

Divinely Unneeded

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Kid+Serge. Kid's thoughts on Serge a while after she meets him. Pretty Short.

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1 - Divinely Unneeded

Heya guys, another 1st person POV Kirge. The other one I'm doin is me "masterpiece" so if I tell you bout it ahead of time, I'd have to kill you. Get Glaciours to do it or somethin. Oh and all a you reading this should go check out all my other Kirges, if you like this one you'll like the other 13 or so others, though this one is much shorter than most the others. Don't forget to kindly leave a **REVIEW!!!!!!!**

Sincerely unforgettable,

ANNA DA FINAL FANTASY CHICK 178

Chrono Cross

Divinely Unneeded

I've known em for just three days now, and despite those first differences in our personalities I noticed, we even get along. It turns out that he's a bit deeper, just a bit different than he acts. Not like I didn't know we'd be good mates since the first time I saw em. He had a cutely confused, maybe angered look upon his face, blue hair falling from his bandana to hover around his strong face, and his stunning cobalt eyes. They hold the ocean in them I swear. Matching his personality, so much deeper than they originally appear to be. You just have to look closely. Seeing him there I couldn't help but smirk down at the people causing the emotions his face held. I couldn't help myself from coming so divinely to da rescue. It was rather obvious he could have wasted all three of them in his own. He has all that muscle. Another strange feature. His strength makes him look older than he is, so does his morals...most the time. And then his face is still childish, the pouting depression, not the mature resolve, he looks his age that way. It's similar with me, if you just looked at me figure you'd probably expect someone a bit older...but me face is so damned childish...I being brilliant however, can con it off as cute.

So I am now admitting he didn't need me to so divinely come to his rescue, and he doesn't need me, and that yea, I just did it cause I wanted to know em, cause he was-after all-one of the best lookin guys I've come upon. Besides those ocean eyes called to me, and somethin in me mind told me this was a big deal...that this was right, maybe it's some kinda fate...but dear lord, don't let me get all pathetic and mushy bout it. I'm a radical dreamer...not a silly crazed schoolgirl that'd crumble beneath the pressure of kind poetic words. No, I'm a rogue, an orphan, a thief...

So after I'd divinely come to an unneeded rescue, after I'd kicked their arses all so hard they kissed the moons, after a short explanation and slight friendship had been put into the open...I couldn't help but hit on em a little. "Don't go tryin any funny stuff, just cause I'm cute in all." Warning? No. Flirting? Yes. If I meant to warn him I'd off done a lot worse. If I'd need to warn him I wouldn't of even felt compelled to go divinely to the unneeded rescue. So I admit it, I couldn't help myself. For one of the first times in me life, I hit on someone.

A lot of guys go after me...for obvious reasons I don't wish to mention. But Serge isn't one of those perverted one-night stand guys. He has morals and all sorts of shoot...not that it's a bad thing. Not at all. I'd hate him if he didn't. But because he's a good person I doubt we'd ever be together.

I let me gaze fall upon em, he looks sadder in his sleep. Contrary to most people, sleep is for most is peace. The only time they can really drop their burdens and fly. But obviously he carries whatever burdens with him. Not that I can blame him, or not like I'm much different. Every time I sleep I have fiery nightmares...but somehow it seems sorta wrong for that to happen to Serge. He's in a way, too perfect. But all this with bein a ghost and all...damn...and all I can do is help. In that perspective maybe he'll rub off on me...maybe that's the big deal. Maybe he'll make me a better person or some shoot. I myself doubt it though; I'm Kid, that doesn't change. He's already figured that out. He's figured a lot out about me already. I don't like it...but in a way I love it. No one ever understands me...or really even thinks there's anything to understand. They all automatically guess I'm a whore or poorly educated...which I am I wont deny but that doesn't mean I don't have feelings. Actually guys always get upset at me...they think I'm prude...so I wont sleep with every guy I meet. Sorry, you just piss me off. But it is strange. I don't like commitments...and I don't like short relationships...maybe I should be a nun...wait; no...I've already sinned too much. Besides being a nun is even more commitment than marriage. I probably wouldn't mind

committin for Serge though. My opinions on people aint usually so high...but my god he's bloody brilliant...not to mention handsome. He makes god look bad.

I let out a sigh. Maybe someday somethin will develop between us...I doubt it though. Oh well. I'll let it be...with the hope of someday. I can't believe I'm fallin for him...I feel...so...pathetic.