

You Truley Are Heartless

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Submitted: January 16, 2008

Updated: August 4, 2008

She's looking for that missing part, and instead gets sucked into the life of the organization. (Full summary inside) AU, Rated Teen

THIS STORY IS BEING REWRITTEN. READ "GOLDEN PAOPU" FOR THE NEW VERSION

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0 - Summary/Disclaimer

Summary

A new girl has arrived in the quaint Twilight Town. Let's just say she's... not quite your average girl (Like Ollete). Everything starts out okay, ya'know, meeting the main gang of the place, learning about the "Haunted Mansion" rumors, and of course finding the closest sweet shop with the ever-so-popular Sea-Salt Ice Cream. But she also meets a boy, where the trouble begins.

Drake's life takes a detour as her destiny becomes entangled with the infamous group of nobodies, Organization XIII.

Disclaimer: I do not own anything related to Kingdom Hearts, Final Fantasy, the Twilight series, Tiffany or Toni. I only own myself.

1 - New Home, New Hopes

CHAPTER 1 – New Home, New Hopes

“I still don’t see why you needed to bring your swords out.” Toni said to her friend. Toni was a girl with black hair (hinted red) that was down to the middle of her back and silver-ish purple eyes. Her outfit was a grey spaghetti strap, a black jacket with MANY silver zippers, black cargo pants with huge white pockets and more zippers, and silver and black combat boots. She was pulling a small cart overloaded with boxes.

“Are you kidding? That guy at the station looked like he wanted to do some very unpleasant things to us.” Drake (the girl she was talking to) shuddered. She had green eyes and caramel-colored brownish-blond hair also down to the middle of her back and a black curved antenna. She had a black skintight top, a pair of black pants with yellow orange flames, red trench coat, brown boots that looked like they belonged to a boy, and a plain black choker. She had a Swiss long sword in its scabbard at her side – scaring pedestrians that walked by and caught a glimpse of it. She had long boxes in her arms (Most likely filled with more swords).

“I thought you wanted to make a good first impression when you came here...” said a third girl named Tiffany. Her hair was shiny violet with orange bangs and ALSO down to the middle of her back. Her right eye (That was right now covered by her hair) was purple and her left was blue. She was wearing a baby-blue tank top, a white translucent jacket and khaki Capri’s. All in all, a very pretty girl. She was carrying a small pile of boxes in her hands.

“Where is that house?” Drake mumbled under her breath while fidgeting the boxes in her hands to where she could hold them under her arm. With her free hand, she pulled out a folded piece of paper and opened it with her fingers. Directions were scribbled in very bad print. *‘Dammit, Cid...’* She thought. *‘I tell you over and over, write neater!’*

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“What did you pack in here?!” Toni groaned while failing to open a box with double packing tape.

“In there?” Drake observed the box in front of Toni. “I think that’s my durks and short swords.” She said as she grabbed another box and opened it. “Uh oh...” She said. Tiffany and Toni looked to see what the ‘uh oh’ was about. Drake pulled out an interesting sword from the box. It was a silver Gunblade – This one was known as ‘Revolver’. “I guess I forgot to give Leon-Kun’s weapon back...” Drake nervously laughed. “Would you mind giving it back to him Toni?”

“Yeah, sure.” Toni said, still shocked from the fact Drake had the blade.

“Drake,” Tiffany walked up to her friend. “are you sure you want to do this?” She looked up with her

blue eye.

Drake smiled and said, "Don't get me wrong, I loved living in Hollow Ba- I mean, Radiant Garden." she corrected herself. "But I wasn't feeling, you know, like I belonged there." She looked through the window at the orange-tinted sky. "And I'm not saying Twilight Town's better, but I feel like being here for a while will bring me one step closer. Who knows, maybe I'll have to take some steps back, and maybe I'll find exactly what I'm looking for." *And maybe...* Drake dreamed, *'Maybe I'll...'* She shook off the thought and returned her attention to her friends. "Tell Leon-Kun and the others I'll miss them. Oh, and tell Tifa-Chan I'm sorry we won't be able to train anymore."

Toni and Tiffany nodded and made their way through the maze of boxes to the front door. "Hey Drake," Toni called back, "what are you looking for, anyway? What do you mean by 'belonging here'?"

Drake laughed and replied, "I honestly have no idea."

2 - Trouble at the Sandlot

CHAPTER 2 – Trouble at the Sandlot

“Is there anyway to make this easier?” Drake asked aloud. The front room was filled with boxes scattered here and there and piled up so high that she had her own mini replicas of Aztec pyramids and two Sears towers. Her eyes looked across the never-ending brown sea. It seemed as though the boxes multiplied every time she blinked.

Then the answer hit her.

“No. There is no easy way.”

Not wanting to work on opening boxes and organizing items straightaway, just like her nature, Drake grabbed her crescent moon munny pouch (A goodbye gift from Cid), turned on her heels and walked out her front door.

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It was busy in town that day. Drake could see groups of girls chit-chatting away in clothing shops (*‘lck,’* she had thought to herself) and boys laughing at one of their (Madly blushing) own. She didn’t get herself tangled in these things because one; She was new and didn’t want to seem like one of those constant-digging brown-nosed gossipers and two; she was on a goal that she couldn’t let herself be distracted from at any cost – finding a sweet shop. Even though Drake seemed like one to be particularly fond of hot ‘n spicy foods, the truth was she didn’t like that stuff much and was a sucker (No pun intended) for sweets.

This place isn’t that big, She thought to herself, and people are walking around with ice cream in their faces, so there has to be a sweet shop somewhere. She decided to try asking around. She spotted a boy walking down the road with an ice cream stick in his mouth. “Hey, little boy!” She called out to him. He looked up from his ice cream stick, the ice cream looked like most of it was on his face rather than in his mouth. “Can you tell me where I can buy one of those?” She pointed at his ice cream. He looked down at it, and pointed down the alleyway. “Okay, thanks!” She waved and ran down the brick path.

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The alley had taken her to a sandlot. She looked around – nothing. “That’s funny...” She wondered aloud. “That kid said it was this wa-“ She was cut off by the feeling she wasn’t alone. She craned her head to get a look behind her. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see something big. Correction – something VERY big.

“Looks like we got another trespasser, ya’know?” The big thing smiled. He had tanned skin, black hair, an orange shirt and baggy black pants. This guy was freakishly HUGE. *He’s got more muscle than Leon-Kun and Cloud-Kun combined!* she gasped at the thought.

“Intruder.” Another voice said, this time in front of Drake. She faced forward to see the speaker, this time a girl. She had silver hair that covered her left eye, pale skin, a blue top and khaki Capri’s.

“Seifer! We got another one, ya’know?” Said the big guy again.

“It better not be those losers aga-“ Someone said as he walked out from behind a wall. He also was wearing a blue shirt, dark-red pants, a silver trench coat, and a dark blue beanie that covered his blonde hair. One feature that stuck out the most to Drake was his scar going across his face between his blue eyes. It was a lot like Leon’s scar – except his went in the opposite direction. Seifer didn’t like to be stared at, and was easily ticked off. “Hey!” he yelled. Drake snapped back into reality, and remembered she was surrounded. “I don’t know who you are, but we don’t take outsiders lightly.”

