

# Becoming One of Them

By Firey

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*The Titans are back from their war with the Brotherhood of Evil, but nothing in Jump City is like how they remembered it. And whom is the mysterious girl who's always wearing her brown hat? What could she possibly be hiding? Even though they've just met her, why does Robin think he's seen her before?*

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# 1 - Chapter One-The Beginning

## Profiles:

Name: Natuara

Status: Princess of planet Naturanythibia, heir to her planet's throne

Hair Color: Auburn

Eye Color: Multicolored-rainbow

Skin Color: Tanned a bit, like Terra

Powers: Starbolts, eye starbolts, finger starbolts, telekinetic abilities, levitation, flight, and others  
Unknown

Hobby: Drawing

Special Talent: Singing, acrobatics (aerialist stuff)

Favorite Recipe: She can cook alot of good stuff

Favorite Color: Rainbow (meaning that she likes all colors of all shades and tones)

Wish: To find her best friend

Favorite Food: Fruits, Chocolate, fruit

Least Favorite Food: Tamaranian food, meatloaf, tofu

## Author's Notes

Hi, people! It's me, Firey!!! Just catchin' the flames while writing this new story. Anyways, this is half songfic/fanfic cause I'm including songs. Sometimes I'll be narrating; sometimes a character will be narrating. Sadly, I don't own the Titans, but I do own Natuara, Maya, Aleksa, and Laurence. When I write the memories, there's more detail each chapter, the first few chapters will be vague, but the last few chapters will be very detailed like they're actually happening. No actual sex, just kissing. In other news, eating cake or pie while reading this is quite enjoyable.

Let the reading begin!

## Chapter One

Narrated by Natuara

I was in bed with my eyes closed, my body bathed in warm sunlight, the chirping of birds flowing through my ears. I got up, and I stared out the window. To my left was Jump City, I could tell by the T-shaped tower on the small island next to the bridge. That was Titans Tower, home to the Teen Titans. They started saving the world about two years ago, and I have simply every paper about them, so I know almost everything about them. And I know there is a Titans relation in Steel City. They call themselves the Titans East.

And to the right, well, is an old dilapidated circus tent. Tears came to my eyes, and the image of it blurred. I turned away, fighting them back. Maybe I should explain why. So I got dressed, and stepped outside.

As I walked closer and closer toward the tent, I started shaking. Not from cold, but from sorrow. I stared at the old oak trees, and a memory seemed to materialize and mess with my vision.

\*Beginning of Flashback\*

A young boy with black hair was sitting under the shade of a tree, with a comic book in his lap. They wandered across the pages. He was about five years old. The day is April 5th, about ten years ago. Being absorbed in it, he didn't notice a five-year-old me climbing the tree, oblivious to the fact that there was a boy at least ten feet right underneath me. Unfortunately, I took a wrong step upwards, and I began to stumble. I fell off.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!" I screamed with terror. The boy finally looked up, "What the-OOMPH!!" I landed with a *SPLAT* on his lap, sending the comic book into the air, and landed in the grass with a *SPLAT*. When he recovered his senses, he glared at me. I saw that his eyes were bright blue. It was the faint black outline of his iris that had gotten me confused.

"Eh heheheheheh..." I let out a nervous giggle. He sighed and started picking up the pages which have been torn apart. I was going to help him but he shook my hand off. He took the pages and he threw them frustratingly in the trash. I waited for him to be gone so I could take pages out of the can. I brushed my bangs out my face and read the title; "War Crews of the Galaxies", that's *my* favorite comic book! He must really like it too.

I took out a roll of scotch tape and staples, but it was no use. It was almost completely out of repair.

So I waited for him to come back to the open space. He looked around nervously, obviously checking if I was there or not. But he didn't see me hiding behind one of the trees. He climbed up the same tree I was previously climbing. He positioned himself on a high tree branch. I thought "Well, this is gonna be tough". I carefully made my way up to the branch he was sitting on.

Unfortunately he realized somebody was trying to get to him, so he looked down and saw me. His immediate instinct was to flip himself onto the branch above him. He landed on it as gracefully as a cat. I desperately tried to catch up to him, I yelled out "Hey, stop!" He does, and then he turns around to look at me. "I'm sorry I ruined your comic book! So I decided to make it up to you!" I pulled out a bag from the convenience store.

I held it out to him; he reached for it and took it from my hands, still looking at me. He opened the bag and stared into it, his eyes widened, his jaw dropped slightly as he pulled out the contents. I had bought him five new comic books; one of them included the same issue that I had ripped earlier.

