max. I can't believe she just went off with that loser like that! I am so mad at her. I have to get the flock turn against her. *Oh! No! Now I am coming up with these evil ideas!* I walked past Angel, the Gasman, Nudge, and Hunny. They were eating cake and playing tea party.

"Fang, can I play with Bun-Bun?" Angel asked.

"NO!" I growled. I ran off trying to protect Bun-Bun. I found a table and some chairs. I put Bun-Bun

down in a chair and sat down across from him.

“Bun-Bun, you and I are going to be best friends.”

### 3 - Chapter 3

Max's P.O.V  
Chapter 3

"So, how do you like the academy so far?" Tamaki asked me.

"It's great." I replied. Tamaki was so handsome. His eyes were bright like the sun and his hair settled over his face. It was almost like Sam's. I sighed. I missed that life a little, but living on the run was much more exciting. We were at the exterior door of the music room.

*Voice, I don't think I made a mistake,* I thought.

*You still have to save the world,* it told me.

*Whatever.*

Tamaki opened to door. Iggy was with the twins, the Gasman, Nudge, and Angel were with the smaller one. All looked fine. We walked in and Tamaki closed the door behind us. I tuned to the right a little and I couldn't believe my eyes, so I rubbed them. Fang was having tea with a stuffed rabbit. No biggie. I realized that having tea with a stuffed rabbit wasn't normal for a fourteen year-old human-avian hybrid named Fang. I ran over there.

"FANG! WHAT THE CRUD ARE YOU DOING?!?!"

"MY BUN-BUN!" Fang growled. He started foaming at the mouth and I started backing away slowly. He almost reminded me of this dude in a movie we saw at Anne's house. What was it? Oh yeah. . . Lord of the Rings. Hunny suddenly ran over to the 'Foaming-at-the-Mouth Fang.'

"I want my Bun-Bun back!" He said and walked over to Fang.

"Hunny - NO!" I screamed as Hunny tired to snatch Bun-Bun away. Fang suddenly went crazy. He threw Bun-Bun in the air and started banging on his chest like a gorilla.

"ME FANG! ME MAD!" He roared. I had no choice but to slap him on his face. After I slapped him, he lay on the ground, as straight as a bent nail.

A few minutes later, he awoke. All the flock and the Host Club were leaning over him.

"Fang?" My voice was soft.

"Max?" He replied.

"Oh, good. You're not foaming at the mouth anymore," I joked as I helped him up. He smiled at me. I smiled back. Hunny had Bun-Bun in his hands. I guess he caught it when Fang threw it up in the air. He tugged on his sleeve and Fang turned to him.

"My Bun-Bun, you jerk." Hunny stuck his tongue out at Fang and stomped away.

"I was pretty bad, wasn't I? I guess something got to my head." I didn't expect anymore words from Fang, seeing that he was himself again. I grinned at him and walked over to a table and sat.

Angel came over and sat down across from me. She had a tea set with her.

"Hey, Max," she greeted. "I bought some tea. I had some when we were playing tea party. It's really good."

"Okay." I was willing to try some. She poured some into a fancy china cup, added sugar, and then handed it to me.

"Hey, Angel? Do you know what was up with Fang earlier today? Do you know why he was acting like that?" I asked and them took a sip of my tea. It was actually pretty good.

"I'm not really sure, but when he growled at Hunny the first time, I picked a little something up."

"What was it?"

"I think it was something like you were going through, Max. Remember when you had that crying spell?"

"Yes." I didn't really want anyone bringing that up. I was supposed to be tough for the flock, right?

"Well, I think he was holding it in form too long. He just let it all out."

"Oh," I said. I definitely understood.

"And jealousy."

"What!?!?"

"You heard me, Max." She looked at me like a six year old would that knew your life-long-deep-dark secret. You know, the one that you swore you wouldn't tell anybody? Not even your parents" We all have them. Even though it wasn't my secret, I was still worried.

"What do you mean?"

"He's jealous. When he saw you and Tamaki, he let it all out," she explained. I turned towards the direction Fang. I was talking with Kyoya. A lot more made sense now. Then I saw Tamaki look over our way. I turned to Angel and Angel turned to me. She nodded and walked off. About ten seconds later, Tamaki took her place. I'm glad he did. That way I could see if what she was really saying was true.

