

Keylund: Return Of The Heartless

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Enter Keylund. No Heartless, lots of magic. But could the Heartless possibly be returning?

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1 - The Fight.

I shielded my eyes from the late spring sun. It bathed all of Battle Park in a crimson red. It would have been pretty except for one thing. The thug dressed in all black across the clearing. That, and the fact that my girlfriend and my best friend were watching. Plus my girlfriend's girl friend was refereeing this match. All three of them would get to see me get my @\$@ kicked by the giant kid.

This wouldn't have happened if it weren't for Mrs.Fascamp. I'm getting a D+ in her class, (Advanced Battle Tactics) for no other reason than that she doesn't like my brother. That's a whole different story though.

She assigned me three hours of on call fighting time in Battle Park for the four-day weekend. I was instructed to pursue anyone else that wanted a fight. No matter what level they were. Ugh. She didn't care that I had plans, or that I had a Life!! No. Now I'm here, at the last half of my three hours, on the last half of my weekend, ready to get beat by this thug. Have I said Ugh??

Shyel (the girlfriends girl friend) called us in closer to her. We both walked over to her and stopped to listen to the rules she was going to lay down.

"No exiting the clearing without forfeiting. No cheap shots. Aka knees and below. Clean match you guys. All right?" We both nodded our heads and she continued, "Two blade changes only. Can't reuse a Keyblade. And Max. Turn on your recorder. Mrs.Fatcamp will want to see this," she said, using the uncomplimentary name that we stuck our teacher with.

Looking at her with my eyebrows raised, I said, "It's already on,"

Her face screwed up in a grimace and she said, "We'll edit me out later. Alright, take your positions,"

We both marched back to our spots and I pulled out my Hilt. Across the clearing, the thug was doing the same. Where as mine was a shiny silver, his was a dull black. I'm sure there was more on it but I couldn't see from here. In between us and off to the side, Sheila raised her hand. I squared off in a defensive position, trying to choose a strategy. If his size was anything to go by, physical strength would be out. I'm not the type who knows how strong a persons magic is just by looking at them, but I had a sneaking suspicion that he knew more than most. Even just the way he looked. Complete Org fashion. From the way he knotted his hair up top to the zipper running down the front of his robe. I sighed, knowing I'd have to show off a little to even come close to matching this guys skills. Plus, I needed to show off a little anyway since, come Monday morning, Mrs.Fascamp would be watching along with the rest of the class.

"On three. One. Two. Three!!" Shyel shouted. On three I yanked my Standard Keyblade Charm from my Charm holder clipped to my jeans. I attached the simple M on the chain at the end of my Hilt. I waited, feeling the power building. I watched my opponent across the clearing as he attached his own Charm to his Hilt. Where I had chosen the most basic Blade I had, the one we were all given on our eleventh birthday, he had chosen something much fancier. Where as mine simply chinked into existence, his bent the light around him. It cast purple and black shadows around him, making him look dangerous. I started towards him at a cautious speed, hoping that the display was just for show. His blade finished forming, curving to a wicked point. Mine had no curve to it, used for more practice than anything else. He shouldn't have been using anything stronger than a level three blade, considering mine was level one. His looked to be about a Lvl, 5

I increased my pace, wishing I'd have taken advantage of his Key forming. Oh well.

As I got close, he grinned "Well Blondie. Ready to party?" he asked.

"Only if it's Tango," I said randomly. He grinned even wider. I swung for his head while he was

distracted. He ducked just in time. I followed his body with my stroke as he rolled away.

“Hey, that’s not fair.” The guy said as he jumped up. He was still grinning as swung in. This time it was my head in danger. I repeated his roll and got up just as fast.

“Stop dancing and fight already!!!” Sosh yelled from the sideline. My girlfriend. Knowing her, she was probably rooting the other guy on.

I spun around half way and yelled, “Fine!! Here goes!!” I ducked as I heard the air whistle behind me.

I quickly unclipped the M from my chain. The blade stayed, knowing it was going to be needed again. I started running as the guy swung again. So far he hadn’t used any magic attacks. That gave me hope as I fumbled to clip my next Charm on. This one was a simple whole note. But it packed a punch that had gotten me bumped up to Advanced Battle two years ahead of everyone else. The dull grey length of the old blade morphed and stretched, splitting into three different strings and a woven fret board. Then the area around my hands wrapped around to make a hand guard in the shape of an electric guitar. The end popped out in the form of a sixteenth note. That was the only thing I could use for Physical battling. The rest was magic.

