

Chapter Twenty: An Old Friend

It's been two weeks, and it's my first day back at school since the crash. People have been asking how I have been every minute I swear. It's driving me insane. At lunch Damian saw my stressed state and he ended up taking me home.

"My first day and I can't even survive it." I moan.

"That's okay, it's expected." Damian says.

"Okay this is random, your name is Dame, ee, an but I usually pronounce it Dame, on." I laugh.

"I like Damon better." Damian smiles.

"Okay... Damian." I smirk.

"It's probably just your adorable british accent. You can't seem to pronounce plenty of english words or names right." Damian laughs.

"Wow, no one has ever said I have a british accent right to my face." I say.

"Well, looks like I'm the first." Damian smiles.

"I got it from my mom." I smile.

"Yeah. You did." Damian laughs.

"Thalia doesn't seem to have a british accent though." I say.

"True." Damian says.

"Maybe from dad." I say, resting my head against the window.

"Maybe." Damian says.

"So, when will we make our first plan a go?" Asks only the wierdest voice ever. I can't see anything but a black wall, but I can hear.

"Soon, soon. I just have to make sure I look perfect." Cezar says. I will never forget his voice.

"Oh this will be exciting!" Wierd voice says.

"Yes! I can't wait!" Cezar says happily.

"Master... you look perfect." Wierd voice says with awe.

"Yes. Yes I do." Cezar says.

I fly up into a sitting position. It was only a dream... that Cezar deal is just a dream. I look around, I'm in my living room on the couch. My side is flaring with pain, I walk to our fridge and look for the medicine. I groan as I realize I left it at the Evans.

I trudge outside and to my car. I start my drive to the Evans. I put on some music and sing along. As I go along the side roads I spot something on the side of the road. I stop the car and walk out. I look into the field to find a teenage girl unconscious. I run down the ditch and pick her up with my angel strength, I put her in the car and speed to the Evans.

I run her into the Evans house and quickly feel her temperture. She's burning, it makes me run into the kitchen and grab a cloth, I put wet cool water on it and run back to her. I slowly lie it on her forehead.

"C'mon wake up." I mutter.

"Ivy, who is this?" Ellie asks. I jump at her voice and turn around.

"I found her unconscious on the side of the road." I reply.

"Oh the poor thing!" Ellie says, running up to the girl.

"Mom, who is this?" Shawn asks walking downstairs, quickly followed by Caine, Hazel and Damian.

"Ivy found her unconscious on the side of the road!" Ellie exclaims.

"Oh my gosh, the poor girl!" Hazel says running over.

"I know, and she's burning up." Ellie says. I walk over and study her features. She has slightly less pouty lips then most girls, her cheekbones are sort of low and she has freckles. Her thin brown hair is plastered to her neck and face from sweat. She moans and puts a hand to her head. Ellie, Hazel and I all stand back to give her room. She opens pretty green eyes and looks around.

"Where am I?" She whispers, sitting up.

"You're at the Evans house sweetie." Ellie says.

"Do you think you can tell us what happened?" Caine asks in a nice tone. Woah, this tone is different for Caine, like what the heck?

"You guys will think I'm mental." She murmurs.

"I promise we'll stay open minded." I smile. She takes in a huge breath then starts.

"I was walking home from a friends house and someone said my name. I turned around and called out but no one was there. I thought maybe I was just hearing things. I took a few more steps and whoever it was said my name again. This time I ran and called out while running. Then a big black lion was standing in front of me and it went all wierd. Next thing I know I can't move and I've been knocked into the ditch. Then I wake up here." She says.

"Cezar." Caine growls. The girl looks at Caine with wide eyes and fear flashes across her face. Caine looks at her and gives her an apologetic smile.

"What's your name?" I ask.

"Natasha." She says sticking out her hand.

"Ivy." I say, shaking it. Her skins temperture isn't quite as hot and is slowly going back to a regular human warmth. I frown remembering that I am cold myself.

"How old are you?" Ellie asks.

"Twenty two." Natasha replies.

"Why would Cezar target Natasha?" Ellie asks, looking up at her kids.

"Who's Cezar?" Natasha asks.

"The black lion." Shawn answers so calmly.

"You know the lion?" Natasha gasps.

"Yeah... he's sorta evil though." Hazel says lightly.

"Uh huh." Natasha nods.

"What was he after?" Damian mutters.

"Well I'll tell you their names. Ellie, Hazel, Shawn, Damian and Caine." I say pointing to each of them in turn.

"Wait... Ivy... Aren't you Thalia Daniels sister?" Natasha asks.

"Yeah. Why?" I ask.

"Oh my gosh! You've grown so much!" Natasha smiles.

"What?" I ask. The Evans go silent.

"I'm Thalias friend. Remember... hmm... we went through your diary when you were in eighth grade." Natasha smirks.

"NO WAY! You're that Natasha? Oh my God I've missed you!" I shriek, pulling her into a hug.

"I knew you'd remember me!" Natasha laughs.

"How could I forget? I mean you did go through my diary." I wink. Natasha laughs.

"I moved here with my family. Then Thalia invited me to her wedding!" Natasha exclaims.

"You and Thalia are still in touch?" I ask.

"We've been in touch ever since I moved silly." Natasha laughs.

"It's not my fault you didn't want to keep in touch with me." I say crossing my arms.

"Of course I did! Out of all Thalias friends I think I liked you the most." Natasha smiles.

"Aw, I'm touched!" I say sarcastically. Pretending to tear up.

