

A/N Thanks to those who read Dragon Girl and came here, as well as to those who are only reading this. I hope you enjoy. To see what happened to Natsu to start this, and to find out what happened to his sister, read Wrong Story.

Chapter 1, Natsu POV: Meeting

Fuck my life. I'm so sick of it and I'm only 22. How will I feel in ten years from now? I'm not suicidal, but it would be nice if my life suddenly took a turn for the better. That's not going to happen any time soon. If I was suicidal, then I would've left this world about a month ago. But Mio would've been upset and alone, so I never would do it.

She's alone now, though. She's still in the city, while I'm trying to figure out the maze that is this forest. Mio should be alright though. After taking martial arts since we were 8, she's now able to take down fifteen people twice her size, all at once. To me, she's my self-defense. We're two halves, in a way. I suppose it seems like that because we're fraternal twins, a boy and a girl. But we're separated at this point, which brings me back to hating my life.

It's my own fault that it's like this, that much I know, but I've been trying to fix it for two years and to no avail. I made three years' worth of mistakes, when I was sixteen to when I was nineteen. It's been three more years and I guess that this last straw has ended it. I've been banned from the city, so I won't have to see the bastard that caused this again. Mio will be leaving in a few weeks, we'll meet in some city, try to get into university there, and we can pretend that we never lived in the city. But we'll both know that it's a lie, and the city's memory, the memory of our last 6 years, will haunt us.

I look up to the treetops, hoping for a glimpse of the sky, but all I see is green. My favorite color, normally, but I just want to feel the freedom I should be feeling about being on my own, in the wild. It's not coming, though.

I find a small clearing. It should be good for some sort of camp. It's getting somewhat darker, and I don't want to have to deal with setting it up when it's pitch black out. I drop my pack down on the ground beside me, reach in and pull out a folded up tent. I've never gone camping before, so this will take some getting used to. I lay it down, pull out the supports, and start hammering them down. By the time my tent is in any sort of shape to be stable, it's dusk. I start gathering rocks and set them up in a small circle, then put some wood in the middle. I grab my lighter and start the fire.

Sitting down in front of it, I feel warmer, but more vulnerable. I have no idea what animals are in this forest, nor if there will be some sort of psychopath. I have to trust that there won't be any problem.

Suddenly, there's a cracking sound, like leaves and branches being crushed. It continues, getting louder and louder. There is clearly something running. What it is, I don't know. I grab a knife from my pack and hold it tight. Listening silently to the crackling, I can tell the thing is getting closer. Suddenly there's a loud crack, followed by a yelp. That, I can clearly tell, is a human. I get up to investigate. The closer I get, I realize the person's muttering swears to themselves. Abruptly, they go silent. I realize that they know I'm here. I squeeze between a few big bushes, and find them.

It's a girl. A pretty girl. Well, shit. I can't talk to girls. I always hit on them by accident. I

guess it's out of habit, from the bad years, but still. I need to help her. The way her foot's bending is unnatural, and she's covered in huge gashes. She must have scraped against something really sharp, because it cut open the fabric on her clothes to give her the injuries. She's wearing a big, dark green sweatshirt, a pair of dark wash jeans, and brown hiking boots. Underneath her sweatshirt is a black turtle neck. The gashes are through her jeans on her left thigh and shin, as well as through the sweatshirt and turtle neck on her left bicep and on the left side of her waist.

I'm a little embarrassed to say that I was distracted more by how she looked than her injuries. Although the way she was dressed implied that she lived somewhere rural, she herself looked delicate. Her skin was lightly tanned, but still pale. The parts of her skin that I could see were uncalloused, excepting her hands. The girl's hair was a light golden blonde that had gentle curls and fell to her ribcage. Then I saw her eyes and knew that she was tough. They were hardened and made it obvious that she was comfortable in places harsher than here.

"Will you stop staring at me like some sort of freak and go away?" A musical, yet hard voice growled. It took me a moment to realize that it was the girl who was speaking. She was glaring at me. Then she grabbed a huge branch and pointed it up at me like she was holding a sword, "Just leave me alone, and I won't have to hurt you."