"Hello, my dear Max. The time is approximately. . . Umm. . . Lunch time," - *These guys are dumber than I thought* I thought to myself - "And I would be honored to have such a beautiful young girl like you to join me in the garden for the mid-day meal." I looked around only to see Angel getting asked to lunch by Hunny and Nudge getting asked to lunch by Mori. I guess the rest could tend to themselves. Fang could teach Iggy, the Gasman, the twins, Kyoya, Haruhi, and Total how to catch a rat. I turned my head back around when Tamaki raised my hand to his lips and kissed it. I blushed. I fell for it again.

## 4 - Chapter 4

### Chapter 4

#### Max's P.O.V

Tamaki had a table ready for us the garden. It was complete with China and two silver platters. Angel and Hunny had one behind a tree. We sat down and Tamaki poured tea into two identical cups. He handed me one. Tamaki stood up and ostentatiously took the lid off of the silver platter.

"I hope you like sushi," He said in such charm. So much that I just wanted to go crazy and say 'Oh Tamaki, I love you so much! Will you marry me?' Then I remembered Fang. I hope he isn't going mad. "I've never had sushi before, but I bet it's delicious." I put my elbows on the table, folded my hands, and rested my chin on them. Tamaki did the same and looked into my eyes. I did the same and, once again, noticed how handsome he was. Then I heard footsteps.

"Roasted Rat?" two identical voices said in unison. One roasted rat was in my face. Another was in Tamaki's. Tamaki slapped the rats away and started shouting in the twin's faces. He was pointing fingers. Pretty bad. I knew where this had to come from. I ran to where I saw a fire in a wooded area. Iggy, the Gasman, and Fang were rolling on the ground, laughing their butts off. Fang was face up when I put my foot on his forehead. He stopped in the middle of a laugh.

"Roasted rats. Nice one," I said sarcastically and gave him a 'get up now or die' look. All three of them followed the order, but Iggy and the Gasman ran off like things were going to get bad.

"Yup, but it looks like you like sushi more," he said, smirking.

"I don't know what sushi is! All I did was look at it! I didn't even taste it!"

"Or do you like the dud that was eating the sushi with you more?"

"You know what Fang? Just shut up! I'm sick of you and your stupid little tricks. You really need to change." I was so mad.

"Can I say PMS?"

"ARRGGH!" I shouted and stomped away. I was really ticked.

#### Fang's P.O.V.

She's really ticked, I could tell. She stomped away, gathered Nudge and Angel. The Host Club was trying to calm Max down, chasing after her. But she let Nudge and Angel in and then slammed the door shut. Iggy and the Gasman ran to me.

"Man, you really messed up," said the Gasman.

"Yeah. I couldn't even see it and the screaming and shouting was enough," Iggy explained. The Host Club came walking up to me.

"Dude. . ." the twins said.

"Jerk. . ." Hunny complained and they walked off to an alternative entrance. By the sounds off it, they locked the door. Tamaki opened a window.

"And don't come knocking unless you are ready to change your horrid being!" He shut the window. I walked over to the dying fire and covered it with ash. After I knew it was dead, I scattered into the woods.

"Why should I change?" I was in the middle of the woods. I sat on a stump and thought really hard. I



thought about that time at Anne's when she made us go to school. Them fateful night when Max announced the she'd been asked out on a date by the Sam kid. I didn't say anything. What was there to say? Then there was that time when I kissed Lissa. Max acted so jealous that night. Then it hit me. "Wait! Maybe she likes me back!" No, no. That couldn't happen. But it could! My spirits rose and I thought of an answer. I ran back to the door and knocked on it. Tamaki answered. "Tamaki, turn me to one of the Host Club."

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Chapter 4 is up and finished, finally. (this might be the last one for at least a week or so) I haven't had homework one day this week, so I think something freaky's gonna happen next week. (next week, I'm probably going to have an hour a day)

I apologize for the shortness of all the chapters. I'm trying to get them up as fast as I can. Thanks to those loyal readers out there and the ones who like the story!

- artemis1234567

## 5 - Chapter 5

### Chapter 5

#### Angel's P.O.V

Max was sobbing, so we were trying to comfort her. Fang must of made her really mad.

"It's okay," said Nudge. "Fang can be just a big, fat jerk. Yeah, like one time, I was, like. . ."

