

Love

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A story based in Castle Oblivion, also carrying themes of both KH1 and 2.

:P I know it's not great, but I love it so far. So be nice! Tell me if there are things I can fix up.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/AxelXRoxas/43358/Love>

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1 - Darkness

A young man stumbled along a cold, dark beach, long silver hair rippling like water and glistening like spiders silk in the moonlight.

"Sora..." He panted. "Where are you? I can't find you anywhere!" Gasping, he tripped and fell forward with a heavy thud.

The man pushed himself onto his elbows, spitting gritty sand out of his mouth. With a deep sigh he hung his head, frustrated tears burning his aqua eyes.

I'm sorry, Sora, He thought. I promised I'd find you. But I can't...I can't.

Suddenly, he heard hurried footsteps behind him. He leapt to his feet and spun around.

"Sora?!" he asked. But as soon as the word had fallen from his cracked lips, he realized his mistake.

Grasping a fin-shaped sword he swung at the strange black creature looking up at him.

Suddenly, the creature leapt back! The young man was stunned to see that, held in the creatures hand, was a Keyblade.

"Woah there!" Cried the creature, pulling off a hood that had obscured his prominent features. "Be careful with that thing!"

The Silver haired man fell to his knees, sword cast aside.

"King Mickey! Forgive me, I thought you were a heartless."

"Sounds to me you thought I was Sora, Riku." The creature, King Mickey, blatantly pointed out. The silver haired Riku bowed his head to hide the fresh tears on his cheeks.

"Aw shucks, I'm sorry Riku. I didn't mean ta upset ya." The king picked up Riku's sword and handed it up to him. It hung loosely in Riku's hand.

"It's okay...It's just...I promised to find him, you know? I've been walking around this light forsaken desert for weeks and nothing! Just miles of dirt, water and cliff face." Riku kicked at the sand.

"There isn't even driftwood enough to make a raft."

"well, don't give up!" Mickey cried out earnestly. "We can look together-there has to be a way out of here!"

Riku stared at Mickey for a long while, then slowly nodded.

"After all, if theres a way in, there has to be a way out, right?"

"Right!" Agreed Mickey. Slowly, Riku started walking, Mickey at his side.

Just one step at a time.

2 - The White Room

"Ugh..."

The silver haired youth moaned. His bright, sea-green colored eyes slowly fluttered open, trying to comprehend his surroundings, without luck.

What happened...?

He shook his head, trying to dislodge the shadows that stubbornly clutched at his temples when he remembered what had happened.

"King Mickey! Ow!" He sat up and fell back down quickly as lances of agony pierced his brain. Reeling, he lay with his eyes closed, breathing slowly. Gradually, the pain faded to a dull throb, and he could sit up and look around. A few feet to his left lay the king, his Keyblade pinned beneath him.

Not quite able to move yet, Riku looked around, wincing at the sheer whiteness of the room. All over the walls were pictures of people. Glancing at one near him, he thought he recognized the smiling boy who had been roughly sketched and carefully colored in.

"Hello"

Riku groaned at the voice behind him-would the surprises never end?

"Who's there?" He warily called out, feeling around for his sword. He couldn't feel it anywhere.

"I asked for your name."

"I'm Namine."

Slowly Riku turned around to face the speaker. A young blond girl knelt in front of him, holding his sword out to him. Wordlessly he took the sword, his aqua eyes locked onto hers.

"K-Kairi...?" He stammered, heart pounding painfully in his chest. Had it always been so heavy?

The girl's sad smile faded away as she shook her head. Riku's heart sunk into his stomach.

"Namine...I'm sorry. You reminded me of someone I used to know. How did we get here?" The girl, Namine, pointed to a picture on the wall. It was a familiar, cold looking beach with tall dark cliffs all around. As Riku watched, he thought he saw the tiny waves lapping at the sand.

"You...?"

Namine nodded. With a frown, Riku went over to Mickey.

"Your Majesty, are you alright?" Mickey groaned softly as Riku shook him by the shoulder. His eyes slowly blinked open as he sat up, Keyblade in hand.

"Riku? Where are we?" Mickey asked, looking around. Riku sighed.

"Ask her-huh?!" The youth looked wildly around the room, now empty but for a white door, tucked discreetly in a corner. Riku could have sworn it hadn't been there before.

"Where did she go?!" Getting no answer but for a rustling of paper and a strange look from the King, Riku frowned and shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know, but let's get out of here. We have to find Sora."

"That's the spirit!" Cheered Mickey as he rose to his feet. Riku smiled as he opened the door to the unknown, but his heart was pounding and his mind was buzzing with questions.

3 - The Dream,

Riku was lying in the shade of a huge, paopu laden palm tree, watching the clouds whir by like a hyperactive merry-go-round. He turned to the chocolate-haired boy nestled beside him with a contented smile.

I'm so glad you're safe, Sora He thought to himself. As if nudged by Riku's thoughts, the boy stirred, slowly waking.

"Don't worry Sora, I'm still here," Riku said to him, willing him to go back to sleep. Instead the boy looked up at him, gazing almost hungrily into Riku's eyes. Something about his stare was unnerving. Maybe it was that the boy, usually as twittery as a spring bird, was dead silent. Or maybe it was the way his eyes seemed to draw Riku in, deeper and deeper until he wasn't sitting next to him, warm and safe, but falling into a dark and frightening abyss, growing colder by the second until it felt like his heart would freeze into a bloody ruby...

Gasping and shivering, Riku jerked into conciousness, but it was fleeting-he soon drifted off to sleep again, his dream forgotten-the only reminder would be a tear drenched wooden floor when he finally awoke.