

Fire's Shadows

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KID+SERGE. Something my mind nagged at me about when I saw this one Chrono Cross picture.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/FinalFantasyChick178/11853/Fires-Shadows>

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Another Kirge, I know I'm insane, actually I'm working on a Kingdom Hearts fic at the moment so prepare yourselves for Anna's spontaneous side. Lol.

I'm concentrating on all the fics that are gonna be short at the moment cause I'm lazy as hell. Eventually I'm gonna be left with all the long fics and chaptered fics...then I'm gonna be fracking pissed off...and I'll have no one to blame but myself...sigh...

A few story idea's I have (not necessarily Kirges) are gonna end up being like 30 or 40 or maybe even more chapters long...sigh...why do I do this...

Chrono Cross

Fire's Shadows

The fire glowed happily in front of Kid, flames glistening, reaching their fiery arms towards the cloudless benighted skies, maybe as far as the heavens. The stars in return gazed sadly downwards at all the ruin and pain disapprovingly, maybe motherly.

Kid sat on a fallen pillar, toying with her dagger, turning it and caressing its hilt lovingly, as though it was as precious as a small child. A solemn look had captured her pale childish face.

Kid gave a glance in Serge's direction. He sat, leaning against a pillar that was amazingly still sturdy and standing tall. Kid had no clue how old the place they were in must be, it was supposed to be the Water

Dragon's temple. Sadly for Kid another fallen pillar lay between Kid and Serge, who was looking down thoughtfully, shadows that the cracking fire created laying lazily across his features, accenting and dulling his features as it's flames shifted, reaching higher. Though the lighting and his position made it so Kid wasn't permitted to see his face. Couldn't distinguish how he felt. She greatly wished she knew.

Kid looked back to their homely little campfire, continuing to turn her dagger in her gloved hands. Kid let out a deep sigh. They'd just been and still were at the Water Dragon's Isle. Kid remembered only hours earlier slashing and slaying those annoying little dwarfs with what appeared pots on their heads, remembered them screaming wildly about how if they were to live in the human world they couldn't be peaceful, fun loving creatures, they'd have to instead rage wars to get what they wanted and need, they figured they needed to be selfish and cruel, the way they saw humans, in order to survive. Kid couldn't deny that it was extremely rare for her to meet a truly good person, she wondered if she ever actually had. Kid gave Kid another short glance. She'd met one. Still those weren't good odds. Even if humans were selfish, cruel, blood lusting people, she was still a person, part of that race; she was *obligated* to be on their side. Besides the fairies had done nothing, she had to help them out.

It'd been a miserable add on to their adventure when Razzly had appeared saying this was her family...her home being destroyed...if anything Kid had been *obligated* to help her, she was her friend, companion. Serge would have forced her to anyway, being the kind person he was. Speaking of which the only reason they were out in the cold, only warmth a humble campfire was because Serge had decided Razzly needed some time to reunite with her family and friends. It'd been her choice to continue with them, but Serge had insisted she stay there a little longer, told Kid she needed to be alone with those she cared about, and drug her off. Kid hadn't been argumentative about it, and even if she hadn't wanted to show it, and maybe she acted like she didn't really care, but she knew what he said was right, and it was only fair that they sacrifice a day for what Razzly had sacrificed for them, and her sacrifice was so much bigger.

Kid again found her self gazing towards her blue-haired best mate, hoping to catch a glimpse of his, what she sure, solemn features. Serge shifted, feeling her eyes on him, turning to meet her gaze. Silence.

Kid was surprised at Serge's abrupt movement. It startled her slightly, and then Kid felt her cheeks light up only faintly, realizing she'd been caught full-out staring at him. Still though, she studied his face, questioning him with her cerulean eyes. She, herself had no answers for all her questions, and she assumed automatically, that Serge would indeed have all her answers, cause after all, he was Serge, and that somehow granted him some sort of godly power.

"Is it okay?" Kid mumbled, loud enough for Serge's ears to pick up on. She'd meant to say something else, something witty or funny, but her feelings, once again, defeated her. Serge was silent, thoughtful. Kid noticed he didn't look solemn or anything similar, as she'd expected, just thoughtful, maybe slightly glum, but just a trace.

"What happened isn't okay." Serge answered hesitantly, not exactly sure on what Kid's question was referring to, so he answered both of her questions options. "But, I think, that it'll be okay now. After everything's all cleared up."

"Didn't we already clear it all up?" Kid asked, a slight smirk tracing her lips gracefully. Serge sighed, to Kid's great distaste, looking back to the walls ahead of him. She already missed the ocean eyes enveloping her in comfort.

"I mean, when they all regain whatever they lost." Serge sighed. Kid didn't understand exactly what he meant, but she had a clue, and somehow, even though she only had a faint outline of it all, it made her feel better.

Kid nodded, and Serge looked to her. Kid didn't worry anymore, Serge would always be there to save her from even the worst bloody shoot possible. And he believed in everybody, even the human race...even thieves...

Kid smirked. He was a much better people person than herself and much wiser in ways unknown to her. Kid wasn't even sure that Serge himself really understood the full depth of himself.

“Deep as an ocean...” Kid mumbled to herself, too quietly to draw Serge's attention. “Night, mate.” Kid called over her shoulder, laying herself down next to warm flickering campfire, its shadows playing translucently with the walls, they couldn't quite grasp reality, nothing seemed tangible to them, not even pain.

“Night.” Serge responded after a moment, looking over to Kid, who'd happily settled herself. Serge let out a sigh...he had a feeling his life was gonna get more hellish by the day...but that was just a hunch...right?