

Secret of the Dark (Kingdom Hearts FanFic)

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This is my first attempt at a fan-fiction and I don't consider myself a good writer so help me by giving me constructive criticism please >.<

Provided by Fanart Central.

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Chapter 1 - Chance Meeting

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1 - Chance Meeting

I do not own anything from Kingdom Hearts, just the main character. So deal :P :)

Darkness had enveloped everything. It was only slowly at first, colors lost their splendor and depression started to take even the happiest of hearts. Then slowly, ever so slowly, nights got longer when they should've been getting shorter and even on the clearest of nights stars would be either dim or nowhere in sight.

Eventually people started disappearing or turning up dead if they went out when it was dark. All the dead would turn up and have a gapping hole in their chest that would secrete some kind of black and purple smoke. Those who breathed the gas would go insane.

Though, for some strange reason, I was unaffected. I was able to coax the lost smiles and minds back from the dark. In the end the darkness was the victor. My world of peace and happiness was consumed, but I was not. I simply drifted through the abyss, not seeing, not hearing, none of my senses seemed to work. All I had was my own thoughts, but my loneliness started to eat away at me until I saw a glimmer of white light in the distance.

It was warm and welcoming, so much so that I let myself drift toward it like a moth to a flame. As I approached the light it spread like a mother opening her arms to her beloved child. I let myself be wrapped by its warmth and when I opened my eyes the area around me wasn't black and evil but it felt... Normal.

I sat up slowly, letting my eyes adjust to the vivid colors around me. It didn't take me long to realize that I was the spectacle of a growing crowd in the middle of what appeared to be some kind of market. Vendors were straining their necks to see what the commotion was all about. I felt my cheeks burn as all the blood rushed to them, I stood up and curious eyes followed my every move. I let my gaze drift between every face, all filled with looks of confusion and shock. The only thing I could think to do was grab my hood and pull it tightly around my face, but there was one problem. When I grabbed my hood it was merely a few inches of burned remains.

When I discovered that I looked down at the rest of my clothes, they all had several inches burned off them and the wooden sandals were completely gone. I quickly tried to cover myself with the remnants of my outfit and started to back away from the stares of the continuously growing crowd.

That's when someone took a step towards me. He was much taller than me, I would probably only come up to his chest. His silver hair fell just past his shoulders it made a striking contrast against his dark skin and black trench coat. The really surprising thing was that he was the only one not giving me a strange look, his face was more understanding.

Still I was afraid, so I took another step back and he took two confident steps towards me. I looked around quickly trying to find any way to escape, on the edge of my vision I noticed that I stood in front of an alley, there was no telling how far it went but it was my only option. I took another step back then

spun on my toes and sprinted down the alley.

The mysterious man began chasing me almost before I turned, I heard his cloak billowing as he ran only a few strides behind me. Luckily the alley was slightly crowded and I was small enough to weave between bystanders and others jumped out of the way. The stranger had a worse time, his broad shoulders made maneuvering much more difficult.

As the distance between us increased I risked a look over my shoulder. Big mistake. I ran right into somebody and both of us fell to the ground. I slid slightly and my poor excuse for a sleeve ripped at the seam. Whoever I ran into I heard him scream as he hit the ground. Groaning I propped myself up on my elbows, carefully scanning the alley behind me. The mysterious stranger had completely disappeared. My attention soon returned to the guy I had run over.

When I looked at him it was no wonder why it had been so easy to knock him over, his legs were skinnier than mine and let it be known that I'm no fatty. His baggy black clothes didn't help at all but that wasn't the biggest shock about him. What really flabbergasted me were the animal looking things that were standing over them, one looked like a duck and the other was some kind of dog thing... I think. When he started to stand up I took a hesitant step backward, which was really weird because I was usually a pretty courageous person and now I was a timid little bird.

When he stood he was taller than me but that didn't include his spiky brown hair which stood several inches above his head. He let out a soft groan as he lightly probed the spot where his head met the stone walkway. "Ow, that hurt." He whined, the duck next to him tapped his foot in annoyance.

"Well maybe if you would watch where you were going you could avoid running into people." He squawked angrily at the boy, tapping his foot even faster.

The dog thingy laughed lightly, "Donald, don't be so hard on Sora. She kinda ran into him, she was running kinda fast." I noticed that they weren't really paying attention to me and now I had the perfect opportunity to slip away and leave these three to their argument and avoid whoever had decided to chase me.

Before I could get away the boy I ran into, through deductive reasoning I figured his name to be Sora, span on his heel to face me his eyebrow arched, "So why were you in such a hurry." My voice felt trapped in my throat, and it wasn't the fact that Sora was good looking. His skinniness didn't detract from his overall looks though, he had spiky brown hair that couldn't have been standing up without some kind of hair cement. What really drew my attention were his eyes, they were a beautiful, deep azure that transfixed me. I just wanted to stare into them for eternity, they were beautiful and kind, like nothing I had seen in someone's eyes before. I didn't even notice that he had turned a deep shade of red. His small cough ended my mental ramblings and I mustered up the ability to speak.

"I-I ah... was running from a man in a black cloak. I wasn't paying attention. I'm sorry." I averted my gaze and started fiddling with the charred edges of my jacket. Now that I thought about it my running was totally ridiculous, I had been in a public place and I am not a fearful person, but something about that man made me want to get as far away as I could. Man, I had turned into some kind of wuss in the time I spent in...in..... I couldn't remember where I came from. It's like the place I had "come" from had been completely erased from my memory, all I knew is that it was a dark, lonely place. I was deep in thought

when a rip brought me back to the present and I noticed that I had ripped a good handful of fabric from my already scorched sweat jacket, oh great just what I needed.

My now shredded jacket made me take a good look at myself, and boy I must have looked like a crazy person. My clothes had at least six inches burnt off from only gawd knows what and now a sleeve and a good sized chunk had been ripped off, running a hand through what used to be my waist length hair that now barely made it past my shoulder blades and looking down I saw that my really nice and even more expensive sandals were M.I.A. Great, not only did I feel slightly off I must have looked like a totally weirdo to these guys. Nervously I looked up to them and they were all giving me what-the-heck-is-with-this-chick-looks, so my mouth decided to say something with out running it by my brain first.

"What're you lookin' at?" My voice a hundred times sassier than I felt which probably raised my level of insanity in their eyes, but Sora replied simply.

"Just the fact that you look like you could use some new--" He cut himself off and went from relaxed and kind to alert and dangerous, his azure eyes burned as he looked past me and with a flash of light a giant key appeared

A paralyzing fear coursed through my body, whatever that key was I felt extremely threatened by that key thing like if it touched me I would die. I took a half step back, my hands raised slightly in case I had to defend myself. When Sora realized that I was backing away he quickly turned his attention to me.

"No don't go that way!" He shouted, his hand outstretched to me. Out of instinct I took another step back and walked right into something. Something cold and big, slowly I looked up. Whoever it was wore a black cloak with the hood pulled tightly closed, it was the same cloak the guy I saw earlier had been wearing only whoever this was is a lot skinnier.

I started to scream but it was quickly muffled by the stranger's gloved hand as he wrapped his arms around me. I struggled with all my might against him but he was a lot stronger than he looked. Beneath us the ground turned black and darkness covered us. The last thing I saw was Sora leaping at us, the key raised above his head, ready to strike. Then, nothing but black.