“Stop running and come back here,” the giant kid said. Did I mention how huge he is? He stood at least four inches above my 5’ 8”. I guess he was out of shape too, because he was panting by now.

“Alright,” I said. “Take this.” Holding the fret board part with my left hand, my middle finger found its mark and I plucked the string from the inside of my blade. A single clear note exploded out into the clearing. I don’t mind the volume, but other people had commented on it, saying that it’s like ten amps on full power, driving into your brain. The other guy acted accordingly. He dropped to his knees and clapped his hands over his ears. His blade dropped to the ground, and he realized his mistake too late. I reached down and scooped it up. Then, in one smooth motion, I unclipped his Charm, a purple bat, from the chain. His blade folded down into the dull black Hilt it had been only minutes before.

“No!! You can’t do that!!” The kid yelled, nearly sobbing. I grinned at the victory. Tossing his Hilt in front of him, Charm included, I held out a hand to help him up.

“Can, will, and did. Besides, look at it this way. At least we weren’t fighting for Blades. Then that little trinket would be mine,” I tried to be upbeat, non cocky. Most of this was for my own grade.

Mrs.Fascamp doesn’t allow smack talking.

“Whatever,” The kid said. Jumping up, he grabbed his Hilt and ran away.

“Baby,” I muttered under my breath. Now, I really shouldn’t complain about three hours active. I really do love fighting. It’s just that the teachers the reason I’m out here. That triggers the whole teenage rebelliousness that parents always complain about. Thank god mine are two thousand miles away, at home. Don’t get me started on them.

I heard someone running up behind me. I braced myself as Sosh glomped me from behind. I smiled and reached up with my left hand, non-keybearing, and covered hers with mine. She dropped off my back and spun me around to face her. She stood a little closer than most people would, and I didn’t mind.

“That was sweet. What note was that?” She asked, curiosity shining in her eyes.

“Just a basic B flat. He had really pissed me off by then though, so it came out more than I expected,” I explained, trying to not brag. People always freak out about our magic. We use music to focus our power. Not unheard of, but usually only used by people much older and more “Mature” than us.

“He dropped out really fast though. You hadn’t even built a chord yet. Have you thought about usi..”

she started, on the fast track to a ramble, when Mas jumped in. She is one of the most amazing people I know. I’ve known her forever.

“Can you discuss this later?” She asked. Then, gesturing with her hands, she drew our attention outward. All along the edges of the clearing there were people watching. That note really had been loud. I checked my Com.Device. On the little outside screen it said three people wanted a battle. I sighed.

That one battle had only been the beginning. I flipped it open. I opened up the first request. The chick

was at Lvl. 22. Me, at Lvl. 32, wasn't even in her league. But it would make me look good, and I could really use the Exp. I hit accept and waited for the reply. All of the sudden, this one girl shrieks and runs out of the crowd. Must be my opponent. As she ran towards us, I sized her up. Shortish, blonde, she had a simple look to her. She was trying to snap her Charm onto her purple Hilt as she ran. I laughed as I connected that to what I had just been doing. Seeing her trying to do that, I was reminded that my blade was stuck as Joymaker. Stupid name, I know. But my brother, Judson, made it or me. He was the one I learned my magic from. He's the only family I have around here.

I quickly traded Charms and watched as Joymaker became M.

My Standard Keyblade is aptly named. Modeled after the Kingdom Key Sora and King Mickey carry around like all Standard Keys, instead of a crown type thing on the end, there was a large M.

As M chinked back into existence, the girl reached us. She looked up with huge eyes. I guess she'd recognized me. "Are you really Maxile? From the Rumble at the beginning of last summer? I have that last fight recorded," She ran on just like Sosh and Me do. I instantly liked her.

"Yah. I am. And this is my girlfriend, Sosh. What's your name?" I had emphasized the girlfriend, and her face fell a little bit.

"Sophie Trebuckle. I was wondering if you could take it easy on me. I just have to have proof I met you. A recorded battle would be great," her moment of disappointment gave way to her naturally bubblyness quickly. I guess the prospect of showing off to her friends was too much to stay sad.

"Sure. Just promise me you won't post it online." I was worried, naturally, about someone getting the wrong idea. Maybe thinking that I was advertising myself. Namely, that person would be my brother. He hated people who posted themselves, trying to get people to swarm around their Scapeway accounts.

