

Chapter Six: The Truth

We pull up to the library. I stare at it for a moment then raise an eyebrow at Thalia. She just gets out of the car, so I follow her.

The librarian at the desk smiles and nods at us. I smile back then continue to follow Thalia. We go to an old section of the library, Thalia walks up to a bare brick wall. Two leather chairs are in front of it with a small table in between them. Thalia walks around the chairs and we squish into the small area between them and the wall. I look at Thalia questioningly, but she ignores me. She taps her knuckles three times to a random brick, suddenly the wall slides open to a strange portal looking thing. It was round and it glowed a beige colour.

"Thalia what in the world?" I ask.

"C'mon." Thalia says, she grabs my hand and pulls me through it. We pass through it and we are suddenly walking into another library. I gasp looking around. The bookshelves are all dark brown wood, and books are stacked upon books. The portal is in plain sight behind us and I can't help but stare at the strange looking painting on top of the portal.

The painting is of a man, but something about him is familiar. When I look back at the bookshelves I notice how tall they are, and how widely spaced everything is. I look at Thalia who had already seated herself at the circular table. I sit beside her and look at the tall bookshelves. They were too tall for a human to use a ladder.

"What do I start with?" Thalia asks me.

"What are you?" I ask.

"I'm an-" Thalia is suddenly cut o. Damian, Caine, Hazel and Shawn all walk through the portal. I stare with wide eyes at them.

"Thalia! What are you doing?" Caine asks.

"I can't hold it from her anymore, she deserves to know!" Thalia says.

"She is supposed to find out herself!" Hazel says.

"She was rejecting me! She's my sister, am I supposed to let her be mad at me for life?" Thalia asks.

"Okay people!" I say raising my hands.

Everyone falls completely silent and stares at me. I swallow hard then begin to speak.

"First of all, I want to know what you are, what they are and where the hell I am." I say.

"They?" Thalia hisses. I look at her surprised... okay, so whatever Thalia is, they have the ability to hiss, they could probably growl too. Then I remember Thalia's eighteenth birthday. When strange things started to happen. Then when she turned nineteen mom was constantly there for her, and she was having break downs. She kept asking why this had to happen to her. Then I remember clearly a memory that makes everything click into place.

-Flashback, the day a er Thalia's nineteenth birthday-

"Mom, out of all people why me?" Thalia asks.

"Oh honey, you know it won't be that bad once you get used to it." Mom says trying to comfort her. I'm snooping, I'm sitting in front of Thalia's bedroom door, listening in on one of Thalia's breakdowns.

"Look at these... things! Mom, why me?" Thalia asks through sobs this time. I peek through the door to see Thalia standing in front of her mirror with giant white feathered wings coming from her back. They are shaped like a giant version of those tiny angel wing you saw everywhere, on what people thought angels look like. The tips of the wings hit the walls on either side of Thalia's room. I fight the urge to gasp then I turn around and sprint to my room and jump into bed.

Thalia has wings.

-Flashback of Thursday night-

"Hey, where are your wings?" Malcom asks, tilting his head. To myself I ponder what Malcom meant by wings.

"I rather not have them out now." The male says.

-Present Time-

"You're angels." I say. I start hyperventilating, I grab the table for support. I stare blankly at each of them for a minute.

"There she found out on her own." Thalia says.

"Thalia you have damn wings!" I gasp. "I saw them, you were nineteen, it was the day a er your nineteenth birthday. You... you were crying, Oh my gawd their huge!"

"Were you snooping!" Thalia says narrowing her eyes.

"No, yes, maybe!" I say.

"When we get home I'm going to kill you for that!" Thalia says.

"Like I'd let you." I mumble.

"How's another dip in the pool sound?" Thalia asks.

"Stay on topic. So where am I?" I ask.

"You're in Esstia." Caine replies.

"Ehztia?" I ask.

"Esstia." Caine corrects.

"What's that?" I ask.

"You're in the first world." Shawn replies.

"The first world." I repeat to myself. I am still processing that my sister and the Evans are angels. Now I'm in the so-called 'first world' called Esstia.

"Woah, woah, wait how do you guys hide you wing?" I ask.

"Wrapping them around our bodies." Thalia replies, li ing up her shirt to show me white feathers. I gasp.

"Wait so thats why you stopped wearing a bikini?" I ask.

"Shut up Ivy." Thalia says.

"What? Just asking." I whimper.

"Okay fine what are all the other million questions you have for us?" Thalia asks.

"Who are they?" I ask.

"Demons." Shawn replies. I stare at him like he just slapped me across the face.

