

The Shadow

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Submitted: December 23, 2006

Updated: December 23, 2006

Was playing Kingdom Hearts 2 like crazy and this story popped up one night.

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Wings_Of_Black/41891/The-Shadow

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Two golden, glowing orbs peered through the darkness. It's vision was temporarily disrupted as it's crooked antenna wagged in front of it's round face. It's neck, short as it was, led to a nearly peanut-shaped body. Stubby legs poked out from the bottom and just-as-short arms emerged from it's chest. Four fingers adorned the end of each small hand. Flexing, they revealed sharp, wickedly curved claws. The Shadow twitched involuntarily as it watched another like it's kind move in front of it.

Though a human, the Shadow saw it as another shadow with it's exact likeness. Except for one thing: the pulsating, light-pink and gold crystal that it held within it's chest. The glowing crystal was like a drug, something the Shadow did not have, yet would kill to possess. A heart. The Shadow, after all, was a Heartless.

It was once Human, too, until it's heart was taken by a shadow like it had become. Now, all that was there was a black void; empty and needy. It's yellow eyes followed the Heart as it moved along rapidly. More Heartless shadows emerged from a pool of darkness in the ground till they numbered two-dozen. As one, they all rushed greedily forward at the lone heart, that is, all but the Shadow who was just observing earlier.

Suddenly, a blinding, burning, deadly flash of light erupted in the room, and the Key was there. The lone Shadow sank into the ground and watched with terror, as that Key ripped the other shadows apart. An arm cut open, the darkness inside spilled out, only to be absorbed by the other Heartless around it. The Darkness was the only thing the Shadow could use to it's advantage. Every fiber strengthened the Heartless and they evolved. Some doubled in size and a type of armor appeared, others sprouted demon-like wings and took to the air.

Long claws connected with the Keybearer and, though the contact with the light was agonizing, the knowledge of knowing that it was one cut closer to that pulsing, calling, mocking heart inside. But, the Shadow on the sideline knew it was a hopeless act. Another would and the Keybearer would only cast magic and heal itself so there would be no sign of weakness or progress.

One by one, the other Heartless fell, and the remaining living ones grew larger and larger until only two were left. They looked like demons. With wings, a long deadly sword, a tail, and human-like characteristics except for the black skin, the crest up on their chest, and the ever-glowing eyes, they were nearly real people. But there was only one heart, and there would only be one victor. The remaining two fought valiantly but one still fell. Absorbing the remains of his defeated partner, the used-to-be-shadow now looked exactly like the Keybearer it was fighting. It was the Keybearer's own shadow and it, too, wielded a Keyblade, though this one was black with wicked barbs and a chain hilt. Tiny demon wings formed around the hilt, protecting the Dark Keybearer's hands from any side attacks.

The Light fought against the Dark with all it's power. Both elements sparked to the ground as their Keyblades connected. An explosion of light knocked the Shadow-Keybearer back. Taking advantage of it's enemies fatal mistake, the Light Keybearer thrust it's Keyblade into the Dark Keybearer's chest, crushing the Heartless crest. Light channeled down the Keyblade and the Dark-bearer's shell gave way. The Oblivion Keyblade it held dropped to the floor with a hollow clank, and the remaining Shadow shrank back.

The Light Keybearer's blade disappeared with a rain of light, and it moved on, walking further and further away until the call of it's heart could no longer be heard or felt. Only then did that lone Shadow venture forward. It absorbed the Darkness left behind and picked up the Oblivion. It's body shot upwards until it was six feet tall and perfectly proportioned. It grew thin but didn't look sickly. From it's back burst

two real, jet-black wings. The feathers rustled slightly in the zephyr. The Shadow-Human looked up, flexing it's wings and lightly muscled arms.

The Oblivion shone dark in the sourceless dusk of the World of Darkness. The now midnight-blue eyes peered into the dark and finally understood. The Keybearer would soon face an entirely new enemy, and it was all but prepared for that final battle.