Chapter Nine: The Change

Tomorrow is my nineteeth birthday. I told everyone in school that mom was letting me take tomorrow o . She was, so it wasn't a lie, but I wasn't staying home just because it was my birthday. I am staying home because of what was going to happen. Today is filled with nervousness. My stomach is all in knots and I'm jumpy. Thalia started acting super nice to me. She continues to tell me to be strong throughout it. The last bell finally rings, signalling school is over. I slowly walk to Damians car where he is patiently waiting. He drives o to his house where mom and Thalia have gone. I step into the Evans house. I'm surprised to see mom and Greg talking. Damian takes me upstairs and we sit on his bed together. "Ivy, I want you to know that at any time tomorrow you need me, I'll be there." Damian says. "I know you will." I say, my voice a whisper. We lie in his bed together in meaningful silence. We lie there until Ellie calls us down for dinner. I eat a little supper, my stomach is still in knots and it threatens to throw all the food back up. Everyone is silent while we eat. I stand up and look around at everyone. "Tomorrow only Thalia and Damian can come into my room. Got it?" I ask everyone. They nod sadly and I look around at each of them once more. "Goodnight." I walk into my room and shut the door. I'm not coming back out for a day. I've still yet to figure out how long and agonizing the day will be. *** I scream. I sit bolt upright and feel my skin ripping on my back. I shriek in pain while the skin on my back tears apart. Something slowly slides out of my back and I continue to scream. Finally I scream Damians name and he's at my side within seconds. Along with Thalia. a "Shh. It'll all be over soon." Damian says worry clouding his voice. My back burns like hell and the pain is almost unbearable. Scratch that, it IS unbearable. I know my screams continue throughout the day, and I know that whatever is sliding out of my back is growing bigger and bigger. Although I have no sense of time. Damians words comfort me little throughout the long day. Eventually at a time, my shirt was ripped and the things continued to slide out of my back. I don't know how long it's been, but the pain and burning is so bad that I feel myself become unconcious. Finally the world goes black and everything goes silent. *** I open my eyes. Something isn't right. I'm lying on my stomach and I'm at the Evans house. Something strange is on my back. I push myself up and feel something brush against some part of me. I furrow my brow, why was I feeling something way over to my right side? I slide a hand down my back and then a hit something. I freeze. My hand hits a so bump on my back. The bump is like a bone and I can feel small feathers on it. Everything from yesterday comes flying back into my head. I whip my head to the side to find a giant fire looking angel wing. The wing belongs to me because I can feel it on my back. I stare at it with strange emotions coursing through me. I realize that I had felt my wing brush over the chair. I move my new wing a little and it knocks the chair over. I wince at the noise the chair makes when it hits the ground. I look to the other side and find an identical wing. I knew why my wings were dierent, because of their colour. The bone on them was black and then the big feathers below it spread out like fire. Exactly like my cut. I take the wrap o my arm and furl my wings. The feeling is weird because they don't seem to like it. I notice how easy the bone slides into place. A question that has lingered with me ever since I saw Thalia furl her wings. I wanted to know how the bone bent and curled in such ways without breaking... it just did. I look around for a tank top, I finally find one and I manage to somehow pull it on putting it under my wings. I slowly open the door to my room and walk downstairs. Everyone is in the living room and they are talking. They don't notice or hear me come down. I walk into the dancing room where the mirrors streatched out against the whole wall. I let my wings unfurl and I gasp. My wings are just about as large as Damians and the look like real fire when I moved them back and forth. I ru led my wings a little bit and that seemed to catch everyones attention in the living room. They slowly walk into the dancing room where I am staring my wings down. I furl my wings and turn to face them. "What am I?" I ask, my voice had changed a little bit. It's more melodic than before. "You can tell her now." Greg says to Damian. "You're a key." Damian says. A key? What the heck? I am a key? A key to what, Wonderland? Questions whiz through me and threaten to make my head explode. Caine yelps in pain and I look at him. "What?" I ask him. "Your thoughts hurt." Caine whines. "My thoughts..." I murmur. My wings ru le in their uncomfortable spot. "Just don't think so much." Caine says simply. "Easy for you to say." I say to him. "Well it's not my fault you're hurting me." Caine retorts. "What do you mean a key?" I ask, ignoring Caine, and letting questions come and go. "You're a key, a key to Esstia." Damian replies. "So like the portal?" I ask. "No." Hazel says. "If a demon takes the key from within you, they will have full access to Esstia, and could lead an attack to bring us down." Shawn says. "If I'm the key to Esstia, which still makes no sense... isn't there a key to Ezrod, and Earth?" I ask. "There is a key to Ezrod, but not to Earth." Damian replies. "Wait, what?" I ask. "I'm just going to answer all your questions from now on, okay?" Caine says. "Alright..." I say sitting down, letting Caine read my mind and answer. "The key is you, your self. Your essential soul is the key, if the demons manage to take that they'll have power over Esstia. The key to Ezrod is the same, if we are able to take his or her soul then we would have full power over Ezrod. Earth doesn't have a key because both demons and angels may roam freely here. "When a demon or an angel have children with a human they will have demon or angel children. The keys were said to be born from an angel human and a demon human relationship. Like you are, you are born from a angel human relationship. Your dad-" "Was an angel." I say cutting him o . I look at Thalia and her expression turns sad. "Oh, Ivy, sweetie-" Mom starts. "How did he really die?" I ask, looking straight at mom. "Some demons they came one day to take you and raise you, so when you were eighteen they could take your key. Your father pretended to put you in the car and he drove away, the demons followed him and they crashed the car when they realized you weren't in there. A er that