“Outsiders? That’s a book title.” Drake retorted. “And, I’m a newcomer that’s here to stay, FYI. So, unless you’re the mayor of this place, you have no right to shoo me out Mr. I-Think-I’m-All-Big-And-Bad.”

Seifer chuckled. “That’s pretty big talk towards the Twilight Town’s Disciplinary Committee.” His voice was soft and dangerous. “Don’t you think so, Fuujin? Raijin?”

“Reckless.” Fuu simply stated.

“I bet she’s with Hayner’s gang, ya’know!” Rai said as if he was accusing of murder. “She’s got the same attitude as them, ya’know?”

Now Drake was getting annoyed. Did he always end his sentences with “Ya’know”? *Wait a second...* something clicked in her mind. *Who the hell is Hayner?*

“Member or not,” Seifer said, “She has trespassed onto our territory.” He pulled out a yellow and blue club, Rai cracked his knuckles, and Fuu took a karate pose. “And now, she’s got to pay the consequences.” Seifer grinned.

Damn! Drake thought, getting in a defensive/fighting stance. *All I wanted was to find the sweet shop! Why am I stuck in this situa-*

“Seifer! Lay off!” Another club flew out from nowhere and hit Seifer on the side of the head. He turned his head toward the direction it came from, and cursed under his breath. “What the hell are you doing here...?!”

3 - Roxas

CHAPTER 3 – Roxas

Recap: Another club flew out from nowhere and hit Seifer on the side of the head. He turned his head toward the direction it came from, and cursed under his breath. “What the hell are you doing here...?!”

“Hey! You’ve got some nerve to do that to Seifer, ya’know!” Rai shouted.

“Disrespectful!” Fuu hissed.

“You Loser!” Barked Seifer. “Who do you think you are all of a sudden?!”

“I was about to ask you the same thing.” The voice of the club-chucker calmly replied as he walked out from around the corner. Drake took a good look at him – He had crystal blue eyes, swirly-spiky blonde hair and a rockin’ wardrobe. A black shirt, white jacket with checker patterns, black and grey pants, grey, black and red shoes, black and white rings, checkered wristband and a silver four-point star charm was this boy’s choice of fashion.

“Oh really?!” Seifer said, red in the face. “Well, I got news for you Ro-“

“HEY!!!”

Everyone stopped and stared at Drake, not expecting this sudden outburst.

“Look, everyone!” She growled. “I’m just looking for the store that sells ice cream, and I didn’t know that this was someone’s spot. So all of you,” She pointed at the T.T.D.C members, “Just shut the hell up and let us get on with our lives! We don’t have to spill blood just because of something as trivial as this! GOT IT?!” Drake roared.

They all stared, blank expressions on their face. Seifer showed the only emotion, terror. Drake glared him down with heat boiling behind her eyes. After a long pause, he blinked and calmed his expression. “Okay, you win this time...” He snorted, “I’ll let you off easy. But now you know this is our spot, so don’t think of showing your face around here again.” He turned on his heel and left, shortly followed by Rai and Fuu.

Drake also calmed herself down, but she was confused by her own action. Why did she shout like that? And all that sudden anger that came from nowhere...where *did* it come from? She thought hard...

Was it her again?

“Man, you’ve got guts.”

Drake turned her head to the boy. He smiled an impressed smile. “No one ever talks back to Seifer like that. You didn’t seem scared at all when you shouted... actually, you didn’t seem to know anything about him. So I’m guessing you must be new around here.” He held out his hand. “Name’s Roxas. You would be...?”

“Drake.” She said, smiling small, taking his hand and shaking it lightly.

“Drake...?” Roxas asked, confused.

Drake sighed. *Here it comes. AGAIN. Like all the other times I’ve introduced myself. First, I tell them my name. Next, they say ‘Isn’t that a boy’s name?’. Then I explain ‘Yes, my name is usually a boy’s name’. Please, not again.*

“...Interesting name for a girl.”

Drake looked back up. Okay, so, maybe that reaction was little different. A little. A reeeelly teeny tiny bit. There was a hint of amusement in his voice... wasn’t there?

“You mentioned looking for an ice cream shop?” Roxas asked. “I know where it is.”

“O-Oh! Right...” Drake laughed. “Please direct me.” She clapped her hand together. Roxas laughed and motioned her to follow.

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“Whoa!” Drake exclaimed. What did she just put in her mouth – Frozen sugar or frozen seawater? Both?

“Yeah, I was surprised my first time too.” Roxas laughed. He was kind enough to buy her some ice cream – actually, Drake learned, Roxas was this kind all the time.

“What is this?” Drake stared at her ice cream, somewhat dumbfounded. “Someone’s science experiment their mom found in the freezer?”

“No,” Roxas almost choked on his ice cream. “It’s Sea-Salt ice cream. You’re not a true Twilight Town resident until you learn to love this.”

“Well, whatever it is,” Drake shrugged, “It’s dessert!” She was about to eat some more when she noticed the clock tower at Central Station. “Oh crap!” She shouted, horrified. “Is it that late already?! I still haven’t unpacked my bed – where am I going to sleep?!” She jumped from her chair and ran down the road, almost dropping her ice cream as she ran. She reached her front door and began to unlock it when she realized she didn’t thank Roxas for treating her to ice cream. She didn’t say bye either. Or ask if she’d see him again...

Wait a minute, why was this bothering her so badly? It’s a small town, she’ll see him again. And *then* she can thank him for the ice cream. Yeah, most definitely!

An hour later she had unpacked and set up her bed, found her night clothes and one of Aerith's goodbye present – a copy of her favorite novel, *'Twilight'*. Drake propped a flashlight on her shoulder and read for almost three hours straight. She was up to where the main vampire, Edward, was taking the heroine, Bella, into the meadow in the mountains before she nodded off into sleep.

That night, she dreamed of when she had first meet Sora.

4 - Memory, missions, promise

CHAPTER 4 – Memory, missions, promise

Drake awoke with a jolt the next morning. Her hands were shaking violently as she quickly scanned the room. She was safe. It was just the memory. Sleep began to take hold again as she calmed down. She stared at the clock – 2:00 A.M. read the crimson red letters. *Better go back to sleep...* she thought. As she closed her eyes, she set a goal for that morning. *Later, I'll wake up at 7:30, eat breakfast, and look for Roxas. I better thank him before I forget...*

She was serious about this goal. After all, ice cream was her favorite dessert. And whoever treated her with it was a good friend.

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“Ughh... wha? Am I...?” Drake stared with half-closed unfocused eyes. “Am I late?” She glanced at the clock tower outside the window.

“WHAT?! DAMMIT I AM LATE!” two and a half hours late from her set time. That was pleasant.

First she ran downstairs and tossed two slices of bread into the toaster, set the timer, ran back upstairs and slammed the closet door open. She could only partly think about what to wear – picking out a simple green peasant blouse and tan shorts. She pulled out a pair of dark blue knee high boots from a nearby box and slipped them over her Chinese dragon socks before looking at her reflection in the window.

Something's missing... she thought. It couldn't be earrings, she never even dared to get her ears pierced. Not makeup either. She hated the stuff. She looked closer into her doppelganger in the glass. Her neck did look a little bare. She sighed. “Of course...” She walked to her munny pouch and pulled out her black ribbon choker. She tied the strings together and laughed at herself. *'You should get a charm or something for that choker.'* She recalled Toni stating.

