

Shatter

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Submitted: April 11, 2007

Updated: April 11, 2007

You're memories are just pictures without a meaning, and often we are questioning them. Why haven't we talked about this after we fell to the darkness? Were we just too afraid? Was our life a life to truly be forgotten? [Axel x Larxene] READ DISCLAIMER

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Disclaimer: *I know I'm not the best author in the world, so bear with me on this. I'm not a large fan of pairing up canon chars with other canon chars, and it's something that just kind of annoys me a little. I opt to write this after I watched a RE:CoM video on Youtube. It gave me a handload of ideas, and even if this pairing doesn't appeal to you, I ask that you respect my wishes and please...please..PLEASE don't flame me.*

If you can, please leave a review, or even a little 'hello.' I never write fanfics, and I love to get comments, so if you can give old Bug a little feedback, I'd be very grateful.

Enjoy!

To start the story, I'll mention that a true and modest depiction of this tale is far from possible, so to spare you bucket fulls of apologetic lingo, an uncensored story that can be depicted will, indeed, be told. It's a depiction of a story between two so-called 'nobodies' within a sort of 'in-between world', (and though this story does not dangle over the line of Zoroastrianism), it is a world that bridges the division of light and dark – good and evil. These two 'beings' were not mortal, but nor were they immortal. They felt, but they could not feel and whatever emotion slipped from their 'minds' was all a product of stoic disposition and 'personality' – which they somehow managed to take with them in their 'undeath.'

First, there was Axel, no. 8 of the Organization XIII and all-around universal troublemaker. He was the jester of this 'undead' group, and acted as such through his various antics and crude, snide, commentary that seasoned his every word (or so you would think). It was in this fox's nature to be who he was, always playing dangerous with the fire in his hands. Such a poisonous soup this boy was bathing in, and yet he braved the broil like broccoli in a stew – perhaps he was the bowl that'd already had been served. Axel found his world to be quite polished and perfect, so long as the warmth of a friends' words were there to ensure him his long-desired company.

Though, the man in red wasn't always so obsessive with the presence of a boy in blonde – there had been another. Before he, there was she, and to Axel there was nothing more irritating than that of the high shrill pitch of her voice—cascading in waves of incoherent profanities and sometimes even a moan in the midst of night. Her feminism, and her beauty seemed to cling to her in an attracting aura that he fought to resist in recent times. She was like an animal in it's heat, and she was beckoning to his summon, and had he been human during her times of irresistible madness, he would've gone to mate.

Her true name was Arlene, redeemed as Larxene, no. 12 of Organization XIII, long after he'd fell to his own demise. The irony of the two of them being caught up in the twilight of Night and Day was almost as uncanny as the Keyblade Wielders' heartless form. Not to mention the dislikeness and repelling insults they each threw at one another from time to time seemed to separate them even more as the months went by. It was not that their lost love for one another was breeding bad blood, but that the lack of a heart and so-called 'feelings' made them stoic and playful by nature – this wasn't even hatred, it was

banter. Her 'emotions' were derived from a skeletal form of her personality, her feminism; and his reactions and counters were based solely off logic. There was nothing that could lodge the gap between them anymore, because now they barely even knew themselves. They were just two individuals working to achieve the same goal – to become whole again, and that was that.

Time and again, the man in red would often daydream of his 'life' prior to this 'undeath', pricking off old memories he recalled from years past. Days he spent, thinking of times with his co-workers, his friends, and of course... her. He could only recall her sweet and loving persona, before she became what she was in the present time – a dog. He'd prefer his Arlene over Larxene any day, but the sheer resemblance of herself now compared to their past only taunted him in his times of deprivation. He'd often wonder if she daydreamed about her old life, but knowing her now, all she really cared about was herself... You could say that was the problem in their new chemistry. She loved herself now, and he just wanted it all back.

Axel's realization of the matter of he and Larxene was only just recent. They spoke often among the many white and ice rooms, and it was fairly out of the ordinary when he brought up a past memory in the midst of their conversation. How such an interrogative slew of words could crack the glass so easily was beyond the simple red man, but one thing was derived from that experience: Arlene didn't exist anymore...

“Larx?”

