



Chapter 2: How they met

Her family was out at the Bellevue square mall just for shopping on a Sunday. Her mom needed some new clothes, and Evelyn needed a new shirt and a purse. Evelyn had found a shirt she liked. It was a simple green and tan striped t-shirt with a crew neck. She also chose a small and simple light brown purse. After they bought the stuff, they walked outside of the store and into the parking lot. They got about 3 feet before Evelyn's mom decided that she needed to use the restroom before they left. Evelyn went to the car to wait. It was at the top floor. She rode the elevator up to the top and headed to the car. Right before she got to the car, 3 cars full of a bunch of drunken men and women drove up. She could tell that they were drunk because of the beer bottles, the barfing out of the window, and how sloppily they drove. The sedan ran into the pickup, which caused the people in the van to rear end the sedan. They all piled out and started yelling and arguing. One of them pulled out a gun. Evelyn dropped to the ground when all of the others pulled out guns. The parking lot lit up in a war field of drunken bullets ricocheting everywhere. A girl who looked 21 and two guys who looked 22 and 23 backed up to Evelyn's car for some cover. They saw her, and pointed their guns toward her. She screamed and tried to crawl away. She saw a shadow move above her. Fear deepened in her chest. She thought she was either going to be raped, or shot. Fortunately for her, neither of those happened. She turned around to see why the drunken men started screaming. That was the first time she saw Wing in his real form. He was wearing just a grey t-shirt, light grey jeans, and some brown hiking shoes. He was in an almost right hand fencing position, and grabbed the 23 year old man's right wrist, spun to put his back against the gun mans front, then Wing slammed his left elbow into the mans face. Wing spun back, and grabbed hold of the gun. With his left hand, he grabbed the back of the mans head, and brought it down to meet with his knee, causing the man to collapse in a cry of pain. He had the gun in his right hand, and shot the 22 year old man's gun hand, then took a few steps forward, kicked him in the knee, then brought both fists to meet up with the mans face. The whiplash the man received was enough to send him onto his back, and land on top of the 21 year old woman. Wing ejected the clip, dropped the gun, then turned toward Evelyn crouched down to one knee, and offered his scaly hand.

"Run." he said.

Being that he had just saved her, she took his hand, stood up, and they ran. They ran slightly crouched forward, using cars as cover from the bullet spray. None of them had automatic guns, it was all hand

guns, and that's probably what kept them from being both filled with bullets. Slower fire rate and the fact that they were drunk lessened their accuracy, but that didn't stop the few lucky bullets that hit their friends, or at least, Evelyn thought that they had been friends since they seemed to know each other. They made it to the stair case and ran down it. Skipping every other stair and jumping the last few for just a little extra speed, they made it to the bottom of the 5 story parking garage in about 15 seconds. They got to the bottom, and Evelyn was panting. She never had run that fast before, much less down multiple flights of stairs. They kept running and into a service corner of the mall; the place where trucks would come with more supplies, and where the garbage trucks would come to take the trash out. They ran to the corner and stopped behind the gigantic garbage bins. It kinda stunk, but they were alive. Wing turned and faced her. She noticed a huge scar down the right side of his face.

"Are you alright?" he started to say, but it really ended up being "are you al- oh my god. No way. You're in four of my classes. Evelyn right?"

she just stared at him, and then said "yea, how do you know my name?"

This thing recognized her? She certainly didn't recognize him. He was slightly familiar, but what really stuck in her head were his voice and his scar. Those were the most familiar.

"Don't tell anyone about me." he said almost firmly. "Just say you ran off," and with that, he turned, and ran until he was out side of the parking garage. He jumped, flapped his wings, and was gone. By then the gunfire had stopped, and they were replaced by police sirens and lots of yelling. She just stood there. Plain shocked. Gears started turning in her head trying to figure out how the hell he knew her name, and how he recognized her. Then it clicked. He sounded like a guy she sat next to in English class, was in the same science class, played percussion in band, and history class. That guy also had a nasty scar on his face. When he was asked about it, or teased about it, he would tell people he got it from when he got mugged. He never liked to talk much, and always tried to do projects on his own. Nobody really knew much about him. Keith was his name. Keith however, was human. This guy was, like, an anthro dragon or something. Well, now she had reason to engage him in conversation, and there was no way he could back out of it.

