

Twitch

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Brodstar5 requested that I write a merDemyx fic where Demyx actually gets to be a merman again. So I did! I don't think it's one of my best, but I tried, and maybe eventually I'll do a better one. Here you go, dear! :D

1. Twitch

It was a still, silent night in the World That Never Was. All thirteen Nobodies residing in the large castle that dominated the world were fast asleep, and the only sound through the whole stark, white palace was the soft squeaking that would occasionally come from a door marked with the letters IX.

Inside that door was a room full of different shades of blue. Seashells lined the walls, and a large sitar stood against a nightstand on which lay more shells and a pearl attached to a broken piece of purple coral. Next to this was a bed with blue covers, in which lay a young man of about eighteen.

His name was Demyx. Dirty blonde hair, cut in a style very similar to a mullet, spread over his pillow, and his face showed a slight smile, as though his dream was giving him a strong sense of contentment. His feet kept moving to a steady rhythm that only the sleeping Nobody could hear. Twitch... twitch... twitch....

In his dream, the mullet had turned white-blonde, the legs to the same turquoise fishtail he had had as his former self--as the merman Dyme Kaitei. Humming a tune the Nobody Demyx barely remembered, Dyme swished through the kelp and coral dotting the blue rock of his ocean home. Bubbles were kicked up through the otherwise still water with every flick of his fin, and moonlight streamed from the surface.

Here, underwater, Dyme was truly free to be himself. He didn't have to suppress the urge to break into song or freely show his emotions. For, you see, the other Nobodies thought their emotions were things of the past, gone with their hearts. The Melodious Nocturne and his dream self, however, begged to differ. How could the happiness to once again dart through the sea, quicker than the quickest swordfish, possibly be fake, a memory? No, thought Dyme, flying to the surface and kicking his tail to propel himself past it. He was back where he belonged, and that gave him real emotions. After all, he still had his soul. He dove back into the water so that he landed in a spectacular splash of turquoise sparkles made by the moonlight reflecting off his tail.

He knew that this was where he belonged, not up on land. What did he have up there? Just twelve humans who hated him and constantly reminded him that he wasn't worth anything. He knew it was true, knew he could hardly walk, let alone fight. Still, the others didn't have to make sure that Demyx was miserable on land. Yet, they did, and it made him count the days until Kingdom Hearts was finished and he could be down here for real. Not that these dreams weren't enough. They sufficed enough to lessen the pain Demyx had to hide from the humans, and they were a good enough glimpse into the ocean he missed more than anything.

But what good was moping about it going to do? Dyme wondered, pushing off with his tail again as he hummed the tune that was flowing through him. This was another thing he wanted back--the song that the ocean was always singing. Only as a merman could he hear it, and when he was trapped on land, his sitar seemed much more difficult to play. At night, he could hear the

water sing and remember its song for his waking moments.

The water began to turn gold, and Dyme sighed, dropping onto a rock. The sunrise meant that soon he'd be back on land, back to being mocked.... But for now, he'd make his dream last for all it was worth, he decided, flicking his fin again so he could fly through the water as long as he could. Someday, this wouldn't be a dream. Someday, it would be real. Someday....

And so, Demyx slept on, feet twitching exactly like his dream form's fin, knowing that this wouldn't be forever. He'd be whole again, go back to the sea, where he belonged... home.

He could hardly wait.