It started with him addressing her casually, as she lounged on the furniture across the room. Her eyes were studying a piece of literature contently, though she replied, even in the midst of her hard concentration, **“Yes?”** This simple syllabic-challenged question prompted Axel's next few words, all the while adding a tiny laugh with a mischievous demeanor as he spoke back, **“Remember when Silas was born?”**

Silence only ensued after the interrogator spoke. Had they still had their hearts, the beats would've been distinct and echoing off the hallow walls. Noise seemed to mute in that moment between the questioner, and the subject to which the inquiry was for. Audio only broke through once the Savage Nymph caught Axel's oncoming approach through the corner of her eye. Quickly, she reacted, slamming the book closed and sitting up in hopes that her body language would do enough to tell him to cease movement.

“I remember Silas,” she replied.

Axel's brows rose in surprise. Why he hadn't expected her to remember a past event he lived through was no mystery. But the fact that she did, indeed, remember this “Silas” he spoke of, would've been enough to send his heart racing if he had one.

“D'you remember our talk about it before we...?”

It had seemed, though, that the time to speak of this was not right. Contempt began to burn in Larxene's eyes. They welled up as if the steam from her 'anger' had somehow found its release to the tear ducts of her visage. She reacted to this with a childish laugh, which was displayed quite beautifully in the sparks that emit themselves from her cracking knuckles. Almost in an instant, her posture

switched to an upright poise, head tilted and playful smirk snarking it's way up and around her lips.

“Oh... Axey... I told you! I wouldn't be caught dead carrying around your four-pound paunch for nine months, begging in my agony for it to be all over... It's just not lady-like!”

If anything could've burned Axel, it was the truth fluttering over to brand him dead on the skin. Those cold words his dear Arlene spattered on him had grown to be quite typical during these few recent months. She'd been cruel, but her make-believe felt so much cooler than the grotesque sincerity she decided to throw at him from time to time. His weakness, though, would not be shown outwardly. Instead, he rolled his eyes (as he taught himself to do), seeming reckless and careless as if the burn hadn't sheered his skin... Her only response was that of a follow up of her disbelief – it was as if she didn't really care at all; perfect to correspond with his seemingly ignorant exterior.

“Why bring up distant memories so far along in the future? Hmm? We've gone through an extraordinary apotheosis, Axel – enjoy it!”

And that was probably the last of her sarcasm the man had heard directed toward him. Though it was a conversation that he locked away in his mind, and replayed over and over as the months went by.

Though as time passed, the shells hardened on the Organization, and contempt seemed to broil more often now as precious hours were wasted without the study of the heart. They were nobodies, they craved to become whole, and the shorter the seasons seemed, the more hostile they began to grow. Larxene's new fetish seemed to concentrate solely on the manipulation of others, and Axel's new interest was taken into the Keyblade Wielder, who's heart produced a nobody that cared far more for Axel than the heartless wench he once called his lover. This new thirteenth member of the Organization was the last of them to join, and possibly the one who truly saved the man from wallowing deeper into the darkness that devoured his heart. While he once relied on speaking to his former gal, his new 'partner' took the feelings and need to spark a conversation, and molded an entire new kinship. Even for nobodies, they were connected like brothers – and Axel couldn't have asked for more.

And then suddenly... He was gone.

This part of the man's history left him in a perpetual grief. His good times with Larxene, and now Roxas had been long lost in a sea of memories best forgotten. With his young friend's sudden disappearance, nothing but darkness could overtake him now. And, just as the rest, he had succumbed to his logic, determined to forget it all and search for a way to become whole again...

Now a days, pyromaniac Axel was found scrounging the upper floors of their new headquarters, sulking in his mourning for the boy named Roxas. Often he would lock himself away in the study, or seclude himself in a chair by the library, where his dear Arlene had begun to spend most of her precious study time.

To Larxene, the library was a sanctuary filled with nothing but adventure. Erotica and sadistic poetry often sparked her interest, and it were these explicit novels that Axel caught her reading from time to time. Though, not once had she felt so embarrassed as to close the book. Instead, she would read aloud to him, about the moaning pleasures of crackling whips, thrusting hips and the sex appeal of all the perfect man characters had in every book she'd grasp. Surprisingly, the pyro's newfound callous

nature counter attacked her whimsical attempts to tease him, and eventually, it stopped. What repelled her now was his distaste for her, which she found to be the most interesting thing since the start of her 'undeath.' To believe this man once spoke with her of so much, questioned her of things so personal, now sat around and concentrated on his main mission, baffled the girl to one side of the extreme.