"Never!!" She sounded affronted at the suggestion. Her eyes were huge again.

Sosh's hand smacked into my head, and I spun to look at her. "What was that for?" I said, feigning anger, but grinning. She pulled me in close like she was hugging me and said, "Be careful. She's got a major Pull around her," She whispered. I nodded into her neck. Pulls were used to influence someone's emotions.

Remember how I said I wasn't the kind to see magic? Well, Sosh is. It's genetic in her family. When Keylund was formed a long time ago, all the worlds that had been destroyed were put back together. Everything left over was brought here. Even people. Time works differently here than everywhere else. So all us kids got born, and the adults are still adjusting. They say that the time leap is slowing down. King Mickey thinks it's because our world is young. So it's trying to catch up to all the others.

"Shyel!!" I yelled across the clearing. I noticed with some discomfort that more people were gathering.

When Shyel turned around, I yelled, "Do you mind if Sosh Refs this one?"

She waved and gave me a fist pump, meaning yes. She couldn't yell near as loud as me or Sosh.

Sosh looked confused for a moment, then the realization hit her. She could see if Sophie was trying to pull a fast one on me. I hoisted M onto my shoulder in what I hoped was a cool way, and started off to my end of the clearing once more. I turned just as Sophie did, and I seen something new. Checking my Com. Once to check if I was going crazy or not, and my stomach dropped out. The girl that I'd thought was Sophie had just paged me, wondering why there was someone else on the field. This girl was waving at me from the hill. "Flux!" I swore under my breath. Sophie had played me. And now she was grinning evilly at me. Her teeth glinted in the sun, and I shivered. I could feel the power she was building up. It reminded me of my brother. He was a Lvl. 50. One of three on campus at this point. I gulped loudly. I didn't know what to do. I was already bound by agreeing to battle. Plus it was recorded on both of our Coms. Sosh seen my look and called us into the center again.

"Alright. So here's the rules," Sosh started, but was cut off by Sophie. Her voice hadn't changed, but she wasn't the bouncy school girl that had glomped me earlier. Her eye's were more red, and there were her teeth. They looked familiar. A scene flashed through my head. Me getting a detention slip.

From the same person that had assigned me these hours on the park.

"I'm sorry, but I already have the rules draw up. They were given to me by my aunt. Would you like to see them?" she asked sweetly.

Sosh looked bewildered (and sexy in the process I might add) as she took the page from Sophie. Her eyes scanned the page as mine and Sophie's eyes locked. She grinned, and I forced my most random smile onto my face. I even crossed my eyes and giggled insanely, hoping she wouldn't see the fear knotting in my stomach. She wasn't quite as strong as my brother, but still. I didn't know how much I could take. Sosh bit her lip, done reading, and handed the paper to me. It was crumpled and folded, but I read the same familiar writing that always sent me to the Dean for punishment. I sucked in a breath at the harsh rules scribbled into the paper. I've never liked blue ink. I'm sure you'll sympathize after you read these rules.

1. Neither combatant may stop moving for more than 5 seconds.
2. Neither combatant may stop attacking for more than 7 seconds.
3. No defensive magic may be used, except for healing spells.
4. Every time one of these rules are broken, the perpetrator must stop moving, and or blocking and attacking, for three seconds.
5. If these rules are broken 5 times, the perpetrator is out.

Signed,
Mexle Fascamp

I bit the inside of my lip until it bled. I licked the wound, tasting the metallic acid of my blood. It calmed me somehow. But I had more important things to do than think about that. I had to deal with an Uber. Most kids would savor the experience. Most Ubers would be gentle and help you learn. I had a feeling this one wouldn't be so nice. She had grown taller. And older. I wondered what her anomalies were. Emotional stuff for sure. But Illusions? I shuddered. All the other illusionists I know scared the shit out of me.

"I accept." I said, much to Sosh's disapproval. But what could I do. This was obviously something Fatcamp had set up herself. Probably felt pretty damn pleased too.

I spun on my heel and started marching to my position again. But I felt someone pull on my sleeve. I turned around. Sosh was holding something out to me. It was one of her Charms. It looked like two half moons arched away from each other. This is where the two charms go. A splitter. It allowed two Blades to be used at once. We'd been training with it, trying to get better. It seemed like now was when we would lean if I'd practiced hard enough.

Never put down for long, Sosh flashed me a grin. "Good luck," she said.

I tried a grin in response. It failed miserably. But I threw my shoulders back and marched to my spot. Literally as soon as I'd turned again, Sosh blew the whistle.

