

Chapter 1: The Antagonist

"I'm gonna fuckin' disembowel you, you little son of a bitch!"-Reno Lynley

The warm night in the seaside town of Costa del Sol was gentle and quiet. The soothing sounds of the ocean waves lapping up against the beach could be heard, and the full moon's rays shone down on the lovely scene.

A sound shattered the serenity suddenly. The door to a well-lit building flew open with a bang. The sounds and smells of alcohol, smoke, and general chatter drifted out into the night air, along with the thin, lanky form of a man.

The bouncer who had thrown him out dusted his hands off; satisfied. "An' don't come back!" the massively-built man shouted, slamming the door shut.

The lanky man sat up in the once again darkened street, shoving flaming red locks of hair out of his face. "It's not my fault that guy tried to shove me," Reno Lynley muttered as he brushed at his already rumpled pair of jeans and black T-shirt with a logo of a drinking mug and the caption "I'm only here for the beer". Then a devilish grin blossomed on his scarred countenance. "In the same way it's also not my fault that he'll be in the hospital for a few weeks. Nobody, but nobody pushes me around." His eyes, glowing emerald from the slight Mako treatment during the short span of time that he was a first-class SOLDIER, twinkled. They weren't nearly as bright and glaring as Cloud Strife's or the insane, legendary warrior Sephiroth's were, but still noticeable.

Reno pushed his sunglasses further back onto his head, where they held back stray strands of liquid fire. The rest of his hair was pulled back into a long, loose ponytail that fell between his shoulder blades.

The ex-Turk hauled himself to his feet, the smirk washing off of his face. "All the same, now I'm stuck in Costa del Sol on a Saturday night; not drunk, with nothing to do. Damn."

He stuck his hands in his pockets and wandered down the street; his back slouched; a lonely figure. "Now, if Rude had been here, they wouldn't have dared to mess with me. For some reason, he seems to intimidate people a lot more than I do... Maybe that's because drunks aren't very terrifying... Plus, drinking alone bites, though I didn't get to do much drinking."

Reno paused for a moment to light a cigarette and place it between his lips. Then he went on, not having a specific place he was going to, continuing grumbling to himself. "But Rude isn't here. Nope, he's in Midgar with Faye." Reno sneered. "Though I'm not really surprised he prefers her over yours truly. She's certainly a helluva lot prettier than me." The redheaded man snickered half-heartedly.

I'm thinking about how I miss Rude... Fuck. I'm really bored.

That was when Reno realized he was at the pier, where the ferry from Junon docked. He stood still for a moment. "What excitement," he muttered to himself. "I can either sit and throw rocks at the water, or I can sit and throw rocks at the boats docked." He shrugged to himself as a malicious grin floated into position on his face. "I think I'd rather throw them at the boats."

Reno walked out to the end of the pier. That was when he realized that he was not alone. Another man was seated on the thick wooden planks, with his feet dangling over the side.

The seated person looked back for a moment at the sound of Reno's feet on the dock. Reno caught a quick glimpse of blue-gray eyes, and a thin, boyish face before the seated young man turned his attention back to the water. He looked to be no more than twenty, and wore simple, plain clothes in earth tones. His long, blonde ponytail flipped over his shoulder, and the man flicked it backwards so that it hung down his back.

Talking to him could prove to be more interesting than chucking rocks... Reno walked the rest of the way up to the man.

"Hey man. Mind if I sit?" Reno asked casually.

The boy didn't even look at him. "As a matter of fact, I do mind," he replied. "Get away from me, Turk." His voice turned sneering and menacing.

Anyone in their right mind would have backed off at the threat in the blonde man's voice. But a number of people would have verified that Reno wasn't in his right mind. Reno began to sit beside the young man, ignoring that the other man had even spoken.

"I warned you." Still without turning, the boy's hand shot out, giving Reno a swift push.

Reno hadn't been prepared, and toppled over the edge of the pier. He hit the water with a loud splash, and came up coughing and sputtering with indignation.

"Okay, kid, I'm fuckin' mad now!" He was a good swimmer, and he knifed through the water, coming to stop at a ladder that led to the pier.

Reno hauled himself out of the water, water flying everywhere. He then stood for a moment, glaring at his young attacker. Reno was now blocking the boy's escape path.

The boy had been sitting and laughing at the redheaded man's plight, but his merriment ceased when he saw the ticked off, dripping Reno standing between him and safety.

The young man stood and stretched himself to his full height, which wasn't very much. He stood in an unarmed combat pose, looking like he didn't know what he was doing.

Reno grinned at the sight and closed in. The moon went behind the clouds, and the only source of illumination was terminated. The young man took advantage of this, suddenly throwing himself to the ground and rolling along the weathered wooden planks.

Before Reno could react, the rolling blur barreled into his shins with surprising force, striking him hard enough to send the taller man crashing to the deck.

The young man took advantage of Reno's prone position, leaping to his feet and dashing off into the streets of Costa del Sol.

Reno leapt to his feet, rubbing his chin painfully and checking with his tongue to make sure he hadn't lost any teeth. "I'm gonna fuckin' disembowel you, you little son of a bitch!" he bellowed after the young man's retreating back. Even as he spoke, Reno took off after the boy, water flying everywhere as he sped off into the night.