

Forever

By quinseparable

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It's been 6 months since Kim's death, now Ron must pick up the pieces of his shattered life. How will he cope now that the holidays are approaching?

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It had been six months on this cold, winter day.

Things in Middleton seemed to get back to normal. Kids were out of school, getting ready for the holidays and everybody was scurrying about getting last minute gifts.

Yet, for Ron Stoppable, things would never be the same again, no matter how many months - or years - passed. Life without Kim - his Kim - had, at times, become unbearable. Everyone said that his grief would become more bearable as time went on, but Ron didn't believe it. As every day turned to a week, and every week turned into a month, the pain inside him got worse.

He sat on a bench at the Kim Possible Memorial Park as the snow danced all around him. Hanukkah had been early this year and it was almost over. In 12 days it would be Christmas. Even though Ron was Jewish, he and his family always stopped over at the Possible's house to exchange gifts on Christmas - it was tradition!

However, this year, there would be no special gift for Kim. Every year since Ron could remember he had always saved his own money to buy Kim something nice - and Kim would do the same for him. At the beginning of this year - before Ron lost her - Ron was determined to buy her something extra special, but those plans fell through terribly.

Everyone was worried about him - Ron knew that. He had drawn out of things he liked to do - his video games did nothing now except collect dust, and his booth at Bueno Nacho had seen no sign of Ron since the day before the accident. Even his schoolwork suffered - well, more than it used to.

Ron looked at the memorial plaque that sat in the center of the park. It read:

*Kimberly Anne Possible
April 19, 1988 - June 13, 2004
Age: 16
World Famous Teen Hero*

*Kim Possible will always remain in our hearts and in our memories. We will miss her dearly and we thank her for keeping the world a safe place. We thank her for her sacrifice of her own life to save all of ours.
We love you Kim!*

Love,

Everyone that you have saved.

Ron looked at the engraved picture of Kim. A sudden wave of pain swept through his body. He closed his eyes and let out a long, sorrowful sigh. The scene of her last moments began to play in front of his closed eyes.

Ron's eyes flew open. He did not want to think about that, but that's all he seemed to be able to think about ever since it happened.

Why, he wondered. Why can't I seem to forget about that?

Ron wanted to remember the good times he had with Kim, not her last moments on this earth, not the fear in her emerald eyes as the ceiling came crashing down on her or feel the weight of her lifeless body in his arms. He wanted to remember Kim as Kim would want him to remember her.

“You were awesome.” Kim had told him.

“Really?” Ron asked.

“Uh huh.” Kim agreed.

“So on our next mission I call the shots?” Ron asked, hopefully.

“Uh, heh, we'll see.” Kim replied.

He sighed and stood up, his knees popping from being in the same position for the hours he had spent at the memorial park.

He would have visited Kim at the cemetery, but Ron couldn't force himself to go over there, and even if he could, the snow drifts were too high to pass through anyway.

He slowly walked through the bustling little town. He could hear people talking and laughing as they walked in and out of various stores.

Ron sighed angrily. How could people be so happy when Kim Possible was dead? How could they have just forgotten her like that?

He shuffled his feet as he walked toward his house, his mind elsewhere.

He didn't feel the cold as he walked down the street, hatless, gloveless, and scarf less. He didn't care. He didn't care that his parents were going to lecture him on how important it was that he let them know where he was going. What did they think he was going to do, commit suicide?

No, 'cuz that's not what Kim would want me to do. Ron thought to himself. She would want him to live his life and she wouldn't want him to be in the shell he had currently found himself either, but what could he do? He tried to break out, but his loss wasn't something one could get over in a matter of a half of a year - his friendship with Kim ran too deep. It ran so deep that when Kim was taken from him, it was almost as if he had lost half of himself.

He wanted so much to have that half of him back, he wanted so much to have Kim back.

As Ron turned down his street, he glanced at the house Kim used to live. Ron knew he should feel tears, he wanted to feel them, but none came. It was as if there were no more left to shed.

Don't I miss her as much as I used to? Ron asked himself. That seemed ridiculous; he missed Kim more and more everyday.

As he walked through the door, and threw his jacket into the closet, Ron's parents and Rufus walked over to him.

``Ronald, where have you been?" his father asked.

``We were worried sick about you!" his mother added, hugging him and stroking his hair. Rufus crawled away from her and onto Ron's shoulder, chattering.

``Sorry." Ron muttered almost inaudibly.

``Ronald, we have got to talk . . ." Mr. Stoppable started, but was interrupted by Ron.

``I only went to the memorial park to think! Is that a crime?" Ron exclaimed. Before he lost Kim, he would have never talked to his parents like that.

Ron pulled away and ran up to his room.

``Ronald!" Mrs. Stoppable called up, but was only answered by the slam of Ron's door.

Mrs. Stoppable sighed. ``What are we going to do with him? It seems like everyday he gets worse."