I hadn't paid much attention to Sophie's Keyblade. Now I registered what it was and my stomach dropped even more, if that was possible. It was located somewhere near my butt at this point.

It wasn't even a keyblade, in her hands she held two long chains, each at least a yard long. She was lazily spinning one after another. She was moving her lips too. Counting.

"Crap!!" I shouted as I remembered the rules. I ran forward, trying to attach the splitter to my Charm. It was still on M, and I didn't have anytime to change it. The splitter finally clicked into place, and I was dodging Sophie's chains. One slammed into the ground next to me. It left a deep gouge in its place. I had a vision of my head in the same state. I ran around in a circle, trying to unclip the Joymaker charm from my pants. I tripped as one of the chains wrapped around my ankle. In a panic, I yelled out. The sound was magnified by my fear, and she flinched. I remembered something Judson had once told me. "We can use all sound. Shouts and screams. Songs and curses. They bend to us like rubber."

I screamed again, this time imagining it as a sword, cutting into her hands. She slackened the death grip she had on her left chain, and it hit the ground. That's when I seen it. There was a Charm at the end of the chain. A perfect way to win. Just like with the thug earlier. I lunged for it, but was kicked away. She was counting again, onto four. I had three seconds to attack. I swung M up at her from my place on the ground. She got her right chain around it, and I seen a charm on that one too. She was using a splitter like me. I yanked on the chain and managed to overbalance her a bit. That was all I needed. I snapped Joymaker into place. M started to shake in my hands. A gob slipped out from between the links of the chain, looking like molten metal. The gob fell away and I caught it. It was cold in my hand, and hummed with power. It lengthened and stretched until I was sitting on the ground with two keyblades. But the problem with sitting on the ground is that sometimes, crazy girls with huge chains try to knock your head off.

"Ahh!!" I yelled as a chain swung over my head.

I jumped up, pushing on M to support myself. I then swung at her again with M. She caught it with her right chain, and swung for the attack with her left. But I'd run away up until this point. Now I was pissed and ready for action. I blocked her swing with an underhand swing from Joymaker. Now she had both of my Blades trapped. People watching booed and yelled. I blocked them out. They seen it as her having the advantage. But, see, I was taught to never see them as better. If you can't change it, look at it different. And that's what I did. Because of the way we had swung, my arms were crossed. And the interesting thing is that it's harder to push someone's arms outward than it is to cross them over their chest. So I yanked my arms apart as hard as I could, forcing her arms to cross. A cheer went up from the spectators. I had a sneaking suspicion Sophie was broadcasting live. How else would they know how things were doing so fast and accurately? She probably brought half the crowd. This pissed me off even more, and I yanked harder, backward this time. I ended up over balancing myself. I fell onto my butt. Hard.

The crowd booed me, being as bi-polar as possible. She grinned and I could see her concentrate. I felt a wave of heat and then the ends of her chains burst into flames. Now she was just trying to get the crowd on her side now. Idiot. I switched into plan D.

Plan A had failed right away, I can't remember Plan B and Plan C looked really stupid. So Plan D it was. I let M slide down my arm and switched Joymaker to my right hand. Again the counting. I tried to get up, but couldn't because Joymaker is too thin and would go through the dirt and M was on my elbow. I rocked violently forward and struck out blindly, fulfilling the attack requirement. I heard Sophie laugh, high and musical. It made me mad, and the sound twisted into a half human howl that made the entire crowd cringe. I jumped up again and rushed her, throwing M into my left hand with a tricky maneuver. She ran back, surprised that I would be so bold after all that running. I snarled, twisting it into an attack. I reached for the fret board, and missed the chain coming at my head. I dimly registered the impact, and then the whole world went black.

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Pm me suggestions for Oc's. It's been awhile since I've played, so correct my mistakes. And, as always, comment!!

2 - Random Chatter of the Sun Burned 14 year old.

Chapter 2

I woke up to a cool hand in my forehead. I groaned at the massive migraine. I couldn't remember what happened. For some reason I thought I was camping. That would explain the headache.

"Max. Maxile. Are you ok?" Someone's voice said. I thought about the voice real hard then it clicked who it was.