"I get the point, Nudge," said Max. She was calming down a little. The door opening on the other side of the room caught my attention, but it seemed I was the only one who noticed

'Turn me to one of the Host Club,' I heard a distant voice say. It sounded like. . .OHMIGOSH!!! It sounded like FANG! I needed to see this for myself. Using my 'mind-reading and commanding' powers, I told Nudge to stay here with Max. She nodded. I skipped towards Iggy and Gazzy, their eyes moving from Fang to the Host Club. It looked like they were mentally comparing the two.

"Did Fang just say what I think he said?" I asked the Gasman, just to make sure I wasn't going crazy.

"Yes, Angel. He did. I think he's going mad." Okay, good. I'm not going crazy.

"Gasman, must I remind you that Fang has never been sane. I'd be surprised if any of us were." Wow, Iggy sounded a lot smarter than he looked.

"You're wanting to please someone, so I guess we can attempt to. Come with me," Tamaki ordered Fang and the rest of the Host Club. They walked outside. Iggy, the Gasman, and I looked at each other and nodded. We followed them.

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"Okay, first is appearance." Tamaki had him in a studio chair. Fang was sitting like a little kid would when about to receive his first haircut, simultaneously looking excited yet nervous.

"To try to please, one needs to look pleasing. And your hair is anything but." Tamaki tried to comb through his hair, but it got stuck. It was all matted together. The Gasman and I started snickering. "What a disgrace! Kyoya, call your emergency hair dressers. We, indeed, have an emergency. Kyoya pulled out his cell phone, pressed a button and put it up to his ear. He said a few words and put it back in his pocket. And let me tell you that when they say emergency, they mean emergency, because it seemed they were here in 30 seconds. I looked up at the Gasman.

"I wonder if they have warp speed like Max. . ." The Gasman looked down to me and shook his head as if to say, 'I have no idea Angel, but I wouldn't be surprised.'

Kyoya's emergency hair dressers were holding Fang down and practically yanking through his hair. He was 'ARGH'ing in pain and frustration. I couldn't help but laugh. This is the first time I've ever seen Fang act this way, but yet he isn't himself. And I know exactly why -- he's jealous. He's going to be a 'Tamaki wannabe' just for Max. How sweet! Now back to the torture scene.

The hair dressers were done with the almost failed attempt to comb his hair, now they were going to cut it.

"NNNOOO!" he yelled in a 'slow motion'y voice as they edged the scissors closer. This time, all of us had to hold him down (all of us meaning me, Iggy, Gazzy, and the Host Club) because the hair dressers had sharp, pointy objects. Finally, it was done.

“Better, Tamaki said, only looking a little satisfied. “But we’ve only put a dent in it.” Fang looked like he wanted to break down in sobs.

“Hikaru, you and your brother will make sure this unfortunate soul gets all of the dirt and grime off,” Tamaki ordered and the twins saluted him. “While I go get him a more polished outfit and prepare for training.”

“Squeaky clean!” The twins said with a bar of soap in one hand. They pulled Fang away.

“This is funny,” said the Gasman, “Watching Fang be tortured.”

“Even though I can’t see, it’s still pretty hilarious.”

“At least he’s doing it for love,” I added. We were silent after that.

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Fang returned and must I say that he never looked better. He was wearing a more polished school uniform with shiny new shoes. His skin was a more natural olive and wasn’t dirt colored. His teeth were white and caught a glimmer of the sun. His dark eyes were brighter than before. I started running up to Fang, my arms wide open.

“Oh, Fang! You’re so handsome! Max will love it!” I told him as he picked me up and hugged me.

“It hope so, Angel. I hope so.

Fang’s P.O.V

“We’re not done yet. You still have to go through the official Host Club training,” Tamaki said. That dude can get a little annoying sometimes.

“Actually, Tamaki, I want to see what I can do without the training, just to see what my strengths and weaknesses are.”

“Suit yourself. I trust you know what to do with this.” He handed me a rose.

“Let’s hope so,” I squeezed the rose tighter in my hands as I opened the door. I saw Max with Nudge. They were having tea. I walked over to her.

“Hello, Max. I would like to introduce the New & Improved Fang.” I gave her the rose and kissed her hand. She looked shocked at first, but then smiled and blushed. I must be doing pretty good.