

Some People Care Too Much

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Some People Care Too Much

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Summary

In the middle of KH3, Sora needs time to figure himself out. He's got a lot of feelings, and trying to sort them out alone isn't working.

Luckily his friend lends a helping paw.

Notes

So I made a tweet about what I wanted from KH3, and gave myself the idea for this. I doubt the actual game will get this angsty in 100 Acre Wood (if it's even returning, which I REALLY hope it does) but yeah. The game's on the horizon and with it comes speculation, what-if scenarios and shameless fic writing.

This is un-beta'd and was made on impulse at 2am so please forgive any mistakes that may be in here.

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Why can't we just stay together?

Why did he have to go back to the Realm of Darkness?

Why didn't he just say goodbye?

The stream of questions kept coming at him, threatening to break the hold on his emotions. He had to keep it together. He couldn't crack, not here, and especially not now.

Everything he'd learned had been shocking to say the least. He'd known Roxas was inside him somewhere, but to know that there were others inside him who were hurting – who were completely forgotten – it kept eating away at him. He'd kept smiling in front of Donald and Goofy, of course, but he'd been faking smiles for them for years. Inside, he just hurt. Hell, maybe that was just what they were feeling bleeding through. He had no idea.

He barely knew who he was anymore.

Even thinking about Xehanort's plan still made him feel sick. Putting your heart into someone else until they're more you than anything was just wrong. It was cruel and unusual punishment.

He remembered Riku, and how he'd almost suffered the same fate.

He remembered Xemnas, and wondered why he felt like a lost friend.

Were the hearts inside of him changing who he was? Was his heart changing them? He clutched at his shirt, letting the *thump, thump* ground him. He felt like he was being torn apart.

“Sora?”

He froze. They never came here anymore, not since he'd gotten the book's pages back. He was supposed to be alone.

“Sora? Is something the matter?”

He turned to face the bear and put on his best smile.

“Nah. Just thinking is all.” He laughed it off and looked at his feet. Pooh didn't deserve to share his burden. No one deserved to carry his weight. The bear took a few clumsy steps toward him and put a soft paw on his knee.

“Well, do you mind if I think too? I much prefer thinking when you're here to help.” He nodded, making sure not to look up, and heard Pooh's struggle to heave himself onto the log. Once he was settled, they fell into a comfortable silence. It was easier to ignore his identity crisis when someone else was with him, but his thoughts still drifted to Riku and the King.

He didn't want to lose them again. He couldn't bear losing them again. He felt like his heart couldn't take it.

A felt paw fell onto his hand, still clutching his shirt. With that he noticed it was shaking. Slowly, he realized every other part of him was trembling too.

"Are you hurt?"

If you asked him later, he couldn't tell you why. But those three simple words seemed to break the dam inside him. Everything he'd been holding back rushed through him and a sob clawed its way out of his throat. He wouldn't be able to lie his way through this, so he just shut his eyes and nodded.

Pooh didn't say a word, and how could he? The 100 Acre Wood was a place for fun and games, not for him to start sobbing on the log where they'd met. He shouldn't be here. He was just running away by coming here, where Donald and Goofy couldn't follow and be worried about him like they always seemed to be nowadays. He just wanted to stop hurting.

Suddenly, he was wrapped in a literal bear hug. Pooh was adjusting himself and trying to stand on his legs for balance. He wanted to do a lot in that moment, but he was only able to sob and hide his face in Pooh's fur.

"I think... if what you're thinking is making you sad, then maybe you should stop thinking it."

Another sob broke free. How could he stop thinking about it? It was the universe at stake – again – and if he didn't deal with it then who else would?

"But if you need to cry for a while, then I'll be here. After all, it has to rain before the sun can shine."

He moved his free arm around Pooh and pulled him close. He could... he could get back to worrying and saving worlds later.

Right now, he could let himself go for a little while.

"Thanks, Pooh."

On an island at sunset, three teenagers sat together under a paopu tree.

As rain began to fall, the girl held out her hand and smiled.

The boy in black looked at his companions. "You think he'll be okay?"

The other boy nodded, staring at his star-shaped charm. "You know how heavy his heart gets. That's just how he feels - that's just who he is."

The boy in black sighed and looked up at the clouds.

The girl beside him took his hand. He looked over at her and smiled.

“Some people care too much... I think it’s called love.”

End Notes

“Some people care too much. I think it’s called love.” -Winnie the Pooh

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