'I don't think I'd really need it.' She had replied, smiling. *'I like it the way it is!'*

'Aw, Drake-Chan, you're so plain!' Tiff had moaned.

She remembered how she could laugh so freely, even while knowing the terror inside her... what she would give to laugh like that again.

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Roxas walked down the brick alleyway to a chained fence. Making sure he wasn't being followed, he walked through the gate and pulled something out of his pocket. It looked like something a geek had overloaded with lights and buttons. He pressed a yellow button and a blue light glowed from the largest orb. A black hooded figure slowly materialized in the light.

"It's been two weeks already. Your report is late." The figure stated.

"Sorry. There were some set backs." Roxas replied.

"Apologize to the superior, not me." The figure barked. "He's furious. He can't even count on the keyblade's chosen one to keep a deadline. If you hold this behavior longer, he will dispose of you."

Roxas glared. "I understand that."

"Don't use that tone with me, Number Thirteen." The figure growled. "Step out of line and I will--"

"Hey! Is that Roxas?! You're talking to Roxas?!"

"Number E-!"

"Roxas! How are you, bud?!"

"Stop that! This is a busine-!"

Another person in the black hood ran into the first person and shoved him out of the way. He had his hood down, so you could see his features. Spiky, red, out-of-control hair, bright green eyes and diamond tattoos under his eyes would make this guy blend in with a band of punk rockers.

Roxas sighed. "Axel, you've got to settle down."

Axel beamed. "Can't help it, I miss you buddy."

"What are you doing at the tower, anyway? I thought you were In Port Royal."

"I finished my mission early. Now I would like you to do the same please!"

Roxas laughed. "What was my mission again?"

"Hey! That's not funny!" Axel moaned.

Roxas grinned. "Yeah... I know my mission."

"You better." Axel said, smiling.

Roxas grinned back before hearing someone walking to the Usual Spot. "I'll talk later Axel. Someone's coming." Axel faded from view along with the light. Around the corner was a girl with green eyes and brown hair, wearing khaki capri's and an orange shirt.

"Oh! There you are Roxas!" She smiled. "We were wondering where you've been. Hayner wants you to practice with him for the big struggle tournament next month."

“Yeah.” Roxas said. “Tell him I’ll be there, Olette.”

Olette giggled and ran back uphill. Roxas sighed and looked at his communicator. “Sorry, Axel.” He said, “But this may take longer than I thought.”

5 - Help from Vivi

CHAPTER 5 – Help from Vivi

“Roxas, where are you?!” Drake groaned. She had been searching for hours, and her blood sugar was really low. She leaned against the wall, heaving a great sigh.

“Is something wrong?”

Drake looked around, startled. Where did that high-pitched voice come from? “Who are you? Where are you? What are you?”

“Down here.”

Drake looked down at, what seemed to be, a little boy in WAY too big clothes. He had a hat so large that it covered his face – all she could see was a pair of yellow eyes.

“Do you need help miss?” He chirped.

“Well, sorta.” Drake scratched the back of her head. “I’m looking for someone.”

“Who?” asked the boy.

Drake bent down so they were at an equal eye level. “Have you heard of someone named Roxas?”

“Yeah!” His voice sang like a baby songbirds. “He won the Struggle Tournament I was in last month. I’ve met him before, too. But Seifer doesn’t like it when I talk to him...”

Seifer is telling him what to do? Poor kid. That Seifer, what an a-

“I’m not sure where he is, but I think I know.” The boy perked up. “I’ll show you!”

Drake nodded and smiled. “Thank you...um, what’s your name?”

“I’m Vivi!” He sang while grabbing her hand and started pulling her down the brick road. “You’re a really pretty lady.” He giggled.

Drake only smiled.

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Drake moved some low branches out of her and Vivi’s way, twigs cracking under her boots as she walked by her small guide.

“He’s been coming here a lot lately, but I don’t know why.” Vivi said. “And a lot of weird things have been happening. First a bunch of pictures were stolen, then these white things started appearing around here. But that was before the Struggle Tournament. A few days after Roxas won, he disappeared.”

Drake was listening more intensely than she ever had to a young kid. Why would Roxas disappear after winning a tournament?

“After a few weeks he came back,” Vivi continued, “and he seemed a little different. Like he found something he had been looking for a long time.”

Maybe I should ask him for tips. Drake thought.

“But since then, he’s been leaving for days, sometimes even a week, and he won’t tell anyone where he’s been.” Vivi paused. “It makes me confused.”

Drake nodded her head in agreement. She could understand why one would be confused by these events. Just *who* was Roxas, underneath all his... she tried to think of something that wouldn’t sound awkward. That was a failed attempt.

“We’re here.” Vivi chirped. Drake looked at their destination – a huge sunset-colored mansion.

Drake stared in amazement. “Wow...” She gaped. Maybe she should’ve moved here. It looked like the perfect place. She looked at Vivi. “This place is amazing! Does he live here?”

Vivi shook his head. “No one’s lived here for years. They say it’s haunted.”

Even better.

“A haunted mansion, huh?” Drake grinned, stretching her arms. “Well, I wasn’t really one to be afraid of ghosts...”

“Oh no, not that kind of haunted.” Vivi explained.

Damn.

“There’s a rumor that says, every once in a while,” He pointed at the second story window on the left, “There’s a girl who looks through those white curtains. Seifer says that it’s just a myth,” Vivi sighed, “but I’ve seen her.”

Drake half-listened. Did Roxas have some kind of connection with this girl? Were they related or something? “Hey, Vivi,” Drake asked. “What does this girl look like?”

Vivi paused thoughtfully. “Blonde hair.” He stated, “With blue eyes.”

Drake thought hard. Could Roxas-? Nah, no way. She had been reading Ranma ½ too much. Maybe this girl was his sister. But if that was true, why was she in this old mansion? Why wasn’t she living with Roxas? None of this was making sense....

What kind of secrets was Roxas hiding?

“Behind you!” Vivi shrieked.

6 - In the Woods

Chapter 6 – In the Woods

Drake barely moved quick enough to dodge the attacker. She turned to her right and rolled, landing on her stomach. Vivi had leaped out of the way, landing face-first in the grass. Drake looked up at their attacker.

“Wha-What the hell is that thing?!”

She couldn't tell who – or what – it was. It was mainly grey in color with a bluish-grey head. It looked like it was wearing a yukata and wielding four swords. The creature seemed to stare at her for a second before turning it's attention to Vivi. Vivi was stumbling to his feet – he couldn't possibly dodge it if it attacked. Without warning it dashed forward, swords raised for attack.

“Watch out!” Drake shouted, jumping up and racing the creature to Vivi. She almost didn't make it, but launched herself ahead wrapped her arms around Vivi, rolling and tumbling them both out of the way. She stood up, in her defensive stance. The samurai-thing looked up at her, observantly.

Well done, my lady.

“What?” Drake arched an eyebrow in confusion. The samurai-creature bowed it's head respectfully and disappeared in a grey portal. Did that thing... just speak?

Vivi clung to her leg, trembling. “I never saw that kind of white thing before.” He squeaked. “What was it?”

“I don't know, Vivi.” Drake sighed.

“L-Let's get out of here!” Vivi shrieked, rushing for the cover of the woods. Drake chased after him, but paused to look back at the mansion.

Later, Drake nodded to herself, I'm definitely going to check this place out. She continued to run after Vivi.

