Chapter One: New Friend

"Shh." The comforting voice continues to whisper. Although, I don't stop crying.

"What happened?" I ask through sobs.

"You were hurt." The voice replies.

"How?" I ask.

"Ah... someone got in your head." The voice whispers into my ear.

"Into my head." I murmur. More to myself then the voice.

"Yeah." The voice says as though replying to it as a question.

"H-How?" I stutter.

"It's alright, you'll be okay now." The voice says, advoiding my question. I open my eyes and look up, the voice is a boy. He has strange white blonde hair with electric blue eyes. He's wearing a simple gray hoodie and jeans.

"Who are you?" I ask.

"Someone, here to take you home." He replies. His arms slide under my legs and back. Then he effortlessly picks me up. I snuggle into his chest, even though I didn't know him. I feel... protected in his arms.

"What the hell are you doing with her?" Someone asks behind us, it's a boys voice so I take it as that.

"Taking her home." My protector replies.

"I'm her friend, I should be taking her home!" The strange boy says.

"Such a nice friend... offering to carry her all the way home because you two walked here. But yet, you led her into these peoples trap." My protector says his voice going hard.

"I didn't! We were walking by here because we were going to do our studying at the coffee shop at the end of the road. Then someone pulled us into here." The boy replies, his voice now coming from right beside me.

"Hmm, I guess I should've thrown that person into another wall." My protector mutters to himself.

"What?" The boy asks.

"Nothing." My protector replies.

"Where are you taking her?" The boy asks.

"Home... now get in the car." My protector replies.

I hear the boy opening and closing the car door. Then I'm being set gently into the passenger seat. That's when I realize my eyes have been closed just about the whole time... I've only been half conscious. I try to stay up in the seat but my head hits the back, and I have no control over it. My protecter is carefully putting on my seat belt... his body temperture was cold though, colder than it should be. I hear my door close and soon after another door open. My protector comes into the car and starts the engine. Then the car moves and we start the drive home.

"Where to?" My protector asks.

The boy in the back seat tells him directions to both his house and mine. The car suddenly stops and then the boy opens the door.

"Thanks man... make sure she gets home safely." The boys says, then the door slams and I'm left in the car alone with my protecter. I try to say something, but nothing works. Finally we slow into a stop and the driver door is opened... and left open. My door is then being open and my protectors cold hands undo my seat belt. He picks me up like he did before and carries me to a porch. He sets me on a swing... a large one, but my brain is to fuzzy to know what kind of swing I'm on.

"You'll be safe now." My protector whispers into my ear.

"My protector." I murmur, happy I was able to get something out. My protector chuckles.

"Yeah, something like that." He says. Then footsteps go down porch steps and a car starts, then the car sounds fade away and I fall asleep.

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It's been four days since the strange thing that happened on Thursday. I can't remember what happened, the only thing I remember is someone taking me home. I can't remember who the person is or anything. I can't remember any talking or moving. It makes me feel uneasy.

The only thing I have to remember that night is a strange cut on my right forearm. It went all the way around my wrist with strange twisting strands making the cut look like fire. It didn't want to heal, it just stayed how it was. I remember looking in the mirror Friday morning...

-Friday, October, 11-

"Oh, Ivy, what are you doing sleeping on the porch swing?" Mom asks pushing me awake.

"Uh, what?" I ask blinking as I sit up.

"You were sleeping on the porch swing all night... anyway how was studying with Bryan last night?" Mom asks.

"Um..." I start with um, way to go me. Wait, what did happen last night? I rake my brain to remember.

"Ivy, are you all right?" Mom asks.

"I... I don't remember." I reply to mom.

"Oh... Ivy, you know what, you don't have to go to school today. You look horrible and sick." Mom says.

"Okay mom." I reply. I walk up to my room and pull out some sweatpants and a baggy t-shirt. Then I go to take a shower. I ruffle my long blonde hair with my hand. That's when I notice my arm, a fire like cut was going all around my wrist. I want to scream, I start having a panic attack. I finally decide, it would heal and I might as well take my shower then.

-Present Time. Monday, October, 14-

I walk to my locker and pull out my books for first period. It had been a long weekend of trying to remember my night on Thursday and school should get my mind off it.

I turn around quickly closing my locker and run into someone. I yelp as I let go of my books.

"Oh my gosh, I am so sorry!" I say to whoever I ran into.

"It's okay, I should've watched where I was going." The boy says. I look up at the boy as he bends down and helps pick up my books. He has white blonde hair and electric blue eyes. He was wearing jeans and a plain white t-shirt. He looks familiar, I just can't put my finger on where I've seen him before.

"Are you new here?" I ask.

"Yeah. I'm Damian." He replies handing me the books he picked up.

"I'm Ivy." I say, sticking out my hand. As we shake hands I can feel how cold he is, his skin is literally like ice.

"Hey, you want to tell me how to get to the English room?" Damian asks.

