

Open Arms and Consequences

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Sakka's been put onto a world she has no relation with, but is somebody triggering her emotions?

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1 - Chapter One - Icy Awakening

We're not content with who we really are. Ever. Our reasons are simple, we're all too flawed to image we're perfect....

Sakka willed her eyes to open as she fell through the darkness. *This can't be the end, I can't loose to her....*

The air rushing by her tore at the sides of her clothes and hissed in her ears as she remembered the last words before the ground and home Sakka knew.

"You're worthless. You'll never make it, so don't bother trying. You're a mistake, and nothing can change that. It will be better if you just disappear."

Suddenly, Sakka's eyes snapped open and she saw the sky above her growing far away. She reached out as if to grasp the stars, but her efforts were only met with a hard impact to the sandy ground below.

The moon cast a silent glow over the sea and the glossy sand Sakka was lying upon.

Sakka looked around her to try and see where she was. It seemed to be an island, and the sky was brimming with white lights.

Then the sharp pain in Sakka's back came, moment's too late. She winced and propped herself up on one elbow. She noticed three figures coming towards her and decided she must be dreaming.

Maybe if I lay down real still, they won't notice me. Sakka thought, laying down and closing her eyes. Soon, she heard the voices of, most likely, the three figures.

"Uh-oh." Came an innocent, feminine voice. "Is she dead?" Another one said, sounding like a young boy. "I can't tell, maybe she's just unconscious." The third one interjected, sounding older than the other two but still young.

"Hey, somebody poke her." The second voice suggested, seeming to be sifting through the sound from what Sakka could hear.

"What good would that do?" Voice three said irritably. "If she moves, she's alive." The second one said. "She won't move if she's unconscious, Sora." The feminine voice said with a giggle.

"Just get her to the treehouse." Voice three exclaimed tersely while the sound of someone standing could be heard over the waves. "And where would you be going, Riku?" Voice two asked. "I'm going to bed." Three said as the footsteps became more distant.

Sakka suddenly felt the urge to know who these three people were. "Uhn...." She groaned, blinking her eyes open. "AH!" An auburn-haired girl screamed, jumping back and catching her breath.

"Hey, you're awake! Riku! She's awake!" A young boy with wild brown hair called with an eccentric grin spread across his face.

The one seemed to be called Riku turned to catch a glimpse at Sakka and stopped walking, almost frozen in his tracks. The beachy night breeze passed through his silver hair and ruffled the blue fabric of his pants.

Sakka's breath caught and she looked to the sand as another pang of the impact struck her back. "Hey, are you okay?" The girl said, coming over to Sakka's side.

"Yeah, I—I'm fine. I think I just need to lay down on something less....sandy." Sakka said weakly, bringing

a hand to her forehead.

What was that? It was like seeing Her all over again.... She thought nervously.

"Okay, we'll get you to a good surface soon. My name's Kairi." The girl explained, bringing Sakka back down to earth. "That's Sora," She said as the brown-haired teen waved happily. "And that's....Riku?" He still stood rigid on the dock, like he was sealed in time.

"Riku?" Sora asked with an unsure tone souring his usually joyous words. He got up and ran over to Riku, shaking his shoulder briskly. "Riku!" Sora said again, smacking him shortly above the head. That seemed to do the trick.

The light returned to Riku's eyes as he shook head head slightly. "I really need to get to sleep...." He muttered, walking quickly towards a wooden hut and then breaking into a run half the distance along.

"Sorry, he's not usually like that." Kairi said uneasily, putting a hand around Sakka's shoulder. "Now, let's find you somewhere to stay." She said softly.

"No, I'll be fine. I can stand." Sakka exclaimed, swaying as she tried steadying herself. "No way," Sora said with a frown, looking to Kairi. "Take her to the tree house; she'll stay there until we can find her someplace....nice to stay."

Kairi nodded and took Sakka's arm. "Let's go, you need sleep." She giggled, pulling her out of the sand. "Tomorrow, you can go around the island."

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That night, Sakka couldn't fall asleep. The icy image of Riku's cold, blue eyes was imbedded in her mind. She winced in her sleep as the thought reminded her of the past.

*"You can't do anything to me, nonetheless me to you. I can only watch as you plunge deeper into the lie, so deep now so as you can't pull yourself back out, no matter how strong the rope."*

"No!" Sakka yelled, bolting upright. She breathed heavily and looked out the opening of the tree house at the midnight beach. The ocean swished as silken waves pushed and pulled at the shores. A bright yellow moon hung low above the sky and illuminated the whole of Destiny Island, also outlining a silhouette on the dock.

Sakka stood slowly and quietly walked down the steps of the tree house and on to the beach. The sand below her bare feet was cool and muffling. She crouched behind a tropical-looking bush and squinted at the person sitting by the water.

They were sitting in a lazed position, with a leg hanging below the dock, the other propped upon the dock, and an arm resting on each one. The person's hair was brushed sideways by the wind, and it suddenly struck Sakka that the person here was Riku.

Sakka held her breath as he suddenly turned around and gazed disconnectedly at the bush she was hidden behind. Riku sighed and turned back to the water watching the waves roll in and out.

The air began to nip at Sakka's dark hair, making her shiver slightly in her small position. Time passed as the two sat solidly in their positions, and it soon became late.

Riku stood and trudged back towards the hut he first ran to, and Sakka suspiciously noticed that his cheeks appeared flushed and his expression was that of a very distracted person.

Sakka watched until he disappeared through the wooden door, then heaved a heavy sigh. *He looked so worried....I wonder if it was about before.* She thought as she walked back into the tree house, not knowing that tomorrow would hold a much greater tangle of thoughts for her.