"Oh always adding sarcasam to the most random of situations." Natasha says rolling her eyes. I giggle. Thalia walks through the door and looks at us, her gaze falling on Natasha.

"Tash?" Thalia asks.

"Thalia!" Natasha acknowledges.

"Oh my gosh! Where have you been?" Thalia asks running at her and pulling her in a hug.

"Ivy found her in a ditch, unconscious. Attack from Cezar." Shawn says.

"Damn Cezar." Thalia almost growls.

"Since when have you gone all 'I can tell people to go to hell' kind of girl?" Hazel asks.

"He's already in hell." Shawn points out.

"Yeah... that's true." Caine nods.

"What are you guys talking about?" Natasha asks.

"Erm..." Thalia starts.

"Um..." Shawn says.

"You know..." Hazel says looking at her feet.

"Fine I'm going to tell her." Caine says sitting beside Natasha and starting straight from the beginning... like the very beginning! He tells her everything, angels, demons, the keys, everything! I hope Natasha takes it well...

"How can you prove to me that this is real?" Natasha asks. Caine stands up and lets his wings go, ripping his shirt to reveal a six pack of his own. How are all male angels toned? Natasha stares wide eyed and her mouth drops making an 'o'. I fight the urge to laugh... then again that's probably what I looked like. She closes her mouth and studies the wings.

"Okay, you've proven it." Natasha nods. I realize how open Caine is to her... does Caine like her? I think he does! I smirk but myself then walk upstairs absentmindedly. Damian follows. I yawn and crawl into his bed then pat the bed beside me. Damian slides in next to me and I cuddle in his arms.

"I think Caine likes her." I say a smile playing on my lips.

"Yeah, I think so too." Damian chuckles.

"I'm going to sleep. Night." I say, feeling my eyelids droop.

"How are you that tired already?" Damian laughs.

"No idea." I say, before I let myself drift into sleep.

I wake up alone in Damians bed. I almost cry out for him but then I hear his shower going. I'm so stupid. I push myself into a sitting position and rub my pounding head. The shower stops and Damian comes out shirtless, a towel wrapped around his waist. I look at his six pack and realize he also has a v-line. No way! My boyfriend has a six pack and a v-line. Ha you other girls, HA! I advert my gaze to not be rude and turn around to allow him to change.

I start to hum to a song and I let myself fall backwards. I close my eyes and start to sing the song, not really realizing I am. A few minutes later I notice I'm singing Dark Horse by Katy Perry. I put power into my voice, channeling all my feelings through my voice. I have no idea why, it just sort of happened automatically.

I don't know how I memorize these songs, it just seems to happen. It's as though I'm connected to music. Damian just listens silently.

"That was good." Damian murmurs. I open my eyes to see him looking down at me from above. Learning over my head.

"Thanks." I smile. Damian leans down and we kiss. A long deep kiss. I hear footsteps but I completely ignore them until I realize they've stopped.

"Hello." Thalia says at the door. Damian breaks off from me and I feel my cheeks turn red.

"Yeah Thalia." I say, not looking at her.

"You're missing school today, we have to pick out wedding decor." Thalia says.

"Alright." I nod.

"You know you don't have to be embarrassed, you're nineteen. It's expected for you to be sexually active." Thalia says, I hear the smirk on her face.

"Thalia!" I moan, chucking a pillow at her. She catches it and laughs, walking away.

"You know you wanna!" Thalia calls.

"Thalia I'm a virgin!" I yell back at her.

"Sorry but that was funny." Damian says, almost falling off his bed in laughter.

"No. It wasn't." I say crossing my arms.

"Yeah it was." Damian laughs. I give him a little playful growl then walk over to his bathroom. I pull my somehow not messy hair into a bun. I lock the door and start the shower. I drop the towel and let myself get under the water. I hear Damian start to play guitar and I sing along to his songs. I step out of the shower and mostly dry myself off. Finally I remove the wierd waist band thingy. I freak out because I realize I'm going to walk out into Damians room without makeup. What if I don't look pretty enough? Sure I could put some makeup on now, but I don't know what I'm wearing today.

I slowly walk out looking down and pulling the towel close to my body. I hear Damian turn around so I drop the towel and pull out some clothes. I pull on simple blue jeans and a light blue baggy crop top. So I put on a cami under it.

"Okay." I say quietly. Damian turns back around and gives me a little smile.

"You know, you're a lot prettier without makeup." Damian says, walking up to me.

"You really think so?" I ask, happy he said so. I slowly move into his mind.

How does she not think she's pretty? No she isn't pretty, she's beautiful! Damian thinks. I pull away from his mind, I feel like I'm intruding. But that is all I need to hear.

"I really think so." Damian smiles kissing my forehead.

"Alright. Well you might be the only one to think that so I'm going to put some on now." I smirk. I walk into his bathroom and pull out the mascara, eye shadow, lipstick, eyeliner and concealer I leave at his house. I apply it quickly then walk back out. Damian rolls his eyes but walks down stairs with me.

"Okay, you ready Ivy?" Thalia asks.

"Yeah." I smile, pulling on my knee high black boots I just happened to be wearing yesterday.

"Then lets go." Thalia smiles leading out the door.

Damian pecks me on the lips then I follow Thalia for a day of shopping!

Sorry, this chapter is a little short. :(But next one should be longer.... hehehehe

Hope y'all like! Do fan stuf if you want. :P

Next chapter Ivy meets some one new... or has she met him before? Mwah ha ha!

IMPORTANT NOTE!

From now on, I may not be able to post chapters as fast. Because stupid school is starting again. :|

Sorry for that :/

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