"Just follow me I'm heading there too." I reply, and start to walk toward the English room.

"So you're in grade twelve too?" Damian asks, keeping conversation.

"Yep." I reply.

"What's your favourite subject?" He asks.

"Er... Probably English." I reply.

"What the?" He says quietly looking at me.

"Um... what's wrong?" I ask.

"What happened to your arm?" He asks. His warm voice suddenly turning hard.

"Oh, I, uh, hurt it." I reply, looking at my arm which I had put a wrap around so no one could see the cut.

"How?" Damian asks, his voice still hard.

"I'm... I'm not sure." I reply honestly.

"Oh..." Damian says to himself more than to me.

We walk into the English class together, and take our seats. We were the second ones there so we talk for a while. But then bunches of people walk in and our conversation is disturbed by paper airplanes and squeals.

"Sorry for being late class." Miss. Vanloon says as she walks in the class. The class stops with the paper airplanes and squeals and grow quiet.

"Before we start I'd like to introduce a new student to our school, Damian Evans." Miss. Vanloon says, pointing to Damian.

"Wassup bro?" A boy named Cameron calls out. Damian just smiles at him then turns back to Miss. Vanloon. I look up to see girls excitedly whispering back and forth gazing at Damian. I stifle a laugh at them.

"Anyway, today we'll be talking about the book..." Miss. Vanloon starts our class with telling us about a new book, and that we'd be doing a big assignment on it.

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"Hey, Ivy!" Someone calls, in the cafeteria. I turn around to see Bryan making his way over.

"Hey Bryan, what's up?" I ask.

"Not much... uh, are you okay?" He asks.

"Um, Bryan, I'm not sure what you're talking about." I reply.

"Like... are you okay, you aren't like totally freaking out because of Thursday are you?" Bryan asks.

"You know what happened on Thursday!" I say swinging my legs over the bench of the table.

"Wait... you don't remember?" Bryan asks.

"No... so you can tell me!" I say, resisting the urge to jump off the table and shake his shoulders.

"Um, no I can't it ain't a story to tell." Bryan says.

"Aw, c'mon Bryan, pretty please." I say.

"Sorry Ivy, no." Bryan replies. So I turn around and continue to eat my food. Bryan sits down arcross from me and we eat in peace... until my other friends come.

"Heeey! Wassup homie?" Chris asks. Sitting down beside me and swinging his arm over my shoulder.

"Oh, Christopher you don't need to do that all the time!" Annabeth says sitting down beside Bryan.

"Sorry Anna." Chris replies, taking his arm off my shoulder.

"Hey, Ivy, wanna tell us why you weren't here on Friday?" Selena asks. Coming to sit beside Chris with her younger sister Hannah.

"I wasn't feeling well." I reply.

"What, so your mom, like, let you stay at home?" Hannah asks.

"Yeah." I laugh.

"So not fair!" Chris says looking at me.

"Life ain't fair Chris." Anna says.

"Has anyone talked to Damian the new dude yet?" Hannah asks.

"I haven't but he is hot!" Anna says.

"I have." I reply.

"Omigod whats he like?" Selena asks.

"Well, he's nice..." I say.

"Detail!" Anna presses.

"Um, I don't know, he's cool I guess and really sweet." I say.

"Okay... so you don't think he's like hot?" Selena asks.

"I never said that, he is sorta hot though..." I reply.

The girls laugh while the boys sit there looking grim. I look behind me to see Damian coming over. I can't help but smile. Damian sits beside me and smiles back.

"Hey Damian!" I say.

"Hey Ivy." Damian says with a laugh.

"These are my friends, Christopher, Selena, Hannah, Bryan and Annabeth." I say pointing to each of them in turn.

"Hey." Damian says.

"Hi Damian." Anna says leaning on her elbows. We laugh at her and she scowls back at us. We eat our lunch together chatting away until the bell rings.

"So what'd'ya have now?" I ask.

"History." Damian replies.

"No way! I've got history too!" I say smiling, as Damian laughs. So together we head off to Mrs. Courtneys class.

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"So how was school today?" Mom asks.

"Good." I reply dropping my bag on the ground as I walk into the kitchen.

"I hear there is a new kid." Mom states.

"Yeah, his names Damian... me and him seem to have become friends." I reply.

"Aw, thats sweet." Mom says coming into the kitchen.

"Oh shut up mom." I say giving her a light push.

Me and mom lived alone. Thalia, my sister, had moved out for university two years ago. Oh, and she's in a serious relationship with someone. Dad had passed away when I was five in a car accident.

"What are you doing tonight?" Mom asks.

"I'm going to the studio to record a song." I reply.

"Okay, be back in time for breakfast." Mom says with a wink.

I love my mom she let me stay out as long as I wanted. She gave me the privacy a mom should give and she knew when I needed something. Mom and I got along really well.

