

# Infamously Emotionless

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*Squall+Rinoa. Something revolving in my head that I had to set free. \*Nods\* so here it is.*

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**Chapter 1 - Emotionless**

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# 1 - Emotionless

My second Final Fantasy 8 fic? I think so...maybe third...I have a few others going so...yea...at this very moment I've only finished one...

So this is about SQUALL AND RINOA, Rinoa is in the coma however so don't expect beautiful dialog between them or anng&hng...

I'm a huge literature freak...don't know why it is I'm telling you this...but I just got my hands on Shakespeare...so I'm absorbed...I'm only 13...hehe...I'm a prodigy...I find I can't put a lot of genius into anything but my poetry and own stories however...check it out at <http://www.fictionpress.com/finalfantasychick178>, or my homepage on my bio. Anyway I write mostly Chrono Cross fics even though my fav game is FF8 so if you're into Chrono Cross check me out. I'm a Kid & Serge 4 eva and eva freak.

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Final Fantasy VIII

Infamously Emotionless

Squall sat next to a hospital bed, his head rested upon the edge of it, where Rinoa lay unconscious. It was about 3:00 in the morning, or so Squall guessed, it was 11:00 when he'd first arrived, or more so snuck into the Infirmary. He actually really wasn't supposed to be there at such an inappropriate hour, but he really didn't care either. That was sort of like his job after all, not caring. What he supposedly did best. Hell, and did he try. But that particular area of his cold personality was migrating farther and farther away from his grasp every passing day. No matter how much he told himself he didn't care, how much

he acted upon those thoughts even, he still did, in fact, have that awful element of caring...and if anything happened to anyone that he "didn't care about" it still hurt. Squall had always thought the remedy to this problem of getting hurt was, being the logical person he was, to simply not care at all...it wasn't working though...someone had come and screwed with his almost flawless plans...he was currently gazing upon that certain rebellious someone in fact...

This was insane...he was insane...or so long ago Squall had decided. That's why he had snuck into the infirmary even. Because all his insanities were given him nightmares, well he'd always had nightmares, the thing was they were getting increasingly worse...ever since Rinoa went into that damned coma...

And it all fell back to the statement that this was all too insane, even for the infamously emotionless Squall "whatever" Leonhart.

Squall let out a deep sigh. He really didn't know how much more hurt he could honestly take. How much hurt could one person even take? If so, was he the world champion, or would he have to call a tiebreaker? Sudden death perhaps? That was definitely a good idea...

The phosphorescent stars outside a nearby window accompanied a huge full moon, which cast a veil of silver over the plains below the temporarily stationary Garden, along with letting a grayish light flow into the hospital room. Squall smirked inside his head, even if he wouldn't let anything even slightly related to a smile even grace his lips, inwardly he could smile as much as he wanted, he could choke on laughter if he felt. He could be who he was, no paranoia or judgments required.

Squall brushed some fallen strands of Raven Black hair from Rinoa's light porcelain face. He wished her eyes would open...her voice to come and shatter the horrible walls or shadow and silence he cast upon himself...even if he didn't show the fact that she was slowly demolishing all he'd ever relied upon to keep him alive and breathing. She was...slowly...but she was...and the strangest thing yet was that...he wanted her to. He wanted to fall into her eyes, the eyes that saw passed everything else, that helped her know without words how he felt. No one ever really listened to him, they all tried to befriend him or bring him

out of his lovely spiral of pain, but the only one who truly listened was her. She understood because of it. Squall always hoped he was too complex to figure out, but she unraveled it, unburied the key, and fought her way through the mazes. Even if she was only guessing, she hit home every time. Of course he didn't let her know it. And in a way he knew she was beginning to doubt herself, just a little. Before she'd always known she had it right...but...

Squall knew this was all getting out of hand. This wasn't like him. He didn't sneak off to go see some girl past curfew. That was something some carefree teen would do. But he was a teen, maybe not carefree but still. Rinoa had always made a point to make him realize it. He was seventeen. He should be breaking curfew to go see some girl. Thing was...he didn't...

Well now he did...

And he had to fix this...he had to save her, whether he acted like he felt or not he felt *this*, just like all those times relief had flooded his veins when everyone was okay. He already had his problems...he was on the edge...ready to fall or breakdown or something. And he was obliged to save Rinoa at all costs...

And he wanted to save Rinoa at all costs.

Cause he cared, infamously emotionless or not.

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**Bye, thanks for Reading and please leave a review. I know this was short but I just felt like writing something so I did. If you like you may be able to inspire me to write longer and better FF8 fics. Remember, if I get reviews. Hint, hint, nudge, nudge.**