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Vivi was extremely edgy on the walk back. The smallest noise was enough to make him jump and cling to her leg for at least six minutes. Drake was getting annoyed for these minute-long delays, but she understood. Vivi was still very young. And an experience like that was a little scary for his mind. *Poor kid, I hope he'll be okay.*

“Roxas?”

Drake looked up. Sure enough, there was the blonde-haired Houdini himself.

She almost jumped. *Finally!* she smiled. *Now I can thank him!* She stepped ahead. “Hey Roxa-“

“What do you want?” He snapped.

Drake’s smile faded. What was THAT? She took another look at him. His face was sour. His eyes seemed a darker blue. What was eating *him*?

“Well,” Drake started, “I just wanted to-“

“Shut up.” He hissed. “I’ve got somewhere to be.”

Drake’s face fell. It didn’t matter what he did for her – she wasn’t about to let that slide.

“Vivi, leave.” She instructed. “Roxas and I need to talk alone.”

The little boy nodded quickly, turned heel and ran. He didn’t want to be stuck in between these hot sparks.

“What’s up with you?” Drake asked, hands on her hips, frowning.

“You heard me.” He retorted. “I’ve got somewhere to be, and it’s definitely not here talking to you.” He walked past her.

“Hey, wait, hold on!” Drake shouted back, following him. “That’s not what I meant!”

“I don’t have time for you.” He growled, not pausing to turn and look her in the face.

“You see, THAT’S what I meant. What’s gotten into you?” She dodged a branch that swung her way. “You aren’t the same as when I meet you.”

“Maybe that wasn’t the real Roxas you meet.” He said, softly and dangerously.

“The who is the real Roxas?”

“You’re the last person who needs to know.” He hissed, his back still to her.

“Roxas, I just want to-“

Roxas slammed his fist into a nearby tree. “Just shut up! It’s none of your concern! Just keep your damn nose out of my business!”

Drake stepped back from this outburst. She was truly shocked. She stared with wide eyes at his back that seemed to quiver with rage. This was surely not the kind of person she expected Roxas to be. No, not at all. She stared at the ground and clenched her fist.

“You know...” She started softly. Roxas didn’t flinch, or show signs of turning to look at her. “You know, I didn’t *have* to spend my day looking for you!” She looked up at him, her eyes filling with anger. “I just wanted to thank you for the treat on my first day here!” Her fists trembled. “But, I see how it is!” She closed her eyes and shook her head. “Fine! We don’t have to see each other again! We can just **forget** each other!” She turned around and ran for the exit of the woods.

It wasn’t until she left that Roxas looked behind him. His face showed the tiniest hint of regret. “You wouldn’t be the first thing I’ve forgotten...” He said to where she stood. He blinked once and continued for the direction of the mansion.

7 - A visit from Riku

Chapter 7 – A visit from Riku

Day three. Drake was still steamed. Her room was a mess.

“Stupid jerk, stupid jerk, stupid jerk!” Drake shouted from her bed, grabbing her water bottle beside her bed and throwing it against the floor.

‘...I don’t have time for you...’

“Stupid jerk, stupid jerk, stupid jerk!” Drake grabbed pillow from her bed and threw it across the room.

‘...Just shut up...’

“**STUPID JERK!**” She roared, tossing her rubber ball against the opposite wall. Which of course, bounced back and hit her head. She growled, rubbing her forehead.

There was a knock on her bedroom door. “Drake? Are you home?” A soft voice said from the other side.

Drake looked up at the door in disbelief. That was the voice she needed to hear. She ran to the door and opened it. “Tiffany-Chan!”

It was Tiff, all right. She was wearing a blue short-sleeved shirt and jean jacket, black shorts and grey combat boots. She smiled as Drake gave her one of her bear hugs. “It’s great to see you too, Drake-Chan.” She laughed as Drake pulled away.

“You don’t usually wear such dark colors, Tiff.” Drake said observantly. “Something up?”

“No.” Tiff replied. “But I brought someone with me. I hope you don’t mind...”

“Depends on who it is.” Drake said a little darkly. “I’m not really in the best of moods right now.”

“I didn’t notice...” Tiff said, looking into the half destroyed bedroom and sweat dropping slightly. “But I think he can help.”

“Just who did you bring?”

“Please, Drake. I don’t know that many guys.” She laughed and walked down the stairs, Drake following behind. They walked through the hallway, took a detour through the kitchen, and walked into the front room where the mysterious guest was waiting.

Drake gasped. In the center of her front room was a tall male, his back turned to her, with long silver

hair. He was wearing baggy jeans, a golden-yellow shirt and black jacket. He looked away from the window he was staring through and smiled at her with sparkling light blue eyes. "Nice place you got, Drake." He said in a silk soft tone.

She screamed. "Riku!" she ran over to him and hugged him with the tightest bear hug in her personal history of bear hugs. "Oh my god! Oh my god! What are you doing here?!" she asked enthusiastically as she released him from her grip. Behind her she heard Tiff laugh light heartedly.

"Tiff said she was going to pay you a surprise visit." Riku explained as he hugged Tiff around the waist, holding her against him. "And I thought I'd tag along." Tiff smiled and nuzzled deeper into his well-built chest.

Drake smiled. She didn't mind it when Riku and Tiff acted all lovey like this in front of her, at least they didn't call each other mushy nicknames and stuff like that. Riku and Tiffany were okay with it too.

"Tiff, you're such a lucky girl!" Drake grinned wider. "Getting a smexy hunk like Riku and all."

Tiff blushed as Riku laughed softly and ran his hand through her hair. Drake knew as well as they did that they were deeply in love with each other.

"But enough of that. For the moment anyway." Riku said as he gently pulled away from Tiff. "We heard Hurricane Drake going on when we got here." He rested his hands on her shoulders. "Is something bothering you?"

Drake tried not to meet his gaze and blushed slightly. Not in embarrassment, more like anger. "It's nothing," She groaned. "Just some guy has been giving me trouble lately and-"

"A *GUY?! SERIOUSLY?!*" Tiff and Riku shouted simultaneously, knocking Drake onto the couch. The hovered over her, surprised and shocked.

"Tell us *everything*." Tiff ordered.

"First, would you please, GET OFF ME?" Drake asked, annoyed. Once they were seated comfortably (Riku facing Drake with Tiff looking over his shoulder), Drake sighed. "You guys, I really don't wanna talk about it..."

"Please tell us, Drake..." Riku pleaded carefully, placing her hand in his. She blushed slightly from the contact. She had a crush on Riku when she was younger, but it was one-sided. Riku never accepted her as more than a good friend. Thinking about it now, Drake was glad she had given up on trying to win his heart. He had Tiff now, who needed him more than she did, and they were so happy together. It made her happy to see them like that. That was a good enough reason.

No... A voice in the back of her head sighed. ...There's another reason.... You know it... You know the reason why...

"Drake? Drake-Chan?" Tiff asked worriedly, bringing Drake back to reality.

“Are you gonna tell us or not?” Riku asked, a slight hint of amusement in his voice.

Drake sighed again. “Okay, so it started about two days ago, and I wanted to go find some ice cream. Well, I wound up at this sandlot and meet this stiff named Seifer...”

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“...Which explains the result of my attitude problem upstairs.” Drake ended on that note.