"I'm fine Mas. Killer head ache though," I said. I groaned as she shifted my head a bit. Then she had both her hands on my head, one on the front, one on the side and over my ear. I heard her whisper something, probably Cura, when a jolt of something cool runs through my head. I sighed as my headache faded completely. "Much better. Thank you so much," I opened my eyes and winced at the sun. It was almost gone now, but enough to disturb my still sensitive eyes. All the people that had been watching earlier had vanished. I breathed a sigh of relief. Maybe my brother wouldn't hear about this after all.

"Finally you wake up. You've been out for a half hour. How could you have missed that chain? I mean seriously." Mas was laughing. One of the many reasons I love Mas is how adept at healing she is. I can take on three people at once, all my Lvl. and as long as she's with me, I'll either win, or last a heck of a lot longer than most. Her midnight hair was tied back into a ponytail, and her blue eyes were crinkled into a smile.

"I don't know. Ask her. She's the one who did it," I retorted. It was still confusing to me. I should have been more alert. Speaking of which, I was missing Joymaker. This was panic time for me. I instantly called to it; like I'd seen my brother and instructors do all my life. I felt the usual pull that came before it chinked into my hands. But then the pull stopped.

"I'm not done looking at it!!" I heard someone behind me yell. My stomach dropped out (again. Geeze. I'm gonna have to go to the doctor soon) as I connected the voice to an image in my head. Teeth glinting in a higher sun. I tried spinning around, but realized I was still sitting. What resulted was a kind of flop that made all three of my friends start laughing. There was a forth laugh too. Sophie's. I glared at Mas until she offered her hand to me. She pulled me up and led me over to the group holding my Blade hostage. It was lying across Sophie lap, and she was inspecting it with a look of approval.

"Your brothers work?" She asked, not even bothering to look up.

"Mhmm. I'm pretty sure he won't like you looking at it either. The ownership clause should have kicked in by now," I said with what I hoped was acid. It didn't work very well I guess because she just snorted.

Sosh flashed me a grin and said, "She's cool. I disabled the ownership clause. She says she's never seen anything like it," One of the things I hate is when the girls talk like they knew everything about the other chick. But Sosh was an excellent judge of character. If she trusted this bimbo, I guess I'd have to come up with another name for her. Brainless? Idiot? Vicious? Don't worry. Nicer names will come when my pride heals.

Sophie looked up and stared at me. I was shocked at how different she looked. Her hair was almost brunette now, with only a few blonde highlights. It was the jagged, raw look that a lot of the college kids favored these days. I liked it.

I raised my eyebrows and stared back. She just grinned and said, "You really do look like your brother. Even pout like him too. Has he told you about the time I snapped one of his sticks?" My eyebrows shot up as I took in this information. My brother's drumsticks, like the rest of our keyblades, were immensely

strong. They were infused with energy directly from our hearts. This is what bound them to us. Someone had to be incredibly strong to oven dent one.

“No! I was wondering what happened. He walked around like a whipped dog for a week.” I said. A second too late, I realized how this exchange would sound from the outside from the outside. All three girls burst out laughing. I rolled my eyes and asked Sophie “So what do you think of Joymaker? Pretty cool huh?” She nodded and tried to pluck one of the strings and snapped her hand back as it snapped her. I grinned and said, “He bound it to me well I guess.”

“I’ll say,” Sophie said in a more business like tone. She handed it back to me and said, “Don’t the strings get in the way when you need to use two hands?” She looked genuinely interested. I felt myself open to her a little bit.

“Yah. You have no idea. That’s why I’m trying to work with a splitter. I’m hoping that’ll compensate.” I tried not to ramble. I suddenly was aware of the other conversation that the girls were having. Boys. Ugh. They say us guys are focused on one thing. But look at them.

“Where is that splitter you were using? I missed where it went after I conked you out. J” I swear I could hear the smiley at the end of her sentence.

“I have it right here,” Shyel piped up. As usual, she had been quiet through the entire conversation. She probably knew the most about Blade out of all five of us. She was one of the three kids in my class who can actually make Blade. I don’t know how she does it, but she’s decked out because of it. People pay her for special orders. If she likes the design, she alters it to her taste and keeps one for herself. I’d say she’s the only one in our class I’d worry about fighting. She’s scary when you make her mad.

But she was mellow as she tossed the splitter to me. I reached up to catch it. Instead, it bounced behind me and Sosh ended up handing it back to me. She laughed and asked whether or not I’d recovered from the blow to my head. I felt her run her hands through my hair, and I shivered at the sensation. As usual, the healing had made me intensely sensitive. To everything.