I walk to my room to grab my guitar and then I drive off to the studio. Christopher's parents are rich, so they bought him a recording studio in grade nine... because Chris could play drums. He was amazing at them. Eventually we formed a YouTube channel together so we could post our own songs and covers. Chris, Anna, Selena, Bryan and me had the band all set up. Chris has always been drums. But some songs Anna would take over for him. Anna is our electric guitar player mostly though, she rocked out on it. Selena is on keyboard or piano, and sometimes I'd take over for her. Bryan is our head boy singer, and did all the camera work. Me, I am the acoustic guitar player and lead girl singer.

We all had our own YouTube channel and Chris said we could use the studio whenever we want for them. But when we learned we all loved music, we formed one together. We had tons of fans, and sometimes when we would go to cafe's or walks people would come up and say they loved our channel.

Today we were doing a cover of Burn by Ellie Goulding. I walk into the studio to find everyone tuning their instruments.

"Hey Ivy!" Bryan says.

"You peoples ready for today?" I ask.

"Oh ya! Got my keyboard ready!" Selena says smiling.

"Alright!" I laugh.

"Hey, do y'know where Anna is?" Chris asks.

"I-" Selena begins to say but is cut off by Anna coming through the door with Damian.

"Hope you guys don't mind but I brought Damian along so he could watch us! He said he was a singer!" Anna says excitedly.

"We don't mind." Selena says with a smile.

"So you're a singer?" I ask.

"Yeah, I'm not to good but-" Damian starts but I cut him off.

"You can't say you're not a good singer if no ones heard you." I wink then go to my seat and tune my guitar. I go through the song quickly then motion for Damian to come over.

"Yeah?" He asks.

"Y'know Counting Stars by One Republic right?" I ask.

"I love that song, I know it off by heart!" Selena cuts in.

"Selena this ain't about you." I say laughing.

"I memorize it too." Damian says.

"I'll play, you sing, I'll do backup, okay?" I say then pull the mic closer to us. I start to play and he starts to sing. I resist the urge to stare up at him and gasp. His voice is perfect. When we finish the others clap.

"Woah, Damian you're an awesome singer!" Anna says.

"I got it on camera! We'll post it on your channel Ivy." Bryan says.

"Alright." I laugh.

"You're really good." Damian says to me.

"Erm, thanks." I reply.

"Okay, we've got to get our song done, viewers are asking about it on Twitter... we did say we'd post it today." Chris says.

"Okay, c'mon everyone!" I say and everyone takes there places to there insturments.

Bryan turns on all the cameras and takes his place beside me. Then Selena starts, and I sing.

When we finish Damian claps and we give each other some high fives. Bryan quickly turns off the cameras and sends everything to the computer and does the editing. While he does all the video editing we talk and play some music. Finally after about fourty five minutes Bryan announces it's been published.

"Woot woot, we're awesome!" Chris says, laughing all the while.

"Yeah we are awesome!" I reply to Chris.

"Hey, does everyone here know how to play Alive by Krewella, 'cause we could totally play that!" Selena says excitedly.

"Um... yeah I don't memorize the chords." I say.

"Then you just have to sing." Anna says.

"Okay... Bryan wanna do some backup?" I ask.

"Totally!" Bryan replies walking over, setting all the cameras up once again.

We sing, and that's when I get lost into the music. My guitar wasn't there to keep my hands moving... so I had to move them, I probably look like I'm performing for a crowd of people. But I don't care, I was so into the song. I actually start to do little dance moves that fit into the song.

When the song ends I'm smiling so big. I can't help it. Everyone is smiling but quiet and is staring at me. Bryan goes off to his cameras slowly looking at me as he does.

"What?" I finally ask.

"Ivy, your voice totally changed at the chorus... it was like your real real voice came out because you were happy." Selena replies.

"I... It's because I'm not thinking about the guitar." I say.

"What'd'ya mean?" Chris asks.

"Well, when I'm playing the guitar or piano, I have to focus on not messing up... but if I'm not playing them I can let my voice roam free." I reply smiling.

"Well you're amazing!" Damian says.

"Yeah. You are." Anna says.

"Thanks." I say, then I look at the time. "Oh my gosh, I've got to go, Thalia is coming home for a week and I promised I'd see her first thing!"

"Okay, see you later!" Chris says.

"I've got to go too, thanks for inviting me Anna." Damian says. I look back at Anna to see her grinning from ear to ear, making me stifle a laugh.

Damian holds the door for me and I walk out.

"So, how's your arm feeling?" Damian asks.

"It's okay I guess." I reply.

"Thats good, I heard you had a rough night Thursday. What happened?" Damian asks.

"Oh, uh, is it normal for me not to remember?" I ask.

"Yeah, thats okay. Guess I'll see you tomorrow then." Damian replies and then walks off as I get into the car.

As I drive home I rack my brain again, trying to remember anything from Thursday. Wait a second... how did Damian know about Thursday?

Heeeey!

Do fan stuff or whatever ;)

You're in for a treat next chapter!

Hope you like!!!

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