“So, you almost got in a fight, met this Roxas person, sweet guy, he treats you to ice cream, you look for him the next day ...” Tiff recounted the events.

“...Search around an old mansion, got attacked by some white creature, found him in the forest, he’s not so sweet anymore, and took it out on your defenseless bedroom.” Riku finished for her.

“Yeah, that’s pretty much it.” Drake nodded. “That jerk...” She growled.

“Drake, please.” Tiff begged. “Don’t lose control over one guy.”

“It’s just that...” Drake mumbled, “There’s something about Roxas... that makes him... different, somehow... It’s strange...”

There was a long, thoughtful, nerve breaking silence. Drake bent over in concentration as Riku held Tiffany’s hands in his and watched her as she sat in deep, motionless thought.

Drake later shot up and ran upstairs. Later she came back down in the same outfit she had when she first arrived in Twilight town – It was also known as her combat outfit. But instead of her normal favorite weapon, a sword, she had an elegantly detailed silver longbow slung over her shoulder.

“You know what they say; if you want the real answer, go straight to the source. I’m gonna find Roxas, and he will explain everything.” She vowed.

“Then what?” Tiffany asked.

Drake smiled as she walked out the front door. “We’ll just have to wait and see.”

8 - Mansion Showdown

Chapter 8 – Mansion Showdown

Roxas leaned against the gate of the mansion, fits jammed into his pockets, his head hung over. He stared at the grass by his shoes, watching how the breeze moved the blades ever so slightly. He wasn't paying much attention. He was thinking about a different matter. *Today is somewhat special. To me anyway.* He thought to himself. *I shouldn't be surprised at the fact Axel's late.* He grinned slightly. The grin quickly faded as he looked up into the sky. *I've suddenly got this bad feeling. Something's gonna mess up our plans, but what? Axel, hurry up...*

An arrow landed by his feet. He jumped back alarmed, and looked toward the direction it came from. He saw nothing but forest. *What was that? Attempted assassination?* "Who's there?!" He called out.

The leaves rustled in the wood's treetops. Another arrow landed behind him. He spun around and snarled. *Someone's messing with me...*

He heard a low *thud* by the wood's edge and turned to see red and black with green eyes, and it wasn't in his favorite combination.

"Well, well." Drake smiled, hands on her tilted hips. "If it isn't Roxas himself. I had a feeling I'd find you here."

Great. Not her again. Roxas moaned in his mind. "What is it this time?" He glowered.

Drake clutched her bow and stood menacingly. "You left me with more questions than answers. That doesn't leave me in the best mood. Just answer my questions and we can skip the fight."

"How do you expect to win with *that?*" He scoffed, pointing at her weapon. "That's a longbow, made for long ranged attacks. Hence the name." He smirked. "Unless you can turn invisible and move unnoticeably to a farther area, I doubt you can win with an upper hand."

Drake processed this information for a moment before looking back at him, mirroring his smug expression. "You know your weapons, I'll give you that. But in a way, I do have an upper hand, as you put it." She lifted her bow. "I have a weapon. You don't." She grinned wider.

Roxas cursed under his breath. *She's wrong. I do have a weapon. But how will she react? I think maybe she'll get more interested than she is now, but what if she knows to much already?* He glared at her. "Why don't we play a game?"

Drake raised an eyebrow, confused. "A... game? Odd time for games, and you don't seem the type of guy who'd enjoy them much..."

"It's a easy game, I'm sure even you can understand it's simple rules." He laughed once at the dirty

look she gave him. "Here's how it goes. We fight. No attempt at decapitation or severing limbs. If I land a hit on you, you have to answer any question I ask. Or Vice-Versa. Three strikes each."

"Hmm," Drake thought. She looked up, smiling playfully. "Alright, sounds fun. But, I want to make this as fair as possible." She threw aside her bow, then stood in a right-leg back fighting stance, her fists raised defensively in front of her face. "You can't fight with a weapon, so I won't fight with a weapon."

Roxas mirrored her stance, staring back at her. The wind picked up slightly, blowing loose leaves off their branches in the surrounding woods. Soft whispers raced between the trees, warning all living things of the events that were about to happen. The birds silenced, all at the same time. The mansion's shadow casted an ominous spell over the two duelists. Not once did they look away from each other, not once did they break the bond of concentration or focus on each other, predicting each others first move, or watching for a sign of betrayal or hiding their attack.

Drake was the first to move.

She dashed to her left before diving in to attack. Roxas evaded her and swiftly kicked her legs, causing her to trip. She skid across the earth floor, then jumped up and glared at him darkly.

"That was my first hit. Strike one." He stated. "First question; why have you been stalking me?"

"Blame yourself. You're an interesting person." Drake spat.

Roxas laughed. "Me? Interesting? You should see the guys I hang out with." Then he cursed. That was the wrong thing to say.

"What?" Drake asked, wide-eyed with sudden interest. "Are you in a gang or something?"

"You're trying to cheat a question out of me." Roxas retorted calmly.

"Yeah, right! I know the rules!" Drake shouted back at him, and then clenched her teeth together in a low snarl. *Don't give in. Don't give in, that's a bad idea...* She calmed herself.

Roxas moved forward, and then swung a fist at her face. Drake bent back at the last second, then remembered a move Tifa showed her two weeks before she left. Drake smirked and took the opportunity to back handspring and maybe kick him in the face. She landed on the palms of her hands and snapped her left leg up – kicking air. Confused and angry, she pushed up with her arms and landed, not quite as gracefully as Tifa would have, and snapped her head to the left and then to the right, scanning for where Roxas could've been waiting for her.

Unexpectedly, the air left her lungs and she landed face first in the grass. **Again.**

"Strike two. Second question; you said you moved to Twilight Town. Where are you from?"

Drake wiped the saliva from the corner of her mouth with her trench coat sleeve, her hands in tight fists, glaring at Roxas. She didn't dare look him in the eyes. Her own eyes might have been in a certain condition she didn't want him to know about, so she avoided meeting his gaze.

“I’m waiting.” Roxas said impatiently.

Drake hesitated. She was about to break a BIIIIIG rule. She sighed.

Tiff, I beg your father for forgiveness.

And I’m sorry, Sora. For breaking my promise.

“I lived in Radiant Garden. Doubt you’ve heard of it.”

Drake’s eyebrows twitched in annoyance as she glared. Next she charged forward.

“This again?” Roxas asked, not trying to hide the taunting tone in his voice. “It didn’t work the last time, so how do you expect-?”

Then, suddenly, Drake launched herself into the air, and then came down with her foot. Her long coat flapped behind her, intimidating wings. Roxas, for the first time during this fight, panicked. He could tell she aimed for his chest, and he didn’t have a way to block it. Unless...

9 - XIII

Chapter 9 – XIII

"We'll just have to wait and see." Drake smiled as she walked out the door.

"Drake, hold up." Riku stopped her on the first step. "This guy, Roxas... He doesn't by chance happen to have blonde hair and blue eyes, does he?"

Drake nodded slowly. She had left out the finer details during her explanation. "Yeah, he does... why?"

Riku closed his eyes thoughtfully and shook his head once. "Just be careful when you see him, okay? Promise me that."

"Yeah, sure thing Riku." Drake smiled. Riku smiled back then mention the time and though it was best that Tiff and him headed back home.

Drake had wondered, during her walk to the mansion, what Riku had meant by that.