“I’m fine. Does my head pass inspection?” I asked, a little annoyed. Sosh probably heard this in my voice, because she wrapped her arms around my neck and laid her head on my shoulder.

“Mmhmm. It’s fine,” She breathed in my ear. I swatted at her and complained that we were in public.

“Doesn’t usually stop you two,” Mas said flatly. She hated PDA almost as much as she hated homework. For all that don’t know her, that’s a lot. My other two friends laughed and agreed, but Sophie just had a slightly worried look on her face.

“Are you sure your heads ok? I probably shouldn’t have used an illusion to cloak my chain,” She said, actually sounding worried.

“So that’s what happened! That’s not fair!” I said loudly, acting like I as mad, but grinning the entire time. “But really, I’m fine. Fascamp’ll kill me if she finds out I backed down though,” I said, speaking the truth. “Think we have time for another round?” I looked up at the deepening sunset.

“If we set a time limit, yah,” She sounded like she’d rather not have to deal with limiting our battle. She seemed competitive, like me. For people like us, stopping a battle in the middle is like pulling teeth. You get the battle frenzy, but not the thrill and release of winning, or the absolute finality of losing. It probably better to lose than stop in the middle.

Shyel is amazing though. Her face lit up right after Sophie finished saying that, and she jumped up.

“What about the keylight magic I just learned in Spec. Ed?” She said, practically dancing on the spot.

Special Education is for the advanced kids, or the unusual kids. The kids who were shy and anti-social, and blew the roof off the gym when they hot pissed. Shyel is one of those kids. She loves her placement though. I don’t know how she can concentrate with all that power buzzing through the room.

“Yah. That’d work,” Mas said. She’s in Spec. too, but hers is because she doesn’t “play well with others” as she put s it. She was placed in it for first, third, and eighth hour after an “accident” that happened last year, when a couple of the hornier guys in my grade made a move on her. In my opinion,

they look much better now. Even if they do still wince occasionally when they catch sight of themselves in the mirror.

“But, do you have a blade that would refract enough light for the entire field to be illuminated?” She questioned. I guess I looked confused, because she launched into a speech about the nature of light and how they needed to change it for the spell. It was delivered in a fashion that left me and Sosh with our mouths hanging open. Sophie looked up from something on her Com. and said, “I might have to leave early anyway. Fascamp wants me back for a report on the state of the park. And you.” She grinned evilly at me after the last part.

“Wait,” Sosh began, as Mas and Shyel babbled on in geek talk about the spell. “You said the note with the rules on it came from your Aunt. You’re related to Fascamp?” Sosh said, talking like she didn’t quite get it. When all the reply she got was a blank stare from Sophie, she continued, louder still.

“You’re related to Fat @\$\$ Fascamp?”

Sophie just shrugged.

“Yah. I guess you could say that.”

All movement stopped as the news registered. Even Mas and Shyel broke off their conversation, as shocked as the rest of us.

When all we did was stare blankly at her, she threw her hands up in a funny sort of way. “Oh, come on. She’s not that bad,” She said, sounding exasperated. When three out of four eyebrows went up, she said, “Well. She’s been through a lot. She was a general, back when the Heartless invaded a long time ago.” She continued, naming one half of all of our worst nightmare.

~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~ Whoa!! Information Break~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~

You see, outside Keylund (Our country, ‘case you haven’t figured that out) when you give in to the darkness in your heart, you become a Heartless. These little buggers are annoying and hard to kill. Actually, that was the whole point of Sora starting out on his quest, before he found out about Princess Kairi losing her heart. And, consequentially, his best friend Riku left to find said heart. Not all Heartless are evil, but most are. Only the ones like Sora’s heartless, and a handful of others hold onto their humanity.

The other half of our nightmare are the Nobodies. Well, think about it. What happens when your heart is consumed? Your body is left to rot. Most of the time. Sometimes though, more often lately, the body is animated and it becomes a Nobody. These are just as bad as Heartless, but some hold onto their minds much more than Heartless do. There was even a whole Organization of them back in the day. They looked. Acted, thought and partied just like us. Except they were uber strong ad led hordes of Nobodies against King Mickey and his troops. It’s even rumored Sora’s Nobody was in it for a while. But who knows. Back to the present.

~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~ Lets Do The Time Warp Again!!!*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~*~~

“Don’t even talk about that,” Mas said, shivering for all of us. Once again, Sosh moved closer to me. I moved into her too. The thought of hose monsters scared me to death. Losing your mind, and your life. Ugh.

