

My Immortal

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What would happen if Sephiroth survived after the final battle? What would happen if the planet foresaw it and unleashed the Master Weapon? This is my take on Sephiroth's past.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Tiamat/2130/My-Immortal>

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1 - Chapter One

Hello everyone! *^_^* I'm Tiamat, the writer. This is my first fanfiction so I hope you enjoy it. I would love it if everyone reviewed my story. Please be honest but not harsh. If you wish to contact me, my e-mail is seraphicangel2004@yahoo.com or you may do so on AIM (Serapimcalls)

Disclaimer: I don't own FF7, I only wish I did. Only my characters and the storyline are mine. The song in the story isn't mine either, it's a song by Evanescence called "My Immortal." If this story resembles another, it is merely coincidental, but if there's a huge problem then contact me and I'll see what I can do.

Chapter One

"I'm so tired of being here
Suppressed by all my childish fears
And if you have to leave
I wish that you just leave
Because your presence still lingers here
And it won't leave me alone . . ."

It took her many days on foot to reach her destination. The cold of the mountains hadn't even fazed her. The snow that clung to her eyelashes did not hinder her. Nor did the wind, which beat against her furiously, restrain her . . . and even after all of these fierce trials of nature, there was no sense of triumph or victory in her colorless gray eyes. Only a fatal sense of grief lingered in them. She had reached the crater of a great battle. A battle that had threatened the planet's very being. A battle instigated by one of an unsound mind, of a grieving heart, and of a tortured soul. She merely sighed heavily and began to make her way down into the crater's center.

* * *

He lay there in darkness thinking clearly, perhaps for the first time. How long had he laid here? One day, one week, one year, one century? It felt more like one eternity. He could feel his body revive itself slowly. Soon it would begin to hurt as cells recreated and multiplied. When bones begin to form, forcing their way through his body. When he would begin to feel once again. But for now, he merely watched as memories began to surface in his subconscious. The first memory played itself softly in his mind. . . A small gray-haired child with teal green eyes that glowed eerily was bent over another child who lay lifelessly on the floor. The gray-haired child was weeping quietly. He never took his eyes off the boy who lay on the ground. As the child cried, a man with unkempt sandy brown hair and a lab coat, walked in mumbling incoherent words as he stared at his clip board. The name tag read 'Professor Gast.' When he looked up from his clip board, his attention focused on the pair. The child looked up as the Professor walked in.

"Professor! Professor!" the boy sobbed as he ran to the man. "I didn't mean to do it. He was being mean to me again and I told him to stop and . . . and he wouldn't stop hitting me and then I said 'You'd better stop or you'll be sorry' and he didn't stop so I . . .so I . . .," the gray-haired child stopped and

began to cry frantically. Professor Gast collected the distressed child into his arms and whispered words of comfort until the child, finally exhausted, slept deeply in his arms. He glanced at the child who lay dead on the floor, his gaze unreadable. Then he glared at a man who had watched the entire ordeal in the shadows.

“Hojo. . .,” Gast growled. “Somehow, I knew that this was your doing.”

The dream faded into darkness once again. Was he the crumpled boy who lay on the ground? Or was he the weeping child, who was responsible for the death of the innocent one? Who was he really? Why was he here?

2 - Chapter Two

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Chapter Two

"These wounds won't seem to heal
This pain is just to real
There's too much that time cannot erase
When you'd cry, I'd wipe away all of your tears
When you'd scream, I'd fight away all of your fears
I held your hand through all of these years
But you still have all of me . . ."

The descent to the crater's center was a long way down from the maze of tunnels and ledges where she was. She could have merely jumped straight down to the bottom rather than go through the trouble of walking, but walking was longer. It would take much longer to reach . . . him. Why did she hesitate? She left the question hanging in the air. The answer was unthinkable. Was she afraid of what she might find down in the crater's very core? Yes . . . and no. Only one creature could ever harm her and he was long since dead. Still she was afraid. Afraid of what she might find. Afraid of what she might do. Afraid to feel what she once felt. The woman simply walked on.

* * *

The memories were becoming harder to control, if he had any control over them at all. Flashes of people's faces, fire, darkness, and monsters all blurred together, agitating him all the more. None of it made sense to him. But the face that confused him the most was her face. Divine gray eyes that seemed to take in everything and yet reveal nothing. Raven black hair that cast back all the colors of the rainbow. He tried to hold on that face the longest. It seemed she was the only memory that made him feel . . . something. Was that his mother? He didn't think so. The feeling went more intimate than that. Perhaps she was a sister or a friend? The memories became organized once more, pulling him away. For now he would turn away from her face, hoping to recall more of who he was . . .

"You can't go Sephiroth!!! I forbid it!!!" a man screamed forcefully. He was a small man with disheveled black hair. He merely glared defiantly back at the scientist with fierce Mediterranean blue eyes. Although, he was only a adolescent, Sephiroth had an imposing presence. The scientist shrank under his sneer.

"You think that you can just order me around Professor Hojo?" The ashen haired man looked down at him with arrogant eyes. "I will go, with or without your permission." Prof. Hojo began to scream ferociously, spitting curses at the youth as he walked out the laboratory. He walked unwaveringly down the hall and finally into the small glass elevator. When the elevator doors closed, Sephiroth sank to the floor, pulling his knees up to his chin, looking like the child of fifteen that he really was. Where are you

Gast? Why did you leave me here all alone? . . .

Sephiroth . . .He dangled the name in the air. Could that have been his name? It sounded. . .right. . .and who was that strange name that screamed at him so? His memory made him feel disgusted and resentful. He most definitely didn't like him, of that much he was sure.

"Hahaha. . . What a strange question coming from the "Great Sephiroth." You only need to know that Jenova is your one and only mother!!" Hojo's voice came unbidden in his mind. He flinched at the words. Now the question was, who was Jenova?