Mr. Stoppable pulled his wife into a comforting embrace. ``Give him some more time."

``But it's been six months. Shouldn't we see some improvement?" Mrs. Stoppable asked.

``Kim was his best friend." Mr. Stoppable replied. ``Give him some time."

Mrs. Stoppable sighed. ``I hope you're right."

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It seemed like mere minutes when it had been many hours since Ron fell asleep. Ron had started sleeping more since Kim's death. It seemed to be the one place where things could be alright again.

Ron shivered as his dream world faded away and reality came back to haunt him. He pulled his blankets up under his chin and glanced at the alarm clock that sat by his bed. The red numbers shone brightly in the dark room.

11:23

He tried to remember what time he fell asleep. It wasn't too late . . .it had to be before 6, because that's the time he normally ate dinner.

Next to him, Ron felt Rufus. The small naked mole rat stirred in his sleep and looked over at Ron. He jumped out of bed and jumped over to the night stand and revealed a piece of paper sitting there.

Ron picked it up. It read:

Ron:

Dinner is the refrigerator in case you get hungry before breakfast and since you were sleeping when we made dinner. We didn't want to wake you so help yourself.

We love you.

Love,

Mom and Dad

Ron appreciated the gesture - really he did, but he never really regained his appetite after the accident. He just wanted to go back into his dream world where everything was how it once was . . . he and Kim fighting evil side-by-side.

Ron had found out not too long ago that Drakken and Shego never regained their motivation to take over the world . . .neither had the Seniors, even though they had nothing to do with Kim's death.

Yet there were other villains that tried to. The government had trained special agents to take care of them . . .

. . .to take Kim's place.

No, Ron said to himself. No one can ever take Kim's place! Ever!

He threw his blankets over his head, making the room even darker.

Sleep, he said to himself. Gotta sleep.

But he started concentrating so hard on sleep that he couldn't get to sleep.

Ron sighed as he decided to go eat some of the dinner his mother had made. A full stomach had always made Ron tired before.

That and Algebra.

He slowly made his way across his room, and passed the table with a picture of Kim, Rufus, and him laughing, and in front of that, laying down, was the Kimmunicator.

Every time Ron passed that, his heart ached. The small memorial reminded him constantly of what he had lost - not only Kim, but his whole life.

The stairs creaked underneath him as he walked down them. He slowly made his way into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator.

Meatloaf . . . again.

He popped the plate into the microwave. He would have preferred some Mexican food, but he couldn't bring himself to eat Bueno Nacho.

A sudden memory flashed back into his mind.

Kim and Ron were sitting inside Bueno Nacho. Kim was holding up a picture of a jacket she wanted to get, yet her parents told her that she would have to get a job if she wanted it.

Ron poured his nachos into his taco.

“What are you doing?” Kim had asked.

“Taco meets nacho: I call it ‘the naco’.” Ron replied.

“I call it ‘gross-beyond-reason’.” Kim had responded with a disgusted look on her face.

Ron took a bite. “You want some?”

The sound of the microwave ending brought Ron back to his senses. A good memory - and the first one that didn't cause Ron's heart to ache . . . as much.

He took a few bites of his meatloaf, and then, not realizing how hungry he had been, scarfed the rest down.

Ron sighed again as he set his dish into the sink.

Footsteps behind him caused him to turn.

“I thought I heard someone down here.” his father said.

“Didn't mean to wake ya up.” Ron replied.

“You didn't.” Mr. Stoppable assured him. “Ron, can we have a talk?”

Ron shrugged. He really wasn't in the mood for another talk.

“Sit down.” Mr. Stoppable said as he pulled out a chair from the kitchen table. Ron did the same.

“Ronald, please, just hear me out.” his father started. Ron felt a little surprised. Their talks didn't normally start this way.

“Ronald, your mother and I are very worried about you. We know how much Kim meant to you and how close you two were. Nobody can ever replace her and we understand that. But remember this: you lost a friend, but the Possibles lost a daughter and a sister. Your mother and I think that perhaps you should go over there at Christmas.”

“Dad, I already told you, I can't! I just can't!” Ron interrupted. He hadn't been over to Kim's house since the accident happened.

“I know that, and we're not going to force you to go. But imagine how Mr. and Mrs. Possible and Jim and Tim are feeling right now - especially since the holidays are coming up.” Mr. Stoppable said.

“Please just think about it.”

With that said, Mr. Stoppable stood up, pushed in his chair, and walked back upstairs, saying a sincere “good night”.

Ron sighed as he sat there for a few moments, then went up to his room.

“Come on, Nana's got a hyper sonic aircraft waiting.” Kim told Ron.

“Your Nana's here?” Ron asked unbelievably.

“Yeah, Mom, Dad, the Tweeps . . .” Kim added.

“Wha . . . are you kidding? You were sposta stay home and tet to do all the Possible family stuff you do every year!” Ron exclaimed.