He looked up at me and grinned. It was the most handsome grin that anybody could ever see in the whole universe. At first I couldn't believe it, but there it was. That grin was the softest, brightest, and most wholesome I had ever seen. His lips were a mild shade of tanned rose, they opened they revealed white teeth, his eyes glimmered like sapphires in moonlight.

"Thanks," he said "Thanks a lot." I smiled in return. I obviously forgot I was standing on the branch, because just then it snapped. I thought I was a goner, but then I felt two hands grab mine. I looked up to see the boy was heaving with all his might.

"Swing your legs onto my back!" he yelled. "What?! Are you crazy?! You'll fall too!" I yelled back. "Just trust me!" he replied. I looked into his eyes, they said "*It's okay, you can do it*". I closed my eyes; I swung my body over his, and landed on the branch next to his, which in my luck was sturdier. We stared at each other for a couple seconds, and then we burst out laughing. I swear I've never had a greater time in my life.

\*End of Flashback\*

We became best friends after that. We stayed best friends for a long time, approximately five to six years. The last time I saw him was him going on a bus. Destination; far, far, away. I just couldn't stand to see him go away; just before he left I gave him a small picture album with pictures of us, and his

parents. He said that it was the greatest gift anyone could ever give him. I haven't seen or heard from him in five years. I sighed as I remembered how much I missed him.

Just then, a little robin fluttered from a tree branch onto my shoulder. He's twittered to me so much I actually know what he's saying. "*Cheer up,*" he chirped. "*You need to go along with life, experience new things, and meet new people.*" "Speak for yourself," I told him. "You didn't lose someone you care about." "*He'll turn up soon; I can feel it in my bones.*" "Oh yeah? Well your bones are delicate and tiny," I replied. "*Well, that's never stopped me from hoping,*" he pointed out. I thought about it for awhile, and then I realized he *did* have a point. I pulled out the only picture I had of him (I *always* have it with me), which was torn in half, because I gave him the half with me on. I guess Twitter's (I called the robin that) right, maybe he will come back. In the meantime, I'll just have to go along with life. Who knows what the future may hold?

## 2 - Chapter Two-An Encounter

### Author's Notes

Just to say, this story has some Star x Robin content, but only for a short while. Other FAC members are able to send me an email on how they would like it to end so I can come up with multiple endings, like the movie CLUE with Tim Curry (he rocks out loud!). Hopefully that will prevent a lot of Starfire and Robin lovers on Fanart Central from hating me. Wish me luck!

### Chapter Two

Narrated by Robin

For some reason this morning, I woke up in a groggy mood. I wasn't looking forward to this day, cause I'm overwhelmed with guilt. A couple weeks ago I had kissed Starfire, when we were really meaning to, not when we first met for "passing knowledge." But I felt kinda weird. I kept getting these dreams of my childhood after that. I had nearly forgotten about my best friends before the Titans.

"ROBIN!!!" Cyborg's loud voice echoed out through the walls, which temporarily made me cringe. "YOUR TURN TO MAKE BREAKFAST!!!!!" "I'M COMING!!! I'M COMING!!!!!!!" I yelled back. I quickly pulled up my tights, put on my shirt, snapped on my gloves, fastened my belt, pulled on my cape, and adjusted my mask before leaving my room. I walked to the kitchen, still thinking about my dream from last night. I was so deep in thought that I bumped into Starfire. I helped her up. "Sorry, Star," I apologized. "Didn't focus on where I was goin'." I started heading over to the counter, but then Starfire stopped me.

"Friend Robin, you have been acting very, oddly. Everything is, okay?" "Sure, everything's fine." I shrugged. "Thanks for asking." She beamed at me. I grinned back. Then I went to the counter and got out some POP-TARTS, toast, and leftover bacon. Just as I started to put them on the table, Beast Boy made a grab for the strawberry POP-TARTS, but I knocked his hand away. He's always trying to take my stuff, sneak into my room, etc. It's starting to get real annoying, far beyond traps and security cameras. I really needed to start setting some ground rules.

Beast Boy then blurted out "Who wants to go for a picnic in the park?!" We all stared at him. "What's the point?" Raven asked groggily. "We went to the park last week." "Yeah," Beast Boy shrugged, "But dude, look out the window! It's an awesome day out there! I guarantee there won't be a day like that in a long time!" "BB's right," Cyborg interjected, "I say we go out for a picnic. Who knows? Maybe we'll kick a couple villains' butts on the way!" "Oh yes, it will be most delightful," Starfire commented.