It was her decision to bring them up again – to bring up the relationship they once had, so that he would speak with her with the same demeanor he had a long time ago.

“Do you remember when we first made love, Axey?”

The pyro could feel the hot air burning against his skin, as the Savage Nymph wrapped her arms around him in a taunting manner. Irony overshadowed him, though, and no reaction was given, just a wave of the hand and a jerk of the head. His interest in Arlene was long lost after he had found a kindred spirit in Roxas... There were other things he was to set his mind to. Lingered on Larxene and pondering if she would accept his heart again during their reversal of apotheosis was far too much to be craving for. His restraint won the war over curiosity now a days.

Though that wouldn't stop him from replying.

“Sure. I also recall on our second year together, you told me you were pregnant with that four-pound paunch...” he crossed his arms, looking away disinterested, **“And I was... Hahah...”**

Perhaps a moment seems more precious to a person once the individuals know that long lost memories, were only just that. Silence, again, would ensue amongst the hall of the library, and for the first time, they would have a moment. Countless thoughts would pass through their heads, and again and again they would try so hard to convince themselves it was nothing... But events happen, and what they spoke of now was an event so crucial in their lives, that it simply could not go ignored...

“I've bragging rights, see?... My heart was stolen from me, Axel. Twice.”

And while she intended to end it fairly quickly, the aftermath of their long talk into the hours seemed so very long and awkward. It'd been years since the incident, but to clarify my dear reader of this mystery, the tale will continue in a more stable form along the pages... You could say now, that the real story can be told. An explanation of our characters' past begins in the heart of Twilight Town, about three years ago from our present time. A time where the heartless were just beginning to creep from the golden-stained cobblestone, and a time when a young woman, and a young man, believed they had it all.

Their life, it seemed, was complete with a small home, a ring, and a parasite with a host so very surprised. The host, as beautiful as she was, had a heavy heart that weighed her down with the mass of saddening grief. Her beau, who knew her like the back of his hand, was oblivious to the shrouding darkness she bore to her heart... and the baby in her womb. And while it is unknown of which, the ignorance, or the grief, had caused his downfall, it is for certain that his demise was met because of an abuse of moral code

Axel found out that his dear Arlene had to remove the parasitic leech from its host some months later. With that news heard, the pyro felt compelled to leave his fiancé, and a brooding hatred began between

them... All because of ignorance, and pure cold-hearted grief.

Larxene's mind trailed into the night, often thinking of the old news and this particular dilemma that haunted her, even a year after such a crises occurred. Some time after that, Axel was gone, and she... Arlene, began to fall into her own darkness. The grief, the sorrow, and the agony left behind with her human heart were swallowed by the darkness. No more was she Arlene... and no more would she grieve.

"Twice." She repeated, picking a book up off the shelf, flipping through the pages as if seeking some interesting detail. **"I use to reflect on old times and just fantasize on how things would've been different... And the more time was taken from me, the less I cared, hah."**

"You're a poor liar."

The blond girls' antennae would've perked in aggression if they served as an extra ear, but no such thing was possible. Instead, she closed the book, lending him a careful, scolding eye, **"You've totally been dying to talk to me about this since like... forever, and don't say that you didn't because you did... Hahah, You should know me Axey, I've my own way around your tricky mind."**

"You say that, and yet you fail to interpret what I mean in the correct manner." Axel's arms crossed, as his body fell backward onto the couch. **"But who am I to argue with the queen of all things glowbug and beyond? "**

"Okay, now I'm getting a little irritable."

"Why doesn't that surprise me?"

To end it shortly, and without a sad outcome like the rest of these interpretations, we say that a nobody, is a nobody. No matter how many heartfelt conversations are held, and no matter how much a memory can affect or hurt your personal state of mind, you are a nothing. You have no heart, you have no regard for anyone but yourself. While your remaining conscience may feel the need to speak, converse, and express certain memories, your significant other will never truly understand the importance of this need. Eventually, you, yourself, will brush it off.

Being stuck too deep in the darkness for too long had an effect on everyone. Their prior meeting was just a realistic phantasm lingering in the hallow of their empty shells.