“Ron, when I heard you went after Drakken alone . . .” Kim started, but was interrupted by Ron.

“You came to rescue me, and ruined your Christmas. Man!” Ron said sullenly.

“Are you kidding me?” Kim asked with a giggle. “Now the Tweebs want to wrestle a anaconda every year! This Christmas rocked. I mean it.”

“Really?” Ron asked, feeling a little better.

Kim nodded. “It was way better than the Bueno Nacho Bueno Bucks you gave me last year.”

“Haha . . .ha . . .ha . . .ha . . .”

Ron shook his head. That Christmas had almost been a disaster but Kim managed to save him - and Drakken - and that Christmas turned into the weirdest one he had ever spent with Kim.

He lay back down in his bed and soon his dream world came back to him.

Kim was there in his dream world . . . she always was. Here Ron could revisit the times that he spent with her and not feel any pain or guilt.

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The next few days went by mostly like this. Ron hated it and wanted to break out of this depression, but he couldn't seem to be able to.

Before he knew it, it was Christmas Eve.

Ron was sitting down at the dinner table with his parents and Rufus.

“Ronald, we want you to go over to the Possible's tomorrow,” his dad said suddenly.

“I already told you guys I can't go! It's too hard.” Ron replied, throwing his fork down on his plate.

“I know it is son.” Mr. Stoppable said. “But your mother and I have decided that it'd be good for you.”

Ron stood up and looked at his parents. “What would be good for me would be to see Kim again!”

With that said, he stomped up to his room and slammed his door shut behind him.

Mrs. Stoppable shook her head. “That could have gone better.”

Mr. Stoppable nodded.

“Do you think we're pushing him too hard?”

“No. He needs to do this.”

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Ron awoke to the sound of a knock at his bedroom door. He didn't mean to fall asleep, but apparently he did.

Slowly, he rose out of bed and opened his door.

“Come on Ronald, get dressed.” his father said, standing in the doorway.

“Where am I going?” Ron asked.

“To the Possible's remember?” Mr. Stoppable replied.

Ron sighed. “I can't.”

“You can and you will.” Mr. Stopple said, then he turned and closed the door behind him.

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The windows were fogging up in the Stoppable's car as they drove over toward the Possible's house.

The memories flooded Ron's mind as he sat in the back seat.

“I got a little something that might help,” A pre-teen Ron said, reaching down in his pocket.

“What is that?” A young Kim asked as Ron pulled out a small, rodent-like animal out of the pocket.

“A naked mole.” Ron replied. “I got him yesterday at Smarty Mart.”

“A naked mole rat?” Kim repeated.

“I named him Rufus. It's cute huh?”

Ron shook his head, erasing the memory from his vision. He looked up and saw the Possible household coming up.

Ron began to grow more and more nervous as the car pulled into the driveway.

I can't do this! Ron thought. I just can't!

Yet he found himself on the doorstep with his parents behind him and Rufus perched on his shoulder.

The door opened and Mr. Possible stood in the doorway.

“Hello Ronald.” Mr. Possible said. “Come in.”

Ron and his parents walked inside. Ron looked around and saw that it wasn't nearly as festive as it had been in years past.

Even Jim and Tim wore a solemn expression.

“Ronald, it's so good to see you.” Mrs. Possible said as she walked into the room, a small book in her hands. “Ron, I want you to read something.” Mrs. Possible said, flipping through what appeared to be Kim's diary. “It was dated four days before her, uh, death.”

Ron took the book and began to read.

June 9th, 2004

Dear Diary,

I don't know why I began thinking about this, but a scary thing crossed my mind last night.

What if today was my last day on earth?

I mean, with all the dangerous villains I have faced, I feel that this thought should have crossed my mind before.

What would my family react if I was suddenly gone? What about Wade, Rufus, and Monique? What about Ron?

Maybe I'm just being paranoid, but with all the dangerous things I do, it's something to think about.

If something did happen to me today, tomorrow, or 10 years from now, would my family know much I love and appreciate? Would my friends know?

I'd definitely would want Ron to know how much I appreciate him. He's been my best friend forever - my longest and truest friend. He means the world to me. If something did happen to me before we became adults, I'd want him to go on with his life and not mope around because I'm gone. I'd want him to keep up with what we did. I'd want him to go for his dreams and not give up on the world.

I'd want him to know that he and I are a part of each other - so even if one of us is gone, we could still live through the other.

I'm sure it'll be years from now before I die, but I just felt like I needed to write this down.

Ron closed the book and looked up, tears in his eyes. He wanted Kim to live through him, so he made a silent promise to her that he would.

It felt like a heavy burden had been lifted from his shoulders. He smiled - just about the first time he had done so in a long time.

Ron turned around toward the window a little, and thought he saw a red-headed figure standing there, smiling at him.

Ron sighed. He knew that there were still many difficult times ahead, but now he knew that he could get through them.

Perhaps Kim was no longer here on earth, but she was still with him.

Forever.