“Well. It’s the reality,” She said in a serious tone. Then her Com. beeped and she looked at the screen with distaste. “So is the reality that I have to go. Can we meet up tomorrow for a rematch? I promise not to use any illusions,” She stated the last part with a goofy grin and a scouts salute.

I grinned and said “Sure. Do you need us to walk you to wherever?” By now it was quite dark, and there were a lot of creeps in Battle Park at night. Not all of them had the same recreational ideas as us, if you

catch my drift.

Sophie appeared to think about it, then she smiled in a relived sort of way. "That'd be great. Thanks." She went to get up, and kinda tripped. My arm snapped out to catch her, but I missed. She hit the ground with a thump and just kind of laid there. I seen Mas rub her hands together and whisper something when she didn't move a second later. But her concern was unneeded. A second later, Sophie started laughing. It was high, hysterical kind of laugh. And it was contagious. Soon we were all giggling. When we'd calmed down, Sophie got up for real. She pulled Shyel up, who pulled up Mas, who helped up Sosh and me. We all turned towards the trail out of the clearing. It was really dark by that point, and getting cold. We had picked that clearing for a reason. It was out of the way, and we could practice out unusual magic with out as many people watching. Unless we were really loud. Oops. Heh. It was also almost the farthest battle point from the entrance. Once again. Oops. We had to walk the entire half mile out. Dang.

When we'd walked far enough to lose sight of the clearing, I heard Mas ask Sophie where we were headed. "Faculty quarters. I can get home from there after I talk with Fascamp. Thanks again for walking me home you guys." I couldn't see much of her face on the dark, but she looked really pretty. Not B-E-A-U-tiful like Sosh, but pretty.

"No prob," Mas said, play punching Sophie on the shoulder. "We're heading that way anyway. We have to take our boy over here back to his dorm," She jerked her head in my direction.

"Really? Why aren't you just staying with your brother?" Sophie asked.

"He's on assignment for the College. He's doing some research off campus or something," Sosh said. I told her everything. She knew my life as well as I did. At this point, we were holding hands and walking a little closer than necessary.

At this point, we left the flatness of the Bluffs that we usually battled on, and entered the forest part. This was the most beautiful part of Battle Park. And, of course, it was the most dangerous. The idiots who thought they were down and bad (wanksters of course) had laid claim of this area. It was mostly just yelling and screaming, banging your head on a tree and jumping up and down. But sometimes, especially when they'd had something to drink, they could make trouble. I heard someone trip, a scuffle and a curse word.

Then, "I'm ok," Mas's voice sounded out of the darkness. It was almost absolute. "Hey, Shyel. Now would be as good a time as any to test out that keylight. Huh?" She said. I heard Shyel stop, and we all followed suit. I heard Shyel muttering under her breath. "Too thick.. No, no. This isn't strong enough.." She continued for a moment. Then, "Ahh. Here we are," I heard a clink, and a snap. This would be her attaching whatever charm she's picked out of her multitude and snapped it on her powder-blue Hilt. A moment for the Blade to form, and then a flash of light. We all blinked away spots, and there was Shyel, grinning with one of the most B-E-A-U-tiful Bladed I've ever seen. It was a clear crystal of some kind. It looked jagged, and the rip on the end was something like a lightning-bolt. The hand guard was the same jagged design, arching gracefully around her hand. "LightStriker" She whispered. The name. We were all kind dazed at the sight. It lit up the entire forest around us. But it also cast weird shadows allover. I seemed to be the first to recover. I groaned and said, "How come you get something cool like LightStriker, and I get Joymaker. WTF?" I said, spelling out the IM language at the end. Shyel smiled big, and Sosh chuckled. Mas and Sophie were still staring at the Blade in Shell's hands.

"Who commissioned you to make that?" I asked. Someone important, I'd guess.

"Dean Barnart, actually. He and Mistress Donner needed formal Blades. God knows why. They paid nicely for them though, so I'm not complaining."

We started walking again and Mas kept tripping over her feet as she snuck glances at LightStriker. I will admit that it was an amazing sight. I was more concerned with how close I could get to Sosh without tripping her and being obvious to the others. Mas suddenly made this weird noise in the back of her

throat. Like a gurgle that's eating a word. It was funny, so I smiled.