The next day, after her mother let her go because she was so worried about how she was nearly killed, she got to school early to intercept Keith. He was always the first one in class, always the first one there, so she got there extra early, and sure enough, there he was half an hour early, and waiting by the door to their science class. He had been wearing an older grey nylon jacket zipped open and a plain grey t-shirt underneath, and jeans. She had been pretty passive during the shooting because of pure fear, but she can be assertive if she wanted to. She walked up to him, and he looked away as he usually did to avoid awkward conversation, but Evelyn knew that no one was around to hear them, the teacher hadn't even showed up yet. She grabbed him by the neck of his shirt, and shoved him into the door and pinned him there.

"Who the hell are you?" she asked.

"8th grade, male homo-sapiens, by the designation of Keith." he responded hurriedly.

Yup, same voice, same scar, and he was also taller than her by about an inch, and that anthro dragon was about an inch taller than her too.

"Sorry, but I'm quite a bit smarter than that." she argued getting a little frustrated that he was avoiding the question. She pushed harder on the neck of his shirt.

"I have no idea what you are talking about" he said. "Can you let go?"

"Only if you tell me the absolute truth about what the hell happened yesterday at Bellevue Square" she let go, and took a step back. He glanced around a bit nervously.

"I have no idea what you are talking about." he looked so guilty. "Oh jeeze I'm being kind of an ass aren't I." he said with a sort of sigh and tilting his head back.

He glanced around again. "I really hate doing this, you've just got to promise not to tell anyone." he took his claw pendant off. He wore it every day, but the dragon she saw the other day didn't. He took it off, and his jacket. It started his transformation sequence. His snout grew back, and so did his tail and wings. Evelyn stood back in shock. He really was an anthro dragon; and exactly the same one from yesterday. He shook his wings a little, and flicked his tail, and then he put the pendant back on. He changed back, and looked exactly as he did before. He then picked up his jacket and put it back on. He smiled just a little bit, but he didn't look genuinely happy, more like extremely anxious. She stared at him wide eyed. "Damn Keith, that's quite, well, uh, I don't know... wow." she stuttered. He replied to that with "Keith isn't my real name. The name given to me by my father is 'Wing.' Keith just sounded more normal."

They still had about 25 minutes left before school started. "Please, just don't tell anyone. My life depends on it. I can't just go and tell anyone about this, there are people out there who are out to get people like me. They separated me from my father, and are the reason that I have to hide like this. That and, well, it would be like having an alien in the city, and I don't think the world is ready for my kind to become present again yet."

"What do you mean 'again'?"

"You've read stories about dragons and maidens, the dragons only took the queens and princesses because they wore shiny stuff. So many dragons were killed by those knights, all on misunderstandings. Those of course were larger feral dragons. My mother was human, that's why I I'm more like you."

"Do, you live with her? Does she know?"

"No, the moment I was born she freaked out, the midwife fainted, she screamed "oh my god it has wings," and my dad had to take me and run. I never knew her. My dad was later chased away from me by the Hunters. They are sort of like the knights that hunt down dragons of the 21st Century. I live in an adopted home, and they don't know my secret." He said with a slight shrug and a frown. "That's also why my dad named me Wing, was because it was the last thing he heard my mom say."

"I'm so sorry, oh my god I'm sorry!" She put her hands up to her face and covered her mouth with them in shock. He just stared at her and sighed. Completely deadpan. But despite the lack of expression, she saw in his eyes true sadness and depression. She was afraid for him. He saved her life; she decided to try to return the favor. He could protect himself physically, but mentally? He looked as if he would need some help. That, and if he was trusting her with a secret like that, he must really trust her, and maybe even like her. She thought that he was really nice too. He was always alone, and so was she. They were both outcasts. And outcasts should try to stick together. Maybe she would be his lifeline. There was a little bit of silence of empathy, a moment where she thought all that out.

They stuck together since that. They needed each other, for support, for help, just for someone who understands and won't judge. Of course, neither of them really understood all of what was going on, just enough to keep them both alive.