

# The Final Deception Of Organization XIII

By Malexos

Submitted: June 17, 2006

Updated: June 17, 2006

*When the time comes . . .*

*Will you know the way?*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Malexos/35274/The-Final-Deception-Of-Organization-XIII>

**Chapter 1 - Prologue: Luxan**

**2**

# 1 - Prologue: Luxan

The Final Deception Of Organization Thirteen

Prologue: Luxan

***Neither in darkness . . .  
Nor in Light . . .  
But in Twilight . . .  
Do we dwell . . .  
Thriving in the hopes . . .  
That we may become whole . . .  
Once more . . .***

Was it the end, or had it just begun? Had time itself stopped at that final strike of the keyblade, that accursed weapon? And most importantly, what next? What would happen to the Legacy of Organization XIII? Would it end? Doubtably. Successors were more likely. But what would they choose to do with their as yet unknown supremacy over all lesser Nobodies? Would they abuse their power, as did the first organization did, and so many others with power and authority? Or would they realize the error in the ways of the first organization, and put an end to all Nobodies, once and for all? That, My friend, is yet to be decided.

=====

***“Who am I?”  
“Nobody.”  
“What is my purpose for being?”  
“Nothing.”  
“Who are you?”  
“. . . Nobody.”***

It was like a sweet dream, one that Luxan would like to forget. Everything had been perfect before that night, but Luxan would never remember what he was like before. Before what? Had he been kind and respected? Or a known evil to the likes of everyone who was linked to him. Who am I? He would never know what kind of person lurked beneath the Black Cloak he now wore. ***My identity?*** All he knew was what was laid out in front of him: 12 others, just like him, ***My friends? My family?*** And the headquarters of the organization. ***My home?***

Although he would never know what kind of person he was before becoming a nobody, he knew what he was now. A monster. Over the time that he had mysteriously appeared in Castle Oblivion, Luxan had become a cold and callous person. The ones who had served as surrogate family for him, he had isolated himself as much as possible, then he had to remind himself countless times: “They’re on my side. They’re just like me.” He had never learned to trust them completely, but he had at least learned to accept the fact that they were all he had now. No memories, no possessions, nothing. Just them. And for now, that was just enough to live for.