Darkness

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Riku is a drug addict. Sora and Kairi are in love. Gross stuff, too. If you ever want the second chapter, ther is a five-comment minimum.

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Where were you when I needed you most?

"Kairi..." Sora purred passionately as the couple kissed under the moonlight. Ever since Sora asked Kairi to the Destiny Ball, they had become an item. Sora thought they had the perfect life together. But what about Riku?

"Argh..." Riku groaned as he aimed the needle at his forearm. There were many holes there already. One hole for every horrible feeling Riku felt: Jealousy, rage, anger, rebellion, and hatred. After Riku's mother died, Riku's life went downhill. First his father disowned him. Then, Tifa, the one girl Riku had ever loved, left him for some guy named Barret. And now this? Sora and Kari, the only two people that Riku had left, decided that they would become a couple and leave him all alone. Riku injected the heroin into his wrist and immediately passed out.

It had been three weeks since anyone had heard from Riku. Sora was beginning to get scared.

"Maybe we should call. You know, check in on him."

"Sora, you worry too much. Maybe he just wants to be alone. You know how moody he gets." Even Kairi couldn't stop him from dialing Riku's number. Sora could never forget Riku's number: 866-666-2934 [AN: It's 666-EVIL Hehehe...]

"No answer. That does it. I'm going over there."

"Please, don't Sora! You know how Riku has gotten since we moved in together.

"I don't care. Riku's my friend."

Riku's place was a dump. Granted, it was a very small apartment, and Riku used to have a lot of stuff, but even the welcome mat was a wreck. It brought Sora back to the days when Riku and him used to share a dorm.

Flashback:

"Ri...ikuuu..." Sora purred as the elder boy--Present:

"Whoa. Where did that come from?" Sora snapped back to reality. He reached for the doorknob and turned. It was unlocked. Why does that not surprise me, Sora thought. He walked in and surveyed the area. "Riku! Where are you, Riku?" When Sora finally found Riku, he wished he hadn't. Sprawled out on the floor was a semiconscious Riku. To Sora, he looked liked he'd been shot, because he was bleeding from the mouth, and he had holes all over. After a second, he realized that Riku had just overdosed from heroin.

Flashback:

- "Sora, stop being such a baby. It's only a little needle."
- "Yeah, and a whole lot of heroin."
- "What, are you afraid that you're going to do something you'd wish you hadn't?"
- "Kind of, and also that final exams are tomorrow."
- "Fine. I'll take the shot for you."

Present:

Sora remembered exactly what to do in case Riku had OD'd. He only knew mainly because he had seen Pulp Fiction about a thousand times.

"Come on, Riku. Up we go." Sora said this as he propped Riku up on a table.

Sora went into the kitchen to find the adrenaline shots. Riku always kept at least a dozen in college, just in case. "Just great." Sora had found where the shots were, but a letter lock locked them. Only Riku would keep something like that. Sora instantly remembered what the code was. H-I-G-H-W-I-N-D, Sora typed. "Same as our old raft." He got one of the shots out of the freezer, grabbing a magic marker from the drawer as he left.

Sora ripped of Riku's shirt violently, as if Riku's life depended on...oh. Never mind. Sora marked right where Riku's heart was. He pushed the needle farther and deeper in. Finally, Sora injected. Riku started to cough, and Sora, realizing what was about to happen, took out the needle and grabbed a trash basket. [AN: I'll spare you the details.]