

Tired

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WIP Demyx returns to the Castle That Never Was after a mission and he just wants to rest. But the others have other plans for him.

This is before....uh Roxas was found....so maybe still during KH1? Yeah. I'll do that. Awesome.

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Demyx was tired, bruised, and just about ready to fall over dead. His last mission was demanding and was a lot harder than it sounded when Xemnas gave it to him the week before. Portaling into the castle was the easy part. Making it to his room where he could collapse onto his bed and sleep for eternity was going to be the hard part. He didn't know who all was in the castle at the moment and that was defiantly a serious problem.

He cautiously looked around the room he had portaled in from. Not seeing or hearing anyone in the general vicinity, Demyx started for his room as quickly as he could manage. Stopping at every corner to ninja his way out of confrontation, he dashed across open doorways and cursed himself for over thinking the path he chose. The next doorway had loud chatter and clattering of dishes and cutlery.

Of course he would find the one hallway that led to the kitchen/dining area for the Organization. But now that the blonde stopped to reprimand himself, his stomach growled its displeasure of being so far from food and yet so close.

"Okay, Demyx. Food and people or bed, sleep and food later..." Demyx whispered to himself. If he ran back the other way he could bypass the kitchen entirely and making it to his room without anyone seeing him. He listened to the voices inside to determine if he had to watch out for anyone.

"You guys are so dumb! Why do I even hang out with you guys?!" Axel's voice drifted out loudly and was followed by robust laughter and taunts.

"Oh hush, Fire crotch. You're the dumb one." A high girlish laugh followed. Larxene was sharp and snide with her insults. More laughter.

"I don't understand why you all are so loud. The acoustics in this castle just bounce all your noise everywhere." Vexen's cold calculated tone sounded shaky now. 'He must have another migraine.' Demyx thought.

"Ugh. I can't wait anymore." Demyx said, bracing himself and turning the corner into the kitchen. "Uh, hay guys!"

"Hey! Demyx is back." Axel shouted. He was sitting on the back of his chair, feet on the seat and Larxene was giving him a look that said she wanted to tip him over. Xigbar waved from his seat across from the redhead.

"Hey, kid. How'd you do this time? No floods I hope." The scarred man chuckled, remembering his and Demyx's previous mission where the blonde accidentally caused a flood and destroyed the strange vegetation the two were on the world to gather in the first place.

"He he, no. No floods this time." Demyx said offhandedly. He glanced over to Vexen, who was standing near a waste receptacle giving him an icy glare. The academic strode past him and headed for the

basement labs.

“There’s food in the icebox. After a weeklong mission, I doubt you’ve had good food, if any at all.” Xaldin said, coming around the island where had had been making himself a sandwich, He took a bite from it and walked out over to the table that the others were gathered at. He sat on an empty chair and popped his feet up on the table, leaning the chair back on two legs.

“There wasn’t anything very edible on the world I was stationed at, so I haven’t eaten since I left.” Demyx said, heading for the aforementioned icebox to fix him something before he ran back to his room to hide and sleep.

“Wait. So you had no food. For a week?” Axel stared at the blonde in shock, “damn. How could you survive?”

“Yeah. You’ll be as skinny as Vexen is if you keep that up.” Xigbar added.

“It’s not like he can starve to death.” Larxene shot back. Demyx started to pull sandwich ingredients from the icebox and laid them out on the island flattop.

“Well, I was hungry, but I told myself that as soon as I finish the mission, I’d get food. I kept that mantra going until today, when I returned.” Demyx explained, having some trouble pulling apart the slimy meat for his sandwich.

“You psychologically hypnotized yourself.” Zexion said from his corner of the kitchen, looking over his thick, leather-bound textbook. The younger neophytes gave him a questioning look, and he sighed, “Mind over matter. Essentially, Demyx, you convinced yourself that you would get food and your hunger dissipates. Hunger, emotions, pain; they’re all reactions of the mind, a subconscious solution to any situation.”

Demyx finished fixing his sandwich and began putting the ingredients away. He paused and looked over at the slighter man, “Yeah, I guess you’re right. I’m just happy I have food now, ya know?”

“Just don’t eat too much, squirt. Don’t want you to get fat and drag us down.” Xigbar laughed.

“OH! That reminds me! Demyx, did you remember to get that thing I asked you about?” Axel asked, jumping from his chair and leaning against the counter. He felt eyes following him the whole way, but the redhead didn’t care. It wasn’t any of their business what he did in his spare time.

“Uh…” Demyx made a confused face and took a bite of his sandwich. Axel gave the blonde a pointed look.

“You said you’d get it for me after your mission.”

“You better not be planning one of your stupid pranks, VIII.” Xaldin said gruffly. He crossed his arms and gave an intimidating glare.

“Pfft. If I was, I know better than to pull one on you, old man.”