Now she knew.

Time seemed to have stopped. Drake was above Roxas, staring wide-eyed at where her boot should have touched clothing. Instead there was the dark, cold metal of a blade. Roxas had pulled this blade from nowhere. It was as if, there was a flash of light, and it was there. He pulled it out in the nick of time to block her attack. Tightening his grip on the blade's hilt, Roxas pushed Drake back at least ten feet. She skid and extra four feet before stopping, gasping out in disbelief:

"A... Keyblade?!"

Roxas stood up straight, looking more threatening with the dark-colored Keyblade in his hand. He stared back at Drake, wordless.

"Hold up! Hold UP!" Drake shouted. "Since when do YOU have a Keyblade?! I thought there were only three Key-bearers! How ca-!"

Something cold and hard hit the side of Drake's head. Her world spun, and she was on her side, on the ground. *What...just happened...?* She started to fade...

She saw Roxas' shoe step in front of her face, but couldn't pull enough strength to look up.

"Who are you...?" he asked.

Drake's vision blurred slightly. Was she crying? Was her eyesight failing? The side of her face where she had been struck stung a little, but her whole body was limp, so she was unable to move her hand.

She had exhausted herself completely, and knew if Tifa was there, she would have been disappointed...

...Leon would've comforted her in his tough older-brotherly way as Aerith put ice on her bruised face...

...Yuffie would've wildly over exaggerate on how Roxas somehow "cheated"...

Drake sighed on the inside, too painful to breathe like that for real. One fact stopped that welcoming fantasy; she wasn't in Radiant Garden anymore. She also knew - no matter how hard she tried - she couldn't beat a Key-bearer.

...Not Riku...

...Not Tiffany's father...

...Not Sora...

...Not even Roxas, who she only knew for three days, and just barely found out about his share of the secret burden...

...never...

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"Hey, new meat."

"Where did she come from? What's she doing here?"

"You ask too many questions, number IX."

"Don't be so grumpy all the time, number V."

"Like I'll listen to *you*, number VIII."

Drake's head ached, her whole body was numb, and now she was hearing talking numbers. Great, she was becoming a loony tune. She forced an eye open. She was lying on her side, staring at a blue floor with four grey walls, and on one of the walls was: *A door!* The blood in her legs pulsed with adrenaline energy, ready to run towards the door and escape from...wherever she was.

"Hey look! She's waking up!"

Oh yeah, the numerals with the speech ability. She forgot about them. With the little strength she had, she looked up to see just who these weirdoes were.

There were eleven strange men, and one woman, in black jackets on the balcony above her head. The woman and three of the men had different shades of blonde hair, one man had pink layers, another with brown hair like a duck's butt, a spiky blazing redhead, one with black dreadlocks and sideburns, one with black and grey streaks, scars and an eye patch, another with short silver-blue that covered his right

eye, and two that looked the most menacing were a deep blue with a 'X' scar across his face and the other with silver hair and golden eyes.

Drake caught the woman saying "Feh, what a weakling..." to the pink-haired man, who smiled at her insult. Drake scowled.

"Interesting find, number XIII." The man with silver hair said. Thirteen? Odd numbering system they have. There are only twelve people there...

"Superior." Said a familiar voice beside her. Her head whipped to her left to see Roxas, wearing the same jacket as the others on the balcony, his head bent low in a respectful manner. Then his head snapped up toward the silver-haired leader. "But, Superior, I-!"

"We will discuss this now." The leader said. "Number XIII, you are not to leave this room, nor are you to harm the girl. But make sure she keeps her place. We don't want her getting too familiar here, just in case she doesn't qualify." Him and the other eleven members disappeared through black portals.

Drake glared at Roxas, and he returned her glare.

"How did I get here, anyway?" Drake said after a long pause.

Roxas looked as if he'd rather puke than answer her. "It was Axel's idea..."

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Roxas knelt by Drake's unconscious figure, checking to make sure he didn't accidentally kill her. He didn't want to have a murder on his hands, he already had enough to worry about.

"Hey, Roxas. Sorry I'm late, pal." Axel's voice said from behind him. "Xaldin wanted me to burn some of his old files, and being the Flurry of Dancing Flames, how could I - Rox, are you listening to me?" He felt Axel hover over him. "Ooh, who's this?"

"A candy-haired leech..." Roxas said flatly.

Axel chuckled. "You mean stalking crush, right?"

"Axel, don't make me hurt you..." Roxas said in monotone.

"Hey, you're good looking, Rox." Axel said, messing up Roxas' hair more than it already was.

"Axel." Roxas growled.

"Right, sorry. So, why is she playing sleeping beauty?"

Roxas paused before answering. "I knocked her out during a fight."

Axel leaned over and sighed. "Man, you are the romantic, aren't you?"

Roxas already gave him a clue to cut it out, so he summoned his second Keyblade.

“Alright, alright! I get the idea!” He stepped back, holding his hands up defensively. “Sheesh, someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed...”

Roxas sighed, annoyed. “I’m just tired of being here.” He explained. “I want to go back. This place holds unpleasant memories for me...”

“I hear ya.” Axel nodded in agreement. “But you know how it works. Did you finish your assignment?”

Roxas didn’t answer.

Axel groaned.

“I’m trying!” Roxas retorted.

“Trying isn’t always good enough, bud.”

“Yeah? Well, this job isn’t exactly easy! I mean, it’s not like I can just walk up to someone and say, ‘Hey, want to join Organization XIII? It’s not hard, just go to different worlds collecting hearts from total strangers like some serial killing psycho!’ ” Roxas raised an eyebrow. “I’m sure they’d just be dying to join after that.”

Axel blinked. “Woah. When you put it that way...” He scratched the back of his neck, looking around as he thought. Eventually, his wandering eyes rested upon the unconscious Drake.

Then he smiled his evil grin.

“I know! We can take in her!” He exclaimed, pointing at Drake.

“ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FLIPPIN’ SPIKY FIRE-HEADED MIND?” Roxas roared.

He was a little late. Axel had already run to Drake and slung her over his shoulder. “C’mon, Roxas. She the only person – you know, besides me – that’s fought you and survived.”

“Who said I was done with her...?” Roxas grumbled lowly through his teeth. “Maybe I was about to slit her throat open with Oblivion.”

Axel laughed. “C’mon, Roxas. Let’s go.”

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*“I see...” Drake understood. This Axel guy wanted her to be in the Organization. He said she was the only one who had ever fought Roxas and survived. What did he mean by that? She looked over at Roxas, wondering how many people he had fought and, supposedly, *killed*. Great, even **more** questions that needed answers. Questions take time to answer, and who knows when the other members would*

return...

Maybe just enough time...

"Well, since we're here," She said to Roxas, "alone, undisturbed, and you've been ordered to stay here and not harm me," She smirked at him. "There's no reason for you to ignore my questions."

Roxas was petrified. "Oh, NO..."

Drake laughed. "Ohoho, YES."

10 - Subordinate

Chapter 10 – Subordinate

“You have GOT to be kidding me...” Roxas denied.

“But I’m not.” Drake grinned, a glint in her eyes. “But, guessing how you are, I’ll make it fair for you. Just a few rules. They’re easy, even you can understand their simplicity.” She added a mocking tone to the last statement, closely mirroring the line he said before their fight.