A half-hour later, we were all heading out to the park. Beast Boy was right for once, though. The warm sunlight fell on our skin, the breeze blew through our hair, and the waves strolled gently onto the beach. We set up our blanket under a sunny spot and started eating immediately. As I swallowed down my cheeseburger, I heard the soft strumming of a guitar and the eventual accompaniment of a female voice. I immediately turned around and saw a young female, between the ages of 13-16 playing an acoustic.

The heart is a bloom, Shoots up through the stony ground  
There's no room, No space to rent in this town  
You're out of luck, And the reason that you had to care

The traffic is stuck, And you're not moving anywhere

You thought you'd found a friend, To take you out of this place  
Someone you could lend a hand, In return for grace

It's a beautiful day, Sky falls, you feel like  
It's a beautiful day, Don't let it get away

You're on the road, But you've got no destination  
You're in the mud, In the maze of her imagination  
You love this town, Even if that doesn't ring true  
You've been all over, And it's been all over you

It's a beautiful day, Don't let it get away, It's a beautiful day  
Touch me, Take me to that other place  
Teach me, I know I'm not a hopeless case

See the world in green and blue, See China right in front of you  
See the canyons broken by cloud, See the tuna fleets clearing the sea out  
See the Bedouin fires at night, See the oil fields at first light  
And see the bird with a leaf in her mouth, After the flood all the colors came out

It was a beautiful day, Don't let it get away, Beautiful day

Touch me, Take me to that other place  
Reach me, I know I'm not a hopeless case

What you don't have you don't need it now, What you don't know you can feel it somehow  
What you don't have you don't need it now, Don't need it now, Was a beautiful day

The entire time she was playing, it seemed like she was doing it for someone, but she didn't glance up once. A couple people wandered over and dropped dollar bills and coins into her guitar case. After they left, she stuck the bills into her pocket and started to gather her things. She seemed like she was going to leave. "Dude, we should totally invite her to come sit with us!" Beast Boy insisted. Cyborg then held up his Coca-Cola can. "I suggest that we spin the can to decide who goes." We all agreed. So we spun it, and to everybody's surprise, it landed on me. "Fine," I fumed before getting up. I walked up to her, which was kinda unusual for me, Boy Wonder, to be doing. "Hi." She looked up. "Oh, hi." To get straight to the point, I said "Wanna join us at our, er, picnic blanket?" This was a bit embarrassing. She thought for awhile. "Sure, why not?" She smiled, then followed me back to our picnic spot. She sat down in between Raven and Cyborg. "Dang, it ain't everyday you get to meet a group of superheroes! Especially the Teen Titans! Nat Leran, nice to meet you all." "Quite some music you played back there," Cyborg added in. "Thanks," she pat her guitar. "It's the only thing I have left," I heard her mutter under her breath. "What?" "Nothin'. I know pretty much every song written. Want me to play again?" "Hit it, babe!" Beast Boy stated. She smiled and started strumming the strings with strength. She was really good.

I've got sunshine on a cloudy day

And when its cold outside I've got the month of may  
Oh I guess you'd say what can make me feel this way  
My guy, talkin' 'bout my guy, my guy

I've got so much honey the bees envy me  
I've got a sweeter song baby than the birds in the trees  
Well I guess you'd say what can make me feel this way  
My guy, talkin' 'bout my guy, my guy

We eventually got the idea and all joined in.

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
I don't need no money, fortune, or fame  
I've got all the riches baby one man can claim  
Well I guess you'd say what can make me feel this way  
My girl, my guy, my girl, talkin' bout my girl  
My girl, talkin' 'bout my girl  
On a cloudy day with my girl  
I've even got the month of may with my girl  
Talkin' 'bout, talkin' 'bout my girl  
Talkin' 'bout my girl

By the end of the song, we were all laughing our heads off. I haven't had this much fun ever since, well, a really long time ago. Nat recovered, put her guitar inside her case, and got up. "Guess I'd better get going," she said. "What? You cannot do that!" Starfire grabbed her arm to prevent her from leaving. "You have just gotten here and we know nothing about you!" Nat turned around "Umm, no offense Starfire, but you're kinda hurting my arm." "My apologies." Starfire immediately let go. "I have a performance at the Jump City Concert Hall to go to. Savin' up to buy myself a new guitar. Maybe I could meet you guys afterwards." "Where?" "That pizza joint where everybody goes. 6:30 okay with you guys?" Cyborg was tapping the information into his arm. "Yup." "Then 6:30 it is. See ya then!" "Bye!" we said. Nat waved, smiling before walking away.