"So, Daphnie and Malcom... and the invisible man are demons?" I ask, my voice small.

"Yeah, they're demons." Hazel replies. I finally realize Damian isn't speaking.

"Why... why couldn't you guys move when he attacked me?" I ask the Evans.

"Because he froze them. He has two powers. The ability to turn invisible and the ability to freeze people." Thalia replies.

"And your power is reading people's energy and seeing what other peoples powers are." I say rubbing my temples.

"Yeah. Caine can read minds and he's stronger than your average angel. Hazel can move things willingly, like, without touching them. Shawn can teleport. Damian... well he has plenty of gi s." Thalia says.

"What am I?" I ask.

"You are sort of us and sort of them" Caine says.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"On your nineteenth birthday you'll get wings. But they will be... different." Caine replies.

"So you can't exactly tell me what I really am, can you?" I ask.

"No, that's for the elders to tell." Hazel says.

"Do I have powers... and what are Damians?" I ask,

"You... you have a crazy ability of natural instinct on how to fight, fight better than any trained warrior, you can control the elements, and you can generate light burning people... and you have more powers forming that I can't read yet. Damian can make illusions that seem real, he can read peoples feelings, he can control water and he can heal." Thalia says. Then I realize she's staring at me.

"What?" I ask.

"Your energy is so... Intimidating. It's the strongest force ever. Since you've turned eighteen your energy has gotten stronger and stronger. Now that you're so close to your nineteenth birthday your energy is almost radiating o onto other people." Thalia says.

"Okay. I really need to go home and unwind." I say. I rub my temples and clothes my eyes. Suddenly I hear the ripping of fabric and look over to see Thalia's wings out.

They are pure white and beautiful, I can't help but stand there and gawk. Her t-shirt is ripped to shreds in the back but she had put on a tank top and wrapped her wings around that. So at least she wasn't shirtless. I walk over and lightly trace the bone in her le wing. The bone is as wide as my whole arm but it went from her back and got smaller near the very tip. I continue to trace her wing until it ruls and I jump back in alarm. The sound is like a bunch of birds taking o for flight.

"Sorry, that tickles!" Thalia giggles. A few of her feathers fall to the ground as she ru led her wings. She furls her wings in and I look at them strangely. Now they look sort of like what humans though they did, but they were still quite a bit larger.

"They're beautiful." I say.

"Thanks." Thalia says.

"Wait so you like, can fly?" I ask.

"Well duh." Hazel says rolling her eyes. She walks over to Thalia with a smile. Suddenly more ripping prettier noises as Damian lets his wings go. I gasp, if possible his were prettier than Thalia's. They are white too but they have gray flecks at the end. Thalia looks at me for a second then she gestures for Caine and Shawn to go with her.

They all walk back through the portal except for Damian who they leave with me. Damian is now shirtless revealing his toned chest.

"You aren't scared are you?" Damian asks his voice warm.

"No." I say. Damian slowly walks over to me. I stand up and take a long stride closing the distance between us. I touch his wings gently and he doesn't resist. I trace his wing bone more delicately than I did with Thalia.

"My protector." I murmur. His wings make a warm circle around us and I look him in the eyes.

"You know how people sometimes say, 'you've got a guardian angel'." Damian asks.

"Yeah, why?" I ask.

"Well, not everybody has a guardian angel." Damian says.

"Okay..." I say not sure where he's going.

"But... I'm yours." Damian says.

Then another thing in my brain clicks. That's why he saved me from Daphnie and Malcom. That's why I felt so safe around him.

"My guardian." I murmur, looking at his protective wings again.

"Exactly that." Damian says.

"Can we go?" I ask suddenly, everything seems to be flooding into me at this exact moment and being here in Esstia doesn't help. Damian nods and wraps his wings behind his body. He walks to a small dresser beside the portal and pulls out a shirt. He pulls it on covering his wings. He takes my hand and lightly pulls me back through the portal.

Caine, Hazel, Shawn and Thalia are all waiting for us on the other side. Thalia some how has another shirt on. With that we all walk in silence out of the library. With that I'm le wondering what I am.

Oh my gosh ideas for this story are piling in on my head now and I'm probably going to end up writing the whole story by Christmas!!!!

Okay... maybe not the whole story... :)

So Damian is Ivy's guardian angel, cute right! Lol

Now I know you might hate me a er this but in the next chapter I'm going to skip some time... well I've got to make it Ivy's nineteenth birthday soon soooooo.... oh no I'm giving away too much information! Spoiler alert!!!!

Thanks for reading people!!!