He shot a dirty scowl at her. “And those rules would be...?”

“A lot like yours were. Except we aren’t going to fight this time.”

“Afraid?”

“Don’t push that button, smart-guy. We’ll ask each other questions, one at a time.”

“I’ll ask the first question.”

“What? I don’t think so.” Drake retorted hotly, her stubbornness beginning to show. “I’ll ask the first question this time, buster.”

“I’ll refuse to answer if you ask the first question.” Roxas replied, putting on a poker face.

“Oh really? You think I won’t?”

“Yes. You’re too curious not to.” He smirked.

Drake froze. *He’s right. What’s with this guy? He’s more stubborn than me, and he’s reading me like a goddamned book!* “Fine.” She growled.

“I thought you’d give in.” Roxas said with suppressed triumph.

“Tch.” Drake hissed, looking away from him. She had a habit of doing that when she was mad, or anything related to the emotion.

“What made you leave Radiant Garden?” Roxas asked, starting the ‘game’.

“I wasn’t kicked out, if that’s what you’re thinking.” Drake said, slightly undaunted. “I left on my own free will. Not like I’m going to tell *you* why.”

“Mm-hnn...” Roxas hummed, a hint of skepticism on his face.

“What about you?” Drake asked, looking at him. “Did you grow up in Twilight Town and then just join a gang at some point?”

Roxas paused, his face thoughtful. Drake raised an eyebrow, waiting for his answer.

“I...I don't really know. All I can remember is...” he trailed off slightly, mumbling. Then returned to the subject. “Let's just say I can't remember any years before 14. Sorry, I can't answer your question.”

Wow, no smart comeback. Drake thought, surprised. *Can't remember his life before 14? Maybe he got amnesia? That must really suck...*

Woah, hold on. Possible sympathy? Who had messed with her mind while she was out?

Roxas tried to leave the subject. “Is your hair naturally that color? Or did you fall into a vat of caramel when you were a baby?”

“Ha ha, I'm guessing you're the comic of this place.” Drake said dryly.

“Well?”

“It's natural. What a stupid question...”

“Better I asked you before Axel did.” Roxas pointed out.

“Lucky me. What 's with the dress code around here? Anyone ever heard of casual Friday?”

“And you thought my question was stupid.”

“I'm serious!”

“Well, I can't answer that question either. I'm not a girl.”

Drake growled. “Sexist.”

“Am not.”

“Are too!” *Great, we sound like 5-year-olds.*

Roxas sighed. “Okay, I guess that was uncalled for. I'm sorry if I insulted you.”

Drake huffed madly, making it look like she didn't accept the apology. She glared at him through the corner of her eye. “I guess you don't talk to girls much.”

Roxas laughed behind his hand. “It's impossible to have a conversation with Larxene without getting killed at the end.” He smiled a small, crooked smile at Drake. “That's why talking to you, even if you are a nosey pain in the @\$\$, is strangely relieving.”

Drake's eyes widened slightly in surprise, then looked away, a small hint of red on her cheeks. She hugged her arms, in a cradle-like position. For a second, she thought she saw...

No, that was impossible.

"Back to our game." Roxas said, his face hardening again, but not completely frozen. "My next question... Oh." He looked back up at the balcony, where dark clouds were starting to form. He looked back at her. "I guess we're out of time. That's... too bad."

Drake bit her lip. What were they going to do if they didn't need her?

"Hey, just to let you know," Roxas' voice caused her to look up. His face was hard again. "If they let you join, I will personally make the rest of your life a living hell."

Nothing like the guy you hate to get your mind off your troubles.

"Take your own advice." She hissed. The poison in her threat was visible.

Roxas opened another portal, walked through, and reappeared on the balcony next to the redhead. They talked together for a few minutes in a low whisper, so Drake couldn't hear what they were saying. Without warning, Roxas' head seemed to snap up – Surprise or shock, Drake couldn't tell – and the redhead stepped back, looking nervous and possibly scared. *Don't blame ya, spiky. Key-bearers can get pretty scary.* She thought. *I'm just sorry you have to live with this one.* She added with toxic distaste.

After what felt like decades, the members left, one-by-one, until Roxas and the redhead were the only ones left. Drake watched as the redhead tried to convince Roxas something with a pleading look in his green eyes, but she couldn't tell what, for his lips seemed to be barely moving, as if he was talking in mumbles rather than full sentences. He then grinned – for some reason it made her feel like it could melt ice into water – and placed a hand on Roxas' shoulder, nodding slightly as he spoke. From what Drake could tell, he said something along the lines of "I'll make sure she stays in place."

A portal opened next to Drake, causing her to jump in alarm.

"Go ahead." The redhead grinned warmly down at her. "It'll lead you up here."

Drake hesitated, the darkness reaching for her with some invisible force. Could she trust him? He just asked her to go through a freakin' portal made out of **darkness. DARKNESS.** She has it close enough to darkness, she didn't want to add to the load.

A light in her mind sparked. *Oh, holy SH*T!* she thought, her eyes widening in horror. *Do these guys know what they could do?!*

My, it's been so long since you last thought of me. The voice, smooth as poison, laughed in Drake's mind. She winced, fighting the urge to curl in a ball on the ground and cry herself to comfort. *This curse is unbearable...*

"HEY! We haven't got all day! What's the holdup?!"

Drake glared at the – somehow TOO familiar – voice above her head. Roxas returned her glare, the corners of his mouth twitching impatiently.

Drake took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and ran into the portal. She kept them closed with no clue when it was safe to open them.

“Woah! Woah! WOAHH!” An arm caught her in the stomach, making her stop. She opened her eyes and saw at least a 20-foot drop.

“Sweet mercy of-!” She yelped, jumping back and landing on her behind.

“I didn’t expect you to do THAT...” The redhead stated, offering a hand to help her up.

Roxas muttered something about Drake turning into a pancake.

“Well, I don’t think we’ve been properly introduced.” The redhead gave a friendly grin and thumbs up. “The name’s Axel.”

“Axel...” She repeated. “Nice name. I’m Drake.”

“Drake? Isn’t that a boy’s name?”

Icy crystals drifted through the room.

“A-anyway, before we go any farther...” Axel nervously stuttered, realizing he touched a delicate nerve. “The organization came to an agreement. We don’t need any more members, but the organization’s number III, Xaldin, has requested you stay as his subordinate.”

“A subordinate?” Drake asked in amazement. So they weren’t going to get rid of her. She had thought over the horrors in her mind of how they’d make sure she’d never give away their secret. She even thought of some medieval tactics, showing how wide her imagination could get.

The downside was she was going to have to stay here, and for who knows how long. She was most likely going to have to do whatever this Xaldin guy wanted her to do, and she probably won’t even have time to breathe. She might have to do what ALL of them wanted her to do. Drake had a quick vision of laundry in the nearby future.

And, possibly the worst part of all, she’d see Roxas every day.

She looked over at him to see what face of doom she was receiving from Roxas now. His face was colder and bitterer, stinging her insides. She tried to look brave, but that was as easy as staring down a bull. Or a huge heartless.

“I’ll open a portal to his room.” Axel informed Drake, breaking her concentration on over-freezing Roxas. “And this time, don’t close your eyes and run into a wall.” He added with a laugh.

11 - IMPORTANT NEWS

This is important, no matter how much you hate it: I'm rewriting this story.