She really was awesome; I've only met one person just like her, before the Titans...

### 3 - Chapter Three-A Burning Risk

#### Author's Notes

Here I am again, along with a new chapter! I hope you guys have read the previous chapters, cuz you'll need to do so before reading this one to understand what's happening. Remember, you guys can send me emails on ideas for scenes and for endings. Don't be shy, okay? Just send me an email or a comment on my profile on what you would like to have happen in my story, and it's awful likely I'll put it in. Hope you enjoy!

#### Chapter Three

Narrated by Raven

So there we were, the PIZZA joint at 6:45, and Nat wasn't there. It was obvious something was wrong. "Maybe we got the wrong place or wrong time?" Beast Boy suggested. "No," Cyborg said. "I recorded her statement; PIZZA joint at 6:30." "Then why would she not attend? Where could she be?" Starfire asked. Our questions were soon going to be answered, because a guy sitting near us had a radio. "-the fire at the famous concert hall started around 6:35. Nobody is sure how the Jump City Concert Hall caught fire, but firefighters say it may have been an accident-" "Say," Robin frowned, "Didn't Nat mention she was gonna be there?!" We all immediately jumped up and rushed to the concert hall.

There was a fire, alright. But only a small part of the building was ablaze. As we approached the building, something fell out of the window and nearly missed Beast Boy's head (damn it!). Beast Boy then crouched down to see what it was; a guitar case. He opened it, then looked up at us. "Same guitar, same everything!" Robin paused to think, then grabbed an oxygen mask and strapped it to his face. "I'm goin' in! She may be still in there!" In the blink of an eye, he was in the building. We helped put out the fire, however, but it wasn't long before Robin came out with Nat's limp shape slung over his shoulders. We immediately ran over as he settled her down on a stretcher. "Robin, how did you find her?" Cyborg inquired. Robin wiped sweat off his forehead before starting. "I went through the parts where the fire was most dense. I suspected that she would have been close to that window. I was right, I found her there, sprawled on the floor. If I didn't, who knows?"

We all fell quiet for awhile. But then the silence was broken by a weak moan. We regained our attention and focused it on Nat. As she let out a gasp for breath, Starfire pressed a breathing aid to her face. Her lungs protested in a slight coughing spasm before she started to breathe normally. Her eyes flickered open; she tried to sit up, but was forced back down by Starfire. "Friend Nat, you are in need of medical attention." "No really. I'm fine." She stood up, walked a couple feet before collapsing onto the ground. "See? You are in no condition to be left alone," Starfire interjected. "No, actually I just tripped over that lasagna can." She lazily pointed to the evidence. Cyborg backed her up. "You really need to be looked at. But first, tell us what happened in there from your point of view." She closed her eyes for a moment, trying to grasp memory before opening them again.

"I was performing at the Concert Hall for a couple hours. Afterwards I walked offstage, and I felt a pair of



eyes following me as I exited. I went to the bathroom after the manager paid me. While I washed my hands, I felt the eyes again. I turned around but nobody was there. Nothing but the rattle of wind going through the windows. Then I heard a snap, like a cigarette lighter being lit or something. So I went to check it out and as soon as I walked out the door I immediately saw the curtains were on fire. I tried to pull up the fire alarm lever, but it was jammed. So I went up to the announcement booth at the top of the Hall, tapped through the systems, and pressed a couple buttons to activate an emergency alert."

"You hacked through the announcement system?! You know how to do that sort of thing?!" "Yeah, I took up an internship at S.T.A.R. Labs a while ago before getting an extended junior job." "That's cool, anyways continue." "All right, where was I? Oh, yeah! I was heading out onto the overlook to see if everybody got the message. They did; they were pouring outside in large mobs. I grabbed my guitar and headed for the exit, but when I was halfway there something hit me over the head around here." She rubbed the back of her head, so I traced that area to see if that was true. It was. "So, when did you throw your guitar out of the window?" Robin asked out of curiosity. Nat looked confused. "What do you mean? I never let go of it while I was awake!" Robin took the case from Beast Boy and placed it in her lap. "Well, we saw it fall out from a window close to where you were." Nat hugged her guitar, crying. Robin patted her back sympathetically. "It's okay, you're gonna be alright." I was surprised to see him let her sob continuously into his front left shoulder blade. I've never in my whole entire membership as a Titan seen Robin treat somebody like that; it was like he knew her as an old friend lost in despair, trying to help her.