I stare at her incredulously for a moment, "Look, there's no way your foot should be bent like that. You need *some* sort of medical help." She whipped her head around to stare at her foot, only now realizing that it wasn't just a bruise. She shook it off.

"It's fine. It's probably just something small. It will heal easily. Now get away from me, or I won't be giving you a less....painful option." She said, though I could see the strain in her eyes. I glared at her.

"Look, bitch, I'm trying to help you. If no one sees to your ankle, you aren't going to be able to walk. And also, I was in this forest first, so you're technically intruding. Now either limp away or let me actually help." I barked at her. Wow, that was the first time in awhile I spoke to a stranger chick without flirting. But I lost my temper. That's just great.

"Fine." I heard. I looked at her in disbelief. Her eyes were narrowed with distrust still, but at least they had lost the loftiness, "Work your magic, oh foot doctor." She dropped her branch and held out her leg to me. I pushed it down then scooped the girl herself up. She began writhing almost instantly, "Let me down! What the hell are you doing?! Drop me right now!" She shrieked.

"Look, my stuff is over there! If you want me to properly heal your ankle, then you need to get to my stuff. And there's no chance that you'll be able to actually walk with all those injuries." She gave me a single glare, then stopped moving. The girl crossed her arms and glared at something off to the side. A few minutes pass in silence, save for the annoying branches I break as I walk, "So...what's your name?" I ask conversationally. She gives me this look that confirms I was being as random as I thought I was, "Look, we might as well know each other's names. It probably will annoy you even more if I just refer to you as freaky chick." She gave a simple nod to show her agreement.

"My name's Onyx. And yours?"

"Natsu." I reply as we step into the clearing. I drop her on the ground and grab my first aid kit. Onyx shoots daggers at me with her eyes as she rubs her backside from the fall. I pull out a swab and grab her arm. She immediately pulls it away.

"I thought you were tending to my ankle, Natsu?" She says with frustration in her voice. I

roll my eyes.

"It's hardly worth dealing with your ankle if I don't stop the bleeding first. You'll still find it difficult to move and will eventually pass out from blood loss. I'm fixing that first." I tell her. I personally think that it makes sense that you would fix that, but Onyx abruptly pulled away from me.

"Give me that swab, I'll clean it up myself." She said, holding her hand out to take it. I pulled it out of her reach.

"Look, you're not going to get that cleaned up very well at all yourself. You've got a bad angle and you'll probably rush it, to get rid of the sting. So, *darling*, you might want to actually let me help you." I snapped at her. She needs to fucking get over herself. But Onyx doesn't budge, "Come on, I just need to clean up those gashes, that's all. If you really want me to finish it faster, then you can bandage them yourself." I say, trying to coax her. She hesitates, then moves closer to me, allowing me to clean her up. I sigh in relief. She's *finally* cooperating.

"Just don't make me take off my sweatshirt," I give her a weird look. She quickly responds, "I've got a few weird scars." I raise my eyebrows at her, but make no comment. Hey, I'm not gonna start another argument with her.

I begin to quickly dab at the shoulder wound with the swab, a little harshly. I glance at her face briefly to see that she's biting her lip hard, her eyes tightly closed. I slow down a little and get more careful with the cleaning. The blood's almost everywhere at this point. I carefully push away some of the fabric and finish up cleaning her shoulder. I tape on a rectangle of gauze to control the bleeding for now, then move on to the wound on her waist. This one's harder, as it turns out there are multiple gashes, though many all small around a main one. "Fuck," I mutter, as I try to clean it without moving her clothes out of the way. I will admit to also being a little distracted by the fact that her...intimate parts were right there. I have to move the fabric out of the way.

"Onyx, this one you're going to have to take off your sweatshirt. There's no way I can properly clean the gash with it in the way." She gives me a venomous glare.

"No freaking way I'm taking it off, bastard." I glower at her.

"Well, then I guess I'll wait for you to pass out from blood loss and then clean it with the appearance of using a date-rape drug." Her eyes go aflame at the thought.

We both sit there, both too stubborn to change our minds.