Now before you get mad and throw random inanimate objects at me, let me explain: The plot runs everywhere, it's kinda dull when I re-read it, not to mention Roxas is being too much of a jerk (Yes, he had a bit of an attitude while in the organization, but I think I was abusing my power a bit in those chapters.). Not to mention I'm making myself look like a Mary-Sue in one scene, then a damsel in distress in another -_-'" See? It's been very poorly done.

In version 2.0, The first chapter (Or maybe the first two-three) will show my last few days in Radiant Garden, the trip to Twilight Town, then continue on with the story in a more stick-to-the-idea way. I will try to include everyone in the Orgy, though I can't say I'll be victorious in that part (Gaaah, I'm such a nerd :P). Plus I'll have a prologue written for it in a poem style. Probably a Chant Royal, or maybe I'll go for Elizabethan Sonnet or something....on second thought, nix that. That's more of an omake thing.

And as an extra treat, I present to you the (unfinished) Chapter 11 That Will Never Be!! (O.o Oh GOD I sound like Xemnas!! Aaaaahhhh!!!! **Panic)**

Ver. 2.0 ---> <http://www.Fanart-Central.net/story-53793.html>

Chapter 11 – The Dream

Drake walked through the portal Axel had conjured, reappearing in a grey and white room, with a painting of a heart-shaped moon in a pitch-black sky on one of the walls. She slowly walked up to the painting, trying to see what media was used to create it. As she walked up, the Moon seemed shrink within its frame. Confused, she gently rested a finger against it. Cold glass. She gasped.

This isn't a painting, she realized. It's a window!

Why was the moon shaped like a heart? Weren't they supposed to be circular? Like pie?

“Yes. Kingdom Hearts.”

She yipped, spun around and threw a fist at the speaker. Her nerves were fried from all these surprises.

Her fist was caught in a black-gloved hand larger than her own, leading to a black-sleeved arm, to a head with black dreadlocks, a masculine face with sideburns and blue eyes.

“I see you've been taught in self-defense. It looks like you had a good teacher as well.” Xaldin commented.

Drake gave a shaky laugh. "S-sorry about that."

"Well, it's a good thing you can defend yourself." Xaldin said, releasing her fist. "Although, it's normally not a good thing to attack your master."

Drake blushed from embarrassment.

"I don't want the superior to think I'm soft for sparing a weakling, so you'll have to prove you're worth the name 'Organization XIII'. And you will have to follow ALL the rules" Xaldin threw her a pile of black-and-white fabric. "First, you will no longer wear those clothes. You may be a subordinate, but you need a uniform coat. And then there's clothing underneath. The shirt you have now is fine, but we request you wear plain black pants and uniform boots."

Drake unfolded the coat, flat from years of nonuse. "Yes sir."

"Good girl. I expect you not to give anyone here trouble."

Not sure I can promise THAT... Drake thought.

"Starting now, you will respond to Number -III, understood?"

Drake slipped an arm through the insides of one of the sleeves. "Number -III? Are there other subordinates?"

"No, there are not. But because you've been assigned to me, you are the lower form of my number, which is III." Xaldin explained.

Drake pulled her hair from under the coat. "So, if say, Roxas had a subordinate, their number would be -XIII?"

"That is correct."

Drake zipped up the coat and took a good first look at herself in a nearby mirror. The coat was similar to the members, but with a few differences. It had white circling the ends of the sleeves, around her hips, and a large symbol covering her entire back. "It looks like it fits."

"That's good. We don't have anymore in other sizes." Xaldin walked up to her. "You will do whatever I tell you to, or what the other members tell you. You serve us all, until we reach our goal."

Drake looked up at him. "Goal, sir?"

"Nothing that concerns you for now." Xaldin said firmly. "Get some rest. You have much work to do tomorrow."

"Yes sir..." Drake nodded. She looked at the big, comfortable-looking bed, and then turned back to Xaldin. "Sir, my sleeping quarters would be...?"

He pointed to her right. There was a brown futon mattress resting on the floor in the corner of the room with a blue blanket and pillow. Drake grimaced in her mind. She had slept on a futon mattress before, and... well... it wasn't exactly a pleasant night.

"Sleep well." Xaldin said from behind her. "It might be your last good night for a while. Now if you'll excuse me, I have some paper work to look over for tomorrow." He left the room via portal.

Drake stretched across her mattress, resting on her back. She stared at the blank, white ceiling. *Hmm... she thought to herself. Maybe Leon-Kun was right. Maybe it was a bad idea to leave home. 'You should just stay here, great things come to you'. she imitated Leon's voice in her head. She imagined what he would say if he saw her now. She groaned. Aw, look at the mess you've gotten yourself into Drake!. You can't talk your way out of this...*

Talking to yourself is never a good sign.

"Can't you go bug someone else for a while?" Drake groaned.

Foolish little girl. You should know, after fourteen years together, that we're inseparable.

"Technically I've known you for about six years... Just shut up for a while."

After about twenty-five restless minutes, Drake yawned and curled up under the blanket. The mattress was like sleeping on a rock, and the blanket was light enough to be a sheet. The pillow was a bit lumpy, but it was better to sleep on that than just the mattress. She yawned again as her eyelids grew heavy, then succumbed to sleep...

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*"So, Sora, where's it like where you're from?" Drake asked the boy she was walking with. He was slightly shorter than her, with brown hair spiking in all directions, blue eyes, tan skin tone, and mostly black outfit (**Drake: Shoot me I'm not describing his insane-but-awesome outfit. You all know it.**)*

"Well, everyone lives in a small town by a beach, and there's an island where I hang out with Riku, Kairi, and my other friends." Sora explained.

"Wow, sounds beautiful. I've never been to a beach before, hope I'll be able to see it someday." Drake said, sat on a nearby wall and looked at the sky.

"I hope so too." Sora smiled, sitting next to her. "It's one of the most beautiful places ever."

"What's the island like?"

"There's a big tree in the center of the island, and a tree house built on it. There's also an obstacle course, a waterfall, and a bridge to smaller island next to it with a Paopu tree."

"What's a Paopu tree?"

"A tree that grows Paopu fruit, obviously."

"Oh, well, we don't have Paopu fruit in Hollow Bastion."

"Radiant Garden." Leon reminded her as he walked past them, keeping his eyes on the report he was holding.

"Right, sorry." Drake scratched the back of her head. "Still getting used to the new name."

"Don't you mean old name?" Sora pointed out, laughing.

"Hey, Sora," Drake asked after laughing, "Wanna head down to the Crystal Fissure?"

"Why there?"

"I wanna get some crystals for something. Plus Tifa and I meet there everyday around this time." She turned to him and winked playfully. "Lets see how well the key bearer can fight against Team Dynamite!"

Sora raised an eyebrow. "Team Dynamite...?"

"Still working on the name..." She sighed.

"Last one there's a rotten egg!" Drake shouted, running past her.

"Hey, that was a cheap trick!" She shouted, chasing him. He laughed and ran faster.

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"Wake up! You have work to do."

Drake was awakened by the rough voice from yesterday, but didn't open her eyes. She rolled over, her back to the speaker.

"UP!" He shouted again, kicking her in the back. The sharp pain forced her eyes open, and she rolled off the mattress.

"Ow!" She rubbed her now sore back.

"Rise and shine, -III." Xaldin barked