either your father fought for you and his life, or he died in the crash." Mom says. "I'm the reason dad died." I say, turning to look into the mirror. I've been the reason dad had died. I killed him. I let out a scream of frustration and let a tear roll down my cheek, and it burns. It leaves a trail of a burn mark down my face. I am now fire, the element that seemed to like me most is fire, because Hell is fire. I am half angel and half demon. I scream again in rage and book it out of the house. My wings unfold and before I know it I'm flying. I stop and hover when I'm finally above the clouds. If I wasn't completely mad, I probably could have enjoyed this. The view was amazing. I scream in rage, and in pain. I want to let the world know... I'm a monster. I slowly let myself come down and land into a forest. I have no idea where I am as I look around. I hear wings and turn around. Damian lands and looks at me. "Ivy, it's okay." Damian says comfortingly. But I refuse to let him come closer, my wings take a fighting position involuntarily. "I'm a monster." I say looking down. "No, you're not. You're Ivy, a sweet beautiful girl who happens to also be one of the most important angels." Damian says. His voice so and welcoming. I furl my wings and walk over to him. He pulls me into a hug and I rest my face against his bare shoulder. His skin is like ice, but I ignore it. His wings curl and make a circle around us and I admire our personal bubble of space. "Damian, why me?" I ask, reminding myself of Thalia. a "I don't know Ivy... you would have become an angel anyway though." Damian says. "I know. But why couldn't I have become a normal angel instead of being some dumb key?" I ask. "I don't know Ivy, I'm sorry." Damian says. "Can I just ask you all my questions here? Then we can go back." I ask. "Go ahead." Damian says. We sit on the ground and I lie down on my back. I'm surprised to find that I still can. My wings had to be unfurled though. "Has there been other keys, I mean like, before me?" I ask. "No, you are the first. You and whoever Ezrods key is." Damian replies. I slowly nod. "Are angels mortal?" I ask. "No. Angels are immortal but we can die by any serious wound or illness." Damian answers. I look at him for a second. My curiousity growing by the second. "So what can we do?" I ask, turning away from him and looking back up at the sky. "Well, as you have done before, we can run fast enough that people can't see us. We have more strength than an average male human. But some of us have powers for strength and then we are stronger than your average male angel. Some of us have powers, Ellie as you know doesn't. Most of us who have powers only have one and sometimes two though. Angels with more than two usually a very powerful. We still need sleep and food, obviously. That is all I'll tell you for now because I'll have fun watching you figure out the other things." Damian replies. "But I like already know what you told me!" I whine. "Oh Ivy." Damian says ru ling my hair. "I'll ask you some other questions later and figure it out as I go along then. Now we need to go back and figure out if I still can dance, or I will freak." I say, standing up and taking o . Damian laughs a follows me. When I land in the backyard I finally realize, I hadn't put any shoes on. My socks had been soaked through by the morning dew. I ignore it and walk into the house, I ignore everyone who looks as me as I walk into the dancing room. I turn the music on full blast and dance. This time I don't care if my moves are PG or not. I let them flow. Surprising my wings don't get in the way, they help. They have moves of their own, sometimes fanning out or ru ling. I smile as the song ends. "Good. I can still dance." I say. "Since when did you let some of those moves loose?" Caine asks with a whistle. "Shut up Caine." I say. a Thalia walks over to me and looks me in the eyes. Then she pulls me into a hug. "I'm sorry this had to happen to you." She whispers into my ear. I pull back and smile. "It's okay, I'll just have to learn to accept it... now c'mon and dance with me!" I say with a smile, remembering when Thalia would bug me that I never danced. "Okay!" Thalia laughs. Hazel comes in too, and we work out a dance together. Letting happiness over take the a few minutes ago sad room. "NO! Thalia turn it o!" I scream. "I'LL BE THINKING 'BOUT YOU!" Thalia scream sings. She has once again put on the song. Hazel, Thalia and I had just finished putting a dance together and it was supper time. Ellie had cooked everyone soup. Mom had stayed and she was talking to Greg. I was the only one who kept my wings out all day, I had - and still have - no idea how to wrap them around myself. a "Girls stop!" Mom says. We ignore her and continue to bicker. The Evans kids were all laughing at us when I got up and sat on Thalia, taking her phone away. "Oh my gawd, Ivy get your fat self of me. You now only weigh a million more pounds with your wings." Thalia says. "Shut up Thalia, then I'll get o you." I say, crossing my arms. Thalia continues to sing so I end up shoving bread in her mouth. Soon a er Damian li s me o Thalia and sets me down on my chair, ordering me to eat. "Thalia, she doesn't weigh that much." Damian says turning to her. She walks over to the pot and puts more soup in her bowl. "Yes she does." Thalia says simply. "Ivy? She's a twig!" Caine says.

Myself included. "Thanks Thalia." I laugh. "No problem!" She says with a smile. "Well, Ivy, looks like you've survived your first day a er the change!"

"Now we are going to have to teach you how to curl your wings

"Well, you feel how weird it is when your wings are furled. When they

are around your body they are constantly annoying you!" Shawn

"You don't even have your wings yet Shawn." Hazel says rolling her

"Yeah, but I constantly hear you guys complaining." Shawn retorts.

smirking. Then I run, out into the forest letting the wind smack my

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a

around your body... that will be hard." Thalia says.

"No, she's a hippo!" Thalia says, causing laughter around the table.

"Well then, good luck trying to get me to curl my wings." I say. "Why?" Thalia asks. "Because you guys are gonna have a tough time catching me!" I say

face. I laugh as I hear them far o behind me.

This will be a fun game of 'catch me if you can.'

Jamming out to Thinking About You while writing this:P

Continue reading next part \Box

"True, true." Caine says with a sigh.

Shawn says with a smile.

"Why?" I ask.

says.

eyes.

Yay! Ivy is now her true self! Hope you like it!

Merry Christmas! / Happy Holidays!

Do fan stu if you want...:)