Mas jumped in front of Shyel and asked, "Does that mean that you have another one like that?" she was practically drooling as she said it. She was walking backwards, and I was just waiting for her to trip. Shyel sighed, clearly uncomfortable talking about this. Besides being shy and sometimes vicious (Given the right circumstances) she's also incredibly modest. I'm guessing she didn't want to go any farther with this conversation. But she answered Mas anyway. "Yes, I do. Gee," She said, sounding sarcastic "Would you like to see it?"

Mas giggled at an insane frequency, and me and Sosh just looked at each other. Unfortunately, because of the current amount of light, me and Sosh were walking even farther apart. Dang that Shyel. Oh well. Shyel was trying to shuffle through the mass of Charms attached to her waste one-handed. Finally, she found what she was looking for. Pulling out a Charm that reminded me of the icicles we get in the winter sometimes, I was reminded that I didn't have a clue what *LightStriker's* Charm looked like. I snapped a quick glance at the end of its chain. Two lightning bolts, crossed. They looked as fragile as their Blade did. But I had a feeling that Shy had made the entire thing from something stronger than glass. I hoped anyway. It would be wicked to fight with something like that. Hehe. I can only imagine how sharp it would be.

Mas was chanting a stream of thanks you's as Shyel rolled her eyes and tossed the charm to Mas. Sophie looked kind of overwhelmed by this whole exchange. I often hear people saying that we have more collective energy than any group of people should. We were missing our most energetic member at this point, but he comes later.

Mas stared at the tiny icicle, and pulled her deep blue Hilt from its place on her belt. As the chain flopped into view, Mas gingerly attached the Charm. As usual when a Charm is first attached to a Hilt, you could almost taste the magic as the spells holding the two pieces together first interacted. Then, in a flash, Mas's Hilt sprang out longer. Mas jumped a bit at the force in the change. The blade was just a strong glow, nearly a meter long. Mas isn't the tallest person in the world (don't let her hear you say that though) so this was a longer blade for her. Once it had reached its maximum length, she looked at Shyel and asked, "Is that it?" Shy just shook her head. Then, like a branch of pine needles burning, the bright white of the blade broke into fragments. It winged out in small serrations on either side, and the end ground to a wicked point. The glow slowly faded, but there was still a light glow in the core. Mas breathed a silent wow, and stared with wide eyes. For me, it was a little too fancy. But for Mas, feminine and kickass, it was perfect.

"Figured you'd like it," Shyel said flatly, and started walking again. Me, Sosh and Sophie started walking too. It took Mas a second to snap out of it enough to walk too.

Sophie looked thoughtful in the bright white light (Hehe. Rhymes. Yay!!) of Shyel's keylight. "So... Lets me get this straight. Shyel makes Keyblades?" There was a sense of wonder in her voice, like she didn't quite believe it. When Shy didn't respond, Sosh did for her.

"You know it. Baby girl over here is one of only ten students in 1-13 grade school who's training as a Charmsmen," Sosh stated, very matter-of-factly. I could almost see Shyel blush. Most people, our age especially, struggle to even make our Hilts. It requires the complete concentration of your mind, no distractions. I barely got mine done.

Mas stopped admiring the Blade in her hands for a moment to pipe in "Charmswomen, thank you very much,"

"Well sorry, Captain Obvious." Sosh retorted.

Sophie let out a low whistle of appreciation. "Your lucky to have that kind of skill. You'll never have to look for a job, that's for sure." She was right. Charmsmen, and Charmswomen, made amazing amounts of money. Mostly it was from the professional Rumlbers. People who fight for entertainment. There really aren't any other uses for fighting these days. Except for petty fights and Rumble.

"It's always been easyish for me. I like it. Have you figured out what to name that blade yet Mas?" Shyel said, switching from one subject to the next without a break in stride. It took Mas a second to realize she was being talked to.

"Huh?" She asked.

"A name for it,"

"Didn't you name it?"

"No. I made it for you."

"Really? Thank you. Wait" Mas thought a second. Then she started jumping up and down.

"Thankyouthankyouthankyouthankyou!!" It was kind of scary. I felt Sosh's reath on my neck as she laughed. We were getting closer again. Don't know why. Don't really care. It was good.

She was still gushing Thank You's when we dropped Sophie off at the staff apartment buildings. She'd simmered down into a steady admiration by the time we got to the second boys dorm. I hugged Sosh goodnight, gave her a quick peck and then hugged Mas and Shyel. Mas didn't hardly notice, and was back to idolizing Shyel again when I let her go.

Shaking my head, I walked up the stairs to my room.